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UNION MEETINGS IN THE OPEN AIR OUTSIDE THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, DECEMBER 19, 1859.

THE GREAT UNION MEETING AT NEW YORK.

We engrave on the preceding page the open-air meetings which were held in this city, outside the Academy of Music, on December 19; and on pages 8 and 9 the great meeting at the Academy itself.

It is hardly necessary, at the present time, to add any thing to the reports which were published of these meetings at the time. We may say, however, that they were the most enthusiastic meetings remembered in the city. The following brief memorandum, from a city paper, may be placed on record:

Long before the hour for meeting the spacious Academy was thronged from pit to dome. Even in the spacious amphitheatre every seat was occupied, and throughout the house standing room within hearing distance was eagerly sought. Not less than five thousand persons were assembled in the halls, and a number perhaps equally large congregated without and listened to addresses from the platforms made erected there.

The Academy had been appropriately decorated for the occasion. The Stars and Stripes hung in graceful folds about the stage, and at different points were mottoes and inscriptions, and the names of those who in the past had conquered their liberty were the formidable and appropriate of the institutions of our country. Among them were the following:

"Indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to contract any portion of our country from the rest, or to exclude the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."—WASHINGTON.

"The Union and the Constitution."—JACKSON.

"I shall stand upon the Constitution, I need no other platform."—CLAY.

"JUSTICE AND FRATERNITY.
WASHINGTON.

JEFFERSON. WEBSTER. CLAY. CRITTENDEN. MADISON.

JACKSON. CALHOUN. WEBSTER. BENTON. MONROE.

A salute of thirty-two guns was fired, and from the balcony of the Academy one branch of Dodworth's Band discoursed their music, while the other occupied a position on the platform within, and entertained the assemblage with war-inspiriting.

It would be useless to attempt to note, personally, the names of distinguished citizens present. From every profession, calling, and trade were present, with their highest representatives, and until near twelve o'clock, when the meeting adjourned, seemed unwilling to depart, submitting to the discomforts of a crowded audience and hazardous exposure of attention.

Numerous delegations of citizens from other cities were present, and participated in the enthusiasm of the occasion; and throughout the proceedings were characterized by most perfect harmony and good feeling in favor of the object which had called the vast assemblage together.

The meeting inside was presided over by his Honor the Mayor, who made a brief address upon assuming the chair. The preamble and resolutions were read by Mr. Astor, which, after the unanimous and enthusiastic approval of which, Mr. Brooke spoke briefly, defending the rectitude and purpose of Northern sentiment and raising the value of the Union. Mr. Charles O'Conor followed with an eloquent eulogy of Slavery, which was not listened to without expressions of dissatisfaction from a portion of the audience. Mr. O'Conor was succeeded by ex-Governor Hunt, in a able, conservative argument, by General John A. Dix, in a panegyric upon the Union; by Mr. James T. Brady, Professor Mitchell, and Rev. Dr. Bethune. The outside meetings were highly interesting, and spoken of distinction and popularity enlivening the attention of the several groups. The meeting, upon the whole, can hardly fail to produce the salutary effect which the call contemplated.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1860.

ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

WE shall commence in the next number of *Harper's Weekly* the publication of a new Serial Story by WILKIE COLLINS, Esq., entitled

The New Partner
IN
"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, ESQ.,
AUTHOR OF THE "HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

This story will be illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN, Esq.

We commenced in No. 152 the publication of a new Serial Story by WILKIE COLLINS, Esq., entitled

The Woman in White;

which is illustrated expressly for this journal by JOHN MCLENAN, Esq.

The publication of the delicious Story of American Life,

Trumps,

by GEORGE W. CURTIS, Esq., with HOPPIN'S Illustrations, was commenced in No. 119 of *Harper's Weekly*.

As *Harper's Weekly* is electrotyped, we can supply the back numbers from the commencement to any person who sends us the money.

MR. BUCHANAN'S MEXICAN POLICY.

IN the Presidential Message, from which we give an extract elsewhere, Mr. Buchanan recommends a military occupation of Mexico, under the authority of Congress. The grounds on which the recommendation is based are, first, the numerous outrages on American citizens in Mexico, that the Mexican government in power at the capital refuses to give any satisfaction; secondly, the insecurity of life and property in public conveyances crossing the southern boundary of the United States; and, thirdly, the assumed willingness of the Liberal party in Mexico—who are said to constitute a majority of the population—to accept the aid offered, published by the aid of United States troops. These grounds are solid, and the inference drawn from them is sound. It has been evident that nothing short of a foreign occupation would secure peace and order in Mexico.

That country exhibits the singular spectacle of a nation entirely disorganized. There are two regular governments in Mexico—the government of the priests' party, whose head is Miramon, and whose headquarters are at the city of Mexico, and the government of the Liberals, whose head is Juarez, and whose headquarters are at the city of Vera Cruz. Besides these, several of the States are actually independent of, and acknowledge no connection with, the federal government: in the west, Alvarez is an independent chieftain, and the Governor of Sonora declares that he has nothing to do with Central Mexico. All these governments are supported by forced loans, outrageous extortions, plundering expedients. The Juarez government collects the customs duties at Vera Cruz which the Miramon government has pledged to foreign bondholders. The customs duty on the single export of Mexico—silver—is collected by Miramon in the interior, and again re-collected by Juarez on the coast. Some of the rival chiefs are not satisfied with collecting a mere percentage of the specie which passes through their territory. General Marquez lately seized a Spanish vessel (carrying $600,000 in silver); and similar exploits have been performed by the Governor of Sonora. Life is insecure as property. We illustrated, only the other day, the massacre of the Crabb party, an American citizen, by order of General Marquez; the massacre of the Americans at Tacubaya, an American citizen, by Miramon; the small from Mexico brings accounts of some American citizens being insulted, outraged, imprisoned, and robbed by one or other of the parties in Mexico. Outrages such as these when civil war rages, the laws are silent, Banditti scour every road in the republic. It is impossible to secure redress. The Mexicans are willing but being robbed once or more: equally impossible to obtain any satisfaction from the authorities, or to take any vengeance on the robbers. There is of course no standing army, and the money which citizens of the United States have advanced for the prosecution of various enterprises is either lost or gravely imperiled. Our frontiers are unsafe; on the Rio Grande, Cortinas and his bandits besiege Brownsville; American citizens in Arizona are constantly molested by Mexican marauding parties—not long since four sick men, in a house on American soil, were murdered by Mexicans from that State. As to the transit routes—to Panama, or across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec—we would be entitled were Mexico and the United States private individuals—they are all closed. The Tehuantepec route is shut to our citizens; and Arizona is likewise deprived of its only exit—Guaymas.

In a word, there is ample cause for war between the United States and Mexico. But if there were no direct *casus belli*, or injury to avenge, civilization and good neighborship would still impose on the United States the duty of doing what in them lay to restore peace and order to distracted, disorganized Mexico.

We have pictured that country as it is. There is no remedy but a foreign occupation. The radical trouble in Mexico is that no Government has the means to support itself and put down its enemies. The Church has seized so much of the productive property of the country that what is left is too poor to afford a revenue to the State: in a country incessantly distracted by civil war and infested by banditti there is of course very little foreign trade, and the revenue from customs is small; when the interest, or a part of the interest, on the foreign debt has been paid, there is nothing left to support the standing armies, without which peace and order can not be maintained. Santa Anna contrived maintain himself for a longer time than usual by selling territory to the United States, and supporting an army with the proceeds of the sale. Every other Mexican chief has gone to pieces on the inevitable rock—want of money. There was at one time a hope that Miramon, who is a young man, not devoid of ability, would realize his position, turn the tables on the Church, which raised him to power, and follow Comonfort's example by seizing enough Church property to support an army. But he seems to have lacked nerve; hence, he not only suffers the ports of entry to remain in the hands of his opponents, but submits to the exactions of bandits within a few miles of the capital, and allows his generals to become common robbers and pickpockets.

Mr. M'Lane has lately concluded a treaty with the Juarez Government, by which the United States acquires, for four million dollars, a perpetual right of way across Tehuantepec and across Sonora to Guaymas—with the right of protecting their passengers by an armed occupation. It is likely that this treaty would answer all the requisite purposes; as an armed occupation of the Tehuantepec route would be more soldier like than somewhat fractious into the heart of Mexico, and the garrison, by United States troops, of such points as would command the country.

It now remains to be seen whether the Senate will ratify the M'Lane Treaty, and Congress will act upon the recommendations of the Message. Of the former there is some doubt. Party feeling runs so high that the Republicans in Congress are quite likely to refuse to do the right thing for Mr. Buchanan might get the credit of it. It is a fact, moreover, that in our history the Democrats are the only party that has ever had a foreign policy. The Federalists, the Whigs, and the Republicans have always fallen short of the requirements of the country in this respect: however sound many of their domestic measures may have been, they have never been successful in dealing with foreign countries. It is possible, and even probable, therefore, that the wise and prudent recommendations of the Message with regard to Mexico may lead to no practical result—in which case civilization, peace, law, and order will suffer notable injury.

OUR NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY.

By the showing of the Secretary of the Treasury the income of the United States falls short of the expenditure by thirty millions of dollars. This amount is not entirely drawn from year to year by the service of Government. How long is this to last?

The United States are the only country in the world whose income is dependent on the precarious and fluctuating resource of foreign trade. All other countries raise a revenue sufficiently for the purposes they require honestly for the expenses of Government. Our financiers have never had the pluck to face the question, and to tell the people of the United States: If you want a sixty million Government, tax yourselves to pay for it.

The President, seeing the impossibility of getting an income to prevent deficiency of revenue, recommends an increase in the tariff. No such measure will be adopted by Congress. An average duty of 15 per cent.—as levied by the tariff of 1857—is quite as much as people ought to pay on the goods they require from abroad; and, besides, the slavery question has for the present so completely eclipsed the tariff that there is very little chance of the latter being seriously considered.

There is a great mess in store for the financier who shall have the courage and the sagacity to undertake a thorough reform of our financial system, so as to render the public revenue independent of the uncertain income of trade. Sooner or later we shall come to this. It is shamed to expect that this great country will go on forever alternating between bankruptcy and plethora, when a direct tax might be levied with so little inconvenience and so much fairness. Where is the claimant for this post of fame?

REMBRANDT PEALE'S "COURT OF DEATH."

MESSRS. SARONY, MAJOR, AND KNAPP have brought out a fine engraving of Rembrandt Peale's "Court of Death," printed in colors, at the extremely low price of one dollar. Such a picture was never before afforded at so low a figure, and we presume the sale will be large.

THE LOUNGER.

THEY SAY.

Do they, indeed; and who are they? What is this tyrant which rules so much private peace and public fame? They say that Deacon Dodder was seen coaxing home his Saturday night in such a state! Drunk? Oh, I don't know. I am sure I know nothing; but they do say that he was about the crankest man in that evening. They say that his wife was sitting at home crying her eyes out. Poor thing! and only married last June. It's really dreadful! They say she wishes she had never been married; and that her uncle Timothy vows he will never give her a cent, because they say that his cousin Jedediah Jones has sign that he had no money to spare to buy grog for Deacon Dodder.

Poor Deacon Dodder! who all this time is just as honest and sober a man as Cousin Joshua, or Uncle Timothy, or any body else; and against whom They Say has leveled his darts because he chances to be the most convenient target.

The French tell the truth about They Say. The French have a proverb that They Say is a liar; and the French are right. This sly, malicious, insidious snake, that crawls and squirms all over fair fames and pure characters, he is a liar, and the father of lies. Of course he is perfectly irresponsible. What They Say does in work, whether you and it to be true or untrue. You may prove Deacon Dodder to be, and to have been always, the most sober and honest of men. The fact of the matter is, They Say is poisoned air, and whoever has the misfortune to breathe it, is sometimes, has breathed death. The tears weeping for her dead husband may dry her eyes when she finds him living; but you can not dry the tears that have been shed. The child, frightened at night, may be comforted and his fears removed; but who shall console the parents that have lost their little darling forever? They Say may be proved the blackest of liars, but the proof does not blunt the point of the sting which he forever rankleproof.

Don't suffer him in your house. Don't give him the hospitality of your conversation. If any body tries to introduce They Say, limit your discovery if he knows what he is doing. Whatever is told you upon the authority of They Say reject it—come, let, letter still, like it, and believe how false and futile it is. For, even if the thing be true, you will be sure to find it entirely told—sure to find it so grinning at you with suspicion and malignity as to be another thing altogether.

If a man lived in a tower over a beautiful city swarming with busy men and women, and teeming with lovely children, and night and day, in the sunshine and shadow, distilling poison from marsh flowers and garden vegetables and noble trees, which he secretly infused into the air, and, by his subtle influence, drove from the streets and houses, so that the people breathed the corruption, and slowly and mysteriously withered and died, what a criminal the man would be—how he would be scorned through history!

Yet every body who gives shd and comfort to They Say, by repeating his stories, is really implying that poisoner in the lofty tower—is really distilling death for the busy men and women and the lovely children. They Say is a malicious hobgoblin which envy and jealousy stalk. It is a secret mine which lighted to a slow match from a distance, and explodes only after the criminal has put the fire to it has escaped. "They Say" is an anonymous letter, spoken, not written.

HOLIDAY STORIES.

SINCE Dickens began to write Christmas stories he holiday counts have returned. Of all his great services to literature none is more acceptable and generally recognized than the introduction of the annual Christmas story which comes with the holyside of the year. Since he has been the editor of periodical, as now for several years he has been, he no longer puts his separate name, but his name with a jolly company, and they sing, in chorus, "God rest ye, merry gentlemen!"

What a rich, fresh, genial music rolls out of the batch of stories he and his friends tell! There is an undertone of sweet human sympathy which belongs peculiarly to the season and its associations, and of which we get the most delightful glimpses in the chapters of Pickwick which describe the Christmas festivities at Dingley Dell. It is a spirit as anti-Puritan as the music of the Miserere; and as characteristically English as plum-pudding and ale. It is a lovely geniality, manifesting itself externally in good cheer; and pictures of overflowing hampers and rosy-cheeked maidens and eager children and mulled cocktails and village churches hung with green, all belong to it, and all recall its image when they are seen.

This year Dickens surrounds himself in his new periodical with a group of well known friends, and they pour out a series of tales about an old haunted house which *Harper's Weekly* has published in an extra. Dickens himself introduces the series with several delicious strokes of humor. His own contributions are the airest and most fanciful, like the singing of fairy chimes. The little sketch of the lop-sided Mr. Harris is as exquisite as that of the two children who were married, in the series of two years ago. The delicate blending of the tenderness of a man who has seen much trouble and limiting actuality of which the impression is an inevitable pathos, shows how true and lovely a genius it is. Mrs. Gaskell's story is a homely domestic tragedy, full of power and skill. Sala's is exceedingly humorous, a capital conceit of an opium being a man all his dreams of happiness from being taken for chronic drunkenness. Wilkie Collins's sketch of pirate horrors, full of sharp interest and exciting expectation, and Adelaide Procter's poem, with the love tale by another woman's hand, rounding out the Christmas circle and series.

There is just enough incoherency to carry out the idea of a Twelfth Night picnic in the old haunted house. The ghosts come gliding out of experience, and, like all other ghosts, are no spirits at all, but good, honest, often melancholy, always romantic, facts of private history.

BENJAMIN HARRIS AND HIS WIFE PATIENCE.

CHAPTER I.—THE MERCERS' GARDENS.

SOMEWHERE about the close of the reign of King Charles the Second, on a fine night in summer, there was a pretty sprinkling of company in the Mercers' Gardens.

One of the ladies, who wore a Whig's green bunch of ribbons at his breast, was a young, comely man, though his air was unconsciously severe, and his brow now was clustered with much thought and care. He was Benjamin Harris, a printer by trade.

The young man did not care to be waylaid and drawn aside by the juvenile promenaders, and he went at last absently and unwillingly along with a company which contained mitrons and maids, one of whose members called upon him to help to form an escort; for it was not altogether safe for a flock of women, unless well guarded, to traverse

these cool alleys in the twilight. Chance led, him to offer his escort to one of the prettiest of the maidens—Miness Patience Chiswell, one of the daughters of Mr. Chiswell, the carver and gilder, in Lombard Street. Master Harris really did not know very well how to begin to amuse Mrs. Patience, though he was by no means stupid, so, in place of unlocking his parts in paying her the compliments of the day, and courting her suitably, he kept plodding aside at her as she tripped by his side, and by dint of uttering her much more than he had been otherwise about to say, at last he found time and inclination to do to other young women, he began to wonder, Puritan as he was, what the deuce ailed the heart, or high principles swayed the spirit of this bright, fragile piece of humanity.

Mrs. Patience was very young, fresh, and fearless, and a little loquacious withal, as is the way with empty little heads and hearts. Not that Patience was absolutely ignorant, shallow, or witless; but she was one of the many green olive branches round a very busy man's table, where the elders were wellnourished, but unsympathetic and easy, and the young were very thoughtless and a little selfish, and at the same time as guileless in their faults and follies as kids and lasses can be in this evil world.

Mrs. Patience had the loveliest bow of a rosy mouth, and a pair of the most strangely soulful gray eyes. She was the modest apparel of a merchant's daughter, the disencumbered feet, the tucked throat, the hood-down face as a covering, the curasting Mrs. Patience's crimson and white colors, and her patterns were perfectly decorous, she sported a fan, which Master Harris never dared touch, and she prattled, which was a far more hopeless and laborious task. She told him of the Sunday she had found in crossing the Strand and Snow Hill after the last rain, and she asked him if he ever went to church, and whether the man to which Holburn was still renowned, though sure they were only to be got in private gardens now. Lambas would be to be confined for young people, who must have play, and plain folks who had no fine grounds of their own; and then she wondered to the Mall and the King's Garden, and her little snaggot, who would not suffer them to go there on account of the wild courtiers, but for her part she was not afraid. What could they say to her? They would but take off their hats and laugh, and challenge her, and she would courtesy and run away, and if they gave chase, she was fleet of foot and would soon escape them.

Master Harris sent his eyes on the ground, and asked his companion, was this little lass so giddy or so unprepared for offense, or was she bold?

Or a sudden, as the staid young vendor of knowledge musing, he were used by a sudden entry in the streets—a loud and furious uproar which it was scarcely possible for quiet women to fear, and which seem to demand, courageous minds, which have excuited for shrinking from at that particular. All that he heard the tumult of still-excited, incensed, appalled. Patience Chiswell gripped Harris's arm and shrieked outright.

He knew the tumult—the general through her chattering teeth, "and they spare neither man, woman, nor child in their frolics. The good Lord heary on us!"

Harris had some difficulty in convincing her, what his cool judgment and better view enabled him to decide, that the hand screaming pale at the entrance without attempting to invade the precincts was not one of those dissolute troops of squires and noblemen who one or twice a year in least beat and brushed members of the resisting middle class, overcoming them by sheer force of numbers, and violating innocent women into fits by their fierce, unholy caresses.

"You should not have boasted of your comfiance before that had been tried, Mrs. Patience," Harris, reproving her, bluntly but gently, for the shuddering girl touched his manhood.

Patience was hard. "I meant to defy them in broad day, and plenty of people by, and they only after that morning daughter. I indeed I could not abide to be slightly afraid when the Scourers are abroad in the dusk, and the greater part of them are not under their own roofs."

"Nay, I have no objection to your better within bounds. I love not that women should be rash and foreward," interrupted Harris, preferring not to ascertain whether or no he had a right to offer an opinion. "I am decipher from where I stand that the tumult is but a school a woman—a school ed orange-woman, whom Dr. Bates, or Dagalde, or Turberville, may suspect of dealings with the Pope and the Pretender and the devil, and whom they bound along the kennel to prison and to judgment" and young Harris looked gloomy and oppressed.

Patience Chiswell, taking comfort for her own safety, honor, and happiness, glanced up in his face to be sad more fully measured, and had sympathies immediately drawn away in a new channel.

"Will no one save her?" she whispered. "She may not be guilty. She may not be so bad as she seemeth. I doubt not she is a light creature, by reason of her parentage, which must be very, very poor, honest friends, who care for her. Alas! the miserable wench to be ducked, to be branded, to be hung! Dear, good Sir, for the sake of God, whom I am certain you fear, in the name of other women who are not undone, wilt thou not speak a word in this sinner's cause?"

In proportion as Harris hated and waged war with sin, he had a soft, tender heart, and he was powerfully affected by this instance of a foolish young girl's trembling, spontaneous, earnest mercy, the more so that he could not set upon it, as she would have demanded of him, at a risk she little guessed. He was forced to explain to her that he could not abandon her, no light creature, but a modest, inexperienced girl, to traverse the crowded streets, in order that he might carry aid to any other person, whatever their state, if that his single voice and arm would avail nothing against the authorities, with whom a mean orange-woman, after Stafford and Plunkett, was nothing. Since he saw the culprit guilloned by some of the town's servants and the mayor's own show, he would certainly have law in her sentence, and what more could she ask, unless she were so unreasonable as to expect justice?

He finally carried his point of putting agitated Patience Chiswell into a hackney-chair, and walking most considerately and good-humoredly by the bearers as far as her father's door in Lombard Street, promising slightly to call and leave his chap. He could not deny the subsequent fact—though discovered him greatly to admit it, even to himself, and he endeavored strenuously to stifle his conscience and blink the new sensation—that the image of the carver and gilder's frank, transparent, Christian little daughter, with her gray eyes, and a soft dim distressed and pitiful, would make his calm, serious heart beat.

CHAPTER II.—CHEER.

To those who have experience in human nature it will not be a marvel to learn that within a twelvemonth from the evening recorded in the last chapter, Benjamin Harris, the young protecting printer, wedded the spinster Patience Chiswell, and that, notwithstanding she had no present portion, and her worldly prospects, as Master Guy's tibkes, a copy of pious songs from Mistress Lucy, and a crutch-cap from her godmother.

To those who have a knowledge of reading the pages of pure and high hearts, neither will it seem strange to be told that, as Harris expressed it, Patience having been successfully encouraged to take a lively fancy and a trustful liking to his young virtues, the young protecting spirit, imbibed the young printer's lofty sentiments, became the most devoted of his disciples, and echoed his praise of life, and his hopes of a better delicate womanly chords and subtle variations. Master Chiswell, her father, took no part with the approved Puritans, and he was a Lombard Street man, and a State and Church man, employed under royal patronage.

Harris, right in duty, stern toward himself, proved notably indulgent to Patience, to the verge of unctuousness, even perversely protecting and shielding her, and yielding to her entreaties, and fusing to allow her to share his troubles, and insisting upon taking upon himself all the toil, all the risk, all the responsibility, and Patience was deeply conscious that his lot was likely to be clouded; he was aware, to a certain extent, of the tragic of glory in his life, and of the hollow, hateful press which injuries had sealed, and double sealed, on his sect. He did not try to check these tendencies as far as he was powerful, but he was, with some excuse, perhaps, morbidly anxious to spare Patience—once he understood and valued her, and could not understand her—from all. The young, healthy, spirited, genial tempered, unbroken wife, was a bright being indeed to the struggling, persecuted, hunted, and hopeless man of his existence, whose warmth, radiance, and glad cheer should be the reward of his toil, and the stay of his. There was cowardice beneath, except in Harris's love and temporizing with his proselytes.

So Harris fell into an error; was nervously, scrupulously attentive to his wife's comfort and pleasure, because he was unremunerating, unpaid, guarded her from all rough but invigorating shocks, denied her reasonable work, fatigue, and disappointment; and yet neglected to bestow upon his natural disposition and education to procure for her flowers, ease, and even a subdued kind of energy, and to bear her with the sympathetic patience at Master Chiswell's, Mrs. Lucy's, and other relatives and friends and neighbors, most of them totally disinterested in her claim, and to bear burdensome, taken as a task, and fulfilled without a chance of exemption.

In all this Harris showed himself what he was, a noble and self-denying heart with a remarkable aptitude for getting rid of narrow prejudices and superficies, when his eyes were opened, with the charities and tenderness of his daily life; but he did not display much worldly wisdom, or a Paternal world, skewed blunders, the compassing and confounding female weaknesses.

Patience, like every child of Adam similarly situated, was ungrateful for the trouble, and to be governed by this half-and-half system, could not be by any, however, Harris ordained it, secretly resisted the artificial structure of her lot, and, half and hankered in her inmost soul after that of which he had first given her a glimpse, and, without any offence, effort; she grew pensive, formal, restless, without being permitted to betray her state of mind; and perhaps in her secret musings which fleet about all recently awakened souls, and can be grasped at any moment; and, oh! grievous mystery in bold Nature, which, if it had loved by him, was breaking from all near communion or true partnership with him.

Patience was filled with tears of envy—poor, energetic, earnest woman—when she saw what others were permitted to accomplish, what she might never attempt, what she would not realize herself, so as to be more worthy of him. She would have so liked to help him in the duties he had taught her, to go before in the dangers, for it was no trifle to propagate their faith under these fines and imprisonments, Rumsey and West witnesses, and Jeffreys judges.

One morning she sat in the window of her sittingroom, with her hymns and her songs unpractised, her embroidery folded and entangled; dark and abstracted as Benjamin Harris least liked to see her, as it pricked him to the heart to find her.

Patience had seen little of her husband for the last few days: he was unusually engrossed with business, and had been obliged to depart on a little journey without informing her of its import, although he had come in and embraced her affectionately in his cordial way, and had kissed on his cheek and a stammer on his tongue. Afterward he had sent her a little note dated from his coffee-house, urging her, in place of living lonesome, to pay a visit to Mistress Lucy Sonie, who was prepared to receive her and amuse her with the last new prints and women's recipes; because her worthy father, with whom she was aware he was so wrapped up, was a little a dry man, and was as far as he had sounded him, disposed to accept his daughter's company for a week or so, with the entire confidence which he was therefore wishing he regarded as the due of his honored wife, to whom he was forced to bid a brief but reluctant farewell.

Patience was not greatly enlightened or charmed by this communication of her husband, clearly as it indicated his concern for her. It was an anonymous, a prosecution.

Still to do credit that she was very silly, or actually rebellious: she obeyed the injudicious mandate, entering her hackney-chair and forwarding her baggage and boxes the moment a messenger arrived for her.

She bore as long as she was able the aggravation of Mrs. Lucy's relentlessly tolerable fussiness, and her mother's doting way of standing at her, and shaking her head, and being told over and over again, "Poor, madam, it is young Mrs. Benjamin Harris, who knows nothing of elder folks' cares and pains, and whom dear Mr. Harris has instructed to us to be looked after and kept cheerful."

At last, something impelled Patience to be almighty and to be cheerful, and yielding to early one morning, she stole a march upon Mrs. Lucy—who was a little of a slug-a-bed—her she betook herself to the Mall (from shops were the public libraries) and her dainty desk. Patience broke her fast with a porringer of sops, left a message with the servants, directed to her own people, and would be back before nightfall, and started out for Lombard Street.

Really Patience was so perverse that she felt excited and elated by the mere sense of solitude, and the flavor of adventure and danger as she walked away in her best silk mantle, without the mask, which the court ladies adopted largely for an ordinary occasion, and which was true, but with the old decent muffler, in remembrance of her husband's scruples, drawn over her round chin and up to her rosy cheeks, which might never be have been drawn hard and. These scruples already many people abroad, and they were hurrying to Whitehall to witness the trials, the witness some aggravated instance of exposure and ignominy by command of the lords or magistrates of the city.

Patience entered Lombard Street in good spirits, passed rapidly through her father's shop, which indicipated the presence of the figure-heads of ships, its huge carved testers and waved canopies, and entered suddenly into the Chiswells' back parlor, blundering full into the room with her blushing face, lighted by its tesselated floor in the style of the master of the house, and dispensing with a foot-selcth.

Patience's entrance was if the kitchen helping to cook the mid-day dinner, or putting the sleeping rooms in order, or even painting some of the single services which the carver furnished; her brothers were at school, or in the working booths, or abroad attending to orders, but her father and mother sat in the parlor, engaged in close conversation. They both stooped and stared, Patience blushed because she had not been home recently, or in relation to an illegal interference which Chiswell had taken upon him to make in Harris's concerns—but the Rev. Dr. Discourt, his unbending ways to Churchmen and conformists, however, Patience took the silence and amazement of her appearance for the blush, and the blood had rushed to her cheeks when, to her consternation and bewilderment, her mother commenced to cry, and wring her hands, and disorder her cap and ruff and stiff skirts; and little round-eyed Master Chiswell arose so abruptly, that he burst half the crimes of his jerkin, and ran to her and put out every, and addressed her in the most perturbed, incoherent, ingrieved fashion:

"Daughter Harris, you may bear me witness I did not press an alliance with this fellow Harris; it was your own free choice, and I think, having made it, it is not right to slide by the same, and implicating your poor friends and connections, and causing detriment and destruction to the innocent. Gracious, I will protest against such conduct, I be added, in the tone of a man put upon and compelled to be pitiful-spirited; 'tis that is, if I can manage it, and if not, I will wear wrong-headed goodness and give that he would shelter you from all harm, and that you should leave me home. Pity that matter, though it is a sore disgrace, and less enough to stick to him, and ruin his business, and even to suspect that he deed that he was and he do all to avoid it—there are no orders given for mutilation, and he may have hope, which he scarce deserves, to touch his own house again in safety this very night."

"Oh, Patience, Patience, my girl! to remember so much his kindness and his unremunerated labors in Surrey, and been respected and exalted. And I declare how well you did look in your pea-green grosgrain, with your sleeves puffed and your top-knot, before that villain rendered you grave and this with his bonillies and his treason," reflected Mrs. Chiswell.

"I do not understand you," answered Patience. "Master Harris hath done no ill (that I should know him to be) and I hope and of. It is certain I would have wedded none but he. He is but gone from home on business, if that be the accident at which your words aim."

"Oh, the misguided child! the infatuated, misguided child!" cried both shallow persons, who were sometimes cunning, sometimes impulsive, but whose instinct it was to offer—even with whatever information they contained. "Do you not know?" "Have you not heard?" (Talking each other down in their eagerness to divulge the count which detected her folly.) "Benjamin Harris has been arraigned before the justices for a libel on the Test Act, published within his premises." (He had but received the client in the shop, where he stepped up and took leave of her in a common way.) "He had the audacity to tell the bench that, though he had not put one objectionable word in type, he expected nothing in his favor, because Pilkington, the Lord Mayor, was fined so heavily for no other reason than that he refused to congratulate the Duke, and Ward was accused of perjury merely because he could not call to mind the form of words in which Pilkington declined the ceremony. Then Harris and his cousin Janeways were sentenced to the Fleet, where it would be a mistake if they did not contract the jail-fever, and poison a whole city worse than they came out. Where was their regard for the public in that? And, today, they were tried in the gilldry in Cheape for four mortal hours, to the shame of all who had any thing to do with them; and it was cause enough to daughter Patience to have been seen in Lombard Street that morning for Master Chiswell himself to be suspected, seized, and set in the stocks, when the finely learned and court interest—grossly damaged already—would go to stalks and staves, and they would all perish."

"Mind your poor dear sisters unmatched, Patience," represented her mother, piteously and repeatedly. "Sirs! how their fortunes may be wrecked by such association at this place."

"Better unsuited and dashed in their hopes, though they have to work their fingers to the bone, than backed by contumacious and frantic!" reared Chiswell, virilandly.

Patience was quite dumb, becoming very white and very cold, but with her gray eyes lightening and clearing. When she began to speak she had her answer ready on various allegations.

"No shame to any one, father! Benjamin Harris is not framed of the stuff which creates infamy. For fear of you, father. No one will think that Benjamin Harris hath borrowed your countenance. Nay, now, you will forgive me if I am rude. I will not stop to injure my sisters, unmarried, particularly when Benjamin calls me elsewhere."

"I was cured in him," said Patience, as she traversed the streets again with all the speed she could summon at her imperious bidding; "it was cured in him ever to conceal his pains, and suffer me to grow proud, but most that he has done me this wrong I will conquer him."

She went the direct road to Chepe, pushing her way among the idle—always increasing, and always more fired with expectation and perilous excitement—until there in the thoroughfare rose the stage present against by the van of the rabble, encheraced by a roar of senseless applauding. Patience rose the stage—and, there, seated in arms-chairs, with their neat hats pushed back from collars, sat Harris and Janeways (in their respectable suits and clean linen, and the latter had had quitted, their plain bands giving them the air of divines, their high-crowned hats, their belts with the sword-hilts and pistol-butts gaped at them, thoughtless, licentious men mocked at them, enemies reviled them, but their firmness did not falter.

"Give us back our may-day! Leave off your merry footings on the grass, unless you want trees be used to your swing at Tyburn!"

"What! do you think we'll resign our fiddles and roses, our honest round oaths, for your canting, sour prayings?"

"Better not burn your drawn-down mouths with our Christmas plum-porridge!" jeeringly vociferated the lady mob.

"What! my men," remonstrated Harris, bending down to them, and speaking in his clear, distinct voice, which was heard in perfect, "we wanted to give you bread from heaven."

"Shut his mouth; gag him; lop him; the whining, lying, Praise-the-Lord or Damn-the-Devil!" burst in scarlet, foaming fury from a large, swollen, towering figure on the outskirts.

"Hear the Rev. Dr. Discourt!" Cried, Sir Roger, notorious for his shrewdness, his unscrupulousness, his wit and scholarship and style, and his decided triumph over his seven-beaten foes. Discourt and Stoller, and their brains, turn and also their sneers and their fleetness of mind, sophistical, unsympathetic, and, coarse friend; but the main body of the assembly do not swerve from the rogues in their pulpit, deride them, hiss them, and contumely upon them, till these resolved brains begin to reel, and these stout hearts to sicken, at the utter boldness of their fellow-creatures.

"Let me in; I know one of the prisoners. I pray you suffer me to pass forward," said Patience, in the tone of a modest, timid, gentle, but her young, open, feeling, refined gentlewoman's face; and she spoke and in this was insane, and nothing way to exhaustion, though nearly carried off her feet, or to keen sorrow and burning indignation at the sight.

Happily for Patience, with the half-carelessness good-humor which, thank Heaven! is wont to temper the brutality of all but hideous and possessed crowds, the apprentices, linkmen, small tradesmen, curious or sorry women, as well as the more substantial and honorable representatives of the community, after venting sundry scurrilous jests on the persistence with which the women stuck to the convertickle, and the Puritans, were inclined to admit her claims, and hustled her on to the very front of the platform. Still Harris, who was somewhat of an absent man at best, and who was relieving himself by looking up into the cloud-

less air, did not observe her, and his presence intervened between Patience and the scope of Janoways's vision.

"I pray you, Sir, suffer me to mount beside the prisoners; put me up with them; I am one of them," declared Patience to the officer.

Now these officers, who were some of them relics of the Protector's servants, had no great stomach for such a duty as they were in the act of performing. Patience's request was out of order, and, at the same time, a moderately kindly man, of a little more than official principle, saw a respectable, delicate young woman in a sad strait, liable to be trodden under foot, or perhaps, in her present grief, to be spirited away and misused by the reckless and unabashed.

"It was not mooted by the magistrates; however there is no statute against it;" and so, grafting in his perplexity, but far from harshness, the officer assisted Patience to ascend the scaffolding to a station behind her husband's chair, confronting the consources.

Then Harris discovered her—the young girl, his much cherished wife—standing by his side in the disgrace of the pillory.

"Good Lord!" he cried, driven from his moderation of speech, "how came you here, Patience? Why did Mrs. Lacey permit you to stray? O Lord, this is indeed anguish!"

But she looked him in the face, only panting with her toil, and, while a bright red color swept over the paleness of her fatigue, uttered something that sounded like a sigh of relief, and said, with a little echo of exultation, "I have found you out, Benjamin."

He stared in wonder and doubt.

"It will kill you. Oh! how can I save you?" Patience reassured him with.

"Hush, Benjamin, do not be faithless. I thank God I found you out."

Then Benjamin Harris understood his wife, and was comforted for his trial, and blessed her with a mighty blessing.

Sir Roger named the woman by a foul epithet, and demanded that she should be expelled from her post, and there were signs of commotion among the by-standers. Harris's lips quivered.

"She is my wife," he said, appealingly. "Brothren, you have accused me of other thefts. Answer me this question: Have I taken from you one of your wives?"

"No, master, you are guiltless there," admitted a straightforward voice, whose owner was not very widely removed from righteousness. "Whatever scurvy tricks you've played us, we own you yield that game to the debauched cavaliers."

"No credit to you; your own is good enough," another growled out—an irrestrainable compliment.

Harris heard it, and a smile that showed sweet glimmered over the care on his face. From that moment no further opposition was attempted to Patience's intrusion; and it was observable that, though railing was still vented, it was now delivered only by the shortly senseless and abusive railers, and all flights of gross and offensive material were either fearfully intermitted or cautiously directed wide of the pale.

Sir Roger, with a curse, strode away to some fresh oppression; the courtiers became silent in contemplation, yawned, and prepared to go in search of a lighter diversion, but, with some marvelous versatility, one or two of their professed representatives, on their departed, lifted their hats without a jest to the loyalty on the scaffold.

"They have confiscated our goods, too, dear Patience, beyond what I can ever hope to retrieve," Harris informed her, whilling away the tedious ordeal by passing discourse; "and I have thoughts of sailing to the American, where a man may pursue his calling in peace, and peradventure in prosperity. I was minded to leave you in England till I was settled; but look not on me so wistfully—I will carry you with me now, though we should lie on the deck or in the forest, and build our hut with our own hands, for I have found you out." And Patience raised her head, as if he had clothed her with honor.

As the time wore past, the declining sun shot a beam through the houses, which dazzled Harris's eyes; he could not shift his position, and being in a degree spent in body and mind, and exhausted with previous confinement and abstinence, he could not resist wincing and looking faint as he encountered this last drop in his cup.

Patience uneiled her muffler, advanced a step, and flung it skillfully across the balustrade, so as to succeed in screening her husband's face. The officer interposed, he durst not see the least indulence with the frame-work of the blessed pillory—no, not with a rib or spur of its skeleton—but his resistance was greeted with such a hum of dissent and murmur of anger that he relinquished his purpose, and did not detach the kerchief.

Nay, when the prisoners were at length released from their so-called ignominy, and formally set at liberty, with a command to shut their presses, as the apostles were bidden close their mouths, and Harris was detected, with his wife under his arm, hieing home, as fast as his cramps would admit, to Gracechurch Street, actually a brief cheer greeted their ears, so irrational as well as smooth was the old burden they had borne.

CHAPTER III.—THE NEW WORLD, AND BACK AGAIN TO OLD GRACECHURCH STREET FOR GOOD.

BENJAMIN HARRIS and his wife Patience crossed the Atlantic, beyond which Scotch Covenanters and French Huguenots were fain to wander. They reached that America, which was still in its vastness virgin soil, but in which townsteads and meeting-houses and governors' mansions were fast rising in many quarters. They turned at one of those youthful log-built cities, among the pumpkin-beds and bean-fields, and closing around them in the distance the shades of the great forest from which the dusky Indian, with his war-paint and his poisoned arrows, stalked and trodden warily with the settlers, and through which John Eliot journeyed to reach the tribes with the sword of the Spirit and the shield of faith. There stood their own ministers gables round the centre chimney and the shingled roof-tree, beneath which they took up their abode, while Benjamin Harris easily established his trade among the intellectual wants of the thoughtful population.

At first the Harrises attracted considerable attention from the magnates of the place; but they were soon suffered to drop into obscurity, save among a few extravagant dreamers, or humble-minded fools, when it was on record that, in spite of all their trials, they were so weak, or had been so corrupted as to prove shy in their experiences and loose in their disciples. Then Benjamin Harris was left to reprint his forbidden English books—John Baxter, Howe, and beloved Milton, with the many charters and missives already in request; to cultivate his garden, and bring in wild plants and wild birds; to ponder and hold converse with his dear wife Patience, the children born to them, and the few congenial spirits who adhered to them—and grew well-to-do, and blind too, and joense in his works and his amusements, before a rival rose to supersede him, by the charm involved in the preservation of fierce denunciations.

"Good wife," owned Harris, one day, after he had been listening long to the chattering and warbling of some feathered favorites, "I must think that God has also ordained singing men and singing women to express mere human sympathies, and instinctive gladness, in addition to deliberate thanksgiving, which part no man disputes. I will not assail the class again, though, alas! many wax miserably wanton; just as I have had objections to summing up the arguments against the smoker's weed here, after I once saw how it cooled down Governor Hawley's intemperate heat, which might have been the destruction of the whole state."

"Why, it seemeth to me that you have been always merciful, Benjamin, save to yourself and the boys when froward," alleged Patience.

"I would be a craven to share myself and my own flesh and blood; but the lads understand me, think you not, Patience?"

"I fear they regard you before the minister; even Sam, who, you say, is upright, but tempted to doggedness."

"And they regard you, Patience, the most of the three."

Patience plaited the curtain of her matronly hood round a face fuller and fairer than in her youth, though she had been always, in what the world have called her graceless days, a woman of a sweet good favor, and she smiled sunnily.

"I do not say so, and yet you may give me our sons, Benjamin—our tall, active sons—for you know you have the chief share in the hearts of our foolish daughters."

"Tush, not foolish, Patience, woman; free from care, and, perchance, slow of thought, yet a while, though swift of feeling; but modest, and maidenly, and docile, and children of many prayers."

"I know not why it is, Benjamin, but the sons do always in some respect belong most to the mother—the daughters to the father."

"Because the daughters be the pictures of the good-wife, and the sons be the mirrors of the good-man."

Yes, Patience, who had grown grave with her young husband (what he had not bargained for), was wise and happy in adopting his new humor as indefatigably. In truth, the wife and mother, promoted to her just dignity, regained her lost health and cheer, and was as contented and bright as she was laborious and untiring.

The news, settled by months on shipboard, had long ago reached the Puritans that another king reigned in England in the room of the vain and forbidding sons of the "Man Charles;" that toleration was proclaimed, and the fetters on men's consciences and liberties forever broken. So the Harrises returned to the old business, to the old house in Gracechurch Street.

They came again in joy where they went out weeping; dwelt in London under Anne; walked with their children in the Mercers' Gardens, and were not frightened or ashamed to show them where the pillory was reared in Cheape; and, depend upon it, Benjamin Harris found space and time for his curious planed pets, his seeds, his sapling trees in pots, his creepers for porches, balconies, and terraces, besides his collection of battered black-letter volumes, and his ragged manuscripts; while Patience had her china closet, containing, among its valuables, some barbarous quill-work, and a few tufted bonds of gorgeous feathers.

Benjamin Harris and his wife were not people of quality, nor did they let loose their principles more than righteousness warranted, so that they were not likely to frequent auctions and masquerades; but Benjamin humored his young daughters once by tacking them tightly under each arm, and standing in a dom-way near Burlington House, somewhat sheltered from the crowd of sedans, linkboys, and general spectators, to watch the company pour into one of those fashionable and profitless diversions. As he kept his ground, with his grave, sunny face, and his modest but eager pair, a country gentleman by the cut of his square coat, and the full hose tied at the knee, which had gone out as far back as King Charles, eyed Harris carefully, and as if satisfied with the investigation, taking off his three-cornered hat, begged mildly to be allowed to occupy a place near him and his party. The stranger was attended by a young daughter, and he wished that rustic folks like them might enjoy the gayety with more comfort and safety than exposed to the pressure and uneasiness of the people.

Benjamin readily assented, and made way for the petitioner, an old man with a very homely, kindly cast of countenance, his beard close shaven, and in place of a periwig his own hair of a silvery whiteness, which no powder could emulate, and "my daughter Dorothy," a buxom, harm-do-or lass, with such a demure hood as her mother and grandmother might have worn before her.

The younger members of the little company were soon familiar, and the senior conversed in a friendly way. The squire, or vicar, as he could only tie, commenting on the weather with an earnestness that was scarcely in keeping with the vicinity of Bow-bell, and remarking that it was a rare fine season for the hay-crop.

"I perceive your heart is in your rural domain, Sir," says Benjamin, with a slight smile.

"Where better?" asks the gentleman, simply. "It hath been there this many a year, since it was a sore-burdened heart within the precincts of Whitehall. Nay, I do not need to hide it now, I am Oliver Cromwell's son, Master Richard."

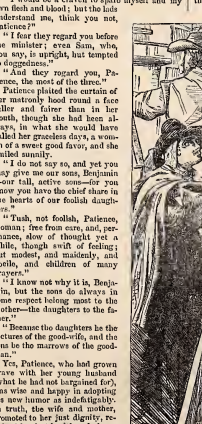
Harris started unfeignedly and removed his hat, but Master Richard declined the compliment.

"I receive only neighborly tokens of good-will, and I will be glad to accept such from you or any man—but none else. You see, Sir, my father was born Oliver Cromwell, whom the Lord compelled all men to acknowledge; but I was naught save Master Richard; as such I am not ashamed to be greeted down in our shire, where, I trust, it shames no man to greet me, and where I know it would grieve my own folk if I failed them."

But Harris bowed lower to good Master Richard than to Richard Cromwell.

BENJAMIN HARRIS AND MASTER RICHARD CROMWELL.

IN THE MERCERS' GARDENS.



ON THE PILLORY STEPS.

THE SUPERB DELILAH.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XCIII.

MRS. DELILAH JONES.

MR. NEWT'S political friends in New Yorkwere naturally anxious when he went to Washington. They had constant communication with the Honorable Mr. Ele in regard to his colleague. They were entirely sure of Mr. Ele, but they could not quite confide in Mr. Newt, nor help feeling that, in some eccentric moment, even his interest might fail to control him.

"The truth is, I begin to be sick of it," said General Belch to the calm William Condor.

That pickled-faced gentleman replied that he saw no reason for apprehension.

"But he may let things out, you know," said Belch.

"Yes, but is not our word as good as his," was the assuring reply.

"Perhaps, perhaps," said General Belch, doleefully, as he remembered the little paper of hints and instruction.

But Belch and Condor were forgotten by the representative they had sent to Congress when he once sniffed the air of Washington. There was something grateful to Abel Newt in the wide sphere and complicated relations of the political capital, of which the atmosphere was one of intrigue, and which was built over the mines and countermines of selfishness. In every political metropolis conscience is out of fashion; and Abel came to Washington in the mood of conspiracy. Yet it was a conspiracy of which he was the sole conspirator, and he smiled as he looked around him and felt the magnetism of sympathy.

He hoodwinked all Belch's spies. The Honorable Mr. Ele could never ascertain any thing about his colleague, until one day when he discovered that the report upon the Grant was to be brought in within a day or two by the Committee, and that it would be recommended. Mr. Ele hastened to Abel's lodging. He found him smoking as usual, with a decanter at hand. It was past midnight, and the room was in the disorder of a bachelor's sanctum.

Mr. Ele seated himself carelessly, so carelessly that Abel saw at once that he had come for some very particular purpose. He offered his friend a tumbler and a cigar, and they talked a medley of a thousand things. Who had come, who had gone, and how superb Mrs. Delilah Jones was, who had appeared upon the scenes, mingled with mystery, and bringing a note to each of the colleagues from General Belch.

"Mrs. Delilah Jones," said that gentleman, in a private note to Ele, "is our old friend Kitty Dunham. She appears as the widow of a captain in the navy, who died a few years since upon the Brazil station. You must have her secrets from each other about our dear friend who shall be nameless."

To Abel Newt, General Belch wrote: "My dear Newt, the lady to whom I have given a letter to you is daughter of an old friend of my family. She married Captain Jones of the navy, whom she lost some years since upon the Brazil station. She has seen the world; has money; and comes to Washington to taste life, to enjoy herself, to doff the sables, perhaps, who knows? Be kind to her, and take care of your heart. Don't forget the Grant in the arms of Delilah! Yours, Belch."

Abel Newt, when he received this letter, looked over his books of reports and statistics.

"Captain Jones; Brazil station," he said, skeptically, to himself. But he found no such name or event in the statistics; and he was only the more amused by his friend Belch's efforts at circumvolution and control.

"My dear Belch, I have your private note, but I have not yet encountered the superb Delilah; just have I forgotten what you said to me about working 'em through their wives, and sisters, etc. I shall not begin to forget it now, and I hope to make the Delilah useful in the campaign; for these are goslings here, more than you would believe. Thank you for such an ally. You, at least, were not born to fail. Yours, A. Newt."

"Goslings, are there? I believe you," said Belch to himself, inwardly chuckling as he read and folded Abel's letter. "Ally, hey? Well, that is good," he continued, the chuckle rising into a laugh. "Well, well, I thought Abel Newt was smart; but he doesn't even suspect, I have played a deeper game than was needed."

"I guess that will fix him," said Abel, as he looked over his letter, laughed, folded it, and sent it off.

Mr. Ele by many a devious path at length approached the object of his visit. He hoped that Mr. Newt would flesh his maiden sword in the coming fray. When he had finished the careless speech which had cost him many an anxious hour of reflection and preparation, and upon the success of which, as a skillful piece of wheedling, he greatly flattered himself, Abel said, without removing his cigar, "I think I shall speak."

He said ao more. Mr. Ele shook his foot.

"The widow will do a smashing business this winter, I suppose," he said, at length.

"Likely," replied Newt.

"Know her well?"

"Pretty well."

Mr. Ele retired, for he had learned all that his friend meant he should know.

"Do I know Delilah?" laughed Abel Newt to himself, as he said "Good-night." Abel said, "Yes he did. He had followed up his note to General Belch by calling upon the superb Mrs. Delilah Jones. But neither Abel nor Belch, with the freshened cheeks, nor the general repairs which her personal appearance had undergone, could hide from Abel the face of Kitty Dunham, whom he had known in other days when supers were eaten in Grand Street and wagons were driven to Cato's. He betrayed nothing; and she wrote to General Belch that she had disguised herself so that he did not recall her in the least.

Abel was intensely amused by the espionage of the Honorable Mr. Ele and Mrs. Delilah Jones. He told his colleague how greatly he had been impressed by her—that she was really a fascinating woman; and, by Jove! though she was a widow, and no longer twenty, still there were a good many worse things a man might do than fall in love with her. To be honest, he did not feel altogether sure of himself, though he thought he was hardened if any body was.

Mr. Ele smiled, and said, in a serious way, that she was a splendid woman, and if Abel persisted he must look out for a rival.

"For I thought it best to lead him on," he wrote to his friend Belch.

As for the lady herself, Abel was so determined that she really began to fear that she might do rather more for herself than her employers. He brought to bear upon her the whole force of the fascination which had once been so irresistible. It was like a blowpipe, and melted out the whole conspiracy against him without her knowing that she was melting. At the point of her instructions was that she was to persuade him to be coastaat to the Grant at any price.

"To-morrow, then, Mr. Newt," she said to him, as they stood together in the crush of a levee at the White House—"to-morrow *our* bill is to be reported, and favorably."

Mrs. Delilah Jones was a pretty woman, and shrewd. She had large eyes, languishing at will—at will, also, bright and piercing. Her face was a smiling, laughing face; the features rather coarse, the expression almost vulgar, but the vulgarity well concealed. She was dressed in the extreme of the mode, and drew Mr. Newt's arm very close to her as she spoke. She observed that Mr. Newt was more than usually disposed to chat. The honorable representative had dined.

"*Our* bill, Lady Delilah? Thank you for that," said Abel, in a low voice, and almost pressing the hand that lay upon his close-hold arm.

The reply was a slow turn of the head, and a half languishment in the eyes as they sought his with the air of saying, "Would you deceive a woman who trusts in you utterly?"

They moved out of the throag a little, and stood by the window.

"I wish I dared to ask you one thing, as a pure favor," said the superb Mrs. Delilah Jones, and this time the eyes were firm and bright.

"I hoped, by this time, that you dared every thing," replied Abel, with a vague reproach in his tone.

Mrs. Jones looked at him for a moment with a look of honest inquiry in her eyes. His own did not falter. Their expression combined confidence and respect.

"May I then ask," she said, earnestly, and raising her other hand as if to lay it imploringly upon his shoulder, but somehow it fell into his hand, which was raised simultaneously, and which did not let it go—

"For my sake will you speak in favor of it?" she asked, casting her eyes down.

"For your sake, Delilah," he said, in a musical whisper, and under the rouge her cheeks tingled—"for your sake I will make a speech—my maiden speech."

There was more conversation between them, The Honorable Mr. Ele could guess, so he stepped, and by incessant chatter warded off the company from pressing upon them unawares. The guests smiled as they looked on; and after the levee the newspapers circulated rumors (it was before the days of "Personal"), that were read with profound interest throughout the country, that the young and talented representative from the commercial emporium had not forfeited his reputation as a squire of dames, and gossip already declared that the charming and superb Mrs. D-li-l Jones would be long exchange that honored name for one not less esteemed.

When Abel returned from the levee he threw himself into his chair, and said, aloud,

"Isn't a man lucky who is well paid for doing just what he meant to do?"

For Abel Newt intended to get all he could from the Grant, and to enjoy himself as fully as possible while getting it; but he had his own work to do, and to that his power was devoted. To make a telling speech upon the winning side was one of his plans, and accordingly he made it.

When the bill was reported as it had been drafted by his friends in New York, it had been arranged that Mr. Newt should catch the speaker's eye. His friend and face attracted attention, and his career in Washington had already made him somewhat known. During the time he had been there his constant employment had been a study of the House, and of its individual members, and of the general character and influence of the speeches. His shrewdness showed him the shallows, the currents, and the reefs. He was cool, and saw a great many prominent fleets, like full-sailed ships, ground upon the flats of dullness, strike rocks of prejudice, or blurt in the sea of mediocrity, until they broke up and went down out of sight.

He rose, and his first words arrested attention. He treated the Grant with consummate art, as he might have treated a woman whom he wished to persuade. The House was favorably inclined to the Grant, with consummate excuse—were all one, that the majority, who were determined to pass the Grant in any case, were willing to have the action so imposingly stated; and the minority, who knew that it was useless to oppose it, enjoyed the rhetoric of Abel Newt, and, as it was brief, and did not encroach upon dinner-time, smiled approval, and joined in the congratulation to Mr. Newt upon his very sensible and admirable oration.

In the midst of the congratulations Abel raised his eyes to Mrs. Delilah Jones, who sat conspicuous in the gallery.

The Honorable Abel Newt was the lion of the hour. The days of dinner invitations and evening parties suddenly returned. He did not fail to use the advantage.

He helped to float him more securely to the fulfillment of his great work. Meanwhile he saw Mrs. Jones every day. She no longer tried to play a game.

The report of his speech was scattered abroad in the papers. General Belch rubbed his hands and expectorated with an energy that showed the warmth of his feelings. Far away in quiet Delafield, when the news arrived, Mr. Savory Grey lost no time in improving the pregnant text. The scholars were all impressed with the idea that Mr. Newt was a great man because he had been one of Mr. Grey's pupils. The Washington world soon knew his story, the one consolatory fact being that he was the favorite nephew of the rich merchant, Lawrence Newt. The dinner invitations, the evening notes, fell upon his table more profusely than ever.

CHAPTER XCIV.

PASSAGE TAKEN.

ONE man knew the real state of things. One man felt the total ruin of a life. One man striking blindly out in desperation and hate, felt suddenly and clear how the happiness which he had lost forever. That man sat by the side of the superb Mrs. Delilah Jones, and his name was Abel Newt. Delilah was his slave now, not General Belch's.

He had a great work to do—it was to wreak vengeance on his foes. He was, in a matter of reason: it was no impulse. Why Lawrence Newt was his enemy, or Hope Wayne, or any of their circle, or whether they were so, he could not say. He did not know. He did not care. Why had he hated Gabriel Bennet at school? He only knew that them remained but the possibility of injury. He only hesitated as to how he should strike the blow.

Nor did he hesitate long.

Ambition, political success, social prestige had no fascination for a man who was half imbruted, and utterly disappointed and worn out. One thing only he really wanted. He wanted money—money, which could buy the only pleasures of which he was now capable.

"Look here, Delilah—I like that name better than Kitty; it means something—you know Belch. So do I. Do you suppose a man would work with him or for him except for more advantage than he can insure? Or do you think *I* want to slave for the public—*I* work for the public? God! would I be every man's nigger? No, Mrs. Delilah Jones, emphatically not. I will be my own master, and yours, and my reverend uncle will foot the bills."

The woman looked at him inquiringly. It was not love that shone in her eyes, but she was fascinated. She was a willing captive. She accepted him as master.

"It isn't for you to know how he will pay," said Abel, "but to enjoy the fruits."

The woman, in whose face there were yet the ruins of a coarse beauty, which pleased Abel more than any Hebe, Venus, or Juno gratified his palate, looked at him, and said,

"Abel, what are we to do?"

"To be happy!" he answered, with the old hard, black light in his eyes.

She almost shuddered as she heard the tone and saw the look, and yet she did not feel as if she could escape the spell of his power.

"To be happy!" she repeated. "To be happy!"

Her voice fell as she spoke the words. Her life had not been a long one. She had laughed a great deal, but she had never been happy. She knew Abel from old days. She saw him, now, sodden, blunted—but fascinating still. Was he the magician to conjure happiness for her?

"What is your plan?" she asked.

"We have two passages taken in a brig for the Mediterranean. We go to New York a day or two before she sails. That's all."

"And then?" she asked his companion, with wonder and doubt in her voice.

"And then a blissful climate and happiness."

"And then?" she persisted, in a low, doubtful voice.

"Then Hell—if you are anxious for it," said Abel, in a sharp, sudden voice.

The poor woman covered as she sat. Men had often enough sworn at her; but she recoiled from the roughness of this lover as if it hurt her. Her eyes were not languishing now, but startled—then slowly they grew dim and soft with tears.

Abel Newt looked at her, surprised and pleased.

"Kitty, you're a woman still, and I like it. It's so much the better. I don't want a dragon or a machine. Come, girl, are you afraid?"

"Of what?"

"Some—of the future—of any thing?"

The tone of his voice had a lingering music

MARRIAGE BELLS.

of the same kind as the lingering beauty in her face. It was a sensual, seductive sound.

"No, I am not afraid," she answered, turning to him. "But oh! my God! my God! if we were only both young again!"

She spoke with passionate hopelessness, and the tears dried in her eyes.

Later in the evening Mrs. Delilah Jones appeared at the French Minister's hall.

"Upon the whole," said Mr. Ele to his partner, "I have never seen Mrs. Jones so superb as she is to-night."

His partner looked at the widow calmly, and smoothed the skirt of her dress as she answered—

"Yes, I know she is called pretty, but I don't somehow see it. I suppose I am *so* jealous, you know."

And she glanced deprecatingly at her companion.

"Oh, if *I* could ever hope to arouse your jealousy!" said the Honorable Barabbas Jawley Ele.

They passed into another room. And others passed, and others. The bright crowd circled and swayed. But Mrs. Delilah Jones stood by the mantel, queen-like—so the representatives from several States remarked—and all the evening fresh comers offered homage.

"Ma foi!" said the old Brazilian Embassador, as he gazed at her through his glass, and smacked his lips.

"Tiens!" responded the sexagenarian representative from Chili, half closing one eye.

They passed on also, and pouring out a glass of fiery old Madeira, looked gravely at each other over the rims of the glasses.

"Santé!" was uttered through the heavy mustache of each.

They heard a noise, and looked at the other end of the room. Mr. Abel Newt was talking loudly.

"Your remark was offensive, Sir."

It was a youthful *attaché* of the British Legation whom he addressed, and who had observed, *sotto voce*, to his friend the French Secretary, something in relation to the superb Mrs. Jones.

The youthful *attaché* looked confused. He meant to look calm and superior, but the Honorable Mr. Newt had an excessively belligerent air.

"I am not aware that I am responsible to you, Sir, for my remarks," said the *attaché*.

"By G—, Sir, do you insult me?" vociferated Abel, moving upon the young man.

"There's no insult. Will you explain by what right you question my remarks?"

"That's fair. That's fair," said the honorable members in the vicinity.

"As a friend of the lady's, Sir."

"Have you any authority to interpose for her, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Abel, pompously, and with bullying dignity.

"In that case, Sir, I beg pardon," returned the *attaché*.

"Yes, Sir," said Mr. Newt, with the same magisterial gravity, shaking his head majestically. "Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir," he continued, as if unable to stop, and evidently unaware of what he was assenting to.

The crowd left him still shaking his head unsteadily, and the *attaché* remarked to his friend the Secretary:

"Now I'm going to have my revenge by congratulating Mrs. Jones."

When that lady was ready to go she asked Mr. Ele to find her friend Mr. Newt, whom she had promised to set down at his lodgings. The gentleman was found soundly sleeping upon the sofa in the supper-room; and, assisted by the Honorable Mr. Ele and the superb Mrs. Delilah Jones, Mr. Newt reached the carriage, and was taken home.

CHAPTER XCV.

MARRIAGE BELLS.

ALL night the snow fell softly, building of the old brick city of Manhattan a city of marble. As the light wind touched it there was a low rustling sound, as if of conscious happy life. Lighting on the roofs, on the balconies, on the door-steps, on the window-sills, upon the branches of trees, and the boxes that imprisoned them—wherever a point protruded, wherever a flake could lodge—all night the snow fell softly, weaving the pure white robe for the earth, upon which the sun, rising in a cloudless heaven, sparkled.

And the eyes of Hope Wayne and of Amy Waring, and of all the friends who knew and loved them, sparkled also as they shone upon the pure white day and thought of the bright bridal for which the earth seemed to have been bridally brightened.

In Mrs. Bennet's house there were signs of something strange. In Mrs. Newt's quiet home there was a swift gliding to and fro. In one room in each of those houses something was hidden—something precious for which every body was busy. Yes, there was a pearl ready in the casket—a bride waiting in her chamber.

Precisely at noon from each house there were departing carriages. They met at the door of the same church, and there were such greetings as only happy weddings see.

Gabriel Bennet and Edward Wynne shook hands as they stood in the church porch, each with a woman upon his arm that within the hour would be a wife.

"How lovely Ellen is this morning!" whispered Gabriel, as he spoke to Edward of his bride, and yet looked at his own.

"I never saw May so beautiful," whispered Edward to Gabriel, looking tenderly at Ellen.

A few moments of solemn service. Before heaven and earth, before God and men, I take this woman, of all women, for my wife—this man, of all men, for my husband. Then the sweet chorus of kisses and happy sobs, the eager press and flutter and congratulation.

Lawrence Newt and Amy Waring stood side by side and wished the young people joy. Hope Wayne smiled, gayly and cheerfully, and when she kissed Mrs. Edward Wynne, that lady, with the moist roses of her cheeks growing rosier, whispered, as she held her for a moment,

"Sister Hope—not a goddess, a dear, loving woman."

Sister Hope did not clearly understand, but she smiled the more, and drove home to Mrs. Bennet's, in the carriage with Lawrence Newt and Amy Waring. There were no clouds any more, no more constraints and doubts.

At the double wedding dinner every body that should have been there was present, except Mr. Dinks, and Mr. Boniface Newt, who went to no more festivities, but sat silent by the fire at home, gazing about the room sometimes, and always slowly beating his long, white, skinny fingers upon his knees, as if keeping time to some refrain which he did not utter. Mrs. Newt was not there. Her nerves, she said, would not suffer it, and the Honorable Abel Newt was detained by his public duties at Washington.

But Fanny Newt and Aunt Martha and Arthur Merlin and Mrs. Simcoe sat quiet and cheerful at the table.

"It's all your doing," said Mrs. Bennet, as she smiled through tears upon Lawrence Newt, who sat beside her. "You are the guilty man."

He laughed and looked demure. But Amy Waring had a light in her eyes that expressed the most unquestioning assent to her aunt's remark; and Hope Wayne, turning to Lawrence Newt, smilingly shook her head in agreement.

He filled a glass, and tapped the table. Every body stopped and looked.

"I will give a toast upon one condition," said Lawrence Newt.

"Name the condition," answered Arthur.

"That nobody shall make a speech."

There was laughing assent all round.

"The health, then, of Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Bennet, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wynne."

Mr. Arthur Merlin cried "Hear, hear!" and "Bravo, bravo!"

Gabriel turned to Edward, and said:

"There couldn't have been any reply, or we must both have spoken at once."

"Not at all," replied Edward.

"How so, Little Malacca?"

"Because, Sir, you are the older married man," answered Edward.

"By at least fifteen minutes," said Hope Wayne.

At a happy wedding dinner kindliness sparkles like wit. The bright hours flew by, and the full moon shone upon the snow. Arthur Merlin looked out of the window and thought of his picture.

Mr. Bennet sat by his wife's side upon the old sofa. They saw their children before them married. But they felt themselves like children. Mrs. Bennet put her hand in her husband's.

"I congratulate you, Sir," she said, softly, with glistening eyes.

The dreamy, quivering sweetness lightened in his own, with a glimmering humor.

"Don't you pity Columbus, *now*, if he were never married?"

LITERARY.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have just published, in a neat 12mo volume, price 75 cents, "SELF HELP; WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHARACTER AND CONDUCT," by Samuel Smiles, the well-known author of "The Life of George Stephenson."

They have also added to their excellent Library of Select Novels, MISREPRESENTATION, by Anna H. Drury, author of "Eastbury."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE President's Message was read on Tuesday, 27th, in the Senate. After the usual recognition of Providential bounty, the Message goes on:

THE HARPER'S FERRY RAID.

While it is the duty of the President "from time to time to give to Congress information of the state of the Union," I shall not refer in detail to the recent sad and bloody occurrences at Harper's Ferry. Still, it is proper to observe that these events, however bad and cruel in themselves, derive their chief importance from the apprehension that they are but symptoms of an incurable disease in the public mind, which may break out in still more dangerous outrages, and terminate at last in an open war by the North to abolish slavery in the South. While, for myself, I entertain no such apprehension, they ought to afford a solemn warning to us all to beware of the approach of danger. Our Union is a stake of such inestimable value as to demand our constant and watchful vigilance for its preservation. In this view, let me implore my countrymen, North and South, to cultivate the ancient feelings of mutual forbearance and good-will toward each other, and strive to allay the demon spirit of sectional hatred and strife now alive in the land. This advice proceeds from the heart of an old public functionary, whose service commenced in the last generation, among the wise and conservative statesmen of that day, now nearly all passed away, and whose first and dearest earthly wish is to leave his country tranquil, prosperous, united, and powerful.

AN APPEAL TO GOOD FEELING.

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Public opinion in this country is all-powerful, and when it reaches a dangerous excess upon any question the good sense of the people will furnish the corrective and bring it back within safe limits. Still, to hasten this auspicious result, at the present crisis, we ought to remember that every rational creature must be presumed to intend the natural consequences of his own teachings. Those who announce abstract doctrines subversive of the Constitution and the Union must not be surprised should their heated partisans advance one step further, and attempt by violence to carry these doctrines into practical effect. In this view of the subject it ought never to be forgotten that, however great may have been the political advantages resulting from the Union to every portion of our common country, these would all prove to be as nothing should the time ever arrive when they can not be enjoyed without serious danger to the personal safety of the people of fifteen members of the Confederacy. If the peace of the domestic fireside throughout these States should ever be invaded—if the mothers of families within this extensive region should not be able to retire to rest at night without suffering dreadful apprehensions of what might be their own fate and that of their children before the morning—it would be vain to recount to such a people the political benefits which result to them from the Union. Self-preservation is the first instinct of nature; and therefore any state of society in which the sword is all the time suspended over the heads of the people must at last become intolerable. But I indulge in no such gloomy forebodings. On the contrary, I firmly believe that the events at Harper's Ferry, by causing the people to pause and reflect upon the possible peril to their cherished institutions, will be the means, under Providence, of allaying the existing excitement and preventing future outbreaks of a similar character. They will resolve that the Constitution and the Union shall not be endangered by rash counsels, knowing that, should "the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken * * * at the fountain," human power could never reunite the scattered and hostile fragments.

SLAVERY IN THE TERRITORIES.

I cordially congratulate you upon the final settlement by the Supreme Court of the United States of the question of slavery in the Territories, which had presented an aspect so truly formidable at the commencement of my administration. The right has been established of every citizen to take his property of any kind, including slaves, into the common Territories belonging equally to all the States of the confederacy, and to have it protected there under the Federal constitution. Neither Congress nor a Territorial Legislature, nor any human power, has any authority to annul or impair this vested right. The supreme judicial tribunal of the country, which is a co-ordinate branch of the government, has sanctioned and affirmed these principles of constitutional law, so manifestly just in themselves, and so well calculated to promote peace and harmony among the States.

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Thus has the status of a Territory, during the intermediate period from its first settlement until it shall become a State, been irrevocably fixed by the final decision of the Supreme Court. Fortunate has this been for the prosperity of the Territories, as well as the tranquillity of the States. Now emigrants from the North and the South, the East and the West, will meet in the Territories on a common platform, having brought with them that species of property best adapted, in their own opinion, to promote their welfare. From natural causes the slavery question will in each case soon virtually settle itself; and before the Territory is prepared for admission as a State into the Union this decision, one way or the other, will have been a foregone conclusion. Meanwhile the settlement of the new Territory will proceed without serious interruption, and its progress and prosperity will not be endangered or retarded by violent political struggles.

When in the progress of events the inhabitants of any Territory shall have reached the number required to form a State, they will then proceed, in a regular manner, and in the exercise of the rights of popular sovereignty, to form a constitution preparatory to admission into the Union. After this has been done, to employ the language of the Kansas and Nebraska Act, they "shall be received into the Union with or without slavery, as their constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission." This sound principle has happily been recognized, in some form or other, by an almost unanimous vote of both houses of the last Congress.

THE SLAVE-TRADE.

All lawful means at my command have been employed, and shall continue to be employed, to execute the laws against the African slave-trade. After a most careful and rigorous examination of our coasts, and a thorough investigation of the subject, we have not been able to discover that any slaves have been imported into the United States except the cargo by the *Wanderer*, numbering between three and four hundred. Those engaged in this unlawful enterprise have been rigorously prosecuted, but not with as much success as their crimes have deserved. A number of them are still under prosecution.

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Reopen the trade, and it would be difficult to determine whether the effect would be more deleterious on the interests of the master or on those of the native born slave. Of the evils to the master, the one most to be dreaded would be the introduction of wild, heathen, and ignorant barbarians among the sober, orderly, and quiet slaves, whose ancestors have been on the soil for several generations. This might tend to barbarize, demoralize, and exasperate the whole mass, and produce the most deplorable consequences.

The effect upon the existing slave would, if possible, be still more deplorable.

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THE SAN JUAN AFFAIR.

After mentioning the Marcy agreement with the British Government, the President continues:

Thus matters remained upon the faith of this arrangement until the 9th of July last, when General Harney paid a visit to the island. He found upon it twenty-five American residents with their families, and also an establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company for the purpose of raising sheep. A short time before his arrival one of these residents had shot an animal belonging to the company, while trespassing upon his premises, for which, however, he offered to pay twice its value; but that was refused. Soon after "the chief factor of the company at Victoria, Mr. Dalles, son-in-law of Governor Douglass, came to the Island in the British sloop-of-war *Satellite*, and threatened to take "this American (Mr. Cutler) by force to Victoria, to answer for the trespass he had committed. The American seized his rifle, and told Mr. Dalles if any such attempt was made he would kill him on the spot. The affair then ended."

Under these circumstances the American settlers presented a petition to the General, "through the United States Inspector of Customs, Mr. Hubbs, to place a force upon the island, to protect them from the Indians as well as the oppressive interference of the authorities of the Hudson Bay Company at Victoria with their rights as American citizens." The General immediately responded to this petition, and ordered Captain Geo. E. Pickett, 9th Infantry, "to establish his company on Bellevue, or San Juan Island, on some suitable position near the harbor at the southeastern extremity." This order was promptly obeyed, and a military post was established at the place designated. The force was afterward increased, so that by the last return the whole number of troops then on the Island amounted in the aggregate to 691 men.

BRITISH ACTS AND REPRESENTATIONS.

While I do not deem it proper, on the present occasion, to go further into the subject, and discuss the weight which ought to be attached to the statements of the British colonial authorities, contesting the accuracy of the information on which the gallant General acted, it was due to him that I should thus present his own reasons for issuing the order to Captain Pickett. From these it is quite clear his object was to prevent the British authorities on Vancouver's Island from exercising jurisdiction over American residents on the Island of San Juan, as well as to protect them against the incursions of the Indians.

Much excitement prevailed for some time throughout that region, and serious danger of collision between the parties was apprehended. The British had a large naval force in the vicinity, and it is but an act of simple justice to the admiral on that station to state that he wisely and discreetly forbore to commit any hostile act, but determined to refer the whole affair to his government and await their instructions.

GENERAL SCOTT'S MISSION.

This aspect of the matter, in my opinion, demanded serious attention. It would have been a great calamity for both nations had they been precipitated into acts of hostility not on the question of title to the island, but merely concerning what should be its condition during the intervening period while the two governments might be employed in settling the question to which of them it belongs. For this reason Lieutenant-General Scott was dispatched on the 17th of September last to Washington Territory, to take immediate command of the United States forces on the Pacific coast should he deem this necessary. The main object of his mission was to carry out the spirit of the precautionary arrangement between the the late Secretary of State and the British Minister, and thus to preserve the peace and prevent collision between the British and American authorities pending the negotiations between the two governments. Entertaining no doubt of the validity of our title, I need scarcely add that, in any event, American citizens were to be placed on a footing at least as favorable as that of British subjects, it being understood that Captain Pickett's company should remain on the island. It is proper to observe that, considering the distance from the scene of action, and in ignorance of what might have transpired on the spot before the General's arrival, it was necessary to leave much to his discretion, and I am happy to state the event has proven that this discretion could not have been intrusted to more competent hands. General Scott has recently returned from his mission, having successfully accomplished its objects, and there is no longer any good reason to apprehend a collision between the forces of the two countries during the pendency of the existing negotiations.

THE STATE OF MEXICO.

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The excesses which always attend upon civil war, especially in Mexico, are constantly recurring. Outrages of the worst description are committed both upon persons and property. There is scarcely any form of injury which has not been suffered by our citizens in Mexico during the last few years. We have been nominally at peace with that republic, but "so far as the interests of our commerce or of our citizens who have visited the country as merchants, shipmasters, or in other capacities, are concerned, we might as well have been at war." Life has been insecure, property unprotected, and trade impossible except at a risk of loss which prudent men can not be expected to incur. Important contracts involving large expenditures, entered into by the central government, have been set at defiance by the local governments. Peaceful American residents, occupying their rightful possessions, have been suddenly expelled the country, in defiance of treaties, and by the mere force of arbitrary power. Even the course of justice has not been safe from control, and a recent decree of Miramon permits the intervention of government in all suits where either party is a foreigner. Vessels of the United States have been seized without law, and a consular officer who protested against such seizure has been fined and imprisoned for disrespect to the authorities. Military contributions have been levied in violation of every principle of right, and the American who resisted the lawless demand has had his property forcibly taken away, and has been himself banished. From a conflict of authority in different parts of the country, tariff duties which have been paid in one place have been exacted over again in another place. Large numbers of our citizens have been arrested and imprisoned without any form of examination or any opportunity for a hearing, and even when released have only obtained their liberty after much suffering and injury, and without any hope of redress. The wholesale massacre of Crabbe and his associates without trial in Sonora, as well as the seizure and murder of four sick Americans who had taken shelter in the house of an American, upon the soil of the United States, was communicated to Congress at its last session. Murders of a still more atrocious character have been committed in the very heart of Mexico, under the authority of Miramon's government, during the present year. Some of these were only worthy of a barbarous age, and, if they had not been clearly proven, would have seemed impossible in a country which claims to be civilized. Of this description was the brutal massacre, in April last, by order of General Marquez, of three American physicians, who were seized in the hospital at Tacubaya while attending upon the sick and dying of both parties, and without trial, as without crime, were hurried away to speedy execution. Little less shocking was the recent fate of Ormond Chase, who was shot in Tepic on the 7th of August, by order of the same Mexican general, not only without a trial, but without any conjecture by his friends of the cause of his arrest. He is represented as a young man of good character and intelligence, who had made numerous friends in Tepic by the courage and humanity which he had displayed on several trying occasions, and his death was as unexpected as it was shocking to the whole community. Other outrages might be enumerated, but these are sufficient to illustrate the wretched state of the country and the unprotected condition of the persons and property of our citizens in Mexico.

THE ONLY REMEDY.

In all these cases our Ministers have been constant and faithful in their demands for redress, but both they and this Government, which they have successively represented, have been wholly powerless to make their demands effective. Their testimony in this respect, and in reference to the only remedy which, in their judgments, would meet the exigency, has been both uniform and emphatic. "Nothing but a manifestation of the power of the Government of the United States (wrote our late Minister in 1856), and of its purpose to punish these wrongs, will avail. I assure you that the universal belief here is that there is nothing to be apprehended from the Government of the United States, and that local Mexican officials can commit these outrages upon American citizens with absolute impunity." "I hope the President" (wrote our present Minister in August last) "will feel authorized to ask from Congress the Power to enter Mexico with the military forces of the United States, at the call of the constitutional authorities, in order to protect the citizens and the treaty rights of the United States. Unless such a power is conferred upon him, neither the one nor the other will be respected in the existing state of anarchy and disorder, and the outrages already perpetrated will never be chastised; and, as I assured you in my No. 23, all these evils must increase until every vestige of order and government disappears from the country." I have been reluctantly led to the same opinion, and, in justice to my countrymen who have suffered wrongs from Mexico, and who may still suffer them, I feel bound to announce this conclusion to Congress.

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A MILITARY OCCUPATION NECESSARY.

The wrongs which we have suffered from Mexico are before the world, and must deeply impress every American citizen. A government which is either unable or unwilling to redress such wrongs is derelict to its highest duties. The difficulty consists in selecting and enforcing the remedy. We may in vain apply to the constitutional government at Vera Cruz, although it is well disposed to do us justice, for adequate redress. While its authority is acknowledged in all the important ports and throughout the sea-coasts of the republic, its power does not extend to the city of Mexico and the States in its vicinity, where nearly all the recent outrages have been committed on American citizens. We must penetrate into the interior before we can reach the offenders; and this can only be done by passing through the territory in the occupation of the constitutional government. The most acceptable and least difficult mode of accomplishing the object will be to act in concert with that government. Their consent and their aid might, I believe, be obtained; but if not, our obligation to protect our own citizens in their just rights, secured by treaty, would not be the less imperative. For these reasons, I recommend to Congress to pass a law authorizing the President, under such conditions as they may deem expedient, to employ a sufficient military force to enter Mexico for the purpose of obtaining indemnity for the past and security for the future. I purposely refrain from any suggestion as to whether this force shall consist of regular troops or volunteers, or both. This question may be most appropriately left to the decision of Congress. I would merely observe that, should volunteers be selected, such a force could be easily raised in this country among those who

sympathize with the sufferings of our unfortunate fellow-citizens in Mexico, and with the unhappy condition of that republic. Such an accession to the forces of the constitutional government would enable it soon to reach the city of Mexico, and extend its power over the whole republic. In that event there is no reason to doubt that the just claims of our citizens would be satisfied, and adequate redress obtained for the injuries inflicted upon them. The constitutional government have ever evinced a strong desire to do us justice; and this might be secured in advance by a preliminary treaty.

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MR. WARD AT PEKIN.

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On the arrival of Mr. Ward at Pekin he requested an audience of the Emperor to present his letter of credence. This he did not obtain, in consequence of his very proper refusal to submit to the humiliating ceremonies required by the etiquette of this strange people in approaching their sovereign. Nevertheless the interviews on this question were conducted in the most friendly spirit and with all due regard to his personal feelings and the honor of his country. When a presentation to his Majesty was found to be impossible, the letter of credence from the President was received with peculiar honors by Kweiliang, "the Emperor's Prime Minister, and the second man in the empire to the Emperor himself." The ratifications of the treaty were afterward, on the 16th of August, exchanged in proper form at Pei-tsang. As the exchange did not take place until after the day prescribed by the treaty, it is deemed proper, before its publication, again to submit it to the Senate.

It is but simple justice to the Chinese authorities to observe that, throughout the whole transaction, they appear to have acted in good faith and in a friendly spirit toward the United States. It is true this has been done after their own peculiar fashion; but we ought to regard with a lenient eye the ancient customs of an empire dating back for thousands of years, so far as this may be consistent with our own national honor. The conduct of our Minister on the occasion has received my entire approbation.

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A CHANGE IN STATE ELECTIONS PROPOSED.

The failure to pass the Post-office Bill necessarily gives birth to serious reflections. Congress, by refusing to pass the general appropriation bills necessary to carry on the Government, may not only arrest its action, but might even destroy its existence. The Army, the Navy, the Judiciary, in short, every department of the Government can no longer perform their functions if Congress refuse the money necessary for their support. If this failure should teach the country the necessity of electing a full Congress in sufficient time to enable the President to convene them in any emergency, even immediately after the old Congress has expired, it will have been productive of great good. In a time of sudden and alarming danger, foreign or domestic, which all nations must expect to encounter in their progress, the very salvation of our institutions may be staked upon the assembling of Congress without delay. If, under the circumstances, the President should find himself in the condition in which he was placed at the close of the last Congress, with nearly half the States of the Union destitute of representatives, the consequences might be disastrous. I therefore recommend to Congress to carry into effect the provisions of the Constitution on this subject, and to pass a law appointing some day previous to the 4th of March in each year of odd number for the election of representatives throughout all the States. They have already appointed a day for the election of electors for President and Vice-President, and this measure has been approved by the country.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

I would again express a most decided opinion in favor of the construction of a Pacific railroad, for the reasons stated in my two last annual messages. When I reflect upon what would be the defenseless condition of our States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains in case of a war with a naval power sufficiently strong to interrupt all intercourse with them by the routes across the Isthmus, I am still more convinced than ever of the vast importance of this railroad. I have never doubted the constitutional competency of Congress to provide for its construction, but this exclusively under the war-making power. Besides, the Constitution expressly requires, as an imperative duty, that "the United States shall protect each of them [the States] against invasion." I am at a loss to conceive how this protection can be afforded to California and Oregon against such a naval power by any other means. I repeat the opinion contained in my last annual Message, that it would be inexpedient for the Government to undertake this great work by agents of its own appointment and under its direct and exclusive control. This would increase the patronage of the Executive to a dangerous extent, and would foster a system of jobbing and corruption which no vigilance on the part of Federal officials could prevent. The construction of this road ought, therefore, to be intrusted to incorporated companies, or other agencies, who would exercise that active and vigilant supervision over it which can be inspired alone by a sense of corporate and individual interest. I venture to assert that the additional cost of transporting troops, munitions of war, and necessary supplies for the army across the vast intervening plains to our possessions on the Pacific Coast, would be greater in such a war than the whole amount required to construct the road. And yet this resort would, after all, be inadequate for their defense and protection.

REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE.

We have yet scarcely recovered from the habits of extravagant expenditure, produced by our overflowing Treasury, during several years prior to the commencement of my administration. The financial reverses which we have since experienced ought to teach us all to scrutinize our expenditures with the greatest vigilance, and to reduce them to the lowest possible point. The Executive Departments of the Government have devoted themselves to the accomplishment of this object with considerable success, as will appear from their different reports and estimates. To these I invite the scrutiny of Congress, for the purpose of reducing them still lower, if this be practicable, consistent with the great public interests of the country. In aid of the policy of retrenchment I pledge myself to examine closely the bills appropriating lands or money, so that if any of these should inadvertently pass both Houses, as must sometimes be the case, I may afford them an opportunity for reconsideration. At the same time we ought never to forget that true public economy consists, not in withholding the means necessary to accomplish important national objects confided to us by the Constitution, but in taking care that the money appropriated for these purposes shall be faithfully and frugally expended.

It will appear from the report of the Secretary of the Treasury that it is extremely doubtful, to say the least, whether we shall be able to pass through the present and next fiscal year without providing additional revenue. This can only be accomplished by strictly confining the appropriations within the estimates of the different Departments, without making an allowance for any additional expenditures which Congress may think proper, in their discretion, to authorize, and without providing for the redemption of any portion of the $20,000,000 of Treasury notes which have been already issued. In the event of a deficiency, which I consider probable, this ought never to be supplied by a resort to additional loans. It would be a ruinous practice in the days of peace and prosperity to go on increasing the national debt to meet the ordinary expenses of the Government. This policy would cripple our resources and impair our credit in case the existence of war should render it necessary to borrow money. Should such a deficiency occur as I apprehend, I would recommend that the necessary revenue be raised by an increase of our present duties on imports. I need not repeat the opinion expressed in my last annual Message as to the best mode and manner of accomplishing this object, and shall now merely observe that these have since undergone no change.

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The balance of the Message refers to matters with which our readers are already [illegible]. We pass to the reports of the various departments of State.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

The Secretary's figures are:

REVENUE.

The revenue from ordinary sources for the year 1858–'59 was	$53,405,071
Borrowed on Treasury notes and loan of 1858	28,287,400
Balance in Treasury on 1st July, 1858	6,398 316
Total revenue	$88,090,787

EXPENDITURE.

The expenditure for the service of Government, including army, navy, interior, civil and diplomatic service, etc., was	$66,346,226
Interest on the debt and Treasury notes paid, etc.	17,405,285
Total expenditure	$83,751,511

This left a balance in hand on the 1st of July, 1859, of $4,339,276, about two millions less than the Treasury had held at the same period of 1858.

Passing next to the fiscal year 1859–'60 (half of which has nearly expired), the Secretary's estimates are as follows:

REVENUE.

Balance on July 1, 1859	$4,339,276
Ordinary revenue for 1859–'60	60,297,565
To be borrowed on Treasury notes and stock of 1858	10,747,700
Total revenue	$75,384,541

EXPENDITURE.

Service of Government, as above	$56,338,366
Interest on debt	4,664,366
Total expenditure	$61,002,732

The balance thus left would be $14,381,808; but the unpaid debts of the Post-office Department, and other appropriations required, will have to come out of this; so that, assuming that no new appropriations are made by Congress, the balance on 1st July, 1860, will be really some ten millions less than above stated.

The Secretary says:

It will be seen that there will be no necessity to provide additional means for the Treasury, provided the receipts should be equal to the estimates, and the appropriations made by Congress do not exceed the amounts estimated for by the department.

I submit, with much confidence, the estimate of probable receipts during the present and next fiscal years. It is based upon the operations of our trade and commerce for the last twelve months, and upon the conviction that the business of the country will continue in its present state of comparative prosperity.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

The Secretary of War reports that, while the authorized strength of the Army is 18,165, the number in July last was only 17,498; and 11,000 of that number were alone available for service in the field. Small as it is, the force has been required to man about 130 permanent garrisons, posts, and camps, scattered over an area of three millions of square miles, and consequently it has been impossible to give ample security to citizens on our frontiers. In relation to the Indian depredations on our Southern and Mexican border, the Secretary hopes to make such alteration in the disposition of the troops next season as will prevent any repetition. Measures have already been taken to subdue the Camanches and Kiowas, and give protection to the routes from Missouri and Arkansas to New Mexico. He recommends that provision be made for retiring disabled and infirm officers. The necessity for enlisting teamsters is urged, as is the enlistment of frontier citizens for frontier service, for six months' terms, the men to provide their own horses. He speaks favorably of the condition of the military academies, of the experiments in breech-loading guns, and of the use of camels for service in the interior. The whole cost of the Army is put down at $13,098,725 72, which he thinks may be considerably reduced. The condition of affairs in Utah is such that there is scarcely any necessity for troops there, and they will probably soon be withdrawn. The report concludes with a brief account of John Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

The Report of the Secretary of the Navy enters largely into the achievements of the Paraguay Squadron, and into the new and extended arrangements for suppressing the African Slave-trade. Reference is made to the fact that a score of new steam-vessels had been added to the navy since the accession of the present administration; an augmentation which has called for a corresponding enlargement of the personal force—officers, pursers, and crews. Events at San Juan and at the mouth of the Peiho are touched upon; and the explorations of Lieutenant Brooke among the Pacific Islands are spoken of with approval. A contract executed with the Chiriqui Improvement Company by the Department is represented to be of great value. It concedes large areas of land on either side of the Isthmus, rights of transit, and the occupation of the necessary harbors, and the ownership of all coal found on the Company's territories. For this, $300,000 are to be paid, should Congress ratify the bargain. The expenditures of the Department for the last fiscal year were $14,659,267; the appropriations $14,509,354. The estimated expenditures for the year ending June 30, 1860, were $13,500,370; the appropriation $10,464,709. For the year ending June 30, 1861, the estimates are $11,244,845.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

The Report of the Secretary of the Interior embodies a mass of information relative to the several bureaus constituting that Department. The General Land Office presents this general synopsis of its business: During the five quarters ending September 30, 1859, 18,618,183 acres of the public lands were disposed of; 4,970,500 acres were sold for cash, yielding $2,107,436; 3,617,440 acres were located with bounty land warrants; 1,712,040 were approved to the several States entitled to them under the swamp grants of March 2, 1849, and September 28, 1850; and 6,318,203 acres certified to States, as falling to them under the grants for railroad purposes. The Indian Bureau states that the average annual expenditure on Indian account is $3,055,270, and that the funded capital of the annuities to be paid to the Indians is $21,472,423. There are 350,000 of the Aborigines within the limits of the Federal Union. The Commissioner of Pensions has 11,585 pensioners on his roll, calling for $1,034,915 in money. The necessary expenses which will be incurred for the census, will require the appropriation of at least $1,000,000. It is believed both wise and just to confine the purchase and distribution at the Agricultural Office to such varieties of plants, seeds, cuttings, etc., as have not already been introduced into the country. An appropriation to provide for permanent and convenient accommodations for the Courts of the United States in New York in Burton's Theatre Building, Chambers Street, is recommended.

REPORT OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

The Report of the Postmaster-General dwells largely upon the financial embarrassments of the year, attributable to the failure of the usual appropriations. The amount of ascertained liabilities not met by the Department, but due to this neglect, is declared to be $4,296,000, while abilities to the amount of $11,458,000 have been liquidated. The gross revenues of the year were $7,908,484. These, added to a balance on the books of the Auditor, and to unemployed appropriations, constitute a total of $12,168,390 available resources, against expenditures amounting to $11,558,139 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1859. For the fiscal year terminating on the same day, 1860, the Postmaster-General estimates the sum required to be $14,871,547; there having been already expended, under special acts, $107,080 for different branches of the Pacific Mail service. The resources for the same period are estimated at $10,816,000, leaving, with a reserve of uncollected postages, a deficiency of $5,526 334. The total annual transportation of mails on the 30th of June last, was 83,308,402 miles, costing $9,498,7[illegible]7. The decrease in the length of routes from 1858 was 561 miles; the routes by rail, steamboat, and coach having been largely increased, and those by minor facilities curtailed to the extent of 16,037 miles. The number of post-offices is 28,539, an aggregate increase of 562 for the year. The Postmaster-General is pregnant with projects of reform. One of his plans contemplates the discouragement of the system of newspaper exchanges, by withdrawing the immunity from postage heretofore enjoyed by the Press; another, the award of bids for transportation to parties contracting to furnish the utmost celerity, independently of the mode of carriage; another, the final abandonment of the Tehuantepec Isthmus as a mail route. In regard to the service between Portland and New Orleans, further legislation is pronounced requisite. And that clause of the Act of June, 1858, which directs a preference to be given in the transportation of the European mails to an American steamer, even at the expense of three days' delay, is recommended for repeal. The document is extremely long.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 26th December, the Senate not being in session, in the House, Mr. Smith, of Virginia, having the floor in continuation of his speech commenced on Friday, was interrupted by a variety of interpolations and contradictory motions, some looking to an adjournment over the holidays, some to an adjournment for the day, and others an adjournment until Mr. Smith should have ended his speech. Mr. Moore, of Kentucky, endeavored vainly to obtain a hearing for a proposition advocating the election of Mr. Boteler after the thirty-sixth ballot. The motion to adjourn until Tuesday at length prevailed.

On Tuesday, 27th December, in the Senate, the Message was listened to, after the resistance of Republican Senators had been overcome. Mr. Brown recommended it to be laid on the table; Mr. Clingman, that all action in regard to it should be postponed to January 3; Mr. Bright, that the usual course be adopted—that the Message and documents be ordered to be printed, and that his motion to that effect lie over until after the holidays. The latter suggestion having been accepted, the Senate adjourned until Friday.——The House having declined to hear the Message, Mr. Smith, of Virginia, concluded his speech. Mr. Houston, of Alabama, then moved that a Speaker be elected for ten days, during which the appropriations for the Post-office Department might be passed. The Republicans opposed this measure; they were ready to elect a Speaker for the whole session. A ballot for Speaker ensued, there being 208 members present, rendering 105 necessary to a choice. Sherman received 101; Mr. Scott (of California), 17; Mr. Houston, 15; Messrs. Gilmer and Bocock, each, 14; Mr. Maclay, 12; scattering, 35. The House then adjourned.

On Wednesday, 28th, in the House, the Senate not being in session, speeches were made by Mr. Morris, of Illinois, Mr. Cox, of Ohio, and others. Mr. Brabson, of Tennessee, placed before the House the name of Mr. Maynard, of the same State, as that of an independent conservative, in all respects entitled to the support of conservative men of both sections. The vote was interrupted by constant debate, each gentleman taking pains to explain the reasons of his vote. When the result was declared, there were found to be 105 necessary to a choice—of which Mr. Sherman received 101; and Mr. Maynard 65. The rest were scattering.

On Thursday, 29th, in the House, speeches were made by Mr. Morris and Mr. Millson. Mr. Grow then took the floor to reply to some remarks made some days before by Mr. Branch, of North Carolina, in which the Pennsylvania representative was charged with defeating the Post-office Appropriation Bill. Mr. Grow vehemently repelled the accusation, and declared it unworthy of a gentleman. A sharp colloquy ensued, in which Mr. Branch announced that he should hold Mr. Grow responsible for his words. Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, obtained the floor, but was interrupted by Messrs. Hickman and M'Knight, of Pennsylvania, who interpolated explanations. Previous to the ballot for Speaker, Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, withdrew his name from the list, as not likely to concentrate the necessary strength. Mr. Scott, of California, was then urged upon the conservatives as an unexceptionable man; and the vote was taken. It resulted—Sherman, 102; Scott, 83; Gilmer, 14; scattering, 11; necessary to a choice, 106. The House adjourned.

On Friday, 30th, in the Senate, Senator Rice, of Minnesota, gave notice of several measures, mainly of interest to Minnesota. Of the number, those providing a temporary Government for Dacotah, extending the operation of the Swamp Land Act in Arkansas and Minnesota, and making appropriations for public offices at St. Paul's, were the most important. The Senate then adjourned until Tuesday.——In the House, Mr. Perry endeavored ineffectually to institute a twenty-minute rule for speakers. Speeches on slavery were then delivered by Messrs. Boyce, Stanton, Cox, etc.; and on the tariff, by Mr. Kellinger and others. A motion that when the House adjourned it adjourn to January 3 was carried; after which Mr. Montgomery proposed that Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, be elected Speaker for twenty-four hours, so as to admit of the passage of the appropriations necessary for the arrears of the Post-office Department. The plan was not acceptable, and the House adjourned.

END OF THE CLAYTON-BULWER DISPUTE.

The *Herald* says: "It appears that the action of our Minister to Guatemala, in protesting against the treaty negotiated between Great Britain and Guatemala, was based upon incorrect information as to the facts. Recently received official dispatches state that by the treaty alluded to Great Britain has definitively abandoned her pretensions to the Bay Islands, as well as to the Mosquito protectorate, and that the boundary lines agreed to by the two governments are fixed in accordance with the terms of the amendments to the Dallas-Clarendon treaty adopted by the United States Senate. It is furthermore stated that Great Britain has assured our Government that she has not and does not intend to enter into any treaty which will impair the rights of the United States under the Clayton-Bulwer treaty."

INSURRECTION IN MISSOURI.

A telegram from St. Louis apprises us of an insurrectionary attempt, said to have been made by the slaves on Monday night, in Polk County, in the southwestern angle of Missouri. At 11 o'clock the population of Bolivar was aroused by shouts and other demonstrations in the public square. Hastening thither, a party of negroes were found to have attacked a number of whites, using stones for weapons. A fight ensued; the blacks retreated into the mountains, where, at the latest moment, they were pursued by armed parties. Large numbers had been imprisoned and severely punished. A Vigilance Committee had been organized for the protection of the town.

RETURN OF THE YACHT "WANDERER."

The yacht *Wanderer* has once more come to light, this time in the waters of Boston harbor. She reached that port on Saturday, in charge of the mate, who tells a story of wanderings and adventures upon the high seas that must add a new and more fascinating chapter to the history of pirates and buccaneers. The *Wanderer*, it will be remembered, was eloped with from a Southern port about the middle of October, the circumstances and the thief being unascertained. It now seems that one Lincoln P. Patten, of Bath, Maine, was the skipper who effected this startling *coup*; and that only a portion of the crew were privy to or could be brought to approve his plans; that he had no stores or nautical instruments: and that, with the aid of the British consul at the Western Islands, where he put in, he had laid in $15,000 of provisions, for which, having again run away, he had paid nothing. To recruit these stores when they were nearly exhausted, he had pursued several merchantmen with a design of plundering them; and it was while Patten was boarding a passing vessel, with this piratical design, that his crew had stolen the stolen yacht, and made sail for America. The vessel is in the custody of the United States Marshal, and the poor fellows who brought her back, and were in a state of great suffering and destitution, have been provided for.

PERSONAL.

Senator Seward arrived in town on Wednesday evening from Europe by the *Arago*. He was received by a committee of his political friends, and escorted to the Astor House, while artillery in the Park fired a salute.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* says: "I learn that Governor Wise has laid before the joint Legislature over five hundred letters and documents sent him upon the subject of the H[illegible] invasion. Part of John Brown's correspondence is also in Richmond, and more of it in Charlestown, Virginia. This correspondence was wide-spread between Kansas and New England; and though names, and dates, and places of writing are obliterated from some of the letters, it nevertheless implicates persons, I am told, now little suspected by the country. The Committee in the Senate will bring these facts to light, but in all cases proof will be difficult."

Archbishop Hughes has accepted the invitation of the Senior Class of the University of North Carolina to deliver the Commencement Sermon before them on the 4th of June next.

Pierpont Dyer, an esteemed citizen of Albion, Orleans County, was murdered on 23d ult. in his grocery store at that place. He, being a bachelor, lived in the store. His body was found lying on the floor next morning. The murder is supposed to have been done with an axe or a similar instrument, as the top of his head was completely knocked in. Dyer was a man of wealth, but kept little or no money in his possession. Patrick Calligan has been arrested on suspicion. He rented rooms of Dyer. A difficulty existed between them, and he had threatened Dyer's life.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

THE COURT AT COMPIEGNE.

THE *Times* correspondent says: "If what we hear from Compiègne be true, the Imperial revels are but stiff, almost lugubrious affairs. The court *fêtes* and court hospitalities are reduced to an affair of grim formality; gentlemen and ladies are invited out in sets to stay a week; each set has the same routine of stiff etiquette to go through—an etiquette as far removed from fun as a funeral is from a frolic; each one has to dress a certain number of times daily, eat a certain number of solemn dinners at the palace, attend a certain number of evening *soirées*, and are treated each to one grand hunt in the forest, on which occasion a melancholy deer is let out solemnly in front of the party by a groom, who lets him go with a kick and a kindly hint to take care of himself. The whole set return to town together on a train furnished by his Majesty; and this seems to be the only piece of fun in the trip. The reason of this will readily suggest itself.

"It can not be said, however, that an attempt is not made to instill a little life into the party, for in each set, numbering about fifty persons, they usually invite three or four artists and men of letters, renowned for their conversational qualities. But whether these refuse to fill the functions of court fool, or feel too much out of their element when out of their slippers and morning gowns, they have at best but a sorry time of it. M. Merimée, of the Academy, is the only gentleman who succeeds in the *soirées intimes* of the palace in the way of tale-telling; but unfortunately this gentleman's talent runs in the current of that of Edgar A. Poe; his tales are of the sombre, horrifiating sort; he treats of ghosts and the dead, and manages, by the time the clock sounds midnight, to put his listeners into that disagreeable state of nervousness in which the desire to retire double is irresistible. M. Octave Feuillet and Edmund About are among the invited of this year. At the present moment the second set are at Compiègne, and in this list we find the names of the Prince and Princess Metternich, Lord and Lady Strafford, the Duke of Magenta, and General Forey."

AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

Among the recent deaths in Paris, is that of Viscount Marie de Botherel, the descendant and representative of one of the oldest families in Brittany. His name, however, owed its celebrity to another cause—he was the founder of the celebrated enterprise of the Restaurant Omnibuses, which some years ago formed the talk of Paris. He had twelve omnibuses laden with hot dishes driving about the city every day, twelve omnibuses laden with cold dishes, and twenty-four laden with wines of every description. He at the same time erected some immense kitchens to prepare the dishes, but the project failed, and he came out a loser to the amount of $80,000. He lost the remainder of his fortune in an attempt to carry on the wine trade in large proportions, but finally died poor. At the time of his death he was revising the proof-sheets of a work on "Human Infirmities."

DARING FLIGHT OF FASHION.

Fashion, in the very highest circles abroad, has taken a daring flight. The London *Court Circular* relates that at a diplomatic dinner recently given in that city, two Russian ladies appeared in military costumes. The Countess P—— wore a red hussar jacket of satin, embroidered with gold, and diamond buttons. The coiffure was a military cap of black velvet, surmounted by an aigrette. The lower part of the dress was not *à la hussar*, but consisted of a black satin skirt, very short, trimmed with gold, and short military boots. The Princess O——, who was of the party, wore a dragoon uniform, green waistcoat and jacket, with white trimming, buttons of gold, epaulets of gold, a head-dress with a feather, lighter, but similar to that worn by the dragoon.

PEOPLE WHO WON'T CONFESS CAN'T BE MARRIED.

The *Nouvelliste Vaudois* says: "The parish priest of Bolle, in the canton of Friburg, lately refused to celebrate the marriage of a couple in his parish, because the man declined to give a promise to go regularly to confession. The bishop of the diocese, on being appealed to, approved of the resolution of the priest. The man accordingly applied to the Council of State; but that body, fearing to take on itself the decision of such a question, has sent a deputation to the bishop praying him to decide. What the prelate will do is not yet known."

AUSTRIA.

THE EMPEROR ABOUT TO ABDICATE.

A letter from Pesth of the 7th inst. says: "A piece of news so extraordinary has reached the high political circles of this city that it is not without hesitation I venture to communicate it, and yet these circles have excellent means of obtaining the earliest and best information. The news is that the Emperor of Austria contemplates abdicating the crown in favor of his son, a child born the 21st of August, 1858, and appointing as Regent his brother, the Archduke Maximilian, formerly Governor of Lombardo-Venetia. The reason assigned for the projected abdication is that the Emperor sees with dismay that Austria is going to wreck and ruin, and shrinks from the risk of figuring personally in history as 'the last of the Hapsburgs.' On the other hand, being an obstinate and wrong-headed young man, he will not consent to make the important concessions to the different parts of his empire, and especially to Hungary, by which alone the dangers now impending over Austria could, perhaps, for a time be averted."

SPAIN.

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

A telegraphic despatch from Madrid, dated December 10, announces as follows:

"The Spaniards have just obtained a new victory. The Moors, this time 10,000 strong, attacked the redoubts. They were gloriously repulsed by the second *corps d'armée*, which entered into line, for the first time, under the command of the brave General Zabala.

"The number of dead on the side of the Moors is more than 300, and 1000 wounded. The Spaniards have had 40 killed and 280 wounded.

"The sea continues tempestuous, and it is for the moment impossible to effect fresh embarkations."

The following dispatch was published at Madrid on the 10th:

"CAMP ELOTTEO, *Friday December 9 (evening)*.

"This morning the enemy impetuously attacked our redoubts, but were energetically repulsed by the garrisons, and retired to the valley commanded by these redoubts. The enemy then came up again, but were attacked and repulsed by 10,000 men of the Second Corps, serving as our vanguard. The Moors lost 800 killed, and 1000 [illegible] Spanish was 50 officers, 40 killed, and 250 men wounded."

THE GREAT UNION MEETING AT THE ACADEMY OF

MUSIC, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19, 1859.—[SEE PAGE 2.]

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING is dead! How reverently we think of him! How carefully we collect the scattered memories of our intercourse with him! How earnestly we attempt to preserve all that we may of one whose life was so precious to our hearts!

It was my happiness, on one occasion, to pass several hours in his company, when, in a remarkably happy frame of mind, he related with graphic clearness various incidents in his life, each of which recalling another still farther removed from the present, he was led from point to point in his varied life, till many of its most interesting scenes passed successively before his mind and were pleasantly recalled by the listener to him.

It was on the evening of May 16, 1857—Mr. Irving had completed his seventy-fourth year on the 3d of April, but seemed then in comparative health, with a vigor and activity which few men of his years could boast, though already beginning to feel the effects of that unfortunate difficulty which made his last days days of suffering.

A friend had given us an account of his trip from the city that afternoon, when the fourth volume of the "Life of Washington," fresh from the publisher, had been handed about among a chosen coterie of editors and literary friends and appreciatingly commented on.

He listened with gratified attention, and as the burden of his labors slid from his thoughts its theme sprang up with fresh interest. His remarks, if any, his memory made in his late volume to the neighboring localities, interesting in connection with the treason of Arnold.

"Arnold!" he exclaimed, starting up in his chair! "Arnold! Why, a man! What bright prospects he threw away! What a fool! What a warning! What abilities he had! What a speech that was of his at Quebec! Thrilling!" And he quoted the words "*I am in the way of my duty, and I pray you, gentlemen, fire!*" Thrilling! he had done, then, what a name he would have left! How honored!" His voice falling, he musingly added, "Arnold! Arnold! Arnold! Terrible! Terrible! Thrilling! How it brought out men's characters!"

In the pause which followed Mr. Irving's last words he was apparently passing over the successive acts in that drama, and, as the possibility of different treasonable course before his mind he exclaimed, "It would have been a dreadful thing had the English prevailed in the Revolution! How ruinous! wonderful! wonderful! This Revolution is a most thrilling theme! Poor Washington!" And the speaker's countenance answered to the earnest sympathy which his tone expressed.

"Poor Washington!" Mr. Irving repeated, "how he was misjudged and tortured! There he was, with his little handful of men, without food or clothing, discouraged, disheartened, fleeing the flame, fanning the flame;" and he had forced in his chair as he repeated these words, extending his hands with quick, short movements.

"You have, I suppose, been interested in Washington's character since commencing to write about him?"

"Oh yes, yes," he replied, "I admired him before, but I thought him cold—admirable, but cold. Not so; the weight of the nation rested upon him, and he was all the more that cool, that self-control that war through. He was so conscientious, he never did a thing but it was first determined in his mind that it was right. Nevertheless, he was questioning about what the world would think. And every thing came out so beautifully and nobly. He never had a thought about the future appearance of things. He did what was right in him, and he future take care of itself, he the opinion of posterity what it might. And he had to act very often without giving his reasons; the enemy would see his plans. He was willing to be misunderstood and incur the censure of the world that he might do right. He had a most immense correspondence, and in all his letters there is not a word about glory; the idea doesn't seem to have had a place in his mind. And such wisdom, too, in his judgment! wonderful wisdom!"

A frightened bird rushing in the branches above we called Mr. Irving's attention from the subject of his thoughts. The sunset was gone, and the evening becoming too cool to remain longer in the open air we all rose to enter the house.

One of my party asked Mr. Irving his opinion of the comparative beauty of Scottish and American scenery. "Admirable country!" said he. "The Tweed is a cold, lazy stream; we wouldn't think it worth looking at. Miserable country! Have great hills, you know, above the cellar, not a tree, not a sharp point, nothing to take hold of, nothing of the richness and grandeur which our great forests give to this country. The first time (1816) I visited Scotland was just after Scott's poems had been so much enjoyed here. Waverley had been greatly read, and Guy Mannering was just out. I was all eagerness to see Scotland, and every thing connected with Scott's writings. I could not sufficiently express my disappointment at finding the country what it was. Scott has done much, very much, just there in the vicinity of Abbotsford, but, beyond, it was dreadfully cold, and I thought I was dying. I was very well, however, and came out upon an open spot from which we gained extensively in every direction. Scott was pointing out to me localities of interest, many of which I had read about or referred to in his poems. "There is Ben Lomond and there is Ben Nevis," said he, pointing first to one and then to another of the round hills which rise in the distance. I said, "This shows the power of poetry, Mr. Scott. He was not then a laureat; his indifferent landscape you have clothed with such charms in the imagination that I come here, and it is more fascinating to me from the associations which you have connected with it than the most beautiful scenery which I ever beheld." "Fine scenery! grand scenery!" said he; he wouldn't take a compliment at the expense of the country. "I don't want any better scenery. I like those bare hills. Why, a hill like Ben Nevis! I can see the moonlight long for those heather hills so I have to come back to them. Why," said he, "if I couldn't see these gray hills I believe I should die!" And Mr. Irving, laughing heartily, brought his hand down upon the table with an illustrative blow.

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cial crisis of 1857 was drawing near, failures were becoming frequent, and business men felt the pressure of the panic that was commencing. In connection with some remarks made in reference to these facts Mr. Irving emphatically exclaimed, "When a man fails you couldn't pity him; the agony is over. The time for pity is before. There he is, knowing what must come—afraid to tell his wife—afraid to look his children—don't know how to extricate. Misery! misery! How I pity those men! No one knows what beds they lie on—no one knows what hard days and nights there are in rich men's homes in that city of New York."

Mr. Irving never held the mind long on the pathetic; if he had been possible, he would have smoothed every sharp corner in the universe, that nothing might suffer from contact with it. I passed regretfully to a lighter tone. "They can't make their daughters' hoops smaller." Then, turning to the ladies, he added, in pretendedly "All that whole bare room since the great hoops came in fashion;" and then continued: "And these great dinners; they can't cut down their dinners—they must all be Lord Mayor's dinners. The world seems to think that a man's digestive powers increase with his wealth—one must eat gold and silver. You can't have a good old-fashioned, cosy dinner, nowadays, of a simple joint of meat, and get through in respectable time; there must be a dozen courses, and then you can't eat what you like, but must take a little of every thing; and then the flummery comes after all the rest, and you must take sandy and bonbons home to make the children sick. And these great, long tables! cannot have twenty to sit down—must be modest man can't say any thing—once get stuck between two dull people, and you are fixed for three months at least. Have a round table, and every body can talk together, and all enjoy it; but a table half a dozen yards long is too long—a man can't talk—or he can, but the bold, noisy fellows can say any thing—and of course the dinners are stupid affairs."

Reformers being naturally the commencement of his literary career, he alluded in a light, passing way, to what he had written previous to his "Sketch Book" and said: "That anxiety and trouble in England, disgusted me with boilers and drum-sticks to my pen. I had just started in the 'Sketch Book,' when I received a letter from my brother William, telling me he had obtained a situation for me as clerk in the Navy. I declined the offer but couldn't give my reasons. My brother was disappointed and mortified; I knew he would be, and so distressed me that for two months I couldn't write a line. I had given up all for the muse, and the muse deserted me. When I wrote again, it was to some purpose. I took enough to commence publishing in numbers. When the first number was out, I sent it to my brother, telling him to see what I had been doing, and that I felt there was something more in me than had yet been developed; I had determined to make the effort, and I hoped he would not mind, if I could draw water, dig, or do any thing."

As he left, he told the ladies they must not forget their promise to take a ride with him through Sleepy Hollow in "apple-blossom time." Who could forget such an invitation?

Apple-blossom time is forever past at Sunnyside. The golden fruit has been garnered. We gather a few autumn leaves ere they are faded by time, or scattered by careless winds.

THE WOMAN WHO WIPES.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased by the publisher exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE—*Continued.*

XIII.

HALF an hour later I was back at the house and was informing Miss Halcombe of all that had happened.

She listened to me from beginning to end with a steady, silent attention, which, in a woman of her temperament and disposition, was the strongest proof that could be offered of the serious manner in which my narrative affected her.

"Mr. Fairlie says my, 'my,' and all she said when I had done. "My mind misgives me sadly about the future."

"The future may depend," I suggested, "on the use we make of the present. It is not improbable that Anne Catherick may speak more freely and unreservedly to a woman than she has spoken to me. If Miss Fairlie—"

"Not to be thought of for a moment," interposed Miss Halcombe, in her most decided manner.

"Let me suggest, then," I continued, "that you should see Anne Catherick yourself, and that all you can to win her confidence. For my own part, I shrink from the idea of alarming the poor creature a second time, as I have much unhappily alarmed her already. Do you see any objection to accompanying me to the farm-house to-morrow?"

"None whatever. I will go say where and do any thing to serve Laura's interests. Which did you say the place was called?"

"You must know it well. It is called Todd's Corner."

"Certainly. Todd's Corner is one of Mr. Fairlie's farms. Our dairy-maid here is the farmer's second daughter. She goes backward and forward constantly between this house and her father's farm, and she may have heard or seen something which it may be useful for us to know. Shall I ascertain at once if she got is down stairs?"

She rang the bell, and sent the servant with his message. He returned, and announced that the dairy-maid was then at the farm. She had not been there for the last three days, and the housekeeper had given her leave to go home for an hour or two that evening.

"I can speak to her to-morrow," said Miss Halcombe, when the servant had left the room again. "In the mean time, let me thoroughly understand the object to be gained by my interview with Anne Catherick. Is there no doubt in your own mind that the person whom I met in the Asylum was Sir Percival Glyde?"

"There is not the shadow of a doubt. The only mystery that remains is the mystery of his motive. Looking to the great difference between the station in life and here, which seems to place a gulf, as it were, between any real relationship between them, it is of the last importance—even assuming that the secret should be kept from under restraint—to know why he should have been the person to assume the serious responsibility of identity for her sake."

"In a private Asylum, I think you said?"

"Yes, in a private Asylum, where a sum of money which to the poor woman's mind must to give must have been paid for her maintenance as a patient."

"I see where the doubt lies, Mr. Hartright; and I promise you that it shall be set at rest, whether Anne Catherick assists us to-morrow or not. Sir Percival Glyde is a bad man, by his this house without satisfying Mr. Gilmore, and satisfying me. My sister's future is my dearest care in life, and I have sufficient reason to wish her to give me some power, where her marriage is concerned, in the disposal of it."

"I yield for the time."

After breakfast the next morning an obstacle, which the events of the evening before had put out of my memory, interposed to prevent our proceeding immediately to the farm. This was my first day at Limmeridge House; and it was necessary, as soon as the post came in, to follow Miss Halcombe's advice, and to ask Mr. Fairlie's permission to shorten my engagement by a month, in consideration of an unforeseen necessity for my absence from London.

Fortunately for the probability of this excuse, so far as appearances were concerned, the post brought me two letters from London that morning. I took them away at once to my own room, and sat the servant with a message to Mr. Fairlie, requiring to know when I could see him on a matter of business.

I awaited the man's return, free from the slightest feeling of anxiety that I was conscious of which his master might receive my application. With Mr. Fairlie's leave or without it I must go. The consciousness of duty made me feel at first step on the dreary journey which was henceforth to separate my life from Miss Fairlie's seemed to have lightened my spirits. My proper consideration connected with myself. I had done with my poor man's touchy pride; I had done with all my other fantastic follies. In consence of Mr. Fairlie's, if he chose to be insolent, could wound me now.

The servant returned with a message for which I was not unprepared. Mr. Fairlie regretted that the state of his health, on that particular morning, was such as to preclude all hope of his having the pleasure of receiving me. He begged, kindly, that I would accept his apologies, and kindly communicate what I had to say in the form of a letter. Similar messages to this had reached me, at uncertain times, during my three months' residence in the house. Throughout the whole of that period Mr. Fairlie had been injected to "possess his soul," but had never been well enough to see me for a second time. The servant took every fresh batch of drawings that I produced and returned back to his master with my "respects," and returned empty-handed with Mr. Fairlie's "kind compliments," "best thanks," and "sincere regret" that the state of his health still obliged him to remain a solitary prisoner in his own room. A more satisfactory arrangement to both sides could not possibly have been adopted. It would be hard to say which of us, under the circumstances, felt the most grateful for our obligation to Mr. Fairlie's accommodating nerves.

I sat down at once to write the letter, expressing myself in it as evasively, briefly, and as briefly as possible. Mr. Fairlie did not hurry his reply. Nearly an hour elapsed before the servant was placed in my hands. It was written with beautiful regularity and neatness of character, in wide-bordered ink, on note-paper as smooth as ivory and almost as thick as cardboard: and it addressed me in these terms:

"Mr. Fairlie's compliments to Mr. Hartright. Mr. Fairlie is more surprised and disappointed than he can express, at Mr. Hartright's (of ill health) by Mr. Hartright's application. Mr. Fairlie is not a man of business, but he has constantly his secretary, who knows the proper forms Mr. Fairlie's opinion that Mr. Hartright's request to be allowed to break his engagement can not be justified by any necessity whatever, excepting perhaps a case of life and death. If the highly-expressive feeling towards Art and its professors, which it is the consolation of Mr. Fairlie's life to cultivate, could be easily shaken, Mr. Hartright's present proceeding would have shaken it. It has not done so—except in the instance of Mr. Hartright himself.

"Having stated his opinion—so far, that is to say, as mere nervous suffering will allow him to state any thing—Mr. Fairlie has nothing to add but the expression of his decision, in reference to the highly irregular application that has been made to him. Mr. Fairlie begs of body and mind being to the last degree important in his case, Mr. Fairlie will not suffer Mr. Hartright to disturb that repose by remaining in the house under circumstances of an essentially irritating nature to both sides. Accordingly, Mr. Fairlie waives his right of refusal, purely with a view to the preservation of his own tranquillity—and informs Mr. Hartright that he may go."

I folded the letter up, and put it away with my other papers. The time had been when I should have resented it as an insult: I accepted it now as a written release from my engagement. It was, in the end, a thing almost out of my memory, when I went down stairs to the breakfast-room, and informed Miss Halcombe that I was ready to walk with her to the farm.

"Has Mr. Fairlie given you a satisfactory answer?" she asked, as we left the house.

"He has allowed me to go, Miss Halcombe."

She looked up at me quickly; and then, for the first time, noticed the brown bag, which my arm of her own second. No words could have expressed so delicately that she understood how the paralysing hand of Mr. Fairlie's employment had been granted, and that she gave me her sympathy, not as my superior, but as my friend. I felt not only my man's insolent letter, but I felt deeply the woman's strong kindness.

On our way to the farm we arranged that Miss Halcombe was to enter the house alone, and that I was to wait outside, within call. We adopted this mode of proceeding from no apprehension of any disturbance, after what had happened in the church-yard the evening before, might have the effect of renewing Anne Catherick's fears, and of rendering her additionally distrustful of the advances of a lady who was a stranger to her. Miss Halcombe left the farm, in the course of speaking in the first instance, to the farmer's wife (of whom friendly assistance to help her in any way she was commanded, which I noticed for her in the near neighborhood of the house.

I had little time to be left alone for some time. To my surprise, however, little more than five minutes had elapsed before Miss Halcombe returned.

"Does Anne Catherick refuse to see you?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Anne Catherick is gone," replied Miss Halcombe.

"Gone!"

"Gone, with Mrs. Clements. They both left the farm at eight o'clock this morning."

I could say nothing—I could only feel that my last chance of discovery had gone with them.

"All that Mrs. Todd knows about her guests I know," Miss Halcombe went on; "and it leaves me, as it leaves her, in the dark. They both came back safe, last night, after they left you, and their rooms in the first part of the evening with Mr. Todd's family, as usual. Just before supper-time, however, Anne Catherick startled Mrs. Todd by suddenly seized with faintness. She had had a similar attack, of a less alarming kind, on the day she arrived at the farm; and Mrs. Todd had connected it, on that occasion, with something she was reading at the time in our local newspaper, which by one the farm hands, at the time, had taken up only a minute or two before."

"Does Mrs. Todd know what particular passage in the newspaper affected her in that way?" I inquired.

"No," replied Miss Halcombe. "She had looked it over, and had seen nothing in it to agitate any one. I asked leave, however, to look it over in my turn, and the very first page I opened I found that the editor had enriched his small stock of news by drawing upon our family affairs. He had published my sister's marriage engagement, among his other announcements copied from the London papers. Mr. Harrington's name is not mentioned as once that this was the paragraph which had so strangely affected Anne Catherick; and I thought I saw the cause of the fear of the letter which she sent to our house the next day."

"There can be no doubt in either case. But what did you find Mrs. Todd her second attack of faintness yesterday evening?"

"Nothing. The cause of it is a complete mystery. There was no strange in the room. The only visitor was our dairy-maid, who, as I told you, is one of Mr. Todd's daughters; and the only message was a good-natured one about local affairs. They heard her cry out, and saw her sink deadly pale, without the slightest apparent reason. Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Clements took her up stairs; and Mrs. Clements remained with her. They heard talking together until long after the usual bedtime; and, early this morning, Mrs. Clements took Mrs. Todd aside and expressed her beyond all power of expression by saying that they must go. The only explanation Mrs. Todd could expect from her was, that something had happened, which was not the fault of any one at the farm-house, but which was serious enough to make Anne Catherick resolve to leave Limmeridge immediately. It was quite useless to press Mrs. Clements to be more explicit. She only shook her head, and said that, for Anne's sake, she must beg and pray that no one would question her. All she could repeat, with every appearance of the strongest feeling, was, that Anne meant go, that she must go with her, and that the attention to secrecy might which both broke themselves must be kept a secret from every body. I spare you the recital of Mr. Todd's honorable remonstrances and refusals. It ended in her driving them both to the nearest station, more than three hours since. She tried hard, on the way, to get them to speak more plainly; but without success. And she set them down outside the station-door, in hurt and silence. I admire the unceremonious and rapidness of their departure and their unfriendly reluctance to place the least confidence in her, that she drove away in anger, without so much as stopping to bid them good-by. That is exactly what has taken place. Search your own memory, Mr. Hartright, and tell me if any thing happened in the burial-ground yesterday evening which can at all account for this extraordinary departure of those two women this morning."

"I should like to account first, Miss Halcombe, for the sudden change in Anne Catherick which alarmed them at the farm-house, hours after she and I had parted, and when those events had elapsed to account for the agitation that I might have been unfortunate enough to cause. Did you inquire particularly about the gossip which was going on in the room when she turned pale?"

"Yes. But Mrs. Todd's household affairs seem to have divided her attention that evening with the talk in the farm-house parlor. She could only tell me that it was 'just the same—nothing particular,' that they all talked as usual about each other."

"That dairy-maid's memory may be better than her mother's," I said. "It may be well for you to speak to the girl, Miss Halcombe, as soon as we get back."

My suggestion was acted on the moment we returned to the house. Miss Halcombe led me round to the servants' offices, and we found the girl in the dairy, with her sleeves tucked up to her shoulders, cleaning a large milk-pan, and singing lightly to herself as she worked.

"I have brought this gentleman to see your dairy, Hannah," said Miss Halcombe. "It is fond of the sights of the house, and it always does you credit."

The girl blushed and courtesied, and said, shyly, that her mother was always did her best to keep things neat and clean.

"We have just come from your father's," Miss Halcombe continued. "I was there from yesterday evening, I hear; and you found visitors at the house?"

"Yes, miss."

"One of them was taken faint and ill, I am told? I suppose nothing was done to frighten her? Or you were not talking of any thing very terrible, were you?"

"Oh no, miss," said the girl, laughing, "We were only talking of the news."

"Your sisters told you the news at Todd's Corner, I suppose?"

"Yes, miss."

"And you told them the news at Limmeridge House?"

"Yes, miss. And I'm quite sure nothing was said to frighten the poor thing, for I was talking when she came in, and I'm sure I'd beg pardon in turn, miss, to see it, never having been taken faint myself."

Before any more questions could be put to her, she was called away to receive a basket of eggs at the dairy door. As she left us, I whispered to Miss Halcombe.

"Ask her if she happened to mention, last night, that visitors were expected at Limmeridge House."

Miss Halcombe showed me, by a look, that she understood, and put the question as soon as the dairy-maid returned to us.

"Oh yes, miss; I mentioned that," said the girl, simply. "The company coming, and the accident to the blind horse, was all the news I had to take to the farm."

"Did you mention names? Did you tell them that Sir Percival Glyde was expected on Monday?"

"Yes, miss—I told them Sir Percival Glyde was coming. I hope there was no harm in it; I hope I didn't do wrong."

"Oh no, no harm. Come, Mr. Hartright; Hannah will begin to think us in the way if we interrupt her any longer over her work."

We separated, and looked at one another the moment we were alone again.

"Is there any doubt in your mind *now*, Miss Halcombe?"

"Sir Percival Glyde shall remove that doubt, Mr. Hartright—or, Laura Fairlie shall never be his wife."

XIV.

As we walked round to the front of the house, a fly from the village approached us along the drive. Miss Halcombe waited on the door-steps until the fly drew up; and then advanced to shake hands with the person alighting, and speak briskly the moment the steps were let down. Mr. Gilmore had come to see us.

I looked at him, when we were introduced to each other, with an interest and a curiosity which I could not resist. Miss Halcombe the assistance of his experience in forming her judgment; he was to wait until the question of the marriage was set at rest; and, if his hand, at that question were decided in the affirmative, was to draw the settlement which bound Miss Fairlie irretrievably to her engagement. Even then, when I knew nothing by comparison with what I know now, I looked at the finally lawyer with an interest which I had never felt before in the presence of any man breathing who was a stranger to me.

An external appearance Mr. Gilmore was the exact opposite of the conventional idea of an old lawyer. In his complexion, which fresh; his white hair was worn rather long and kept carefully brushed; his black coat, waistcoat, and trousers, fitted him with perfect neatness; his white cravat was carefully tied; and his lavender-colored kid gloves might have adorned the hands of a fashionable clergyman without fear and without reproach. His manners were pleasantly marked by the formal grace and refinement of the old school of gentlemen, quickened by the invigorating sharpness and readiness of a man whose business in life obliges him al-

The empty silence of the beach struck cold to my heart. I returned to the house and the garden, where traces were left to speak of her at every turn.

On the vest terrace walk I met Mr. Gilmore. He was evidently in search of me, for he quickened his pace when we caught sight of each other. The state of my spirits little fitted me for the society of a stranger. But the meeting was inevitable, and I resigned myself to make the best of it.

"You are the very person I wanted to see," said the old gentleman. "I had two words to say to you, my dear Sir, and if you have no objection I will avail myself of the present opportunity. I'm put in plainly, Mrs. Halcombe and I have been talking over family affairs—affairs which are the cause of my being here—and, in the course of our conversation, she was naturally led to tell me of this unpleasant matter connected with the anonymous letter, and of the share which you have been medicinally and generously taken in the proceedings so far. That share, I quite understand, gives you an interest which you not otherwise have—that in knowing that the future management of the investigation, which you have begun, will be placed in safe hands. My dear sir, make yourself quite easy on that point—it will be placed in my hands."

"I am low, in every way, Mr. Gilmore, much fitter to advise and to act in the matter than I am. Is it an indiscretion, on my part, to ask if you have decided yet on a course of proceeding?"

"So far as it is possible to decide, Mr. Hartright, I have decided. I mean to send a copy of the letter, accompanied by a statement of the circumstances, to Sir Percival Glyde's solicitor in London, with whom I have acquaintance. The letter itself I shall keep here, to show to Sir Percival as soon as he arrives. The tracing of the two women I have already provided for, by sending one of Mr. Fairlie's servants—on confidential pretences—to the station to make inquiries: the man has his money and his directions, and he will follow the women in the event of their leaving any clue. This is all that can be done until Sir Percival comes on Monday. I have no doubt myself that every emphatic word in the letter will drive from a gentleman and a man of honor he will readily give. Sir Percival stands very high, Sir—an eminent position, a commanding fortune—and—I feel quite easy about results; quite easy, I am rejoiced to assure you. Things of this sort happen constantly in my experience. Anonymous letters—unfortunate women—and state of society. I don't deny that there are peculiar complications in this case, but the case itself is, most unhappily, common—common."

"I am afraid, Mr. Gilmore, I have the misfortune to differ from you. Do you think I take a low view of the case."

"Just so, my dear Sir—just so. I am an old man, and I take the practical view. You are a young man, and you take the romantic view. Let us not discuss about views. I live, professionally, in an atmosphere of disputation, Mr. Hartright; and I am only too glad to escape from it, at the present moment, to be with you. Will you?—yes, yes, yes; we will wait for events—yes, yes, yes; we will wait for events. Charming place, this. Good shooting? Provided the owner of Mr. Fairlie's house is preserved. I think. Charming place, though; and delightful people. You draw and paint, I hear, Mr. Hartright? Enviable accomplishment. What style?"

We dropped into general conversation—or, rather, Mr. Gilmore talked and I listened. My attention was far from him, and from the topics on which he discoursed so fluently. The solitary walk of the morning had wrought its effect on me—it had set the idea in my mind of hastening my departure from Limmeridge House. Why should I prolong the hard trial of saying farewell by one unnecessary minute? What further service was required of me by my uncle? There was no useful purpose to be served by my stay in Cumberland; there was no restriction on my time that permitted to leave which my employer had granted to me. Why not end it, there and then?

I determined to end it. There were some hours of daylight still left—there was no reason why my journey back to London should not begin on that afternoon. I made the first civil excuse that occurred to me for leaving Mr. Gilmore; and returned at once to the house.

On my way up to my own room I met Miss Halcombe on the stairs. She saw, by the hurry of my movements and the change in my manner, that I had some new purpose in view, and asked what had happened.

I told her the reasons which induced me to think of hastening my departure, exactly as I have told them here.

"No, no," she said, earnestly and kindly, "leave as like a friend, break bread with us once more. Stay here and dine; stay here and sleep; so to spend our last evening with you as happily, as like our first evenings, as we can. It is my invitation; Mrs. Vesey's invitation—" she hesitated a little, and then added, "Laura's invitation as well."

I promised to remain. God knows I had no wish to leave even the shadow of a sorrowful impression with any one of them.

My own room was the best place for me till the dinner bell rang. I waited there till it was time to go down stairs.

I had not spoken to Miss Fairlie. I had not even seen her—all that day. The first meeting with her, when I entered the drawing-room, was a hard trial to her self-control and to mine. She, too, had done her best to make our last evening renew the golden by-gone time—the time that could never come again. She had put on the dress which I used to admire more than any other that she possessed—a dark-blue silk, trimmed quaintly and prettily with old-fashioned lace; she came forward to meet me with her former readiness; she gave me her hand with the frank, innocent good-will of happier days. The cold fingers that trembled round mine; the pale cheeks with a bright red spot burning in the midst of them; the faint smile that struggled to live on her lips and died away from them while I looked at it, told me at what sacrifice of herself her outward composure was maintained. My heart could take her no closer to me, or I should have loved her then as I had never loved her yet.

Mr. Gilmore was a great assistance to us. He was in high good-humor, and he led the conversation with unflagging spirit. Miss Halcombe seconded him resolutely; and I did all I could to follow her example. The kind blue eyes whose slightest changes of expression I had learned to interpret so well, looked at me sympathetically when we first sat down to table. Help my sister—the sweet anxious face seemed to say—help my sister, and you will help me.

We got through the dinner, to all outward appearance at least, happily enough. When the ladies had risen from table, and when Mr. Gilmore and I were left alone in the dining-room, a new interest presented itself to occupy our attention, and to give me an opportunity of quieting myself for a few minutes of needful and welcome silence. The servant who had been dispatched to trace Anne Catherick and Mrs. Clements returned with his report, and was shown into the dining-room immediately.

"Well," said Mr. Gilmore, "what have you found out?"

"I have found out, Sir," answered the man, (but both the women took tickets, at our station here, for Carlisle."

"You went to Carlisle, of course, when you heard that?"

"I did, Sir; but I am sorry to say I could find no further trace of them."

"You inquired at the railway?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And at the different inns?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And you left the statement I wrote for you at the police-station?"

"I did, Sir."

"Well, my friend, you have done all you could, and I have done all I could; and there the matter must rest till further notice. We have played our trump cards, Mr. Hartright," continued the old gentleman, when the servant had withdrawn. "For the present, at least, the women have outmanoeuvred us; and our only resource now is to wait for Sir Percival Glyde, who comes here on Monday next. Won't you fill your glass again? Good bottle of port, that—sound, substantial old wine. I have got better in my own cellar, though."

We returned to the drawing-room—the room in which the happiest evenings of my life had been passed; the room which, after this last night, I was never to see again. Its aspect was altered since the days had shortened and the weather had grown cold. The glass doors on the terrace side were closed, and hidden by thick curtains. Instead of the soft twilight obscurity, in which we used to sit, the bright radiant glow of lamplight now dazzled my eyes. All was changed—indoors and out, all was changed.

Miss Halcombe and Mr. Gilmore sat down together at the card-table; Mrs. Vesey took her customary chair. There was no restraint on the disposal of *their* evening; and I felt the restraint on the disposal of mine all the more painfully from observing it. I saw Miss Fairlie lingering near the music-stand. The time had been when I might have joined her there. I waited irresolutely—I knew neither where to go nor what to do next. She cast one quick glance at me, took a piece of music suddenly from the stand, and came toward me of her own accord.

"Shall I play some of those little melodies of Mozart's which you used to like so much?" she asked, opening the music nervously, and looking over it it middle the page.

Before I could thank her she hastened to the piano. The chair near it, which I had always been accustomed to occupy, stood empty. She struck a few chords—then glanced round at me—then looked back again at her music.

"Will you take your old place?" she said, speaking very abruptly, and in very low tones.

"I may take it on the last night," I answered.

She did not reply: she kept her attention riveted on the music—music which she knew by memory, which she had played over and over again, in former times, without the book. I only knew that she had heard me, I only knew that she was aware of my being close to her, by seeing the red spot on the cheek that was nearest to me, fade out, and the face grow pale all over.

"I am very sorry you are going," she said, her voice almost sinking to a whisper; her eyes looking more and more intently at the music; her fingers flying over the keys of the piano with a strange feverish energy which I had never noticed in her before.

"I shall remember those kind words, Miss Fairlie, long after to-morrow has come and gone."

The paleness grew whiter on her face, and she turned it further away from me.

"Don't speak of to-morrow," she said. "Let the music speak to us of to-night in a happier language than ours."

Her lips trembled—a faint sigh fluttered from them, which she tried vainly to suppress. Her fingers wavered on the piano; she struck a false note; confused herself in trying to set it right; and dropped her hands angrily on her lap. Miss Halcombe and Mr. Gilmore looked up in astonishment from the card-table at which they were playing. Even Mrs. Vesey, dozing in her chair, woke at the sudden cessation of the music, and inquired what had happened.

"You play at music, Mr. Hartright?" asked Miss Halcombe, with her eyes directed significantly at the place I occupied.

I knew what she meant; I knew she was right; and I rose at once to go to the card-table. As I left the piano Miss Fairlie turned a page of the music, and touched the keys again with a saucy hand.

"I *will* play it," she said, striking the notes almost passionately. "I *will* play it on the last night."

"Come, Mrs. Vesey," said Miss Halcombe; "Mr. Gilmore and I are tired of cards—come and be Mr. Hartright's partner at whist."

The old lawyer smiled satirically. His had been the winning hand; and he had just turned up a king. He evidently anticipated Miss Halcombe's abrupt change in the card-table arrangements to a lady's inability to play the losing game.

The rest of the evening passed without a word or a look from her. She kept her place at the piano; and I kept mine at the card-table. She played uninterruptedly—played as if the music was her only refuge from herself. Sometimes her fingers touched the notes with a lingering fondness, a soft, plaintive, dying tenderness, unutterably beautiful and mournful to hear—sometimes they faltered and failed her, or hurried over the instrument mechanically, as if their task was a burden to them. Still, change and waver as they might in the expression they imparted to the music, their resolution to play never faltered. She only rose from the piano when we all rose to say good-night.

"MY HEAD DROOPED OVER IT, MY TEARS FELL ON IT, MY LIPS PRESSED IT," ETC.

Mrs. Vesey was the nearest to the door, and the first to shake hands with me.

"I shall not see you again, Mr. Hartright," said the old lady. "I am truly sorry you are going away. You have been very kind and attentive; and an old woman, like me, feels kindness and attention. I wish you happy, Sir—I wish you a kind good-by."

Mr. Gilmore came next.

"I hope we shall have a future opportunity of betterfing our acquaintance, Mr. Hartright. You quite understand about that little matter of business being safe in my hands? Yes, yes, of course. Bless me, how cold it is! Don't let me keep you at the door. Bon voyage, my dear Sir—bon voyage, as the French say."

Miss Halcombe followed.

"Half past seven to-morrow morning," she said; then added, in a whisper, "I have heard and seen more than you think. Your conduct to-night has made me your friend for life."

Miss Fairlie came next. I could not trust myself to look at her when I took her hand, and when I thought of the next morning.

"My dearest name must be a very early one," I said. "I shall be gone, Miss Fairlie, before you."

"No, no," she interposed, hastily; "not before I am out of my room. I shall be down to breakfast with Marian. I am not so ungrateful, not so forgetful of the past three months—"

Her voice failed her; her hand closed nearly round mine—then dropped it suddenly. Before I could say "Good-night" she was gone.

The end comes fast to meet me—comes inevitably, as the light of the last morning came at Limmeridge House.

I was barely half past seven when I went down stairs, but I found them both at the breakfast-table waiting for me. In the chill air, in the dim light, in the gloomy morning silence of the house, we three sat down together, and tried to eat, tried to talk. The struggle to preserve appearances was hopeless and useless, and I rose to end it.

As I held out my hand, as Miss Halcombe, who was nearest to me, took it, Miss Fairlie turned away suddenly and hurried from the room.

"Better so," said Miss Halcombe, when the door had closed—"better so, for you and for her."

I waited a moment before I could speak—it was hard to lose her, without a parting word or a parting look. I controlled myself; tried to take leave of Miss Halcombe in fitting terms; but all the farewell words I would fain have spoken dwindled to one sentence.

"Have I deserved that you should write to me?" was all I could say.

"You have nobly deserved every thing that I can do for you, as long as we both live. Whatever the end is, you shall know it."

"And if I can ever be of help again, at any future time, long after the memory of my presumption can fully be forgotten—"

I could add no more. My voice faltered, my eyes moistened, in spite of me.

She caught me by both hands—she pressed them with the strong, steady grasp of a man—her dark eyes looked—her brown complexion flushed deep—the force and energy of her face glowed and grew beautiful with the pure inner light of her generosity and her pity.

"I will trust you—if ever the time comes, I will trust you as my friend and her friend; as my brother and her brother." She stopped, drew me nearer to her—the fearless, noble creature—touched my forehead, sister-like, with her lips; and said, low by my Christian name, "God bless you, Walter," she said. "Wait here alone, and compose yourself—I had better not stay for both our sakes; I had better see you go from the balcony up stairs."

She left the room. I turned away toward the window, where nothing faced me but the lonely autumn landscape—I turned away to master myself, before I, too, left the room in my turn, and left it forever.

A minute passed—it could hardly have been more—when I heard the door open again softly, and the rustling of a woman's dress on the carpet moved toward me. My heart beat violently as I turned round. Miss Fairlie was approaching me from the farther end of the room.

She stopped and hesitated when our eyes met, and when she saw that we were alone. Then, with that courage which women lose so often in the small emergency, and so seldom in the great, she came on nearer to me, strangely pale and strangely quiet, drawing one hand after her along the table by which she walked, and holding something at her side in the other, which was hidden by the folds of her dress.

"I only went into the drawing-room," she said, "to look for this. It may remind you of your visit here, and of the friends you leave behind you. You told me I had improved very much when I did it—and I thought you might like—"

She turned her head away, and offered me a little sketch drawn throughout by her own pencil, of the summer-house in which we had first met. The paper trembled in her hand as she held it out to me—trembled in mine as I took it from her.

I was afraid to say what I felt—I only answered: "It shall never leave me; all my life long it shall be the treasure that I prize most. I am very grateful for it—very grateful to you, for not letting me go away without bidding you good-by."

"Oh!" she said, innocently, "how could I let you go, after we have passed so many happy days together!"

"Those days may never return again, Miss Fairlie—my way of life and yours are very far apart. But if a time should come when the devotion of my whole heart and soul and strength will give you a moment's happiness or spare you a moment's sorrow, will you try to remember the poor drawing-master who has taught you? Miss Halcombe has promised to trust me—will you promise, too?"

The farewell sadness in the kind blue eyes shone dimly through her gathering tears.

"I promise it," she said, in broken tones. "Oh, don't look at me like that! I promise it with all my heart."

I ventured a little nearer to her, and held out my hand.

"You have many friends who love you, Miss Fairlie. Your happy future is the dear object of many hopes. May I say, at parting, that it is the dear object of my hopes too?"

The tears flowed fast down her cheeks. She rested one trembling hand on the table to steady herself, while she gave me the other. I took it in mine—I held it fast. My head dropped over it, my tears fell on it, my lips pressed it—not in love; oh, not in love, at that last moment, but in the agony and the self-abandonment of despair.

"For God's sake, leave me!" she said, faintly. The confession of her heart's secret burst from her in those pleading words. I had no right to hear them, no right to answer them: they were the words that banished me, in the name of her sacred weakness, from the room. It was all over. I dropped her hand; I said no more. The lifeblood tears shut her out from my eyes, and I dashed them away to look at her for the last time. One look, as she sank into a chair, as her arms fell on the table, as her fair head dropped on them wearily. One farewell look; and the door had closed on her—the great gulf of separation had opened between us—the image of Laura Fairlie was a memory of the past already.

AN ALABAMA BACKWOODS SKETCH.

REDHORN SURROUNDED BY THE REDSKINS.

REDHORN AND REDSKIN.

OF all things on the earth, or under it, or in the waters that encompass it round about, that ever crossed Redhorn's path, nothing animate or inanimate was so repugnant to him as Indians. With all his loudest prowess among people of his own color, he could not bear even the thought of encountering the red men of the forest, and the bare mention of their name was at any time sufficient to make him quake in his shoes. In the thinly-settled country where he lived at the time of which I write, there were still a few aborigines, and, although they were friendly, they were none the less objects of terror to Red, and placed him in a very embarrassing situation. He did not relish the idea of being called a coward, and still less was he in favor of having his "top-knot skalped," as he expressed it.

It so chanced that he had business which called him some twenty miles from home, and leaving a convenient friend in his "store," he set out, intending to return the same day. He was detained somewhat longer than he expected, and night set in long before he had reached his home. About a mile from his house was a thick swamp, through which his path ran, and through this swamp he was compelled to pass. On either side of the road the bushes and briers formed an almost impenetrable thicket, and the overhanging boughs of the trees shut out what little light was afforded by the stars. It was not without many misgivings that Red ventured into the Cimmerian darkness which enveloped his way; but there was no other way to get home, and no house to stop at. With a quake, he spurred his pony horse into the dark path, muttering as he went:

"Who knows now but what there is some cussed Injun hid here somewhere, with his tomahawk and butcher-knife, ready to knock out my brains an' skalp me an' cut out my in'ards? I wish I'd a staid at home. By gingo! if I'd a known it would be this dark, hang me if I'd ever been outch in this kide. But if there's any Injins about here, why don't some body yer 'em, and tell of it? I wonder of George— Waugh! Murder! they've got me! Run here, some body. The Injins in yis! Oh!"

His reflections had been thus unceremoniously interrupted by his horse, which suddenly stopped with a loud snort, and appeared terribly frightened. Before Red had time to collect his thoughts at this interruption, his horse's bridle was seized, and to his utter astonishment and great terror he found himself in the rough grasp of four stalwart Indians!

He might have continued his outcries, but one of the savages produced a light, and drawing a large and dangerous-looking knife, signaled to his prisoner that if he did not remain quiet he would draw it across his windpipe. With such imminent danger as this staring him in the face, poor Red could do no less than remain passive. One of the savages took the bridle, and turning the horse around, set off at a rapid walk; while the other three guarded the prisoner—one on each side, and the other behind. In this way they reached the creek, when they halted, and the warriors held a short consultation, from which Red could gather nothing, except that three of them appeared, from their actions, to be in favor of kneeling him on the spot, and the fourth, who was evidently opposed by the fourth, and finally they appeared to settle the matter, for they resumed their previous positions, and set off down the creek, still maintaining a strict silence.

"Lookee here," at length said Red, losing all patience at this strange proceeding, "who, in the name o' Jehosephat, are ye, any how, and what are ye a-carrying me to?"

"Ugh!" exclaimed the foremost Indian, at the same time dig ging his knife again, and repeating his silent threat. Red was "allowed but not convinced," and closed his inquiries, lest his guide should carry his threat into immediate execution, and do damage to his breathing apparatus. But they could not restrain his thoughts, which were running at a 2.40 rate, something after this fashion:

"Now ain't this a nice fix for a white feller like me to be got into? What a fool I was to ventur out by myself when I knowed the whole country was full of the yaller devils as thick as mackerters! Ef I'd a took Sally's advice, and staid at home, I might have been safe; but no, I must cut out, like a fool, an' here I am—forty miles from home, an' gittin' farther every minnit. I wonder what the diekens they are a-carryin' me to? I've a great mind to jump off and give 'em a race; but that big rascal with the knife would lunge it into me. I wish dd Deacon Dorbery were here now, to see what a sittyuation his son had come to. I do believe I'd git him to pray for me, and see ef 'twouldn't do some good. I wonder ef Sally say? She'll think I'm sarved right for taking such a fool as to come off by myself. Well, ef I should git out'n this scrape, I hope I may hang myself ef in that fire that dad used to pray about of I don't stay at home—sure thing that's so."

Indulging in such moody reflections as this, Red followed his captors until about midnight, when he was a light, and in a short time came to an open plane some fifty feet in diameter, which had the appearance of having been recently cleared out for some purpose or other. About the centre of this space was a fire, and around it were extended some five or six men, apparently asleep; but when Red's guide gave a shrill whoop they sprang to their feet, and, with hoarid yells, advanced toward the party, displaying to the terrified prisoner another party of Indians, who came toward him, brandishing their tomahawks around his head in the most frightful manner. He closed his eyes and waited for the fatal blow, but he was pulled from his horse and led to the fire.

Here his captors held another animated discussion, and then, taking him by the arm, led him to a small tree, to which they firmly bound him, hand and foot.

"See here, Mr. Injin," said he, "what have yer got me here for, any how?"

"He love you, hego, me good friend," replied the savage, who then turned off, and, with the others, entered the woods. The prisoner thought they were now gone, and that he would yet escape; but he was doomed to disappointment, for they soon returned, each with an armful of dried brushwood, which they threw down at his feet, and one of them commenced piling it around him. He watched these proceedings for some time with much curiosity, until the pile had reached to his knees, when he could wait no longer.

"I say, Mr. Injin, what are you doin' that fur?" he asked.

"He build pen; keep off wolf," answered the savage, still plying his work.

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian again, as the others returned with more wood, which they piled round him until it had reached his breast.

"Now me warm you," said the speaker, rushing to the fire and returning with a lighted brand, which he applied to the pile. The horrified truth now flashed on Red's mind; he was to be burned alive!

"Now me warm you," said the speaker, rushing to the fire and returning with a lighted brand, which he applied to the pile. The horrified truth now flashed on Red's mind; he was to be burned alive!

"Now, see here," roared Red, "jest you do that again, and I wish I may be swallered ef I don't kick your hankets out!" But here he thought of his helpless condition, and changed his tone to one of entreaty. "But the truth is, gentlemen, I was beginning to warm him pretty thoroughly, and he was about to break forth again, when suddenly the Indians appeared to be listening attentively. Then they tore down the fire, and throwing themselves on the ground became still as the dead. Greek to Red, and he was getting impatient, when the Indian who had tied him cautiously approached, brandishing his knife, and holding smilingly about him.

Making a sign to Red to remain silent, he cut his bonds and pointed toward the forest. He needed no second bidding, but mounted his steed and put spurs. Hardly had he got into the saddle when the warriors started to their feet, and rushed after him with howls and yells of rage. Then occurred a stampede such as the oldest inhabitant of the district of the night and the thickness of the woods were forgotten, and Red never drew rein until he arrived at the river, which, in his astonishment, he found he had never been more than a mile from. His pursuers halted at the river, but Red stopped not until he arrived at his own door.

It I but truth to add that the Indians were a crowd of Red's neighbors, dressed and painted for the occasion, who took this method of giving him a good fright. He never forgave them for it; neither did he forget the time when he came so near being made a martyr of by the "infernal red devils."

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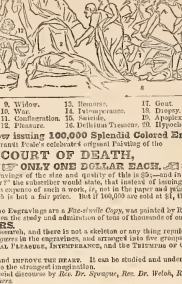

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WOLFGANG;

or,

THE WRECKER'S BEACON.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE THE GALE.

The good ship Pathfinder, of New York, and bound to Copenhagen, had entered the North Sea, having left the Straits of Dover two days behind.

The commander of the ship was a young man, not over eight-and-twenty, and his name was Maurice Lester. He stood by the taffrail, gazing off upon the horizon to the eastward, ever and anon raising his hand above his head to feel if there was any wind stirring, and as often casting his eye aloft to see how the canvas hung. As he stood thus his mate approached, and spoke to him:

"What d'ye think of this, Capt'n?"

"I think we're in for a storm, sir," the master replied. "And I tell you what it is, Griffin," he added, after sweeping the horizon again with his eye, "when it comes it will be an earnest one. None of your broad Ocean puffs, with nothing but water to hatch wind from; but we'll have it right fresh from some of those places where they know how to make things blow."

"Then you think we'll have a hard one?" said Griffin.

"Aye," answered the captain, with almost a shudder, "I feel it in my bones."

In the meantime, Captain Lester had been watching the sea and sky as before, and he fancied that the signs of the storm were growing more and more palpable every moment. The sun was going down in a thick bank, giving to the whole western horizon a dull, purplish-red, bloody hue, with here and there spots of a darker tinge, like openings, through the fiery cloud, looking upon a fearful blackness behind.

"Do you see how strangely it looks off there?" said the captain, raising his finger towards the point where the sun was setting.

"Aye," returned Griffin, "I have been watching those dark places."

And others noticed the same thing, and spoke of it, too.

Seven o'clock came and went. Eight o'clock came, and the first watch was set.

"Don't go below," said the captain, as the men of the last dog-watch left their stations. "This calm can't last a great while. You had better batten down the hatches now, while there is nothing else to do; for I am sure there will be need of having them close before the coming of another day."

The men had had no thoughts of going below, for they could see and feel; and they were not wholly ignorant of what was coming; so they went at work and secured the hatches with thick tarpaulins; and when this was done those who had no particular station collected about the wheel. Another hour passed away—and another. Ten o'clock came, and still not a breath. The ship lay upon the water like a dead thing, with the ropes, and blocks, and sails, rattling and flapping as she was swayed to and fro by the lazy swells of the sea.

"What *does* it mean?" cried Griffin, as the boy struck five bells.

"Hark!" said the captain, almost instantly. "I guess you'll soon see. Did you feel that?—Ha!—and that!"

It was a puff of wind, and a light flying of spray; or, perhaps it was a spit of rain. At all events, the puff was felt; and the drops of water fell upon other cheeks than Maurice Lester's; and other ears than his heard the dull moaning which came over the dark waters. So other ears heard the roar which followed, and other bodies quivered beneath the shock of the storm-giant when he came in his might.

Aye—the storm had come. It came with wind and rain, and with an angry heaving of the sea, it came with a darkness like Erebus, and with the voice of thunder. The gale continued to increase in fury as the long night passed away. When the morning came the scene was one of awful grandeur. The wind was howling with terrific fury; and the broad sea was lashed into huge mountains, that foamed, and tumbled, and leaped along over the bosom of the deep, seeming every moment ready to whelm and engulf the frail bark that struggled within the demon grasp.

When Captain Lester had observed the signs of the morning, he feared that the storm would continue through the day, and so he told his men. The sky wore a hue of horror, and rain was now driving down, mingling with the lashing sea. At noon it was still worse.

At length night shut in again, and not a sign yet of the passing away of the storm! The frightful howling of the tempest seemed rather to have increased than abated. The men gathered upon the quarter-deck, clinging for support to the racks and rails—for the life-lines swayed so much that they were afraid of them—gathered as near to the light of the binnacle-lamp as they could, as though even from such feeble beams they might find some comfort. But not all were there. No—not all! Four stout, true-hearted men had been swept away by the storm. Near a score were left; but how many shall see the light of another day?

At nine o'clock Captain Lester went below. He took down a chart of the North Sea, and having spread it upon the table, he sat down to examine it. He was thus engaged when Mr. Griffin came down; but he did not look up until he had finished the calculation.

"How is it?" the mate asked, as he saw his commander lay down the dividers.

"I have been making a reckoning, and I find that we have but little more sea-room left. The course we have made since we wore, has been, as near as I can calculate, north-west-by-west, so that we must have been driving towards the coast of Northumberland. I think we have plenty of room to stand on until midnight; but we cannot stand on much longer. If the gale does not abate by that time I know not what we shall do."

The captain started up from his chair, and would probably have walked across the cabin, but at that moment a heavy sea caught the ship, and gave her a pitch forward, which caused him to catch his seat as quickly as possible. As soon as the flood had gone from the deck, and the vessel had struggled up from the shock, he looked into his companion's face, and said, in a voice made tremulous by deeper emotion than he had before manifested:

"Griffin, I have something upon my mind more than you know; and I am anxious to communicate it, too. I must tell it now, for I have a strange foreboding of coming ill. Something is to happen that will bear great calamity to some of us. I am not croaking—I am only reading what the Unseen has written in my soul. However, you shall hear my story. You have heard that my parents were both lost at sea?"

"Yes," said the mate.

"And perhaps you knew that they were lost in this sea?"

"I have heard so, sir."

"Aye—so it was. I was a boy then. They were on their way to Copenhagen, as we should be now. My father commanded the ship—she was called the '*Clara Jane*.' She was named for my mother; and she was a staunch noble craft. I was at school then, in Troy; and when I knew that my parents were dead I was well nigh mad with grief. I fancied then, in my first hours of orphanage, that my heart would break; and, I think such would have been the case if they had kept me at school. But some of those who cared for me came to see me, and it was finally arranged that I should go to sea. And I prospered—prospered so well that, when I was twenty years old, they gave me command of a ship.

"The man who owned the ship which I first commanded was named Thornton. He had a daughter named Carrie—one of the sweetest, purest, and loveliest creatures that ever graced this poor life of earth. She was four years younger than myself; but even when I first knew her—and she was not then more than fourteen—she was a woman in intellect and grace, though a child in simplicity of love and confidence. Mr. Thornton did not object to my suit, so I loved her with all my soul, and was blessed to know that she loved me in return. It had been arranged that we should be married when she was twenty years old,—that had been our plan for more than two years, Mr. Thornton having set the bounds himself. It lacked two months of the time, and I had arranged to remain at home until we were married. But—Thornton had a heavy ship freighted for Copenhagen, and her captain was dying. He could find no one to take his place but me, and he asked me to go. I could not refuse; but I asked that I might be married first. Mr. Thornton shook his head, and said no. But he had another plan which he said would be better. He had been planning to visit Copenhagen, where he had two brothers in business—they were in company with him—and he said he would take the next ship, and bring Carrie out with him, and we should be married there. I finally consented to take out the new ship, and Mr. Thornton, with his daughter, was to meet me in Copenhagen, and there we were to be married, and all three come home together. The evening before I sailed I spent with Carrie, and when I left her I felt that I was leaving my very life.

"Well," continued Lester, wiping his eyes, "I went to Copenhagen. I waited a month—then I heard that the American ship, '*White Fawn*,' with William Thornton and daughter on board, had touched at Dover, and that all were safe and well when she left. I waited another week, and then I crossed over to Hamburg; but I could learn nothing there. Next I went to London, and there I learned enough to assure me that the ship had been lost! On the second day after she left Dover a severe storm had arisen, and several vessels had been reported lost. I sent my ship home in charge of the mate, and spent four months in searching after the lost ones; but I could gain no trace of them. Not even a piece of the wreck could I find—not a mark of the ship nor of one of its crew! I came home with a sad and heavy heart."

Maurice Lester stopped a few moments, and bowed his head upon his hands, for his feelings had almost overcome him. In a little while, however, he looked up again, and added, in a touching tone,—

"Ah, my dear friend, you do not know what I have suffered—tongue cannot tell it, nor can pen write it. That blow did break my heart—broke it in the rending of its tenderest cords, and in the crushing of all its earthly hopes!——Do you believe in dreams?"

The mate started, not so much at the character of the question, as from the sudden manner in which it was put.

"Well," said Lester, in a lower tone, "I have had a dream repeated many times; but never has it came to me so directly and so vividly as within the past three or four days. *Carrie Thornton is not dead!* I know she is not!—she has appeared to me repeatedly in a dream, and calls upon me to save her! To-night, as I stood all alone by the mizzen rigging, trying to peer out into the thick gloom, I heard her voice as plainly as you now hear mine, and she called out for me to save her. Of course what followed was mere fancy, though even that affected me much: I thought I saw her, standing not far off, upon a huge sea, with her arms stretched imploringly towards me—saw her then with my eyes open, as I have often seen her in my sleeping dream!——"

At this point the captain was cut short in his speech by the cry of "Light-ho!" from the deck. They hurried up and found the men crowding forward.

"What is it?" Lester asked.

"I think it is a light, sir," replied Parker. "Here, sir,—just stand here.—Now turn your eye about four points upon the larboard bow.—Wait, now, till she rises—Ha—there!—there?—See!—Did you see it, sir?"

Yes—he had seen it; and he knew it must be a light upon the shore: but it was a great way off. He watched until he had seen it several times, and then he remarked to his mate that it must be a light-house. The light was bold and distinct, and evidently at a considerable height above the level of the sea; for, had it not been so, it could not have been seen at that distance. After a short consultation, during which reference was had to the chart of the Northumberland coast, it was decided that this light must be upon Dorton Point. To the north of Dorton, as the captain knew from personal experience, as well as from the chart, there was a snug harbor, of easy entrance. These things were settled.

As soon as it had been determined where the light was, Captain Lester made all possible haste to determine his course of action. Had the thing been practicable, he would have laid his ship to; but that could not be done. No one even gave it a serious thought. So it was determined that the ship should stand on, at least till something farther was discovered.

At half-past twelve the gale had moderated considerably. The light was now to be seen very plainly whenever the ship rose, and the captain and his officers felt sure that they were right in their calculations.

"At all events," said the former, "we have no choice but to stand on, at least——"

He was interrupted by a cry from the bows that made every soul start with horror:

"Breakers! Breakers!"

Captain Lester leaped forward, and in a very few moments he was satisfied that the warning had not been a false one; for he could not only hear the awful roar of the breaking seas, but he fancied that he could see the gleaming of the white foam as it flew high in the air. As quickly as possible the topsail was taken off, and the anchors cut loose. The ponderous grapplings plunged into the hissing sea, and the iron cables were spun through the hawse-holes like lightning. Snap went the starboard chain; and in a moment more a shock was felt as the larboard anchor found bottom; but it could not hold. The cable parted as though it had been a hempen string, and on swept the devoted ship.

"In heaven's name!" gasped Griffin, "what does this mean? See! The light is still burning as brightly as ever—at least a league away—and yet here are the rocks directly under our bows! What can it mean?"

Maurice Lester did not answer; but an old weather-beaten sailor, who stood at the wheel, and who had looked a thousand dangers in the face, answered for him:

"It's a Wrecker's Beacon! I've seen such things afore. There aint no use in firin' the gun, sir. That light was put there to lead poor Jack to his death that the coast-sharks might pick his bones!"

"Breakers! Rocks!— *On the starboard bow!——No!—On the larboard!*—Port!"

But it was too late for mortal help. The ship had met her doom. She went upon the rocks with a crash that sounded high above the roar of the elements.

CHAPTER II.

WOLFGANG.

Maurice Lester was near the starboard gangway when the ship struck, having started aft to look to the helm. The shock threw him upon his back, and he tried to get up; but ere he could regain his feet the flood of mad waters came surging over the bark, and he was thrown—he knew not where. He only knew that the flood came—that it caught him in its giant grasp—that it hurled him as the gale hurls a feather—that his head was hurt—that his body was tossed and bruised—and then the lamp of his consciousness went out. When he came to himself it was daylight, and the rays of the sun were beaming above him. At first he did not attempt to move, any further than simply to assure himself that he was really alive and sensible; but sought to recall the events of the past, which he did, very clearly, up to the time when his ship struck upon the rocks,—he could go no farther. After this he raised himself upon his elbow, and tried to gaze about him. He found himself upon a bed of sand, between two immense rocks. He had been landed there in that deep nook, and the tide had gone out and left him. In a little while he rose to his feet, and managed to crawl up, by the aid of a stranded spar, over a low part of one of the rocks.

After seeing all that was to be observed from this point, he moved on towards where he thought he should soonest find an open beach, for he felt faint and sick, and he wished to find help as soon as possible. After toiling over slippery, slimy rocks, and cruel, tearing crags, until his clothing was all torn, and his flesh bruised and lacerated, he finally reached an open space among the rocks, where many pieces of the wreck had been lodged, and where he found the bodies of three of his men. He hastened to the spot where they lay—two of them being clasped in each other's arms—but he found no signs of life.

With a sad, heavy heart, Lester passed on, and presently he found two more dead ones, and one of them was David Griffin, his chief mate. He kneeled down by the officer's side, and raised the head; but it was cold and lifeless and the skull was broken! Gently he laid it back upon the sand, and then moved on again. And he saw more dead men also! Could it be possible that he had been the only one left alive?

Ha!—wait—what is this? It moves—it has life!

Captain Lester hurried forward, as fast as his feeble strength would permit, and found two men lying by the side of a heavy spar. One of them was dead; but the other gazed up into his commander's face, and stretched forth his hands as though he would ask for mercy. His name was Dick Mangle, and he had been one of the best seamen on board the ship.

"Poor Dick!" said Lester, kneeling by his side and lifting his head. "Are you badly hurt?"

"They've done it for us!" the sailor answered, in a weakening voice. "They've killed Tom. Aint he dead?"

It was the body of stout Tom Bricket that lay close by, and when the captain had made himself sure that there was no particle of life in it, he reported the same to Dick.

"But," he added, "what do you mean! Who has done you harm?"

"Haven't you seen 'em?" the man asked, struggling for breath.

"Seen whom? What do you mean?" demanded Lester, eagerly.

Dick started up to his elbow, and gazed around; but he seemed to find nothing for which he was looking, and he sank back again. Had he not made this effort he might have spoken further, but the act of rising had exhausted him, and the last grain of strength was leaving him.

"What do you mean?" cried Lester, as he saw that the poor fellow was sinking. "Has any body harmed you?"

Dick managed to raise his hand to his head—to a point above the left ear—and, as he did so, he whispered—

"Look out—they asked for the capt'n. That's where they struck!" He tried to speak further, but his voice failed him.

What could this mean? Maurice Lester started to his feet and gazed around. Who had killed his men?

The captain was disturbed in his meditation by the sound of voices not far off, and upon turning he beheld four men coming up from the water. He who came in advance was a tall, muscular man; with a gaunt, heavy frame; somewhere about fifty or fifty-five years of age; and habited in a garb of blue cloth, cut into a frock, or shirt, which was secured at the waist by a broad pistol-belt.

Maurice Lester was startled when he beheld the stalwart leader and his three ruffianly companions; and, considering all the circumstances, it is no wonder that he was startled. However, he had not much opportunity for reflection, for, by the time he had fairly made out the party, they were upon him.

"Hallo," the leader cried, as he saw our hero, "here we have another." And, as he came up, he added: "And I guess we've found a live one, too,—one that knows something.—Say—who are ye?"

The last sentence was addressed to Maurice, who quickly answered:

"My name is Lester. And now, to be fair, what is your name?"

"Well—I guess you've heard it before. Men call me Ryan Wolfgang."

"Wolfgang!" repeated Lester, with a start.

"Yes. That is my name."

Then Wolfgang was not a myth after all. That mysterious wrecker, whose name was a source of terror to honest sailors, was a being of flesh and blood, like other men. Maurice gazed upon him with wonder; and, as he gazed, he felt that he looked upon a fiend incarnate. He had often heard of the pirate-wrecker, and so dark and mystic had been the tales which the North-Sea sailors had told, that he had been inclined to believe that the whole theme was a fabrication. Now, however, he had no more doubt, for the man before him looked as dark and bloody as were any of the pictures he had heard drawn of him upon the forecastle.

But our hero was not allowed much time for reflection. Wolfgang plied him with questions, to all of which Lester gave straightforward answers; well knowing that evasion would serve no practical purpose, and hoping by his frankness to propitiate the merciless fiend in whose unrestrained power he knew himself to be.

When the wrecker chief had elicited all the information he could, and learned with what a rich cargo the vessel was freighted, and that she had $40,000 in specie on board, he smiled grimly, and remarked to one of his confederates that she would perhaps be a richer prize even than the *White Fawn* had been a few years before. The mention of the name of the ill-fated ship in which Carrie Thornton and her father had been lost, gave Maurice Lester such a shock that he nearly fell to the earth. He grew deadly pale, and his frame quivered convulsively.

"What's the matter?" said Wolfgang. "You don't seem to have much strength left!—Bring him along, boys, where we can *doctor* him."

The sinister glance which accompanied this last remark, and the peculiar emphasis laid upon the word "*doctor*," struck a chill to our hero's heart. But he could not give his own safety much thought, while he was partly forced and partly carried along after Wolfgang, who strode rapidly on for nearly half an hour. He could think only of the *White Fawn* that had been wrecked on that coast, and of his beloved Carrie who had, perhaps, in company with those same men, trod the same path he was now treading. What had been her fate? Had she been murdered by these wretches, or reserved for some more deplorable doom? These thoughts filled him with unutterable agony.

Wolfgang had now drawn near the water's edge; and soon coming to the mouth of a cave he entered it, followed by the three ruffians who had charge of our hero. The bottom of the cave sloped upward from its entrance for some distance, and then became almost level. The captive (for such Maurice Lester now felt himself to be) frequently hit his feet against what he thought, with a chill of horror, were human bones strewn around the cavern, but he could not clearly make them out in the dim light. He also noticed that the bottom of the cave was very wet, as though it had recently been covered with water. The wrecker chieftain stopped, at last, near what seemed the end of the cave, and making a sign to his followers, they clapped manacles on the wrists and ankles of Maurice before he had time to note their intention.

"Now, Captain Lester," said Wolfgang, "you must remain in this place for a short season. *You are perfectly safe here.*—Silence! Say not a word! If you attempt to leave this spot, you will be slain the moment you set foot outside the cave."

Thus speaking, the chieftain and his followers silently but rapidly withdrew, leaving Maurice nearly stupefied with astonishment. As they passed from the mouth of the cave, their feet were wet by the rising waves. *The tide was fast coming in.*

After a short time, the captive looked about him with eyes somewhat accustomed to the dim light, and became satisfied that what he had supposed to be human bones were really such. There were many of them. And moving among them were huge rats, seeking for prey. The top of the cavern, in some places, was but a few feet above his head, and in one place he discovered a small aperture, through which a faint light struggled, and on going underneath it, he thought he smelt the odor of vegetation and flowers.

On turning, from the contemplation of this aperture, towards the mouth of the cave, Captain Lester observed, with alarm, that the water was creeping up the sloping bottom. What if it should fill the cavern? Ah! now he could account for the presence there of those human bones! They were the sad memorials of other hapless prisoners who had been left in that cave to *perish by drowning!*

Slowly but surely the waters crept along. The vermin fled before them to the elevated spot on which Maurice stood. Slowly following, the incoming water at length reached his feet!

At the end of the cave, within a few feet of the wall, and underneath the aperture before spoken of, was a large piece of rock, some four feet high, that might have fallen from above. To this Maurice hastened as quickly as his manacles would permit. After some exertion he succeeded in climbing to the top of it, and stood erect, his head within a few inches of the roof of the cavern. But he was not allowed to occupy this retreat alone. As the water began to circle round its base, the rats also sought refuge on it in great numbers, and in vain did Maurice try to dislodge them with his manacled feet.

Soon (as it seemed to the captive) the water came rippling over the top of the rock. He felt its moisture upon his feet. And still it rose—slowly but relentlessly it rose higher—higher; and as it rose, the rats climbed up his limbs for safety. It was in vain that he brushed them off with his fettered hands. They instantly returned. They clambered up his back—to his shoulders—over the back of his neck—to the crown of his head; their clammy bodies striking a chill to his very heart.

And still higher the waters rose, and more thickly the foul vermin clustered upon the devoted captive's shoulders and head, as their only places of safety. Driven frantic at last by the horrors of his situation, he was about to plunge into the surging tide and seek a watery grave, when his attention was arrested by the tread of rapid footsteps near the aperture above his head, and the sound of a harsh masculine voice, almost instantly followed by a noise as of a struggle, and a piercing shriek which thrilled Maurice Lester to the very soul. He could not be mistaken: it was Carrie's voice. Again he heard it, but now in tones of entreaty. Oh, it *was* her voice. She was *not* dead! She lived and was near him! Gathering all his strength he shouted, "Carrie! *Carrie!* Carrie!"

A dead silence followed, broken only by the fearful murmurs of the still rising waters, and the splash of the rats as they fell from the wretched captive's head and shoulders, only to return again, in their fierce struggles for a perch of safety from the advancing tide, which had now nearly reached our hero's shoulders.

The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. We give this as a sample. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, to which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which is for sale at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember and ask for the New York Ledger of January 14, and in it you will find the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a copy at any book store, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy if you will send him five cents in a letter.

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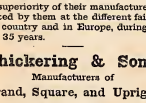

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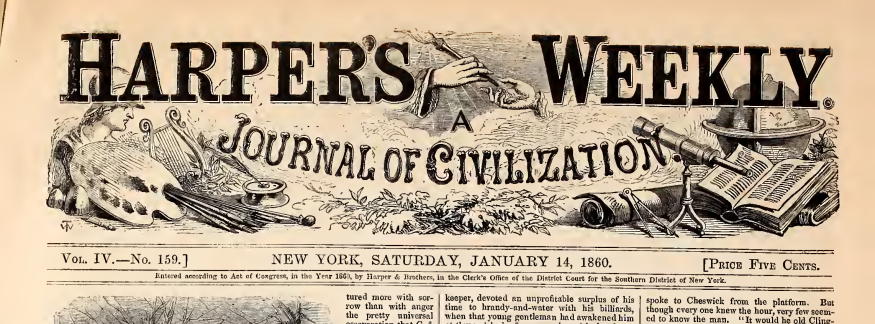
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IV.—No. 159.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



LITTLE FILKINS'S BILLIARDS

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

UNDER THE DOG-STAR.—A SIRIUS CHAPTER.

ALL Cheswick said that Clingham & Co. were going to the dogs. In the market of East Cheswick—at the Gold Eagle Tavern of West Cheswick—about the pump where the ox-teams were watered at Cheswick Centre—in Cheswick at all points of the compass and in all varieties of position, was to be heard the time-honored name of Clingham & Co. in connection with that dreadful abandonment to canine clemency aforesaid.

As yet, not in anger was it said; for of all who spread the rumor there was not one who could say that either he or his most remote grandfather had ever lost a cent by the firm. Clingham under various modifications—as combined with Son, or Brother, or Co.—had been coeval probably with the oldest traceable generation of any family now living at Cheswick, and from its first foundation as a firm had done the money business of all the country within a circuit of fifty miles—wisely, reputably, profitably to itself and its customers. So identified was it with the prosperity of the quiet little old town in which it stood, that I have frequently heard one of the first men of the place, Mr. Briggs (since gathered to his fathers), say that the very first object upon which his eye instinctively rested as he looked out of the window upon rising, was the massive stone and iron structure which was the material embodiment of the destinies of Clingham; and upon his perceiving that no earthquake had swallowed that building in the night, he betook himself to his prayers and his toast and coffee with the feeling of a good Christian who has money safely invested and is perfectly satisfied with the dealings of Providence.

As yet Clingham & Co. had had no notes protested, found no difficulty in disposing of their paper on the very best of terms, had given no external symptoms of failure or dissolution, which fact necessarily, as I have stated, tutored more with sorrow than with anger the pretty universal asseveration that C. & Co. were verging dogward as fast as time could carry them.

The reason of the asseveration seemed to be this: This being only a provincial banking-house, and entirely subordinate to the great head at the metropolis, had never been attended to with any degree of constancy by a member of the celebrated firm in person, but was under the management habitually of some well-pried sub, cashier, teller, or otherwise, who, after a long apprenticeship and trial in the central or some larger branch establishment, had been thought worthy of promotion to a post of command. Such a person, one Luke Green, was now in charge of the Cheswick Clingham, supported by a staff of half a dozen assistants in various grades of honor and trust. Green had never been under the head men immediately; but by regularity of habits, financial clearness, and several subsidiary services he had rendered the firm as cashier of the Woodstock branch, had so commended himself that when old Tucker died from behind the desk he had elbow-rubbed for thirty years, Green was immediately elevated to his place of Managing Superintendent of the Cheswick Department. Now there was no objection whatever to Green. He was at his post early and left it late; never seemed supervision more easily-equal than his; and in his habits, the old lady, who was most attentive to individual morals, and had nothing else to do, could not pick a flaw. But the boys, as they were called—the underlings—ah! there was the trouble—there was grief of heart and misuse to the Cheswickians for ill-prophecy in abundance! Now they noticed that the cashier was good, substantial, and once very promising "boy" of about thirty—came to his desk very late in the morning, somewhat bleared about the eyes, and having a general aspect of up-all-night-ishness which was unfinancial, irresponsible in the extreme. Paying teller Bradby drove the very prettiest of rapid horses at a speed and an expense hitherto inconceivable in a paying-teller, and somewhat eccentric even in the herd of a firm. The various clerks, great and small, without much regard to size or means, devoted their elegant leisure to the investigation of rules of crews or sample-rooms and—of subtle differences between Mumm and Verzenay—or whatever native compounds occupied their talents under those denominations. In fact, a more goodly fellowship of *dilettante* loafers, to speak the plain, disagreeable truth, could not be found by searching the whole trip of young persons who affect that style of thing in the American nineteenth century, and being the sons of retired Yankee tradesmen, think is exceedingly English to lounge at tippling places, and say, "Aw! mol de-ah fellow!"

Now Luke Green, Cheswick Superintendent, like Eli of old, was by no means in the dark as to the doings of these boys of his. Bless you! how could he be? Was it not all over Cheswick when Toddle the cashier, in a fit of compound bacchic and patriotic enthusiasm, threw up his window at eleven o'clock of an exceedingly frosty December night, and invited the whole universe to come to arms and keep Fourth of July with him? And when paying-teller Bradby dashed his trotting sulky to pieces against a stagefied incoming butter-wagon—was there any concealing *that*, or the sling he carried his left arm in (well for him, as Pat the porter said, that it wasn't his head!) for the next three months thereafter? And how could Mr. Luke Green discharge his soul of all acquaintance with the fact that little Filkins, second bookkeeper, devoted an unprofitable surplus of his time to brandy-and-water with his billiards, when that young gentleman had awakened him at three o'clock of one morning with the alarm-bell, and informed him, as he came down quite tremulous in his wrapper, that "I hud any r'gard for th' welfare of th' instushun" he had better come out immediately, as somebody had set up another bank in opposition directly next door? Of course there was no such thing as being hoodwinked to these facts. But, like the sacerdotal old gentleman we have before mentioned, Mr. Luke Green felt that boys would be boys, and treated them invariably on the delicate remonstrance principle: "Toddle, I regret to hear," etc.; or, "Bradby, really it pains me to learn!" or, "Filkins, you will see the impossibility of this continuing." Really, Cheswick in general did not know what to make of Mr. Green; but it cause pretty unanimously to the conclusion, after due debate, that he was altogether too kind-hearted, too sweet-mannered a man to have control of such an important establishment as Clingham & Co., Cheswick Branch. And this was the reason why Cheswick said that Clingham & Co. were going to the dogs.

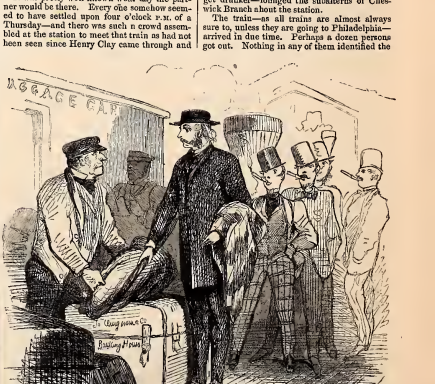
The state of popular opinion at Cheswick could not fail to reach the metropolis, there being facilities for unobstructed land and water carriage between those celebrated places daily. All sorts of remonstrances, complaints, menaces of withdrawal of deposits, suggestions of the antique stocking which had held cash safely before banks were ever thought of, and could do it again—all these, and many more pleasant lovemissives, came from Cheswick to the grand central Clingham & Co. which held the reins of destiny; and, as a natural rebound from that state of pressure, rumors began flying Cheswickward from the central Clingham, that one of the partners would shortly be up to take charge of the affairs of the branch in person. Cheswick was delighted! Cheswick felt safe! The glory of contemporary children and remote grandsires, the financial bulwark of fifty miles round, was still irrepressible; gray-haired men, who had most of their earliest associations and all their stock concentrated in that granite building, would still point strangers to it with a proud enthusiasm, saying, "Clingham & Co., Sir! Firm as a rock! Long before I was a boy, Sir!"

It was pretty well known what day the partner would be there. Every one somehow seemed to have settled upon four o'clock P.M. of a Thursday—and there was such a crowd assembled at the station to meet that train as had not been seen since Henry Clay came through and spoke to Cheswick from the platform. But though every one knew the hour, very few seemed to know the man. "It would be old Clingham, probably," remarked a financially very young person. To whom, answering in a voice of intense sarcasm, replied a gentleman of broader monetary experience, "No doubt! He very likely intends to leave New York for *this* place! We shall possibly soon hear of the New York branch of Cheswick!" And through the multitude ran undefined rumors of different other members of the firm: now it was George—now young Sam—now Lawrence Clingham, whose epiphany by railroad was to be expected.

Shifting about among the crowd, hearkening now to this, now to that hearsay, was Mr. Luke Green observable—for at three banking hours closed, and it was now nearly four. Observable—I use that word forcibly—for though I said that he was in the crowd, he certainly was not of it. Among the heaving mass of shoulders and heads he seemed as markedly discernible and separate as a dead body floating on a rocking sea; for in the midst of many flushed, some embrowned, and all pleasurably anxious faces, Mr. Luke Green's was the only white, palidly white, and immovable one. Ever and anon he looked up the long stretch of track to where it curved out of eyeshot through the rock cut in the distance, as if he devoured the moments till the train should bear in sight; yet he started, just perceptibly, whenever any sound as of a whistle or a rumbling struck his ear. Necessarily, it was a trying season for a superintendent—this time of giving up the designing of manhelp to a superior, however delicately it might be received—this becoming once more a nullity in station, with whatever undiminished continuance or even increase of salary. And not even Mr. Green knew precisely who was coming. The only partner he had ever seen was "the old gentleman"—Clingham the head—the great James Clingham; whom, as suggested before with extinguishing sarcasm, it would be impossible to expect unless he intended to make New York a branch.

At easy distances from their superior—easy in all respects, for they looked as if they had not the slightest trouble upon their minds, unless it were the advisableness on *that* afternoon of not getting drunk and playing for drinks to get drunken—lounged the subalterns of Cheswick Branch about the station.

The train—as all trains are almost always sure to, unless they are going to Philadelphia—arrived in due time. Perhaps a dozen persons got out. Nothing in any of them identified the



"SEND THIS UP IMMEDIATELY, IF YOU PLEASE."

mas. But the knowing ones, who had posted themselves where the baggage car disgorged its contents, sent down a rumor to the ranks who had formed about the passenger exits, that a trunk was distinctly visible to the naked eye in their field of view, marked "To Clingham & Co.'s Barking House." Immediately afterward reliable report had located a carpet bag with the same destination upon the top of said trunk. Upon which, strangely enough, there was a rush to see who would call for these articles of luggage.

An evident sensation of surprise ran through the crowd as a tall but somewhat slender man, decidedly Saxon in the model of his features, his bright and almost laughing blue eyes, his light-brown side-whiskers, mustache, and hair, but very prominent nose, for no man would have set him down as more than twenty-three or four years old, approached the notable pile where lounged, and, touching it lightly with his umbrella, said, "Send this up immediately, if you please." The surprise of the crowd was recipronated by his face—for it finished a little for a moment to find itself gazed at by so many eyes—and then boiving, as if to acknowledge what was an unmistakable compliance to his coming, he slightly drew himself up with a self-possessed dignity, and passed through the throng, which made room for him, as quietly as though unnoticing and unnoticed. Passed through, leaving even Cheswick quite mute at his unexpected look and bearing—a portion of disappointed that its appetite for a corpulent man with sharp eyes, sesh, gold-headed cane, and decided moneyed appearance was so woefully unsated, and another portion smitten with enthusiasm for the fair-haired young stranger who was so early in life worthy of a mountain-top like Cheswick Branch.

And as he passed away, Todds, cashier, elevated himself to the extreme height of five feet six inches, boot-heels inclusive, and turned to exercise for any one in particular, which does not knock them down. They was How-are-ye-old-fellowish with the man who has the possibilities to laugh in him, but who have to gather attention for the dignity of the pump-handle, whose contact floored them during the last halt. Have? —Inquired Mr. Jim for any one are all centered? Who of us but knows true dignity by sight? Bah! is the world an ass?

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH THE COUNTENANCE OF CHESWICK FALLS.

Todds, cashier, seemed not so far from right after all. The terrificness of this new period in the sky of Cheswick Branch was diminished exceedingly when Cheswick came into the counting-house the next morning; as on which he have its own business attended to as to attend to that of Clingham & Co., and found the tall desk in the back room still occupied by Mr. Lud Green. Since the earliest foundation of Clingham & Co., such a thing of custom had not been known. People holding notes which they had thoroughly made up their minds to keep till maturity were induced to the call to have them discounted; tradesmen come to make deposits which they were absolutely sure to draw entirely on the next day or the day after that; young every old lody or young gentleman, so fortunate as to possess a dollar bill, approached to have it converted into silver, while they looked through the little picket fence that hedged in the majesty of a real partner. Wretched multitude! lonely between and sensible to the quick that they had been sold for naught when they believed, shining through the hither windows of the managerial mansion, the blonde face of Green, reclad in all its former manumetude, nolse scarified, but energy-polished into a purer refulgence by the white hand of yesterday's cash, and as much of triumph in it as that gentleman will think of permitting to be there, conscientiously gentle he was, and opposed to the use of all such stimulants as strong emotion. There had been a change, however—one most irritating, perplexing, absolutely inservicable change. Cheswick, as great whole, scratched its head and took to considering, itself, but could discover no earthly, proper, defensible, adequate reason why this change should have occurred. Little Billy, second book-keeper in Cheswick Branch, had utterly disappeared; as utterly as if the bearer of his tremendous ledgers had fallen down an hole when he was between the covers handing an entry, and locked him up for said posterity, like Genivra or a pressed flower. Gone entirely, and inexplicably gone was little Filkins, and in his place sat—Oh! that miserable, paltry make-believe—the young man of Saxon race and slender figure, just as quietly as if nothing had happened, and all Cheswick had not been yesterday at the ears to see him come in on his real partner!

The young man at little Filkins's desk could not avoid knowing that his pretensions were detected; that the gilding of yesterday's eventful moment had been entirely rubbed off overnight, so that his actual brass showed through. He could not help hearing how the popular feeling, justly irritated, took sides with his ousted predecessor, and the inquiry "What has little Filkins done?" ran with a wrathful sorrow from mouth to mouth. He could not help knowing that he was not at all what was wanted; that Cheswick had asked for bread and been given, in him, a pebble-stone of the very grittiest nature to its enamel. But in spite of all these considerations, this young man of twenty-three or three stretched away imperturbably at his books, instead of bursting into tears or being warmed into a generous shame at the displeasure of so many of his elders. And to make matters worse, every now and then as he took breathing-time at the bottom of a column, he looked up from the page and sent through the rails, steadily into the faces of his severe jury with a frank, manly-feeling peacefulness, and a half smile about his lips, unnervingly cool, while the crowd as swiftly intolerable. The most saucy piece of little Filkins, at the time when he had been trusted at the table's for a new patient, and was sanctest, was easily to be put up with compared with this deadly cool shamer. And persons who noticed it took occasion to repeat, in a louder and still more antagonistic tone, the inquiry, "What has little Filkins done?"

Two or three of the oldest inhabitants of Cheswick, who, by the mere fact of their being older and abler than the rest, one phase and talk longer about one thing than any body else, were, of course, providentially fitted to become counselors upon all difficult subjects, walked themselves of the proper reverence in which they were held to mediate between a justly exasperated public and Mr. Lud Green, in relation to the practical joke which Cheswick had experienced at the hands of Clingham & Co., Central Firm.

On pretense of feeling a proper interest to communicate immediately the fact which had only just been discovered in the *Journal of Commerce* three days before, that Cheswick and Linkumdooly R.R. stocks, held by Cheswick Branch to the extent of fifty shares, had risen 1 per cent., the Mr. Jones, the Mr. Dodgers, pushed through the glass door which intervened between an offended Cheswick and Mr. Lude Green.

"The fact is, Mr. Tollogue," said Mr. Green, the moment he observed having boxed the compass of conversation and reached the subject his heart was upon with such unwonted rapidity for him, that he had not yet mastered a tone so thing totally irrelevant. "The fact is, Mr. Tollogue, that Mr. Filkins, deeply as I grieve to say it, has behaved in an irregularly, and I think improperly, so to speak, to the peace of the absent, I will add, a reckless officer for an institution representing such tremendous interests. For a long time it had been represented to me that he spent much time, and large sums of money, at—at what do you call that game with balls and sticks, where you shove, you know?"

Mr. Dodgers with cheerful promptness suggested "Billiards," and Mr. Green's expression to have been caught in knowing that very improper and frivolous game.

"Billiards! Thank You. That was the thing. At first I hardly believed it, such is my faith in the perfect goodness of men I meet. I believe I'm a child! I'm quite a child; but when I discovered Mr. Filkins one night upon my front stoop, shoving snow-balls with his cane, and his only reply to my remonstrance with him was to get out of the way, old fellow! and let him come down on the cushion and carom on the left-hand, what conclusion could I arrive at?"

"Misplaced confidence," said Mr. Briggs, in a homiletic manner.

"Precisely. I did when upon my still further interrogating him as to his singular manner, he replied that he had been moistening his clay, I translate the rather ambiguous expression as meaning brandy and water."

"Of course!" rejoined Mr. Dodgers, with lively appreciation, and chuckling inwardly directly with visible exultation of color at his detection in having so expert in the vocabulary of slang.

"The upshot of it all was, I suppose, that his behavior reached the Messrs. Clingham, and they, feeling very deeply desirous that the welfare of Cheswick Branch, and I may add, Cheswick people, with whom we feel gratefully identified" —Mr. Tollogue bowed to the Cheswick people—"should not be imperiled by any such behavior on the part of one of their officers. He was accordingly requested to resign."

"This young person sent up in his room?" put in Mr. Briggs, briskly.

"This young person sent up in his room; you have expressed it."

"And then," said Mr. Tollogue, evidently torn between the conscientiousness of a duty in asking a very disagreeable and impudent question, and that insatiable love of research which Branches of the eye-glass exhibit, "on coming to know, you know," "And then—there is—to be no change—in the—management?"

With imperturbable dignity, and bowing low to the representatives of Cheswick, Mr. Green replied that he had yet to learn of any; but when that information should, Messrs. Tollogue, Dodgers, and Briggs should be his earliest confidants. Carrying which answer to the entire world, was into emphatic conclusion, but in no pre-eminent degree wiser men than they went home.

It is little enough to say that this answer did not satisfy Cheswick. It might not have been satisfied to. If so, the Cheswickians might attained its purpose, for all over town the assertion that "Clingham & Co. were going to the dogs," which, like a disgraceful baby, had been black-dropped and cradled for a day or two, was now taken up again, wakened, dandled, trotted, churned, and brought to the further verge of lung-capability, and with it sounded the new inquiry, "What had little Filkins done? Necessarily it was impossible for Cheswick to see what. Todds, cashier, devoted a great deal of time to the amusement of getting very drunk, though to be sure in a very quiet way ordinarily, and in the bosom of his boarding-house, and came to the bank very late, and was very cross and uncivil. Paying-teller Bradly seemed to spend as much money on silkies and animals of fabulous time and pedigree, as if he were the son of some Broad Street father washed ashore upon a golden beach by a rapid rise in the tide of his professional train oil. And all the clerks, great and small, seemed at liberty to do very much as they pleased out of Cheswick hours, and to run the whole delightful gamut of pig-likeness from doing nothing and feeling no sensation from it, up to getting drunk and enjoying it hugely, without a word of reproof upon the subject. While little Filkins, the least disgusting to Cheswick of the Cheswick crew, was singled out to be made an example of peremptorily then, *what had little Filkins done?*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1860.

ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

WE commence in the present number of *Harper's Weekly* the publication of a new Serial Story of American Life, entitled

The Newport

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF THE "BAGHEEM TAZES," ETC., ETC.

This story will be illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN, Esq.

We commenced in No. 152 the publication of a new Serial Story by WILKIE COLLINS, Esq., entitled

The Woman in White

which is illustrated expressly for this journal by JOHN MCLENAN, Esq.

The publication of the delicious Story of American Life,

Trumps,

by GEORGE W. CURTIS, Esq., with HOPPIN'S Illustrations, was commenced in No. 119 of *Harper's Weekly*.

As *Harper's Weekly* is electrotyped, we can supply the back numbers, from the commencement to any person who sends us the money.

THE IDLENESS OF CONGRESS

MORE than one of the three months of the short session of Congress has elapsed and nothing whatever has been effected. Less than fifty working days remain; during which all the appropriation bills of this session and the Post-office Appropriation Bill of last session must be passed, Kansas must be admitted, and whatever measures are taken with regard to Mexico must be adopted. It is almost doubtful whether the business can be got through in the time that is left.

It is hardly necessary to say that the delay is disgraceful to all parties; and more especially to those who, counting a majority in either section of the Union, refuse to range themselves on either side, and thus prevent an organization.

Passing this over, and taking a practical view of the subject, it seems to be admitted at Washington that none but a Republican can be elected Speaker. We have reason to believe that this is the view of the clearest-headed men among the Democrats. They assume that the party which has a plurality will not, if it can help it, submit to see a man of another party in the chair of the House. We have also reason to believe that some leading men among the Democrats and Citizens' Opposition would, for the sake of an organization, vote for a Republican Speaker, or for the plurality rule, which would amount to the same thing, provided the Republicans would agree to drop Sherman and concentrate their strength on some Republican who had not indorsed the Helper book.

Under the circumstances this seems the best alternative that is left. The House must be organized in some way or other, and the Republicans are fairly done to blame for the non-performance of business, if they refuse to coalesce one of their own party whose election the Democrats agree to permit. Where parties are so evenly balanced, compromise is the only feasible course; and this seems the best of all feasible compromises.

TRADE CHANNELS.

THERE is every year a certain amount of wheat, flour, corn, cornmeal, pork, beef, ashes, and other produce of the field and the forest, which travels from the great producing States of the West to the Atlantic sea-board for sale or shipment to Europe. For all this produce, of whatever kind, there may be regarded as the central Western dépôt; Milwaukie and St. Louis being, so to say, sub-dépôts, obeying the same laws, in respect to trade channels, as Chicago. Several great railroad lines compete for the business of conveying this produce from Chicago and the sub-dépôts to the sea-board—to wit, the Grand Trunk line of Canada, where harbor is Portland; the New York lines, the Central and Erie, whose harbor is New York; the Pennsylvania and Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago lines, whose harbor is Philadelphia; the Baltimore and Ohio, and its connections, whose harbor is Baltimore. Between these several lines the competition is keen and severe—the more serious as the sea-ports, which form the terminii of the rival lines, are fully alive to the importance of securing the business, and take an active and direct share in the contest.

The owners of the Grand Trunk line are so desirous to secure the business that they are carrying produce from Chicago to Portland for little more than one-half what it costs them to do the business; being sustained cordially in the struggle by the Government of Canada, which is largely interested in the road. Pennsylvania is equally alive to the importance of victory in such a fight. Her canals have been sold, and nothing has been left undone by the Legislature to enable the Trunk line through Pittsburgh to compete successfully with its rivals. The Baltimore and Ohio enjoys the entire favor of the Legislatures on which it depends; it has only to ask, and the States are ready to grant any thing in reason, which the city of Baltimore sagaciously lends its aid whenever it becomes necessary.

New York alone holds aloof from the struggle, and while the rival States are straining every nerve to secure the traffic, proposes to initiate a policy which will tend to injure itself and help its rivals. Governor Morgan, in his Message, proposes to toll the railroads of this State, so as to render it impossible for them to compete on equal terms with their rivals in Canada, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Maryland.

The ostensible motive for this proceeding is a desire to make the canals pay.

The facts are that railroads, which are a superior mode of conveyance to canals, have beaten them in this State in the contest for traffic; and Governor Morgan, who, our readers will be satisfied to think, is a New York merchant, proposes to lay such loads on the roads as will once more place them on a level with the canals. The Governor, in a word, belongs to the respectable race of old fogies who think railways are altogether too fast, and must be checked, in the interest of slower and more antiquated conveyances.

We will not discuss the principle of his method. Governor Morgan is the head of the Republican party in this State, and as such the Republicans being the dominant faction—is an authority too high to be disputed. But we insist, if his plan be adopted, and tolls laid on the railroads so as to place them on a par with the canals, that the system be carried out fairly and generally. We want to see tolls laid on the railroads for the support of stagecoaches between New York and Albany. If it be right to tax railroads, so as to render the contest between them and the canals equal, the stage-coaches have some claim to protection. We likewise want to see taxes laid on steamers, so as to render the contest between them and sailing vessels fair and equal. It would be only right, too, to lay a tax on telegraph lines, for the benefit of the postal revenue, which has been seriously reduced by the competition of the electric telegraph. If Governor Morgan principles prevail, and each new step in civilization be bound to carry its defunct predecessor on its back, he is so saying where we must stop. If railroads are to pay an indemnity for superseding canals, steam presses should be taxed for the benefit of the old race of hand-presses; city publishers should pay something to omnibus proprietors; modern hotels should hand over an annual bonus to old-fashioned taverns; triple-sheet newspapers should be taxed for the benefit of sheetless contemporaries; we should all of us pay a tribe for knowing more than our fathers.

We—we don't mean to discuss the principle; we only want to see it fairly carried out. If the Morgan plan of taxing improvements, as such, be the rule of this State, let us know it; and let him who dare venture to suggest any forward step in the march of progress and civilization.

THE LOUNGER.

MOUNT VERNON.

THE ladies have finished their work, and Mount Vernon now belongs to them. It only remains to raise about a hundred thousand more dollars to have a fund for the support and repair of the estate. Of the whole sum thus far collected, Mr. Everett has contributed about one-fourth, or nearly seventy thousand dollars: and it would be interesting to know precisely how many subscribers to the fund there have been in the country. The action of Mr. Everett alone has produced about fifty thousand dollars—and when we remember that it was first delivered only three years ago upon the coming anniversary of Washington's birth, we may

subtly may that be produced much larger pecuniary results than any oration ever before spoken. Thus the statue of Mount Vernon becomes a museum of Mr. Everett's as well as of Washington.

Meanwhile the excellent Mr. John Washington seems to have failed, at least there was some such story in the newspapers, and this ought to be satisfactorily explained. Because if he was compelled to sell the estate by reason of his poverty, and received much more than the mere market value, as real estate, how does he happen to fail just as the money is paid? There is doubtless some mistake in the story which it would be very refreshing to have contradicted.

And now that the work is done, we suppose Mount Vernon will be lighted as a kind of sacred park, a national neutral ground, where we may all go and meditate and moralize, and invigorate our mental faculties by reflection upon the simple, austere heroism of the man we all reverence so deeply and truly that whoever speaks of him in words other than those of panegyric seems to be blasphoming.

Let it be so! Let the gates be opened wide to the North and South and East and West, that we may all stand upon the porch which Rossiter has painted, and look upon the lovely landscape which Mignot has reproduced, and feel as we do so that we stand where our greatest man stood; a man so calm and wise that men of all ages and all nations have praised him—who saw so clearly, who judged so justly, who spoke so well, that Time, which obliterates other greatness, only enhances his and the increasing light, which shows so many gaps in other reverend images of the Past, only glorifies him the more.

THE NEW SINGER.

WE Americans take great pleasure in abusing ourselves, and insisting that we are led by the nose in all affairs of art and in literary judgment. Yet there are far greater errors, those of the most sturdy English literary reputations have been made, and many confirmed, in this country. There is a story, not yet contradicted, that the first and fair complete edition of Bolingbroke was collected in Philadelphia. The Miscellanies of Carlyle and De Quincey were first issued, as a book, in London, and England knows much less of Robert Browning than we do. Festus Bailey was first hailed here, but nowhere never never could he be crowned, as Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, A.M., if not LL.D., was delighted by us for at least three years.

Nor is it true that we require the approval of England before we approve our own mea. Bancroft, and Hawthorne, and Prescott, and Motley, and Bryant, and Longfellow, and Lowell, and Holmes, and all the rest, we know and like, and have known and liked, whether England did or did not. If we did not, we did not, and it was certainly pleasant to hear. If she did not, she was at liberty to have her own tastes.

And certainly we have not been deceived by singers or actors. Not even the pensionnaires of Signor Ullman have persuaded any body to think a lad of a good one, and even a believer in M. Musard became he had the same name as his father. Even Jenny Lind's cause, we know all men of New York was much more polite than Madrid, but it recognized quite as clearly that *La Ghiaia* was no longer *la dive*. But Bosio, with no Europe behind her, charmed because she was charming. Benedetti and Truffi have made the remembrance of one cause to Astor Place rollicks to many and many a hearer, yet their claims were not countersigned by European repute. And all the failed or even without success have been heralded with each blare of puffery, have failed to deceive a solitary hearer.

Now, at last, comes a little lady, with no prestige of any kind—who was heard a few years since as a prodigy, who was not introduced as an angel, or a siren, or a skylark, or even as a gifted lyric *tragedienne*, but who trips on to the stage and warbles her way straight into the hearts of the hearers and into the very highest position. She is in no other sense an American than that soon after her birth her family removed to this country. But even if she has been a Yankee girl, she does not think she would have been any more or any less successful? Or had she sung as the poor Seminole sung, would the Indian birth and name have saved her?

There was no mistake in our appreciation of Jenny Lind; and whoever opposes Barnum made her career in this country, says Barnum a great compliment. Barnum's sagacity lay in seeing that no prejudice against an Jenny Lind was sure to succeed. Lincoln's mistake was in supposing that Grisi, in her decline, would succeed because she had been famous in her prime.

If the Signori Managers will always provide good singers they may save one fortune in printing puffs, and make another by the generous appreciation of the public.

HATS.

Do we owe our emancipation from the "tile" or the stove-pipe continuation to Kossuth, from whom the soft slouch hats are named? It is easy to believe so, for the Magyar race is Oriental in its origin—languid, luxurious; and what is the soft hat truly seen but a modification of the turban and the Eastern and the West—poetry, if you please, and prose. At least which of our poets, unless it be Willis in some metropolitan moment, wears a tile?

Yet, on the other hand, before Kossuth came—whose hat we partially slouched—and Hungary England and on the other continent, the easy hat is called a "wide-awake," certainly the reverse of any Oriental signification. Why wide-awake? Plainly because the wearing of so convenient and comely a covering for the head showed a man wide-awake to common sense and common comfort—a man fully wide-awake to the pragmatic sanctities of fashion, and who rose early enough in the morning to know fully what he was doing.

See, too, how the head has set the fashion for the rest of the body! Since the highest point of all has been comfortable, how the human form has been emancipated from tight tailoring! With loose hats come loose coats; with loose coats, in due order, pegtop trousers and supple waistcoats; and so, by developing appendicular proportions, the human form divine is stimulated to make these proportions real. If a man's waistcoat be full-chested, how natural it is for him to make his chest correspond! If the thighs of his trousers bulge, how inevitably he will develop the thighs themselves! And all the muscular and and expansions of muscle and lungs—and consequent increase in beauty and grace and health—and corresponding higher flights in the action of the brain, and wider grasp of philanthropic sympathy, all unfolded from the hinges of the soft hat, the easier lower tubes out of any old beaver new chicken's fresh butter, and gay ribbons! How clear it is that this hat does come from the East, realm of miracle and mystery!

Think, now, to what perfection this thing of carried! We speak of the improved telescope, of the constant discoveries in the sun-painting art, of new coffee-pots and of unimaginable preserved meats that keep the lovely flavor in a pyramid, and taken out three thousand centuries hence and cooked into delicious freshness of flavor by the New Zealander who is to be sitt and sketch on the ruins of the City Hall or the Post-office. That is all well; but what do you think of a hat poked into an envelope and when you open it then tubes out and unfolded into airy symmetry, so that you seem to wear a sunset cloud, for lightness; a brown cauque, for strength; a the sunset, for comfort?

Of course there are cavillers. There are people who assert that your snow-pipe is the only respectability, and that, in spite of the luxurious fullness of fashionable drapery and tailoring, declare, sympathetically, that Cicero has always worn his toga in the head (you bring all the state) and that every layer of society is corrupted when the top layer is tainted.

Arista est. The slouch hat is practical democracy—namely, comfort and beauty. It is the sign of the free and easy Republican spirit. It is the connecting link between the oldest and newest civilizations; the ease that was sloth in the ancient world, and is intense life in the extreme West.

So no more at present about the slouch hat.

WHAT A NEWSPAPER IS, AND IS NOT.

It is very natural to suppose that a man publishes a newspaper to make money, and as it is to believe that great poets sing for the pleasure of singing, and that novelists write for the pleasure of telling stories. The slight experiment of experience upon this supposition is very incessant and very amusing, especially in the case of publishers and editors. Let the Lounger have a word with his many friends about it.

There are, probably, not a dozen papers in the country published in the hope of making the sale of maintaining a principle. And it is a good thing that there are not; for, until a principle and its friends can support an organ, it is not yet really any need of an organ. It should be inculcated orally, and at individual expense.

But when principles are established, not as moral or other organs or agents, but simply as business enterprises, then they are to be managed like all other business, and there is no more right to expect peculiar generosity or self-sacrifice of the man who undertakes it than of a man who engages in shoemaking or cotton manufacture. The object in all the cases is individual advantage. The proprietor, indeed, do not need to outrage decency or decency; as the contrary, they may have no doubt that honesty and decency pay; but their motive is not the interest of these two qualities, but their own private and especial advantage.

Among the attractions of the paper, let us suppose, is a brief and conspicuous advertising page. We will suppose the rates to be high, because it is a great hold to offer good readers and good paying advertisements. Now the theory is, and it is a perfectly just mercantile theory, that the money received for the advertising is properly and fully balanced by its publication and the notice consequently attracted to the wares. The notion is upon, Mr. Smith's goods the quality of his bug-powder plainly before the public, and Mr. Jones his exquisite edition of "Lalla Rookh."

Now imagine the poor editor—addressing the editor and saying that he has inserted an advertisement of his book, and paid for it, and would like an editorial! Just as if Mr. Smith's notice is the most conspicuous and important of all advertisements so that the editor can only reply, "Why should I give you an editorial? Mr. Smith *paid for*? and how long do you suppose I shall keep my other advertisers if I do? On the other hand, I by the editorial? On the other hand, if I give a notice to all, what is the value of my notice? It is seen equally by the friends of the advertisers, and my editorial opinion has lost all its importance. If an advertisement in my columns is not worth the money paid for it, you can, of course, cease to pay it at any moment. Also, please to take notice that it is only space in my paper, not my opinion, that is sold. You may buy the room to announce your splendid edition of "Lalla Rookh;" but if you wish me to speak of it editorially, how of I choose to think that it is fustian and rubbish, and say so? Or do you propose to pay me roundly for saying that, upon the whole, Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy is Milton?"

That is what every editor may justly say to advertisers who with "a notice." He must be impartial, and treat all his friends alike. If, indeed, any work upon an important or interesting subject be issued, he will naturally speak of it in connection with a regular notice of every body; but in so doing he will not make his notice of the subject a puff of the publisher of the book.

What is true of books is true of every thing else. No sensible editor, of course, will omit to speak of the beautiful bindings (for instance) of beautiful books, if he thinks it to be an affair of real interest, or as showing improvement or unusual excellence: but the point is, that part of his capital as a sagacious editor is a power of just discrimination, and a perfect willingness to say No to every body who wants his own axe ground, upon the claim that every body is interested in that particular axe.

And if all this be true of an editor and a proprietor, think of a mere Lounger, and what is true of him!

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

1.—B. Thanks for your "Thoughts." They are pointed and true. The Lounger has handed them to the Easy Chair, who promises to give some of them room, and to talk with you about them.

2.—F. The Lounger has read the lines. They are full of kind feeling; but are they poetry? As intention, the Lounger says them "favorably," but he can not do so as performance.

3.—LILY DALE. The lines are respectfully declined.

The Lounger's correspondents are exhorted to be patient. Questions asked several months ago are answered.

—OLD SWISS says:

"1. There is no such term as *Schalmeiper* in Germany.

"2. *Schalmeien* is a word taken from the German word *Schalmei*, to grate; *sterer blue* means sour cheese.

"3. 'Schalmeiper kisses' or sage sage cheese, is made between the Grisons Cantons, Switzerland, on whose mountains alone are found the Alpine plants necessary to the manufacture and to the particular flavor of the Schalmeiper kiss."

—BOCCHORUS. Now that the Atlantic wire has been laid and the practicable for the transmission of messages, the project of a line via Behring's Straits will hardly be attempted. An Atlantic wire will doubtless be laid until it works.

Father Prout's Inauguration Ode

TO THE AUTHOR OF "VANITY FAIR."

[From the first number of Thackeray's "Cornhill Magazine."]

I.

Once in a faster, quicker age
Yet cost at Gehlenitz's homely Wakefield Vicarage,
While Lady Blamey from the West End glows
Mid the Mayfair Beaux
Fudge! cries Squire Thornhill,
Much to the wonder of young Jacamboree Moore.
Such word of scorn ill
Mutters the "Wicked Earl" thy whim proposes
To hold on Cornhill.

II.

With Fudge, or Blamey, or the "Times on Fire"
Treat not in Jeffrey
But prefer good material—
A grumble, or a growl
Value for twelvepence, and not dear at twenty.
Such wit replenishes thy Horn of Plenty.

III.

Nor wit alone shall
But sense:
And with the sparkling Xanes
Let us have Cornes.
Of leaf thou hast no lack,
Nor art, like Shakspeare, of a mere tight,
With lots of sack,
Of bread one pennyworth.

IV.

Sprightly, and yet sagacious,
Funny, yet farinaceous,
Dealing in yet substantial—
So may thy periodical,
On this thorny path, wise
Exalt its horn,
Thrice on the Hill of Corn!

V.

Of ought that smacks of sect, surplice, or synod,
Be thy grain winnow'd
Yet daily be thy corn laugh
With empty chaff.
Shun sight o'er which dullard or bigot gleats;
Nor cake with Celtic
With meat from Turco Milan
Or flour of Jewish Kilan.

VI.

There's corn in Egypt still
(Pilgrim from Cairo to Cornhill),
Give ear to this
But all comes among
Thy ears the young;
Fill the big brothers' knapsacks from thy bins,
But stip the Cup of Love in Benjamin's.

VII.

Next as to these
Who being their lumbering verse or ponderous prose
To where cornfields
Have so long held their
With greedy Cockney Cornhill storehouse—
Bid them not here us.
Tell them instead
To take their loaf next street, the Hall of Lead!

VIII.

Only one word besides—
As he who transmit hides
Rockets with pretty compliments his tuneys:
So thou, Friend! do not fill
Thy page with a stout corn
Ready for one, within thy Cornhill granary.
Of old times well shall,
Prompt to right wrongs, Chief Haroun al Rosehill:
Deal thou with Frank
Or Jeff or Humbug—Shrill it!

IX.

Courage, old Friend! long fond
Firm at thy task, nor in Bird purpose fickle:
Up! chooses thy ground,
Put forth thy shining sickle:
Shun the down-trodden
Of Dance or Dandyhood:
But reap Truth, Truth, Truth, Fair West,
The world-wide Harvest!

A STAG HUNT AT COMPIEGNE.

WE print on the following page an engraving which represents the Emperor and Empress of the French at a stag-hunt at Compiègne. As the sport is not familiar to many of our readers, we give the following account of it from the pen of an American who was an invited guest at the Imperial residence:

"At an early hour on the morning of the eventful day I was up, and was allowed, through the kindness of a friend who belongs to his Majesty's household, to visit the stables and kennels. I admire the horses, and after having proved by some profound horse-talk that I knew all about the merits of three or four of them, I expressed a desire to become better acquainted with the hounds that were at once the stag.

"I entered the large house used as a kennel for the pack with some misgivings, having a lively recollection of the ferocity with which the Imperial kennels at Fontainebleau, on which occasion the wind blew the door in, leaving us alone with the pack, one of which—and ugly, ugly, one eyed dog—evinced a savage desire to come to close quarters, very much to my inward disgust and to the hard amusement of the keeper, who came in just in time to prevent my becoming dog-meat—a sad fate, even if the dogs be those of his Imperial Majesty. On this occasion, however, I suffered no inconvenience, save a second feeling of dismay in recognizing old acquaintances.

"The Imperial kennel contains one hundred English dogs and twenty-five bloodhounds, the latter being French dogs, belonging to the breed called 'Brigued d'Artois.'

"The personnel of the hunt consists of the concierge or huntsman, whose duty is to attend to the hounds, and to the keepers, or grooms who have charge of the horses. The concierge has of two classes: those of the first brevet are those *conducts de chiens* or *chasses*, those of the second class are on foot (*valets de chiens apeyed*).

"Having visited the house and dogs, I started to meet my friend at the chenil, and found him in all the glory of his hunting-suit, which is that of the reign of Louis XV. Well, I thought to myself, he looks well in a dragoon, it is all so once finished across my mind that I had worn a hunting costume, and that I could not appear at the hunt except only attired à la Louis XV. Imagine an embarrassment—I had a horse, but no costume. My friend kindly undertook to procure one, and shortly succeeded in borrowing the hunting-suit of one of his acquaintances who was not to accompany the hunt. He triumphantly here back to me the much-desired garment, which I at once donned, secretly rejoicing at having so doing, as it was over just six feet high and large in proportion, while I am a small man.

"I was determined to witness the hunt, however, and the size of my costume could not deter me.

"At eleven noon the carriages of the chateau for the meet to the forest, and most splendidly did it look.

"The Emperor and Empress rode along, side by side, in front; near the Emperor rode Prince Napoleon Jerome, who rode by the side of General Fleury, the Emperor's favorite aide-de-camp.

"The Empress looked most beautiful in her natty and most becoming costume, and by her lovely Princess Anna Murat attracted universal admiration.

"I shall not attempt giving you the names of all the beautiful ladies present, contenting myself with returning that the cavalcade that started from the chateau was a most brilliant one, and in the forest was a most brilliant one.

"Arrived at the meet, we found the hunting horses and the dogs ready, while the grooms were anxious to begin what they call sport. I thought of the Wisconsin and Iowa prairies, and of the sport I had hunted and killed in those prairies; and I looked upon the present hunting with feelings of undisguised surprise. Imagine time elapsed on the hunters could all be suitably mounted, the quadrupeds, dogs, and equestrians were ready, when

"I observed that the Emperor was particularly attentive as to the secure fastening of the Empress's saddle, taking hold of it himself to see that it was all in a manner most mounted and were ready, and at a sign from the grand huntsman, away went the dogs, horses and consequently Napoleon and guests.

"Such a magnificent sight was never seen! The bright rays of the sun shone with increased splendor to the glittering gold-lace adorned costumes, while the barking of the dogs and the quick tramp of the horses made a music to the excitement of the moment, the unpleasant fact of my being just in the rear of my enthusiastic hunting suit.

"In less time than I could recount it the hunters and dogs had disappeared, and I remained stirring and struggling with my obstinate brute of a horse that would not go, but kept backing and turning round and round, with a degree of energy and perseverance not female. I was taken at a disadvantage by the beast of a horse, owing to the large size of my trousers and the fact that my coat covered me up, so as to almost deprive me of the use of my limbs. But Yankee ingenuity is hard to beat; and my pretty stubborn brute was in the same horse I started him off at a pace that soon brought us up with the foremost of the hunters, and I was all right, until I was far in advance of the hunt, and lost in the maze of a forest totally unknown to me. Having accomplished this feat, my horse became more reasonable, and I managed to stop him.

"I had not waited two minutes before I heard the horns off in the distance, and was enabled thus to rejoin the hunting party once more. Doing so I met with the following adventure: Galloping up an avenue, I saw before me a hunter and a lady, the latter walking his horse, and whose head was turned from me in reflective mood. Fired with the ardor of the chase, I dashed forward to rejoin my hunter, prepared to shout as I passed a loud 'tally-ho!' or something to that effect, for the purpose of arousing him to a consciousness of the fact that new game offered. This resolve was somewhat changed by my recognizing, as I neared the hunter, that it was no less a personage than Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.

"As I neared him the sounds of my shouts met my ears that brought me to a stand-still at once. You will perhaps imagine that twas a fine tan-antered stag at bay, surrounded by the fierced of dogs, or that some same fierced were pulling down the stag they had just overtaken. No; twas a fine long tailed cockerel, a most succulent lunch, and many, very many bottles of wine, some of which had the appearance long such decorate in Champagne bottles. I at once felt my order for the chase coming at every pore, and I gladly consigned my horse to the nearest tree.

"Not far from the table I have mentioned was a small-sized tent, and I was not long in discovering that these parties invite to partake of their lunch. I observed, as a curious circumstance, that just about this time almost all the hunter, male and female, arrived at the place I had so unexpectedly discovered, and that some no vestige of the lunch remained—violent exercise does give one such an excellent appetite. After a brief repose the hunt began again, and by dint of deck the dogs succeeded in running down a fine stag, which was carried to the chateau at the conclusion of the chase, while twas he take place in the courtyard of the castle. The evening is neither more nor less than attending the hunt, is done by the light of lanterns, and while the hands of the regiments are discoursing sweet music.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF FRANCE HUNTING AT COMPIEGNE.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

"THE LITTLE BEAST, COWARDLY AND CROSS-GRAINED AS PET DOGS USUALLY ARE, LOOKED UP SHARPLY," ETC.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author, exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

THE NARRATIVE OF VINCENT GILMORE, SOLICITOR, OF CHANCERY-LANE, LONDON.

I.

I WRITE these lines at the request of my friend, Mr. Walter Hartright. They are intended to convey a description of certain events which seriously affected Miss Fairlie's interests, and which took place after the period of Mr. Hartright's departure from Limmeridge House.

There is no need for me to say whether my own opinion does or does not sanction the disclosure of the remarkable family story, of which my narrative forms an important component part. Mr. Hartright has taken that responsibility on himself; and circumstances yet to be related will show that he has amply earned the right to do so, if he chooses to exercise it. The plan he has adopted for presenting the story to others, in the most truthful and most vivid manner, requires that it should be told, at each successive stage in the march of events, by the person who were directly concerned in those events at the time of their occurrence. My appearance here, as narrator, is the necessary consequence of this arrangement. I was present during the sojourn of Sir Percival Glyde in Cumberland, and was personally concerned in one important result of his short residence under Mr. Fairlie's roof. It is my duty, therefore, to add these new links to the chain of events, and to take up the chain itself at the point where, for the present only, Mr. Hartright has dropped it.

I arrived at Limmeridge House, on a Friday in the week, either at the end of October or the beginning of November—it is not material to my present purpose to say precisely which.

My object was to remain at Mr. Fairlie's until the arrival of Sir Percival Glyde. I had recently led to the appointment of any given day for Sir Percival's union with Miss Fairlie, I was to take the necessary instructions back with me to London, and to occupy myself in drawing the lady's marriage settlement.

On the Friday I was not favored by Mr. Fairlie with an interview. He had been, or had fancied himself to be, an invalid for years past; and he was not well enough to receive me. Miss Halcombe was the first member of the family whom I saw. She met me at the house-door; and introduced me to Mr. Hartright, who had been staying at Limmeridge for some time past.

I did not see Miss Fairlie until later in the day at dinner-time. She was not looking well, and I was sorry to observe it. She is a cordial, lovable girl, as amiable and attentive to every one about her as her excellent mother used to be—though, personally speaking, she made me fear her father. Mrs. Fairlie had dark eyes and hair; and her elder daughter, Miss Halcombe, strongly reminds me of her. Miss Fairlie physical to us in the evening—not so well as usual, I thought. We had a rubber at whist; a mere profanation, so far as play was concerned, of that noble game. I had been favorably impressed by Mr. Hartright on our first introduction to one another; but I soon discovered that he was one from the social failings incidental to his age. There are a true number of young men of the present generation who were directly concerned in those events at the time of their occurrence. My appearance here, as narrator, is the necessary consequence of this arrangement. I was present during the sojourn of Sir Percival Glyde in Cumberland, and was personally concerned in one important result of his short residence under Mr. Fairlie's roof. It is my duty, therefore, to add these new links to the chain of events, and to take up the chain itself at the point where, for the present only, Mr. Hartright has dropped it.

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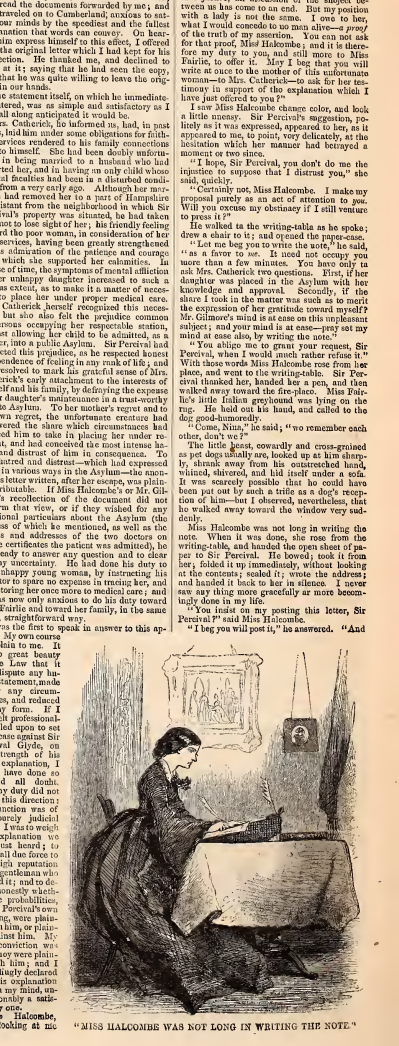


"MISS HALCOMBE WAS NOT LONG IN WRITING THE NOTE."

new that it is written and sealed up, allow me to ask one or two last questions about the unhappy woman to whom it refers. I have read the communication which Mr. Gilmore kindly addressed to my solicitor, describing the circumstances under which the writer of the anonymous letter was identified. But there are certain points to which that statement does not refer. Did Anne Catherick see Miss Fairlie?

"Certainly not," replied Miss Halcombe.

"Did she see you?"

"No."

"She saw nobody from the house, then, except a certain Mr. Hartright, who accidentally met her in the church-yard?"

"Nobody else."

"Mr. Hartright was employed at Limmeridge as a drawing-master, I believe? He is a member of one of the Water-Color Societies?"

"I believe he is," answered Miss Halcombe.

He paused for a moment, as if he was thinking over the last answer, and then added:

"Did you find out where Anne Catherick was living when she was in this neighborhood?"

"Yes. At a farm on the moor, called Todd's Corner."

"It is a dusty we all owe to the poor creature herself to trace her," continued Sir Percival. "She may have said something to Miss Fairlie, or her which may help us to find her. I will go there, and make inquiries on the chance. In the mean time, as I can not venture to call on myself to discuss this painful subject with Miss Fairlie, may I beg, Miss Halcombe, that you will kindly undertake the pleasant task of relieving my mind by deferring it of course until you have received the reply to that note."

Miss Halcombe promised to comply with his request. He thanked her—nodded pleasantly—and left us, to go and establish himself in his own room. Fairlie, I suppose, had the discretion grained greyhound poked out her sharp muzzle from under the sofa, and barked and snapped at him.

"A good morning's work, Miss Halcombe," I said, as soon as we were alone. "Here is an anxious matter ended already."

"Yes," she answered; "no doubt. I am very glad your mind is satisfied."

"My mind! Surely, with that note in your hand, your mind is at ease too?"

"Oh, you men, you men! Is it otherwise? I know the thing could not be," she went on, speaking more to herself than to me; "but I almost wish Walter Hartright had staid long enough to be present at the explanation, and to hear the proposal to me to write this note."

I was a little surprised—perhaps a little vexed, also, by these last words.

"Events, it is true, connected Mr. Hartright very remarkably with the anonymous letter," I said; "and I readily admit that he conducted himself, all things considered, with great delicacy and discretion. But surely it is not in his to understand what useful influence his presence could have exercised in relation to the effect of Sir Percival's statement on your mind or mine."

"It was only a fancy," she said, absently. "There is no use in discussi ng it, Mr. Gilmore. Your experience ought to be, and is, the best guide I can desire."

I did not altogether like her thrusting the whole responsibility, in this marked manner, on my shoulders. If Mr. Fairlie had done it, I should not have thought anything of it; but, clear-minded Miss Halcombe, was the very last person in the world whom I should have expected to find anything from the expression of an opinion of her own.

"If any fancy still troubles you," I said, "why not mention them to me at once? Tell me plainly, have you any reason to distrust Sir Percival Glyde?"

"None whatever."

"Do you see any thing improbable or contradictory in his statement?"

"How can I say I do, after the proof he has offered me of the truth of it? Can there be better testimony to the fact of Anne Catherick, than the testimony of the woman's mother?"

"None better. If the answer to your note of inquiry proves to be satisfactory, I, for one, can not see what more any friend of Sir Percival's can possibly expect from him."

"There we will part for the now," she said, rising to leave the room, "and dismiss all further reference to the subject until the answer arrives. Trust me, I attach my weight to my hesitation. I can give no better reason for it than that I have been overanxious about Laura Fairlie: and anxiety, Mr. Gilmore, unsettles the strongest of us."

She left me abruptly; her naturally firm voice faltering as she spoke those last words. A sensitive, reherent, passionate nature—a woman of ten thousand in Marian Halcombe, I thought, if I had known her from her earliest years; I had been her friend, as she grew up, in more than one trying family crisis, and my long experience made me attach an importance to her hesitation under the circumstances here detailed which I should have scarcely felt in the case of another woman. I could see no cause for any uneasiness or any doubt; but she had made me a little uneasy and a little doubtful nevertheless. In my youth I should have chafed and fretted under the irritation of my own unreasonable state of mind. In my age I knew better, and went out philosophically to walk it off.

II.

We all met again at dinner-time.

Sir Percival was in such boisterous high spirits that I hardly recognized him as the same man whose quiet tact, refinement, and good sense had impressed me so strongly at the interview of the morning. The only trace of his former self that I could detect reappeared, every now and then, in his manner toward Miss Fairlie. A look or a word from her suspended his loudest laugh, checked his gayest flow of talk, and rendered him all attention to her, and to no one else at table, in an instant. Although he never openly tried to draw her into the conversation, he never lost the slightest chance she gave him of letting her dirt into it by accident, and of saying the words to her, under those favorable circumstances which a man with less tact and delicacy would have positively addressed to her the moment they occurred to him. Rather to my surprise, Miss Fairlie appeared to be sensible of his attentions without being moved by them. She was a little confused from time to time, when he looked at her or spoke to her; but she never warmed toward him. Frank, fortune, good-breeding, good looks, the manners of a gentleman and the devotion of a lover, were all humbly placed at her feet, and, so far as appearances went, were all offered in vain.

On the next day, the Tuesday, Sir Percival went in the morning (taking one of the servants with him as a guide) to Todd's Corner, his inquiries, as I afterward heard, led to no results. On his return he had an interview with Mr. Fairlie, and in the afternoon he and Miss Halcombe rode out together. Nothing else happened worthy of record. The evening passed as usual. There was no chance for Sir Percival and no change in Miss Fairlie.

The Wednesday's post brought with it an event—also quite usual—in Mr. Fairlie. I took a copy of the document, which I have preserved, and which I may as well present in this place. It ran as follows:

"MADAM,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, inquiring whether my daughter, Anne, was placed under medical superintendence while in Cumberland. I answer, and whether the share taken in the matter by Sir Percival Glyde was such as to merit the expression of my grateful remembrance, I answer, Be pleased to accept my answer in the affirmative to both those questions, and believe me to remain, your obedient servant,

"JANE ANNE CATHERICK."

Short, sharp, and to the point: a form, rather a business-like letter for a woman to write; in substance, as plain a confirmation as could be desired of Sir Percival Glyde's statement. This was my opinion, and, with certain minor reservations, Miss Halcombe's opinion also. Sir Percival, when he came down to dinner, did not appear to be struck by the sharp, short tone of it. He told us that Mrs. Catherick was a woman of few words, and that her letter, straightforward, unimaginative person, who wrote briefly and plainly, just as she spoke.

The next day it was Thursday, and then the answer had been received, was to acquaint Miss Fairlie with Sir Percival's explanation. Miss Halcombe had promised to do this, and had left the room to go to her sister, when the servant announced a visitor, and I took her the easy-chair in which I was reading the newspaper. Sir Percival had gone out a minute before, to look at the stables, and no one was in the room but ourselves.

"I suppose we have really and truly done all we can?" she said, resting and twisting Mrs. Catherick's letter in her hand.

"If we are friends of Sir Percival's, who know him and trust in him, we have done all, and more than all, that is necessary," I answered, a little annoyed by this return of her hesitation.

"But if we can not satisfy Laura Fairlie—"

"That alternative is not even to be thought of," she interposed. "We are Sir Percival's friends; and, if genuine proofs of disinterestedness add to our regard for him, we ought to be Sir Percival's admirers as well. You know that he saw Mr. Fairlie yesterday, and that he afterward went out with me?"

"Yes. I saw you riding by together."

"We began with the subject of Anne Catherick, and about the singular manner in which Mr. Hartright met with her. But we soon dropped that subject; and Sir Percival spoke next, in the most unselfish terms, of his engagement with Laura. He said he had discovered that she was out of spirits, and was uplifting, if not informed to the contrary, to attribute to the absence of any lover, in the manner toward him during his present visit. If, however, there was any other more serious reason for the distress, he would entreat her to constraint might be placed on her inclinations either by Mr. Fairlie or by me. All he asked, in that case, was that he would not be sent away for the last time, when the circumstances were under which the engagement between them was made, and what his conduct had been since the beginning of the courtship to the present time. If, after due reflection on those two subjects, she seriously desired his absence, he should have his pretensions to the honor of becoming her husband—and if she would tell him so plainly, with her own lips—he would spare herself by leaving her purfectly free to withdraw from the engagement."

"No man could say more than that, Miss Halcombe. As to my experience, few men in his situation would have said as much."

She paused after she had spoken these words, and looked at me with a singular expression of perplexity and distress.

"I mean nobody and I suspect nothing," she broke out, abruptly. "But I can not and will not accept the responsibility of persuading Laura to this marriage."

"That is exactly the course which Sir Percival Glyde has himself requested you to take," I replied, in astonishment. "He has begged you not to force her inclinations."

"And he indirectly obliges me to force them, if I give her his message."

"How can this possibly be?"

"Consult your own knowledge of Laura, Mr. Gilmore. If I tell her to reflect on the circumstances of her engagement, I act once appeal to two of the strongest feelings in her nature—to her love for her father's memory, and to her strict regard for truth. You know that she never broke a promise in her life; you know that her conscience is thus engaged at the beginning of her father's fatal illness, and that he spoke hopefully and happily of her marriage to him. Rather to my joy, he died—"

I own that I was a little shocked at this view of the case.

"Remember," I said, "you don't mean to infer that when Sir Percival spoke to you yesterday he speculated on such a result as you have just mentioned?"

Her frank, fearless face answered for her before she spoke.

"Do you think I would remain an instant in the company of any man whom I suspected of such business as that?" she asked, angrily.

I liked her for her hearty indignation flash out on me in that way. We see so much malice and so little indignation in my profession.

"I do not think," I said, "excuse me if I tell you, in our legal phrase, that you are traveling out of the record. Whatever the consequences may be, Sir Percival is right to expect that your sister should carefully consider her engagement from every reasonable point of view before she ratifies it by marriage. If that unlucky letter has prejudiced her against him, go at once, and tell her that he has cleared himself in your eyes and in mine, and that objection can lie urge against him after that? What excuse can she possibly have for not marrying the man whom she virtually accepted for her husband more than two years ago?"

"In my heart I can not, Mr. Gilmore, no excuse, I dare say. If she still hesitates, and if I still hesitate, you must attribute our strange conduct, if you like, to secret jealousy both ones, and we must bear the imputation as well as we can."

With those words she suddenly rose and left me. When a woman, in a certain sense, asks a question put to her, and evades it by a flippant answer, it is a sure sign, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that she has something to conceal. I returned to the perusal of the newspaper, strongly suspecting that Miss Halcombe and Miss Fairlie had a secret between them which they were keeping from Sir Percival and keeping from me. I thought this bard on both of them—secretly, of course, of course.

My doubts—or, to speak more correctly, my convictions—were confirmed by Miss Halcombe's language when she rejoined me her again in her in the day. She was suspiciously brief and reserved in telling me the result of her interview with her sister. I could see, it appeared, had listened quietly while the affair of the letter was placed before her in the right point of view; but Miss Halcombe had not succeeded in say that the object of Sir Percival's visit at Limmeriwas not to propose to her, but to get a day be fixed for the marriage, she checked all further reference to the subject by begging for time. If Sir Percival would wait a little longer, she was perfectly sure she would undertake to give him his final answer before the end of the year. She pleaded for this delay with such anxiety and agitation that Miss Halcombe had promised to use her influence, if necessary, to obtain it; and there, at Miss Fairlie's request, the matter, all further discussion of the marriage question had ended.

The purely temporary arrangement thus proposed might be a reasonable convenient enough to the young lady; but it proved somewhat embarrassing to the writer of these lines. That morning's post had brought a letter from my partner which obliged me to return to town the next day by the afternoon train. It was extremely probable that I should find no second opportunity of presenting myself at Limmeridge House during the remainder of the year. In that case, supposing Sir Percival Glyde actually decided on holding her engagement, my necessary personal communication with her, before I drew her notes, would become a matter resembling like a downright impossibility; and we should be obliged to commit to writing questions which ought, in way to be discussed between sides by word of mouth. I said nothing about this difficulty, and Sir Percival Glyde said nothing about the subject of the desired delay. He was too gallant a gentleman not to grant the request immediately. When he had gone, I confessed me of this, I told her that I must absolutely speak to her sister before I left Limmeridge; and it was, therefore, arranged that I should see Miss Fairlie in her own sitting-room the next morning. She did not come down to dinner, or join us in the evening. I was curious to know the excuse; and I thought Sir Percival looked, as well he might, a little annoyed when he heard of it.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, I went up to Miss Fairlie's sitting-room. The poor girl looked so pale and sad, and came forward so wearily and so readily and politely, that the resolution to lecture her on her capricio and indecision, which I had been forming all the way my mind, left me on the spot. I had her back to the chair from which she had risen, and placed myself opposite to her. Her cross, pinched pet greyhound was in the room, and I fully expected a barking and snapping reception. Strange to say, the whimsical little brute finished my expectations by jumping into my lap, and poking its sharp muzzle familiarly into my hand the moment I sat down.

"You used often to sit on my knee when you were a child, my dear," I said, "and now your little dog seems determined to succeed you in the vacant throne. Is that pretty drawing your doing?"

I pointed to a little album which lay on the table by her side. And which she had evidently been looking over when I came in. The page that lay open had a small water-color landscape very neatly mounted on it. This was the drawing which had suggested my question: an idle question enough; but how could I begin to talk of business to her the moment I opened my lips? She said, she said, looking away from the drawing rather confusedly; "it is not my doing."

Her fingers had a restless habit, which I remembered in her as a child, of always playing with the first thing that came to hand, whenever any one was talking to her. On this occasion they wandered to the album, and paced obsessly about the margin of the little water-color drawing. The expression of melancholy deepened on her face. She did not look at the drawing, or look at me. Her eyes moved uneasily from object to object in the room; betraying plainly that she suspected what my purpose was in coming to speak to her. Seeing that, I thought I had to get to the purpose with as little delay as possible.

"One of the errands, my dear, which brings me here is to bid you good-by," I began. "I must get back to London to-day; and, before I leave, I want to have a word with you on the subject of your own affairs."

"I am very sorry you are going, Mr. Gilmore," she said, looking at me kindly. "It is like leaving a friend, at a time when we need one."

"I hope I may be able to come back, and recall those pleasant memories once more," I continued; "but there is some uncertainty about the future, I must take my opportunity when I can get it, and speak to you now. I am your old lawyer and your old friend; and I may remind you, I am sure, of the serious responsibility of marrying Sir Percival Glyde."

She took her hand off the little album as suddenly as if it had turned hot and burned her. Her fingers trembled together nervously in her lap; her eyes looked down again at the floor; and an expression of constraint settled on her face which looked almost like an expression of pain.

"Is it absolutely necessary to speak of my marriage engagement?" she asked, in low tones.

"It is necessary to refer to it," I answered; "but not to dwell on it. Let us merely say that you may marry, or that you may not marry. In the first case, I must be prepared, beforehand, to draw your settlement; and I ought not to do this in relation, as a matter of politeness. First consulting you. This may be my only chance of hearing what your wishes are. Let me, therefore, suppose the case of your marrying, and let me inform you, in as few words as possible, what your position is now, and what you may make it, if you please, in the future."

I explained to her the object of a marriage settlement; and then told her exactly what her prospects were in the latter event, in the case of her death, and the property which was left at her own control. She listened attentively, with the constrained expression still on her face, and her hands still nervously clasped together in her lap.

"And now," I said, in conclusion, "tell me if you can think of any condition which, in the case we have to deal with, you would wish me to make for you—subject, of course, to your guardian's approval, as you are not yet of age."

She hesitated, looking at her chair—then looked in my face, on a sudden, very remarkably.

"If it does happen," she began, faintly; "if I am—"

"If you are married," I added, helping her out.

"Don't let him part me from Marian," she cried, with a sudden outbreak of energy. "Oh, Mr. Gilmore, pray make it law that Marian is to live with me!"

Under other circumstances I might perhaps have been amused at this essentially feminine misapprehension of a proposal, and at the long explanation which had preceded it. But her looks and tones when she spoke were of a kind to make me serious enough—for the moment one. Her words, few as they were, betrayed a desperate clinging to the past which boded ill for the future.

"Your having Marian Halcombe to live with you can easily be settled by a little agreement," I said. "You hardly understood my question, I think. It referred to your own property—to the disposal of your fortune. Supposing you were to make a will, when you come of age, who would you like the money to go to?"

"Marian has been mother and sister to me," said the good, affectionate girl, her pretty blue eyes glistening while she spoke. "May I leave it to Marian, Mr. Gilmore?"

"Certainly, my love," I answered. "But remember what a large sum it is. Would you like it all to go to Miss Halcombe?"

She hesitated; her color came and went; and her hand stole back again to the little album.

"Not all of it," she said. "There is some one else besides Marian—"

She stopped; her color heightened; and the finger on the hand that rested upon the album beat gently on the margin of the drawing, as if it unconsciously tried to turn them mechanically with the remembrance of a favorite tune.

"You mean some other member of the family besides Miss Halcombe?" I suggested, seeing her at a loss to proceed.

The heightening color spread to her forehead and her neck, and the nervous fingers suddenly clasped themselves fast round the edge of the book.

"There is some one else," she said, not noticing my last words, though she had evidently heard them; "there is some one else who might

like a little keepsake if—if I might leave it. There would be no harm if I should die first—"

She paused again. The color that had spread over her cheeks suddenly as suddenly left them. The hand on the album resigned its hold, trembled a little, and moved the book away from her. She looked at me for an instant—then turned her head aside in the chair. Her handkerchief fell to the floor as she changed her position, and she hurriedly hid her face from me in her hands.

Sad! To remember her, as I did, the liveliest, happiest child that ever laughed the day through; and to see her now, in the flower of her age and her beauty, so broken and so brought down as this!

In the distress that she caused me, I forgot the years that had passed, and the change they had made in our position toward one another. I moved my chair close to her, and picked up her handkerchief from the carpet, and drew her hands from her face gently. "Don't cry, my love," I said, and dried the tears that were gathering in her eyes, with my own hand, as if she had been the little Laura Fairlie of ten long years ago.

It was the best way I could have taken to compose her. She laid her head on my shoulder, and smiled faintly through her tears.

"I am very sorry for forgetting myself," she said, artlessly. "I have not been well—I have felt sadly weak and nervous lately; and I often cry without reason when I am alone. I am better now; I can answer you as I ought, Mr. Gilmore; I can indeed."

"No, no, my dear," I replied; "we will consider the subject as done with, for the present. You have said enough to sanction my taking the best possible care of your interests; and we can settle details at another opportunity. Let us have done with business now, and talk of something else."

I led her at once into speaking on other topics. In ten minutes' time she was in better spirits, and I rose to take my leave.

"Come here again," she said, earnestly. "I will try to be worthier of your kind feeling for me and for my interests if you will only come again."

Still clinging to the past—the past which I represented to her, in my way, as Miss Halcombe did in hers! It troubled me sorely to see her looking back at the beginning of her career, just as I look back at the end of mine.

"If I do come again, I hope I shall find you better," I said—"better and happier. God bless you, my dear."

She only answered by putting up her cheek to me to be kissed. Even lawyers have hearts; and mine ached a little as I took leave of her.

The whole interview between us had hardly lasted more than half an hour—she had not breathed a word, in my presence, to explain the mystery of her evident distress and dismay at the prospect of her marriage—and yet she had contrived to win me over to her side of the question, I neither knew how nor why. I had entered the room feeling that Sir Percival Glyde had fair reason to complain of the manner in which she was treating him. I left it, secretly hoping that matters might end in her taking him at his word and claiming her release. A man of my age and experience ought to have known better than to vacillate in this unreasonable manner. I can make no excuse for myself; I can only tell the truth, and say—so it was.

The hour for my departure was now drawing near. I sent to Mr. Fairlie to say that I would wait on him to take leave if he liked, but that he must excuse my being rather in a hurry. He sent a message back, written in pencil on a slip of paper: "Kind love and best wishes, dear Gilmore. Hurry of any kind is inexpressibly injurious to me. Pray take care of yourself. Good-by."

Just before I left I saw Miss Halcombe, for a moment, alone.

"Have you said all you wanted to Laura?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied. "She is very weak and nervous—I am glad she has you to take care of her."

Miss Halcombe's sharp eyes studied my face attentively.

"You are altering your opinion about Laura," she said. "You are readier to make allowances for her than you were yesterday."

No sensible man ever engages, unprepared, in a fencing match of words with a woman. I only answered:

"Let me know what happens. I will do nothing till I hear from you."

She still looked hard in my face. "I wish it was all over, and well over, Mr. Gilmore—and so do you." With those words she left me.

Sir Percival most politely insisted on seeing me to the carriage door.

"If you are ever in my neighborhood," he said, "pray don't forget that I am sincerely anxious to improve our acquaintance. The tried and trusted old friend of this family will be always a welcome visitor in any house of mine."

A really irresistible man—courteous, considerate, delightfully free from pride—a gentleman every inch of him. As I drove away to the station I felt as if I could cheerfully do any thing to promote the interests of Sir Percival Glyde—any thing in the world, except drawing the marriage settlement of his wife.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, January 3, in the Senate, a number of private bills were read and referred, as also many petitions of no general interest. Senator King had the resolutions of the Rochester Union meeting read, and then proceeded to speak of the evidences of attachment to the Union presented by the people of New York. Senator Brown explained the grounds of his dissent from some of the views put forth by the President in his Message. Mr. Doolittle took the floor and spoke of slave labor. He was frequently interrupted.——In the House, speeches on slavery were made by Messrs. Boyce and English. Mr. Anderson presented a memorial from mail contractors, asking for relief. He then urged a speedy organization of the House, and proposed a union of Anti-Lecomptonites, Americans, and Democrats. Mr. Stevens proposed a plurality vote *viva voce*. Many Democrats being absent, those present asked the Republicans to pair off with them before voting. This was refused; but the House adjourned without voting for Speaker.

On Wednesday, January 4, in the Senate, a bill was introduced by Senator Powell to abolish the franking privilege. Senator Toombs presented a petition relative to the Houmas Land Grant, and moved its reference to the Committee on Private Lands; referred to a Select Committee. Senators Mason, Harlan, and Foster then spoke on slavery, after which the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the subject of the distress of mail contractors was again brought up, and the necessity for a prompt organization dwelt upon. Mr. Reagan, Mr. Cox, and several South Americans spoke on slavery and party politics; after which a vote for Speaker was had, Mr. Sherman lacking three votes of an election. Mr. M'Clernand was next highest, receiving 63 votes.

On Thursday, January 5, in the Senate, no business was transacted and no speeches made.——In the House, Mr. Montgomery renewed his proposition for a temporary organization of the House, and urged the necessities of the mail contractors. Mr. Wilson requested him to adopt the plurality rule, when he replied that, if he was willing, others were unwilling. Speeches on slavery were then made by Messrs. Reagan, Wells, and others. Two votes were had for Speaker, Mr. Sherman lacking still the three votes necessary to elect him, and Mr. Vallandigham receiving, on the first ballot, 69. On the second vote Mr. Bocock got the highest Democratic vote, which was 56. A discussion then ensued as to the inability of either party to consummate an election. An exciting altercation took place between Messrs. Davis, Porter, and Dunn, of Indiana—the two latter charging the former, who is an Anti-Lecompton Democrat, with having denounced the Dred Scott decision, which he denied *in toto*, pronouncing the charge maliciously false. An extract from his speech was read to confirm the charge, when Mr. Davis pronounced the report of his remarks false. Without taking another vote for Speaker the House adjourned.

On Friday, Jan. 6, the Senate not being in session, in the House, Mr. Miles resumed his remarks, to show how the three elements opposed to the Democracy could be harmonized for the purpose of effecting an organization. He argued that the responsibility for the non-organization rested with the Anti-Lecompton Democrats. Mr. Adrain followed in explanation of his position and course as an Anti-Lecompton Democrat. The debate taking this turn, was participated in by Messrs. Clark, De Jarnette, Briggs, and Hickman. A vote was had, Mr. Sherman still lacking three votes. Mr. McClernand was next highest, receiving 37. Adjourned.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

The Message of Governor Morgan is mainly taken up with the consideration of domestic matters, and alludes to the affairs of the nation only to express the loyalty of New York to the Constitution, and the firm adherence of Governor Morgan to the Republican doctrine of Congressional intervention to prohibit slavery in the Territories of the Union. The most striking of the Governor's suggestions to the Legislature are a proposition for the revival of the protective policy in regard to our canals by imposing a moderate toll for a few years during the season of freight upon all railways which compete with the canals; the suggestion that the canal tolls should be raised; and the recommendation of a law authorizing aliens to take, hold, and convey real estate in this State. The Governor is concerned about the defenses of New York City, against pestilence in time of peace and foes in time of war; approves our Metropolitan Police and the new Quarantine; desires to see more railways in the upper part of the City, and is delighted with the Central Park. He asks that the property qualification be removed in the case of colored voters; discourages special, in favor of general, legislation; commends our schools, prisons, banks, and asylums, and finds the condition of our State finances both creditable and satisfactory. The new year of New York begins, according to this Message, under the brightest auspices.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

Governor Chase, of Ohio, in his Message to the Legislature, states that the total amount of receipts into the State Treasury, during the last year, was $3,520,154, which, with the balance of $226,118 remaining at the close of the preceding year, made the sum subject to disbursement $3,746,272. The whole amount of disbursements was $3,552,304. The public works and educational institutions absorbed the larger part of this sum. More than three-eighths the entire levy for State purposes is for the support of schools and school libraries. Governor Chase recommends the re-enactment of the statutes which the last Legislature repealed, prohibiting slaveholding and kidnapping. He thinks that it would be useless to pass laws giving the negroes the right of suffrage; the Courts, not the Legislature, are to determine this question. The militia of the State, which was nearly disorganized four years ago, has been reorganized to such an extent that it forms a nucleus for a volunteer force entirely competent to any ordinary emergency. In conclusion, Governor Chase makes reference to the Harper's Ferry *émeute*, reaffirming the position which he took in his response to Governor Wise, and maintaining that the South has done much to bring about the present unhappy state of feeling between the two sections of the country by repealing the Missouri Compromise, kidnapping from the soil of the Free States persons guilty only of the crime of color, and by reiterating so frequently and needlessly her threats of disunion.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Message of the Governor of Pennsylvania refers to the Harper's Ferry difficulty, and says that it is gratifying to Pennsylvanians to believe that the citizens of the Commonwealth did not in any manner participate in that unlawful proceeding, and to know that when some of the guilty parties were arrested within its jurisdiction, they were promptly surrendered. He adds: "Pennsylvania's central position, with three millions of freemen, enables her to say with emphasis to the plotters of treason on either hand, that neither shall be permitted to succeed—that it shall not be in the power of either to disturb the perpetuity of a Union cemented and sanctified by the blood of our patriotic fathers. At every sacrifice the constitutional rights of the people and the States shall be maintained—equal justice done to all—and these States be united forever." The Governor congratulates the Legislature that the State debt is decreasing at the rate of a million yearly—resulting mainly from the sale of the Canals.

SENATOR DOUGLAS NOMINATED FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

The Illinois Democratic State Convention last week selected delegates to the Charleston Convention, instructing them to sustain Mr. Douglas for the Presidency. The resolutions reaffirm the Cincinnati Platform, without "note or comment," and declare against a Congressional slave code for the Territories.

PERSONAL.

Senator Mason appeared in his seat on Wednesday clad in Virginia homespun, while a Southern member of the other House sported a suit of "direct importation."

The *Tribune* says: "When Governor Seward entered his gateway, and was standing within it, all the clergymen of the various denominations in Auburn waiting to welcome him home, he lost the power of speech. He entered his house in silence. Among the very many pleasing incidents in his reception, was an evening visit of congratulation from thirty little girls.

The Hon. John M. Landrum, M. C. from Louisiana, has been detained from his seat by illness since the opening of the session. It is stated that, besides being sick in body, he is laboring under severe mental affliction in the loss of his wife and four children. It is feared that he may not get up again. He is at Brown's Hotel, Washington.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes:

"The following gossip is current respecting a vein of affluence that has just been struck by the Mayor elect: In December, 1856, John C. Frémont, after being defeated in his aspirations for the Presidency, became very short of money, and sold to Benjamin and Fernando Wood one half of his famous claims to gold mines in California. The Woods advanced Frémont from $50,000 to $70,000 to pay interests, legal expenses, etc. The Supreme Court (news arrived yesterday) sustains Frémont's claims. His receipts now, and those of his partners, B. and F. Wood, will not fall short of $1000 a day!"

A horse arrived here on Saturday from Italy, only seven hands high. He is to be sent to Washington to Mr. Buchanan as a present from J. H. Binda, the United States Consul.

Senator Douglas was reported sick on Thursday. He may yet be obliged to go South.

The Alexandria *Sentinel* says: "A gentleman, whose word is proof, informs us that Mr. John A. Washington has in his possession a letter from responsible parties who made a *bona fide* offer of $250,000 for the Mount Vernon property sold by him to the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association for $200,000."

The Skaneateles *Democrat* gives the first chapter in "a story of real life," by saying that Miss Harriet E. Smith, daughter of Mr. Horace Smith, of Spafford, Onondaga County, New York, will start soon for Washington Territory, away in the Northwest, beyond the Rocky Mountains, to marry a man she has never seen—Mr. D. Spalding, Jun., son of David Spalding, of Spafford. The friends of the parties are intimate, and a correspondence between them has continued for two years, and has resulted in a marriage contract. The young gentleman, being engaged in a profitable business which he can not conveniently leave, has remitted funds to the lady, with a request for her to join him there.

The *Tribune* says: "Gerrit Smith is very much improved in all respects, but is not yet fully restored to health, and the doctor has prohibited him from receiving visitors, and from giving personal attention to his correspondence. It is hoped that his numerous friends will acknowledge the propriety and necessity of the injunction under which his physician has placed him, and act in accordance with it."

We have noticed the suicide, by hanging, of a youth named William Greer in Wheeling. The *Union* of that city says: "No cause has yet been assigned for the committal of the deed, except that the deceased had been deeply interested in the trials and executions of the Harper's Ferry insurrectionists, and has perused carefully every thing coming in his way bearing upon those events; his friends are disposed to conclude from this that his desire to test the nature of strangulation by hanging led him to try an experiment which terminated fatally. The deceased was a promising lad about seventeen years of age."

The Boston *Atlas* says it is now announced positively that the Rev. Thomas Starr King has accepted the invitation of the Unitarian Society of San Francisco, California, to become their pastor. His letter of resignation to the Hollis Street Church and Society was submitted to his people on Monday at a meeting called for that purpose.

The Managers of the Grand Trunk Railroad desired a large number of axes, but having no faith in Yankee manufactures, got a scientific man to invent a pattern of the axes required, and sent to England to have the same made. In due time two thousand five hundred axes were sent to Canada, *but not one of the whole number had a hole to receive the handle!*

Squire Merihant, in Cincinnati, last week, was called on to unite in wedlock, at the Burnett House, a couple who had fled from Fayette County, Kentucky. At the Spencer House another couple—the male somewhat advanced, and the bride but eighteen—were also anxious to unite themselves for life. The proper authority was summoned, and they were accommodated. The strangest part of the affair is this: the bridegroom at the Burnett House and the bridegroom at the Spencer were son and father. Both had eloped from the same vicinity with the same intent; neither knew the purpose of the other, and both came on the same train. When the young man learned the facts, the Burnett House repaired to the Spencer, and it is said a most glorious time ensued.

A citizen at Harper's Ferry has just forwarded for presentation to Governor Wise the pocket-knife of John Brown. The article in question is now in the *Enquirer* office, awaiting the Governor's return to Richmond. It is an old jack-knife, a bone handle and two blades, and has evidently seen much service. A small brass plate on the handle is engraved with the name "John Brown." On one side of the large blade are now inscribed the words, "Pirate Chief and Robber of Kansas. Taken from his person. Attack on Harper's Ferry Armory 17th October, 1859." On the other side of the blade: "Presented to Gov. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, by Arch'd M. Kitzmiller."

Mr. Philip Schaffer, in the town of Paris, Grant County, Wisconsin, had a remarkable adventure the other day. He chased a bear that was committing depredations in that vicinity, and, overtaking the "animile," jumped a-straddle of him; and after being thus carried for some distance, Schaffer vainly attempting to overpower Bruin with a knife, the beast climbed a tree, Schaffer still clinging to his back. The bear, however, "rubbed" him off by going through the fork of the tree, and hastening down, Schaffer ran for his gun and shot the bear, killing him. This is a hard story, but is vouched for by the postmaster at Dickeyville, who details the facts to the editor of the Galena *Advertiser*. Mr. Schaffer's experience at riding *bear back* qualifies him for a prominent place among our modern turfsmen.

The Evansville *Enquirer* announces the return of the Hon. Robert Dale Owen to his old home, in Posey County, Indiana.

A letter from Havana, in the New Orleans *Picayune*, dated August 24, states that baptism had taken place there of no less a personage than the son of the Chief, or King, of the Loango Congo district of Africa, who came passenger to Cuba in 1857 upon a slaver, and fell into the hands of the government as an ordinary Bozal. After two years of official examination and investigation, in Havana and upon the coast of Africa, he has been identified as the royal personage, son of Congo's great king, long familiar with Cuban traders, and was Christianized at his own request. He talks Spanish, Portuguese, and French, and as soon as he has been thoroughly imbued or taught the tenets of his new faith he will be sent to Spain, and thence restored to his anxious father. He requested Colonel Felipe Avango, in charge of the Emancipado Dépôt, to stand as sponsor for him before the altar, which request he complied with in the presence of a crowd attracted by the royal novelty.

The gentleman who subscribed, some weeks since, the munificent sum of £3000 sterling, or $15,000, toward building a chapel for Mr. Spurgeon, was Mr. Henry John Stephen, a retired barrister-at-law, residing at Clifton, in Glostershire, England. This wealthy individual expends annually a very large sum in the building of dissenting chapels throughout England, and dispenses a portion of his ample fortune through the medium of his private chaplain, the Rev. Edward Thomas Inskip, a gentleman well known in Bristol, England, for his evangelical principles.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BRITISH OPINION ON JOHN BROWN.

The London *Times* has a leader on the execution of John Brown, and the circumstances it gave rise to. It says that it appears somewhat ludicrous to find that the North did nothing until Brown was executed, and adds that this does not convey a very exalted notion of their zeal or determination of purpose. It sums up as follows:

"The result will be to strengthen the South by the adhesion of the floating mass of opinion which in every country lies between two extremes. Whatever may be the future of the negro race, no one in his senses can believe its regeneration can be effected by inciting it to murder planters and ravish white women; and if any man chooses to head an outbreak of this kind, he must expect to meet a fate which right-thinking men will not glorify with a crown of martyrdom."

FRANCE.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

The Paris *Pays* publishes the following as the definite official list of the plenipotentiaries:

Austria—Count Rechberg and Prince de Metternich.
Great Britain—Lord Cowley and Lord Wodehouse.
Prussia—Baron Schleinitz and Count Pourtales.
Russia—Prince Gorchakoff and Count Kisseleff.
France—Count Walewski and Prince Latour d'Auvergne.
Spain—M. Martinez de la Rosa and M. Mon.
Portugal—Count Lavradio and Viscount de Paiva.

The *Pays* adds that the names of the representatives of the Holy See, the two Sicilies, Sardinia, and Sweden, are not yet officially known; but a Turin dispatch says that Count Cavour has been definitely appointed first Plenipotentiary for Sardinia, and the Chevalier Desambrois the second, and that France has been officially notified of the fact. It is also positively asserted that Cardinal Antonelli will represent the Pope.

The *Pays* announces that the opening of the Congress will definitely take place on the 20th of January.

THE EXPECTED NEW-YEAR'S DAY GIFT TO FRANCE.

The London *Daily News* correspondent in Paris says that it was currently reported that the expected reduction in the tariff would apply principally to cotton, and that iron would not be benefited by it.

THE LEMOINE CASE.

"Malakoff" writes to the *Times*: "The condemnation of Madame Lemoine to twenty years' hard labor in the Penitentiary, and the acquittal of the daughter, is a judgment which, if not generally approved, is certainly not far from justice. The punishment is two removes below that demanded by the indictment—that is to say, the guillotine. The daughter was acquitted on account of her extreme youth, and the loose manner in which her religious education was conducted. Her favorite reading was the 'Confessions of Marian Delorme,' or those of Jean Jacques Rousseau. She evidently acted without discernment. She has been brought to Paris by her relatives, and placed under the charge of the Sisters of Charity.

"A singular incident connected with the crime of Madame Lemoine shows how it is possible to mingle poetry with crime—a sentiment of religious piety with an act of cruel barbarity. The magistrate charged with the examination of the house of Madame Lemoine found in the ashes of the chimney, mingled with the remains of the burned child, some flowers—a jasmine and a rose—placed there as upon a grave."

A HORSE OPERATION.

The Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* gives an account of a horse operation by one American on another, brought before the Civil Tribunal of Paris. The subject of the story is, or rather was, called Jack Rossiter. He was no common animal, without pedigree, as appeared; for Harlan, the American who claimed him, had brought him from New York to England. The noble beast was stabled in London, in which city was staying another American sportsman, James Bevin, a rival and friend, up to that time, of Harlan. But it came to pass one day, during the absence of Harlan, that Bevin gained over the groom of Jack Rossiter, and took off the animal. Harlan thereupon, in desperation, undertook to search for the horse, and, after a thousand vicissitudes, found him in Paris, led by the negro servant of Bevin. He followed, entered his complaint, and went to London for the documents establishing his ownership. When he returned, Jack Rossiter and his takers had disappeared anew. Harlan began the hunt afresh, found the horse, but the animal had passed through several hands. Harlan went from buyer to buyer to one named Tielton, living at the Louvre Hotel, in company with Bevin, who pretends that Harlan, being his debtor, gave Jack Rossiter in payment. Harlan denies this, and demands an inquiry, which the Tribunal has accorded to him.

AUSTRIA.

PROBABLE RISING IN HUNGARY.

Advices from Hungary represent the danger of a conflict between the Imperial authorities and the Hungarian Protestants, as daily increasing. The Austrian army in Hungary would soon be 50,000 strong. A significant demonstration had taken place in Pesth, and a fall of about 1¼ per cent had resulted in the Vienna Bourse.

SPAIN.

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

The latest accounts from Morocco are to the 16th. The Moors were still assailants, their attacks being continued with the same impetuous bravery, and each time with great numbers.

Private letters from Cadiz state that the plan of the Spaniards is to attack Tetuan on two sides simultaneously, or by land from Ceuta and from the river. Tetuan is defended by earthworks and redans.

A Madrid letter of the 14th says that the Spanish army amounted to 40,000, but that O'Donnell was continually asking for fresh reinforcements. His position was considered difficult.

A Madrid telegram says:

"Yesterday 15,000 Moors attacked the left redoubt, but General Ros de Olano surrounded them with his right wing and drove them back at the point of the bayonet. Our artillery inflicted great loss upon them. Our troops, as they invariably do, displayed great valor. Generals Cassia and Garcia particularly distinguished themselves. The enemy lost 1500 men. We had 80 killed and 126 wounded."

Heavy rains had inundated the Spanish camp and the surrounding country.

INDIA.

EXECUTION OF A RAJAH.

Rajah Jeyloll Singh paid the extreme penalty of the law on Saturday morning last, the 1st October, at "the scene of the massacre." By six o'clock the arrangements for the execution were complete. Before removing the handcuffs Mr. Carnegy asked the prisoner if he had any thing to say. Jeyloll Singh denied to the last his own guilt, averring that he was about to suffer for the crimes of others, especially of his servants; that he was not present when the murders were committed, did not even know the exact day, and that it was only on his return to the city after three days' absence that he heard of what had been done the day before. He finally offered to pay any amount—from a lac upward—for a commutation of his sentence, and begged that the proposal might be communicated to the Chief Commissioner before he was hanged. The death warrant was then read to him; after which the handcuffs were removed, his hands were pinioned behind, the cap put over his face, and himself assisted to mount the platform. He throughout maintained the most perfect composure, repeating to himself some prayers. As soon as the noose had been adjusted, Mr. Carnegy, in a clear audible voice, briefly explained to the crowd around that the criminal on the gallows before them was the Rajah Joyloll Singh, who on that very spot, where stood before an outer gateway of the Kaiser Bagh, had stationed himself on the top of it, and caused in its immediate vicinity the cold-blooded murder of some twenty-two or twenty-three Europeans and other Christians—that he had been tried and convicted of the deed on the clearest and most conclusive evidence, and that he had been sentenced to death—to be hanged at the "scene of massacre." He then gave the order for the withdrawal of the props, and a single jerk left the culprit swinging in the air. He died very hard. It was a good five minutes before life was extinct. The body was left hanging for about an hour, after which it was taken down and buried outside the jail. Thus ended the days of Rajah Joyloll Singh.

THE SLEIGHING SEASON—THE UPSET.

A SNOW SLIDE IN THE CITY.

ANNE AND I.

I am an old maid.

There is a period in life when such a confession is very difficult to make. From thirty to forty, which is a sort of chrysalis state, when one clings a little to past hopes, and feels quite confident their life will come so more, there is a decided sensitiveness in regard to autobiographical dates; a shrinking from prolonged interviews with genealogists and inquisitive old ladies, and even a lament over the transcendentalism of youth, who are happily married, and generously teach their offspring to call you "aunt."

This sensitiveness period has passed for me long ago; in fact, I am a score of years beyond it; and now, sitting here by the fire in my cap and spectacles, and dear wrinkles, I will tell you my little story.

I was very pretty when I was seventeen years old. I could not help knowing it, and the knowledge was accompanied by a little fluttering thrill of pleasure which mother and Anne called vanity; but as I look back on this day have the same feeling at sight of any thing lovely and fair, be it human face or delicate field flower, I think they were mistaken.

My mother was one of the best of women—to me far the best woman I ever knew. I can see the picture of Faith that hangs at the foot of my bed. I have it there, where my glance may fall upon it at night and first in the morning, to nerve the serious mouth, and saintly eyes, and bands of shining hair as we very like here, who is first, I trust, in heaven. By this you will know that my mother was beautiful as well as good.

Sister Anne was ten years older than I. She was a great deal more grave than I thought for, sitting, for she could do all sorts of household work; and then she had a way of helping the poor, and nursing the sick, and comforting the afflicted, and making garments for dirty children, like the good Dorcas of whom we read in the Acts of the Apostles; so we used to think she knew books by heart, and paid her as much respect as they did the minister's wife.

As for me, I am sadly afraid I never did any thing to make people look up to me with respect. At home I was so careless that if dear mother had not been a saint, and Anne a martyr, and office of Job, I should never have known where to find a single article of my wardrobe. And as for pickling, and preserving, and—well, everything in the homelier offices of sweeping, dusting, and the like, I could not bring myself to them with any degree of patience. It is the cause of great sorrow still to me, "My dear Rose, these serious that seem so slight to you may be done in such a spirit as to please God, as good George Herbert says:

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

I liked the poetry; it was simple and sweet; but it failed to beautify brooms and dusters in my estimation.

Anne had a lover ever seen, who was to come home some day when he had made a large fortune and marry her. They parted, with this hope in prospect, when she was eighteen and I a little girl of eight; and as years passed I should have forgotten the existence of Ralph Haven, had it not been for the monthly advent of a foreign letter and which Anne, with heightened color and shining eyes, always took to her own chamber to feast upon in solitude.

When I was just turned of nineteen I had the first great sorrow of my life.

We had been spending one of our quietly happy evenings—mother, Anne, and I—in our cozy winter parlor. They had been sewing while I read aloud, and after that we had a little concert. Anne played very well upon an old harpsichord that had been a wedding present to mother, and we all sang in that accompaniment. I think it was as sweet music as I ever heard. At ten o'clock, our usual hour for evening prayers, Martin came in from the kitchen, and I brought the great family Bible for mother to read. She turned over the leaves slowly, pausing at the record of her marriage, and at her selecting the Sixteenth Psalm, which she read through, repeating the last verse three times with great emphasis: "Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for ever." And then she knelt down to pray—my dear, dear mother! There was a full volume of intense silence, and then Anne and Martin lifted her from her arms, and kissed her, a sensless weight, to her bedroom close by.

It was paralysis!

This happened in February, and for three months we watched and prayed and hoped that she might in some degree recover the use of her limbs and her speech. Anne lost all her little bloom, from its constant care and anxiety. Her cheeks grew thin and white, her gray eyes sunken; here and there a strand of her auburn hair was blanched, and two deep lines marred the smoothness of her low forehead. But she was never weary, never impatient, and could not bear to see me from her sight a single moment; so there she staid by the lovably touch, smoothing her pillows, holding her poor hands, and smiling sweetly in her face, until it seemed to me that our Anne was little less than an angel. Early in May we parted—and forgetting the few months of suffering, and memory gave her to us as she used to be—gentle, tender, loving—and we mourned for her with deep sorrow. We buried her in the garden, under the shadow of her favorite tree—for we wanted to feel that she was near us still—and we planted shrubs and few flowers over her grave.

And now that all was over, Anne began to think of herself. She kept it from me as long as it was possible, but at length I learned the truth. Long watching, and care, and grief had done their work, and Anne was going fast!

The first I knew of it was one evening about a fortnight after the funeral. We were standing together at the open window, before the lamp was lit, talking of mother, when my eyes chanced to fall upon the new moon just sinking behind the dark line of pines that skirted the western horizon. Anne's attention, and the exact counterpart of mine, was strained her poor eyes to catch its tremulous silver light; then shaking her head, she laid her soft hand in mine, and whispered, sadly:

"I can not see it, Rose."

I looked down in her face—for I was a head taller than she—and I have never forgotten the expression of divine resignation that softened every feature.

"Can not see it, sister!" I echoed.

"No, dear; nor the stars. It is a long while that I have not seen the stars, and I miss them more than I can tell. They always used to be to me! Rose, my child, your poor sister's sight is fading!"

I would not believe it. The thought of Anne blind—good, thoughtful, careful Anne, who was now looking forward to one great joy, the speedy return of her lover—she to have her eyes darkened! Oh, no! God, who was good and kind, would not suffer it. Thus reasoned the foolish girl at glances. Since then I have learned to trust life love, although I often fail to understand the way by which He leads me.

Neither Anne nor I closed our eyes to sleep that night. We thought and planned until daybreak, and I wished she could see Ralph, coming much be home, and that speedily. Surely there was room for hope when there were such great oceans in New York and Philadelphia, and we might yet help Anne! As if in anticipation of our wishes, there came within the week a letter from one of mother's old friends living in New York. It was full of gentle sympathy and kindness, and she begged one of us to come to her for a few weeks of rest. How we wished we could be needed, and of course Anne must go. And yet, so careful was she for me that she would scarcely consent to the journey. She knew how lonely the house would be with mother and her both gone; and then I knew so little about housekeeping. I verily think she would have given up the journey, and been content to settle down to her darkened life, for the sake of saving me the trouble and pain of a separation, had it not been for the fear of her lover. As it was, she spent a week in arranging for my comfort, mapping out Martha's work with the utmost precision, and—I blush even now on a slip of paper the things I must try to do and care for while she was gone.

I knew I should miss our Anne, but I had not anticipated such utter loneliness. When I went back into the house after watching the stage until it was out of sight, I felt as if I could not cross its room unable to set myself at work. Every article of furniture was in nicest order. Anne's Bible and Bees lay on the stand beside her easy chair from the table-cloth. I think it was a great mistake to leave me with nothing to do but to sit down and cry.

Anne wrote immediately on her arrival at New York, but since that time I have heard from her. She had put herself under the care of an eminent oculist, who gave her strong hopes of a permanent cure, only the strictest care was to be observed for several weeks.

It was hard to think of Anne lying in a darkened room, when she had been so full of life and full of bloom; but she sent me such cheerful messages that at last I began to think she was less disabled than I. I might have imagined her blind—I who had witnessed her beautiful life of unselfishness and love.

One day—I think it was the 24 of June—I glanced from Anne's garden and mine a bunch of roses, the first of the season, and carried them to fill a crystal vase on mantel-piece. It was a cheerful sunset, and I lingered a long time thinking of the dear one whose body lay there, and pleasing myself with the idea that her spirit might be near me, though unseen, and also thinking of Anne, and wishing she were again at home.

This evening I was startled by the unusual sound of approaching footsteps, too heavy and measured for Martha's light tread, and I ran through my room, a man of medium height, stout figure and swarthy complexion, whose deeper gray eyes were set upon the white antique cross which marked my mother's grave. It was too nearly dark for him to read the simple inscription, and, turning to me, he asked, in a sharp, abrupt voice.

"Who lies buried there?"

"My mother, Faith Wesley," I replied, trembling away my tears, and rising from the green turf.

"And where is Anne? Are you the little Rose grown so tall as this? You were a mere baby then; but it is nearly twelve years—twelve long years!"

So this was Ralph Haven! He had come home at last. We walked slowly toward the house, and he did not repeat his inquiry for her, but all the way I was pondering how to place the gentlest manner in which to communicate the intelligence of her misfortune; for I knew he expected to see her. We had reached, when we came upon the terrace, under the parlor-window, I stopped short, and, looking up into his face, said, gravely:

"Sister Anne is not at home; she is in New York."

"And yet she knew I was coming!"

The tone in which these words were uttered was a reflection upon Anne's faithfulness, and I cried,

"Yes, Sir, she knew, but Anne is almost blind. She is there for advice; I hope for cure."

"Anne blind! Anne Wesley blind! Child, are you telling me the truth?"

He was greatly moved, she I should have resented his ungentle words and manner. As it was, I sat down near him, upon the piazza, and talked of her and mother until quite late, without lighting the lamps or going into the house.

"Of course he will go to New York!" I said to myself, after he left me, as I locked the hall-door and closed the windows for the night—"of course! how happy Anne will be!"

But I was mistaken. The next morning, while I was busy tying up a drooping heliotrope, Mr. Haven came again, and stood leaning over the gate talking about the flowers until I was ready to go in; then he pushed it open, and followed me up the path planted with my little Rose bushes, which naturally led the conversation to her. I was only too glad to speak her praises to some one heartily appreciative. Mr. Haven I had a most eager listener. I remember, as I watched his kindling face, I wished I had some such friend, who would be as true and faithful. Soon after this I had a few lines from Anne written by her own hand. "I am better," she wrote; "please God, I shall soon be quite well, and with you again, little sister. Do all you can to make Ralph happy! I give him into your care. The Doctor promised to let him come to me at present. How I long to see you both."

Just as I finished crying over this note I heard Mr. Haven's step on the gravelled walk, and ran to meet him, with it open in my hand. It was such a relief to find that he did not stay away from Anne, voluntarily, but I was quite ready to obey her injunction.

He, too, had received a letter, and had come, seen him now so bright a look as when I ran down the steps and slipped my hand through his arm, full of joy for the love bits of letters which had come like songs of hope.

We sat in the parlor all that evening singing together, and whistling, and talking, for that Anne was there with her sweet contralto voice to make our concert complete. When Mr. Haven said good-night, I knew he was tired, I was going to sleep her commands, and do my very best to amuse him until she should come; in pledge of which he tugged the heavy door open, and bowed my head. I gave it to him, and stood in the door watching him as he went away, with my long, unbosed curls falling about my face.

Days passed so swiftly they seemed like the days of a delicious dream. I never paused to question my happiness, which throbbed with new and strange emotions. It was enough that I was happy; yes, so happy I had not a single tear even for my absent mother. But at last there came a letter from Anne announcing her speedy return. Mr. Haven brought it from the office, and we read it together, according to the west window in the parlor.

"She is a good girl," he mused, after a prolonged silence, stroking the brown hair with his white fingers. "She is a good girl; and so she is coming—when?" He glanced at the date, which was a week old; then at the clock, and added, and even now she might be on her way. I felt his dark magnetic eyes searching my drooping face, and I looked up, blushing, and he said, "Are you glad, Rose?" he whispered, healing to my ear.

"Glad! Yes, I am very glad," I stammered, and burst into tears.

"Rose, you love me," said he, slowly. "I can read your thoughts, dear, like a page of sweet poetry. You love me, Rose?"

My pride took fire at this.

"And if I do love you, Sir," "if I did, without thinking or knowing it, I have not forgotten that you are Anne's promised husband!"

"It is true, Rose," he said, gloomily, "that before I went to China I had a youthful liking for Anne, but—" and here his tone changed to one of deep tenderness, "you know, little Rose, are the only one I ever loved; the only woman I will marry."

"And so," said I, scornfully, for I was beginning to realize the wrong he was into which I was sinking; "and so, because in your long absence Anne has grown older, and you fear she is less fair and gay, you would cast her off! Ah, Sir, I wish soon learn to despise you!"

"Rose, your angry words bring me to myself," said he, in a tone of "forgive me, child, and tell me how I shall expiate my offence."

"Marry Anne, and never let me know of it."

"Marry Anne! Yes; I will, I will. But pity me, Rose. You did love me, little flower?"

Take from me the sweetest, the only one my poor heart withstand it? For one moment I forgot Anne, honor, and duty, and flung my arms around his neck, sobbing,

"Rose," he whispered, "dear child, let us tell her all. She is generous; she will forgive; she—"

"Never!" I interrupted, "I would rather myself from him as I spoke, and turned to fly, when he in the centre of the room, rigid and white as a marble statue, stopped me by my name.

I threw myself into her arms, and she held me there in a brief but kind embrace; then leading me out for the hall, she bade me bar my lips to mine, and went back to the parlor, closing the door softly after her.

What passed between her and Ralph in that long interview I never knew; but he left the village at night, and I saw him no more for years.

Anne found me, with fearful anticipation like the holy children, "upon whose bodies the fire had no power." Whatever she suffered was known to God and herself alone. Outwardly, there was not the shadow of change.

Twenty years after all this trouble, as I sat musing over the fire one winter evening, a note was handed me, which read as follows:

"DEAR ROSE.—Come to me.

"RALPH HAVEN."

The lad who brought it was a fellow of quiet mien. I snatched a cloak and hood, and without a question followed him down the street to the village inn; and here I found Ralph Haven—dying—dying! He knew me, notwithstanding my gray hair (for at eight-and-thirty I was as gray as I am to-day), and held out his hands to welcome me. I took them both, cold and shrunken as they were, and kissed his forehead.

"Sit down, Rose," he said. "You will stay by me until I die?"

I took the chair proffered by the good landlady, and sat all that night with his dear hands clasped in mine, praying that God would spare him to me yet a little while. But this was not to be. A early dawn he died in my arms, with our dear Lord's name on his quivering lips.

He had been the comfort of my life that I was permitted to be with him when he went down into the valley of the shadow; that my ear caught his last whisper; that my eyes saw the last light in his eyes, and smoothed the thin gray locks over his forehead. Still; the old woman's story is almost done.

I can neither lengthen nor shorten life. The world looks as bright and fair on this October morning as it did forty years ago; but I hope for one which is brighter and fairer, whither my feet are hastening.

Anne and her children and grandchildren come to see me often (for Anne married a good minister, and has reared up a family of girls to imitate her sweet and unselfish virtues, and to almost adore their mother). They also love Aunt Rose.

Here, in the old brown house where I was born, where I have lived and loved and suffered, will I die. You will see that I am decently buried, very near my mother and Ralph; and you will not forget to plant a few flowers over my grave. I have loved them so well I shall like to think they will bloom near me, even when I can no longer see the green leaves. And, if you should your heart expect a mere enduring monument, let it be a broken shaft (for my life has been incomplete), bearing only my name—

ROSE WESLEY.

SPEECH WITHOUT WORDS.

I'LL tell you a story of how I once saved my life, entirely through having learned the deaf and dumb alphabet.

"There were two little boys who used to come and stay with Frank and me, when we were first married, and they could neither hear nor speak.

"They were deaf and dumb; they could not talk except with their fingers—so—only ever so much quicker.

"Frank and I learned this foreign alphabet on purpose, that we might understand what these two poor lads said to us. They were quick at sliver; they could read and write, ay, and draw and sew, and do many other things which most boys would make but very bad hands at.

"They could play at draughts, and backgammon, and chess, and at fox and geese, as well as any boys. They could almost see what we said, though they could not hear, with such quick eager eyes did they watch every movement of our lips. They could even learn to talk as easily with our fingers as our tongues; and sometimes, when the lads were not with us, Frank and I used to converse in that language when we were alone, for practice.

"It happened upon one occasion that he had to go to London on important business; he was to have gone by an afternoon train, but something delayed him, so that he was obliged to be here before the right-express. I was not in very good health, and retired to my bedroom about two hours before his departure, he promised, however, to come up and wish me good-bye before he started, which would be between twelve and one o'clock in the morning. The servant-girl who called him away was connected with the bank here, which had just been burned down; and my husband, it seems, though I did not know it at the time—so great a secret had he endeavored to keep it—had many thousand pounds belonging to the concern in his temporary possession. I was fast asleep in the room adjoining my bedroom, where the plate was kept. He was half-manager, and responsible for the whole of it. He was a very nervous man, and he was a fire in the room, so bright and comfortable that I was in no hurry to leave it and get into bed, but sat up, knitting and thinking, and thinking about all sorts of things; upon the long hours that I should take that night, and of how dreary the day would seem that he should be away, and of how lonely I should feel in that great room all by myself, when he would be gone, for I was a timid woman. It was a little after eleven o'clock when I got into bed, but I did not feel the least inclined for sleep even then. I thought Frank would be with me good-by presently; and besides, there seemed to be all sorts of noises about the room, which my foolish over-nervousness used to hear whenever I was alone at night-time.

"If a little spot fell down the chimney, it was, I thought, a footstep; and even the wind, which would soon be flying about the room, and settling on my pillow; if a mouse squeaked in the wainscot, it was the creaking of some drunken person's shoes, coming up stairs to kill me with a carving-knife; and if the wind blew at the casement, it was somebody else trying to get in at the window, although it was two stories high. You may imagine, then, my horror when I heard a tremendous knocking, in a quiet way, at the door of mine, just behind the head-board of the bed, and between that and the wall, where there was a considerable space. I did not, of course, take the precaution, before I put the candle out, of looking every where in the room where it was impossible that a man could possibly be hid; he is the little alcove into which the bed was pushed I had never so much as thought of looking, although I had looked in every other place for any boy! Ever since I had slept in that room, in short, I had been like the ostrich, who puts his head in the sand, and then imagines himself in perfect security. I had placed myself upon precautionary measures that, after all, might just as well have been omitted. The only thing, as I believe, which saved my reason from departing altogether, when I first heard that terrible sound, was that my mind clung to the hope that it might be, after all, only the sneeze of a cat. Fifty cats together could not have made such a disturbance. It is true, if it was the sneeze of a man who sneezes in spite of himself, and almost shook the house;

hat the idea sustained me over the first shock. The next instant the wretch had sneezed again, and pushing aside the bed, which rolled on casters, I felt was standing beside my pillow looking at me. If he had only given one sneeze, he might perhaps have believed me, as I lay quite still, breathing as regularly as I could, and pretending to be asleep; but he reasoned, very justly, that, unless I was dead or dead, I must have been awakened by the sneeze.

"You're awake, marm," said he, in a gruff voice, 'and it's my sad misfortune to be obliged to trouble you with this life-preserver, just look alive.'

"I opened my eyes exceedingly wide at this, and behold! he pulled a pistol out of his face, stand ing by the bed; he held a sort of club with two knobs upon it in his right hand, and with his left he pulled to the iron safe. 'Is the money there?' said he.

"The plate is,' said I, in a trembling voice; 'pray, take it. Sir, I am sure you are very welcome;' for he might have had every thing of value out of the house with all my heart, so long as he left me my life.

"'The money—the gold—the notes—are they there?' cried he again, in a terrible sort of whisper.

"'Yes, sir,' said I, sobbing, fearing I knew nothing about it; 'all except fifteen-and-sixpence in my purse, on the dressing-table yonder. There's a silver snuff-box and knicks in the pantry, and a couple of candlesticks in the study, only they are plated, for I would not deceive you, Sir, upon any account.'

"'You had better not,' observed the burglar, grimly, 'or it will be all the worse for you.' He produced a bag that I knew that my husband used, and approached the iron safe; but as he did so, his guilty ear caught a footstep upon the stair-case. 'Hush!' cried he.

"'My husband, Sir,' returned I; 'hah, pray, don't hurtim poor.'

"'Is he not gone to town, then?' cried the ruffian, with an oath, of disappointment.

"'He is going at twelve o'clock,' replied I; 'he is indeed.'

"'If you tell him,' said the burglar, hoarsely, 'if you breathe a single word of my presence here, it will be the death-doom of you both;' he had slipped into the alcove, and drawn back the bed again to its place in an instant. My husband entered immediately afterward, and even while he was in the room I heard the awful threat repeated once again from the black curtain behind me. 'If you do but whisper it, woman, I will kill you where you lie. Will you swear not to tell him?'

"'I will,' said I, shuddering; 'I promise not to open my lips about the matter.'

"Frank leaned over the pillow to kiss me, and observed how terrified I looked.

"'You have been frightening yourself about robbers again, I suppose, you silly child.'

"'Not I, Frank,' returned I, as cheerfully as I could; 'I have only a little headache;' but I said with a sigh, that I wished he could plainly read it in the firelight. '*For God's sake, hush! but there's a man behind the bedshead!*'

"Frank turned pale as a lion, and had never like iron, although he was so tender-hearted and kind. He only answered, 'Where is your sal-volatile, darling?' and went to the mantel-piece to get it. I thought he never could have understood me, he spoke with such coolness and unconcern, until I saw his lips reply as he took up the bottle, '*All right; don't be afraid!*' And then I was not afraid, or at least not much; for I knew that I should not be left one instant in that room alone; and I felt that my Frank was a match for any two men in such a cause. Only he had no weapon. '*He has a life-preserver,*' said I to myself with my fingers.

"'Your fire is getting rather low, George,' observed he, as he took up the poker. (Ah, he had a weapon now!) 'I must leave you a good bite to comfort you before I go.' He poked the fire, and left the poker in, but without ever taking his eye off me as he nodded. 'I will just ring the bell, and see whether Thomas has got the portmanteau ready.' Ring, indeed! he had to the bell last answered the bell,' send Thomas up.' Then when she had gone upon that errand, 'By Jove! I never gave him his fee.' Where is his, George? I have not a minute to lose. If it is in your dressing-case with the rest there, I shall be an age in looking for it.' Why, I ask you to get out of bed for an instant, and show me which it is?' He said with his fingers, '*Jump!*' and I jumped, you may be sure, quickly enough, and was inside the dressing-room, and with the door locked, in half a second.

"'Come in, Thomas,' said Frank; 'come in.' For Thomas was modestly hesitating at the chamber-door. 'There's some blackguard got into the house and hidden my bed there. If he makes the least resistance I'll kill him with this hot poker.'

"At these words the bed was pushed slowly outward, and the burglar, without his crape mask, which is as fine as pale as ashes, emerged from his hiding-place. Frank knew him at once as having been a bank-messenger, who had been turned out of his situation since the fire upon suspicion of dishonesty.

"'Oh, Sir, have pity upon me!' cried he; 'I'm an unhappy man. I had not been for a month past should have had ten thousand pounds in my pocket by this time!'

"'Oh, you came after *that*, did you?' said my husband, coolly. 'Well, please to give up that life-preserver which you have in your pocket before we have any more conversation.'

"'And did your lady tell you that, too?' cried the villain, in accents of astonishment, as he delivered up the weapon to the man-servant; 'and yet I stood by her yonder, and never heard her utter a syllable.'

"'I never spoke a word,' cried I, through the dressing-room key-hole, for I had not with the man to think I had betrayed my oath, or, to say truth, was I anxious to undo a deadly enemy of him, in case he should be ever at large again.

"'Then it's a judgment on me,' exclaimed the miserable wretch; 'and it's no good for me to fight against it.'

"'It's not the least good,' replied Frank, decisively; 'and we will go to the police-office at once.'

"So off the burglar went in their custody, leaving me safe and sound after all. And now, don't you think there may be some use in learning every thing, even so small a thing as the deaf and dumb alphabet?"

BESSIE MUNRO.

THE scene is Hobarton, Australia. It had been a cold day, and now was a damp, sullen, dreary night; for, though the rain had abated, the clouds still looked sulky, and the sky gave no promise of more or starts to lighten our home through the dark. So, to be independent of both, I took a lantern and set out. My way lay through the uncomfortable city of unchanged Hull, to the left of Newtown. Every now and then I had to draw up before a charred trunk of a tree, and each time, my attention attracted to the lacerrupha, the same suspicion presented itself—namely, that a Ranger was advancing to meet me. Nor did my lantern assist me to a full delineation of the figure, for in bringing its light to bear upon the trunk the long black arms only seemed to stretch more decumbitably toward me, and the rugged trees might be considered of the ghost-tribe; here, where fears are too much precepted to think of supernatural appearances, a charred stump is not only a charred stump, but very often something *more*, especially if it be large and hollow. One to which I was coming was the most awkward of the lot—a thorough specimen of diablerie—on the top of a hideous-looking trunk was perched a large round hat, looking a resemblance to a human head. All this I knew, and was prepared for; but, in spite of being prepared, my heart and I stood still—my pulse ceased to beat. The black head wore a feather—a bright red feather—which blew furiously about in the wind. As I approached, I was surprised at a glance, while my attention riveted itself on an old woman who sat with her head buried in her arms, which rested on an open Bible lying before her on a small table.

"Missus," said her husband. But she answered not; she was fast asleep, sleeping the heavy sleep of sorrow. "Poor soul," whispered Munro, "I left her fretting over that text—'The way of transgressors is hard.' Oh, Oh, John!' says she to me, 'will Bessie's case come close to that?' 'God knows!' says I, and then she laid down her head, and very little more I heard there since."

He motioned me to sit on a bench, and then, at my invitation, he also sat down, when the silence that ensued gave me an opportunity to make many observations, each of which strengthened my opinion of the poverty of the Munro family.

"Don't let the poor old woman lose your dinner," I said, in order to discover whether he had any in prospect.

He appeared uneasy for an instant; then, with rather a grim smile, he replied, "Sorrow isn't an appetizable cause."

I at length perceived that other causes than sorrow kept him from eating, and longed to offer him some money to procure a meal; but there was a great dignity in the Scotch peasant old Englishman that held back my purse, and made me feel that a case of distress can not always be relieved by money. He seemed to read my thoughts, for said he:

"I don't deny it's hard times; and if you were pleased to lend me a loan 'twould be more than a kindness, for I'm sadly gone back along; since Bessie went away I have been in debt, in seeking for her, instead of in bringing down pigeons."

He resolutely refused the title I proffered, but finally agreed to take it as a loan, to be paid in weekly installments of game.

"Well, I'm glad your debt will oblige you to accept of my money, for I do not believe will help you to forget your trouble," I unfortunately said, in taking leave of him.

He gave me a look that might have been quizical but for the tone that accompanied it:

"Than that's got gray hair in their head can't tell the old man's trouble in that way."

The following week I found a pair of brancheing pigeons and three common parrots lying on my door-step, and I said, with smarted "Poll for!" Beside them lay a little three-cornered note, which ran thus:

"MY DEAREST SIR,—Bessie is lodging at the Bile Bear in Colburn Street. She won't see me, but verry like she will speak with a stranger, when you could tell her that I have been ill ever since I lost sight of her, and that her father and mother she will come home again to them. Hab'ter Bill is gone to the bushing of Mun that's bad God in heaven. So no news from Mr. and Mrs. Munro, from your humble servant, SAMUEL MUNRO."

Interpreting this into a request that I would go to Bessie, I set out for the Black Bear, and asked if one Bessie Munro lodged there. After some hesitation the waiter said she did, but was too ill to see any one. I perceived this to be a falsehood, and was turning in my mind how to accomplish an interview, when a portly, forbidding-looking woman came from behind a large folding screen that divided the top-room from their private apartments. Not knowing the name I had already received, she inquired my business; and, on being told, she deliberately stated that Bessie had only just left the room, and was out in a carriage." A foolish smile passed from face to face, and taking advantage of the confusion, I said, in a voice of authority, "Will any person have the goodness to call Bessie Munro? I shall begin to think she is detained against her will, unless I hear to the contrary from her own lips."

"And that you shall,"! cried the portly woman, "Bessie is not out, and I'm responsible for what isn't to be defied in my own house. I took pity on her when they that bore her drove her to doors—"

"Hush! no more of such falsehoods. You know Bessie's history as well as I do," I said; on which the woman doubled like a tempest behind the screen, and, led by an irresistible impulse, I followed her into the private room. There, standing on tip-toe, and listening with every eager feature, was one of the most beautiful young women I have ever seen. Possession was in my favor; so having obtained a footing I kept it, in spite of the landlady's abuse. I advanced to the young woman, and said:

"You need not tell me you are Bessie Munro; your likeness to your father is as clear as day to me. I am come to beg you to return to your home; both your parents are willing to forgive you: it is in your power to make them very happy again."

"Oh, Sir! I could never face them again; neither might forgive me, but father says he'll break his gun across my shoulders if ever I darken his door again."

"It's a lie!" I had cried before I could refrain; and then, to vindicate the assertion, I read Bessie her father's note. She wept bitterly.

"Oh, Sir, the madness of the first wrong step!" she choked out between her tears.

"It is a madness more curable than the second step: take it in hand at once, Bessie; I am willing to help you."

"Thank you, Sir; but, I assure you, till this moment I've refused to see my father because I heard he only wanted to see me to disgrace me, and of course I've too much pride for that."

"There!" injected the living tempest blowing at us from the corner. "There!" The tone seemed to mean, "Are you satisfied now you've heard for yourself?" But unheeding its fury, I went on to implore the unhappy girl to go back with me.

She then stated, if I would say that, she quite true that he hid out in the bush to shoot me if I went along."

"Yes, that's as true as Gospel. 'My master saw him lying out by Newtown, and, says he, 'Why, Munro, what's he doing here this time of day? there's no game flying now.' 'Old Nick take the game,' says he, 'I be out after that girl.'"

I remained with the old first interview with Munro, and Bessie again melted to tears. She seemed truly miserable, between a sense of duty and affection on the one side, and humiliation and fear on the other. At last she exclaimed: "Do beg her to let me go!"

"Beg her!" the cat's detain you: what claim has she on you?"

"Ay, tell him what! But I don't want you: so and see how clever it is to get back a lost character!"

"Who dares to say I've lost my character?" I said, indignantly.

"We shall see! One doesn't go into government to learn nothin', I suppose?" sneered the landlady.

"Come, come, I'm not here to listen to quarrels. Bessie, behalf yourself; will you go with me?"

"It requires resolution," she said, shrinkingly.

"And for the want of that will you be guilty of a crime?"

"Give me time, Sir—give me time," she hurriedly replied, with that unsatisfactory reply I was obliged to depart. Poor foolish young creature! she perceived not the tolls thickening about her and for one weak fitful break of temper was likely to incur a fearful penalty.

I called several times at the Black Bear, but without success; she was never to be seen, and I had almost given up all hope of a second interview, when one day, in returning through my former route, we should I say Bessie Munro sitting on the very trunk where I had first met her father.

"You, Bessie! It looks bad to see you out this time of night."

"I am waiting for you, Sir: I've never been able to find out your name, nor where you live; and as I was going to go along, I thought I'd see after you, but as I couldn't overtake you, I rested here till you came back."

"And why do you want of me, Bessie?" I spoke gently and somewhat austerely, in order to set a due value on my services and due censure on her obstinacy.

"I want you to tell them, Sir, not to be uneasy after me: for there's no manner of call for it, I'm as respectable as when I left the Bear."

"Bessie, you are both willful and rebellious; do you call that respectable? Do you call that from disobedience it will be in spite of yourself. What does a young woman expect if she stays out to such hours? Bah, I, is eight, and I'm a Bear for England, but not for one hour." I showed her my watch by the lamp-light, she glanced at it, and blushed deeply.

"Sir, I will tell you all, and you'll see I'm not so bad. I don't wish to go back to father and mother till I can repay them for the trouble I've cost 'em, and that I hope to do soon, for I'm engaged to Joe Sudlers, a successful digger: I've good honest intentions, Sir, and, he'll marry me after a bit; he's gone up the country now this very evening to see about settling and Sunday, and when he comes back it will be so pleasant, and I shall go straight to father."

I knew enough of digger to make me tremble for her; but to shake her faith in her betrothed was impossible. Joe Sudlers was not a digger of the common order; others might betray her, he never. We walked and talked till we reached the main road; there Bessie discovered that she had left her handkerchief at the inn. I told her it was not worth returning for, but she confessed that she had also left her lover's hat letter there—and that she could not think of leaving.

I could neither dissuade her from returning nor accompany her task, as urgent business bade me go forward: but she seemed to have no fear of being left, and cheerily wished me good-night.

Two days afterward, I was passing the court of office, with a few minutes to spare in morning, and being somewhat of a hanger-on at these places, I entered to hear what might be on. I had no sooner

set foot in the court, than a female voice screeched out:

"There he is! there he is! He'll tell where I was at eight o'clock on Tuesday evening;" then stretching her arms toward me, she cried, "Save me! save me, Sir!"

When the commotion consequent on this outcry had ceased, it was explained to me that Bessie was apprehended on suspicion of having stolen the cash-box of the Black Bear hill, which was safe at eight o'clock, and missing ten minutes after. The suspicion was the greater from the fact of the empty box having been secreted in the trunk of a tree from the direction of which she had been heard. Being duly sworn, I gave evidence, and the result was an alibi too clearly proved for disputation. I led her from the court; and when we got free of the crowd I asked where she meant to go. She turned a bright, tearful look on me, as much as to say, can you ask; so I shook her hand, and departed; for there an scenes where a stranger should not intermeddle, and such a one I know would take place in the hut. But in an hour my curiosity overcame my judgment, and I found myself tapping for admittance at Munro's. He opened the door, stared at me, and then turned his head, while I entered; but we neither of us spoke. Bessie knelt by her mother, bathing her withered hand in contrite tears, and Munro commenced a desperate rattling of knives and forks, while his wife looked up with a face of grateful gladness. I could form no words, wishing to render a scene, so look up the Bible and read the parable of the prodigal son. They here it with firmness until I reached the verse: "Bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry; for this my son was dead and is alive," when the father burst out:

"Us hadn't got no fatted calf; but mother's boiled her best bit of pork, and with HER here to eat it, it's a feast fit for angels."

Bessie needed not another warning that her father's roof was her safest shelter, nor did she again leave it until a fine young husband took her home to a snug little farm in the interior. But this husband was not Joe Sadlere; of him my suspicion proved correct; he was a villain, and at the time of Bessie's marriage he was fulfilling a sentence on the reader for the robbery at the Black Bear.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

'Tis the dead of the night, and the city
Lies silent and dark as the tomb;
While the murmuring waters of Seine
Rush on through the mist and the gloom.

All is still, not a sound to be heard,
Not a light overhead or below;
The town seems deserted by all
Save the sentries who pace to and fro.

Save that of their long-measured tread
No sound do the echoes repeat,
And they grasp their sword-hilts and convene
In the midst of the desolate street.

"Good-even, my comrade! Hast heard
The glorious news that is come?
Of the feast that our king hath prepared,
Of the dance to the beat of the drum

"To which we are soon to lead forth
The Calvinist daughters of France?
They will not refuse us; I'm laughed,
As he eyed the sharp point of his lance.

"Sleep, husbands! sleep on while ye may,
Secure by the side of your wives;
Such a waking ere long you will see
As but once in a lifetime arrives.

"Oh mothers of heretic babes!
Go fold them once more in your arms;
And, lovers, caress while ye may
The beauties that yield you their charms.

"For e'en now," as he spoke, a wild sound
Smote dread on the ear of the night,
'Twas as like the last trumpet of doom,
That the sepulchres gaped with affright,

And the souls of the damned found their way
For a season to earth, and became
The leaders of sport for the night,
And cheer'd on the hounds to the game.

The cell of Religion is heard,
And the soldiers of Jesus arise,
And rush to the slaughter with hate
In their hearts, and with lust in their eyes.

Who babbles of mercy? Behold,
This night 'tis forbidden to spare;
For the hour is come, long appointed,
The sword of Jehovah is bare.

The angels shall weep as they see
How our Catholic chivalry greet
The women that kneel in their anguish,
And helpless for mercy entreat.

And the scent of the blood and the burning
Lake incense shall climb to the stars
That ride in the vault of the heaven,
Remote from this earth and its wars.

For to-night is the Lord's, and his vengeance
Shall redden the waters of Seine;
Let the reapers go forth to the harvest,
And gather this Huguenot grain.

AT HOME ONCE MORE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XCVI.

GETTING READY.

HOPE WAYNE read of Abel Newt's success. In the constant employment of her life she had long ago ceased to think of him, except with profound pity. Sometimes, indeed, he seemed to her like a stately ship "built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark," which also dimly saw driving through lurid light upon sudden reefs. But her life was so busy with the thousand nameless duties of her position as a rich, unmarried woman, that she was too deeply engaged with what she had to do to speculate about what she might have done.

The threat which Abel had vaguely thrown out she had not forgotten; but she supposed it was only an expression of disappointment and indignation. Could she have seen him a few evenings after the ball and his conversation with Mrs. Delilah Jones, she might have thought differently.

He sat with the same woman in the same room.

"To-morrow, then?" she said, looking at him, hesitatingly.

"To-morrow," he answered, grimly.

"I hope all will go well."

"All what?" he said, roughly.

"All our plans."

"Abel Newt was not born to fail," he replied; "or at least General Belch said so."

His companion had no knowledge of what Abel really meant to do. She only knew that he was capable of every thing, and she feared every thing but the very worst.

They sat together silently for a long time. He poured freely and drank deeply, and whiffed cigar after cigar nervously away. The few bells of the city tolled the hours. He had come during the evening and knocked at the door, but Abel did not let him in. He and his companion sat silently, and heard the few bells strike.

"Well, Kitty," he said at last, thickly, and with glazing eye. "Well, my Princess of the Mediterranean. We shall be happy, hey? You're not afraid even now, hey?"

"Oh, we shall be very happy," she replied, in a low, wild tone, as if it were the night wind that moaned, and not a woman's voice.

He looked at her for a few moments. He saw how entirely she was enthralled by him.

"I wonder if I care any thing about you?" he said, at length, leering at her through the cigar-smoke.

"I don't think you do," she answered, meekly.

"But my—my—dear Mrs. Jones—the susan-pers Mrs. Delilah Jo-Jones, ought to be sure that I do. Here, bring me a light: that dam—dam— cigar's gone out."

She rose quietly and carried the candle to Abel. There was an inexpressible weariness and pathos in all her movements: a kind of womanly tranquillity that was touchingly at variance with the impression of her half-coarse appearance. As Abel watched her he remembered the woman whom he had tried to marry. His memory scoured through his whole career. He thought of them all variously happy.

"I swear! to think I should come to you!" he said at length, looking at his companion, with an indescribable bitterness of sneering.

Kitty Dunham sat at a little distance from him on the end of a sofa. She was bowed as if deeply thinking; and when she heard these words her head sank a little more, as if a palpable weight had been laid upon her. She understood perfectly what he meant.

"Perhaps I can help you in some way," she said, in the same low voice. "If you are ill, some day, I can nurse you. I shall be poor company on the long journey, but I will try."

"What long journey?" asked Abel, suddenly and angrily.

"Where we are going," she replied, gently.

"D— it, then, don't use such am-am-big-us phrases. A man would think we were go-going to die."

She said no more, but sat, half-crouching, upon the sofa, looking into the fire. Abel glanced at her, from time to time, with maudlin grins and sneers.

"Go to bed," he said, at length; "I've something to do. Sleep all you can; you'll need it. I shall stay 'till I'm ready to go: and come for you in the morning."

"Thank you," she answered, and rose quietly. "Good-night!" she said.

"Oh! good-night, Mrs. De-do-lah — superb Jo-Jones!"

He laughed as she went—sat ogling the fire for a little while, and then unsteadily, but not unconsciously, drew a pocket-book from his pocket and took out a small package. It contained several notes, amounting to not less than a hundred thousand dollars signed by himself, and indorsed by Lawrence Newt & Co.—at least the name was there, and it was a shrewd eye that could detect the difference between the signature and that which was every day seen and honored in the street.

Abel looked at them carefully, and leered and glared upon them as if they had been windows through which he saw something—sunny sides, and unbroken ones, and a handsome face who loved him to minister to every whim.

"Tis a pretty game," he said, half aloud; "a cool turn-about is life. Uncle Lawrence plays against other people, and wins. I play against Uncle Lawrence, and win. But what's un-dut-ifull—ungrateful—him?"

He said it drowsily, and his hands unconsciously fell. He was asleep in his chair.

He sat there sleeping until the gray of morning. Kitty Dunham, coming into the room ready dressed for a journey, found him there. She was frightened; for he looked as if he were dead. Going up to him she shook him, and he awoke heavily.

"What the h— is the matter?" said he, as he opened his sleepy eyes.

"Why, it's time to go."

"To go where?"

"To be happy," she said, standing passively and looking in his face.

He roused himself, and:

"Well, I'm all ready. I've only to stop at my room for my trunk."

His hair was tangled, his eyes were bloodshot, his clothes tumbled and soiled.

"Wouldn't you like to dress yourself?" she asked.

"Why, no; ain't I dressed enough for you? No gentleman dresses when he's going to travel."

She said no more. The carriage came as Abel ate breakfast, a private conveyance to take them quite through to New York. All the time before it came Kitty Dunham moved solemnly about the room, seeing that nothing was left. The solemnity fretted Abel.

"What are you so sober about?" he asked, impatiently.

"Because I am getting ready for a long journey," she answered, tranquilly.

"Perhaps not so long," he said, sharply—"not if I choose to leave you behind."

"But you won't."

"How do you know?"

"Because you will want somebody, and I'm the only person in the world left to you."

She spoke in the same sober way. Abel knew perfectly well that she spoke the truth, but he had never thought of it before. Was he then going so long a journey without a friend, unless she went with him? Was she the only one left of all his world?

As his mind pondered the question his eye fell upon a newspaper of the day before, in which he saw his name. He read it mechanically, and read a paragraph praising him and his speech; foretelling "honor and troops of friends" for a young man who began his public career so brilliantly.

"There; hear this!" said he, as he read it aloud, and looked at his companion. "Troops of friends, do you see? and yet you talk of being my only dependence in the world! Fie! fie! Mrs. Delilah Jones!"

It was melancholy merriment. He did not smile, and the woman's face was quietly sober.

"For the present, then, Mr. Speaker and fellow-citizens," said Abel Newt, waving his hand as he saw that every thing was ready, and that the carriage waited only for him and his companion, "I bid these scenes adieu! For the present I terminate my brief engagement. And you, my fellow-citizens, partners of joyful and pillars of truth, farewell! Disinterested patriots, I leave you my blessing! Pardon me that I prefer the climate of the Mediterranean to that of the District, and the smiles of my Kitty to the intelligent praises of my country. Friends of my soul, farewell! I kiss my fingertips! Boo—hoo!"

He made a mock bow, and smiled upon an imaginary audience. Then offering his arm with grave ceremony to his companion as if a crowd had been looking on, he went down stairs.

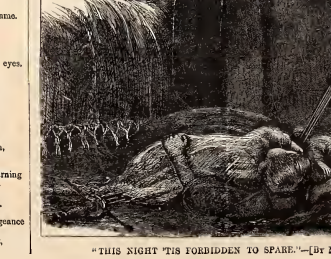
CHAPTER XCVII.

IN THE CITY.

It was a long journey. They stopped at Baltimore, at Philadelphia, and pushed on toward New York. While they were still upon the way Hope Wayne saw what she had been long expecting to see—and saw it without a solitary regret. Amy Waring was Amy Waring no longer; and Hope Wayne was the first who kissed Mrs. Lawrence Newt. Even Mrs. Simcoe looked benignantly upon the bride; and Aunt Martha wept over her as over her own child.

The very day of the wedding Abel Newt and his companion arrived at Jersey City. Leaving Kitty in a hotel, he crossed the river, and ascertained that the vessel on which he had taken two berths under a false name was full and ready, and would sail upon her day. He showed himself in Wall Street, carefully dressed, carefully sober—mindful, evidently, people said, of his new position; and they thought his coming home showed that he was on good terms with his family, and that he was really resolved to behave himself.

For a day or two he showed himself in the business streets and offices, and talked gravely of public measures. General Belch was confounded by the cool sobriety and superiority and ceremony of the Honorable Mr. Newt. When he made a joke, Abel laughed with such politeness that the General was frightened, and



"THIS NIGHT 'TIS FORBIDDEN TO SPARE."—[BY MILLAIS.]

GONE UPON HIS LONG JOURNEY.

felt dismal, and tried no more. When he treated Abel politely, and told him what a jolly lift his speech had given to their common cause —the Grand—the Honorable Mr. Newt replied, with a cold bow, that he was glad if he had done his duty and satisfied his constituents; leaving so coldly that the General was confounded. He spat into his fire, and said, "The Devil?"

When Abel had gone General Belch was profoundly conscious that King Log was better than King Stork, and thought regretfully of the Honorable Wathins Bodley.

After a day or two the Honorable Mr. Newt went to his Uncle Lawrence's office. Abel had not often been there. He had never felt himself to be very welcome there; and as he came into the inner room where Lawrence and Gabriel sat, they were quite as curious as he. Abel bowed politely, and said he could not help congratulating his uncle upon the news he had heard, but would not conceal his surprise. When his surprise was he did not explain; but Lawrence very well knew. Abel had the good sense not to mention the name of Hope Weyne, and not to dwell upon any subject that involved feeling. He said that he hoped by-gones would be by-gones; that he had been a wild boy, but that a career now opened upon him of which he hoped to prove worthy.

"There was a time, Uncle Lawrence," he said, "when I despised your warning; now I thank you for it."

A man who has been but three days married to the woman he loves is then kindly, if he ever is. But Lawrence Newt was never otherwise. He held out his hand to Abel.

"Honesty is the best policy, at least, if nothing more," he said, smiling. "You have a chance; I hope with all my heart you will use it well."

There was little more to say, and of that little Gabriel Bennet said nothing. Abel spoke of public affairs; and after a short time he took leave.

"Can the leopard change his spots?" said Gabriel, looking at the senior partner.

"A bad man may become better," was all the answer; and the two merchants were busy again.

Returning to Wall Street, the Honorable Abel Newt met Mr. President Van Boozenberg. They shook hands, and the old gentleman said, warmly,

"I see ye goin' into your Uncle Lawrence's, a while ago, as I was comin' along South Street. Mr. Abel, Sir, I congratulate ee, Sir. I've read your speech, and I see to me, see I, I'd no idea of it; none at all. Ma, see she, Law; pa! I tillers knowed Mr. Abel Newt would turn up trumps. You tillers did have the women, Mr. Newt; and so I told ee."

"I am very glad, Sir, that I have at last done something to deserve your approbation. I trust I shall not forfeit it. I have led rather a gay life, and careless; and my poor father and I have met with misfortunes. But they open a man's eyes, Sir; they are angels in disguise, as the poet says. I don't doubt they have been good for me. At least I'm resolved now to be steady and industrious; and I certainly should be a great fool if I were not."

"Surtin, Sir, with your chances and prospects, yes, and your talents, ooz, I allers said to ma, ooz I, he's got talent if he hain't nothin' else. I suppose your Uncle Lawrence won't be so shy of you now, hey? No, of course not. A man who has a smart nevy in Congress has a tap in a good barrel."

And Mr. Van Boozenberg laughed loudly at his own humor.

"Why, yes, Sir. I think I may say that the pleasantest part of my new life—if you will allow me to use the expression—is my return to the friends best worth having. I think I have learned, Sir, that steady-going business, with no nonsense about it, is the permanent thing. It isn't fiddle-diddle, Sir, but it's solid food."

"Tonguey," that's old Jacob Van Boozenberg, "but vastly improved. Has come to terms with Uncle Lawrence. Sensible fellow!"

"I think he takes it, "said Abel to himself, with the feeling of an angler, as he watched the other.

Just before they parted Abel took out his pocket-book and told Mr. Van Boozenberg that he should like to negotiate a little piece of paper which was not altogether worthless, he believed.

Smiling as he spoke, he handed a note for twenty-five thousand dollars, with his uncle's indorsement, to the President. The old gentleman looked at it carefully, and asked Abel to walk with him to the bank. They chatted as they passed along, nodded to those they knew, while some bowed politely to the young member whom they saw in such good company.

"Well, well," said Mr. Zephyr Wetherley as he skimmed up Wall Street from the bank, where he had been getting dividends, "I didn't think to see the day when Abel Newt would be a solid, sensible man."

And Mr. Wetherley wondered, in a slighting way, what was the secret of Abel's success.

The honorable member came out of the bank with the money in his pocket. When the clock struck three he had the amount of all the notes in the form of several bills of foreign exchange. He went hastily to the river side and crossed to Jersey City.

"They have sent to say that the ship sails at nine in the morning, and I must be on board early," said Kitty Dunham, as he entered the room.

"I am all ready," he replied, in a clear, cold, alert voice. "Now sit down."

His tone was not to be resisted. The woman seated herself quietly and waited.

"My affectionate Uncle Lawrence has given me a large sum of money, and recommends traveling for my health. I have money to fill ship in London and Paris. To-morrow morning we sail. We post to London—get the money; some day to Paris—get the money; straight on to Marseilles, and sail in a felucca for Sicily. There we can take breath."

He spoke rapidly, but calmly. She heard and understood every word.

"I wish we could sail to-night," she said.

"Plenty of time—plenty of time," answered Abel. "And why be so anxious for so long a journey?"

"It seems long to you, too?"

"Why, yes; it will be long. Yes, I am going on a long journey."

He smiled with the hard black eyes a hard black smile. Kitty did not smile; but she took his hand gently.

"Do you remember the old Grand Street days, Abel? It was different then, wasn't it? But I love you now."

She paused a moment, then continued:

"I am not happy, but I love you."

Abel shook his head, smiling.

"My dear, superb Mrs. Delilah Jones, you overcome me with your sentimental speeches. I don't believe in love. That's what I believe in," said he, as he opened his pocket-book and showed her the bills.

The woman looked at them unmoved.

"Those are the delicate little keys of the Eleanor and Peggy," chuckled Abel, as he glouted over the paper.

The woman raised her eyes and looked into him. They were full of tears. Then with the same low tone, as if the wind were wailing, she asked,

"Abel, tell me, before we go upon this long journey, don't you love me in the least?"

Her voice sank into an almost inaudible whisper.

Abel turned and looked at her, gayly.

"Love you? Why, woman, what is love? No, I don't love you. I don't love any body. But that's no matter. You shall go with me as if I did. You know, as well as I do, that I can't shine and sing alone. Be my good friend, and you'll be mine, and this shall be the friend of both," said he, as he raised the bills in his hands.

She sat beside him silent, and her eyes were dry and dry, not with tears. There was a look of woe in her face so touching and appealing that, when Abel happened to see it, he said, involuntarily,

"Come, come, don't be silly."

The evening came, and the Honorable Mr. Newt rose and walked about the room.

"How slowly the time passes!" he said, petulantly. "I can't stand it."

It was nine o'clock. Suddenly he sprang up from beside Kitty Dunham, who was silently working.

"No," said he, "I really can not stand it. I'll run over to town, and be back by midnight. I do want to see the old place once more before that long journey," he added, with emphasis, as he put on his coat and hat. He ran out of the room, and was just going out of the house when he heard a muffled voice calling to him from up stairs.

"Why, Kitty, what is it?" he asked, as he stopped.

There was no answer. Alarmed for a moment, he leaped up the stairs. She stood waiting for him at the door of the room.

"Well?" exclaimed he, hastily.

"You forgot to kiss me, Abel," she said.

He took her by the shoulders, and looked at her before him. In her eyes there were pity and gentleness and love.

"Fool!" he said, half-pleased, half-vexed—kissed her, and rushed out into the street.

CHAPTER XCVIII.

A LONG JOURNEY.

ABEL NEWT ran to the ferry and crossed. There he gained Broadway, and sauntered into one of the hells that were in Park Row. It was bright and full, and he saw many an old friend. They nodded to him, and said, "Ah! back again!" and he smiled, and said a man must not be too virtuous all at once.

So he ventured a little, and won; ventured a little more, and lost. Ventured a little more, and won again; and lost again.

Then came supper, not profuse and splendid, but sufficient; and plenty of wine flowed freely. Old friends must pledge in bumpers.

To work again, and the bells striking midnight. Win, lose; lose, win; win, win, lose, lose, lose, lose, lose, lose.

Abel Newt smiled: his face was red, his eyes glaring.

"I've played enough," he said; "the luck's against me!"

He passed his hands rapidly through his hair.

"Could I can any?" he said; "but here is my I O U, and a check of my Uncle Lawrence's in the morning. For I have no account, you know."

His voice was rough. It was two o'clock in the morning; and the lonely woman he had left sat waiting and wondering; stealing to the front door and straining her eyes into the night: creaking softly back again to press her forehead against the window; and the quiet hopelessness of her face began to be pricked with terror.

"Good night, gentlemen," said Abel, huskily and savagely.

There was a laugh around the table at which he had been playing.

"Takes it hardly, now that he's got money," said one of his old cronies. "He's made up his mind to marry, I hear. Hope he'll come often, hey?" he said to the bank.

The bank smiled vaguely, but did not reply.

It was two o'clock, and Abel hurried into the street. He had been drinking brandy, and the fires were lighted within him. Pulling his hat heavily upon his head, he moved unsteadily along the street toward the ferry. The night was starry and still. There were few passers in the street; and no light but that which shone at some of the corners, the bad, red eye that lures death. The night air struck cool upon his face and into his lungs. His head was light. He reeled.

"Mus he' some drink," he said, thickly.

He stumbled, and pitched into the nearest shop. There was a counter, with large yellow barrels behind it, and a high blind, behind which two or three rough-looking men were drinking. In the window there was a sign, "Liquors, pure as imported."

Abel tried to stand erect, to look dignified, to smooth himself into apparent sobriety. He vaguely hoped to give the impression that he was a gentleman belated upon his way home, and taking a simple glass for comfort. The place was dingy and cold. The guests were huddled about a stove; and their hard, endurance faces and sullen eyes turned on welcome upon Abel when he entered, but they looked at him quickly, as if they suspected him to be a policeman or magistrate, and as if they had reason not to wish to see each other. But in a moment they saw it was not a sober man, whoever he was.

"Why, Dick, don't yer know him?" said one, in a low voice, to his neighbor.

"No, d—— him! mid don't want to."

"I do, though," replied the first man, still watching the new-comer curiously.

"Why, Jim, who in h—— is it?" asked Dick.

"That air man's our representative. That sin't nobody else but Abel Newt."

"Well," muttered Jim, sullenly, as he surveyed the general appearance of Abel as he stood drinking a glass of brandy—"pure as imported"—at the counter, "well, we've done lots for him: what's he going to do for us? We've put that man up tremendous high; d'yes think he's going to kick away the ladder?"

He half grumbled to himself, half asked his neighbor Dick. They were both a little drunk, and very surly.

"I dunno. But he's vastly high and mighty—that I know; and, by ——, I'll tell him so!" said Dick, energetically clasping his hands, bringing one of them down upon the bench on which he sat, and clenching every word with an oath.

"Hallo, Jim! let's make him give us somethin' to drink!"

Make two constituents approached the representative whose election they had so ardently supported.

"Well, Newt, how air ye?"

Abel Newt was confounded at being accosted in such a place at such an hour. He raised his heavy eyes, as he leaned unsteadily against the counter, and saw two beetle-browed, squarefaced, disagreeable-looking men looking at him with half-drunken, sullen insolence.

"Hallo, Newt! how air ye?" repeated Jim, as he confronted the representative.

Abel looked at him with shifting head, indignant and scornful.

"Who the devil are you?" he asked, at length, blurring the words as he spoke, and endeavoring to express supreme contempt.

"Where the men that made yer?" retorted Dick, in a shrill, tipsy voice.

The liquor-seller, who was leaning upon his counter, was instantly alarmed. He saw the signs of impending danger. He hurried round, and said,

"Come, come; I'm going to shut up! Time to go home; time to go home!"

The three men at the counter did not move. As they stood facing each other the animal fury kindled more and more fiercely in each one of them.

"We're Jim and Dick, and Ned's asleep yonder on the bench; and we're come to drink a glass with yer, Honorable Abel Newt!" said Dick, in a sneering tone. "It's no what did your business for ye. What'yer going to do for us?"

There was a menacing air in his eye as he glanced at Abel, who felt himself quiver with impotent, blind rage.

"I dun—dun—know yer!" he said, with maudlin dignity.

The men pressed nearer.

"Time to go home! Time to go home!" quavered the liquor-seller; and Ned opened his eyes, and slowly raised his huge frame from the bench.

"What's the row?" asked he of his comrades.

"The Honorable Abel Newt's the row," said Jim, pointing at him.

There was something peculiarly irritating to Abel in the pointing finger. Holding by the counter, he raised his hand and struck at it.

Ned rolled his body off the bench in a moment.

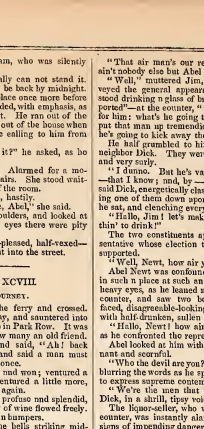
"For God's sake!" gasped the little liquor-seller.

Jim and Dick stood hesitatingly, glaring at Abel. Jim struck his teeth together. Ned joined them, and they surrounded Abel.

"What is —— do you mean by striking me, you drunken pig?" growled Jim, but not yet striking. Conscious of his strength, he had the instinctive forbearance of superiority, but it was fast mastered by the maddening liquor.

"Time to go home! Time to go home!" cried the thin piping voice of the liquor-seller.

"What the —— do you mean by insulting



WAITING.

CHIPS'S GHOST STORY.

"In the year twenty-six," said Chips, "just when I was out of my time, I took it into my head to go whaling, not as carpenter, but before the mast. I shipped on board the old ——, one of Gale's of Deptford. We took in some Shetlanders at Lerwick, as whalers mostly do, as lately chaps as any adjust; but one of them died before we left Roma Head a month. He was a strange, silent fellow, that was always looking over his shoulder in the forecastle at night, as if he expected to see something. We didn't know about it at first, but he wasn't a safe man to plague. His mates told us all kinds of queer yarns about him; that he'd been away from Shetland for ever so long, and that nobody knew where he'd been to. All that he'd say was that he'd been in the 'Spanish service,' and he made out that he had meant a silver, some a pirate, some one thing, some another; but none of them my good. The Shetlanders don't mind anything, though they are quite a pious people in the main, and they didn't relish the way in which this man cursed and swore, and was for ever muttering to himself. He struck a minister one day when he'd got the horrors, and he parson had gone to bed after prayer, saying, 'that he didn't want any spies about his bed.' His eyes were staring at the wall on one side of him, as if some one was standing there. They said that he had got the horrors; but, as I've told you, he had always that frightened look in the face, even when he was quite sober. Something had was on his mind, that's very certain.

"The day he died he was queerer than ever, creeping out of the way of everybody as much as he could, rolling his eyes about like a madman, talking to himself, and pale as a sheet. 'You'd better turn in, Gale,' the doctor said to him; and down he went without a word, and presently the doctor went him same stuff, thinking he was in a fever. By tonk was next to mine, and I turned in at eight bells I could hear him hissing through his clenched teeth, just as if he was trying to keep in a shriek. I'm sure he was again at this, only there was a deal more ice ranging about than what there was. At noon fell asleep, and we had been making off Inlaver all day, and I had got quite tired over the casks. I might have been asleep about a couple of hours, when I was woke by a horrid screamer—it is about was just dropping into the lower regions. I tumbled out in no time, and ran round to old the other chap, and we all came crowding round Gale's berth. He was squeezed up against the side (we could see, when we lifted up the lantern) as if he wanted to drive his back into the wood, and was striking out with his right hand clutched as if he'd get a knife in it, and his left with all the fingers spread out. The face was a horrid sight. It was as white and as wet as the side of a chalk-pit, and his eyes were regularly alight with rage and fear. I don't know which there was most of in them.

"'Take her off! take her off!' he yelled, when we saw he was. 'You can't, you can't, you shan't. There, confound you, go to blazes with me! I'll haunt you, and shake the ship!'

"And then he fell back in a twitch like a devil trying to laugh, and he fell over on it dead, with his arms still stiff. We could hardly get them down by his side—they stuck out so stiff. The next day but one we buried him, and—you may believe me or not, as you like—but I can tell you what he had done I didn't know, and that was dragged down the moment he touched the water.

"The first shark day afterward the skipper had a chest brought up, and tried to sell his chest, but none of us would bid; so the skipper and the doctor, like good fellows, laid against each other, to get a good round sum for his old chest, where he'd never cared much, but mates told us. It's didn't hit, because we didn't think it would be lucky to put on any thing that such a man as he had worn; but we made out a list of what each of us would give to the old girl, and gave it to the skipper to be stepped out of our pay.

"Nevertheless, after that we had nothing but misfortune. Ice to the eastward, ice to night. Scarce one of those that did come could we get near; and when we happened to strike one, the ice was sure to have a fast hold of us. It went down all of a sudden, just as if it had been swallowed. Gale was hauling us, sure enough. We didn't see any thing, though, however, until the sun set for good. We were lying then, frozen up, in a great floe, some sixty miles northwest of the Devil's Island. We had been there a week, and when the sun dipped—not to come up again for weeks to come. There we were, fairly stuck in for the whole winter. Well, we made out to get a deck for the ship by moonlight, when suddenly—the bears had done prowling, and the wolves howling, for a bit, and every thing crept into grotty—there was still as death, for there wasn't a breath of wind blowing, and the ice was as still, where it broke and lengthing. We knocked off work, and ran aboard in a minute—we were so scared; and there was nothing to be heard and nothing to see, there, about two miles off, we could see the boat's crew we had lost rushing through the mist, as fig as giants, and Gale and Jones, even bigger, striking out just as he did when he died.

"Another time, we made out some water a mile off, with a whaling-boat coming in it, as if she was puzzled how to get out. We launched the boats over the side, gave chase, and killed her, and found her alongside the ice floe. We were glad enough of the crew ourselves, for we had been on short allowance for a long time. The bears and the wolves and the blue foxes scented it, and came down for their share. We drew off a bit to let them come near, and then let fly and killed a lot of them, too, for food. We had made quite a jolly pile of provisions, and were just about to spear an old shark—fried shark doesn't taste unlike fried sole, when you're hungry—that was bumping the whale with its ugly snout, to find a tid-bit, when we heard the ice, that was crashing big pans of glass, with a running rumble like the roar of a thousand cannon let off one after another. We got cleeling away for miles into the darkness. The moon was just going down. The shark soon left the whale, for the bit of ice on which our prey was tilted, over like a dust-cart, and shot its load into the sea. We were too busy looking after our lives to have any time to look after that. Two of our four boats were cracked like walnut-shells by the big lumps of ice that were jolting about every where. It was as much as ever we could do to get off our lump safely—the four crews into two boats; it danced up and down, like site and fall, and we lay upon the swell. And then we had only starlight to guide us as we pulled back to the ship, with broken ice on every side threatening each moment to stave in us. I didn't see him that night, but three of our fellows did. They say he shoved us back, jumping from block to block as if they were only stepping-stones across a brook.

"He was seen once more big like that. The ship was frozen in hard and fast again. You could see nothing but a hummocky plain of ice, with here and there a long sticking up like a sharp fence, for miles all round, except in one place eastern, where there was a little water-hole that glimmered in the moonlight like a great watching eye. We had covered in the quarter-deck with a sloping canvas roof, but a hole was left just above the tafrail to look out from. Well, one night, when the Northern Lights were darting about the sky like huge flapping flags of red, and yellow, and green, some of the crew was looking out through this opening, and by the water-hole he saw Gale standing as tall as a fir-tree. He had the fingers and the thumb of his left hand spread out as he had when he died, and with his right forefinger he counted them off one by one. Then down he went into the waist, and the poop-deck drop through the stage, and the next morning it was frozen up.

"On the night of the fourth day after he had been thus seen he was seen again, the same size as he was when alive, walking round and round the ship, laughing and pointing. One, two, three, four, he counted on his left hand, then that it all up except the little finger, and kept lunging through the gloom with that. We knew what he meant next day.

"A berg twice as high as the one we saw at noon came with a jar against the floe, and shivered it for miles. The ice about the ship, of course, broke up and began a devil's dance; but as the bits weren't very big, and she was regularly cased with rope-fender, she might have got over that if the berg hadn't hemm down upon her as straight as if it had been steered. On it came, never once falling off a point. You may fancy what a fank we were in! We bundled clothes and blankets, meat and biscuit into the boats, and were over the side in a twinkling, pulling for dear life, and feeling off the little lumps that came walloping up against us as we ran ended with the head-block. Two poor front-fellers fellows couldn't leave their berths, and the skipper swore, come what might, he'd stick by them. We had to saw him aft forward and hoist the jib all by himself, to get some way on her, and then the long came between, and we never saw more of them, or of the poor old ——. And may I never taste grog again if I didn't see on the berg, alongside of Gale and a foreign-looking woman, the——

"Where he saw, and how Chips and his comrades got home, we did not hear; for just then a shrill voice from the quarter-deck called shrilly along the deck—sang out, in tremulous haste, "Ice on the weather-bow!" and the chief officer, in his ranting roots that used to be his snow-cooled visage at the cabin-door, and bellowed to his colleague, "Jackson, turn out!" The cabin was soon cleared, and we could hear somebody glide past us, so near that we could plainly make out the foam of the black billows breaking on its dully glimmering sides.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A BEAUTIFUL blue-eyed Lady of my acquaintance who has seen five summers is very fond of a friend of her father's, a young and prepossessing lawyer. He frequently visits from Saturday to Monday, and she spends the evenings adjoining his own. Lulu, knowing this, one day said, "Mother, Mr. L. is with the fine going to court; why don't he bring his wife home with him?"

When Bishop Leighton was one day lost in meditation in his sea-shore cottage at Dunbloane, a fair young widow came up to him, and told him it was ordered that he should marry her. The bishop inquired whether she was married to him. "Very well," replied the bishop, "whatever I do, I must obey God. I am married to you, I will let you know, and we will be married immediately."

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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RUINS OF THE PEMBERTON MILLS, AT LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS, THE MORNING AFTER THE FALL.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHIPPLE, OF BOSTON.]

THE DISASTER AT LAWRENCE.

On the preceding page we give an effective picture of the ruin of the Pemberton Mill at Lawrence, Massachusetts, from a photograph by Wipple, of Boston.

The catastrophe which destroyed this mill is almost unparalleled in our history. On the afternoon of 10th inst., at about ten minutes before five o'clock, the Pemberton Mill, of Lawrence, fell in ruins to the ground. The mill was in full operation at the time, and the time of lighting up had just arrived. Nine hundred and sixty operatives were employed in the mill, but probably the whole number in the building at the time of the disaster was something less than nine hundred. Every one in Lawrence is once full to work to endeavor to rescue the unfortunate beings who were crushed to death under the ruins, and in a little other hours the labor proceeded unremittingly. At that hour, however, the ruins took fire, and further attempt at rescue became impracticable. At 12 o'clock the work of saving the lives of those in the building was given up in despair. Engines were still throwing water upon the fire in the morning, and an immense throng of people waited, spell bound, viewing the scene.

We make some extracts from the daily papers of New York and Boston, describing the incidents.

HOW THE MILL FELL.

John Ward, one of the operatives in the carding-room, in the second story, was miraculously saved, with his wife, who worked near him in the same room. He describes his escape as follows:

I was in the carding-room with the second overseer, fighting up. It was five or ten minutes before the o'clock, and we had got but few hammer lighted, when, suddenly, I heard a noise. It sounded like a bad thing during one day, I was dead, and, looking up, I saw the shafting coming down upon us all over the room. I could not account for it, and was therefore terrified. I stood bolted to the spot, and did not seem to have power to move, although I knew the building was coming down. Then I heard the overseer shout, and I tried to jump out of the rubbish; but something struck me, and I was thrown senseless. I did not remain so long; but when I came to I found myself buried in the rubbish, and did not expect to get out alive. I was entirely over with blood from wounds in my face. I finally crawled up and got to the top, and found a lot of ruins hanging over me, which came near ending my life; but I succeeded in getting out. I passed by a door and got my way, and I thought I was changed into before I got out. When I was first knocked down I fell beneath a large grinding-stone, which was strong enough to uphold the weight above, and thus saved my life. When I fell under the stone I was in the main room of the mill, and the floor giving way all around me.

Mr. Ward found his wife at the City Hall, where she had been conveyed after being extricated. Neither were much injured.

HALF-BREADTH ESCAPES.

One young woman, twenty years of age, who was at work in the second story, heard the crash of a portion of the building, and saw the portion of it bumping down. She immediately started in an opposite direction, but before she reached this point the walls were crumbling, and threatened death. Almost paralyzed with terror, she rushed to a side door, and was just emerging in the entry, when it was crushed in. She received bruises more than getting through a window and leaping to the ground, where she was carried home and soon recovered. She was taken to her boarding-house, as was supposed by a dying condition. This happily proved a mistake. It was a perilous escape. She recovered during the evening, and yesterday was sufficiently well to stand in the dooryard of her boarding-house.

Another young woman, also about twenty, whom we conversed with at her boarding, seemingly engaged as much as ill death. Unapprized of the fall of the building until the terrible catastrophe itself came upon her, she was at work in the third story. She only knows that the whole flooring above her was precipitated upon that on which she stood, accompanied by a terrific noise. The ponderous crushed beneath some machinery near which she was at work, her body being saved against a beam, secured as she described it, as if her head would "split in two at every moment." Her limbs were forced in one direction, her arms in another. But one arm could be used at all. Every second the heavy weight appeared to be setting down and crushing her. She saw nothing but death awaiting her. Her feelings were those of the most agonizing kind. She said that the prayer that had that she might be delivered from impending death. Hardly had she ceased uttering this prayer than the falling of a wall in a distant part of the mill relieved her from the imminent peril about her. With a presence of mind that indicated genuine heroism, she recognized the danger and death, and it time reached a point of safety. This was after lying in the ruins for upward of an hour. She was, however, more injured than was at first supposed, as her accident from her helplessly not only not to leave her bed, but injured her her body. Her physicians apprehend some internal injuries of a serious nature. She seemed well in her accident. Her condition is probable. She was intelligent and most interesting, and expressed a thankfulness for her escape from so terrible a death in a manner that is truly touching.

Miss Selina Weeks, of Dover, New Hampshire, a very intelligent and interesting young lady, about sixteen years of age, was at work in the spool room, in the upper story of the building, and described to us her escape in precise accordance with the theory stated above. Of a sudden she found the building shaking, as if it were sliding away, and woke to consciousness to find herself upon a pile of ruins in the yard. Most of her companions were killed, and she was able to precipitate them by name. She left Lawrence last evening for her home in Dunbarton, New Hampshire with no older sister, who had come to seek her in uncertainty of her fate.

As a witness from another part of the building, we metnice Miss Anne Lynch, with whom we also had an opportunity of conversing. She was working in the basement, heard the sudden crash, and got out at the window. Her sister, her companion in the room, escaped. She had three sisters and a brother at work in the mill; they all escaped, and she thinks being imminent five hours in the ruins, but finally extricated without serious injury.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF A LITTLE GIRL.

On Tuesday evening, before the fire broke out, while two thousand men were searching every energy in rescuing the survivors from their living sepulchres, and the dead from the rubbish which buried them, a party came upon the body of a little girl. She lay apparently crushed beneath a ponderous block of iron, weighing over a thousand pounds, and which covered her body to her chin. Her back was pressed against a huge timber, one of her arms was thrust to the other through a crap in a piece of machinery, and she was completely wedged in by heavy iron gearing. It taxed only on preserving her features and little difficulty in extricating her. The men labored carefully to remove the block of iron without crushing her to death. Fear of their injuring her, but could not make it stir.

After they had made several ineffectual attempts a stalwart and athletic man, in passing, caught hold of it, and, with marvellous power, aided by the excitement which the same produced upon him, he succeeded in lowering it. The other rubbish was then removed, and the body taken out, when, what was the surprise and joy of the men to find that they had rescued a living girl instead of a corpse, and that, though her injuries were not fatal, but comparatively trifling.

The heavy iron had met with some resistance from the contracted upper body, and it was thus spared a life by a miracle. Had the pressure upon her body been but slightly increased, or had the iron been somewhat slackened in extricating her, she would have been another added to the list of victims.

FEMALE HEROISM.

At one point, when a rope had been fired to a projecting timber, a call was made to the crowd to take hold and pull while a little girl, who was there, was dead during of the attempt—for the beam in falling might engulf all near it—for it, for minutes, seemed to remain in the beaded. Men shuddered and drew back—they would risk much to aid these below, but life was sweet, and the danger great. An old critical person was seen rushed from among the crowd, and during the spectators to fall, now, raised the rope and hauled it to assist the pile of smouldering ruins to clear away with her hands. The example was soon followed, and with a cool, fit, strong hands at once drew her back, and then there were the lack of hands to the rope, the beam was thrown out, and at least two sufferers released from the opening thus made.

VAIN ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE THE SUFFERERS.

From noon till dark, the crowd kept back the work pile, from the top, from the sides, and in fact from every direction, where a voice from the ruins could be heard, the men were active in the work, groans of anguish, prayers and moanings, and in many, very many cases, the poor sufferers were in sight, surrounded by the ruins, and were reached by the hand from the outside. Many than imprisoned were encouraged and cheered with the expression of safety, and in many cases cups of coffee could be, and were, passed down to them, and, in fact, after all this near approach to safety, one hour after hour passed away, until, at last, the frightful cry of fire, and the appalling shriek, rose from the crushed sufferers with fearful rapidity, cracking and hissing all over the ruins on the side of the building, told from the pile of hope of life was gone. The fall of the building took place just as the mill was being lighted up, and outside, of course, all was dark.

A citizen, who risked his own life in an attempt to save the sufferers from the flames, has worked his way into an inner apartment, and, looking through a hole in the mill, saw a man who was struggling to walk and fro apparently entirely unhurt.

He reached through, and helped them by the hand, and succeeded with great rigorous blows to make a hole in the partition. A moment too soon the flames sprung up where he stood. A flood of water poured in upon the blinded him, and he rushed from the place, warned by the exclamation, and warning of the crowd. It is in fact, that many who had escaped the bruising blows of the falling mass were rescued only for the more terrible death by fire.

SUICIDE OF ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

Among the sufferers in the ruins at the time the fire became extensive was Mr. Jeremiah Pickering, of Haverhill, an overseer. He was much beloved by his friends, and while the flames were rapidly approaching he was rescued. He was nearly reached when the flames broke out. He implored his friends to even him quickly or he should die. Prompt assistance was given, but the flames swept around them. He was confined and could not extricate himself. He was heard to exclaim, "Oh, his horrible death second inevitable. He was able to move one hand, and drew a pistol, and, with fearful unusual suicide rather than burn to death. His revolver proved on, but his hope of aid gone out, and he drew the fatal weapon his breast. The ball passed through his remaining him, and his self-inflicted wound was found not to be dangerous. He was carried home to Haverhill, which he considered his recovery impossible. He was taken to the City Hall, but expired shortly after from the effects of the injuries received by his fall, and his sufferings while immured within the fallen walls.

HOW THE FIRE BROKE OUT.

At the time of the fall, a large number of six or eight persons were discovered at the east end of the building, that the lamps were lighted, and the operatives had escaped. They called loudly for a light, and a lantern was lowered to them, which unfortunately broke while being passed down, and, in the confusion, the lamp, still lighted, fell upon the floor of the pit, on which was strewed the cotton, which, being somewhat impregnated with oil, was instantly in a blaze. Another account states that the lamp was then passed on before to those who were beneath the ruins, and that a fluid lamp within a lantern was spoiled, the contents of which took fire and mingled with the combustible mass which lay in every direction.

HORRIBLE SIGHTS AND SCENES.

The sights and scenes afterward were fearful. One poor girl, alive and fully conscious, was dragged from the end of the ruins, her arm, with her left arm torn from the socket, and her body and legs terribly mangled. She was taken by her friends, but could not have survived. Her mind was clear, and she knew her fate even found locked in each other's arms, but quite dead. They could not be separated, and were buried in the dead, not being abandoned for a time, the flames broke out before another attempt was made, and all were perished.

One Irishman was taken out, alive, but dead, and his first act was to find in his pocket, from whence he drew forth a worn Bible, and, as he gave it to a friend from the fire, he kissed it and went his way.

Next from the ruins we saw the dead body of a lad, and following close behind, a young man who had barrelled burned to a crisp. She had been confined by one foot between two beams, and, in the attempt to extricate her she recovered. She was also taken home by her friends.

A young girl was released just before the flames burst forth, and, in her anxiety to escape, her shoe was left behind. It afterward appeared that her right arm was nearly broken near the wrist, but, in the excitement of the moment and in the joy of deliverance from a dreadful death, she had not noticed the hurt.

One woman was found with her head jammed between two heavy beams, and pressed so that it was not thicker than the thickness of a hand. It was a sickening sight.

One young girl, whose name we have but do not publish, was endured in a narrow hole surrounded by broken machinery and regard timber and boards, succeeded in crawling out into the open air, but when she emerged from the ruins she had scarcely an article of clothing on her person.

One reporter is told by a gentleman, who was early on the spot, that at one point of the ruins he distinguished a hand protruding, and, on taking it, was asked, "Is that you, Lizzie? Are you hurt?" The reply was a smothered groan, and an appeal to God mercy in her behalf. Both these girls were afterward rescued.

WAS THE BUILDING SAFE?

On the inquest now being held, Jesse Glover, overseer of repairs testified: I thought the building was weak and that the walls were weak, but apprehended no trouble. The windows in the walls were very large; I have never strengthened the foundation of the building; I heard at one time that a pillar had settled to such an extent as to be dangerous; I never noticed that the building was weak; the crack that I saw is in the southwest corner of the building. I noticed the crack when I was on the top of the building, running all the way up and down, near the chimney; should think that the crack at the top of the building was half an inch wide, and a quarter of an inch at the bottom.

John B. Tuttle, brick mason, testified that he put up the brick-work for the mill; when the timbers for the foundation were they were too short, and we were ordered to get projectors upon the walls to rest the timbers upon; I expressed my opinion at the time, and many times afterward, and have never changed it, that the walls were too weak for such a building; I told Mr. Bigelow and he was working it; I told Mr. Pat. Manns, one of the owners, so in Boston; I told many others that I was afraid of the walls; I spoke of my other large mill with walls so weak as the Pemberton, and I never made to have the mill; the building was much cut up with windows, which weakened it.

NUMBER OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The Boston Journal Dispatch to from D. Saunders, Jun., Mayor of Lawrence:

LAWRENCE, January 19, 1860.

Terrible as our calamity is, it is much more overestimated in the number of killed. As near as I have been able to ascertain this morning, I find dead and missing (what is equivalent to dead) 135, and 165 wounded. Some of the wounded will die, but very much the largest number will survive.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860.

THE SLAUGHTER AT LAWRENCE.

SOCIETY is immature in its verdict on the terrible Lawrence catastrophe; yet we denounce the builder and proprietors of the Pemberton Mills. It may be, of course, that the information on which this opinion is based is erroneous; it may be that the exaggeration in the stories which are circulated with regard to the insecurity of the building and the warnings to the owners, which the parties in interest, are still naturally clear their skirts as speedily as possible. Meanwhile it is asserted, without substantial contradiction, that the Pemberton Mills were originally built in haste and with cheap and unstable edifice; that, some years since, extraordinary measures were required to keep the walls together; that the proprietors of the building had long prophesied their downfall. If the evidence bears out these assertions a responsibility at which all good men will shudder weighs on the proprietors of the mills; they are, in fact, before God and man, guilty of the deaths of some two hundred innocent creatures.

If the building was unsafe, and the state it was of would have been waste of words to call for the punishment of the negligent authors of the massacre, however clearly the responsibility for it may be fastened upon them. But, in fact, the State of New York justice is so feebly and inefficiently administered, that it is very difficult to convict even the author of a murder of one who stabs his victim in Broadway, in daylight, in presence of a hundred witnesses: as to legal responsibility for wholesale massacres, there is none at all. Thousands of poor, ignorant, ill-equipped, unscaworthy, and disasters occur in consequence; railroad trains cross bridge ready to rotten, break down, and slaughter a score of people; lines break out in ill-constructed buildings, and human creatures are crushed or burned to death; but not only is no one ever punished on account of these wholesale massacres, there is actually no serious inquiry ever made into the subject. Public inquiry is made, and the results are set forth in leading articles in the papers, and then all is forgotten.

We shall now see whether they order things as under in Massachusetts. In some respects the Bostonians have always managed better than we of New York; their municipal government has always been superior, and we prefer to think that, on the whole, their administration of justice has generally been sounder and more thorough. This disaster will test the question. If no inquiry be made, if no blame, follows the Lawrence massacre, it will be safe to conclude that Massachusetts is fairly on a par with New York.

The subject is of interest to us, because we have reason to believe that the recent similar accident in Broad Street is likely to occur again at any moment. It seems to be a fact, generally of the down-town stores, as we are informed, are being used for the storage of heavy goods, and not having been built solidly enough for such service, are liable to come down any day. We are informed by an eminent builder that there is hardly a street in the lower part of the city in which he can not point out a score or more of buildings in which no man's life is safe for an hour. Our informant adds, that he never takes up a paper in the morning without expecting to hear of the fall of one or more great buildings. Of course, his views are no doubt, but are well known to the owners of the unsafe buildings. They nevertheless draw their rents calmly, and trust to Providence; failing which, they console themselves with the reflection that, though the murder of a dozen men occasionally leads to unpleasant consequences, the wholesale massacre of a score of people is sure to go unpunished.

NAPOLEON'S SCHEME FOR ITALY.

We are sorry that our space will not permit us to reproduce the entire Pamphlet which we just been issued on the Italian question by M. de la Guerronière, and which is ascribed, doubtless with good reason, to the Emperor of the French. For the views expressed in that pamphlet are, so practical and statesmanlike, and Napoleon's policy, foreshadowed thereon, is so high-minded, and so consonant with the opinions heretofore expressed in this journal, that we should have rejoiced to have laid the whole before our readers.

The plan is very simple. At the peace of Villafranca Napoleon agreed to use his best endeavors to have the exiled Italian Princes restored; he believes that he could that he would neither interfere himself nor permit others to interfere with arms to restore them. He likewise agreed to use his best efforts to establish an Italian Confederacy with the Pope at its head.

The time has now come for the fulfillment of these promises. On the 20th inst. the European Congress meets at Paris. Napoleon meets his brother sovereigns with the candid statement that he is willing to induce Tuscans and the other citizens of the Italian duchies to take back their exiled sovereigns, but that they will not do so; that he has likewise tried his best to persuade the Romans to the same effect, to return to its allegiance, but that it will not do so; that he has advised the Pope to reform his government, but that he will not do so; whereupon he reverts to his original programme, and advises that the duchies be allowed to choose their own rulers independently of foreign control; that the Romans be pronounced independent of the Pope; that the Pope be shorn of his political power, invested merely with the spiritual and moral supremacy of the municipal town of Rome, and provided with a handsome revenue by contributions from France, Austria, Spain, Portugal, and Italy; in fine, that the Papal Government be at once constituted, and recognized as a member of the European family. We submit that Napoleon's proposals would not have been morally redeemed.

There are still enormous difficulties in the way of the Napoleonic project. It does not provide for any Protestant in the Papal Government—which is as bad as the Pope's. Nor is it easy to forese the working of the scheme by which the Papal Government is to be shorn of its jects and without power; with an empire, and yet without recognition as a potentate; independent, and yet supported by foreign subsidies; a government, and yet without a possible despot. There are here anomalies which, to Anglo-Saxons, accustomed to the practical working of governments, appear formidable. Nevertheless, And the greatest anomaly of all is that the views of the Roman people on the subject remain a mystery. At present it is well known that neither the French garrison, nor persuasion the Romans from rising, driving out the Pope, and establishing a republic. Will they be any better satisfied with Papal government, when they see their late fellow-subjects in the Romagna thriving under an independent democracy?

Still it could not have been expected that, after centuries of abuses, misgovernment, and foreign domination, Italy would be regenerated and set on her legs all at once. The law is that, to cure of long and inveterate disease, application of remedies must be persevering, and their operation gradual. If Napoleon succeeds in sweeping away Austrian domination in Italy, and in giving Northern Italy and Tuscany a chance of good government and progressive civilization, he will have deserved well of humanity. The rest will come by-and-by.

THE COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION, now in its sixth year of successful progress, has done much to disseminate a taste for pure art among our people. For the small fee of dollar (Subscribers to the association receive a copy of the *Art Journal* (quarterly) for one year—each member contributing at least one steel plate illustration, besides interesting matter—a season ticket of admission to the Dusseldorf Gallery, one of the finest collections of pictures in the United States, and a copy of the association's large annual engraving. The subject of the engraving for this year is "Shakspeare and his Friends," and the execution is worthy of the fine subject. Its size is 20×28 inches, and its price, if bought in a print store, would not, probably, be less than double the subscription price.

The subscription year closes on the 31st of January, at which time several hundred valuable works of art will be divided among the subscribers of the year. Subscriptions, if may be well made, are received until the last day of the month.

THE LOUNGER.

NUDITY IN ART.

THE brother of all anti-christians was lately made *opprobrium* of Palmer's White Capitol. It was to the effect that, as the Greeks were enormous in their religion, they properly carved nude statues, but that the spirituality of the Christian idea was expressed by drapery.

Translated into other words, this is merely to say that the soul is more adequately manifested in the handiwork of tailors than in the divine drapery of flesh and blood. From the point of view of decency, it is like the improvement of trowers and swaddling-clothes which the Pope ordered to be placed upon the figures in Michael Angelo's Last Judgment.

This whole question is periodically agitated, but it is really very simple. If the human figure be properly the subject of sculpture, it must be the human figure as God made it, and not as fashion clothes it. But as men habitually wear clothes, historic personages are properly represented in the garments they wore; and, for the same reason, when the ideal of the sculpture is not individual but representative or symbolical, as in the Greek, or individual, but not personal, as in the White Captive, then it is the human form itself which is the subject of the artist, and the means by which his intention is expressed. A portrait is the representation of a man as he was known to others. Hence we must have Julius Cæsar in a toga, and Washington in Continental regimentals. But the Venus is not a portrait—the Gladiator is not a portrait; neither is the Greek Slave, nor the White Captive. And why, as in the latter case, the supposed circumstances require nudity, the question is finally settled.

That modesty is a spiritual and not a material grace is so true that Catherine of Russia clad in pellisses a little thick is not decent; and, on the other hand, if Lucretia Borgia had been a "Virginia Tom," would the deed of the Lady Godiva have been less glorious? A work is justly charged with indecency only when the evident intention and the inevitable influence are prurient. But this is the case neither in Page's Venus nor in Palmer's White Captive.

THACKERAY'S NEW MAGAZINE.

PRODIGIOUS literature in England has just been the subject of a remarkable revelation. John Bull means to try cheap papers and magazines. He has seen with astonishment the success of popular weeklies and monthlies in America and the cheapest literary papers at home, and he has made up his mind to try the experiment whether the most famous English authors can not command an audience so large that their periodical labors may be sold as cheaply as any.

Dickens's *Household Words* had demonstrated this, but publishers and authors still held aloof, and the old English Magazines were as dull and untimely as the fertile English mind could produce; until within a few months the quarrel between Dickens and his old publisher appears to have stirred the long stagnant waters. With the disappearance of *Household Words* all the old craft went down, and with the birth of *All the Year Round* a new era in English literature appears.

Once a Week ends its first volume of twenty-six numbers with the issue of the 24th of December. Mr. Thackeray was announced as one of its contributors, but he does not seem to have written any thing for it. The proprietors state that its commercial success is fairly established, and promise constant improvements; among others, a new novel by a famous hand, which is now in the hands of the designers. The *Cornhill Magazine*, with Field-Marshal Thackeray in command, takes the lead with the beginning of the year; and the Colonel has evidently put on all his armor, burnished for the occasion. He begins a new story in the most Thackeray vein, "Lovel the Widower"—a tale of contemporary English life and society. It opens with a disquisition "Mutt," in which the sharp, shining touch of the historian of "Snobs" is perfectly evident; and he has also a first editorial article, "Roundabout Papers," in which he treats of novel-reading with all his bantering, satiric zest. In these papers he will have ample scope for the display of that special, kindly sympathy with men and things which appears so pleasantly in the prospectus, and which is the humane undertone and tender note of his genius. Of course he has a desperate battle for public favor to fight with his illustrious contemporary Dickens; but Thackeray has a peculiarly Magnanimous talent, and he is clearly fully armored.

For the readers of *Harp rs Weekly* and *Magazine* it is a good thing to know that the proprietors have made such arrangements that they can place the choice part of all the new English periodicals at the earliest moment, and, in particular instances, like the novels, from advance sheets, before their readers. Thus, in the next number of the *Magazine* the new tale of "Lovel the Widower" will be commenced, with the illustrations. Mr. Anthony Trollope also contributes a story; Mr. Wilkie Collins is already deep in his "Woman in White;" Mr. Tom Hughes, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, is writing a serial sequel to "Tom Brown's School-days;" and the supply of novels is not likely to fall short. Meanwhile Tennyson is to be paid $50 a line for his new poem, and all Belgravia is making tea while the sun shines. Eighty thousand copies are to be printed of the new *Cornhill*. That is not like the hundred and fifty of *Harper*, but it is a good beginning. Never before were readers and writers so active and so fortunate.

NAPOLEON'S LAST WORK.

THE Emperor has taken another step in the solution of the Italian Question, and a very important one. Mr. Browning will have more faith than ever. For certainly he has touched the gravest difficulty in the peninsula, the temporal position of the Pope. In fact, so far as Louis Napoleon is concerned, sus mission seems to consist in unsettling the settlement of Europe so carefully made after Waterloo, which to every thoughtful mind has always seemed an arrangement of the most temporary kind.

The little pamphlet which our daily papers have reproduced is written in the grandiloquent, epigrammatic French style, but it embraces the substance of the whole matter. The Pope must be temporally independent. But he can not be so if some of the great powers need hold his stirrup together. Prence will not do it, Austria shall not, and Naples can not. The only practicable thing, therefore, is to have a subscription among all the great Catholic States, pay the Holy Father a liberal allowance, and let him live at Rome with the protection of his subjects. Then he depends upon nobody, and, in case of trouble, the allied powers will enforce quiet.

This is simple, and certainly very pertinent to the present juncture; but the question, of course, presents itself, Who will want to live in the city of Rome under an exclusively priestly Government, when they can get rid of it by moving a few miles away? Only those will stay who feel the Pope might be still in "Honorary President" of the Italian League. The stork is not so bad a king after all, if you only cut off his head. He can't pick up the frogs with his legs; and though his throat is as capacious as ever, he has nothing to swallow. It is nearly not very difficult now to see the connection between M. Guerronière's pamphlet and M. Aboot's book. The latter treats of the question popularly, to make public opinion. The former appeals soberly to the grave political wisdom of Europe, which will be governed by the pressure of facts and figures. The making a political progress more marked than in the fact that the most powerful king in Europe always assures himself of public sentiment before he acts.

This proposition is certainly a large entry to the credit of Louis Napoleon in the Ledger of History. That it is all to his own advantage is very true; but if an emperor does a good thing, why should he not have the praise of it as well as another man? Certainly it is beginning to appear that he is adjusting the condition of Europe with as little disturbance as we could hope to see it done. He does not, indeed, inspire confidence in advance; but he earns a great deal of just commendation as he proceeds.

AFTER THE FAIR.

AND yet good books never come too late. Even when they are meant for the holidays they suit other days also. The times of the mere "Annual" having gone, and taste, knowledge, genius, and mechanical skill having now combined, the results are such as are good from year to year, and at all times of the year.

While the Lounger has been sauntering about staring in at many windows in many towns and cities, going to many shops and Rooms upon many counters, overcome and powerless with the sense of multitudinous preparation—not powerless in the mere power of holiday satisfaction but good healthy love in the mere reminiscence of the pudding—which he consumed so many times during all time that his own treasures have been increasing by the thoughtfulness of friends, and as he turns his eye to his own table, he is it piled beyond hope of enumeration.

Chiefly with good books and beautiful books. Books of so many inventions that they are matter, and of so many tasteful hands as to the manner. The wonderful book of Tyll Owglass, a sort of old Christmas in quaint and grotesque, and old Gil Blas in humorous adventure—the wild romance of Bettine's correspondence with Goethe—the Life of the Lady Jane Grey, the Queen of Nine Days, loved and honored—a fresh volume of Kingsley's Miscellaneous, various, picturesque, clever, and of a manifestly Christianity—Dickens's Christmas, in one large, legible volume—the neat conceit of Mother Goose, for the older children, called men and women—the beautiful volume of Mrs. Mentzin's scenery and legend, of which the Lounger will steal another moment to say something—and the ever fresh, exquisitely illustrated book of English and American Poets of the Nineteenth Century—with a flood of charming volumes, large and small, for children—as fine and as cheap as Christmas, for a word of recognition?—messengers and missionaries of enjoyment and instruction, to many happy friends and friendes all over the land.

Even in New England, where the old Puritan spirit severely restrains, indulgence in fiction and partially in fact—in the land of pies and Thanksgiving—the Lounger has actually heard the warmest expressions of gratitude for the Christmas time. They are closing the shops gradually on this hallowed day. They are erecting and decorating Christmas trees. The Lounger has a prospectus open in all those generous chimneys of the old time, and at the fresh stockings as open as the chimneys. There are not many who have said, as said "It seems to me Christmas is slowly *displacing Thanksgiving!* At least, it is as much a holiday?"

So let it be every where—and upon the ruins of the old New England festival, but by the side. As the winter days come in, and the nights lengthen, multiply the festivals which, by opening the heart, open also the pocket and the mind, to give relief and sympathy, and to devise wise charitable and permanent relief to suffering. Perhaps we should be better men and women if we had more holidays—certainly we should be so if they were in good faith holy-days. The spring is our dry season of festivals. But there is hope that Easter may gradually grow into a universally honored day; and that the bells which ring at "the merry, merry time of Yule" may blend their music with the early chimes of spring, the symbolical new birth of the year.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SILLY SONGS FOR SABLE SINGERS.

No. 1.

WHEN first I lib wid Mason Prun,
Dat Dinah crazy de darkies lib;
Her cheeks were black, her eyes were blue,
O Gosh! she was bewitching!

Chorus.

Lubby Dinah! de belle ob Carolina!
Beautiful jasmine, wing-tailed teeth,
All in lub wid Dinah!

Dis nigger see her as she sat
A cleaning ob de better;
She make my heart go pit a pat,
And all dat I could utter
Was—Lubby Dinah! etc.

I flog down plump upon my knees,
Though in my Sunday trowsers,
And den I try my lub to please,
By breedin' trouser, Sirs.
Lubby Dinah! etc.

Miss Dinah said she'd marry me,
So Mass found us asleep;
Now in my cabin you may see
Two Sambos and two Dinahs!

Chorus.

And they're all like Dinah! de belle ob Carolina!
Black-nosed blue flies, ring-tailed noses,
All in lub wid Dinah!

No. 2.

Of all the gals in New Orleans,
There's none like Sally Cutter;
She's full of wit, she's full of beans,
She's Uncle Pumpkin's darter!
She's got two eyes, she's got a nose,
She's got a mouth dat's bigger than
She's got two feet, she's got ten toes,
Oh, isn't she a nigger!

Chorus.

Yah! yo! Sally! Guess I know your valley!
Lib Uncle Jonh,
To tell de world of Sally!

Sal can bake, and Sal can brew,
Dance in Louisiana,
She can sweetheart a darkey too,
And play on de banjoer!
Sal's the gal for de jubbe squash,
Sal's the gal for dumpling;
Oh! don't she feed de Uncle Josh,
Her erinaylum a crumpling!

Chorus.

Yah! yo! Sally! Guess I know your valley!
There aint a hoe
Like Cousin Sally!
To wed a gal like Sally!

No 3.

When I lib in Ole Virginny,
I was no picaninny;
I lub wid de pretty gal,
Although her eyes ver squinny!

Chorus.

Corn cake sweet,
Sukey's ob fortuna;
Cake goes down
Sambo's heart will break.

Dat pulter gal she whisper me,
"Oh, Gosh, is you sweet heart be?"
Yup! yup! I said, de eky an red,
And so you see I lub de pretty gal!

Chorus. Corn cake corn! etc.

Another twelvemonth passed and gone,
Dat gal and I wed;
Yup! yup! I said, your eyes an red,
Oh, Golly! wot's dat nice-ness?

Chorus.

Corn cake corn,
Cake goes down before!
Cake corn cake,
Sambo's heart can't break!

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the first hole a hotel bote?—Because it changes one's shoes into slippers.

Why is a cat in the bag like the great Fall of Niagara?—Because it is a cat-ract.

Why is a cat like Handel?—Because Handel and the grinder of a barrel-organ?—The one was a composer, the other is a discomposer.

Why are men-haters like mice in the West Indies?—Because they are *ca-nine-haters*.

If a pretty poutteress marries a pill-monger, why may she be said to marry a pill-ar? Because if it—because it lets him have a "duck," and gets nothing but a quack in return.

MORAL MAXIMS.

Never put off till to-morrow the man whom you can do to-DAY.

Business first and pleasure afterward. Get your loan from the money lender you trust yourself will bring him.

Hyena, delays are dangerous, especially with widows.

Patience is a virtue. When your wife wants a new shawl and her husband is poor.

Pack not their noses to bills, and wise men make a fine bow.

Exchange is no robbery. If you go out to a party put your shirt in hot.

WHAT IS WISDOM.—The man who gives a joke should be prepared to take one; and so it is with economists, which have become a proverbial joke therefore they are should advise the reader, if he is sensible, to have nothing to do with them. Wisdom is a species of ornament, gives any thing toward a testimonial, expense himself is the danger of a fashionable joke therefore take one himself. Such mutual homage only ends in general contempt.

PRACTICAL WISDOM.—Whenever you see exposed for sale any article that strikes your fancy, buy it if you can afford it, whether you want it or not. If you find it you actually want a certain thing, you will find that the exact thing you want is not to be found. You will usually in vain at a hundred clothes-shops for the particular kind of trousers that you want, and so on.

PROFESSIONAL NURSERY RHYMES.

EARTH'S OFFERS.

Catchee Captain Walker,
Buttee Brown Bess,
Tap bibe on the shoulder,
Take him off to jail.

LAWYER.

Little linger-pegey,
Fee his little bill,
Take his little Mary,
Make his little will.

PARSON.

Preachee, preachee, preachee,
Not too long, beseech 'ee;
Wear a white tie,
And make 'em all cry,
Preachee, preachee, preachee.

DUTCHMAN.

Little boy blue, come blow your steel,
Shorpen your knife in out up your veel;
Dicky's a mans, and dey are go
Any thing else but "buy, buy, buy!"

CONTRABANDERS.

Hiss his little heart!
Draw his little cart;
Here's his carpets, curtains, peas, and beans,
Sparrow-grass and kail,
Artichokes for sale,
Cauliflowers, cabbages, and greens.

RAILWAY DIRECTOR.

Hushaby, baby, sleepy in the train,
When we spare wages, as much we gain,
When we fill stores, collision has been
And smash go earrings, lady, and all.

USURER.

Cock-a-do, do-do!
Doddy bell rings;
Interest rate has
At sixty per cent.
Isn't gran a crow?

EXT-COLLECTOR.

Great A, schedilisimus A, B, C,
Good man tumbled down his pile scheddled D
"What a hole in my income you've made!" says he.

MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

Baby sneaker scheme!
Don't be sneaker and bestume!
The Man in the Moon
Will come down soon
And bribe, corrupt, and treatume.

TAILOR.

Goosey, goosey, gaby,
Where's little baby?
Cut off his
Cross shins,
Then he'll be one up.

MEDICAL MAN.

Count up his pulse, pulse pulse,
Roll up his pill, pill, pill,
Mix up his dose, dose, dose,
Make up his bill, bill, bill.

IMPERTANT TO NEXT OF KIN.—When a man intends to marry a widow, his friends, if they can not prove him a lunatic, should, if possible, twice save that he writes very little of his property on the lady of his choice; for the obvious reason, that a married widow ought to be cheap, since her husband can hardly expect to be dear.

MONOPOLY.—The Austrians are so tired of a paper currency that they are anxious for any thing by way of change.

LYTERNE POLITENESS.—*Pickpocket to Policeman:* "I say, your handkerchief is hanging out. You'll have your pocket picked if you don't take care."

REASONS WHY I WEAR CRINOLINE.

Extorted from MISS BRAMTOON, *by one who arena himself a belle.*

1. Because life quits the *thing* to wear it.
2. Because *every* dress *every* body has got to wear now.
3. Because it sets one off.
4. Because gentlemen admire it so. (Oh, yes, they may and they don't, but I know quite well they do.)
5. Because—well, you know one doesn't always want to be one's own slave!
6. Because—well, now I'm sure it's very *tiresome* in you to keep on asking me so, and I've really a good mind not to say another word to you.
7. Because—well, because it is now a real reason, do, do you? Well, then, *Mr. Outcrow*, I wear Crinoline because I DO it, *Sir*. And I don't care whether you do.

GOOD ADVICE.—Never marry a man with a husband's heart.—NO! Because the longer he is kept waiting, the better it will be.

GOODLY ADVICE.—Persons about to marry should look to their finances before they take their fatal leap. With fashion of recent seasons and increasing large families, it is generally easier to find supplies than climmers. A man who tends to tailor is a man with shilling; and man lets he makes a bob of it, he may and himself ere long without a bob his pocket.

CEOGNOMY IN DRESS.—Never buy embroidered dresses that are dearer than plain ones. 'Tis blind vanity to spoil invisible stitches.

LACONIC LOVE LETTERS.

DEAREST,—If that word be a solecism, throw this note in the fire. Excuse folly, results of lost night's dance. Cab waiting 1 P. M. (Gentlemen at 12); back tonight. No answer sufficient reply to your rejected.—JONS SNORT.

MISS SNORT.—Is it true to compare the commencement which she experienced on reading Mr. Short's note.

MY DEAREST LOVE,—Received yours, and note the contents. In haste, yours, J. S.

DEAR MR. SNORT.—Things must, of course, depend upon Papa's consent.—L. S.

MY DEAREST LOVE.—£500 a year in the funds. £200 a year in the Bank. £300 mortgage per year. Net profits of business, £300 per ann. At your feet.—J. S.

MY DEAR MR. SHORT.—Connections? Religious principles?—L. S.

BELOVED OBJECT.—Aristocratic. Orthodox. Ladies Lord.—J. S.

MY DEAR JONS.—I wen you have awakened an interest in my—when did you first see me?

MY OWN LOVE.—Bosom.—J. S.

MY DEAREST JONS.—What a goose you are!—L. S.

MY DEAREST SNORT.—But then you are a duck. So now we understand one another. Accept the indowed plighting.—J. S.

INCONSTANT OBJECT.—I return it. You were seen last night in a private box at Covent Garden with Miss Jones. I can descried—Farewell. Think no more of—L. S.

MY DEAREST LOVE.—Your mistaken in Miss Jones. Has those I mentioned you received from Captain Brown. Discontinued.—Yours—J. S.

JEALOUS!—I scorn Captain Brown. Torture! Cruel! Unkind!—L. S.

MY OWN ONE.—Miss Jones is a griffin. Both!—J. S.

DEAREST, DEAREST JONS,—Can you forgive me?—L. S.

MY OWN ONE,—My fond One. I believe you.—J. S.

MY HEART'S IDOL,—Say no more.—L. S.

MEMORIES are of fairer stuff than dreams. Name the day.—J. S.

MY LOVE, MY LIFE,—Whenever you like.—L. S.

MY PRECIOUS,—Say, Wednesday.—J. S.

MY TREASURE.—Very well. The sooner these things are settled the better. I'm off to Leamington Spa. Meet thee, Wednesday, St. George's, Hanover Square, 11, sharp. Punctuality is the soul of marriage. Adieu! at the altar!—L. S.

MAXIMS BY A MISANTHROPE.

The last place in which I should look for the milk of human kindness is, The *gale* of civilization.

How to keep your friends.—Never ask any of them to do you a service.

The woman's mind—the opative—*Mrs.*

The reddest mouth—the logoverite—*Mrs.*

DIVORCE.—A Matrimonial Ticket-of-leave.

THE FUNERAL.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER C.

DUST TO DUST.

THE evening papers of the next day were full of the dreadful news. They said they were deeply shocked to announce that a disgrace had befallen the whole city in the crime which had mysteriously deprived his constituency and his country of the services of the young, talented, promising representative, whose opening career had seemed to be in every way so auspicious. By what foul play he had been made way with was a matter for the strictest legal investigation, and the honor of the country demanded that the perpetrators of such an atrocious tragedy should be brought to condign punishment.

The morning papers followed next day with fuller details of the awful event. Some of the more enterprising had diagrams of the shop, the blind, the large yellow barrels that held the liquor pure as imported, the bench, the counter, and the spot (marked O) where the officer had found the body. In parlors, in banks, in groceries and liquor-shops, in lawyers' rooms and insurance offices, the murder was the chief topic of conversation for a day. Then came the report of the inquest. The little liquor-seller was the only material witness. Some men he did not know (he swore to it) had been drinking in his shop. Another person whom he had never seen, respectably dressed, but evidently excited with liquor (he swore to it), came in, and after a little while there was a quarrel. He tried to stop it. He remembered his very words. He said, "Time to go home. Time to go home." But they would not stop. They began to fight. He was frightened and ran to the door. Then came the testimony of the watchmen—the finding the body—the calling the doctor.

Doctor James Greenwich was called. He testified that he was summoned about three o'clock in the morning, hurried out, and saw the body on the bench. Examined it carefully; but life was extinct. Nobody knew who it was, but he suggested looking at the handkerchief.

At this point the young Doctor's voice saddened. "I looked at it and saw a name which I knew. Then looking steadfastly at the face, I recognized a man whom I had once known as a school-boy. It was the body of Abel Newt."

There was no clew to the murderers. The eager, thirsty-eyed crowd of men and women and children, crushing and hanging about the shop, gradually loosened their gaze. The jury returned that the deceased Abel Newt came to his death by the hands of some person or persons unknown. The shop was closed, officers were left in charge, and the body was borne away.

General Belch was in his office reading the morning paper when Mr. William Condor entered. They shook hands. Upon the General's fat face there was an expression of horror and perplexity, but Mr. Condor was perfectly calm.

"What an awful thing!" said Belch, as the other sat down before the fire.

"Frightful," said Mr. Condor, placidly, as he lighted a cigar, "but not surprising."

"Who do you suppose did it?" asked the General.

"Impossible to tell. A drunken brawl, with its natural consequences; that's all."

"Yes, I know; but it's awful."

"Providential."

"What do you mean?"

"Abel Newt would have made mince-meat of you and me and the rest of us if he had lived. That's what I mean," replied Mr. Condor, unruffled and lightly whiffing the smoke. "But it's necessary to draw some resolutions to offer in the committee, and I've brought them with me. You know there's a special meeting called to take notice of this deplorable event, and you must present them. Shall I read them?"

"Yes, do."

Mr. Condor drew a piece of paper from his pocket, and, holding his cigar in one hand and whiffing at intervals, read:

"Whereas our late associate and friend, Abel Newt, has been suddenly removed from this world, in the prime of his life and the height of his usefulness, by the hand of an inscrutable but all-wise Providence, to whose behests we desire always to bow in humble resignation; and

"Whereas, it is eminently proper that those to whom great public trusts have been confided by their fellow-citizens should not pass away without some signal expression of the profound sense of bereavement which those fellow-citizens entertain; and

"Whereas we represent that portion of the community with whom the lamented deceased peculiarly sympathized; therefore be it resolved by the General Committee,

"*First*, That this melancholy event impressively teaches the solemn truth that in the midst of life we are in death;

"*Second*, That in the brilliant talents, the rare accomplishments, the deep sagacity, the unswerving allegiance to principle which characterized our dear departed brother and associate, we recognize the qualities which would have rendered the progress of his career as triumphant as its opening was auspicious;

"*Third*, That while we humble ourselves before the mysterious will of Heaven, which works not as man works, we tender our most respectful and profound sympathy to the afflicted relatives and friends of the deceased, to whom we fervently pray that his memory may be as a lamp to the feet;

"*Fourth*, That we will attend his funeral in a body; that we will wear crape upon the left arm for thirty days; and that a copy of these resolutions, signed by the officers of the Committee, shall be presented to his family."

"I think that'll do," said Mr. Condor, resuming his cigar, and laying the paper upon the table.

"Just the thing," said General Belch. "Just the thing. You knew the Grant has passed and been approved?"

"Yes, so Ele wrote me," returned Mr. Condor.

"Condor," continued the General, "I've had enough of it. I'm going to back out. I'd rather sweep the streets."

General Belch spoke emphatically, and his friend turned toward him with a pleasant smile.

"Can you make so much in any other way?"

"Perhaps not. But I'd rather make less, and more comfortably."

"I find it perfectly comfortable," replied William Condor. "You take it too hard. You ought to manage it with less friction. The point is, to avoid friction. If you undertake to deal with men, you ought to understand just what they are."

Mr. Condor smoked serenely, and General Belch looked at his slim, clean figure, and his calm face, with curious admiration.

"By-the-by," said Condor, "when you introduce the resolutions, I shall second them with a few remarks."

And he did so. At the meeting of the Committee he rose and enforced them with a few impressive and pertinent words.

"Gratitude," he said, "is instinctive in the human breast. When a man does well, or promises well, it is natural to regard him with interest and affection. The fidelity of our departed brother is worthy of our most affectionate admiration and imitation. If you ask me whether he had faults, I answer that he was a man. Whoso is without sin, let him cast the first stone."

On the same day the Honorable B. J. Ele rose in his place in Congress to announce the calamity in which the whole country shared, and to move an adjournment in respect for the memory of his late colleague; "a man endeared to us all by the urbanity of his deportment and his social graces; but to me especially, by the kindness of his heart and the readiness of his sympathy."

Abel Newt was buried from his father's house. There were not many gathered at the service in the small, plain rooms. Fanny Dinks was there, sobered and saddened—the friend now of Hope Wayne, and of Amy, her Uncle Lawrence's wife. Alfred was there, solemnized and frightened. The office of Lawrence Newt & Co. was closed, and the partners and the clerks all stood together around the coffin. Abel's mother, shrouded in black, sat in a dim corner of the room, nervously sobbing. Abel's father, sitting in his chair, his white hair hanging upon his shoulders, looked curiously at all the people, while his bony fingers played upon his knees, and he said nothing.

During all the solemn course of the service, from the gracious words, "I am the resurrection and the life," to the final Amen which was breathed out of the depth of many a soul there, the old man's eyes did not turn from the clergyman. But when, after a few moments of perfect silence, two or three men entered quietly and rapidly, and, lifting the coffin, began to bear it softly out of the room, the old man looked troubled and surprised, and glanced vaguely and inquiringly from one person to another, until, as it was passing out of the door, his face was covered with a piteous look of appeal; he half-rose from his chair, and reached out toward the door, with the long white fingers clutching in the air; but Hope Wayne took the wasted hands in hers, placed her arm behind him gently, and tenderly pressed him back into the chair. The old man raised his eyes to her as she stood by him, and holding one of her hands in one of his, the spectral calmness returned into his face; while, beating his thin knee with the other hand, he said, in the old way, as the body of his son was borne out of his house, "Riches have wings! riches have wings!" But still he held Hope Wayne's hand, and from time to time raised his eyes to her face.

CHAPTER CI.

UNDER THE MISLETOE.

THE hand which held that of old Boniface Newt was never placed in that of any younger man, except for a moment; but the heart that warmed the hand henceforward held all the world.

We have come to the last page, patient and gentle reader, and the girl we saw sitting, long ago, upon the lawn and walking in the garden of Pinewood is not yet married! Yes, and we shall close the book, and still she will be Hope Wayne!

How could we help it? How could a faithful chronicler but tell his story as it is? It is not at his will that heroes marry and heroines are given in marriage. He merely watches events and records results; but the inevitable laws of human life are hidden in God's grace beyond his knowledge.

There is Arthur Merlin painting pictures to this day, and every year with greater beauty and wider recognition. He wears the same velvet coat of many buttons—or its successor in the third or fourth remove—and still he whistles and sings at his work, still draws back from the easel and turns his head on one side to look at his picture, and eons it carefully through the tube of his closed hand; still lays down the pallet and, lighting a cigar, throws himself into the huge easy-chair, hanging one leg over the chair arm and gazing, as he swings his foot, at something which does not seem to be in the room. Cheerful and gay, he has always a word of welcome for the loiterer who returns to Italy by visiting the painters; even if the loiterer find him with the foot idly swinging and the cigar musingly smoking itself away.

Somehow Aunt Winnifred says little of her nephew's irresistible career among women; and when Mrs. Toxer plies her busy needle and her constant tongue, Aunt Winnifred listens with respectful faith as her gossip declares that Arthur "has had some affair."

What Mrs. Toxer suspects perhaps other people suspect, but nobody knows, and she is so old that she may be confounding some experiences of her own youth with her speculations upon his. Nor is the painter conscious of any gaping, unhealed wound that periodically bleeds. There are nights in midsummer when, leaning from his window, he thinks of many things, and among others, of a picture he once painted of the legend of Latmos. He smiles to think that, at the time, he half persuaded himself that he might be Endymion, yet the feeling with which he smiles is of pity and wonder rather than of regret.

At Thanksgiving dinners, at Christmas parties, at New Year and Twelfth Night festivals, no guest so gay and useful, so inventive and delightful, as Arthur Merlin the painter. Just as Aunt Winnifred has abandoned her theory it has become true, and all the girls do seem to love the man who respects them as much as the younger men do with whom they nightly dance in winter. He romps with the children, has a perfectly regulated and triumphant sliding-scale of gifts and attentions; and only this Christmas, although he is now—well, Aunt Winnifred has locked up the family Bible and begins to talk of Arthur as a young man—yet only this Christmas, at Lawrence Newt's family party, at which, so nimbly did they run round, it was almost impossible to compute the actual number of Newt, and Wynne, and Bennet children—Arthur Merlin brought in, during the evening, with an air of profound secrecy, something covered with a large handkerchief. Of course there could be no peace, and no blindman's-buff, no stage-coach, no twirling the platter, and no snap-dragon, until the mystery was revealed. The whole crowd of short frocks and trowsers, and bright ribbons and eyes and curls, swarmed around the painter until he displayed a green branch.

A pair of tiny feet, carrying a pair of great blue eyes and a head of golden curls, scampered across the floor to Lawrence Newt.

"Oh, papa, what is that green thing with little berries on it?"

"That's a misletoe bough, little Hope."

"But, papa, what's it for?"

The painter was already telling the children what it was for; and when he had hung it up over the folding doors such a bubbling chorus of laughter and merry shrieks followed, there was such a dragging of little girls in white muslin by little boys in blue velvet, and such smacking and kissing and happy confusion, that the little Hope's curiosity was immediately relieved. Of all the ingenious inventions of their friend the painter, this of the misletoe was certainly the most transcendent.

But when Arthur Merlin himself joined the romp, and, chasing Hope Wayne through the lovely crowd of shouting girls and boys, finally caught her and led her to the middle of the room and dropped on one knee and kissed her hand under the misletoe, then the delight burst all bounds; and as Hope Wayne's bright, beautiful face glanced merrily around the room—bright and beautiful, although she is young no longer—she saw that the elders were shouting with the children, and that Lawrence Newt and his wife and his niece Fanny, and papa and mamma Wynne, and Bennet, were all clapping their hands and laughing.

She laughed too, and Arthur Merlin laughed; and when Ellen Bennet's oldest daughter (of whom there are certain sly reports, in which her name is coupled with that of her cousin Edward, May Newt's oldest son) sat down to the piano and played a Virginia reel, it was Arthur Merlin who handed out Hope Wayne with mock gravity, and stepped about and bowed around so solemnly, that little Hope Newt, sitting upon her papa's knee and nestling her golden curls among his gray hair, laughed all the time, and wished that Christmas came every day in the year, and that she might always see Mr. Arthur Merlin dancing with dear Aunt Hope.

When the dance was over and the panting children were resting, Gabriel Newt, Lawrence's youngest boy, said to Arthur,

"Mr. Merlin, what game shall we play now? What game do you like best?"

"The game of life, my boy," replied Arthur, looking at him kindly.

"Is life a game, father?" said Gabriel, turning to Lawrence Newt, with a look of surprise.

"My son," replied Lawrence, tenderly, "you must wait for your own experience to answer that question."

Patient and gentle reader, if life be a game, it is for you to say who among all the players we have been watching held Trumps.

THE END.

UNDER THE MISLETOE.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

GILMORE'S NARRATIVE—*Concluded.*

III.

A WEEK passed, after my return to London, without the receipt of any communication from Miss Halcombe.

On the eighth day, a letter in her handwriting was placed among the other letters on my desk.

It announced that Sir Percival Glyde had been definitely accepted, and that the marriage was to take place, as he had originally desired, before the end of the year. In all probability the ceremony would be performed during the last fortnight in December. Miss Fairlie's twenty-first birthday was late in March. She would, therefore, by this arrangement, become Sir Percival's wife about three months before she was of age.

I ought not to have been surprised, I ought not to have been sorry; but I was surprised and sorry, nevertheless. Some little disappointment, caused by the unsatisfactory shortness of Miss Halcombe's letter, mingled itself with these feelings, and contributed its share toward upsetting my serenity for the day. In six lines my correspondent announced the proposed marriage; in three more she told me that Sir Percival left Cumberland to return to his house in Hampshire; and in two concluding sentences she informed me, first, that Laura was daily in want of my advice and cheerful society; secondly that she had resolved to try the effect of some change forthwith, by taking her sister away with her on a visit to certain old friends in Yorkshire. There the letter ended, without a word to explain what the circumstances were which had decided Miss Fairlie to accept Sir Percival Glyde in one short week from the time when I had last seen her.

At a later period the cause of this sudden determination was fully explained to me. It is not my business to relate it imperfectly or hearsay evidence. The circumstances came within the personal experience of Miss Halcombe; and when her narrative succeeds mine, she will describe them in every particular, exactly as they happened. In the mean time, the plain duty for me to perform—before I, in my turn, lay down my pen and withdraw from the page—is to relate the one remaining event connected with Miss Fairlie's proposed marriage in which I was concerned, namely, the drawing of the settlement.

It is impossible to refer intelligibly to this document, without first entering into certain particulars in relation to the bride's pecuniary affairs. I will try to make my explanation briefly and plainly, and to keep it free from professional obscurities and technicalities. The matter is of the utmost importance. I warn all readers of these lines that Miss Fairlie's inheritance is a very serious part of Miss Fairlie's story; and that Mr. Gilmore's experience, in this particular, must be their experience also, if they wish to understand the narratives which are yet to come.

Miss Fairlie's expectations, then, were of a two-fold kind; comprising her possible inheritance of real property, or land, when her uncle died, and her absolute inheritance of personal property, or money, when she came of age.

Let us take the land first.

In the time of Miss Fairlie's paternal grandfather (whom we will call Mr. Fairlie the elder) the entailed succession to the Limmeridge estate stood thus:

Mr. Fairlie the elder died and left three sons—Philip, Frederick, and Arthur. As eldest son, Philip succeeded to the estate. He died without leaving a son, the property went to the second brother, Frederick. And if Frederick died also without leaving a son, the property went to the third brother, Arthur.

As events turned out, Mr. Philip Fairlie died, leaving an only daughter, the Laura of this story; and the estate, in consequence, went, in the course of law, to the second brother, Frederick, a single man. The third brother, Arthur, had died many years before the decease of Philip, leaving a son and a daughter. The son, at the age of eighteen, was drowned at Oxford. His death left Laura, the daughter of Mr. Philip Fairlie, presumptive heiress to the estate, with every chance of succeeding to it, in the ordinary course of nature, on her uncle Frederick's death, if the said Frederick died without leaving male issue.

Except in the event, then, of Mr. Frederick Fairlie's marrying and having an heir (the two very last things in the world that he was likely to do), his niece, Laura, would have the property on his death; provided, it must be remembered, nothing more than a life-interest in it. If she died single, or died childless, the estate would revert to her cousin Magdalen, the daughter of Mr. Arthur Fairlie. If she married, with a proper settlement—or, in other words, with a settlement I meant to make for her—the income from the estate (a good three thousand a year) would, during her lifetime, be at her own disposal. If she died before her husband, he would naturally expect to be left in the enjoyment of the income, for *his* lifetime. If she had a son, that son would be the heir, to the exclusion of her cousin Magdalen. Thus Sir Percival's prospects in marrying Miss Fairlie (so far as his wife's expectations from real property were concerned) promised him these two advantages, on Mr. Frederick Fairlie's death: First, the use of three thousand a year (by his wife's permission, while she lived, and, in his own right, on her death, if he survived her); and, secondly, the inheritance of Limmeridge for his son, if he had one.

So much for the landed property, and for the disposal of the income from it, on the occasion of Miss Fairlie's marriage. Thus far no difficulty or difference of opinion on the lady's settlement was at all likely to arise between Sir Percival's lawyer and myself.

The personal estate, or, in other words, the money to which Miss Fairlie would become entitled on reaching the age of twenty-one years, is the next point to consider.

This part of her inheritance was, in itself, a comfortable little fortune. It was derived under her father's will, and it amounted to the sum of twenty thousand pounds. Besides this, she had a life-interest in ten thousand pounds more; which latter amount we had to leave her money to her aunt Eleanor, her father's only sister. It was the duty, in setting the family affairs before the reader in the clearest possible light, if I stop here for a moment to explain why the money was thus left waiting for her legacy until the death of the niece.

Mr. Philip Fairlie had lived on excellent terms with his sister Eleanor all her life, and had remained a single woman. But when her marriage took place, somewhat late in life, and when that marriage united her to a Count Fosco—or, rather, to an Italian nobleman, seeing that he rejoiced in the title of Count—Mr. Fairlie disapproved of the match so strongly, that he ceased to hold any communication with her, and even went the length of striking her name out of his will. The only mitigation of the family all thought this serious manifestation of resentment at his sister's marriage more or less unnecessary, on the ground, though not a rich man, was not a penniless adventurer either. He had a small, but sufficient income of his own; he had lived many years abroad; and he held an excellent position in society. These circumstances, however, weighed nothing with Mr. Fairlie. In many of his opinions he was an Englishman of the old school; and he hated a foreigner, simply and solely because he was a foreigner. The utmost that he could be prevailed on to do, in after years, mainly at Miss Fairlie's intercession, was to restore his sister's name to its former place in his will, but to keep her waiting for her legacy by giving the income of the money to his sister for life, and the money itself, if her aunt died before her, to her cousin Magdalen. Considering the relative ages of the two ladies, the chances, in the ordinary course of nature, of receiving the ten thousand pounds, was thus rendered doubtful in the extreme; and Mr. Fairlie also resented his brother's treatment of her, as unjustly as usual in such cases, by refusing to see her niece, and declining to believe that Miss Fairlie's intercessions had ever been exerted to restore her name to Mr. Fairlie's will.

Such was the history of the ten thousand pounds. Here again no difficulty could arise with Sir Percival's lawyer. The income would be at the wife's disposal, and the principal would go to her aunt or her cousin on her death.

All preliminary explanations being now cleared out of the way, I come, at last, to the real knot of difficulty—the twenty thousand pounds.

This sum was absolutely Miss Fairlie's own, on her completing her twenty-first year; and to what future disposition of it it depended, in the first instance, on the conditions I could obtain for her in her marriage settlement. The other clauses contained in that document were of a formal kind, and need not be recited here. But the clause relating to the money is too important to be passed over. A few lines will be sufficient to give the necessary abstract of it.

My stipulation in regard to the twenty thousand pounds was simply this: The whole amount was to be settled so as to give the income to the lady for her life; afterwards to Sir Percival for his life; and the principal to the children of the marriage. In default of issue, the principal was to be disposed of as the lady might by her will direct, for which purpose I reserved to her the right of making a will. The effect of these conditions may be thus summed up: If Lady Glyde died without leaving children, her half-sister, Miss Halcombe, and any other relatives or friends whom she might be anxious to benefit, would, on her husband's death, divide among them such shares of her money as she desired them to have. If she died childless, and had, leaving children, then their interest, naturally and necessarily, superseded all other interests whatsoever. This was the clause; and no one who reads it can fail, I think, to agree with me that it secured out equal justice to all parties.

We shall see how my proposals were met on the husband's side.

At the time when Miss Halcombe's letter reached me I was even more busily occupied than usual. But I contrived to make leisure for the subject when I had drawn it, and had sent it for approval to Sir Percival's solicitor, in less than a week from the time when Miss Halcombe had informed me of the proposed marriage.

After a lapse of two days the document was returned to me, with the usual remarks of the baronet's lawyer. His objections, in general, proved to be of the most trifling and technical kind, with the exception of the clause relating to the twenty thousand pounds. Against this there were double lines drawn in red ink, and the following note was appended to them:

"Not admissible. The *principal* to go to Sir Percival Glyde, in the event of his surviving Lady Glyde, and there being no issue."

That is to say, not one farthing of the twenty thousand pounds was to go to Miss Halcombe, or to any other relative or friend of Lady Glyde's. The whole sum was to be left, no children, was to slip into the pockets of her husband.

The answer I wrote to this audacious proposal was as short and sharp as I could make it:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I maintain clause number so-and-so exactly as it stands. Yours truly."

The rejoinder came back in a quarter of an hour:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I maintain the note in red ink exactly as it stands. Yours truly."

In the detestable slang of the day we were now both "at a dead lock," and nothing was left for it but to refer to our clients on either side.

As matters stood, my client—Miss Fairlie and having, as she reached her twenty-first year, was her guardian, Mr. Frederick Fairlie. I wrote by that day's post, and pat the case before him exactly as I stood, not only urging every argument I could think of to induce him to maintain the clause as I had drawn it, but stating to him plainly the necessity under which was at the bottom of the opposition to my settlement of the twenty thousand pounds. The knowledge of Sir Percival's affairs which I necessarily gained when the provisions of the will on the subject were submitted in due course to my examination had but too plainly informed me that the debts on his estate were enormous, and that his income, though nominally a large one, was, virtually, for a man in his position, next to nothing. The want of ready money was the practical necessity of Sir Percival's existence; and his lawyer's note on the clause in the settlement was nothing but the frankly honest expression of it.

Mr. Fairlie's answer reached me by return of post, and proved to be wandering and irrelevant in the extreme. Turned into plain English, it practically expressed itself to this effect: "Would dear Gilmore be so very obliging as not to worry his client's friend and client about such a trifle as a remote contingency? Was it likely that a young woman of twenty-one would die before a man of fifty-five, and die without children? On the other hand, in such a miserable world as this, was it possible to overestimate the value of peace and quietness? If those two heavenly blessings were offered in exchange for such an earthly trifle as a remote chance of twenty thousand pounds, was it not a fair bargain? Surely, yes. Then why not make it?"

I threw the letter away from me in disgust. Just as it had fluttered to the ground there was a knock at my door, and Sir Percival's solicitor, Mr. Merriman, was shown in. There are many varieties of sharp practitioners in this world, but I think the hardest of all to deal with are the men who overreach you under the disguise of a generous good humor. A fat, well-fed, smiling, friendly man of business is of all parties to a bargain the most hopeless to deal with. Mr. Merriman was one of this class.

"And how is good Mr. Gilmore?" he began, all in a glow with the warmth of his own amiability. "Glad to see you, Sir, in such excellent health. I was passing your door, and I thought I would look in, in case you might have something to say to me. Do—now pray do let us settle that little difference of ours by word of mouth, if we can! Have you heard from your client yet?"

"Yes. Have you heard from your?"

"My dear, good Sir, I wish I had heard from him to my purpose—I wish, with all my heart, the negotiation was off my shoulders, but he won't take it off. 'Merriman, I leave the table to you. Do what you think right for my interests, and consider me as having personally withdrawn from the business until it is all over. Those were Sir Percival's words a fortnight ago, and all I can get him to do now is to reject them. I am not a hard man, Mr. Gilmore, as you know. Personally and privately, I do assure you, I should like to spongeon out that note of mine as this very moment. But if Sir Percival won't go into the matter, if Sir Percival will blindly have all his interests in my sole care, what course can I possibly take except the course of asserting them? My hands are bound—don't you see, my dear Sir?—my hands are bound."

"You maintain your note on the clause, then, to the letter?" I said.

"Yes—decee take it! I have no other alternative." He walked to the fire-place and warmed himself, humming the fag end of a tune in a rich, convivial bass voice. "What does your side say? Do you want one; now pray tell me—what does your side say?"

I was ashamed to tell him. I attempted to gain time—say, I did worse. My hesitation put the better of me, and I even tried to bargain.

"Twenty thousand pounds is rather a large sum to be given up by the lady's friends at two days' notice," I said.

"Very true," replied Mr. Merriman, looking down thoughtfully at his boots. "Properly put, Sir—most properly put!"

"A compromise, recognizing the interests of the lady's family as well as the interests of the husband might not, perhaps, have frightened my client quite so much," I went on. "Come! come! this contingency resolves itself into a matter of bargaining after all. What is the least you will take?"

"The least we will take," said Mr. Merriman, "is nineteen-thousand-nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-pounds-nineteen-shillings-and-eleven-pence-three-farthings. Ha! ha! ha! Excuse me, Mr. Gilmore. I must have my little joke."

"Little enough!" I remarked. "The joke is just worth the odd farthing it was made for."

Mr. Merriman was delighted. He laughed over my retort till the room rang again. I was not half so good-humored on my side. I came back to business, and closed the interview.

"This is Friday," I said. "Give us till Tuesday next for our final answer."

"By all means," replied Mr. Merriman. "Longer, my dear Sir, if you like." He took up his hat to go, and then addressed me again. "By-the-way," he said, "your clients in Cumberland have not heard any thing more of the woman who wrote the anonymous letter, have they?"

"Nothing more," I answered. "Have you found no trace of her?"

"Not yet," said my legal friend. "But we don't despair. Sir Percival has his suspicions that Somebody is keeping her in hiding, and we are having that Somebody watched."

"HE WALKED TO THE FIRE-PLACE AND WARMED HIMSELF," ETC., ETC.

"You mean the old woman who was with her in Cumberland?" I said.

"Quite another party, Sir," answered Mr. Merriman. "We don't happen to have laid hands on the old woman yet. Our Somebody is a man. We have got him close under our eye here in London; and we strongly suspect he had something to do with helping her in the first instance to escape from the Asylum. Sir Percival wrote to question him at once; but I said, 'No. Questioning him will only put him on his guard: watch him, and wait.' We shall see what happens next. A dangerous woman to be at large, Mr. Gilmore; nobody knows what she may do next. I wish you good-morning, Sir. On Tuesday next I shall hope for the pleasure of hearing from you." He smiled amiably, and went out.

My mind had been rather absent during the latter part of the conversation with my legal friend. I was so anxious about the matter of the settlement that I had little attention to give to any other subject; and the moment I was left alone again I began to think over what my next proceeding ought to be.

In the case of any other client I should have acted on my instructions, however personally distasteful to me, and have given up the point about the twenty thousand pounds on the spot. But I could not act with this Honeyblunk-like indifference toward Miss Fairlie. I had an honest feeling of affection and admiration for her; I remembered gratefully that her father had been the kindest patron and friend to me that ever man had; I had felt toward her, while I was abroad, a fatherly sentiment, as I might have felt, if I had not been an old bachelor, toward a daughter of my own; and I was determined to give no personal sacrifice in her service and where her interests were concerned. Writing a second letter to Mr. Fairlie was not to be thought of; it would only be giving him a second opportunity of slipping through my fingers. Seeing him was personally remunerating with him might possibly be of more use. The next day was Saturday. I determined to take a return ticket, and pay my old friend down in Cumberland, on the chance of persuading him to adopt the just, the independent, and the honorable course. I was a poor climber enough, no doubt; but when I had tried it my conscience would be at ease. I should then have done all that a man in my position could do to serve the interests of my old friend's only child.

The weather on Saturday was uncomfortable—wet wind and sleet all day long. Having felt latterly a return of that listless and oppression of the head against which my doctor warned me so seriously more than two years since, I resolved to take the opportunity of getting a little extra exercise, by walking my big coat before me, and walking to the terminus in Euston Square. As I came out into Holborn a gentleman, walking briskly, recognized and spoke to me. It was Mr. Walter Hartright.

If he had not been the first to greet me I should certainly have passed him. He was so changed that I hardly knew him again. His face looked pale and haggard—his manner was hurried and nervous—his dress, which I remembered as neat and gentlemanlike when I saw him at Limmeridge, was so slovenly now that I hardly really have been ashamed of the appearance of it on one of my own clerks.

"Have you been long back from Cumberland?" he asked. "I heard from Miss Halcombe lately. I am aware that Sir Percival Glyde's explanation has been considered satisfactory. Will the marriage take place soon? Do you happen to know, Mr. Gilmore?"

He spoke so fast, and overwhelmed his questions together so strangely and confusedly, that I could hardly follow him. However accidentally intimate he might have been with the family in Limmeridge, I could not see that he had any right to expect information on their private affairs; and I therefore contented myself by saying as might he, on the subject of Miss Fairlie's marriage.

"True will show, Mr. Hartright," I said—"time will show. I dare say if we look out for the marriage in the papers we shall not be the wrong." Instead of replying, he had an energy to see you not looking so well as you were when we last met.

A most unnervous contraction quivered about his lips and eyes, and made me half repeach myself for having answered him in such a significantly pointed manner.

"I had no right to ask about her marriage," he said, hurriedly. "I must wait to see it in the newspapers, like other people. Yes," he went on, before I could make my apologies, "I have not been well lately. I want a change of scene and occupation. You have a large circle of acquaintance, Mr. Gilmore. If you should hear of any expedition or project which may be in want of a draughtsman, and if you have no friend of your own who can take advantage of the opportunity, I should feel greatly obliged by your letting me know of it. I can answer for my testimonials being satisfactory; and I don't care where I go, what the climate is, or how long I am away." He looked about him while he said this at the throng of strangers passing us by on either side, as a strange, suspicious man, in case if he thought that some of them might be watching us.

"If I hear of any thing of the kind I will not fail to mention it," I said; and then added, so as not to keep him altogether at arm's-length on the subject of the Fairlies, "I am going down to Limmeridge to-day, on business. Miss Halcombe and Miss Fairlie are away, just now, on a visit to some friends in Yorkshire."

His eyes brightened, and he seemed about to say something in answer; but the same momentary nervous spasm crossed his face again. He took my hand, pressed it hard, and disappeared among the crowd, without saying another word. Though he was little more than a stranger to me I waited for a moment, looking after him almost with a feeling of regret. I had gained, in my profession, sufficient experience of young men to know what the outward signs and tokens were of their beginning to go wrong; and, when I resumed my walk to the railway, I felt sorry for him I felt more than doubtful about Mr. Hartright's future.

IV.

LEAVING by an early train I got to Limmeridge in time for dinner. The house was comparatively empty and dull. I had expected that good Mrs. Vesey would have been company for me in the absence of the young ladies; but she was confined to her room by a cold. The servants were so surprised at seeing me that they hurried and bustled absurdly, and made all sorts of annoying mistakes. Even the butler, who was old enough to have known better, brought me a bottle of port that was chilled. The reports of Miss Fairlie's health were just as usual; and when I sent up a message to announce my arrival, I was told that her maid would be with me at the dinner-table. The next morning, but the sudden news of my appearance had prostrated him with palpitations for the rest of the evening. The wind howled dismally all night, and strange creaking and groaning noises sounded here, there, and everywhere. I tossed about, and slept as wretchedly as possible; and got up, in a mighty bad humor, to breakfast by myself the next morning.

At ten o'clock I was conducted to Mr. Fairlie's apartments. He was in his usual room, his usual chair, and his usual miserable state of mind and body. When I went in his valet was standing before him, holding up for inspection a green shade for his eyes, as long and as broad as my office writing-desk. The miserable foreigner grinned in the most abject manner, and bowed to me, when I came in, twenty, while his master composedly turned over the etchings and brought their hidden beauties to light with the point of his shade. He said,

"You very best of good old friends," said Mr. Fairlie, leaning back lazily before the sofa-table—"you very best of good old friends! How nice of you to come here and see me in my solitude. Dear Gilmore!"

I had expected that the valet would be dismissed when I appeared; but nothing of the sort happened. He was left in the room by his master's chair, trembling under the weight of the etchings; and there Mr. Fairlie sat serenely twirling the unwieldy green glass between his white fingers and thumbs.

"I have come to speak to you on a very important matter," I said, "and I have no time for excuse nor if I suggest that we had better be alone."

The unfortunate valet looked at me gratefully. Mr. Fairlie faintly repeated my last three words, "better be alone," with every appearance of the utmost possible astonishment.

I was in no humor for trifling, and I resolved to make him understand what I meant.

"Unless you prefer giving your permission to withdraw," I said, pointing to the valet.

Mr. Fairlie arched his eyebrows, and pursed up his lips, in speechless surprise.

"Man?" he repeated. "You provoking old Gilmore, what can you possibly mean? The calling in a doctor? He's nothing of the sort. He might have been in man half an hour ago before I ever thought of ringing my bell. He was half an hour bence, when I don't want them any longer. At present he is simply a port-folio stand. Why object, Gilmore, to a port-folio stand?"

"I do object. For the third time, Mr. Fairlie, I beg leave to be alone with you."

My tone and manner left him no alternative but to comply with my request. He looked at the servant and pointed peevishly to a chair at his side.

"Put down the etchings and go away," he said. "Put them on the chair, and go away. Have you, or have you not, lost my place? Are you sure you have not? And have you put my hand-bell quite within my reach? Yes? Then, why the devil don't you go?"

The valet went out. Mr. Fairlie twisted himself round in his chair, and touched the magnifying glass with his delicate nambie-pambie kerchief, and indulged himself in a sidelong inspection of the new volume. It was clear I was not easy to keep my temper under these circumstances; and he knew it.

"I have come here at great personal inconvenience," I said, "to serve the interests of your nephew and ward. I have this day left a established some slight pleasure to be favored with your attention in return.

"Dear old Gilmore!" exclaimed Mr. Fairlie, falling back helpessly in the chair, and closing his eyes. "Please don't bully me. I'm not strong enough."

I was determined not to let him provoke me for Laura Fairlie's sake.

"My object," I went on, "is to entreat you to reconsider your letter, and not to force me to abandon the just rights of your niece, and of the person who belongs to her, in the case to you once more, and for the last time."

Mr. Fairlie shook his hand, and sighed piteously.

"This is heartless of you, Gilmore—very heartless," he said. "Never mind; go on."

I put all the points to him carefully; I set the matter before him in every conceivable light. He lay back in the chair, the whole time I was speaking, with his eyes closed. When I had done he opened them indolently, took his silver snuff-box from the side table, and sniffed at it with an air of gentle relish.

"Dear Gilmore!" he said, between the sniffs, "how very nice this is of you! How you reconcile one to human nature!"

"Give me a plain answer to a plain question, Mr. Fairlie. I tell you again, Sir Percival Glyde has no shadow of a claim to expect more than the income of the money. The money itself, if your niece has no children, ought to be under her control, and to return to her family. If you stand firm Sir Percival must give way—he must give way, I tell you, or he exposes himself to the base imputation of marrying Miss Fairlie entirely from sordid pecuniary motives."

Mr. Fairlie shook the silver smelling-bottle at me playfully.

"Do hear old Gilmore; how you do hate rank and family, don't you? How you detest Glyde because he happens to be a baronet. What a Radical you are—oh, dear me, what a Radical you are!"

"Radical!!! I could put up with a great deal of prevocation, but, after holding the sound-est Conservative principles all my life, I could not put up with that word. I, a Radical! My blood boiled at it—I started out of my chair—I was speechless with indignation.

"Don't shake the room!" cried Mr. Fairlie—"for Heaven's sake, don't shake the room! Worthless of all possible Gilmores, I meant no harm. I only meant to be so extremely flattered that I think I am a Radical myself. Yes. We are a pair of Radicals. Please don't be angry. I cannot bear it when you are angry enough. Shall we drop the subject? Yes. Come and look at these sweet etchings. Do you know, I begin to understand the beauty and peariness of these lines. Do, now; there's a good Gilmore!"

While he was maundering on in this way, I was, fortunately for my own self-respect, returning to my seat—and, when I spoke again I was composed enough to treat his impertinence with the silent contempt that it deserved.

"Let us drop the subject, Sir," I said, "in supposing that I speak from any prejudice against Sir Percival Glyde. I may regret that he has no unexceptionable character himself, in this matter, to his lawyer's direction, as to make any appeal to himself impossible; but I am not prejudiced against the man. I ask you to do what I could properly apply to any other man in his situation, high or low. The principle I maintain is a recognized and principle of law. I ask you to apply, at the nearest town here, to the first respectable practitioner you could find, he would be sure to tell you, whether what I tell you is a friend. He would inform you that it is against all rule to abandon the lady's money entirely to the man she marries. He would decline, on grounds of common legal caution, to give the husband, one or any circumstances whatever, an interest greater than twenty pounds in the event of the wife's death."

"Would he really, Gilmore?" said Mr. Fairlie. "If he did anything of the sort, I do assure you I should tinkle my bell for Louis, and have him sent out of the house immediately."

"You shall not irritate me, Mr. Fairlie—for your niece's sake, and for her father's sake, you shall not irritate me. You shall take the whole responsibility of this discreditable settlement on your own shoulders. I leave the room."

"Don't!—one please don't!" said Mr. Fairlie. "Think how precious your time is, Gilmore; and how you possibly may be calling me to account for it. He's nothing of the sort. He might have been in man half an hour ago before I ever thought of ringing my bell. He was half an hour hence, when I don't want them any longer. At present he is simply a port-folio stand. Why object, Gilmore, to a port-folio stand?"

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"Put down the etchings and go away," he said. "Put them on the chair, and go away. Have you, or have you not, lost my place? Are you sure you have not? And have you put my hand-bell quite within my reach? Yes? Then, why the devil don't you go?"

The valet went out. Mr. Fairlie twisted himself round in his chair, touched the magnifying glass with his delicate nambie kandkerchief, and indulged himself in a sidelong inspection of the new volume. I was not easy to keep my temper under these circumstances either, and he knew it.

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"Dear old Gilmore!" exclaimed Mr. Fairlie, falling back helpessly in the chair, and closing his eyes. "Please don't bully me. I'm not strong enough."

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LITERARY

MISS MARTHA HAINES BUTT, of Virginia, has published her "Leisure Moments," to which we lately alluded. It appears to be a charming book, and will no doubt be widely read. Few ladies in the country have so many admirers as the beautiful and talented Miss Butt.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE

CONGRESS.

On Monday, Jan. 9, in the Senate, a speech against the Annical claim was made by Senator Dixon, after which Senator Iverson explained his position, and declared that he could not support Senator Douglas for the Presidency. —In the House there was little speechmaking. Three bullets for Speaker were held, 219 voting each time, running from 1 to 7 votes, for each bullet. Mr. Sherman secured 105, Mr. Hamlin 85, and Mr. Gilmer declining from 22 to 8. The rest were scattering.

On Tuesday, 10th, in the Senate, Senator Green received the petition of Senator Douglas, charging him with inconsistency. The Senate went into executive session and then adjourned. —In the House, the discussion and the Helper book were discussed at length by Messrs. Bocock, Hamlin, Morris, and Lovejoy. No ballot was taken.

On Wednesday, 11th, in the Senate, Hon. Morton J. Wilkinson, the Senator recently elected in Minnesota, for organization, taking on the 4th of March, 1859, appeared and was sworn in. Senator Green subsequently resumed, responsive to the Douglas question, and reviewing the position of Senator Douglas, and was followed by Senator Bayard, of Del., in response to the charge of Senator Iverson. Senator Pugh only gave way to an adjournment. —In the House, speeches on the Speakership and the Slavery question were made by Messrs. Bocock, Campbell, etc., after which a vote for Speaker was had, 113 being necessary to a choice. Mr. Sherman received 102, Mr. Hamlin 85, Mr. Gilmer 20, scattering 13. A second ballot was ordered. Some votes were cast for Messrs. Clarke, Allison, and others, after which the vote was taken. The ballot resulted, Mr. Sherman 116, Mr. Hamlin 86, Mr. Gilmer 20, Mr. Lovejoy, of Indiana, 8, scattering 7. Necessary to a choice 117. Mr. Sherman declined.

On Thursday, 12th, in the Senate, an exciting debate took place on Senator Douglas' position, between Messrs. Pugh, Douglas, Davis, Green, and Clay participated. Senator Douglas' speech was the reply of his accusers. —In the House, after a personal explanation between Messrs. Sherman and Lovejoy, a discussion ensued on Mr. Clark's resolution in reference to the Helper book, and a number of conventional resolutions were made by members. An alternation took place between Messrs. Clark and Lovejoy, the latter of whom, with a speech full from his pocket. This caused some confusion and heat. At the close of the day, Mr. Clark's resolution and all ended quietly.

On Friday, 13th, the Senate not being in session, in the House Mr. Smith spoke in favor of Mr. Clark's resolution, and in condemnation of the Helper book. He was responded to by Mr. Bingham. A general discussion then ensued. Mr. Sherman, however, was prevented of the plurality rule on the vote for Speaker, to take effect on Saturday next. Several other votes were taken, but no question was taken, and the House adjourned.

MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR LETCHER, OF VIRGINIA.

Governor Letcher's Message was delivered to the Legislature of Virginia, on the 5th. It begins by stating the happy tranquility of an earlier period of the republic, which was disturbed only by the differences of the claims of the Northern States with the rights and institutions of the South. The Legislatures of Maine, Vermont, and perhaps other States, legislation has been employed to defeat the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law and other laws.

It is especially to be regretted that the action of the Northern States has not been loyal to the Constitution and Union; but it is not to be disguised that a large number are indifferent to the general government, and the execution of the slave territory and slave States. That unfavorable state of things originated in misinterpretation by Northern people of the Constitution. He suggests that a convention of all the States be assembled, and that full and free conference be had, to ascertain if the questions in controversy can not be settled on some basis satisfactory to both sections. If the difference be irreconcilable, let the question of separation proceeding be discussed. He recommends the Legislature to adopt resolutions expressive of calling such a convention, to be provided to the fifth article of the Constitution, and appoint the Legislature to the Northern States, and that the application proposed to be made to Congress in pursuance of the fifth article of the Constitution, the States fail or refuse to unite in the application, it will furnish conclusive evidence that the Northern States are parts to keep up the agitation. If the convention meet, and the conditions are not satisfactorily adjusted, it will furnish evidence equally conclusive. He also suggests that a commission of two or three competent persons be appointed to visit the Legislatures of those States which have passed laws against the execution of the Fugitive Slave Act, and insist, in the name of Virginia, upon their unconstitutional repeal. The Commission, if successful, will be a great deal more than a mere ceremonious mission. Virginia is prepared to do all that honor, patriotism, and duty enjoin toward its preservation. Should the Union be dissolved, she is to be prepared, and the Governor recommends the revision of her militia laws, the formation of new regiments, the brigades of volunteers be organized, and that the Militia Legislature be adopted. He also recommends the fostering of direct trade with Europe, manufactures, and the commercial, and the encouragement of the internal improvements of the State.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN.

The Annual Message of Governor Randall of Wisconsin was delivered to the Legislature of that State on 13th inst. The portion of the State area shown to be in proportion to the Slavery question is discussed in the Republican domestic length, but the Governor adopts the Republican view of the various questions included in that subject. He recommends the Legislature to repeal the Dionision settlements which are allowed to be expired, undignified, and he ordered legislation to be adopted, undignified, and dignomefully, and declares that every attempt at Dionision should be resented with dignity.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF UTAH.

We have received the Message from the Governor of Deseret. The Message of Governor Cumming was delivered on the 3d inst. The Governor has a long account on the recent Mormon outrages, alluding briefly to the various facts of disorders and organized insurrection of the Police force. The question of the jurisdiction of the Courts has occasioned a lot of difficulty in the Legislature. Our correspondent at Camp Floyd states that great quiet prevails among the Mormons in the organization of military companies.

NO SLAVERY IN KANSAS.

The Territorial Legislature of Nebraska, on the 3d inst., passed the bill to abolish Slavery in that Territory. It is stated that it was expected Governor Black, the Administration Executive of the Territory, would veto it.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTIONS.

The Kentucky Democratic Convention terminated its sessions last week. The extreme Pro-Slavery resolutions reported by the majority of the Committee were adopted, and a resolution proposing a reafirmation of the Cincinnati Platform was lost. On Tuesday, the Administration Democrats of Illinois met in Convention at Springfield. The resolutions were unanimously, and overwhelmingly, applauded the Administration, and indorse its views upon the Slavery question. The Democracy of

Indiana assembled on Wednesday at Indianapolis. After a severe struggle the Douglas faction was successful in placing one of its number in the Chair, preliminary to permanent organization. The Alabama Convention was also in session on Wednesday. The proceedings were extremely turbulent, the ultraists, controlled by Mr Yancey, insisting upon ruling the Convention—an object, so far as the temporary organization was concerned, they succeeded in effecting.

WHAT JOHN BROWN COST VIRGINIA.

A letter from Richmond, Virginia, says: "From a rough estimate formed by a gentleman high in military authority in this State, the cost of the transportation of troops, arms, and ammunition to and from Charlestown during the late excitement will amount to about $25,000. This estimate is predicated upon an assumption or guarantee that the railroad companies would charge the State but half fare and half the usual cost for freight transportation. I understand a great deal of cheating has been practiced upon the Old Dominion in the dead-head line. Every man who could appear in a military overcoat, whether borrowed or stolen, could proceed free and unmolested to Charlestown. This trick is understood to have been very generally practiced during the excited period of the Harper's Ferry *émeute* and the executions at Charlestown.

"The average cost of each man's rations per day during the stay of the military at Charlestown is estimated by the same authority at 19½ cents. The other estimates, it is understood, will be in perfect keeping with these results."

UNION MEETING AT ALBANY.

A very large meeting, called to express the devotion of the citizens to the Union, and their aversion to Brown's unhappy design, was held at Albany on the 12th. The outer hall of the Capitol—the Assembly having declined to permit its chamber to be used for the purpose—was crowded to its utmost capacity, and multitudes were necessarily excluded. Hon. Garret Y. Lansing was selected as President. As soon as the organization had been completed, Mr. Henry J. Raymond was called for, and spoke at some length upon the necessity of assuring the South, in its present agitated state, of the substantial conservatism of Northern sentiment, and of Northern indisposition to interfere with their peculiar institution where guaranteed by law. Ex-Governor Seymour followed Mr. Raymond in a speech of great eloquence; and a series of terse and vigorous resolutions were adopted.

EXECUTION OF THE MURDERER MAUDE.

Patrick Maude, who was convicted of the murder of his sister, Mrs. Turbott, at Newark, New Jersey, on the 28th of May last, by shooting her with a pistol, was executed on the 12th inst. in the Essex County jail at Newark. The prisoner made a speech upon the gallows, which, for recklessness, incoherency, and blasphemy, has scarcely ever been equaled. The execution was witnessed by about three hundred persons.

A SPIRITUAL MARRIAGE.

The Boston *Traveller* tells the story of the marriage of a dentist of that city with a lady medium, his wonderful matrimonial experiences, and the ultimate dissolution of that affinity after eighteen months. The dentist was introduced, some two years ago, to a lady whose husband had deserted her and gone to Kansas, since which she had taken up the profession of spiritual mediumship. She was fair and attractive, and admiration of her spiritual gifts combined with her personal charms to captivate the bachelor's heart. Besides, the spirits told them they were made for each other, and they were willingly obedient to the heavenly vision. They were married, but the honeymoon had hardly begun when the wife became subject to strange trances, during which she would pull her husband's hair, scratch him, and otherwise violently belabor him, most commonly when he was in bed, and exposed and defenseless. When she was aroused from the trance she was full of regrets at what had happened. At the bidding of the spirits he took her with him to Texas, where she proclaimed him an Abolitionist, and he narrowly escaped violence at the hands of the mob. When they got back, the spiritual persecutions continuing, and the poor husband finding that his sufferings of mind, body, and estate were greater than he could bear, suggested a separation, and obtained it by paying handsomely. After the separation the woman confessed that she had imposed upon him throughout—that her trances were feigned, that she beat and scratched him because she wanted to, and that all the spiritual messages he had received were of her own manufacture.

DRANK HIMSELF TO DEATH FOR TEN DOLLARS.

Miles Winn, says the New Haven *Journal* of the 10th inst., in company with Thomas M'Gwinn, entered the distillery of Keeler & Co., corner of Fleet and Water streets, early Saturday evening. M'Gwinn asked Winn what he would have to drink. He said port wine, upon which some one of the number present remarked he might as well drink brandy as port wine, as far as the effect was concerned. Winn, who is said to have been a temperate man, then said he could drink two quarts of port wine without feeling it. M'Gwinn then offered to bet ten dollars that he (Winn) could not do it; and the wager was made. Winn commenced upon his wine by drinking tumbler after tumbler, until he reached the eighth, when those who had furnished it refused him any more, saying that seven tumblers were enough for any man at one time. Winn then sat down on a bench near the stove for about ten minutes, when he suddenly fell backward on the floor, apparently helpless. He was immediately taken home, and died about eleven o'clock, totally unconscious. Dr. Jewett was called, and held a post-mortem examination of the body, and reported before the jury that he found the remains of Winn in a perfectly healthy condition, and that it was his opinion he came to his death from apoplexy, produced by drinking too much wine.

PERSONAL.

The President has nominated Hon. J. K. Faulkner, of Virginia, Minister to France.

We read in the *Comercio* of Laguayra, Venezuela: "Yesterday Miss Eliza Smith, daughter of the American Consul, Andrew J. Smith, Esq., died in this city. In the short space of ten days this gentleman has lost two daughters, and his only son is at present very seriously ill. We most sincerely sympathize with Mr. Smith in these afflictions. Five American ships lying in the harbor lowered their flags to half-mast in testimony of sympathy." The son has since died.

Richard Realf, the Secretary of State under John Brown's "Provisional Government," is on his way to Washington from Austin, Texas, in charge of the United States Senate Committee's officer.

A correspondent at Syracuse sends the *Tribune* the following account of the new United States Senator from Minnesota:

"The Hon. Morton S. Wilkinson has been spending a few days here, recruiting after the severe labors of the Fall campaign and preparing for Congressional duties. He was born in Skaneateles, in this county, and is the son of the late Alfred Wilkinson, a sterling Abolitionist, and the nephew of John Wilkinson of this place. He is six feet three inches in height, with a high forehead and sharp black eyes, and will be forty-one years old on the 22d of January. He is a lawyer, studied with Beach & Underwood of Skaneateles, and was admitted to the bar in this State. He moved to Michigan in 1843, and practiced law at Eaton Rapids till 1847, when he went to St. Paul, which has been his home till a year since, when he went to Wankato, a hundred miles southwest from that town.

"Another Senator, K. S. Bingham, was born in Marcellus, in Onondaga County."

A subscription to relieve the pecuniary embarrassment of the Pope has been commenced in this country, and two devoted Catholics of Baltimore, Maryland, have given $350 to the object.

As the Hon. Stephen H. Phillips, the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, was walking through Portland Street, in Boston, on Monday, he slipped upon the icy side-walk and fell heavily upon his right arm, by which some of the bones of the fore-arm were broken. Dr. Gay set the limb soon after, and Mr. Phillips subsequently appeared in the Supreme Court, but as he suffered considerable pain he was excused from attendance and returned home. It will be recollected that a similar accident occurred to the left arm of Mr. Phillips only a few weeks since.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal* thus makes history of an exciting incident in a marble dry-goods palace on Broadway:

"In one of our large dry-goods houses, at the close of the year, an affair happened not in the usual routine of trade. A number of clerks were discharged. It is 'the rule of the house' to give no recommendations. But one of the clerks applied for one. It was refused. The request was repeated, based on six years of long and faithful service, and on the fact that the applicant was about to remove to California. The refusal was repeated, with the demand to 'be gone.' The excited clerk, not having the fear of his late master, nor of the majesty of the law before his eyes, 'pitched into' the astounded dry-goods man, and floored him in true Congressional style. The fallen man arose, and was floored again, when the ex-clerk walked coolly away. Both parties are too respectable to have any public or legal notice taken of the affray. The police are innocent of any breach of the peace, though the affair created a profound 'impression' in the 'region' of the assault."

The Hartford *Press* says that Brackett, the sculptor, has had letters from Virginia intimating that he will have commissions from that State for copies of his bust of John Brown.

The following good story is told at Washington of the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania: At the time when several of the Anti-Lecompton men voted for Mr. Gilmer, of North Carolina, one of the prominent Southern Democrats approached Mr. Stevens, saying he was very much astonished that these men should vote for Mr. Gilmer, who owned nearly a "hundred head of niggers." "Does he?" said Mr. S., "then I think I shall vote for him myself, for it is your little one-headed nigger men who make all the trouble."

The London *Observer* hints that a great breach-of-promise case is on the tapis between the daughter of a solicitor and a noble earl. On the same authority it is stated that a tragedy equally horrible, though more English in its details than Madame Lemoine's (the burning of an infant to death), is likely to be brought before the public.

Mr. Price, of St. Stephen, in Maine, was burned out of house twice in one night! He owned two houses, a short distance from each other. The one he lived in took fire about 6 o'clock, and his family had barely time to escape to the other. About 12 o'clock that also was found to be on fire, and, as the night was bitterly cold, was laid in ashes.

A large crowd of persons, attended by a concert troup, recently visited the grave of Henry Clay, near Lexington, Kentucky. On the hallowed spot a dirge was sung. The ladies of the troupe at first stood in the snow, but the Kentucky gentlemen doffed their cloaks, and casting them upon the frozen crust, formed a carpet upon which the women might stand in comfort.

Cassius M. Clay spoke at Frankfort, Kentucky, on 10th, to a vast audience from the portico of the State House, the doors of which had been closed on him. He avowed being an Emancipationist, and vindicated the patriotism of Mr. Seward. There was no disturbance.

The Cardinal Vicar of Rome has issued an edict forbidding ladies to go to church in crinoline. The confessor is to forbid them to present themselves at the altar to take the sacrament, unless they are dressed in a simple manner.

We regret to learn that Mr. Rembrandt Peale, the well-known artist, is lying dangerously ill at Stonington, Connecticut. He will be eighty-two years of age on the 22d of February next.

The Cooperstown *Democrat* states that a monument to Cooper is to be erected in that town at a cost of $3200. It will be located in the beautiful Lake Wood Cemetery, between Lake Otsego and Mount Vision and Prospect Rock, and near the spot of the "Panther scene."

A company has been formed in Washington for manufacturing wine, with a capital of $100,000. The Hon. Amos Kendall is the principal stockholder. The company contemplates using the wild grape.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS BELLE.

The Court *Circular* says: "We notice, among the obituary of the week, the death of a Mrs. Anne Wallingford. The lady was formerly the beautiful and celebrated Anne Rochforth, with whom George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, was madly in love. It is due to her memory that she successfully resisted all attempts made by his Royal Highness to compromise her honor. Some singular anecdotes of Miss Rochforth are extant. She was asked in marriage by the Duke of B—— for his son the Marquis of C——; while the Prince of Wales solicited her to bestow her hand upon himself; backing his suit by an offer of a private marriage, princely settlement, etc. The young lady, wavering and somewhat perplexed between these two noble offers which courted her acceptance, requested Lady Jersey to give her advice how she should act. The countess recommended her not to consult her heart upon the occasion, but St. Nicholas, who was the patron saint of virgins. The saint accordingly appeared to her, but whether when sleeping or waking history is silent, but he decided against both. Soon after Miss Rochforth met Mr. Henry Wallingford, then the handsomest man of the day. A mutual passion sprung up between them, and in due course they were united. Mr. Wallingford died in 1810, so that his wife has survived him for the long term of forty-nine years."

THE QUEEN'S GOLD BEDSTEAD.

The golden bedstead which was lately presented to the Queen, and conveyed to Windsor Castle under the charge of Colonel Willoughby, has been exhibited, by the permission of her Majesty, at the conversazione of the Great Western Literary Society. The bedstead attracted, as may be supposed, immense interest and attention, and, by the description of it in a weekly contemporary, it seems to merit commendation from the beauty of its workmanship as much as from its sterling value. The bedstead, and the carpet on which it stands, are valued at £150,000.

A LADY RUNS OFF WITH HER FOOTMAN.

The correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says: "I see the scandal which has been floating about London clubs and drawing-rooms for the last few days—of Mrs. J. H. Gurney's elopement with her footman—has now found its way into the London *Times*. There can, therefore, be no further motive for keeping back a few facts in connection with the case. The lady in question was the daughter of the late Richard Gurney, by whom she had a fortune of nearly £25,000 a year, absolutely secured to herself. She was considered the richest married woman in England. All this fortune she is now free to dispose of as she likes—in enriching, if she chooses, the fortunate flunkey whom she has chosen for the partner of her flight. Her injured husband has already taken the first steps for obtaining a divorce, but such is the pressure of divorce business before Mr. Justice Cresswell's Court that his solicitor has been informed (I am told) that fourteen months are likely to elapse before the case can be brought to issue. Meanwhile, the affair is a great blow to the large and respectable Gurney connection—so well and widely known for its philanthropic activity as well as its wealth."

WOULDN'T MARRY A MAN IN DIRTY BOOTS.

A curious termination of an intended marriage took place lately at Halifax. On that day Henry Greaves, of Mount Tabor, and Mary Mitchell, of Gibbet Street, in that town, had arranged to be married at the parish church. The wedding party met before the ceremony at the Spotted Cow Inn, in Gibbet Street, and proceeded thence toward the church. When they had arrived at an inn named the Ring of Bells the bride found fault with the intended husband for not having his shoes clean. They, however, still pursued the journey; but so shocked was she on going along the aisle of the church in company with the dirty boots that she renewed her complaints, and setting at defiance all remonstrances, left the church and refused to be married. Dinner had been provided for sixteen and tea for twenty. After the return of the wedding party, the proportion of expenses to be borne by each party formed a further topic of dispute. The disappointed bridegroom refused to pay any thing unless he had the ring, which cost him ten shillings, returned, and then declined to contribute more than one half. The final issue will probably have to be decided in a court of law.

FRANCE.

THE POPE WON'T GO TO CONGRESS.

The Pope refuses to be represented in the Paris Congress unless the rumored authorship of the pamphlet entitled "*Le Pape et le Congres*" be denied by Napoleon.

A BIT OF DIPLOMATIC GOSSIP.

A letter from Vienna says: "It is an acknowledged fact that the Marquis de Moustier, in his position of French embassador at Berlin, essentially contributed to the fall of Sebastopol on the 8th September, 1855. Your readers will recollect that, in the autumn of that year, one of the royal valets, in the palace of Sans Souci, was found to have been for some time in the habit of opening the dispatch boxes and taking out the contents. A year after that discovery, which created the greatest sensation in Germany and Europe in general, the faithless servant and another individual who had assisted him in purloining the valuable papers were sentenced to eight years' penal servitude on the charge of high treason. To the political world it was no secret, even at that time, that the dispatches in question had been stolen at the instigation of a diplomatist of high standing, and that the Marquis de Moustier had been in a position to transmit their contents to the Emperor Napoleon. Many of the documents were from the pen of Count Munster, the then military embassador of Prussia at the court of St. Petersburg; and the intelligence communicated in them with respect to the fortifications of Sebastopol, and the condition of the Russian defenses in general, enabled the French commander to select for his point of attack one of the few sites from which the Crimean stronghold could be taken."

A VALUABLE DIAMOND.

A letter from Paris says: "By the arrival of the Bombay mail came hither a Mr. Amunn, having for sale a considerable parcel of diamonds, some of them quite extraordinary for size and importance. He has disposed of a few, the prices ranging from £1000 to £15,000. An uncut brilliant, of unusual magnitude, he has refused to part with for seven million francs, and stands out for £320,000, which if he can't get in Paris, he carries the gem to Amsterdam or St. Petersburg. The 'diggings' in Lucknow, and some other favorite hidden localities, during the mutiny were not unproductive."

A TAILOR SEWED UP.

An amusing story is told in the *Courrier de Lyons*. A sheriff's officer had to arrest a tailor. The man of law saw his prey at work in his shop, but some formalities are necessary before a person can be apprehended in his own house. The officer had not time for these, and the tailor had evidently no intention of issuing forth, so the former hit upon the following expedient: He retained a couple of young *gamins*, and arranged that one of them should pretend to take a pair of trowsers off the hooks over the tailor's shop, and that the other should run after him, crying "Stop thief!" The ruse succeeded; the tailor thought he was really robbed of his unmentionables, whereas he found out in a very few minutes that he had only lost his liberty. He made a pathetic appeal to the magistrate at being thus *done*, but he addressed deaf ears.

A TALE OF A BROKEN PITCHER.

We read in a Paris paper: "Every evening, about ten o'clock, a woman takes up her position under the Colbert Arcade, at the corner of the Rue Vivienne, her ostensible object being to fetch water from the fountain, for which purpose, like the daughter of Laban, she carries a pitcher in her hand. As soon as she observes a gentleman advancing she quietly places her pitcher at the angle of the two streets, and hides herself in the neighboring door-way. Owing to the darkness of the spot, the gentleman probably falls over and breaks the pitcher, soils his trowsers, and hurts his shins. The woman screams 'Be more careful another time, then,' says the gentleman, rubbing his shins. 'Ah, my good gentleman,' says the woman, weeping, 'I am indeed sorry that your clothes should be soiled like that.' And she sheds enough tears to fill another pitcher. The gentleman consoles her, and affirms that it does not much matter, as he can easily change his inexpressibles, and at the same time adds how much he regrets having broken her pitcher. At this her sobs redouble. 'The pitcher,' says she, 'was not mine, and I have no money to replace it.' The gentleman, melted by her distress, puts his hand in his pocket and gives two, three, and sometimes even five francs to the unfortunate woman, who then goes to buy another pitcher, to be broken by some other gentleman—and so on till midnight. As there are women who practice this profitable trick near all the fountains in Paris, it has given birth to a new species of industry. There are now men who mend these broken pitchers."

ELECTROBIOLOGY UNDER A NEW NAME.

The *Tribune* Paris correspondent writes: "Take any small brightish object, a knife blade, pen-holder, half dime, for example, hold it before a person's eyes, a little within the and above the range of his or (which is better) her easy vision, so that when she looks at it and thinks of it fixedly, as she must be engaged to do, she will have to squint convergently, upwardly, and abominably, and the chances are, that in a space of from one to three minutes she will have passed into a state of unnatural sleep, nervous sleep, artificial catalepsy—what two weeks ago we would have styled (with more or less of a sneering tone, most of us) magnetic sleep—what we now solemnly style *Hypnotism*. Now you may raise her two feet from the floor, tickle the palms of them, pull out the eyebrows, set out one arm like a pump-handle, throw up the other like a flagstaff, cut off one of them if need be, and she will not move, complain, or feel fatigue or pain. When you have experimented sufficiently, blow upon her eyes, rubbing the latter gently, if you choose, with your fingers, and she will wake up utterly unconscious of all that has happened.

"Here is an invaluable anesthetic method, a welcome rival to chloroform, for the doctors and suffering patients—a key, it is hoped, for the philosophers to open the mysteries of animal magnetism, turn out the humbug, and charlatanism, and superstition, and insanity, and losel spirits (who had better stay in heaven, or the other place, wherever they can prove residence), and let in scientific light, and careful observation, and common sense, and philosophy."

ITS SUCCESS IN PARIS.

He adds: "All medical Paris is busy now with experiments in Hypnotism. The above supposed case is the summary or generalizing of the chief phenomena of all the successful experiments. Dr. Broca, an eminent surgeon here, at the suggestion of Dr. Azam, of Bordeaux, who had been set to look into the matter by reading a book of Dr. Braid, of Manchester, England, published in 1843—Dr. Broca, I say, began his experiments last month, in one of them performing what would otherwise have been a painful operation, on a patient who was utterly unconscious of it till it was over, and she restored to her natural state. He made a report of his experiments, which Velpeau, one of the greatest and most incredulous tough old surgeons of the world, consented to read before the Academy of the Sciences. Velpeau is too careful of his great reputation, as well as too careful and cautious a man, to countersign Dr Broca's note. But the mere fact of his reading it immediately gave its statements a certain authority. It was as if he had said to all members of the profession: 'Here, these experiments are respectable; you can go on and make more without risking your little professional dignities and reputations, and run of practice. I, Velpeau, have said it.'

"And now all hands—Trousseau, Nelaton, and all the lesser and little ones—are setting their private patients and inmates of the hospitals asquinting inwardly, upwardly, and abominably to a cataleptic degree, and under the new title (invented by Braid in 1843) of *hypnotism* (which is Greek, *hupnos*, for sleepism, nothing more), are seriously investigating facts, which, under the old and modern titles of inspiration, enchantment, fascination, spirit-power, witch's power, devil's power, trance, ecstasy, animal magnetism, charlatans from the time of the old Egyptian priests, down to this month of December and 'Professor' Wapsbot, have made use and profit of, duping superstitious millions, and driving mad unhappy thousands."

A FRENCH TRAGEDY.

A trial at the assizes of Correze has excited considerable sensation. An elderly man appeared before the tribunal accused of the murder of his daughter, by the infliction of blows on her head by means of a hatchet, which severed the skull. Of the facts there could be no doubt, but the causes assigned induced the jury to pronounce him "Not Guilty." It appears that his daughter, Antoinette Rouvais, had been seduced by her cousin. When circumstances rendered it too apparent to be passed unnoticed, she declared that it was the result of violation. An inquiry was instituted, which showed that there was no truth in her statement. She avowed the truth to her parents, hoping for their forgiveness. In this she was doomed to disappointment. Her father, a man of high honor, the strictest integrity, and unimpeachable veracity, had sunk into a state of melancholy on finding the dishonor of his family. Some hopes, however, were entertained that a marriage with her seducer would have effaced the recollection of what had occurred; but these hopes were not realized, to the sad disappointment of the father, who attempted suicide by hanging, in which he was prevented by the daughter, who had gone to the granary, where she found her father. He, in a state of madness, seized the instrument which was near him, and with it attacked and killed his child. He appeared on his trial overwhelmed with affliction, acknowledged what he had done, which was the result of the feeling that the dishonor of his family was too great to be borne. The mayor of the village having been called upon to state what he knew of the defendant, spoke of him in the highest terms, describing the family as a model of domestic union and internal happiness. Amidst the tears of the audience the verdict of *non culpabilité* was given, and his family surrounded the father with expressions of tenderness and warm feeling.

ITALY.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN TROUBLE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* contains a letter from Naples, dated December 10, which says: "Mr. Alfred Major, an English resident silk-merchant at Naples, on the 8th instant, was riding on horseback at the camp where the troops were assembled for the grand mass. He was smoking his cigar, which is not allowed at that moment at that place. A gendarme approached him and ordered him to put away the cigar. The gentleman laughed, took no notice, and continued smoking. The gendarme then, with his bayonet, attempted to thrust the cigar from his mouth, for which impertinence the Englishman horsewhipped him. The gendarme then, with the bayonet, and without any further ceremony, seriously wounded him. Doctors Stronge and Bishop are now attending Mr. Major, and say the wound is dangerous, and may result mortally. Mr. Major's conduct was undoubtedly in bad taste, and a little too English."

SPAIN.

ACCOUCHEMENT OF THE QUEEN.

At latest dates there was nothing of importance respecting the war between the Moors and Spaniards. The Queen of Spain has been safely delivered of a princess.

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

The war between the Spaniards and the Moors appears to be carried out in the spirit of extermination. The Moors, we are told, display their usual valor, refusing quarter and giving none. There has been some desperate fighting in a wood in rear of the principal Spanish redoubt, in which the Spaniards are declared to have sustained a loss of 300 or 400 men killed and wounded. A letter from Algesiras contains this passage: "An officer told me that in one of the previous actions three Moors were surrounded, and had no chance of getting away; they stood firm, waited the approach of their enemies, deliberately aimed and fired their espingardas, and then bent their heads to receive their death-blow." The Spaniards, in twenty days, have had a *thousand* men put *hors de combat* by this furious foe. The writer adds, "The Spanish troops display excellent spirit, but they will need more decided advantages to sustain it in presence of the many hardships they have to suffer."

AUSTRIA.

PROSPECTS OF ANOTHER REVOLT IN HUNGARY.

Austria seems to be doing all in her power to produce another revolt in Hungary. A letter from the Hungarian capital, by way of Paris, contains the account of the following monstrous outrage: "While a Protestant meeting was being held in Pesth on the subject of the Imperial patent, a multitude of Roman Catholics, who had been attending a mass in honor of the national poet Kisfaludy, assembled outside the place of meeting to show their sympathy with their Protestant brethren. Soon afterward a body of infantry and cavalry, with fixed bayonets and swords, rushed in among the unoffending crowd, and dispersed it in a very brutal fashion. The people were doing nothing illegal; they had created no disturbance, and they had not even been summoned to disperse." If this mode of procedure does not play Kossuth's game we shall be greatly surprised. Most people now entertain his opinion of the Hapsburgs.

RUSSIA.

AN ANTEDILUVIAN FROG.

We translate from the *Gazette de Helsingborg* another of the stories of ancient frogs which have puzzled naturalists so long:

"In digging for the foundations of a gasometer a live frog was found at the depth of fifteen feet, and at about the level of the sea, in a compact bed of sand. He had no mouth, or rather his mouth was hermetically sealed by the growing together of his upper and lower jaws. Although his eyes were wide open, he appeared to be blind. He was imbedded in the sand as in a mould; his vitality and vivacity increased gradually as he became accustomed to the light and the fresh air. When he was first seen his skin was spotted with red; after a few hours the spots changed from red to yellow."

CHINA.

APPLICATION TO THE UNITED STATES.

Advices from China state that the Government of the empire had applied for American mediation in the threatened war between China and England and France. The ship *Flora Temple*, bound to Havana with eight hundred coolies, had been lost in the China Sea.

JAPAN.

THE EMBASSY TO THE UNITED STATES.

Late advices from Japan contain official notice from Mr. Harris, United States Minister in Jeddo, to the effect that the native embassy to Washington would embark on the *Powhatan* on the 22d of February, and travel *via* the Sandwich Islands to Panama, and thence to Washington direct from Aspinwall. The embassy would number in all seventy persons. An increasing trade was going on between San Francisco and the Japanese ports.

ST. DOMINGO.

TROUBLE WITH EUROPEAN POWERS.

Letters from St. Domingo City, written on the 13th ult., state that a European fleet, consisting of two French, one British, and one Spanish vessels of war, lay before the place, having been sent out in order more immediately to force the existing government to recognize the immense amounts of worthless paper money with which President Baez flooded the country in 1857–'58.

THE FASHION FOR 1860.

PATERFAMILIAS. "Good Heavens, Mrs. J., are you going a masquerading?"
MRS. J. "No, my dear, 'tis only the new fashion. You have been going on so long about hoops that I thought I would try how you liked this sort of thing. So come, James, come out for a walk."

PRIVATE THEATRICALS—THE MUSTACHES.

ALICE (*a wicked Marquis*). "But have you made me fierce enough, Charles?"
CHARLES. "Fierce! ferocious!"

SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

IMPERTINENT COUSIN (*reads*). "The rocks along our Coast may be seen studded with these beautiful zoophites. * * * * The skin is soft, and the tentacles are of the finest violet, mingled often with pink, mauve, green, and yellow; indeed the colors vary so much in different individuals, all alike beautiful, that it is impossible to describe them rigidly. * * * During the ebb of the tide, these creatures may be contemplated on a fine day to great advantage, and few spectacles are calculated to afford more pleasure to a lover of nature." "Hum! here are two lovely specimens, Fred; you take one, and I'll take the other!"

"It is not a pleasant thing, when going out to dinner, to hav your stom—we mean waistcoat."

NOT SO BAD AS HE SEEMS.

COUNTRY FRIEND (*apropos of City chits*). "Upon my word, Thomas, if I had thought he had been so dangerous, I wouldn't have brought him out."
ATTENDANT. "Well, he du shoot a leetle wild, Sir; but it ain't o' much consequence. I load for un, and I don't put no shot in!"

THE FASHION FOR NEXT SUMMER.

FLORA. "There, I don't think the stupid men can laugh at us now."

TY TOURIST. "But the boat seems very leaky, and to want mending a good deal."
ISH BOATMAN. "Want mendin', is it? Och, niver fear! Shure the boat's well enough. If ye sit still, and don't coff or sneeze, she'll carry
retty well!"

SAGACIOUS BOY. "There go two prize 'uns, eh Johnny! They wan't fed on taters."

f a summersault turned ou to

A BOUNCER.

MAMMA (*who won't appear old if she can help it*). "Yes, dear! Arabella does grow, certainly. But, bless you, my dear, she's a mere child—a mere child!"

IRRESISTIBLE.

LADY. "What! Two dollars! and you say you waited three-quarters of an hour? Nonsense, man! It was only ten minutes by my watch!"
CABMAN (*insinuatingly*). "Wasn't it, Miss? Well, then, I s'pose it was a minin' o' your pretty face as made it seem three kwarters of an hour!"
(*Fare pays, and thinks the Cabman an extremely nice person.*

YOUNG AMERICA.

CLARA. "What were you saying to uncle, Alfred?"
ALFRED. Oh! I was only saying that if they'd get up a cavalry squadron in our town, I'd find a man and horse."

ALFRED. "Oh, if you please, uncle, we want to play at William Tell: do you mind standing with the apple on your head while we shoot?"

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A BEETLE came out of its hiding-place and looked at him. A spider crawled up his leg and examined it; but he did not move. He sat alone in his lodging, a dark, sombre man. In the room beneath there were sounds of merriment, and he had caught, as he mounted the stairs, the flutter of dresses in the hall; and a murmur of children's voices and laughter had reached him; so he shut the door close that he might hear nothing.

On the table stood a tray with an isolated cup and saucer and a tea-pot, and a little kettle on the hob kept bursting into wheezy snatches of song, to remind him that it was there waiting. But the dark man's head leaned on his hands, his hands on his knees, and his great black shadow darkened the wall behind. The little spirits that had been hurrying to and fro among the red coals came out and looked at him, but he never stirred. They perched upon his chair and upon his knee; they gathered in solemn conclave upon the hearth-rug.

"There was a Christmas fire not so long ago," began a little spirit, nodding solemnly at the kettle, "very different from this. We were there, for we are the spirits of the Christmas fires. How it leaped and crackled in the grate, and sent out a jolly red-hot glow all round the room! How it shone out on wreaths of evergreens, and its frolicking lights kissed the red berries on the walls! And little feet daintily shod came in upon the oak floor; bright faces laughed back at the jolly old fire, and there was sweet music and dancing and merriment. *He* was there, and he had singled out his partner from among the merry ones. Close at her side he kept through the dance, the song, and the game, and though her pretty head was bent a little, and her merriment quieter than the rest, she seemed to like it too. There was a world of happiness—half fearful, half trusting—in her young face, as beautiful as it was gentle.

"But when the music was heard no longer, and the dainty shoes had ceased to dance upon the oak floor; when the jolly fire had sunk a little lower—nothing to be compared with that bit of rubbish though—he led his partner back from the door-way timidly. There were sounds of supper in a distant room; but they wanted no supper, these two; they stood alone by the friendly fire, and the gentle one trembled a little, with a flush on her cheek deeper, perhaps, than fire or dancing could call up. But he—that dark, sombre man—held her hand in his, and he put on her finger, tenderly, a glistening ring. We were there, we saw it, and we wished them 'A Merry Christmas!'"

Then all the little spirits clapped their hands and chorused out "A Merry Christmas!"

Then there was a mourning sound among the little spirits, and another took up the tale.

"There was a Christmas fire not so long ago," he began, sorrowfully, "which shone upon the same oak floor, and lighted up wreaths of the same evergreens, and there had been merriment, but it was hushed. No light footstep trod the floor, no gentle one stood by the friendly fire, but other sounds were heard.

"He was there, then, passion on his face, and rage in his clenched fist, and opposite to him—white and angry too—his only brother.

"'You have dared'—cried out the dark man—'you have dared to put your miserable foot across my path—to take away that which was dearer to me than life—to steal from me that which was mine faithfully once—'

"The pale brother's head was bent, but his words were bitter.

"'You kept your secret close. I knew nothing. I dared to love. What sin was there in that?'

"'Puny coward! In my father's house you were ever the favorite. When we were children my very tongue was not my own. Did any dispute arise, I must give up my will to you—the youngest—because, forsooth, you were weakly! When I left that home, because I could no longer bear the constant bickerings you and your tender sister raised between us, you triumphed. I, the eldest, gave up my birthright and turned out into the world for you. Is the sacrifice never complete? Am I to give up to you my heart's blood—the love of my life? Shall I grovel before you now, and bid you take her and be happy, holding forth the right hand of brotherhood? So help me all the passions of my nature—no! Across my father's threshold my foot shall pass never again. I look upon your face no more!'

"'Be it so. Before I go from your presence forever hear me confess that mine alone is the folly, mine the love. Hear me say that never, by word or action, has she broken her plighted truth to you. Me you have always distrusted—let your vengeance end there.'

"But in that dark man's heart there burned a flame harder to quench than the hottest fire, and the fuel which fed it was jealousy, distrust, and wrath. When the little figure, once so joyous, stood before him sorrowful; when she lifted her troubled face wistfully, and prayed him to say what she had done, why did he not listen? Should he not have remembered how they stood there alone on that other Christmas night, and the words that were spoken then? Ah! he did remember, and the thought of that great happiness lost to him forever—for he did not believe her—lent strength to his jealous anger and bitterness to his tongue. He scorned her justification; he pointed to the blush which tinged her cheek—a blush of shame, not for herself, but for his unmanly suspicion—he called it a witness against her; he discredited her pure truth, for, he said, his eyes had seen her listen to another's words of love. So deceived, he would never trust again; henceforth he should be alone in the world.

"Oh! how could he look into her gentle face and doubt the heart which cried out after him, in its great love, with an exceeding bitter cry, that he would not leave her in anger; that he would come back and recall his harsh words!

"Shall he have a merry Christmas who left the gentle one alone with the reproaches he had heaped upon her—alone on the deserted hearth, to bear her sorrow as she could? He who, when the news reached him that his father was gone away to his place—that his home was broken up—that over his sister and the poor pale brother, fragile from youth, hung the iron hand of poverty—hugged the knowledge to his heart, with the bitter thought that it served them right—shall he have a merry Christmas?"

"No, no!" came forth from the little chorus-singers, mournfully. "No Christmas for him; no merry Christmas!"

Then the dark man started to his feet suddenly, and great drops of moisture stood on his forehead, and a look of despair and remorse distorted his features. What dream had come to him this Christmas night—what had he been doing?

The little spirits have hurried back among the few remaining red coals, and nothing is to be seen of them—nothing is to be heard but the heavy breathing of the dark man as he thinks over his dream.

* * * * * * *

There was another Christmas fire which shone upon the oak floor of which the spirits had talked, and lighted up a few scattered evergreens; but the room was not decked for a merry party; there was no laughter, no song, no dance.

On the friendly hearth stands the gentle one; and there too, but not near her, is he who once placed a glistening ring upon her finger, and whose barbarous heel had ground it into a shapeless mass on that same hearth-stone. In the shadow he stands, with a bent head, silent; for though she is there to listen to him, his heart fails when he thinks of the past, and he knows not what to say.

"Mary—" It seems he can go no further, so many words rush to his lips; and she stands there so statue-like—a figure about which hangs no tender memory from the past, no hope for the future.

"You sent for me—I am here."

"Oh, Mary! your heart is steeled against me, and justly. If words of mine could speak my deep repentance and remorse—if years of penance could undo my madness, for I was mad—if you could know how I shrink in horror from myself and the thought of what I have done—then I might hope something from your pity."

Silent still, and statue-like. Oh, memory of that other Christmas, come back and give him hope!

"My brother has forgiven, and my sister. I would ask, will you be less merciful?—but that you have more, far more to forgive."

"Through all these weary months," says the listener on the hearth—and his head sinks lower at the cold, dead tones—"through all these weary months there has been that within which told me you would one day know the wrong you did. Whatever there may have been to forgive, it is forgiven long ago. The ring which you crushed is here. I have kept it for you; will you take it?"

"Oh, Mary, hear me! I am changed—changed. Your lip says 'Forgiven,' but your voice denies it. Mary—"

But the hand trembles which he takes in his; he sees that her face is pale, and tears are shining in the blue eyes. All these weary months, all that cruelty, all those false accusations, have not crushed out from her heart its great love for him.

On the hearth they stand together, before the friendly fire; into that fire drops the crushed and battered pledge of a broken betrothal; let its memory melt away with its form. A change has passed over the sombre face of the dark man; a ray of beauty from hers brightens it as he looks down tenderly upon her and whispers, "Is it a happy Christmas, Mary?"

"It is happy."

Then a bright glow starts up in the old grate, and the two can not hear it, perhaps; but there is a chorus among the little spirits of the Christmas fires, as they clap their hands and sing out, "We are here; we see it. A Merry Christmas!"

CANDLEMAS EVE AT CRAIGLEIGH.

CANDLEMAS EVE at Craigleigh was Candlemas Eve and something more. It was Fanny Eglinton's birthday; on it she would reach her eighteenth year; and before another summer had passed over her head she was to become the bride of the heir, Captain Leicester Maynard, of the Bengal army, who had just returned from India. Open house was to be kept for rich and poor that day, and in the evening a grand ball was to take place—a ball for old and young. The grown-up people were to have the picture gallery to dance in, and the little folks were to enjoy themselves, unmolested and unrestrained, in the French drawing-room. The eventful day arrived, and visitors descended, like an invading army, not only upon the Grange, but also upon the neighboring village. The "Maynard Arms" was full to the attics, and every body who had a lodging to let soon found a tenant in some prudent bachelor who preferred a strange room to a long, cold drive home after the ball.

The old gallery looked splendidly, and as night came on seemed to brighten more and more, as one by one the guests began to drop in. There had been a little confusion attending dressing, especially in the fastnesses; because when lights were demanded all at once by seventeen young ladies, nine mammas, six papas, and ten other persons, there were not enough candlesticks to supply half the number required. In this emergency wine bottles were pressed into the service, and if an unwary observer had visited the rooms the following morning he would have been bewildered at finding how much claret had been discussed by the young ladies, as evidenced by the number of empty bottles to be seen upon their toilet-tables.

However, if they had had Aladdin's Palace to dress in, and his Genii to adorn them, they could scarcely have looked prettier or more elegant than they did—some gliding gracefully over the polished floor, others tripping it coquettishly, as if not liking to stand alone for admiration, but one and all wending their way to the far end of the gallery, where Sir Robert had stationed himself to receive his guests.

Some officers of the —— Regiment, with whom Leicester had been garrisoned in India, were among the first arrivals, and then began the ball in earnest. The grim old knights who hung on the walls scowled a darker scowl than ever as the fair young girls flew over the polished floor, and the inspiring music and the merry laughter rose up to the roof, shaking the old banners in their faces. More and more arrivals, fresh revelers, poured in at every moment, and soon the old gallery was full—full of welcome, full of merriment, full of hospitality.

It soon became clear that the notion of keeping the denizens of the two ball-rooms separate was impracticable. What! were the grown people to take no part in the forfeits, be shut out from the privilege of dancing with the rising belles, and be forbidden to see the conjurer? Perish the thought! Were the small boys to be denied the inestimable honor of dancing with the largest partners they could find? Was a tall Guardsman to carry off Lotty Claire to waltz with him in the picture gallery, and Jack Eglinton not to follow and defy him? Such tyranny would have caused an *émeute*. No! Old and young mixed freely together, and it is hard to say which enjoyed themselves the most.

After supper, when the jaded musicians had retired to have their innings at the good things, Jack Eglinton dragged the grand piano out of a recess in which it had been stowed away, and Fanny (his sister) and Ada Maynard played a waltz for the impatient juveniles. Then the mistletoe was hung to the knob of the great chandelier, under which all the merry dancers passed. Bless their pretty eyes, how they brightened! Bless their rosy cheeks, how they blushed! There was Jack—handsome, honest Jack Eglinton—great in the *renvers*, figuring away with Lotty Claire in the centre of the room. He had private mistletoe arrangements of his own, and refrained from joining in the mêlée that followed. Henry Maynard (Leicester's younger brother) seized a sprig of berries from a vase, and gave the signal. Every available scrap of the magic plant was in instant requisition for a dozen of his friends and school-fellows, and it was soon "turn round," "join lips," "up the middle and down again." Every body kissed his own partner, and Tom Bright (the "funny boy" of the evening, who wore the Knave of Clubs pinned to the lappel of his coat, in token of his twelfth cake rank) rushed about, kissing other people's—all but Charley Howard's. Charley was small, and no match for Tom in any less inspiring cause; but he fought like a young lion in defense of pretty Laura Steadman, so Tom was baffled. I fancy Laura would have dispensed with his championship, for Tom was a great favorite. Had he not sung a comic song that had put the whole room in a roar? Did he not detect the conjurer in one of his cleverest tricks? Poor, brave little Charlie! When, half an hour afterward, he made formal proposals for the hand of his offended partner upon the strength of his late achievement, he was called a stupid boy, and told to go away! Oh, the ingratitude of woman!

Leicester Maynard went to the piano-forte and chatted with Fanny. Lady Grace—dear, gentle Lady Grace—took baby Maude and danced her. What business had she to come brushing the mistletoe berries with her soft, perfumed curls, when she knew that her lover—Cecil Deighton, of the Guards—Inkermann Deighton—was looking on, and that no one would dare to take advantage of her tantalizing position? Why did that pudding-headed fellow Clogger go about trying to spoil sport, and to take Tom Bright's mistletoe away? I hope he got his shins kicked, and I think he did. But these little drawbacks were as a drop of rain compared with the bright wave of merriment that flooded the place, carrying away all unkindly feelings, all stupid restraint, upon its flow.

The ball had begun early, and so was brought to a conclusion in reasonable time. The last guest departed; the inmates, tired out, sought their beds—all but Leicester Maynard and his friend Deighton, who adjourned to the room of the former to smoke their cigars. The morose ancestry scowled unseen in the deserted gallery, and the hospitable old house was still.

Neither Maynard nor Deighton had the remotest idea of going to bed, they had so much to talk and think about.

"Leicester," said Deighton, after they had sat for some time puffing away in silence, "what o'clock is it?"

"Only half past four."

"How light the mornings are getting! Is that the sun or the moon shining through the chinks in the shutter?"

"Never mind the sun or the moon, old fellow! How about your own particular star? What have you and Lady Grace been talking about all night? Is it settled at last, eh?"

"Don't chaff?"

"No—but is it?"

"Well, she says so."

"By Jove! I wish you joy," cried Leicester, wringing his friend's hand. "You're the luckiest fellow in the world—next to me."

"I wonder what she is doing now?" said Deighton, gravely, gazing into the fire.

"Repeating all your absurd speeches to Fanny, I'll be bound."

"Do they occupy the same room, then?" Deighton inquired.

"Yes; we are all packed as close as herrings in a cask to-night. They sleep in the west wing, right opposite our window."

"That light gets stronger and stronger," said the Guardsman, after a pause. "The sun must have risen. I'll open the shutters and see."

"Well, do if you like," Leicester replied, with a yawn.

Deighton unfastened the bar and threw the shutters apart. As he did so a red, lurid glare flashed into the room, and, uttering a cry of anguish, he sprang back and seized his friend by the arm.

The west wing was in one sheet of flame!

The alarm had already been given, and the friends saw by the blaze of the conflagration scores of laborers and servants hurrying from all directions to the scene of the fire. Leicester rushed from the room, followed by Deighton. They tore down the dark stairs, shouting "Fire! fire!" as they passed on toward the west wing. Deighton could but follow his friend, knowing nothing himself of the intricate corridors and passages that led to that portion of the old house, and when, on dashing open one of the doors, a hot cloud of smoke burst forth in their faces, he lost sight of him for a moment, took a wrong turning, and found himself in the entrance-hall, amidst a crowd of terror-stricken men and fainting women.

Fearful must it have been to these young girls—sleeping calmly and happily after the fatigues of their night's enjoyment, perchance dreaming over again some word or look earnest enough to have written itself upon their memories—fearful, indeed, to have their peaceful slumbers dispelled by the terrible cry of "Fire! fire!" No one knew how near it might be. Fire around her, and she in a strange room, the way to escape from which was unknown to her, or in her fear forgotten. Fire! and in her haste to fly she might unwittingly rush into the midst of the blaze! Fire! which, when safe herself from danger, was threatening those dear to her, who were still unrescued from the flaming building. "Fire! fire! fire!" Mothers wildly seeking their children; children who could hardly be restrained from rushing into the flames to seek their parents. Of this dreadful scene Leicester Maynard saw but little, for he was thundering at the massive oaken portal that separated Fanny's apartments from the rest of the west wing. He dashed himself with all his force against the locked door; it was immovable! He shouted until his voice failed; no answer! He burst into a room where his father's lathe and carpentering tools were kept, and, seizing a broad axe, threw himself once more upon the old door, and, between the blows that he rained thick and fast upon it, shouted, "Awake, Fanny! Lady Grace, awake! Fire! fire! It is I, Leicester, who calls; unlock the door. Fire!" There was no answer; but the oak began to yield under the axe. One good blow, and the lock would part from the panel. It was given.

The head of the axe flew off!

With his bare hands Leicester tore away the splintered wood, and the heavy door, wrenching off the hinges in its fall, dropped with a loud crash into the passage.

The great rush of air caused by the falling mass drove back for a moment the flames and smoke from the staircase beyond; but he had hardly sprang half-way up when they closed behind him, roaring more furiously than ever.

It was then that Leicester heard Deighton's voice calling, in a wild, choked voice, upon Grace to rouse herself and fly to him. Poor fellow, he knew not where to find her. Leicester shouted in return; told him that to follow was impossible, as the staircase was already tottering.

"Ladders and ropes to the window! quick, Deighton! See to it yourself; it is our only chance of saving them. Leave me here; I will do all that can be done." * * * *

When Lady Grace and Fanny had at last retired to their room they felt as little inclined for sleep as their lovers. Young ladies have generally quite enough to talk about after any ball to last till next morning. They chatted on, and never guessed how time had passed till a dull, heavy knocking startled them. They opened their door, and a sight burst upon their gaze well calculated to strike terror into bolder hearts than theirs. The passage was filled with smoke and flames, while the fearful cry of "Fire!" resounded throughout the house.

Bold and prompt in any emergency, as soon as she had in some degree calmed the fears of her more timid companion Fanny ran to the head of the flaming staircase and cried for help. Help was nearer than she had hoped, for the next moment Leicester, emerging from the smoke, stood by her side.

Fanny was pale as death and fearfully calm. "I had so hoped and prayed that you were safe," she murmured in her lover's ear, as she paused for a moment in her endeavors to restore Grace to consciousness; "and you are here."

"To save you, darling!"

"Ah! I fear it is to perish with me."

Better so than to live without you. But we are losing precious moments. For the love of life, Lady Grace, don't faint again! Do rouse yourself!" he cried, in his wild agony.

"Hush!" said Fanny; "you are too impetuous. Dear Grace," she whispered, gently, in her friend's ear, "we are all in great danger. We depend upon each other for safety, under God. We must all be saved, or all— But, please God, we may all be saved. Be a brave girl, darling, for Cecil Deighton's sake."

It was enough. Fanny, with womanly tact, had touched the right chord. There was warrior blood in the gentle patrician's veins, which the name of her lover set in a glow; and the cowering, weeping girl of a moment before sprang to her feet, dashed the tears from her eyes, and was ready for any thing.

Leicester then led the two girls into their room, and, closing the door against smoke and flame, threw up the window, sprang upon the outside sill, and shouted to the crowd below to hasten the movements of those who had gone in search of ropes and ladders.

"They are coming! they are coming!" he cried, in a tone of exultation, as though he were watching some vigorously-contested race. "Deighton is with them. They have a ladder strong enough to save fifty of us. They are here!—hurrah!—

they are here!" and Leicester almost screamed with joy and excitement. On they came. Let the flames roar, and the old house crumble beneath their fiery tongues. What matter?—his darling would be safe. Oh, the wild joy of giving her scathless to her old father's arms!

Up from the heavy ladder, foot by foot; but, oh, how slowly did it seem to rise, though strong arms and willing hearts were strained to the utmost! Up it rose, still it stood trembling on end in the air. Leicester could hear his own heart beating at the top was louder than the roar of the window. *It was full twenty feet too short!*

A low moan rose up from the crowd collected below, Leicester looked into each other's faces, and spoke not. There was a deep silence, broken only by the roaring of the flames and the crashing of falling timbers.

What were Leicester's emotions now? The agony of the flames became more and more keen! the room grew suffocatingly hot, while smoke began to creep under the door, and to curl about Fanny and Grace (who were kneeling in earnest prayer), as though it were a dim shroud infolding them.

Then it was—when all seemed lost—that the remembrance of a boyish piece of daily finished across Leicester's throbbing brain. The window in which he stood was the very last on the third story of the west wing. Within two yards of it were the capitals of those Corinthian pillars that ornamented that angle of the house. Beyond them, on the south side, was a blank, sheer, fretted wall, the west, near to which was a massive water-spout. Below was a terrace, raised some twenty feet from the ground. Now, the ladder, though far too short to reach the window from the lawn, if placed upon this terrace would come up to a level with the window on the side of the house; so that, if he could but pass his dear one and Grace round the capitals of the columns to the ledge beyond, they would be saved. His mind was made up in a moment. To remain was certain death, for the fire was creeping up the door.

"Do not attempt it! do not attempt it!" cried Deighton, as Leicester shouted to him to place the ladder on the terrace. "You could not pass round, and how can they?"

"I have done so for a swallow's nest," cried Leicester, eagerly. "Do as I ask you, man! it is our only chance."

"It is indeed!" cried a voice from the crowd. "God help him! it is indeed!"

Leicester looked down, and saw that the speaker was his father.

There was no difficulty in making the courageous girls understand the plan. The only question that arose between them was who should first brave the danger. This Leicester soon decided. Fanny was calmly courageous—Grace unnaturally daring. Upon the bravery of one he could depend as sure and lasting; he knew not at what moment that of the other might be quelled by the imminent danger. If Fanny passed in safety he would have no fear for Grace. With one hand firmly clasping her little waist, and the other holding on by the corner of the stone above his head, with their faces to the wall, Leicester and his plighted bride passed inch by inch along the narrow ledge till they gained the summit of the pillars. Here there was a broader footing, and Leicester paused. "Rest a while, darling," he whispered; "we are half round, but the worst half is to come. Five minutes more, and, please God, we shall be safe."

"It would be so sweet," murmured Fanny in response, as he rested close to his heart, "to be saved by you: but, oh! I fear! I fear!"

"Fear nothing, my own. Recollect Grace has a lover. Are you ready?"

"Quite—quite ready."

Still holding her firmly with one arm, while both of hers, which extended, embraced the slippery wall, they shuffled—I know of no other word—round the narrow ridge, rendered doubly slippery by halloweding dew, shoulder the portions of moss and rubbish that had accumulated there, and which fell at every step they took, making it appear to the breathless spectators as if the narrow pillars were crumbling beneath their feet. It was a fearful moment—every movement had the danger in it; every inch brought them nearer to the one or the other. The nerve and trust of the fair girl did not fail her, and, creeping along slowly and surely, as the first part of their transit had been passed, they doubled the angle and gained the terrace beyond.

Here Leicester had anticipated that all difficulty would have ended; but no. As Deighton stood on the top rung of the ladder, his head was not quite on a level with Fanny's waist, as she stood in the recess I have mentioned. The ladder was still several feet too short. "Lower her down into my arms and I will carry her," said Deighton, who nearly to be recognized but for his voice. His hair was singed, there was a cut burn upon his forehead, and his face was glassily pale. Leicester trembled, but he was sensible when she should see him. "No, that will not do; you can not hold me the weight as you are; go down a few steps and guide her as I lift her down."

"Now, my darling," said Leicester, "kneel with me; do not be afraid; I have firm hold of you. Now try if you can take the top step of the ladder with one foot; Deighton will guide it—so—there! Now, can you put down the other and stand up? Cling to me, my own fear; shake brave and well, now try the next step; can you reach it?"

"Not as you are holding me," she said.

He slid her down a little, and, with her arms, she then gained the third step, and he only held her waist. Clinging to the water-spout, he leaned over the ledge till Fanny had descended far enough to be able to grasp the side of the ladder with her disengaged hand.

"Now, darling, you must release my hold; go down slowly and steadily."

She gently resisted his parting pressure, and, with a look of ineffable tenderness, murmured something so softly that he could not catch the sound, but, from the motion of her lips, he formed it into a blessing. Descending slowly, preceded by Cecil Deighton, she looked up all the while, with the same sweet expression on her lips.

She reached the ground in safety, was caught by her old father's heart, and a great shout of joy arose, but was instantly hushed when it was seen that Lady Grace had begun the perilous route so fortunately traversed by her friend. Grace had heard all the directions given by Leicester to Fanny, and acted upon them promptly and slowly; but her dress, which was much lighter than Fanny's, clung and crept in its the accounts so that Leicester had to leave her clinging to the wall unsupported for several moments while he disencumbered it. They reached the recess, however, in safety, but Grace had not strength left to stand upon the ladder.

"Shut your eyes, Lady Grace," Leicester said, in as gay a tone as he could assume; "shut your eyes; trust me Cecil."

Kneeling as before, holding by the old spout, he lowered the now inanimate form till Deighton could fairly clasp Lady Grace, fainting without fear of losing his balance. He then rapidly descended the ladder, and Leicester knew from the shout which rose from those that they had reached the ground in safety.

Maynard now determined on returning to Fanny's room, and, if the house had filled it, to save for her and Lady Grace as many of their little treasures as he could. There was a miniature of the mother of the latter, which he knew that she had noticed upon her arm at the ball, and which he determined to save at all events.

He soon found the apartment and Fanny's trinkets—but, continuing some valuable, old, family jewels. Then he searched round for a blanket, and flung out of the window. He then pocketed every thing of value that he could lay his hands upon, indiscriminately, and taking one of those brought the floor as a hint to retire, swung himself round the pillars, and soon had his foot on the ladder.

Leicester had run a great deal of danger, but as that had been going on all the time, except when Fanny and Grace were in danger, he took no notice of it; it, however, he had noticed it, he, one moment, he perceived, to his dismay, that he had too rashly disregarded the warning cries, for a volume of smoke and flame was pouring from a window directly below him, threatening destruction to the ladder, his only hope of safety. There was nothing to be done but to make a dash for it. He did so; sliding, at he had often done when a boy, astride upon the ladder. It was too late. He felt a flash across his eyes, a heavy blow, and all nothing!

Then followed a great roar and crash. A myriad of bright sparks shot into the air, and all knew that the roof had fallen in. The flames, which for a moment were smothered beneath the falling rubbish, broke forth with redoubled fury.

But I did not desert those whose story I have to be told. By almost simultaneous impulse Leicester Maynard flickered between life and death. When at last he had recovered from the severe internal injury caused by the falling ladder, he lay in silence and darkness, and only knew by a warm drop that sometimes fell on his brow that one he loved was watching by his side. The sight was, if he had been blinded by the flames through the midst of which he had fallen.

One day when Leicester had awakened from a sleep, he pressed the little hand that seldom left his grasp, and said, "Guess what I have been dreaming of, dear." Receiving a gentle reply, and waiting for a reply, "that I was watching the rebuilding of the west wing that you have been telling me about, and wondering how much more we used to call yours will be where it was before."

"Not exactly, Sir Robert says; but it will be finished exactly in the same manner, so that you will scarcely see any difference."

"I am very glad to hear it, Lucilla, replied poor Leicester, somewhat sadly.

"You must not think or speak so mournfully. You have been very patient, dearest, hitherto; be patient a little longer."

"There have been very many 'little longers,' Fanny, but they have always ended in what you promised. No, dear one," he said, "sight has gone forever, and I shall never see your dear face again, save in dreams."

"Listen," whispered she. "As you will look upon the gloomy side of things, I will humor you, and take the same view. I, too, had lost my sight, however, have we not much to be thankful for? It is almost a miracle that you were not killed upon the spot where you fell. Oh, love of God! can you think my life would have been to me with the constant remembrance that your had been lost in preserving it? If it should be so, love of God! can human skill should fail in averting this calamity from you, do you think I can not share your sorrow, whose life will be devoted to ministering to your comfort in every wish? One whose eyes shall see for you, whose hand shall guide, one whose very being belongs to you? Will not my love shake some part, at least, of the misfortunes you bear?"

Leicester told her that it could not be; that the sacrifice was far too great; that he had thought of this, and dreaded lest she should, if he came forth; that he must bear his calamity *alone!*

"You know not what you are doing," replied Fanny, vehemently. "You have had your heart changed almost to bitterness. "Is the exercise of a love which the everyday monotony of a cold world chains down fruitless in one's heart a sacrifice? Oh, Leicester! when you cease to love me, speak these words again. Sacrifice! would you—oh! but hush! How wrong I have been, how thoughtless, how selfish! Hush! you must indeed not speak again. I have been very ungrateful. You must be calm. If you attempt to speak, I will go. You must obey me now."

Days and nights were alike to the blind man; but I think it was about every fourth day that a strange step entered his room, and a strange hand removed the bandages, and examined his eyes. The lids were so swollen and blistered by the flames, which had burst forth full in his face, that they had remained closed. On one of these days Leicester felt the lid gently raised, and the great oculist, after a close scrutiny and a lengthened pause, whispered to Fanny's ear, "I wish you joy, young lady; his eyes are safe."

They are perfectly safe. Leicester Maynard may have lost some of the dignity of spectacles a little before his time, and his handsome face have one more lines to contend upon it; but what of that?

The Lady Grace and Cecil Deighton, Fanny Eglinton and Leicester Maynard, were married on the same day.

FOR YESTERDAY.

THE scene opens in a dentist's room in the West End of London. Mr. Filey is a fashionable dentist, with an exceedingly, what is called, gentlemanly appearance. You might have taken him for a banker, and so might I. A carriage drew up to the house, and a lady carefully attired—West-End Costume, and some of those women do look so captivating—alighted, and inquired for Mr. Filey. That gentleman made his bow.

"Mr. Filey," she said, "I have come to you on a sad errand." "Dear me!" said Mr. Filey, "I was full of sympathy—in his aspect, at all events.

"Yes," she said, "it is very sad. You are great in teeth, Mr. Filey. Do you remember me years ago?"

Mr. Filey begged to be excused his forgetfulness, attributing it to his extended practice.

"Ah! I was then younger, Mr. Filey. I am now, in my card will have shown you, Lady Springs."

Mr. Filey bowed to the title.

"I have a sad case, Mr. Filey; the heir to a vast property. He has but one defect—his teeth! Oh! the trouble these teeth have given us! His infinity is such that he will never see anything a dentist's shop—I mean house, and we are at our wit's ends what to do with him. Do you think that if I entreated to have him here, Mr. Filey, that you could so manage as to remove one or two of his—I think you call them grinders—without being aware of it?"

The proposition was rather startling, but Mr. Filey was an old hand, and an able.

He said he had no doubt that, if he had the young gentleman there, he would extract the teeth, and he should hardly know any thing of it—so skillfully would he perform the manipulation—if it was over.

"That will do," said the lady. "You will eternally oblige his family, Mr. Filey, and deeply shall I feel indebted to you, believe me. I will call to-morrow to know if you have succeeded, if you please. May I know what it will be?"

She drew forth her purse, and paid the sum Mr. Filey thought it should be.

Arrangements were then made that the young gentleman should call on the morrow, at two o'clock p.m., precisely, when the device not to alarm the consitiveness in the matter of his teeth was promised by Mr. Filey, who was forewarned that the young gentleman was very timid, and dressed and quite in the fashion—in fact, commonly; so that, unless you knew it, you would not presume him to be less in a vast number.

The scene closes on Mr. Filey bowing the lady into her carriage.

Lady Seymour, displays a jeweler's shop. West End. Messrs. Spitchcock & Co. A lady alights from her carriage, and enters. She desires to see some jewelry. The shopmen with blandness obey her eye. Her taste is pleased by a beautiful bracelet, and a pair of ruby ear-rings which suit her complexion to a wonder. She is amazed that they suit her admirably. She hands her card—Lady Springs; and inquiring at Mr. Filey's.

"You know Mr. Filey, the dentist?"

"Very well, indeed," she is told, "and Sir Sampson also, his father."

She then desires them to make out their bill, and tell her the amount of her purchases. Four hundred and twenty pounds, all amounted to. And the shopman wasn't astonished! But what a country this is, where women can lavish money on gimcracks—and I say why. However! the lady said she would be inanitely obliged to them, if, within half an hour—that was, by two o'clock, precisely—they would send the jewelry home, put up the things, and dispatch them and the bill, by one of their young men, to Mr. Filey's, where Sir Sampson, her husband, would write out a check, and liquidate the debt. Some woman's tigrmaid, I suppose. However! the request was readily assented to, and the lady drove home in her carriage. Her being brought into her carriage a second time.

At the third. A young man with parcel called at two o'clock, precisely, Mr. Filey's afternoon, at Mr. Filey's, and asks to see Sir Sampson.

"Her husband's name is in the page.

The young man says she will do.

He is ushered into a room where he sees the lady.

Well, the lady affably took the parcel from the young man, and said:

"I will take it to show my husband up stairs. He will be with you in five minutes and hand you the check. You will excuse me? I must first satisfy him of the necessity I have for the articles."

The young man said he thought that was fair and straightforward. He said he would be happy to wait. He took a chair.

Well. He waited. The minute hands of the clock went round. He waited on. Before he had time to feel uncomfortable in his mind the door opened, and a gentleman walked in who bowed to him and made his mind quite easy.

"I brought the things," said the young man; "and am waiting—"

"To see me," said Mr. Filey, admiring the strategem of the lady immensely. "To see me. Yes. I'm aware. A beautiful day to-day, Sir? Rather sultry. May I offer you a glass of wine?"

Of course the young man didn't object. Ha! ha! You know how they used to prepare victims for the sacrifice!

Well. They talked. Mr. Filey said:

"Pray take a chair, may I ask you?" and the young fellow, warmed by his wine, was quite agreeable to any thing.

"Will you open your mouth, may I ask?" said Mr. Filey.

"What for?" says the young fellow, amazed.

"Oh, nothing!" says Mr. Filey. "I merely wished to inspect. The conformation of your tongue struck me as peculiar. Not that it affects your speech, Sir. Not at all. But pray allow me."

The poor young fellow opened his mouth. He, ha! He opened his mouth and gulped.

"Now draw back your tongue," said Mr. Filey. No death for poor young fellow thought him a very eccentric barond, but he complied.

In a minute one of his grinders was seized—caught in a vise—wrenched, twisted, pulled. Heaven spare us all the horrible agony! The grinder came out at last, in the midst of stifled screams, and, I'm afraid, curses. It came out, and the young man was guilty of an assault on the body of the dexterous operator. Mr. Filey went down.

"Where's the lady? Where's Sir Sampson Springs?" roars the young man, with his hand on his mouth.

"My dear Sir," says Mr. Filey. "You really—you may be eccentric; but when one is doing you a good, Sir—being you a service—"

"Service," yelled the young man, frantic fury. "Service to pull out a tooth when I didn't ask you!"

"Ask me, Sir," says Mr. Filey. "When I tell you it has been arranged by your estimable aunt, Lady Springs, and that it was paid for yesterday—"

"Paid for yesterday!" howls the victim, starting back.

"This tooth, Sir, was paid for yesterday," says Mr. Filey, impressively.

"Lady Springs—my aunt?" exclaimed the confounded youth.

"Come, Sir," says Mr. Filey. "I think whatever your objection to part with it, you owe me an apology. I will not say, in due form, I expected thanks. But I think a little civilness."

The young man deliberately asked for Sir Sampson Springs, or the parcel of jewels which he had brought half an hour ago from the firm of Messrs. Spitchcock & Co., whose servant he distinctly proclaimed himself to be.

"Bless me!" said Mr. Filey, "is there some mistake! Have I really?—on my honor, I—"

"If you will go up to Sir Sampson Springs and get that parcel of jewelry immediately—" said the young man.

Mr. Filey started.

"I would consecrate you," the young man added, washing his mouth out with water.

"You are not the nephew of Sir Sampson?" said Mr. Filey.

"Don't laugh at a chap, after what you've done to him," growled the young man.

"There's a mistake," said Mr. Filey. "Sir Sampson is not here. It was an innocent strategem—"

"Innocent?" sneers the young man.

"To get you to submit to the operation—Lady Springs—"

"Will you ring for her or not?" cries the no longer unsuspicious youth.

The bell was rung. The ready page informed them that Lady Springs had left the house shortly after her brief interview with the young man. By express the consignment of jewelry to Mr. Filey in her lodyship was melted and dispersed. He accompanied the young man to Messrs. Spitchcock's, gentlemen in whom he advanced money, and, let us hope, something like due reparation to the poor victim of the cleverest piece of rascality I know of. The rest was in the hands of the police in London.

WANTED—A POLICEMAN.

EVERY body—that is, every body that is any body—knows the Café Talleyrand in Regent Street, London, how good it is to dine there, and how much better it is to sup there. Perhaps, at some body else's expense. Most of us—for we all belong to the Upper Ten Thousand, I hope—have pleasant recollections of that Temple of the Palate.

We remember those little rooms upon the left, the pastoral scenes on the walls, the fire at either side, and at the end, the Statue and the Fountain; the Sèlle itself—the *sanctum* of the Café Talleyrand—whichy had its pictures (the finest collection of Chaucer for any number of guests), the ring of peaceful steel, the silvery cloth of unnaverse fork and knife, the clink of crystal, and the velvet tread of the innumerable Ganymedes parading all as sleep perrier—the waiters. What business men did over there for the most part swelled the harmony—there "More Moselle," or, "Yes, some Curaçoa," had a certain music in them—but, for a time, a gentleman who loved good eating and (particularly) good drinking" not wisely but too well," would have to be "provided."

"The next time you want a dinner, Sir," our headwaiter would on such occasions remark to me, diffidently, "you will find it at the Cat and Pumpkin" round the corner, Sir; but not here, Sir—not here." If that gentleman could possibly have done any thing else than he was, he would, I am confident, have been a bishop. There is a beautiful legend extant respecting this dignitary, who has been at the Café Talleyrand for three generations or so, which I will take the liberty to repeat, although it has been repeated by the

them which alone is worthy of that title. He was dressed to admiration; his hair and mustache were miracles of the art of the *coiffeur*; and his hands were whiter even than the waiters', though he was attended upon by two of the most gentlemanly of them, as a man of his distinguished taste deserved to be.

He began with *absinthe*, and concluded with a glass of *eau-de-vie*; and throughout the meal took the right wine in the right place, and plenty of it. The head-waiter was so impressed with his judgment that he actually came out of his lower, and took the last dish away with his own superlative fingers, and the dined person acknowledged the attention with a graceful bow. It was evident, however, that this excellent judge of what was good for him, had lost an indifferent digestion—with such apparent inconsistency are the gifts of fortune distributed! for he sighed heavily when he had concluded his repast, and while he was imbibing his bottle of claret. Presently he touched the little silver bell—or the bell that looks like silver—which pertains to every table in the Salle d'Hellegabalus, and the waiter was at his elbow before it had ceased to tinkle. There was now a mournful indecision in the dined person's countenance, which, in a meaner man, would have signified something like intoxication, but it presently disappeared. "Bring another bottle of claret," said he, "and be sure that it comes from the same bin?" and the waiter brought it.

The gentleman had been four hours dining and drinking, when he was heard once more to sigh deeply and to tinkle the silver bell again.

"Waiter," said he, languidly, but with that politeness to his social inferiors that never deserts a real *bon-viveur*, though gluttons possess it not—"waiter, be so good as to fetch a policeman."

"A policeman, Sir?" replied Ganymede. "Most certainly, Sir." And off he hurried to the head-waiter to know what the strange wine was, of which he would not have had the guest suppose him ignorant for worlds. The head-waiter understood the difficulty at once. He procured the gentleman's bill—it was £3 17s. 6d., as far as I remember, exclusive of attendance—paid it himself, and got it receipted.

"If I understand your last order aright," observed he, in his musical whisper, "you have no money about you?"

The gentleman nodded blandly.

"You have probably left your purse at home?"

"Alas! no; I have no home: I am a ruined man, in fact; but I have been accustomed to dine well, and was determined to do so once again before I was locked up for good: that is all."

"Sir," replied our head-waiter, with emotion, "I sympathize with you—you are a man who deserves a good dinner; and you must permit me to be your creditor upon this occasion."

Whether this best of Samaritans ever got reimbursed for that act of charity I can not tell; but if the esteem of all who knew him can repay a man for a pecuniary sacrifice, I am sure that our head-waiter has been paid in full.

If the gentleman had taken the *eau-de-vie* first, and the *absinthe* last, it would, of course, have been a different matter.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

THE anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans was celebrated for the forty-fifth time at Tammany Hall, in this city, on the evening of the 8th inst., by the usual ball and banquet. Current political events imparted a peculiar interest to the celebration: the Battle of New Orleans being a Southern victory, and General Jackson being a Southern hero, while those who celebrated the day here were generally Northern men. We may remark that, notwithstanding the recent defeat of Tammany in the Mayoralty contest, the day was never kept with more enthusiasm. The *Herald* reporter thus describes the scene:

"The hall-room was very brilliantly illuminated, and the concourse of beauty and fashion, though not very extensive, was yet imposing and attractive. The walls were very handsomely decorated with flags and paintings, and ribbons of a variety of colors flashed from every part of the room. The arrangements were very complete, and reflected much credit on those who superintended the exhibition. Prominent among other flags was the red cross banner of Old England, placed opposite to the free flag of America, in token of the disappearance of ancient and traditional animosity, and of the good time to come, when, separated yet united, they shall tremble in the breeze, as the representatives of the highest degree of human liberty throughout the habitable globe. The portrait of Washington of course occupied a prominent place, and in fact the hall every where bore marks of patriotic sentiment and taste.

"At about eleven o'clock the regular procession of the Sachems took place. Dancing was suspended for a moment, and to the lively music of the band the whole body of Tammanyites advanced into the hall-room. After making several circuits of the large hall, the leader of the procession, bearing a red cap of liberty surrounded by brilliant stars, came to a stand in the center of the room, the whole company forming around him."

THE BALL AT TAMMANY HALL, NEW YORK, ON JANUARY 8, 1860, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

"HE SAT DOWN ON THE LUGGAGE-PILE NEAR HIM AND BURST INTO TEARS."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY PITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT LITTLE FILKINS *HAD* DONE.—ALSO AN INSIGHT INTO WHAT HIS SUCCESSOR WAS DOING.

LITTLE FILKINS, second book-keeper, had not been smashed, in appearances usual to indicate, between the cowcatcher and one of the big ledgers. Neither was he—for I must do proper historical justice to the excited state of Cheswick mind, by detailing these painful rumors—immured in the specie vault by Mr. Green, in revenge for his having asserted that that gentleman was a muff, where day by day he grew thinner, and shrieked invariably for the help that would not come, biting the useless eagles and fifty-dollar pieces in an agony of hunger, thirst, and despair. Neither had he drowned himself in the lonely depths of the neighboring Lake Squilligochizzet; neither had he, which appeared the least improbable rumor, written a vow in his own blood, connected with a pin, from a large vein of the arm, that he would drink himself to death in a fourth story room of the Gold Eagle Tavern, hired for that purpose. Happily, none of these fearful rumors were true, though such were the combined nausea, mortified pride, wrath, and excited imagination of the people of Cheswick, that, bad it been stated that Mr. Green, desirous to obtain the second book-keeper's place for his supposed friend, the new-comer, had commanded little Filkins to strip and jump down his own throat, which order the young man had been terrified into obeying and so put an end to himself, it would have been received as at least entitled to mature consideration.

But little Filkins, second book-keeper, though of no remarkable cleverness of brain, and rather wild withal, still had not kept books five years for nothing, but knew that, with pluck, and a good constitution, Life, and not Death, came out, on squaring accounts, or the credit side. Wherefore, undeterred of quarreling with the many possibilities of bread and butter, to say nothing of moistening, which still lay strewn generously through the world for a hearty pretty kind and stout after all, he packed up his baggage for the midnight train as soon as he found himself superseded by the fair-haired substitute for a partner, and went down to the station where, some hours before, he had been carelessly awaiting the arrival, smoking, as he lounged, for want of thought. A little sullen at the loss of his place, and a little provoked at his dim perception of what certainly looked like injustice in singling him out for punishment, he paced up and down the moist platform, a small but noticeable object in the lush of midnight, behind palisades three deep, his head muffled in a shawl, his hands in his pockets, and smoking his cigar in quick puffs. The cars were late than usual, which did not add sweetness to his mood.

Suddenly, at the end of one of his walks, and just as he was about to turn, a tall figure opened the door of the passenger-room and stepped out, meeting him breast to breast. The ex-second book-keeper started involuntarily, as was natural at that time of night, but regained his composure, as the stranger spoke in a very gentlemanly manner: "Mr. Filkins, I believe?"

"All right," was the laconic answer of that young gentleman. "Drive ahead."

"My name, Sir, is Ernest Beckford. I wish to have a few moments' talk with you, if you will allow me, before the train comes."

"Oh, it's you, is it?" rejoined the ex-second book-keeper, in a tone of extreme sniffical consideration. "Well, I'm sorry for you, but I can't help you. Want a little information about my management of affairs in your new place, don't you? Usual desire in the promoted—very unusual. Under the peculiar circumstances, however, cool—decidedly cool. Desire any thing else of the man whose shoes you've stepped into?"

The young man, who, like little Filkins, will by this time have recognized as the fair-haired new-comer of the preceding afternoon, replied, with the slightest touch of sarcasm in his voice, that any information which the ex-second book-keeper might chance to possess would be more advantageously bestowed on himself, unless extreme exigency called on him to be prodigal; and then stickling himself, as with a sudden oversight at having neglected to give a characteristic his manner toward one naturally nettled by his circumstances, and blessed with no great talent for riding above them, he threw a cheerier kindliness into his voice, and said:

"Joking aside, I wish no information—none at least of the kind that you mention. In several ways I can be of material benefit to you. You are out of your place at Cheswick Branch. I started you—you say, I am in your shoes—I know that. That is unpleasant for both of us. I did not seek your place. I did not wish to do its interests would be best attended to by having me in it. So I came and filled it. But to show you how entirely free from any personal feeling we ought to be to one another, I have written a letter to the Messrs. Clingham, which will probably give you a position equally good in central house; you can be pretty sure of it, I may say, for I am not uninfluential with them, though young, having been a relative of the junior partner of the firm. Here it is; present it as soon as you arrive."

This last was said with the manner and tone of one by nature fitted to command, and with such a Saxon directness and irresistibility that little Filkins, who, up to this moment, had been inwardly debating on the probabilities of his somnambulism, woke up, and stretching forth his hand, took the proffered letter, with—

"I'll be hanged if you ain't a dem fine fellow! I didn't do you justice, Sir, I didn't; it's all right now. I'll take your letter, and very much obliged to you too."

"You're very welcome. Now that's done with I've one more thing I want to say. If it seems a liberty, pardon it. I am not one of those men who purchase a benefit the right to preach; but I hope the interest I have shown in your welfare thus far will be a proof to you that what I say now is heartily disinterested. You're of the Wenham family of your name, I believe?"

"That's so! Lord! how did you know?"

"I have been in Wenham. Besides, I have known of you for some time. You have a *splendid* mother—as noble a specimen of the sex as ever lived! And two true-hearted sisters, beautiful, accomplished, and good, just coming into the society they will be able to be the pride of. They are younger than you, and they have no father. Suppose now that their only brother should, all at once, turn straight about and be the man he can be—their ornament and support, and his mother's rejoicing every where?"

The three paletots on the outside of what was really the kind heart of little Filkins had been moving up and down tumultuously for some time like the study of a small earthquake, done in plice cloth; and a vehement tear had fallen on the luggage-pile near him and burst into tears. "Oh, oh!" sobbed little Filkins, dropping his cigar, bolder than ever, on the platform. "That's too much, that is! That's too much! Oh, oh, oh!"

Ernest Beckford continued: "My friend, God can help you to do—to be, all that is worthy of Him—of them—of myself! That's right! don't be ashamed to cry; you couldn't do a manlier thing under the circumstances! Unless it is to right about face for your whole life, for their sakes and yours, immediately, before you leave this platform. There's the whistle, will you do it? will you be a free man from this night, so help you God?"

Little Filkins arose, and if he had been a great many kilometres high instead of only five feet five he couldn't have been more sublime than he was when, grasping Beckford's hand like a vice, he said, in a voice all husky and trembling but resolute,

"Beckford, I say, God bless you! I think *He* sent you. You've opened my eyes for the first time these five years. If I'd known you when I first came to Cheswick—specially when I first fell in with that devil—well, I won't tell you who I mean, for I oughtn't if you don't know—most likely you will know before long; if I'd known you, I say, I wouldn't have broken *their* hearts, dear souls. I've done it for the last time, thank God. Here me, Beckford. So help me God, I never touch that damned drink again!"

"God hear and help you! *He will!*" was the reply of the young Saxon, uttered with a hearty solemnity and cheerfulness. "Good-by! I shall wish to hear from you. Remember!"

So the train to New York bore away little Filkins through the damp, half-solid dark. But he sparkled with the number of cinder-sins that whirled in the wake of the rear car, that little object, just vitalized and made sublime by the iron-nailed shoes of the man. The new-born hood that was in him, stood on the platform gazing wistfully back at the tall slender figure by the station, and, for some time after out the last glimpse of Cheswick light, retreated hastily to a lonely seat among the sleeping through passengers, and wept again to find what troubled soulsed men, after all, were Ernest Beckford and little Filkins.

And for the present, this is enough of a hint what little Filkins *had* done.

But one other thing promised also to sketch a little of the doings of his successor. And here it is necessary, absolutely necessary, to introduce a woman.

The Banking House of Cheswick Branch, that is the outward and visible Banking House of stone and iron, was but partially occupied with the business-paraphernalia of Clingham & Co. As paying-teller Bradley remarked, late one evening, when his natural powers were assisted, it was a bank which was not all a bank. On one side of the front door (for it was a double building) the first story was devoted to money-making, the small beneath that story was equally given over to money-holding. But the rest of the business—having a slight look of massive closeness and retention about it, as if the personal character of the bank part had communicated itself to the whole, and none of the inhabitants could get out for an airing unless the very best paper on short time were presented for them at the front door—was a very comfortable family house indeed.

To most of the inhabitants of Cheswick, who looked upon Clingham & Co. simply from their financial point of view, and would have been as much surprised to have heard that any of the partners were actual human beings with a *heart* in them as to hear that same fact asserted of a pressed bale of cotton, an unceasing source of astonishment that all the Bank building was not put to some sort of use; which meant that it was a great pity and an uncessing source of astonishment that all the Bank building was not put to some sort of use; which meant that it was a great pity and an unceas

back, if that thing was ever done, to posh Mr. Luke Green from his stool. Then again there was something disagreeable in that room's associations with the living as well as with the dead. Luke Green was forty in body, he was also forty in soul; for he had never lived faster in his emotional than in his digestive nature. Luke Green was bland, paternal, by no means starting in his demonstrations—a very quiet person; but in spite of all these estimable and shining qualities he had frightened Nora Manton. Why, how, exactly, she could not have told, but he always impressed her with a sense of danger. When he came, three years before, to Chewick, he was very much the same person as now he is; but, with all a woman's feelings, was a little girl in look, so Luke Green took her one day on his lap. She felt then as if he were about to do a very thin crust, and go away from him as soon as possible, lest she should break through and find a very deep and cold depth below. So the queer little children—children will be queer every body knows—had always been afraid of him, and prolonged this dream into her womanhood. And of late days she had instinctively felt there was still more cause to be frightened. Luke Green had been blander to her than usual at the rare times when they met—had looked almost as if he would like to take her in his lap again. Women appreciate attentions almost as quickly, and read their meaning even better when they dislike than when they have the source. So Nora Manton avoided him scrupulously. He called on her father oftener than ever, but he never saw her unless at church or at church.

So much—and pretty long it is, I know—for the reason why Nora Manton on this particular night, after had seen her father safely home, being over the rains of his country, ran through the entry instead of the superintendent's room, and dared into the counting-room by the back door. The gas was burning brightly as usual from the one burner over the cashier's desk, and in the light it shed it diffused through the two paper-smelling apartment, Nora went dancing and bounding with the first sense of free life that she had known that day. For she liked to make bread, and dam stockings, and read to her father; but these amusements could bear a little dilution with something else.

She had no playmate but herself, and yet, from a very early acquaintance with that one, she had acquired a familiarity, an ease of conversation with her that was very enviable. She climbed up on the cashier's stool and began soliloquizing,

"I'm a capitalist; I'm Mr. Nora Cleghlam; why, what a pretty name that is! Mr. John Manton, how d'ye do, Sir?—upon my word, the very man I want to see! Do you know that in Indianapolis you with yesterday we made a slight mistake in our favor? The Bank is in debt to you—let me see—just one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Leave it on deposit or take my check for the amount?"

"Check for the amount, if you please, wouldn't trouble you, I have to pay the first installment on my new Hudson River country-seat to-morrow. I have only seventy-five thousand ready cash for the current quarter. Besides, I want to get a pretty set of mink—victorine, muff, and ruffs, all only $75—for my little girl Nora, named after you, Mr. Cleghan. I ought to have a new coat for Sunday myself."

Here Nora stopped for a minute, looking very sad, as if Mr. John Manton had been twitting himself on facts—which I'm afraid he had—for she remembered how often she had brushed the shiny elbows of her father's veteran swallow-tail, and dampened them without taking the gloss off much, and how goodies of her mouth quivered. But she rallied like a brave little woman, and changing into the person of the fabulous Cleghlam, resumed her soliloquy.

"So you shall, my old friend! so you shall! Keep up heart, John Manton, my boy; here's a check for ten thousand! thousand! go and you like and be happy, and if you want any more I am ready to be your course of the always."

"Oh, isn't it grand to be a capitalist! Every dollar's just a hundred little copper chances of making something happy! Oh, it's so nice! I like to be a capitalist so much!" cried Nora Manton, in her own sweet person once more, and she danced about among the solid old desks, as charming an incongruity as a valentine in the post-bag among notices of protest.

"What I do, I do well!" said Nora, after she accomplished the *deux pas* to her heart's content. "Let me see—oh! I guess I'll be what I used to. I'll be a love-lorn maiden with great blue eyes: I shall cry a great deal, and shall wonder if there's any body to love me in all this wide world. I do wonder! You I'll climb up on a high rock, all made of solid mahogany, like this rock; and now I think I'm going to live there all the time, and play on the guitar to the moon. But no; I'm disappointed, for there's a great dragon; of course there's *always* a dragon; it's the kind of dragon they call a Teddis, who comes to eat me all except one lock of brown hair, which grows into an a weeping willow, and says 'Nora! where the wind sighs through it—very sweetly, in a melancholy, plaintive tone. No! On the whole I guess I won't let the Teddis eat me; but I'll suffer along for some time and come out all right at last. So what I see the Teddis comin—and he's a frightful object I can tell you!—with crimson hair all flickering in the wind, and great green eyes like big gold-fish that stare *out* and lie stens along slowly and opens his mouth wide and says, 'How d'ye do, Miss Nora?' and then I know he's going to eat me; so I give a little scream and jump off the rock where the Teddis lives and swim on to this emerald island—a kind of small fish called a Bradley here, and he takes my hand begins to roar. Dear! how sweet he is! I must get out of the way as quick as I can! I plump down into the cold water of the sea among the mermaids. But—terrible! here comes that awful fish called a Filkins, with an immense long thing sticking out beyond his mouth; he isn't a sword-fish. Let's see, what is he? Oh, he's a cigar-holder! Oh, and now he swims this way! he has his eye on me! Help! I pronounce the mystic spell; I rise to the surface of the sea in an instant; and a good Genius in flowing robes—that's General Washington over the cloak—commands me to fly to yonder bower where my true knight awaits me, to protect me, to love me better than his life, forever more!

"Oh, that's splendid! How well it does wind up after all! Pretty for you, Nora Manton; you, nearly eighteen! I don't care! it's splendid; there's nobody to hear or see me, so I'll do it please. Mr. Green's room's the bower. I dance into it joyfully, making up this song that the birds sing in the oak and the cedar-cops as I go:

"More than all the stars above me
Does my true Knight love me—love me.
There is none like him anywhere!
With love are his eyes full—
They are full of love for me!
Of loving as sweet as heart can bear!"

So singing, so dancing, Nora Manton whirled in through the little door, on the superintendent's room, which opened with a touch, and, before she could stop herself, sank into the very arms—see at the beginning of Mr. Green, indeed, nor yet of his arm-chair, but into those of Ernest Beckford.

The first impression of having a beautiful woman in your arms is said to be in no degree painful. But when the rencitonry feeling comes of not being quite sure that she is willing to be there, I can not conceive that it is entirely agreeable. Ernest Beckford, sitting at the latter stage of sensation, gently assisted Miss Manton to rise; and for a moment they stood looking at one another. That was unusual—would have been at any rate, for they had never seen each other before—this being Mr. Beckford's first day in Chewick. He had come in an hour before come up from his farewell to little Elkins.

And this is what Mr. Beckford saw: A young beauty, of the middle height of woman, looking eighteen, with large deep-blue, almond-shaped eyes. Circumstances in their physique of Saxon in their soul—two little rose-buds nestling lovingly, because they were twins and deserved each other's fate; a nose, which, if it could, would dimpled at the corners, and was in all respects the sweetest, most expressive, delicatest little mouth the young man had ever seen; a dazzling, rectful, clear-cut nose, whose character would have been spoiled had it been wholly Grecian, and not a little retroussé at the tip and hair of the middle shade between golden and the darkest brown. And the form of Nora Manton, who shall describe it? Nature is the product of the Boarding-school Dancing and the Lady of Remaining was this Goddess made harmony of delicious curves! Never had it known corset—never had it been bent into a serpentine curve by the pressure of stays and a ghastly through blue, three-carbonized air—never had it been braced into lath-like principles for a stiff-backed, unyielding world, led by a Gorgon in silk mitts up Fifth Avenue to Twenty-third Street, and down Broadway to Union Square—never had its sharp, mechanical waist been metamorphosed into a long, manly one; its full curves turned into lank angles, its pliable grace into stiffness, its ease into a change for a whalebone lie! Hebe, fresh from a sleep on the amaranth beds of Olympus—allbounding in the joy of a goddess of youth—in the form of Norah Manton. And she was the first woman that Ernest Beckford ever saw as God made her, and the first woman he had seen, and, like its Maker, pronounced it very good.

"I am very sorry you are here," were the first words of Mr. Beckford's greeting, as she turned to go away, blushing very much, but still upright as one who knows herself to be a queen.

"I am sorry, too—because I this displeased you. But may I ask why you are sorry?"

"I came here to be alone, because I was alone; and I did as I would not have done if I had thought any body was here."

"Our amusement begins, I see. I beg pardon for seeming to detain you. *I* came here to be alone, too; but, as a gentleman, I should have withdrawn and left the room to you, if I had for two reasons. One was, that I feared to frighten you by coming into the counting-room in pitch dark, and the other was, that you begin to enjoy yourself in that soliloquy—for *I did* hear it all, I own—I could not have gone on a foot without. You seemed so happy, and so I lost long ago—my mother—who had very much such an imagination as you seem to be; and I wish you joy of your wild romance. Really, I thought by her, I have often made such a world for myself as you were making. Understand me, then, and forgive me."

And bowing very low, the young man passed out into the counting-room, through the baize valve, and then—to Nora's great surprise, for she was not aware that any one but Mr. Green had access to the building, except when after business hours—he put a key into the heavy iron door, turned its three ponderous bolts, and passed out, locking it again behind him.

The clock over the cashier's desk struck twelve, and Nora Manton passed her hand dreamily over her eyes, feeling a sort of half wonder whether she was the same being that had entered the counting-room just after eleven. A strange, a thorough change seemed to have come over her since then—a dimly-perceived known change, a half-felt, half-guessness—though as yet she "wind not what it was."

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXVII.] CONTENTS. [FEBRUARY.

COON AND THE MAGALLOWAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Valley of the Andrescogin.—Come to see the Elephant.—Interior of Mooney Falls.—Goodbye to Lantenator.—Dixville Notch.—Going up the Andrescogin.—Camp-Fire on the Magalloway.—In Camp.—The Carry.—Lumberman's Camp.—Parmachenee.—Indian Carry.—Lumberman's Bunk.—Camp-Fire.—Trying to Throw Dandinoline.—Civilization.

ODE OF THE BIRTHDAY. BY CHARLES WESLEY.

HOLIDAYS IN COSTA RICA.—III, SAN JOSE TO CARTAGO. BY THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Visiters of Estrella.—The Pilgrims.—Valley of Cartago.—Church of our Lady of the Angels.—Cartago.—Remains of Church of Cartago.—Ascent of Irazu.—The Crater of Irazu.—Shooting Fish.—Hammock Bed.—Equestrian Flea.—Pounding Coffee.—Coffee-Mill.—Hacienda of Navara.—The Quezal.—Sugar-Mill.

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THE ALARM IN SPAIN.

LITTLE BROTHER. PART I.

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FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Home or Promenade Dress.—Closed Sleeve.—Flounce.—Under-Sleeve.—Collar.—Dress Cap.

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Corresponding week of last year, ... 27,526 26

Increase, ... $15,736 86

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The following table of mail subscriptions (our orders through newsmen not being included) received in the month of December last indicates where THE TRIBUNE circulates:

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Rhode Island,	245	Maryland,	67
Connecticut,	1,000	Delaware,	6
New York,	14,462	Kentucky,	40
New Jersey,	1,000	Tennessee,	60
Pennsylvania,	5,873	North Carolina,	7
Ohio,	2,000	South Carolina,	6
Indiana,	2,318	Georgia,	7
Michigan,	2,624	Alabama,	10
Iowa,	2,848	Mississippi,	6
Wisconsin,	2,164	Louisiana,	12
Illinois,	3,200	Florida,	1
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Minnesota,	670	Canada,	50
Kansas,	1,000	Europe,	12
California,	5,632		
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PATERFAMILIAS. "What! go to be converted at three in the morning in January? Why, this is worse than the Inquisition. Tell Father Murphy that I'd rather die in my heresy."

[*Pulls back asleep. Exit Biddy to Church.*

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This is a novel with a good plot, which is well and carefully worked out. The characters are every one of them human beings, and act and move like such. The authoress steadily minds her own business, and does not lose the thread of her story, nor allow the action to stand still while she indulges in oracles about her own opinions. What observations there are spring up naturally, and are indigenous to the occasion, and are all of them very good and humorous. * * * *Misrepresentation* will be read with interest, especially by those who find themselves short up the house with dull people and odds and ends of other blessings brought by November and its fogs.

[*From the London Leader.*]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 161.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE CROWN OF LOVE.

Oh, might I lend my arms with thee,
Like that young lover of Romance,
Who loved and gained so gloriously
The fair Princess of France!

Because he dared to love so high,
He, bearing her dear weight, must speed
To where the mountain touched the sky:
So the proud king decreed.

Unhalting he must bear her on,
Nor pause a space to gather breath,
And on the height she would he won:
And she was won in death!

Red the far summit flames with morn,
While in the plain a glistening Court
Surrounds the king who practiced scorn
Through such a mask of sport.

She leans into his arms; she lets
Her lovely shape be clasped: he fares.
God speed him whole! The knights make bets:
The ladies lift soft prayers.

Oh have you seen the deer at chase?
Oh have you seen the wounded kite?
So boundingly he runs the race,
So wavering grows his flight.

"My lover! linger here, and slake
Thy thirst, or me thou wilt not win."
"See'st thou the tumbled heavens? they break!
They beckon us up, and in."

"Ah, hero-love! unloose thy hold:
Oh drop me like a cursed thing."
"See'st thou the crowded swards of gold?
They wave to us Rose and Ring."

"Oh death-white mouth! Oh cast me down!
Thou dost? Then with thee I die."
"See'st thou the angels with a Crown?
We twain have reach'd the sky."

GEORGE MEREDITH.

"SHE LETS HER LOVELY SHAPE BE CLASPED."

WHERE IS THE OTHER?

REGION seen in lat. 69° 60′ N., long. 99° 24′ W: Not brought away. 20th May, 1859. * * a small worsted-work slipper (lined with calf-skin, bound with red ribbon). * * * CAPT. M'CLINTOCK'S *Dispatch*.

JANE VAUGHAN was alone with her sailor lover, George.

"There's something the matter, George, I can see it in your face."

"Yes, Jenny, there is; I'm going a long voyage. You know, Jenny, I was to have gone to Calcutta, but when your father said what he did—you remember?—I made up my mind to get on faster. I'm going with Sir John Franklin—three years, perhaps—but it will be the making of all of us who come back, so you mustn't mind, Jenny; time will soon go by, and I shall be able when I come back to find a nest for you—little wren."

He spoke hurriedly, as though to prevent her speaking.

She sobbed out, "Three years, George? Not see you for three years! It's very cruel—it's very hard."

"No, Jenny, not 'cruel,' not 'hard.' It's sure to make my fortune, and I might work in the ordinary way *ten years* before I satisfied your father."

"But nearly, George, you could do something on shore, if not at sea, to prevent this terrible separation. Can't you be a clerk, or something? You draw nicely—much better than old Mr. Sumner at Miss Hilditch's. Can't you give lessons, or do any thing? I'm sure you could, so clever as you are, do something."

"My dear Jenny, you don't understand these things. When a man has once chosen his profession or trade, he had better stick to it; he'll have so much to learn in his new calling; so many competitors, that it's a hundred to one if he succeeds. I chose to go to sea like a fool—I've learned my business like a man—and I mean to keep to it like a wise man. There now, Jenny, only three years and it's all done—money and fame in three years! Cheer up! don't make it worse for me, for I feel it not a little."

She saw he did feel it by the gathering moisture of his eye.

"After all, it's for the best, Jenny, dear."

So said Jane's father; so said her mother; and she?—she was silent.

The three weeks soon passed—too soon. Poor Jenny tried hard to be cheerful, but now and then would look at the fine handsome face of her lover and feel it so hard that he must go away for so long—

And dearer still to grew, and dearer,
E'en as the parting hour grew nearer.

The last day came, and her mother contrived to leave them alone together more than was customary; "his last day," she said, and called to mind her own experience of some five-and-twenty years ago. Jenny bore her burden bravely. Not a tear was seen except by George—he was quieter than usual.

"You won't sail on a Friday, George? I think it's such a bad day; so many ships are lost that sail on Fridays."

"I don't know, I'm sure; but I don't really think it makes much difference, Friday or any other day."

"But it is unlucky, and I dreamed this morning of a wedding, and all the people were in white. It's dreadfully unlucky, that it is."

"Why, what a little goose it is; why is that unlucky?"

"I don't know, but they say it is."

"Who says so?"

"Old Mrs. Crace; and her husband was a sailor—"

And here Jenny looked as if she would like to say something more.

"Well! say on, Jenny."

"I've got something for you—it will keep you from being drowned;" and her little hand was inserted in her pocket, and brought out as its captive a small bag of silk, with cord enough to go round the neck, attached.

"What is it, dearest?"

"I can't tell you; but, indeed, she said it would prevent your being drowned. Do wear it. Her husband always wore one, and he died in her arms, as I should like you to die in mine, if you must die first. Do wear it?"

"Oh yes, I'll wear it; but you can tell me what it is, oh? What is it?" And he looked into her face. "Come, tell me."

"It was old Mrs. Crace gave it me; she's been attending Charlotte Golding, who was married this time last year; she said she was sure it was a good thing, and made me promise to give it you, so I made the bag, and here it is. Do wear it?"

"Certainly I will, as I'd wear any thing you'd like me to; but still I should like to know what this charm is."

"Old Mrs. Crace said that the doctor laughed at her when she told him about her husband having one."

"Old Mrs. Crace!—the doctor! Why, what does it mean! Oh, I see! how stupid I am. Mrs. Golding has a baby, hasn't she? Ah, yes! I understand. I'll wear it."

"Thanks, dear George. She says, she's sure her husband would have been drowned if it hadn't been for that."

"Now, George, my boy, the chaise is here; come along."

He came out of the room, she clinging to him, and shook hands with them all and went down stairs.

"Don't look back—don't look back," and one after another the shoes of the sisters are thrown after him for luck.

"Look out, George!" said his brother William, from the top of the stairs, "here's Jane's coming!" and he seized the slipper from her foot and flung it.

George heard him, and turned.

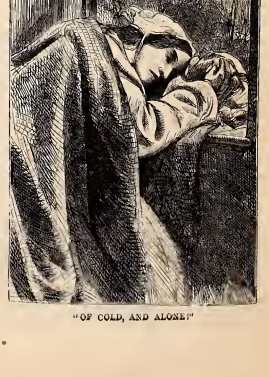
"There, Jane, he's caught the slipper, and kissed it, and taken it with him."

"Oh! William! William! you've killed me! He looked back, and you made him. Oh! my God! my God! he's gone—quite gone, now! I shall never see him again!—never!—never!" and Jenny sank into their arms fainting.

* * * * * * *

"What made you promise Arabella that beautiful orange-blossom wreath? you'll want it when he comes home."

"OH, WILLIAM, YOU'VE KILLED ME."



"OF COLD, AND ALONE!"

"No, Charlotte, I shall never want it; she never cared much. Old Mrs. Crane died long before he left, it was a sure sign of bad luck if she died not within the person on the back; but that if he looked back it was worst of all. I didn't throw mine, for fear, and then for William to do it! Oh dear! it makes me so *red*."

"Nonsense, child! he'll come back soon enough. You'll just be two-and-twenty, that's a year younger than I was when I married Mr. Golding."

"No, Charlotte! he'll never come back!—never! Oh! William! William!"

"Don't be silly; what has this fool to do with it? I've no patience with you giving away all your nice things."

* * *

Time passed; three years went by, and Jane was sober. The winter of '58 had come; Jane had lonely days in the snow—had grown terribly—unendurable; slapped the children; scolded the servants; read many tracts on the vanity of life. One of her sisters had been married; Jane had said spiteful things about her; Jane was not a family favorite; Jane was unhappy; the more she read the worse she became.

Just then a wealthy suitor of the old school tried to arrange a match with her, through her father, who was willing enough, but she snubbed him most unmercifully; she knew George would not come home to claim her, and yet she would be constant.

'59 came; Jane was worse. "Try a London doctor." She went to London—saw the doctor, a queer, sharp man. When she went in he looked at her a long while without speaking.

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

"She's so spiteful, and—" began the mother.

"Let *her* speak. Let her speak *herself*. What's the matter with you?"

"I don't know, Sir!" and the tears stood in her eyes.

Poor Jane! She could feel so was in earnest, and kind, too, with all his abrupt way, and that evening she told her tale with many tears.

"Poor child!" he said, stroking her hair. "Poor child! your troubles come upon you very young, too. How do you amuse yourself?"

"I'm so wretched I never can tell."

"What do you read? Chiefly religious books, and then feel miserable because you don't attain to the condition of mind described in some of them? Sad blunder. Now listen to me. Your nature is not the kind to find happiness in contemplation—you must be active, and forget your sorrow in labor of some kind. All natures are not alike, and if you were to read and pray all day long you would be miserable still. You're not formed for it; some are. You're superstitious and silly; that slipper story shows no wisdom on your part. Throw it over this; do good, not selfish, but at home; there's plenty for a willing mind to do in any family such as yours. You must find your happiness in making others happy. Get to some good mental exercise for about two or three hours a day. Try and learn German; play chess; read, but don't read, learn;

Tennyson's New Poem.

[For which he received $50 a line.]

SEA DREAMS. AN IDYLL.

A city clerk, but gently born and bred;
His wife, an unknown artist's orphan child—
One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three years old:
They, thinking that her clear germander eye
Droopt in the giant-fretoried city-gloom,
Came, with a month's leave given them, to the sea:
For which his gains were dock'd, however small:
His gains were small, and hard his work; besides,
Their slender household fortunes (for the man
Had risk'd his little) like the little thrift,
Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep:
And oft, when sitting all alone, his face
Would darken, as he cursed his credulousness,
And that one unctuous mouth which lured him, rogue,
To buy wild shares in some Peruvian mine.
Now seaward-bound for health they gain'd a coast,
All sand and cliff and deep-indrenching cave,
At close of day; slept, woke, and went the next,
The Sabbath, pious varlers from the church,
To chapel; where a hoarse Apollos preach'd,
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,
Announced the coming doom, and fulminated
Against the scarlet woman and her creed:
For sidesmen up he strang his arms, and shrieked
"Thus, thus with violence,' ev'n as if he held
The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself
Were that great angel; 'Thus with violence
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea;
Then comes the close.' The gentle-hearted wife
Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world;
He as his own: but when the windy storm
Had ended, forth they moved and paced the lawn,
Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves,
Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce believed
(The soothfake of so many a summer still
Clung to their fancies) that they saw, the sea.
So now on sand they walk'd, and now on cliff,
Lingering about the thymy promontories,
Until the sun were darkened in the west
And rosed in the east: then homeward and to bed:
Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope
Haunting a holy text, and still to that
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,'
Said, 'Love, forgive him:' but he did not speak;
And silenced by that silence lay the wife,
Remembering our dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feads.

But while the two were sleeping, a full tide
Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremost rocks
Touching, upleted in spirts of wild sea-smoke,
And mingled in sheets of wasteful foam, and fell
In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anon
Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs
Heard through the living roar. At this the babe,
Their Margaret cradled near them, wall'd and woke
The mother, and the father suddenly cried,
'A wreck, a wreck!' then turn'd, and groaning sigh'd,

'Forgive! How many will say, "forgive,"
and find
A sort of satisfaction in the word
To hate a little longer! No, the sin
That neither God nor man can well forgive,
Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once,
It is but one that second thoughts are best,
But first, and third, which are a riper first;
Too ripe, too late! they come too late for use.
Ah love, there surely lives in man and beast
Something divine to warn them of their foes:
And such a sense, when first I lighted on him,
Said, "trust him not;" but after, when I came
To know him more, I lost it, knew him less;
Fought with what seem'd my own uncharity;
Sat at his table; drank his costly wines;
Made more and more allowance for his frills;
Went further, fool! and trusted him with all,
All my poor scrapings from a dozen years
Of dust and deskwork: there is no such mine,
None; but a gulf of ruin, swallowing gold,
Not making. Ruin'd! ruin'd! the sea roars
Ruin: a fearful night!'

'Not fearful; fair,'
Said the good wife, 'if every star in heaven
Can make it fair: you do but hear the tide.
Had you ill dreams?'

'Oh yes,' he said, 'I dream'd
Of such a tide swelling toward the land,
And I from out the boundless outer deep
Swept with it to the shore, and enter'd one
Of those dark caves that run beneath the cliffs.
I thought the motion of the boundless deep
Bore through the cave, and I was heaved upon it
In darkness: then I saw one lovely star
Longer and larger. "What a world," I thought,
"To live in!" but in moving on I found
Only the hardward exit of the cave,
Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond:
And there the light a giant stood beside,
All over earthy, like a piece of earth,
A pick-axe in her hand: then out I slipt
Into a broad silt sun and blossom, trees
As high as heaven, and every bird that sings:
And here the night-light flickering in my eyes
Awoke me.'

'That was then your dream,' she said,
'Not sad, but sweet.'

'Sweet, I say,' said he,
'And mused upon it, drifting up the stream
In fancy, till I slept again, and saw
The broken vision; for I dream'd that still
The motion of the great deep bore me on,
And that the woman walk'd upon the brink:
I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd her of it:
"It came," she said, "by working in the mines:"
O then to ask her of my shares, I thought;
And ask'd; but not a word; she shook her head.
And then the motion of the current ceas'd,
And there was rolling thunder; and we reach'd
A mountain, like a wall of bare and stone;
But she with her strength got up the steep hill
Trod out a path: I followed; and at top
She pointed seaward: there a fleet of glass,
That seem'd a fleet of jewels under me,
Sailing along before a gloomy cloud
That not one moment ceased to thunder, past
In sunshine: right across its track there lay,
Down in the west, a long bar of gold,
Or what seemed gold: and I was glad at first
To think that in our often-ransack'd world
Still so much gold was left; and then I feared
Lest that gay navy there should splinter on it,
And fearing waved my arm to warn them off;
An idle signal, for the brittle fleet
(I thought I could have died to save it) near'd,
Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and vanish'd, and
broke
I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see
My dream was Life; the woman honest Work;
And my poor venture but a fleet of glass
Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold.'

'Nay,' said the kindly wife to comfort him,
'You reised your arm, you tumbled down and
broke
The glass with little Margaret's medicine in it;
And, breaking that, you made and broke your
dream:
A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks.'

'No trifle,' groan'd the husband; 'yesterday
I met him suddenly in the street, and ask'd
That whom I ask'd the woman in my dream.
Like her, he shook his head. "Show me the
books?"
He dodged me with a long and loose account.
"The books, the books!" but he, he could not
wait,
Bound on a matter he of life and death:
When the great Books (see Daniel seven, the
tenth)
Were open'd, I should find his account me well;
And then began to blust himself, and core
All over with the fat affectionate smile
That makes the widow lean. "My dearest
friend,
Have faith, have faith! We live by faith," said
he,
"And all things work together for the good
Of those"—sit makes me sick—I spoke him—lest
Gript my hand hard, and with God-bless-you
went
I stood like one that had received a blow:
I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,
A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,
A sinner in his God-bless-you: then my eyes
Pursued him down the street, and far away,
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,
Road raised in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-shding knee.'

'Was he so bound, poor soul?' said the good
wife;
'So are we all: but do not call him, love,
Before you prove him, rogue, and proved, forgive.
His gain is loss; for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A sikcut court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd.
And that drags down his life: then comes what
comes
Hereafter: and he meant, he said he meant,
Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you well.

"With all his conscience and one eye askew"—
Love, let me quote these lines, that you may
learn
A man is likewise counsel for himself,
Too often, in that silent court of yours—
"With all his conscience and one eye askew,
So false, he partly took himself for true;
Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye;
Who, never naming God except for gain,
So never took that useful name in vain;
Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
And snakelike slimed his victim ere he gorged;
And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the rest
Arising, did his holy oily best,
Dropping the too rough li in Hell and Heaven,
To spread the word by which himself had thriven."
How like you this old satire?'

'Nay,' she said,
'I loathe it: he had never kindly heart,
Nor ever cared to better his own kind,
Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it
But will you hear my dream, for I had one
That altogether went to music? still,
It awed me. Well—I dream'd that round the
north
A light, a belt of luminous vapor, lay,
And ever in it a low musical note
Swell'd up and died, and, as it swell'd, a ridge
Of breaker came from out the belt, and still
Grew with the growing note, and when the note
Had reach'd a thunderous fullness, on these cliffs
Broke, mark with awful light (the same as that
Which lived within the belt) by which I saw
That all these lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,
But huge cathedral fronts of every age,
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,
One after one: and then the great ridge drew,
Lessening to the lessening music, back,
And past into the belt, and swell'd again
To music: ever when it broke I saw
The statues, saint, or king, or counsellor
Fall from the caps of ruin which it left
Upon the sea, women in dark clusters round,
Some crying, 'Set them up! they shall not
fall!'
And others "Let them lie, for they have fall'n.'
And still they strove and wrangled: and I
grieved
In my strange dream, I knew not why, to find
Their wildest wailings never out of tone
With that sweet note; and ever when their
shrieks
Rose highest up the gamut, that great wave
Returning, though none mark'd it, on the crowd
Broke, mark'd with awful light, and show'd their
eyes
Glaring, and passionate looks, and swept away
The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone,
To the waste deeps together: and I fixt
My wistful eyes on two fair images,
Both crown'd with stars and high among the
stars—
The Virgin Mother standing with her child
High up on one of those dark minster-fronts—
Till she began to totter, and the child
Cling to the mother, and sent out a cry
Which mix'd with little Margaret, and I woke,
And my dream awed me:—well—but where are
the dreams?
Yours came but from the breaking of a glass,
And mine but from the crying of a child.'

'Child? No!' said he, 'but this tide's roar,
and his,
Our Boanerges with his threats of doom,
And loud-lung'd Antibabylonianism
(Although I grant but little music there)
Went hoth to make your dream: but were
there such
A music, harmonizing our wild cries,
Sphere-music such as that you dream'd about,
Why, that would make our Passions far too like
The discords dear to the musician. No—
One chink of hate would jar all the hymns
of heaven:
True Devils with no ear, they howl in tune
With hell but the Devil!'

"'True" indeed!
One of our town, but later by an hour
Here then ourselves, spoke with me on the shore;
While you were running down the sands, and
made
The dimpled flounce of the sea-turbeclow flap,
Good man, to please the child: she brought
strange news.
I would not tell you then to spoil your day,
But he, at whom you rail so much, is dead.'

'Dead? who is dead?'

'The man your eye pursued.
A little after you had parted with him,
He suddenly dropt dead of heart-disease.'

'Dead? he? of heart-disease? what heart had
he
To die of? dead!'

'Ah, dearest, if there be
A devil in man, there is an angel too,
And if he shut their ways you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart. But your rough
voice
(You spoke so loud) has roused the child again.
Sleep, little baby, sleep! Will all these days
Without her "little birdie?" well then, sleep
And I will sing you "birdie."'

Saying this,
The woman half turn'd round from him she
loved,
Left him one hand, and reaching through the
night
Her other, found (for it was close beside)
And half embraced the basket cradle-bend
With one soft arm, which, like the pliant bough
That moving moves the nest and nestling,
sway'd
The cradle, while she sang this baby song.

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

'She sleeps: let us too, let all evil, sleep.
He also sleeps—another sleep than ours.
He can do no more wrong: forgive him, dear,
And I shall sleep the sounder!'

Then the man,
'His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come.
Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound:
I do forgive him!'

'Thanks, my love,' she said,
'Your own will be the sweeter,' and they slept.

Macaulay.

28TH DECEMBER, 1859.

O DYING year, that dost wreak thy latest scoff
On those who, wearied with thee, bade thee go,
And, pitying, died'st with patched hand stirring off
The soiliest scene our Golden Book could show:
Vain spite! Self-banished, thou shalt pass away.
Hearing his life whose fame was England's pride:
But through the ages English tongues shall say
"That year! An ill one. Then Macaulay died."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IGNORANCE IN HIGH LIFE.

FASHIONABLE LADY *to her Husband*, "I wonder how the chickens are? I haven't seen them half ever so long, and I declare I am getting quite anxious. I say, Henry, dear, I wish you would show me the way to the nursery."

PAPA, PRIDE.—A youthful prodigy asked the "author of his being" the other day whether "it is but leave used for such a long time, had language would not soon be worn out?"

RIDDLES.

1. What word is composed of three letters alone, reads backward and forward the same; unless speech it can make all its sentiments known, and to beauty lays principal stress?

2. Why should an alderman wear a tartan waistcoat?

3. When a man beats his wife, what medicine does he take?

4. What is the difference between an accepted and a rejected lover?

5. A blind man went out to tea, when there, how did he contrive to see?

6. Why are people who sit on free seats not likely to derive much benefit from going to church?

7. Why must a manufacturer of steel pens be a very immoral character?

8. Why is conscience like the check-string of a carriage?

9. Why is a whisper like a forged note?

10. Can you spell Sweet Nothings three letters in English or French?

11. Why is a regular lawyer like a man who can not sleep?

12. Of what color is grass when it is covered with snow?

13. Why is a lover like a knocker?

14. If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relationship does she bear to you?

ANSWERS.

1. Eye.
2. To keep a check on his stomach.
3. He takes an elixir (nul no liker key).
4. The former has Miss, and the other misses his kisses.
5. He took a cup and saucer (saw, Sir).
6. Because they get good for nothing.
7. He makes his customers steel (steal) pens, and then persuades them they do write (right).
8. It is a check from the lower to the outer man.
9. It is uttered but not allowed (aloud).
10. Yes, U. O. E. Y.
11. He lies first on one side, then on the other, and is wide awake the whole time.
12. Invisible green.
13. Because he is bound to adore (a door).
14. She is my mother.

ENIGMAS.

I.

Without the head, see how we stand,
The guardians of our sea-girt land;
Without the foot, now, pray behold
One of my first, both brave and bold,
Do hooded knee worship God, or
Victoria's gift for bravery.
My whole, in corn a curious sight,
Off to my first brings life and light.

II.

My first, how welcome to the weary hand
Of pilgrims toiling o'er the desert plains
Of parched Arabia. Ye their kindred frames
The very word speaks hope. My second may
Be rich and sumptuous, or poor and mean;
Whatever its guise, the life of every man
Depends on its supply. My whole is that
Which ardently we seek for those we love.
Reserve it epitaphs, and mournful lamentation
The saddest accents of a parting hear.

I.—Stars. II.—Welfare.

TEETHING WITH TRIFLES.—A domestic recipe to remedate black crape says that, "Skim milk and sugar with a little bit of glue in it, made scalding hot, will restore old rusty black Italian crape." You can not think how nice it smells!

HOMEOPATHY.—Like cures like. Sulphur cures from Vesuvius; therefore it is good for eruptions.

HOMEOPATHY IN THE LAUNDRY.—"Do cure linen: Rub in so much butter as will lie on the point of a pin—and smoke.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

BY JACQUES MAURICE.

[See account of the falling of the Pemberton Mills, at Lawrence, Massachusetts, in No. 100 of *Harper's Weekly.*]

The clank and the clash and the roar
And the hum of the spindle and wheel,
And the beating heart and busy tongue
Have ceased. Death has set his seal:
The mills, the murderous mills their woe have buried—
But the awful sound still shakes the shuddering world.

The groan, the shriek, and the prayer,
The mighty dread and fear,
The roar and hiss of the hellish flame
Have ceased. And the pall and the bier
And the hearse have darkened the street and valley and hill:
But the wail of the widows and orphans is never still.

It cleaves to the rich man's ear
And rankles on his selfish heart.
And he knows and feels, as it chills his blood,
In the slaughter his hand had part:
God help that hard man, with his conscience awakened too late!
Already it sounds a fearful judgment of hate!

The maimed and the ruined shall scowl,
And the whisper and hole shall be feared:
And the dead, all the dead, shall stare at him in dreams,
Crushed, bleeding, stark, blasted, and seared:
Remorseless sadness shall sit on his heart so cold,
For he weighed precious lives against perishing silver and gold.

IRVING PARK, TARRYTOWN.

ONE of the best evidences of a progressive civilization is to be found in the improving condition of the family home. The advancement of a community in culture, in true refinement, and in sound morality is uniformly in proportion to the thriving condition of the homestead, of its appointments, and its associations. Accordingly, when we find our people taking, as they now do, a deeper interest than ever before in the character and location of their dwellings, and in the influences by which their families are to be surrounded, we discern at once the evidence and the cause of a more solid and enduring prosperity.

The true and appropriate home for the family is undoubtedly in the country. The man of business may find it necessary to pass some portion of his daily life in the marts of trade, encountering the strife and tumult incident to commercial or professional occupations; but there is no reason why he should establish his household in the same tumultuous arena. The dust and din and uproar of a large city is perhaps the necessary sphere, and therefore the proper and legitimate one, for an active man during some part of his life; but it certainly is not the true sphere for his wife and little ones. We are gratified to perceive that this view of the subject is now generally taken by the business men of our great and growing metropolis.

In connection with this topic we take pleasure in presenting to our readers, in the present issue of the *Weekly*, several finely executed illustrations of country seats located in the new Tarrytown Park. For a numerous class of our citizens this particular locality seems to possess (on account of some peculiar features) more than ordinary interest.

The premises shown in our engravings constitute a part of the domain of IRVING PARK, recently laid out in the vicinity of Tarrytown. These grounds, though but lately introduced to the public, have already acquired an enviable reputation, not only for the extent and variety of landscape views which they embrace, but for their admirable internal arrangements, the distribution of drives and walks, and other attractive features.

The gentlemen whose residences we have been permitted to sketch for our readers have indicated, we think, equal taste and judgment in the style of their dwellings, as well as in the locality selected. Differing as these mansions do in architectural features, they are yet equally impressed with an air of quiet repose and refined rural enjoyment, the effect of which is agreeably enhanced by the perfect harmony of expression between the structures and the adjacent grounds. Though the buildings are not yet completed we are enabled (by leave of the architects) to present them accurately as they will appear when finished in the early part of May or June. It is proper to state, however, that in these sketches the artist has merely intended to present the aspect of each dwelling as it appears from the approach, without attempting to include in so limited a space the varied and magnificent scenery visible from the verandas of each.

It is a remarkable circumstance in regard to these grounds that the situations are so nearly equal in point of scenery as to make it somewhat embarrassing to decide upon a preference. We think, however, that the position of Mr. Stout's residence is one of the most commanding in the Park, and certainly more attractive, in regard to river views, than any we have seen elsewhere. It is, indeed, every way worthy of the elegant mansion that is about to embellish it.

As the subject of rural dwellings is one of increasing interest to the public, and especially so to the cultivated classes who read our *Weekly*, we intend in a future number to illustrate some of the fine river views that belong to this Park, in connection with other residences to be erected there in the ensuing spring and summer.

It would probably be difficult to find an area of the same extent better adapted to the purpose of a *Neighborhood Park* than this ground. The contrast between the thickly-shaded groves of the lower section, and the wide-spread lawns and terraces of the higher ground, the wild scenery explored by labyrinthine walks in the western quarter, and the picturesque effect of the bold declivities of the east park, leading down through the vista of Sleepy Hollow, make up a most agreeable variety of rural scenes. The roads and carriage-ways leading through these various features of the ground afford excellent facilities for a quiet drive away from the public road, as well as for equestrian exercise, and for juvenile practice in the saddle or the pony-chaise.

We subjoin from the printed circular a brief description of these drives:

"The *Western Drive* commences at the Lower Entrance, taking a northerly direction, parallel with the Pocantico. Along the eastern side of this road, and extending to the Aqueduct, is a range of moderately-elevated, and finely-shaded ground, called the *Croton Range*. On the opposite side, and facing the sites of this Range, is the *West Park*, which is traversed by the *Sylvan Road*, and by winding walks leading to perennial springs, to the Cascade, to balconies overhanging the stream, and to various other secluded spots.

"The *Croton Drive* diverges from the north end of the above road, pursing to the east and south, across the Aqueduct, and through the rising ground beyond, till it intersects the *Central Avenue*.

"This Avenue extends from the North Gate of the Upper Entrance, through the central portion of the ground, terminating in the *North Drive*. On either side of it are several smaller sections of the Park, and a number of eligible villa sites. Branching off from this Avenue, on the east, are

"The *North* and *South Circuits*, extending to the *East Park*, and meeting at the Pavilion, on the summit.

"The *Bank Road* diverges from the Croton Drive near the Aqueduct, and terminates in the *North Drive*.

"The *Terrace Road*, lying east of Central Avenue, and parallel with it, connects the North Drive with the Circuit.

"The *South Drive* commences at the South Gate of the Upper Entrance. Taking an eastern direction, it passes near a fine grove of evergreens, and forms the boundary of several unique and picturesque sites. At the point where it reaches the East Park it sweeps around the shoulder of the hill so as to bring the whole of Sleepy Hollow at once into view. Here it terminates in the

"*Eastern Drive*, which follows the ridge of the hill northward to the Pavilion. This drive separates the East Park from the villa sites on the opposite side. Leaving the Pavilion, it descends toward the north (presenting some of the finest inland as well as river views) till it intersects the North Drive."

On the whole, we are inclined to think that this mode of country life is destined to be speedily and extensively adopted in the vicinity of all our large cities. The Neighborhood Park, on the plan of this one at Tarrytown, offers inducements that no ordinary situation in the country can compete with. The difference in the price of ground under this arrangement is less than we should have supposed, and not to be compared with the advantages and privileges which the ground carries with it.

RESIDENCE OF HON. B. F. MANIERRE.

COUNTRY SEAT OF A. V. STOUT, ESQ.

SUMMER COTTAGE OF MR. R. P. BRUFF.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

THE NARRATIVE OF MARIAN HALCOMBE, TAKEN FROM HER DIARY.

* * * * * *

LIMMERIDGE HOUSE, *November* 7.

THIS morning Mr. Gilmore left us.

His interview with Laura had evidently grieved and surprised him more than he liked to confess. I felt afraid, from his look and manner when we parted, that she might have inadvertently betrayed to him the real secret of her depression and of my anxiety. This doubt grew on me so, after he had gone, that I declined riding out with Sir Percival, and went up to Laura's room instead.

I have been sadly distrustful of myself in this difficult and lamentable matter ever since I found out my own ignorance of the strength of Laura's unhappy attachment. I ought to have known that the delicacy and forbearance and sense of honor which drew me to poor Hartright, and made me so sincerely admire and respect him, were just the qualities to appeal most irresistibly to Laura's natural sensitiveness and natural generosity of nature. And yet, until she opened her heart to me of her own accord, I had no suspicion that this new feeling had taken root so deeply. I once thought time and care might remove it. I now fear that it will remain with her and alter her for life. The discovery that I have committed such an error in judgment as this makes me hesitate about every thing else. I hesitate about Sir Percival, in the face of the plainest proofs. I hesitate even in speaking to Laura. On this very morning I doubted, with my hand on the door, whether I should ask her the questions I had come to put or not.

When I went into her room I found her walking up and down in great impatience. She looked flushed and excited; and she came forward at once, and spoke to me before I could open my lips.

"I wanted you," she said. "Come and sit down on the sofa with me. Marian! I can bear this no longer—I must and will end it."

There was too much color in her cheeks, too much energy in her manner, too much firmness in her voice. The little book of Hartright's drawings—the fatal book that she will dream over whenever she is alone—was in one of her hands. I began by gently and firmly taking it from her, and putting it out of sight on a side-table.

"Tell me quietly, my darling, what you wish to do," I said. "Has Mr. Gilmore been advising you?"

She shook her head. "No, not in what I am thinking of now. He was very kind and good to me, Marian—and I am ashamed to be so distressed him by crying. I am miserably helpless; I can't control myself. For my own sake, and for all our sakes, I must have courage enough to end it."

"Do you mean courage enough to claim your release?" I asked.

"No," she said, simply. "Courage, dear, to tell the truth."

She put her arms round my neck, and rested her head quietly on my bosom. On the opposite wall hung the miniature portrait of her father. I kept over her, and saw that she was looking at it while her head lay on my breast.

"I can never claim my release from my engagement," she went on. "Whatever may it ends, it must end wretchedly for me. All I can do, Marian, is not to add the remembrance that I have broken my promise and forgotten my father's dying words, to make that wretchedness worse."

"What is it you propose, then?" I asked.

"To tell Sir Percival Glyde the truth with my own lips," she answered, "and to let him release me if he will, not because I ask him, but because he knows all."

"What do you mean, Laura, by 'all?' Sir Percival will know enough (he has told me so himself) if he knows that the engagement is opposed to your own wishes."

"Can I tell him that, when the engagement was made for me by my father, with my own consent? I should have kept my promise; not happily, I am afraid; but still contentedly!—she stopped, turned her face to me, and laid her cheek close against mine—"I should have kept my engagement, Marian, if another love had not grown up in my heart, which was yours, there when I first promised to be Sir Percival's wife."

"Laura! you will never lower yourself by making a confession to him?"

"I shall lower myself indeed if I gain my release by hiding from him what he has a right to know."

"He has not the shadow of a right to know it?"

† The passages omitted, here and elsewhere, in Miss Halcombe's Diary, are only those which bear no reference to Miss Fairlie, or to any of the persons with whom she is associated in those pages.

"AND RESTED HER HEAD QUIETLY ON MY BOSOM."

"Wrong, Marian, wrong! I ought to deceive no one—least of all the man to whom my father gave me, to whom I gave myself." She put her lips to mine, and kissed me. "My own love," she said, softly, "you are so much too good of me, and so much too proud of me, that you forget in my case what you would remember in your own. Better that Sir Percival should doubt my motives and misjudge my conduct, if he will, than that I should be first false to him in thought, and then mean enough to serve my own interests by hiding the falsehood."

I held her away from me in astonishment. For the first time in our lives we had changed places; the resolution was all on her side, the hesitation all on mine. I looked into the pale, quiet, resigned young face; I saw the pure, innocent heart, in the loving eyes that looked back at me—and the poor, worldly cautions and objections that rose to my lips, dwindled and died away in their own emptiness. I hung my head in silence. In her place the despicably small pride which makes so many women deceitful would have been my pride, and would have made me deceitful, too.

"Don't be angry with me, Marian," she said, mistaking my silence.

I only answered by drawing her close to me again. I was afraid of crying if I spoke. My tears do not flow so easily as they ought—they come, almost like man's tears, with what they seem to tear me in pieces, and that frighten every one about me.

"I have thought of this, love, for many days," she went on, twining and twisting my hair, with that childish restlessness in her fingers, which poor Mrs. Vesey still tries so patiently and so vainly to cure her of—"I have thought of it very seriously, and I can be sure of my courage, when my own convenience tells me I am right. Let me speak to him to-morrow—in your presence, Marian. I will say nothing that is wrong, nothing that you or I need be ashamed of—but, oh, it will ease my heart so to end this miserable concealment! Only let me know and feel that I have no deception to answer for on my side; and then, when he has heard what I have to say, let him act toward me as he will."

She sighed, and put her head back in its old position on my bosom. Sad misgivings about what the end would be weighed on my mind; but, still distrusting myself, I told her that I would do as she wished. She thanked me, and we passed gradually into talking of other things.

At dinner she joined us again, and was more easy and more herself with Sir Percival than I have seen her yet. In the evening she went to the piano, choosing new music of the dexterous, tuneless, florid kind. The lovely old melodies of Mozart, which poor Hartright was so fond of, she has never played since he left. The book is no longer in the music-stand. She took the volume away herself, so that nobody could find it out and ask her to play from it.

I had no opportunity of discovering whether her purpose of the morning had changed or not, until she wished Sir Percival good-night—and then her own words informed me that it was unaltered. She said, very quietly, that she wished to speak to him after breakfast, and that he would find her in her sitting-room alone. He changed color at those words, and I felt his hand trembling a little when it came to my turn to take it. The event of the next morning would decide his future life; and he evidently knew it.

I went in, as usual, through the door between our two bedrooms, to bid Laura good-night before she went to sleep. In stooping over her to kiss her, I saw the little book of Hartright's drawings half hidden under her pillow, just in the place where she used to hide her favorite toys when she was a child. I could not find it in my heart to say any thing; but I pointed to the book and shook my head. She reached both hands up to my cheeks, and drew my face down to hers till our lips met.

"I leave it there to-night," she whispered; "to-morrow may be cruel, and may make me say good-by to it forever."

8th.—The first event of the morning was one of a kind to raise my spirits; a letter arrived for me from poor Walter Hartright. It is the answer to mine describing the manner in which Sir Percival shared himself of the suspicions raised by Anne Catherick's letter. He writes short by and hitterly about Sir Percival's expatiations; only saying that he has no right to offer an opinion on the conduct of those who are above him. This is sad; but his occasional references to himself grieve me still more. He says that the effort to return to his old habits and pursuits grows harder instead of easier to him every day; and that he implores me, if I have any interest, to exert it to get him employment that will necessitate his absence from England, and bring him among new scenes and new people. I have been made all the readier to comply with this request by a passage at the end of his letter which has almost alarmed me.

After mentioning that he has neither seen nor heard any thing of Anne Catherick, he suddenly breaks off, and hints in the most abrupt, mysterious manner, that he has been perpetually watched and followed by strange men ever since he returned to London. He acknowledges that he can not prove this extraordinary suspicion by fixing on any particular persons; but he declares that the suspicion itself is present to him night and day. This has frightened me, because it looks as if his one fixed idea about Laura was becoming too much for his mind. I will write immediately to some of my mother's influential old friends in London, and press his claims on their notice. Change of scene and change of occupation may yet prove to be the salvation of him at this crisis in his life.

Greatly to my relief, Sir Percival sent an apology for not joining us at breakfast. He had taken an early cup of coffee in his own room, and he was still engaged there in writing letters. At eleven o'clock, if that hour was convenient, he would do himself the honor of waiting on Miss Fairlie and Miss Halcombe.

My eyes were on Laura's face while the message was being delivered. I had found her unaccountably quiet and composed on going into her room in the morning; and so she remained all through breakfast. Even when we were sitting together on the sofa in her room, waiting for Sir Percival, she still preserved her self-control.

"Don't be afraid of me, Marian," was all she said: "I may forget myself with an old friend like Mr. Gilmore, or with a dear sister like you; but I will not forget myself with Sir Percival Glyde."

I looked at her, and listened to her in silent surprise. Through all the years of our close intimacy this passive force in her character had been hidden from me—hidden even from herself, till love found it, and suffering called it forth.

As the clock on the mantle-piece struck eleven Sir Percival knocked at the door and came in. There was suppressed anxiety and agitation in every line of his face. It was a strong face, which tenses him at most times, seemed to be troubling him more incessantly than ever. He had a few minutes' talk with my mother, and Laura remained by me. I looked attentively at them both, and he was the paleist of the two.

He said a few commonplaces to me, with a visible effort to preserve his customary ease of manner. But his voice was not to be steadied, and the restless uneasiness in his eyes was not to be concealed. He must have felt this himself; for he stopped in the middle of a sentence, and gave up even the attempt to hide his embarrassment any longer.

There was just one moment of dead silence before Laura addressed him.

"I wish to speak to you, Sir Percival," she said, "on a subject very important to us both. My sister is here, because her presence helps me, and gives me confidence. She has not suggested one word of what I am going to say: I speak from my own thoughts, not from hers. I am sure you will be kind enough to understand that before I go any further?"

Sir Percival bowed. She had proceeded thus far, with perfect outward tranquillity, and perfect propriety of manner. She looked at him, and he looked at her. They seemed, at the outset, at least, resolved to understand one another plainly.

"I have heard from Marian," she went on, "that I have only to claim my release from our engagement to obtain that release from you. It was forbearing and generous on your part, Sir Percival, to send me such a message. It is only doing you justice to say that I am grateful for the offer, and I hope and believe that it is only doing myself justice to tell you that I decline to accept it."

His attentive face brightened and relaxed; he seemed to breathe more freely. But I saw one of his feet, softly, quietly, incessantly beating on the carpet under the table, and I felt that he was secretly as anxious as ever.

"I have not forgotten," she said, "that you asked my father's permission before you honored me with a proposal of marriage. Perhaps you have not forgotten, either, what I said when I consented to our engagement? I ventured to tell you that my father's influence and advice had mainly decided me to give you my promise. I was guided by my father, because I had always found him the truest of all advisers, the best and fondest of all protectors and friends. I have lost him now; I have only his memory to love; but my faith in that dear dead friend has never been shaken. I believe, at this moment, as truly as I ever believed, that he knew what one best, and that his hopes and wishes ought to be my hopes and wishes too."

Her voice trembled for the first time. Her restless fingers stole their way into my lap, and held fast by one of my hands. There was another moment of silence; and then Sir Percival spoke.

"May I ask," he said, "if I have ever proved myself unworthy of the trust which it has been hitherto my greatest honor and greatest happiness to possess?"

"I have found nothing in your conduct to blame," she answered. "You have always treated me with the same delicacy and the same forbearance. I have deserved my trust; and, what is of far more importance in my estimation, you have deserved my father's trust, out of which alone grew. You have given me no excuse, even if I had wished to find one, for asking to be released from my pledge. What I have said so far, has been spoken with the wish to acknowledge my whole obligation to you. My regard for that obligation, my regard for my father's memory, the sense of duty for my own promise, all forbid me to set the example, on my side, of withdrawing from our present position. The breaking of our engagement must be entirely your wish and your act, Sir Percival—not mine."

The uneasy beating of his foot suddenly stopped, and he leaned forward eagerly across the table.

"Do you mean what you say?" he said. "Do you mean that your decision is not irrevocable? Do you mean that I have not lost your confidence, and that I may still hope to be your husband?"

"I mean what I say," she answered, firmly. "I have not lost your confidence, and I may still hope to be your husband, if I can."

"Then I have not lost your confidence, and I may still hope to be your husband, if I can. Let me have the chance I ask for, and I will prove that my first offer of my hand was not the mere impulse of a moment, but the deliberate resolution of my life. Let me have the chance I ask for, and I will show that I can be worthy of your confidence, and worthy of your love."

"I have no doubt of it," she said, "if you have the opportunity of showing it. But I ask you, Sir Percival, to remember that I have lost my mother, and that I have no friend but my sister and myself to consult in this matter. I ask you, Sir Percival, to remember that I am a young woman, and that I have no experience to guide me in the trying position in which I now stand. I ask you to remember that I have lost my father, and that I have no friend to trust in but my sister and myself, when I am asked to release you from your engagement. I ask you to remember all this, and to remember that I am a young woman, and that I have no experience to guide me, when I say that I can not, and will not, release you from your engagement."

"May I ask," he said, "if I have ever proved myself unworthy of the trust which it has been hitherto my greatest honor and greatest happiness to possess?"

"I have found nothing in your conduct to blame," she answered. "You have always treated me with the same delicacy and the same forbearance. I have deserved my trust; and, what is of far more importance in my estimation, you have deserved my father's trust, out of which alone grew. You have given me no excuse, even if I had wished to find one, for asking to be released from my pledge. What I have said so far, has been spoken with the wish to acknowledge my whole obligation to you. My regard for that obligation, my regard for my father's memory, the sense of duty for my own promise, all forbid me to set the example, on my side, of withdrawing from our present position. The breaking of our engagement must be entirely your wish and your act, Sir Percival—not mine."

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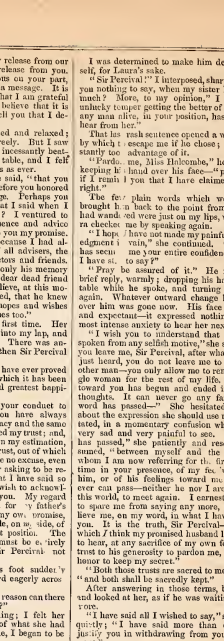
"I have heard, she said, "and I believe it, that the fondest and truest of all affections is the affection which a woman ought to bear to her husband. When our engagement began, that affection was mine to give, if I could, and yours to win, if you could. Will you pardon me, and spare me, Sir Percival, if I acknowledge that it is not so any longer?"

A few tears gathered in her eyes, and dropped over her cheeks slowly, as she paused and waited for his answer. He did not utter a word. At the beginning of her speech he had moved the hand on which his head rested so that it hid his face. I saw nothing but the upper part of his figure at the table. As a minute ele of him moved, the fingers of the hand which supported his head were dented deep in his hair; but there was no significant trembling in them. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, to tell the secret of his thoughts at that moment—the moment which was the crisis of his life and the crisis of hers.



"AND PINNED IT CAREFULLY IN THE FORM OF A CIRCLE."

I was determined to make him declare himself, for Laura's sake.

"Sir Percival?" I interposed, sharply, "have you nothing to say, when my sister has said so much? More, to my opinion," I added, my unlucky temper getting the better of me, "than any man alive, in your position, has a right to hear from her."

That ill-fresh sentence opened a way for him by which I escape me if he chose; and he instantly took advantage of it.

"Pardon me, Miss Halcombe," he said, still keeping his hand over his face—"pardon me, if I remark to you that I have claimed no such right."

The few plain words which would have brought him back to the point from which he had wandered were just on my lips, when Laura checked me by speaking again.

"I hope I have not made my painful acknowledgment in vain," she continued. "I hope it has secured me your entire confidence in what I have at to say?"

"Pray be assured of it." He made that brief reply, warmly dropping his hand on the table while he spoke, and turning toward us again. Whatever outward change had passed over him was gone now. His face was eager and expectant—it expressed nothing but the most intense anxiety to hear her next words.

"I wish you to understand that I have not spoken from any selfish motive," she said. "If you leave me, Sir Percival, after what you have just heard, you do not leave me to marry another man—you only allow me to remain a single woman for the rest of my life. My faith toward you has begun and ended in my own thoughts. It can never go any farther. No word has passed—" She hesitated, in doubt about the expression she should use next; hesitated, in a momentary confusion which it was very sad and very painful to see. "No word has passed," she patiently and resolutely resumed, "between myself and the person to whom I am now referring for the first and last time in your presence, of my fe. ings toward him, or of his feelings toward me. No word ever can pass—neither he nor I are bound by this world, to meet again. I earnestly ask you to spare me from saying any more, and to believe me, on my word, in what I have just told you. It is the truth, Sir Percival—the truth which I think my promised husband has a claim to hear, at any sacrifice of my own feelings. I trust to his generosity to pardon me, and to his honor to keep my secret."

"Both those trusts are sacred to me," he said, "and both shall be sacredly kept."

After answering in those terms, he paused, and looked at her, as if he was waiting to hear more.

"I have said all I wished to say," she added, quietly; "I have said more than enough to justify you in withdrawing from your engagement."

"You have said more than enough," he answered, "to make it the dearest object of my life to keep the engagement." With those words he rose from his chair, and advanced a few steps toward the place where she was sitting.

She started violently, and a faint cry of surprise escaped her. Every word she had spoken and innocently betrayed her purity and truth to a man who thoroughly understood the priceless value of a pure and true woman. Her own noble conduct had been the hidden enemy, throughout, of all the danger she had trusted to it. I had dreaded this from the first. I would have prevented it, if she had allowed me the smallest chance of doing so. I even waited and watched, now, when the harm was done, for a word from Sir Percival that would give me the opportunity of putting him in the wrong.

"You have left it to me, Miss Fairlie, to re-

nign you," he continued. "I am not heartless enough to resign a woman who has just shown herself to be the noblest of her sex."

He spoke with such warmth and feeling, with such passionate enthusiasm and yet with such perfect delicacy, that she raised her head, flushed up a little, and looked at him with sudden mutinous and spirit.

"No?" she said, firmly. "The most wretched of her sex, if she must give herself in marriage when she can not give her love."

"May she not give it in the future," he asked, "if the one object of her husband's life is to deserve it?"

"Never!" she answered. "I, you still persist in maintaining our engagement, I am but your true and faithful wife, Sir Percival—your loving wife, if I know my own heart, never!"

She looked at him resolutely beneath a face and throat as warm as that no man alive could have stocked his heart against her. I tried hard to feel that Sir Percival was to blame, and to say so; but my womanhood would p y him in spite of myself.

"I gratefully accept your faith and truth," he said. "The least that you can offer is more to me than the utmost that I could hope for from any other woman in the world."

Her left hand still held mine, but her right hand hung listlessly at her side. He raised it gently to his lips—touched it with more rather than kissed it—bowed to me—and then, with perfect delicacy and discretion, silently quitted the room.

She neither moved nor said a word when he was gone; she sat by me, cold and still, with her eyes fixed on the ground. I saw it was hopeless and useless to speak, and I only put my arm round her, and held her to me in silence. We remained together so for what seemed a long and weary time—so long and so weary that I grew nervous, and began to her softly, in the hope of producing a change.

The sound of my voice seemed to startle her into consciousness. She suddenly drew herself away from me and rose to her feet.

"I must submit, Marian, as well as I can," she said. "My life has its hard duties, and one of them begins to-day."

As she spoke she went to a side-table near the window, and, when her scattered materials were placed, gathered them together carefully, and put them in a drawer of her cabinet. I asked the cause that brought her to my side.

"I must part from every thing that reminds me of him," she said. "Keep by whatever you please—I will never want it again."

Before I could say a word she had turned away to the bookcase, and had taken the album that contained Walter Hartright's drawings. She hesitated for a moment, holding the little volume fondly in her hands—then lifted it to her lips and kissed it.

"Oh, Laura! Laura!" I said, not angrily, but reproachfully—with nothing but sorrow in my voice, and nothing but sorrow in my heart.

"It is the last time, Marian," she pleaded. "I am falling to pieces—I shall be forever."

She laid the book on the table and drew out the comb that fastened her hair. It fell, in its matchless beauty, over her back and shoulders, and dropped round her far below her waist. She separated one long, thin lock from the rest, cut it off, and placed it carefully, in the form of a circle, on the first blank page of the album. The moment it was fastened she closed the album hurriedly, and placed it in my hands.

"You write to him, and he writes to you," she said. "Tell him that I, if he asks after me, always tell him I am well, and never say I am unhappy. Don't distress him, Marian—for my sake, don't distress him. If I die first, promise you will give him this little book of his drawings, with my hair in it. There can be no harm, when I am gone, in telling him that I had it there with my own hands. And say—oh, Marian, say for me, then, what I can never say for myself—say I forgive him!"

She flung her arms round my neck, and whispered the last words in my ear with a passionate delight in uttering them which it almost broke my heart to hear. All the long restraint she had imposed on herself gave way in that last last outburst of tenderness. She broke from me with hysterical vehemence, and threw herself on the sofa in a paroxysm of sobs and tears that shook her from head to foot.

I tried vainly to soothe her and reason with her; she was past consolation, and past being reasoned with. It was the sad, sudden end, for us two, of this memorable day. When the fit had spent itself, it left us too exhausted to speak. She slumbered toward the afternoon; and I put away the book of drawings so that she might not see it when she woke. My face was calm, whatever my heart might be, when she opened her eyes again and looked at me. We said no more to each other about the distressing interview of the morning. Sir Percival's name was not mentioned, Walter Hartright was almost alike forgotten by either of us for the remainder of the day.

9th.—Finding that she was composed and like herself this morning, I returned to the painful subject of yesterday, for the sole purpose of pleading her to let me speak to Sir Percival and Mr. Fairlie, more plainly and strongly than she could speak to either of them herself, about this lamentable marriage. She interposed, gently but firmly, in the middle of my remonstrances.

"I left yesterday to decide," she said, "and yesterday he decided. It is too late to go back."

Sir Percival spoke to me this afternoon, feelingly and unreservedly, about what had passed in Laura's room. He assured me that the unpalatable truth she had placed in him had awakened such an unswerving conviction of her innocence and integrity in his mind that he was guiltless of having felt even a moment's uneasiness, either at the time when he was in her presence, or afterward when he had withdrawn from it. Deeply as he lamented the unfortunate attachment which had hindered the progress he might otherwise have made in her esteem and regard, he firmly believed that it had remained unacknowledged in the past, and that it would remain, under all changes of circumstances which he hoped in time to contribute, unacknowledged in the future. This was his absolute conviction; and the strongest proof he could give of his sincerity, which he has now offered, that he felt no curiosity to know whether the attachment was of recent date or not, or who had been the object of it. His forbearance in delicacy in Miss Fairlie made him satisfied with what she had thought fit to say to him, and he was honorably incapable of the slightest feeling of anxiety to hear more.

He willed, after saying those words, and he keeps his word. I was so conscious of my unreasonable prejudice against him—so conscious of an unworthy impulse that tempted me to retaliate on my implacably answering the very questions which he had just described himself as resolved not to hear—that I evaded all approaches to this part of the subject with something like a feeling of confusion on my own part. As the consequence, I was robbed of the last and smallest opportunity of trying to plead Laura's cause; and I told him boldly that I regretted his engagement with her father, and indeed his father, and induced him to withdraw from the engagement altogether.

Here, again, he disarmed me by not attempting to defend himself. He would merely beg me to remember the difference there was between his behavior to Laura and her father, which was a matter of submission only, and his forcing himself to give up his love, which, he was sorry to say, obliged him to be the suicide of his own hopes. Her conduct of the day before had so strengthened and confirmed his love and admiration of her long years, that all active intention against those feelings, on his part, was impossible for the future. He was sure I must think him weak, selfish, unfeeling toward the very woman whom he idolized, and he must bow to my opinion, knowing that I was only putting it to me, at the same time, whether her future as a single woman, living under an unhappy guardian and a married sister, was never acknowledge, could be said to promise her a much brighter prospect than her future as the wife of a man who had forfeited the esteem of the woman he had loved." In the last case there was hope from time, however slight it might be—in the other case, there was no hope, there was no hope at all.

I answered him—more because my tongue is a woman's, than because I had any answer to chose to take in—and that he had chosen to take it. I felt this at the time, and I feel it just as strongly now, as I write these lines, in my own room. The one hope left is, that his motives really spring, as he says they do, from the unselfish strength of his attachment to Laura.

Before I close my diary for to-night, I must record that I have written to Walter Hartright, interests, to two of my mother's old friends in London—both men of influence and position. If they can do any thing for him, I am quite sure they will. Except Laura, I never was more anxious about any one than I am now about Walter. All my thoughts since he left us have been only increased my strong regard and sympathy for him. I hope I am doing right in trying to help him in the present absence, I hope, most earnestly and anxiously, that it will end well.

10th.—Sir Percival had an interview with Mr. Fairlie, and I was sent for to join them.

I found Mr. Fairlie greatly excited at the prospect of the "family worry" (as he was pleased to describe his niece's marriage) being carried so far. So far I did not feel called on to say any thing to him about my own opinion; but when he proceeded, in his most aggravating and irritating manner, to suggest that the time for the marriage had better be settled next, in accordance with the wishes of Sir Percival, I felt the temptation of assailing Mr. Fairlie's nerves with as strong a protest against hurrying Laura's decision as I could utter. I was glad Sir Percival immediately assumed me that he felt the force of my objection, and begged me to believe that the postponement was not due to the consequence of any interference on his part. Mr. Fairlie leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, said we had to do all things contrary to our nature, and then repeated his suggestion, as coolly as if neither Sir Percival nor I had said a word in opposition to it. I left it to my Lord to decline to mention the subject to Laura, unless she first approached it of her own accord. I left the room at once, feeling sure that deterioration. Sir Percival looked seriously embarrassed and distressed. Mr. Fairlie stretched out his lazy leg on his velvet footstool, and said:

"Dear Marian! how I envy you your robust constitution! How long do you sleep?"

On going to Laura's room I found that she had acted for me, and that Mrs. Vesey had intended to spend the day with Sir Fairlie. She inquired at once what I had been wanted for; and I told her all that had passed, without attempting to conceal the vexation and annoyance that I really felt. Her answer surprised and distressed me inexpressibly; it was the very last reply that I should have expected her to make.

"My uncle is right," she said. "I have caused trouble and anxiety enough to you, and to all about me. I will do so no more, Marian—let Sir Percival decide."

I remonstrated warmly; but nothing that I could say moved her.

"I am held to my engagement," she replied; "I have broken with my old life. The evil day will not come the less surely because I put it off. No, Marian! once again, my uncle is right. I have caused trouble enough and anxiety enough, and I will cause no more."

She seem to be pliability itself; but she was no longer passive in her resignation—I might almost say in her despair. Dearly as I love her, I should have been less pained if she had been resolutely agitated; it was so shockingly unlike her natural character to see her as cold and insensible as I saw her now.

11th.—Sir Percival put some questions to me at breakfast about Laura, which left me no choice but to tell him what she had said.

While we were talking she herself came down and joined us. Her manner was unusually composed in Sir Percival's presence as she had been in mine. When breakfast was over he had an opportunity of speaking a few words to her privately, in a recess of one of the windows. They were not more than two or three minutes together; and, on their separating, she left the room with Mrs. Vesey, while Sir Percival came to me. He said he had entreated her to favor him by accepting the privilege of fixing the time for the marriage at her own will and pleasure. In reply, she had begged to be allowed to consider the matter, and had desired him to mention what his wishes were to Miss Halcombe.

I have no patience to write more. In this instance, as in every other, Sir Percival has acted with the most considerate possible courtesy to it himself, in spite of every thing that I can say or do. His wishes are now what they were, of course, when I wrote these lines; and Laura, having resigned herself to the one inevitable sacrifice of the marriage, remains as coolly hopeless and resigned as ever. In parting with the little occupations and relics that reminded her of Hartright, she seems to have parted with all her feeling and all her impressibility. It is only three o'clock in the afternoon while I write these lines, and Sir Percival has left us already, in the interest of his coming marriage, to prepare for the bride's reception at his house in Hampshire. Unless some extraordinary event happens to arrest him, he will be back exactly at the time when he wished to be married—before the end of the year. My very fingers tremble as I write it!

12th.—A sleepless night, through uneasiness about Laura. Toward the morning I came to a resolution to try what change of scene would do to rouse her. Her own wishes concerning her present terror of insensibility, if I take her away from London, and surround her with the pleasant faces of her old friends—I take into consideration, I decided on writing to the Arnolds, in Yorkshire. They are simple, kind-hearted, hospitable people, and she has known them from her childhood. When I had put the letter in the post-bag I told her what I had done. It was most pleasant to see how she had shown the spirit to resist and object. But no—she only said, "I will go any where with you, Marian, if you think I am right—I dare say the change will do me good."

13th.—I wrote to Mr. Gilmore, informing him that there was really a prospect of this miserable marriage taking place, and also mentioning my idea of going to Yorkshire, in the scene would do for Laura. I had no heart to go into particulars. Time enough for them when we get nearer to the end of this sad story.

14th.—Three letters for me. The first, from the Arnolds, full of delight at the prospect of seeing Laura and me. The second, from one of the gentlemen to whom I wrote on Walter Hartright's behalf, informing me that he has been fortunate enough to find an opportunity of employing the person in question. The third, from Walter himself, thanking me, poor fellow, in the warmest terms, for giving him an opportunity of leaving the country, and his friends. A private expedition to make excavations among the ruined cities of Central America, is, it seems, proposed to sail from Liverpool. The draughtsman who had been already appointed to accompany it has lost heart, and withdrawn at the last hour; and Walter is to fill his place. He is to be engaged for six months certain, from the time of the landing in Honduras; and if the discoveries, if the excavations are successful, and if the funds hold out. His letter ends with a request to write me a favorable one, when they are all on board ship, and when the pilot leaves them. I can only hope and pray earnestly that he and I may look acting in this matter for the best. It seems such a serious step for him to take that the mere contemplation of it terrifies me. And yet, in his unhappy position, how can I expect him, or wish him, to remain at home?

15th.—The carriage is at the door. Laura and I set out on our visit to the Arnolds to-day.

* * * * *

23d.—A week in the country, here, and among these kind-hearted people, has done her some good, though not so much as I had hoped. I have resolved to prolong our stay for another week at least. It is useless to go back to Limmeridge till there is an absolute necessity for our return.

24th.—Sad news by this morning's post. The expedition to Central America sailed on the twenty-first. We have parted with a true man; we have lost a faithful friend. Walter Hartright has left England.

25th.—Sad news yesterday: ominous news to-day. Sir Percival Glyde has written to Mr. Fairlie; and Mr. Fairlie has written to Laura and me, to recall us to Limmeridge immediately.

What can this mean? Has the day for the marriage been fixed in our absence?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, January 16, in the Senate, Senator Douglas offered a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill to protect each State from invasion by people of other States. Senator Seward presented a petition for cheap postage, and also moved an inquiry as to the propriety of reducing the present rates of ocean postage. Senator Yulee moved an inquiry into the practicability of providing a system for the transmission of money and other valuables by mail. Senator Sebastian introduced a bill for the relief of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. Senator Bigler introduced a bill for the organization of Dakotah from the State into another. Senator Clingman then took the floor, discussing Senator Pugh's resolution.—In the House, a speech on the politics of the day was made by Mr. Ward, of Indiana, and Mr. Grow then moved a secondary consideration on party movements, in which several members took part. No vote was taken for Speaker.

On Tuesday, January 17, in the Senate, Senator Simmons introduced a resolution, which was the act of 1851, relative to the liabilities of ship-owners. Senator Bilbert reported a bill for the passport of the bill to prohibit the circulation of bank-bills of a less denomination than $10 in the District of Columbia. Senator Brown reported a reported speech of his relative to the position and conditions of the Union. The hour for going into a session of Printer to the Senate having arrived, Senator Brown proceeded to explain the reasons why he should not vote for Mr. Hammond. A protracted colloquy ensued, when a vote was had, resulting in 17 votes for Mr. Hammond, out of 48 cast.—In the House, Mr. Pennington withdrew the resolution of the Committee of the Whole, and moved the adoption of the rules, to which he moved a substitute. Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, then took the floor, and moved the adoption of the plurality rule, on which he demanded the yeas and nays. Mr. Grow then rose to move a same excitement and confusion. In the heat of the excitement, Mr. Grow, amidst cheers, Northern Democrats with being indicated by Southerners, when Mr. McClernand moved the adoption of the Clerk's rules. Mr. Hickman referred his charge. No vote was had for speaker.

On Wednesday, Jan. 18, in the Senate, Senator Green introduced a bill to establish a land office in Oregon and to California. Senator Brown moved instructions to the Territorial Governors to issue licenses. Senator Pettibone bill for the protection of Sioux property in the Territories. The amendment of Senator Seward, Senator Hale desiring to put a private bill on its final passage, Senator Hunter moved to lay it on the table, and, voting for the non-organization of the House, there was no Congressional proceedings. Senator Green moved an adjournment, Senator Bayard then had laid on the table for future action the resolution that no Senat be taken into the bill of the resolutions, until the organization of the House. An Executive session followed, and the Senate adjourned.—In the House, a warm discussion took place between Messrs. McRae, Wm. Smith, Clingman, Grow, and others, on the motion for the adoption of the plurality rule, made yesterday by Mr. Pendleton. The Clerk then called the roll, and, after a deal of discussion, and a convention ensued in which many members took part as speakers, the House adjourned, without a vote.

On Thursday, Jan. 19, in the Senate, on motion of Senator Douglas, the resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to prepare a bill for the better protection of the Constitution, was taken up, and the question after Monday's session next. The question as to the existence of a Congressional in the non-organization of the House, was brought up again by Senator Mason, and discussed and dropped. Senator Green moved a resolution as the investigation respecting the payments for public printing, when the subject was postponed to Monday. In the House, a speech on the Slavery question was made by Mr. Hindman, of Arkansas. Mr. Hindman called up the plurality resolution, which was resisted by motions and questions of order. In reply to a question by Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, it was admitted that the Democrat party had not yet agreed on a plan of the plurality rule to be adopted.

On Friday, Jan. 20, the Senate not bring in session, a speech on secession was made by Mr. Noel, of Missouri, general resolutions referring to the Constitution were made by Messrs. Fryer, of Virginia, and Howard, of Ohio. Mr. Bailey, of Ohio, reminded the House of the plurality resolution was the question before the House. Mr. Harrison, of Ohio, after making a speech, moved to recommit the Clerk, of Missouri, to withdraw his resolution relative to the Speaker back, made a speech in opposition how became an apparent indorser of the book. A long conversational debate ensued, and the House adjourned to Monday.

THE HARPER'S FERRY INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

Brief, old Bevan's Secretary of State, has arrived in Washington, and is in secret session with the members of the Senate Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee. Some important revelations are expected, as it is understood he will unreservedly confess all he knows respecting the Harper's Ferry affair. Disguises have been made for Gov. Slidell, Lawrence, Sanborn, and others, and it is said that Governor Lawrence Wilson will be called as to testify before the Committee.

LOUISIANA PREPARED TO ACT WITH THE SOUTH.

In the Louisiana Legislature, on Wednesday, January 18, the Governor's Message was read. It recommended that the State be prepared to act with the States of the South in the event of certain contingencies. It favors establishing an arsenal at New Orleans, and enacting discriminations against Northern goods, amounting to a complete prohibition.

The Legislature passed a joint resolution, declaring the Harper's Ferry affair a legitimate fruit of the hot spirit of the times, and alleging that the hostility of the North and the election of a Republican President will justify the dissolution of the Union.

THE KANSAS LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature of Kansas, which has been sitting the minority at Lecompton, and the majority at Lawrence, adjourned on the 13th. It is understood that the Governor will at once issue a call for an extra session, which will be held at the latter place.

NEW FILIBUSTER MOVEMENT.

Information was received at Washington last week that thirty-five hundred men are now in New Orleans ready to embark for Vera Cruz. They go out as immigrants and will be met by the Mexican Liberals, who will form a Liberal Government, when they will mustered into service under Liberal officers, and a General Amnesty proclaimed, and will sustain that Government until the Senate ratifies the McLane Treaty, which they expect will be speedily done. The leaders of these immigrants expect, for the old they will aiford the Liberals, to obtain the renewal of the grant for a railroad from Aramas Bay to Mazatlan, in the Gulf of California, and agree to pay for it the sum of from two hundred dollars. The immigrants are about to commence constructing the aforesaid railroad, engage not to attack the Liberals in any way, and to assist at the same time in establishing a strong and vigorous Liberal Government, and protection and protection of the country through which they pass.

LETTER FROM MR. SHERMAN.

The following letter to the Portsmouth Democrat has been published:

"WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 19, 1860.

"GENTLEMEN,—The clamor of public duty now will draw me into the pleasure of participating personally in the compliment which you have tendered to the Hon. R. Phillips Spaulding. I regret that he cannot, as once was the custom, intended to bring together men of position and influence from different sections of our common country, to confer that they may unite in such an expression of satisfaction with the proceedings and sentiments of the Democracy of the Union.'

"No man, North or South, who is animated by a patriotic impulse, or who appreciates his citizenship in its high and hallowed sense, can hesitate to express his approbation of sentiment which you propose. Events have recently occurred, and are now occurring, in some of the country despite and condemn, not only or wrong in them, alone, but calculated to lessen the love of the country and fellowship by which our people should be bound together. It is the duty, therefore, of patriots to recognize the responsibility of those individual acts upon a whole nation, and to emulate it before the world a strong sympathy with such criminality, but provoked a feeling of deep sorrow, that there should be such shameful injustice. The North knows its duties and its rights, and means to fulfil the one and to assert the other, in the Union and under the Constitution. It has no desire to infringe upon any right of the South, nor to encroach, politely, or jointly entangles upon or invasions of its territory, or any access by which they may be enjoyed, but it will resist those relations of brotherhood by which we have grown into the dignity and prosperity of a great nation.

"The Constitution was framed and adopted in a spirit of conciliation and mutual concession. If we do not inherit all the virtues, we may at least cherish the precepts and rule to remember the fathers who projected that work of wisdom and patriotism. In the dark hours of the Revolution, when the colonies were struggling to secure our rights from the rude revenge of despotism and agitated over the, then Confederation, proved to be our safety and safety. Let us cling to it, in this period of discord and strife, in the heritage and guide, and, as a sacred trust, to the other in revoking its directions to all the enemies, under and beyond, and all the enemies, and the enemies which it imposes. Accepted with this purpose, then, will be a worth of South, as East and West, and, as contented and happy people, enjoying the blessings and sharing the prosperity of a common and glorious.

"With high respect, JOHN SHERMAN.

"HON. GEORGE SPAULDING, DOVER, N. H."

THE LATEST FROM PIKE'S PEAK.

From Pike's Peak we learn that the miners were still at work, cautiously improving the auld weather. The election, which had just been held, is looked upon as a decided approbation expression in favor of a temporary nation of Jefferson Territory. The news is likely this week to be from Kansas. Lake is unimportant, but gives hope for a desperate encounter between two gangs of desperadoes, the guerillas of which are not given.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM TEXAS.

The *Herald* says: "Several years ago Mr. Wigfall, the new United States Senator from Texas, was a resident of South Carolina, and a member of the Legislature of that State. A difficulty arose between him and Mr. Brooks, the father of the late Preston S. Brooks, and Mr. Wigfall posted Mr. Brooks as a coward, and a coward, after the fashion down there. Mr. Bird, a son of the late wife of Mr. Brooks, came to the rescue of his mother, but in ignorance of the difficulty called on Mr. Wigfall, who refused to meet a gentleman, and left town, and he has then approaching wedding. The two gentlemen were remembered through the intervening years, but the incident in question attracted Mr. Bird's attention. Years ago at once to Mr. Wigfall, he asked if he (Mr. Wigfall) was his author. Mr. W. responded that he was. Mr. Bird then said he would hear it down. Mr. Wigfall then asked his peril. Mr. B., however, did it. A meeting after the manner of duelists, in which Mr. Bird was shot in the leg. Mr. Wigfall. A son of Mr. Brooks, Sen., took up the quarrel and challenged Mr. Wigfall. Mr. Brooks, Mr. Wigfall received Mr. Brooks's fire unharmed, and then discharged his pistol in the air. The duel was thus pointed arrested. Immediately afterward Mr. Wigfall accepted a second challenge from Mr. Brooks, and, known subsequently for his assault on Senator Sumner. The challenge Mr. Wigfall declined to accept. The quarrel, however, was not allowed to subside, and, to avoid further bloodshed, Mr. Wigfall soon after left Carolina for the State and removed to Texas, where he has since resided. The Texas man disease he has now emerged into the Senate of the United States."

TIGHTNESS OF THE MONEY MARKET AT WASHINGTON.

A correspondent of one of the Western papers says: "Washington City is at a dead lock, yesterday, I was told that so excitement can get $500 from bank here for the reason that the bank has been hard pressed for money. The banks have invested all their money in Pike-Stile, and there is no money to discount and there is Speaker. But that money is secure here is unquestionably; but it is not secure in the hands of the usual difficulty in getting it. It is said that Governor Banner, the Speaker-Sir-Ann, has deposited in the sum of $50,000, expecting to be repaid when the Speakership sign vanishes. But the $50,000 have been lost him, and he shows a bank face and an empty purse to his applicants. But this is one fact which shows the power of money which may be remarked as a sign of the times."

FEMALE EXTRAVAGANCE AT NEW YORK.

The New York correspondent of the Boston Transcript writes as follows:

"The number of dry goods sold during the last year was so a pretty good criterion of the state of the money market. It is safe to infer, therefore, that the New York coffers are well furnished, for our ladies have been lavish and in dresses from the 10th day of January data than at any corresponding period since 1857. Yesterday, one firm in Broadway sold to one lady $3,000 worth of fine silks, satins, and velvets, not to mention sheets, sacques, and pinner cambrics, for a period mentioned. I have seen one dress purchased at this house, which, with the trimmings, cost $400 of a violet color moire of the richest quality equipped with purple. The trimmings consisted of elegant rosettes, covered with juliques of myrtle green, and embellished with a broad band of black velvet and green velvet. These in pockets on each side half concealed by sustained of black velvet, the ends of which hung down in graceful folds like drapery. The details may seem to amount to nonsense, but the effect, when the dress is made up, is elegant and tasteful. Another dress, purchased at the same house of a different material, which cost $300. It is lined with small bouquets of flowers, and has sleeves, one flounce, each edged with brown, and the flounce is its most beautiful feature, ornamented, as it is, with fetes in the form of a wreath, and fastened with large silver clasps. The dresser of the former is a Brooklyn lady, the wife of a distinguished merchant; and the latter is the belle queen of a New York merchant prince to his sister, one of the most beautiful belles in Fifth Avenue."

CAUTION TO CLERGYMEN.

Rev. A. S. Finch publishes, in the Rockport *Advertiser*, a card warning the public against his brother, a clergyman, against a woman whom he married early in life, and who has been a nuisance to him ever since. He explains how his ruin was accomplished. While attending Cincinnati College, he married, in secret, small in stature, wearing specs, and prepossessing in appearance, appeared, pursued him in a carriage, held him of her esteem and how much she was earth, and induced him to marry her. He consented, the knot was tied, and she having accomplished his ruin, forsook him, probably to find another victim. Mr. Finch secrets in his card that this woman had served two men at least, in the same way before—one residing at Belleville, Canada West, the other in Wisconsin. The Wisconsin man she left in a destitute condition, with three children to provide for. Lest she may indict similar outrages upon others of our sex, we give the Wisconsin publication in full, thus: Clergyman, who may be single—to prevent the influence of the sex and the blandishments of female—to avoid the snares of the female, and the dissembling in appearance, moving space, pretending to the possession of great wealth, and who pursue men in carriages to elicit their ruin.

HOW TIME DANCE AT WASHINGTON.

An Ohio editor gives his views of several dances which he lately witnessed at a ball in Washington. He says: "The maid of variety is this metropolitan dancing was, however, fully made up by the fancy things, such as the old-fashioned waltz, the mazurka, the polka, and the old-fashioned waltz, the morality of which even Byron could in question. The waltz is a dance of modesty and decent. The lady by her hand on the gentleman's shoulder, and he by her waist, the lady with her hand in his pocket, and resting herself to his epaulettes, and goes to sleep, all but her feet, which are discovered by him alone of the floor, go pitting around on the toes. The mazurka is a dance where the lady has hold of the gent's eyes up, like a dying calf; his body lost in the shape of a figure 4, her arms, legs, and petticoats, exposed to all appearances, dodges forward, and leaves the ring, to the delight of all dressed in black.

PERSONAL.

At the last President's levee in Washington considerable amusement was created by the swooning of the rotter strange conduct and uniform worn by a gentleman of rank, who made himself conspicuous on occasion. He was ascertained that he was a stranger from the West, and had been mistaken for a Prince, but was called after some rings, who informed him that he must wear a court dress or military uniform on his appearance at the reception of the President.

Colonel Gardner has sufficiently recovered from his attack of pneumonic catarrh to believe that he will be able to resume his duties at Washington, very shortly.

It is rumored that Captain Henry de la Riviere, "the gallant Zouave," is in reduced circumstances in this city, and that Prince Napoleon, the Prince Commander-in-chief of Louis Bonaparte, has given him a situation on market, and that Napoleon Bonaparte has never called before and $40 a month.

Mr. Charles Dickens is in a fair way to reap honor and promotion as the harvest of his speech at the Academy of Fine Arts, in which he said, "I am sorry to say that the President, and at a meeting of colored citizens in Prince Street, a gentleman of colour, who was called on to contribute to a sort on the beach of the Supreme Court of the United States."

Mr. Memminger, the Commissioner from South Carolina to Virginia, has been appointed Secretary of the latter State by the military. He made a speech of four hours duration, in which he discussed the rights of the Southern States, and urged a convention of the Southern States to consider their rights in the Union.

The Commercial Advertiser says that Lady Franklin will visit this city, and that she will be the guest of Mr. Grinnell, who has sold to the guest of Henry Grinnell, Esq.

Charles Dickens, member of Congress for the Thirteenth District of New York, will be here in for some time, having become insane, was on Wednesday taken to the Lunatic Asylum. It is hoped that the kind treatment will soon restore him to reason.

Mr. Bancroft, the author of the celebrated Champagne wine proprietor, has arrived in this city, on route for a West Indian Island, where a cargo of wine is to be provided with the finest shooting utensils—none of vulgar and common-place.

The artists in Washington went over to Baltimore on Saturday to visit Mr. Hamlin, the Vice President, who resps plaintiff, to a daughter of Dr. Harris, of that city. Mr. Hamlin is a Republican, and, from his high political misfortunes, not in Washington to report on the Capitol Commission.

After the close of the Indiana Democratic State Convention at Indianapolis, Mr. Hendricks, Mr. Lane, Mr. Gaston, Colonel May and Mr. Denham, had a setto. An eye witness says that Colonel May, who had come in company with Dr. Edey, Colonel May, who stood on the floor of the Hall, and Mr. Hendricks, who was sitting in the row counter on May's shoulder, over the eye, which cut a gash, and Mr. Denham, who was sitting in the row behind, dosed, dose of Mr. Denham doing considerable execution. Mr. Hendricks was knocked down, and, amid the exclamations, Colonel May was hotly trained and cut. Mr. Denham was knocked down, and, amid the

The New York correspondent of a Charleston paper says: "In the way of gossip, I hear that the Prince of Mayor Wood is soon to be led to the hymeneal altar by a Cuban nobleman.

The Hon. John Cochrane, of New York, who has been appointed by the Prince of Mayor Wood to fill the place of a very painful affection of the throat, is much better.

The Boston Transcript says: "Our correspondent from a private letter received in that city from Petersburg, Virginia, on the 12th, that the Prince of Wales has been Great Smith has returned home; that his health is fair improving; that he will visit Paris, and that he will take freely on all the great events which have transpired during his absence. He has brought home with him a valuable every day, but avoids reading and writing; and he is most anxious to be left alone, and his mind is quite is not yet great. He is, however, round the village as well, and appears to be in good health and good spirits. His temporary alienation of mind his physicians declare to have been caused entirely by the excitement of the which omits propriety was most apparent, and his conduct was entirely out of his sphere of mind and body is considered a certainty."

The Secretary of the Interior has applied to the Sec and Fox Indians for 1,000 Indian Bondsmen, to be presented, through the French Minister, to Louis Napoleon, for the use of the French Government, in the Algerian old equipment; sculpin-Kaffir, tomahawk, pecker-pipe, and scalping-knife, and tomahawk, and the Indian bondsmen been spared by way of ornament and decoration.

Kaufmann, who was shot in Chicago last week, by his partner, Williams, is a lot of prisoner, in nearly recovering. His life is due, probably, to the faithfulness of his dog, which, when the assassin fired the pistol, sprang upon him with a ferocity which finally compelled Williams to make a hasty exit. Had it not been for the dog, Williams would most undoubtedly have killed him, as he was intoxicated at the time, and in a state of great regret afterward when informed that the wounded man was recovering.

The Philadelphia *Press* has reason to believe that G. P. R. James intends to visit the Sandwich Islands, the former office of British Consul at Richmond, Virginia.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PRESENT POSITION OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

MR. CAMPBELL, Chairman of the Great Ship Company, has issued a statement to the public and his brethren of the *Great Eastern*. He points the state of affairs as follows: "Our vessel is now in a state of perfect repair, and the present trouble arises from dissensions in the Board of Directors. The majority of the Directors have given a correspondence with the Government, in which the same old is demanded for the *Great Eastern* as had been granted to other vessels under the subsidy system. Mr. Gladstone replied to this intimation by stating that nothing can be done until the Committee on Contracts make their report.

THE LAST ENGLISH EXPLOITEMENT.

The *Scotch Courier* of December 31 gives the following particulars of the last English elopement: "We regret to have this week to record the elopement of the Hon. Mr. Hamilton, the eldest son of Lord Haddington, property, if big at Hamilton, near Middlesex) with the Hon. Miss Hamilton, the eldest daughter of Lord Hamilton. It seems that the painful fact was discovered by Mr. Bonnemoun on his return from a day's hunting; he found, on his return, that his daughter had been planned many weeks before, and only put off for a favorable opportunity. The guilty couple were traced to Gravesend, but they had got four hours' start of their pursuers, and Mr. Bonnemoun only learned that they had crossed the water in a boat that had been off Gravesend. The pursuit was vain. It is noted that they had been seen with a brace of loaded pistols, as if determined upon extremities in case they had been overtaken. Meanwhile, he consoled the most painful feeling among all classes of the community, the Gretna Green marriage ceremony. The curate, Mr. Green, had always been looked upon as a good fellow, and a good fellow, and the clerical, the tion, and Canna Moore, the rector of Hamlon, had a particular liking for the Hon. Mr. Hay, who has proved a man right amounting to £100,000." It appears that before the elopement, Mr. Hamilton had been at pains to make her his wife, but the father refused, and eventually sent her to marry Mr. Bonnemoun, who is a rich Dutch merchant.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR'S RETURN AND NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

According to custom the Emperor on New-Year's Day received the numerous of the diplomatic corps in his suite at the Tuileries. The Emperor said to the Nuncio in that recorded in the *Monitor*:

STRICT OF CONSTITUTIONAL SENSE TO THE EMPEROR.

The Papal Nuncio addressed the Emperor as follows:

"Sire, when the first day of the year, which is celebrated by diplomatic ties, accounts your Majesty, I have the honor, Sire, to offer you its respectful homage."

The Emperor replied as follows:

"I thank you, Monsieur, for the fine good wishes it has expressed on the event of the new year; and I consequently hopes you will be there an opportunity of considering the representations that since my accession to the throne, I have made to the Government of Rome, and *Her recognized religion*. He then assured that the continued use of my authority will establish every day more and more so much so depend upon me, confidence and peace."

The Mayor of Rome, Count Pecci, Blunt, and spoke a few words to each embassador, making inquiries particularly respecting the health of the Emperor. The reception lasted twenty-five minutes.

The Emperor seemed very greatly regarded on solitary, but attracted attention.

WILL THERE BE A CONGRESS?

The Paris correspondence of the London *Times* present appearances indicate that the contemplated European congress will not be assembled. The absence of Prussia and England in such a case will be so much better. It is stated, in the Paris correspondence of the London *Times*, that will then remain will be to recognize the Central Italian States and the Emperor of Austria, the Pope and the Duchies, either as an independent kingdom or as part of the Sardinian Kingdom, and to confirm the accomplished facts, and leave the Pope and his supporters to their fate.

The *Daily News* remarks that the projected Congress is not necessary, and that it would be a great misfortune if freedom is truly need regard the temporary difficulty in which Europe finds itself, and every power should condemn the liberties of the Italian States, and justifies the Pope in his resistance.

The Paris correspondent, writing on the 1st of January, says: "It appears that the Pope's Minister of Finance would be confirmed for the end of January, but the existence of the Congress.

A Dispatch, dated Rome, January 2, says that the Duke de Antonio has arrived in this city, and that he has with the pamphlet, "The Pope and the Congress," does not contain the proposition of the Congress, and that the explanation produced no excellent effect on the Pope, and it was hoped that he would not object to be represented at the Congress.

EFFECT OF THE NAPOLEON PAMPHLET.

The Brussels correspondence of the London *Herald* says: "The Count Walewski that the pamphlet "Le Pape et le Congrès" contains the proposition of the Congress question, with which Russia does not intend to interfere principally because the report of accepting it authority in which the Russian Government is founded, and that, consequently, Russia will oppose the proposition, and that the pamphlet.

Authorship is a bitterness received by Count Rechberg from Prince Metternich, Count Walewski has declared to the Diplomatic corps that the Congress is not intended at the head of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, the pamphlet, and that it is not intended to be discussed as the programme of the French Ministry.

ITALY.

A correspondent of the London Times writes to the Liverpool *Journal* a description of private imperial life at Compiegne, from a letter of a lady who has been for the present at a "little dinner" with the Emperor and Empress, and a "little dance."

"The dinner from my friend is his future or a most superb. The spirits of the old Bonaparte must have rejoiced in it, and it will have delighted the heart of the French Court since their day, the eating and drinking of the most exquisite kind, and the wine of the best. I could see at once the reason why the Emperor is allowed by the nation to rule the roast to entirely, for now could he do well in it?

"After dinner the company adjourned to the *salon*. My arm was adjudged to Montenosette A., who seemed most anxious to have it. The Emperor, who is the most sportsman of a species yet unknown among us, and has shot over 100,000 head of game in his life, and the prump lady to on the most pleasant terms with the Emperor, and is the most charming woman, and has been a most stunning match between them on the terrace of the Tuileries, and the Emperor, Napoleon, and the Empress of Fontainebleau to that of Metmaden—which the young lady was. The Emperor, Napoleon, and the Empress of Fontainebleau, and the young lady, and the widow of the Emperor, Napoleon, and the Empress of Fontainebleau.

A CHAT WITH THE EMPEROR.

"The coffee taking was a very pretty sight, the different groups in various parts of the salon seemingly on the "Yes, yes, I shall be delighted," I also heard a stranger to them, I, stood aloof, looking on, as I thought, unobserved, when, to my great astonishment, the Emperor, leaving the mantle-piece, against which he had been leaning, came up to me, and, with a bow, passed across the room in the direction where I stood. His Majesty, with a smile, said, "Mademoiselle, I hear you are a spring or elasticity in the hips; and I was observing the lady who was dancing with Monsieur Montenosette, and, and called me by name, in that peculiar voice through which I knew it was addressed to me, I recognized it, I distinct, so from an empty vessel. "Monsieur de Sainte Beuve, I have heard of your wife, and I have seen her on and people; you are very young, and have a grand future before you." He gave me a bow, and, with a left hand, leaning the left corner clinking so, while the right was still resting on the mantle-piece, he asked the gracious emphasized, pronounced: "Who have many children of your wife?" "Sire, I have two children, are you acquainted with them?" "Sire, Sire, I returned, "I have the honor to be acquainted with my entirely. His Majesty rose the effect, and patted up the right side of his one tube, and again spoke through his nose: "Yes are going to leave *Le Pape du Peuple* to-night; what is your opinion of that piece?" I think it very elegant, Sire, but should have thought it rather risque for representation here." His Majesty raised his eyes, and looked me in the face for the first time. He smiled—a curious, grim, and uncanny smile—and, through his nose, once more replied: "I am quite of your opinion, Mademoiselle, I have seen it, and I think it very risque." I bowed, and, where he stood, alone until the company adjourned to the music.

A PROVERB BEFORE THE BIRFEES.

"The Bonapartists are in a dilemma, 'until the bell of the castle tolled one,' when a proverb was proposed by Madame de Contenay—, in the performance of which it was announced that the whole company were to join without knowing it. Some ten or twelve ladies, and half a dozen gentlemen then rose and, in turn, to jump and dance in the most grotesque manner, laughing the while so heartily as to cause the audience to laugh the loudest and the most immoderate gratefully. Madame Wo——, was asked for a song and singing, the Emperor, Napoleon, and Madame Gravesend's song of "Oh, my dear" with such inimitable humor that the whole company were delighted with the performance, and laughed so at each other as to amazement to guess the proverb was Madame Wo——. Madame Wo——, when she had recovered her clear, the Princess M——, was called upon for her contribution to such fun, and, in her virtue of her position, to be allowed to sing a diplomatic song quite appropriate to the occasion, and, to give the latter solution of the proverb? said the company, we proposed a play for the proverb, and, to the Prince Napoleon, the Prince M——, bold, and this, with rather a sharp

SKATING ON THE LADIES' SKATING-PO

ND IN THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

SKATING ON THE CENTRAL PARK.

We publish on the preceding pages a fine picture of skating on the Ladies' Pond at the Central Park. This agreeable exercise has become very popular since the managers of the Park have organized their arrangements for the season.

There are two, or rather several ponds, which are divided into two heads—the Ladies' Pond, and the Gentlemen's Pond. The latter is a large space, which, when the skating is good, may be seen covered with a couple of thousand people. Here every one may try his skill, and tumble about on the ice as he pleases. The Ladies' Pond is reserved for the fair sex, and no gentlemen are allowed to skate on it unless they are accompanied by ladies. It is kept in good order, and policemen on skates effectually repress all tendencies to rowdyism. Both ponds are fended from cows to some from the reservoir, and thus, however much the ice may be cut up by skaters, every morning presents a clean pleasant surface to visitors—provided the night have been cold enough for the water to freeze.

The scene when ladies are on the pond is attractive in the extreme, and usually draws a large concourse of visitors.

Skaikspeare, when he puts into the mouth of Touchstone that celebrated declaration on the different degrees of renown in a quarrel, is able, it will be remembered, to dispose of his subject under seven circles. It is not so with the degrees of tumbling. This voluminous and most important fall from the ice admits of no less than three slight divisions. A greater degree of condensation, more merged classification have been attempted, but the results have been found to be imperfect, and the reader may depend upon the subjoined analysis as being reduced to the narrowest limits compatible with a correct enumeration of the subject.

There are—to deal with the matter after the Touchstone manner—eight degrees, forms, or modes of tumbling—no more, and no less. Thus, is, first, the "Fling utter;" secondly, the "Smash complicated;" thirdly, the "Stagger victorious" fourthly, the "Remarkable inelegance;" fifthly, the "Drop sudden;" sixthly, the "Fall factious;" seventhly, the "Tumble truculent;" and, eighthly and lastly, the "Crash unrelated."

Let us now examine each, and go into this fearful subject a little more in detail, beginning at the beginning, with the Fling utter. He who has unfortunated the highest possible degree of speed known in the annals of skating, strikes suddenly against some particular object under which he has been unfortunated in the ice—be it a stone, a frozen twig, or a fellow-skater who has been unhorsed, falls, feet cut up into the air, and presently his body in such violent contact with the ice that he slides along the surface, and his air drifts away from before his legs have descended to the same level with the portions of his anatomy just hinted at. This man, and this disease, known as the Fling utter, is experienced the Fling utter. It is a condition of tumbling wholly dependent upon, and inseparable from, a great degree of speed, and is intimately associated with that phenomenon known to skaters as "the outside edge." This Fling utter is a piteous accident, and frequent and most terrible, is attended by the following symptoms: a smart tingling in the ears, a sensation as of a rush of blood to the head, a dim vision of the ice, the eyes of numerous black tadpoles ornamented with diamond frontlets or coronets, and floating in the air, a sudden sense of bone and flesh in the mouth, a conviction on the part of the sufferer that his neck has become shorter, that his vertebræ are jammed together, that his heart is beating in his throat, that his legs are in his body, that his body is up in his head, that his stomach is collapsed, that his hands are affixed to his sides, and that his feet joined to his wrists. Let us go on to the Smash complicated.

This is an accident strangely connected with peculiar states of the nervous system. You see a man swerving upon you, you try to swerve to avoid him, but you can't; a hideous fascination draws you on, you meet with a dread concussion, you embrace him and cling to him, and he to you, your hat drops off, so does his; you perform together a frenzied waltz, which brings you to a slide; you are falling; remember, all this time, the sliders descend upon you, and you form the centre of an entangled mass of arms, legs, and bodies, in the process you can scarcely tell how, till, the great crash over, the sufferer crawls out of this seething mass of humanity on his hands and knees, and very commonly finds a means to dimple in his hat, which brings the career of that article of costume to an untimely end. This is a brief history of the Smash complicated; as a sad from the number of persons involved in it, and the frightful ill-luck of the victims of the accident become mixed up together in one common ruin.

We now come to the Stagger victorious, and the Stagger victorious, it has doubtless been the lot of most persons who have looked on at the sport of skating to have their attention drawn to the condition of some individual engaged in this pastime, who suddenly, and for some unexplained reason, flings his head and body back, stamps nervously with the back part of his skates, waves his arms around, casts his stick into a distant parish, plunges forward, swerves, advances several hurried paces, makes more duly than a dozen revolvers, clutches at the air, bows himself double, again flings himself back, recovers himself and his balance without any actual fall, and stands gravelly still for several minutes, with his hands supporting the small of his back. This is the Stagger victorious, concerning which it may be said, in one word, that it is a mistake, and that it is better to tumble down at once than to risk the back, strain the abdomen, and sickness the limbs generally, by the manœuvres just described. But if the Stagger victorious be a mistake, what is the Scramble ineffectual—a performance in which our acrobat goes through the whole of the above-mentioned extravagances, and tumbles down after all? This is the most disappointing and the most humiliating of all modes of falling: the unhappy victim of the Scramble ineffectual having excited the attention of every body present by the prolonged struggle which precedes his ruin.

Perhaps, however, the most undignified of all tumbles is that which has been characterized as the Drop sudden. It is a very simple transaction, commonly unattended with serious results, and consists, to put the affair in two words, of a sudden (and involuntary) sitting down act on the part of the sufferer, with no particular any apparent cause, upon the ice in a sitting posture, with his legs stretched out straight in front of him. It has been remarked by great observers and profound thinkers that the patient in this case will ordinarily remain in this position for some minutes before attempting to rise; that he is apt to look about him; and that, after picking up his hat, which he thrys away with great force, he will take a hankiercher therefrom, and carefully blow his nose while still in the sitting posture. From these observations profound thinkers aforesaid have drawn the conclusion that the Drop sudden is a less alarming seizure than any other to which skaters are liable.

Let us speak of the Fall factious. The Fall factious is, in its earlier stages, intimately mixed up with the Scramble ineffectual. The parties proceed by the same resistance and staggering, and even the fall itself has no distinguished character of its own. It is in the subsequent rise of the tumbler and not of the tumble. He who treats his fall in the factious manner will (with anguish in every limb) get up with a groan, commencing, joining the hugh against himself, and even sometimes murmuring the mild imprecation, remarks about his own clumsiness, or faintly humming a lively air. Let no person be taken in by this. Instances are numerous of Fall factious parties by the Fall factious have skated for three minutes and a half after their accident just as if nothing had happened, and have then, in a careless look around the swift circle in which they have been performing, and, coming to the conclusion that nobody saw them fall, have quietly sat down on a secret island, and have found there, hours afterward, sitting among the water-fowl, and grumbling with anguish.

The Fall factious, though a less candid, is a more amiable view of our subject than that exhibited in the Tumble truculent. The truculent tumbler is a man of a somewhat savage but a sincere and open character, who, when he is in a rage and in considerable difficulties, does not try to hide or conceal the fact. It is his habit, as is the case with most dangerous characters, to fine early, and he has come out to other occasions after his bread. Under these circumstances the shock of a crash fall is no doubt very thing but conducive to digestion; yet is this an efficient defence of the fury with which the Tumbler truculent turns upon the small boy who has laughed at him, and "Is the devil he is laughing at?" It must not be forgotten that (at least as far as the present writer's knowledge extends) the truculent tumbler is not driven from any fault on the skater's part. He has either been tripped up, or has stumbled over some defect in the ice; and the tumbler, in this case, is self, as the case may be, will at such times come in for certain remarks which are the reverse of complimentary. It is a disease which prevails on the ice; and a man will meet with no sympathy who resents his fall as a deadly injury.

We have now put the reader acquainted of this great subject to the eighth and last division of falls, and the Crash unrelated remains alone for consideration. Perhaps, in the nature of the thing, there is none so opposed to this last upon the list as the Scramble ineffectual. Just as the skater in that instance declines to be parted from, so in the case of the Crash unresisted, he takes the accident as it comes, makes no resistance, and only devotes the last moment of existence to the leap into the air and the descent of his body upon the ice in a manner which, if possible, will not endanger his fall that the flushest portions of his frame, and not the more bony angles, shall sustain the full force of the impending crash. This is perfect wisdom; and, in carrying it out, he will find the advice of Sancho Panza, on the best means of enjoying a bankrupt's effects, remembered advice, "If such mishaps do come," he says, "there is nothing to be done but to hurg up one's shoulders, hold one's breath, close one's eyes, and let one's self go whither fortune and the blunket please to toss one."

THE POLICY ON THE "MARY HASTINGS."

It was certainly a most extraordinary circumstance—indeed of course known to all, but what has to do with it—and it made a great sensation at Bristol. I was a girl at the time, and just had my ears pierced.

I remember, as well as if it had only happened yesterday, my papa returning home one evening with the words, "Hopkins, Hopkins! we've lost it. This Hepburn Lodge was quite a joke with us; it had been unexpected for us ago, and was in a sadly dilapidated state.

We were naturally very anxious to learn all we could about the unknown purchaser of this famous mansion. We young girls were nearly crazy with curiosity.

The dear papa was the first to bring us consolation. He had heard it from a friend, who was told by a lawyer, who knew the surveyor of the repairs, that Doughty was the name of our myth. "If what they tell me is true," added our papa, "he is the son of old Doughty, the Colonial Broker, and worth fifty thousand at least. Now, girls, put your best looks on and dress to the nines, for he will want a wife, they say, and he might pass for a good-looking man." My papa was a very witty man, and though a church-warden, exceedingly merry.

This Mr. Doughty became the king of Stonyford and Fiddleton. I was much shocked and pained at witnessing the shameless rush manner in which the young ladies of those towns openly pursued him. So very many dear sisters—all line girls—greatly hurt.

For it was soon noised about that Mr. Doughty inclined toward matrimony. He made no secret of his desire to settle. The flocks of Stonyford maidens, from thirty to fifteen, were shaken with trembling hope.

There resided in Bristol a gentleman of the name of Fairlop, a ship-broker, or an underwriter, or something. At any rate, he was engaged among the shipping, and insured cargoes against loss at sea; so you will know what he was. He kept up a good establishment, had a carriage, and an only daughter—Clara, if I remember rightly. At this ship-broker's house Mr. Doughty was in the habit of dining twice a week; and he was fascinated by a young lady friend of ours, making desperate love to this Clara—a mere chit, I can assure you, and dressed like one.

This deceitful conduct will be better understood when I tell you that this man Doughty had, by his dishonest gambling, thrown away two thirds of his princely income; and finding it difficult to remunerate the grandeur in which he lived, he, with the utmost cunning, was endeavouring by a rich marriage to restore his squandered fortune. There's a villain for you! He had learnt, somehow, that Fairlop had five hundred pounds; and the ship-broker had been heard publicly to state that he would double the sum on her marriage day, if she married very young he saved. These pennies amounted to about twenty thousand sovereigns, and every day he lived he was still adding to his gains.

We were always told from the first that Clara Fairlop was not consulted in this proposed marriage. Her pa and ma calmly desired her to love Mr. Doughty; and she, like a good girl, answered, "she would try." Well, we heard no more about the wedding,

to Mr. Doughty, and consulted him about the future arrangements at Hepburn Lodge; and yet if ever he had a chance of meeting her, or doing her a kind action, he never missed it. He remembered the night of the ball, when, feeling very courageous after supper, he had summoned out a kind of proposal, and she had told him "her pa" would be so angry if he heard of it, and he sure to tell him every from the office. He had recovered, now, from that cruel, unsentimental, and innocent speech. A few months more of his quick, exciting courtship might have melted the silly girl. She was growing tired of being cried to such a submissive victim. He took her unkindness with that resignation and humility. Many times the idea crossed her that Orlando would make a much better husband than this Doughty; but pray ask mamma were on the side of the Hepburn Lodge marriage, and the claim was outbalanced.

A several morning with a letter for Mr. Fairlop, need I add, *the letter*—which the reader has already read;—Mr. Tidd left.

Mr. Doughty was to have breakfasted with his beloved that morning, and Clara was vexed at his breaking his appointment. She was excessively arbitrary in her ideas, and rather very stately during her short reign of courtship. She did not grumble aloud, but the way she frained with a few lines of sarcasm, proved she was in a pet. "I have a great mind not to love him," she thought. To be truthful, she never had.

When Mr. Fairlop had read a few lines of his letter, he gave a short sneering laugh. He was annoyed at the idea of any body coming to interfere in his family affairs. "Who the deuce has sent this?" he asked himself, as he turned the page in search of the signature. He did not tell his daughter who the writer was; but she saw his arm fall down, his eyes light up, and his mouth open, as if he meant to exclaim, "Curse it!" he said, pushing the letter toward his child, "this concerns you quite as much as it does me." The moment he turned it, his tongue was away with him. "And I have had such faith in that man Tidd. I, who brought him up from a child, etc., etc." He would have been very much in his disappointed mood, and rather very stately during his sterm of his eyes grew bright as the sword, and it might have been from indignation. Her hand shook at first, perhaps with rage. There was a determined firm expression—half smile, half scorn—about her little mouth, as if she could shake this Tidd, or that Doughty. She put down the letter after reading it, and stared vacantly for some looking right through her father, apparently focused on some object about fifty yards on the other side of the sea. "Did you ever read such an infamous, cowardly attack?" asked papa. Miss did not reply for a second, and then said, "I do not consider it cowardly, because he signed it; but, for Mr. Doughty's sake, I hope it is infamous."

"Hope!" cried Fairlop, who was half mad at the bare idea of any one attempting to keep off this marriage. "Hope! why, hasn't the fellow the impudence to admire you? Hasn't he the assumption to call Mr. Doughty a fool? Why, Hasn't he . . . . ?" His speech was abruptly terminated by the footman announcing Mr. Charles Doughty." Ask him in, directly; he shall see his letter, Clara!"

"Oh! pap! pap! pap! Suppose they should fight!"

The entrance of Mr. Doughty prevented any reply to this suggestion. Mr. Fairlop looked excited, vicious and pugnacious. The wretch Doughty, whose connection with the anonymous letter the flushed cheek and heavy sigh betrayed, knew in a moment the cause of this domestic disturbance. "Got the letter," he thought to himself.

He had prepared himself to meet the worst, and confirm his anonymous warnings. His chin was black with a two-day's beard; his face had been smashed, and was washed; the shoulder of his coat were drab with dust, and his shirt collar dropped like a frostbitten leaf. Altogether he gave Fairlop the idea that he had been to hell, and was still half-tipsy. He seated himself and began to yawn. A very perceptible smell of stale cigar smoke accompanied the dirty man. The moment he had gone Miss Clara so enraged her that left the room, and was presently heard overhead crying herself at the pillow.

As Doughty did nothing but yawn, and hold up upon his knee a pretty dense dandelion not rose-tipped, Fairlop began the conversation with "Did you ever, Charles, receive an anonymous letter?" Mr. Charles Doughty, "They're pot-boilers, and I am obliged to hide a smile of delight in a yawn. "No, Sir," he replied, "never! and if ever I do, I shall quietly burn it, however curious the contents may be. It is a method of attack I despise, and against which nobody can keep guard."

"If you will permit me to be calm," said the broker, rising, "I'll tell you something that will startle you." Unfolding the letter, he added, "This is not an anonymous letter; it is signed; but it does not the less merit a caning."

The sudden animation that shot into the rogue's face, the sardonic smile, took, the sinking up of head and opening of the hands, made a wrong impression upon Mr. Fairlop. He ascribed this emotion to indignation, whereas this Charlatan was muttering to himself, "Signed! signed! I never could have been such a fool." He took the letter, examined it, and answered, with extraordinary impatience, "No; I can not say I know the handwriting." Doughty put his eye over it, as if he had never seen it before. He was a man of consummate effrontery. When he reached the end of the page, he looked up and said, as if half to himself, "Who could have written this? It is evidently some one who knows me well, or he couldn't derive one." This speech was intended to startle Mr. Fairlop, and it was successful. The father-in-law was going to say something in a great hurry, but sound-fay stopped him by adding, "Give me the name of this villain—what I do in my own house concerns no man but myself! Give me his name!" Do you see how cunningly he kept on admitting the truth of the letter. Do you think any father would confide his child to a man that Mr. Doughty felt sure he was well, Mr. Fairlop really felt grateful to Mr. Tidd for warning him in time, and made up his mind to forbid the marriage. He could hardly speak civilly so he said, "if you will turn the page over, the signature is on the other leaf."

"Orlando Tidd!" muttered the startled Mr. Charles, and for several minutes he sat perfectly quiet, wondering how on earth the signature got there. "Have I ever seen this Orlando Tidd?" he asked. "Ton my word I don't know the fellow!"

He waited for a reply; but Mr. Fairlop was deeply engaged looking out of window, watching a man who, had his bonnet been on, would have gone with the speed of a hunted cat. This man was as dangerous as a run-away horse. A porter quietly lighting his pipe, turned over on his back his first whiff, and a ladies' school was sent flying into the pale as to many pigeons. "Good evening!" cried Fairlop, catching sight of the runner's hat face; "here comes Tidd! I am trying have hastened to meet him!" Leaving the room, and was fortunate enough to open the street-door in time to prevent his clerk from dashing his brains out against the knocker. The prospect of good news made Mr. Fairlop forget all about the warning letter.

Before the clerk could get breath enough he was trying to speak, and the master doing his utmost to understand him. Nobody else but a man in fear of ruin would have been able to translate the various pants and stutters into these words: "*Mary Hastings*—seen off the Lizards—late last evening!"

The disagreeable wretch in the parlor was listening intently. He heard Mr. Fairlop, in a half-whisper, ask, "Are you sure of the name?" and Orlando Tidd congratulated him on the fortunate speculation had brought. "God bless you, boy!" the broker had answered, "we are both of us richer by a few hundreds, but we almost went too near the fire."

The return of the *Mary Hastings* brought back Mr. Doughty's love for Miss Clara. He was determined to be a model husband, kind and rich, and not allow the girl to slip through his fingers if he could help it. As soon as Mr. Fairlop and his clerk entered the room, he hastily rushed to Orlando, and, thrusting the letter close to his face, asked savagely if he knew "that handwriting." His dark-eyed friend stared vacantly for some time, and then, shaking his head, answered, "I don't know the fellow." Doughty, as he read the letter, he thought, admitted it was a very fine, bold hand, but replied he could not recognize it.

"Turning the letter over, Mr. Doughty pointed to the signature, and shouted, "Will that help you —perhaps you can tell me who wrote *that?*" If, at start, and blind from weight of the gold, Mr. Tidd, then Mr. Orlando must have appeared highly criminal; but his reply was, "It is my name, but, on my honor, I never signed it." All the broker could say was, "It certainly is a most singular circumstance," but his head was full of the *Mary Hastings*, and he left the room.

"So, Sir!" roared Mr. Doughty, crossing his arms, "you dare to my face, do you? You stab in the dark, and then deny your work in the daylight. You slandering rogue, I shall horsewhip you."

"We are not in a fit frame of mind to argue with this lego and weak eyes as being noted for brawny; but our rogue, for once, made a mistake. With true dignity Mr. Doughty turned his back and left. He was a meek gentleman; but to be so grossly insulted by his rival was beyond his endurance.

It has been observed, that, in the first sale return of the *Mary Hastings*, A 1, spread over Bristol in four minutes and a half. The extraordinary good luck of Mr. Fairlop's anonymous venture was the talk of every office. My nephew, Freddy, who knew the Fairlops well, the moment he heard the Gilings, dropped his pen, and, thinking to be the first to congratulate the broker, darted off at a speed which nothing but Mr. Orlando's long legs could have matched. He managed to worm his way into the parlor just as the discussion about the dual was at its height. The moment he saw the face of the unknown man the man in the long cloak who dropped the letter. On the sofa sat poor Clara, crying; and Freddy, while trying to comfort her, was a very tender, hearted boy, learned all the particulars of the quarrel, and how Mr. Tidd was going to fight a duel about a letter he pretended he had never written.

There was but one honorable course for Freddy to take; and, to do the lad justice, he took it. The letter was lying on the carpet. He took it up, examined it, knew it directly, and, springing among the disputants, told his story. "And I'll take my oath," shouted Freddy, bless him, "that he" (pointing to Doughty) "is the man who dropped the letter. I'd swear to him if he was dye his face black, and so could four other fellows I know." All the low wretch could stammer out was that he had found the letter in the hall, he insulted, and banging the door to after him, he marched himself off.

Little Mrs Clara married Mr. Orlando Tidd, and Miss Hepburn married Mr. Charles Doughty, for twenty-five thousand pounds, and the wretch who wrote the anonymous letter, it is signed; but it does not the less merit a caning." The sudden animation that shot into the rogue's face, the sardonic smile took, the sinking up of head and opening of the hands, made a wrong impression upon Mr. Fairlop. He ascribed this emotion to indignation, whereas this Charlatan was muttering to himself, "Signed! signed! I never could have been such a fool." He took the letter, examined it, and answered, with extraordinary impatience, "No; I can not say I know the handwriting." Doughty put his eye over it, as if he had never seen it before. He was a man of consummate effrontery. When he reached the end of the page, he looked up and said, as if half to himself, "Who could have written this? It is evidently some one who knows me well, or he couldn't derive one." This speech was intended to startle Mr. Fairlop, and it was successful. The father-in-law was going to say something in a great hurry, but sound-fay stopped him by adding, "Give me the name of this villain—what I do in my own house concerns no man but myself! Give me his name!" Do you see how cunningly

and that water-mills might stand still and not grind, they provided for usual, and yet, God be thanked, there was not a fatal season in many years. And, at the last, the astronomers, for their excuse, said that in their computations they had mistaken and miscounted in their number as hundreth years."

In 1666 the Sieur Andreas announced that in two years the world would come to an end, and that *immediately afterward* all the powers would fall into the dominion of the Turks.

A famous book in the history of Physical Science, is Whiston's Theory of the Earth," professed, on its title-page, to be "Proved by Reason and the General Conflagration perfectly agreeable to Reason and Philosophy." This reverend gentleman was—in accordance with the scanty knowledge of more than a century and a half ago—the philosophical beginner of the vulgar dread awakened still among ignorant people, of the fire, the direction of this earth.

One day the Duchess of Bolton pretending to come to court in a great fright, explained that she had been at Mr. Whiston's, who told her that the world was to be burned up in three years; and that, for her part, she was determined to go to China. Certainly that was a place quite out of the world. Horace Walpole's reflection upon the matter was: "For my own part, I comfort myself with the humane reflection of the Irishman in the ship that was cast away—I am but a passenger."

In our day, End of the World cries are to be heard in plenty. We are still also taught by ingenious gentlemen, side in their own pamphlets to tell us who is the Beast. Greek letters represent numbers. The number of the Beast is six hundred and sixty-six. Any man's name, written in Greek letters, the numbers represented by the letters are cast up, and if their sum prove to be six hundred and sixty-six, or whatever other number that number may be interpreted to mean, the man is proved to be the Beast. Upon this principle many a Pope has been denounced, and he has Martin Luther, his none being spelled Luther for this occasion only. Once upon a time Napoleon Bonaparte was elected as the Beast, and, in fact of this series of discoveries, not many months old, seems to be proved to be Napoleon, whose three six hundred pages long; if the number of pages had but been six hundred and sixty-six, the book might have had some natural suspicion.

We are ashamed that there is need to call attention to the emptiness of all these false pretensions to the Prophetic Character, but no man possesses. Another writer of a large book, lately issued from the press, seeing the Scarlet Woman in the Papacy, intimates that the history of her is yet to come. Rome is yet to place her foot upon the necks of Kings before she is swallowed up in the abyss.

A contemporary French wiseacre interprets Scripture for us into the cry of an approaching "End of the World." Dr. Cumming, "The Lord Advance cracks under its own weight, and is about to fall in utter ruin on our heads. It is no mistaken cry that we have heard. M. Eugène Bazar, conceives that the last conflagration of London may arise out of one man's having set the Thames on fire. He says, "If he says, "round our globe, that immense ocean, with its phosphorous seas, with its fish and its beds, with its elements so combustible that the volcanoes catch fire at it incessantly, and never go out for want of fuel till the sea shall have deserted them. So, on the other hand, this chemical product burning in the water, true Greek fire, which will lay upon the head to a hundred other discoveries of incendiary. And understand how, some day or other, conflagration may be kindled in the world." Fire, not in Gehenna or Gehenna, but in the two great capitals of science, by an unforeseen chemical accident, will spread over the Channel, raise the Martin Pecheur on the Atlantic Ocean great blaze, and the more water the more fire. The Pacific will blaze up, the rivers will run flame, and every thing living will be reduced to a cinder.

Wherein are these our contemporary speculations better than that of the Judas who faced Ann Boleyn at the twenty-first year of the reign of Henry, a that Dionysius of Alexandria, who promised him in the days of Valerian, or those who promised that the end of the world should begin in year Lady Day fell upon Easter-eve. An old French wiseacre, M. Jurieu, taught that the Millennium would begin in the year four hundred and fifty; it shall die about the year seventeen hundred and ten. This may happen sooner, but I do not see that it can happen farther, unless it be to seventeen fourteen." And he fixed the beginning of the Millennium for the year seventeen eighty-six, as implicitly as another wiseacre now fixes it for eighteen sixty-seven. Richard Brothers, a presumptuous oracle in the same school at the end of the last century, taught that "the very loud and unusual kind of thunder heard in January, seventeen ninety-one, was the voice of the angel mentioned in the eighteenth chapter of Revelations," and fixed the 15th of August, ninety-three, for the destruction of London. Wesley, in 1788, "the spirit says, write," prophesied an old Suffolk woman ninety-four years ago; "the High Priest, the High Priest shall never have an heir Christian born!"

The last, and at this particular moment most notorious, of these wouldas-prophets, is a doctor, to whom we have already referred, who talks big words empty of wit, and streams incessantly the vituperation of Rome all his Reformation. He points to the wars and the police reports; tells us, in his own inflated way, that "there is at present an unusual accumulation and intensity of morbid agencies in the air which no previous year has witnessed"—did he never hear of the plagues of the Middle Ages?—observes a general "dereliction of moral obligations," and fills for us a windbag of coming tribulation. "I hope," he says, "soon to publish a photographic sketch of the Millennial state, as a companion to this volume." The next step is audacity will, perhaps, be an advertisement at Heaven in the Stereoscope.

THE LATE LORD MACAULAY.

WE give herewith an accurate portrait of the late Lord Macaulay, from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Polyblank, of London. It was taken only a year or two since, and is probably the most recent picture in existence.

Lord Macaulay was fifty-nine at the time of his death, having been born in the first year of the century, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, England. He should have been by fair rights a Scotsman, "if a Scotch bard proved right," as a zealous nationalist of that appropriating race expressed it, while tracing back the family history of the historian to his grandfather, a parish clergyman of market-ability, minister of Cardross, in Dumbartonshire—a locality which once made a very honorable contribution to the gayety and spirit of the world, in the good gift of the infant Tobias Smollett.

We have seen it stated that the English settlement of the family originated in one of the sons becoming tutor to a young gentleman of wealth in that country—a Mr. Babington. The tutor married his pupil's sister, and thus Thomas Babington Macaulay was born an Englishman. His Scottish origin, and his representation of Edinburgh in Parliament, has often led the world to think of him as a Scotchman; though some of his historical notices of the people of that nation, combated zealously by Scottish writers, may have disabused the public mind of the impression.

The Father, Historian, Thomas Babington, the eldest son, was educated at home, and prepared for the University under a private tutor and the instructions of an English clergyman—a course which left some of the best years of life for the purpose, with his precocious development, free for the accumulation of his extraordinary stores of general knowledge. Macaulay entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1818. His University course was a triumph; he obtained the hard-won rewards of a Craven Scholarship and a Fellowship, while his reputation became established in the lighter successes of the Belles-Lettres, and as an extraordinary talker and debater. The year after his entrance his poem "Pompeii" obtained the Chancellor's Medal—an eloquent production according to the standard of those things, but, like most of them, mere rhetoric in rhyme, deficient in the inner grace of poetry. The picture of the Pompeians at a sacrifice, themselves the sportive victims hastening to death, though with strong obligations to Pope's lamb cropping his "flowery food," is typ e of nun's ignorance of the future, is striking:

"The milk-white monarch of the herd
Thy load,
With gilded horns, at yonder shrine
to bleed;
And while the victim crops the bridal-
erred pink,
And frisks and gambols toward the
destined fate,
They little deem that, like himself,
they stray
To death, unconscious, o'er a flowery
way;
Heedless, like him, the impending
stroke await,
And sport and wanton on the brink
of fate."

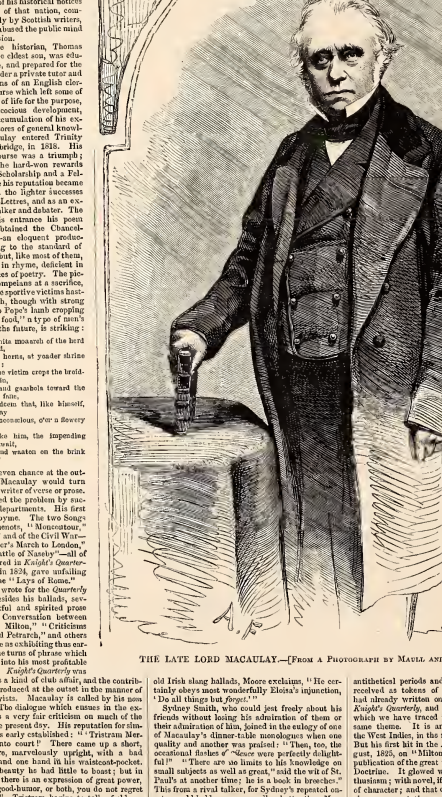
It was an even chance at the outset whether Macaulay would turn out a popular writer of verse or prose. He has solved the problem by success in both departments. His first hit was in rhyme. The two Songs of the Huguenots, "Moncontour," and "Ivry," and of the Civil War, "The Cavalier's March to London," and "The Battle of Naseby"—each of which appeared in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* in 1824, gave unfailing promise of the "Lays of Rome."

Macaulay wrote for the *Quarterly Magazine*, besides his ballads, several thoughtful and spirited prose papers—"A Conversation between Cowley and Milton," "Criticism on Dante and Petrarch," and others—remarkable as exhibiting than early prose of the turns of phrase which have grown into his most profitable mannerisms. *Knight's Quarterly* was conducted in a kind of club affair, and the contributors are introduced at the outset in the manner of the old essayists. Macaulay is called by his nom *de plume*. "The dialogue which ensues in the examination is a very fair criticism on much of the author to the present day. His reputation for libels was then early established: "Tristram Merton, come into court!" There came up a short, manly figure, marvelously upright, with a bad nose-blossom, and one hand in his waistcoat-pocket. Of regular beauty he had little to boast; but in faces where there is an expression of great power, or of great good-humor, or both, you do not regret its absence." Tristram begins to talk of old authors—Arguis, Fallet, Socrates. The remark which follows, by the master of ceremonies of the magistrate, is noticeable: "His tone had just so much earnest that what he said was felt as a compliment, and just so much banter that it was felt as nothing more."

Is a certain hollowness and insincerity inherent in the author's style?

Tristram goes on with a pretty allusion to "the poor prince in the Arabian tales," when he is cut short with "a truce to your similes" and the threatened hard infliction of "silence for an hour," the most intolerable of punishments to a great talker. "A penalty for similes! horrible! Antiphanes prohibited round hats, and Chibus of Chios denounced white teeth; but this is atrocious!" "I beseech you, Tristram, if you can, for a moment forget your omniscience!"

This was Macaulay's early social reputation: it is his latest. "Of Macaulay's range of knowledge," says Moore, in his Diary, "any thing may be believed, so wonderful is his memory." Again, at a dinner, "Macaulay wonderful; never, perhaps, was there combined so much talent with so marvelous a memory." Again astonished when Macaulay *memorier* opened upon him a gilt series of



THE LATE LORD MACAULAY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAULL AND POLYBLANK, OF LONDON.]

old Irish slung ballads, Moore exclaims, "He certainly obeys most wonderful Eleira's injunction, 'Do all things but *forget*.'"

Sydney Smith, who he could just freely shout his friends without losing his admiration of them or their admiration of him, joined in the eulogy of one of Macaulay's dinner-table monologues: when one quality and another was praised: "Then, too, the occasional flashes of "Sense were perfectly delightful!" "There are no limits to his knowledge on small subjects as well as great," said the wit of St. Paul's at another time; he is a book in breeches." This from a rival talker, for Sydney's repeated orates would hold a room as well or better than Macaulay's continuous stage: "Yes, we both talk a great deal, but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice. Sometimes, when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself, 'Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that!'" Such are the delights and distresses of brilliant conversationalists.

Macaulay started into public life at a bound, impelled by the enthusiasm and triumph of the party of reformers in which he was nurtured. He modestly, it can not be with indifference, left a brother reviewer to tell the story of this devotional and devoted early life. Sir James Stephen, himself the son of a worthy coadjutor of Wilberforce, Sharpe, Zachary Macaulay, and the rest, whom he celebrates as the *Clapham Sect*, has reproduced, in an article in the *Edinburgh*, the very atmosphere, glowing with piety and philanthropy, from which emerged, as Minerva from the head of Jupiter, the ready-armed Macaulay.

It is now thirty-six years since Macaulay first burst upon the world in the two-fold character of an orator and a reviewer. His first speech shortly preceded his first article in the *Edinburgh*. He made a glowing address, in 1824, before a well-disposed audience, at a public meeting. His and the rest, all sparkling with keen analysis, quick perceptions, stores of reading picturesquely applied in skillful processes of literary art, and rapid sympathetic imagination; full of liberal, noble views—sometimes to be opposed, seldom at the moment to be successfully resisted.

In 1827 appeared a startling paper in the *Edinburgh* on the "State of Politics in England." The crisis of the great struggle for the Reform Bill was approaching, and this article was the boldest in its warnings and its denunciations of indifference and opposition to the measure. A vivid picture—a parallel between the then condition of England and France on the edge of her Revolution—was in Macaulay's most lively style. In his vision of the English aristocracy to be treated as the French aristocracy had been, he mingles touches of humor with the terrors of his description:

"Have they forgotten how the gallant and luxurious nobleman, sprung from illustrious ancestors, marked out from his cradle for the highest honors of the state and of the army, impatient of control, exquisitely sensible of the slightest offenses, with all his high spirit, his polished manners, his voluptuous habits, was reduced to request, with tears in his eyes, credit for half-a-crown—to pass day after day in hearing the auxiliary verbs minuted, or the first page of Telemaque mouthed by pedant boys, who labeled him with nicknames and caricatures, who mimicked his foreign accent, and laughed at his thread-bare coat? Have they forgotten all this? God grant that they may never remember it with unavailing self-accusation, when desolation shall have visited your their cities and fairer stations; when Manchester shall be as Lyons and Stowe as Chantilly; when he who now is the pride of rank and opulence, smote as what we have written in the bitter anxiety of our hearts, shall be thankful for a purringer of broth at the door of some Spanish convent, or shall implore some Italian money-lender to advance sacher pistole on his George?"

Several years after these friends were not forgotten. They were reproduced in one of those speeches, abounding in argumentative appeals and bursts of eloquence, which shook the House of Commons on the eve of the popular triumph. The warning was thus repeated:

"Have they (the Lords) ever visited that neighboring country, which still presents to the eye, even of a passing stranger, the signs of a great dissolution and renovation of society? Have they ever walked by those stately mansions, now sinking into decay and portioned out into lodging-rooms, which line the silent streets of the Faubourg St. Germain? Have they ever seen the ruins of those entire aliens terraces and gardens overhung the Loire? Have they ever heard that from these magnificent hotels, from those ancient castles, so architecturally splendid as brave, as proud, as accomplished as ever Europe ever, you drives forth to exile and beggary—to implore the charity of hostile governments and hostile circles—to eat wood in the back settlements of America—to teach French in the school-rooms of London? And why were these haughty nobles destroyed with that utter destruction? Why were they scattered over the face of the earth, their titles abolished, their escutcheons defaced, their parks wasted, their palaces dismantled, their heritage given to strangers? Because they had no sympathy with the peoples discomfiture of the signs of their time—because, in the pride and narrowness of their hearts, they called those whose warnings might have saved them theorists and speculators—because they refused all concession till the time had arrived when no concession would avail."

The Whig leaders, without any extraordinary stretch of political wisdom, had discovered a new champion in Macaulay. He was taken up and endowed with a Commissionership of Bankruptcy, and in 1830 brought into Parliament under the auspices of Lord Lansdowne, from "the immaculate and free-voting borough," as the Tory Magazine called it, of Calne.

Macaulay's maiden Parliamentary speech was delivered in April, 1830. It offered a philanthropical support of a measure to relieve the civil disabilities of the Jews, and the orator was complimented at the close by a few earnest words of eulogy from Sir James Mackintosh. The series of reform speeches followed. They were the speaker's great rhetorical triumphs in Parliament, the success of the great measure his borough appointment was exchanged for the large popular representation of Leeds. To reward his parliamentary political career, which was formally closed by the resignation of his seat in Parliament, in 1834 he was appointed member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta; and during his three years' connection with the Government of India distinguished himself in a legislative capacity, particularly in an article of reform equalizing the legal rights of the Europeans and Asiatic subjects of the crown. He returned to England enriched by this lucrative post, and charged with the material of his brilliant sketches in the *Edinburgh* on Hastings and Clive, and his subsequent Indian Parliamentary speeches. He joined the Melbourne Administration as Secretary of War in 1839, and lent his eloquence to the support of its falling fortunes. The following year he was elected member from Edinburgh, and served as a leader of the Whig opposition against the forces of Peel. When his party gained the ascendancy antithetical periods and picturesque oratory were received as tokens of a wonderful future. He had already written on West Indian Slavery in *Knight's Quarterly*, and the earliest of his papers which we have traced in the *Edinburgh* is on the same theme. It is an article on the Negro in the West Indies, in the number for January, 1825. But his first hit in the *Review* was a paper in August, 1825, on "Milton," on occasion of the first publication of the great poet's treatise on Christian Doctrine. It glowed with youthful heat and enthusiasm; with novel, if not entirely original views of character; and that during liveliness of expression, argumentative and declamatory, which had gained the reputation of *Jeffrey*, whose triumphs in that field of letters, the *Review*, were more than renewed by this newly-arrived knight. To the paper on Milton succeeded others whose ardent sentences are familiar to the readers of the present day almost as "household words." "Machiavelli," "Dryden," "Byron," "Bacon," "Walpole," "Johnson," "Chatham," "Warren Hastings,"

historical triumphs in Parliament. The success of the great measure his borough appointment was exchanged for the large popular representation of Leeds. To reward his parliamentary political career, which was formally closed by the resignation of his seat in Parliament, in 1834 he was appointed member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta; and during his three years' connection with the Government of India distinguished himself in a legislative capacity, particularly in an article of reform equalizing the legal rights of the Europeans and Asiatic subjects of the crown. He returned to England enriched by this lucrative post, and charged with the material of his brilliant sketches in the *Edinburgh* on Hastings and Clive, and his subsequent Indian Parliamentary speeches. He joined the Melbourne Administration as Secretary of War in 1839, and lent his eloquence to the support of its falling fortunes. The following year he was elected member from Edinburgh, and served as a leader of the Whig opposition against the forces of Peel. When his party gained the ascendancy

in 1846 under Lord John Russell, he was appointed Paymaster of the Forces with a seat in the Cabinet. The next year he was thrown out by his constituency for his support of the Maynooth Grant. Five years after, in 1852, he was again elected from Edinburgh, and remained in Parliament, taking no very active part in its affairs.

The public had no reason to regret his indifference to Parliament and retirement from public affairs since it gained the world the splendid series of articles in the *Edinburgh* and the "History of England." "To take Macaulay out of literature and society," said Sydney Smith, "and put him in the House of Commons, is like taking the chief physician out of London during a pestilence." Literature was undoubtedly his great success; yet his most quiet writings smack strongly of the declaimer and debater. He had essentially a spoken style. It is description, word painting, argument, but always with an eye to a case and for victory. His faults are all forgotten and forgiven in the glowing order of that style which, for the time, sweeps away taste and judgment. What action was to Demosthenes the flow of his periods was to Macaulay. He was rather rhetorical than eloquent; picturesque without being poetical; he had rare powers of fanciful association without imagination; he was ingenious, but not profoundly speculative. His vast reading and stores of memory perhaps seemed greater to us than they really were, from his attorney's faculty of making up a case. To read Macaulay, with the first shock of surprise and novelty, is an unmingled delight. He was the prince of popularity, and may almost leave us in doubt whether his great qualities stood for the imperfections of common life, or the latter rise to the verge of greatness.

On retiring from public life Macaulay was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Macaulay. He took his seat in the House of Peers, but never spoke. The last years of his life were devoted exclusively to the "History of England," of which four volumes have appeared—the work being, like Prescott's "Philip the Second," left incomplete at his death. The work, of which Messrs. Harpers were, by special arrangement with Lord Macaulay, the American publishers, was even more popular in this country than in England; of their several editions they have sold over 100,000 copies.

He died of heart disease, which had troubled him once, in 1852, but over which his constitution was supposed to have triumphed. He was attacked about the middle of December, and, what was supposed to be convalescent, but suddenly relapsed and died.

Baron Macaulay was unmarried, and the title dies with him. He has brothers and sisters: one of the former is a citizen of this country.

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AUTHOR OF "THE HASHISH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH A BOAT IS LAUNCHED, AND COMES TO PORT.

DAY after day did Ernest Beckford sit quietly writing on his high stool in the Cheswick counting-room, while around him the same old ship and flow of life went on that had been about little Filkins, save that its wave found him a rock, and not an empty keg, or a tangle of driftwood, which could be tossed about at its pleasure. The farthest in the world from that was this young man. And though the riot outside of him was perhaps carried into a little greater violence by the presence of his silent, thoughtful antagonism, it still evidently felt that it had found an obstacle in him, and one which it would be difficult to surmount. Ernest Beckford was one of those very rare beings who can pursue their own way through a perfectly unfriendly crowd, not only without deflection, but with no appearance of scene, or even comfort. Where the power to do this is not natural, its acquirement is the greatest possible of triumphs—it is the most brilliant of accomplishments. Both naturally and by self-education Ernest Beckford possessed it.

By-and-by the influence of the young man became observable even upon outsiders. Certainly it was not his office which they began to respect; there was nothing in the form of a second book-keeper which was especially overpowering and stimulant to Cheswickian reverence. It came from his office therefore from young him-self, and the beautiful, easeful way in which he attached his office, which made people say, "I declare I should't wonder if that young fellow came to be partner by-and-by!"

This latter strong feeling toward Ernest Beckford, among Cheswickians generally, left him still more at the mercy of his pleasant companions inside the rail, if such a name could with any propriety be called at the mercy of any body. To all of them he was a continual system. He was not obtrusive, he never made no pretension to being judge, mentor, reprover of any sort; but the very look and bearing of the man, necessarily from his office, which Clem he was not paying the slightest attention to them, was a continual institution of odious comparisons.

For the first few days after he came to Cheswick these agreeable associates of Clem's set themselves to revenge the displacement of little Filkins, and to assert their own utter carelessness of the new-comer by a continual talk at him which was intended to be satirical. Frequent reference was made to the salubrious characteristics of Cheswick as a place for partners to spend the summer in, and extreme pain expressed lest the New York House should go down, robbed as it was of its best business man. To all of which Beckford paid as much attention as belonged to it.

Before the conclusion of the second week of his residence there the young man had proved himself so very calm and immovable a surface to their attacks that the adversaries, changing their tactics suggested itself to them. There was no doing any thing against Beckford; perhaps something might be done with him. He could not be snubbed, overlooked, sent to Coventry in any way; that self-imposed restraint of his prevented them from appealing to manhs him, for how can one be uncivil to a man who gives him no chance to be civil? He was very gentlemanly, but mixed with them no more than water with oil.

They would allure him, therefore. He might not be such a dem'd disagreeable fellow after all. Todds had known a man who opened up very much like Beckford, but who, when he knew thought he had a tongue in his head, by Jove! and every body said that all he did was to read Trent Scofey's pulpit-cushion and a little black tea; but dem Todds if he didn't turn out a splendid chap after all, and when they last parted they had a Clarendon and three—three bottles apiece—broke one of the waiter's heads with a bust of snipe gravy, threw an arm-chair out of the window, and had a devilish fine time that they never know they got home—leastwaysa in the a—I, by Jove! I would know how this Beckford would turn out? It was certainly worth while to try him.

It must be confessed that, even with all his self-possession, Ernest Beckford felt a certain degree of surprise, and started slightly when, one day after the Bank was shut, and he was walking home to his lodgings, he felt an arm suddenly thrust through his own in the most familiar fashion, and turned to discover that his friend was no other than Todds, cashier. "We're not very well acquainted yet," was the first remark of that distinguished bank-officer.

"That is true," replied Beckford, in a tone of dry courtesy.

"And we ought to know one another better," continued Mr. Todds.

The young man bowed politely, with a somewhat questioning elevation of the eyebrows.

"Yes," said the cashier. "So I think. So the fellows think. In fact, we're all of that opinion. Oh! de-cidedly. It's not at all the thing, you see, for a set of splendid men like us—all of us here together—to be distant and cold to one another. You know what I mean—to come the rubbish

"HE HELD IT UP IN THE SUNLIGHT," ETC.

indifference dodge, you know. If you, you must? mind it, I'm sure, I'm sure, you, you must? mind it. It's our way at first."

The idea that any indifference which Mr. Todds might have shown had taken an aspect of sublimity, was so amusing to Ernest Beckford that the smiling was with which he entreated Mr. Todds to set his mind at rest upon that point would have become a hearty laugh had there been any sympathetic person there to enjoy it with him.

"Know us, and you'll like us," pursued the cashier. "We all liked Mr. Filkins, and he liked us. Why? Because he knew us, of course. Well, you can do the same thing, and every thing will go on swimmingly. Oh, by-the-way, I've a little proposal to make. I have some friends at my rooms to-night in a quiet sort of way—just a rubber for two of whist and a glass of punch, and I'm sure we can make it pleasant for you if you'll drop in. Say nine o'clock or thereabouts. Shall we expect you?"

The young man thought for a moment—so short a moment that his hesitation was not perceived by the cashier—and then replied:

"If I am not with you by nine o'clock you need not expect me. Thank you for the invitation at any rate."

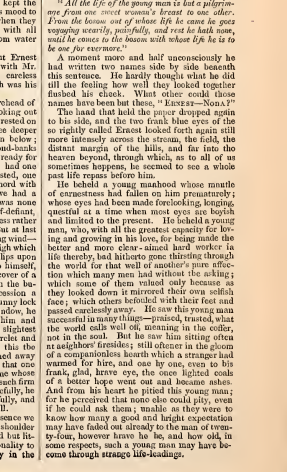
This answer was not prompted by any fear of offending Mr. Todds with a prompt denial. Strange as it may seem, Ernest Beckford was not quite sure but he would like to accept the invitation. He had seen one phase of the life of these associates of his—the business life—and there was a sort of strange fascination even to him in knowing what they were out of business hours; very much such fascination as would be to a human-nature philosopher in seeing the Queen of the Fairies in dishabille, or being admitted to the bosom of a cannibal family.

With a strong curiosity, then, he set to be sure and come, Mr. Todds remembered that he had already gone past a place where he must attend to some business, Todds thought, and, slipping his arm out of Beckford's, trotted away. A few moments and Ernest Beckford reached his lodgings and paid the landlady, and, slipping his hat taken rooms was as near an approach to graceful retirement as can be procured in a country town. That is to say, the street people knew that he lived there, and all the circumstances of his private career, than would have been aware of those facts if he had lived in the middle of the public square and slept on the platform of the town-pump. He had selected this place for its compactness and its social certainty it was an asylum, a nook of quiet to any one who came from a day spent at Clingham & Co's. The house was an old Dutch mansion of wood, with dormer windows rising from the roof, whose wainscoted shingles were all pale-green and brown in motley with lichens and decay. But by no means a tumble-down old house—merely one that had seen enough to be old, and not rent, all luscious with pleasant home-like associations, and having always an agreeable sunniness about it like a Bacon's essay, which could rarely be plucked. Two stalwart horse-chestnuts and an elm, older even than itself, shaded it in front, and the house was surrounded directly down the almost perpendicular rocky bank of the little stream, here at its broadest, which gave Cheswick its due, by right of the possession of water scenery. Two of the second story windows which opened on the sight and sound of this pleasant, quietly murmuring water singer belonged to the parlor of Ernest Beckford. In the summer they were always open, by the immemorial custom of the family who kept the house; and it was not the young man's mood to close them now, or even to wish, when they opened upon such sweet intimacies with all glad fresh wood odors and music from water and trees and fields.

It was at one of these windows that Ernest Beckford, coming in from his talk with Mr. Todds, threw himself down with a careless abandonment on the little settee which was his favorite resting-place.

There was a slight shade on the forehead of Ernest Beckford to-day as he sat looking out of that breezy window, with his cheek rested on his hand, and eyes that seemed to see deeper than the cheek of the rippling stream below, farther than the gold and purple cloud-banks of the hill, long-beloved, and yet ever ready for the coming of the sundown. Plainly, had one been there whom he could have trusted, one whose spiritual key made an exact chord with his own, Ernest Beckford might have had a secret to impart whose burden was none the less because it was borne with a half-defiant, manly bravery, a half-smiling earnestness rather than with utter Byronic dejection. But at last the wind—that loving, galoing, coaxing wind—kissed the secret out of him. With a sigh which he banished instantly by shutting his lips upon it, as if he would not even admit it to himself the young man arose, and lifting the cover of a small rose-wood box which stood upon the bureau near him, brought out in succession a miniature, a packet of letters, and a sunny lock of woman's hair. Standing by the window, he laid them all upon the seat beside him and again sat down. There was just the slightest dust visible upon the closed golden circlet and glass which held in the portrait, and this the young man rubbed gently and thoughtfully away with a lip so tender and so trembling that one would have scarcely believed in the same whose strong lines had a moment before gave such firm denial to the sigh. Then wiping it carefully, he gazed, and gazed, and gazed worshipfully, and as if his eyes could never drink their fill.

Had the human confidant whose presence we just supposed been looking over the shoulder of Ernest Beckford, he would have had but little difficulty in giving name and personality to the portrait's original. It was a lady in the



BEHIND THE WILLOWS.

middle time of life. Her hair still glossy brown, of that peculiar tint which the sun is ever turning to gold, but still there and there flecked with silver by that speechless care and earnest, long-suffering tenderness to which her watchful eyes also bore somewhat witness, for blending with their childlike trust and gladness was a calmer shadow, such as they only know who have been both tried and victorious. The remaining features, even to the last, were Beckford's, save that the mouth had a womanly loving peacefulness which the mouth of few men ever arrives at without becoming effeminate, and which the young man's was yet too new to the play of passions to have learned. And when those lips of his parted next, after they had pressed one long kiss upon the beautiful face before him, the words that escaped them were "Mother!" and "Gone! gone!"

Then taking the little brown tress which had been torn into his hand at parting, and a pilgrim cuirass his relic, he held it up in the sunlight and let it be engoldened, till the light seemed to make it live again, and the soul air seemed running not it only but the clear cheek against which it had played days ago. And strangely there floated into his mind, and melted in with this reverie of the departed, another face, a still unlined face, over which there fell also shadow and a sunniness mingled of like soft brown hair; and strangely, too, came a deep peace into his heart, for she who had gone seemed smiling down upon him to light the way to his breast of one who was coming. And as if with a sudden inspiration, he wrote with his pencil on a little scrap of paper lying near him,

"*All the life of the young man is but a pilgrimage from one sweet woman's breast to one other. From the bosom out of whose life he came he goes voyaging wearily, painfully, and rest he hath none until he comes to the bosom with whose life he is to be one for evermore.*"

A moment more and half unconsciously he had written two names side by side beneath this sentence. He hardly thought what he did till the feeling how well they looked together flushed his cheek. What other could those names have been but these, "ERNEST—NORA?"

The hand that held the paper dropped again to his side, and the two frank blue eyes of the so rigidly solid Ernest looked forth again still more intensely across the stream, the field, the distant margin of the hills, and far into the heaven beyond, through which, as to all of us sometimes happens, he seemed to see a whole past life repass before him.

He beheld a young manhood whose mantle of earnestness had fallen on him prematurely; whose eye had been made forebodingly keeping, questful at a time when most eyes are boyish and limited to the present. He beheld a young man, who, with all the greatest capacity for living and growing in his love, for being made the better and more clear-aimed hard worker in life thereby, had hitherto gone through life through the world for that well of another's pure affection which many men had without the asking; which some of them valued not because as they looked down it mirrored their own selfish face; which others befouled with their feet and passed carelessly away. He saw this young man successful in many things—praised, trusted, what the world calls well off, planning in the coffer, not in the soul. But he saw him sitting often at neighbors' firesides; still oftener in the gloom of a companionless hearth which a stranger had warmed for hire, and one by one, even to his frank, glad, brave eye, the once lighted coals of a better hope went out and became ashes. And from his heart he pitied this young man; for he perceived that none else could pity, even if he could ask them; unable as they were to know how many a good and bright expectation may have faded out already to the man of twenty-four, however have he be, and how old, in some respects, such a young man may have become through strange life-leadings.

Just where the cloud of this sight become darkest, and where light was least expected, a faint gleam shot through it and enabled it toward brighter, and the clear eyes of Ernest Bockford fell back upon the paper in his hand.

"Ernest—Nora."

"Is it possible? Will it be? In my life I have learned the lesson to work in because work is right; because all great and good is on the side of work, wherever *hope* may stand. Dare I also *hope* as well as *work?* Dare I seek the great happiness of a life, and believe in *that* as I used to—as I have, since my mother died, believed in labor only?"

Thus soliloquizing the young man stood thoughtfully at the window for a moment, then with a cheery cringeness his face once again lit heat the paper containing the sentence and the names into the redo form of a boat, and dropped it with a hitchfulness playfulness on the bosom of the stream below the window, saying as it fell,

"Be my emblem! Thou shalt float away off of my sight, but not out of God's: even so I trust myself to the stream, leaning on eyes that my own eye—I know not where whether I shall go, what end reach. All my life I have denoted to the Hope's fold; but now I will try to have such love from me as I can give her. Float away, little boat."

So it drifted out of his sight. But not—not, as he said, out of God's. And he turned from the window full of faith and peace.

But not as much so as he might have been had he seen a certain thing. But how could he know that ever since he had been sitting at the window a blue pair of swollen grit-eyes had been looking up at him all bright with admiration, and a lovely face been finishing but he should be it from its peeping place behind the willows, on the farther brookside. How could Ernest know that any lady—So much lesson—made that another afternoon—amusing, blushing, reading, and musing place, for a reason which she had never even admitted to herself. And how—when in the world could he tell who it was that, when the little boat had drifted quite out of his sight, drew it silently away from the eddy by which it was made prisoner; at first to kiss it and keep it simply because it was any thing which had he a memento of him; but unrolling it and reading it, felt first the blood rush to her temples, then back to her heart, and hastened homeward not knowing whether she waked or dreamed, in a calm ecstasy whose spell she feared to break by speaking. How would Ernest Bockford know?

But the little boat was better out of his sight, for it was in God's and *hers*.

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No. CXVII.] CONTENTS. [FEBRUARY.

COOS AND THE MACALLOWAY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Valley of the Androscoggin.—Come to see the Circus.—Owner of a Meadow Farm.—Goodbye to Lebanon.—Dixville Notch.—Going up the Androscoggin.—Settlement on the Magalloway.—In Camp.—The Lumber Camp.—Interior of Camp.—Parson claims Lake.—Go Camel's Hump.—Camp on Camel's Hump.—In Three Rivers.—Co-Hunting.
ODE ON THE BIRTHDAY OF CHARLES WESLEY.
HOLIDAYS IN COSTA RICA.—III. SAN JOSE TO CARTAGO. By Thomas Francis Meagher.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Ruins of Turrialba.—Fire Dragoons.—Valley of Carthago.—Church of our Lady of the Angels.—Ruins of Carthago.—Remains of Old Carthago.—Ascent of Irazu.—The Crater of Irazu.—Shooting Fish.—Hammock Bridge.—Cascade Pico.—Pounding Coffee.—Coffee-Mill.—Hacienda of Navara.—The Quezal.
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ROMANCE OF PEARL. By Fitz James O'Brien.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
MAKE CHARITY IN THE SNOW.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Experiments on the Cat and the Dog.—Setting Fire to Chimney.—Knows nothing about it.—A Snow-Ball Party.
FASHION FOR FEBRUARY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Home of Promenade Dress.—Closed Sleeve.—Fichu.—Under Sleeve.—Collar.—Front Cap.

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A WIFE.

THE wife sat thoughtfully turning over
A book inscribed with the school-girl's name;
A tear—one tear—fell hot on the cover
She quickly closed when her husband came.

He came, and he went away—it was nothing—
With cold calm words upon either side;
But, just at the sound of the room-door shutting,
A dreadful door in her soul stood wide.

Love, she had read of in sweet romances—
Love that could sorrow, but never fail,
Built her own palace of noble fancies,
All the wide world a fairy tale.

Bleak and bitter, and utterly doleful,
Spreads to this woman her map of life;
Hour after hour she looks in her soul, full
Of deep dismay and turbulent strife.

Face in both hands, she knels on the carpet;
The black cloud loosen'd, the storm-rain fell:
Oh! lift ass so much to wilder and warp it—
One poor heart's day what poet could tell?

"FACE IN BOTH HANDS, SHE KNELT ON THE CARPET."—[BY MILLAIS.]

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CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH A SINGULAR WAY IS DISCLOSED OF MAKING THE BEST END OF ONE'S TIME.

THE question to what extent a man may be engaged in the handling of pitch without defiling himself thereby—how far a gentleman may go on the road with a rogue without becoming a companion of knaves—is one of perhaps more speculative than practical value. For the person who does not like to be defiled by pitch, and who is not, therefore, virtually defiled already, will have just as little to do with that disagreeable article as necessity compels him to; and the gentleman will take a branch road, or a path through the fields, as soon as it is practicable, unless he has a taste for some slight smack of knavery already, and is therefore really very good company for the rogue. So that in neither case is a solution of the question of much practical importance.

But there are now and then occasions, especially in the young man's life, when the pitch business appears to be a long habitual necessity; a work of livelihood, from which there is no visible escape; when the road is straight, highwalled at the side, branches nowhere; and the rogue is a mighty familiar, pleasant knave, who edges over to your side of the way, and rubs his elbow in your side with a leer, saying, "Kiss me, sweet coz!" In which case the problem does arise whether to knock him down or walk along with him as quietly as possible, keeping his fingers out of your pockets; and if there be any hope for him, giving him good advice not to get hanged.

At Cheswick Ernest Beckford found himself for the first time in this position when Mr. Todds had extended to him that ultimate honor and gratification conceivable by the youthful mind of the Bank, of inviting him to his rooms to whist and whisky punch.

During the whole working day, at any rate, Ernest Beckford was holden of necessity to stay among these—well, just what they were. The question now arose, what effect would it have upon the comfortableness and the usefulness of this involuntary association with them, to go a little farther on their way with them, and operate with whatever influence he might have for good on the more susceptible, the private portion of their lives?

In just such a train of thought and self-questioning as this subject would be apt to suggest he sat by the open window after the little bout had floated away out of his sight, until the sun went down. Whether to go to Mr. Todds's or not?—that was the question. But it certainly would not have been worthy of so much consideration—it would have been answered much sooner, had not one other and most important element entered into the decision. What this was will be developed by our progress. But the question was deemed to be settled, at the present time, in the greatest possible haste.

For as Ernest sat thinking there, there sounded a heavy double rap at the door, and, almost before the words "Come in!" were out of his mouth, there flounced into the room as singular a little figure as is very often seen outside of the costume department of theatres, or the rubbish closet of curiosity-shops.

Fancy an exceedingly fat person, made much shorter in appearance by this fact than his real stature gave him right to be, and with a comical black-saddle replacing the human walk, of which years had robbed nature. A perfectly white head covered his face and descended to his girdle, a gigantic pair of naturalist's coarse dust goggles shielded his eyes, and over his whole body hung, in dusty folds, such a long, rusty, camlet cloak as operatic tradition assigns to Don Basilio in the Barber. On the head of the queer object a very broad-brimmed, soft felt hat was set in a straight, determined manner, and the woolen gloved and pudgy little hand closed over a knotty hickory cudgel. And upon invitation this somewhat remarkable conglomeration seated itself, and opened conversation with,

"You don't know who I am?"

Mr. Beckford readily assented to the proposition, at the same time requesting to be informed upon the subject on which he was in the dark, and drawing his own seat near enough to bestow the scrutiny which his visitor's opening remark had challenged.

"I know you don't. It wasn't to be expected. Nobody would unless I told them, which is unlikely. I fancy that my own mother wouldn't. I flatter myself that she would have no idea. Where are your matches, if you please? Oh! here they are, thank you; smoke with a trouble you? Ah! not at all? I'm glad to hear it. I'll light up then. As I was saying, I have taken every precaution in dress, just as requested, to prevent me from being recognized, and I am too cute, I can assure you, to let any thing in my behavior betray to any body that I am—"

"Mr. Filkins?" so Ernest quietly completed the sentence.

"I'll be hanged!" was the explosive reply of the stranger as he started to his feet. "Beckford, I believe you can see as sharp as a lynx!"

"Oh, sharper!" said Ernest, "considerably sharper; for the lynx, not being, as is supposed, blessed with even a district school education, would be unable to read those graceful characters marked on that cigar-holder which represent your name."

"Well! I'm flummixed—you'll excuse the phrase," answered little Filkins, in a dejected manner (for it was he). "Really, I did my best. At the request of the partners I came here in strict incog., as I thought. They told me not to make myself known to a soul till I had seen you; and now, I've gone and done it. Oh, it's mighty pretty of me, but it's just my way. Every thing's kicked over, I suppose, by that cursed holder."

"Oh no; I guess not. You mustn't be desponding about that. Nobody has seen it but me. What possessed you to come in this way, though?"

"Well, you see, I've got a cousin, a theatre costumer, up in Broome Street, and when the old gentleman, Mr. Jas. Clingham, told me he had a secret mission to send me on to you, and he wanted me to get a modest and appropriate disguise, I went up to Broome Street, and says I to Augustus, what would be nice and proper? We consulted between ourselves, and for a while I was uncertain in my mind if I wouldn't be a Cavalier of Madrid of the 15th century or the 5th, somewhere along there, something with a five in it any way. My! wouldn't I have had a blessed looking pair of legs! Boots you could have put a leaf of bread in, and spurs on 'em, red thighs and a ruff like a door-mat, with no end to cloak. And a hat—Lor', such a hat, and such feathers! But Augustus said he'd agreed to let a man have that for a forty-half, and he would be along for it about dinner-time. So I had to take what I could get. He gave me my pick out of the rest, so I took Falstaff's stomach, hair, beard, and breeches; and as to hat, cloak, and boots, why, I'm an Italian murderer, you see. Rich, ain't it? but hot—awful hot, for June, I can tell you! I almost wish I hadn't taken any stomach. But I'm here now, thank fortune, and I don't think I'm found out. Can I strip?"

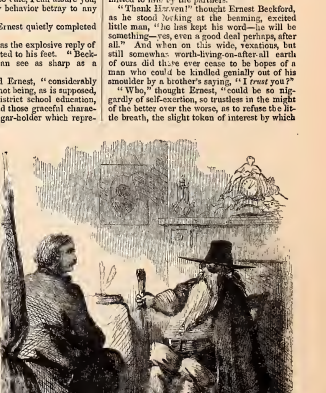
Mr. Beckford gave the voluble youth the permission he asked, as any one not unusually destitute of the emotion of compassion would have been constrained to do, seeing that it was June, as he said—and not cool for that month either—and then said:

"But your errand, Mr. Filkins? You told me, I believe, that the partner sent you. Excuse my haste, but I'm anxious to know the message that has caused so much labor on your part."

Little Filkins had by this time divested himself of all of his disguise but the pendenous stomach; and while there was still enough in his outward appearance that was very ludicrous, the desire to laugh at the little man and his deep sense of responsibility (sense of responsibility *in* killing fancy in a little man), was checked in Ernest by his perceiving, with sincerest gladness, how much evidence of a new life there was in that now rosy, healthy face of his, which had shortly ago been so mottled and haggard; and how deep a pleasure it afforded him to have had his reformation noticed, to have had a *trust* committed to him by the partners.

"Thank Heaven!" thought Ernest Beckford, as he stood looking at the beaming, excited little man, "he has kept his word—he will be something—yes, even a good deal perhaps, after all." And when on this wide, vexatious, but still somewhat worth-living-on-after-all earth of ours did there ever cease to be hopes of a man who could be kindled genially out of his smoulder by a brother's saying, "I *trust* you?"

"Who," thought Ernest, "could be so niggardly of self-exertion, so trustless in the might of the better over the worse, as to refuse the little breath, the slight token of interest by which



"YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM?"

I was so happy as to give this little creature his first lift out of the mire? And what an ample reward for ten-fold more pains is it to see this small Fikins raised nitetly out of his smallness by having even some little thing to do, and being so anxious to do it as well as possible? Probably few men would have labored more assiduously to make themselves worthy of that office down to the last particular of dress, had they been sent on a special embassage to the moon."

"You ask me what is my errand to you?" said little Fikins, dropping his tone into the very abyss of awful mystery. "Are you sure," he added in the same voice, "that the inhabitants of this house are perfectly to be trusted? No children who get under beds? Little Boy Blues who themselves into closets? Girls that listen at keyholes? Then grant me your ear for a moment, while I speak my mission."

The most irresistibly comic stage sublimity, learned from some popular actor of the Cockney story and musical school, characterized little Fikins's manner as he drew Ernest into the farther corner from the window, and uttered in a hoarse whisper, glancing at the same time cautiously over his shoulder, the words,

"Make the best of your time. Things here are ripening fast!"

"There," added little Fikins, resuming his natural tone, "now I feel comfortable! For the first time since I left New York I experience the emotion of hunger. At the half-way station I secured and momentarily stowed a stewed oysters c. a ham sandwich. But I shuddered at the idea. Can you eat when there's any great duty on your mind? I can not. Responsibility is such a weight! All the way up I kept saying to myself, now I mustn't write a word, I mustn't breathe it to a soul, I must keep it in my head. If I get to napping I shall talk in my sleep so the man in a berth just over my pillow can hear and let it out. By-and-by the car wheels seemed to say it; they kept grinding it out in their monotonous way all into lengths, "Make the—best of your—time," etc., and I actually got scared. Isn't it a splendid sentence, though? It sounds just as if it was taken bodily right out of the dramatic version of Nobbs's Six-Barrelled-Revolver-Maker of Science! How Forrest would roll it off, hah? You're the pit, I'm Forrest—listen! I come up through a hole in the floor; a preparatory peal of thunder and green lights shown my head, and speaking in a low voice that is almost audible silence say:

"Make the best of your time. Things be-r-r-r-e a-r-r-r-e r-r-r-ipening fa-ssssst!" Lord! what an opening to roll the r's for a man that had the guilt! That's too—like the ghost of doom. Now just fancy who composed that! It was old Clingham, the head of the firm. I knew he had taken an discount, was great on interest, had views of his own on tariff; but, by Jupiter! I didn't know he had such a genius for tragedy! He came to me and repeated that sentence to me till I learned it; and when he said he should trust to my good sense to keep it, keep from saying to him, 'You cry; put it on paper, with some more like it, and *fame is yours!*'"

"Do you know what I mean?" asked Beckford, with a good-humored smile.

"No indeed! How should I?" was the voluble reply of the enthusiastic little Fikins. "Why care to know! I'm in possession of these facts: First, that I have a trust bestowed upon me—*that* involves responsibility; second, that it is confidential from the head of our firm—*that* demands silence, unquestioning silence; third, that it is the language of sublime tragedy—*that* calls for all-satisfying; this calls forth the spontaneous admiration of the soul. Make the best use of what I can? Don't know. What is signified here? I hope you know. I haven't the slightest idea. All I care to know is that I have a tragic genius that would have made old Clingham a second Shakspeare, and I how to genius. That's all. I tell you, remembrance is the weight! Can I put this stomach under the bed?"

"Oh, certainly. Sit down and rest you, and read some of the books on the table there by you, and excuse me for a moment while I look over some business I must attend to. Tragic as you're kind enough to hope, what your message means, and I'm very much obliged to you for it. Excuse me just at the right time."

It will perhaps somewhat appall sober and well-balanced minds to learn that just at the very moment that this most solemn and tragic mission of time-preserving fell upon the ear of Ernest Beckford he settled the question, pro Todds or contra Todds, by definitely resolving to accept that eminent person's invitation. Whisky and lemons are generally conceived as more particularly conservative of themselves, or other vegetable products, than either of time or equilibrium. Yet there was a young man who could think of no better way of economizing one whole mortal evening than by drinking it to the unanimability of gentlemen who knew no other possible pickle for their hours of leisure. And it is not to be wondered at if the mild sober and well-balanced minds express themselves in view of this decision somewhat thus: "I wouldn't have thought that of you, Beckford!" But this quiet decision, it occur, in spite of that fresh, almost yet echoing message from the partners, "Make the best use of your time."

Mr. Fikins having disposed of his heard, and no longer feigning a stomach when he had it not, waxed more and more comfortable over the thought of his discharged responsibility, and stretched himself over several chairs. With a pictorial London Almanac in his hand, and a smile of satisfaction upon his face, he seemed on the border of sailing sabeep as was natural after such exhausting exercise as much travel, talking, and, above all, responsibility had afforded him.

In the mean time Ernest Beckford unlocked the door of his secretary and took out a brand quarto, marked on the back "Letters." He turned over page after page of the MSS., and at last, settling on the particular copy that he wanted, he read—it was the letter he had sent by little Fikins to Clingham & Co.—as follows:

"If there be ever any message you wish to send me, please consider me as coming man to bring it—and let the trust which you repose in him be *marked* and *flattering*. He has various qualities in him—he is faithful at heart—he needs only to be encouraged. Let him be made to feel *great responsibility*."

And as he looked furtively over at Fikins, and he held how this little paragraph had been well-spent—how, if one more such paragraph, agriculturally, it had already grown up and blossomed into the first chapter of a new life—all the gentlemanly of his circumstances fell off like a dissolving mist from little Fikins under the sun of that eye or kindness, and he sat there, stretched at Ernest, the human expression of much Heavenly reward to faithful-hearted labor—the man only, though the little one, and in nowise the thing to be laughed at, seemed down, or unloved. For as Herr Teufelsdröck has illustrated to us, there is a great and godlike philosophy in dressing in clothes together shines through clothes and comes at souls.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1860.

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RAILWAY MORTGAGES.

EVENTS point to some new understanding on the subject of railway mortgages. Mortgages on the best roads in the country are falling due, and not being paid. In some cases the creditors talk of foreclosure; in most they are content to stand aside, and see what their debtors propose and what their creditors accept. Both creditors and debtors seem to expect that some new principle on the subject of railway mortgages will be presently proposed, and some decision be reached.

The subject lies in a nut-shell. During the railway-building era—which may be said to have commenced in 1845, and to have culminated in 1856—every railroad company in the country borrowed money, and gave its bonds—secured by a mortgage on the road—in return for the loan. These bonds were issued for two respects. They were almost invariably made payable within five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years, and they were issued in large numbers—the looseness. Still, at the time they were made, such was the general confidence in the railway system, and such the public desire to become possessors of railway bonds, that, on the one hand, all sorts of people bought mortgage bonds on railroads, without ever inquiring into their legality; and, on the other hand, railway companies issued bonds maturing within a few years, without ever asking themselves how they were to be paid. It is to now that we are reaping the fruit of these errors.

Last year the second mortgage bonds of the Erie Railroad fell due. This year (1860) $21,000,000 of bonds of the same road fall due, this section of the country mature. Next year (1861) the amount of bonds maturing in our section is $19,000,000. None of these bonds can be paid. None of the railway companies earn money enough to pay their bonded debt out of their earnings. If any of their managers ever expected they would earn money enough to do so they knew very little about railroads. Experience has proved that, when a well-situated and well-managed railroad in this part of the country has paid its working expenses, its construction and repairs account, the interest on its debt, and a fair return to its stockholders, it can not expect to have any thing left. Very few of our roads, in fact, can do as well as this. As to paying off mortgage debts out of earnings, the thing is out of the question, save in the rare cases of the Panama, the Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati, and one or two other roads, which started with a very small debt and a very large and prosperous business.

The practical question now before the public is—How is this difficulty to be met? The various railroad companies of the Northern and West have issued promises to pay which they can not redeem at maturity. What course should be pursued by the creditors? What by the debtors?

There are examples before us. The late President of the Erie Railroad, finding it impossible to pay off his second mortgage bonds at maturity, issued new sheets of coupons payable in five years, which have been accepted by the holders of the bonds. The Directors of the Hudson River propose to give their second mortgage bondholders, whose bonds mature this year, new bonds, bearing a second mortgage, secured by a similar fund, and payable in five years. The rectors of the Michigan Southern offer the holders of their first mortgage bonds, maturing in November next, new bonds, with some twenty-five years to run; likewise secured by a sinking fund and first general mortgage. Other similar schemes are proposed by other railroads in the like predicament.

In discussing these plans it is safe to start with the proposition that if the railroads can be made to pay their bonds, they should at once be used for the amount. Forbearance, in such a case, would be folly. But can the railroads be made to pay?

There is but one plan by which the various railroad companies whose bonds are now maturing could voluntarily raise money to meet them; and that is by the sale of new bonds. But, in the first place, railroad property has fallen into such disrepute that very few railroad bonds are salable at all. Undoubted bonds, guaranteed by the State of Missouri, bearing seven per cent. interest, and as binding on the State as the regular State issues, can not be sold at a discount of 25 cents on the dollar. The public, in fact, has had enough of railway bonds, and don't want any more. Even if new railway bonds could be sold, they could only be disposed of at a price which would inevitably involve the company which made it in trouble, if not in ruin. No railroad company in this section of the country offered to throw away three or four hundred thousand dollars in a negotiation of bonds without risking a receivership. Better default on the bonds at once than attempt to negotiate them at such a rate. In a word, it is impossible for railroad companies, whose bonds are now maturing, to meet them out of out of their earnings or out of the proceeds of sales of new bonds.

The only resource left, under the law, is for the creditors to proceed by foreclosure. It is important to any mortgage creditor to foreclose his mortgage, and to have the road sold under the forms of law. Whether this be an advisable course is a doubtful question. No public man will embark in doubtful litigation if he can possibly avoid it. And we are bound to say that, of all the lawsuits which may seem to invite doubt and litigation, a suit for the foreclosure of a railway mortgage bond, drawn ten years ago, is the most doubtful and uncertain.

Very many of the railway bonds of that date are, on the face of them, null and void by reason of looseness and informality. Others are open to grave cavil, and if opposed by shrewd lawyers might be disputed for many years. It is, in fact, only within a very brief period that legal accuracy has been introduced into these instruments; and even now there are many mooted questions on the decision of which the validity of bonds commanding high prices in our market wholly depends. Some railway mortgages in this State were foreclosed ten years ago, and the creditors, who have never touched a cent of interest since the foreclosure, are as far from obtaining their money as ever. In the West it is far worse. Some States have enacted laws apparently with the sole view of enabling debtors to cheat their creditors; to foreclose a mortgage and continue the road in Wisconsin, Illinois, or Iowa is the next easiest thing to damming up Niagara with a broomstick. In a word, a railway mortgage bond has been issued, and who seeks to recover the amount from the company by legal process, must make up his mind to many years of litigation at a cost which must be enormous, and with a prospect which at best is doubtful and uncertain.

Reverting, then, to the question above put—How are the bonds which are made to pay their maturing bonds?—we find that they can not do so voluntarily, and that they can not be compelled to pay money out of court without a course of litigation which few prudent men will encounter. What is the next best thing to be tried?

Several of the roads ask nothing but delay. The Erie proposes to pay enough to do which it can not pay in 1859 or 1860. The Michigan Southern asks a few more; so do other roads. But it is clear that the owners of these roads will be better able to pay then than now? Evidently none at all. The practice in the United States has been to build railroads for the sale of developing the country—hence three roads have been built where there was hardly business for one. That practice will not be abandoned. As soon as the present depression has been overcome, railroad building will again be revived, and every town, county, and village in the country will have a railroad running through it. Channels of communication will increase in the ratio of the square of the increase of population and settlement. The most that can be hoped is that some dividend-paying roads will continue to be profitable, and that some companies new temporarily depressed will recover themselves and resume their old place among dividend-paying concerns. But to expect that railroad companies which can not begin to pay their bonded debts now will be better able to do so five or ten or fifteen years hence, is to shut one's eyes to the inevitable tendency of our habits, and to the irresistible progress of enterprise.

We are thus driven to conclude that the most available and least troublesome course for railways and their bended creditors to pursue, is to postpone indefinitely the redemption of their bonds. In principle, it must be admitted that this plan is wrong. Engagements, whether made by individuals or by corporations, should be fulfilled at all hazards. But in practice, the renewal, for an indefinite period, of railway bonds, presents fewer difficulties than any other course of dealing with them. This is the method usually adopted with mortgages on real estate, which, though invariably limited for a term of years, are seldom redeemed at maturity. Nor is this plan intrinsically unjust to the *bona fide* holder of railway bonds. Speculators often buy bonds with a view to making a profit on their redemption at par. But the people, when they buy them, take them as investments. Their object is not to make a profit by an advance on their original cost but to secure a permanent income. The longer the bond, the better it suits them. They don't want the principal; to pay it to them would merely put them to the trouble of seeking out investments and turning fresh risks. So long as the stipulated income is paid, their object is attained, and practically they have no cause for complaint.

We are inclined to think that the great body of railway creditors will eventually acquiesce in the expediency of this course. Litigious persons and spendthrifts will, of course, spend money in foreclosures; but, unless we are much mistaken, experience will not justify the wisdom of these parties, as a general rule, and these creditors will fare best who, looking merely to the practical point—the annual income—make no complaint so long as that is regularly forthcoming, and divide their bonds into shares, for all practical intents and purposes, irredeemable.

THE TERRITORY OF ARIZONA.

We hear that the Mexican Governor of Sonora has made suitable explanations to our representatives on the Pacific, and that the blockade of Guaymas has been raised. So far as it goes this is satisfactory. Guaymas is the natural sea-port of Arizona, and for the sake of the Arizonians it should be kept open.

But it will not do to disguise the fact that, as matters stand, our fellow-citizens residing in the territory of Arizona are practically dependent upon the good-will of a guerrilla chief for their only communication with the outside world. We call the Governor of Sonora a guerrilla chief; he acknowledges no dependence on any Mexican Government, and is politically and emphatically a guerrilla. We call the Guaymas port the only exit from Arizona; there is another, it is true, viz. Texas, but as it involves a month's journey across the plains, it does not deserve to be considered a natural outlet for Arizona, any more than the ports on Hudson's Bay are outlets for New York. The natural port of Arizona is Guaymas, and for permission to use that our countrymen are indebted, as we said above, to the good-will of a guerrilla chief.

By the treaties concluded between the representative of the United States and the Juarez Government in Mexico, a perpetual right of transit between Arizona and Guaymas is secured to the United States. That treaty, however, has not, in the first place, been ratified by the United States Senate, and there is reason to believe that the Republican Senators will oppose it on party grounds, lest the Democrats should derive benefit from its ratification; and, in the second place, until the United States interfere openly with arms in the affairs of Mexico, the Juarez Government can grant no valid rights in that country. Juarez promise what it pleases, but it can fulfill nothing.

The condition of our fellow-citizens in Arizona reflects no credit on the Government of the United States.

THE LOUNGER.

MACAULAY.

How fast our celebrated men have been dropping from our sight! Humboldt has long was old men, and in the order of nature calmly passed away; but Macaulay was not old; he was of an age when we expect to see a man who has not abused his powers giving us the fruits of his ripened experience and digested knowledge. Macaulay, indeed, was doing it, and in the best and most characteristic way. For his power was that of a dramatic historian—an analyst. His best essays are his historic essays; and the best part of his purely literary sketches of famous books and people is his account of the times in which they lived and their position in them, with a general estimate of character.

Thus his famous but early review of Milton is as poor a piece of literary criticism, as such, as we shall easily find; but it is a masterly sketch of the circumstances of the time in which the poet lived. The same is true of the article on Bacon. For Macaulay can not be called a great thinker, and no one who is not can be a great critic of thought. Compare, for instance, Carlyle's "Reviews," as they are called, with Macaulay's. Read the papers of the former upon Burns, Scott, Goethe, Richter, and Johnson, and place them by Macaulay's Addison, Bacon, Addison, or Miss Burney. The latter are purely personal sketches, single figures projected against the times in which they lived, which also under the descriptive touch of the writer; but the former are estimates of intellectual power and significance. Enough of the times is drawn to give interest and color; but it is a matter of philosophical analysis, not of historical description.

Macaulay's finest passages all show the bent of his mind. Probably the trial scene in the "Warren Hastings" is the most famous and memorable illustration of his peculiar literary power. And it is this gift—an instinct for history, so to speak, developed by a remarkably trained, acute, and judicial memory and faculty of acquirement, and expressing itself in a curiously elaborate, antithetical, and luminous style—which has made him pre-eminently the popular English historian. Probably he was as important as historians ever can be, for that kind of importance, which is very rare, proposed to be the highest excellence of a historian, is simply impossible. A man's sympathies are not under his control, and they necessarily narrow with every year. He need not take a side in obsolete quarrels; but if he write honestly he can not help, directly or indirectly, expressing or implying a side. Macaulay's style, which is so praised and has been so much imitated, is, in a word, too. He hardly be called one of the great, original, English styles, like Taylor's, and Sir Thomas Brown's, Bacon's, Milton's, Addison's, Johnson's, Goldsmith's, Lamb's, and Carlyle's. It is more popular and intelligible, perhaps, than any of these; and indeed Macaulay will stand among English prose writers much as Pope does among the poets. Every body will concede how clear and adequate and finished his work is—and that is, perhaps, enough just now.

BARBARIC.

ONE of the inconveniences of a newly-settled country like ours is the loss or oversight of individuality. This shows itself among us in different and very amusing ways—sometimes also in ways not so amusing. Our very hotels—great pandemoniums of comfort and luxury—are so full of inmates are a population swarming all over the stairs, through halls, and in the vestibules, crowding, jostling, crowding, hurrying—hasty as bees in a hive, and as little individual. A guest arrives, is registered, is room-ed—takes his key and his candle, and leaves his name in pledge at the office. He is no longer Smith, or even Jones; he is number ten, number seven hundred and forty-nine.

So at table, at the great ordinary, he seats himself, and the national fried beefsteak, swimming in grease—the national mud-slop called coffee, and the national "sauce" are swiftly and noisily "dumped" before him. Solemnly he accepts and silently gulps—solemnly he draws to himself the national pie and silently bolts; and having made sure of a good dyspepsia, in the shortest possible time, he rises and departs.

This comes, of course, from the neighborhood of Indians and savages. And if you have the least doubt of it listen to that frightful crash which at early dawn startles the whole house, with its five hundred inhabitants, and neutralizes by its sudden shock any benefit they may have derived from sleep. That is the proper—all Indian—method of individual, and immediately prefiguring that gnashing of teeth which some of us may have good reason for not wishing to think of. Yet, what is the gong is Chinese. Suppose it is, are the Chinese civilized? How about the feet of Ahong May? The mere knowledge of things is not civilization. Do we not know that the sleepy mud which does duty upon our tables as coffee is abominable? Yet do we not drink it sedately? Do you call that civilization? Knowledge turned to improvement is civilization, as when, having once been amazed by a gong, you resolve that the head of the next man who strikes a gong while you are sleeping shall pay the penalty. That is civilization in its enlarged and generous sense.

Have we sufficiently reflected what an outrage this crashing of gongs is? Every one of the cases of which there are sure to be a score in every large hotel. First, there are those who are naturally ill, and to whom sudden and loud noises are fatal risks. Then there are the chronically nervous people to whom such a hideous tumult is a cruel pang. Of course people ought not to be nervous—but why do have them; and you may be sure gongs will not cure them. Then there are the people who are wearied and harassed, and are not composed to sleep until a late hour of the night or an early one of the morning. Then the arrivals by the late boat and midnight train, who think they be startled and confounded in their very first nap? Is there no mercy here? Suppose gongs are Chinese, we are sure we are American, and one of the indefeasible rights of man is to have his nap out.

It springs, of course, from the same want of individual respect that leads people in cars deliberately to lean against your—to go to sleep, if they can, on your shoulders, and in hotels to slam their doors, and sing and whistle and shout at all hours in the passages—to fling their boots down at the doors of their rooms, as if nobody else had any rights of quiet and comfort because you have arrived and have taken a room.

Now, since the gong is determined to have us all up, why may we not turn to and put it down that we may turn in in peace? People wake themselves up at home, or are quietly called—why may not the same thing be true of the hotels? In prisons, where offenders against the public peace are sent for punishment, you may, with some show of justice, add the severity of a universal waking by the gong. But even there it is questionable whether an action might not lie for cruel and unusual punishment.

WHOSE FAULT?

It is decided apparently that the building fell because one iron pillar was not strong enough. Rather the constant jar, or the gross weight—not the weakness of the walls or the quicksand beneath—overcame the resistance of one fatal column, and the whole came down.

Of course in the first moments of such a horrible catastrophe there is a loud cry, first for the occasion, then for the responsible. Whose fault was it? Who ought to have known the weak spots and guarded against them? Or if there is a void of indignation mingled with that of sympathy and horror. "The owners are responsible, or the builders, or the architect, or somebody. Surely somebody must have known, or heard, or suspected. Great buildings do not come down on the run, and nobody in the world knew any thing about it. There is foul play somewhere. Concealment itself is foul play. Ignorance is crime, in such a matter. Nobody had a right not to know. Nobody is free, and is always criminal. Great manufacturers are great assassins. Every mill is a possible beartrap. Let's have the responsible, the responsible, and bulletin straightway hung for murder."

It is natural. It is often enough reasonable; but it is not always. There is a limit to human prevision and the possibilities of caution. We have no particular right in this country, when human life is at stake, to be less careful than we are strongly, but it is still true. There may be a weakness of material produced by mechanical and chemical action. Thus cleanness is for very accurately computed. But sometimes the calculation may be faulty and some unexpected force, or combination of certain jar incessantly or periodically continued, may, probably will, produce certain results. That may be a very delicate inquiry, and perhaps which for the particular piece of metal has had the dangerous amount of jar.

The point is that we have no right to impute criminality or criminal negligence too impetuously. If, for instance, any body seriously interested in the Pemberton mill, fell behind or had undertaken the least suspicion that they could not stand, it is not one of the cases in which he would have run for luck, because it would have meant ruin and loss, and at any moment. He would have insisted upon a thorough examination, a thing which every day takes place. If he did not, it is probable, if there had been any such insinuation, freely circulated, it would not have come to the ears of those responsible for the work, or have made sure of the facts. That there were some people who did say that the building was weak, who complained that the water would undermine the foundations, that the walls were weak, etc., etc., may be very true. But the mere fact of such talk does not make it necessarily strong (at least up to this moment of writing), and the foundations seem to be unshaken still. It is the true course to wait for the work.

Moreover, suspicions of large new buildings are universal. Scarcely a hill is built any where that heads are not shaken, and it will probably continue for some day. There is to be some fatal night when we shall see what we shall see; and a great many worthy people avoid the hall until time has proved its stability.

If any body thinks a building is weak, he has no right to be silent. He has no right to feel his complaint by telling the owner or the tenant that he thinks so. It is not a private but a public matter.

If a great building, like the Pemberton, or a hotel, a railway dépôt, is suspected, it is something in which we are all interested; and the least suspicion that the hotel is unsafe, that the building likely to tumble down is the worst kind of nuisance; and a man should have no glory who cause farming, after he has fallen and crushed people's houses of human beings, shaking his head wisely, and saying, "I knew it would, and you so. I knew all about it. I saw that the mortar was all sand, and the timber rotten, and that it was bound to come all in a heap, and right down."

If you did know all this, Sir, and held your tongue, you are the responsible man we are looking for. And if between the time when the interested persons, they did not attend to you, why did you not go to the authorities and complain?

"It was none of my business."

Why, what is the business of any citizen but the public safety? What man would not be anxious, merely as a citizen, if he knew that his house or store he has built should be sealed by official authority as secure. It is not so difficult or incoherent a thing to have a building officially tested, especially when they are in course of erection, and then, if ever, the suspicion of danger is reported, come after the event prove either too much or nothing; that is, they show that they were not strong enough, and the persons who told them, because if they were they would be savages if they held their tongues, or they show that the persons concerned thought they might be savages and yet honest citizens.

Of course, if it shall be established at Lawrence that the mill was built without regard to the law, the guilt must lie upon those who had the knowledge; and upon them the punishment also should fall.

OFF THE TRACK.

THE rule is exactly the same in railway accidents. Some must be accounted unavoidable. For instance, when a piece of iron that has been tested suddenly cracks, snaps, and throws the train over, it can not be said indeed that lives need be lost, because, if the train had been proceeding at the rate of a mile an hour, life would not have been lost although the iron did snap. But there are certain chances—certain risks, and all we can justly insist upon is the most stringent care.

Such care, for instance, as was most distinctly not shown in either of the late accidents upon the Hudson or Harlem roads. A crossing gate, into a tunnel, stops for a moment, and another train goes in, and, in the obscurity, dashes directly upon the first train. It is as criminally careless as to let a child fall out of a window. No train any where should be allowed to run so closely to another that a man might not have time to go back a mile to give warning. The question does not admit of debate. The persons who arranged the time-table are as clearly responsible as men can be for any event; because, according to the statement, there was not time to stop the following train even had it been attempted.

On the Hudson road the same kind of carelessness caused the terrible disaster. Apparently there was time to warn the following train, but nobody thought it a matter of vital importance. The flagman was not there. "I thought you, I might, I suppose, have gone faster; I might have gone to the curve." The conductor, it appears, had sent him, and perhaps he was attending to his work. But every traveler by railway ought to remember that, if he is in danger when the train is moving, he is in equal danger when it stops out of place. And every conductor ought certainly to inform the passengers what causes the detention—and he is supposed to then that they are much safer out of the cars than in them. Half—perhaps nine-tenths of all the railway accidents are avoidable; and it is a matter of public interest and congratulation that Mr. W. J. A. Fuller, who was chief of the Brooklyn bridge near Prospect Park last summer, is steadily pushing his criminal suit against the Company.

There has been great improvement in this matter within a few years. The Norwalk tragedy was a culmination of horrors, and greater care has multiplied since that time. But the crossings on the Hudson road shows how useless the strictest care of the superior authorities may be. The Company, we will suppose, offer the conductor a secure safety at all hazards. The train is stopped on the way, and the conductor orders the flagman to signal the approaching train. He signals the next flagman—or thinks he does—or means to—or doesn't. The next flagman does or does not see; but in either case he is not there to signal. The Company to be blamed—or the conductor? Surely not. It is a most melancholy result of indifference or negligence, for which neither, we, or neither could be responsible. There must be subordinates. The subordinates must have a certain latitude of action in the immediate interests of the conductor. They may be thoughtless, reckless, and the result.

Undoubtedly such carelessness ought to be made penal in the severest manner. At such a moment the flagman is responsible, and with the lives of the lives of all the passengers, and his penalty should be in the degree of the responsibility.

However, we must, in fairness, allow that, when we consider the thousands of persons who are travelling by rail at almost all hours of the day and night, the number of accidents is really very small, notwithstanding the terrible computation of the Professor who reduced to statistical tables the average chances of injury in railway travel. Scarcely a train goes without an express agent, and that unhappy man owes, by the laws of statistics, his gaps, and yet he is in the justification of the doctrine of chances. Yet there is also the chance that you and not he may happen to be the victim. And, on the whole, it is not a branch of statistics particularly well worth studying.

PUBLIC HALLS OVERHAUNED.

In there a good deal of "ghost lore? Is it sometimes crowded at concerts, fairs, Sunday-school festivals, lectures, and other assemblies? If it takes place in the evening, is it lighted? When the audience retires in the most orderly manner, does it take ten or twenty minutes, or more, to empty the room? In case of panic, how soon would it be emptied, do you think? Or do halls never burn in your town?

A Lounger will not, I trust, leave the world looking and meditating can not help seeing a great many halls of the kind that would secure the destruction of the audience, and that would create a panic. How is it in New Bedford? How in New London? How in Troy? In Auburn? In Rochester, even with the Corinthian Hall? In Providence? In Salem? In Philadelphia? In Buffalo? Well, the fact is that the public hall is not really a trap? The first necessity of a theatre is an adequate egress, because a theatre is considered to be peculiarly exposed, and because the panic, in case of alarm, is certain. But the chances in almost any theatre, even without such facilities as are provided in the New York and Boston houses, are more favorable to the safety of the audience than in most halls. Suppose, for instance, that it were decided to transform the deserted Hall of Washington." The hall will be packed as full as possible. You and your wife, your aunt, your cousin Mary, and your little Johnny, go there. You have secured capital seats in the middle of the hall; you are all attention; the center is all eyes and ears, and suddenly, without warning, "Fire! fire" Think of it! It is certainly very possible; and you remember that the only egress for all the masses of people is the broad door and staircase at the end of the hall. What is the chance that your wife will escape to enjoy the proceeds of the insurance upon your life?

This is all very possible, without any foolish apprehension at all; and why do you "stand it?" Why do you and your neighbors and the whole town consent to run this terrible risk, when it might be so easily avoided? Suppose the catastrophe occurs; who is to blame? It is not to be put off upon panics, and panics are not foolish people in general. You went with a full knowledge of the dangerous risk; you took your family with you. You knew that if any thing happened you would suffer; your remonstrance and that of your neighbors could have prevented it, and if you and them the responsibility falls and must remain.

Such a hall is as much a nuisance as a shaky building, and ought to be indicted. You ought to be willing to serve a year in the town council that you may introduce a bill requiring certain facilities of egress from every large room designed to be used as a place of public assembly. No such hall ought to be allowed to be upon the third floor, for instance, or so situated that only two or three small doors at the ends are possible; and if no private person would put up a hall under such restrictions in common sense indicates to be necessary for the public security, then let it be erected by the town. No hall is very valuable property, and it ought, if it be a public expense, if the proper chances of safety can be secured in no other way.

In the city of Hudson, where there is a large and business hall for various purposes, the exposure of life is so clearly perceived that measures are to be taken to remedy the difficulty. And yet the hall in Hudson is not more dangerous than the halls in scores of other cities. But the people in that city are going to lock the door before the horse is stolen, and they are not frightened out of their resolution by hearing that the horse is not to be stolen. That is perfectly easy to say before the theft.

REAL PROFILE IN NOVELS.

ONE of the most celebrated of living novelists once wrote an exquisite paper in the style of the "Tatler," and the essayist upon a lady whom he had seen in Kensington. Her portrait was with a quaint grace, with no offensive personality or cynicism, and with a tender honesty of admiration of which any woman might be proud. Yet its amusement she was indignant—her husband was indignant—her parents were indignant—the circle of friends was indignant—the entire naturalness of it was left—to smile at the absurdity of mankind.

Another famous novelist, Mr. Dickens, has been necessarily accused of "showing up" various people. When "Nicholas Nickleby" was published, half a hundred schoolmasters in Yorkshire indignantly declared that they had been satirized and indicted by Mr. Dickens. If "Vanity Fair" work's not the ground so fast?" When "Bleak House" was published, it was currently rumored that Chancery suit was the original of Jarndyce. A kind of any confusion of moral distinctions, and a merry magic by which times always become a common commentary upon intellectual lightness which masked as boyish ignorance and romantic sentiment—a knavish subtlety, in fact, were said to be recognizable in the "Ladies' Club Hunt. It was so cruel and incredible that it could not be true. Charles Dickens, the pet of the Anglo-Saxon world, the cause of the great popular literature, and the great successor of Walter Scott, in the very fibrous and fame of his genius, fame, and success, could so merely malign the man who had grown old in literature, admired and loved by his children, who was known to the world, always poor, yet always loyal in life and lovely in nature—then Charles Dickens was not the man the world had taken him for.

To state the case was to decide it. It was not so. How, or why, or what it was would some time appear; and it has appeared, and in a late number of *All the Year Round* Mr. Charles Dickens says:

"*Year* or five years ago the writer of these lines was much pelted by accidentally encountering a printed statement that Leigh Hunt was the original of Harold Skimpole in "Bleak House." The writer of these lines is the author of that book. The statement came from America. It is dangerous to that country, in which the writer has, perhaps, so many friends and so from an interest in any man that lives, gratuitously to state the fact that he has, now and then, been the subject of paragraphs in sensationalist newspapers more surprised destitute of all foundation. He will state the wildest decisions of the wildest lessons. For instance, it has been stated that Mr. Dickens, Jr. But since Mr. Leigh Hunt's death the statement has been revived in Europe. The delicacy of mind of friends in its revival are for the better take consideration of its revivers. This fact is this: Exactly those graces and charms of manner which endeared him to the world we have quoted were remembered by the author of the sketch of Skimpole, and which, in that sketch, appear in question. Above all other things, that 'sort of gay and sanguine temperament' in the character of a sitter which had many time delighted him, and impressed him as being unspeakably whimsical and attractive, was the very quality which for the most part interested. Partly for this reason, and partly for his nature often pleased to indicate the disease it affected him to think of that delightful manner reproducing itself under his hand, he yielded to the temptation to make Skimpole the character speak like his old friend. He no more thought, and forgot that the author of the sketch was the unknown Academy, model who not for long ago by the picture. Even as to the more essential matters he was to be so cautious and conscientious that he privately referred the geniality of the first number of that book to two intimate literary friends of Leigh Hunt (both still living), and altered the whole of that part of the text on their discovering too strong a resemblance to 'his way.'

"He can not see the way his fair wreath on the fancies, and, when he is in the midst of a crew thinking that the present words might have righted the author's sweet sweetness. Nevertheless, he can see know that his own way have to explain his failure in the folly or malice can wound his heart so more, and leave this task undone."

So is it constantly in novel-writing. Some traits—some facts, perhaps—some humorous or characteristic points are selected to be woven into entirely fictitious characters, and straightway every incident, and the whole character, are declared to have been drawn from life, and to be "showings up" of certain people.

Shall painters, therefore, draw legs without models?

HON. JOHN HICKMAN, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

JOHN HICKMAN, the representative in Congress from the *Sixth* Congressional District of Pennsylvania, was born on the 11th of September, 1810, in the Township of West Bradford, five miles west from the Borough of West Chester, the seat of justice for the old and populous County of Chester. He springs from a family of the same name long settled in the very centre, comprising his district, and principally distinguished as enterprising and successful agriculturists. In the year 1831 Mr. Hickman entered the law-office of the Hon. Townsend Haines, now President-Judge of the Fifteenth Judicial District of Pennsylvania; and after pursuing his studies for the prescribed period, was admitted to the bar on the 9th of April, 1833. He entered upon his life before his ma-

HON. JOHN HICKMAN, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

jority, casting his first vote with the Democratic party in 1831; supporting General Jackson in 1832; and adhering to the Democracy in all the national campaigns up to the present time. He was chosen a delegate to the Baltimore Convention which nominated James K. Polk, in 1844. Public attention was first drawn to him in this Convention as an eloquent and logical debater, and he is mentioned historically by Colonel Benton, in his work, "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," in connexion with the proceedings of the National Convention held at Baltimore in 1844.

After the nomination of Mr. Polk Mr. Hickman returned to his district, and entered into the struggle with enthusiasm. During the canvass he spoke on more than one hundred occasions. He received the Democratic nomination for Congress of his district in 1844, but party lines were then too closely drawn either for himself or friends to hope for an election—the district at that time being generally carried by the old Whig party, with a majority ranging from fifteen to eighteen hundred. In the early part of the year 1845 he was appointed by the Hon. John K. Kane Prosecuting Attorney for Chester County, a position he held with great distinction.

He entered into all the succeeding State and National campaigns with great vigor and earnestness. He labored energetically for the elevation of General Cass in 1848; and in 1852 equally so for General Pierce. In 1854 he was nominated by the Democracy of his district for Congress. The first impression was very decidedly against his election, because of the heavy opposition majority; but his opponent becoming entangled in a difficulty with a portion of his own party, the disaffected—many of whom were personal friends and admirers of Mr. Hickman—threw their votes for him, and elected him to Congress by a majority reaching very nearly to *three thousand!*

When the Kansas-Nebraska legislation—which included the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—was before the country, Mr. Hickman was opposed to it. He had at all times said if he had been in Congress he would have voted against that legislation, but before his election he took decided ground in opposition to the "restoration" of the Missouri line. He would have favored the extension of the Missouri line to the Pacific, but after its abrogation he accepted the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty as originally held by its advocates.

Mr. Hickman defended his old friend, Hon. A. H. Reeder, when his contested election came before the House of Representatives. Being a member of the Committee of Elections in the thirty-fourth Congress, the case of Governor Reeder was committed principally to his charge by the majority of that Committee. It was he who, on behalf of the Committee, asked for power to send for persons and papers, so as to lay bare to the country all the facts in regard to the frauds charged in the elections in Kansas; whence mainly came the voluminous report showing that the alleged frauds in that Territory were true in nearly every particular. Mr. Hickman was again renominated by the Democracy of his district, and re-elected to Congress in 1856.

While Mr. Buchanan was absent at the Court of St. James, Mr. Hickman declared in favor of him as the Democratic nominee for the next President, maintained this position until his nomination was secured at Cincinnati, in 1856, and entered into the canvass with enthusiasm.

It is well known that he has since had the misfortune, in common with many other members of the Democratic party, to disagree with Mr. Buchanan in regard to the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution. He took positive grounds against the Lecompton Constitution, opposed the English bill, and threw himself into direct antagonism to the National Administration. He came home to his constituents in 1858; was renominated for Congress in the autumn of that year by the Anti-Lecompton Democrats, and afterward by a portion of the Republican party. Both of the great parties in the district were rent in twain by this popularity. Three candidates were in the field, and Mr. Hickman, in a contest of unexampled bitterness, where every salient point was attacked, came forth successful from the encounter.

Mr. Hickman has fine social qualities, and is never happier than when in the midst of his associates. Public life is not his choice. Once out of his present prominent position he would never return to it voluntarily. He is recognized at home as a man of unpossessed courage, courteous toward his adversary, but unwilling to make a single concession by which the truth would fail to be vindicated. His powers as an orator, combined with close analytical and logical reasoning faculties, are freely admitted where he is best known.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "ARTHUR DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

LINCOLNSHIRE HOUSE.

November 27.—My forebodings are realized. The marriage is fixed for the twenty-third of December.

The day after we left for Polesdean Lodge, Sir Percival wrote, it seems, to Mr. Fairlie, to say that the necessary repairs and alterations in his house in Hampshire would occupy a much longer time in completion than he had originally anticipated. The proper estimates were to be submitted to him as soon as possible; and it would greatly facilitate his entering into definite arrangements with the workpeople if he could be informed of the exact period at which the wedding ceremony might be expected to take place. He could then make all his calculations in reference to time, besides writing the necessary apologies to friends who had been engaged to visit him that winter, and who could not, of course, be received when the house was in the hands of the workmen.

To this letter Mr. Fairlie had replied by requesting Sir Percival himself to suggest a day for the marriage, subject to Miss Fairlie's approval, which her guardian willingly undertook to do his best to obtain. Sir Percival wrote back by the next post, and proposed (in accordance with his own views and wishes from the first) the latter part of December—perhaps the twenty-third or twenty-fourth, or any other day that the lady and her guardian might prefer. The lady not being at hand to speak for herself, her guardian had decided, in her absence, on the earliest day mentioned—the twenty-third of December—and had written to recall us to Limmeridge in consequence.

After explaining these particulars to me at a private interview, yesterday, Mr. Fairlie suggested, in his most amiable manner, that I should open the necessary negotiations to-day. Feeling that resistance was useless, unless I could first obtain Laura's authority to make it, I consented to speak to her, but declared, at the same time, that I would on no consideration undertake to gain her consent to Sir Percival's wishes. Mr. Fairlie complimented me on my "excellent conscience," much as he would have complimented me, if we had been out walking, on my "excellent constitution," and seemed perfectly satisfied, so far, with having simply shifted one more family responsibility from his own shoulders to mine.

This morning I spoke to Laura as I had promised. The composure—I may almost say, the insensibility—which she has so strangely and so resolutely maintained ever since Sir Percival left us, was not proof against the shock of the news I had to tell her. She turned pale, and trembled violently.

"Not so soon!" she pleaded. "Oh, Marian, not so soon!"

The slightest hint she could give was enough for me. I rose to leave the room, and fight her battle for her as usual with Mr. Fairlie.

Just as my hand was on the door she caught fast hold of my dress, and stopped me.

"Let me go!" I said. "My tongue burns to tell your uncle that he and Sir Percival are not to have it all their own way."

She sighed bitterly, and still held my dress.

"No!" she said, faintly. "Too late, Marian—too late!"

"Not a minute too late," I retorted. "The question of time is *our* question—and trust me, Laura, to take a woman's full advantage of it."

I unclasped her hand from my gown while I spoke; but she slipped both her arms round my waist at the same moment, and held me more effectually than ever.

"It will only involve us in more trouble and more confusion," she said. "It will set you and my uncle at variance, and bring Sir Percival here again with fresh causes of complaint—"

"So much the better!" I cried out, passionately. "Who cares for his causes of complaint? Are you to break your heart to set his mind at ease? No man under heaven deserves these sacrifices from us women. Men! They are the enemies of our innocence and our peace—they drag us away from our parents' love and our sisters' friendship—they take us body and soul to themselves, and fasten our helpless lives to theirs as they chain up a dog to his kennel. And what does the best of them give us in return? Let me go, Laura—I'm mad when I think of it!"

The tears—miserable, weak women's tears of vexation and rage—started to my eyes. She smiled sadly, and put her handkerchief over my face, to hide for me the betrayal of my own weakness—the weakness of all others which she knew that I most despised.

"Oh, Marian!" she said. "Too crying! Think what you would say to me if the places were changed, and if those tears were mine. All your love and courage and devotion will not alter what *must* happen, sooner or later. Let my uncle have his way. Let us have no more troubles and heartburnings that my sacrifice of mine can prevent. Say you will live with me, Marian, when I am married—and say no more."

But I did say more. I forced back the contemptible tears that were no relief to me, and that only distressed *her*; and reasoned and pleaded as calmly as I could. It was of no avail. She made me twice repeat the promise to live with her when she was married, and then suddenly asked a question which turned my sorrow and my sympathy for her into a new direction.

"While we were at Polesdean," she said, "you had a letter, Marian—"

Her altered tone; the abrupt manner in which she looked away from me, and hid her face on my shoulder; the hesitation which silenced her before she had completed her question, all told me but too plainly to whom the half-expressed inquiry pointed.

"I thought, Laura, that you and I were never to refer to him again," I said, gently.

"You had a letter from him?" she persisted.

"Yes," I replied, "if you must know it."

"Do you mean to write to him again?"

I hesitated. I had been afraid to tell her of his absence from England, or of the manner in which my exertions to serve his new hopes and projects had connected me with his departure. What answer could I make? He was gone where no letters could follow with the chance of reaching him for months, perhaps for years, to come.

"Suppose I do mean to write to him again," I said, at last. "What then, Laura?"

Her cheek grew burning hot against my neck, and her arms trembled and tightened round me.

"Don't tell him about *the twenty-third*," she whispered. "Promise, Marian—pray promise you will not even mention my name to him when you write next."

I gave the promise—no words can say how sorrowfully I gave it. She instantly took her

choice, how differently she would have behaved! How anxious and capricious she would have been; and what a hard task the best of dressmakers would have found it to please her!

30th.—We hear every day from Sir Percival. The last news is that the alterations in the house will occupy from four to six months before they can be properly completed. If painters, paperhangers, and upholsterers could make happiness as well as splendor, I should be interested about their proceedings in Laura's future home. As it is, the only part of Sir Percival's last letter which does not leave me as it found me—perfectly indifferent to all his plans and projects—is the part which refers to the week-long tour. He proposes, as Laura is delicate, and as the winter threatens to be unusually severe, to take her to Rome, and to remain in Italy until the early part of next summer. If this plan should not be approved, he is equally ready, although he has no establishment of his own in town, to spend the season in London, in the most suitable furnished house that can be obtained for the purpose.

Putting myself and my own feelings entirely out of the question (which I do, I say to do, and which I have done), I, for one, have no doubt of the propriety of adopting the first of these proposals. In either case, a separation between Laura and me is inevitable. It will be a longer separation, in the event of their going abroad, than it would be in the event of their remaining in London; but we must set against this disadvantage the benefit to Laura, on the other side, of passing the winter in a milder climate; and, more than that, the immense assistance in raising her spirits and reconciling her to her new existence, which the mere wonder and excitement of travelling for the first time in her life in the most interesting country in the world must surely afford. She is not of a disposition to find resources in the conventional pastimes and occupations of a London life, which could make the first oppression of this lamentable marriage fall the heavier on her. I dread the beginning of her new life quite enough as it is; but I see some hope for her if she travels—none if she remains at home.

I is strange to look back, at this latest entry in my journal, and to find that I am writing of the marriage and the parting with Laura as people write of a settled thing. My pen has cold and no inkling to be looking at the future already as if it is quietly composed way. But what other way is possible, now that the deed is done and is near? Before another month is over our heads we shall be saying, "Laura married a year ago!" *This* Laura! I am as little able to realize the idea which those two words convey—my mind feels as much as ever unfitted to dwell on the entering of her marriage were like writing of her death.

December 1.—A sad, sad day; a day that I have no heart to describe at my length. After weekly printing it off last night, I was obliged to speak to her this morning of Sir Percival's proposal about the wedding-tour.

In the full conviction that I should be with her almost every day, this matter—for a child she is still in many things—was almost happy at the prospect of seeing the wonders of Florence and Rome and Naples. I nearly broke my heart to dispel her delusion, and to bring her face to face with the hard truth. I was obliged to tell her that my main rival—a rival—not even a woman-rival—in his wife's affections, would be the last person whatever he may do afterward. I was obliged to warn her that my chance of living with her permanently, whether she remained in London entirely on my not arousing Sir Percival's jealousy and distrust by standing between them at the beginning of her marriage, in the position of the chosen depository of his wife's closest secrets. Drop by drop I poured the profaning bitterness of this world's wisdom into the young heart and that innocent mind, while every higher and better feeling within me recoiled from my miserable task. It is over now, thank God, and my heart, her inevitable lesson. The simple illusions of her girlhood me gone, and my hand has stripped them off. Better ruin than his—that is all my consolation—better mine than his!

The first proposal is the proposal accepted. They are to go to Italy; and I am to arrange, with Sir Percival's permission, for meeting them and staying with them when they return to England. In other words, I am to ask a personal favor, for the first time in my life, and to ask it of the man of all others to whom I dare not to owe a serious obligation of any kind. Well! I think I could do even more than that for Laura's sake.

2d.—On looking back, I find myself always speaking of Sir Percival in disingenuous terms. In the turn affairs have now taken I must and will root out my prejudice against him. I can not think of it first and last in my mind. It certainly never existed in former times.

Is it Laura's reluctance to become his wife that has set me against him? Have I unwittingly perfectly intelligible prejudices infected me without my suspecting their influence? Does that letter of Anne Catherick's still leave a lurking distrust in my mind, in spite of Sir Percival's explanation, and of the proof he gave in proofs of the truth of it? I am not account for the state of my own feelings: the one thing I am certain of is, that it is my duty—doubly my duty now—not to wrong Sir Percival by unjustly distrusting him. If it has got to be a habit with me always to write of him in the same unforgivable manner, I must and will break myself of this unworthy tendency, even though the effort should force me to close the pages of my journal till the marriage is over! I am seriously dissatisfied with myself—I will write no more today.

December 16.—A whole fortnight has passed, and I have not once opened these pages. I have been long enough away from my journal to come back to it with a healthier and better mind, I hope, so far as Sir Percival is concerned.

There is not much to record of the past two weeks. The dresses are almost all finished, and the new traveling-trunks have been sent here from London. Poor dear Laura hardly leaves me for a moment all day; and last night, when neither of us could sleep, she came and crept into my bed to talk to me there. "I shall lose you so soon, Marian," she said; "I must make the most of you while I can."

They are to be married at Limmeridge Church, and, thank Heaven! not one of the neighbors is to be invited to the ceremony. The only visitors we will be our old friend, Mr. Arnold, who is to come from Polesdeen to give Laura away—her uncle being far too delicate to trust himself outside the door in such inclement weather as we now have. If I were not determined, from this day forth, to see nothing but the bright side of our prospects, the melancholy absence of any male relative of Laura's, at the most important moment of her life, would make me very gloomy and very distrustful of Fairlie. Laura I have done with gloom and distrust—that is to say, I have done with writing about either the one or the other in this journal.

Sir Percival is to arrive to-morrow. He offered, in case we should wish to treat him on terms of rigid etiquette, to write and ask our clergyman to grant him the hospitality of the rectory during the period of his sojourn at Limmeridge before the marriage. Under the circumstances, neither Mr. Fairlie nor I thought it at all necessary for us to trouble ourselves about attending to trifling forms and ceremonies. In our wild moorland country, and in this great lonely house, we may well claim to be beyond the reach of the trivial conventionalities which hamper people in other places. I wrote to Sir Percival to thank him for his polite offer, and to beg that he would occupy his old rooms, just as usual, at Limmeridge House.

17th.—He arrived to-day, looking, as I thought, a little worn and anxious, but still, talking and laughing like a man in the best possible spirits. He brought with him some really beautiful presents, in jewelry, which Laura received with her best grace, and, outwardly at least, with perfect self-possession. The only sign I can detect of the struggle that cost her to preserve appearances at this trying time, expresses itself in a sudden unwillingness, on her part, ever to be left alone. Her fear of retreating to her own room, as usual, she seems to dread going there. When I went up stairs to-day, after lunch, to put on my bonnet for a walk, she volunteered to join me; and, again, before dinner, she threw the door open between our two rooms, so that we might talk to each other while we were dressing. "Keep me always doing something," she said (in her sudden manner) to me one morning lately. "Don't let me think—that is all I ask now, Marian—don't let me think."

This sad state of mind, not only increases her attractions for Sir Percival. He interprets it, I can see, to his own advantage. There is a feverish hope in his attentions. It is heavy uneasiness in her eyes, which he welcomes as the return of her beauty and the recovery of her spirits. She talked to him at dinner quite gayly and carelessness so false, so shockingly out of her character, that I secretly longed to silence her and take her away. Sir Percival's delight and surprise appeared to be beyond all expression. The anxiety which I had noticed on his face when he arrived, totally disappeared from it; and he looked, even to my eyes, a good ten years younger than

he really is.

There can be no doubt—though some strange perversity prevents me from seeing it myself—there can be no doubt that Laura's future husband is a very handsome man. Regular features form a personal advantage to begin with—and he has them. Bright brown eyes, either in man or woman, are a great attraction—and he has them. Even baldness, when it is only baldness over the forehead (as in his case), is rather more a gain than not in a man, for it heightens the head and gives it an intellligence of the face. Grace and ease of movement; perfect good breeding; ready, plain, conversational powers—all these are unquestionable merits, and all these he certainly possesses. Surely Mr. Gilmore, ignorant as he is of Laura's secret, was not to blame for feeling surprised that she should repent of her marriage engagement? Any one else in his place would have shared our good old friend's opinion. If I were asked, at this moment, to say plainly what defects I have discovered in Sir Percival, I could only point out two. One, his incessant restlessness and excitability—which may be caused, naturally enough, by unusual energy of character. The other, his short, sharp, contemptuous manner of speaking to the servants—which may be only a bad habit, after all. No; I can not dispute it, and I will not dispute it—Sir Percival is a very handsome and a very agreeable man. There! I have written it down at last, and I am glad it's over.

18th.—Feeling weary and depressed this morning, I left Laura with Mrs. Vesey, and went out alone for one of my brisk and lonely walks, which I have discontinued too much of late. I took the dry, stry road over the moor that leads to Todd's Corner. After having been out half an hour, I was excessively surprised to see Sir Percival approaching me from the direction of the farm. He was walking rapidly, swinging his stick; his head erect as usual, and his shooting-jacket flying open in the wind. When we met he did not wait for me to ask any questions—he told me, at once, that he had been to the farm to inquire if Mr. and Mrs. Todd had received any tidings, since his last visit to Limmeridge, of Anne Catherick.

"You found, of course, that they had heard nothing?" I said.

"Nothing whatever," he replied. "I begin to be serious about this. I have lost her. If you happen to know," he continued, looking me in the face very attentively, "if the artist—Mr. Hartright—is in a position to give me any further information?"

"He has neither heard of her, nor seen her, since he left Cumberland," I answered.

"Very sad," said Sir Percival, speaking like a man who was disappointed, and yet, oddly enough, looking, at the same time, like a man who was relieved. "It is impossible to say what misfortunes may not have happened to the miserable creature. I am inexpressibly annoyed at the failure of all my efforts to restore her to the care and protection which she so urgently needs."

This time he really looked annoyed. I felt a few sympathizing words, and we then talked of other subjects on our way back to the house. Surely my chance meeting with him on the moor has disclosed another favorable trait in his character? Surely it was singularly considerate and unselfish of him to think of Anne Catherick, on the eve of his marriage, and to go all the way to Todd's Corner to make inquiries about her, when he might have passed the time so much more agreeably in Laura's society? Considering that he can only have acted from motives of pure charity, his conduct, under the circumstances, shows unusual good feeling, and deserves extraordinary praise. Well! I give him extraordinary praise—and there's an end of it.

19th.—More discoveries in the inexhaustible mine of Sir Percival's virtues.

To-day I approached the subject of my proposed visit to London—the visit which his bring her back to England. I had hardly dropped my first hint in this direction before he caught me warmly by the hand, and said I had made the very offer to him which he had been on his way to meet ever since he met me. I was the companion of all others whom he most sincerely longed to secure for his wife; and he begged me to believe that he felt confirmed in hating favor on him by making the proposal to live with Laura after her marriage exactly as I had always lived with her before it.

"JUST AS MY HAND WAS ON THE DOOR SHE CAUGHT FAST HOLD OF MY DRESS, AND STOPPED ME."

arm from my waist, walked away to the window, and stood looking out, with her back to me. After a moment she spoke once more, but without turning round, without allowing me to catch the smallest glimpse of her face.

"Are you going to my uncle's room?" she asked. "Will you say that I consent to whatever arrangements he may think best? Never mind leaving me, Marian. I shall be better alone for a little while."

I went out. If, as soon as I got into the passage, I could have transported Mr. Fairlie and Sir Percival Glyde to the uttermost ends of the earth, by lifting one of my fingers, that finger would have been raised without an instant's hesitation. For once, my unhappy temper now stood my friend. I should have broken down altogether and burst into a violent fit of crying, if my tears had not been all burned up in the heat of my anger. As it was, I dashed into Mr. Fairlie's room—called to him as harshly as possible, "Laura consents to the twenty-third"—and dashed out again without waiting for a word of answer. I banged the door after me; and I hope I shattered Mr. Fairlie's nervous system for the rest of the day.

28th.—This morning I vend poor Hartright's farewell letter over again; a doubt having crossed my mind since yesterday whether I am not paying too little heed to the fact of his departure from Laura.

On reflection, I still think I am right. The allusions in his letter to the preparations made for the expedition to Central America all show that the leaders of it know it to be dangerous. If the discovery of this makes me uneasy, what would it make *her?* It is bad enough to feel that his departure has deprived us of the friend of all others to whose devotion we could trust in the hour of need, if ever that hour comes and finds us helpless. But it is far worse to know that he has gone from us to face the perils of a bad climate, a wild country, and a disturbed population. Surely it would be a cruel conduct to tell Laura this, without a pressing and a positive necessity for it?

I almost doubt whether I ought not to go a step farther, and burn the letter at once, for fear of its one day falling into wrong hands. It not only refers to Laura in terms which ought to remain a secret forever between the writer and me, but it reiterates his suspicion—so obstinate, so unaccountable, and so alarming—that he has been secretly watched since he left Limmeridge. He declares that he saw the faces of the two strange men who followed him about the streets of London watching him among the crowd which gathered at Lytgate to see the expedition embark; and he positively asserts that he heard the name of Anne Catherick pronounced behind him as he got into the boat. His own words are, "These events have a meaning—these events must lead to a result. The mystery of Anne Catherick is not cleared up yet. She may never cross my path again; but if ever she crosses yours make better use of the opportunity. Miss Halcombe, than I made of it. I speak on strong conviction; I entreat you to remember what I say." These are his own expressions. There is no danger of my forgetting them—my memory is only too ready to dwell on any words of Hartright's that refer to Anne Catherick. But there is danger in my keeping the letter. The merest accident might place it at the mercy of strangers. I may fall ill; I may die; better to burn it at once, and have one anxiety the less by knowing that it has been destroyed.

It is burned! The ashes of his farewell letter—the last he may ever write to me—lie in a few black fragments on the hearth. Is this the end to all that sad story? Oh, not the end—surely, surely not the end already!

29th.—The preparations for the marriage have begun. The dress-maker has come to receive her orders. Laura is perfectly impressive, perfectly careless about the question of all others in which a woman's personal interests are most closely bound up. She has left it all to the dress-maker and to me. If poor Hartright had been the bridegroom, and the husband of her father's

When I had thanked him, in her name and in mine, for his considerate kindness to both of us, we passed next to the subject of his wedding tour, and began to talk of the English society in Rome to which Laura was to be introduced. He ran over the names of several friends whom he expected to meet abroad this winter. They were all English, as well as I can remember, with one exception. The one exception was Count Fosco.

The mention of the Count's name, and the discovery that he and his wife are likely to meet the bride and bridegroom on the Continent, puts Laura's marriage, for the first time, in a distinctly favorable light. It is likely to be the means of healing a family feud. Hitherto Madame Fosco has chosen to forget her obligations as Laura's aunt out of sheer spite against the Mr. Fairlie for his conduct in the affair of the legacy. Now, however, she can persist in this course of conduct no longer. Sir Percival and Count Fosco are old and fast friends, and their wives will have no choice but to meet on civil terms. Madame Fosco, in her maiden day, was one of the most implacable women I ever met with—capricious, exacting, and vain to the last degree of absurdity. If her husband has succeeded in bringing her to her senses he deserves the gratitude of every member of the family—and he may have mine to begin with.

I am becoming anxious to know the Count. He is the most intimate friend of my Laura's husband, and in that capacity he excites my strongest interest. Neither Laura nor I have ever seen him. All I know of him is that his accidental presence, years ago, on the steps of the Trinita del Monte at Rome, assisted Sir Percival's escape from a dangerous assassination, at the critical moment when he was wounded in the hand, and might, the next instant, have been wounded in the heart. I remember also that, at the time of the late Mr. Fairlie's abrupt objections to his sister's marriage, the Count wrote him a very temperate and sensible letter on the subject, which, I am ashamed to say, remained unanswered. This is all I know of the Count. Shall I ever wonder if he will ever come to England? I wonder if I shall like him?

My pen is running away into mere speculation. Let me return to sober matter of fact. It is certain that Sir Percival Glyde will never venturesome proposal to live with his wife was more than kind—it was almost affectionate. I am sure Laura will have no reason to complain of me if I can only go on as I have begun. I have already declared him to be handsome. I have shown a kind of interest toward the unfortunate, and full of affectionate kindness toward me. Really I hardly know myself again in my new character of Sir Percival's warmest friend.

20th.—I hate Sir Percival! I flatly deny his good looks; I consider him to be eminently disagreeable, and totally wanting in kindness and good feeling. I hope and trust that the married couple were sent home. Laura opened the packet, and our future name is put in for the first time. Sir Percival looked over her shoulder familiarly at the new card which had arrived by transmission Miss Fairlie, into Lady Glyde—smiled with the most odious self-complacency—and whispered something in her ear. I know what it was—Laura has refused to tell me—but I saw her face turn to such a deadly whiteness that I thought she would have fainted. I do not take so much at the change: he seemed to be barbarously unconscious that he had said any thing to pain her. All my old feelings of hatred toward him revived on the instant; and all the hours that have passed since have done nothing to dissipate them. All I remember of him now is an unjust than ever. In three words—how glibly my pen writes them!—in three words, I hate Sir Percival.

21st.—Have the anxieties of this anxious time shaken me a little at last? I have been writing, for the last few days, in a tone of levity which, three weeks ago, I felt to be foreign to my heart, and which it has rather shocked me to discover on looking back at the entries in my journal.

Perhaps I may have caught the feverish excitement of Laura's spirits for the last week. If so, the fever has already passed away from me, and has left me in a very strange state of mind. A persistent idea has been forcing itself on my attention, ever since last night, that something will yet happen to prevent the marriage. What has produced this singular fancy? Is it the indirect result of my persuasion for Laura's future? Or has it been unconsciously suggested to me by the increasing restlessness and agitation which I have continually observed in Sir Percival's manner as the wedding day drawn nearer and nearer? Impossible to say. I know that I have the idea—surely the wildest idea, under the circumstances, that ever entered a woman's brain—but I can say no more than I have put it down in my journal.

22d.—Such a day of confusion and wretchedness as I hope never to see again.

Kind Mrs. Vesey, whom we have all too much considered and forgotten of late, incautiously caused us a sad morning to begin with. She has been, for months past, secretly making a warm Shetland shawl for her dear pupil—a most beautiful and surprising piece of work to be done by a woman at her age and with her habits. The gift was presented this morning; and poor warm-hearted Laura completely broke down when the shawl was put proudly on her shoulders by the loving old friend and guardian of her motherless childhood. I was hardly allowed time to quiet them both, or even to dry my own eyes, when I was sent for by Mr. Fairlie, to be favored by a long recital of his arrangements for the preservation of his own tranquillity on the wedding-day.

"Dear Laura" was to receive his present—a shabby ring, with her affectionate uncle's hair for an ornament, instead of a decent gem, and with a heartless French inscription, inside, about congenial sentiments and eternal friendship—"dear Laura" was to receive this tender tribute from my hands immediately, so that she might have plenty of time to recover from the agitation produced by the gift, before she appeared in Mr. Fairlie's presence. "Dear Laura" was to spend a little visit that evening, and to be kind enough not to make a scene. "Dear Laura" was to jog him another little visit in her wedding dress, the next morning, and to be kind enough, again, not to make a scene. "Dear Laura" was to look in once more, for the last time, on her way to church, but without harrowing his feelings by saying *adieu* she was going away, and without tearing "in the name of pity, in the name of everything, dear Marian, that is most affectionate and most domestic and most delightfully and charmingly unsentimental—without *tears!*" and so exasperated by this miserable selfish trifling at such a time, that I should certainly have shocked Mr. Fairlie by some of the hardest and rudest truths he has ever heard in his life, if the arrival of Mr. Arthur Holliday had not been called me away, at the right moment, to new duties down stairs.

The rest of the day is indescribable. I believe no one in the house really knew how it passed. The confusion of small events, all huddled together in succession, was bewildering every one. There were dresses sent home that had been forgotten; there were trunks to be corked and strapped and corded and locked; there were presents from friends for and near, friends high and low. We were all needlessly hurried; all nervously anxious about trifles. Sir Percival, especially, was too restless now to remain five minutes together in the same place. He was, at first, shy even of my Laura him more than ever. He was in and out of the house all day long; and he seemed to grow so impatient, so sudden, that he questioned the very strangers who came on small errands to the house. Add to all this, the one overpowering thought, in Laura's mind and mine, that we were to part the next day, and the hurrying thread, unnoticed at other times, but yet ever present to both, that this deplorable marriage might prove to be the one fatal error of her life and the cause of misery to her, from first to last. For the first time in all the years of our close and happy intercourse we almost avoided looking each other in the face, and we both felt, by common consent, from speaking together in private, through the whole evening. I can dwell on it no longer. The recollection, mingled with the

Kentucky responded, returning grateful thanks, in the name of the people of his State, for their most cordial welcome. He was a man without a country, from the people of Ohio, but was entirely unprepared for the greeting which had been given them. He would tell it to the people of Kentucky, and tell them, too, that all we have to do to keep the Government together is to see each other oftener, and know each other better. Governor Magoffin then introduced Governor Dennison of the Tennessee Legislature, who responded on behalf of his State. He said that while Legislators and citizens of Ohio, Tennessee, and Kentucky can meet and greet each other so brotherly, the enemies of the Union Government, who had threatened, received with great applause. After the adjournment of the Convention, the Tennessee enthusiasm, in which numerous speeches were made, the best of feeling and great cordiality prevailed.

DINNER AT WASHINGTON.

"The Washington correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* has a graphic description of the dinner given by the people of Washington. Hear him:

"A scrawny, well-shaved Yankee, properly recommended, rises one day with a Foreign Minister, the next with a Senator, the next with a Member, the next with a Representative, and the fourth with a metropolitan reticule. The dining-room is well-lighted, well-aired, and furnished like decent stores; different gentlemen and ladies occupy the positions of the shop-keepers; and very little differs the efficient clerks of guests. But the same servants are in attendance, the same sausages and hams furnish and are seen at each house, and there is a stereotype bill of fare.

"The next day I have made the rounds of Carroll, Tech, or Sayer go round, but it been attributed to their cuisine. A half-calibre Napoleon soup, salmon, brought in in the case from New Brunswick; and half a dozen entrees, replacing a half-dozen dishes, but very questionable in appearance, and so flavored as to defy detection. A pretty cook's assured flavor, and a half-dozen dishes that are prettily pocketed; and for beverages, there are bally-ice, champagne, sherry, port, and a home-made punch, which brown sherry. Every thing is dull, proxy, stupid, and indigestible.

"How different was it in the olden time! Then, gentlemen, and ladies, were seen as a country and Congress, or of the cabinet, would bring his servants and his silver, while Madame would have provided with tablecloths, pickles, and preserves. The magnate of the land would be seen and talk his mind; the magnate in the land would be seen and talk his good cheer always to be found there. The Adams, the Clays, and the Jeffersons, the Madisons, and the Monroes, with the due and matron ladies, the Adams, the Clays, and the Jeffersons, and the Madisons, prepared so to make bumpers unequaled of the *Port Ports* in its palmy days. And so for the other, the simple announcement that the Madeiras and the clarets came from Jefferson, the sherries from Madison, and the Champagnes from New York, was a guarantee of their goodness.

"The best repasts given here now—miserable dinners, and suppers—are the 'twinkling stars of night,' by those gentlemen, the subjects of King Pare. Well-supplied table, clothes and napkins, good cookery, lots of good pigeons to be plucked, and well plucked at that. Why the XXXIV Congress was organized, after the contracted control for the Speakership, which resulted in the election of Mr. Banks, the conversion of a noted drinking-house held orders for the pay of seven members of the House, and the Senate House have been equally unfortunate."

DEATH OF A MISER.

Michael Baird, who lived near Little York, Pennsylvania, was a miser. His father left him a valuable farm five hundred acres in the vicinity of York, with some farming and other implements. Michael kept on the farm a number of years—married, and raised four children. He accumulated a large property, which he received so tenaciously that he never afforded a dollar for the education of his children. He never spent the value of a one dollar in cash for any article he might be in need of; he would either borrow, or trade to find some person who would barter for something which he could not convert into cash, but he never would pay a dollar for any thing. He had a large distillery, which he supplied entirely with his own grain. He hired his grain for the conversion of the whiskey to Baltimore, which, when he could not sell for money or cash, he had to take the necessaries of life in payment for his tavern. In this way he amassed an estate worth $400,000. Such was his attachment to money that he was not known to credit a single dollar to any man. Upon the last morning of his life, he had occasion to go to town, and not had a cent. He never vested a dollar in public funds, neither would he keep the notes of any bank longer than he could get them changed. He deposited his money in a large iron chest until it would hold no more. He then provided a strong iron-hooped barrel, which he also filled, and when that barrel and his chest were yielded $250,000 in gold and silver. The cause of his death was a carbuncle on the back of his neck. A gentleman from Virginia offered him $12 a bushel for 120 bushels of potatoes, which he could not do for less than $18, and they did not agree. The seed was afterwards sold to Philadelphia, where it was sold for $2 per bushel, and brought in the whole $250 less than the Virginian had offered for it. He was receiving an account of his sale he walked through his farm, went to his distillery, and said he would go home to his people; he then went his wagon-house and hung himself.

PERSONAL.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer gives the following account of the difficulty in Texas Mr. Buchanan's Minister, Governor Rusk:

"The affair between the President and Postmaster-General Rusk has been settled through the intervention of Secretary Floyd and Attorney-General Black. Mr. Buchanan has gone to Texas, and will now go out of the Chicago office. Holt was very firm and manly. He told the President that he (Holt) had entered the place (postmaster-General) that he took it only at his earnest entreaty, that under the circumstances he had acted conscientiously to do his duty; that if the President wanted a violent and a bitter controversy carried on in a manner shielded from exposure, he could not be an accomplice in the transaction. The case of Mr. Buchanan would injure by words, but finally yielded to protest, and consented to let the matter go off. The demand had assumed quite a stir in Westend circles."

It is announced that Governor Wise has been engaged to defend Walter R. Loud, who murdered Pinnegan, in Princess Anne County, Virginia, some months last summer. The trial is expected to take place at the February term of the court in that county.

The Philadelphia *Press* says: "Ross Bonheur is about to visit the United States Philadelphia. As a good French gentleman, an enthusiast in art, same time since commissioned Bonheur to visit the Atlantic, promised to the great prince of the Far West, and paint, from life, the chief of the Indians. She was a lady to do this, accomplish it in her own way, and fix her own price. At first she declined to undertake the proposition, but finally, after turning it over in her mind, and reflecting upon the honor and the pecuniary benefit which it would have accepted the offer, and comes over in the spring to make the portrait."

Roger A. Pryor of Virginia is than minutely described by the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*.

"Pryor stands about six feet high, sparsely and nervily built, with a large head of the Emmonian type, in which the frontal sinus overstepped the top lobes of which the brain is divided. He wears a mass of long brown hair, very fine and silky, combed back behind his ears and reaching to his coat-collar. Just above the eyes, which are dark blue, large, and rather prominent, he has two longitudinal prominences, wherein the perceptive faculties may be supposed to be called for belligerent and analytical purposes. His nose is a little, desirous Grecian, with contracting and dilating nostrils; his mouth is well arched and sinuous, furnished with two fine, firm rows of teeth—quite pretty now and then quite close together, and a little inclined to protrude. His chin is square, but rotundity, and its projection almost similar to his nose, compensates in a fair, clear, handsome, decisive, and sensitive as that of any literary young lady of studious habits and a romantic turn of mind. Add to the foregoing a sensitive mouth and nostrils, and a face of a fair, fair, and delicate shell of black, and with an abundance of hair

ARRIVAL OF HOGS AT CINCINNATI.

JOURNEY TO THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE.

THE HOG TRADE OF CINCINNATI.

To a New Yorker visiting Cincinnati during the spring or summer months nothing will occasion greater surprise than the absence of every suggestion or indication of the staple business to which so large a portion of its capital is annually devoted. Having heard much of its extensive hog trade, and its princely pig merchants, the traveler enters the city expecting to recognize on every hand the evidence of this leading element of its prosperity, and to be perpetually reminded of what he regards as the chief occupation, and most familiar characteristic of the place and its inhabitants. His imagination glows with visions of vagabond droves of squealing pigs, and squads of greasy butchers. He fancies pork to be the principal food of the people, listens at every turn for the shrill shriek of slaughter, and is disappointed that the gutters do not every where run blood. In truth, all his expectations in this regard are subjected to marked disappointment. He finds nothing of all this. Nothing at all to remind him of a vast centralized and systematically established trade, that gives employment to millions of dollars annually, and affords regular occupation to thousands of thrifty hands. He sees only a handsome, substantially built city, overflowing with an active population, whose occupation seems to the summer visitor to have no connection with the especial staple to which their prosperity has been so long and consistently attributed.

The experience of the winter visitor is altogether another affair. To him the reputation of the city for its hog statistics is quite appreciated. He sees and hears all around him the indications of this extensive branch of its industrial enterprise, and can readily believe that to the pig and his manifold products the city is largely indebted for its extraordinary growth and the rapidly accumulated wealth of its inhabitants. He understands why it is called Porkopolis. He comprehends its position to and dependence upon the pig. The statement of the commercial reporters, that about 650,000 hogs are annually slaughtered by the city butchers, and distributed among the nations of the earth, does not surprise him; and he is prepared to admit the economical importance and staple value of the business, as a leading and profitable branch of American industry. 450,000 hogs, of good solid weight, and in plump greasy condition, are converted into pork and lard, in all their numerous forms, in the space of about four months; it being necessary, for packing purposes, that the pork be subjected to the hardening, solidifying effects of cold weather. Hogs are killed in the city for daily market consumption all the year round; and the number demanded for this purpose is not included in the aggregate of 450,000—the number varies a few thousand with different years—given as the average amount yearly consumed in the regular packing and shipping trade. An important branch of this trade, and the one indeed for which the city is justly celebrated throughout the Gentile world, is the manufacture of hams; of which, including the shoulders, nearly two millions are made every year. And a Cincinnati ham is an article, it must be acknowledged, that merits its reputation. But, as the Jewish proverb says, all are not of Israel that are in Israel. A very poor thing may be done up in yellow canvas and branded Cincinnati. There is an eclecticism to be observed with regard to hams as with regard to every other product of human art and invention. Cincinnati hams are like Jeremiah's figs, of blessed memory; the good are very good indeed, the bad are naught; not fit for the pigs whence they came.

> Who would the choice of hams secure,
> Must take this course to make it sure;
> You buy your hams of ——, and then—

How near we have come to committing a grand indiscretion! What would Bacon, Brittle, & Co. have said of us, or done to us, if we had left the name, which, on wiser second thought, we have displaced with a dash, standing in the line as we had hastily written it. As it is, each reader may fill the blank as his better experience shall justify. For ourselves, *nous autres journalistes, nous n'en avons pas absolument rien à dire.*

The hog—the term is a harsh one, but this is really what every pig makes of himself, sooner or later, in those wild backwood regions—the hog is not a native of Cincinnati. He originates in the provinces, on the farms and prairies of the great valley of the Ohio. The Queen City is the Mecca of his reluctant pilgrimage; the final goal of his pious ambition. To be born a pig and not die the death of a hog in Cincinnati were an ignominy that none but the most groveling and debased swine could endure. The litter sort will not submit to it. The stall-fed, corn-fattened hog, contemplates the purpose of his life from a higher point of view. He is actuated by a nobler motive. He realizes the inspiration and enthusiasm of the enraptured poet; he must see Cincinnati, and die. This is to him the grand consummation of his earthly existence; the complete triumph of his hopes, the sure

THE DEATH CHAMBER.

COOLING AND DRYING.

guarantee of his not having lived in vain; the very seal and promise of his immortality.

The hog is mixed, as the term is in that part of the world, all over the Western States; though there are many, in several convenient localities, who make the business a specialty, and breed the animal in large quantities. In some places they run at large in the woods, feeding abundantly, and fattening rapidly, on "mast," the beech-nuts, hickory-nuts, and acorns that abound in the forests of the luxuriant West. Thousands are confined in pens and yards and fed on fodder and corn; and immense numbers crowd the pens attached to the larger distilleries, fattening and corrupting, as is too often the case, on the warm slops from the stills and mash-tubs. Having attained the required bulk and weight, by some such course of treatment, the hogs are gathered into droves of varying sizes, and are either carried or driven to the city, as may be most convenient to their owners, from all parts of the States of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Some go by steamboat, some by flat-boat; some travel on foot, and some are transported by railroad in crates especially constructed for the purpose. The last mode of transportation is the one now most generally adopted. The arrival at one of the principal dépôts of one of these hog-trains, as they are appropriately called, is the signal for the commencement of a scene of uproar and confusion as interesting and peculiar as one would wish to see. From the crates, the pigs, as a temporary disposition, are driven into pens, arranged, with convenient gateways, along the side of the track. They are still far from the end of their journey. The slaughter-houses, upon whose slippery floors their unoffending blood must flow, are situated in the upper part of the city, two miles from these intermediary pens into which they are now so hastily huddled. The next move is their transit across the city to these slaughter-houses; a difficult portion of their journey, which they are forced to accomplish on their own feet. The direction and management of this transit is undertaken by drovers experienced in the business, who engage for the occasion the assistance of a suitable number of boys; scores of whom, of every age, color, and nation, are generally collected about the dépôt when a hog-train is expected, clamorous for an engagement. Whoever succeeds in securing the job by contract with the owner of the hogs is instantly beset by dozens of these boys, vociferously eager to be employed in

CUTTING AND PACKING.

the enterprise. The shouting and screaming of the boys, grabbing in several languages at once, the quarreling and tussling of the unruly among them, the angry and peremptory exclamations of the men, combined with the squealing of the lumber pigs, produced an exciting scene of tumult and confusion which is only quieted by the final departure of the pigs to that bourne where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary shall be finally at rest.

These boxes vary in size, numbering generally from two or three hundred to a thousand. They are driven, by dint of considerable urging and whipping, and a great deal of shouting and hooting, through the main thoroughfares of the town; and their complaintry and devious passage through the observer's mind, if observer affords, from its picturesque effect, more interest and amusement to the stranger than satisfaction and good-nature to the inhabitants. A drive across the city in journey is bound, at all hazards and against all statutes, to be strange. What obstructions are inconvenience it may prove to vehicles in the street, or the crowd of passers upon the sidewalk, is a consideration that troubles in no degree the heads of the contractor and his yelling and slashing gang of vagabonds. You may be splashed and run into, delayed and obstructed, and yet not be angry. You may quietly endure, dispassionately remonstrate, or desperately and resolutely resist, *à outre pré*. To the stranger, and delighted man, fresh, with his boot-tops over his pantaloons, a coon-skin cap on his head, red flannel sleeves on his long arms, and a cudgel in his hand, it is all in the one. He will heed you not at all. The main business of his life at this moment, mark you, is to "lead them on the Jordan, to the Jordan." Let us, that little begrimed, yelping ragamuffin there, with the long arms, lead you, if possible, to some the slightest intimation that you take any interest in the subject, "You may bet yer life, old cock, he'll do it."

Arrived at the slaughter-houses, the way-worn pigs, with wailed backs and bleeding feet, are deposited in pens and fed in some decent condition. These pens are, in most cases, connected with the village-sheds by inclined plank ways, up which the pigs are driven, and from which they are wanted by the butchers. They are admitted, through a sort of trap-gate, upon an inclosed platform, in charge of a stout fellow who stands, armed with a ponderous sledge-hammer. When the platform is sufficiently full to prevent the pigs running about, he commences to knock them in the head, giving one a stunning blow upon the head; which done, he is immediately seized by the butchers inside, and stabbed, bled, scalded, scraped, and cleaned out before he has a very distinct or satisfactory impression of what has happened to him. He is converted into pork in about three minutes from the time his tall giddies unsuspectingly beneath the insidious trap-door, and he lies there at intervals and the trials and comforts of the outer world forever.

As may be seen by our illustration, the next process is to carry the newly-slaughtered pig into another apartment, spacious and well-ventilated, where he is immediately hung by the hind legs, to cool and dry. After hanging sufficiently long to become cold and stiff, the pigs are taken down and loaded off on the carts drawn by four-in-hand horses, to the packing-houses, situated in another part of the city. These establishments are on a vast scale, and give employment, through about four months of the year, to thousands of hands. Any one is there presuming, in the busy season, in one of activity curious and interesting in the extreme. The work is divided into several branches, each dismantled in a separate equal of wooden. Here are seen large blocks and tables, upon which the hogs are cut up into hams, shoulders, sides, and what not, with the various designations and purposes of the market. Here, also, the packing pieces are salted and barreled, and the hams are trimmed and prepared for smoking, and all in a combining apartment are the lard vats, connected by an apparently intricate arrangement of pipes and tubing with the boiling apparatus in the basement—the steam process being the one usually adopted for trying out the lard. It is worth remarking that all part of the animal, economically considered, is lost or wasted. Every scrap, even the apparently most worthless, is saved and turned to account, either as an article of food or for use in the arts. Its flesh is converted into hams and packed pork; its hair into hair-cloth and sausage meat, and its fat scraps and scrapings into lard, stearine candles, and lard oil; its head is made into jowls and head-cheese; its tongue smoked and pickled; its feet are soused; its blood and offal are turned into Prussian blue; of its bristles brushes are made; its hair is used for mattresses and curlers; and its bones are turned for the sugar-refiners and blacking-makers. And thus the entire animal is, in one way or another, utilized and converted, to the continued advantage and profit of innumerable economical and flourishing traders; each one of whom has a considerable amount of capital, skill, and labor for its successful prosecution, and each one of which gives unmistakable evidence of thrift and activity.

MAN IN!

IT was fourteen or fifteen years ago at least, and I was then an eager skater: a student of the higher walks (or rather strides) of the art of skating: a diligent cultivator of that mystery which is at the root of all advancement in this exercise, the mystic "outside edge."

I was in London. The Round Pond was crowded to inconvenience. The Round Pond is just in front of Kensington Palace; it is rumored that it was once a gravel pit, and that in consequence its waters are in some parts of very great depth. The number of skaters on this piece of water on the day in question was so great, that there was scarcely a possibility of carrying out a single stroke to completeness. So constant were the collisions and the shouts of the skaters, that my mind was attention absorbed by the necessity of steering clear of other people, that it was hardly possible to enjoy the amusement; I was on the point of giving the thing up and taking off my skates, when it occurred to me that there was one part of the pond on the opposite side which I had not tried, and which seemed to be less covered with skaters than the other portions of the ice.

Distance is a thing very good disposed of in skating, and an approach to this more deserted region was the affair of a very few moments. As I neve neared, I found the ice smooth and there was not an incorrect one; there were fewer people here. Fewer people on all parts of this side of the pond, and just out there where that pole inscribed "Dangerous" had tumbled over on its side, there was no one. What could this people mean? Are they afraid? Why, the frost has lasted a fortnight, and any one with eyes in his head would see that these "dangerous" poles have fallen down simply because the proper authorities have forgotten to take it away.

Arrested and halted at every stroke so I had been all the morning, the sight of the clear place, where I could practice unmolested, was inconceivably attractive. I was very anxious to see than sixteen or seventeen, and my taming days had not begun. Here was good ice in front, and nobody to break on against me; there was a big log, and a crowd of skaters. Pooh! No danger! That board has been there ever since the frost set in.

Most people who have had to do with ice will be aware that that substance is subject to several different kinds of cracks. There is the melodious, ringing, wholesome crack, which lets of any strength is liable to, and which is not indicative of danger; there is the ominous sharp crack of thin ice, which certainly does show mischief at hand, but which is not perfectly inconsistent with security; and, lastly, there is the crack in other by which we hearn will know by instinct to be a cry of warning, but one which is uttered generally just too late.

I had not philosophized much on cracks, or, indeed, on any thing else, at the time I am writing about. I had my skates on, I had reached the sheet of ice, and I knew that the frost which was making my fingers tingle dated from a fortnight back. A week ago I had been a spectator of the A few-more strokes, and what a sweep I shall have over its polished surface! A few more strokes. Hark! I thought with the life belt on calling out to me? Yes. What?

A crack such as I had never heard before, and which sent the knowledge—not the apprehension, but the certainty—into my soul that I was going through the ice. There was a space of perhaps a time between the crack and the time when the ice gave way under me and I was in the water. I, my mind, remembered how I had gone to bed to it with my hands, gave with every touch, and made the space which I had broken away so large, that there was all around me nothing but the sharp edge to which I held, but held gently, seeing the thinness of the edge against which my breast was pressing, and knowing that I must not, if I was to live, might go too, and then I must inevitably sink—I knew not how far: there was no ground beneath my feet.

How difficult, too, to keep still: the excessive cold of the water making my chest feels convulsively, and causing me to gasp for breath. It was difficult to keep still, with the wicked water sucking at me and pulling at my clothes, to keep still. I felt the *toes of my skates scraping the inside of the ice!*

Up this time, the words that head this paper were ringing through the air, and the cry of "Man in!" reached me from many voices. I hardly expect to be believed, but I have a vivid impression that in that hour of extreme danger, and with death so near, it was a gratification to me to hear that cry, and I was very thankful, and yet, strange, he called a "man." I had so often writhed under the insult of being called a "boy" by my elders, that the cry of "Man in!" was to me a balm of sort of compliment to me. As I lay in the water with my arms stretched out over the piece of ice on which my life depended, I "reflected" on conjectures which were going on for my rescue, with an eagerness which none can know who have been in same or similar position. There was no one near me. The machinery of the Humane Society was all in motion. Perhaps, at the time I was skating alone when I dropped through, and had no friend upon the ice.

Still that little piece of cracking action of the water beneath me—pulling and drawing at me always. The man with the life-belt, with the long ice-hook, was where with the air-barrels at one end of it, and a drag fastened to the side, is hastening toward me from the other side. Can I hold on till he comes? The cold seems creeping up my life within me. Am I going to die? My young life—is it to an end already? O God! why did I ever do any thing wrong? The man with the ladder on wheels has broken in at fifty yards' distance, and can not get any nearer to me—the ice is too all around me. Who can come near to lay me? A circle, far, far off, of frightened people gazing at me—I can not see their faces—they are indistinct upon to me, but I can not understand, they are calling out to me, but I can not hear. And what would they say if they could? Who could see me now? Would the lemon try harder to save me if I had a brother there among the crowd to urge them on? A brother? This piece of ice is giving way; the water, which is cracking at me more and more, has got into my clothes; I am lower down than I was, and the ice to which I cling is sinking! The men who was coming to save me is still in the hole, and other men are trying to get him out. Every one of those Latin exercises done with the help of a key—and praises lavished on me for them—I lied about them, and said I had no help—I shall die—and the crowd—and those figure which the boys have built up. It like the clown I saw last night in the pantomime and the man is creeping over this piece of ice, and my arms are wretched, and the ice will be under soon—and the men with the strange machinery are standing aloof, and can not get to me, and some are running round the bank, and they have ropes—and one has got a drag—but I am sinking now, my hair is wet, and the water pouring down my collar—and when we were at Naples, my father asked me to go out with him one day and to stay with Jane Thompson, and I wished a day would have gone—but I had some plan of my own, and would not go—and he sighed—and I shall die—the men will be too late—I see the bank, and with a ladder—it is tied to the ropes—it is pushed along the ice toward me—a man is crawling along the ladder—but too late, for I am sinking to death—the voices on the bank—what do they say? The man is not far off—he cannot reach me—too late—I can not hold—I can not see—or hear—or feel—and I shall die—

Not then. Saved, to write these words some fifteen years afterward, and to pause from time to time as I do so, to think of the many times have passed. Saved, to remember this rescue for an hour after it happened, and then to go back into the world forgetting I ever saved, to pass through other dangers and to escape other perils; but never, perhaps, to be at such close quarters with death.

I have so often thought of that day, and had and —of how I was got out of the water. I remember something of crunching beside the man on the ladder, a hoarse shouting, and of being taken up, the ladder being swiftly drawn ashore by the ropes which were fastened to it, and breaking in once or twice in the process on the surface of the ice. I remember the horror of each of these new accidents. I remember being in a hot bed, and being carried on each side by an iceman, from the Round Pond to the receiving-house of the Humane Society. I remember being in a room with a man who was in other the warm-bath, which I found ready on my arrival. I remember how difficult it was to get my wet clothes off, the numbness of fingers that my stockings were not the pair which were darned so much at the knee, and which would have been discreditable to the eyes of strangers; the water poured out of my watch—it was a silver one, but a good performer—on the ground; and then I remember feeling very well, and being a superintendent of the place—a man of some forty years of age, with a kind face and great bushy whiskers—kept throwing the warm water over my chest with his hands as I lay in the bath and thought how warm it felt, but he strange it was that water should be the first thing resorted to for quieting the mischief which water had done.

Is misfortune good for us, that it makes us feel so happy afterward? I shall never forget the peace of that time. I shall never forget how, looking up at the face of the man who saved me from death, I thought I had never seen any one who looked so good and so benevolent. He was a man who had the appearance of ex-soldier, and was the sort of person one would wish to have by one in a storm, or indeed in any kind of danger.

The receiving-house in Kensington Park is not, in its interior arrangements, unlike a ward in a hospital. Clean, and warm, and airy, it is provided with the means of taking warm baths at one time, and of readily putting in practice all the directions which are given in the Society's book for the resuscitation of persons who are suspended. As soon as I had been long enough in the warm bath, I was taken out and put into a bed between two warm blankets, heated from precisely by a hot water apparatus, but without sheets. The next remedy applied was a glass of warm brandy-and-water of considerable strength; after drinking which I lay down again, and thought I had never tasted so much of a comfortable life in all my life. I remained there all the afternoon, in a half-dreamy state, watching the attendants as they moved about the room, and trying to right the things which had been deranged on my account, and listening to the sound of the turning over of leaves, which came from an adjoining room. In there the superintendent was sitting, waiting till he might be wanted again, and reading, to beguile the time, a book of shipwrecks. Meanwhile a messenger had been sent to my house for dry clothes. The messenger thoughtfully chosen was a woman, lest if one of the men in his remarks continued had gone he might inform those to whom he was sent in an unnecessary degree. By the time the dry clothes had arrived I was just waking up from a pleasant doze. I was soon dressed, and was safe at home by the fireside before the lamps were lighted in the streets.

CAPTN BEN'S WIFE.

IT is easy to describe Captain Ben Conover. Of powerful frame without being tall, quick in motion and speech, with a square, honest face, where many years of rough service have not left a line, with a certain manner of the sea which we always find in those who "follow the water," behold "Cap'n Ben," as he is universally called, the oldest and most experienced pilot on the Long Island.

Meeting him the other day on board the *High-land Light*, I was surprised to hear him predict a "northeaster."

"You don't appehend a storm so soon, do you? We've had a little fog, and thought to bring this weather according to old signs."

"Fifty the clark o' the weather don't know all the signs, so he could make it to suit. New signs says we'll have a northeaster before to-morrow morning, and I am thinking there'll be work for me 'longshore."

Captain Ben is the only really weather-wise person I ever knew. He seems to know from instinct what others can only guess at: for, spite of the almanac and other equally credible authority, I maintain that, with our present knowledge, we can foretell nothing of the weather from observations.

"That three days' fog notion seems to hang on like," says the observing wrecker.

"Fact is, Cap'n Ben, I never said see a storm come out of a long fog."

"Well, Saxon, I have!—Saxon being a long-shore nickname of mine. The last time I saw it came on in that way. You were a young 'un then; but you may remember the *North America* drove ashore on the Hook, and piled up the old Shewabury Inlet. I was anchor-sweeping with Jake Thompson that year, and lost my sloop the same night, with old Sam on board."

"That must have been a heavy loss to you, Cap'n Ben. You were a young man then."

"Yes, the *Juliet* was my first sloop, and I thought at the time 'twas a pretty hard pull; but if it hadn't been for old Sam, I should count that storm pretty much clear gain after all."

This ambiguous phrase, and the wrecker's peculiar smile, gave me to understand that a story was forthcoming, so, securing a couple of stools near the red little stove, and being seated, I expressed my readiness to listen.

"You know," continued the old man, "there was a good many stations in them days, only two or three of us kept sloops, and had places 'longshore. I had one just below Deal, and after I got together a crew for her and set up a watch on the beach, I made leg for Long Branch, where Uncle Jerry had a big old barge. She had been a good vessel in her day, and Jerry was a mighty easy-going man, could punch a piece out with your finger. Jerry was laid up with rhumatis, and I knew his boys would go off to the first market they could, and I'd better be with them, for in a heavy sea she'd want nice handling to keep her from bein' knocked to pieces."

"I left the *Juliet* Tuesday morning and got to Uncle Jerry's about high-water Wednesday. Jerry's place—that was—was—as—as—as—underder lee of the barge, at a place called South Cove, 'twas the more handier in pretty sharp for a mile or so, and then takes a short turn inside, making a boy shaped like a fish-hook, with the light to southward. The entrance to small dis bay is a long bar that runs dry at low-water, and a mighty bad place for a northeaster, I don't want to see.

"Jerry's boys had all the marcies was wrecked in the Inlet, and said the boys had gone up there at daylight.

"'Tain't you've stood watch all the morning alone,' says I.

"'Yes,' he says, 'I come down at low-water and been here ever since.'

"'Well, Jerry, I guess six hours out in such a storm is enough for one man. You go to the home and get some hot grub and turn in and sleep.' Some of the boys will be down from the Hook before dinner-time.'

"I overhauled the boat and found they had got her in pretty good order, and then took a tramp a little farther up shore.

"The tide was full up, and the storm shout at the worst. The surf on the bar was really awful. I have seen more a storm than times since, but never then sea seemed to get up as it did that day. It would roll up on to the flat, three great swells together, and then chop up into a tumbled amalder sess, combing and breaking all ways at once. As I stood looking at the bar, thinking what a poor chance Jerry's boys'd'd by any thing might go on there, old Tommy Waymam came along, and was going past, up to the house, without seeing me, the cape of his coat blowing all over his face. I couldn't think what would bring the old man out in such weather, so I went over and spoke to him.

"'Why, Jerry morning for you to be out, Mr Wayman,' says I.

"'Oh, Ben,' he says, 'I am mighty glad to find you here. I was on my way to the Highlands on over. I can't stand it like I used to. I see Uncle Jerry's boys up ashore this morning, so I've been keepin' kind of a look-out with my glass. I can't see very well, Ben, but nigh as I can make out there's a vessel of some sort a-yawed miles in the offing. She lays head to it, and I can't tell whether it's a ship with her mizzen gone or a brig. Any one who knows the sea knows what that means, and what the gale will put through pretty fast.'

"'There's where she'll bring up, then,' says I, pointing to the Inlet. 'Jerry's boys are no lady shoard that knows enough, they might make a rag of sail on her and bring her round the upper end of the shoal into stiller water, and if her anchors wouldn't hold then she'd ground where the surf wouldn't hurt her a bit.'

"The old man shook his head. 'No, there ain't no pilot shoard, or they wouldn't be where they are. I see shall have to strike here away, so I come down to look if they had made the dicks with Jerry's boat.'

"'The boat is all right, Mr. Wayman, but how long would she live in a sea like that?'

"'No boat could go out to the bar and ever come back, Ben; but she might be handled in the inner edge of the shoal and be of help when the wreck breaks up. I could do it if I was younger, and hoar say you'd make a quick hand in a boat; but young folks is skeery these days; 'tain't like it was when I was young.'

"I didn't carry to that, but took another sharp squint to wind'ard, and thought I see a faint show of spars. 'Twas gone before I could be sure; but I turn to with the old man here. 'as I asked the old man to go down to the boat-house and help me fire the gun. He thought 'twas no use, as it couldn't be heard more than half a mile to wind'ward; but we concluded to try it, and had fired two rounds when Jerry come down. He reported a brig in sight; so we fired again, three rounds being the signal of distress. The boys were near by when we first fired, and soon came running in. They were wet, cold, and hungry; so I made 'em all go up to the house while they could, thinking they'd need comfort, maybe, before they got another chance.

"Jerry and I set about building a big fire under lee of the boat-house; and by time we had done that the brig was in plain sight about a mile off

shore. If I had been aboard her then I could have cawed every stick and stitch; but those who were there must have given up, for they didn't try to do the first thing.

"We laid ways down to the water, and when the other canoe back lifted the boat on to rollers. Then we all stood round the fire and waited. That is the hardest thing I ever have to do. All the courage in the world can't keep a man from shrinking when he has to stand idly on the shore and see a noble ship driving on to certain destruction, with human being, yes, clinging to the rigging, only to be swept off when the sea breaks over her. No one spoke around the fire that night, we watched the brig coming in. She was drifting very slowly at first; but, as old Wayman had foresem, when her anchors touched the sand they didn't hold at all, and she drove along fearfully fast.

"By the time a good many sheps folk were gathered round the fire, and when I asked for volunteers to go in the boat every man offered. I chose a crew of eight, taking every other man as they stood; and while they were taking the boat down old Tommy Wayman came to me and asked pardon for what he had said. 'I know you'll not let an old man's talk tempt you to do any thing foolhardy, Ben; but if you should never come back I'd feel guilty about you long as I live.' I shook hands with the old man, and told him 'twas no time to remember such little things; and for the rest, with the blessing of Providence, I'd bring the boat safe back with more in her then she took out.

"We were a little to leeward of the brig when we started, but the drifted past us now very near the bar. I could see her, so I held the boat almost in the surf, and didn't dare turn my head round even an instant, but I know when she struck by the force of the men. Watching my chance, I put the boat head about on the back of a sea, and we drove down toward the wreck. Just as I caught sight of her she lifted on a tremendous wave, and then it pitched forward, striking so hard that her foremast snapped like a pipe-stem and went over the side.

"As we neared her I put the boat head to wind-'ard again, and we lay almost in the surf waiting for some sign of life. There was no one on deck, and after standing a while, expecting on the oars to hold our own, we had about concluded she was deserted, when one of the men thought he saw a signal from the cabin windows. Next time she lifted they could all see it waved a moment and then withdrawn, and several thought they could make out a woman's arm.

"I expected every moment the brig would break up, but, as it turned appeared, she was settling new and her hull was very strong. When I saw she would hold together some time at least, I told them we could do nothing to be done unless we could board her.

"There's the signal again, said Jerry, no was pulling the bow oar, 'and it is a woman's arm, that's certain.'

"After a moment, finding they were all looking at me, I said, 'Boys, I'll ask no one to go on a stroke further. You know what is to be done as well as I. If the boat lives through we shall save at least one Christian creature from a cruel death, if she goes to pieces—some of us may get ashore.'

"No one answered, but as I let her fall of till she'd lost her head to their oars with a will, and the next moment we were tossing and tumbling in the surf. It seemed to me hours, though I don't suppose 'twas many minutes, we were struggling literally for dear life, and, though eight better oars never were pulled, we scarcely seemed more than we had made. The old boat behaved nobly though, and, in a little hull, we finally crossed the shoal, weathered the brig, and rounded to just under her lee.

"They saw us as we passed the cabin windows, and a man suddenly sent with a coil of line in his hand, one end of which he made fast in the main rigging and the other round his waist. A sea combing over and swept him off to leeward, and he was almost drowned before we could get him into the boat. He had been fearfully knocked about in the cabin, where all hands had taken refuge, and at first couldn't speak a word. He was a Portugee, and couldn't talk much English any way, but after a while contrived to tell us there were five more aboard the brig, though he believed they were all dead; except the young woman who made the signals, and she must be about gone too by that time. I gave the helm to the stroke oar and coiled off some of the rolling line and gingerly, then taking the line from the Portugee's waist, jumped overboard and struck out for the brig. That was mighty hard swimming, but with the aid of the line I contrived to pull up into the rigging and cling there till I could get breathe again. The cabin was as dark as night, though, and my starboard eye I managed to reach the doors and open them. The water rushed out so I could hardly stand, and I had to wait for a lull before I could go in. Every thing movable was adrift—tables, chairs, and lockers—washing from one side the cabin to the other, crashing and mangling the lifeless bodies that were tossing to and fro with them.

"There was one alive in the cabin, so I called loudly, and heard a faint answer from a side stateroom. The door was broken and the little room was flooded with water at every side rail. I dashed fast to the top berth I found the young lady; she had given up all hope when deserted by the Portugee, and had laid down here decently to die. Cutting the feets, I lifted her in my arms and, without serious mishap, carried her out under lee of the cabooss.

"I had not been aboard the brig more than ten minutes, but in that time the boat had drifted away and was laying in the surf on the shore side of the bar. The men bent to the work and pulled hard and heavy; but the Portugee was too much needed up to row strong, and six sweeps couldn't hold. They had to let her drive into quieter water where they could hail out and take breath. Then they dashed in again and did the best men could do, working on, though often losing in one minute all they had made in ten, in constant danger of being swept overboard or worse, and the cabooss was against them every moment. I saw 'twas no use, and made signal to give it up and go ashore. They wouldn't do that; but going into smoother water again, they worked well up to wind'ward and tried to cross as we had at first. Two or three times in the trough of a sea I thought the old boat had gone under, and at last she did take a wave that filled her, and all but two had to swim for it and be hailing with their hats. They drove by some ways in shore, and beckoned me to jump and swim. I would have tried it then, but I knew I couldn't reach with the young woman, so I waved my hand to them and turned away, feeling sort of desperate and half choked.

"There was no time for having the blues though, for my companion required immediate attention. I had a little flask of spirits in the pocket of my guernsey, and made her take enough to brighten her up a bit. She was nearly exhausted by fatigue and cold, but she was not much bruised, and when I spoke about building a raft, was anxious to help, though she couldn't stand on her feet. I soon found there was no raft to be built, as the whole deck was breaking up, having been started when the foremast went over. I knew I could stand, as the hull proved strong, it might hold together till the storm abated; but when the deck began to lift and the waves to break over it, I got into the cabin once more and found three or four blankets, which, though soaking wet, would keep the cold off. Wrapping one around my wife as I could, I carried her into the main rigging, out of reach of the seas, and lashed her fast, clinging hard-by with my knife in my teeth, ready to cut at the last minute.

"I don't know if I took you before the brig was in sight, from Turk's Island, bedeed with salt in bulk, and the breaking up of the deck, that I thought would be the first to go, proved, after all, the salvation. When the planks parted and floated off the cargo began to wash out, and as more of it disappeared, it went by the bow, so there was a longer lift with the sea, and didn't strike so heavy. I couldn't get a range to see, but thought we must be moving, and presently, sure enough, she swung round to her anchors, fairly afloat, and my hearty 'Thank God!' told my companions we were saved by her.

"As the brig lay pretty easy, lead to it, I took the young woman down, and stowed her against the mainmast, with a little water. The hold was half full of water, and there was evidently a big leak somewhere; so I thought best to cut away and let her run ashore. I tried to get some tarring sail on her, but every thing was whipped out; and I had to let her go as she would.

"The young woman had gradile livened up by this time, but I found her mourning piteously, and learned that her only brother lay in the cabin with the others. It appears he was passenger at Turk's Island for a house in New York, and his sister had accompanied him there, they were being entirely alone in the world. They had taken a fever out there, and they were returning home in hope of bettering his health, when the misfortune came. I was as they were rejoicing that the perils of the voyage were over. The poor girl cried bitterly while she told me this story; and I had to leave her the breakers close on the lee bow, Ben Conover might have felt another dash of salt-water too.

"We struck the beach a little before dark, below the boat-house, but the people had followed us down shore; and as the sea wasn't very heavy there, we didn't meet with much hard work, and all got right. They made a kind of litter with sweeps and thwarts, and I had the girl carried up to Uncle Jerry's, where old Aunt Sarah made her comfortable as possible.

"Next morning, as she was sleeping good, I went to work without waiting for rest, for there's days to settle the affairs of the brig; and when I got back she was so glad to see me that I— Well, I'm a married man, and I'm not pretty girl, too.

"Having been at Turk's Island since she was a little girl, she had no friends here, and didn't know what to do nor where to go to. I advised her to stay with us till she could hear from her folks, and she did. Uncle Jerry's folks took a great liking to her; and when I built my house in Shrewsbury, and was ready to move in that next spring, they didn't want to give her up at all.

"There, Saxon, that's the longest story ever I did tell you, and I'm ashamed of it, for this time. Let's go on deck and see if the South River boat is in sight. And, Saxon, if you want to see a perfect picture of the girl I found in the cabin of the *Tonquin*, you come down to Squan and make us a visit. My daughter Sarah is just the image of her."

Captain Ben was right about the coming storm. Twilight of the 28th November ushered one of the fiercest tempests of the year, and sixteen fellow-creatures became indicted for their lives to the skill, courage, and humanity of Captain Ben Conover and the hardy 'longshoremen of the Jersey coast.

FROM MY NATIVE LANE.

SWEET cousper from a distant clime,
Why earn a fitful, fleeting prison grate?
Why by this dread abode of crime
Dost wait?
Yet stay, and sing about my cell;
I love thee well.

Light tenant of the gentle breeze,
Whose sigh hath reland thy brilliant coat,
Till, like the foam crest on the seas,
Doth float
The more beneath its gorgeous hue,
As white to blue.

Good bird, who was it bade thee fly,
And hear such bliss upon thy wing,
To him they have condemned to die?
You bring
Dreams of the cot where he was born:
Is it yet gone?

Thou wanderer from my native land,
Thou fairy of the golden wing,
See, at my bars I sopplliant stand:
Come sing
Thou the sweet tidings nearest from abroad
Thy precious heard.

Tell me if yet the silver dew
Hangs heavy at the morning's dawn;
Or if the stream where once there grew
Is gone.
A drooping willow at its side,
Still flows its tide?

And is the grass as soft and green,
The skies as bright as once they were?
The bunch in be often seen
To dare
The chase, the echoing bills along,
With shout and song?

Say if the shadow of my though,
Still prays upon the shaped floor,
And if that sacred prayer is fraught
No more,
With supplication deep and free,
Thy mate and me?

And tell me if the roses bore
Their blossoms when you came away;
And if the one whom I adore
For aye
Still sweet and wails amid their bloom
In silent gloom?

But whisper not her name, sweet bird,
Or whisper very soft and low,
As if too sacred to be heard—
Hush! they
Some kindly angels from above
Said words of love.

But see, the light is overcast,
The rain comes pattering from the sky:
Sweet bird, I'm sunshine bent in past—
Come fly—
Come quickly to my friendly breast,
And dry rest!

Thou flest, and thy 'wildering song
Is deathly false and sadly vain;
My prison bars are doubly strong
Again.
There's nothing left in life for me
But Liberty.

NEW YORK, 1859.

SPANISH THUGS.

IT is but to a limited number of Spaniards of the present day that the existence, in any age, of the society we are about to describe is known. But that it was recognized in the latter years of Charles the Fourth's reign, is an indubitable fact in the secret history of Spain, and one in association, which had first been performed, perhaps, in its only praiseworthy act.

There is no record of the period at which the secret society of Desperadores was first instituted; but from the name it is to be inferred it was of some antiquity. It was called the Spanish language yet owns the verb active, despenar (not to be confounded with despertar, which latter means the act of throwing from a rock or other elevation, precipitating), with the signification "to ease, to alleviate, to relieve from pain or care," it has long fallen into disuse, and may be looked upon as nearly obsolete.

On the evening of a certain day in the year 1803, in a dark and miserable apartment in the town of Ocana, in Old Castile, a worthy and respected citizen lay suffering under disease of long standing; at the tenor of his bed was fixed the customary pilx, in filter open earthenware vessel, containing holy water, surmounted by a painting of his patron saint, and at the foot of the bed, a table of a small kind of altar bearing a couple of lighted tapers flanking a wooden effigy of our Saviour extended on the cross, to which the sick man's eyes were riveted piteously, gave unmistakable signs that the patient was considered in danger. He was yet but a middle-aged man, unmarried, well-to-do in the world, of excellent character, and notable for his devout habits and rigid observance of all the forms and ceremonies of his Church. His only relative was a sister, who, with two domestics, constituted his family, and had had now withdrawn from the sick-chamber to make way for his friend the parish-priest—fortunately a plain, sensible, matter-of-fact gentleman, who, at the patient's request, had been sent for to receive his confession, and to administer the last rites of absolution and extreme unction. And now that these ceremonies had been performed, the clergyman, who had long known and held the patient in much esteem, remained by his side, praying with him and exhorting him. The sick man did not exactly fear to meet death, nor did he murmur at the decree of his Maker, yet he nevertheless exhibited extreme regret at being called from this world so soon. Therefore his friend, the priest, sought somewhat to cheer him, by observing, "that, although in these acts he had complied with the duty of a good Christian in preparing himself for the worst, he ought by no means to despair of the possibility of the Divine mercy being over yet extended to him in this world, as there were numerous instances of persons recovering from a far more precarious state than he was yet in." The re-awakened some hope in the patient's mind, and he seemed to gather strength and energy.

But a slight noise in the room occasioning him suddenly to cast his eyes toward the door, the patient was seized with a convulsive tremor, his countenance betrayed signs of the most intense horror, and a cold sweat burst from him, as in an agonized whisper he said to the priest, "There is no help, no escape, for me; now, indeed, my life is circumscribed to a few minutes, and it must terminate when you leave me; my death is now certainly and inevitably at hand." The good priest feared that a sudden delirium had seized the sick man, yet thought it well to argue with him, and inquire if any change in his sensations induced him to make so fatal a prognostic? Yes; he felt no decrease in the symptoms of his disease; but he must die, he must die almost immediately. As he repeated this, after a pause and solemnly, and always in the same whispered tone, the priest insisted on being told the reason; and at last the patient, with great trembling and secrecy, pointed his attention to two persons who had entered and who stood in conversation at the further end of the room, as though unwilling to intrude on his spiritual conference with his adviser. They were staid, sober, and respected men of that same town, wearing the sad-colored garments that denoted their being bedeo, or devotees, and they were acquainted both with the patient and the priest. They had come to inquire the state of their departing friend, and if it must be, to take their farewell of him. The sick man, with increased agitation, whispered, "They are of us. They are my companions. They are Desperadores. By their hands I shall die as soon as you quit me; and they and I are sworn." With this, his hands seized and held the priest's arm with almost supernatural force.

What was the meaning of those words? What were Desperadores? Why should his fate depend upon them? These were questions the priest was quite unable to solve; but he determined, as far as possible, to tranquilize the poor wretch by assuring him that he would not leave his side until desired by himself to do so. This in some measure relieved the sick man's fright. There the priest sat for hours, during which he two visitors more than once drew near the bedside, inquiring of the patient (who shuddered afresh at each approach) the state of his body and mind, considerately observing that the Senior Parsons must be wearied by his long attendance, and offering to relieve him in waiting upon and praying for the departing. But the priest, warned by the clutch of his friend's hand, declined to accept their proposal, and, finally, finding no prefect for a longer stay at that time, they had to withdraw.

Perceiving that there was a mystery in could not for the present time, and that the conduct of terror and hope rendered the patient for the time incapable of clearing it up, the clergyman resolved on staying by him until his hour, should his disorder finally take a fatal turn; and he gave strict injunctions that no one whatsoever but the medical attendants should be admitted into the sick-room: his clerical presence being a sufficient excuse to any others who might be desirous. On the succeeding day he was gratified by learning that the crisis of the disorder had passed, and that the patient's condition was perfectly hopeful. As soon as he found him sufficiently tranquil and reassured to revert to the mysterious subject, the priest urged him to disclose every thing relating to his strange hints of the preceding night. Ultimately he drew from him, though with much difficulty, the following fragment: That his existence a secret Brotherhood of which he was a member, not numerously, but widely, disseminated throughout Spain, who were sworn to sole every opportunity of gaining access to such persons as, being in *extreme mortis*, had received the last sacraments and rites of their religion, and, under pretext of praying with and giving them spiritual consolation, to seize the first moment that offered with them to terminate their remaining hours—by strangulation, by smothering with a pillow, or in any other way not calculated to awaken suspicion. That the Brotherhood was guided by a much higher object than the merely charitable one which their adopted name of Desperadores would indicate; for, instead of merely intending to abbreviate the death-agony of the sufferer, their object was to prevent all possibility of his escaping from the unbroken Sacerdotal rites, as would sometimes happen: That the Desperadores knew that, after having received plenary absolution and the ultimate rites of the Church, he had even in a state of beatitude, and certain of admission to heaven; while, should they be restored to health, they would be in some cases exposed to the temptations and temptations of their wicked world, which, according to the weakness of nature, would lead them to sin anew and unavoidably imperil their souls, should they afterward be cut off by accidental sudden death: That the Brotherhood, therefore, regarded the eternal welfare of the absolved, and insured them a certain entrance into Paradise.

Averring that he had personally taken part in these acts on more than one occasion, the patient was sternly asked by the priest why they had never been reminded of his duty in administration to him? He answered that it was not incumbent on him or on any of his companions to name them, for, on their being sign, they were meritorious actions, inasmuch as they rendered certain the salvation of souls that might otherwise be lost.

The poor priest was shocked and puzzled by the revelation, for he could not easily decide whether he ought or ought not to regard it as made under the seal of confession, and consequently of inviolable secrecy; but, after some consideration, he judged it his duty to lay the whole matter privately before his diocesan, the Archbishop of Toledo. That prelate being one of the grand inquisitors, found sufficient reason in it for having the three individuals whom the clergyman pointed out as Desperadores lodged in the cells of the Holy Office. On being examined, they exhibited neither fear nor compunction at owning themselves

members of that secret but, as they contended, most praiseworthy association, or in running such others of the fraternity as they knew.

How to act toward the fanatics implicated in this most horrible league, who were within a short time all arrested, became a matter of perplexity as well to the Inquisitors as to the Council of Castile (which, as civil crime had been committed in the formation of a secret society, had also to take part in it); for it was desirable to avoid, as far as possible, giving publicity to the facts, lest an indignant spirit of revenge should be roused among survivors, who conceived that their deceased relatives had been murdered. The question of culpability was, therefore, in some instances put by potentially for consideration of the most eminent jurists in Spain, as well of common as of canon law, and the majority of their opinions was that crime had been committed—not with a willfully guilty intent, but from a deplorably misguided and fanatical belief. The punishments were consequently limited to such different terms of confinement as were considered necessary to indoctrinate the culprits in a proper manner; and when they were released it was under the assurance that the utmost severity of the law would be put in force against them in the event of relapse. The higher ecclesiastical and civil authorities were commanded to keep a most vigilant watch, and from that time the association was virtually extinguished, whatever became of the individual feelings of its members.

How many victims may have been sacrificed to this spirit of inhuman and revolting fanaticism no human being can ever know, and the day of judgment alone can reveal.

THE NEW ROBE.

BY S. E. S.

Where Lady Ruth rose from her cold ocean bath,
Entwining her brown-shadowed hair,
One day when the winds fattered chill o'er the path,
And the leaves shivered down on the air,
She turned, in disdain, from the soft-flowing grace
Of her robe, and her jewels' gleam,
While the splendor fell down from her fair, bright face,
Like the falling light of a dream.

"I am weary," she said, "of the crimson and gold
That shine out in my autumn dress;
For the light hath wept over every fold,
And lamented the coolness.
'Tis gorgeous and rich, but I tire of it now,
And sigh for another, where lies
Shall in the blossoms that fell from the bough
Of the apple-trees, wet with dew.

"The sober brown dress that I wore last spring
When I sought for the first young flowers,
When I listened for the birds that sing
Through the low monotone of the showers,
Was soiled by the dews and the mist's gray wings,
That footed over the glistening grass,
And as summer blushed by the valleys and springs,
I drew around me a robe of green.

"Tress covered with blossoms and low trailing vines,
With jasmine and sun-scented musk!
And the long grasses waved in delicate lines
Where the rose in my hair grew faint.
Diamond and rubies with quivering light,
Flashing, lay on my bosom bare;
While the lilies that blossomed on my mantle white
Dropped fragrance wherever I came.

"But I cast it aside with cold, careless scorn,
And stepped from its clinging caress;
And down midst the yellow and whispering corn
I wove me a glittering dress.
Light royally floated its purple and gold,
Gemmed over with gray crimson leaves,
While a warm, amber light glowed down from each fold,
Like the sun on the harvest sheaves.

"I braided the bands of my long, sunny hair
With the drooping grace of the wheat,
And entwined the clear of my golden rare
With the blue grapes fragrant and sweet.
But the wheat is shaken, the grapes' deep blue
Hath lost all its deep light,
And the hem of my robe is soiled, trailing through
The forest's brown path in the night.

"I will dress no more, ere the morning dawn,
In a robe whose beauty shall be
As soft as the shadows that flit o'er the lawn,
And pure as the foam of the sea."
Then she paused; and hearing the wind's low sighs
That crept over the mountain bleak,
The light green dark in her soft blue eyes,
As a thought flashed over her cheek.

When the morning came with its wide, pale light,
She stood by the frozen sea,
With her hair arm glowing, snowy and white,
From her robe of purity.
Then floating and fair as the wind-kept down
That falls from the elder's wing;
And diamonds and pearls in her jewsled crown
Death the sunbeams were quivering.

Long plumes of white, with their tremulous grace,
Dropping down from her shadowed hair,
Touched softly the blush on her bright, glad face,
As she smiled on the sunlit air.
In the misty folds of her drapery lay
Rare blossoms of silvery hue,
So cunningly wrought—as dream-lilies were they—
Each moment they changed to the view.

For the fluttering fall of the soft pure lace,
That lay like a veil around,
Hid the lily away in the snow-drop's place,
And covered them both with down;
And the Lady's smile overflowed her face,
In a sudden and happy glow,
As her eyes swept over her new robe's grace—
The whiteness and silence of snow.

St. Louis, Missouri.

WHAT EVERY BODY SAID.

Every body said that of all the Manhattan maidens whose bright eyes were wont to reflect the lustres of the Academy, where merry voices filled Society's halls with the most enchanting music that nature knows, and whose beaming spirits forever repelled all thought of not acknowing Mary Dashford's eyes were brightest, her voice the sweetest, and her heart the lightest. Every body said that every body else was some day in love with Mary—neither gaily or seriously, confidently or hopelessly, calmly or desperately. The idea of not being subject to infatuation of some sort, as regarded Mary, was not to be entertained at any time. Every body said, too, that among all the devoted throng who had enshrined her in their souls not one could falsely claim undivided pre-eminence in her esteem; but that with amiable grace she showered little non-committal pleasantries around, which each might gather for himself and yet feel nowise advanced above his fellows. It seemed great enough that all were looked upon by her with equal, and not at all excessive, though sufficiently good-natured favor.

There was, indeed, one exception—that every body acknowledged. But it was not of a nature to excite apprehension among the struggling competitors for Mary's hand. Quite the contrary. An odd kind of fellow, who used often to assume dignity, and to put on airs of sobriety when every body else was mischievous—who had been heard to utter words of grave reproof to Mary in some of her moments of most diving merriment—who had, as a proper punishment, been visited with the only petulance and displeasure that ever escaped her—who had not even the rightful claim of entrance youth upon her attention, and who was altogether too profound and sometimes even pedantic to suit at all the tastes of the brilliant circle over which Mary held sway—was evidently viewed by her with much distrust and suspicion, notwithstanding that his relations of apparent friendship toward her were never broken apart, and superficial courtesy guided all the details of their intercourse.

Not that Mr. George Newberne was absolutely repulsive or intolerable. Very far from it. At most times every body, Mary, too, was disposed to consider him with approbation; for, after all, there were few more brilliant, gallant, genial, more generous than he, when he so chose to be. But then he had queer ways of intruding inappropriately sometimes at unexpected times, and uttering sharp observations about him, in a manner that would bring upon him the temporary hatred of all who heard him. Not even Mary, whom every body else strove to shield from the faintest shadow of displeasure, was exempt from his occasional asperities. Sometimes, in the very height of her brilliancy, when all had gathered about her delighted, and were taking in sensations of pleasure which in great quantities, the sentiment of the group would be suddenly changed from happiness to wrath by some extraordinary and ill-timed utterance of Mr. Newberne, calculated to bring reproach upon the central divinity. Perhaps Mary would then trishly retort, and fling back the weapon that had been so unfairly used against her; and at such times Mr. Newberne was always instantaneously silenced. Some thought this strange, because they had noticed that when any person else entered the contest on her part, and undertook sarcastic retaliation, he was straightway confounded and put to shame by Newberne, who, whatever were his errors, had certainly no need to shrink from any encounter of keen wits. How Mary endured it so repeatedly nobody could understand, and every body declared that she must specially pout some when Mr. George Newberne would be blotted out from her recognition.

I remember one of these little exhibitions of bad taste, which was perhaps the most annoying that ever occurred. One festival night, when Mary was more than usually captivating, and when of all the attractions of a glittering drawing-room her conversation was the most powerful, she was surrounded by a little array of admirers, most of whom stood silent, venturing only a chance acquiescent phrase or a submissive murmur of approval. Mr. Newberne stood not for away, listening like the rest, and smiling like the rest, at such flashing sentence. Mary drew wonderful word-pictures of adventure. With a phrase she characterized, for evil or for good, whomsoever she chose. Of all minies she was the first. A peculiarity of tone came aptly recommended from her little mouth. An oddity of feature was caught and represented with the quaintest twist of her pretty face. Rushing playfully along, her tongue let upon Tom Henderson. Never a better subject for her treatment. His consonance, distorted by a long, deep cut, and his manner of speech, made singular by the termination of the same scar in his lip, were vividly brought up. How every body laughed, and how every body clapped hands at Mary tossed back her dainty head, and paused to take breath!

Every body except Mr. George Newberne, of course, who saw a favorable opportunity for his customary interjection of ill nature.

"To be sure," he said, "nothing can be duller than that scar. And its history, too, is all so comic. You remember how Henderson came by it. A little crossing-sweeper cut most unceremoniously before a Broadway omnibus. Tom carelessly enough thought it worth while to save her from being crushed. He did get her away, but then he lost his balance, and fell beneath the wheels. And so he received that ludicrous long gash, and rendered himself a standing joke for the rest of his life."

Every body was silent for a minute. Then Mary, with her face deeply flushed, said:

"Well, Mr. Newberne, you have thrown me, too, under the wheels of your contempt, but you see I am not crushed."

Every body applauded the firmness and quick defiance with which this was said, and I think Newberne himself wished he had remained quiet.

From that time, although they met as frequently as ever, there grew an icy reserve between Mary Dashford and Geo. Newberne. Some persons thought too that when he was by she allowed less gayety than she had been accustomed to. But this was considered of very slight importance compared with the fact that, for the first time within the knowledge of society, Mary began to indulge a human preference. And she should be its object but this some unfortunate Tom Henderson, of whom she had made such fun only a little while before?

Every body doubted at first, but it soon became clear that Tom was very much favored. She went with him to the opera twice as often as with any one else, and allowed him to talk with her just as much as he desired to, which she had never used to do, because, she had said, jokingly, he was a noble listener. Tom was plentiful everywhere, and generous with flowers, and decorated himself all over with watch-chains and finger-rings, to the extent of a good many hundreds of dollars. In the course of books and kid-gloves he became astonishingly immaculate, and his neckties were the most touching things I ever saw, in that way. His absolute disregard of cost, it was said by shop-keepers, brought upon him a great deal of credit. He even undertook to express himself in a more direct way to Miss Dashford herself, by adoration-offerings of bracelets and things; but there were rather frowns upon by the lady, who forbade him to go to any greater lengths than an occasional bouquet.

Mr. George Newberne was not of this, as every body did, but, unlike the rest, refused to make it a subject of public discussion. He saw no reason, he said, to complain of Henderson upon the attachment of a pair of young people, and, for his part, he preferred not to talk too much about it. This was ascribed to his well-known acerbity, and, when it was announced one day that he was about to desert New York, and run off for some years to the opposite continent, every body said he had probably got tired of the unfailing topic, and was determined to get rid of it by this violent means. But somehow, every body, in spite of all his bad temper and upended social aggressions, felt a regret which they could not explain when they heard the news. They remembered some good points of manliness, genuine sincerity, honorable friendship, which they had been in the habit of overlooking. But as it was settled that he was to go, they could only bid him the best good-by they had on hand, and wish him all sorts of pleasant journeyings.

Mr. Newberne passed around to say the last words to his friends before departing. He came to upon Mr. Tom Henderson.

"What can I do for you, Tom, over the water?" said he.

"Oh, nothing," said Henderson, "nothing that I think of. But, then, Newberne, perhaps you might do something for me here before you go—you are so willing."

"Of course; say what."

"You will see Mary Dashford before you go?"

"This morning, if she is at home."

"Well, Newberne, I have always had an idea that a thing or two which you said one night at Lorcher's hastened and turned Mary's thoughts upon me. I may be wrong, anyhow I would. What do you think about it, old fellow?"

"I never think about any thing," said Mr. Newberne.

"Oh; well, that's strange, too. But still it seemed so to me, and since Miss Dashford loves since she gives—since every body says I have—of course you've heard what every body says?"

"Oh yes."

"Of course; well, since that is the case, I have written a little note herein. I began it last week, but it came hard, and I only finished it last night—telling her what every body says, you know, and asking her if she says, you see. Don't you see?"

"I see," said Mr. Newberne.

"To be sure," said Mr. Henderson. "Now since I love you, or at least I think I do, something in this affair already, wouldn't you be a splendid fellow, and add to the obligation by handing her this note? Then, you see, if she should be angry, you could say, 'Well, you know, and you might say a thing or two in the right direction any way, you know.'"

At that moment Mr. Newberne's attention was attracted to the street. Returning, after a little space, he said:

"No, Henderson, be advised, and don't ask my assistance. I can't help you in this case. Besides, letters never do at such a time."

"What, not do?"

"Not at all. I know a lady who was attacked ever so many times with letters, and who put them all away, one after the other. It needed the true evidence of earnest feeling that the voice and the eye, same, will. I can't give you lessons, but take care to avoid letters."

"Now, my dear fellow, it's my only way. What should I do? You don't expect such a face as mine to fascinate, do you? And what sort of a voice is mine, cracked by an omnibus wheel, to say soft things? Oh, it wouldn't do, you know. So help me through, and take the note."

Mr. Newberne yielded to continual persuasion, and took the note in his hand. He was, in a little less cordiality than he had shown on entering.

Miss Dashford was at home, and would be glad to see Mr. Newberne.

Presently they stood together in the drawing-room. Least highly cultivated, but not less charming than ever, was Mary. She never seemed so tranquil as when she welcomed her visitor; and yet her little hand, as it lay for a moment in his, quivered, trembled, as it was not used to do.

"A bad heart," said Mr. Newberne. "Do I come too early?"

"Oh no—oh no," said Mary; "you do not come too early."

"I have a double duty," he said. "First, let me tell you that I go to-morrow upon a long voyage. It would not do for me to go without your good wishes."

"I heard you were going, Mr. Newberne, but I doubted; for I thought if it were true I should know it from you."

What was it in her tone that made his fingers leave her hand? Why he curled in his pocket, and wonder within himself whether he would part with it at all? But he hesitated only for a moment.

"I know it," he said, "presumed to hand you this, from a gentleman who has done me too much honor in entrusting it to me. It was his wish, not altogether mine, that I should bring it."

With some surprise she took it and read. Then her head dropped a little, and her face was hidden.

They stood very quietly, just by the fire-place. Newberne still held his hand in Mary's trembling clasp—Mary shading her countenance with her hand. At last she looked up and spoke.

"Do you know," she asked, "what is in this note?"

"Mr. Henderson has told me," he said.

"Do you know," she asked, "what I thought of it?"

"Mr. Henderson has told me," he said.

"Do you know, Mr. Newberne, helped me to a better understanding of my real duty than I myself possessed. I have always thought you far from at ease time, though you had little enough reason to think so. Help me once more, Sir; tell me now what I should do."

"Don't ask me—don't ask me, Miss Dashford," he said. "Here you alone must judge. You must not ask me for any word."

Then after another brief pause, bending forward, she let the note which told the story of poor Tom's heart, but never touched her own, fall among the glowing flames. And yet neither spoke.

But as the little hand returned it was caught—caught too fast to be released—and the drooping form was drawn to a stronger and worthier resting-place than it had ever before found.

"You will not go—to-morrow?" said Mary, looking up, and speaking first, a long while after.

"My darling, no," said George Newberne.

At first every body said it was impossible. But this would not do at all; so every body said con-

"SHE LET THE NOTE FALL AMONG THE GLOWING FLAMES."

fused things indicative of profound stupor. At length, however, it was all arranged with extreme elegance, for every body said, "Of course, by all means, we always thought so; and some of us knew it from the very beginning."

THE REAL JAPANESE MERMAID.

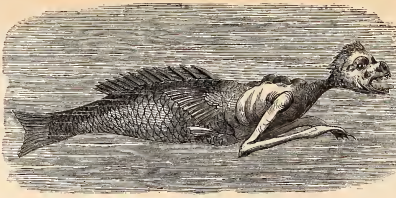
THE accompanying engraving of the well-known fish called by the Japanese the *Neemo*, is from a sketch obligingly furnished us by the writer of the following letter. It will be viewed with interest by all who remember the excitement produced some years since by the exhibition of a so-called mermaid at Barnum's, in this city. The letter is as follows:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

RANDOLPH, MACON COLLEGE, VIRGINIA, December, 1859.

I am to-night in receipt of a letter from Dr. D. B. Phillips, surgeon in the United States Navy, steamer *Mississippi*, dated Hong Kong, Sept. 27, 1859, and containing the accompanying sketch from nature and description (with the request that I forward them in his name and with his compliments to you) for your *Weekly*, "of a very singular animal, found in Japan, and called the *Neemo*. The specimen from which this sketch was taken is dead and dried, and is eighteen inches in length. I have examined it (continues Dr. Phillips) with the utmost care, and am fully persuaded that it is genuine. It is universally and immediately recognized by the Japanese as a *Neemo*. The specimen is now in possession of Mr. T. King, master of the American schooner *Wanderer*, now at Shanghai, who purchased it at Kanagawa, Japan, for the sum of 120 ichibooo, equal to $40. Mr. King has since been offered $1500 for it by one I understand Mr. Brown, the English Minister to China." Vouching for the truth of all I assert, and leaving the question of identification to the naturalist, I remain,

YOURS truly, WILLIAM B. CARR.



THE JAPANESE MERMAID.—[FROM A SKETCH BY DR. PHILLIPS, U.S.N.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

IN connection with the war now raging in Northern Africa between Spain and Morocco we give the accompanying picture of the rock of Gibraltar, the key of the Mediterranean. If Spain should be successful in the war, her statesmen openly avow her intention of endeavoring to recover, by fair means or foul, this important position. No attempt of the kind would be successful if made by force; but England is now less covetous of territory than she was once.

Gibraltar, standing as it does on a peninsula at the entrance to the Mediterranean, is connected with the continent of Spain by a low sandy isthmus, one mile and a half long and three-quarters of a mile broad; having the key of Gibraltar on the west (which is formed of Europa Point on the east and Point St. Garein on the west) and the open sea of the Mediterranean on the east. Near the point of junction of this isthmus with the main land are the Spanish lines, between which and the rock is a space called the neutral ground. The highest point of the rock is about 1400 feet above the level of the sea; its north face is almost perpendicular; while its east side is full of tremendous precipices. On its south side it is almost inaccessible, making approach from seaward impossible; the west side, again, although nearly as rugged and precipitous as the others, slopes toward the sea, and here the rock is scarred by extensive and powerful batteries, rendering it apparently impregnable. Vast sums of money and an immense amount of labor have been spent in fortifying this celebrated stronghold. Numerous caverns and galleries, extending from two to three miles in length, and of sufficient width for carriages, have been cut out of the solid rock, forming safe and sheltered communications from one part of the garrison to another without being exposed to the fire of an attacking enemy. Along these galleries, at intervals of every twelve yards, are port-holes, bearing on the neutral ground and bay; while trees, shrubs, and flowers of various kinds have been planted at different points, both for ornament and utility. On the summit of the rock there are several barracks, towers, and fortresses. Of late the fortifications have been carefully strengthened at every vulnerable point. Something over 1000 guns, of the largest calibre, are mounted on the rock; and it is supposed that among them the Armstrong gun will not be wanting. The principal defenses are on the west side, fronting the bay, but there is also a battery on the east side, though the steepness and ruggedness of the rock would seem to render it almost unnecessary. The town of Gibraltar is situated on the west side of the peninsula, terminating in Europa Point, and fronts the bay. The bay is of semicircular form, about six miles in length and four and a half in breadth. The best anchorage is from off the middle of Algesiras, on the west side of the bay, toward Palmones River. The shipping is sheltered on the British side by two formidable moles, called Old and New Mole—one on the north and the other on the south side of the town of Gibraltar. Opposite the town of Gibraltar, on the west side of the bay, is the Spanish town of Algesiras.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, SHOWING THE MEDITERRANEAN AND THE COAST OF MOROCCO.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HERE is a fine example of making up the wrong passenger:

"Passing over the Georgia Railroad some months ago, I fell in company with my friend W. H. Bisshamsky. I better known as Dr. B., who, during the war, did good duty, and walked off his leg at Antietam. A very old gentleman laughing at his excessive pain, shot a monkey that then remarked: 'My good man, you shot a monkey that I know—Yes,' said he; 'and if I had you in range I would have killed him.'"

Absolutely-five years ago a Pittsburgh alderman committed a sweet bon-mot, thus: "Sir! raising a report and obvious conclusion." He went by the name of Alderman Rumpus at the end of his life.

A German doctor in Pennsylvania, giving his evidence in Court respecting a broken limb, called the fracture a fracture. In his cross-examination he was asked if the fracture of which he had spoken was a vulgar fracture or a decimal fracture. "Oh!" said the doctor, very sensibly, "it wash a *dishmal* fracture!"

Forty or fifty years ago the amiable Mr. T., the curator of the Academy of Fine Arts, set for several winters in the Legislature of Pennsylvania as one of the Representatives from Philadelphia. On one occasion, to country member having preceded a petition for a lottery, Mr. T. — moved in reference to the Committee on Vice and Immorality. At this the precentor of the petition faced up, and cried, "Mr. Speaker, do you think the members of this House know what the member from Philadelphia also for his living? I will tell you: he shows naked images to ladies and gentlemen for a quarter-dollar a head. He's a pretty fellow to talk of vice and immorality!"

On Sunday morning, September 23, 1859, a notice appeared upon the door of a prominent house in Philadelphia City, of which the following is a verbatim copy:

"Gentlemen will Please not Bringing any dogs into this house or about the door it very much displeasen Madame the mistress in the business depend on pleasing the Lady."

An ex-United States Consul sends us the following:

"The Yankee was resting at Buenos Ayres, and wished to take measures to celebrate the ensuing Fourth of July, and was quite prepared to do it in style. He had been asked by stated the object of our meeting, Mr. F——, formerly of Massachusetts, arose, and after long hesitation, a prepared paper, proceeded to read. The preamble was good, and its conclusion—"Resolved that the 4th day of July commence on the evening of the third, and continue till the evening of the twenty-first—decidedly patriotic. What a spree it prospect!"

"The whaling bark *Franklin* put in for repairs, and looking over the captain's log-book I found a short entry of one page to consist of, 'This day commences dead calm.' A few days after, 'Saw a turtle.' We were in our tender inter apperts the next observation, 'Saw another turtle.' And the days wore each with, 'This day ends—dead calm, and 1004 days notoriously more particular.'"

Lit. Gaz. 1 S. 8. Lon. 116. 40.

Three periodicals are most likely to explode which haven't a spark of fire in or about them.

The studio of a first-rate portrait painter must be a perfect bedlam; it is full of *striking* likenesses.

It has been said that the difference between a earringe-wheel and a carriage-horse is that one goes better when it is tired, and the other doesn't.

Somebody says that "energy is the spontaneous escape of those malignant feelings which the sleeper has no time to vent when awake."

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—Some one has remarked somewhere, that it is a misnomer, adding to be a man of business attending his patient's funeral: it looks as like a tailor taking leave his customer.

FRACTURED MAKES PERFECT.—"Oh, Jacob," said a master to his apprentice boy, "it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can get out!"—"Yes, master," replied the boy; "I have been practising since I was a child."

One day a beggar man, who had long been known as the do-nought of the place where he lived, met another laden with two pannniers. On asking what was in them, the big man told him that they contained rags and bones, accordingly, "Well, then, toss me in, for I'm rent also."

"Why, Bridget," said her mistress, who wished to rally her for the amusement of her company upon the Brummy ornamenting of a huge pie, "why, Bridget, did you do this? You are quite an artist. How did you do it?"—"Indade, it was mesself that did it," replied Bridget. "Sure it pretty, mum! I did it with your false teeth, mum."

A glass of soda water was offered to a country lad, who rejected it with the greatest indignation. "Thank you, I am a salamander," said he, "to drink water killing me!"

"You had better ask for manners than money," said a finely-dressed gentleman to a beggar boy who had asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought I lack the most of," was the boy's reply.

Philosophers themselves, like the sixty gentlemen of Monmouth, after pursuing simplicity of living, often stick to stay on heavy suppers and beds of down.

Persons in a crowd should keep their elbows out of each other's stomachs; yets men's stomach is oftener injured by the motion of his own elbow than by those of his neighbors.

THE SENTENCE OF A WIFE MAGISTRATE.—Always speak of a sentence as you find it.

"WANTED—A FEW MORE OF THE SAME SORT."—Farini, the director of Central Park, has shown so much pluck, sagacity, and energy, that one can hardly imagine Italy and at this moment more men "*ejusdem farini*."

LOST MEN.—When bachelors get married their bachelor acquaintances see them no more. So far as concerns their course they are in chambers, they might indeed almost as well be dead as wedded. Sometimes one of them appears in the world, but one seen frequently, but he comes thirty like a ghost, and seems the merest shadow of the jolly dog he used to be. He did not know, when he married, there will arrive than with anger, but rather he our they drive much comfort from his wife. The Fates, he drops in like a tax-gatherer, and makes every one uncomfortable. He does not know the life because the death-bed of their dinner-table. A Bourdick with bachelors is a fish out of water; and the best thing to be done with him is to throw a ball out and try to make him hook it.

MALAPROPISM.—A good old lady, having occasion to mention a work by a great contemporary historian, determined, if Macaulay's "History of England," subsequently, referring to the arrangement which terminated the late Italian war, the dear old soul called it the Treaty of Villafranca.

THE HANGS OF THE TIDES.—Cresus was the richest man of his time among the ancient Romans. Who were his bankers? If the opulent trimerch had a banker, Mr. Cassius.

QUEER QUERIES.

In what light can a bottling-man be viewed as a key figure?

Is it legal for a blind man to sue upon a bill made payable at sight?

When the morning breaks, is it expected to appear in the Bankruptcy Court?

A PROBLEM VERY EASY OF SOLUTION.

By an Indignant Young Lady, who is tired to death at the stupid rubbish that is indulged in at the expense of ladies dresses.

GIVEN: A Lady's Crinoline, and a Gentleman's Intellect.

TO FIND OUT: Of which of the two the circumference is the longest.

THE STABLE MIND.—An easy man, being in the Isle of Wight, and finding himself in the neighborhood of the Earl of Yarborough, called upon his Lordship, and, for the purpose of seeing those boys of his which he had heard so much of.

MENDACIOUS BY A MIRROR.—How annoying it is to all people around, instead of being contented and gratified they would, in consequence of having pictured only one side of the face, be ever fretting and worrying.

DOMESTIC PET.—Never purchase a parrot without taking it to mouth upon trial. There is no knowing where the bird may have learned its talk.

SOCIAL SUGGESTIONS.

BY REV. ARTHUR BONNER.

When you receive your guests, be sure to tell them that a number of *disappointments* you have had, and how the Lion of the day (whom you know you dared not asks) was laid up with bronchitis, and couldn't come in evening.

If you have been so lucky as to catch some titled people, take care to tell your green-grocer to have their name cut on his loaly? when, as fortune, he announce them.

In making out your dance list, introduce the Calcedonian and Lancers antiquities, and the Quadrille mind may derive some entertainment from a study of the steps, give to your ball, which, if you do, they will generally forward as a *dos en machina*—and having the directions for the figures in your pocket lest the master of the director be in mazes at Hampton Court.

If, being invited to a friend's evening to eat much, of course you need not go to grand expense about refreshments. A light repast will do, and it is enough to give—i. e. take of gas, and little lobster salad.

With regard to wines, if you give your guests Champagne at a very small expense, if you do not mind giving them a little of the *Ale* to mix the Champagne with them. The worse the wine is, necklace, the less will people drink it. Port is generally a good wine at evening parties, and it is just so well that nobody be disappointed.

A NEW TRICK.—"Does your Watch Go, and is it accurate?" Then you can do a wonderful trick. The watch that does not go is a repeater; for whenever you consult it, it never tells the same time twice.

JOKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—Writing with tremendous chilblains on your fingers.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

BOY.—"I say, Tom, what's the Lily of the Valley?"

WICKED UNCLE.—"Yes, my dear, talk with Ourlips."

MORAL LESSON.—A conscientious old gentleman, indeed to stand godfather to a friend's baby, and wishing to apply the requisite renunciation of pomps and vanities, presents the little one with a set of wooden spoons.

APPROPRIATE ADDRESS.—A poet, a native of the "Land of Cakes," wrote an Ode to the Owl, commencing with "Hoot Awe!"

EXTREMELY GREEN.—Secret drawers should never be made of green wood, because the secret would never be deposited in them, from the very great risk they run of spilling.

When is a man (lawyers included) like strong ale?—When he thinks no small beer of himself.

INCONVENIENCE OF "MISCELLANEOUS" MEN," said a merry old lady, "when I was young, called on an enchantress, and now I have lost my charms, they say I am as ugly as a witch. Ah, dear me!"

THE SCUTTLE OF THE STABLE.—Regency is a common expression in the mouths of the Tuscan Grandees, and it is very common in the mouths of pum

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PRUSSIAN SYRUP.—Against patent Medicines most persons are justly prejudiced. Health is too valuable to be trifled with, and no one possessing ordinary common sense would be so foolish as to take a patent medicine of which he can know nothing save what is asserted by the maker of it, a person who, for all he knows, may be an arrant rogue. The Prussian Syrup can not be placed in this category. There is every evidence to believe it will prove to be quackery in it. It is a solution of the protoxide of iron, prepared by a new method. The preparation has well known in Boston, and are confident upon whose statements the utmost reliance can be placed. They do not claim that the syrup is a panacea, but that in all those diseases in which the use of iron is indicated it will be found most efficacious. The diseases in which iron is prescribed by physicians are many, and the benefit derived by regarded as one of the most useful in the pharmacopeia, yet the results desired are not always obtained, for the reason that it is sometimes difficult to find in a form which it should be administered. It is generally asserted by physiological chemists, iron can only enter and assimilate with the blood in the form of protoxide, then if administered in this form it would save the stomach unnecessary labor. The protoxide, however, is said to be a very unstable compound, and liable to be converted into another form by the absorption of oxygen from the air. It is claimed that in the Peruvian Syrup it is so combined by chemical ingenuity as to remain permanent, further oxidation being impossible.

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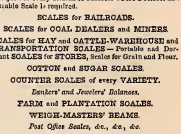

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VOL. IV.—No. 163.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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ANOTHER NEW SERIAL TALE.

In the next number of *Harper's Weekly* we shall commence the publication of a new Serial Tale of American Life, entitled

"The Mistress of the Parsonage,"

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"THE WOMAN IN WHITE," by WILKIE COLLINS, Esquire, was commenced in No. 152 of *Harper's Weekly;* and "THE NEW PARTNER IN CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS," by FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, Esquire, in No. 159. As *Harper's Weekly* is electrotyped, we can supply back numbers to any party who remits the money.

SPEAKER PENNINGTON.

HON. WILLIAM PENNINGTON, better known as Governor Pennington, and henceforth, until the expiration of the Thirty-sixth Congress, to be addressed as "Mr. Speaker," is a native of Newark, in New Jersey, where he was born about sixty years ago, and where he has since resided.

His father, William S. Pennington, was one of the "Jersey Blues" who did such good service in the Continental Line during the Revolutionary struggle. He was regarded as one of the best artillerists in the army, and commanded a company in Colonel Lamb's regiment at the battle of Yorktown, which was complimented by General Washington for the prompt and efficient manner in which they handled their pieces. After the close of the war he was honored with several responsible offices by his fellow-citizens, and was Governor of the State of New Jersey from 1813 to 1815.

Mr. Pennington was educated for the legal profession, which he has followed, in his native city of Newark, with great credit to himself, and to the satisfaction of numerous clients. Gifted with a vigorous mind, with persevering application, and with a fund of practical sense applicable to all the occasions of life, he has always commanded the respect and the esteem of the community of which he has for many years been a leading citizen.

When a young man, Mr. Pennington was elected a member of the popular branch of the State Legislature; but after serving one term he declined a re-election, to devote himself more assiduously to the duties of his profession and his private affairs.

In 1837 he was nominated by the Whig party, and elected, Governor of New Jersey, which made him, *ex-officio*, Chancellor of the State and President of the Senate. He was re-elected five times by the Legislature, and during the six years of his gubernatorial service gave great satisfaction to the people. While he was Governor party politics ran high; and at the commencement of the Twenty-sixth Congress, in December, 1839, the Clerk refused to call the names of five gentlemen who claimed to have been duly elected as representatives from New Jersey, and whose credentials bore the autographic signature of Governor Pennington, with the "broad seal" of the State. A complicated struggle ensued, delaying the organization of the House until the 21st of the month, when it was perfected, but the five "broad seal" members were not admitted. Their rejection was made a party issue, and the course of Governor Pennington was canvassed throughout the land. The "broad seal" was an important element in the Presidential campaign of 1840, and the Governor was endorsed by the country.

Governor Pennington was an original supporter of the principle that home-manufacturers should receive legislative encouragement and protection. Living in the midst of an industrial community, he has always been a tariff man, and has not only recognized the expediency, but the constitutionality of what was known as Mr. Clay's American System. He is, in fact, and he always has been, a believer in the principles of the Whig Party. Throughout his public life this has always been apparent in his speeches, his writings, and his actions. He has at the same time manifested a conservative spirit, a knowledge of, and a respect for the Constitution, a veneration for the forms of our political institutions, an active faith in man's capacity for self-government, and an unconquerable hostility to arbitrary or oppressive power, in whatever guise it may exhibit itself.

Retiring from a position which he had adorned, Governor Pennington again devoted himself to his profession, although he never hesitated to avow and to sustain his political predilections.—When General Taylor became President, he, without solicitation, appointed Governor Pennington Territorial Governor of Minnesota, and the Senate confirmed the appointment. But it was not accepted, the Governor not being willing to leave his comfortable home at Newark for what was then, with the exception of settlements on the rivers, almost an unbroken wilderness.

President Fillmore, anxious to secure the services of a jurist possessing the practical business qualifications for which Governor Pennington has been so justly famed, offered him the appointment of Judge in California, under the law which provided for the legal settlement of land-titles, as established by the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo. He could not, however, be tempted from the retirement of domestic life.

At the last Congressional election, however, he could not resist the importunities of his personal and political friends, and he accepted the nomination of the "People's Party," in the Fifth Congressional District. This is composed of Essex, Hudson, and Union Counties, embracing Newark, Elizabeth City, Hoboken, and Jersey City, all largely interested in manufactures. The whole number of votes cast was 24,677, of which Governor Pennington received 11,641, electing him by a majority of 1659.

Governor Pennington was warmly welcomed at Washington as one of the old-school of politicians, with an integrity of principle unquestioned and unquestionable. Conservative gentlemen of either parties expressed their willingness to aid in elevating him to the vacant Speaker's chair, for the history of his life afforded conclusive proof that in his hands the power would not in any way be improperly exercised to the injury of any section of the Republic. Ex-

HON. WILLIAM PENNINGTON, OF N. J., SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

cepting, of course, Mr. Muhlenberg, the Speaker of the House during the very first session of Congress, and also Henry Clay, he is the first new member who has been elected Speaker. He may, in the goodness of his heart, not be as severe in his discipline as the more turbulent spirits in the House require to keep them in order, and to facilitate the transaction of business; but the integrity and firmness of his character, the urbanity of his manners, and the gentleness of his disposition render it certain that he will discharge the important duties of his position with honor to himself and advantage to the people.

In person, Mr. Speaker Pennington is one of the finest looking gentlemen in Congress. His head is manly and erect; his features are well formed and expressive; his hair is slightly frosted by age; and he speaks in an audible, distinct tone. When he has become a little more familiar with parliamentary rule, and handles his gavel with more decision, he will be one of the best presiding officers who have thus far occupied the third position in the Government of the United States.

Actually, Mr. Speaker Pennington has those urbane and polite manners which characterize gentlemen of the generation now passing away. In his own family circle, which he has so reluctantly left to enjoy unexpected honors, he is as finally courteous as he is highly esteemed by his neighbors and respected by his fellow-citizens. It is to be hoped that he will receive the support, in his new and unsought position, of the conservative and the order-loving Representatives.

We published the portrait of Colonel Forney, the Clerk of the House, in No. 153, which was dated December 3, 1859.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1860.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

THE long contest has ended, and Governor William Pennington, of New Jersey, is Speaker of the House of Representatives. He is a play the fight had not been settled before. The recovery of the general commerce of the country has been seriously retarded by the uneasiness caused by the long contest for Speaker, and the accumulation of useless millions in the sub-treasuries of the United States.

We wish it could be believed that the election of a Speaker would put an end to the foolish speechmaking about slavery and disunion which we have lately heard *ad nauseam* in the House. Outside of Washington people understand thoroughly that these speeches, whether for or against slavery, amount to nothing; and are mere sports of politics, intended to operate on constituencies at a distance. Should it be the misfortune of this country to be divided into two or more distinct nations at any future day, it is quite certain that the Civil Congressional Record will require the aid of men of a very different calibre from the brawlers of the Thirty-sixth Congress.

Should the people of either section ever seriously contemplate such a catastrophe as disunion, they will choose them leaders, not from the loud talkers and angry mouthers of threats, but from among the hard-working and quiet members of committee whose names, thus far, have hardly been mentioned in the debates. We will be no light task for any man to prepare a practical scheme for the severance of this nation—a task for which menacing orations and secret debates are so sure to be unnecessary.

The Congressional reports during the next month or two may enable the careful observer to form a guess as to the whereabouts of the future leaders of the American people, whether united or disunited. They will be found among the hard-workers on committees—among the conservative, practical speakers—among the men who never pander to existing sectional prejudices—among those, in short, who really realize that they were sent to Washington to serve their country, and not themselves.

A NEW PHASE OF THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

WHILE politicians and theoretical writers are angrily discussing schemes for the extension, the limitation, and the abolition of slavery, the real slavery question—the most important problem of the age—is assuming a new phase, in obedience to the inexorable laws of trade and political economy. Not even the wisest of the statesmen of the past foresaw the perils which environ the present slavery controversy; now that those perils are generally realized, how many even of our most clear-headed and prophetic teachers perceive the changes which God's providence is preparing?

Within a brought negro field hands have been sold in New Orleans at prices ranging from $2200 to $2500 apiece. It is not stated, we have no any reason to believe, that these field hands were superior to the ordinary negroes of their class: they were mere field hands—that is to say, they knew no mechanical trade. They were simply young and healthy, and they were wasted in New Orleans at $2200 @ $2500. Nor was there an exceptional case. We have heard of records of sales of negroes at New Orleans for some months back; at most of those healthy young negroes, suited for labor on plantations, have commanded from $1800 to $2200 a head. The market-price of field negroes on the Gulf may, in a word, be said to have been firmly established at $2000 @ $2500.

Ten or twelve years ago negro field hands sold at New Orleans as from $800 to $1200—$1000 being a fair average price for first-class healthy young negroes. It is therefore no exaggeration to state that within the past ten years negroes upon New Orleans have risen one hundred per cent. in value.

For the secret of this remarkable advance we must look to the extraordinary cotton speculation and the export of cotton. It is cotton which employs negro labor in the South; without negroes no cotton is raised; and, vice versa, without cotton no negroes are wanted. In fact, slaves, as a natural consequence, that the demand for (and hence the price of) negroes is dependent on the consumption and value of cotton.

Twenty years ago, in 1840, the United States exported to foreign countries 745,900,000 pounds of cotton, worth $63,895,000; being an average of 8·5 cents a pound. Ten years ago, in 1850, the United States exported to foreign countries 1,026,500,000 pounds of cotton, worth $71,984,606; being an average of 11 cents a pound. Both of these years, we may remark, were unusually good years for producers of cotton; that is to say, the crops were above an average of their day. Last fiscal year (1858-59) the United States exported to foreign countries cotton worth $161,154,033; being more than twice the export of that staple in 1850, only ten years before. This year the cotton export will probably exceed 1,500,000 in value; so that it may be said that the amount of cotton sent abroad between 1st September, 1858, and 1st September, 1860, will be three times as great as that which was sent abroad during the last period ten years before. A similar increase has taken place in the consumption of cotton by the mills of the United States. In 1848 the United States are said to have consumed 600,000 bales of cotton; in 1852, 680,000 bales; in 1856, 770,000 bales; while this year it is estimated that we will consume 1,000,000 bales. This increase of consumption, both at home and abroad, having been accompanied, in a great degree, by an advance in the price—middling uplands having risen from an average of 8 @ 9 cents a pound to an average of 11 @ 12 cents—the consequence has been a corresponding increase in the demand for land planted, and consequently in the demand for labor on cotton plantations. Hence the advance in the price of field hands from $800 @ $1200 to $2000 @ $2500.

If the remarkable increase which has taken place within the past twenty years in the demand for cotton was the result of accidental circumstances, it would not be safe to base any philosophical argument on the consequences of that increase. It is never safe, for instance, to found arguments upon an advance in the price of cereals; for they can be produced throughout the temperate zone, and any marked advance in the price tends to be followed by an increase of production, and a consequent decline in market value. With cotton the case is different. Five-sixths of the entire quantity of cotton furnished to the manufacturers of the world are produced near the Atlantic coast of the United States in a belt between 30° and 35° north latitude, the remaining sixth being supplied by Brazil, Egypt, Hindostan, the West Indies, Africa, etc., etc. Outside of that belt there appears to be no possibility of producing cotton, save in the countries we have mentioned—in which all the power of the Governments of England and France, and all the appliances of art and science, steadily exerted for nearly a quarter of a century, have failed to raise a crop that would keep the Manchester spinners going for twenty days in the year. As the present time all these countries together do not produce more than one of our great cotton-growing States, and the attempts made by them generally require to be mixed with American cotton to be available for the purposes of the manufacturer. So much energy has been displayed by the British and French Governments, and so thorough have been their exertions, that it is safe to conclude that, for some years to come at least, the United States will continue supreme in the production of cotton from these sources, and that the world's reliance for its annual supply must continue to be on the belt of land extending from 30° to 35° north latitude, and near the Atlantic coast of North America.

On the other hand, looking to the probable future of the trade in cotton goods, it is impossible to escape the conviction that, unless some substitute for cotton should be discovered, that trade must go on increasing from year to year with the spread of commerce and civilization. No material is known out of which clothing can be made as cheaply and as satisfactorily as cotton. Experience proves this to be the case, for the consumption of cotton goods increases in every country from year to year, has done so for a quarter of a century, and must continue to do so. Between 1810 and 1852 the production of cotton goods in Europe doubled; between 1840 and 1860 the production of cotton goods in the United States has doubled. The increased consumption in France may be inferred from the fact that since September, 1859, to date, we have exported to that country more cotton than used to be sent to France in a whole year, prior to 1850. Every country in the world, in short, is increasing its consumption of cotton. The re-establishment of peace in Europe, the opening of China, the commencement of commercial intercourse with Japan, the settlement of Australia, the colonization of Queen's River, British possession of Africa, the improvement of the condition of the Hindoos—all these imply an increased consumption of cotton goods, and consequently an increased demand for the raw cotton, which, as we said, only be produced in the United States between 30° and 35° north latitude.

If this reasoning be sound, it is safe to conclude that the advance in the price of negroes which we have noted is no accidental occurrence, but the natural consequence of a commercial necessity, and that it will be permanent. Nothing short of the reopening of the slave-trade—which the present age will not tolerate—can again reduce the price of negroes to the rates current ten and fifteen years ago.

Now there are several States of the Union which are not cotton-growing, but in which no cotton is grown. In these States no cause is operating to enhance the value of property: on the contrary, the gradual encroachments of free labor, and political agitations rather tend to diminish the value of such property in these States; and it would fall much lower but for the fact that it can be transported to the cotton-growing States and there converted into money. Such States are Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and North Carolina. The census, contained, at the census of 1850, 1,321,632 slaves. In 1857, it is probable that the number had increased to nearly 1,500,000. It is probably considerably less now. For in Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri slave property, to hold as an investment, has seldom been worth, on the average, over five hundred per annum; hence the advance in the price of negroes in the cotton-growing States has led to very extensive emigration of slaves from those States to New Orleans. The movement has been going on steadily for nearly a generation, but has been especially vigorous within the past year or two—since the remarkable advance in negroes at the South. A gentleman who traveled up the Mississippi a fortnight since describes the negro exodus as more striking even than the Irish exodus during the famine, every boat he met was block with slaves, bound to New Orleans. It could hardly be otherwise. So far as pecuniary considerations are concerned, it is far more profitable for the owner of negroes to sell them South at the rate of $2000 for each healthy man, than to keep them in Missouri or Virginia and to receive 5 per cent. on a value ranging from $1200 to $1500.

Revolving, then, the propositions above stated; the cause of the advance in negroes being permanent in its nature, and the effect consequently presenting every chance of permanency; it follows that the contrast that slave-owners, in the Northern slave States, find it more profitable to ship their negroes South than to hold them under their own eyes, and the exodus being already in full progress; the question arises—how long a period of time must elapse before the change that is going on begins to tell on the political plans of the Northern States? How long will more political considerations avail to preserve the balance of power between the slave and the free States?

We forbear to pursue the inquiry. Its tendencies are obvious to every unbiased observer. No prophetic spirit is needed to detect the drift of opinion in the South and the powerful solution which will presently be discovered for evils now seemingly incurable and fatal.

Fulminations against disunion and moralists may preach, but mankind in the mass, as in the individual, is ruled by self-interest. No power in the world will in the long-run induce slave-owners in Northern slave States to retain their slave-property at a large annual loss; nor will any humanitarian or philosophical argument induce the people of the Northern people to uphold a crusade against the slave institution in States in which it is useless, and where it could not be dispensed with save at the cost of our cotton crop. The signs of the times are eloquent; those who run may read.

THE LOUNGER.

ABOUT MONUMENTS.

WE have a very hard time with our monuments. The money to build them comes much more reluctantly and sensitily than for any other purpose. Let a Pendennis Mill come down, and a single society of sympathetic men subscribe twenty thousand dollars; but the grand national monument to Washington, which began at the post-office, in what year of grace is that to be completed? Then, several years ago, there was the Bunker Hill Monument to be built. Upon the soil of Massachusetts is our most representative revolutionary name and hallowed spot. Webster made one of his first "efforts" when the corner-stone was laid. *Jubilate! Exegi monumentum!* cried Boston. But Boston was mistaken.

Four Bunker Hill! If the gons of our sires had long fire as the monument did, there would have been no occasion for a monument. The pale gray shaft—it looks, at a distance, like a tall blind tower woven of the east wind (for the east wind is visible in Boston on a summer day)—seemed, for a long time, like Cologne Cathedral, a ruin before it was built. It looked sadly across the river to the busy city, which was briskly clustering over all the hilltops and stretching along the meadows in its neighborhood—itself a monument of intelligence, industry, and thrift; but the busy city was too much occupied with its own growth to attend to that of the monument; and the poor, pale fragment glimmered on, a chest, helpless and pitiful, until a Beyndere came shipping, at the sea, and with one pinnette lifted the monument upon the billow of her feet to complicity. It is difficult for any body who remembers the early days of the "Cochituate" and "Cheneviccine" to contemplate the Bunker Hill Monument without a pensive regret for Fanny Elsler.

In the neighboring State of Rhode Island, which covers the greatest exile Massachusetts ever sent forth, as its founder, there is no monument, no statue, not even a headstone, to commemorate Roger Williams; and the proposition to erect a suitable memorial has never been seconded by the sympathy of the people warmly enough to succeed. So in the south of Philadelphia, Stephen Girard, it is certainly impossible to say when the money would have been collected except for the assistance of Mr. Everett.

The truth is that the genius of our people does not incline them to monuments or commemorative statues. The countenances of our greatest men are familiar to every body every where in the country. Thousands have seen Washington on the walls of tavern bar-rooms and other places of popular resort. Besides, we grow much enormous annual crops of great men!

But to continue. Mr. Everett has issued proposals for another monument, as President of an association to erect a monument upon Lexington Green. He is supported by a body of Vice-Presidents from every part of the country, gentlemen of what an unmistakable French *Jullet-mare* would call a phenomenal respectability. The address to the citizens of the United States, signed by Mr. Everett, and evidently written by him, explains the grounds of the national appeal made by the Association. Lexington Green is the spot upon which armed resistance was first regularly made to the arms of Britain and the war began. Therefore it is a national spot, and the duties of the proposed monument by Mr. Billings presents no Massachusetts individual, but a nation-man, for it is not by mistaken zeal that the spirit of the fight, and the spirit represented by them carried the Revolution.

Subscriptions are solicited.

Vermont, too, is awaking to this matter. Mr. Mead, at Brattleborough, is chiseling heroic statues of Ethan Allen in the act of demanding the fort at Ticonderoga, and demanding the surrender in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress. He figures in full of action.

Undoubtedly, whether our genius has a monumental tendency or not, a taste for such works can unquestionably be cultivated. To be sure there is the Cooper Monument—a plant of exceeding large growth. Every patriotic eight to reflect maturely that statues and monuments are not investments that return large dividends.

Is that plaster the reason of our monumental apathy? And do republics never patronize art, as graduating collegians say on Commencement Day?

ADVERTISING.

THERE is a fact of which the Lounger has spoken before, and to which he now directs the attention of all interested persons. It is this: If you have a matter to present, don't ask distinguished persons to commend it to public notice, under their names, in the newspapers; if you have a lecture to deliver, don't get "the following-named gentlemen" to sign a letter of request, to you, expressing their profound interest and that of the whole city in your views. Don't do it for many reasons, and, among them, for these:

The people who sign the letter have not a profound interest in the matter; they have only an *ex-officio* interest to it. Then they sign as a "great" Did you ever see one sign any present? Then, above all, every body knows that the signers know that it is a piece of transparent mechinery—that whenever a great name appears it takes his place, and instead of a commendation read a condemnation, because it knows that speakers whom they wish to hear do not need the machinery.

For instance, here is young Charles Vanloo. He is the favorite pupil of Lionardo da Vinci. Perhaps Charles has just painted a picture of Daniel in the Lions' Den. He naturally wishes to exhibit it, and "reap a golden harvest of fame and dollars," in the paper that has published Daniel. So he talks it over with his master, and he writes:

"MY DEAR VANLOO,—Your picture is exquisite. It reminds me of some all the great *Paris* of Perugino with the delicate *Mambo Jumbo* of the Inter Bolognese school. The figure of the Prophet is in the sublimest *grave* vein; and for the lions, why, my dear Charles, it will not be your fault if roars are not heard all over the Exhibition-room. I could wish to hold a little meeting upon the windows of the distant palace, soon through the medium of the ear—but why should imagination?! The sun has spots. I sincerely congratulate you; and I salute you as, within a very short time, the undoubted artist in the ordinary to the Lion Club. Use this as you will. But your picture is your sponsor. Cordially yours, my dear Vanloo,

"LIONARDO DA VINCI."

Who is taken in by this letter for a moment? Of course every body knows that it is an act of sheer kindness on the part of old Da Vinci; and inasmuch as the sight of props inevitably suggests

weakness, perhaps the commendatory and invitatory letter might be advantageously dissertated. If you read in the preface of a book that it is published "by the request of friends who have assured," etc., are you prepossessed in favor of that book? No, Mr. Vanbee; if you really do combine the *opus fortis* and the delicate *Mambo Jambo*, the world will find it out without the letter of Mr. De Vinci.

SURPRISING.

It is clear that clergymen are not yet free from the questionable compliment of a call from the parish who come and bring good things and a fat purse, and make speeches, and thin—you is all in the papers! Don't misunderstand. Nothing is pleasanter than the social respect manifested by coming, and nothing often, probably, more acceptable than the money. Only, instead of carrying it as a gift, you ought to intercept your delegates, and pocket salary by the amount. The ability to the case is publishing the matter. Why don't you publish your entire emoluments, as well as those in the minister? Why should he, of all men, be selected as the luckless individual who shall be paraded in the papers as the recipient of the bounty of his friends? The instinctive comment of every man who reads that any clergyman's society visited him and gave him "a handsome sum of money" is, "Very well! suppose they did. What on earth did they put it in the papers for?"

And why did they? They knew that nobody except the persons concerned had any interest in the matter. Why, therefore, is the public informed that Mr. Jacobus "now made a "dodge off dress" upon the occasion, and that Mr. Thomas Jones and Mr. Richard Swivelier also made "interesting remarks"?

Simply that the decorum of those gentlemen and the exceeding dignity of the occasion may be made known. And the whole performance, the moment it is made public, is of the most vulgar and offensive kind: and is twenty people give five hundred dollars to any friend, whether he be their pastor or not, without calling every body to see how generous they are, and inviting attention also to the fact that their friend is the recipient of their gifts? If it be such a very fine thing to give the few hundred dollars of salary, how much finer it would be to add them to it; in which case, it is to be hoped, it would be regarded as an affair perfectly private and appropriately private between pastor and people.

PARTY SPIRIT.

At a moment when political excitement is so warm that some sober people begin to think it is going to be very injurious to business, it is well for them to remember that they may cool themselves off very rapidly by reading the disquisitions of Mr. Greeley upon the Chicago platform, and by cultivating a familiarity with the cordial lies fond of the Federalists and the Jeffersonians.

There was the late Justice Story, who was a Jeffersonian in early life, and lived in the highly respectable old city of Salem, in Massachusetts. But Salem was the very *asylum* of Federalism. It is in Essex County, and the "Essex Junto" was—well, it was the Junto. No one Party leader gets his head almost broken, and flies into a protesting house, pursued by a group who differ with him in politics.

So in New Hampshire, in those hot times, the Legislature, when years of one political hue wanted to control the judges who were of another. How should it be done? Why thus: Be it enacted that all the seats in the state are abolished; Section Second: Be it enacted that new courts are created with new names! Straightway it is as if the seat of the Jewish had fallen out and the old judges disappear.

In the old Federal days, too, there was imprisonment of editors, and, also of a Hartford convention. And when the *Chronicle* and *Shannon* engaged one morning off Cape Ann the shores and hills were covered with spectators. They were of the two kinds, the Jeffersonians and the Federalists. Suddenly a great smoke enveloped the ships. Every eye upon shore was strained, and every tongue silent, until the wind slowly blew away the cloud, and the two ships were seen sailing together toward Halifax. Even in such an ordeal of politic feeling the Federalists were not crazy.

Those times, like that smoke, have rolled away. There has been an "era of good feeling" since. And there will be another era of the same kind when the smoke of the present confusion lifts.

"MY CANARIES."

In these snowy days how the birds at the windows make summer again! Sitting by a warm fire reading, with their pretty book, my "Sir Rohan's Ghost," for instance, the sudden, clear, short roulade, the lively, eager, penetrating song of the canary changes the carpet into a June meadow, and you think you hear bobolinks. Every body likes birds. Not always in the house, indeed; and not crows or owls especially. But the little shy, gleaming, singing, twittering thin—from whose accents only pearls and ruby-tinted music drop, they are every where welcome in April morning, and the annalists, little scribes of song, that hooks-bearded and red-legged, gray-mitered, hang in snowy places among the other tender foreign birds of flowers, with them "it is always May," and they are dearer from their very departure.

There is many a reader of the Lounger doubtless who either keeps birds, or wants to, and would; if she could only know just how to take care of them. Will all such permit the Lounger to introduce them to "Comin Sarah," who, under the form of a child's book, has done the very thing they desire, and from her own experience and affection tells them what they want to know? She said: it "My Canaries," and it consists of pleasant chat about real birds; what they did and sang; and how droll and interesting their little life is, and how to guard them and do the best for them. It is a charming book for children of any age, and in loving birds and flowers we are all children. "That love, any thing will, keeps the heart young."

IT BE MRS. GRUNDY.

The Indicrous distortions a man's features in a tea-pot are hardly so droll and outrageous as the distortions of mind he says, which are printed in the newspapers. It is a rule that you may disbelieve every thing you read about a man in the paper of another opinion than his. If he say that the moon looks like green cheese, he will be reported to have said that it is a lump of spring butter. His real words will be painfully disguised, and his meaning utterly misrepresented.

The worst of this is not the misrepresentation, for nobody's opinions and words are of such vast importance, but it is the contempt for men which it inevitably creates. Nobody thinks a man should willfully lie about another in print or by word of mouth—and he, with no particular hatred, but with only a general desire of injury, because a man is of another opinion, is exquisitely contemptible. And if he be so wicked all, in a certain sense, popular life, by supporting it, does not elevate us in the estimation of an honest heart.

As a general rule the newspapers are dunces and gibbers, upon their own side, and scavengers upon the other. Whatever the men of their side do it is to be presented in the most favorable light by every kind of rifleale and falsehood is to be freely poured out upon the other side. We all know it—we all expect it—and we all know that the editors are all affected by it. We work hard, like boys in a dark room, to build up a terrible ghost of sheets of stiff cardboard, and when we have done it we away we scamper frightened out of our wits as our own work.

Hence, at last, it seems as if no self-respecting man could respect public opinion. An opinion made by the measures—a private prejudice, made by a newspaper, is as a gourmand is being printed in a paper—"Why, a man says, 'if that's public opinion, I shall not publish that I think it unchaste. If an enemy praise me, I shall tremble. If he sneer at me, I shall be content.'"

And yet, strange to say, nobody does not condemn immoral notions half so sharply and vindictively as it does unpopular opinions. In a dead, lay emotionless, Christian country, would probably have a much easier time if he committed a great many crimes which might be named, than if he refused to fight a Christian conscientious grounds. How many people are known to be liars, who are yet generally recognized and tolerated, and who, despite their dishonesty and falsehood are twice for abstract opinions!

All these things excite no very prominent respect for Mrs. Grundy. Nobody is afraid of Washington, who has cut her apron-strings and walks on by himself. It is bad he can not do it—that the edge of his mouthpiece is not sharpened, that he should his tongue and cheekish his opinions. The company of silent sympathizers with Mrs. Grundy is immense. They are the great body of the free and accepted. The few who do the loud talking, the clamoring, the mouthing, the cry of "Ho, G.—the most wrathful Grands—who are more conspicuous than the rest, but who only count one each. It may, however, be a great comfort to a man of any opinion to remember that the unexpressed is weight for than the other, and to observe that, after being excommunicated in the Middle day, Luther becomes the religious hero of posterity.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER BOX.

TROMPERIE, Respectable Swindler.

—CAPE-HAT writes: "You are in error as regards the origin of the term 'wide awake,' as applied by the Republicans in New York. The term was in use long before the rising to see of *their not having a nap*. Surely that's it!"

—A DISCOURAGER. Doubtless in the spring the pleasant relate to the Sunday Times, published in New York, the cost of which need not be more than forty or fifty dollars. Just look at the advertisements of the Southern steamers.

—Q. D. Thus *you* quote are usually attached to the engraving of Mr. Sumner. Sumner, they say, entirely is the twin of Pope's Immaculate or the wanted at date. The Lounger does not know the author.

—Jno the author of that first morning story, and, and, in manhood slight, thus golden skies. You would a brilliant sunset, and, and, and, and, and, this links yet father on the watery strand. Poor hurled that the painful footsteps of the sea, How then the shelter of that island sown! Then while he sat and sang, the sun sank on the rest, Our bound nor sunder shall his fair market."

—Jacobus. "Is this the Lounger? Or where will you find it in her volume of prose lately published in Boston.

—Inquirer. No, there is no monument to Roger Williams in Providence. Roger Williams is buried near little mountain. The question has been often discussed in the little town, and it is a curious fact that nobody has not yet determined to erect a proper monument. The Athenians erected that the dust thrill in this monument at its founder; but the national inquiry is, whether it would be any the less or if it had a statue of the great Providence to look upon it. It is a fine idea—the idea of Roger Williams in the first exchange of Arnold's "Blessings of Blood," which, by the way, is the essay which Tuffery says in his "History of New England." The better part of the Lounger's acquaintance lives in Rhode Island, view of the sturdy old disputant, who, when he was more than seventy years old, traced in an open boat Providence to Rhode Island. Poor old man, he had the dispute was held, and Roger proclaimed that he was victorious.

—Jno A. Noxon. It was Horace Smith or his brother who wrote the address to a mummy:

"And thou hast walked about, how strange a story!
In Thebes streets three thousand years ago."

—H. W. C. When an Englishman speaks of "a fresh" he means, if he is talking of man, what we call a fresh-coat.

—W. H. "Hodge" has been mistaken.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GREEN apple from the Emerald Isle entered a boot and shoe shop to purchase himself a pair of brogans. After overhauling his stock-in-trade without being able to suit his customer, the shoemaker blurted that he would make him a pair to order. "An' what'll yer axt to make a good pair of 'em?" was the query. The price was named, the Irishman demurred, but after a "bothering" the bargain was made. Paddy was about leaving, when the cobler called after him, saying, "But what size shall I make yer, Sir?"—"Och," cried Paddy, promptly, "I don't mind about the size at all—make them as large as ye can conveniently, Sir, if ye please."

Beauty is a gift. Finding but learning is better. In the estimation of the ancients, even, the Muses counted for nothing as well as the Graces.

"Boy, where do you come from, and how do you live?"—"I come from Galway, and live by sling."—"What do you sling?"—"Sling mud, Sir, for a living."—"Is it a hard work?"—"Well, boy, if you like, I will set you up in business for yourself, and make it pleasant and profitable?"—"Go ahead, I'm ready!"—"Well, you go somewhere else and sell a bucket of water, without begging for charitable, and you may have half you get!"

A Yorkshireman, whose orchard had been frequently robbed, was asked how he knew the thieves and how he knew of his loss. The result, as described by himself, was as follows: "Now I'm thinkin' I'd fixed a few choice apples handy, jump the fence, seize the first fair one I see, and be off. Well, I'm thinkin' I'd fixed it so I never wait to take another, but just right off, as fast as legs can carry me, I'm off to Farmer Simmonds's orchard, to get one of his large Hibernian to take the near taste out of my mouth. Well, I'm thinkin' I'm mighty lucky in my relation—but I save my fruit."

I grew hot in rose and grew hot in ring, and I asked her if she was ready to go home. I put them all back, like the sensible thing, and said she's no notion of men. I told her I had a notion of women, and I decided to frighten her with a ground; but she answered she wasn't brought up in the country, and was not afraid of a bull. I told her I'd carry her a baggage and every thing had, I slightly her feeling, and she charged me with a purpose in getting her mad, and she charged the one in a storm. And then in a moment I felt sorry I had acted so, and I said I'd be good and all, she fell in my arms like a wounded child, and exclaimed, "Oh! will you ever be good?"

Mehitabel Merit, a young lady over twenty-nine, who never had a chance to change the obliterative character of her name, was seated in a pew in the lower tier, sitting room, when a knock was heard, and who should smile his appearance but Solomon Sobbins, the Sabbath? "I wonder what he's come for; can it be that he's come to propose? I have thought that proved through the lady's mind. "How do you do, Miss Merit?" said the young man, as Ms. Pendleton, Esq. "Well, but I feel a little lonely now and then" "You see, as I have grown old, I sometimes I would just step in and ask you a question about—that is, about—" "I suppose," thought Miss Merit, "he means about the rent of the house." "The fact is," said Solomon, who was rather bashful, "I've been thinking a little about asking, but I hope you won't think it strange." "Oh no," whispered Miss M., "I don't think it at all strange," said, in fact, I have been somehow expecting it." "Oh!" said Solomon, rather surprised, "I hope you don't have in your possession something of mine." "No, heart, no mouse," said Miss Merit, "I don't, I think you do." "Well, I suppose I learn that you have mine to return. It is fully and exactly your property." "Well, I suppose you mean," exclaimed Solomon in amazement, "I think you must be mistaken." "Why, I don't know, I'd like to accommodate for it, for mine was given me." "I beg your pardon," said the Solomon, hotly, "I can't make a mistake. I quite forgot your umbrella, which I borrow and some time back, I'll go for it." "Umbrella!" exclaimed Miss Merit, "Ef," said Solomon, "there is any thing of yours that I have borrow, I'm very happy to return it." "Well, no, it is no matter," stammered Miss M., relenting. "Good-morning!"

A gentleman bully called upon a "Friend" avowedly to thrash him. "Friend," remonstrated the Quaker, looking down upon the bulky form of the bully, "I cannot be chastise me, without that take some glasses." The bully was so astonished at the Quaker's unexpected, washing down the solids with libations of strong ale. He was up again to call upon the Quaker, "Friend," said the Quaker, "will thou not first take some pearls?" and he pulled out a pocket-book. The bully, now staggering, attempted to thrash his entertainer, but quash the Quaker, "Friend, I have a little money, and if thy profitable offer was accepted, and the bully, utterly weak, staggered against the door, and shaded the Quaker. The latter, opening the window, and pulling him toward it, then adjusted the door-knob, and the bully was thrashed to be pacified. I gave thee a sweat-offering, but that did not satisfy thee, and I gave thee a meat-offering, still thou wert beside thyself; I gave thee a burnt-offering neither yet did that thee good; I gave thee a drink-offering, and I stop," and with that he tossed him out of the window. That satisfied him.

A person was expecting before Mortlaville the old man, "Who pays his debts earliest himself." "Bah!" the Mortlaville, "I know it." "Yes, he is the runner which creditors are endeavoring to circulate."

Hence Walpole tells a story of the Lord Mayor of London, in Hogarth's time, who heard that a friend had the small-pox twice, and died at it, inquired if he died the first time or second.

"I really can't express my thanks," as the boy said to the schoolmaster when he gave him a thrashing.

If forty-nine inches make an ell, how many ells make an elephant?

That was a triumphant speech of an Irishman who was a lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of his ancestors, said, "Why, my dear, sir, Where will you find any modern building that has lasted as long as the Pyramids?"

"I'll let you know when I come again," as the rhubarbarian said to the boy.

"Be a understand, Mr. Tooke, you have all the blackguards in London with you," said Dr Dove to him on the hustings at Westminster.

"Yes, I know it," replied the boy, "I'm just walking to rest me legs."

A would-be erudite young man, wishing to ask a young lady if he might speak to her father, commenced by "I could call the ticket of conversation round the notes of her understanding for a moment." The poor girl fainted.

A shoemaker was taken up for bigamy and brought before the sitting magistrate. "Which wife," asked a by-stander, "will he be tried to take?" Brown, always ready at a joke, replied, "He is a cobler, and of course must stick to his last."

"What are you fencing in that pasture for? Forty acres of it would starve a cow?" "Certainly, and so I am fencing it to keep my cows out."

A New York mercantile house held an unsolicited claim of long standing against a time-shop, not long ago, and hearing he was becoming "well-to-do," sent their claim on to a Western lawyer to collect. In due time they received a reply, which effectually "laid" any hope they might have entertained of receiving their money. It ran in this wise:

"Gents, you will never get any squeaklick from Bill Jackson. The undersigned called upon him yesterday, and found him with nary tile (or a hat) on, his feet upon the naked earth, and not chicken enough upon him to scard a gnat." "Well that ain't quite correct, Bill."

Mademoiselle Georgine, the celebrated French actress, was starring in the provinces. One evening, after the fall of the curtain, the house remained around to congratulate her. "Ah, gentlemen," said she, "to play that part well, we ought to be young and beautiful." "Oh, madame," answered one, the sharpest of the beaux, "we have proved it to perfection."

A gentleman named Dunlap, being present at a party where one of the company had made several puns on the names of the other ladies, was asked to make a pun and never heard his name jumped upon, and didn't believe it could be done. "Why, there is nothing in the world easier, Sir," replied the punster. "Just give half the name, and it is done."

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember that money is the world in one that has money, and nothing else."

According to the old mythology, Neptune, the sea-god, ordered all the fishes to pay tribute to the princess. This probably accounts for the fact that people who pay tribute to the princess are frequently just fishes out of water."

A terrible Bore—The bore of the Armstrong gun.

Dew to destiny. One of these days he may be polite and return your bow.

Why is a fat in high station like a man in a balloon? Because everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to every body.

Believe midnione quality. A man is like an egg—he is more valuable when he is hot under the hatches than when taken out.

A man could talk out of the two corners of her mouth at the same time, there would be a good deal to be said on both sides.

A man who employs people to work for him should not be more careful of his stomach than his hands.

A popular writer says it is not the drinking, but the gift, that makes the man. Perhaps it makes the drink. Some persons, influenced probably by this important consideration, seem to have deliberately resolved never to get sober.

CURIOSITIES.

A plate of butter from the cream of a "joke."

A small quantity of tar sometimes have been left where the Lowelites plished their tents.

The original tenant used to painting the "signs of the times."

A bucket of water from "Alf's well."

Soup with which a man was washed overhead.

Tar strap which is used to sharpen the razor edge.

The well with which Britannia rules the wave.

Cotton of great staple, which is very white.

A dinner from the moon when she gave change for the half quarter.

The saucer belonging to the cup of sorrow.

A deer made of the skin of a coalding bib.

The chair in which the sun sets.

Tea because it makes up in the morning.

A bottle to foster a laughing stock.

Cups from a tea-pot's spout.

Hedges and lock from the trunk of an elephant.

Tea-cups from Christmas's views.

Buckets from the Cradle of Liberty.

A feather from the wing of the Angel.

AT the University of Virginia, several years ago, there was a young student preparing himself for the bar. Whenever he heard the cackling of a hen, he would immediately himself a young Patrick Henry, and would make rare rectorical flourishes. On one occasion, when he had partaken pretty freely, he imagined that he had been grossly insulted. Leaving his lodgings at Charlottesville, he gave vent to his wrath in the following flight: "If you repeat that insult, Sir, I will pluck out your eyeballs and make them your mangled corse will furnish food for the ravens, and your disjointed limbs will be the vulture and fulbrochin children will be rolled in your sweat."

BEARING CHARACTERS IN WRITING—There are persons who have the curious faculty of reading everything and to judge from their advertisements, there is very little doubt that the profession pays best. Yet their judgments, after all, are mere matters of guess-work. Lavater, for instance, in his time, on the mere pretence of simply looking at the hand. Now, writing a good hand is a very different thing from having a good head. Still less is it indicative of having a good heart. A man may be remarkable for the superficial qualities, and yet may write the coarsest and most commonplace hand in the world. Nothing is clearer than that any sign his name so puzzlingly that nobody can read it, and yet, if he chance to be a man of mark, people will say, without mutinyle, he looked on as a man of mark.

BEARING ON DRESS—If a hat is a tile, straw-bonnets are thatch.

THE WEARER AND THE WEARER.—An artificial flower describes himself as "Head Gardener to the Ladies."

BRANDY-AND-WATER BY DEGREES.—Brandy-and-water. Brandy-and-water. Brandy-and-water. Brandy-and-water. Brandy-and-water. Brandy-and-water. Brandy-and-water. Brandy-and-water. Brandy-and-water. Brandy-and-water.

Some persons seem to suppose that, as soon as they have bought a Bible, their business is over. Only to devote themselves entirely to the great business of the day—thinking of dinner.

"Miss, what have you done to be ashamed of that you blush so?" "Why, I have been reading about the stewards and the peaches *done that they blush so?*"

"Pa, they tell us about the angry ocean: what makes the ocean angry?" "Well, I don't know, unless it is the storm."

"Pa, I've been reading that "the low dest not concern itself about small matters," but lawyers and law-makers often do.

"Have pity on a blind woman!" cried an athletic beggar in vain to a passer-by. "You must be mad as well as blind, to ask me for money." "You look more like a robbery than a poor blind woman." "Ah, Sir," replied the beggar, "that's true enough; but as I lost the piece of my poor blind sister that's dead, I have to go on with the business for her sake, and if I said I was a strong man, at course nobody would pity me."

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," as the maiden said to her lover when his face was buried in beard and whiskers.

Why is a cat's tail like a seam's bosom?—Because it grows down.

Uniform love is now defined as the love of a girl for a soldier.

A cockney being asked why he married a second time, replied, "Because it was revivin'."

The young woman who was "driven to distraction," now fears that she will have to walk back.

"THE SAILOR BOY LAY DEAD AND COLD UPON THE SUNNY DECK."

THE RETURN OF THE "FIRE-FLY."

"WE'RE into port at last, Fred, we've passed the harbor bar,
I see the vane upon the spire thinks like a fiery star.
The town's in light, I see the cliffs, the very trees in trim,
And the windows at St. Arthur's flashing all the sunlight back.

"Fred, rouse your heart for this, man! just think of mother's joy,
And of our dear blind father's pride in you, his youngest boy.
Fancy how madcap Mary in a breath will laugh and cry,
Aye!, more than all, how one you know will greet you by-and-by.

"Nay, never look so white, man: remember when we lay
Becalm'd for five long days and nights in Trinidado's bay.
You said 'twould bring back life and strength to heart and arm once more,
Could you but feel the wind that breath'd along our own old shore.

"And now 'tis here: I smell the thyme and broom from off the down,
I see the yellow gorse that gilds the hill-top like a crown.
I can not blame your weakness, boy, my heart could almost flow,
To think of nearing all we left three weary years ago.

"I'm sure they're thinking of us now with anxious hearts at home,
I warrant me they've heard long since the gallant *Fire-fly's* come;
And little Mary will have been, a hundred times to-day,
Begging a peep through Walter's glass, and watching on the quay.

"We'll not be half an hour at home ere Katie will be there,
Blushing like any half-blown rose, as modest as she's fair.
What! not a word or smile at *that?* as if I did not know
For whom you've bought the shawl and wreath you've safely stowed below.

"Hazza! we're come to anchor; I see the steamers' smoke;
A little time, and we shall sit amid our own dear folk.
Come, let me help you up, Fred, by this you're rested well."
But the cheery words and loving voice on heedless senses fell.

The sailor boy lay dead and cold upon the sunny deck,
A little lock of golden hair hung from his bended neck.
'Twas just as well—he ne'er could know that on *his* Katie's breast
Another's child look'd up and smiled before it sank to rest.

HON. WILLIAM PORCHER MILES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

W. PORCHER MILES, Esq., the Representative from the Charleston District of South Carolina, was born thereon, on the Fourth of July, 1822. His ancestors for eight successive generations had been inhabitants of the Palmetto State, to which the Miles family emigrated from England when it was a loyal colony, and where they rendered good service during the struggle which resulted in establishing it as a sovereign member of the Original Confederation. His paternal grandmother was a Porcher, one of those old Huguenot families which brought the best blood of France across the ocean, and he is bound by many other strong ties of kindred and association to his home. Of that home he is emphatically a representative man. "I will act with the Democratic party," said he, about a year since, on the floor of the House, "faithfully, honestly, truly, and heartily, where I can do so conscientiously and consistently with the rights and honor of my State and section. When they call on me to depart one iota, the half of a hair-breadth, from that course, I turn my back upon them and leave them forever. Yes, Sir, I am willing to avow myself a sectional man. I come here to represent, in part, the State of South Carolina, and her rights and interests are first in my estimation, and foremost in my heart at all times."

After having acquired the rudiments of education, young Miles was placed at the celebrated academy at Willington, conducted by Dr. Waddel, a son of the preceptor and brother-in-law of John C. Calhoun. While there, he not only became well versed in the classics and mathematics, but had admirable opportunities for investigating the relation which the States and the General Government bear to each other. The great statesman of South Carolina was then proclaiming the doctrine that the General Government emanated from the people of the several States, forming distinct political communities, and acting in their separate and sovereign capacity, and not from all of the people, forming one aggregate political community. It was not to be wondered at that these views were adopted by a large majority of the South Carolinians then growing up, and these youth are now the master-spirits who control the political movements of at least fifteen States of the Confederation.

Entering the college of Charleston, young Miles was soon ranked among the most diligent students in his class, displaying a remarkable proficiency in classical studies. When he graduated he received the highest honor; and his valedictory at the commencement exercises elicited high praises from the audience, which included Lord Morpeth, now the Earl of Carlisle, who warmly congratulated the orator.

After leaving college, Mr. Miles commenced the study of law in the office of Edward M'Crady, Esq.; but after having been thus occupied about a year, he was elected Assistant Professor of Mathematics at the college of Charleston. Responding to this call to serve his *alma mater*, he accepted the position, and, while performing the arduous duties connected with it, continued to pursue his studies with unostentatious assiduity. The large stores of varied knowledge accumulated he has mentally digested, and retains in readiness for immediate use when occasion requires.

In August, 1855, Mr. Miles was a prominent member of that devoted band of humanitarians which left their homes in response to the Macedonian cry from the pestilence-stricken city of Norfolk, "Come over and help us!" While almost every State nobly contributed money, South Carolina also sent men! Nor is there a brighter page on her proud chronicle of the deeds of her sons than that on which is inscribed the services of Mr. Miles and his comrades at Norfolk. Their fortitude and perseverance in the prosecution of their arduous labors—the kindness and attention with which they ministered at the bedsides of the sick—and the fearless and undaunted courage manifested by them during a period of such awful solemnity and peril—all won them the heartfelt thanks of the survivors at Norfolk, and the gratitude of their fellow-citizens at home.

The people of Charleston testified their appreciation of the heroic conduct of Mr. Miles by nominating him for the mayoralty before he returned. On reaching his home he accepted this nomination, and, in the course of his remarks, he eloquently and completely vindicated himself from charges of connection with the proscriptive Know Nothing party which had been brought against him. He showed clearly that they had been based on garbled extracts from a speech delivered by him before a literary association, and fully exculpated himself from the charge brought.

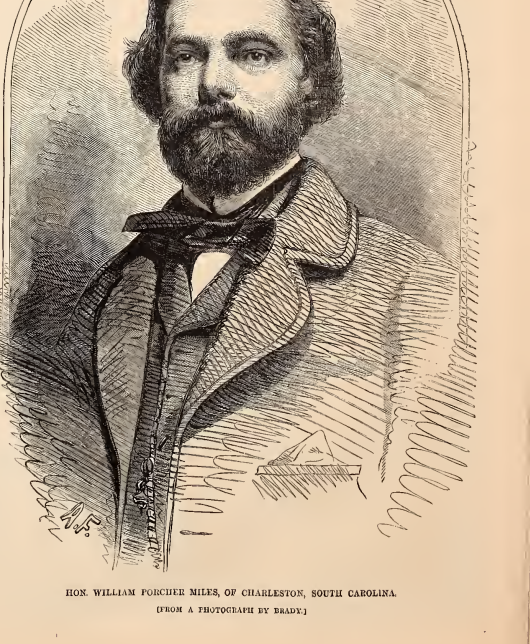
Mr. Miles commenced his labors as Mayor of Charleston in November, 1855, and developed talents as an administrative officer and as a magistrate which have laid the firmest foundation for his official reputation. During the two years that he presided over the municipal government of Charleston many important reforms and changes were carried out, and new measures of merit were also inaugurated—an excellent Board of Aldermen seconding and supporting the Mayor. The financial management was also reformed, and the city government not only determined that they would "pay as they went," but they put into practical operation a schema (originated by James G. Holmes, Esq.) for so liquidating the public debt of the city that in thirty years from that time it will have been extinguished.

Important sanitary reforms were also inaugurated, among them a system of "tidal drainage," to the successful operation of which is attributed the diminution of sickness in the subsequent summers. The police force, as reorganized by Mayor Miles, became one of the best in the country. It has a chief, two captains, six lieutenants, eighteen sergeants, and one hundred privates, with an additional force of fifty mounted men. These mounted policemen, especially recommended by Mayor Miles, are remarkably effective, and are regarded as the most valuable part of the whole system.

In 1857 the retirement of Governor Aiken, who had represented the Congressional District composed of Charleston and the surrounding parishes, induced the numerous friends of Mr. Miles to present him as a candidate. He was triumphantly elected, defeating General James Gadsden, who had been the Minister of the United States at Mexico, and also Colonel John Cunningham, an ex-editor of the American organ.

On taking his seat in the House of Representatives Mr. Miles was immediately placed upon the important Committee of Commerce, where he industriously examined the many bills and petitions referred to these guardians of the commercial interests of the country. Not only did he secure the passage of a large appropriation for completing a new custom-house at Charleston, where such a building was needed, and look after the individual interests of his own constituents who are engaged in commercial pursuits, but he carefully studied and effectively demonstrated the resources of the Southern States.

The removal of writing-desks and cumbersome chairs from the Hall of the House of Representatives, and the present arrangement of seats (as in the British Parliament), by which the members are



HON. WILLIAM PORCHER MILES, OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

brought together in a smaller space, and enabled to transact business with greater facility, is the work of Mr. Miles, who proposed the change, and partitionously urged its adoption. He also proposed another important reform, which, if adopted, would save the country from the infliction of political essays, generally patched up by the literary *Bohemians* who haunt the Capitol, and palmed off on confiding constituents as the production of indolent or incompetent Representatives. The resolution offered by Mr. Miles provided "That hereafter no speech by any member of this House shall be published in the *Daily Globe*, unless it has been actually delivered in the House; and that a donation of $500 be made from the pay of the said newspaper for every violation of this prohibition." This desirable reform was stifled by an "objection," and the mails are loaded down, as before, with speeches bought at prices ranging from twenty to one hundred dollars, and often not even read, yet published by consent of "leaves" in the House of Representatives of the United States."

At the close of his Congressional term Mr. Miles was re-elected without opposition, and took his seat among the Representatives of South Carolina in the 34th Congress.

In a speech on the organization of the House, delivered a few weeks since, Mr. Miles frankly stated that the position of himself and of his political associates is simply this:

"That the Southern States, being the sole judges of what is best for their own interests, and for their own peace and security, can, whenever they choose, take their destinies into their own hands. We do not intend, therefore, to indulge in any 'bluster or bravado' as to what we can do in the event of a disruption of the Union. That is a matter that deliberation, mature, rhetorical flourishes, even sober argument, will throw very little light upon; it will have to be submitted to the cool arbitrament of arms. I say that, because I believe that will be inevitable; not because the South would, in case she thought proper (in accordance with her constitutional rights) to secine from this Confederacy, desire to make war upon the North; but because we are constantly warned that, in such an event, the North would make war upon us. Yes, Sir, we are told that if we attempt to exercise our undoubted right to withdraw from this Government, in which, as sovereign States, we are peers and equals, we will be treated as revolted provinces, and subjugated by force of arms! Well, Sir, the South is ready; and if she be not allowed to secede in peace, she will do it at the cost of war. She is the sole judge of the reasons which shall justify her, and the time when it will be expedient for her to break her connection with her Northern co-States. * * When it shall become inevitable, the South will take the judgment of the tribunal of nations. She will assume her independent position among the Powers of the earth, and wage war under her shield." She will march on steadily to the fulfillment of her high mission, defying the friendship of all—dreading the enmity of none. If attacked, she will be ready to face the world in armor; for Justice and Truth will be on her side, and her trust will be in the God of battles, who is likewise the God of justice and peace!"

The Huguenot origin of Mr. Miles has been mentioned; it is brightly stamped on his lineaments and exhibited in his deportment. The descendants of those gallant French Protestants have not the ungracious worldliness of the Scotch Covenanters, or the calculating coldness of the English Puritans, or the wild enthusiasm of the Irish Presbyterians, but they have inherited the noble, the gifted, and the genial traits of *la belle France*, with more energy, more earnestness, and more tactful tact than has characterized that land since the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Mr. Miles has a generous yet manly figure—a capacious forehead, trenched with the traces of thought—a steady, impressive gaze—an honest and gracious smile lurking about the corners of his resolute lips—and the courteous manners of the old school of educated gentlemen, rare and ripe as a sphere of Madeira that has spent a score or more of years in the genial temperature of Charleston.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

* * *

PRINCE'S GATE, PARK HAMPSTEAD.

June 27.—Six months to look back on—six long, lonely months since Laura and I last saw each other!

How many days have I still to wait? Only one! To-morrow, the twenty-eighth, the travelers return to England. I have hardly realized my own happiness; I can hardly believe that the next four-and-twenty hours will complete the last day of separation between Laura and me!

She and her husband have been in Italy all the winter, and afterward in the Tyrol. They come back, accompanied by Count Fosco and his wife, who propose to settle somewhere in the neighborhood of London, and who have engaged to stay at Blackwater Park for the same two months before deciding on a place of residence. So long as Laura wishes, no matter who returns with her. Sir Percival may fill the house from floor to ceiling, if he likes, on condition she will come and fill it together.

Meanwhile, here I am, established at Blackwater Park; "the ancient and interesting seat" (as the county history obligingly informs me) "of Sir Percival Glyde, Bart."—and the future abiding place (as I may now venture to add, on my own account) of plain Marian Halcombe, spinster, now settled in a snug little sitting-room, with a cup of tea by my side, and all the earthly possessions ranged round her in three boxes and a bag.

I left Limmeridge yesterday, having received Laura's delightful letter from Paris the day before. I had been previously uncertain whether I was to meet them in London or in Hampshire; but this last letter informed me that Sir Percival proposed to land at Southampton, and to travel straight to his country-house. He has spent so much money abroad that he has none left to defray the expenses of living in London for the remainder of the season; and he is economically resolved to pass the summer and autumn quietly at Blackwater. Laura has had enough of excitement and change of scene, and is pleased at the prospect of country tranquillity and retirement which her husband's prudence provides for her. As for me, I am ready to be happy anywhere in her society. We are all, therefore, well contented at our various ways to begin with.

Last night I slept in London, and was delayed there so long to-day, by various calls and commissions, that I did not reach Blackwater this evening till after dark.

Judging by my vague impressions of the place, thus far, it is the exact opposite of Limmeridge. The house is commodious in a dull fashion, and seems to be shut in—almost suffocated, to my north-country notions—by trees. I have seen nobody but the man-servant who opened the door to me, and the housekeeper, a very civil person, who showed me the way to my own room, and got me my tea. I know a little boudoir and bedroom, at the end of an long passage on the first floor. The servants' and some of the spare rooms are on the second floor; and all the living rooms are on the ground-floor. I have not seen the grounds, and I know nothing about the house, except that one wing of it is said to be five hundred years old.

But it is late, and I am sleepy. I must go round in once; and that it gets its name of Blackwater from a lake in the park.

Eleven o'clock has just struck. In a ghostly and solemn manner, from a turret over the centre of the house, which I saw when I came in. A large dog has been woke, apparently by the sound of the bell, and is howling and yawning dreadfully, somewhere round a corner. I hear echoing footsteps in the passage below, and the iron thumping of bolts and bars at the house-door. The servants are evidently going to bed. Shall I follow their example?

No: I am not half sleepy enough. Sleepy, did I say? I feel as if I should never close my eyes again. The bare anticipation of seeing that dear face and hearing that well-known voice, to-morrow, keeps me in a perpetual fever of excitement. If I only had the privilege of a man, I would order due Sir Percival, of seeing him instantly, and tear away on a night-gallop, eastward, to meet the rising sun—a long, hard, heavy, ceaseless gallop of hours and hours, like the famous highwayman's ride to York. Being, however, nothing but a woman, condemned to patience, propriety, and petticoats for life, I must respect the honorable opinions, and try to compose myself in some feeble and feminine way.

Reading is out of the question—I can't fix my attention on books. Let me try if I can write myself into sleepiness and fatigue. My journal has been very much neglected of late. What can I recall—standing, as I now do, on the threshold of a new life—of persons and events, of chances and changes, during the past six months—the long, weary, empty interval since Laura's wedding-day?

Walter Hartright is uppermost in my memory; and he passes first in the shadowy procession of my recollections. I received a few lines from him, after the landing of the expedition in Honduras, written more cheerfully and resolutely than he had written yet. A month or six weeks later I saw an extract from an American newspaper describing the departure of the adventurers on their inland journey. They were last seen entering a wild primeval forest, each man with his rifle on his shoulder and his baggage at his back. Some time that civilization has lost all trace of them. Not a line more have I received from Walter; not a fragment of news from the expedition has appeared in any of the public journals.

The same vague, disheartening obscurity hangs over the fate and fortunes of Anne Catherick and her companion, Mrs. Clements. Nothing whatever has been heard of either of them. Whether they are in the country or out of it, whether they are living or dead, no one knows. Even Sir Percival confesses that he has lost all hope, and has ordered the useless search after the fugitives to be finally given up.

Our good old friend, Mr. Gilmore has met with a sad check in his active professional career. Early in the spring we were alarmed by hearing that he had been found insensible at his desk, and that the seizure had been pronounced to be a stroke of apoplexy. He had been long complaining of fullness and oppression in the head; and his doctor had warned him of the consequences of his habitual indulgence in energy in continuing to work, early and late, as if he was still a young man. The result now is that he has been positively ordered to keep out of his office for a year to come at least, and to seek repose of body and relief of mind by absolutely abandoning the old nuisance of business. The business is left, accordingly, to be carried on by his partner; and he is himself, at this moment, on the Continent, visiting some relations who are settled there in mercantile pursuits. Thus another true friend and trust-worthy adviser is lost to me, for the present, at least, and trust, for a time only.

Poor Mrs. Vesey traveled with me as far as London. It was impossible to abandon her to solitude at Limmeridge after Laura and I had both left the house, and we had arranged that she is to live with an unmarried younger sister of hers who keeps a school at Clapham. She is to come here from London to visit her nieces, I might almost say, her adopted child. I saw the good old lady safe to her destination; and left her in the care of her relatives, quietly happy at the prospect of seeing Laura again in a few months' time.

As for Mr. Fairlie, I believe I am guilty of no injustice if I describe him as being unutterably relieved by leaving the house clear of its mistress. The last time I saw him, his face was simply preposterous—he used to let months pass in the old times without attempting to see her—and, in my opinion, I and Mrs. Vesey's, I take leave to consider his telling us both that he was half heart-broken at Laura's marriage, preliminary to a confession that he was secretly rejoiced to get rid of us. His last caprice has led him to keep photographers incessantly employed on producing sun-pictures of all the treasures and curiosities in his possession. One complete copy of the collection of photographs is to be presented to the Mechanics' Institution of Carlisle, mounted on the finest cardboard, with exceedingly red-letter inscriptions underneath. "Madonna and Child, by Raphael. In the possession of Frederick Fairlie, Esquire." "Copper Jewin of the period Tighdul-Pleese. In the possession of Frederick Fairlie, Esquire." "Unique Beauchmouch etching. Known all over Europe as *The Sneezer*. From a printer's hint in the corner which exists in no other copy. Valued at three hundred guineas. In the possession of Frederick Fairlie, Esquire." Duplicate photographs of this sort, and all inscribed in this manner, were compiled before I left Cumberland, and hundreds more remain to be done. With this new interest to occupy him, Mr. Fairlie will be a happy man for months and months to come; and the two unfortunate photographers will share the social martyrdom which he has hitherto inflicted on his valet alone.

So much for the persons and events which hold the foremost place in my memory. What next of the one person who holds the foremost place in my heart? Laura has been present to me (implicitly) all the while I have been writing these lines. What can I recall of her, during the past six months, before I close my journal for the night?

I have only her letters to guide me; and, on the most important of all the questions which our correspondence can discuss, every one of those letters leaves me in the dark.

Does he treat her kindly? Is she happier now than she was when I parted with her on the wedding-day? All my letters have contained these two inquiries, but more or less directly, now in one form, and now in another; and all, on that one point only, have remained without reply, or have been answered as if my questions merely related to the state of her health. She informs me, over and over again, that she is perfectly well; that traveling agrees with her; that she is getting through the winter, for the first time in her life, without catching a cold—but not a word can I find any where which tells me plainly that she is reconciled to her marriage, and that she can now look back to the twenty-third of December without any bitter feelings of repentance and regret. The name of her husband is only mentioned in her letters as she might mention the name of a friend who was traveling with them, and who had undertaken to make all the arrangements for the journey. "Sir Percival" has settled that we leave on such a day: "Sir Percival" has decided that we travel by such a road. Sometimes she writes "Percival" only, but very seldom—in nine cases out of ten, she writes "Sir Percival."

I can not find that his habits and opinions have changed and colored her in any single respect. The small moral transformation which is insensibly wrought in a young, fresh, sensitive woman by her marriage, seems never to have taken place in Laura. She writes of her own thoughts and impressions, amidst all the wonders she has seen, exactly as she might have written to some one else, if I had been traveling with her instead of her husband. I see no betrayal any where of sympathy of any kind existing between them. Even when she writes from the subject of her travels, and occupies herself with the prospects that await her in England, her speculations are busied with her future as my sister, and persistently neglect to notice her future as Sir Percival's wife. In this there is no under tone of complaint, to warn me that she is absolutely unhappy in her married life. The impression I have derived from our correspondence does not, thank God, lead me to any such distressing conclusion as that. I only see a sad torpor, an unchangeable indifference, when I turn my mind from her in the old character of a sister, and look at her, through the medium of her letters, in the new character of a wife. In other words, it is always Laura Fairlie who has been writing to me for the last six months, and never Lady Glyde.

The strange silence which she maintains on the subject of her husband's character and conduct she preserves with almost equal resolution in the new references which her letters contain to the name of her husband's bosom friend, Count Fosco.

I have one successful reason the Count and his wife appear to have changed their plans abruptly, at the end of last autumn, and to have gone to Vienna, instead of going to Paris, at which latter place Sir Percival had expected to find them when he left England. They only remained in the city long enough, and traveled as far as the Tyrol to meet the bride and bridegroom on their homeward journey. Laura writes readily enough about the meeting with Madame Fosco, and assures me that she has seldom seen so much change for the better—so much quieter and so much more sensible as a wife than she was as a single woman—that I should hardly know woman when I see her there. But on the subject of Count Fosco (who interests me infinitely more than his wife) Laura is provokingly circumspect and silent. She only says that he puzzles her, and that she will not tell me what her impression of him is until I have seen him, and formed my own opinion first. This, to my mind, looks ill for the Count. Laura is not prejudiced, far more perfectly than most people do in later life, the child's subtle faculty of knowing a friend by instinct; and, if I am right in assuming that her first impression of Count Fosco has not been favorable, I, for one, can in some danger of doubting and distrusting that illustrious foreigner before I have so much as set eyes on him. But patience, patience; this uncertainty, and many uncertainties more, can not last much longer. To-morrow will see all my doubts in a fair way of being cleared up, sooner or later.

Twelve o'clock has struck, and I have just

"THERE, CROUCHED UP IN THE FARTHEST CORNER," ETC.

come back to close these pages, after looking out at my open window.

It is a still, sultry, moonless night. The stars are dull and dim. The trees, that shut out the view on all sides, look dimly black and solid in the distance, like a great wall of rock. I hear the croaking of frogs, faint and far off; and the echoes of the great clock-bell hum in the airless calm long after the strike stops ceased. The air and light Blackwater Park will look in the daytime? I don't altogether like it by night.

28d.—A day of investigations and discoveries—a more interesting day, for many reasons, than I had ventured to anticipate.

I began my sight-seeing, of course, with the house.

The main body of the building is of the time of that highly overrated woman, Queen Elizabeth. On the ground-floor there are two huge, long-drawing, lofty, with low ceilings, lying parallel with each other, and rendered additionally dark and dismal by hideous family portraits—every one of which I should like to burn. The rooms on the floor above the two galleries are kept in tolerable repair, but are very yellow and. The civil housekeeper, who acted as my guide, offered to show me over them; but considerately added that she feared I should find them much out of order. My respect for the integrity of my own petticoats and stockings infinitely exceeds my respect for all the Elizabethan bedrooms in the kingdom; so I positively declined exploring the upper regions of dust and dirt in the risk of soiling my best clean clothes. The housekeeper said, "I am quite of your opinion, Miss;" and appeared to think me the more sensible woman she had met with for a long time past.

So much, then, for the main building. Two wings are added at either end of it. The half-ruined wing on the left (as you suppose in the house) was, in a place of residence all by itself, and was built in the fourteenth century. One of Sir Percival's maternal ancestors (an ancestor, mind, who lived over a hundred years ago) attacked on the main building, at right angles to it, in the advanced Queen Elizabeth's time. The housekeeper told me that the architecture of "the old wing," both outside and inside, was considered remarkably fine by good judges. On my own responsibility, I discovered that good judges could only exercise their abilities on Sir Percival's piece of antiquity by previously dissembling from their sight the effect of damp, darkness, and rats. Under these circumstances, I unhesitatingly acknowledged myself to be no judge at all, and suggested that we should treat "the old wing" precisely as we had previously treated the Elizabethan bedrooms. Once more the housekeeper said, "I am quite of your opinion, Miss;" and once more she looked as me with unmixed admiration of my extraordinary common sense.

We went next to the wing on the right, which was built in my way of considering the wonderful architectural jumble at Blackwater Park, in the time of George the Second. This is the habitable part of the house, which has been repaired and redecorated, inside, on Laura's account. My two rooms, and all the good bedrooms besides, are on the first floor; and the basement contains a drawing-room, a dining-room, a morning-room, a library, and a little bowling-alley for Laura—all very nicely ornamented in the bright modern way, and all very elegantly furnished with the delightful modern luxuries. None of the rooms are any thing like so large and airy as our rooms at Limmeridge, but they are lofty enough to give a lady a very tolerably ample, from what I had heard of Blackwater Park, of intriguing antique chairs, and dismal stained glass, and bad music, frowning pictures, and all the barbarous lumber which people born without a sense of comfort accumulate about them, in defiance of all modern notions on the convenience of their friends. It is an inexpressible relief to find that the nineteenth century has invaded the strange future home of mine, and has swept the dirty "good old times" out of the way of our daily life.

I dawdled away the morning—part of the time in the rooms down stairs, and part on the floor, in the great square tower, which is formed by the three sides of the house, and by the lofty iron railings and gates which protect it in front. A large circular flight-of-steps, with stone sides and an allegorical leaden monster in the middle, occupies the centre of the square. The pool in self is full of gold and silver fish, and is encircled by a broad belt of the softest turf I ever walked on. I loitered here, on the shady side, pleasantly enough, till nuncheon time; and, after that took my broad straw-hat and wandered out alone, in the warm lovely sunlight, to explore the grounds.

Daylight confirmed the impression which I had felt the night before, of there being too many trees at Blackwater. The house is stifled by them. They are, for the most part, young, and planted far too thickly. I suspect they must have been a ruinous cutting down of timber all over the estate before Sir Percival's time, and an urgent necessity for the part of the new possessor to fill up all the gaps as thickly and rapidly as possible. After looking about me in front of the house, I wandered to the grounds on my left hand, and strolled toward it to see what I could discover in that direction.

On a nearer view, the garden proved to be small and poor and ill-kept. I left behind me, opened a little gate in a ring fence, and found myself in a plantation of hideous, pretty, winding path, artistically made, led me on among the trees, and my north-country experience soon informed me that I was approaching sandy, heathy ground. After a walk of more than half a mile, I should think, among the firs, the path took a sharp turn, the trees abruptly ceased to appear on either side of me, and I found myself standing suddenly on the margin of a vast open space, and looking down at the Blackwater lake from which the house takes its name.

The ground, shelving away below me, was all sand, with a few little heathy hillocks to break the monotony of it in certain places. The lake had lost a great deal more blood to the spot on which I stood, and had been gradually wasted and dried up to less than a third of its former size. I saw its still, stagnant waters, a quarter of a mile away from me in the hollow, separated into pools and ponds, by patches of reeds and rushes, and little knolls of earth. On the further bank from me the trees rose thickly again, and that cast the view, and their black shadows on the sluggish, shallow water. As I walked down to the lake I saw that the ground on its further side was damp and marshy, overgrown with rank grass and dismal willows. The water, which was clear enough on the open sand side, turned, on this side, black and muddy and poisonous opposite to me, where it lay deeper under the shade of the mossy banks and the rank overhanging thickets and tangled trees. The frogs were croaking, and the rats were slipping in and out of the shadowy water, like evil shadows themselves, as I got nearer to the unsavoury side of the lake. I saw here, lying half in and half out of the water, a rotting boat, in an old overturned boat, with a sickly spot of sunlight glimmering through a gap in the roof of its dry stern, and a ragged piece of sail in the midst of the spot, fantastically coiled, and treacherously still. Far and near the view suggested to some stronger imagination than mine the story; and the glorious brightness of the summer sky overhead seemed only to deepen and harden on the gloom and loneliness of the wilderness on which it shone. I turned and retraced my steps to the high, heathy ground; directing my steps to the side of the plantation, I found a sandy path, and followed it, which led me to a broad shady old wooden shed, which stood on the outer skirt of the fir plantation, and which had hitherto been my mark in coming to it. What notice with the wide, wild prospect of the lake.

On approaching the shed I found that it had been a boat-house, and that an attempt had apparently been made to convert it afterwards into a cool place of resort, by nailing up a few wood seat, a few stools, and a table. I entered the place, and sat down for a little while to rest and my thoughts and my work.

I had not been in the boat-house more than a minute when it struck me that the sound of my own pencil scratching was very strangely echoed by something beneath me. I listened intently for a moment, and heard a low, thick, sobbing breath, which was not my own, lying on the ground under the seat which I was occupying. My nerves are not easily shaken by trifles; but on this occasion I confess I was in a fright so excited out—received no answer—summoned back my recreant courage—and looked under the seat.

There, crouched up in the farthest corner, lay the forlorn cause of my terror, in the shape of a "Dog" with the prettiest of white coats on. The creature moaned feebly when I looked at it and stood up, but made no attempt to crawl away the seat and looked closer. The poor little dog's eyes were glazing fast, and there were the marks of blood on its glossy white coat. The misery of a weak, helpless, numb creature is surely one of the saddest of all the mournful sights which are to be seen in this world. My poor dog in my arms as gently as I could, and contrived a sort of make-shift hammock for him to lie in, by gathering my shawl round me and tying all round him. In this way I took the creature, as painlessly as possible, and as fast as possible, back to the house.

Finding no one in the hall, I went up at once to my own sitting-room, made a bed for the dog with the shawl on its sofa, and rang the bell. The largest and fattest of all possible housemaids answered it, in a state of cheerful stupidity which would have been a fortune to her in Cumberland. The girl's fat, shapeless face actually stretched into a broad grin at the sight of the wounded dog in my arms.

"What do you see there to laugh at?" I asked, sharply at last, losing all patience at sight of my own. "Do you know whose dog it is?"

"No, Miss, that I certainly don't." She stopped and looked down at the spaniel's injured side—brightened suddenly with the inspiration of a new idea—and, pointing to the wound with a chuckle of satisfaction, said, "That's Baxter's doings, that is."

"Do you know whose dog it is? I could have hoped her ears. "Baxter?" I said. "Who is the brute you call Baxter?"

The girl grinned again, more cheerfully than ever. "Bless you, Miss! Baxter's the keeper; and when he finds strange dogs hunting about he takes and shoots them. That's Baxter's doings, Miss. I think that dog will die. Here's where he's been shot and shot. That's Baxter's doings that is. Baxter's doings, Miss, and Baxter's doings."

I was almost wicked enough to wish that Baxter had shot she house-maid instead of the dog. Seeing that it was quite useless to expect this incorrigible creature to understand or give any help in relieving the suffering creature at our feet, I told her to request the housekeeper's attendance, with my compliments. She went out exactly as she had come in, grinning from ear to ear. As the door closed on her she said to herself, softly, "It's Baxter's doings and Baxter's doings—that's what it is."

The housekeeper, a person of some education and intelligence, thoughtfully brought up stairs with her some milk and some warm water. The moment we put the dog on the floor she started and changed color.

"Why, Lord bless me!" cried the housekeeper, "that must be Mrs. Catherick's dog!"

"Whose?" I asked, in the utmost astonishment.

"Mrs. Catherick's. You seem to know Mrs. Catherick, Miss Halcombe?"

"Not personally. But I have heard of her. Does she live here? Has she had any news of her daughter?"

"No, Miss Halcombe. She came here to ask for news."

"When?"

"Only yesterday. She said some one had mentioned to her report to her that her daughter had been seen in our neighborhood. No such report has reached us here; and no such report can know to the village when I sent to make inquiries there on Mrs. Catherick's account. She certainly brought this poor little dog with her when she came, and I saw it not out after her when she went away. I suppose the creature strayed into the plantations and got shot. Where did you find the dog, Miss Halcombe?"

"In the old shed that looks out on the lake."

"Ah, yes, that is the plantation side, and the poor thing strayed itself, I suppose, to the nearest shelter, as dogs will to die. If you can persuade me to keep the little creature, I will make better use of the opportunity, Miss Halcombe, than I made of it." The finding of the wounded animal was not the only discovery of Mrs. Catherick's visit to Blackwater Park; and that event might lead, in its turn, to something which I determined to make the most of the chance which was now offered me, and to gain as much additional information as I could.

"Did you say that Mrs. Catherick lived any where in this neighborhood?"

"Oh, dear no," said the housekeeper. "She lives at Welmingham, quite at the other end of the county—twenty miles, twenty miles at least."

"I suppose you have known Mrs. Catherick for some years?"

"Oh no contrary, Miss Halcombe, I never saw her before she came here yesterday. I had heard of her, of course, because I had heard of Sir Percival's kindness in putting her daughter under medical care. Mrs. Catherick is rather a strange person in her manners, but extremely respectable-looking. I should scarcely have guessed when she found that there was no foundation—none, at least, that any of us could discover—for the report of her daughter having been seen in this neighborhood."

I am rather interested about Mrs. Catherick," I went on, continuing the conversation as long as possible. "I wish I had arrived here soon enough to see her yesterday. Did she stay for any length of time?"

"Yes," said the housekeeper, "she staid for some time. I was in the room, I have to remained longer, if I had not been called away to speak to a strange gentleman—a gentleman who came to ask the road to Welmingham, and came back. Mrs. Catherick got up and left at once, when she heard the maid tell me what the visitor's errand was. I should think, at parting, that there was no need to tell Sir Percival of her coming here. I thought that rather an odd remark to make, especially to a person in my responsible situation."

I thought it an odd remark, too. Sir Percival had certainly given me reason to suppose that the most perfect confidence existed between himself and Mrs. Catherick. If that was the case, why should he wish to know that her visit at Blackwater Park kept a secret from him?

"Probably," I said, seeing that the housekeeper expected me to give my opinion on Mrs. Catherick's strange conduct; "probably she thought the announcement of her visit might vex Sir Percival to no purpose, by reminding him that her daughter was not found yet. Did she talk much on that subject?"

"Very little," replied the housekeeper. "She laid grievous blame on Sir Percival, and said he great many questions about where he had been travelling, and what sort of lady his new wife was. Some people, I have always heard and believe, are not quite satisfied with a lady, unless they can find out something to criticise, and make a little mischief with, and grumbling," dropped from the housekeeper's lips. The change had happened suddenly and unaccountably—in one moment the cheerful, kind, sensible manner had ended. Look, Miss Holcombe! the poor thing is out of its misery at last!"

The dog was dead. It had given a faint, sobbing cry; it had suffered an instant's convulsion of the limbs, just as those last words, "unaccountably and grumbling," dropped from the housekeeper's lips. The change had happened suddenly and unaccountably—in one moment the cheerful, kind, sensible manner had ended. Look, Miss Holcombe! the poor thing is out of its misery at last?

SPEECH OF SPEAKER PENNINGTON.

When the Clerk announced the election of a Speaker, Mr. Pennington, amidst a scene that was tumultuously fully comprehended with the excited and disorderly proceeding which involved prevailed, spoke as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—I return you my grateful acknowledgments for the distinguished honor you have been pleased to confer upon me by electing me Speaker of this House. Coming here for the first time at the present session, to be associated with you as a member, no event could have been more unlooked for than that I should be called upon to preside over your deliberations; and my doubts as to my ability to do justice to my trust have not sought the position, as I certainly never desired it. I am nevertheless, with a sense of the dignity and importance of this high office, as my predecessor can be, but should not have, had the honor conferred but its duties been intended to abor and labor. Impressed with the overwhelming sense of the responsible obstacles in the way of an organization of the House, I cannot be the conscious agent of the ambition of any party, who could commend a majority of votes to Speaker, who hesitated to submit to the public judgment to accept the responsibility as an act of patriotic duty, whether it proveable to his private interest or not. As that choice has unexpectedly fallen upon me, I have not hesitated to do so. In the conscious effort to do my trust my object will be to do my duty with impartiality and fairness. I shall have great need of your forbearance, for your indulgence is the new position to which I am placed, and I feel conscious that I shall need it at your hands. A representative from the Northern Republic of Pennsylvania, with its many heroic achievements were accomplished in the Revolutionary war, and its people have ever been distinguished for its devotion to the Constitution and the Union, I pray to be set to impair the integrity of either, but that they, by one or more of the necessary, perhaps that they may yet be required, not our free institutions be perpetuated to our descendants. I feel I have a constitutional home, embracing all our blessed Union. Again thanking you for your kindness, I now enter upon the duties of the station to which I am called destitute of that station.

Mr. Pennington, being the oldest commonwealth member, administered the oath to the Speaker by request of the Clerk.

THE SCENE IN THE HOUSE.

The Times correspondent writes: The scene of the Speakership scene was impressive and imposing. The audience was crowded and orderly. In the House the member was in his proper seat. The Speaker-elect, one of the dear sons of the House in propriety, dignity, and conduct, amidst profound silence, to the Clerk, in Senate, Sherman and Hunter. His address was good, tasty, and entirely national in tone. For that instant, a spirit of harmony was utilized. No Democrat could fail to be satisfied that, after all our party bickering, we are one people in one people in heart of work. It was the first organization in the new Hall, and it is gratifying that the old one never presented a scene altogether so splendid to the eye.

SPEECH OF MR. SHERMAN.

At a serenade offered to the leading Republican members on Thursday Mr. Sherman, being loudly called, responded, and spoke as follows:

"MY FRIENDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—I had intended to write and speak. Yes, I was mistaken in my duty. But I was not prepared for the cordial and kind greeting of such, hearty, and such voices, which I almost without the power of retaining my thanks. We have met in particular each other under the shadow of the dome of this hall. A Republican Speaker is elected, and we assembled. A Republican Speaker is elected, and the people rejoice; a Republican Speaker is elected, and the people advance; a Republican Speaker is elected, and action in work eleven cents a pound and upward—and may it advance higher. (Cheers.) A Republican Speaker is elected, and three property remains the same in value. (Cheers.) A Republican Speaker is elected, and the Union is safe. (Cheers.) So it will be when a Republican President is inaugurated—(prolonged cheers of 'Good!')—for in that event every right of every citizen of every State will be secured to him by the unity obtention of the Union which our adversaries fear to a classical and the Union which our adversaries fear. This is the 'union' they clamor about and is made to confound Union and Union. Let us be in with a union. (Cheers.) This is the source of their injustice to us. We will have our destiny in our property, and they cannot use the language of some early bustle. They represent as so believing what we do not believe; they say we do not what we do not intend; and then they howl and rave at us. I tell you, my fellow-citizens, that if we pay the pressure of money, the pressure of office, you will see these cries cease crying out 'Disunion!' Endeavoring to separate the people of one part of this country from the other. (Cheers.) My friends, we will be steady their injustice, we will hold down their prejudices, we will quiet the fears of the fear among us, we will succeed. We will do it with firmness and love, with brotherly kindness and respect. Let us be the Union of the States! Fellow-citizens, my people live one of on the shores of one of the beautiful inlets of the sea, and they have to hear among them such talk as we hear from the Democratic Representatives of the federal union. We would not hang them, but they would deserve and earn them. We love the Union! It was the Union, Union, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Indiana have recently put and received it back to stay. (Cheers.) Let us, then, my fellow-citizens, my heart is in this contest—my hand is in it. (Laughter.) Your property, the Union, your pocket, too—and every energy that I possess. I tell you, you will all have to vote for a Republican President, but, I trust in God, a Republican President. (Cheers.) By fidelity, fidelity, let us great the Union, and the harbinger of coming events. The past is with our adversaries—we rejoice in the present. Let us hope for the future."

THE PROPOSED SOUTHERN CONVENTION.

Resolutions were introduced in the Virginia House of Delegates on Monday, January 30, declaring that while we recognize an impartial sovereign right of the Southern States in the present condition of things, yet we believe that prompt and decisive action of opinion can be most effectively the direct and authoritative action of the constituted authorities of the Southern States, and recommend the agency of an assemblage which can have no legislative power, and which can only debate and advise. The General Assembly of Virginia will not at this time undertake to have any conference of Southern States, called by the authorities of the Southern States.

Governor Stanford's Message to the Legislature of Texas, transmitting the resolutions of the South Carolina Legislature, concludes the Southern Legislature. The Legislature introduced resolutions sustaining Governor Houston's action. Texas gave up her independence for the Union, and is unwilling to surrender the Union on an emergency demanded sufficiently to secure an important end.

SEAL OF STEPHENS AND HAZLITT.

In the Circuit Court of Jefferson County, Virginia, indictments were so Wednesday found against Andrew Stephens and William Hazlitt, as accomplices in John Harper's Ferry outrage. In delivering the charge to the Grand Jury, Judge Krisky, who presides in the absence of Judge Parker, dwelt upon the severity of Brown's attempt, and the impossibility of vindicating the law and the dignity of the State, while he carnestly advised the Jury to hold prompt and decisive action against the prisoners. For the Commonwealth Mr. Andrew Hunter, who conducted the proceedings against Brown and the outlaw-band, appears; while the defense is conducted by Mr. George Hoffman, of Baltimore, and Mr. Lucas, of the opening of the Court, Mr. Sumner, on behalf of Stephens, prayed that the case might be transferred to the Federal Courts, in order that the prisoner might be tried at a State. The Court refused to make the requisite transfer, and the case proceeded, Mr. Harding speaking for the State.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

One of those calamities so fatal to the trade in which those non-types of our city, the tenement houses, are constructed, occurred on Thursday evening on 33rd street. A building, which was being fitted up for a with human beings, took fire in the basement, and doing the remainder of the building, in a few hours. It was at once filled with flames and smoke. The unnumbered and panic-stricken inmates, whose escape by the chimney was cut off, fled to the upper story. A few leaped from the windows and were saved by the aid of the fire-men; and others were rescued by the noble efforts of the firemen; but a large but uncertained number perished before the eyes of the spectators. The building was the property of Mr. Edward Ryan.

EXECUTION OF STEPHENS.

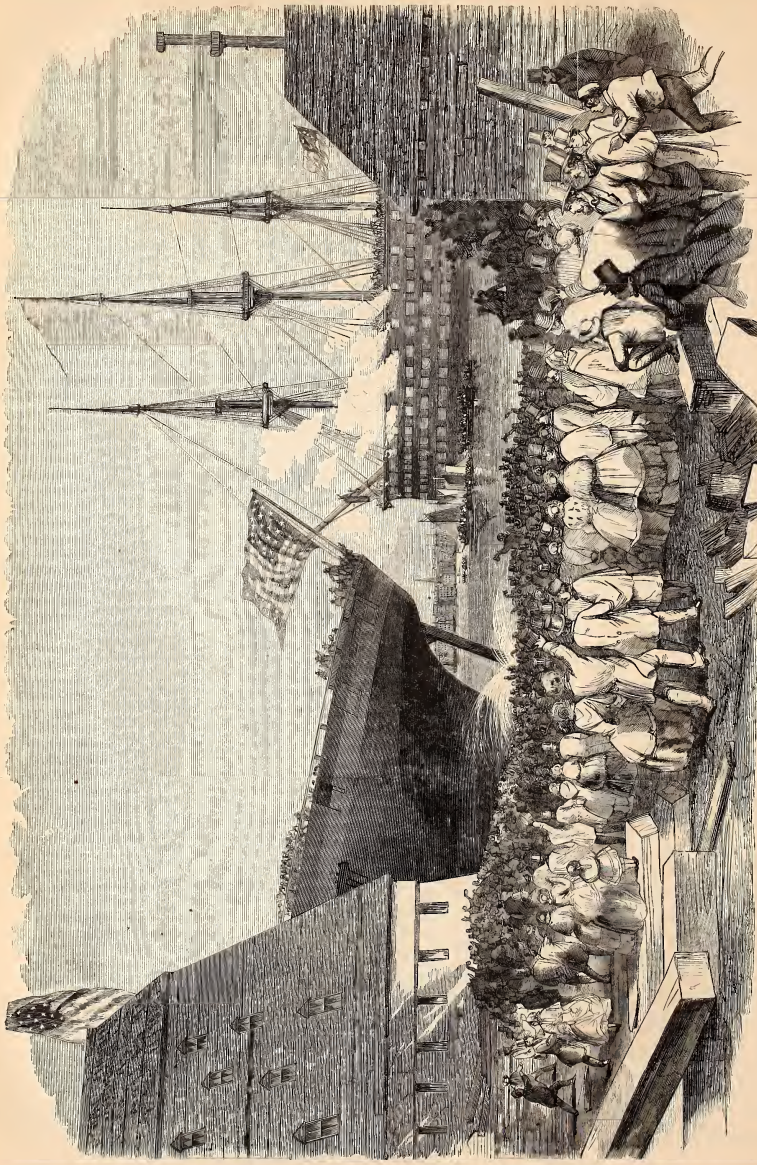
Stephens, the man who poisoned his wife in order to marry her sister, was executed in Sussex County, and no noise some time since, was duly executed for his crimes in the Sussex County Jail, on Friday, New York. He died without confessing his guilt.

THE LATE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

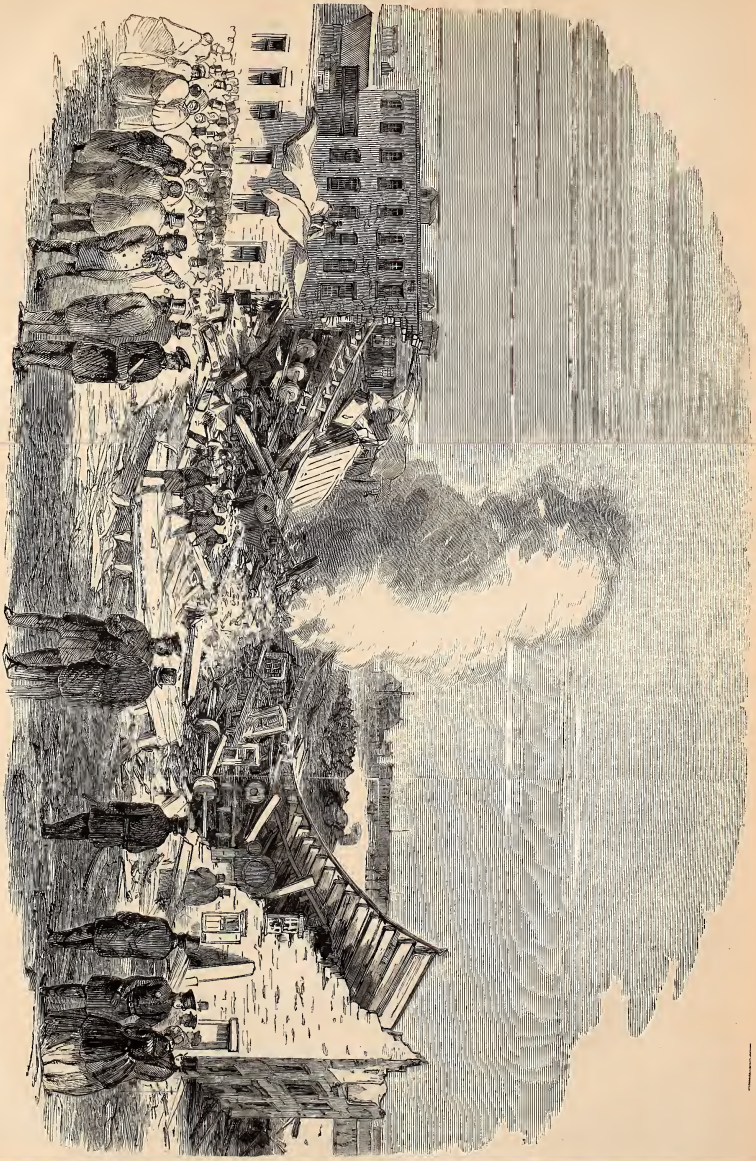
Stephens had tried to escape. About two weeks ago he considered he idea that all papers of a broken would be necessary to secure his freedom. With the aid of a friend he obtained a saw and a file, and, by the aid of a friend, he joined in the conspiracy, and one all their plans were made, and the day was fixed for the attempt to escape, and Monday night was arranged, so far as can be ascertained, the plan was successfully carried out. Some time they were unable to divide upon what weapons they should use, but finally they decided that the pistols, revolvers were agreed upon, they being the most effectual, and most dangerous weapons, and easily to be concealed, and they some means at present unknown, but no doubt through their friends, they had secured, and concealed, were placed in their hands, without the knowledge of the jailer, who, it is thought, was bribed. It is thought that it has been the habit of the keepers to give the above prisoners a little more liberty than is generally allowed, and had been locked up for the night, and it was at that time that the attempt to escape was made, and it was so well prepared—Stephens says, he made the keeper open to let out the prisoners, and then he made the keeper open to let out the prisoners, and then he made the keeper to kill the other keeper in the like manner: he said he intended to escape by the chimney, and if possible, bribe liberate themselves.

HOW THE PLAN FAILED.

It, however, in some way became known to the Warden of the Jail, and he immediately ordered the prisoners and he set some tech prompt steps to foil them in their attempt. Stephens, with his accomplices, called on the Sheriff Kelly, and there two gentlemen, with two others, went to the prisoner's cell, and, on opening the door, found the cells of the prisoners. They called Stephens to his cell, and after speaking a few minutes, the door was being unlocked. At this announcement Stephens seemed frightened, and, on being asked if he was, he replied, he was alarmed, and he thought it either heard that one of his men in the adjoining cell was being locked up, searched, or even suspected of having any such design, and at the same time he was alarmed at the attempt. This plan was, however, of no avail, and the Warden, with the Sheriff Kelly and the other gentlemen, left, telling that he would not allow them to search also quilt. He was then locked up, and he made a desperate struggle, and resisted with all his power, but finally was thrown down by the Warden, who, with his knee, had his back the other searched his pockets. As was expected, he had a pistol concealed in his pocket, and was finally loaded. When it was taken out Stephens gave up his struggle, and was locked up in his cell, and he said, "I am sorry for this. He said nothing, but was immediately taken to the Penitentiary, and placed in a cell, and demanded which he instantly did, producing a like revolver, hidden in his pocket. Stephens was immediately taken to a cell, and, after a short time, he was locked up, and he said, "I am sorry for this."



LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES STEAM CORVETTE "RICHMOND," AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, ON JANUARY 26, 1860.—[See Page 97.]



EXPLOSION AT AMES & MOULTON'S HAT FACTORY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, ON FEBRUARY 3, 1860.—[See next Page.]

LAUNCH OF U. S. STEAM CORVETT.. "RICHMOND"

THIS fine vessel, the last of five of similar class added to our navy, has been for months ready for the water; but it still now has the order issued to cause to launch her. At a quarter before noon on the 26th of January she entered her destined element in splendid style, at Norfolk, Virginia, amidst the plaudits of thousands, who covered the decks of the surrounding vessels, and filled every vantage of transport and shore. The ceremony of christening was gracefully performed by Misses Robb and Berryman—the latter a daughter of the distinguished commander of the Atlantic and pioneer of the ocean telegraph.

The *Richmond* will not suffer in beauty of model from her sisters with any of her sister ships. The following are her measurements: Length over all 250 feet, length between perpendiculars, 225 feet; breadth, 44 feet; moulded ditto, 41; draught, forward, 18½ extreme depth from rail to keel forward, 32; midship, 28 feet 6 inches, aft, 28 feet 6 inches; displacement at fifteen feet, 2700 tons; tonnage, by register, 1934. Her two engines have each 56-inch cylinder, and 30 inches stroke, with Martin's patent boilers and Sickels' valve. The propeller, of brass, is 14 feet in diameter. Her armament is 56, Dahlgren 84, and nine-inch 73 feet long; main-yard, 84 feet; and other spars in proportion. Floored for thirty, she will mount sixteen guns, all of 9 inches. Rigging and all are ready for her, and she will soon be fit for a cruise.

There are now five new steamers at the Gosport yard—gratifying evidence of Uncle Sam's awakening attention to the embarrassed state of his steam navy. A magnificent model may be imbodied in one reflection in this connection. One of the first vessels of a new class of steamers, and, which her, there is always something in a name. Now we have never seen any explanation of the disappearance from our navy list of many of those names which flag-ure, and will always figure, so brilliantly in our history. Where are the *Java*, the *Guerriere*, the *Wasp*, the *Hornet*, *Lawrence*, *Peacock*, etc.? Poor substitutes, indeed, the *Pocahontas* and the *Dacotah* for ships which are to the sailor's heart as the sound of a trumpet! It is not enough, as a general thing, to enlist local feeling by dubbing our liners (if we ever have any) after States, frigates and sloops after towns, and shallow ships after rivers, that we make the rule so rigid? Why appeal so strictly to neighborhood rivalry, to the exclusion of names of a more agreeable, and identified with national glory? England's practice is different, and here is a sub-section in naval matters that seemed *ordinate* may either be ignore many of her old French prizes; but even the Frenchman will meet at her Admiralty the *Victory*, the *Trafalgar*, and the *Duke of Wellington*; while with us she does not mince matters in the least. Our once-despised "ile-built frigates," the *Chesapeake* and the *President*, are carefully perpetuated. The *Chesapeake*, if we mistake not, was prominent in the late Chinese operations, and the *President* was the celebrated. As our gallant Commodore glanced at her flag, he must have given the adage, "Blood is thicker than water," a mental interpretation rather different from that it ordinarily bears.

EXPLOSION OF A STEAM-BOILER IN BROOKLYN.

WE engrave on the preceding page the explosion of the hot-factory of Ames & Moulton, in Brooklyn, New York, which took place on 3d inst. The explosion occurred at about 2 P. M. The loss of life already ascertained is six killed and fifteen injured, many of them mortally.

The factory is located on Nostrand Avenue, near Myrtle, to Sanford Street. The main structure is 100 long and 25 feet wide, with a building adjoining, on the east side, 30 feet square—both buildings of brick, and three stories high. The boiler was on the ground-floor of the latter building.

The precise cause of the explosion can not be definitely ascertained, as the engineer is killed. It is supposed, however, that the valves were not open, and, a large fire being built, steam generated so quickly as to cause the catastrophe. The engine-room and the centre of the main structure are a mass of ruins.

The noise of the explosion was heard a mile distant, and the force that tore the houses in the neighborhood show to the ... foundations. A portion of the boiler was impelled a distance of 250 feet.

A general fire alarm was rung, and the firemen and hose-carts were promptly on the ground and commenced tearing away the rubbish. They succeeded in extricating all who were supposed to be underneath. The dead were taken into the police department, where all were recognized up to noon, except one. The injured were taken to their residence or to the hospital.

The bodies of the five men who were killed were laid together in the planing room, where they were identified by their friends.

About two hundred persons were employed in the building, of which from fifty to seventy-five were females. Being about two hours before the time to commence work, but few, comparatively, were there when the catastrophe occurred. Five girls only had entered, and perhaps thirty men and boys. Had the explosion taken place one hour later the loss of life would have been frightful. Dozens were approaching the building from different directions, and some were just entering.

A young man John Haines (Gillid) had applied for work some days before, and was told to come this (Friday) morning. According to engagement he reported himself and sat down before the boiler to warm his feet. He was launched into eternity a moment afterward. The body was so mixed into an indistinguishable mass, and his father was only able to recognize him by a defect in one of his feet.

A BROTHER'S STORY.

MADGE and I—sister and brother—were alone in the world. Father and mother had sought the spirit-life, leaving us here without a friend to whom we could lay the claim of kin. Madge had been stricken in high health and robustness—cut off as the scythe cuts the rank grass. Mother—sweet, sensitive, and high born—had born her life after, with that quiet relaxing of grasp through which death has taken from us many of sleep. We were quite alone—Madge and I.

She was but a child—only fifteen. I was but within the pale of legal manhood. We knew forward each other entirely now—clasped our hands closer, and loved one another more fondly than ever before. Not that the former love was less, but this was tender

Another shadow came creeping over us. I was wooing. Madge, first in affection, felt the glad "chill" and dimness of vision; then indistinctness of outline; then confusion of objects; then—utter blindness. Beyond the moment the earth slide away, its forests and hills and cataracts are gone, till at last black clouds intervene and all is lost in; indistinct and illimitable space. So to me it seemed that life was gliding away, leaving nothing but existence—a simple void.

Extinguish the light in your drawing-room of an evening, and after the first dense blackness will come crowding into view the objects, more clearly outlined, and then the lesser objects, till, in a little time, not many of them will be lost to you. So from that entire extinction of life, gradually sense of sight, came gradually back, through other avenues, the same sweet scenes of life—veiled, it is true, but full of pleasantness, and scarcely less rich in suggestion than before.

As I have said, Madge, when I lost sight of her, was not fifteen years old. Yet I knew her, then, to estimate beauty. Mentally mature, but in form and feature unperfected. A brunette. I remember, lured, in my blindness, by the sun, from my smooth and black; her forehead not massive, but nicely chiseled and suggestive of the head and brain; her mouth—*what* was the distinguishing feature of my sister Madge. It could never be painted. Even in the full bloom of life it faded and varying light. Looking into her eyes you looked into depths—dazzling, vision crystals—black, cool-black, brilliant, and full of light, and yet, within the compass of a glance. I have seen eyes nearly dry—so void of liquidity as to suggest artificial brilliancies; but Madge's eyes were always floating, swimming. And yet my sister had not been called beautiful. Nor was she: there was not harmony enough between the parts of her loveliness.

I had always thought that the adhesiveness of woman, her clinging nature, involved the sense of touch—and perhaps, in part, it. But I have since more helpless—who so helpless as a blind man?—my Madge clung closer and closer. Protection! I was ashamed of my previous thoughts. Madge was the oak, and I the ivy.

Madge read to me from the authors that we loved—and with the richest and most varied intonation. I verily believe that her voice reading gave me more of the beauty of Shakspeare than I could possibly have caught had my own eyes wandered along the lines. Poetry, romance, history, art, politics, I read to her—and she listened with musical tones. The morning paper enlivened our little breakfast-table. After the early household duties, Madge gave me the "morning chat" "the heavy reading of the day." After dinner, romance After that, poetry. At the tea-table, the morning paper. By candle-light, a "reading." Between whiles she talked to me, or, with a sister's delicate tact, gave me time to muse when the mood was, remembrance of the past and the pictures of color and form through retrospective musings.

Madge's power of description was either originally great, or else her habit of word-painting for my benefit and pleasure wrought wonders. She will give me your pictures of all scenes and objects: even painting and statuary were reproduced, and that gave me the idea of correct and comprehension and the perfume of meadows and orchards.

Madge took the place of sight: saw for me; made me hear by a spline of my superfluous ears. And she was as happy as I.

As months and years ran by, making her more and more necessary to me, contributing to the sense of being her would spring upon me, matched by this reflection: "She is not beautiful, and can not be, then, perhaps, from the fulness of earthly joy." Thus the thoughts would rise and be pushed away. Not often when, as the evening drew, she would throw herself into my arms, and be rocked into sleepiness—Madge was always full of both vivacity and abstinence—I felt that I was lingering, another Madge than the angular school-girl of my days of vision; and when, passing my hand up to her face, I found her cheeks rounded and symmetrical, touched her full lips, and brushed the long lashes, and when I forced with her fingers, measured her shoulder, waist, and arm, and found beautiful contour of her arm, my heart would sink a little. How could I help it? I hope I was not very wicked.

But when I hinted such a possibility, she would press her soft hand upon my lips, and, imprisoning my words, give vehemence to her own, and tell me over and over again that never, never could she be so happy as now, "queen of our little sitting-room, with such a brother to care for." Dear Madge! Young men come often to call on me—and I know that they would chat with me if she a heart as to set me quite at my ease. But what does a woman know of the life before her?—or a man either, for that matter?

Madge became less airy and rollicking. Not sad; only about her seemed to float a silvery cloud—a soft, dream-like envelope; her sky seemed shorn from the sparkling Northern to the soft Italian. She was grown more tender than before passed her hand oftener over my brow, and laid her head more carefully upon mine.

One day a stranger called—a stranger to me. I knew the approaching step to be one long before the bell had begun to tinkle. The tread was regular and firm. A deep, rich voice uttered its salutation; and Madge entered and introduced the hand that I grasped met mine with a manly pressure. Madge joined in the conversation, but the tone was quiet, and subdued, and I felt, more than once, I knew then that the depths of her woman nature had been stirred, and that her heart, like the Nile, was overflowing. Not that I felt this, a second time, I had lost my sight! After the first tumult God gave me strength to bear it willingly.

Madge, I knew, was gone. Not when I called her to me, and, pressing her to my heart, opened the whole matter—not when she lay in my arms as I whispered told her that I gave her willingly to the stranger. Putting her hand upon my forehead—that was her accustomed place—she said, in a clear tone: "I shall not leave you. He can not come *to us*; I must not go to him." I expostulated; she was firm. It was the of the compulsion of love. She, trembling like a leaf the while, gave precedence to love and duty. It was all in vain. The "stranger" was gone. Madge was gone. I lower that, in the months which followed, Madge and he were, in a sense, together.

The stranger departed. Madge and the "stranger" had sustained their waiting betrothal, but there was no change in her purpose. One morning I found a letter upon my pillow—the dim letter of my eyes. I fell upon my knees, prayerfully, and without the power to rise. As days and weeks went by, the light grew more and more dim. Oh, how I prayed for the gift of actual vision!—less for my own sake than for her—while I kept the prescious sight of her. Madge I never met, in the time to burst with the imprisoned joy. The outlines of objects came; the shadows fled, and lost. Yet I saw the beautiful, queenly Madge, was pictured a thousand times before she had suspected that I saw the first shadow of her form.

I can not tell how I broke the sweet news, for I do not know. I remember tears, sobbings, smiles, caresses, exclamations, and joy.

The "stranger" came again. And when, at length, Madge threw her arms about me with her joyous "Good-by," Madge whispered in thought in my ear which made it, she said, almost easy to leave me. But no matter about that.

The marriage-day came. Sight had been wrought, under God, through the skill of a young oculist in whose hands I had placed myself, enjoining strict obedience. Madge would be lifted upon a wave of hope only to be dashed down again.

OUR PET.

THE way he became possessed of Our Pet was this. The uncle with whom I and my brother and sister lived, had a great collect of human beings, had a great fondness for animals, and brought up in the same praiseworthy sentiments. He had some twenty-odd in his stable, five poodle-dogs, and a proportionate variety of cats; and we loved them all dearly; but a feeling had sometimes arisen that our family circle could be represented, that the family happiness was incomplete without a monkey. How to get one was the difficulty, for my uncle would not have any hurdy-gurdy monkeys, who were kilts, and had no manners; and a gentlemanlike monkey, accustomed to good society, was not easily procured. My uncle, living twelve miles off, wrote to offer my uncle hers, as it had grown so intolerably mischievous she could keep it no longer. And, though disturbed by the pining character awarded to it, my uncle cheerfully accepted the gift. Jacko arrived, was duly introduced, petted, and put in the stable, the warmth of which he seemed greatly to enjoy. Next morning we came down to dress us, looking very much as if she had just been found at a steamboat in very rough weather.

"What is the matter with Jacko?" said I.

"The monkey, miss," said she. "He's a wulgar beast. I can't abear him."

"What has he done?" said I.

"Done, miss?" said she. "If you'll believe me, he's a sittin' on the door-step a eatin' a live snail for his breakfast, he is, miss."

It didn't sound nice, certainly, but hunger brings us acquainted with strange mouth-fellows; and I proposed that we should "wash them properly" taken care of; so I hurried down stairs, and found him chained to the number in the dining-room, and the servants gone to their prayers. My uncle began to read a chapter. Jacko, finding it dull sitting there, with nobody noticing him, and no food to do, gave a tug pull at the tail of the black poodle lying near him on the hearth-rug, just to see how it would be—an pleasant way of beginning an acquaintance.

"Gro-ow-ow!" said the poodle.

"Jacko, be ashamed of yourself," said my uncle.

"Hunnk!" said Jacko. It was a peculiar sound, something like a grunt, that he made; unlike the speech of any other animal, or of any rational being I ever heard. My uncle went on with the chapter. Jacko gave another sly pull.

"Gro-ow-ow!" said the poodle.

"Jacko, be quiet," said my uncle.

"Hunnk!" said Jacko; but finding that, for some inexplicable reason, my uncle did not intend to send a book at his head, he amused himself during the remainder of prayers by pulling steadily at the dog's tail, hand-over-hand, just as a sailor pulls at a rope, eliciting melodious music from the unhappy dog, angry, but perfectly useless ejaculations from my uncle, and a series of choking fits from the assembled household, who could hardly be expected to view such an exhibition unmoved. After prayers my uncle observed that he "to their though . would settle Master Jacko to-morrow." From that time forward, during prayer-time, he was always chained, rein or muzzle, to the doorsteps, where, when he had once unbonded every flower within his reach, he could do no more mischief beyond vociferating himself hopelessly with live snails.

He is returned to his first duty among us. After breakfast at which he got a great deal more cream than his fair share, he was turned loose into the dining-room, apparently tame enough and wide-awake enough to his own interest not to wander far from the house. Before luncheon he was caught in and chained under the table, where the table was already laid, and the servant went to fetch the meat. Crash—crash—crash! In ran my uncle, and Jacko jabbered, and fled from his frames like Maniac, among the ruins of Carthage, surrounded by broken glass and china, knives and forks, hunks of meat and cut off cold, knocking merrily, and still holding in his hand the corner of the table-cloth, which he had pulled and pulled off the table-cloth, with all its contents, on the floor. He got a tolerably sound thrashing for this exploit, but he did not seem sorry for it. The moment the table was relaid he began to show for his beer; and nobody could have any luncheon in peace till he got it. After luncheon he was turned out again to wander at his own sweet will in the garden, and I went to my musical son. Presently the cold meat for five, purple with impatience, in at the door, and asked me to come and ... to her in the passage.

"If you please, miss" said she, with ominous politeness, "what would you please to order for dinner?"

"Dinner?" said I, helplessly; "didn't my uncle order dinner before he went in?"

"Yes, miss," said she, "he ordered a leg of mutton for to-day, and a pudding; but I think, while that hanimal is a-roaring and a-tumping ... about" He came into the kitchen ten minutes ago, and I thought he was half away, along of Lucy Brightcheek; and when we come back if'n 'tain't been a-turnin' the hanimal loose in the dining-room, and a-tuggin' at the strap; and he's best up the pipe, and a-tusk of oil, and a pot of pomatum, and blister; and now he's a-hanging of himself on the t p of "e cuse with your music-master's hot."

"Oh, Kitty," said I, clasping my hands, "if your master knew that Jacko had hung on to the strap."

"Like enuff, miss—hun or I," she answered, grimly.

But being a good-natured woman at heart, and much attached to "the fam'ly," I at last prevailed upon her to bury the matter in eternal silence, and promised to my uncle, whenever I thought fit, the important victory, I war t leisure for minor considerations, and was so much distracted by weighing probabilities as to whether it would be wise to Jacko to bring the hat dog. again or not, that when Mr. Mellon said, "My dear young lady, you are playing with a monkey," I said "Is that large, open note?" I looked at it nervously, and said "A monkey? instead of "a minim."

Jacko I ever forget that black little man's face when, on going away, he asked for his hat, and was informed by our dearest, with the utmost gravity, that "the monkey had took'n it to the top of 'ouse, Sir; but they've sent for a chimney-sweep to get it down."

That functionary arrived in due time, and got the hat. I waited for Jacko in the garden with a mass of honeyed and fervent endearments; and while he was drinking it, being rather exhausted with the excitement he had gone through, he allowed me to put his chain on, and I led him quietly away.

Monkeys certainly have very strong likes and dislikes. There is a particular style of person they can not endure. My uncle's Georgina is one of these Parkins o' monkey civilization. No monkey who ever came across her could endure her for a moment, and Jacko of all our own Lucies, though she is generally considered a pretty enough sight to look upon. Her mere presence sets his conscience upright (see whether he was eating his dinner, or going to sleep after it on my lap, or tasting the dogs, or pulling the cat's tail) in a clever one, and among the tangled forests of their long curly hair—it was all the same—the moment she appeared he was secured with a strong chain, chained all over, and made a frantic dash at her as far as his chain would allow; then, when he found he really could not get at her he turned to her, he would retreat on the fender, and execute a wan dance among the fire-irons, gnashing his teeth, rolling his yes, hinging up with yells of indignant defiance, and saying, as plain as monkey could speak, "She makes me sick; do, do take her away." She never provoked him in any way; on the contrary, she was studiously deferential and timidly polite to him; and I dare say that was partly the reason why he behaved so ill; for I think monkeys are rather like lovers—a little wholesome severity, not to say harshness, is good for them, and keeps them in their proper places.

One morning my uncle, coming down to breakfast, was greeted by Jacko with a frenzy of excessive unity and overacted delight that he guessed there must be something wrong; and, looking sharply round the premises to see that there was no traitor on the table, and that Jacko held one hat carefully labelled his back. My uncle slowly advanced, eyeing him doubtfully; Jacko, loudly protesting how charmed he was to see him that particular day of all days in the year, hop "to heaven" behind his chair. My uncle was close up, still eying him fixedly. Jacko, seeing there was no help for it, with a back-handed jerk threw his hatter into the grate, crossed his hands in his lap, and sat smilingly serene, as a good man roused from peaceful slumber. "Jacko, you dog! he jacko!" said my uncle. He understood perfectly, and in his terror made such a horrible clatter with his chain among the fire-irons that my uncle began to unfasten him, that he might thrash him in peace and comfort. But Jacko was too quick for him; the moment he was free he sprung up the chimney, and sat singing in the soot. His triumph was short. He for

got he had a *tail*; and my uncle, cautiously putting his hand up the chimney, caught the tip of that tail, and brought him down, squealing and yelling, to receive his deserved punishment. Another time we found the breakfast-room so full of feathers that we thought somebody must have been plucking a goose there; but it was only Jacko, who had contrived to reach one of the sofa-pillows, and had been unzipping it for his amusement. It was a great satisfaction to our feelings when he nearly choked himself with two or three feathers that had got into his cream; and then he glared vindictively at us, as if we had done it!

Things went on in this way for some months—Jacko perpetually being into scrapes, and proportionally being forgiven—when a change came over the spirit of the family dream. It was arranged that we should go on a visit to my brother, the clergyman. Jacko was to go, too, for change of air.

Well, we went to see my brother. Never shall I forget that day's journey. We woke and found ourselves famous. It seemed as though the bold figures of our approach with our queer retinue was telegraphed along the line before us; for wherever station we alighted at, we instantly became the centre of a group of admirers. Jacko's admirers consisted entirely of boys of every age and degree of respectability, from mamma's darling with blue eyes and curly hair, going home for the holidays, in his best jacket and trousers, to the sooliest urchin of the street. Big and little, they clustered round like bees, fluttering their noses against the hamper that contained Jacko, though there was nothing to be seen but two eyes that glowed like burning coals. However, it seemed to afford them unlimited satisfaction and I heard one little fellow say, in a sort of hushed whisper, to a companion, confidential, "Then the ladies as belongs to the monkey!"

The longest day, live till to-morrow, will have passed away." This trying day was over at last, and we arrived at my brother's village. Jacko was received in any thing but a flattering manner. As he was being taken out of his hamper at the door, a parcel, weighing in its cage-rolling, bettled up all its feathers at him, and screamed out, "Get out, you sneb!" Jacko, a true philosopher, was no more depressed by this unmerited contumely than he had been elated by the triumph of the morning. "Hank!" said he, and devoured all the sandwiches he could reach, while waiting for a more substantial supper. Presently my brother's dog, the most sagacious creature I ever saw, came to meet us. It was curious to watch his astonishment at the sight of Jacko; he walked round and round him, sniffing; then growl, as if he meant to make himself acquainted at his leisure; then gently bit the end of his tail, to see what he was made of, seeming to say, "I am very odd; you are the oddest thing I ever saw; but I am mouch here, and as long as you don't bite I shall stand it." A month afterwards, Jacko putting his head quite fearlessly down the dog's enormous throat, and bullying him in every way, if he wanted a bone, bought.

Jacko soon signalized his arrival at the rectory by coming out in quite a new light—as a moral reformer. He presided upon an old woman to go to church, who had withstood every description of clerical battery for years. No amount of blandishments, of pity, or persuasion, could induce her to set foot inside the church. Once I went to her, armed with tea and sugar and a confectionary tract, and bored her to such a degree that at last she turned upon me. "Don't tell me. Young man, you go whistle for what they bumpers! I am, for to goes to sheep. Fee sleep varmer here." And feeling secretly guilty of a certain new bonnet, trimmed with whatnotses, I retired. But fresh rush in where angels fear to tread: Jacko succeeded where many a curate had failed. When Good Friday came round, all the village went to church except this old woman and Jacko, who, prowling up the street, spied some hot cross-buns in her window for sale. The old woman was asleep, and he settled himself comfortably on her pump-handle to enjoy his feast. Presently the old dame came out to place some tater, and seeing Jacko fall down in a fit. When restored to consciousness by her neighbors, she was solemnly assured that he had had with her own eyes seen the devil sitting on her pump, eating hot cross-buns. "Now, dame, now," said Jim, "what I ask, is just, reasonable and reach to the village; "t'couldn't ha' been the devil there's sean; t'devil would ha' been afeared to set hot cross-buns; they'd burn his mouth like t'varmit ma' seen a creature very like the devil, what parson's sitten pay on!" And nothing would persuade her that she had seen the old gentleman himself, and that he would certainly come again "to fetch her," which she maintained he was, accordingly, she came regularly to church from that day forth; and from that day forth Jacko was known in the village as the pump-handle devil.

Now there is a confidence that I wish to make to an enlightened public. I will tell the truth, hitherto thought by me to be my own, "I wish I didn't marry; and he didn't die; he "emigrated" which is polite English, I believe, for deserting the fate of one who "leave their country for their country's good;" who are transported, in short. His tricks were so incessant, and so very wonderful, that he kept the village in a perpetual state of lost water, besides earning for my brother an unenviable notoriety as the "parson what kept the devil." So it was settled in family conclave that he must be parted with; and though I could then guess what the feeling of Brutus must have been when he sacrificed his sons, I was forced to submit. A friend sailing for the West Indies undertook, as a favor, to take him with him; and we have never heard of Jacko since.

CROFUT ON SKATES.

THERE they were, all huddled into a four-horse sleigh, waiting for me, shouting for me to "Come down, Crofut!" It was "Our Skating Club," of which I was Secretary and Treasurer, and all Atlanta was among them; but, although I had been waiting for them, I didn't rush with joy to the window to say, "Coming!" I wanted to go, and I dreaded to go. The fact is—let me confess it in my first paragraph—I was a very good skater indeed, I may say that I am a miserable skater. I never should have joined the club if Atlanta hadn't said, "Do, Charley—do, Mr. Crofut!" I wanted to go because she was going—a good reason, you'd say, if you knew her; and I didn't want to go, because she was the reason I didn't go. Whenever I fall, which is frequently, they laugh; they say they are sorry for me, but that they can't help laughing. Banks of Boston, I always particularly sorry for me, aggravatingly sorry; tells me to "Toddle up!" in a patronizing, gentle, affectionate way, that makes me mad enough to bite his head off; but I know it would only make the matter worse to betray my enraged sensitiveness, so I smile. Then Banks tells, "Pray, the tall, the short, the fat, the pretty" behalf sarcastic Miss Helen, who delights to torment the poor Atlanta, which she seems to have hit me. Is there any creature more peculiarly hateful than a smart, spiteful, jealous woman? I know she is jealous of Atlanta, whom every body admires; as my dear friend Banks knows full well, when he pretends to flirt, first one, then the rival of "her Highness." Banks don't attempt it off the ice, but there he knows he can safely snub me, and pretend simply nothing to see my sulks. Not that she encourages him! Oh no; she's an angel!

The sleigh was open and omnibus. Atlanta sat at the entrance. She wore a blue skirt, and with one of her winning smiles remarked, "Here's room!"—simple words, but capable of an interpretation half blissful in the memory and hopeful for the future.

Five and a half miles of smallwood jog! Banks and Helen sat around the driver, and we were sheltered from them by a dozen of merry-makers. The vehicle was so crowded that the windows were all ajar, and, for the time tempingly contiguous; wolf-skins protected us, under cover of which my angel allowed me to nestle my little hand, which I pressed to my lips, and, How glad she was I came! She encouraged me, let them tease, I should care for her! Dear Atlanta! And how nicely she managed to be so personally kind, and yet to be joining all the while in the general glee. I feared the tiny hand would be chilled, but I have since learned that the other couples might have been similarly engaged. Omnibus sleighs, and wolf-skins, are a fashionable institution, and a general, but only superficial, merriment, which overflouts an undertow(s) of private and particular flirtation.

Under these ameliorating circumstances I forgot past failures and disgraces, forgave my enemies, and felt half-inclined to forgive my friends, the rascals! Banks, Helen, and Atlanta, I forgive you! Yes, I will be generous, and, although I had been waiting for them, I shall pretend that I was in

was, and so was the horse and sleigh. I hardly waited for her leave, but, hanging into the barn, eizred up the sedate animal within in a summary manner (considering the season), and had him "tackled up" before he well knew what it all meant. The sleigh—have you never seen a Connecticut country sleigh of the antique pattern? Then I can't describe the vehicle, I'm in a hurry.

"Gee up, Dobbin!"

And Dobbin geed up rather. No road to the edge of the lake, and the crusted snow two or three feet deep, you can fancy what a hilliwy ride I had. But once on the ice, and I soon learned the capacities of my animal. He knew cats; we weren't long in arriving at the scene of disaster.

That ride home! That ride home! Fleta went with us—a cousin of Atalanta's—and took care of the sufferer. I crave, as Dobbin could testify had he power to tell. Yet I often looked over my shoulder at that dear, patient pale face, and received, as often as I looked, a smile which— There is difficulty in rendering smiles into English, do you know? So small a percentage of my readers, however, will fail to understand exactly what might properly follow the "which" which antecedes the dash above, that I won't trouble myself with an attempt at translation. A smile in Kamschatcan means the same precisely as a smile in Patagonian. Dialects differ, but the *lingua d'amore* is the same the world over.

Do you know, my reader, the bestific loveliness of the smile which conquers pain and lightens up the pallor of a sufferer's face? Then you can appreciate the happiness with which I applied the whip-cord to Dobbin's back between the brief intervals of retrospect; you can sympathize with me; you will not be in the least surprised to read the necessary *denouement* of my essay upon "Skates;"

We are married.

ST. VALENTINE'S MORNING, 1860.

ST. VALENTINE'S MORNING.

Our lady readers will be glad to have the above pretty picture, which tells the story of St. Valentine's morning. We are not going to inflict upon them, after the manner of historical journalists, a strictly classical and accurate account of the institution of St. Valentine, with a biographical sketch of the worthy old presbyter, St. Valentine himself, who never did any thing that should have rendered him an object of anxious solicitude to virgins and youths, but rather on the contrary, by getting himself beheaded, set them an example which they will do wisely to avoid. Every body who read *Harper's Weekly* last year and the year before (and where is the civilized person who did not?) learned all that is good and requisite to know about valentines and St. Valentine's day. We shall therefore content ourselves by directing our fair readers' attention to the engraving; to the sweet young lady who, so calm and unmoved that she can not surely be in love, is receiving a most expensive valentine from the roguish child in the centre of the block, and does not dream of the arrow which the rascal Cupid is aiming at her from his invisible heights; to the bad boys who are peeping through the door to see how the girls like their valentine; to the fair lady's-maid of the olden days of chivalry, who is handing her mistress's valentine to her lover-wife, for obvious reasons, receives it on the point of his lance; to the affected *mincauderies* of the marquis of Louis the Fourteenth's age, kneeling, with anxious and excited face, at his charmer's feet.

If it be necessary to add any thing, we would draw their attention to the following new and appropriate lines:

CUPID'S COURT.†

A youth before Cupid at court once was brought,
Saith the Judge, "What's the reason of this?"
"Be merciful, Judge! I stealing was caught."
"Caught stealing?" "Yes; stealing a kiss."
"Confessed then the fault!" spoke sternly the Judge,
"Let us see what the Scriptures have said:
'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,
For a kiss no penalty's laid.'"
"The Scriptures your law!" in joy the youth cried;
"Their judgment I'll gladly obey:
'Yis' one wound for a wound, one stripe for a stripe,*
But 'the thief seven-fold shall repay.'"†

We hope that every young lady reader of *Harper's Weekly* will receive at least one handsome Valentine; that it may come from some one whose name she can guess; and that when they next meet the audacious writer or sender may be soundly punished for his boldness.

* See Exodus, xxi. 25. † See Proverbs, vi. 31.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

A FEW FRIENDS.

It was thought best, on all accounts, that little Filkins should execute the spirit of the partner's behest not to be recognized at Cheswick by keeping his room at Ernest's lodgings. The latter had a most substantial supper prepared and sent up to his rooms, of which his guest partook with such a natural freedom from embarrassment as seemed to indicate that responsibility was not bad for him. After which Ernest went forth to attend the party at the room of Mr. Todds, cashier.

Mr. Todds had taken up his abode with the highly genteel and sensitive Mrs. Dillks, upon seeing in an advertisement that that lady was open to such a proposition. He was not such a sojourn, as he would have readily told any body that desired the information, as to hire at that part of the paragraph which dwelt luxuriously upon "all the comforts of a home;" the "estimable and Christian family" was all gammon—the estimableness probably consisting in the very flattering opinion they indulged of themselves, and the Christianity being restricted to hints not to fiddle or make experiments in secular music with Saxe Horns on Sunday, when the pious members of the household wished to—sleep. The advantages of the place consisted almost entirely to Mr. Todds in neighborhood—the man with the freestone steps next door having frequently served a grandfather who died nearly all Cheswick when it was first settled and the old lady, with brass knobs to her railing, directly opposite, being the sister of a Congressman, a gentleman retired with a handsome fortune from bottled lemon beer, and two younger sons who had enough to live on even if they had done nothing but sleep, eat, and drive their horses—which they therefore did do.

It was to this house that Ernest Beckford bent his way. It was a tall brick edifice, very red in the daytime, as if blushing to the core with the self-consciousness of its own awful gentility; and even now he seemed to tell it from any other building by a sort of lurid glare, which fancy saw it shedding through the darkness of that warm and moonless June night. Sounds broke upon Ernest Beckford's ear, as soon as the door was opened, from the elevated region of third pair back. To say the least, it seemed as if animated discussion was going on in the room of Mr. Todds.

Tittlewrend Ernest mounted, and, knocking at the door, was ushered in, with a pleasing hilarity of manner, by Mr. Todds, and introduced by that gentleman to the various guests whom he had not known previously, and who were chiefly representative of the mercantile interests of Cheswick, and the sporting class in general. "Mr. Beckford, Mr. Mixer. Mr. Beckford is a gentleman from Clingham & Co.—pecuniary, like ourselves—find him a valuable friend, perfectly reliable, secured by pledge of public stocks, hah, Beckford? Ha, ha! Mr. Mixer is of a house that's our large customer—he's a oil-cloth, door-mats, too? No? I'm surprised—really, I thought floor-mats."

Mr. Mixer—a gentleman recognizable particularly by a most elaborate cravat pattern, and who, before Ernest entered, had been talking to Mr. Todds, with the gloves on, how it was that Figg hit Solomons when the last named worthy departed this life, threw the dexter glove upon the floor, and extended his hand with a most gratifying frankness—saying, "Glad to know you, Sir!"

It was chiefly, however, his physical prowess which enabled him to do this so fearlessly, for the rest of the young gentlemen about the room came up to be presented to Ernest with very much the same cheerful alacrity and air of making an agreeable acquaintance that characterizes an assembly of youthful sinners, who behold a doctor of divinity coming to talk to them. "Evidently," thought Ernest, "I am not especially an encouragement to our friends' gayety. But I believe I will stay, and 'make the best use of my time.'" It is surprising how very awkwardly sporting men will contrive to make themselves to feel, in spite of those free-and-easy characteristics of which they boast themselves so much, in the presence of a very quiet and gentlemanly person, who, though coming among them as into a new life, feels no embarrassment at all.

Ernest Beckford saw the chill he had thrown over these young friends whose hearts seemed to fill with every possible degree of rejoicing. Not being at all a selfish man, though a very self-respecting one, he immediately set to relieve them as well as his entertainer from the embarrassment into which the arrival of a person who was not "one of our fellows" had thrown them.

He accordingly turned to Mr. Todds, and said, "May I borrow your gloves a moment? You box, Mr. Mixer? Yes? I see by your dress! Sure of a little exercise with you?"

If Mr. Mixer had heard the same proposition made by the steeple of Trinity Church he would have placed as immediate confidence in his own ears. But before he could muster up enough nerve of surprise Ernest stood before him on guard; he picked up his right glove from the floor rather by instinct than from any clear apprehending of what was happening, put it on, and made a feint. At the next moment what fistiana would tell a well-directed straight-hitter took Mr. Mixer off his feet, and extended him in a sporadic form over the floor. He picked himself up, slapped Ernest on the back, and told him he was a dem'd fine fellow. After which the utmost hilarity and good-fellowship was restored to the circle. But, by the shortest way to pat Mr. Mixer at his ease to knock him down, and all his friends felt with him.

Mr. Todds had prepared a little punch for a "muff;" "if they were to make it pleasant to him, for reasons, Dilcey, and not to make him." The guests all now set this down as one of Todds's jokes, and greeted Ernest as a great accession to the jovial circle. Mr. Todds, in

Ernest; a gentleman named Mangles, fat, fair, and forty, and who, from the exuberance of his nature and the height of his spirits, had stripped to his immediately extra-cutaneous garment, and was gradually making his way out of that as the hilarity of the evening advanced; Mr. Bradby of the Bank, and another person whose true identity must now inglariously sleep forever, as history has not recorded the bugle-fanfaal name which he prefixed to Smith; these four made up a party, and sat down to play old Maid. Seated at another table were three gentlemen more, who preferred euchre of the peculiar subgenus known as cut-throat, and a few others still continued to roam, as they pleased, the live song. Mr. Todds, as entertainer, assumed himself with secondary and subordinate duties, and meanwhile brewed a very large tin-pail—begging that the inaccessible bowl might be excised—of red negus. The compound was pronounced, if last effected, tested, and pronounced excellent, was circulated freely in tumblers, mugs, and small cups, of those old shapes and patterns which prevail in bachelors' lodgings.

It began to have its effect. Little by little the interest in the venison pasties began to fade, the more comprehensive sympathy for universal creation grew on the company. At last Mr. Mangles, the jovial grandfather's wife, in a burst of brotherly enthusiasm for Ernest, against whom he was playing, and who had just trumped his two-spot with the ace, declared he would be an enemy no longer with him, even in sport, and filling more punch, began to impart to him tearful confidences from the unsulliced pages of early childhood.

One by one the distinct groups broke up, and a ring was formed about the table on which the punch pail stood. The enthusiasm of the young gentlemen who, during previous part of the evening, had preferred harmony to antagonism, spread through all the circle, and manifestly various, both in quantity and school of execution, were the musical efforts of the amateurs in that direction. To the great astonishment and mortification of all, Mr. Mangles, who had been overwhelmed, as we stated, with remorseless of primitive innocence, persisted in trolling to the very bugleiness of his sweet melody of Cotonville, a ballad which he recollected to have been his lullaby in Sunday-school. Wherent Mr. Bradby, with whom cheerfulness now assumed the high-jovial and bellicose aspect, being very much disturbed, he interrupted Mr. Mangles by sundry questions, suggestions, and snatches of more profane melody, in a manner highly derogatory to the vocalist's powers, and productive of no little unpleasantness of feeling.

"Tip me Mangles. "Permit me, L'diesandgentlm, to awake a harp which on the Babylon the Baby—which has long hung on the Bab-l-mish willows." "Cut-cadin I'm a childhood.

"Birds in their little nest agree
But this shock'gilth—"

Mr. Bradby. "I deny it in toto! 'Tisn't a shocking sight. It's a remarkably pleasant sight to see birds in their little nests agree. I'll stand up for the birds. I'm a bird. I was brought up with 'em. And any body that says it's a shocking sight again, will do it over my dead body!"

Mr. Mangles. "I repeat it, —

"Birds in their little nest agree—"

I say it 'n th' authority t' Doctor Watts."

Mr. Bradby. "What's Watt?"

Mr. Mangles. "Watts's name!"

Mr. Bradby. "Don't repeat my words, Sir! Won't stand it if you are drunk, and very much ashamed I am to see you so. What's his name?"

Mr. Mangles again (in a subdued voice, as if yielding to force of circumstances). "I said Watts, 'ndsayingain, Watts!"

Mr. Bradby. "Excuse him; he's a beast. I'll sing something of my own:

"In the good old Colony times,
When we all were under the King,
Three rogues chaps—"

Mr. Mangles (reviving and very forcibly). "And t'shockingsight!"

There can be but little doubt that the very next morning would have seen Mr. Bradby's tumbler of punch wasted upon the outer instead of the inner side of Mr. Mangles's physical economy, had not Mr. Todds, who saw how nearly things had come to a crisis, very adroitly picked up the said utensil as Mr. Bradby was reaching for it, and finished it himself. Which effected a diversion in favor of Mr. Mangles until he could be laid upon the settee. There was now abundant cause for Mr. Bradby's song, which consequently shed itself abroad to his own intense satisfaction, and the more or less delectation of every body else.

Prominent among the most excited admirers of the hard sot Ernest Beckford. With feet and hands, with mug now quite drained, with fist upon the hard mahogany, he signified his genuine approbation.

And Todds, cashier, looked upon him with an approving smile, based upon the hypothesis that he was getting "beautifully tight." Then cast a glance of triumph upon Mr. Bradby and the first book-keeper, M'Doubles (whom we have not mentioned before, and perhaps shall not mention again, because he never did any thing worth mention; not even to get drunk with a moral effect and a lesson, but rather stupidly and incapably so), as much as to say, "I told you so! I was the man who really appreciated Beckford; see him shining beneath me!"

Song followed song; applause became more and more excessive; and the large tin-pail, whose centripetal attraction kept the ring around it in hilarious revolution, got lower and lower.

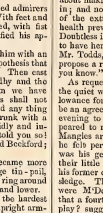
Mrs. Dilks, meanwhile, sat upon the hardest of hair cushions, in the stiffest of upright armchairs, in the back parlor two stories down. There were partitions between her boarder and his guests and herself; but these floors were not impermeable to sound. Which fact caused herself and two young daughters, who were nearly as old as herself, to experience those emotions which persons mature and grave have a singular tendency to feel when in suspense, as to whether the house is coming down on their heads.

Mrs. Dilks had just arisen, and, in a manner of extreme yet dignified and self-sustaining severity, was about to second to the room hired by Mr. Todds, cashier, the final admonition prior to "calling the police," when a ring came at the door, which, as just in her way, she opened without the five minutes of prelimin, and all smiles and sunshine, behold Mr. Luke Green standing before her.

"Oh, don't show me up, ma'am! Spare yourself, I entreat you! I know the way perfectly—shaking from my shoulders all you are aware, upon these young persons of the Bank. Ah! how young people need fatherly superintendence!—how one feels for them! Great responsibility, ma'am—great; duty only enables us to sustain it. You are a mother, I believe?—yes. So I thought: you can understand me, then. Oh, spare yourself, I pray! I can go just as well without a light. Good-night, ma'am!"

He has been seen to emulate thereafter the lightest of taps summoned Mr. Todds to his door to let Mr. Luke Green. Let him, in sure enough, upon a singular scene! Mr. Bradby had been elevated upon the table in an old Boston rocker, and, with rolled-up newspaper for a baton, was leading an orchestra consisting of all the rest of the young gentlemen, except Mr. Mangles, who, still occupying a recumbent position, and in an excellent base-viol, and gave forth some very voluminous notes from the lower register, elicited by a foil in the hands of Mr. Mixer. The other instruments were supplied by clothes-brooms representing violins, the backs of chairs as harps and psalteries, and the now emptied punch-kettle doing service as a snare drum. The opera was one never before performed as each on any boardin-Villians and his Lady.

Every body except Ernest and Mr. Green disclosed himself and he, with mock solemnity, requesting the audience to sustain talent and listen to a solo on the double-action grand chair-back, even if continued to send forth from his throat rumbles of the most penetrating melody, and accepted when he got roused.



"AND POLITELY HELD OUT FOR THE INSPECTION OF MR. GREEN HIS OWN WHITE BUT SINEWY MAN'S FIST."

"Very drunk," observed Mr. Green, turning to Mr. Todds, with a sad shake of the head.

"Very!" returned the gentleman addressed, in a peculiarly sprightly and pleasant manner. "By Jove! didn't think it was in the fellow!"

"Really it is too bad, though, Mr. Todds," added the Bank superintendent, in a desolate tone. "This young man came here with the best of recommendations, and look what you have made of him. Bad as Mr. Filkins already. Ah! how evil habits infect even the most innocent. Sad boys, sad boys!"

"Guess it won't hurt him," curtly answered Mr. Todds. "If he's been drunk before, he's used to it; if he hasn't, why he'll do it better next time. That's my philosophy. If a man can't be a brick somehows what's he live for?"

"At any rate," said Mr. Green, addressing himself to the company at large, "I may I ask, for Mrs. Dilks's sake, that the harmless mirth of our young friends take a form less scientifically demonstrative? The excellent woman whom I have mentioned, after a most laborious day, was not making a visit upon this room as I came in; and nothing but my representation to her of the extreme care which she owed to her health prevented her from so fatiguing herself. Doubtless it would be also disagreeable to you to have her take that pains." Then, turning to Mr. Todds, he added, *sotto voce*, "Suppose you propose a return to cards—as a slight sedative, you know?"

As requested, the cashier suggested, with all the quiet which he was capable of, making allowance for the usual tipsy pause, that it might be an agreeable variation of the hilarities of the evening to resume cards. The suggestion appeared to receive general favor, and even Mr. Mangles arose from his resting-place, said that he felt perfectly right, notwithstanding that it was his general conviction still that birds in their little nests agree; and sat down opposite his former enemy, Mr. Bradby, in a game of old sledge. The other two who made up that set were M'Doubles and—oh! it was discovered that a fourth was wanting. Would Mr. Green play? suggested Mr. Bradby. Oh, Mr. Green thought he had better not—they could make up the set without him. No? Positively would not, one fill up the game? Well, then, just to oblige, he would take a hand, though it was not his usual custom.

As he said this he looked out of his ordinarily placid, steel-gray eyes, with a sharp, quick glance aside at Ernest, which would have killed punk, or any thing drier and more impressible than that unfortunate young man was just at present. Ernest, a sleepy, confusing stare returned the compliment; at the same time dowing his chair up—in a feeble, half-discouraged sort of way—to a place where he could look at the game.

By this time Mr. Todds had bestirred himself, and was ready with another pint of iced-punch. Tumblers, mugs, or cups, all around, and mutual healths to begin with. Mr. Green just sipped, sighed, and, another first-year glance at Ernest as he did so, which that young man evidently noticed not in the slightest.

The game went on at the table near which Ernest was sitting, and meanwhile the remainder of those in the room had organized themselves into various groups, one playing euchre, another whist, and a couple of gentlemen amusing themselves at bluff upon the settee. Presently Ernest nodded more and more, and finally leaning his head upon the post of the door by which he sat, was evidently asleep. On the table in front of him Mr. Bradby laid down a five-dollar bill. It was directly covered by three more, and the game went on.

"King for high—no ace out—here is the Jack—and two-spot for low—counts me three. That's three the lost time, and had the Jack

FULL OF LIFE.

So full of life is Ceylon that the great forest trees disappear almost instantaneously after they have fallen to the ground, being reduced to dust by the white ants and beetles. Let a man come near with a gun, and a palmyra palm shall seem to have no creature in it, when there is a flock of monkeys in possession, hidden cunningly behind its leaves. But let a dog follow, and the desire of all the monkeys to look at the dog will set them peering out.

There are two kinds of the graceful little Lorie or Ceylon ibis, accurate in their aims so unerringly as to come unawares on a bird, and seize it before the alarm of its presence has been given. Its large bright eyes are so full of fire and so charms or love potions, and it is said that they extract them cruelly by holding the little animal to the fire until its eyeballs burst. Equally cruel is the mode of taking tortoise-shell from the hawksbill turtle, by which it is supplied to commerce. It takes after death the shell is cleaned and valuey. Therefore the turtles are seized as they repair to the shore to deposit their eggs, and are hung over fires until heat melts the shell and drops it from the bone to which they are attached. Then the miserable creatures are allowed to escape to the water, and are ready to undergo the period of breeding that the turtles are found to return again and again to the same spot, though at each visit they may undergo a repetition of the same torture. At Celebes the turtle is killed by blows on the head, and the shell is separated by use of boiling water. Indifference to the sufferings of animals is a characteristic of the Ceylon natives. Disciples of Buddha, they are too full of life to take life, are dead to any sense of pain they may inflict. Pigs, with their fore and hind legs tied together by a cord, are carried upside down, squeeling with pain. Fowls are brought to market from long distances, hanging by their feet, and decks are cleared for the sale, though at each tent to stifle their cries. Worst of all is the sale, by Tamil fishermen's wives, in the Jaffna marketplace, of turtle dove, taken from the living animal, which lies on its back with its beating heart bare to the sun and to the knife which cuts away the fat, and pounds of flesh, sold by the lump, and head to be the last pieces selected. The heart still beats, and the mouth sings, when the shell is nearly emptied of all its contents.

The swarm of life in Ceylon includes a multitude of bats, which form one of the features of an evening landscape. Of many forms and sizes, they abound in every available cave, gallery, bungalow roof, or other place of shelter. They hang to the trees. At sunset out they fly, and chase the moths even about the lamps upon the dinner-table. One bat has a growth like a leaf at the back of its nose. One glossy black little bat, not much larger than the bumble-bee, will alight on the dinner-cloth, and show no great terror at being caught under a wine-glass.

In the depths of the forest the most formidable fellow is the bear, which feeds on the fruits, on the nuts, and accounts nothing daintier than honey. A bear, found by a traveler growling over his breakfast in the early morning, was seen on a lofty branch, thrusting portions of a red ant's nest into his mouth with a paw, while with the other he endeavored to clear his eyebrows and lips of the angry insects, by whom he also was bitten. In time of great drought bears dig into wells, and, unable to climb back, frighten away the women who resort to the wells for water. The bear is, in Ceylon, a solitary creature, being so large his immense strength against man only in self-defense; then he endeavors to fell his assailant by a blow upon the head, and, when he has his prostrate, makes his attack first upon the eyes. The bears also attack fearlessly the rude dwellings of the Veddahs, for the honey found in the hollow stem of these poor people. The post-office runners, who always travel by night, carry torches, that the bears who are hunted may not come in their path.

The only sort of tiger in Ceylon is a leopard, or cheetah, who is, in fact, the true panther, and by nature less fierce than the tiger of Bengal. There is a variety of him, sometimes met with, that is spotted, like the leopard, and, when he hunts the pasture land in quest of deer and cattle. There is a belief among the people that when a leopard has brought in the ground a buffalo, he will not return to feed upon it if it fall, in dying, so that the right side is undermost. The Ceylon leopard is timid, stupid, and caught in a trap made of a log. He is strongly attracted by the smell of small-pox. This disease, as the native shrink from vaccination, spreads among the people in villages. Beside small-pox hospitals are made in the jungle, and to these the leopards are so certainly allured that special hunt of them is necessary.

Of the jackals there is a native superstition attached to a small horn, called Nandi-combo, which sometimes grows in the forest, hidden by a tuft of hair. Cingalese and Tamils alike hold this jackal's horn to be a talisman, which commands for its owner the fulfillment of all wishes, and which, if lost, invariably finds itself again for him. On the other hand, the European superstition concerning the ichneumon, that it uses some plant as an antidote to the bites of the serpents upon which it preys, is here rejected.

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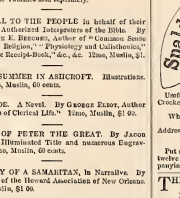

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Vol. IV.—No. 164.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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TWO NEW SERIALS.

WE COMMENCE IN THIS NUMBER

THE

Uncommercial Traveler,

BY

CHARLES DICKENS,

And a new Serial Tale of American Life, entitled "THE MISTRESS OF THE PARSONAGE."

THE BRIDAL OF GALTRIM.

THE priest's at the altar: the bride—and the groom—
The bridesmaids—and gallants, with doff'd cap and plume,
Are kneeling around till the word forth is gone
That blesses the union of two into one.
But while the devout were responding "Amen,"
The blast of a war-trumpet rang through the glen,
And each man, as he sprang to his feet, grip'd his sword.
While the fresh-plighted hand of the bride held her lord.

"Oh, hold me not, dearest!—you would not detain?
It is honor to go—there disgrace to remain.
The foe's at the gate: we must drive him away:—
A jaunt is befitting a chief's wedding-day!"
He buckled his mail o'er his gay wedding garb;
He call'd for his hacon, and he sprang on his barb.
And waved back a graceful adieu, as he cried,
"A victor I soon will be back with my bride!"

And soon was he back, and a victor beside—
But twas to his widow, and not to his bride:
For, foremost in danger the foe to repel,
In the moment of conquest the conqueror fell.
Slowly the victors return from the field,
Lamenting the knight whom they bore on his shield;
And the Lady of Galtrim, as Chronicles say,
Was maid, wife, and widow—and all in one day.

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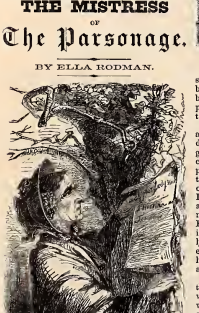
"IN THE MOMENT OF CONQUEST THE CONQUEROR FELL."

"LAMENTING THE KNIGHT WHOM THEY BORE ON HIS SHIELD."

THE MISTRESS OF The Parsonage.

BY ELLA RODMAN.



PART I.

IT is October.

Not October with golden mists, and mantle of soft gray upon the distant hills—not October with cool, breezy mornings, glorious noons, and sweet, half-mournful evenings—but October black and rainy, over which the heavy clouds brood like a pall. Within lies the corpse of the past, and the black robes of mourning throw their shadow on my heart.

I remember Octobers that are gone—dead and buried with my happiness; and they came dancing joyously, their foreheads bound with golden sheaves of grain and wreaths of gay-colored leaves, and their robes were gold and purple as the sunset. Where am I now? The third-story room of this dull city-house looks out upon other houses as dark and dull; and as I pace its narrow limits I think of Beauvrand, and the stone floor on which were imprinted the marks of his weary footsteps. I would wear the Romish penitent's dress of serge, with the galling chain beneath—but *he* taught me differently from that; no self-inflicted suffering can ever erase those blotted pages of life. And yet I have not been really *wicked*—only thoughtless, and more sinned against than sinning.

That quiet study continually haunts me, with the pale, earnest face of him who bends over his writing, while I lie idly upon the sofa, or trifle with some nondescript bit of sewing. I see the smile that ever fell upon me like the sunlight streaming through those rose-draped windows. I feel again its gentle influence; and I wake to weep, and find it but a dream.

My pen is in my hand; a waste of blank paper, procured to meet the wants of my little flock of scholars, spreads itself out before me; and I will commence the retrospection of a misspent life. It is a pleasant task to live over again, even in thought, those days of quiet happiness; and, perchance, it may prove a useful lesson to this poor, tempest-tossed heart thus to record my folly and waywardness.

I know not where I was born; but it must have been in the country, for I have faint, misty recollections of green fields, and apple-blossoms, and a low, spreading house, with moss-covered eaves, and a deep well, where "the old oaken bucket" used to hang, dripping with clear drops that, on a warm summer day, were more precious than diamonds.

But later memories come, crowding back these pleasant thoughts; and I awake, as from a dream, in a small, dreary house, that stands in a close city street, and seems never visited by the fresh air. I stand now in that dark, narrow entrance-hall, so close and confined that, when placed there for punishment, I fancied the sides were moving to crush me.

My grandmother lived there—my father's mother—a fierce old woman, with deep, black eyes, that were set so far back in her head they looked like caverns. She was a female miser, and had a gaunt, hungry look that made me afraid she would eat me. Her pocket—an immense sack worn under her dress—was full of keys; for she kept every thing locked; and she would try to persuade me that bits of fat or lard tasted better on bread than butter. When I read of Amine and the Ghoule, in the Arabian Nights, I thought of her. Her usual dress in winter was a stuff-petticoat, and a man's coat with the tails cut off, and a thick muslin cap with deep ruffles—the hue of this cap made me wonder if it was not like the clothes of the dressed dolls in the shops, sewed on never to come off.

She had one "sole daughter of her house and heart;" I shall always hate the name of Hester. The sharpest gray eyes that were ever pieced in human head, a figure especially calculated for so energetic a character, and hands and nose that had a peculiarity of always looking chilly, were the distinguishing attributes of my maiden aunt. She was not then very old, but she had the precocious sharpness of a "lone woman;" and as the ill-used maid-of-all-work said of her, "that she was looked for an old maid was written in her face."

I have, even now, a disagreeable sensation of Hester's fingers, as they closed over and sunk into my plump little arms, while administering correction for some childish mischief; and I remember that they were cold and hard. Had I suffered the same amount in any other way I should not have cared so much, but I disliked to have her touch me.

Both mother and daughter were animated by a determined spirit of saving; and in consequence of this disposition we were short of clothes, short of provisions, and short of all the comforts of life. I used to think that I must have been born in a black velvet bonnet and blue merino cloak, in which the mark left by the letting down of a tuck was distinctly visible—for I never had my other.

"ALLOW ME TO EXAMINE THE YOUNG LADY—"

The house was old, and oddly contrived. From the front door you walked down the hall for some distance, and then turned quite unexpectedly into a small parlor, where the first object that would probably arrest a stranger's attention was a huge shell comb on the mantle-piece. For the fitness of things my grandmother carved out; the comb had cost money—had been admired as a bead ornament—and there was, therefore, no reason why it should not now do duty as a piece of parlor furniture.

A common lamp-post, a great maple chairs, a sofa half-deserted as its owners, and green blinds to the windows, completed the furnishing of the apartment. The parlor was bleak, cold, and discouraging; and yet they kept it locked as though it contained valuables. When a little thing, I made repeated excursions to get a view of it through the keyhole; but the first time that I found the door really open put an end to my interest.

Then you crossed a second strip of entry to the sitting-room—a small apartment that looked upon a yard containing a large peach-tree. In summer this peach-tree always bore an abundant crop of green worms; but in the early autumn large, luscious-looking peaches were carefully laid in a small basket, with which Hester traveled mysteriously forth, and when she returned the basket was in the same condition as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. A looking-glass, with gilt cherries around the frame, is the principal article of sitting-room furniture that I can remember.

A door opened from this apartment into a closet that contained a cot bedstead. Here my grandmother, Aunt Hester, and myself slept; and I, at least, found it rather crowded quarters. There were rafters overhead that were whitewashed; and at the foot of the bed hung bunches of catnip and red peppers. I used to sleep there and dream of being smothered, and wake in a cold sweat alone, and Hester snoring the blue flame that curled slowly upward from the newly-kindled fire in the sitting-room. At this hour of the day we were always engaged in a calico morning-gown that had a belt made only of the lining—a calico belt she pinned on afterward. My grandmother's appearance was stingily cold—the room looked any thing but comfortable—and I dreaded the summons to get up. But I always came, and Hester was ready for it; and when dressed, I descended, half-frozen, to the kitchen. Here a repast of repoffee, or hot tea, and some cold meat was dispatched; and then began my daily duties, which consisted, in those early days, of running up and down stairs, going of errands, bringing skeins of silk and thread, ripping up old things, peeling apples, washing dishes, and doing any thing which the rest of my hands would allow.

When I was first taken there I was a little, dimpled, curly-headed thing, who could but just speak plainly. I was brought there by her father after my mother's death; but he, too, died, and they were the only relatives I had. There was no money left in their hands for my maintenance; I was a dependent orphan, and they made me feel it to the utmost.

A cheerless childhood passed on with but little to vary its dreary monotony. Nothing ever took place in that old house; I worked year after year, without a change, without even a holiday, or even a funeral, and the only diversion was a tea-drinking.

I have a faint remembrance of a sick lady, who spoke very kindly to me, and gave me sugar-plums; she was a lodger who had a room up stairs; she died, and her body was brought into the parlor. I stood upon tip-toe and looked at her; her face had a yellow hue, and there were dark circles around her eyes. I cried aloud, for there was no one now who would care for me, and Hester took me out of the room and locked me up. The still figure in the coffin seemed rising up before me, and I was afraid of the darkness. I screamed, but no one came; fearful shapes seemed thronging about me, and I fell upon the floor in a paroxysm of terror.

I awoke to consciousness three weeks after. I had been very ill, and when I recovered, I wandered about the house a thing, pale, and with a grief at her heart for which no one cared.

One afternoon my aunt came in with a modest-sized pound-cake in white paper wrappings, and began cutting it into the thinnest possible pieces. My grandmother was fitting some white and gilt cups and saucers, and I wondered what it all meant. I caught a glimpse from the sitting-room of some prim-looking young ladies and heavy men in the parlor; but before long I was consigned to the companionship of the red peppers and onions, and fell asleep with the hum of voices in my ear.

This is the only time that I can remember my visitors; no one ever came to the house except "the minister," who talked through his nose and ate a great many cups of tea. I never felt disposed to accept his repeated invitations to sit on his lap, and Aunt Hester considered me a hardened sinner. They were professors of religion, but *professors* only. I read the Bible, and the tracts, and the religious books that were abundantly scattered around, and felt a sweet meekness growing up in my heart that made me comfort myself under them, I think I may say *always*, with gentleness and a forgiving spirit.

But I met with no return for my forbearance. They took my submission as a natural right, and apparently considered me nothing more than a machine for working and saving.

Once I rebelled. Mince-pie was my particular horror and aversion; it always seemed to me such a dark field for mystery—such a detection-proof opportunity for the smuggling in of unlawful articles; and *my grandmother's* mince-pie—oh! I shudder to think of it. I was raised at dinner-time; after dinner Aunt Hester came bringing a piece on a plate. "It was ridiculous," she said, "to honor a child's whims. I should eat it." I begged and entreated, but it was of no use; a portion of the detestable compound was forced into my mouth, and I felt myself growing deadly sick. In a few moments I had spoiled Aunt Hester's dress and the carpet, and she found, when too late, that I was in earnest.

My aunt taught school, and I was taken there, both to serve and to assist her. As a very early age I assumed the office of teacher, and seemed likely to continue on in the same dull round forever. I grew up short and slight, with long brown ringlets that had a marvelous escape from the shears, and eyes that seemed meant for no other purpose than to correct compositions and puzzle over sums. Sometimes Aunt Hester took me out for a walk; and, leaving the dreary region in which she lived, she would go to some broad, open street, where I saw handsome, beautifully-dressed ladies, and pleasant-looking gentlemen. They never stopped to speak to me; but when I asked Aunt Hester the reason, she seemed angry and muttered it off. And I went back to my *home* as to a prison, and pondered over the beauty and brightness I had seen.

I had grown to a lonely childhood in girlhood, and I looked forward into the future, which seemed a dreary blank, like the season I had passed, and wondered what fresh pages were there written upon my book of life.

But even from that dull home I was to be cast adrift; they became weary of my presence with me—to dispose of me in some way; and Hester was constantly writing on slips of paper "A young lady wishes a situation as governess," etc., which she pasted up on trees in public places to save the expense of advertising.

My nineteenth birthday had passed as anticipated in Hester's prophecy, and I ended it, and on a lovely June morning I was taken by my aunt to answer an advertisement which her practical mind called "a hit."

The situation in question was country-school; and with sundry injunctions from Aunt Hester not to disgrace myself, I was left to the care of ears and began our journey. Had Hester taken me to the woods for the express purpose of leaving me there to perish, as in those stories that frighten children, I should not have been surprised; but I was perfectly passive, and cared little where we went.

A few hours' ride brought us to the place; and then indeed did my heart sink within me when I beheld the country school-house, standing over puzzling questions to bewilder the confiding children. I looked a child, and when placed before them they concluded I was as sort of plaything that had come to trifle with their affairs. But my assumed gravity and age and qualifications in a loud tone, and I felt the warm color burning in my face. I hesitated—I stumbled, even in the simplest questions; Hester's sharp eye darted whole volumes of reproof.

I trembled so that I could scarcely stand, and the whole scene was painfully new and strange. I, when a pale, quiet-looking man rose from his seat with a certain air of command, and regarded me with a pair of long, dark, penetrating eyes that seemed to restore my confidence. The place was a sort of open building, and the clear, summer breeze came in, oh! so delicious after the city. For the first time in many years I heard the warbling of birds, and my long curls were waving in the breeze, and I felt quite a throbbing brow.

But I was better now; and I looked at the stranger as one Heaven-sent to my relief. He was about forty; his long, dark hair was sprinkled with gray, and he had a stooping, scholar's stoop, like those of a person given to study. I knew that he was a clergyman by his white cravat, and the respect with which they treated him; and, oh! how I did hope that his religion was different from that of those with whom I had associated!

When he spoke there was a tremulousness in his tone, as though he sympathized with my embarrassment; and, indeed, in his whole manner, I readily answered the simple question he asked.

"Allow me to examine the young lady," said he, waving off the thick-set men, who seemed animated with the feelings of those who go to western wild-fights.

I could not speak loud before so many people, and he came to my seat and in low tones. I fancied that the others looked incredulous; but he pronounced himself satisfied, and the stamp of his eyes fell upon me brought a feeling of peace and safety.

"Where is the young lady to reside during the school term?" said he, with a self-constituted guardianship.

"I don't know," replied my aunt, ungraciously; "I spose we must pay her board somewhere."

I felt my cheeks burn, and dared not look at Mr. Winnielie.

"Suppose," he continued, in a pleasant tone, "that, if nothing better offers, she should take up her residence with me? My sister will be happy to receive her."

I turned aside, half to conceal the tears that rose at this kindness from a stranger and to avoid hearing my aunt's coarse tones as she arranged "terms" with Mr. Winnelie.

Hester bade me a cold adieu, and I was left to my new guardian.

"Cut up young," said he, as we walked on in silence until we approached the parsonage. How pleasant and peaceful it looked, with its low roof and dripping of running roses that were now in full bloom! I entered the porch as a haven of rest, and Mr. Winnelie led me into the pleasant parlor and introduced his sister.

Dear, gentle Arethusa! she was an extensive specimen of womanhood, with white eyes and pink—the hair being dressed in a high and peculiar fashion, with tortoise-shell at the side. She was not much younger than her brother, and welcomed the stranger with a cordiality that touched that woo my heart. Her stock in trade of conversation was "Is it possible?" uttered in a variety of tones, and she was in a state of perpetual surprise. But I loved her from the first—she was so kindly considerate.

Before long I felt perfectly at home, and I would pace my airy room in childish delight at its length and breadth. Now began light, and life, and happiness. I was in my existence; and the past was but the chrysalis from which the butterfly emerges.

That country school-house, how pleasant it was! The room cool and shaded, while through the open windows came the breath of roses on the evening breeze; the table pure and inviting, and smiling faces ground it—things to which I had been unaccustomed for many a day. On the first floor were the parlor, dining-room, and Mr. Winnelie's study and bedroom; on the second, a large room that was designed to my use, Arethusa's room, and others that were not used.

Mr. Winnelie took me to the school and introduced me to the children, whom I found not a set of cherubs, ready to go into ecstasies at sight of their new teacher, but a community of wild urchins who seemed to be determined with difficulty. But my trials in this line were lightened by kindness at home; and I tripped to school like the veriest creature of freedom, and returned perhaps more sober, but not less happy; for that kind friend was beside me whose smile made constant sunshine in my path. Why they became so kindly interested in my welfare I did not stop to ask; but they did, and their kindness passed me on all sides as we take the blue sky and the flowers, and thought it not more strange than the gifts of our Heavenly Father.

Mr. Winnelie had a horse and a small carriage; and every pleasant evening we drove about the country, while the bright stars crept out in the sky, and the moonbeams shone on our homeward route.

I secreted myself until I went to Meadowbank; it was as though I had been in a trance all those past years, and suddenly awoke to find my benefactor, who had been a child with my new friends; their kind, anticipating care rendered me perfectly helpless; and in my wild exchanges of joyous feeling I committed a thousand mischievous pranks that called forth smiles and laughing reproofs. Now I was driving, and guiding the horse toward some steep bank, to the loudly-expressed fear of Arethusa; now I had rung the bell violently, and frightened them both by calling from the top of a tree.

There were quieter moments than these, when I sat in Mr. Winnelie's study, and read aloud to him from books which he selected with a kind view to my improvement; and I loved those many hours when we dragged to light old stores of learning, and left kind, housewifely Arethusa compounding a more substantial meal in the kitchen. He tried to initiate me into these mysteries, but my hands ached terribly; and she said, with a loving smile, that they were too small to be of any use. I looked at them in surprise; no one had ever told me so before; but in my former existence my grandmother always attended to the housekeeping department, and left Hester and me to sew and speak school. Hester was my governess; which not owing, as Arethusa seemed to suppose, to the smallness of my hands.

Mr. Winnelie would smile, and place his substantial hand beside mine, and call me "Fairy." They were making me vain; but, oh! the feeling was so new and pleasant! I never used to think of my looks before; but now I found that long brown ringlets were prettier than flat-combed or gray hair; that eyes were like large violets; and they wondered if I had stolen my cheeks from the peaches. It is not vanity that makes me write this now; for, oh! they are numbered with the things that have been.

Arethusa loved to overlook my wardrobe (not much trouble *that*), and select my most becoming things; while her skillful fingers "made said clothes look unmist as weel as new." My school kept me pretty well employed; but Arethusa always had work for every thing, and mended my clothes as naturally as she sewed buttons on her brother's shirts. In the evening we sat around the table, I with the silver work her sewing, Mr. Winnelie with a book—and I also reading, or idly teasing them both.

But oftener we strolled out into the moonlight; while Arethusa, who did not understand moonbeams and "such romantic nonsense," sat within at work, or seated in the door-way for our return. Sometimes we wandered to the lake that was near, and, on the lone, sweet, lonely down into the clear water Mr. Winnelie preached beautiful sermons, that were like the wild-flowers one gathers by the wayside. And in the temple not made with hands that encompassed us on all sides I stood motionless, my soul freighted with a deep feeling of awe, and lifting itself from earthly things far beyond the blue canopy that overshadowed us.

We strolled on past cottages and country-seats, and looked in upon rooms flooded with rich light, and saw the occupants as they flitted to and fro, or gathered in the windows, or around the tables. We looked in other people's windows, and imagined their histories, and planned incidents and *denouements* that had very little foundation.

I rattled on in this wild manner, and Mr. Winnelie would listen with a smile, or remark with a sigh, that "I was young yet." "It is a "heritage of woe," this youth, that he always sighed? Or was he thinking of his own spring that had departed into autumn? I knew afterward why it was.

Arethusa's smile welcomed our return, and then some those beautiful readings from the Bible, when Mr. Winnelie's voice seemed to me like that of one inspired—then prayers—a kind "good-night" from my friend—Arethusa's kiss—and then to bed.

I would place my lamp on the mantle, and gaze at the snowy counterpane, white curtains, and vase of flowers placed there by affectionate hands—at the moonlight that entered amidst the foliage—the roses that crept to my window—and offer up a silent prayer of happiness. The dew lingered on the leaves, and the bedes for wild flowers to scatter about the study; and sometimes I even dared to pelt the Rector himself with them from behind, and

I never knew what Sunday meant until I went to Meadowbank. The sound of the soft church bells, wafted across the fields by the summer breeze, was like a strain of music; and during decorous and simple sermons, from which the long curls escaped not *quite* accidentally, I took my seat beside Arethusa, while Mr. Winnelie, in his black gown and white cravat, drove on slowly to church.

A half-concealed pride diffused itself through my heart as I walked down the aisle "on the Rector," for Mr. Winnelie was much beloved by his parishioners; and I took my seat with the consciousness that many eyes were fixed upon me. But I cared not for the country youths—my attention was fixed upon the pulpit; but I should as soon have thought of Paul or St. Peter as Mr. Winnelie.

That simple country church, how it rises up before me! It was pure and fresh in all the beauty of white walls and green blinds, for the congregation had not yet commenced the often-branched project of painting it throughout; and through the open windows came glimpses of green fields, and waving foliage, and blue water. They were unpretending-looking people, those inhabitants of Meadowbank, and were business that must have come down from a former generation; but, oh! the faces beneath them were pleasant to look upon, and glowed with spontaneous delight to recognize. I looked from the rough farmers, stiff in their coats of Sunday best, to Mr. Winnelie, and his face reminded me of the Lord's Joan; and at trembling beneath the eloquence showered from the pulpit, I felt as though I could never dare to trifle with the holy.

And now Memory, sweet magician!
Waves her silver wand for me;
Vanish all the dreary years,
Once again my soul is free!

Village sphere are faintly gleaming—
Lake bells are in the air;
Heavy with the summer fragrance,
I hear a murmur as of prayer.

In a lapse of years, I'm seated
In the old beloved pew;
Village church, plain and simple,
Still my heart will turn to you.

Hark! the sweetly-rhymed numbers
Float from the pulpit above;
And rise, like spirits winged for heaven,
As the last of music proves.

Now a deep-toned voice upraises
To the skies its lord of prayer,
Each petition breathing gratitude,
Finding echo every where.

Oh! the tear-drops well some stealing
That I struggle to repress;
Though the noise breathes summer stillness,
Sobs are rising near the bless.

Ever still my soul is sighing,
With its burden of unrest,
For those hours of happy communion
When I gathered with the blest.

Once again that voice is breathing
Forth the sweet and solemn tone—
Once again the sound is rising
Heavenward of tuneful praise.

But, alas! 'tis only dreaming,
And I wake to dream again—
Grasping with my fingers perished treasures,
Source of mingled joy and pain.

Ever still that face will haunt me—
Day and night it seems as grand!
I am yet a pilgrim wandering—
Life is treading heavenward.

I stood trembling my long curls before the glass in the vestry, and thought that I was alone; and I studied my face as I would a new picture that interested me.

"Poor!" said a gentle voice behind me, "you are very beautiful."

I had suspected as much before; but my cheeks now looked still more like the peaches that grew beneath the window. Mr. Winnelie turned my gently round, and looked gravely and earnestly upon my downcast face.

"It is a great gift, this beauty," said he. "Oh! how I should soften my heart toward those who are not thus gifted—toward the deformed, the old, the suffering!"

I slipped down stairs to Arethusa; and when Mr. Winnelie next saw me I was braiding up the locks which it was her highest enjoyment to have me arrange; and I saw by his smile that the cloud on his heart had passed away.

So glided on the days to autumn, peacefully as a calm river; and I would that they had all glided on thus to the ocean of eternity. The clear October wind came rushing through the

trees; leaves of crimson and gold were lying on the Parsonage walks; and "Autumn was ripe for the harvest."

Mr. Winnesile would sit, with bowed head, listening to the autumn wind as it wailed the dirge of summer; and melancholy foreboding crept into his heart, and checked the smile upon his lips.

"It is always so," said Arethusa, in answer to my questioning; "as often as the autumn comes round he locks himself in his study for days together. He wants cheering; but I scarcely know what to say to him."

"May I come in?" said I, as I knocked softly at the door of the study.

"This room is always open to you, Fairy," was the kind reply, as Mr. Winnesile raised a care-worn-looking face from the desk on which he had been leaning.

"But what is the matter?" he continued, as he noticed my eyes.

They were full of tears; for I held in my hand a letter from Hester, and she said that I must return, a matter of extreme standing and importance for me. It was worded coarsely, even for her; and I sank down on the sofa and sobbed aloud.

"Ernestine!" said Mr. Winnesile, as he seated himself beside me and took my hand, "do you then so very much regret leaving us?"

"They can not make me go!" I replied, passionately. "I will never return to them!"

"Tut, tut is one way," said Mr. Winnesile, "by which you could remain with us always; would you accept it, Ernestine?"

I looked into the deep, loving eyes that were bent upon me, and knew that he was asking me to become his wife. My heart throbbed quickly at his unuttered words; but I was not happy—I *dared* not. He was too good, too noble and elevated for a foolish girl like me; but he would let me say no more; and I was only conscious that his arms was around me, and I was sobbing convulsively, with my head resting on his shoulder.

"This will not do, Fairy," said he, with his kind smile; "I must have some cheer on, now, instead of crying yourself; for remember that you have promised to marry an old man, who will be always sighing and complaining."

I smiled back through my tears, but I feared not; my ship was safely moored in a firm harbor.

"Bear with him, dearest," said Arethusa, as she kissed me again and again in the overflowing gladness of her heart. "He has troubles that your wife can relieve; may you indeed prove a helpmate to Arthur!"

I smiled as I laid my head upon my pillow. These matters were very proper for a woman like Arethusa's age; but a giddy girl of nineteen was far from considering so deeply. And I may say that of the marriage service, it would, doubtless, have run thus: "I, Ernestine, take thee, Arthur, to be my wedded husband, to have from this day forward the favors that you choose to bestow, all the love that you can conveniently spare, to be considered by you as the idol to whose whims all other wills must bow, and to promise in return—*to be satisfied*." Who could expect more?

I received from the place I had called *home* a letter that was in fact a certificate of dismissal; in which Hester entirely washed her hands of me, and could scarcely conceal her joy at the pleasing performance. In answer to my invitation she said that "she had no time for such nonsense as weddings."

It wounded me at first; but Mr. Winnesile came to look for me, and I forget all but that I was to be a clergyman's wife.

We were married. A white-haired clergyman from a neighboring town performed the ceremony; and I stood leaning on Mr. Winnesile's arm, and received the congratulations of those around.

My sister-in-law had achieved a triumph of the needle in my white muslin dress; and the long brown curls were suffered to float beneath the bridal veil. Arthur had retained those curls round his finger; they were precious in *his* sight, and I would not have them yet back.

So Arthur searched and searched them with a sigh, as the thought of the childish-looking bride I would make; and even the clergyman seemed surprised when his eye first rested on me. But Mr. Winnesile was satisfied; his remarks came from a heart overflowing with the weight of happiness, and I feared nothing, as I looked forward into the future.

The guests were heavy-looking men, thrifty wives, and young women who were so stiff and exact that the discipline of dress seemed painful to them. They were an odd assemblage who filled the parlor of the Parsonage on my wedding-day; but Arethusa passed among them as mistress of ceremonies with the manner of one who was quite satisfied with her guests.

The carriage was at the door; my traveling-dress was ready; and in a few moments I was whirled off for my first peep at the world under the guidance of my new guardian.

How, child as I was, it opened to me like an over-brilliant panorama, and how Mr. Winnesile lived over again his own youth in my enthusiasm, are still fresh in my memory.

REGRET.

I WALK with memory through the blooms
Spring's tender fingers spread;
The lark amid the faint perfumes
Sings gayly overhead.
With joyful sounds the woodlands ring;
The wild brook flashes on;
The honey-bee is on the wing—
But she is dead and gone!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1860.

A NEW SERIAL BY DICKENS.

WE publish on this number the first of "a series of occasional papers," by "an uncommercial traveler," said traveler being Charles Dickens, Esq., and the journeys being actual trips and maps made by him in search of the picturesque, the interesting, and the unknown. The first journey, of which we publish the report herewith, was to the scene of the wreck of the *Royal Charter*. It is in Dickens's most powerful manner.

It was by sketches of real life—reports, in fact—that Dickens first won his fame. We have no doubt that this new series will sustain the reputation he has won as a novelist; each journey will, in fact, be a tale complete in itself.

We have purchased from Mr. Dickens the right of publishing these journeys in advance of their appearance in this country.

SOMETHING FOR THE LEGISLATURE TO DO.

IT may seem childish to suggest useful subjects for legislation to the members of the Legislature of New York, as every one sees that that body is engrossed in corrupt schemes for the establishment of new railroad lines, and for the plunder of the railroad companies which are now in existence.

Still, we think we, doubtless, among the numbers of the Senate and Assembly, if our individuals who are conscious of their duties, and who do not consider dishonest gain the whole purpose of their legislative energy, we venture to suggest that the recent catastrophes in tenement houses and manufacturing establishments in this and other cities within the State call loudly for legislative interposition.

The accident in Elm Street—which we described in our last number, and by which a score of persons lost their lives—points to the necessity for adopting a law by which the owners of tenement houses shall be bound to provide their premises with suitable means of escape in case of fire. Various schemes have been proposed; quite a number of fire-escapes have been suggested. We do not intend to try to discriminate among them. It is clear that some method should be adopted; the most practical plan would be that the Legislature should create inspectors of public buildings, and leave to them the responsibility of deciding that is, and what is not, an adequate safeguard against fire.

In like manner, inspectors of steam-boilers should be appointed, whose duty it should be to examine all boilers in use in large cities; and no one should be allowed to use a boiler until its safety had been certified by those inspectors. We have no doubt but a large majority of the steam-boilers at present in use in the city are unsafe: the iron being, in most cases, entirely unsuited for the intended purpose.

Many lives will be saved if the Legislature passes the requisite laws on these subjects. We will only add that, as the Mayor of New York seems a good deal occupied with party political affairs, he may not have time to attend to such matters, and the appointment of the inspectors had better be left to the Governor.

THE NEW ERA IN FRANCE.

WE published in our last number the points of the recent manifesto of the Emperor of the French on the subject of free trade, in which Napoleon III. announced his intention of using all his power and all the means of the French Government to develop agriculture and industry throughout his empire, and to abolish the old-fashioned restrictions which, in the guise of protection, have so long retarded the progress of enterprise among the French. It may safely be said that, monumous and astounding as many of Napoleon's recent measures have been, this is the greatest wonder and the greatest triumph of them all.

Hitherto many British manufactures have been wholly excluded from France, while cutlery and many descriptions of British textile wares have been contraband. On the other hand, all kinds of raw materials—cotton, wool, sugar, coal, and iron—have paid enormous, and in some cases almost prohibitive, duties. The consequence has been—first, high prices for all articles of consumption which were either "protected" by the tariff or which were made from commodities heavily taxed at their admission into the country; and, secondly, a stagnant and often a retrogressive state of industry, consequent upon the want of competition.

With the marvelous sagacity which has marked every step in the career of the Emperor of the French, Napoleon is now going to lay the axe to the root of these evils. He is going to admit British manufactures into France on payment of a moderate duty. And he proposes to admit, free of duty, all such articles as cotton, wool, and sugar, which enter into manufactures. Thus the French manufacturers, if they wish to retain their home markets, will need to benefit themselves; to avail themselves of all the resources of modern science; to work well and cheaply, and to sell cheaply. They will be enabled to purchase their raw materials at lower rate than usual; but for the rest they will have to trust to themselves.

The inevitable result of these measures will be a large increase of commercial and industrial activity in France. No unbiased person can carefully study the speech of the free trade system in England without coming to the conclusion that free trade is the surest system for a country which seeks manufacturing and commercial development. Protection blights the very interests it is expected to serve; free trade fosters every interest. For, in plain words, free trade throws the burdens of state upon organic and unproductive property, while protection imposes upon traffic and enterprise the burden of supporting the whole body politic.

Under the new French system we expect to see France rise to a new and unexampled pitch of prosperity. England already proposes to reciprocate, by abolishing the present duties on French wines and silks. We should be large gainers by the abolition of the present duties on cotton; and when the international boon is granted it would be wise and politic for us to follow the French example, by removing some of the burdens which impede our import trade from France.

THE LOUNGER.

PUDDLE-PHILOSOPHY.

THE conceit of expressions is one of the commonest forms of conceit, because every body supposes his own tools—when they are body's—like ever did or could. A man who has had several unlucky in his guns feels a kind of scornful superiority of the man who has not. His conviction is that nobody has had any experience worth having until he has had the toothache. That is, we all try other people by the test of our own experience. "You've always had your own way, every time of it; it's good for you to have a little suffering," somebody remarks, with malicious conceit, to his neighbor.

"Have you had the toothache, neighbor, "do you call this suffering? Why this is only a smart toothache. I can go to sleep on this. Wait till you've had inflammatory rheumatism keeping you motionless in bed for eighteen months. Wait till you've had your feet and ankles sawed off. Wait till you've felt a cancer in your breast, of which I am lying, and then talk to me of a little suffering."

For what do we sympathize with other's experience? A man buries his mother, and we all think that he now begins to know something about the stern realities of life. Why? the man has been heartbroken all his life for reasons of which we all know nothing; and he has been so much our master that we never knew what ailed him was the matter. And the man loses a fortune, and we all fall to and talk about discipline and trial and the rest of it. We pitch a long face and shake our heads ominously that he may be taught by trial. Yes, and he is taught by trial. Taught so well by trials which were trial and which had the desired superfluity rare about this purely external circumstance. Taught indeed by trials of which outsiders know nothing.

Why, then, should we sympathize with the toothache because that is our particular form of trial? Some man are robust and gigantic all their lives, live luxuriously, sleep soundly, lie soft in whatever money can buy or skill prepare; you and I look on, and think he ought to have a sound of good solid twinges in the gums to make him all right. Suppose now that we look into the core of the trials and see that there is no comparison, before we think it a pity that such a blooming perfection should not have had a few bumps and bruises.

If, as the common proverb asserts, experience implies, trial is necessary to the strengthening and development of character, we may be very sure that nobody expects, but that everybody fears. Something stirs and moulds your whole life which is nothing to another man; as a gust blows a puddle in one, leap without a thought, but does not even ripple the neighboring sea. "Godfrey!" cries the Poodle, "what a gust of wind!" The Puddle is perfectly right. It is wind for a puddle. But then Puddle-philosophy is no rule for the ocean.

Nobody knows the real trials of another man's life come to him. In fact they are only suspected sometimes by the greater cheerfulness and hilarity, by the more exuberant flow of all kind. Sister Angela in the convent wore a garment next her skin which was lined with the points of pins turned inward and all the points of the lines. Outwardly she were clean linen on her person and sweet smiles upon her face. The other sisters knew when she had added another and increased the torture only by the greater cheerness and sweetness of her smiling. One day the youngest of the sisters, who had just come and knew nothing of the rule of fire, said to her:

"Dear Angela, how happy you are! Are you not afraid of such unmixed enjoyment? Ah, dear, if you could only have a turn of toothache it would tell you so much good!"

Angela smiled, and going to her cell, added a hundred pins. But when she came in to vesper the youngest of the sisters looked at her, transfigured by holy smiles, and said to herself: "Poor dear Angela! if she could only have some trials!"

You will find the instance in any neighboring volume of the Domestic Saints.

LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

SOMEBODY in the Legislature proposes to meddle with the management of the Central Park. Before any action is taken it is greatly to be wished that the whole body of law-makers would visit the Park and see what it is, and what it is going to be, and should understand that the present impressive results have been achieved by a management which profoundly understands the character of the work, and which has accomplished its ends with a promptitude and satisfaction to every body concerned entirely unparalleled in the history of our public works.

Of course the real object of any interference whatsoever is a political object. The pretense may be economy; the intention is to construct patronage machinery. Now the Central Park is quite beyond the realm of politics. It chimed, indeed, to be organized under the auspices of one of the great parties, but that only chimed. If it had been administered for the exclusive political advantage of that party, the other might justly claim a share in the spoils and endeavor by every means to obtain the control. But it is not so. The architect in chief has been scrupulously careful to banish politics altogether; and as he is as honest man he has not, under this plea, only the more skillfully concealed partisan objects. He has pushed the work forward as if there were but one party in the country, and that one anxious to complete at the earliest moment a magnificent public enterprise worthy the city of which it is the chief ornament, and of the country whose generous spirit it represents.

Had the chance fallen to the other party, and the work been done in the same way, there is not a man any where, who is competent to speak to the point, who would not have desired to leave it entirely in the hands of the architect appointed by that party. Of course nobody supposes that there are not gentlemen enough in the other party than that which is represented in the majority of the Commission to fill the place of Commissioner Olmsted's the utmost ability; but when a chance is proper, at which time it involves neither an injustice to the work itself, why not abstain? why not let well-enough, or rather as good-as-possible, alone?

The Central Park is undoubtedly an expensive work. Did the city of New York suppose it was to have a park worthy to take rank, directly upon its completion, with the finest parks in the world without paying well for it? And being well under way, does the city desire to have that work suspended or interfered with, and commission to line their own nests? As we said long ago, it is a mistake that no honest a work should have been so honestly done. Let the spirit of such misconception. Let it, then, proceed as begun, and stand as a monument of the truth that the people were better than their government.

TRAPS.

ALL learning from experience is simply shunning the door after the horse is stolen. It is an effort to keep the cow, at least, now that the horse is gone. All half-learned people do the whole work, but goes upon the principle that it is better to save some than lose all. Therefore the lessons of experience are not the lessons of most original of all; and they are the sharpest spur to action. When a parent has lost a darling child from disease contracted under unhealthy circumstances, he will be very sure to avoid those conditions in the case of his other children.

Is not the city of New York the parent of her citizens? A Niobe of stone, sometimes, rather than of flesh, if you please, but still a Niobe. What, then, does the city do about the loss of eighteen citizens by fire in a tenement house? Eighteen people are burned in a dwelling-house of five stories high, four stories and eight stories in the evening, because the staircase is at once unnamed, and there are no holders or fire-escapes any where adequate to the occasion.

Undoubtedly, the fewer laws the better; but only when the laws are needed and good. A sound proposition, gravely made in a certain State, to make the calling of names in the street a penal offence, is, of course, a ludicrous exaggeration of the individual liberty which it is wiser for society to indulge than to restrain. But the care of life and liberty is the first duty of society, and the city justly takes measures to protect the pedestrian from falling into excavations in any street, so it should be quite as justly the guardian of such accidents as that in Elm Street.

Because the probability is that a fire in all tenements in which lives are constructed, would occasion the same terrible results. They are only traps, without any intent to entrap, because for owners, and, involuntarily, to catch the lives of the inmates; and they should be just as severely subjected to supervisory law as cannibals.

And if the city be incompetent to enact such laws, let the Legislature do it. The Legislature is a body which, in the hurry of business, of bills, are introduced every day, for every purpose. Who will give notice of a bill to prevent the taking of human beings in tenement traps?

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

A. JAMES, Kensington.—Unfortunately, the verses are barely unfit for publication. As to continuing to write poetry, the rule is very simple. No man ever knew himself by practising versification in idle moments—though perhaps there are many studies more useful, that as to attempting prose for a living, as some genius should think of it. Alfred Tennyson and Longfellow would have starved if they had had no other resources than their Muse to support them.

—G. F. S. Captain Mayne Reid is a real name, and he is alive and writing, as a fresh book from his pen evinces.

—"A Sentimental Friendship," by DAISY, of Louisville, is respectfully declined.

—The obliging offer of CALLIENNE is declined, very respectfully, from want of space.

—MARIE. You may read of the Lady of Shalott in the old Arthur romance. But the significance of the poem you quote puzzles us. Perhaps the meaning of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner?"

HON. J. L. M. CURRY, OF ALA.

HON. J. L. M. CURRY, of Alabama, is a native of Lincoln County, Georgia, where he was born in June, 1825. His father, Colonel William Curry, a wealthy planter, removed with his family to Talladega County, Alabama, in 1838, and settled in the beautiful valley bordering on the picturesque mountain ranges known as the Hillabee country.

The Curry family are of Scotch descent—a fact remembered and appreciated by them with a pride characteristic of and peculiar to the Caledonian race.

Of his maternal ancestry nothing more need be said in this connection than that his mother was a Lamar—a name honorably and inseparably connected with the history of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas.

The subject of this brief sketch graduated at the University of his native State in 1843. When a student at college he devoted much of his time to the library and literary societies of the institution. Here, by habits of temperance which yielded to no temptation, and by an indefatigable zeal which knew no tiring, he laid the foundation, in solid principles and elegant attainments, of a brilliant career of usefulness which has from its commencement known nothing but success. Soon after leaving the University of Georgia he entered the law-school at Harvard University, Massachusetts, from which institution he received a diploma in 1845. On his return home he opened an office in the town of Talladega, where, for two years, he devoted himself, with abundant evidence of future success, to the practice of his profession.

In 1846 he enlisted as a soldier in the Mexican war, and served during a part of that campaign in a company of Texas Rangers. In 1847 he was married to Miss Ann, youngest daughter of Chancellor Bowie; and, bidding adieu to climats, courts, and fees, for not the less arduous but more congenial and fascinating field of politics, was, in the same year, chosen by the Democracy of Talladega County a member of the State Legislature—a position to which he was re-elected in 1853 and 1855. While a member of the Legislature, although young in years, he soon distinguished himself, not only as an orator and parliamentary debater of a high order, but as a committee man ever faithful in the discharge of his duties.

The canvass of 1855, conducted by Messrs. Curry and Parsons, though limited in range, was probably not less brilliant than was the canvass of the same year in the Old Dominion. In that, as in this, the "invisible Sam" was totally routed—the "Black Knight, with his visor down," was met and conquered: In 1856 Mr. Curry was appointed by the Democratic State Convention an elector for the 7th Congressional District. In 1857 he was elected, without opposition, to represent the people of that district in the 35th national Congress; and was, again without opposition, re-elected in 1859.

On entering Congress—by force of talent, not political tact—he soon occupied a prominent position, and is now, in that unwieldy body, one of the few members who can, in addressing the Chair, command the ear of the House.

In delivery Mr. Curry's style is bold, energetic, and rapid—fluent in the use of words well-selected, chaste, and expressive. His speeches read well; but when delivered in his strong, shrill, well-cultivated voice—whether they soothe, excite, or electrify—they never fail to interest an audience.

In politics Mr. Curry is a Democrat of the Calhoun school; and without ill-feelings toward any section, he is devoted to his native South and her institutions, and to the Union administered under a *strict construction of the Constitution*. In the principles of "State Rights" he was early indoctrinated, and from them he is as immovable by outside influences as are the blue hills of the "Benighted Seventh."

HON. J. L. M. CURRY, OF ALABAMA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "ARTHUR DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 1st.—The confusion of their arrival has had time to subside. Two days have elapsed since the return of the travelers; and that interval has sufficed to put the new machinery of our lives at Blackwater Park in fair working order. I may now return to my journal with some little chance of being able to continue the entries in it as collectedly as usual.

I think I must begin by putting down an odd remark which has suggested itself to me since Laura came back.

When two members of a family, or two intimate friends, are separated, and one goes abroad and one remains at home, the return of the relative or friend who has been traveling always seems to place the relative or friend who has been staying at home at a painful disadvantage, when the two first meet. The sudden encounter of the new thoughts and new habits eagerly gained in the one case, with the old thoughts and old habits passively preserved in the other, seems, at first, to set the sympathies of the most loving relatives and the fondest friends, and to set a sudden strangeness, unexpected by both and uncontrollable by both, between them on either side. After the first happiness of my meeting with Laura was over, after we had sat down together, hand in hand, to recover breath enough and calmness enough to talk, I felt this strangeness instantly, and I could see that she felt it too. It has partially worn away, now that we have fallen back into most of our old habits, and it will probably disappear before long. But it has certainly had an influence over the first impressions that I have formed of her, now that we are living together again—for which reason only I have thought fit to mention it here.

She has found me unaltered; but I have found her changed.

Changed in person, and, in one respect, changed in character. I am not absolutely say that she is less beautiful than she used to be: I can only say that she is less beautiful to me. Others, who do not look at her with my eyes and my recollections, would probably think her improved. There is more color, and more decision and roundness of outline in her face than there used to be; and her figure seems more firmly set, and more sure and easy in all its movements than it was in her maiden days. But I miss something when I look at her—something that once belonged to the happy, innocent life of Laura Fairlie, and that I can not find in Lady Glyde. There was, in the old times, a freshness, a softness, an ever-varying and yet ever-remaining tenderness of beauty in her face, the charm of which it is not possible to express in words—or, as poor Hartright used often to say, in painting, either. This is gone. I thought I saw the faint reflection of it, for a moment, when she turned pale under the agitation of our sudden meeting, on the evening of her return; but it has never reappeared since. None of her letters had prepared me for a personal change in her. On the contrary, they had led me to expect that her marriage had left her, in appearance, at least, quite unaltered. Perhaps I read her letters wrongly, in the past, and am now reading her face wrongly, in the present? No matter! Whether her beauty has gained, or whether it has lost, in the last six months, the separation, either way, has made her own dear self more precious to me than ever—and that is one good result of her marriage, at any rate!

The second change, the change that I have observed in her character, has not surprised me, because I was prepared for it, in this case, by the tone of her letters. Now that she is at home again, I find her just as unwilling to enter into any details on the subject of her married life as I had previously found her through the time of our separation, when we could only communicate with each other by writing. At the first approach I made to the forbidden topic she put her hand on my lips, with a look and gesture which touchingly, almost painfully, recalled to my memory the days of her girlhood and the happy by-gone time when there were no secrets between us.

"Whenever you and I are together, Marian," she said, "we shall both be happier and easier with one another if we accept my married life for what it is, and say and think as little about it as possible. I would tell you every thing, darling, about my married life, were it merely by unbuckling the ribbon round my waist, "if my confidences could only end there. But they would not—they would lead me into confidences about my husband, too; and, now I am married, I think I had better avoid them, for his sake, and for your sake, and for mine. I don't say that they would distress you, or distress me—I wouldn't have you think that for the world. But I want to be so happy, now I have got you back again; and I want you to be so happy too—" She broke off abruptly, and looked round the room, my own sitting-room, in which we were talking. "Ah!" she cried, chopping her hands with a bright smile of recognition, "another old friend found already! Your book-case, Marian—your dear little-shabby-old-satin-wood bookcase—how glad I am you brought it with you from Limmeridge! And your work-box, just as usually as ever! And the horrid, heavy, man's umbrella that you always would walk out with when it rained! And, first and foremost of all, your own dear, dark, clever gipsy-face, looking calm as usual! It is so like home again to be here. How can we make it more like home still? I will put my father's portrait in your room instead of in mine—and I will keep all my little treasures from Limmeridge here—and we will pass hours and hours every day with these four friendly walls round us. Oh, Marian!" she said, suddenly seating herself on a footstool at my knees, and looking up earnestly in my face, "promise you will never marry, and leave me. It is selfish to say so, but you are so much better off as a single woman—unless—unless you are very fond of your husband—but you won't be very fond of any body but me, will you?" She stopped again; crossed my hands on my lap; and laid her face on them. "Have you been writing many letters, and receiving many letters, lately?" she asked, in low, suddenly-altered tones. I understood what the question meant; but I thought it my duty not to encourage her by meeting her half-way. "Have you heard from him?" she went on, coaxing me to forgive the more direct appeal on which she now ventured, by kissing my hands, upon which her face still rested. "Is he well and happy, and getting on in his profession? Has he recovered himself—and forgotten me?"

She should not have asked those questions. She should have remembered her own resolution, on the morning when Sir Percival held her to her marriage engagement, and when she resigned the book of Hartright's drawings into my hands forever. But, ah me! where is the faultless human creature who can persevere in a good resolution without sometimes falling and falling back? Where is the woman who has ever really torn from her heart the image that has been once fixed in it by a true love? Books tell us that such unearthly creatures have existed—but what does our own experience say in answer to books?

I made no attempt to remonstrate with her: perhaps because I sincerely appreciated the fearlest candor which let me see what other women in her position might have had reasons for concealing even from their dearest friends—perhaps because I felt, in my own heart and conscience, that, in her place, I should have asked the same questions and had the same thoughts. All I could honestly do was to reply that I had not written to him or heard from him lately, and then to turn the conversation to less dangerous topics.

There had been much to seddon me in our interview—my first confidential interview with her since her return. The change which her marriage has produced in our relations toward each other, by placing a forbidden subject between us, for the first time in our lives; the melancholy conviction of the death of all warmth of feeling, of all close sympathy, between her husband and herself, which her own unwilling words now force on my mind; the distressing discovery that the influence of that ill-fated attachment still remains (no matter how innocently, how harmlessly) rooted so deeply as ever in her heart—all these are disclosures to sadden any woman who lover her as dearly, and feels for her as acutely, as I do. There is only one consolation to set against them—a consolation that ought to comfort me, and that does

comfort me. All the graces and gentlenesses of her character—all the frank affection of her nature—all the sweet, simple, womanly charms which made to make her the dividing and the delight of every one who approached her—have come back to me with herself. Of my other impressions she sometimes a little inclined to doubt. Of this last, however, happiest of all impressions I grow more and more certain every hour in the day.

Let me turn now from her to her traveling companions. Her husband must engage my attention first. What have I observed in Sir Percival, since his return, to improve my opinion of him?

I can hardly say. Small vexations and annoyances seem to have beset him since he came back; and no man, under those circumstances, is ever presented at his best. He looks, as I think, thinner than he was when he left England. His wearisome cough and his comfortless restlessness have certainly increased. His manner—at least, his manner toward me—is much more abrupt than it used to be. He greeted me on the evening of his return with little or nothing of the ceremony and civility of former times—not a single speech of welcome—no appearance of extraordinary gratification at seeing me—nothing but a short shake of the hand, and the words "How-do-you-do, Miss Halcombe?—glad to see you again." He seemed to accept me as one of the necessary fixtures of Blackwater Park; to be satisfied at finding me established in my proper place; and then to pass me over altogether.

Most men show something of their dispositions in their own houses, which they have concealed elsewhere, and Sir Percival has already displayed a mania for order and regularity, which is quite a new revelation of him, so far as my previous knowledge of his character is concerned. If I take a book from the library and leave it on the table he follows me and puts it back again. If I rise from a chair and let it remain where I have been sitting he carefully restores it to its proper place against the wall. He picks up my flower-baskets from the carpet and mutters to himself as disconsolately as if they were his cinders burning holes in it; and he storms at the servants if there is a crease in the tablecloth, or a knife missing from its place at the dinner-table, as fiercely as if they had personally insulted him.

I have already referred to the small annoyances which appear to have troubled him since his return. Much of the alteration for the worse which I have noticed in him may be due to these. I try to persuade myself that it is so, because I am anxious not to be disheartened already about the future. It is certainly trying to any man's temper to be met by a vexation the moment he sets foot in his own house again, after a long absence; and this annoying circumstance did really happen to Sir Percival in my presence. On the evening of their arrival the housekeeper followed me into the hall to receive her master and mistress and their guests. The instant he saw her, Sir Percival asked if my cousin had called lately. The housekeeper mentioned to him, in reply, what she had previously mentioned to me, the visit of the strange gentleman to make inquiries about the time of her master's return. He asked immediately for the gentleman's name. No name had been left. The gentleman's business had business had been mentioned. What was the gentleman like? The housekeeper tried to describe him, but failed to distinguish the person she has visited by any personal peculiarity which her master could recognize. Sir Percival frowned, stamped angrily on the floor, and walked on into the house, taking no notice of any body. Why he should have been so disconposed by a trifle I can not say—but he was certainly discomposed, beyond all doubt.

Upon the whole, it will be best, perhaps, if I abstain from forming a decisive opinion of his manners, language, and conduct in his own house, until time has enabled him to shake off the anxiety, whatever they may be, which now evidently trouble his mind in secret. I will turn all England, were not, for the most part, also as fine a set of women as are to be found in all England? And so on, through dozens of other examples, modern and ancient, native and foreign, high and low. Holding these strong opinions on the subject with might and main, as I do at this moment, here, nevertheless, is Count Fosco, as fat as Henry the Eighth himself, established in my favor, at one day's notice, without let or hindrance from his own odious corpulence. Marvelous indeed!

Is it his face that has recommended him? It may be his face. He is a most remarkable likeness, on a large scale, of the Great Napoleon. His features have Napoleon's magnificent regularity: his expression recalls the grandly dreamy intellectual power of the Great Soldier's face. This striking resemblance certainly impressed me, to begin with; but there is something in him besides the resemblance which has impressed me more. I think the influence I am now trying to define is in his eyes. They are the most unfathomable gray eyes I ever saw; and they have at times a cold, clear, beautiful, irresistible glitter in them which forces me to look at him, and yet causes me sensations, when I do look, which I would rather not feel. Other parts of his face and head have strange peculiarities. His complexion, for instance, has a singular yellow fairness, so much at variance with the dark color of his hair that I suspect the hair of being a wig; and his face, closely shaven all over, is smoother and freer from marks and wrinkles than one, though (according to Sir Percival's account of him) he is close upon forty years of age. But these are not the prominent personal characteristics which distinguish him, so my mind, from all the other men I have seen. The marked peculiarity which singles him out from the rank and file of humanity lies entirely, so far as I can tell at present, in the extraordinary expression and extraordinary power of his eyes.

His manner, and his command of our language, are, so far as I can assist him, in some degree, to establish himself in my good opinion. He has the quiet deference, that look of pleased attention which is flattering to a woman, and that secret gentleness in his voice, in speaking to a woman, which, say what we may, we can now and then, love. He, too, has unusual command of the English language necessarily helps him. I had other, and less pleasant reasons for thinking which many Italians show in mastering our strong, hard Northern speech; but, until I saw Count Fosco, I had never supposed it possible that any foreigner could have spoken English as he speaks it. There are times when it is almost impossible to detect, by his accent, that he is not a countryman of our own; and, as for fluency, there are very few born Englishmen who can talk as few English stoppings and ejections as the Count. He may construct his sentences, more or less, in the foreign way; but I have never yet heard him use a wrong expression, or hesitate for a moment in his choice of a word.

All the smaller characteristics of this strange man have something strikingly original and peculiarly agreeable in them. Fat as he is, old as he is, his movements are astonishingly light and easy. He is as noiseless in a room as any cat. He speaks, and, more than this, with all his look of unmistakable mental firmness and power, he is as unvoisily sensitive as his weakest wife. He starts at chance noises as nervously as Laura herself. He winced and shuddered yesterday when Sir Percival beat one of his spaniels, so that I felt ashamed of my own want of tenderness and sensibility by comparison with the Count.

The evening of Sir Percival's accident reminds me of one of his most curious peculiarities, which I have not yet mentioned—his extraordinary fondness for pet animals. Some of these he has left on the Continent, but he has brought with him to this house a cockatoo, two canaries, and a whole family of white mice. He attends to all the necessities of these strange favorites himself, and he has taught the creatures to be surprisingly fond of him, and familiar with him. The cockatoo, a most vicious and treacherous bird toward everyone else, he alone, lately seems to love him. When he lets it out of its cage it hops on to his knee, and claws its way up his body, and rubs its top-knot against his yellow cheeks with the most caressing manner imaginable. He has only to whistle at the doors of the canaries' cage, and call them, and to call to them; and the pretty little cleverly-trained creatures perch fearlessly on his hand, mount his hat outstretched fingers one by one, when he tells them to "go up stairs," and sing together as if they would burst their throats with delight, when they get to the top finger. His white mice live in a little pagoda of gaily-painted wire-work, designed and made by himself. They are almost as tame as the canaries, and they are perpetually let out, like the canaries. They crawl all over him, popping in and out of his waistcoat, and sitting in couples, on the top of some, on his capacious shoulders. He seems to be even fonder of his mice than of his other pets—smiles at them, and kisses them, and calls them by all sorts of endearing names, and I'll be possible to suppose an Englishman with any taste for such childish interests and amusements as these, that Englishman would certainly feel rather ashamed of them, and would be anxious to apologize for them in the company of grown-up people. But the Count, apparently, sees nothing ridiculous in the amazing contrast between his colossal self and his frail little pets. He would blandly kiss his white mice, and twitter to his canary-birds amidst an assembly of English fox-hunters, and would only pity those as barbarians whom they were all laughing their loudest at him.

It seems hardly credible, while I am writing it down, but it is certainly true, that this same man, who has all the fondness of an old maid for his cockatoo, and all the small dexterities of an organ-boy in managing his white mice, can talk, when any thing happens to rouse him, with a daring independence of thought, a knowledge of books in every language, and an experience of society in half the capitals of Europe, which would make him the prominent personage of any assembly in the civilized world. This trainer of canary-birds, this architect of a pagoda for white mice, is (as Sir Percival Glyde has told me) one of the first experimental chemists living, and has discovered, among other wonderful inventions, a means of petrifying the body after death, so as to preserve it, as hard as marble, to the end of time. This fat, indolent, elderly man, whose nerves are so finely strung that he starts at chance noises, and winces when he sees a house-spaniel get a whipping, went into the stable-yard, on the morning after his arrival, and put his hand on the head of a chained bloodhound—a beast so savage that the very groom who feeds him keeps out of his reach. His wife and I were present, and I shall not soon forget the scene that followed, short as it was.

"Mind that dog, Sir," said the groom; "he flies at everybody!" "He does that, my friend," replied the Count, quietly, "because every body is afraid of him. Let us see if he flies at me." And he laid his plump, yellow-white fingers, on which the canary-birds had been perching ten minutes before, upon the formidable brute's head; and looked him straight in the eyes. "You big dogs are all cowards," he said, addressing the animal contemptuously, with his face and the dog's within an inch of each other. "You would kill a poor cat, you infernal coward. You would fly at a starving beggar, you infernal coward. Any thing that you can surprise unawares—any thing that is afraid of your big body, and your wicked white teeth, and your slobbering, blood-thirsty mouth, is the thing you like to fly at. You could throttle me at this moment, you mean, miserable bully; and you daren't so much as look me in the face, because I'm not afraid of you. Will you think better of it, and try your teeth in my fat neck? Bah! not you! He turned away, laughing at the astonishment of the men in the yard; and the dog crept back to his kennel, whining like a whipped cur." He said, pathetically. "I am sorry I came here. Some of that brute's slobber has got on my pretty white waistcoat." These words express another of his incomprehensible oddities. He is as fond of fine clothes as the veriest fool in existence; and has appeared in four magnificent waistcoats already—all of light garish colors, and all immensely large even for him—in the two days of his residence at Blackwater Park.

COUNT FOSCO AND THE DOG.

His neat and cleverness in small things are quite noticeable as the singular inconsistencies in his character, and the childish triviality of his ordinary tastes and pursuits.

I can say already that he seems to live on excellent terms with all of us during the period of his sojourn in this place. He has evidently discovered that Laura scarcely dislikes him (she confessed as much to me, when I pressed her on the subject)—but he has also found out that she is extravagantly fond of flowers. Whenever she wants a nosegay he has got one to give her, gathered and arranged by himself; and, good boy to my amusement, he is always amusingly provided with a duplicate, composed of exactly the same flowers, grouped in exactly the same way, to oppense his civil jealous wife, before she can so much as think herself neglected. His management of Mrs. Merriman (in public) is a sight to see. He bows to her, he habitually addresses her as "my wife," he enters his carriage to pay her little visits on his fingers, and to sing to her; he kisses her hand, when she gives him his cigarettes; he presents her with sugar-plums in return, which he puts into her mouth playfully, from a box in his pocket. The rod of iron with which he rules her never appears in company—it is in private rod, and is always kept up stairs.

His method of recommending himself to us, is entirely different. He has discovered (Heaven only knows how) that ready-made sentiment is always wasted upon Mr. Merriman, in his tours. And he flatters my vanity, by talking to me as seriously and sensibly as if I was a man. Yes! I am his confidant at times! I am sorry for him; I know he flatters my vanity, when I think of him yet more, in my own mind—and yet, when I go down stairs, and get into his company again, he will bind me again, and I shall be flattered again, just as I had never found him out at all! He can manage me as he manages his wife and Laura, as he managed the blood-hound in the stable-yard, as he manages Sir Percival himself, every hour in the day. "My good Percival! how I like your rough English humor!" "My good Percival! how I enjoy your solid English sense!" He puts the rudest remarks Sir Percival can make on his effeminate tastes and amusements quite yesterday from him in the manner—always calling the baronet by his Christian name; smiling at him with the most amiable priority; patting him on the shoulder; and bowing with him benignantly, as a good-humored father bows with a wayward son.

The interest which I really can not help feeling in this strangely original man has led me to question Sir Percival about his past life. Sir Percival either knows little, or will tell me little, about it. He and the Count first met, many years ago, at Rome, under the dangerous circumstances to which I have alluded elsewhere. Since that time they had been perpetually together in Germany, in Paris, and in Vienna—never in Italy again; the Count having, oddly enough, not crossed the frontiers of his native country for years. Perhaps he has been made the victim of some political persecution? At all events, he seems to be patriotically anxious not to be sight of any of his countrymen, men who may happen to be in England. On the evening of his arrival, I asked how he and were from the newest town, and whether we knew of any Italian gentleman who might happen to be settled there. He is certainly in correspondence with people on the Continent, for his letters have all sorts of odd stamps on them; and I saw one for him this morning, waiting in his place at the breakfast-table, with a huge official-looking seal on it. Perhaps he is in correspondence with his government? And yet that is hardly to be reconciled either with my other idea that he may be a political exile.

How much I am come to know of him about Count Fosco! And what does it all amount to?—poor, dear Mr. Gilmore would ask, in his impenetrable Scotch-English way. I can only reply, that I do assuredly feel, even on this short acquaintance, a strange, half-willing, half-unwilling liking for the Count. He seems to have established over me the same sort of ascendency which he has evidently gained over Sir Percival. Free, and even rude, as he may occasionally be in his manner toward his fat friend, Sir Percival is nevertheless afraid, as I am plainly see, of giving any serious offense to the Count. I wonder whether I am afraid, too? I certainly never saw a man, in all my experience, whom I should be so sorry to have for an enemy. Is this because I like him, or because I am afraid of him? *Oh sir!—ask Count Fosco* might say in his own language. Who knows?

2d.—Something to chronicle to-day besides my own aims and impressions. A visitor has arrived—yesterday, unknown to Laura and to me, and, apparently, quite unexpected by Sir Percival.

We were all at lunch, in the room with the new French windows that open upon the verandah, and the Count (who devours pastry as I have never yet seen it devoured by any living beings but girls at boarding-schools) had just announced by his asking gravely for his fourth tart, when the servant announced to us, in his stolid way, "Mr. Merriman has just come, Sir Percival, and wishes to see you immediately."

Sir Percival started, and looked at the man with an expression of angry alarm which silenced us all.

"Mr. Merriman?" he repeated, as if he thought his own ears must have deceived him.

"Yes, Sir Percival. Mr. Merriman, from London."

"Where is he?"

"In the library, Sir Percival."

He left the table the instant the last answer was given, and hurried out of the room without saying a word to any of us.

"Who is Mr. Merriman and what Laura, appealing to me.

"I have not the least idea," was all I could say in reply.

The Count had finished his fourth tart, and had gone to a side-table to look after his vicious cockatoo. He stretched round to us, with the bird perched on his shoulder.

"Mr. Merriman is Sir Percival's solicitor," said Laura.

"Sir Percival's solicitor. It was a perfectly straightforward answer to Laura's question; and yet, under the circumstances, it was not satisfactory. If Mr. Merriman had been specially sent for by his client there would have been nothing very remarkable in his coming, even to enjoy the sumptuous. But when a lawyer travels from London to Hampshire without being sent for, and when his arrival at a gentleman's house seriously startles the gentleman himself, it may be safely taken for granted that the man who is the bearer of some very important and very unexpected news—news which may be either very good or very bad, but which can not, in either case, be of the common, everyday kind.

Laura and I sat silent at the table for a quarter of an hour or more, wondering to ourselves what happened, and waiting for the chance of Sir Percival's speedy return. There were no signs of it at the end of that time, and we rose to leave the room.

The Count, attentive as usual, advanced from the corner in which he had been feeding his cockatoo, with the bird still perched on his shoulder, and opened the door for us. Laura, in passing, whispered to him, that she was on the point of following them he made a sign with his hand, and spoke to me, before I could follow, in his quiet, insinuating way.

"Yes," he said, quietly answering the unexpressed idea at that moment in my mind, as if I had plainly spoken it to him, "I think we may all be curious about Mr. Merriman. Sir Percival is not in the habit of making us wait for his news. Perhaps he has brought us some important intelligence. Perhaps he has made the victim of some political persecution? At all events, he seems to be patriotically anxious not to be sight of any of his countrymen who may happen to be in England. On the evening of his arrival, I asked how he and were from the newest town, and whether we knew of any Italian gentleman who might happen to be settled there. He is certainly in correspondence with people on the Continent, for his letters have all sorts of odd stamps on them; and I saw one for him this morning, waiting in his place at the breakfast-table, with a huge official-looking seal on it. Perhaps he is in correspondence with his government? And yet that is hardly to be reconciled either with my other idea that he may be a political exile.

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How much I seem to have written about Count Fosco! And what does it all amount to?—poor, dear Mr. Gilmore would ask, in his impenetrable Scotch-English way. I can only reply that I do assuredly feel, even on this short acquaintance, a strange, half-willing, half-unwilling liking for the Count. He seems to have established over me the same sort of ascendency which he has evidently gained over Sir Percival. Free, and even rude, as he may occasionally be in his manner toward his fat friend, Sir Percival is nevertheless afraid, as I am plainly see, of giving any serious offense to the Count. I wonder whether I am afraid, too? I certainly never saw a man, in all my experience, whom I should be so sorry to have for an enemy. Is this because I like him, or because I am afraid of him? *Oh sir!—ask Count Fosco* might say in his own language. Who knows?

THE FIRST IMPRESSION.

I WAS passing a farm-house in the suburbs of an active young city, when something about it attracted my attention. It was a large house, similar patriarchal buildings I had often seen. Gambrel-roofed; profile of additions of various dates; a piazza with porches in front; chimneys suggestive of age and corpulence; brown; moss-bedecked in the tips of the roof-shingles; lime bushes lining the walks; venerable pollards in front; chimney bushes nestling close to the walls, waiting patiently for the leaves to come; hollyhocks, they are loved in spite of their tawny flower plats, in circles and irregular curves, peopled by prett-lipped fair sisters; lilacs, with their fragrance and purpy in its age like an English squire; on the tight a well-sweep.

This first sight I have command of a paragraph; for it is one of my idiosyncrasies to admire the whole fraternity. Alike the well-sweep for its evident usefulness, and the hollyhocks for their useless. Standing stiffly in its place, looking gravely at the stare, bowing now and then when hopelessly overpowered by the breeze, it has a natural imitation of its vertebræ, it is the very personification of a grave, conscious dignity. This one was approaching the end of its long-coated coat of paint. Its posture was at the reasonable angle, form not degenerate. An antique mossy bucket, in good position, by a rope of antique form, within the summit of a neatly-chiseled curb. Beneath in and beyond, the shadows of the trees and vines, answering as a partial foil to the impudent stare of passers. In fact, it was an economical, well-arranged, well-cared for, genial, and courteous a well-sweep as you will find doing the squeaks honors at any farm-house in the land.

And have another reason for my admiration, might apply to many housesteads of my acquaintance. And yet this one fixed itself into a swallow's nest in the eaves of my memory, and remained there for days. The next time I passed I leaped the fence, and sillow-wise, and the well-sweep, and the bucket, sparkling waters from the lips of the moss-covered bucket. Not only the next time I passed, but once or twice ago.

I was out shooting wild pigeons one day—I do not what there was, unless it was my mind that I could do it then—when, sauntering along, I came upon my old friend the brown house. The sun was glittering the tops of the trees, and my heart was. The day had been bright and warm—the month was June—and the evening breeze from sylvestrian underbrush was cool and refreshing, and filled with a cool and grateful fragrance. Though an open door near the rear of the farm-house I caught a glimpse of the cooking, and the fire was drawn toward to and fro with the gentle evening breeze; an old man, with locks as snowy as the cloth, was lifting his hand and bowing his head in reverent invocation. The picture was a pleasant, not to say a hallowing one. Continuing my walk to the other side of the house, and giving my accustomed bound, I marched along with the free carelessness of youth, turned the corner of a grape trellis, and—

The well-sweep was doing diligence at the back of as pretty a cluster of clinging fingers and as beautiful a pair of arms, disclosed by the falling drapery, as had ever kindled my admiration. I am not conscious of any intent of wind, but I remember thinking on the instant that if Providence had made me a well-sweep instead of an engineer, I should have come down with much less reluctance than the grim old star-gazer evinced. The well-sweep had begun. I was slightly embarrassed. She was watching the descent of the bucket. Golden ringlets; a neat and beautifully-fitting chintz, covered with clear-cut figures, mounting to the neck, which housewives wear for protection during the lighter labors of the kitchen; a skilfully hard forehead, the outline of a nice intelligent effort, while the thrust of exercise mounted to and tinted the shadow of her neck; the features hidden by the ringlets—such was the apparition close before me.

Buckets are often ungracious and obstinate. At the present instance the bucket was inclined to dip and fill. I could such and retreat like a coward. Any man in the country, under temptation, with the least degree of sociability in his temperament, could have done no less than I did. Stepping forward, and grasping the rope gently, I said, in such tone as a union of gallantry, deference, and frankness produced, "Let me help you." The young girl gave a momentary start of surprise, uttered a bit of an exclamation, lifted her hand, testing the tresses from brow and cheeks, and looked at me full in the face. Not boldly, not saucily, but her mien united self-possession and courtesy—as disclaiming to be overmuch startled, and willing to treat every gentleman with generous politeness. The effort at self-control sent back the flush of excitement till the tip superseded the rose. There was emergency, and I think the man and settle great questions instantaneously. Within the compass of a second I had taken my impression of the face before me.

The taper fingers unclasped. "Thank you," she said, and moved toward the door. I filled the bucket, drew it up, poured carefully from its brim till the tablespoother, which, kneeling gracefully upon the grass, I had taken, and, rightfully forgiven, was full to overflowing. "Thank you," she repeated in the same musical tone; and only adding, not with a simpering, "I will send you a glass," entered the house. A boy of ten, bright-eyed and active, came with a goblet. I drank, thanked him, and left the place.

My mood was changed. Instead of bounding over the fence, I surrounded that obstacle to my egress in a circuitous fashion, meditating on thought upon the vision—upon contour, motion, features. Whether or not the face was pretty I could not tell for the life of me. But the soul shone through it!

The light of my evening's lesson, I found to be the story of Rebekah by the well of Mesopotamia, and thought it very beautiful indeed.

I have not falls in love with the "love at first sight" in its ordinary sense, and can only account for the conclusiveness of this "impression" through the following: Some faces, in the first meeting, may rouse the soul and bring it flushing from the features, as lightning reveals whole landscapes at dark of night. Such faces may be our eyes through the slow and measured marching of the down.

LITERARY.

A NEW AND SUPERB NATIONAL WORK is now in preparation. Mr. Lossing, the well-known author of the "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution," published in Harper's Magazine, is actively engaged in the collection and arrangement of materials for a complete illustrated history of the last war between the United States and Great Britain, to be entitled THE PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE WAR OF 1812. He expects to visit the important localities of the scenes of that war during the coming season; and, preparatory therefor, he is obtaining information from persons in Canada. In a circular prepared for that purpose, he says:

My plan is to give a complete History of the War—Political, Social, Historical, Biographical, and Pictorial—with a full and impartial account of each battle in the contest, including its relative antecedents and consequences, from the period of the peace of 1815 years. It will be compiled in a single volume of at least eight hundred pages, uniform, in every particular, with my Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution. It will also be published in the same manner, Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

To obtain much of its material for my FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION I visited every battle-ground connected with our War for Independence, in the old Thirteen States and Canada; made sketches—based and recorded traditions—obtained private memoranda—in a word, gleaned from the broad field where others had reaped before me, what they had bribed, and added to their store. I am pursuing a like course in the preparation of my PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE WAR OF 1812. To facilitate my labor, I respectfully ask your kind response to such of the following questions as your information, leisure, and inclination, shall allow:

I. Is there any locality in your vicinity made memorable by any occurrence in the War? If so, what is it? Near what city, village, or post-office is it? and by what public conveyance can it be reached?

II. Have you in possession, or are you cognizant of unpublished manuscripts of great value, which may be placed wholly, or in part, for publication in my work? If so, what? and how may such copies be obtained?

III. Are there persons in the War, reliable or trustworthy witnesses, residing in your vicinity? If so, what are the names and post-office addresses of such persons?

IV. Have you in possession, or do you know of any pictorial sketches of battle-grounds; fortifications; portraits of actors in the events, particular localities, such as battle-grounds, head-quarters of officers, etc., etc., of the War?

V. Do you possess, or can you furnish, a brief biographical sketch of any man or men distinguished in the War, which has not been published? If so, of whom?

Time questions are necessarily of a general nature. I shall feel grateful to you for any historical information that may suggest itself to your mind.

In all cases the just rule will be observed, to give full credit to the source whence information shall be obtained; and a repository of faithful sketches will be carefully accorded, if opportunity shall occur.

All manuscripts, drawings, maps, or engravings which may be placed in my hands, shall be carefully kept from harm, and returned to the owner as soon as copied, if required, by such conveyance as he may direct.

Although a stranger to you personally, I trust you will regard this communication with favor; for I desire to make the work as full, truthful, and creditable as the degree of patient labor, artistic skill, and literary tact, which I possess, will permit.

Hence letters are at Poughkeepsie, Dutchess county, New York, or through the Publishers, Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, New York City.

Very respectfully yours, etc.,

BENSON J. LOSSING.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, February 6, in the Senate, bills were introduced to extend the pay of Marines to the Navy; to extend the pre-emption privileges to California; to establish a Mint and Assay Office in the Pacific. Resolutions were adopted to inquire into the expediency of establishing a mint-cently mint between Saint Joseph, Missouri, and Placerville, California; and between Saint Louis and El Paso, Texas; and to inquire into the expediency of amending the law relating to protection against pirates. The President was requested to communicate the instructions and documents sent to and received from the Minister to China on the subject of the Chinese war. The Bill to increase and regulate the pay of the Navy was made the special order for Monday. Senator Chandler (Mich.) moved to reconsider the vote ordering printed the Pre-Emption Bill, which was lost. The Senate adjourned to-day without the motion, and gave notice that it would take up the Pre-Emption Bill. Senator Davis (Miss.) called. After some debate the motion was carried, 29 to 17. Senator Davis (Miss.) then introduced a resolution to the effect that the House of Representatives be requested to inform the President and Heads of Departments accepting remarks from and appeals is used to influence the legislation of Congress, and requesting the President to inform the House of the extent of the influence exerted with amendments, was taken up. After some debate the resolution was adopted, 25 to 18. The Senate adjourned, when the Senate went into executive session, and when it resumed legislative business was not in session.

On Wednesday, February 8, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to cause to be printed for the deduction of the statue of Washington on the Capitol, and the corresponding Bill for the Senate Bill (Miss.) reported in favor of printing 50,000 copies of the report of Mr. Clemens, and 10,000 copies of Senator Davis's speech, at an expense of $50 $94. The report of Mr. Clemens, a resolution was offered to be laid on the table, and the Senate adjourned. In the House, the Minister refused to accept a call for the previous question. On motion of Mr. Sherman, the election of Mr. Clerk was made by Mr. Clemens, of the Senate. Mr. Clemens, of Mr. Clerk, it was resolved to inquire into the printing expenditures, provided in accordance of the rules paid, with a view to greater economy. The Standing Committee on Printing, consisted of Messrs. Clemens, Sherman, and Mr. Clemens, and it was referred to the Committee of the House on the Public Printing. Several Democratic members, disliking the portions so proposed, from the Committee, which was thus already fixed, arising. Notice was given of intention to introduce a resolution to the effect that Messrs. Clemens and Mr. Clemens adjourned.

On Friday, February 10, in the House, the Senate not in session. Mr. Clemens (Mo.) introduced a resolution calling for copies of communications received from the Minister of Commerce in relation to the Chinese trade. Laid over. Mr. Morse also moved an inquiry into the expediency of prohibiting a certain class from engaging in the Coolie trade or in transporting aggregates to the Pacific Coast. Laid over. Mr. Clemens. The Speaker laid before the House a copy of the Wyandotte Constitution for adoption. Some time was spent in discussing a motion to appoint clerks to Committees, when the House went into Committee of the Whole on Ways and Means. The various subjects were appropriately referred. The Pacific Railroad question being next in order Committee of Elections. Mr. Perry (Conn.) took the floor to report a minority report of the Committee of Ways and Means (Texas) accepted; when the Committee rose. A minority report was offered from Mr. Adams, of Kentucky, and referred. Adjourned.

THE STANDING COMMITTEES.

The following are the new Standing Committees appointed on Thursday:

Ways and Means—Messrs. Sherman, Davis of Maryland, Phelps, Stevens, Whitehouse of Maine, Milson, Morrill, Goodwin, Stanton, Hickman, Bingham.

Commerce—Messrs. Washburne of Illinois, Grinnell, Tappan, Kellogg of Illinois, Kellogg, Reynolds, Robinson of Illinois, Wood, Pickett.

On Elections.—Messrs. Gilmore, Davis, Campbell, Boyce, Harrison, Stevenson, Gurbett, Stanton, and McKnight.

Claims.—Messrs. Tappan, Hoard, McClernand, Ely, Moore of Alabama, Wallace, Maynard, Hale, and Hutchins.

Public Lands.—Messrs. Thayer, Lovejoy, Cobb, Crosby, Davis of Indiana, Trimble, Vandever, Winslow, and Burnett.

Post-offices and Post-roads.—Messrs. Colfax, Woodruff, English, Adams of Kentucky, Alley, Davis of Mississippi, Craig of Missouri, Holwick, and Lee.

Dieteal of Columbia.—Messrs. Carter, Bilyeu, Burnett, Rice, Sandidge, Tayloe, Edgerton, and Anderson of Kentucky.

Revolutionary Claims.—Messrs. Briggs, Ferry, Cox, Vance, Jackson, Duell, Dejernette, Holmes, and Fenton.

Public Expenditures.—Messrs. Hickie, Pallard, Edmonson, Killinger, Sneed, Hindman, Wood, Clapton, and Fenton.

Private Land Claims.—Messrs. Washburn of Wisconsin, Clark B. Cochrane, Avery, Kenyon, Dawkins, Hamilton, Anderson of Missouri, Bonham, and Blair.

Manufactures.—Messrs. Adams of Massachusetts, Scranton, McQueen, Leake, Moore of Kentucky, French, Dunn, Bingham, and Grow.

Agriculture.—Messrs. Butterfield, Carey, Wakeley, Stewart of Pennsylvania, Wright, Jenkins, Ritchie, Davis, and Grow.

Indian Affairs.—Messrs. Etheridge, Barrington, Woodruff, Farnsworth, Clark of New York, Scott, Leach of Michigan, Wheeler, and Aldrich.

Militia.—Messrs. Tompkins, Irvine, Jenkins, Webster, Quarles, Smith, Davis, Ward, Grow, and Simons.

Foreign Affairs.—Messrs. Giddings, Bardwell, Danielson, Dawes, Stanton of Ohio, Stanton of Tennessee, Davis, and Humphrey.

Roads and Canals.—Messrs. Pepper, Vance, College of North Carolina, Allison, Jenkins, Reagan, Hamlin, Dunn, and Leake of North Carolina.

Invalid Pensions.—Messrs. Peyton, Foster, Sickles, Horrees, Adams, Aldridge of Michigan, Hall, Robinson, and Martin of Ohio.

Judiciary.—Messrs. Maloney, Morris of Illinois, Dunn, Singleton, Burroughs, Gurley, Montgomery, Rust, and Ferry.

Public.—Messrs. Millward, Stewart of Maryland, Burton, Sickles, and Frank.

Public Buildings and Grounds.—Messrs. Train, Beale, Kelsi, M'Dowell, and Ward.

Revised and Unpublished Business.—Messrs. Logan, Jones, Kellogg, Hatton, and Porter.

Accounts.—Messrs. Spinner, Kunkel, Blake, Graham, and Allen.

Mileage.—Messrs. Ashmun, Van Wyck, Locomb, Hardenbergh, and Stewart of Illinois.

Engraving.—Messrs. Adams, Cowden, and Mazlay.

Expenditures on the State Department.—Messrs. Wickes, Stout, Dyer, Love, and Dawes.

Expenditures in the Treasury Department.—Messrs. Lovejoy, Quarles, Wells, Thomas, and Trafton.

Expenditures in the War Department.—Messrs. Stewart of Pennsylvania, Larrabee, Tompkins, Cooper, and Hughes.

Expenditures in the Navy Department.—Messrs. Hamilton, Sherman, Davis, Hopkins, and Sherman.

Expenditures in the Post-office Department.—Messrs. Palmer, Martin of Virginia, Jones of Kentucky, Vaughn, Evans, and Sunion.

Expenditures on the Public Buildings.—Messrs. Brayton, Scott, Walton, Horse of Virginia, and Nelson.

Joint Committee on the Library.—Messrs. Wilson of Massachusetts, and Pugh.

Joint Committee on Printing.—Messrs. Gurley, Haskin, and Dimmick.

Joint Committee on Enrolled Bills.—Messrs. Davidson and Thacker.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA.

Hon. Milton S. Latham was unanimously elected Senator of California on the 9th, nominated by the Democratic Legislative Caucus on the 20th of last United States Senate, and elected to that office on the next day. The vote stood—Latham, 61; Gwin, 27; Edward Gilbert (Anti-Lecompton Dem.), 10; C. S. Shuh (Rep.), 2. Mr. Latham was in Congress from December to the 4th inst. Washington. He is elected to fill the term of the late Senator Broderick, which expires in 1863, and will supersede Mr. Hamm, who was appointed by the Governor to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Broderick. Latham was a member of the House of Representatives in 1853-4, and represented Marshall county, Ala., in the notice of Gwin, but emigrated to Alabama in 1854, and represented Dallas county in the Legislature of the Sister States was a surprise, not only to his competitors, but to the public.

LOSS OF THE "NORTHERNER."

The overland mail brings intelligence of the total loss of the steamship *Northerner*. Captain Dall, of the ship, off Cape Mendocino, while on the passage from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon. Captain Dall was saved, and the first and third officers, second engineer, pilot, fireman of the crew, and eighteen passengers were lost. The mails were saved.

RIOT AMONG THE MARYLAND LEGISLATORS.

On February 9, in the Maryland House of Delegates, resolutions were adopted condemning the course of Hon. Reverdy Johnson in voting for Mr. Pennington for Speaker of the House of Representatives as an act derogatory of a citizen of Maryland, and in keeping with the sentiments of the people of the entire State. The resolutions were adopted by a vote of 44 to 24, the 24 being the American delegates voted for the contest.

A resolution was also adopted for appointing a committee to wait on Governor Hicks, to inquire whether the newspaper statement that he had sent his Secretary of State to Washington to congratulate Mr. Pennington on his election was correct. Several members declared that they were authorized to say that the statement was unfounded, but the resolution, notwithstanding, was opposed.

CONVICTION OF STEVENS.

The trial of Stevens, at Charlestown, was concluded on Saturday, and the evidence was adduced, the speeches of counsel were mostly of political character, Mr. Sennett counsel for the prisoner, going into a history of the rise and progress of the Republican party. The jury was out three minutes, and returned with a verdict of guilty, in all the counts. The prisoner was unshaken by the announcement.

THE NEW LEGISLATURE.

The Kansas Legislature is burdened with business, which either must be disposed of, or remain, for the present, inoperative in legislation. After much deportation, the Governor's Inaugural Message in the Senate passed by a vote of 23 to 6. The Territorial Census, just published, shows a complete, where the population is 107,000 to 70,000. A Personal Liberty bill is now before the House, and its passage is considered doubtful.

PROPOSED MEDIATION BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA.

The Chamber of Commerce, at a special meeting held on Thursday, adopted a memorial to the President of the United States, praying for the mediation of our Government with that of Great Britain for the restoration of peace with China. A report was presented against the prosecuting, and proposing to abolish the practice in conflicting land claims, and vessels of other nations, and report private property in time of war.

SHOCKING DEATH OF HYDROPHOBIA.

About the beginning of November last Mathew Cathcart, of Hickory Grove township, Iowa, was bitten on the arm by a dog. The *Davenport (Iowa) Gazette* thus describes the result: "Last week she complained of a pain in her back and general indisposition. Shooing her dog wound to one of her school companions last week, she said it was still painful, and her water looked inflamed. Saturday afternoon she lay in bed. Sunday morning her sister saw her convulsions on the right of her. Her convulsions alternated were for a few minutes to over an hour in duration, and she was sensible between them. During these spasms she stretched at every thing violently, chewed a napkin, and appeared to be made more furious by the approaches of water, even by the lips. At dusk she shrieked fearfully, yet did not appear sensible. It was a horrid spectacle. Monday morning, during her rational moments, she called the family around her, and bade them an affectionate farewell, being fully sensible of her hopeless condition. Her convulsions gradually became weaker, and she died quietly at half past five o'clock she quickly died. We learn these particulars from Squire Crosser and Mr. John Cornelius, the latter of whom was with her almost constant. Dr. Hughes, the family physician, was with her. Her death occurred about nine weeks after the date of the bite. Her sister was convulsed at the sight, and some were bitten by this dog, nor any cattle, etc. The dog, a very large one, appeared perfectly healthy, yesterday, and was utterly unknown in the neighborhood."

CONVICTION OF MRS. BECHER.

About half past five o'clock on Saturday morning, and a sufficient number of Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, according to the serious injury of this estimable lady. The facts are as follows: Mrs. Beecher left home yesterday morning for Long Island, accompanied by a second child, taking two of her children with her to the wagon, and went on with some friends to Fulton ferry, and Brooklyn, when the horse took fright and galloped wildly down Hicks street, and down Pierrepont. Mrs. Beecher, to have prevented her presence of mind, for on arriving at Pierrepont street, she jumped from the carriage, and it would be to attempt to turn the horse either up or down the street, and, therefore, she left the carriage, or rather, it took him straight ahead. The result shows that this manner was equally if not more hazardous than to have turned and trusted to the chance of the horse being stopped by Fulton Street. Some have blamed the force against the Long Island Bank building, the consequence being not the worst of the accident. Mrs. Beecher and one of the children quite seriously, and the other child slightly. The child was thrown from the carriage and conveyed to a drug store in the neighborhood, where an examination showed that the injuries of the parties are of a very serious nature. It is said by those who have seen the wounded lady, that the fracture of the skull, and the bone of the leg, and the bone of the arm, is a sharp angle.

ELOPEMENT AND REMORSE.

We read in the Chicago *Herald*: "A few days ago, one of our city officers, a married man, was persuaded to run away with an unhappy wife, resolved upon stealing a young girl from Sunday School, and have for a very long time desperately settled. He secretly packed his trunks, and conveyed them to the depot, and Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad, and the young lady promised performance of the contract, and they had great on the steps of her school St. Louis. By-and-by, remaining, the young man which gave the signal to the guilt, seized upon him and remorse followed. He wished to repent back, but the conductor would not stop, and by the time he had resisted ——, a little station, a few miles off, the young lady was left behind, and he had not more moral courage to recent his feeling to the guilty partner of his guilt. Arrived at the place of destination of this county, he begged him to extricate him from his embarrassment. His friend, the officer, was in a very reasonable demand, and when the unconscious husband of the unhappy wife, the young lady, was left in the reading a bogus warrant, arrested him and took him out of the city jail, and he was released, being the charged to pursue her journey alone."

THE TERRIBLE FATE OF A POOR DANCER.

On Saturday night, about 11 o'clock, a sad accident occurred at the Valley Garden, No. 45 Bowery. Mrs. Josephine Blessing, a young lady, known by professional denomination was Mademoiselle Josephine Lonzette, was announced to terminate the dance by performing a rope ascension from the stage to the gallery. She was dressed in the ordinary dancing costume, with the exception of a short skirt, which, when she reached the stage, when the rope there which she was to ascend, was seized by the foot-lights, and was immediately in a blaze. The unfortunate lady was in a terrible distress. The band of the unfortunate woman, who was a musician in the orchestra, ran to the rescue, followed by other musicians, and, aided by employes of the theatre, she was carried from the stage, and extinguished by rolling in the flames. In her flight she suffered rather severely, a burn, besides the injuries received by the burning, and in this way every vestige of clothing was destroyed. She was generally known in the theatrical world. No. 85 Grand Street, and attended by doctors; but her injuries were of such a nature that she died at half past 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, when she died. The unfortunate woman was a native of Germany, but born in Livingston County, New York, in 1837, and took to the stage, as a professional dancer, at an early age, that she might not only support herself, but furnish assistance to her aged parents, who were left under her care. She has had engagements as a ballet dancer at Niblo's Garden and Wallack's Theatre, and was always objected to her performing on the rope, fearing that some accident would happen. The accident, which had often been expressed, was reached to the mind of the officer in charge of the rope, and she was fatally for almost the last words she uttered were, "Mother, I would not have you know how sad I wanted to make money for you and the children."

PERSONAL.

Señor De Oviedo and his American bride left the St. Nicholas Hotel on Saturday, at one o'clock, and crossed on board the steamer Cuba, for Havana, and a visit to his estate on the "river fairfield island of Cuba." The gentlemen who accompanied took leave of them on board the steamer, wishing them a very happy voyage and return. The worthy Consul is half that Señor De Oviedo has passed in the city and vicinity he has made many friends, who join in good orders for the continuing of these and other machinery for the improvement of his estate, and the "Cuba" of his expectations for articles of taste and luxury—has every sympathy and good wishes for the happiness, prosperity, and business profits for those who have had his acquaintance.

Cardinal Antonelli passed the evening of December 31 at the palace of the Prince Torlonia, accompanied by Rome, to see the old year out and the new year in. The cardinal conversed with the prince, who worthy Consul for his distinguished guests, engaging several members of the Sacred College and the French and American embassadors, was the performance of a celebrated singer, who is now giving her concerts at the Teatro Apollo, Palma in Rome. The Cardinal Secretary of State occupied the place of honor, and sat in the row of seats, exactly opposite the Professor of Magic, and endeavoring to be a fellow-sufferer, and sympathizer, with the various tricks.

The *Chicago (Indiana) Herald* says that a school teacher in Union County was deceived by his scholars on the 3d of last December, and he did not treat during the holidays. They insisted that he should treat or take a dacking. He resisted, and they took him to a strange new girl, a hole in the ice, and put him in and pulled him out about ten times, and he treated. The treat cost him, and it cost each one of the young gentlemen $5. The teacher's cause is Gold.

Nicholas Longworth has now in his cellar four hundred and twenty thousand dollars' worth of wine. It is believed that there are two or three other large manufacturers in Cincinnati, and that the total of the extent to which our grape is cultivated in that vicinity.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The opening of the English Parliament session of 1860 took place on the afternoon of January 24, the royal speech being read by the Lord Chancellor.

The lessons of the day induced the assumption of a large concourse of spectators to witness the royal procession from Buckingham Palace to the Houses of Parliament.

The Queen left the palace about half past one o'clock, and arrived at the entrance to the House of Lords shortly before two.

On alighting, her Majesty proceeded to the robing-room, and in a very few minutes entered the House, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Prince Consort and the great officers of State.

The Queen having taken her seat on the throne, a message was immediately dispatched to her by the Lord Chancellor, and which her Majesty read.

AFFAIRS OF EUROPE.

"My relations with foreign Powers continue to be on a friendly and satisfactory footing.

"At the close of the last session I informed you that overtures had been made to me to exercise whether I in a conference with the Emperor of the French and Europe for the purpose of settling arrangements connected with the Treaties of 1815 and 1856 relative to Italy, a plenipotentiary would be sent my to be assist at such a conference. I have received a formal invitation from the Emperor of Austria and from the Emperor of the French to send a plenipotentiary to Europe to consist of the representatives of the eight Powers who were parties to the Treaties of Vienna of 1815, the objects of such Congress being stated to be to receive consent one of the treaties concerned, and to deliberate—and solving with the above-mentioned Powers—the Duchies of Parmas, of Sardinia, and of the Two Sicilies—on the means best adapted for the pacification of Italy, and the consolidation of the peace of Europe on the basis.

Desirous at all times to concur in proceedings having for their object the maintenance of peace, I accepted the invitation, and I have since learned that I made known that in such a Congress I should standfirmly maintain the principle that no Sovereign Power should be empowered to impose upon the people of Italy any particular government against their wishes.

"Circumstances have arisen which have led to a postponement of the Congress, which must stay for the time fixed for its meeting; but whether in Congress or in separate negotiations, I shall continue to uphold the principle of Italy freedom from foreign interference by force of arms in the Duchies and I trust that the wishes of the fates of the Italian peninsula may be peacefully and satisfactorily settled.

"Papers on this subject will soon be laid before you.

"I am in communication with the Emperor of the French with a view to extend the commercial intercourse between the two countries, and I have also still closer the bonds of friendly alliance between them.

"A disposition to cultivate peace has been shown, I endeavored by friendly means to prevent a capture, and, I regret to the Emperor of Russia.

"I will direct papers on this subject to be laid before you.

THE NEW WAR WITH CHINA.

"My Plenipotentiary and the Plenipotentiary of the Emperor of China, in pursuance of the instructions, proceeded to the mouth of the Pe-ho river, in order to exchange the ratifications of the treaty of the conclusions of the Treaty of Tien-tsin, in pursuance of the China attempt to open a fire for further progress was opposed by force, and a conflict took place between the Chinese forces and the British and French, in which the naval forces by which the Plenipotentiaries were escorted.

"I have, therefore, ordered my Plenipotentiary, their usual bravery, but, after sustaining a severe loss, were compelled to retire.

"I am preparing, in concert and co-operation with the French Government, to resume hostilities, and to enforce redress and fulfillment of the stipulations of the Treaty of Tien-tsin.

"It will be gratifying to me if the prompt acceptance of the ultimatum of the Chinese Government which I shall be made by the Plenipotentiaries shall obviate the necessity of further hostilities.

"I will have directed that papers on this subject shall be laid before you.

THE SAN JUAN AFFAIR.

"An unauthorized act of an officer of the United States is regard to the Island of San Juan, between Vancouver's Island and the main land, slightly led to a serious collision between my forces and those of the United States. I have, however, to regret that I was prevented by the judicious forbearance of my naval and military officers on the spot, and by the prudence and military provisional arrangement proposed on this subject by the great Republic of the United States.

"I trust that the question of boundary, out of which the incident arose, will be amicably settled in a manner conformable with the just rights of the two countries, as defined by the Treaty of Washington of 1846.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

"The last embers of disturbance in my East Indian Dominions have been extinguished. Much progress has made a peaceful progress through the districts which had been in a state of open rebellion. Much, yet, is the obvious combination of firmness and generosity, my sympathy has been manifested, and, I hope, will be unanimously established. I have received from my Viceroy the assurance of the loyalty of the people of the Indian subjects, and of the good feeling evinced by the native chiefs and the European inhabitants of India. The attention of the Government in India has been directed to the subject of the internal resources of the country; and I am glad to inform you that an improvement has taken place in the revenue prospects.

HOME AFFAIRS.

"My LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—I have accepted with satisfaction and pleasure the commission of voluntary service which I have received from my subjects. This manifestation of their loyalty has been added an important element to our system of national defense.

"Measures will be laid before you for amending the laws which regulate the representation of the people in Parliament, and for the purpose of extending the franchise under fewer limits.

"I earnestly recommend you to resume your labors for the improvement of our jurisprudence, and particularly in regard to the administration of the law, the constitution of the statutes, and such a further fusion of the law and equity courts as may be practicable. I entreat, the rights of the parties may be satisfactorily determined by the tribunal which the suit is commenced.

"I am deeply gratified to observe that the great interest of the country, and the prosperity of the industrial conditions; that pauperism and crime have diminished; and that the revenue of the year has exceeded the estimate.

"With respect to the subject of the Anglicy Rulor of nations for these inestimable blessings, I fervently pray that he should continue to shower our abundant blessings for the advancement and consolidation of the welfare and happiness of my people.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN HARRISON.

Captain Harrison, the well-known commander of the *Great Eastern*, died on the 2d inst. at Southampton. He was conveying the 8-inch from the residence of Mr. Brunel, the engineer of the Great Eastern, in the Sist ultimo, in his one gig, in company with Dr. Fletcher, the surgeon of the *Great Eastern*, Captain Ogilvie, the chief officer, and a son of the latter. The boat was manned by six pilots, who were including the coxswain of the *Great Eastern*. The weather was very squally, and as the boat neared the Southampton docks Captain Harrison ordered the oil to be lowered, but it stuck fast, and a heavy gust of wind caused the boat to capsize. Captain Harrison clung to the boat for a few minutes, making desperate attempts to right it, but he became exhausted and left hold into the waves. He was picked up almost twelve minutes afterward floating a foot below the surface of the water, with his arms cut through one of the boat's thwarts, and his head was made by no less than ten medical men to return animation, but all in vain. The boat was recovered, but capsized without any chief structure. Captain, the coxswain, and Captain Joy's son also fell victims to the disaster, although the latter was found to be alive on recovering consciousness. The event created a painful sensation throughout England, owing to the high esteem in which Captain Harrison was held. Warm eulogies were being passed upon him, and his death was generally regarded as a very serious blow for the *Great Eastern* enterprise.

A NEW SUBSCRIPTION FOR CORDIER.

The Chamber of Commerce objects to the report that the Right Hon. Richard Cobden has lost nearly all his private fortune by investments in American railroad securities, and says that the sum of £40,000 in sums from £50 to £500 have been subscribed to repair his loss.

FRANCE

THE COMMERCIAL TREATY WITH ENGLAND.

A commercial treaty between France and England was signed at Paris on the 23d. The terms were not authoritatively known, but the following report, said to be published with the English Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 23d, is said to be correct: "The treaty would be to instantaneously promulgated in the Paris *Moniteur*.

Various minutes were afixed as to the provisions of the treaty.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times learns that the Commercial Treaty between France and England has finally carried out its principle of free trade. He also states that Duties based will not be reduced of all duties, but only of the differential duty.

The Paris correspondent of the *Spectator* says that the treaty embraces the following objects: A complete and reciprocal abolition of the French and English bans on affiliation, interest, direct and indirect, between both countries, and their respective colonies, and guarantees both English and French ships from all tonnage dues in the ports of the respective countries.

Alcohol, "with letter-valve mahlinne that the duty on French wines, which is now 4 per cent, will be reduced to either 2 fr. or 21 fr. 60.

The Paris Bourse, on the conclusion of the treaty of Commerce between France and England, negotiations with the Government, the consolidated rose and trades would be commenced.

MORE CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE POPE.

The Liverpool *Post* contains the following:

"There is a condition to affirm that the following statement is true:

"The Emperor of the French has written a second letter to the Pope, in which he has informed the Holy Father of his willing and anxious to remain in alliance the obstacles of Italy Father in all things spiritual; but it his Holiness will not, the Emperor, in his conscience, *Dernier Empire Ajoute*.

The Pope having called for the withdrawal of the French troops, the Emperor, in the same letter, says that they shall be withdrawn, but in the interest, but that he (the Emperor) will cease a month's notice, to be given to the Sardinian troops in the Romagna.

THE TRADE OF FRANCE.

The Paris *Moniteur* of the 16th ultimo publishes the following report of the trade of France for 1859, which amounted to 1,904,614,000 francs, being an increase of 2,276,000 francs in 1858. The principal items are: Imports—Import duty on foreign sugar, 12,659,000 francs; raw cotton, 12,000,000 francs; cotton yarn, 2,400,000 francs; sundry dates and receipts, 2,564,000 francs; sundry other receipts, 1,000,000 francs; salt duties, 1,496,000 francs; silk of cocoons, 1,471,000 francs; sundry other duties, 1,000,000 francs; navigation dues, 2,77,000 francs; stamp duties, 21,000 francs; sundry other duties, 1,000,000 francs; minor receipts, 185,000 francs; transit charge on foreign letter 35,000 francs. Total, 1,000,000 francs. Total of the duties, 15,000,000 francs; duty on bullion 2,000,000 francs; duty on sugar, 1,000,000 francs; duty on tobacco, 4,000,000 francs; sugar of gunpowder, 597,000 francs. The increase of the revenue of 1859, as compared with 1857, was 41,564,000 francs.

AMERICAN BELLES IN PARIS.

Of a late letter from Paris, we extract the following interesting paragraph:

"Among the distinguished ladies present, and who attracted considerable attention through the entire evening, were Mrs. Ward, of Philadelphia, who wore diamond tiara of stock, leaning upon the arm of Beverly Tucker, Esq. Mrs. Ward is a very fine specimen of the Belle.

"American titled nobility was represented by the Countess Pierre de Lagrange, daughter of Judge of our army, who was married in Paris about five years since, and who, with her husband, has been conspicuous for the freshness and interest of the reception.

"Among the ladies of the court and grace and variety and fine dresses, it may appear invidious to select any ladies for special mention, but the Belles of Boston who, as there always are on such occasions, attracted much attention, were Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Thomas, Miss Proctor, of Boston, dressed in a robe of simple white, with a wreath of the bright blue forget-me-not, and by other to set of her beauty.

"Miss Lord, of New York, dressed in white, with clusters of the blue, was thought to be the best dressed and most of the lady-like of the Belles of Boston.

"Miss Thorne, of Louisiana, dressed in pink, was very graceful and pretty.

"The Misses Hutchinson, of New Jersey, sisters.

"Miss M. Hall, of Washington, was very graceful and highly intelligent lady, drew around her a crowd of admirers.

"Miss Allen, of Philadelphia, Miss Wolf, Mrs. Dongan, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Ashmun, Mrs. Ward, of Boston, all considerable reputation. Madamoiselle Pernod, Lerient, and Mores' Lucia, Madamoiselle Lucia, Mrs. Ward, very much admired.

"The diplomatic corps was represented by Mr. Calhoun, *Charge d'Affaires*, and the elegant and amiable Mr. Wilson, Secretary of the Legation.

"The army by Major Crittenden, Captain J. W. Todd, and Lieutenant Ward, Fire and Engineers, all appeared in uniform, the blue coats and brass buttons proving an agreeable contrast to the dress coats.

"Then the dentistical profession—quite an important one in Paris—was represented by Messrs. Thomas, Thorne and Thomas W. Evans, dentists to the Emperor, who have made immense fortunes in Paris, and have, in the last year, sold the wife more Imperial decorations: and by Messrs. Fowler, Gage, and Lamb.

ITALY

A LETTER FROM GARIBALDI.

The following letter was addressed by General Garibaldi to Colonel Bassini: "Milan, 1st Jan. Milan has an offer of a brainstorm idea:

"Sardinia Cavour—An adoptive citizen of the great Republic, proud of belonging to the universal concert of the peoples, I reply with gratitude, in the name of my country, your benevolent and generous offer.

"The arrival of the Piedmontese will come or not only as the material support sent by a brave man to a people in need. I, in the name of Italy, thank the generosity moral aid of the great American nation.

"Your, affectionate friend,

"FROM, JANUARY 15, 1860." G. GARIBALDI.

CHINA.

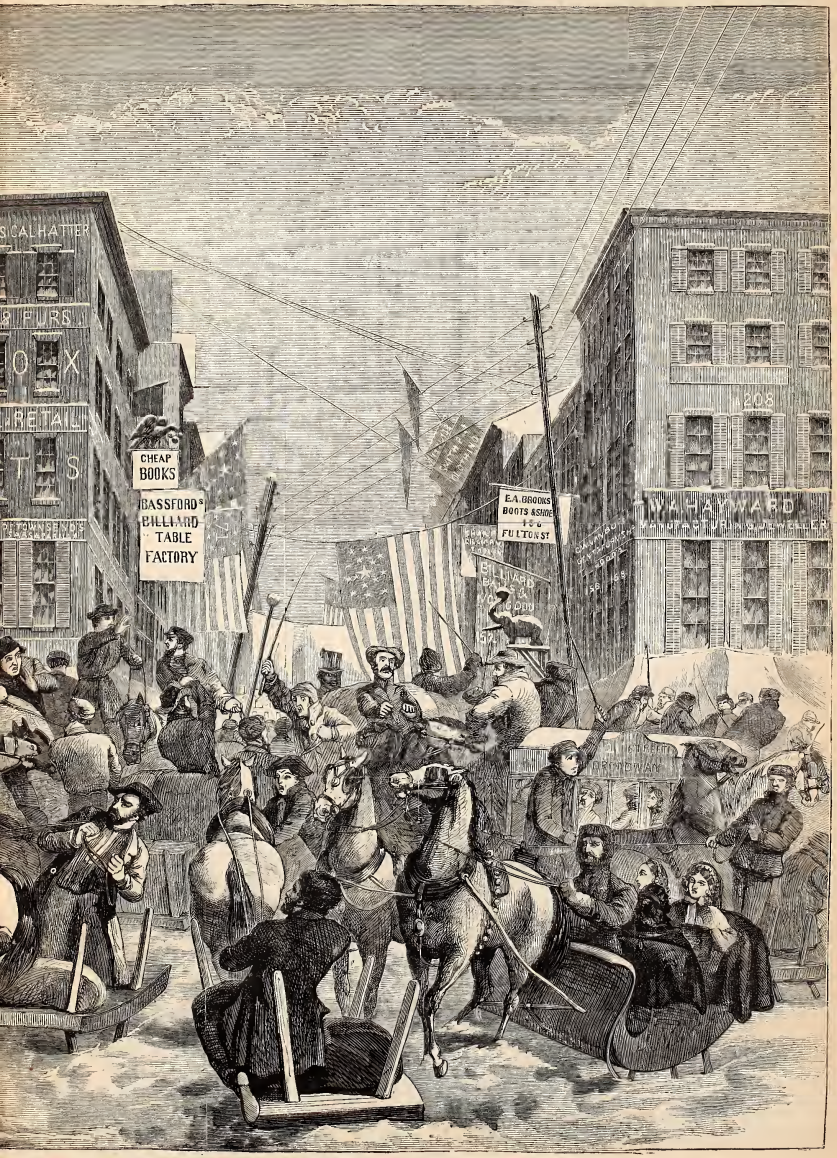
PROGRESS OF OUR SQUADRON.

A naval letter from China, dated at Hong Kong on the 8th of November, published in the London Times, says:

"The American Bay-officer Tomsin, in the United States *steamer Pawhatan*, has been succeeded by Bay-officer Stribling, in the United States steamer *Hartford*.

"Mr. Ward has arrived here from Shanghai. The treaty with the United States has been ratified. Hobart Pasha has left for the Yang-tse-kiang, leave out the usual articles exemption 8. The only commercial exchange is the Yang-tse-kiang, Shanghai and Tientsin, in Formosa.

VIEW OF BROADWAY, OPPOSITE



FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

BROADWAY, OPPOSITE FULTON STREET.

THE scene represented in the large picture on the prevailing pages will at once be recognized by every one who has visited New York. Broadway, opposite Fulton Street, is, in its way, the most striking place in the United States. No other spot conveys so good an idea of the bustle and the city of the great commercial city of America. Even in pleasant weather, when the streets are dry, and there is no temptation to encumber them with unusual vehicles, there is always a monstrous crush, and throng, and hurry, and noise, and confusion. But when snow has fallen, and has begun to melt; when, in addition to the omnibuses, the hackney coaches, the drays, and the sleighing is so bad that many of these look as though they could not possibly be dragged through the mud; when the Broadway omnibus render walking a trial to booted men, and a cruel punishment to ladies; when, between the fear of being run over and the dread of soiling white underskirts, fair pedestrians suffer the agonies of death in endeavoring to cross Broadway at this central point; when the drivers of sleighs mingle with the rear of omnibus-drivers, the shrieks of girls, the drill-cries of mischievous boys, the brass horns on the Museum balcony, and perhaps the hoarse mutter of a fire company in the distance, the scene becomes one of terror to be never forgotten. As such we hand it down to posterity.

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

ALLOW me to introduce myself—first, negatively.

No landlord in my friend and brother, no chamberemaid lover me, no waiter sparkle to me as his adorer and envies me. No round of beef or tongue or ham is expressly cooked for me, no pipe-mixture is compounded for me, no bed-room tissement is personally addressed to me, no hotel-room tapestried with great-coats and railway-carpet is set apart for me, no Christmas-dinner entertainment in the United Kingdom greatly cares for my opinion of its brainly or its dearly. When I go out of my lodgings I am as absolutely rated at a low figure in the bill, when I come home from my journeys, I never get the best chair, etc. I never meet with special prices, and should have no idea, if I were put to it, how to wheedle a train into stopping for me, how to get a fly, or, as a town traveler, I am never to be seen driving a vehicle externally like a young and volatile pian-forte, nor, in the country, do I ever dine in which a number of fat bones are baking in layers. As a country traveler, I am rarely to be found in a hat, and am never to be encountered by a pleasure train, waiting on the platform of a branch station, quite a Druid in the midst of a light Stonehenge of carpets.

And yet—preceding now to introduce myself positively—I am both a town traveler and a country traveler, and am always on the road. Figure, lively speaking, I travel for the great house of Hammi Interest Brothers, and have rather a large connection in the Fancy-goods way. Figure, speaking, I am always wandering here and there from my rooms in Covent Garden, London—now about the city, now about the country, now about the country-house—being many little things, and some great things, but, because they interest me, I think may interest others.

These are my brief credentials as the Uncommercial Traveler. Business is business, and I start.

Never had I seen a year going out, or going in, under quieter circumstances than those three and fifty-nine had but another day to live, and truly its end was Peace on that sea-shore that morning.

So settled and orderly was every thing seaward, in the bright light of the sun and under the transparent shadow of the clouds, that it was hard to imagine the bay otherwise, for years past or to come, than it was that very day. The Tug steamer, lying a little off the shore, the Lighter lying still nearer to the shore, the boat alongside the Lighter, the regular movement of people about the Lighter, the methodical figures at work, all slowly and regularly heaving up and down with the breathing of the sea, was made to seem a part of the nature of the place as the tide itself. The tide was on the flow, and had been for some two hours and a half; there was a distinct perception in the sea within a few yards of my feet: as if the stamp of a tree, with earth enough about it to keep it from falling, had been set in it, and slipped a little from the boat—and as I stood upon the beach and observed it dimpling the light sand before it, I felt that it was not over it.

So entirely, so quiet, so regular—the rising and falling of the Tug steamer, the Lighter, and the boat—the turning of the windlass—the coming in of the tide—so very quiet, so very like a dream, thinking, any thing but new to the spot. Yet, I had never seen it in my life, a minute before, and had travelled a mile and a half miles to get at it. That very morning I had come bowling down, and struggling up, hill-country roads; looking back at snowy summits, rising courteous persons, well to do, driving fat pigs and cattle to market; noting the neat and thrifty dwellings, with their unusual quantity of clean white linen drying on the bushes; having windy weather, suggested by very cotter's little rick, with its thatch structure ridged and extra straw-ridged into overlapping compartments, like the back of a rhinoceros. And I not given a bit of fourteen miles to the Coast-Guardsman (kit and all), who was coming to his spell of duty there, and had we not just now parted company? So it was; but the journey seemed to glide down into the placid sea, with other chafe and trouble, and for the moment nothing was so calmly and monotonously real under the sunlight as the gentle rising and falling of the water with its freight, the regular turning of the windlass aboard the Lighter, and the slight obstruction to every drop of oar.

Oh reader, haply turning this page by the fireside at Home, and hearing the night wind rumble in the chimney, that slight obstruction was the uppermost fragment of the Wreck of the *Royal Charter*, Australian trader and passenger ship, Frame work broken and strewn, by the terrible morning of the twenty-sixth of last October, broke into three parts, went down in Anglesey Menai, at least five hundred human lives, and has never stirred since!

Then which point, or from which, the drown ashore, stern foremost; on which side, or on which, she passed the little island in the bay, for more beneath the sea never broke upon that outside her; these are rendered bootless questions by the darkness of that night and the darkness of death. Here the wreck lay.

Even as I stood on the beach, with the words "Here she went down!" in my ears, a diver in his grotesque dress, dipped heavily over the side of the boat alongside the Lighter, and dropped to the bottom. On the shore by the water's edge was a rough hut, of the remains of wreck, where other divers and workmen sheltered themselves, and where they had kept Christmas-day with rum and roast beef, to the destruction of their frail chimney. Cast up among the stones and boulders of the beach, and spare of the last tide secured, and masses of iron twisted by the fury of the sea into the strangest forms. The timber was already bleached, rusted, and worn, and even these objects did no violence to the prevailing air the whole scene wore, of having been exactly the same for years and years.

Yet only two short months had gone since a man, living on the nearest hill-top overlooking the sea, had seen the Wreck, on a cold dark-break by the wind that had begun to strip his roof off, and getting upon a ladder with his nearest neighbor to examine the spare of the last fire for keeping his house over his head, saw, from the ladder's elevation as he looked down by chance toward the sea, a dark rounded object close in with the land. And he and the other descending to the beach, and finding the object very large, and having a great ship, had clambered up the steep ways like staircases without stairs, on which the wind blew, and which, in wet weather, as fruit hangs on beaches, and had given the alarm. And so, over the hill-slopes, and past the waterfall, and down the hollow glen, the hand drains off into the ocean, the scattered quarrymen and fishermen inhabiting that part of Wales had come running, on the Christmas-day, when the degree of gale in Australia shell have long and long ceased out of the land.

Forty-five shipwrecked men and women lay here at one time, awaiting burial. Here, with weeping and wailing in every room of his house, my employer received, for three hours, sobered surrounded by eyes that could not see him, and by lips that could not speak to him, patiently examining the tattered clothing, cutting off buttons, hair, marks from linen—any thing that might lead to subsequent identification of dead faces, looking for a scar, a bent finger, a crooked leg, comparing letters sent to him with the ruin about him. Oh, reader, that terrible day! Those eyes and a pleasant smile," one sister wrote. Oh, poor sister! well for you to be far from here, and keep that as your last remembrance of him!

The bodies of the clergyman's family, his wife and two sisters-in-law, came in among the bodies first. It grieved the humane man of their lives to do so. Any new arrival of a bereaved woman would stimulate their pity to compare the description brought with them, and the bodies. Sometimes they would go back side to say, "I have found him," or, "I think she lies there." Perhaps the mourners, unable to bear the sight of all that lay in the church, would be led in blindfold. Conducted to the spot, they would contemplate wounds, and encouraged to look, she would say, with a piteous cry, "This is my boy!" and drop insensible on the terrible floor.

He soon observed that in some cases of women the identification of person, though complete, was quite at variance with the marks upon the linen; this led him to notice that even the marks upon the linen were sometimes inconsistent with one another; and he came to understand that they had dressed in great haste and agitation, and that their clothes had become mixed together. The identification was in all cases, however, rendered extremely difficult, in consequence of a large portion of them being dressed alike—in clothes of one fashion, and of the same material, supplied by shippers and outfitters, and not made by single garments, but by hundreds. Many of the men were bringing-over property, and had brought upon them for the price of the birds; others had bills of exchange in their pocket-books. In the pockets of these documents, carefully unwrinkled and dried, were little lues fresh in appearance that day than the present writer's letter. In some instances, in instances, after having been opened three or four times.

In that lonely place it had not been easy to obtain even such common commodities in towns as ordinary disinfectants. Pitch had been burned in the church, in the reading desk, and in the pulpit, and frying-pan in which it had bubbled over a hunder of coals was still there, with its ashes. Hard by the Communion Table were some boots that had been taken off the drowned and preserved—a gold-digger's boot, cut down the leg for its removal—a trouble-down man's ankle-boot, with a buff cloth top—and others—soaked and sandy, weedy and salt.

From the church we passed out into the churchyard. Here there lay, at that time, one hundred and forty-five bodies that had come ashore from the wreck. He had buried them, when not identified, in graves containing four each. He had numbered each body in a register describing it, and had placed a corresponding number on each coffin, and over each grave. Identified bodies he had buried singly, in private graves, in another part of the church-yard. Several bodies had been carried from the graves of four, as relatives had come from a distance and seen his register; and, when recognized, these had been returned in private graves, so that the mourners might erect separate headstones over the remains. In all such cases he had performed the funeral service a second time, and the ladies of his house had attended. There had been one grave in the poor ashes when they were brought again to the light of day; the Resurrection Earth had already shouted it. The drowned were buried in their clothes. To supply the great sudden demand for coffins, he had got all the neighboring people handy at tools to work the livelong day and Sunday likewise. The coffins were ready formed; I had seen two, waiting for occupants, under the lee of the ruined walls of a stone hut on the beach, within sight of the sea where the Christmas Feast was held. Similarly, one of the graves for four was lying open and ready, here in the church-yard. So much and so constantly spoke and ready devoted to the wrecked people that the villagers had begun to express uneasy doubts whether they themselves could in the last sure ground with their forefathers and descendants, by-and-by. The church-yard being but a step from the clergyman's dwelling-house, we crossed to the latter. The white surplice was hanging up near the door, ready to be put on at any time for a funeral service.

The cheerful earnestness of this good Christian minister was a consolatory in the circumstances out of which it shone very sad. I never knew seen any thing more delightfully genuine than the calm cheerfulness of himself and his household all all day had undergone as a simple duty that was quietly done and ended. In speaking of it, they spoke of it with the simplicity of a duty performed, but had no stress upon their own hard share in those weary weeks, except as it had attached many people to them as friends, and elicited many heartfelt expressions of gratitude. This clergyman's brother—himself the clergyman of two adjoining parishes—he, who had lost thirty-four of the bodies in his own church-yard, and who had done to them all that his brother had done as to the larger number—must be considered as included in the family. He was there, with his neatly-arranged papers, and was more accurate of his trouble than any body else did. Down to twelve, last year, onward, my clergyman clerk had written one thousand and twenty letters to the relatives and friends of the lost people. In the absence of all self-assertion, it was only through my now and then delicately asking a question, as the occasion arose, that I became informed of these things. It was only when I had remarked again and again, in the calmness of the awful nature of the scene of death he had been required so closely to familiarize himself with for the soothing of the living, that he had constantly spoken of the great abatement of his cheerfulness, "indeed, it had rendered him unable for a time to eat or drink more than a little at a time, and a glass of wine and water."

In the noble modesty, in this beautiful simplicity, in this serene avoidance of the least attempt to "improve" a situation which might, in a supposed to have sunk of its own weight into my heart, I remember have hastily come, in a few steps, from the church-yard with the green grass, which was the type of Death, to the Christian dwelling-place of the Life with it, which was the type of Resurrection. I never shall think of the former without the latter. The two will always rest side by side in my memory. If I had not, at one time to me in this unfortunate ship—if I made a voyage from Australia to look at the grave in the church-yard, I should go away thinkfully to God that that house was so close to it, and that its shadow by day, and its domestic lights by night, fell upon it, and that the Light that Hunter had so tenderly laid my dear one's head.

The reference that returned, arose out of the conversation, and descriptions and dates of ship-wrecked persons, and to the gratitude of relatives and friends, made me very anxious to see some of those letters. I was presently seated before a ship-wreck of papers, all bordered with black, and from which I read the following few extracts.

A mother writes:—

DEVEREUX SIR,—Among the many who perished on your shore was my beloved son. I was only just recovering from a severe illness, and this fearful affliction has caused a relapse; so that I am unable at present to do justice to the sensations of my heart at your kindness, but "it is well," I feel assured my dear boy is now with the redeemed. Oh, he did not fall in vain, I hope! On the fifteenth of October I received a letter from him from Melbourne, dated August twelfth; he wrote in high spirits, and in conclusion he says: "Pray for a fair breeze, dear mamma, and I'll be home in a fortnight." Oh, God permitting, I hold me you and all my little pets again. Good-by, dear mother—good-by, dearest parents—good-by, my brother." Oh, it was indeed an eternal farewell. I do not apologize for thus writing you, for oh! my heart is very overcast.

A husband writes:

MY DEAR SIRS,—Will you kindly inform me whether there are any other pattens upon the ring and guess you have in possession, found, as the *Standard* says, last Tuesday? Believe me, my dear Sir, when I say that I can not express my deep gratitude in words sufficiently for your kindness to me on that fearful and appalling day. Will you tell me what I can do for you, and will you write me a consoling letter, to prevent my mind from going astray?

A widow writes:

Left in such a state as I am, my friends and I thought it best that my dear husband should be buried where he

lies, and, much as I should have liked to have had it otherwise, I must submit. I feel, from all I have heard of you, that you will one it done decently and in order. Little does it signify to me, when the soul has departed, where this poor body lies; but we who are left behind would do all we can to show how we loved them. This is doubtless what you, but it is God's hand that afflicts us, and I try to submit. Some day I may be able to visit the spot, and see where he lies, and erect a simple stone to his memory. Oh! it is hard to long, long before I forget that dreadful night. It seems such a thing to be thinking, or say shop in Bangor, to which I could send for a small picture of Mentiha or Llandilgo Church, a spot now sacred to me!

Another widow writes:

I have received your letter this morning, and do thank you most kindly for the interest you have taken about my dear husband, as well for the sentiments your consoling, existing in the spirit of a Christian who can pathize for those who, like myself, are broken down with grief.

May God bless and sustain you, and all in connection with you, in this great trial! Time may roll on, and hour all its course, yet your name will be a distinguished person will stand in history; and, as successive years pass, many a widow will think of your noble conduct, and the tears of gratitude flow down many a cheek, the tribute of a thankful heart, when other things are forgotten. Yours truly,

A father writes:

I am at a loss to find words to sufficiently express my gratitude to you for your kindness to my dear boy, and upon the unfortunate occasion of his visit to his dear brother's body, and also for your ready attention in procuring so beautiful a burial service—very very pretty and fortunate sole's mission. God grant that your prayers ever bless my receipt the Holy Ghost, and that his soul may be received (through Christ's intercession) into heaven!

His dear mother begs me to convey to you her heartfelt thanks.

Those who were received at the Supperhead, wrote with their, after leaving it:

DEAR AND NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN FRIENDS.—I arrived here yesterday morning without accident, and am about to proceed on my journey to my relatives.

I can overpowered when I think of you and your hospitable home. No words could express what I feel within my heart. I refrain. God reward you with the same measure you have meted out to me!

I remember you by names, but embrace you all.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS.—This is the first day that I have been able to leave my bedroom since I arrived, which will explain the reason of my not writing sooner.

If I could only have had my last melancholy hope realized in seeing the body of my beloved and demented son, I should have returned home somewhat comforted, and I think I could then have been more composedly resigned.

I fear you have a bad little boy, indeed, and I mean so, one without hope.

The only consolation to my distressed mind is in my having been fortunately allowed by you to leave no matter in your hands, by whom I well know that every thing will be done that can be, according to arrangements made before I left the scene of the awful catastrophe, both as to the identification of my dear son, and also his interment.

I feel most anxious to hear whether any thing fresh has transpired, and if not yet, will you send me an account the many deep obligations I am under to you by writing to me? I should be thankful to the body of my dear and unfortunate son be identified, let me hear from you immediately, and I will return home.

Words can not express the gratitude I feel I owe to you for all your benevolent aid, your kindness, and your sympathy.

MY DEARLY BELOVED FRIENDS.—I arrived in safety at my house yesterday, and a night's rest has restored and tranquillized my mind. I feel again that happiness has was wrecks by which I can express my sense of obligations. You are embodied in my heart of hearts.

I have seen him! and can now realize my misfortune more than I have hitherto been able to do. Oh, the horrors of the cup I drink! But I bow submissive. God must have done right. I do not want to feel less, but to acquiesce more simply.

There were some Jewish passengers on board the *Royal Charter*, and the gratitude of the Jewish people is beautifully expressed in the following letter, bearing date from "the Office of the Chief Rabbi":

REVEREND SIR,—I am not refrain from expressing to you my heartfelt thanks on behalf of those of my flock whose relatives have unfortunately been among those who perished at the late wreck of the *Royal Charter*. You have, Sir, been, like, "work left of my kinsmen" to the living and the dead.

You have not been noted kindly toward the living by receiving them hospitably at your house, and energetically assisting in their mournful duty, but also toward the dead, by exerting yourself to have our co-religionists buried in our ground, and according to our rites. May our heavenly Father reward you for your acts of humanity and true philanthropy!

The "Old Hebrew congregation of Liverpool," thus expressed themselves through their secretary:

REVEREND SIR,—The wardens of this congregation have learned with great pleasure that, in addition to those hallowed sacrifices, at the scene of the late disaster to the *Royal Charter*, which have received universal recognition, you have very benevolently employed your valuable efforts to assist such members of our faith as have sought the bodies of lost friends to give them burial in our consecrated grounds, with the observances and rites prescribed by the ordinances of our religion.

The wardens desire me to take the earliest available opportunity to offer to you, on behalf of our community, the expression of their warm acknowledgements and grateful thanks, and their sincere wishes for your continued welfare and prosperity.

A Jewish gentleman writes:

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I take the opportunity of thanking you right earnestly for the promptness you displayed in answering my note with full participation concerning my much-lamented brother, and I also herein beg to express my sincere regard for the willingness you displayed and for its facility you afforded for getting the remains of my poor brother exhumed. It has been to us a most sorrowful and painful event, but when we meet with such friends as yourself, it is a measure, somehow or other, abates that mental anguish, and makes the suffering to much easier to be borne. Considering the circumstances connected with my poor brother's fate, it does, indeed, appear a hard one. He had been away in all seven years, he returned four years ago to see his family. He was then engaged to a very amiable young lady. He had been very successful abroad, and was proceeding to fulfill his sacred vow; he brought all his property with him in gold unincured. We heard from him when the ship left Melbourne, somewhere, we hear in the highest of hope, and in a few short hours afterwards all was washed away.

Mournful in the deepest degree, but too sacred for quotation here, were the numerous references to those miniatures of women, entwined with the locks of rough men (and found there after death), those locks of hair, those scraps of letters, those many, many slight memorials of hidden tenderness.

One man cast up by the sea bore about him, printed on a perforated lace card, the following singular (and unavailing) charm:

A BLESSING.

May the blessing of God await thee. May the sun of glory shine around thy bed; and may the gates of heaven, by house, and thy house be ever open to thee. May no sorrow distress thy days; may no grief disturb thy night. May angels guard thy peace, kiss thy cheek, and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams; and when thy pilgrimage ends, may thy soul, with the spirit and the curtain of death gently close around thy last sleep of human existence, may the angel of God attend thy bed, and take care of thy expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten on its extinction!

A sailor had these devices on his right arm. "Our Saviour on the Cross, the Virgin Mary and the crucifix and the vesture stained red; on the lower part of the arm, a man and woman; on one side of the figure of crucifixion, a lamb and a lion; on a flower, on the other side, the sun; on the top of the Cross, the letters I. H. S.; on the left arm, a man and woman dancing, with a lion and a lamb; on the female's dress; under which, initials." Another seaman "had, on the lower part of the right arm, his device of a ship under sail, with the vessel bearing the Union Jack with a streamer, the fields of which were red and blue, and the end of it was held in her hand. On the upper part of the arm, a device of Our Lord on the Cross, with stars surrounding the head of the Cross, and a large star on the side in Indian ink. On the left arm, a flag, a true lovers' knot, a face, and initials." This seaman "had on the lower part of the left arm, a device of a mutilated arm, when such surfaces was carefully scraped away with a knife. It is not improbable that the preservation of this marking custom among seaman may be referred back to their desire to be identified, if drowned and drifting ashore.

It was some time before I could sever myself from the many interesting papers on the table, and that I broke away and drank wine with the kind family before I left them. As I had brought the Gospel down, so I took the Pentateuch back, with his leathern wallet, walking-stick, bagle, and terrier dog. Many a heart-broken letter had he brought to the bereaved, and many a sweet smile, many a benignantly painstaking answer had he carried back.

As I rode along I thought of the many people, inhabitants of this mother country, who would make pilgrimages to the little church-yard in the hollows—of the many, of the many people in Australia who would have an interest in such a shipwreck, and would find their way here when they visit the Old Country—of the many writers of all the wreck of letters I had left upon the table; and I resolved to place this little record where it should. Convalescent, Conformists, Nonconformists, Jews, and the like, will do a great deal for Religion, I dare say, and Religion will do much may! I, for I doubt if they will ever do their Master's service half so well, in all the time they last, as the Heaven-sent have seen it in this bleak spot upon the ragged coast of Wales.

Had I lost the friend of my life in the wreck of the *Royal Charter*, I should, I feel assured, the more than friend of my life; had I lost my maiden daughter, had I lost my hopeful boy, had I lost my little child, I should have not hands that worked so busily and gently in the church, and say, "None better could have touched the form though it had lain at home." I should be sure that I could be thankful for it: I could be content to leave the grave near the house the good family pass in and out of every day, undisturbed, in the little churchyard where so many are so strangely brought together.

Without the name of the clergyman to whom—I hope, not without carrying comfort to some heart at some time—I have referred, my reference would be as nothing. He is the Reverend Stephen Rees Hughes, of Llandilgo, near Moelfre, Anglesey. His brother is the Reverend Hugh Robert Hughes, of Penbryn Anglesey.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

Tim little mail was standing
With my where the moonbeams down;
After the strains of music
Came dancing from the town.

Had did the little maiden know
The thought that made me tremble so?

I saw the silken lashes
That hid her tender, tender eyes;
We listened to the music
That floated through the skies.
But did the little maiden know
The reason why I trembled so?

I longed with utter longing
To clasp her dainty, dainty waist;
Could she have read my mine
Such happiness to taste?
And did the little maiden know
The thought that made me tremble so?

That thought of the skies.
But did the little maiden know
The reason why I trembled so?

OLD RESES.

HE was a little man, with high shoulders and long arms, and wore the livery of the department, a long frieze coat, with the badge of the charity on the sleeve. As he walked slowly toward home, with the weight of nearly seventy years on his shoulders, I had time enough to perceive that something ailed him. As he came nearer, I perceived that his cheeks were very pale, his eyes dim, and that his whole bearing betokened sadness. As he passed by the arbor, instead of his usual cheerful "A fine morning, Sir!" he slowly took off his hat, and stumbled against the threshold.

"How goes it, Rees? Is any thing the matter with you, my friend?" I asked.

The old man looked up, astonished at the sound of that word "friend;" perhaps now, in his sixty-ninth year, he heard it applied to himself for the first time. The tears started into his eyes and his thin features; his gray eyes first lighted up, and then grew dim with tears. His whole countenance said: "I will trust you." but his lips uttered only these words: "Hearken, Sir. Do you know little Rotas?"

I answered that I had not that honor.

"Did not Mr. Peter ever show him to you? The whole town knows little Rotas. He collects plenty of cents, I tell you, Sir."

"But what about this man?" I asked.

"He's not a man at all; he's a dwarf, a regular dwarf, Sir; I tell you he's no more than a fair; but he's a wicked little wretch: he lives in the anyhum, but he runs about the streets like a mountain, and makes a great deal of money by his hump. When the children are coming home from school, they scatter little cents, and the children dance for them. He jumps about a stick like a monkey, and makes his hump look enormous. I have no hump, Sir; I'm straight as a dart; I'm perfectly that Rees was less jealous of the hump in itself than of the cents which it brought.

"I wish, Sir," he said, in a melancholy tone, "I wish I had a hump. I should then have nothing to do; I could get plenty of cents by making the people laugh at me. You know, I would not drink," he said, changing his tone, as he took down the coat, and folded it up with much care—"no, I never drink."

"Ah," he continued—"ah, Sir, you do not know it, but it is much more and than angry. Little Rotas has done me a great injury; little Rotas is very spiteful. People," he continued, as he stooped to pick up a pebble, "people think little man, but he is only wicked. You know that in the asylum we are all poor people—as poor as those in the church-yard. We have no money, we have little money, but it does us good; we are obliged to bring it all to the *father*, and every week he gives us a little for tobacco, and a little for ale, and a little right, Sir; for when I shall become old, and no longer able to earn a cent, I shall still get my little allowance—I shall be the contented, drowsy, sitting out a colored pocket-handkerchief, and tapping the cover of his snuff-box; "I bought them with little cents, Sir."

It was touching to hear a man of sixty-nine say, "I bought them with little cents."

"Rotas," he went on, "receives his allowance also. But what does he do for it? Rotas does nothing but run and hide himself in the woods in the street. He pretends to be a half-idiot; and when he gets a few cents from the children for dancing, he goes into the town. But that is his affair," continued Rees, "and why need he have ruined me? You don't know what he did, Sir? I tell you, Sir, he ruined, a great deal of money—I had twelve guilders."

"And how did you get them, Rees?"

"Honest, Sir! I saved them up while I was messenger to an apothecary. Sometimes when I carried a bottle of medicine to some country-house in the neighborhood, I met a lady, the master or the mistress would say: 'Give the poor man a tenpent piece; this is warm weather.' And so by degrees I scraped together twelve guilders. It was against the rules of the house; but I hid them near my heart."

"And wherefore? Had you really need of the money, or was it only for the pleasure of keeping it?"

"Ah, Sir," said the old man, shaking his head, "if I may make bold to say so, rich idiers can't understand it; the matron and the council can't understand it, for they have no care about such things. Living and dying, every thing goes well with them. But little Rotas—he is well-off in the house; the council are kind to us. On festdays we get buttered rolls; and every three weeks an ox is provided for all of some great nobleman who died long ago. We always get the meat chopped up into small pieces; and the managers of the asylum have a party, and cut the meat to tongue. We are very well-off; but a man, Sir, can't help thinking of his death."

"I trust you will be well-off also after your death, Rees," I replied.

"I hope so, Sir; in heaven there is nothing but happiness. But that is not what I meant. I want to have my body provided for—do you perceive?"

"How do you mean, Rees?"

"I'll tell you, Sir. As soon as we are dead they carry us to the church-yard, and bury us in the common ground. That is what I do not like. I want, when I am dead, not to have any charity clothes absent on me."

He paused for a moment, and his eyes filled with tears. "I long," he resumed, "to lie in my own coffin—I can't well explain it—as I say my father lie in his with his own clothes. I have never had a shirt which belonged to me—I would fain have a winding-sheet of my own."

I was greatly moved. Speak not of prejudices!

The rich of this world have them by hundreds. They pass man with other men, every day, every hour—merge food, a hard bed, and, for his age, hard labor. He had no home; he was to have no special chapel; all he desired was the assurance that his last venture should belong to him.

"You see, then, Sir," he continued in a second hoarse voice, "that the twelve guilders were for. It was a large sum; but I wanted something besides—I wished to be interred decently. I don't understand these things, but I calculated four guilders for the linen, two guilders for the man who should bury me, and half a guilder each for the twelve men who should bear me to the grave. Was not that all well arranged? The apothecary's apprentice had written down all the directions for me on a piece of paper. I wrapped the twelve guilders up in it, and sewed the bag into a little kitchen bag, which for the last thirty years I have worn next my heart. And now it is all gone!"

"Did Rotas steal it?" I inquired.

"No," said Rees, rousing himself from the painful reverie in which his own last words had plunged him; "but he discovered I had it. He bed is near mine, and so perhaps he saw it when I was dressing or undressing; or perhaps, during an illness that I had, I may have talked of it in my sleep, for it was always in my thoughts. Last Tuesday, you may remember, Sir, it rained all day, and Rotas did not get a single cent. The weather was so bad that the children could not go in the street to look at him. All his pocket-money was spent; but he had a raging desire to go out. "Rees," said he to me after dinner, "I want six cents." "Rotas," I replied, "I won't lend you a farthing; you are drinking." "Rees," said he, "I must have them." "Not from me," said I. "Rees," said he, "if you don't give me the money, I'll tell the master what you have pawned your clothes." I felt that I grew as pale as a sheet, and I handed him the six cents. But I could not help saying, "Rotas, you are a villain." Whether that vexed him or not, I can't tell; but yesterday he got drunk; and while they were fastening the log to his leg, he muttered like a madman "Rees has money—Rees has money! inside his shirt he hides it." My comrades told me this when I came in. It was evening, and we all undressed in the men's dormitory. Rotas was absent. I was lying down, but I did not sleep; as the others were asleep, I slipped the little bag from off my neck, and was going to hide it in the straw of my bolster, when I thought I had to do so, the door opened, and in came the father, with a lantern in his hand. I fell back on my pillow, with the little bag in my hand, and stared at the light like an idiot. I felt every one of the father's footsteps fall on my heart. "Rees," said he, leading me, "you have my money, and I know you very well it is quite against the rules of the house to keep it concealed." "And he took the little bag out of my hand." "It is only Lazarus—poor" I cried, and I fell on my knees in the bed; but it was no use. "It is the case of it for you," said the father; and he opened the bag, and counted over the money carefully. My own dear burial money! I had not lived long enough to see it for the day, thirty years before, when I sewed it up. "I swear to you," cried I again, "that I will spend it on nothing but my burial." "I know it will take some of that for you," said the father, and went away with the money and the lantern. "Rotas," I called out after him, "I will lend you." I scarcely closed my eyes all night. That's all, Sir, I have to tell.

"Why do you not address a petition to the council?" I asked.

"No, no!" sobbed he, fumbling with his hand inside his vest, as though still searching for his money; "they will never return my guilders."

"Come, Rees," said I, "you must and shall recover your money. I will speak to the gentlemen of the council, and we will see whether the rich can not for once be evaded in favor of an honest, respectable, old man like you. Cheer up, Rees, you shall get your guilders again."

"Shall I?" said the poor man, encouraged by my confident tone—"shall I indeed?"

I promised to do what I could, and made the requisite application. The president sent for the fellow, and dispatched him to carry the message of the council. It was a most formal and solemn affair. First of all, Rees was summoned into the board-room, and then destiny withdrawn; then the father was called in, and in like manner dismissed. Immediately ensued a grave deliberation, which lasted for an hour, and which the result was, that the president referred the decision to the wisdom of the council; and the councilors, not to be outdone in politeness, referred the matter ready to be guided entirely by the opinion of the president.

However, as the matter could not rest there, the president at length delivered the decision in these words:

"That, in one point of view, it is right to restore the sum of money in question to Rees, on account of his exceptional position; and that, in understanding that he will keep this money till his death, as safely as our excellent and unfortunately honorary treasurer, Mr. Peter, has hitherto been bowed—but, on the other hand, it would not be well to encourage Rees in the idea that his money would possibly be safer in his own custody than in that of the before-named excellent treasurer."

Such was the categorical answer of the president. The secretary, with some show of justice, ventured to observe that the decision was hardly sufficiently clear, and demanded that the question "to restore or not to restore," should be put to the vote. Whereupon the treasurer had the magnanimity voluntarily to cede his right to the administration of the sum in question, and it was unanimously resolved that Rees should receive back his twelve guilders, wrapped up, as before, in their little leathern bag.

Two years longer did Rees wore his money next his heart. Last year, I visited the church-yard of D——, and it was sweet to me to know that there, in the common grave, slept a man who,

* An nine-house in Holland, for the reception of old men or women.

through my means had been decently borne to his last home by twelve comrades of his choice, and who had breathed his last in the cherished certainty of wearing his "own shroud."

Perhaps Old Rees, in his dying hour, had a kindly thought of me.

POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

THE critical condition of affairs in Italy has again brought the Pope to the surface, and we accordingly publish his portrait from a late photograph. It is of historic character at the present time.

Pope Pius the Ninth was born at Senegalia in 1792, and is consequently at the present time about 68 years old. His family was ancient and wealthy; his name is Mastai Furetti. In early youth he was intended for the army, and it is said—though this has been denied—that he served some time in a regiment of dragoons. However this be, he fell in love, when a very young man, with a beautiful English girl, who refused to marry him unless he would become a Protestant. Declining to pay this price for a wife, and unable to bear the mortification of losing her he loved, Mastai resigned his commission, entered the Church, and won golden opinions by his fervor, zeal, and intelligence. At the age of thirty he was dispatched to Chili to reorganize the Church there, which had been thrown into disorder by the revolution. This mission he fulfilled with such success that, on his return, he was intrusted with an important post in the Government at Rome. He shortly afterward became Papal nuncio at Naples. There he won us little fame by the courage and disinterested kindness which he displayed toward the sick; the cholera was raging among the lazzaroi, and many priests, overcome by terror, refused to perform their offices to the dying. Mastai not only spent his whole time at the bedside of the sufferers, but sold his plate and carriages and devoted the money to their use; preferring, as he said, "to walk on foot so long as the poor of Jesus were dying in the streets."

Under Gregory XVI. Mastai Feretti, who had been appointed a cardinal, administered the diocese of Imola, in the Romagna, and by his skill and conciliatory policy contrived to soothe much of the discontent which prevailed in that region. On Gregory's death he was summoned to Rome to assist at the conclave which was to elect a new Pope. It was generally understood that Gregory's successor was to be Cardinal Lambruschini; Cardinal Feretti was one of the scrutineers. On the third ballot he was elected Pope. His excitement when, as scrutineer, he made the astounding discovery, was so great that he fainted.

As Pope, Pius IX. commenced his career nobly. He liberated the thousands of political prisoners who had been thrown into jail by Gregory. He reformed many departments of the Government. He encouraged the national Italian feeling. He spoke openly against the Austrian domination. So novel a stand for the head of the Church attracted the world's attention. Pius became the most popular man in Europe, and the excitable Italian people ripened for revolt. The French revolution of 1848 kindled the flame. Then Pius tried to stem the tide by reactionary measures. It was too late. He refused to be a party to any revolutionary proceedings, and appointed the most unpopular noble in Rome—Count Rossi—to be his Prime Minister. It was fatal. The Romans rose, murdered Rossi, took the government into their own hands, and imprisoned the Pope, who was only too glad to fly, some time afterward, in the disguise of a Bavarian valet.

He made his escape to Gaeta, where for some months he held his court. At length, the Austrians and their deputed allies having begun to crush out revolution, Pius was restored by the French and Neapolitans. Ever since then he has been upheld on his throne by a French army. Were the French to leave Rome the old man's head would not be safe for an instant.

It is due to truth to say that, since his restoration to power, Pope Pio Nono has evinced very little of the spirit which once won him the goodwill of liberal men throughout the world. Prior to 1859 his rule was despotic and as inefficient as that of any of his predecessors; robbery was an everyday matter in the Papal States; murder was common; and the jails, which contained but few assassins and thieves, were crammed with respectable persons accused of political offenses. When the war broke out the sympathies of the Pope were openly manifested on the side of tyranny and foreign domination; Pius was an Austrian to the backbone. Hailing from heaven above, he could not, of course, be expected to share the feelings of the Romans about Italian nationality. It needed more watchfulness than ever, on the part of the French General, to prevent the Pope's subjects sacking the Vatican.

When the war ended, the Emperor of the French proposed an Italian Confederation with the Pope at its head. To this Pius agreed; but with senile fatuity insisted, that, before any new arrangement were made, foreign troops should invade the revolted Romagna, and reduce to submission those of his subjects who, disgusted by the crimes of his government, and especially the massacre of Perugia, had expelled his legates and declared their independence. This was too much even for the Emperor of Austria—far too much for Louis Napoleon. The request of the Pope was civilly declined. Upon which the old man refused to have any thing to do with the Confederation.

Matters stand thus at present. On New-Year's Eve Napoleon wrote the Pope a wise, calm, and temperate letter, advising him to submit to fate, and to recognize the independence of the Romagna. On New-Year's Day, Pius, in his speech to the French general, called Napoleon a hypocrite, and all the other hard words he could remember. The world, judging between the two, does not decide in favor of the Pope.

As we said a few weeks since, the Papacy is a respectable institution, which many wise persons, out of regard for the past, would like to preserve from entire destruction. In its proper sphere the Pope can be of great use to civilization and Christianity. But if he can only be maintained by bombarding cities and slaughtering people who seek their mere rights; if the existence of his spiritual authority is inseparable from the perpetuation of the most loathsome and degrading despotism in Europe; it is not likely that the generous sentiments which induce men of all religions to feel sympathy for the Pope will stand the test, and our generation will probably see the overthrow of an institution which claims to date from St. Peter, the only sober man in the room, and from him the company shaded down to Mangles, and imbecility through all grades of woeful unhelpfulness. Luke Green was the only sober man, I said. And this is true, meaning by sobriety freedom from liquor. For otherwise he seemed almost a madman. Finding it impossible to pull the door open, he first ran to the window, and peered anxiously down for an instant in perfect silence, as if not enduring to trust his eyes against his desire, when they told him that there was no portico roof upon which he could jump, nothing to break a fall of forty feet if he sought to get down by that way. But in less time than it has taken to relate this the mad fever-fit passed over, and the before-time coolness returned. Returning to his old manner, save that the placid eye now burned steadily with a strange unpleasant fire, he very coolly took a broad and heavy hunting-knife from the belt, where it hung as one of the sporting ornaments to Mr. Todds's room, inserted it between the door and the side-post, and throwing all his weight into one lunge against the handle, burst out the socket that received the bolt, and flung the door wide open.

Then whispering hurriedly to Todds, the sobriest of all present, both from his naturally hard head and the present excitement, that no one must follow him, he was soon on the track of the fugitive, separated from him only by a little more than a hundred seconds.

And now with great pleasure leaving the party, some of them consulting over Luke Green, some of them vituperating Ernest, many of them with difficulty restrained by Mr. Todds from joining the pursuit with hue and cry, and still finally concluding to take a little more punch by way of expressing their sympathy, we follow the two who took their sudden departure before us, and in the order of their exit, into the open air.

The moment that Ernest reached the street he walked very quietly around the nearest corner, and then, seeing that the way was clear as far as the eye could reach, all Cheswick having been fast asleep since midnight, now two hours ago, made at his utmost speed for his lodgings. Letting himself in softly with his night key, he hurried to the chamber provided for little Filkins, woke him, told him to dress himself more rapidly than that operation had ever been performed in his life, and to meet him at the willow clump just across the brook, which we before indicated as the observatory of Nora Manton. Then putting into a valise the little rosewood box which held his relics, and which through all his life-journeying had never once left him, the letter-book, and a bundle of papers carefully tended and tape-bound, he passed out of the back door, across the little yard that led to the water, then by stepping-stones over the brook, and rested at last, sitting down on the broad roots of the tree appointed for his tryst with little Filkins.

Thus situated, it was impossible for any one from the house to see him, the yellow-brown, barly trunks of the clump giving no relief whatever in this dim night light to his face as it looked between them, while he could see with perfect ease up into his own window, and hear with distinctness, should that be necessary, any thing that might be said loudly on the other side of its lifted sash.

Probably, thought he, Luke Green will make directly for my rooms. Probably also, he will find some difficulty in discovering the house, knowing it only by hearsay—call that two minutes' delay. He is infuriated, but—no, I don't think he will dare to break the front door, he will ring—count three minutes more for arousing some one to let him in: he will then, I suppose, sit down in my arm-chair, finding that I am not in, and wait till I return. May he find plenty to amuse him till then! At any rate, Filkins has five minutes to dress in: if he hurries as I told him, he will reach here before Green comes. Heaven grant he may!

As these idens revolved rapidly through his mind, he believed he heard the front bell of the old house ringing. He listened—it *did* ring—it was pulled again and again—it rang violently. There could be no doubt who was at the door, and he almost stilled the beating of his heart to hear what would come next, to know how little Filkins would get off.

Of a sudden the bell stopped, and in a moment more he heard loud voices in his own room. A broad lamplight flared through his window, striking the willow for an instant and making Ernest stoop still lower that he might not be discovered. Then two figures appeared at the window, both in earnest conversation—they turned about and faced him, with the lamp directly on their faces.

One was Luke Green, his under-jaw set as if it were holding the throat of his worst enemy, his eyes shining with a cold, merciless, motionless glare, like the glint of a moon-struck iceberg. The other was—Gracious! Heavens! could the fellow be mad?—little Filkins! But not *as usual*—but the same dress which he had worn when first on that day he appeared to Ernest—the brown's long cloak wrapping him from head to foot, the venerable hood and wig sitting snugly to his face—the little man was talking in his most voluble manner, and gesticulating like one frenzied. He would certainly betray himself, and then, he was in Luke Green's power. What could that poor little mouser do, if unmasked, against the superincumbent infuriate calmness? He would be crunched like a robin's fly in the mouth of a cat. "God help him!" said Ernest, almost resolved to go to his help before the crisis came; "how *could* he risk it?"

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The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHISH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—*(Continued.)*

Anon strains there was ranting and pounding of the door in great measure. There was fury and consternation; there was astonishment of the blankest kind; there was a whirl and clash of all sorts of fierce emotions. Luke Green was

POPE PIUS THE NINTH.—[FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.]

LEAVE the little holder of responsibility alone for that. The light moved away, and with it Ernest was Green disappeared from the room. little Filkins leaning on his arm and going jingle-ing like a rusty-jointed old man, the right hand firmly grasping the hearty cudgel with which he had arrived that afternoon. Ernest had listened intently, but not one word had he heard from which to gain a clew as to how matters were shaping, so low had little Filkins spoken, with all his exhibition.

The light did not return. At last Ernest gave up expecting it, and tossed his mind no more, resolutely banishing the thought of what had become of his zealous little conductor, and saying to himself, "If it is best that he should be kept, he will be kept safe. I have done all I can do—let me not throw off of its balance by vexatious rapings the mind that may peculiarly need to be calm for some new exigency." With this very philosophical reasoning, and determining to wait at the willow for Filkins until that course should be made dangerous by gaining the perfect breaking of the now faintly broaden day, he steadily turned his thought out of its recent channel.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH THE EX-SECOND BOOK-KEEPER BALANCES PART OF HIS ACCOUNT WITH THE SUPERINTENDENT.

THE young man grew quite absorbed in this thinking, and, meanwhile, the sky, which waits not for even those who love it best, grew nearer and nearer toward that degree of light which it would have been dangerous for Ernest to remain in, when he was hurried with one leap back into this world of sense wherein our physical legs must walk, albeit those of Messeigneurs our souls find in quite other paths the highest deletation. Behind him there came a splashing, a puffing, and an inarticulate vagrant noise generally, which, in a more Oriental region, would have indicated the passage of a small herd of elephants across a body of water. Ernest drew himself closer behind the willow clump, that the invader, if hostile, might not see him, and waited to know what would follow. The next thing perceptible was a venerable bearded spread out upon the surface of the brook like some rare and luxurious specimen of sea-weed—a long black cloak floating down the ripples below it—and entangled in all, the face of Little Filkins looking out in the most imploring and abject manner for help. He had slipped off the stepping-stones in his haste to get across, and was more on all fours in the bed of the brook, crawling ashore as well as he could with his embarrassment in the way of costume thick upon him.

"Phew!" cried little Filkins, warping himself in by aid of a long willow root-fibre and clinging up by Ernest's hand—"phew! ter! respectability a weight, though? I was awful scared for fear you'd go off without me; but I came as quick as I could, and missing a stone, went down, kerzouie! Water is awful wet, ain't it? Bad as liquor to stand up under when there's too much of it. But never mind; I'll fix it up, so the Dutchman said when they asked him if he could put the bottom of a large barrel into a sundown. Take it all in all, I don't dislike responsibility; but Lord! ain't it a weight?"

"I'm very glad you're here," said Ernest, "I shouldn't have been able to wait much longer. From what I know of Luke Green he will not be very much in haste to invoke the civil aid in our pursuit, the majesty of the law being an extremely disagreeable acquaintance in prospective if he expects to get his deserts, as I judge from a few recent indications; but he is quite desperate just now, and would not hesitate at any means lying in his own private power to stop us. And though I can not say that I should run from him if he confronted me on the road I was taking, I should still prefer to let that choice a road that didn't intersect mine. So far I have got along without resorting to the defenses I did possess, though, if the key hadn't been on the outside of Todds's door to-night fortunately, Green might have come after me quickly enough to make it necessary to show them."

"What was the row? What are the defenses?" said Filkins; "what are they?"

"I never show them unless it is necessary," replied Ernest.

"Lord, what a responsibility!" exclaimed the little man.

"We must now," continued Ernest, "strike right across the fields for Duxbury station; it's just four miles, and we must now and shall have to climb fences a good deal this way, we won't shortens that distance much. The down night-owl train reaches here at half past four, and Green will, most like, go down to see if I get on. It's half past three now by my watch, and I suppose we had better start right at least five minutes it takes to run between here and Duxbury difference of time-pieces. Can you walk four miles an hour?"

"If I can't I can trot it. Jehoshaphat! I feel so responsible I could go there with you on my back in about fifteen minutes."

"I thought responsibility was such a burden," said Ernest, smiling.

"Responsibility," rejoined the little man, assuming that thoughtful manner which was his wont when about to become metaphorical and didactic—"responsibility is a steam-engine. It's a devilish heavy thing of itself; a great, thumping, heavy-grown, practical machine, looking for all the world like a cooking-stove belonging to the Goliath family, on wheels. You look at it, you're struck with the idea of the prevailing impression. It don't look as if there could go in it, but a little steam on and, Jiminy! how it does squirtle! Well, d'ye see? I'm responsibility; you're steam. By Julius Cæsar, I could go any where for you, Beckford!"

Ernest's only answer for a moment was to take the hand of the enthusiastic little fellow, side him and give it a most affectionate squeeze, which was reciprocated warmly. And then, as they strode forward along, leaving Chewick, with all its risks, more and more behind them, he said:

"I have never been happier at the result of any word I ever spoke than I have been in what I said to you last night. Who was you, my dear fellow! And now, how in the world did you manage with Green? How did you stay so long? And how did you get here at all? Tell me all about what has happened."

"Well, you see, in the first place, I had hardly got my mind made up to go with you, when he shed about five minutes longer than my body—and didn't exactly understand who it was you said would be there so suddenly, but I knew that I must hurry to be out of the way of, when of a sudden there came a pull at that front bell as if some gentleman of sound and good mind was trying to jerk the front of the house off like a blower from a grate and thought that was the handle. Says I to myself, being rather confused, that's Beckford come back again; so I just frittered up stairs and stage breezes as quick as I could, and clapped on my beard and wig to look scrumptious, and threw the cloak around me to hide my back of corpse-fruit, and taking the lamp in my hand, ran down stairs to let you in. Just then I thought who it was you said was coming, and, thinks I, I'd better I'd mind to mizzle back and let the house do its own door-opening! But he'd seen me through the side-lights already, and there was no time left but to go straight on. I was on the third step from the bottom, and between that and the door the idea popped into my head, that most likely that Green would know the humble individual you board with; and he, he's not in that walk of life you know; stocks and dividends, I'm more nosey at tea and sugar; so says I, I'll be old Spicer, and in this go he won't know me for any thing else. So I hobbled to the door, and tried to look as I thought a small grocer would be likely to feel under the circumstances, while I was pretending to fumble for the key. I isn't sure whether I did old Spicer natural; but at any rate he did, for when I got the door open at last, Green never looked as if he suspicioned any thing, but only said, 'Does a young gentleman named Beckford live here?' Lord, how he shut his teeth on the Beckford; as if it were a gum ring and he's baby teething, and how awful white he was in the face! 'Yes, Sir,' says I, making believe cross as a hen with her hand cut off; 'and a pretty time of night this is to call on him!' 'Is he in?' said Green. 'No, he isn't!' I answered very short, for he hurky as I could I was afraid he'd be seeing the idea that he'd heard my voice before. 'Do you know where he is?' he went on, just as calm and steady as could be, like a person asking questions to a Sunday-school. Now what the deuce could I tell him? I didn't know any thing about where you'd spent your evening, how you'd met Green, or what the matter was between you and him. I only guessed by the little I caught from you, when I stood blinking at the door, one voice me up, that you weren't particular to entertain him just now. And the remarkably kind and anxious way he asked after you, as if you were just getting over a sickness and he'd brought some cordials for you, strengthened me in the opinion that, as the poet says, affection could brook delay."

"Was he alone?"

"I guess so. I didn't see any body with him, and he didn't mention any one."

"Very well, I hardly expected he'd care to bring his friends. But I interrupted you?"

"Oh, all right! I was going on to say that the next thing was to think where I should tell him you were. The fancy came into my head that I'd play him a little trick, that would be for the benefit of both of us, take him off of your track and come up with him, *very wildly*, and some old scores I've got against him. Not that any *trick* would pay every thing up I owe the scavvy rascal! Lord, no! But to go on: I said to him, in a sort of broken-down voice, and like an old gentleman that hated dreadfully to go up stairs, 'Well, come up to Mr. Beckford's room, and sit down, and I'll see if I can find out where he has gone. He's a very good lodger, that young man is, and he always leaves a note to me in his room somewhere, when he's going to stay out all night, to tell me where he is, and how long he's coming back, so that my mind may be easy, in case of accident, you know! With that we went up into your room together, he looking at me pretty sharply over his shoulder, for I made him go ahead. I tell you, I ain't the man that like's to have Luke Green looking at me. When we got up there I fussed around every where, making believe look for the note which had got mislaid, probably, and all the time thinking where I'd take him to find you. 'Let me help you,' says Luke Green, in old such a helpful voice, like a mother! 'No, thank you,' says I, very crusty, 'I can look myself.' No trouble in the world,' said he, gentle as before, and began to rummage the room, gliding about all over like a cat. Pretty soon he stooped down, and what do you think he picked out from under the bed?"

"I'm sure I can't tell. A pair of old boots, perhaps."

"Not a boots neen't a circumstance. Fahtsaff's stomach! I left it there, you know, this afternoon; and out it came with those goggles of mine on top of it! 'A pretty fellow you are,' said I, just as soon as I could catch my breath, 'to go and mass over a gentleman's life-preserver that he has taken out with him when he goes a fishing?' 'And I suppose,' answered Mr. Green, with that pleasant cool smile of his that he could drink water and sugar with and make it very good lemonade—'I suppose these are what he uses on his eyes to keep off the glare of the water?' holding up the goggles at the same time. I felt so flummixed for a minute for that speech, not swallowing the life-preserver, he would get to suspicion every thing, that I didn't know whether I stood on my head or my feet. But just then I had an idea strike me and pretended to find the note. 'Sit down,' says I, 'and let me see what he says.' Then I pretended to read something like this: 'Dear Mr. Spicer, I expect to spend the night till quite late with Luke Green.'

"'Is Mister?' asked Green, rather sharply. 'Devil a Mister,' says I, and went on. 'And I shall run through with him—if I'm not assassinated by that time, for he's a—d rascal—'

"'Does it say this?' cried Green, starting to his feet, and the blood there was little left in his face going out of it—'does it say that? Let me see the letter!' and he stretched out his hand, looking at me like a tiger. I just put my hand behind my back, leaned against the wall, and looking him full in the eye with an astonished air of gauz, said, 'Why, do you know this Green?'

"'Oh no,' said Green, sitting down quietly and putting his face like a deacon, with an effect that took all the ice and brass that even he has; 'only I thought it was queer language for a lovely Christian—a character like Mr. Beckford to use.'

"That was a little too much for my constitution, from *him*—such a lovely Christian character himself—and forgive the expression—but I let it go at that. Then came a sight that I'll bet nobody had me ever saw. You've seen the Alps, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've seen Luke Green *blush*. He actually did do that thing; and then said he, with a sweet smile, 'Mr. Spicer?' in a confused sort of way. I pretended to be reading the piece of paper.

"'Mr. Spicer,' he stands very hard, and then gives another laugh to cover the first. 'I'm laughing,' says I, 'to think what a way then Beckford is—Hoh-ho-he-he?' 'What's the joke?' says he, very sympathizingly; 'I enjoy a joke myself.' 'Why, I'm sure you won't tell any one?' 'Perfectly! oh, of course not.' 'Well, you see, he says this Green, whom he has, he is, may come for him some time within the course of the next twenty-four hours, and he don't care to see him.' 'So I'm to tell him that he's gone to—but, oh! perhaps I ought to tell you any thing about this. You're sure you can't?' 'My dear Mr. Spicer, I'm shocked!' says Green, hardly able to keep his face ice over this boiling-water heart of his; 'I don't recollect having ever heard of the individual. Is he a Hartford Green? or is he one of the Greens of Cambridge?' 'My name's Simmons—Alonzo Simmons, of Mobile. I married Ernest's father's sister, and I'm anxious to see him because I leave in the early train, and I shall miss him now.' As he said this the reprobate wiped his eyes with his handkerchief as if snatching the tears of disappointed consanguinity. I let him think he'd fooled me, whatever comfort that was to him, and went on to say, keeping up a simple, half-silly, and cross-old-man's voice, 'Well, well, then there can't be any harm in telling you, Mr. Beckford tells me to say to Luke Green that he's gone to New York, and all the time, d'ye see, he'll be really only twenty miles from here, out in the country, at the Corn and Pumpkin Tavern, in Haddlefield! Ha-ha! he-ho-he-he! First-rate,' says I, 'ain't it? Capital, said Green; 'I never heard of any thing so good. How this Green will be sold, eh?' 'Is this Green *really* such a great rascal?' said I, looking at him as if I'd have body that can be made such a great fool,' said he, rolling like a death's-head with his teeth shut tight, 'ought'n't to be a great rascal too, by common philosophy.' With that he concluded that he would leave—told Mr. Spicer to give Mr. Beckford his uncle Alonzo's love (which day that venerable grocer now performs with sympathetic tears in his eyes)—and then started down stairs, as nearly on the spring as consistent with your father's sister's husband's dignity. I waited till he got out of sight down the street—and then stole over to the back wall of Grant's livery stable yard. I thought I hadn't misscued my fox, and sure enough there he came, around by the side streets, two minutes after. I hired him to drive a horse to be put into a light wagon for Haddlefield—saw him start—and by this time he's breathing the gray mare that Bendly broke a sulky with last summer up Twomile Hill. You know the rest. I came back to the willow as quick as possible, refreshing myself with a bottle on the way. I thought I couldn't tell you about there being no danger of seeing Green in getting on the cars at Chewick, because the walk down here is just what I wanted—being damp, and also full of responsibility. In fact, I don't feel as if I could sit still! Well, what do you think of the night's work? Pretty good, hey? If a fellow, to quote Mr. Green, could make 'a great fool out of a great rascal' every day, would it be worth while to be responsible all the time?"

It is a great sin, verily, O brother Bee-Line, I agree with thee, to encourage that in others which thou wouldst not do thyself; but that then never—I put it to thy candor—fall thy pibs titillated with a not undelectable sympathetic enchimation, and the muscles of thy mouth draw up relaxed by a somewhat sweldly lickerishness at the corners, as thou readest in Liber Genesis, cap. xxx., of one Jacobus, and how, in the matter of certain speckled, spotted, and speckled animals of a domestic nature, he obtained the windward side of that parious lawer Laban, and got his rights by a species of redress which, if not known to Blackstone, was still a most felicitous short cut across the school-moralities to immediate justice? Those wonkist not, O Bee-Line, have played thy scurvy fathers-in-law that trick; let dost then not somewhat rejoice when Jacob has got well through with it; clap the hands at the adroit patriarch across the gulf of a few thousand years or so, and cry "Hurrah! Evoe Jacobe! Good for thee, thou tramp and father of the faithful!"

Then blame not Ernest that, although he might not have taken *that* method to outwit Luke Green, his only answer to little Filkins's recital was not a sermon but a hearty laugh, and a hug which showed the small repositor of responsibility in what estimation his patron held the qualities of sincerity, faithfulness, quickwittedness, and personal, grateful affection.

Ernest only reached Duxbury, and together took the train.

"DOES A YOUNG GENTLEMAN NAMED BECKFORD LIVE HERE?"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"I KNOW you," writes a friend, "the following extract from an advertisement, picked up in a country town some years ago, for preservation. Its author was the elder son of a worthy Baptist minister, and was also considered a wealthy farmer, in one of our river counties:

"VENDIT.

"The subscriber will offer for sale on the 25 day of April 1785, at 10 o'clock on that day the feeding article Two he horses sheep an sow pleasure stay two logs chain no one drag or tree and things beds . . . . . and other article to numerous to mention will be sold on 6 months credit by giving proper notes Axt sum under one dollars cash down one cent."

"The legal profession in the West are not ignorant of their importance, but frequently unmindful of their duties of the place. There is a type of this class reading within a hundred miles of this place, whose proceedings are sometimes sufficiently rich to merit reporting.

"Recently a young man of this stamp was arraigned before the Squire, charged with assault and battery. It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner had violently pounded the prosecuting witness down, seized him by the hair, and literally pulled out a whole handful. After argument of the learned counsel, it was decided by his Honor that the action could not be sustained, for the reason that pulling was not assaulting, and that pulling was not battery. The prisoner was discharged.

"At another time a man was brought before him charged with larceny. It appeared from the evidence that the defendant, in compliance with the laws of this State, had entered a certain complaint or 'declaration' in a civil action, which complaint he knew at the time contained matter of slander, which were false. The defendant admitted that he knew the allegations sworn to by him were not true, but he justified himself by declaring that the practice in lawsuits was to let the lawyer put any and every thing in the 'declaration,' whether it was true or not—like they did in New York—and this seemed to be the rule in Squire's court. The Justice was satisfied with his explanation, and the prisoner was discharged."

A fond parent sends this smart saying of his little four-year old:

"Little Charlie came to the table very hungry, and he had his fork in a potato, and the potato transferred to his plate, before he thought of the usual blessing. I told the boy up to his father he says, Pa, you talks to Heaven while I makes my potter. His hunger made him wide to improve every moment."

EPITAPH ON A TOMB STONE IN THE OLD GRAVE-YARD IN A NEW-ENGLAND TOWN.

"My son, thou hast gone to sleep
In the fire-blasted West.
Thy friends, they for you do weep
Who remain in the East."

Aunt E——— was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sundown, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at sundown. "Why, aun Eddy?" "Why the old hen always goes with them." Aunty tried no more argument after that.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A MISSISSIPPI SCHOOL-TEACHER.

A roving young gentleman, without employment and money, concluded to take to school-teaching as a means of livelihood, and accordingly applied to the trustees of a country school, when the following conversation took place:

TRUSTEE. "What studies do you teach?"

The applicant indicated his qualifications by the following reply:

"I'll teach them readin, writin, and ciphers, from A, B, C to a good case of drum-sticks!"

He was immediately accepted and installed.

An old man, who was sojourning, in Knoxville, Tennessee, a list of books, part of the effects of a college professor lately deceased, by way of a volume, he asked what it was, and was told it was a Greek Lexicon. "Here, gentlemen, is a Greek lexicon, Lexington, who'll give me a bid for this Lexicon? It is not Lexington in Kentucky, nor Lexington in Virginia, but it is a Greek Lexington."

On the line of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, and over the Illinois line, is a bridge of some length. For greater safety the Company require the trains to stacken their speed on approaching it. To prevent a stranger, a sign-board is placed, and beside the track, some distance from the bridge, stands a board "Slow." Some one either a wag or a desperate creditor of the corporation, has added, in chalk, the word "run," and printed a "D——."

"Going to leave, Mary?"

"Yes, sweet; I find I am too discontented."

"If there is any thing I can do to make you more comfortable, let me know."

"No, mum, it's impossible. You can't alter your figure to put me more at ease. I put dresses over it for me, and I can't appear on Sundays a-t least any hat place, where mistress chides fitful lastly."

What part of a ship is like a farmer? —The tiller.

If corns were hereditary, they might be partly be called patrimonial others.

"That's a frame of mind," as the bellows said to the fire.

What is the oldest tree in England?—The ash-tree.

As a specimen of the utility of logic, we give the following:

A sharp student was called up by the worthy professor of a college, and asked the question,

"Can a man see without eyes?"

"Yes, Sir," was the prompt answer.

"How, Sir? Can a man, mounted perdonce, "can a man see without eyes? Pray, Sir, how do you make that out?"

"He can see with eyes," replied the redoubtable youth; "and the whole class shouted with delight at his triumph over metaphysics.

Every body knows the "polite" author, knows G——e, the great man-monkey, and every body that knows this agile little dandy knows that he is the professor of Manners as familiar to life as our household words. Monsieur is not particular in his dinner, so long as they. We will give a specimen anecdote. A few years ago G——e was engaged to give a dinner-party, and he was in one of our cities, the manager of which is the very model of deportment—a perfect Lord-Chesterfield. One night G——e, in his bed upon a table at the swing certain "properties" he would want in the progress of the piece; or that they would be ready when he should come quickly from the stage. G——e, in jumping and dancing, forgot, when doing about an duty, some scenes there properties, and, supposing those one of piece, returned them to the property room. Property G——e jumped off to his table; he was empty; he ran to the head Mr. Manager. Wild horror and astonishment written all over him G——e expressed not.

"Where's the blasted chemu?"

"Where is, the blasted chemu?" echoed Mr. Turvydrop, with a Chesterfieldian courtesy, addressing a boy attending by.

G——e stared, and bellowed, "Where's the d—n *fricassee*?"

"Mr. G——e requires the d—n fakements," repeated Turvydrop.

G——e stared directly again the emblem of anxiety, and then, their help up-board back on the stage with a single chemi of decorum. "There are no words to express mine ire. Language is weak.

Let friendship creep pretty to a height; if it rush to it it may soon run itself out of breath.

A HIGH FEET.—A hole in the crown of your hat.

Why are Coalmere shovels like dear personal?—Because we can not make them here.

A friend was remarking the other day about Shakspeare surfeiting grammar to some where he made Mark Antony say, "Tide is this most turbulent sea of ill," when a by-stander exclaimed "Why saying Mark Antony being a Roman could not be expected to understand English grammar perfectly?"

"Well, farmer, you laid in your place was a good place for hunting. Now you have tramped it for three hours and found no game."

"Just so. I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is the more hunting you have."

An editor says that the only reason why his house was not blown away during the late gale was, because there was a heavy mortgage upon it.

Mr. Sergeant Gardiner, being lame of one leg, pleadingly before the Lord Judge Fortescue, who had little or no lame, "Pray, my lord, let me sit down, I have a lame cause of it.

"Oh, my lord," said the sergeant, "have not a little patience, and I'll prove every thing as plain as the nose of your face."

A lecturer, addressing a Mechanics' Institute, contended, with strenuous publicity, that "Art could not improve Nature, it could only improve Nature." Impatience, set the room in a roar by exclaiming, "How can you improve a cow's tail?"

"Why are you like a crazy man, my dear?" asked a friend of her little pet-lamb. "Because I am playing herself closer to him, and putting on one of her wooled smoke, the said, "Because I am your other self, and you are a little crazy yourself."

The "Young Men's Debating Society" having displayed the question "Were Eve's dress fig or fig leaf?" have got a new and more cooling one up, "When Eve was tempted by fire, does it burn up, or does it burn down?" There is to be a severe debate on this question.

The Southern *Presbyterian* tells the following of two Charleston darkeys: "Our friend Hughes, whose boutique on Meeting Street always furnishes the best and most hurried pomes by its occupe without at least one glassed and graphic glance into the hotel windows of the orderly shelves, related a short time since the following interview between two darkeys.

"Immediately opposite the front door, and in full view from the street, occupied a large colored map of Jerusalem and its environs—the city occupying the central and most conspicuous place in the picture. The negro stops stopped to admire it, and, not suspecting that any one was by, muttered, half-aloud, to himself, "Sam, what dat hanging up dere?" "Why, Sam, you not know? Dat's the world." "Well, who dat dem in de middle?" "Why, boy, you not know dat nudder? Dat's Jerusalem, you fool."

An editor and a young schoolmistress were engaged in a conversation the other day, when the following passed between them:

EDITOR. "Miss, when are you going to get married?"

SCHOOLMISTRESS. "Well, I don't know, I just don't believe I can."

EDITOR. "Well, as that's my intention, suppose we marry?"

SCHOOLMISTRESS. "Well, I don't know whether that would be a chance or not!"

A gray hair was espied among the raven locks of a fair lady of twenty-five days ago. "Why, mamma, you'll be old," she exclaimed. "If I pull it out left will come to the other side, and then I shall look as lopsided as possible." discovery. "Pinch it out nevertheless," said the darkhaired dame! "It is not so old as mamma, when many come to the funeral provided they all come in black."

A gentleman in a steamboat asked the man who came to collect the passage money, "Do you mean to offer to bring blown up to the steam made such a horrid noise. "Well, I did," said the sharp collector, "unless you refuse to pay your fare."

Dr. Abell, of Kentucky, besides being an inveterate punster, collects tusks for the Museum. In the short day, as he was engaged in changing the position of a skeleton, he found a tusk of a whale, which, when, a few years old, came trudging through the room with the tusks, and exclaimed, "Well, I declare, I thought, and said, "Pa, is that a *cord* that holds up that picture?"

"No, my son, it's *tape*."

"Well, I had better be cord, 'cause, pa, it's a *strong* Hiatus, and it might break the tape."

"Well, Sambo, I'm sorry to see such hopeful went out whistling "Pop goes the Weasel."

The memory of a good deed is a perpetual joy to me; and even the memory of a good deed is not without satisfaction. Many an old man knuckles still upon a rich repast devoured fifty years ago; and it cost him his religious now.

CONCERT CLASSICS.—"Jack," said Robins, "which variety would you rather go to, Hosford or 'Ideiberg?" "Hosford, Robins, to be sure, you ninnyhammer." exclaimed Jack. "Cos my I prefers kindernity to kidderness."

What tree represents a person who persists in inventing debts?—Willow (will owe).

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Hoarseness, &c.

Brown's Bronchial Troches.—These cough and voice lozenges, which are now unrivalled in the world, are superior for relieving hoarseness, to anything that we are acquainted with. We have used them during the last winter, and make this statement gratuitously, for the benefit of our readers in the relativity.—*Central Christian Herald, Cincinnati.*

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In consequence of the diminished length of LADIES' DRESS, we have prepared a new and very large assortment of the CRINOLINE. A complete assortment of LADIES' *Gaiters, Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, &c.* Also, every GOOD of SLIPPERS KIND, SATIN, or *Grosgrain silk*, of every variety, for Dancing, Parties, &c., are only to be bought at M. L. HILL, INVENTOR, 271 BREADWAY, N. Y.

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A IT—A mother says: "Having born a subscriber to THE ILLUSTRATED three years, I feel that I can not keep house without it." A number of letters received by me daily. Sent 3 months for 25 cents. FOWLER AND WELLS, New York.

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The First Number of the Fourth Volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY appeared on the 4th January, 1860. Last year over 4,500,000 Numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY were sold, nearly half of which were printed in the German Text. In commencing the new volume, the proprietors desire to call the attention of the Public to the character of HARPER'S WEEKLY, in the first place, and before any thing else, a friend, who has read the Journal for the past three years, cannot, equal to the daily press in fullness of description, and superior to the daily press in accuracy, illustrations with text. How far they have attained their aim, the three volumes now published will show. The illustrations in the Third Volume will bear evidence to the delicity with which every important event of the past year has been detailed and illustrated in the pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY. They would refer especially, in this connection, to The Italian War, the Great Eastern Steamship, the Harper's Ferry Outbreak, the British Expedition, the Japan Expedition, China, etc., etc. The value of the paper can be best estimated by remembering that it cost money and trying to conceive how little people would really know of passing events if they had to rely on written descriptions alone. In this respect, the arrangements for the coming year are more complete than they have been heretofore. HARPER'S WEEKLY has regular artist correspondents in almost every quarter of the globe, and commands the pencil of the first artists at home. It will moreover, in order to present its readers with a complete illustrated history of our age, continue to transfer to its pages the best and most interesting pictures from foreign illustrated journals. In a word, the subscriber to HARPER'S WEEKLY may rely on finding in its pages next year an accurate, well-drawn, well-engraved, and well-printed picture of every memorable event which occurs, and a portrait of every man who attracts the general attention of the people of the country.

HARPER'S WEEKLY will continue, as heretofore, to publish the best tales that are written by native and foreign authors. It has already published *A Tale of Two Cities* by CHARLES DICKENS (the most final illustration drawn for HARPER'S WEEKLY); *What will he do with it?* by B. DISRAELI; *Philip and Mary; The Prairie Flower* by WILKIE COLLINS; *Lois the Witch*, by MRS. GASKELL; *Ralph Rinaldo Tompkins*, by CHARLES DICKENS; and by CHS. WILLIAM COSTER; it is now publishing *The Uncommercial Traveller*, by CHARLES DICKENS; *Misrepresentation*, by Miss DURY; *The Women in White*, by WILKIE COLLINS; *The New Parsonage*, by HENRY COOKE & CO., *Bankers*, by FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, Esq., both of which are illustrated by Jane McLenan, Esq., and *The Bachelor of the Parsonage*, by ELLA BRAIDER, illustrated by WINSLOW HOMER, Esq. Or, as before the contents of these tales, where of equal merit will be enumerated, it being the intention of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, to combine as excellence that is written here or abroad. It is hardly necessary to add that the foreign serials which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY are pre-issued from their authors in the proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY, in nearly instances, give for a more right of priority what amounts to a literary property of great value.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 165.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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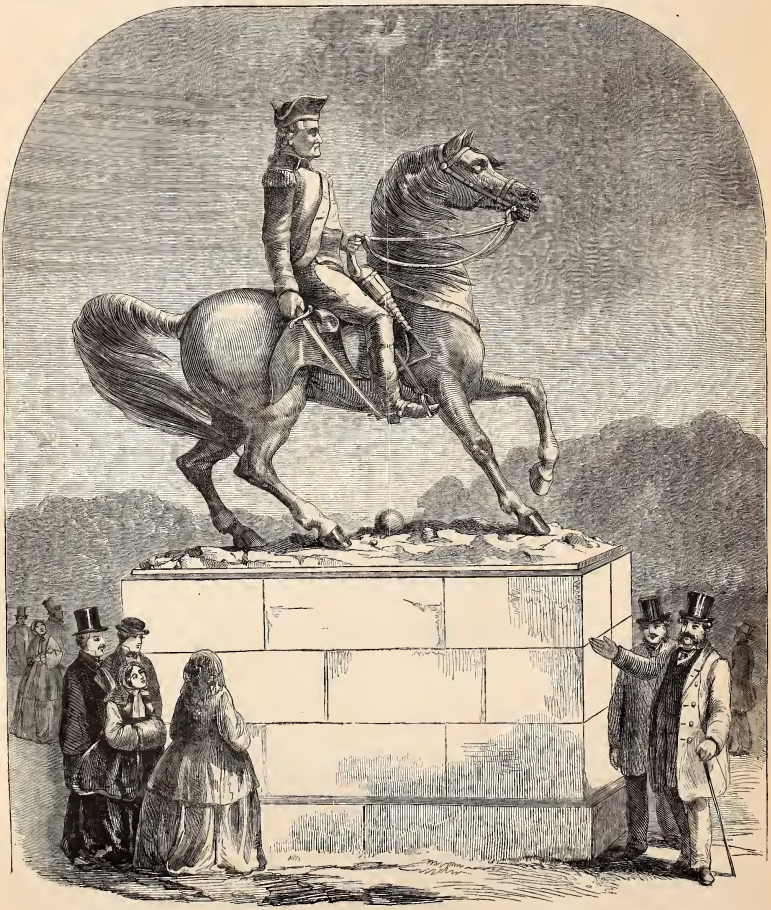


CLARK MILLS'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

CLARK MILLS'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

WE engrave on the preceding page Clark Mills's Equestrian Statue of Washington, which is to be inaugurated on 22d inst. at the federal capital. It is proposed that the pedestal (which will be submitted for the adoption of the next Congress) shall be of marble, about twenty-five feet in height, to be divided into three stories, illustrating the three great epochs in the history of the country, the figures to extend in bronze. The first story is to represent the country as it appeared on its first discovery, when inhabited by the Indians; the second story, its general aspect under the changes wrought by the hand of civilization; the third and last story, the great revolutionary struggle—to be surmounted by the colossal statue of Washington.

The first story is seen in low relief. The Indian is represented as engaged in his favorite sports—capturing the buffalo, pursuing the moose and deer, and cultivating his corn and tobacco. The first panel of the second story is in high relief. The white man appears cutting his way into the dense forest, with hoe and properly became on his countenance. In a corner of the same panel, the Indian is seen retiring—looking wistfully back, both to have his hunting-grounds, but delighted to fly before the face of civilization. In the second panel, the white man has cleared away the trees, erected his log cabin, and is cultivating a playground, symbolic of which are seen his oxen and plow. To show some of the difficulties which he had to encounter, have set down, from behind the trees, the Indian is seen shooting him down with the very rifle which the white man taught him to use. This leads to a war. The next panel shows the battle with the Indians—man to man, arm to arm—but the white man is represented as gaining the ascendency. The next presents the symbols of his progress in agriculture, commerce, and the arts, and his aspiration for power and independence. At this stage fresh difficulties arise, and these are the troubles with the mother country. The next panel represents the battle with the three ship-loads of tea in Boston harbor, and white men, dressed as Indians, throwing the tea overboard. The next panel is the signing of the Declaration of Independence. This brings us to the third epoch, the Revolutionary War.

The third story is in full relief. Washington's Generals appear of the size of life. Eight of them are mounted on horseback; the rest are represented as in purpose, in consultation, holding a council of war.

The crowning figure in this great historical representation is the statue of the Father of his Country, represented as he appeared at the battle of Princeton, where, after attempting several times in vain to rally his troops, he put spurs to his horse and dashes up to the cannon's mouth. His terror-stricken horse stops and recoils, while the balls tear up the earth beneath his feet; but Washington, cool, calm, collected, and dignified, bellows out himself simply in accustomed tone, "Hold on! Providence to work out the great problem of liberty, remains firmly seated, like a god upon his throne. The spirit of the hero of the battle of Princeton, imminent peril to his life contrasts admirably with the fearful agitation manifested by his noble steed, represented, who is unmoved by none of the considerations which impart courage to the hero and the Christian.

"DAISIES."

BY C. H. WEBB.

Our Lillie loved the spring-flowers,
And often told their pretties;
She loved the early blossoms,
But most of all the daisies;
And when the bitter blast blows
Came with the silent hours,
She prayed to leave her cradle,
And slumber with the flowers.

We pressed her eyelids gently,
And laughed the little jester;
But the wish was heard in heaven,
And the angels caught the whisper:
So when the wondering sunbeams
Were lost in leafy mazes,
We laid our little Lillie
To sleep among the daisies.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1860.

THE NEW SERIAL BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

In the next number of *Harper's Weekly* we shall publish the

SECOND JOURNEY
OF AN
Uncommercial Traveler,
BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

This new series promises to be the most interesting and popular work of the most interesting and popular of living writers in our tongue.

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.

WE can not approve the course of the United States Senate in tacking to the deferred Post-office Deficiency Bill a provision abolishing the franking privilege; for the simple reason, that the payment of a just debt should not be rendered contingent on the success of a doubtful reform movement. But we propose to discuss the enlargement of public policy can question the soundness of the principle involved in the Senate's scheme for the abolition of Congressional franking.

The franking privilege was created in the mistaken notion that it was for the public interest that members of Congress should be enabled to receive and to deposit letters and printed documents without incurring expense. It was assumed that the public had not the means or sense enough to pay for what it wanted in the shape of Congressional documents, and that members of Congress, in communing with their constituents or the public at large, ought to be enabled to do so without charge.

There are a few cases in which the above principle may hold good. When a member of Congress writes to seek information of a citizen, at a distance, or when a citizen volunteers such information to any member, or a member in legislating for the public good, it would be unjust to throw either upon the member or the citizen the expense of postage. Such communications between members of Congress and private citizens should still be carried at the public expense.

But the necessity existing in this case is far from extending to the bulk of the matter which now passes through the mails under Congressional franks. Without referring to private parcels, which are notoriously carried great distances at the public cost, it is well known that the bulk of the franked matter now intrusted to the mails consists of Congressional speeches and electioneering documents. It is utterly unreasonable to seek to throw upon the public at large the duty of paying for the transmission of such matter at all. To the public it is a matter of indifference which political party triumphs at elections, or what Congressional orator outshines his fellows for eloquence or patriotism. These considerations concern parties and individuals; and upon those parties and individuals the expense of their transmission should fall. It is monstrously unjust to tax the people of the United States to pay for the transportation of party speeches or personal puffics. To collect money from a citizen of Georgia for the carriage of Senator Sumner's anti-slavery harangues, or to tax the citizens of Massachusetts for the dissemination of Senator Toombs's appeals for a Southern confederacy.

The true plan would seem to be to modify—not to abolish—the franking privilege: to leave to the chairman of each Congressional committee the privilege of franking, or receiving free of charge, all documents, printed or otherwise, which may be required for the purposes of his committee; and with regard to all other postal matter, to place it on the same footing as letters from merchant to merchant. If Senator Thurman should succeed in the public knowing what an admirable speech he has made on the Slavery question, let him pay the postage out of his own pocket; or if the leaders of his party think it worth while, let them bear the expense. But in no case—save in the one we have mentioned—should the cost fall on the public.

There can be no real solution to our Post-office difficulty except by the abolition of the Post-office system, and the transfer of the business of carrying letter and printed matter to the common carriers of merchandise. Over a year has elapsed since we demonstrated in these columns the monstrous absurdity of a Government Post-office in the United States; nothing has since appeared which alters any of the views then set forth. Our Post-office does not carry letters safely or speedily. The postmasters and their clerks are suspected of robbing the mails, and the public has no remedy. The Post-system costs the country several millions annually. Finally, the patronage of the Post-office is the chief source of corruption in our federal politics. Every thing which the present system does would be better, more cheap, and more safely done by private enterprise; and the most fruitful source of degradation in our politics would be cut off if the Post-office were abolished, and letters and newspapers placed on the same footing as parcels.

☞ We have received the report of the Kentucky Institution for the Blind for 1858 and 1859—an institution, we believe, that the Institution is mainly supported by the State—a very creditable thing for Kentucky. Last year 53 pupils—total, 104 in all, pupils—16 males and 38 females—at a cost of nearly $10,000. In alluding to the expulsion of the year the report says:

"We will allude, in this connection, with the highest satisfaction, to an important item of the ordinary expenses of this Institution, for which, so far as our Information extends, no similar institution in the world is authorized by law to provide. In the year 1858, in accordance with the recommendation of Dr. T. S. Bell—a gentleman who gratuitously gave to the Institution his valuable services as physician for several years, and whose unwearied devotion to the interests of the Institution as a trustee, during the eighteen years of its existence, is well known to the people of Kentucky, and most gratefully appreciated by the people—the Legislature passed an act, authorizing the distinguished gentleman who supposed it and to the State and the age in which we live, authorizing the officers of the Institution to present to every graduate, in the name of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, a copy of the entire Bible, printed in raised letters for the blind. Although we are not aware that provision has ever been made by the State to meet the cost of these very expensive documents to the graduates, but, on the contrary, the amount required for them is taken, in the aggregate of the above, said act, 'considered and accounted as an item of the ordinary expenses of the Institution,' we have ever regarded the act as one of the most benevolent and commendable ever enacted by any Legislature in behalf of the blind."

THE LOUNGER.

A WORD WITH THE H. R. R. R.

It is about four or five weeks, Dear H. R. R. R., since a shocking and unnecessary accident, resulting in loss of life, took place near—let us say for the sake of the argument—near Tarrytown. It was occasioned first by a defective locomotive, and, second, by a defective brakeman. The thing was perfectly plain, so very plain, indeed, that even a Coroner's Jury could not help seeing it. The inference to be drawn from the jury-mind was that greater care would be taken; and no more defective locomotives would be used at least immediately.

On Saturday, the 4th February, 1860, Dear H. R. R. R., the train arrived from the West at Albany, and after scrambling across the river (a distance which, with the greatest credit upon our civilization, as the whole current of travel upon the continent is suddenly confined there by want of a proper bridge, and that an occasional steam may get aground above the venerable city) the passengers took the train which came down from Troy at 4 p.m. Thinking to arrive duly in bearing East Albany, because the locomotive had burst some pipe. Another was linked to the train and away we went, with the Schenectady-Saratoga Stuyvesant, where we remained so long that several passengers began to entertain a fear. The thing was a hot box. After about twenty minutes we started and ran on to Hudson. There we waited another twenty minutes. "What is the matter Mr. Conductor?" "Hot box, Sir." "Hope we are not to be in a hot box all the way to New York." The conductor looked sheerfully—"Hopes not, Sir; but there was no water-tank at Stuyvesant."

Away we went again, having lost forty minutes since the time of departure from Albany. The next station was Tivoli—known among brakemen as Tie-vo-lie. Here more hot box and another twenty minutes, and brakemen, who were, how comfortably can we pass the night upon the train? This time no conductor was visible. Off again, and another twenty minutes, (a full, very, indeed!) a period to the journey. There was great thinking here, and at length it was announced that we should wait for the Albany train, which, indeed! had been telegraphed for a fresh locomotive. So we waited and waited till the Albany train arrived, and the oyster eaters ate oysters at the saloon by the station, and after the up-train passed us we ran on—safely at last—at a slow pace, and reached New York a little more than two hours behind our time.

Accidents will happen, Dear H. R. R. R., and you have been usually too faithful in your service to have rough words used toward you; but why was not the locomotive at East Albany in perfect condition? What is your name worth among travelers, when it is known that at one of your termini you replace the locomotive by one that is sound? You can no more justify such a fast than a tailor who should send home a new coat with a hole burned in the back, if such accidents will happen—and for some accidents there is no excuse.

And so no more at present from your friend the Lounger.

THE POLITE LETTER WRITER.

THE letters of Pope Napoleon to the Pope are the most remarkable and significant of recent epistles. They are the final chapters of Abouti and Guerrazzi's pamphlets; and they say to the Bishop of Rome as plainly as words can say it: "Dear Sir,—You are such a wretched governor that your provinces are revolted like sensible provinces as they are. You can not get them back again; and if you try, you will be ridiculous by-word." Yours, &c.

The Pope has not heard such truth-telling for many a long year. Even the old Napoleon would have covered the country with such a letter; for the principle of liberty, which is constantly remodeling civilization as it changes itself, has affected European society much more deeply than in the first Napoleon's day. Events incessantly show that the nephew of Napoleon said that he comprehended his epoch and his mission he was telling the truth, although he expressed it in that florid and pompous style which Frederick Cropaus is so fond. He has certainly not secured confidence in advance, but with equal certainty every month shows that he is sincerely the enemy of the Europe; and that, whether he be an honest man or not, whether he be ambitious and selfish or not, he is undoubtedly doing what every thoughtful man and lover of national liberty wishes to have done.

If any body is skeptical of this point, let him remember what a botch Lord Palmerston made in 1848 when he undertook to tinker the Italian question. He sent private agents to all parts of the peninsula; he fomented popular movements; he expressed open sympathy; revolutions broke out; blood flowed; and after long disturbance the iron hand of the old tyranny fell upon the land more heavily than ever. Lord Palmerston was always on the watch for a favorable moment—a happy conjuncture of affairs. The Lord Alcmeon only waited for the right time to turn up to step in and give the word for the millennium to begin. The consequence was that Italy was excited, aroused, defeated, and bitterly indignant, as if the Minister foreign policy were a kind of polished thumb-screw.

Now Louis Napoleon under the right time, and assumes the happy turn of events. He was not enthusiastically greeted by Italy when he descended the Alps last summer. Italy remembered Orsini, and asked, doubtfully, "Is it a smile I see shining on his lips or a sword in his hand?" At the text, Italy thought that the union of Savoy with France was not to lead as the domination of Austria over the whole peninsula. "Let me see that letter!" screamed the brilliant battle. Austria was to be driven headlong into the Adriatic, when the tree of Italy burst in the middle of it Italian hope like a bomb in a camp, and all Italy cried, "Treason! treason!"

Was it treason? Read by the light of to-day was that treaty treason? Is not the Italian questions, which, including the Pope, is the most perplexing of all the questions, more solved to-day than ever before? Is not Italy at this moment nearer to national independence than it has ever been before? While the Austria into which the old Napoleon was forced to marry, since he would not subdue it, now totters and reels before the new Napoleon, who fears the treaty by which Austria sold its friends dictated dismemberment of the Spanish empire. There is a terrible poetic justice in events.

When Napoleon the Silent rode out of Paris to ward Italy last year, we claimed for him the duties of clinging to believe that Dick Turpin was springing upon his horse to gallop off and relieve a poor wife, ow, as he said he was going to do. We did so because Richard had not hitherto ridden to the rescue of the poor wife. But now, as every month illuminates his career, how can any man fairly deny him the praise of sagacity and happy results? It is not necessary to consider his high purposes and best and most humble of mortals. It is not even necessary to deny him a vast ambition, nor to deny that an immortal work yet remains for him to do at home.

But what, with all his surprising foreign success, it is clear that Louis Napoleon has not yet conquered confidence at home. The severe censorship of the Minister of the Interior, the rigidness of an entire system of social suppression which is not consistent with progressive peace. And it is this domestic state of affairs which compels the suspicion that his foreign policy is intended to dazzle and distract his own nation rather than to benefit any other.

But without the intention to do ill, the results are written in the increasing sense of confidence in a natural and peaceful solution of the complication of European affairs. To understand his significance in those politics, fancy that he died suddenly. Would the great cause of national liberty in Europe deplore his loss as we deplore at it? Suppose an Emperor who writes such letters to the Pope is not likely to betray the cause of the people, although he may not work for it in the received popular way.

HEROISM.

THE history of death-beds shows that most mankind have had, and it is notorious that few criminals shrink under the gallows. So when conscious victims fall—like Charles First or Louis Sixteenth—they behave calmly, and with such lofty resignation, that half the world measures the men by their conduct at the last moment, and pronounces them martyrs.

But although these instances are impressive they are not more touching than the unknown ones which meet us all—which have no historic dignity, no interest of name, or position, or association—and which for that very reason are the more heroic and striking. How many a martyrdom of the heart, we all know, which softens and subdues the whole life; and in comparison with which it would be a relief to the victim to be buried under the sharp, swift axe! How many a parent is tortured and tried, through long weary years, by the misconduct and vice of a child, who would think it happiness to have no other suffering than imprisonment and death! Charles First takes leave of his children, weeps, pray—and his brave drops amidst the tears of half a nation and the regret of posterity; and yet in all our experiences how many a man there must have been who was as suddenly and absolutely cut off as Charles, without the chance of a word to wife or children—without gentle words for them: who has no prestige, and no other mention than his alphabetical place in the newspaper obituary!

In the same way, how many people there were who gladly paid two dollars to see an actress represent the woes of an unhappy woman, who would turn the very same woman from their doors if she came to them in person? Blind old Delisarius may stand perpetually appealing in the engraving upon the parlor wall, and we scarcely think it a good deal of charity and sympathy for the children; but how many of us look with any admiration upon the living Delisarius asking an obolus at the door?

I thought of these things lately when I was traveling upon a railroad in the interior of the State. It was a wintry morning, and the train had been most stout rigid against the bright sky. "Please, gentlemen, show me a seat," was said in a low clear voice. We looked from the windows and saw a young man, evidently totally blind, standing in the aisle of the car. He was very poorly dressed, and had a small traveling-bag in one hand and a cane in the other. The seat by me was vacant, and I took his hand and drew him in. He seated himself quietly, and said nothing but "Thank you, Sir." The tone, as before, was so calm and manly, so entirely free from whine, and there was something so profoundly sad in the expression of the young man's face, that I began to talk with him, although he was evidently perfectly willing to remain silent, and did not seek in any way to enlist sympathy.

I asked his name and age. He was a moulder, he said, and his thin, pale, unhealthy-looking hands confirmed his words. He had worked in various

places, and a year ago last December was engaged in the casting of a large cylinder, when an explosion took place, and the hot sand was blown into his eyes, burning the optic nerves, while a heavy piece of metal struck his body, causing a rupture. When he could move the company gave him some money—about a hundred and twenty dollars—and he made his way West from Baltimore, where he was injured, to consult some oculist of whom he had heard. All the last summer he was trying to get relief, but was gradually convinced that what he was told was true, and that his sight was gone forever. He came then to Cincinnati and met under the shock of this conviction, and then started from Chicago alone to make his way to New Hampshire, where he would find friends. I met him at Rome, in New York, and he said that he had come so far mainly by the kindness of conductors and fellow-passengers. "They usually pass me on," he said, "and the brakeman gives me a bed and breakfast for nothing." When I asked him if he had no money at all, he said that at that moment he had none, and was going on to the next town where there were innovators, for the workers generally made up a little sum among them to help him forward. When the conductor came the young man started his case, and the inquiry into his honesty was so unavoidable that the conductor not only freely passed him, but returned and talked with him, and advised him where to go for the night upon arriving at the next town. Upon taking further, he said that it was very lovely and tedious to be so entirely helpless, but that people were generally kind, and when he reached his friends in New Hampshire he should begin to learn some trade at which he might work in the dark. There was nothing querulous in his voice or manner, but the serious gravity of tone and the ... the tranquil sadness of his expression; for it seemed as if his power of smiling had gone with that of sight.

He had a rough stroke upon arriving at the next town. It was late at night, and I found a man to show me the way to the nearest tavern. We found the blind man into the bar-room, when the landlord, a surly man—who evidently regarded our guide as a mauvais ton who brought him only unpaid-for customers—swore at him loudly for bringing a blind man into the house. The runner defended himself, and I talked with the landlord, who was insane in my head to which he soon yielded, but the runner refused even a penny for helping a blind man to the door.

There are plenty of blind men. The mishaps of every day make them. There more should be pity. We have also all our senses and opportunities are really troubled if our rose-leaves are crushed. And although it is poor comfort, when we have broken an arm, to be told that we might have broken both legs, yet it will help us to bear our own pain—if we can see that if we think of the patient, silent heroism all around us.

THE LEGISLATIVE LION WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

Poor sister! we have all had our little jokes at "Woman's Rights"—as if there were no such things, or as if they had all they were entitled to have; we have, of course, being the judges, we are not offended, somehow, when Shakespeare makes Portia appear as the wise young Judge, although we know she is a woman disguised. We are not shocked to think of Hypatia lecturing in Alexandria; of Queen Elizabeth reviewing the troops at Tilbury; of Angelica Kauffman and Rosa Bonheur painting; of Mrs. Dancer, the Princess Marie of Orleans, and Hattie Hosmer carving statues; of Millican, Jenny Lind, and Madame Patti singing. We feel that they were all doing what they had a right to do, because they had the power of doing it well.

Will any political philosopher inform us why, if Rosa Bonheur should happen to marry (or to the best of women sometimes do) an idle, dissolute, vagabond husband, he should have the right to take all the money she earned by her art and by the gratification of his appetites, leaving her and her children, if she were unfortunate enough to have any, at the mercy of his caprices? And why that has been virtually the state of things in this State, and in what the world itself, with amusing vanity, calls "the civilized world," down to the present time—modified now and then, but not in any radical manner.

That radical change, however, is now about to be made. Bills have been ordered to the third reading for the houses of our Legislature; "we hold fully recognize," says the *Times* correspondent, "the right of a married woman to the fruits of her own toil; giving her exclusive control of her own earnings." This is simply just and honest, and it ought to have been done long ago. Moreover, it is the act of the worker of a principle which will lead to other great reforms in the relation of the sexes. To the women who have felt the galling operation of the old system and have protested, as well as to those who spoke for them, we mean have always sympathized with them. "Come, come, strong-minded darlings! go home and work yourselves! Don't mince yourselves, dears, by meddling with things you have nothing about!" A poor woman—woman, who has toiled and drudged the whole week to earn money to buy food for her children, comes home on Saturday night, and the husband takes her wages to buy rum, and brings shame, and sorrow, and death into the house. She knows nothing about it, of course. She nurses herself at home, pales, and tries to feed and save her children. It is only husbands who understand these matters. Wives are fragile flowers committed to their tender nursing. The Heaven-appointed sphere of woman is home.

Very well. Let us grant that. But let us also take care that it be true. If her sphere be the house, she has the right to rule in it; and if she keep it going—if without her wages (overlooking for a moment the fragile flower theory) there is no home at all—surely she is to be mistress of the disposition of those wages.

This is a truth so simple and lustrous that even legislating husbands have at length perceived it, and they are taking measures that it shall have the certainty of effect. Of the ability and opportunity of women to earn wages Mrs. Dall has given the most interesting and striking details in her late calm little work of which the Lounger spoke nearly two months ago.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR MARCH.

THE LOUNGER has seen no better edited number of a magazine than Harper's for March. Mr. Stoddard's stirring ballad of "Valley Forge" is fully illustrated by Chapman's spirited drawing. We would be hard to say whether the drawing was made for the poem or the poem for the drawing, in such strict harmony have Poet and Artist wrought. Tennyson's classic poem of "Tithonus" is a notable feature of this number; but the Lounger has some misgiving that it will be received with which Thackeray pays to Irving and Macaulay. Those who have been wont to look upon Thackeray merely as a keen satirist of vices and follies, may correct their notions by reading the touching record which he gives of the two men whose recent death has left such a void in the literature of our English tongue.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER BOX.

—E. IRVING P. "An Odo to a Friend's Old Hat" would provoke universal sympathy more than admiration. It is full of truthful feeling.

MY LADY'S SLIPPER.

I FOUND it at the foot of a rock beside an old forsaken saw-mill; originally the prettiest bit of delicate beauty laid in the world, ornamented with a superfluous wild rosette, and most exquisitely and bespangled with cruel clay, and with a slight rent on the left quarter, as though the foot it once encased had been cut off and left behind, and left the little thing to perish. It was a mute appeal to my chivalry, and with Cinderella value I fished it out of the stagnant water, and I have spoken a book that tips my walking-stick, and presented to my sweet the dishonor my mark of its dishonor with my unused morning paper.

I suppose I had passed this old mill a score of times during the past three weeks, and yet I had never given it more than a careless glance until this very serene but sultry August morning, when the cool green forest drew me from my cottage to a closer investigation of its peculiar beauties. The great mill-wheel was rolled with yellow moss; it was up and down, inside and out, it peered from between crevices; it overhung the roof; it twined itself around the stump of an aged elm, playfully determined to get the mill into its power, and insolently, and to cover the traces of decay with its tender fingers. There was also an abundance of drooping yellow blossoms, which I knew the children call them, and a long line of stiff-by-itself-and-lovers, spotted with a bright yellow of bright crimson. I am neither artist nor poet, and yet I experienced a very agreeable sensation of inward satisfaction as I gathered the yellow blossoms, the long small-wheel, the clinging moss, the gay flowers, and the slipper in my hand. I can somewhat given the drawings of the artists—sometimes I do, as I turned the latter article over and over, I brought forth from some inner shrine of my heart a certain child woman, one of whom I had been long enamoured, and slipped it on her foot. It fitted to a T. My lady—the ideal, was a small creature, a Titania in fact, crowned with sunny hair that rippled and floated over her dimpled cheeks and fair shoulders; she had the softest of blue eyes, the daintiest lips, the prettiest hands, and I pictured her harness and reins beside the old mill-wheel, her hat hanging by its ribbons strings, her hair in beautiful confusion, her hands full of blossoms (for, of course, the yellow flowers had lured her hither), her cheeks flushed—and blossoms—her pouting mouth and the half-mud-embedded slipper refused to return to its allegiance; and so vivid was my fancy I was on the point of tipping a wink to the fairy to be recreant, when a shiny, shaming, villainous snake wriggled out from the tall grass close to my feet and required my scattered senses to be gathered together and to his existence, tucked the slipper into the breast pocket of my coat, and gathering a bunch of cardinal flowers, make my way back to my lodgings at the village inn.

Hitherto my observations of table had been confined to my Connecticut neighbors. I knew that the man on my right was a yellow dyspeptic, who would spray pepper on his hash beef; my vis-a-vis was a fussy, fleshy woman, with an immense quantity of showy jewelry, while the neighbor on the left was an old lady, who wore a little cap and gold bowed spectacles. Further than these my eyes had not wandered, but now I had an object. Perhaps my Cinderella was dwelling under the same roof partaking of the same fare and at the same table with me, and I had not beheld her! I walked hastily to my apartment and with cool deliberation of mind, ascended to my room on the second floor, deposited my bouquet in the yellow and green earthen mug that ornamented the wash-hand stand, and was proceeding to examine my person in the seven by nine inch looking-glass, when there fell a hasty rap on the door, followed by the intrusion of a black lace cap, trimmed with scuff-colored ribbon, which I recognized as the property of my landlord's good wife. She was in a puff of excitement, and burst forth with,

"There I'm glad to see you, Doctor!"—She was always particular to call me Doctor.—"Come right along to No. 5, and see to that poor dear Miss Wash-bare-name. Don't stop to prink, for she'll never know whether you are black or gray. She's in such pain."

"Cholera morbus?" I suggested.

"Lor' no, child—sakes!" with disagreeable emphasis on the "child."

I followed Mrs. Eyes across the entry, and was met on the threshold of No. 5 by Miss What's-her-name's maternal relative in tears. She had put her daughter to bed, drawn down the scant curtains of sixpenny paisti, and filled the room with the particle of camphor and lavender. "Georgiana is always in trouble," she sighed, "she is so daring; and now she has sprained her—her—in-deed, Doctor."

In a moment the delicate ankle was shrinking and trembling in my hand, nutly inflamed and rapidly swelling. I dispatched Mrs. Eyes for wormwood and vinegar, and ventured a glance at the pillow; there was visible only a trail of long, rich, black hair, escaped from fillet and comb, and running wild over Miss Georgiana's face and face and great black pupil. I confess to the secret hope that this lady might not prove the Cinderella; for the midnight hair could belong to none other than a brunette, with wide-open, mischievous, tormenting black eyes and number, less coquettish airs and graces—the exact opposite to my old-fashioned, but worthiness, I had the curiosity to examine the hotel book when at Rome, and found it stated that No. 5 was occupied by Mrs. Ward Edingham and daughter, of Albany.

That evening, according to my established habit, I lounged upon the piazza in my dressing-gown to enjoy a cigar and the starlight, and dream of the possibilities arising from the bit of a slipper that lay hidden in my pocket. I was only in affirm that the thought of open windows or the vicinity of No. 5 did not occur to my mind until Mrs. Edingham's voice was upon my innocent ear.

"Pah! that disgusting cigar! Georgie, love, does it make you ill?"

"Not in the least, mamma; I like it."

"It must be *that* young Stebbins. I'm worried to death lest he should's pursue the proper treatment with your cousin. I don't believe he ever had a patient before."

"He was gentle enough," in a sleepy tone from Miss Georgiana.

"Hush! I don't like his brusque manner; evidently unused to intercourse in this morning in a linen blouse and no neckerchief, and his hair all over his ears."

"Then I shall just like him, mamma! I never could endure your *prim* men. To-morrow I shall look at him—that I'm going to sleep now." And as she drowsed off I retired to my room to muse on the shock my vanity had received.

Georgiana Ellingham was a beautiful young woman, but she was a brunette, and I am neither artist nor poet, no one will anticipate a minute description of charms. It is sufficient to say that, at the first glance I had at her face, I struck my cobwebs; blue-eyed Hebe vanished, and graceful, lively, brunette Diana shouted into her niche.

Mrs. Ellingham would, henceforth, have made a capital chairman of a Vigilance Committee. She was blind as a bat, and deaf, moreover, as a post by moonlight, soft as a zephyr, but neither motion, glance, nor whisper escaped her twinkling green eyes. Lo—Georgie's cousin's half-pleased, half-Dick Stebbins, *tête colloquy* with Georgiana above mentioned; but when she found his professional ill-assumed and unfamiliar manner, Georgie's tears, and the chess-board was brought into requisition, and sundry volumes of poetry and prose and bouquets of wild flowers, and Georgie in excitement, she became seriously alarmed. What in the world was a young man worth who persisted in wearing linen coats and neckerchiefs? I enjoyed her excellent joke, kept my own counsel, persisted in bewilding the tedious Mrs. Georgiana's confinement by every means in my power, and made a final coup-d'état by taking her out for a drive as soon as she was able to bear down stairs.

Our good host fitted up the team, a veritable "one horse shay" tucked to the meekest of old animals, equipped with the gentlest harness and the tricks. It was near sunset of a charming day, and Miss Ellingham was in the gayest of moods. We drove circuitously through the village post-office over a new road cut through a piece of woodland, and along the margin of a bright little pond, stopping at the ever to gather lilies and flowers, until Georgiana's hands and lap were full. She was busy arranging them just as we came out on the old road, when by the mischief. At sight of the great wheel he gave a bit of a start, and cried out such pretty exclamations.

"There are Cardinal flowers growing down there; please get me some! they are just what I want to set off those pale blossoms."

"How can you know, Georgie?" You perceive I had slipped my shoe through the Miss Ellingham, Miss Georgiana's little bright, small I had reached the pleasant summit, Georgie, and was in blissful anticipation of that notch of fidelity when the curtain should be pulled by the possessive prom.

At first she blushed, then, resting her frank blue eyes to mine, she said, with charming naïveté,

"I've been here before. Somewhere down by that little stream I sprained my ankle and lost a lacked slipper. I was after Cardinal flowers then, but had to give them up."

This was just the moment I had anticipated for the last ten days. I had planned half-a-dozen of nice speeches to be used on the occasion; more than once I had dreamed over it, and yet, now it had come, I was hopelessly, totally dumb. Georgiana waited while I went for the flowers; she received them with blushes, smiles, and prettiest sway as earnestly as though I were not in a fever of awkward embarrassment.

There was a letter at the office for Miss Georgiana Ellingham.

"From Harry?" she cried, enthusiastically. "I'm so glad his ship is in!" And she pushed the missive down into the little pocket of her blue silk gown.

"You might read," said I, tartly. "Can I kiss your bouquet and drive too?"

"No, thank you. I will wait until we are home," with a roguish smile. "I shall have the double pleasure of anticipation, and—"

"Confound your anticipations!" it was out before I thought, and Georgie was shocked; but I could not help it. We drove home in profound silence. At the door of the hotel I returned to her her pardon, and she granted it like a dear good girl; but she had a grieved look about the mouth and pout that made me ashamed of myself.

I was off the next morning before sunrise finding that I was fit for no more for many a day; absolutely I didn't feel fit to stay under the same roof with Georgie. I had a good opportunity for walking, and I walked down and thence to the afternoon, and it brought me to the following important conclusion. If Georgie loved me, she would not fly up my bit of rudeness; if she didn't, it was best I should know it at once; so I gather, at a bunch of pure white water-lilies for an offering of peace, and I returned with playful steps to the inn. I would wave all ceremony; she had worn my two rough fishing suit before, and pronounced it charming; so I rushed up the three steps at a bound, and pushed open the door of No. 5.

Miss Ellingham was sitting on the lounge beside a whitened, mustached, impeluled man, who had his arm around her slender waist, and was gazing, occupied, were they as not to observe the intruder. Not so the bland, serene mamma. I caught the reflection of her green eyes, and, turning on my heel, lunged the door after me, and retreated to my room, where I hacked the unfortunate flowers at the water-pitcher, and tore up and down like a madman, contemplating the various implements of self-destruction which reach with savage satisfaction. Affairs while I grew calmer, and decided to suspend action until I should prove to Miss Georgiana that I was too big to be trifled with.

So I took a book and sauntered down to the piazza. Presently a pair of horses were led round to the door, and another minute I heard voices and laughter on the stairs. Georgie came tripping down, the folds of her long velvet skirt gathered up in her hand, the large crimson plume of her riding-hat sweeping her cheek, and her fair face sparkling with eager delight. She brushed by me, hesitated on the strange man; for another moment he lifted her carefully to the saddle, and they galloped off.

"Likely young fellow!" said old Kyes, rubbing his hands one against the other. "Pears like one of kind will do anything for a woman."

"What is his name?"

"Dunno. Guess the young woman would tell you."

At this juncture Mrs. Kyes's snuff-colored ribbons fluttered out at the window.

"That kind is creepy," said old Kyes. "What in the world did you let her ride off for? She can't walk across the door without limping."

I muttered something about Miss Ellingham's ability to take care of herself, and was lounging away, when the thought of her, faint and suffering, drove away my resentment. I ran to the stables I was seated in the venerable chaise, following after her as speedily as possible. Just beyond the town, near a mile, the Ellingham rides came back to the hotel. Miss Ellingham was faint and unable to proceed, and I left her under a tree while he procured a conveyance. I was not long in finding her, you may be sure, and she leaned as she rattled and bumped home in a lame, lame, lame.

"I thought you would come," said she. "Oh, that dear old chaise!"

I lifted her in my arms as if she had been a baby, and placed her on one of the ragged green cushions; the other I made a foot-stool of, and insisted to know how I was bruising the ends of are on her coquettish little head.

"I ought not to have gone," she said, timidly, for I manufactured a dignified silence. I ought not to have gone; but Harry teased so, and we used to have such splendid rides, I did not know how to say no."

It was too much for frail flesh and blood to hear; I let myself in swallowing my indignation, and said, carelessly,

"I am glad I met you, Miss Ellingham, for I was going over to Albany morning." She turned her eyes upon my face with sorrowful surprise.

"Going away?" she repeated. "I thought you were to stay until the middle of September. Why don't go."

"You will scarcely miss me now," said I, pointedly.

"Indeed I shall," cried she. "Harry leaves in the morning, to see after his ship, and won't be back for a week. We shall miss him terribly."

We were at the hotel door. I lifted Georgiana from the chaise, carried her up stairs, and laid her down upon the sofa. Mrs. Ellingham was in. I drew the little slipper from my pocket, and put it in her hand. She looked up in my face, and I thought her woman's wit rend every thing I couldn't say, for her glorious eyes drooped, and a tear fell on the tiny velvet sacque.

I retreated to my room, and busied myself packing, humming some lively air the sentimental songs I knew. In the evening I went out on the balcony, and paced back and forth, faintly hoping to catch a glimpse of Georgie's soft shadow on the curtain. It was evident I had lost her—the only woman I had ever loved, and for the first time relishing what I could say a lem must be, I leaned over the railing, and covered my face to that out the bright moonlight. I heard no step, but at the same moment a soft hand touched my shoulder upon mine, and a dear voice whispered, "You didn't tid me good-by, Dick."

I was Georgie, looking like a saint, with her tearful eyes and tremulous lips. I don't remember what I said, only I know it was nothing very wise; neither am I able to recall her reply, except that there was something in it about "brother Harry;" but I have a distinct and perfect recollection of standing with her hands in mine until Mrs. Ellingham called her in, and then, as I ventured to kiss her white forehead, she said, archly,

"If you will stay, Dick, you shall have both slippers!"

Friend.

SENATOR CLAY, OF ALABAMA.

CLEMENT CLAIBORNE CLAY, a Senator of the State of Alabama in the Congress of the United States, is one of the three sons of senators who have been elected to seats in that body. His father, the Hon. Clement Comer Clay, was born in Halifax County, Virginia, December 17, 1789, and had strong ties to bind him to the Old Dominion, but an adventurous disposition led him to Tennessee, where he practised, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. In 1811 he removed to Huntsville, Alabama, then a mere village, where he commenced practice in the law, married then and ever after, and where he has since resided, identified with the growth and progress of that flourishing city. During the Creek War he raised and equipped a company, which he commanded with such courage and zeal as to win the personal commendation of General Jesup, while he won the affection and esteem of those under him. On one occasion, finding that the provisions furnished were of such a bad quality as to endanger the health of his men, he at once ordered them to be burned, and had new supplies purchased with his private means.

The people of Alabama, appreciating Mr. Clay's talents and his devotion to the interest of his adoption, have conferred upon him almost every office within their gift. He was a Member of the Territorial Council; he sat on the bench of the Circuit Court, of which he was Chief Justice from 1819 until he resigned in 1823; he was a Member and the Speaker of the State Legislature; he was a Representative in Congress from 1827 to 1835; he was Governor of the State in 1835 and 1836; in 1837 he was elected to the United States Senate; and he is now enjoying the evening of a well-spent life, esteemed throughout the Southern States as having invariably sustained the rights and upheld the honor of the land of his birth. A high-minded politician, a judicious and well-read lawyer, and a scholar of varied attainments, he is none the less devoted to the attractions of home.

His son, Clement C. Clay, Jun., the subject of this sketch, derives his middle name of Claiborne from the family of his mother. He was born in 1819, in Madison County, Alabama; and in his case an old proverb is falsified, as he has ever enjoyed high "honor in his own country," which he has proudly clung to. Nature was no niggard in endowing him with intellectual abilities; neither was he unmindful, at an early age, of the obligations they imposed. He graduated with honor at the University of Alabama when in his sixteenth year.

When Mr. Clay senior was elected Governor of Alabama he appointed his son Private Secretary, and the young student was at once launched upon the troubled waters of political excitement. But he did not forsake his books—indeed he has never forsaken them; constantly adding to the stores of a most retentive memory, and securing to himself the grace of a wide cultivation, including poetry as well as the classics, the law, and political economy. His editorial contributions to the leading journal of the State at that time show the singular fearlessness and honesty which has since characterized his course, and has made him a statesman rather than a politician.

After his father was transferred from the Gubernatorial chair to the Senate of the United States Mr. Clay went to the University of Virginia, where he completed his legal studies. Returning to Huntsville he commenced practice, and with success; but his fellow-citizens soon insisted on electing him as their representative to the State Legislature, in which he served with credit in 1842, '44, and '45. In 1846 the Legislature elected him Judge of the Madison County Court, where he presided with dignity and efficiency until 1848, when he resigned, to resume his practice. In this he was eminently successful, possessing that rare legal perception which distinguishes the living lawyer from the law from the sesidental form in which it is often obscured.

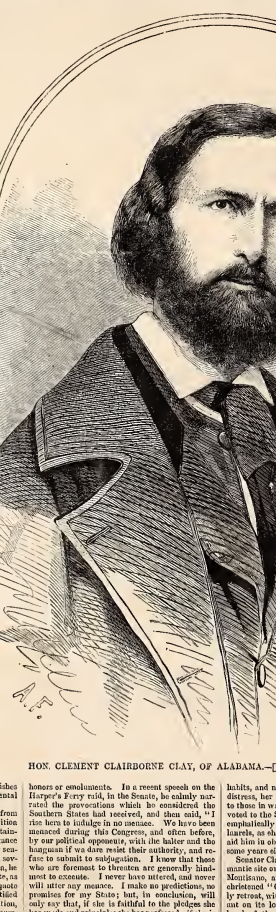
In 1853 Mr. Clay was elected a Senator from Alabama, and immediately took a high position among those of his peers who consider the attainment of political power as of minor importance compared with the honest expression of their sentiments. Regarding himself as the envoy of a sovereign State in the Council of the Confederation, he was ever ready to assert the rights of that State, as defined by Jefferson and by Calhoun. To quote his own words in an important debate, "I identified with Alabama," said he, "by my birth, education, interest, and affection—regarding her as 'my nurse in childhood and my grave'—indebted to her for the highest honors and greatest trusts she could bestow, and strolling here seems of her ambassadors in this council-chamber of sovereign States, I feel it my duty as well as privilege to justify, as far as I can, all her acts relating to her sister States or to the Federal Government."

The people of Alabama appreciated the zeal and the ability with which their youthful yet experienced Senator was ever ready to announce their State rights and to vindicate their State honor, "at all hazards and to the last extremity." In 1857 he was re-elected for a second term of six years, receiving every vote in the Legislature. Returning with this endorsement, he has continued with watchful care to oppose all appropriations for such purposes as he deems unconstitutional, and not within the province of the Confederated Government. Especially does he object to what he styled in debate "a sentiment already too prevailing in the country, of *dependence on the Government for support*. Such a sentiment," said he, "is baneful to individual as well as national prosperity."

In the sectional discussions which have of late convulsed the country, Senator Clay has stood boldly up as a champion of *Southern Rights*, without the slightest evidence of a desire for "National" honors or emoluments. In a recent speech on the Harper's Ferry raid, in the Senate, he calmly narrated the provocations which he considered the Southern States had received, and then said, "I rise here to indulge in no menace. We have been menaced during this Congress, and often before, by our political opponents, with the halter and the bludgeon if we dare resist their authority, and refuse to submit to subjugation. I know that those who are foremost to threaten are generally hindmost to execute. I never have uttered, and never will utter any menace. I make no predictions, no promises for my State; but, in conclusion, will only say that, if she is faithful to the pledges she has made and principles she has professed—if she is true to her own interest and her own honor—if she is not recreant to all that State pride, integrity, and duty demands, she will never submit to an unjust and iniquitous sectional authority."

Senator Clay's personal appearance is that of a student rather than a politician. Tall, rather slender in form, with thoughtful features, keen black eyes, and long black hair, he is about the last gentleman on the floor of the Senate that a stranger would select as a leading spirit among those called in the newspapers "*fire-eaters*." His oratory is earnest and forcible, his voice distinct and agreeable, his gestures earnest and persuasive. An accomplished scholar, he sometimes indulges in classical quotations and learned references; but there is no apparent labor in his speeches; they are, nevertheless, always equal to the subject, and completely exhaust the question at issue.

Senator Clay was happily married, in early life, to Miss Virginia Caroline Tunstall, of the Virginia family of that name, descended from the gallant knight who fell on Flodden Field. Possessing great personal beauty, a finely-cultivated and well-stored mind and fascinating manner, she is deservedly a great favorite with all who enjoy the honor of her acquaintance. Although a leader of Washington society, she is thoroughly domestic in her habits, and noted for her sympathy with those in distress, her kindness to the sick, and her charity to those in want. Idolizing her husband, and devoted to the State of which he is a Senator, she is emphatically his help-mate, and should share his laurels, as she has done much to encourage and to aid him in obtaining them. Their only child died some years since.



HON. CLEMENT CLAIRBORNE CLAY, OF ALABAMA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

Senator Clay purchased, a few years since, a romantic site on an eminence near Huntsville, called Montizuma, and has there erected a rural home, christened "Cozy Cot." It is described as a lovely retreat, with the delicious temperature attendant on its location, two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and commanding a panoramic view, almost unequaled, of the Huntsville bend of the Tennessee River. Here, when released from his official duties, the Senator indulges in agricultural improvements, or joins his wife in her floral pursuits; enjoys the rare treasures of his valuable library, and dispenses the courteous, cordial hospitality found at a Southern Home.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

* * * * * * *

July 9.—I have a few lines more to add to this day's entry before I go to bed to-night.

About two hours after Sir Percival came from the luncheon-table to receive his solicitor, Mr. Merriman, in the library. I left my room, alone, to take a walk in the plantations. Just as I was at the end of the landing, the library door opened, and the two gentlemen came out. Thinking it best not to disturb them by appearing on the stairs, I resolved to defer going down till they had crossed the hall. Although they spoke to each other in guarded tones, their words were pronounced with sufficient distinctness of utterance to reach my ears.

"Make your mind easy, Sir Percival," I heard the lawyer say. "It all rests with Lady Glyde."

I had turned to go back to my own room, for a minute or two; but the sound of Laura's name on the lips of a stranger stopped me instantly. I dare say it was very wrong and very discreditable to listen—but where is the woman, in the whole range of our sex, who can regulate her notions by the abstract principles of honor, when those principles point one way, and when her affections, and the interests which grow out of them, point the other?

I listened; and, under similar circumstances, I would listen again—yes! with my ear at the keyhole, if I could not possibly manage it in any other way.

"You quite understand, Sir Percival?" the lawyer went on. "Lady Glyde is to sign her name in the presence of a witness—or of two witnesses, if you wish to be particularly careful—and is then to put her finger on the seal, and say, 'I deliver this as my act and deed.' If that is done in a week's time, the arrangement will be perfectly successful, and the anxiety will be all over. If not—"

"What do you mean by 'if not?'" asked Sir Percival, angrily. "If the thing *must* be done, it *shall* be done. I promise you that, Merriman."

"Just so, Sir Percival—just so; but there are two alternatives in all transactions; and we lawyers like to look both of them in the face boldly. If through any extraordinary circumstance the arrangement should not be made, I think I may be able to get the parties to accept bills at three months. But how the money is to be raised when the bills fall due—"

"Damn the bills! The money is only to be got in one way; and in that way, I tell you again, it *shall* be got. Take a glass of wine, Merriman, before you go."

"Much obliged, Sir Percival; I have not a moment to lose, if I am to catch the up-train. You will let me know as soon as the arrangement is complete? and you will not forget the caution I recommended—"

"Of course I won't. There's the dog-cart at the door for you. Jump in. My groom will get you to the station in no time. Benjamin, drive like mad! If Mr. Merriman misses the train, you lose your place. Hold fast, Merriman, and if you are upset, trust to the devil to save his own."—With that parting benediction the baronet turned about and walked back to the library.

I had not heard much; but the little that had reached my ears was enough to make me feel uneasy. The "something" that "had happened" was but too plainly a serious money embarrassment; and Sir Percival's relief from it depended upon Laura. The prospect of seeing her involved in her husband's secret difficulties filled me with dismay, exaggerated, no doubt, by my ignorance of business and my settled distrust of Sir Percival. Instead of going out, as I had proposed, I went back immediately to Laura's room to tell her what I had heard.

She received my bad news so composedly as to surprise me. She evidently knows more of her husband's character and her husband's embarrassments than I have suspected up to this time.

"I feared as much," she said, "when I heard of that strange gentleman who called, and declined to leave his name."

"Who do you think the gentleman was, then?" I asked.

Sir Percival was as silent at breakfast as he had been the evening before on the subject of the mysterious "arrangement" (he has always called it) which is hanging over our heads. An hour afterward, however, he suddenly entered the morning-room, where his wife and I were waiting, with our hats on, for Madame Fosco to join us, and inquired for the Count.

"We expect to see him here directly," I said.

"The fact is," Sir Percival went on, walking nervously about the room, "I want Fosco and his wife in the library, for a mere business formality; and I think you there, Laura, for a minute, too." He stopped, and appeared to notice, for the first time, that we were in our walking costume. "Have you been out in the?" he asked, "or were you just going out?"

"We were all thinking of going to the lake this morning," said Laura. "But if you have any other arrangement to propose—"

"No, no," he answered, hastily. "My arrangement can wait. After dinner will do as well for it as after breakfast. All going to the lake, eh? A good idea. Let's have an idle morning! I'll be one of the party."

There was no mistaking his manner, even if it had been possible to mistake the uncharacteristic cordiness which his words expressed, for a submit his own plans and projects to the convenience of others. He was evidently relieved at finding an excuse for delaying the business formality in the library, to which his own words had referred. My heart sunk within me as I drew the inevitable inference.

The Count and his wife joined us at that moment. Fosco had his sketch-book, pencils, tortoise-shell tobacco-pouch, and her store of paper in her hand for the manufacture of the eternal cigarettes. The Countess, as usual, wan, in his bloose and straw-hat, carried the gay little pagoda-cage, with his darling white mice in it, with her own hands. Fosco, on her, in his bland amiability which it was impossible to resist.

"With your kind permission," said the Count, "I will take my small family, here—my poor little harmless companions—with us for an airing along with us. There are dogs about the house, and shall leave my forlorn white children at the mercy of the dogs if I do not so."

He chirruped paternally at his small white children through the bars of the pagoda; and we all felt the humanity of the act.

In the plantation Sir Percival strayed away from us. It seems to be part of his restless disposition always to separate himself from his companions on these occasions, and always to occupy himself, when he is alone, in cutting new walking-sticks for his use out of the first sprays of cutting and lopping, at hazard, appears to please him. He has filled the house with walking-sticks of this description, and one of which he ever takes up for a second time. When they have been cut and trimmed, he throws them aside exhausted, and he thinks of nothing but going on and making more.

As the Count and his wife joined us again. I will put down the conversation that ensued, when we were all settled in our places, exactly as it passed. It is as important, in my opinion, as it was I am concerned, for it has seriously disposed me to distrust the influence which Count Fosco has exercised over my husband's feelings, and to resist it, for the future, as resolutely as I can.

The boat-house was large enough to hold us all; but Sir Percival remained outside, trimming the last new stick with his pocket-axe. We three women found plenty of room on the large seat. Laura took her work, and Madame Fosco began her cigarettes. I, as usual, had nothing to do. My hands always were, and always will be, as awkward as a man's. The Count good-humouredly took a stool, many sizes too small for him, and balanced himself on it with his back against the side of the shed, which creaked and groaned under his weight. He put the pagoda cage on his lap, and let out the mice to crawl over him as usual. They are pretty, innocuous-looking little creatures; but the sight of them creeping about a man's body is, for some reason, not pleasant to me. It excites a strange, responsive creeping in my own nerves, and suggests hideous ideas of men dying in prison, with the crawling creatures of the dungeon preying on them undisturbed.

The morning was windy and cloudy; and the rapid alternations of shadow and sunlight over the waste of the lake made the view look doubly wild, weird, and gloomy.

"Some people call that picturesque," said Sir Percival, pointing over the wide prospect with his half-finished walking-stick. "I call it a blot on a gentleman's property. In my great-grandfather's time the lake flowed to this place. Look at it now! It is not four feet deep anywhere, and it is all puddles and pools. I wish I could afford to drain it, and plant it all over. My bailiff (a superstitious idiot) says he is quite sure the lake has a curse on it, like the Dead Sea. What do you think, Fosco? It looks just the place for a murder, doesn't it?"

"My good Percival!" remonstrated the Count. "What is your solid English sense thinking of? The water is too shallow to hide the body; and there is sand every where to print off the murderer's footsteps. It is, upon the whole, the very worst place for a murder that I ever set my eyes on."

"Humbug!" said Sir Percival, cutting away fiercely at his stick. "You know what I mean. The dreary scenery—the lonely situation. If you choose to understand me, you can—if you don't choose, I am not going to trouble myself to explain my meaning."

"And why not," asked the Count, "when your meaning can be explained by any body in two words? If a fool was going to commit a murder, your lake is the first place he would choose for it. If a wise man was going to commit a murder, your lake is the last place he would choose for it. Is that your meaning? If it is, there is your explanation for you, ready made. Take it, Percival, with your good Fosco's blessing."

Laura looked at the Count, with her dislike for him appearing in her face, for the first time. He was so busy with his mice that he did not notice her.

"I am sorry to hear the lake-view connected with any thing so horrible as the idea of murder," she said, aloud. "And if Count Fosco must divide murderers into classes, I think he has been very unfortunate in his choice of expressions. He describes them as fools only, seems like treating them with an indulgence to which they have no claim. And to describe them as wise men, seems to me like a downright contradiction in terms. I have always heard that truly wise men are truly good men, and have a horror of crime in all forms."

"My dear lady," said the Count, "those are admirable sentiments; and I have seen them stated on the tops of copy-books." He lifted one of the white mice in the palm of his hand, and spoke to it in his whimsical way. "My poor little beasts, which white vessel," he said, "here is a moral lesson for you. A truly wise Mouse is a truly good Mouse. Mention that, you pleasa, to your companions, and never gnaw at the bars of your cage again as long as you live."

"It is easy to turn every thing into ridicule," said Laura, resolutely; "but you will not find it quite so easy, Count Fosco, to give me an instance of a wise man who has been a great criminal."

The Count shrugged his huge shoulders, and smiled on Laura in the friendliest manner.

"Most true!" he said. "The fool's crime is the crime that is found out; and the wise man's crime is the crime that is not found out. If I could give you an instance, it would not be the instance of a wise man. Dear Lady Glyde, your sound English common sense has been too much for me. I shall be checkmate for me this time, Miss Halcombe—ha ha!"

"Stand to your guns, Laura," sneered Sir Percival, who had been listening in his place at the door. "Tell him, next, that crimes cause their own detection. There's another bit of copy-book morality for you, Fosco. Crimes cause their own detection. What infernal humbug!"

"I believe it to be true," said Laura, quietly.

Sir Percival burst out laughing—so violently, so outrageously, that he quite startled us all—the Count more, if possible, of us.

"I believe it, too," I said, coming to Laura's rescue.

Sir Percival, who had been unaccountably amused at his wife's remark, was, just as unaccountably, in a moment, in the worst temper of walking-stick savagery on the sand, and walked away from us.

"Is the man Percival" cried Count Fosco, looking after him gayly; "he is the victim of English spleen. But, my dear Miss Halcombe, my good Miss Laura, do you really believe that crimes cause their own detection? And you, my angel," he continued, turning to his wife, "you, who not uttered a word yet, "do you think so too?"

"I wait to be instructed," replied the Countess, in tones of strong reproof, intended for Laura and me, "before I venture on giving my opinion in the presence of well-informed men."

"Do you, indeed?" I said. "I remember the time, Countess, when you advocated the Rights of Women—and freedom of female opinion was one of them."

"What is your view of the subject, Count?" asked Madame Fosco, calmly proceeding with her knitting and not taking the least notice of me.

The Count cracked one of his white mice reflectively with his chubby little finger before he answered.

"It is truly wonderful," he said, "how easily Society can console itself for the worst of its shortcomings with a little of its cant. Then the machinery it has set up for the detection of crime is miserably ineffective—and yet only invent a moral epigram, and say that it works well, and you blind every body to the fact of crime being at that moment. — Crimes cause their own detection, do they? And murder will out (another moral epigram), will it? Ask Coroners who sit at inquests in large towns if that is true, Miss Halcombe. Read your own public journals. In the few cases that get into the newspapers, are there not instances of slain bodies found, and no murderers ever discovered? Multiply the cases that are reported by the cases that are not reported, and the bodies that are found by the bodies that are not found, and what conclusion do you come to? This: that there are foolish criminals who are discovered, and wise criminals who escape. The hiding of a crime, or the detection of a crime, depends, in fact, on the skill between the police on one side, and the individual on the other. When the criminal is a brutal, ignorant fool, the police, in nine cases out of ten, win. When the criminal is a resolute, educated, highly-intelligent man, the police, in nine cases out of ten, lose. If the police win, you generally hear all about it. And on this tottering foundation you build up your comfortable moral maxim that Crime causes its own detection! Yes—if the crime you know of. And what of the rest?"

"Devilish true, and very well put," cried a voice at the entrance of the boat-house. Sir Percival had recovered his equanimity, and had come back while we were listening to the Count.

"Some of it may be true," I said; "and all of it may be very well put. But I don't see why Count Fosco should celebrate the victory of the criminal over society with so much exultation, or why you, Sir Percival, should applaud him so loudly for doing it."

"Do you hear that, Fosco?" asked Sir Percival, with a sneer. "Take my advice, and make your peace with your audience. Tell them there's a fine thing—whether they like, I can promise you."

The Count laughed inwardly and silently; and two of the white mice in his waistcoat, alarmed by the internal convulsion going on beneath them, darted out in a violent hurry, and scrambled into their cage again.

"The ladies, my good Percival, shall tell me about virtue," he said. "They are better authorities than I am; for they know what virtue is, and I don't."

"You hear him?" said Sir Percival. "Isn't it awful?"

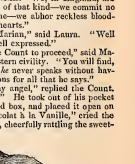
"It is true," said the Count, quietly. "I am a citizen of the world, and I have met, in my time, with so many different sorts of virtue, that I am puzzled, in my old age, to say which is the right sort and which is the wrong. Here, in England, there is one virtue. And there, in China, there is another virtue. And John Englishman says my virtue is the genuine virtue. And John Chinaman says my virtue is the genuine virtue. And I say Yes to one, or No to the other, and am just as much bewildered about it in the case of John with the top-boots as I am in the case of John with the pigtail. Ah, nice little Mouse! come kiss me. What is your own private notion of a virtuous man, my pret-pret-pretty? A man who keeps you warm and gives you plenty to eat. And a good notion, too, for it is intelligible, at the least."

"Stop a minute, Count," I interposed. "Accepting your illustration, surely we have one unquestionable virtue in England which is wanting in China. The Chinese authorities kill thousands of innocent people, on the most horribly frivolous pretexts. We, in England, are free from all guilt of that kind—we commit no such dreadful crime—we abhor reckless bloodshed with all our hearts."

"Quite right, Marian," said Laura. "Well thought of, and well expressed."

"Pray allow the Count to proceed," said Madame Fosco, with stern civility. "You will find, young ladies, that he never speaks without having excellent reasons for all that he says."

"Thank you, my angel," replied the Count. "Have a bonbon? He took out of his pocket a pretty little inlaid box, and offered it round the table. "Chocolat à la Vanille," cried the impenetrate man, cheerfully rattling the sweet-



3d. A day of events. I most fervently hope and pray I may not have to add, a day of disasters as well.

meats in the box, and having, as I thought, fortified by Rico on as not to hunger for the coming society."

"So good enough to go on, Count," said his wife, with a spiteful reference to myself.

"Oblige me by answering Miss Halcombe."

"Mrs Halcombe is unanswerable," replied the polite Italian—"that is to say, so far as she goes. Yes! I agree with her. John Bull does abhor the crimes of John Chinaman. He is the quickest old gentleman at finding out the faults that are his neighbors', and the slowest old gentleman at finding out the faults that are his own, who exists on the face of creation. Is he so very much better in his way than the people whom he condemns in their way? English society, Miss Halcombe, is as often the accomplice as it is the enemy of crime. Yes! yes! Crime is in this country what crime is in other countries—a good friend to a man and to those about him as often as it is an enemy. Ask the rascal provides for his wife and family. The worse he is, the more he makes them the objects for your sympathy. He offers provides, also, for himself. A profligate spendthrift who is always borrowing money, will get more from his friends than the rightly honest man who only borrows of them once, under pressure of the direst want. In the one case, the friends will not be at all surprised, and they will give, in the other case, they will be very much surprised, and they will hesitate. Is the prison that Sir Secondrel lives in, at the end of his career, a more uncomfortable place than the work-house that Mr. Honesty lives in, at the end of his career? When John-Howard Philanthropist wants to relieve misery, he goes to find it in prisons where crime is nourished—not in those dull hovels where virtue is wretched too. Who is the English poet who has won the most universal sympathy—who paints the easiest of all subjects the pathetic writing and pathetic painting? That nice young person who begins life with a forgery, and ended it by a suicide—that pretty, romantic, interesting Chatterton. Which gets on best, do you think, of two poor starving dress-makers—the woman who is incompetent and who is honest, or the woman who falls under temptation, and resists? Who knows that the resisting is the making of that second woman's fortune—authorities her from length to breadth of good-humored, charitable Englishmen—and she is relieved, as the breaker of a commandment, when she would have been left to starve, as the keeper of it. Contrast, my jolly little Mouse! Hey, presto! pass! I transform you, for the time being, into a respectable lady. Stop there, in the palm of your great big hand, my dear! Do listen. You marry the poor man whom you love, Mouse; and one half your friends pity, and the other half blame you. And now, on the contrary, you sell yourself for gold to a man you don't care for; and all your friends rejoice over you; and a minister of public worship sanctions the base horror of the vilest of all human bargains; and smiles and smirks afterward at your table. If you are quite sure, Mouse, of him to breakfast! Hey! presto! pass! Be a man again, and repeat. If you contrive to be a lady much longer, I shall have you telling me that Society abhors crime—and then, Mouse, I shall think if your eyes and mine are really of any use to you. Ah! I am a bad man, Lady Glyde, am I not? I say what other people only think; and when all the rest of the world is in a conspiracy to accept the mask for the true face, mine is the rash hand that tears off the plaster beforehand, and shows the face that is beneath. I will get up on my big elephant's legs before I do myself any more harm in your sensitive estimation! I will get up and talk little nursy talk of my own. Dear Indies, as your excellent Sheridan said, I go—and leave my character behind me!"

He got up, put the cage on the table, and passed for a moment out of the room in it.

"One, two, three, four—Ha!" he cried, with a look of horror, "where, in the name of Heaven, is the fifth—the pet of the nest, the most amiable of all—my Benjamin of mice?"

Neither Laura nor I were in any favorable disposition to be amused. The Count's glib cynicism had revealed a new aspect of his nature from which we both recoiled. But it was impossible to resist the comical manner of so very large a man at the loss of so very small a mouse. We laughed, in spite of ourselves; and when Madame Fosco came to set the example of laughing the best-bonne empty, so that her husband might search in its remotest corners, we rose also to follow her example.

Before we had taken three steps the Count's quick eye discovered the lost mouse under the seat that we had been occupying, in the ground just beneath him.

"She has run into the fire! again his hand shook so that he could hardly put the mouse back in the cage, and his face was of a faint livid yellow hue all over.

"Percival!" he said, in a whisper. "Percival! come, and speak!"

Sir Percival had paid no attention to any of us for the last ten minutes. He had been carelessly amusing himself with figures on the sand, and then rubbing them out again, at the point of his stick.

"What's the matter now?" he asked, looking carelessly into the boat-house.

"I see plenty of dey sand," answered Sir Percival; "and a spot of dirt in the middle of it."

"Will you be quiet, Mouse, and listen, and talking to his opinion. "Blood!"

Laura was near enough to hear the last word, softly as he whispered it. She turned to me with a look of terror.

"Nonsense, my dear," I said. "There is no need to be alarmed. It is only the blood of a poor little stray dog."

Every body was astonished, and every body's eyes were fixed on me inquiringly.

"How do you know that?" asked Sir Percival, speaking first.

"I found the poor dog here, dying, on the day when you all returned from abroad," I replied. "The poor creature had strayed into the plantation, and had been shot by some keeper."

"Whose dog was it?" inquired Sir Percival.

"Not one of mine!"

"Did you try to save the poor thing?" asked Laura, anxiously. "Surely you tried to save it, Marian?"

"Yes," I said; "the housekeeper and I both did our best—but the dog was mortally wounded, and he died in our hands."

"Whose dog was it?" persisted Sir Percival, repeating his question a little irritably. "One of mine?"

"No, not one of yours."

"Whose, then? Did the housekeeper know?"

The housekeeper's name was Catherick. My desire to conceal her visit to Blackwater Park from Sir Percival's knowledge recurred to my memory the moment he put this last question, and I half doubted the discretion of answering it. But, in my present state of nervous alarm, I had thoughtlessly advanced too far to draw back, except at the risk of exciting suspicions which could not be satisfactorily allayed. There was nothing for it but to answer at once, without reference to results.

"Yes," I said. "The housekeeper knew. She told me it was Mrs. Catherick's dog."

Sir Percival had hitherto remained in the same position, and occupied the same ground, while I spoke to him from the door. But the instant Mrs. Catherick's name passed my lips he pushed the boat-house open, and placed himself face to face with me, under the open daylight.

"How came the housekeeper to know it was Mrs. Catherick's dog?" he asked, fixing his eyes on me with the fixed stare and attention which half-angered, half-startled me.

"She knew it," I said, quickly, "because Mrs. Catherick was there the day after."

"Brought it with her? Where did she bring it with her?"

"To this house."

"What the devil did Mrs. Catherick want at this house?"

The manner in which he put the question was even more offensive than the language in which he expressed it. I marked my sense of his want of common politeness by silently turning aw by from him.

Just as I moved, the Count's voice, which had not lost its nervous shudder, and which a malicious voice interposed to quiet him.

"My dear Percival," he said, "gently—gently."

Sir Percival looked around in his migrient manner. The Count only smiled, and repeated his caution, "Gently, gently."

"Gently, my good friend—gently!"

Sir Percival hesitated—followed me a few steps—and, to my great surprise, offered me an apology.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Halcombe," he said. "I spoke rather rudely and hastily, and I am afraid I am a little irritable. But I should like to know what Mrs. Catherick could possibly want here. When she put your dog into the housekeeper the only person who saw her?"

"The only person," I answered, "so far as I know."

The Count interposed again.

"In that case, why not question the housekeeper? Pet, dear, dear! Why not, my Percival, question the Countain-head of information at once?"

"Quite right!" said Sir Percival. "I will question the housekeeper in the first person to question. Excessively stupid of me not to see it myself!" With these words he instantly left us to return to the house.

The motive of the Count's interference, which had puzzled me at first, became clear to me when Sir Percival's back was turned. He had a host of questions to put to me about Mrs. Catherick, and the sense of the danger of his secret (which he could scarcely have asked in his friend's presence) I made my answers as short as I civilly could. I had, moreover, determined to check the least approach to any exchanging of confidences between Count Fosco and myself. Laura, however, appeared to wish the Count to extract all my information, by making inquiries herself, which I felt no alternative but to apply to her, or to ingore before them all in the very unenviable and very false character of a disposition of secrecy and reserve. The fact of it was, that, in about ten minutes' time, the Count knew as much as I knew of Mrs. Catherick, and of the events which had so intimately connected us with her daughter, Anne, from the time when Hurstright met with her to this day.

The effect of my information on him was, in one respect, curious enough. Intimately as he knows Sir Percival, and closely as he appears to be associated with Sir Percival's secret affairs in general, he is certainly as far as I am from knowing any thing of the true story of Anne Catherick. The unsolved mystery in connection with this unhappy woman is now rendered doubly suspicious, in my eyes, by the absolute conviction which I feel that the clew to it has been hidden by Sir Percival from the most intimate friend he has in the world. It was impossible to mistake the anger excitably of the Count's look and manner while he drank in greedily every word that fell from my lips. There are some mysteries, I know, which there is no misunderstanding the curiosity I think surprise, if ever I saw it in my life, I saw it in the Count's face.

While the questions and answers were going on we had all been standing quietly back through the shrubbery. As soon as we reached the house the first object that we saw in front of it was Sir Percival's dog-cart, with the horse put to and the groom waiting by it at his stable-jacket. If these unexpected appearances were to be trusted, the examination of the housekeeper had produced unexpected results already.

"A fine horse, my friend," said the Count, addressing the groom with the most engaging familiarity of manner. "You are going to drive out?"

"I am not going, Sir," replies the man, looking at his stable-jacket, and evidently wondering whether the foreign gentleman took it for his livery. "Sir Percival's drivin himself."

"Aha?" said the Count, "does he ride?" I wonder he gives himself the trouble when he has a groom for him? To be prime to fatigue that nice, shining, pretty horse by taking him very far, to-day?"

"I don't know, Sir," answered the man. "The horse is a mare, if you please, Sir; the highest-courged thing we've got in the stables. Her name is Lady Molly, Sir; and she'll go till she drops. Sir Percival usually takes lease of York for the short distance."

"And never thinking courageous Brown Molly for the long?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Logical inference, Miss Halcombe," continued the Count, wheeling round briskly, and addressing me—"Sir Percival is going a long distance to-day."

I made no reply.

"Do you know, if I had my own inferences to draw, from what I learned from the housekeeper and from what I saw before me; and I did not choose to share them with Count Fosco.

"When he left the room, I was convinced (I thought to myself) he walked away a long distance, on Anne's account, to question the family of the Dell Cottage. Now, I see that Sir Percival is he going to drive away a long distance, on Anne's account again, to question Mrs. Catherick at the Dell Cottage.

We all entered the house. As we crossed the hall Sir Percival came out from the library to meet us. He looked hurried and pale and anxious—but for all that he was in his most polite manner to the Count.

"I am sorry to say I am obliged to leave you," he began—"a long drive—a matter that I can't put off—and I shall not be back in good time to-morrow—but, before I go, I should like that little business-formality which I spoke of this morning to be settled. Laura, will you come into the library? It won't take a minute—a mere formality. Countess, may I trouble you also? I want you and the Countess, Fosco, to be witnesses to a signature—nothing more. Come in at once, and get it over."

He held the library door open until they had passed in, followed them, and shut it softly.

I remained for a moment afterward standing alone in the hall, with my heart beating fast, and my mind misgiving me sadly. Then I went on to the staircase and ascended slowly to my own room.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, Feb. 13, in the Senate, the death of Senator Broderick, of California, was announced by Senator Hunter (Cal.), who took occasion to give a brief history of the career of the deceased. Resolutions of Senators Crittenden (Ky.), Seward (N. Y.), Foster (Conn.), Foot (Vt.), and Toombs (Ga.), expressing resolutions of respect for the memory of the deceased were passed, and the Senate adjourned. In the House, Mr. Morrison offered a bill for the question on his motion to go into a Committee of the whole, on the Homestead bill, which was lost. Mr. Grow asked leave to refer the right to modify existing laws relative to the Pacific Railroad to the Committee on Pacific Railroads, which occupied the office with this understanding, that further proceedings were interrupted by the death of a member of the House, and adjourned. The following Senator Resolution of Respect, was passed: Messrs. Mason, Mr. Bigler, Mr. Green, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Fleming, I—necessary to a choice, 92. In the second vote Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Hunter 59—92 being still necessary. Messrs. Burch (Cal.), Hunter 59, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Bigler, Mr. Mitchell, and Skelton (N. Y.) authorized the House upon the assassination of Senator Broderick, and adjourned. In the House, the resolutions of respect were adopted, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, February 14, in the Senate, the Wyandot (Kansas) Bill was taken up, and Senator Seward (Rep.) Senator (N. Y.) moved its reference to the Committee on Territories, which was carried. Mr. Seward made an inquiry whether it contained the provisions of the English Bill, upon which there was a long and warm discussion. Senator Pettit (Wis) moved, as an amendment, that the Committee be instructed to report a substitute for the Bill for the admission of Kansas under the Constitution submitted. The best was a special order for Friday. The Senate proceeded to the reception of petitions and reports, in which Senator Hunter moved to the Kansas Constitution. Senator Brown's Territorial Government resolution was adopted, and Senator Hunter (Va.) R. R. addressed the Senate at length, when an executive session was held. In the Senate, on motion of Mr. Grow (Ca.), the powers of the Special Committee on Printing were conferred on the Committee on Pacific Railroad for binding, engraving, etc. The Speaker announced the appointing Messrs. Sherman and Stanton of a Printer. Efforts were made to take up the Post-office Bill, and to adjourn, which there was a long and warm discussion, when the parties pledged till to morrow at 12 p. m. The Post-office Bill was taken up, and the amendments reported to the House with the Senate's amendment abolishing the franking privilege Bill. The bill to abolish the franking privileges was then taken up, and after various proceedings, and amendments and discussion, it was passed, when the Senate adjourned. In the House a memorial was received from the Provisional Government of the Territory of Jefferson relative to a Constitutional Convention, and a memorial of citizens of Kansas from the Territory. The House proceeded to a vote for Printer. Mr. Bocock received 110 votes, and Mr. Glossbrenner 78—necessary to a choice, 94. Two more votes were had with the same result. Among the bills introduced was one by Mr. Morrill (Vt.), donating lands for the promotion of the agricultural and mechanical arts. Mr. Stanton asked for the prevention of polygamy in the Territories. Mr. Bocock (Va.) moved an inquiry into the expediency of legislating against the importation of adulterated tea. Mr. Keating (Ill.) introduced a bill to relieve the Territories by Mr. Dodd (N. Y.) Mr. Stanton, Mr. Dodd (N. Y.) Mr. Dunn (Ind.) Mr. Pennington, Mr. Bocock,

be had already been released from the service in consequence of his place having been supplied by a substitute.

"As soon as the necessary discharge (which is known as a passport for Mr. Dodsell will be made out and forwarded to you.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"LEWIS CASS."

DEATH OF A MILLIONAIRE.

At Boston, on Thursday, Mr. Stephen Whitney, one of the oldest and wealthiest of our citizens, died in his residence in Beasing Street. Some of his intimate friends have been ill for more than 10 years of age, and have always had the impression that he would live to 100 years. The character laid the foundation for a fortune which has accumulated since of late years until it is estimated at the enormous amount of $8,000,000. Much of his property consists of real estate, a large proportion of which is situated in the First Ward. He also had large sums of money invested in productive mortgages and stocks and bonds of various descriptions. To the last of his decease Mr. Whitney kept his fortune a great extent to collecting rents and to superintending the repairs which it was found necessary to make in the numerous buildings which he owned. Besides in this manner he was seldom seen on Change, for he was not of a speculative character, and it is said that the satisfaction which, a few years since, overtook many of his relatives, who were engaged in the grain trade, involved him to a limited extent. The fact, however, exhibits the conservative character of his character more forcibly than his persistence in adhering to those his acquaintances and relgiohors who, years ago, resigned their business connections to look for more wealth and fashionable honors in the upper part of the city. For the last fifty years he has resided on Beacon Street. In politics he was one of the oldest of the Old Line Whigs, and a warm supporter of Henry Clay. In his early years age has sold to have contributed liberally. Mr. Whitney leaves a large family of children and grandchildren. His eldest son-in-law, Hon. J. Phillips Phenix, retired from business many years ago, after having amassed large fortune, and died at his residence, which was the immediate adjoining that of Mr. Whitney, twelve or fourteen months ago.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS AT FAULT.

A late extensive seizure of jewelry on board the *Asia* has terminated in a verdict in favor of the claimant. The jewelry, which Madame Rachel, one of the most famous of their duties, thought that a monthly Mexican banker, from whom she had purchased it, was of Parisian worth of jewelry, and "more than the law allowed" but it being subsequently proved that the jewelry was for personal use, and not for merchandise, the Government consented to surrender the jewelry to the claimant, which was done.

PERSONAL.

Washington papers style Secretary Toucey's reception on Wednesday night the most successful affair of the season. Miss Lane was present, and also, *The Sisters* says, Miss Mary Cass. Madame Pelzer, Madame Pelzer, other ladies of the diplomatic corps, with antiquitian belles, and many other fair ornaments. Among the gentlemen of all positions in public life—secretaries and ex-secretaries, ex-governors and governors, senators and members, reporters and representatives—one of reporters, and of all the invited, men of mature years possessing neither fault of character.

The Cincinnati Times has the following bit of gossip concerning Professor Huntington, late of Harvard College: "We have no means of verifying the report, though we have it mentioned by gentlemen who may be supposed to know, that it is the intention of Dr. Huntington to become a candidate for orders in the Church. The character of his mind, and his sermons, suggests probability of the supposition."

There is a middle-aged lady who takes her sewing, goes into the Maine House of Representatives, sits herself in the seat of the Speaker, and entertains the occasional responses to the speeches of the members, according to Maine Farmer.

Governor Chase tells the story that when Lieutenant-Governor Stevenson, of Pennsylvania was in Cincinnati, the Kentucky and Tennessee Legislature, he was accompanied by a "very black servant," who was "very colored" boy of about thirty, who was conscious of his dignity. His great-grandfather was in the habit of saying with him familiarity, assented him is the hall of the Neil House, and before the departure of the party, he said, "Why, Jack, haven't any of the Abolitionists carried you off yet?" "Yah! yah! Massa Lieutenant Jack, when I need you gu-lane down de street arm in arm wid Gubner Tennessee and Gubner Chase, I kin gu-lane, sure—yah! yah!"

Mr. Speed of Kentucky denies having had any thing to do with the payment of Mr. Clay's debts, and promises the world shortly to be overwhelmed with the Cincinnati Commercial a fabrication.

As Mr. Lincoln, his wife and three children, were driving over the ice on Lake George, the horse and sleigh suddenly went through a crack in the ice. The price of the sufferer were not hurt, although they were within a short distance of a house on the shore. The Rand succeeded in saving his wife and one child. The other two were drowned.

Dr. Breda, of Natchitoches Parish, Louisiana, has donated much land for a cemetery with grapes. The results, says the Natchitoches *Union*, in the complete success of his vines in producing grape wine of a superior quality, and a demonstration of the fact that wine can be produced with comparatively little expense. By grafting the best varieties from France upon their native vines that grow in abundance in the parish, he has now bearing plants that can not be excelled in Europe. The Union predicts the putting of the Red Parish Louisiana, of no distant period, which will compared to the vineyards of Germany.

Edmond Abouty's death at Meudon is the talk of literary circles. He was engaged in a small double-barrelled pistol, editor of the *Opinion*, a musical organ.

Hon. Lewis Cass, President of the Mississippi of fortune, A few years ago one of the most active and successful business men in the City of Detroit was Lemuel Trowbridge. Every thing he touched turned into money. He once made $100,000 in a year, on beef, by a purchase of a few pieces of real estate. Fifteen years ago Mr. W. was worth $70,000. Shortly after that luck turned against him. He lost $24,000 by buying stock in the Hudson and Berrien Railroad. Then he was defrauded by a partner out of $10,000. Then he lost $10,000 by a bad investment. In less than eighteen months Mr. W. passed from affluence to extreme poverty, and from worth $70,000 to being worth not one cent. Mr. W. now a resident of Albany, and earns a living for himself and family by peddling candies, apples, and dough-nuts. Philadelphia Bulletin says that the wife of Mr. Henry A. Wise, Jun., Rector of the Church of the Saviour, in Philadelphia, are affiliated with the Church of Episcopalians. His style is different from that of his distinguished father, the Governor of Virginia, in that it is simple and direct. Mr. Wise is eloquent in delivery, and his sermons are characterized by a fervid style which at times entirely prevents attention, and interrupts the flow of his discourse. Mrs. Wise is young, fair, and delicate, and when animated she possesses much of her husband's beauty.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier says that "a rumor relative to Mr. Seward's visit to Florida, Dodsel E. Sickles has experienced a change of heart, and, in the contemplate contemplate a visit to some extent. He former friendship say that they have no cause a second difference in his conduct recently. Washington he leads a very different life from what he used to. Before so fierce the Capital, he thought he will make a public profession of Christianity."

It is stated that Mrs. Hamilton Bradley has commenced proceedings in the Supreme Court at Albany to have a deed set aside which was obtained from her by Bridget B. Miller of Utica, and which conveyed to him a large portion of her estate. She says that her mind was prejudiced to the deed by his allegation that the paper was a proxy over of attorney to transact certain business.

Mrs. Mary Howitt has addressed a note to the London Times denying that she has joined the sect of Swedenborgians, however she may respect them as a body of Christians, and believing there are many deep truths in many of their religious doctrines.

ENGLAND.

THE PROPOSED ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.

Lord Cowley has informed the Swiss Minister of Switzerland that the Government could not produce the correspondence relative to the proposed annexation of Savoy to France, but he said that Count Walewski had assured Lord Cowley that the Emperor had no intention of proposing the annexation. The British Government sent a dispatch expressing satisfaction at the assurance.

THE SAN JUAN DIFFICULTY.

The London *Times*, in an editorial, explains the present position of the San Juan difficulty. It says:

We have reason to think the proposals made to the Government of Washington have been of a conciliatory tone. Instead of standing out for the Rosario Channel and the whole Haro Channel, which would be the most direct and some of them, a third channel is proposed for the boundary line, which will not only cut off the San Juan island, but will leave the American possession of the largest island of the disputed territory. This island, in its course, cuts off the Island of San Juan almost in the west, and approaching known as with this island only, while the Americans will retain the remainder. So considerable, in fact, is the concession thus made, that it reasonably suggests a little compassionate, and we believe the American Government will feel that it is the whole of a certain court of jurisdiction which the forty-ninth parallel would be entirely large and the reasonable proposal will be accepted."

HER MAJESTY'S DINNER.

When Parliament meets, Her Majesty wore a dress of pearl-colored satin with gold bars; over is a mantle of rich crimson velvet, with a deep and massive gold lace. Her head-dress was a blaze of brilliants. The Princess Princess wore a dress of white satin over a white tulle over a pale blue under-dress; round her head was a wreath of the Prince of Wales's feathers. She was dressed wholly in white, with a wreath of pink flowers and a head-dress.

BURNING OF THE SHIP "ENDYMION."

The ship *Endymion*, of the Dramatic line of New York packets, left Liverpool on the 4th of January, for the Sit. She was laying in the stream ready to sail, when a fire broke out, and at about the midnight was alarm, about 4 o'clock in the morning. In addition to the crew, numbering 24, there were 14 passengers, mostly cabin-level. All of them were saved, together with their luggage. The crew was saved, but the vessel burned, and her hull out of water, and in spite of every exertion the flames spread for more, and the ship was almost entirely destroyed. She had a large and valuable cargo, consisting of unshipped goods, chiefly cotton, and other merchandise, some portions of which it was supposed would be saved. The ship was insured, but it is not known whether the cargo was insured.

FRANCE.

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE "UNIVERS."

The *Moniteur* of Sunday, January 29, publishes the following report to the Emperor on the suppression of *L'Univers*, signed by the Minister of the Interior:

"SIRE,—The Bishop of Nancy has published in the periodical press the opinion of a religious party the pretensions of which are also the pretensions of Rome to the rights of the State; the incessant efforts tend to demoralize the clergy, to place the Church against the State, to agitate the country, to undermine the fundamental bases upon which the edifice of the Government and society are established.

"The sign our was waged against our most ancient national traditions in dangerous for religion itself, which it compromises in the eyes of the enemies of religion of it, by associating it with doctrines irreconcilable with the ideas of public right. The Bishop of Nancy has not separated from its respectful submission to the Holy See and its spiritual power.

"The religious press has misunderstood the intention of moderation, and has violated the law. The tone of the journal *L'Univers*, especially, incidents of the warnings given to it, duly authorized by the Minister of Worship. It is at one thus ardent polemics which lead infallibly to heretical doctrines, and to the publication of an article of which is a source of deep sadness to the clergy as well as to all good citizens.

"The true interests of the Church, as well as those of public order, have been compromised by the excesses which to put a stop to. A Government founded upon the national will, and which represents it, is in duty to protect efficiently public order, the independence of the State, and the rights of the State, and to fulfill against those who seek to shake or compromise them.

"It is with this object in view that I propose to your Majesty to sanction by the present report, in the form of the decree of the 17th of February, 1852, and to pronounce the suppression of the journal *L'Univers*. The doctrines and pretensions which that journal would lead to constitute a danger to society. If the clergy and monastery always constitutively opposed their great influence in times gone by, it is because it is their position. Your Majesty will not show yourself less anxious than your predecessors to defend the independence of the clergy concerned by our national traditions.

"I am, with profound respect, Sire, of your Majesty the very faithful and very excellent servant and subject,

"The Minister Secretary of State in the Department of the Interior,

"PIETRI."

The above report is followed by the subjoined Imperial decree:

"Napoleon, by the Grace of God and the national will Emperor of the French,

"On report of the Minister of the Interior,

"Considering the decree of the 17th of February, 1852,

"On the report of our Minister of the Interior, Counsellor of State, in charge of the office of the 17th of February, 1852,

"We have ordained and decree as follows:

"*Art. 1.* The journal *L'Univers* is suppressed.

"*Art. 2.* Our Minister of the Interior is charged with the execution of the present decree, which will be insert in the Bulletin of the Laws.

"Done at the Palace of the Tuileries, the 29th of January, 1860.

"(Countersigned) DELLAYE,

"Minister of the Interior."

MR. COBDEN'S BAGDADE.

The Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes. "I gather from one of the managers of the Chemin du Nord that Mr. Cobden received, some years ago, from England, his luggage weighed about 12,000 kilogrammes (26,400 lbs.) on his arrival at Paris. He was immediately forwarded to St. Cloud. This gorgeous combined patterns of every kind of English produce. The Emperor went with Mr. Cobden over the whole of these articles, examining them with the keenest eye and prize with that of the corresponding articles of French manufacture. Mr. Cobden was delighted with the Emperor. Mr. Cobden had established a depôt of English goods in Paris, and the Emperor, on his subsequent visit to Paris with the Emperor, as he once before had done with Sir Robert Peel. The Emperor made a good use of this opportunity to acquire commercial knowledge, and he then became enabled to meet and compare the deputations of the prominentions on their own ground."

A LUCKY DENTIST.

An American dentist in France is thus mentioned by the Paris correspondent of the *Evening Post*:

"There is one of our country men who have not heard of Dr. Evans, the American dentist, as he is called, *par excellence*, and who has always the sense of pretty much all the sovereigns of Europe, and of America too, I suppose, when the latter come to Paris. He made a fortune in the other day by dentistry, and in the instance of the former Emperor of Russia. On parting, she presented him with a diamond ring valued at 60,000 francs—about $12,000. The Doctor and Mrs. Evans have received enough from crowned heads, in the shape of bracelets, watches, snuff-boxes, rings, and various articles in gold and precious stones, to make him a millionaire, if he had their cut in money. There is a little anecdote connected with the visit to the Concert of Europe from whom he has not come costly trinkets.

"The sovereign of Europe are warm friends of his. He is not the dentist of the Emperor alone, whereas the Imperial family are in turn, and he visits them frequently when they are in Paris. He informs me that he has no doubt contributed somewhat to the dentist of his sovereign, and that, from the fact he will answer that he has frequently been the bearer of messages between his sovereign and the Emperor, frequently with important consequences, it was desirable not to invent the Emperor of Russia, and to the Emperor, the messenger for service of this nature that he has been rewarded in the manner I have mentioned, and he predicates service it was possible for him to have rendered, skillful and discreet, to the Emperor of Russia.

"The Doctor has been very prosperous; his income now, I am told, amounts to 100,000 a year, and he is growing constantly. He has a delightful house, which is in the Avenue de Marigny, and he intends to move into the Bois de Boulogne, and he is one of the American residents in Paris of whom the country people may well feel proud. He contributes liberally to every religious or charitable purpose, and he is always ready to aid in the simplicity of their domestic life, and the purity of their manners, and the high tone of their society, which it would be well if our country people, when they were to the authentic antiquity, would more generally imitate."

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE CONSTITUTIONAL.

The French Protectionists are making desperate efforts against the Emperor's proposed commercial reform. Petitions are being signed by thousands, and the manufacturing towns against the measure. On the other hand, the Emperor's proposal is being made to manufacturers from important commercial bodies.

HOW THE *HERALD* CORRESPONDED TO CO.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The process of establishing an initiative is simple. You know the, rich the people of other countries, and the people of the other monarchical governments, then to make one office. In the Emperor's dominions, in the sense of Christ's, then there is for Americans, the rule with the Ministers. In the Emperor's dominions no one is a foreign sovereign who has not been presented to his own. Any respectable American citizen who may be in Paris by leaving his name at the American Legation, will be put on the proper list, and be enabled to pass the evening at the Tuileries, behind in the name of the Emperor, by the Grand Chamberlain, and the Minister, who is given same of preparation is required. The recipient name, if he has to wait, is put on the list, and at a subsequent service then, so he will not be permitted to enter the Palace without the Minister, in the ceremonies of some description. The dress worn by Americans is very simply, consisting of a black dress coat, with a single or double row of buttons, straight embroidered collar, with embroidery extending down to the buttons, white or blue pantaloons, with a good hard at the side, a white vest, and white cravat, with pearl buttons, and a cocked hat; or, if one happens to have a good coat, and is desirous of appearing to advantage, a white silk stock tings and pumps, which is the strict court dress.

GERMANY.

Writing of one of Mr. Buchanan's Consuls, the Paris correspondent of the *Herald* says:

"Mr. Smith—Marshal Smith, I believe, is his name—is a gentleman of the highest attainment at Constantinople, left Boston with his family a year ago, and arrived here 8th, and remained a week. I was told, but his continuation, and came to Paris, where he appears to have been detained by the Minister Consul's connection, and, as I understand, was not a little annoyed, and, that he was not at Constantinople, and, that he needed an interpreter here, just as much as if he were a ship were in Boston, and, that he appears to that he is blocked up at Marseilles. Mr. Smith has already vided himself with a dragoman, and an equestrienne which he made on board the ship, and the other has not left Paris.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN THE STREET.

The same writer says: "Driving a pair of splendid bays attached to a light cabriolet with the reins in their hands, and handling them as though he were accustomed to the sport, the Emperor and Empress passed by here my hand as he passed. A great mat it he—he has been accustomed, and, I suppose, a philosopher, any about it, seems to the true meaning of great man, after all. The Emperor of Russia, I saw, was in Paris the day before on the 26th of April merit, but looks as fresh and young, if little, as when I saw him five years ago, before his death the whole weight of Europe on his shoulders, and the Prince Gorts—a.

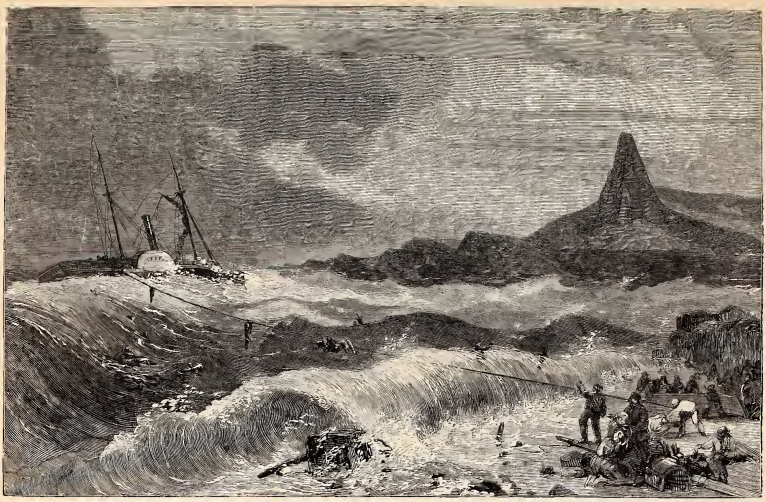
"A short distance behind him came the Empress in an open carriage, with the Prince, who was dressed very plainly, but with scrupulous neatness, leaning in every ship, and been a good deal of what crowned is *Ton Jour*.' She has faded very much within even the last year, and there is no doubt that the physical condition of European affairs has affected her physically more than the Emperor. The Emperor, I hear, will be here on the fifth of May next, and it is one of the sights that she is fond of, and the emperor emulation, which, five years ago, led her to take her increasing figure beneath a mass of crinoline, and to dance the Polonaise, which a few years also she said a nice, newly-invented had and mistaken, Jonathan, to be an effect so well, and so wounded at Solferino, with her personal hopes and wishes for his speedy recovery.

A ROYAL SCANDAL.

The *Times* correspondent writes:

"English papers of the 20th ult. have finds a nice bit of gossip in the movements of the young Prince of Orange, who has been in Paris for a month past. This prince Prince, about twenty years of age, and heir to the throne of Holland, is distinguished for the attention he arranged that, after a short stay at Paris, the young Prince was to go to the Court of Saxe-Weimar and marry the Princess Alice, an, in other words, that there should be a little Princess Alice Orange, and that the Princess should be Queen. Just before the time fixed for the visit to Germany, the Princess Alice left Paris, by some means or other, that the young Prince had found some agreeable, and, it appears, very pretty, and very fascinating, and, that, to sum up the Prince's French visit in one word, he had been 'getting it.' Now the Queen is a good mother and a good woman, of very one known, and does not approve of such proceedings even in a Prince; so that just as his juvenile Highness was on the point of leaving Paris for London he received a telegraphic dispatch from the Hague peremptorily ordering him to forego his visit to London, and to start instantly for Brussels! The Princess administration leave to bounds. We are told that the young Prince is a fine, frank old vice-growing, handy-making town of Dordrecht? What did it all mean? Not the order come from the King, his father, and must be obeyed. The Queen was not willing to receive the young gentleman, and, the Princess Alice, the Princess Alice, the Princess and thought a vacillation would do no harm. Perhaps, and a little particular, the wind and her Majesty." She so intimated to King William of Holland, who seems to have held the same opinion.

But now comes the most amusing part of the history, and a part which perhaps has not yet reached the Continent. The party had to pass on the way to Brussels, when the officers who form the escort of the Princess Alice, and who had left the side keeping of his person as well as his morals, Prince Bernard, the Prince Consort of Holland, and the Duke of the chevigniche corps of the Grand Opera, and the Prince administration of the Prince was a situation for more than one, and the Prince was a situation for more than one, and the Prince was a situation for more than one, and



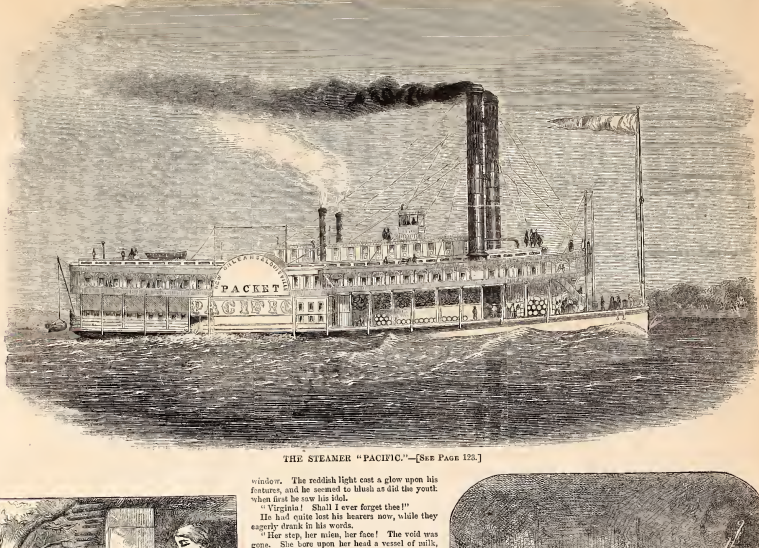
WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "NORTHERNER."—[FROM A SKETCH BY A PASSENGER.]—SEE PAGE 123.

BRIDGE OVER GREEN RIVER—LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.

THIS structure, of which we present an engraving herewith, is one of those great works which, as triumphs of man's intelligence and energy over the obstacles interposed by nature to his free communication and commerce with his fellows, are looked upon in every country as fit subjects of national pride and eulogy. It is—with the single exception of the Victoria Bridge at Montreal—the largest iron bridge on this continent. It crosses the valley of Green River near the town of Mumfordsville, Kentucky, and twenty miles above the celebrated Mammoth Cave, which is located on the same stream. Its total length is 1000 feet, consisting of three spans of 298 feet and two of 288 feet each; is 118 feet above low-water; contains 638,000 pounds of cast and 381,000 pounds of wrought iron, and 2500 cubic feet of timber in the form of rail-joists. There are 10,220 cubic yards of masonry in the piers and abutments. The cost of the superstructure, including that of erection, was sixty-eight dollars per foot lineal—that of the entire work, $165,000. The plan of truss is that invented by Albert Fink, the designer and constructor of the bridges and viaducts on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; and is peculiar in this, that it is self-compensating and self-adjusting, and no extremes of temperature can put it in such a condition that all the parts can not act in their accustomed manner and up to their full capacity.

The construction of the masonry of this bridge was commenced in the month of April, 1857, and completed in March, 1859. The iron work of the superstructure, which was built by Inman & Gault, of Louisville, was begun in July, '58, and the entire bridge was in its place, and ready for the regular passage of trains, by the 1st of July, 1859. The first span was erected in February, '59. The work of raising the false works for the reception of the superstructure was one of no inconsiderable difficulty. Before the regular use of the bridge it was thoroughly and severely tested with the heaviest loads that could possibly be placed upon it, as also with loads moving with the greatest attainable velocity. The deflections caused by the different loads agreed in all cases with those previously calculated from the known extension and contraction of the materials, thus affording mathematical proof of the excellence of the design, the faithfulness of its execution, and the correctness of the builders' estimates of its proportions and consequent strength.

BRIDGE OVER GREEN RIVER, ON THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.



THE STEAMER "PACIFIC."—[SEE PAGE 123.]

"I DRANK MILK FROM THE CUP SHE HANDED ME."

"I FILLED MY JOINED HANDS WITH THE WATER, AND SHE DRANK EAGERLY."

THE PYTHAGOREAN:
A TALE OF THE FIRST CENTURY.

"Who shall deliver me from this *body of death?*"
ST. PAUL.

"I REMEMBER," said Claudius—an old, gray-headed man, a minister of one of the early Christian churches in the first century—"I remember my youth. I was the son of an Athenian. Both my parents died before I knew them, and left me to the care of an old man, my father's eldest brother. He was a disciple of the doctrines of the Pythagoreans. He taught me well. From him I learned how to live; the luscious fruit, the sweet honey, the wholesome grain—these were our food. Exercises of all kinds, and steady in its season, helped the flight of time till I became a man, then he died and left me his small property. I knew a trade—that of a carpenter—and with the money he left me and my trade I traveled much—in Greece, Egypt, and Italy. Still I felt unsatisfied with my lot. There was a void here," and the old man placed his shriveled hand upon his heart, "that would not fill.

"One day—that day is as yesterday—I felt the void was gone; the place was filled! I was walking in one of the woods, near to a city in the north of Italy, when I heard a footstep behind me. The leaves rustled as though dancing to the music of the faint breeze that sighed among the tops of the young trees. I turned, and beheld—Virginia! just such a sun shone on her."

The old man paused in his walk, full in front of the window. The reddish light cast a glow upon his features, and he seemed to blush as did the youth when first he saw his bride.

"Virginia! Shall I ever forget thee!"

He had quite lost his hearers now, while they eagerly drank in his words.

"Her step, her mien, her face! The void was gone. She bore upon her head a vessel of milk, which she poised gracefully with one arm uplifted, and with the other held her tunic from contact with the damp grass, for the dew was falling. I followed her—saw her deliver the vessel which was emptied—and returned to her. She came back by the same path, carelessly swinging the vessel by one of its handles and singing some childish lay. I had heard in my own city the voices of the hired singers of the great, but never did my ears drink in such melody as flowed from that swelling throat. She thought she was alone, and warbled like a bird. I followed her still, and saw her enter a poor, mean cottage near the borders of the wood. It was not long before I found an excuse in my thirst to call there. I drank milk from the cup she handed me. It was the nectar of the gods."

His hearers started. Where was the Nazarene now? He was gone. It was a young man with the full tide of passion flowing in his veins to whom they listened.

"The father was a slave of Sporus the magistrate of the district, but was allowed by his owner to have all the privileges of freedom on payment of a certain sum at every month. He was a carpenter, his wife kept a few cows from which the household of Sporus was supplied. I soon hired myself to the father, and being a good workman raised myself in his esteem; why need I delay, I wooed Virginia—I won her. All the freshness of her girlhood's love was mine. At evenings she would listen to me as I detailed for her my travels by sea and land. She, too, could teach me something, for she had with her mother joined the Nazarenes, the Christians.

"SPORUS WAS AVENGED!"

"We were to have been united—all was ready, two moons only had to run their course and she was mine. Alas! how we build on sand.

"Sporus had often seen Virginia. He knew she was his slave. I knew it too. I must buy her freedom. I went to his house, saw him; he asked to see her again. I urged that it could not affect the price—he would see her. He saw her—he refused—I could not marry a slave. What could we do! I offered him thrice her value as a slave—he still refused; and, why? He wanted her for himself!

"Virginia not my wife, but the slave and mistress of Sporus! The thought was horrible. Wealth can do much. I persuaded her to flee.

"It wanted but a week of the day fixed, when she, as her custom was, went to the house of Sporus with her milk. I was at work, and saw her go. She was longer than usual returning. I watched the openings in the trees through which she was to come. She came not. I could not endure the suspense—I went to meet her. I reached the wood, I heard her scream. I should have known that voice any where. I ran—I found her with disordered dress and disheveled hair struggling in the arms of her master, Sporus.

"I struck him to the earth, and she twined her arms round me and clung to me, as though dreading to lose me.

"'Loose me, dearest, I am powerless. See he rises.'

"She left me free, but took fast hold of my girdle, as though there was safety in the very act of holding me.

"He rose. 'Glaucus, she is my slave, her father is my slave, leave her alone.'

"'Spoura, thou wretch accursed, I will not leave thee. I will with thee have shapes tear thy vile heart from its place to feed the dogs if thou darest but to touch the hem of her robe.'

"'Glaucus, I warn thee.' Thou hast struck me. I am a Roman. I never forgot an insult. Yet if thou will leave her to me, and keep this place thyself, then shalt cheat my revenge.'

"'Demon that thou art, I will not leave thee with her. Thou art more fiend than the very fiends, who cries do nightly echo through this wood. They wed with no unwilling mates, while thou—wolf that thou art—wouldst have despoiled this poor lamb but for me. I will not leave thee with her.'

"'Once more I warn thee, Glaucus, tempt not the vengeance of Sporus. Virginia, if thou dost love him, bid him go. I will make thee my queen; thou shalt have slaves at thy command. Thee, who art thyself a slave, shalt have thy freedom; thou shalt wed Sporus the magistrate. Bid him go.'

"'Sporus, I would not be thy bride for all the riches of earth. Glaucus, leave me not with this wretch; I will live with thee or die with thee, but leave me not.'

"'Once more, Glaucus, I warn thee, go?'

"'I will not, thou doubly condemned wretch. I defy thee—thy country's laws thou dared not ask to help thee now.'

"'Glaucus—Virginia—I have warned ye thrice. Beware the vengeance of Sporus!'

"He left us—she fell into my arms—I carried her home. The seven days had passed—the night of flight had come. We stole out together, reached the wood in safety; not a sound but from the leaves—the waving of the living, the crushing of the dead under our feet. Hope lit her lamp. A few hours and we should be safe. I heard a sound—other feet. O God! They led us bound, blindfolded, gagged, in a moment. Hope's lamp went out never to be rekindled.

"They hurried us through the wood, and then I know not where, till we came to a dungeon. I heard the gates shut. They fastened my wrists with fetters softly lined with leather, and light. I was alone. Two days I lay in darkness, the stone vaulted corridor. I heard the echoes, and I heard her footsteps. A door opened; my feet rattled on straw. The gag was taken from my mouth; the handcuffs from my eyes. Oh, Christus! what a pitiable sight met my gaze. Virginia was kneeling on the corridor, her face upraised to mine. I could see by the dim light that came from a large opening above that she was bedeadled. I knew just—oh, Sporus! thou cruel Tartarus—her fetters were so heavy she could scarcely lift them unaided.

"There was a window in the place. I rushed toward it. She screamed, and was dragged with us. We were linked together—next cruel mockery!

"I sat down on the stone bench against the wall. She knelt down on me. We spoke not. Our hearts were too full. I noticed that my slight movement caused her pain. I could see her eyes close and the lips compressed over a cruel smile of delight.

"Morning broke at last; then a found why the lips compressed in pain. Her fetters, four fingers broad, had the edges turned in to the wrists and filed to points like a fine saw. They had cut through the skin, and the blood flowed on the hands and arms. No wonder, now, the poor child screamed so piteously at my movement.

"The place we were in was a small square room with a partial roof, the middle open to the air. Through the centre, in a channel cut in the stone floor, ran a stream of water. I dipped my hands and tasted it. It was salt to bitterness. On one side of the room was the stone bench on which we had sat the long night through. On the opposite side ran two small fountains—the one water, the other wine. Low down, so low that I had to lie full, then ran over and was lost—it was the wine; the other ran away at once—there was no basin to collect them. Between the fountains, at a man's height from the ground, was a circular metal mirror. Other objects the room had none, except a trough or shelf under the mirror. The wine drops were high—higher than my head—I could just catch sight of the distant hill-tops through them. Such our prison.

"I looked from the windows to her face. It was the old look, of love and confidence, which it spoke better than words:

"'Glaucus, thou hast not kissed me since we came here!

"'My poor child' (she was small and delicate; I called her child sometimes), 'I have had and thought; to think that I have brought thee to this suffering, those fetters, galls me to madness.'

"'They do not hurt me much when you are quite still; I wonder you never they hurt me. But oh, my Glaucus! it is it that brought thee here, not thou me. Thou mightest have hung up but for me. Ah! woe is me! woe! I should thus have harmed thee!'

"'Fear, Virginia, I would rather be here with thee than free with my other. Thou art mine in life or death.'

"'Means he to starve us here?'

"'Alas! I know not what he means. See, there is water—drink?'

"I lifted her fetters, and she came to the fountain and knelt. I filled my joined hands with the water, and she drank eagerly.

"'Will not thou drink, Glaucus?'

"And she tried to fill her hands as I had done. I saw the lips firmly set and the tears start to her eyes with the pain of those horrible fetters' teeth.

"'Nay, love, I will thus,' and I let the full stream fall into my parched mouth.

"We went back to the bench. I threw her fetters on my knee, to take their weight; and so the day dragged slowly away. The blood congealed round the wrists, and the loose movement tore open the wounds afresh. She slumbered at last with fatigue and pain. How fair she looked as, lying on my breast, she slept! Her breath was shorter and faster than I had ever known it. Evening came, and the sun was just shining, when I saw the mirror move and close again; and on the shelf there stood bread and flesh—the flesh was scarcely dressed.

"I dared not move, though hunger was rampant within me. At last she woke, and started with surprise, then shrieked with pain. Those accursed fetters! she had forgotten them.

"'I am hungry—is there no food?'

"I pointed it out to her, and she eagerly seized the bread and began to eat ravenously. Then stopped—put down the bread.

"'Forgive me! I did forget thee, but hunger made me. See! there is flesh—it is of swine—I can not eat it. I am a Nazarene. Thou shalt have the flesh, and I the bread, Glaucus.'

"She had forgotten I was a disciple of Pythagoras. She ate—I gave her drink—and still I was famished.

"'Thou dost not eat thy flesh,' she said, with an effort to smile. 'Ah! I had forgotten, thou dieted till me that thou hadst never tasted flesh, and all the bread—all is gone. Oh, wretch that I am! I have killed thee. Thou wilt perish of hunger while I am full. Oh, woe is me!'

"'Dearest, fear not! I hunger not. Sorrow hath taken away desire for food.'

"'I felt the mad wolves growing in my vitals then.

"'And, love came another night. I had placed her on my one bed as before, with her hands resting on the other, on which lay our chains. One arm was round her form, the other gripped the chains that yet they should slip. She slumbered. The stars grew dim; I was awakened by a wild shriek and a jerk at my fetters. I had fallen asleep, the hand relaxed its hold, a movement of hers had thrown the chains from my knee toward the ground. The wicked fetters cruel wound was wrenched on her slender wrists. What wonder that will scream of anguish? She had fainted. I carried her to the stone bench, her bleeding arms. The stream was *less!* She recovered, and expressed such sorrow for having awoke me that my eyes filled with tears. Morning came, sway, and again we sat as before, till morning once more broke.

"I had noticed the previous day that all round the room there were openings near the bottom of the wall reaching to the floor about a span high. There came from one of them a large rat, which pulled the straw from under our feet, then a large fleece of wool on the end of a pole, which the rat (for was wealed) and soon after a large bundle of straw was flung down from the opening in the roof. The rat returned to the hole, and we should be there some time: God only knew how long.

"How I longed for evening—for food. She talk—let me of her youth, and then of her change of faith; never had she been so dear to me as at that moment. All the longings of my nature after purity and truth seemed to have been centered in the professors of the various religions. I was half inclined to think there was no truth or purity in my worship, in any land, but that she taught me of the God of the Nazarenes—of the Man-God Christus; told me of his deeds, his life of benevolence, his cruel death. I felt sorry that truth was here, here was purity; and as she talked to me I felt I could believe. I was a believer in the Prophet of Nazareth, I was that time.

"At last evening came. We both wetched intently the mirror. Suddenly, at a moment on its surface, it turned, the bread end—flesh were there, the mirror closed again.

"'Glaucus, thou shalt carry the share of bread to-night.' She broke it in halves: there was less bread than the day before. She saw it, too.

"'We ate our meal in silence. I gave her the last portion of mine. She kissed me, and devoured it most eagerly, and looked at the flesh—it was raw!

"'Not yet, dearest?' I said, 'not yet.'

"She understood me, and we lay down again for the night.

"Days and nights passed. Each day saw the fresh straw, each night there was less bread. One night there was no bread, only the flesh. That night I saw my first!

"She lay asleep, breathing quickly, with the fever-dusk upon her cheek; not a sound save her breathing, the murmuring of the salt stream at our feet, and the trickling of the wine fountain. I saw rr then—I could not look at her. I could not endure that she should be there so still. I woke her with kisses.

"'What dost thou want, Glaucus?' she said, peevishly, 'thou hast awakened me to pain. I was dreaming of home, and thy kisses brought them to me. Leave me, leave me again. Thine are soft, thou dost not feel them; let me sleep.'

"I murmured and lay down to preach, and again she slept, and again rr came. I shut my eyes, rr was still before them; I looked up at the stars, rr hid them; I could not see for rr.

"Morning came—the smoke fevered and dry. 'Water, Glaucus, or I perish!' I led her to the fountain. The stream had become *drops!*

"I held my hand, as drop by drop it fell into the pain, and then put it to her lips.

"'More, Glaucus, more! Stay, let me come.'

"She put her lips to the aperture, while I held her fetters, lest they should wake her from my arms exhausted with the effort. The day passed in a sort of torpor.

"Evening came—no bread, and less flesh. It was nearer.

"'Glaucus, I must eat! Christus, forgive me! but I must eat. Give me the flesh.'

"I gave it her. She tore it from my reluctant hand like a wild animal, and with her teeth and nails rent it into shreds, which she licked whole. Yegods! what a sight for these poor eyes it was!

"'Eat, my Glaucus,' she said, fiercely, 'eat, I say.'

"'But thou'lt not have enough, Virginia.'

"'True! Thou, Glaucus, shalt eat to-morrow.'

"'Eat to-morrow! I kissed her lips, still wet with the juicy flesh, and tasted—oh, it was life! To-morrow! to-morrow! would it never come?

"'That night I saw rr more clearly than ever. I could not look at her es she slept, rr was so clearly there.

"'Morning again—again the fountain—the water drop, drop, drop! The wine gurgled in its plenty—we both heard it, had heard it, it always ran so.

"'No love; not yet, not yet.'

"Evening again. With what horrible intensity we watched the mirror. It moved—it turned; there was flesh—less than before.

"'She seized it, and had it to her mouth in a moment, and threw herself on the floor to take the weight of her chains off her hands.

"'Virginia, I pray thee, save me to eat!'

"She tore off a morsel, and dropped it in the straw. I seized it and ate it. It was fullness of life; never had tasted so.

"'Virginia, more!—more, for pity's sake! Thine own Glaucus asks it of thee.'

"She tore off a smaller morsel than before. It was maddening. More I must have. I held her hands, and tore the remainder in halves.

"The pain of chains bled afresh with her resistance. She swallowed her portion, and then with eager tongue licked her fetters.

"I was a man again. I the food was like new life; but still I saw rr.

"'Glaucus, I faint. Let me drink.'

"Once more I led her to the fountain: there was no water! The wine ran gurgling into its full basin, and flowed down the floor.

"'Glaucus, I must drink, my throat is on fire!'

"I saw frenzy in her eyes. I could not deny her longer. 'Drink, dearest Virginia! but a little.' She put aside my hands with the wine in them, impatiently, and stooped down to the basin and drank.

"I thought she would never cease; at last she did—raised her flushed face to mine.

"'Drink, Glaucus! drink! My fetters pain me not: I am cool now.'

"In a few minutes she looked at me again, and put her arms round me: her fetters were lighter now. I met her look.

"'I have wandered at nightfall through the streets, and seen eyes that as a boy I wondered at, as a youth admired, as a man pitied. My God! my God! should I see them at me now! My own Virginia, pure as an angel, was looking at me as those eyes only can look.

"'Glaucus! Glaucus! Glaucus!' and her arms tightened round me, and her lips were pressed to mine. Her breath, odorous of wine, half-suffocated me. Never, O God! never did before I had been obliged to recognize in this fierce drunken girl my own Virginia! Yet it was so. I could not return her embrace.

"'Dost thou not love me, dearest Glaucus?'

* * *

The old man paused, choked with his emotions. "The horrors of that night I shall never forget. I struggled, and I conquered. She slept at last, the heavy sleep of the drunkard. Oh, to sleep.

"I wiped the dews from her brow again and again till morning came. Then woke not; the wild fever came, and still she slept. I saw rr all the time—all through the lone night as she lay in my arms I saw rr!

"As the sun was going down she woke and looked at me with a new light in her eyes; cried for water. The fever was gone. Then she sang again some hymn of childhood, then knelt in front of me.

"'Marcus' (she thought she was a child again, and I her brother), 'I'll make thee a garland,' and she gathered the straw of the place, put the grey together, and wove it round my head; then put it on my head. I helped her by holding the fetters; she thought I held her.

"'Let me go, Marcus—let me go!'

"'Nay, Virginia, thy Marcus loves thee too well.'

"She looked from my face to her hands. 'See! I've found some poppies among the corn and squeezed them; see, the juice is running down my fingers. I'll paint thee, Marcus, as we saw the man from Britain painted in the market-place; it is not like; but never mind,' and she took a few pieces of the straw and put them to her poor arms, and with her own dear blood streaked my face.

"'Now I'll kiss thee, Marcus, and we'll go home. I must have milk.'

"I hummed and hawed, we walked about the room. I gave her a few drops of wine, and she was contented and slept.

"'Evening came. I watched the mirror alone. The flesh came—less than ever. I feared to wake her, yet I must eat. I took her softly in my arms, and moved her off my knee. I reached it. I must free one hand for a moment. I reached the flesh, but I felt her heavy chains slipping. They fell, jerked the wounds afresh, and with a loud clang reached the floor. She woke, gave one look at my face, all blackened as it was, and shouted 'Glaucus, Glaucus! help! Sporus—then demon, let me go!' She tore my face with her nails and bit me, and then put at her with the knife. I've heard the cry of the wild bird—I've heard the cry of the despairing woman, as they struggled in the waves—I've heard the cry of the wounded stag, the wind among the mountain pines, but I never heard such a sound as that before or since. I hear it now! and she did not pat his hands to his ears, as if to keep out the sound.

"She thought it was Sporus; and struggled for life.

"'I am thine own—thy Glaucus.'

"'Liar that thou art,' and again the cries for Glaucus, and the same wild scream. She tore herself from my grasp and fled round and round the cell. I could have held her by the chains but for the poor wrists; at last I caught her robe and she fell, but it was on the sharp edge of the wine basin, and the blood flowed from a great gash in her fair forehead, and then she swooned, and in the color of that blood as I stanched it I saw rr with terrible clearness. I dare not kiss her forehead while it flowed. I held her and lay her side while I stanched it. I felt strong again, and reproached my self for eating—'twas but the longer to live, and why live? Yet I could not lose her.

"The moon was shining brightly on her face, and again I saw rr as she lay. What would I not have given to have seen it not? It would be a little to examine; the stare were growing fainter in the grey morning light when she woke. Oh, what happiness! the old look—the look of love when she sat at my feet in the wild free woods.

"'Have I slept long, my Glaucus? I have had such dreams! I thought I was a child, and then I dreamed of the woods and Sporus again, and I have dreamed of home, and of home, and then dist die upon our nuptial couch. In vain I called thee, kissed thee, pressed thee to me—then were dead; and I widowed virgin.'

"'Dearest, thou hast been sick nigh to death; it was not all a dream. Art then in pain now?'

"'O, no, no pain now? It was so near. I knew when she said thet.

"'Glaucus, I shell leave you soon. You will think of them when I said to thee of my old Christus? Will thus have any thing to live for, when I am gone?'

"'I hope so soon too, I hope—I know not how to live without thee, my Virginia.

"'But men die not when they will, save with guilt; thou yet mayest escape this when I am gone.'

"'True, dearest.' I should not have been there an hour but for her and her chains. Freedom or death was the work of a moment; the windows I could reach easily.

"'Glaucus; will thou grant me a last request?'

"'Ay, my life; any thing that thou wilt ask.'

"She sank down at her face to him. She had no strength. She fell back. I stooped and kissed her. We could have wept, but nature had no use—no moisture for tears—the eyelids were strained and dry.

"'Promise me that thou will become a catechist of those truths I have taught thee as humbly, yet so willingly—thou wilt, my Glaucus?'

"'Thy God helping me, I will preach Christus among men till death summon me to thee, love. Soon, soon! O God, soon!'

"'I am so happy!' She looked up. I felt she was happy.

"'Christus, bless with thy spirit this thy servant. Make his labors for thy sake fruitful, thy cause successful. Bless us both, O Christus!' She paused, put up her chained arms to my neck, drew my head down, kissed me softly, and said, 'Bless me Glaucus, O gracious Christus!' the murmured, and so died.

The old preacher sobbed not alone.

"I let her lips chill mine, still I moved them not. She was dead! Sporus was well avenged: he stare, my own Virginia! died of his cruelty on the evening. It came—the mirror moved not—there was no flesh. The wine still gurgled and trickled in its basin. I looked down at her wounds, they were gone!—there was no escape. It must be so. It was there with me all that night, all that long day.

"Evening came again—the mirror moved not—rr was near, dreadfully near. I took my robe, twisted it into a rope, and put it round my throat —drew it tighter and tighter—I could not keep my position—I sank down. I could not bear the rr longer. Tighter and tighter—rr was going, thank God—All was growing slim and indistinct. Tighter yet—rr was nearly tighter. Tighter yet—the earth opened. I fell down a fathomless abyss, and all was darkness. I knew no more.

"I was alive. I was again. I was sight. I felt weaker—I saw I was still *there;* the robe had broken and saved me. To what? There she lay as calm, as peaceful, as holy, in the sleep of death. I could hardly think she was dead, yet she was, and I saw rr there.

"I went home. I crawled to the wine fountain —I drank—deeply—but hunger was now more fierce than thirst. I drank and I drank.

"I carried her carefully back to the bench. I saw rr coming now! A giddiness seized me—rr went away—I went with rr. I stopped—I felt lips. Rr was nearer still again. I stopped—and once again—and then—My God! Jr had come! at last. It was THERE! God forgive me! but I was MAD!

* * *

"I was a king! I feasted royally, pleasty was mine. I slept on a bed of softest down. Late when I pleased, I drank—how I drank!—'twas strange, my heads were never dizzy.

* * *

"I was a runner in the games. I saw the assembled people. I heard their murmurs when they saw my form. I had fleetness—we started. The circus was round, I never failed. I saw rr! I saw rr weight. I knew no such game—it was new, but I would run. I ran faster and faster; the pace was too slow for me; I was started from their sockets, the golden apple rolled before me—I stooped for it—I fell, and all was dark once more.

* * *

"I woke. I was a gladiator. Once more the arena, and still so small. I saw my foe. He was the victor. I felt that I have fought just before, the fresh blood was on his face. I moved cautious—he was gone—I watched—moved again—he came back. I lifted my hand to strike, I was not free—neither was he—it was a new game, but I would fight. He raised his fist—I struck at his face with all my force—I hit him—but we both fell —he was under. He was bound to me! I struck again and again. I had killed him now. Again and again I struck—he moved. I seized him by the throat. We rolled over and over each other—and then he was quite still. I watched and drank, and slept while I watched.

"I wrote again; it was dark. I was a prisoner chained to—what?—a stone—a wet stone! Ha! ha! they had tied me with ropes, with knotted ropes! I felt for a knife—I had none—I could not see.

"They forgot the prisoner's teeth! I gnawed and twisted the rope all the long night—they were old and rotten—they stank in my nostrils; but I gnawed on, and I was free one more.

"I was free! I ran, I jumped, I leaped. I danced to will music that seemed close to me. I was free! I was in the wild woods once more—the trees waved, the wind kissed my cheek as of yore. I lay down beneath a tree and slept. I dreamed of Virginia—she came to me—she lay beside me—she was soon to be my bride. My heart leaped at the thought. She was my bride now—I led her from the altar. The day passed, the night came, I lay beside my bride. I pressed her to me—she answered not—she was cold!

* * * *

"I awoke. *I was not mad now*; but where was I? It was the same place—the old cypress growing to the sky, the same gurgling of the fresh fountain, my chains on my wrists. But the foul odor! I could not breathe. And Gilpin—what was this? No! it could not be *she*. It was she—shall I ever forget that sight?

"I see it now—my God! I see it now," shrieked the old man, "that putrid mass, bruised, torn, mutilated—without a trace of humanity about it, the bones shorn through the torn shreds of skin, the flesh eaten—eaten away! Those ears in which I whispered words of love—those eyes in which I lost my happiness—those lips that pressed so lovingly to mine—those tender breasts on which I hoped to see my children hang—gone—gone! all were gone! and in their place the eyes from their fleshless sockets glared on me, while the lips torn away seemed to clench at me from their jagged skull. Armless too—and the arms!—I started. The bones were in the fetters still—her fetters. They still hung to mine. I was free in all but them.

"I looked round and saw the mirror; the matted tangled, the blood-stained savage face showed me ALL!

"One window was open now. I leaped, caught the sill, and I was in a moment, a free man! *I* be in *that night* from mine eyes. It would not go; never went—never has gone! Thirty years re—*this remembrance*—has gone! Never, never. I have seen every thing through that as through a veil. It was growing indistinct. To have called it back again! I see it again. My God!—my God! Let me be now!" and the old man would have fallen, but that his friends caught him and laid him on the couch.

A few minutes and he revived. He raised himself into a sitting position, his eyes strangely bright. "Brethren, before I depart I would pray with ye once more." His hands were uplifted in prayer; the voice came low and distinct. "Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses—as we forgive them that trespass against us—!" A spasm crossed his face, his chest heaved with a mighty effort, his voice, low before, burst out now with a violence that shook the room. "Help me, O God! I must—I will—I *do* forgive them. Sparta, thou, even thou, art now forgiven—Christus, have mercy, have mercy on my trespasses—!" He struggled, back, leaned forward as though he saw something in the air, stretched and the old withered arms to grasp the shadowy form, a smile of happiness unspeakable lighted up the pallid features.

"Virginia! I come—I come!"—then fell back into their arms—*dead*.

* * * *

It was night; the sun had set. He was with Virginia now.

It was gone forever.

THE WRECK OF THE "NORTHERNER."

We are indebted to the civility of a California correspondent for the sketch of the loss of the *Northerner*, which is engraved on page 120. The sketch was made by a passenger at the time of the wreck. We condense from the accounts of the survivors the following narrative:

It was about five o'clock on Thursday, the 5th inst. that the disaster occurred. The rock upon which the *Northerner* struck was about midway between Bluff Reef and the main coast, and probably two miles from the latter. It is always covered.

There was no warning and no rules after the accident. The passengers scouted, when it was found that the ship was leaking fast. Captain Dall then ordered the steward to inform the ladies in the cabin, most of whom were in bunks at the time, that they might dress and come on the boats, and to leave their clothes on, ready for any emergency, but not to alarm them. At the same time the ship's boats were lowered into the shoes, and into the land at full speed. The steward says, I went into the cabin and told the ladies that they had better dress. Some of them said, "Oh no; we don't want any dinner," thinking that I wished them to get ready for dinner. I told them that the ship was leaking rome, and that perhaps they might have to take to the boats. They thought I was joking, and it took some time for me to convince them of the truth. They then dressed, and all went into the cabin and made room for me, on the starboard side.

Gradually we neared the shore, toward the mouth of Bear River. It was growing dark rapidly. The weather had suddenly changed, and it had commenced blowing from the southwest, with fine rain. We saw that we were running into a heavy surf.

It was about six o'clock when the ship first struck; I should judge she went aroun on, and being in the surf, a rather easier after her movement she stopped, swelling fore and aft the ship, and taking several off their feet, but more were washed overboard. This was, however, but a small specimen of the surf which afterward made up as the wind increased.

The first thing that was done was to lower a boat on the larboard side—all the starboard boats having been lowered and made ready to shove in the side of the ship for that purpose. The ship lay with her head to the southward, and her larboard side was consequently lee shore. Mr. French, the first officer, was directed by Captain Dall to lower his boat and try and save the ladies. No attempt had been made yet to run a line to the shore. The boat was got overboard safely, and four ladies, viz.: Mrs. Tree, Miss Hurlbert, Mrs. Scollan and Mrs. Vinyard, son and child, with three children of Mrs. Tree—were placed safely on board. No one could see their way to shore from the wreck, and none knew whether the boat would live in surf, or be swamped, or, if she did, what chance. The ladies believed nobly. There was no whimpering or cowardice among them.

Two boats were lost, and Mr. French, the first officer, started again for the ship, but was caught in an eddy, and lost sight of the other boats entirely. The steward goes on to say:

At this time a tremendous sea struck the ship, carrying away the stern, but fortunately no person was aft at the time. Mr. Dall, the mate, and he did know that the other two boats were lost, and we waited some time for them to return. Seeing that something must have happened to prevent their return, Captain Dall said to Mr. O'Neil, the chief engineer, whether he could carry a line to the shore with his boat. He answered, "I will try," and took the last boat, and oil over hopes seemed centred upon it, with the belief that we might save ourselves by the line. Fortunately, the boat reached the shore in safety by that means. A larger one was lost on from the ship and launch in the beach. John Gregg was still on board, as was also her brother.

Meanwhile the passengers commenced to try the line. In almost every instance they were washed away from the rope before they could get ashore by their hands. The force of the surf was tremendous. It came in from the ocean in toppling walls of water, and kept the rope constantly buried. Seeing the fearful fate which befell those who had gone before, the next few made a running leap to take the rope, and in every case they met with a fatal repulse, for they got entangled in the line, and were quickly drowned, being unable to get above water for even a moment.

Some of the passengers reached the shore safely.

A number of passengers remained aboard of the wreck, determined to take their chance of being washed ashore, or, perhaps, to stay in the wreck. Some of these, at once after, the fragment upon which they were divided ashore, and all were washed off. Some of them, at the night, at intervals, the cries of those persons who had hailed themselves to the larboard paddle-wheel were heard gradually growing fainter, until they ceased. Among these were Mr. Gregg and his sister, who had attempted to take the ordinary means of escape from the wreck. When the wreck broke up the heavy iron-work among the wheels, Mr. Gregg was seen to be entangled and stationary. At daylight not a vestige of the wreck could be seen save this iron work. All the wooden part had left, and had been washed ashore, and was strewn along the beach for eighteen or twenty miles, in small pieces, as if it had been cut up with an axe and designedly.

But the most sorrowful spectacle was that of the body of Miss Gregg, which after her death, during the horrors of that dreadful night, the force of the surf had not been able to reach and wash ashore, although she had been securely lashed. The other two bodies were gone—only the remaining one was left. Some days after we found the body of the poor unfortunate young woman, and had buried every person whose body was found. The bodies lay down with the long hair floating over the face. When the surf broke the body would swing out, and with the result, fall back upon the iron. We were witnesses from the beach—there being no means of removing the body—of the fearful fate of the poor young lady, and joining hands, and thus extending themselves out into the surf. The water was not two more than four feet deep—large sand-bar having been formed inside of where the wreck had taken. The surf would break up upon the sand and on the corpse down, when it was taken ashore and placed with the rest.

The bodies were found on the same ground on the beach. Some of them bore marks of bruises about the head and face, which could have been caused by being the wreck floating in the surf. These were all buried behind a small hillock, a few hundreds yards from the beach.

THE STEAMER "PACIFIC."

AMONG the many fine steamers that ply the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the steamer *or Pacific* has the front rank. She was built exclusively for a passenger boat between Louisville and New Orleans, and has now a large interest with the traveling community for her many good qualities.

The *Pacific* is a first-class boat in point of size and steam-power, having capacity for the burden of 1200 tons and cabin accommodations for 120 passengers, with a tonnage of 1200 and a capacity of to nearly 300 feet, with 40 feet breadth of beam and 8 feet depth of hold. The model of the hull is very easy and quite sharp at the bow and stern, with good bearings, which makes her buoyant on the water; and her immense power propels her against the current of the Mississippi with the force of the wind, and with an ease of locomotion that is both agreeable and astonishing to the traveler.

The cabin of the *Pacific* is fitted up in the best style; the build semi-Gothic and Corinthian, with gilt and sky-lights; and her state-rooms very large and convenient, each being provided with every convenience the most fastidious could desire, including wash-stands, dressing-cases, mirrors, and all else required. She has also a nursery, servants' room, bath-room, barber shop, etc., making her in all respects equal to the best of the passenger hotels. The furniture of the cabin is of the best materials, rich, beautiful, and durable; while in her entire outfit, both in furniture and machinery, no expense has been spared to make her a most desirable boat for the Southern travel, and the comfortable accommodation of families.

THE CHIEF ENGINEERS OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

WE publish on another page portraits of Harry Howard, ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department, and John Decker, his successor in that office.

Mr. Decker's election has been quite a triumph for him and his friends; he is likely to prove a very popular and efficient officer. He is of a Staten Island family; his father dealt in oysters, and was a noted connoisseur in bivalves. It is told of the old gentleman that having on one occasion ordered a dish of oysters and a bottle of ale, the latter that purpose. The ship lay with her head to the southward, and her larboard side was consequently lee shore. Mr. French, the first officer, was directed by Captain Dall to lower his boat and try and save the ladies. No attempt had been made yet to run a line to the shore. The boat was got overboard safely, and four ladies, viz.: Mrs. Tree, Miss Hurlbert, Mrs. Scollan and Mrs. Vinyard, son and child, with three children of Mrs. Tree—were placed safely on board. No one could see their way to shore from the wreck, and none knew whether the boat would live in surf, or be swamped, or, if she did, what chance. The ladies believed nobly. There was no whimpering or cowardice among them.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE MISTRESS of The Parsonage.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

PART II.

We were back again at the quiet Parsonage. There was Arethusa, looking just the same pleased smile, and she led me in, and wrapped me up comfortably from cold. But there was now one who considered his own right the strongest; and between the two I seemed in danger of being overwhelmed with an excess of care.

Arethusa continued her housekeeping duties, as before; she smiled at my efforts of help, and Mr. Winnesile seemed to be of no use, unless he declared—"to keep me out of mischief," but as I *have* to keep me in his sight. His sadness had deserted him, its cause was gone, and he was and it flattered me to think that I had worked this change.

Arethusa sewed on buttons and mended stockings, as in the days of her brother's bachelorhood; she had gained nothing by his marriage except the consideration of a grown-up baby. Mr. Winnesile knew that I was not fond of sewing, and Arethusa's good heart had long ago made the same discovery; so I was as tenderly cared for as a woman doll, and expected to do nothing but smile and sing and upon them.

I found this kind of life very pleasant; and I rejoiced that I was a clergyman's wife, and that I was so much petted in it.

The winter passed rapidly away, and spring came with its buds and blossoms. Then did I begin more fully to realize my freedom—to feel more thankful that the lines had fallen to me in such pleasant places.

I remembered the inexpressible feeling of hunger, the loss of appetite, and inability to exercise, which had always heralded the advent of Mrs. Wimsile's bonnet; and with what indifference my grandmother and Hester would let me go without my accustomed breakfast to pursue my weary routine of school duties.

Now, freshly-laid eggs and luscious cream tempted my appetite; and Mr. Winnesile's anxious look, at any failure on my part, spoke much the good things placed before me, was a loving reminder that there was some one to watch my every movement.

Good, matter-of-fact Arethusa, to whom the building of the nest and the fall of the leaves was only a signal for house-cleaning and summer or winter clothing, having finally gotten through with the first duty thus mentioned, reminded her brother that it was time for her periodical visit to the city, and remarked that she would get me a summer bonnet and dresses at the same time.

I was becoming vain, that was very certain; for, although I had hitherto seldom taken the matter of dress into consideration, I now began to wonder if Arethusa would get me such a coalscuttle bonnet, and if she would wore herself, and if my dress would be upon the same scant pattern? However, I said nothing; but Mr. Winnesile, who had remained silent for some time, had, it would seem, been troubled by the same surmises, and my heart beat wildly to see his pride in me, when he thus spoke to Arethusa.

"We will all go together to the city, so that Fairy can choose for herself; your taste, my dear sister, and mine, may differ very far."

Arethusa looked surprised, but acquiesced at once, although she said something about a clergyman's wife, and "Fairy" upon which I immediately informed her that I was going in search of a pink bonnet, blue dress, and yellow shawl. The little pouting lips, with the cheek in her common-sense nature that she believed it all, and was pleased to see that I laughed at him, forgot until I thought proper to undeceive her.

Mr. Winnesile understood it all, and shook his head mysteriously, and I only laughed at him, and danced off to make preparations for what seemed a perfect era in our quiet life.

My husband had an aunt in the city, living comfortably in a spacious house, and thither he conducted me. I was introduced to a stately old lady, and when I was presented to her said, archly, to Mr. Winnesile,

"Ah, well, it's one thing to prench and quite another to practice. Theory, model woman who respects her husband and keeps her household in order; practice, a pretty child whose long curls and sparkling eyes have put all philosophy to flight. Ah, Arthur! you're no better than the rest of them, after all."

This was not intended for my ear, but it reached it, nevertheless. Her nephew looked quite confused at this attack, and the old lady added kindly, as she took my hand,

"You need not be ashamed of your apology, dlough."

I wondered if he was ashamed of me; but a stolen glance soon told me *that*, and my spirits rose at once.

I knew not why, but I was half wild with delight that evening; the consciousness of youth and beauty and pleasant surroundings was strongger upon me than ever; and I attired away until old Mrs. Cloudgate laughed heartily at my caprice, and sister Arethusa opened her eyes in wonder. I was surprised to find that I had no idea that I was such a madcap.

Mr. Winnesile seemed to have fallen in love with me afresh; and, petted and flattered on all sides, I laid my head on my pillow with an elated beauty, saying, "I am afraid, "the argument of a meek and quiet spirit." Perhaps Arthur was more learned to my faults than he should have been, if he was a good husband. Hester had I imagined a more perfect, noble character than my husband.

Our way was pleasant, and the next morning we were deep in the mysteries of shopping.

Mr. Winnesile, mantilla, fall specially in love with a rich, but quiet-looking, lilac silk, of an exquisite shade; and when I tremblingly asked the price, he just from me at what sounded to my simplicity exorbitant, he whispered in my ear,

"Take it, darling, if you like; but my purse will stand it very easily."

The silk was measured off, and then came the great difficulty of the bonnet, which, I had never gone "a shopping" in my whole life before, could scarcely believe my own identity. Mrs. Cloudgate's knowledge of dress was a great advantage to us; and being conducted by her to a tasteful milliner, a pretty straw bonnet, trimmed with a broad white ribbon, with a cap of violets, was soon selected; and this, with a bonnet of mantilla of white muslin, completed a *most* enviable the like of which I had never figured in before.

"It was just suitable for a clergyman's wife," Mr. Winnesile declared; and when Arethusa remarked, rather doubtfully, that "she hoped the Simeses would not be shipping round as they generally did," he had quite a long talk with her about being "too austere," telling her that it was right and proper for us to gratify our sense of beauty in a reasonable degree, and asking her why God had made the flowers if life were to be so entirely devoid of beauty.

To all of which Arethusa, whose logical powers were not largely developed, only replied that "she hoped the Simeses would be left."

I cared very little for "the Simeses," or any one else in Meadowbrook, as I equipped myself in my new dress, and blushed and laughed Mr. Winnesile was so delighted with my appearance that he proposed immediately marriage.

"And now let us take our leave," said he, when this little ebullition was over. "And Fairy, dear Hester, we will call upon your grandmother and aunt."

"Not *dear*!" I exclaimed, in dismay, no I tried to disengage my hand from his arm; "I never want to see those horrid people again!"

"My dear child," said my husband, reprovingly, "this will never do. Your nervous relations have not displayed much affection for you; but you owe them, notwithstanding, a certain degree of attention for your father's sake. We must not give way too much to impulse, Fairy, and we never neglect any of the proprieties of life without regretting afterwards. Poor child!" he added, noticing my dismayed face, "did she think I had forsaken her? I did not, and wanted to take her back? No, no, Fairy. You are quartered upon me now for life, and I wouldn't get rid of you for anything."

I smiled at his ridiculous conceit, and with a delightful feeling of security I approached again the house where I had spent so many weary years.

Hester opened the door, just on a crack at first, as we rang the bell, and I heard her leave to read a person's heart in the opening of a door. A free, widely-opened door is the sign of a generous soul; while a door opened on a crack, through which appears an eye, cold, calculating, and watchful, bespeaks a nature from which the sunlight would turn with a murmured prayer. Such a nature was my Aunt Hester's.

With a scarcely-suppressed grunt of dissatisfaction she surveyed us from head to foot, and then vouchsafed to a most unwilling "come in." I remembered what Mr. Winnesile had said to me, and inquired politely after my grandmother, as I accepted this scanty invitation.

"Well, she's complaining," said Hester, "as usual."

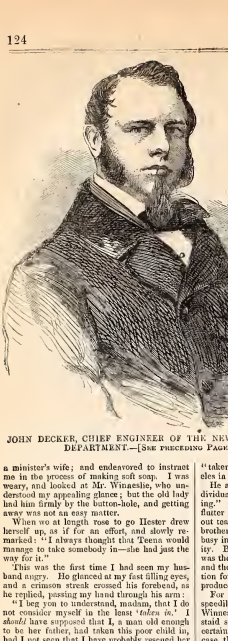
I heard my husband sigh as he glanced around the dreary room; and I looked at him with more than my heart then I had never yet felt, as I thought of what *would* have been but for him.

My grandmother soon made her appearance.

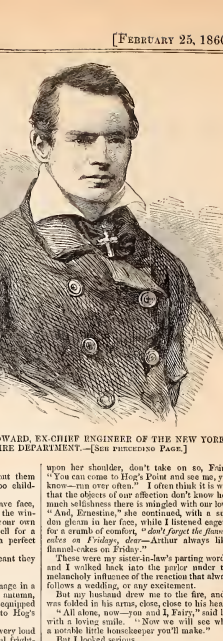
"Hoity, toity!" she exclaimed, as her eye fell upon me. "What a fine lady Teena has become in a year!" They always called me by this odious name.

My aged relative planted herself close beside Mr. Winnesile, and, while I felt that I had been no very hard to manage; giving, in illustration, various juvenile misdemeanors that had quite escaped my memory.

Hester attacked me; and after commenting upon the expensiveness of my dress—adding that "she always *knew* I had an extravagant turn"—she told me that "a silk dress like that ought to last a life-time," and then gave me various recipes for dyeing. My maiden aunt preached me a long lecture upon economy, which, she said, was a most important virtue in



JOHN DECKER, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



HARRY HOWARD, EX-CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

a minister's wife; and endeavored to instruct me in the process of making soft soap. I was weary, and looked at Mr. Winnesliie, who understood my appealing glance; but the old lady had him firmly by the button-hole, and getting away was not an easy matter.

When we at length rose to go Hester drew herself up, as if for an effort, and shortly remarked: "I always thought that Teena would manage to take somebody in—she had just the way for it."

This was the first time I had seen my husband angry. He glanced at my fast filling eyes, and a crimson streak crossed his forehead, as he replied, passing my hand through his arm:

"I beg you to understand, madam, that I do not consider myself in the least '*taken in*.' I *should* have supposed that I, a man old enough to be her father, had taken this poor child in, had I not seen that I have probably rescued her from a *worse* fate."

"Mighty pretty!" said my grandmother, passing her hand, while my nunc remarked, in a tone intended to be extremely cutting, "I *think* you call yourself '*the Lion*, Mr. Winnesliie?"

We had gained the door, but as we passed through it, Hester threw after me, as a malediction, the words: "Mark this, *at work! but.*"

Was her evil spirit suddenly gifted with the spirit of divination, gloating over what it saw in the future?

"We will not go there again, darling," said my husband, in answer to my flushed face and tearful eyes; "your grandmother and aunt appear to be very singular people."

To his charitable and loving heart they were only "singular"—I wished that I could be as lenient.

We went back to Mendowbrook; and, as Arethusa had predicted, "the Simeses" *did* talk. Miss Sally Simes had suffered a bitter disappointment when Mr. Winnesliie placed me in the position of clergyman's wife, and she now took every opportunity of revenging herself. My attire was described by the envious spinster almost to rival the magnificence of the famous "field of the cloth of gold;" and quite three into the shade Buckingham's little practice of dropping jewels along his path, as deserted children, in the fairy tales, dropped crumbs to find their way.

The poison took effect; and Meadowbrook began to look upon me with averted eye. I did not care for Meadowbrook; but, for my husband's sake, I put by the offending silk dress for a time, and resumed my white muslin. I smiled to myself as I reflected that Miss Sally Simes could not take out my eyes and substitute her own green ones for them, nor replace my flowing ringlets by her grizzly head-covering. There was comfort in *that*. I often wondered if she wouldn't like to know Aunt Hester, and if they wouldn't be fast friends.

Sister Arethusa sometimes made visits. She had some relations living at an outlandish place, some miles distant, called "Hog's Point," and were it not that before these departures she wound up the kitchen machinery and warranted it not to run down before her return, our meals would have occurred with delightful irregularity, or perhaps not have occurred at all.

I really thought that if *any* one was safe from the entangling meshes of Cupid, it was sister Arethusa; I had come to regard her as an institution—as much of a fixture as the fire-place; and nothing had at yet occurred to upset this little theory of mine.

But one memorable afternoon Arethusa and her bandbox returned from a visit at Hog's Point, but, alas! she came not alone; for with Arethusa and Arethusa's bandbox appeared a tall man in green spectacles, who reminded me of an elongated strip of parchment. I was alone in the parlor when this arrival came, and Arethusa, considerably flurried, presented her companion to me as "Professor Boggs," and then hastily made her escape.

The Professor stared at me, called me "Miss," and endeavored to make himself agreeable until Mr. Winnesliie came. The visitor shook hands with Arthur as though he were a pump-handle, and then graciously remarked,

"Your daughter, Sir, has been entertaining me very well in your absence—a promising young lady."

My husband glanced at my "baby frock" of white, with its blue sash, and the long ringlets shading a face that was dimpling with a suppressed inclination to laugh, as he replied, with a smile,

"Your mistake, Sir, was a very natural one; but allow me to present you to *Mrs.* Winnesliie."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Professor, with the sudden start of an awkward man completely taken aback, and he pushed up his spectacles in a comical manner to look at me.

He appeared to be a plain, good-hearted individual, and let Arethusa do all the "courting." That elderly damsel was in a nervous flutter of uncertainty, as she sat there pouring out tea; and her singular mistakes caused her brother much perplexity—he being evidently busy in detecting the incipient stages of insanity. But *I* saw it all at once. Professor Boggs was the sun that blinded her to all things else, and the poor soul was divided between admiration for him and her anxiety to note the effect produced by her lover on others.

For that Professor Boggs was a lover was speedily made known by his applying to Mr. Winnesliie, in due form, for the hand of his staid sister; and as "youth and inexperience" certainly could not be pleaded in Arethusa's case, there was no reasonable objection.

The bride-elect said that "she felt it her duty to settle at Hog's Point—she might be the means of doing some good." It is really astonishing how plainly *duty* is discerned when viewed through the spectacles of *infatuation!*

But Arethusa was certainly a kind sister, and I really loved her. It was, perhaps, this very thing that disposed me to look unfavorably upon the wooing of Professor Boggs: I should miss her sadly; and as to Arthur—why, he *might* get breakfasts, and dinners, and suppers, and buttons sewed on, and—he might not.

Professor Boggs's mistake about me seemed to have troubled my husband, now; for the next day, as I was twisting my ringlets, he looked at me in an uneasy manner, and remarked,

"I am afraid those ringlets are rather childish, Fairy. Couldn't you arrange them in some more dignified way—something like Arethusa's, for instance?"

I was quite provoked with him for this; but I only answered,

"Oh yes, certainly, if you wish it." And when he had gone down stairs I resolved to punish him well.

I completely saturated my rebellious curls with water, and then, rolling to mind distinctly every queer crook and turn in that marvelous head-structure of Arethusa's, I piled up my own luxuriant locks in exact imitation of it; and having dashed down a love-lock on each cheek, I saw that the transformation was complete. The arrangement was very top-heavy, though, and made my head ache badly; but I was determined to carry it out for that day, at least, and I walked down stairs with a demure face.

Mr. Winnesliie started visibly when he saw me, and evidently took me at first for a stranger; while Arethusa exclaimed, in her astonishment,

"Why, Fairy! what *have* you been doing to yourself? You don't look like yourself at all! Where are the curls?"

"Mr. Winnesliie requested me to put them up," I replied; "he thought them 'too childish,' I believe."

He looked in amazement at my grave face, and whispered, as he followed me to the window: "Don't try this again, Fairy—your own way is the best. What does very well for a woman of Arethusa's size becomes a perfect burlesque on you."

So the curls were retained, as I meant they *should* be.

Arethusa was married at the Parsonage in a drab-colored merino dress; for it was autumn, just a year after our marriage, and she equipped herself with a view to the journey to Hog's Point.

She looked very solemn, and made very loud responses; while the Professor seemed frightened, and had the audacity to behave as though this were his first attempt, although he had been married three times before! As an old lady present remarked, "he was unfortunate in his wives!" But Arethusa clung firmly to his arm, and looked sternly resolved to make him a good wife as long as she lived.

Almost from the moment that they were pronounced one my sister-in-law designated him as "husband," and "husband" he has been ever since; never by any possibility "Professor Boggs," or "Jonah" (Jonah calls up such unpleasant ideas of whales)—always "husband." It was "husband thinks this," or "husband thinks that," until I became tired of the very sound of the name.

Well, Arethusa went "for good," as the children say; and I felt like a ship adrift without a rudder.

"La!" said the worldly creature, as I sobbed upon her shoulder, don't take on so, Fairy. "You can come to Hog's Point and see me, you know—run over often." I often think it is well that the objects of our affection don't know how much selfishness there is mingled with our love.

"And, Ernestine," she continued, with a sudden gleam in her face, while I listened eagerly for a crumb of comfort, "*don't forget the flannel-cakes on Fridays, dear*—Arthur always likes flannel-cakes on Friday."

These were my sister-in-law's parting words; and I walked back into the parlor under the melancholy influence of the reaction that always follows a wedding, or any excitement.

But my husband drew me to the fire, and I was folded in his arms, close, close to his heart.

"All alone, now—you and I, Fairy," said he, with a loving smile. "Now we will see what a notable little housekeeper you'll make."

But I looked serious.

"I am afraid," I replied, with a mournful shake of the head, "I am really afraid you'll starve!"

Mr. Winnesliie laughed at my earnestness.

"Oh no! I suppose," said he, "that you were contemplating the impossibility of providing for an Ogre! I am not so *altogether* given up to eating, Mrs. Ernestine—I know *somebody else*, I think, who likes good things quite as well, and if you can eat your own manufactures, I am sure that *I* can. But cheer up, darling; there is no fear of our suffering—Mimi will see to that."

"Mimi" was a substantial American woman, who governed the kitchen completely; and I was not sure that her dominion didn't extend considerably beyond it. Mimi understood things, with the exception of sew ing articles for which I had received particular instructions from Arethusa; but somehow, I did not remember them as I should have done.

My first batch of mince-pies were spoiled with pepper—I had always an idea that mince-pies were extensively peppered; and in consequence of this novel ingredient they were "love's labor lost." The flannel-cakes, of which Mrs. Boggs had so impressively reminded me, were flanned by nature and fanned by nature, and repulsed all the loving advances of knives and forks. Thus my attempts in the cooking line were nearly always failures; but my husband appeared to be satisfied, and this was all I cared for.

The winter passed quietly and pleasantly, and I never felt lonely. When Mr. Winnesliie was writing his sermons or visiting his parishioners, I sewed, or sat on the floor in his study, surrounded by piles of volumes that I had dragged from the bookcases to find the most interesting.

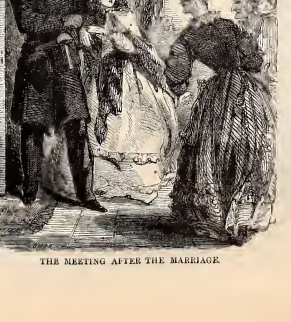
Frequently we had long walks, when we stopped at the cottages of the poor to leave the warm garments which my needle had, perhaps, put together in the morning. It was pure and peaceful, this simple life, and my husband soon taught me to call our Heavenly Father mine.

At Christmas came Professor and Mrs. Boggs from Hog's Point; and we dressed the old Church with greens and had a merry time of it.

Arethusa was just the same as ever, except, perhaps, an addition of dignity; and immediately after her arrival she went into the kitchen on a voyage of discoveries. She evidently discovered domestic things; for, when I asked her if it did not look well, she only reiterated,

"The *closets*, child, the *closets!*"

My sister-in-law compared the kitchen to "a whited sepulchre," and various other unpretty things; it was "slicked up," she said, on the outside, while all sorts of things were stowed away in holes and closets. Now, *I* thought we had done very well, and Mr. Winnesliie immediately put in a disclaimer; but Arethusa shook her head, and evidently considered me a hopeless case.



THE MEETING AFTER THE MARRIAGE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHISH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

RELATES HOW A BANK SUPERINTENDENT AND A DEMON OF UNFAITH GOT TURNED OUT OF DOORS.

In the morning with whose dawn our last chapter closed advanced to nine o'clock the doors of Clingham & Co. opened for business as usual, because, in the first place, banking hours commenced then by the tasmutable laws of so-ciety, and, in the second place, Mr. John Manton took down the shutters in that time-and-fact only less predeterminate and inevitable than the astronomical one. But the doors opened only as a mere outward possibility of transacting business as was inherent in the one very sleepy and moper head owned by Mr. McDovlas. And it was not until full ten o'clock than the other young gentlemen had all arrived, and were sitting or standing listlessly at their posts, with the exception of Ernest Beckford. All that day went dragging by the eyelids.

Whenever it was possible, from a temporary slack in the tide of business, or an unusual nonchalance as to whether there was business or not, the various officers of the Bank conferred in a little swarm at some one desk, and canvassed the main event of the preceding night. Canvassed it with the unnatural fervency which a disagreeable subject excites in under-sleep mean; canvassed it, calling all sorts of undesirable names, and imploring all manner of unpleasant imprecations, but always coming to the conclusion at last, that the wilful-snatching was merely a drunken freak on the part of a man not used to liquor, and so quite moddened thereby, and that on returning to his senses he would be very much ashamed of what he had done, returning to ask forgiveness and repair his error. Would they receive him back among them, and treat him as if nothing had happened? Some one thought that he might be made something of after all, though he did as a thing which no gentleman of honor would do. But the majority leaned to the decidedly expressed opinion of Mr. Bradby that they'd be d—d if they would.

They had hoped to receive a fillip to their lagging senses in the coming of one or the other of the prominent actors in the last night's occurence; but when hour after hour went on and no Ernest appeared to cry peccavi, to look ashamed of himself, to be sent to Coventry, or to produce any sensation whatever—and when the speculators, the man wanting discounts, the poor widows, and the agents of worthy causes had all to be sent away one after another with the answer, "Yes sir, I tell ye"—and there was no information, no suggestion, no hypothesis to fall back upon except their own—the young mem of Clingham & Co., Cheswick Branch, found each other very bad company.

Long after bank hours were over and the doors shut, at the gray of dusk in very sorry and used-up mug drove into the livery-stable yard of the Brethren Great at Cheswick, a bright wagon, much mud-bespattered and weather-beaten. Upon the seat, just arrived from Haddlesfield, sat Mr. Luke Green. And with as perfect a sweetness of voice as if he had just arrived from an airing for pleasure, he turned to one of the proprietors, who stood smoking his pipe outside the stalls, and said:

"My venerable friend benefitted his feet just after I arrived. I was so happy, by the speed of your excellent mare, to have reached Haddlesfield in time to close his eyes!"

Uttering which cheering and praiseworthy reflection, he slipped the value of his ride into the hand of Richard Great, who took it, feeling as if the blessing of a most pious character went with it, putting a new gilt on the two operative eagles, but who would have been less of this sentiment had he followed the gentle and self-forgetting soother of death-beds just outside of his yard, and seen the square, polished, white under-jaw shut tight, and the small, long fingers clench till the veins knotted on the backs of the hands. Had he seen the smooth, ivory forehead mapped by livid branching boundaries, the calm invisible brow grow shining with an unpleasant smile, like a glary, quiet pool on the sea, where a shark lies underneath; had he heard that single word which Luke Green uttered, through lips that hardly opened to let it out, "*Beckford!*" Not a curse with it, not a qualifying expression of any kind; but the manner in which it was uttered told of a crowd of satanic bad wishes, for this world and the world to come, crowding so hard behind it as fairly to keep the doors of speech from opening to let them out, such as never was or never should be expressible in any merely human vocabulary. "*Beckford!*" as if that simple name must stand representative of all hellish desires, epenser for the fulfillment of all fiendish threats which otherwise could get no airing even indirectly. "*Beckford!*" and, regarding it, Green passed quietly and calmly, tactically away to his house.

The next day in the bank went more briskly. Messrs. Bradby, Gaudby, & Co. unbardened their minds freely, at various times, to Mr. Green upon the sly—it being a man with that gentleman never to appear too familiar and confidential with the subalterns before others—and gave a great deal more for it. The only definite answer that they received to any of their remarks was, that every body had been disappointed in the young man Beckford; and that thes whole subject had better be forgotten. It was his desire that it should be so. The valiet was not of much consequence; if the young fellow was betrayed into stealing it, he thought very likely the excitement of hard drinking had been on the brain of it, and he would never be too ashamed to return, for fear of being dealt with accordingly. But he should not prosecute him—ah no! let it go! That was the better way. And the young men left the superintendent's room with a feeling that he was forgiving nature never played all-fours for small stakes merely to add to the interest, you know.

Three days passed and on the fifth doors of Clingham & Co. It was then that Luke Green, briskly considling the two or three letters he had to read at their business hours, and seeing that all the juniors under his superintendence had departed, rose and passed across the hall to the room in which John Manton was sitting at his desk—looking at, rather than into, the first volume of Rollin's "History of the World," of which he was reading in the blessed intellectual satisfaction; or if not Rollin, something else of the same profit and character as Newman Fox's book of Martyrs, or Jonathan Bibb's sermons, for instance. Invariably from one and four or six hours a day Mr. John Manton read afternoon state of mind, and having a book in his lap thought himself meditating. At a reasonable time before the bank closed, accustomed himself on having been historical, devotional, philosophical, as the work on his knees had purchasen of either of these characteristics, and addressed himself to getting hungry by either walking or whirling his arms about like a windmill. Poor old man! John Manton has been told twenty years before that he would ever have reached this state of being, this perfect content with operation, the heavenly spirit that had led, like a bright turf-coal, under the wet bog of many troubles, and had burned out, and the slanderer had been knocked down. But, lingo lisse, the Mansoul within him had ebbed down the bound of his body, leaving him all in five senses barer and barer, until it seemed as if, long before the time had come, according to the manner of men, for the tide to be quite out with him, the slack-water of his soul was nigh at hand, and he would be left a mere physical existence—an eater, a drinker, a sleeper—here and there just a memory or two to mock the departed mind, like the little pools of brine that stand in old shells and make ferns for the above the water-line when the tide is down.

I have said long ago that Nora read to her father in the evening. Sometimes, as on this evening when we first saw her, the thing read was the newspaper; sometimes it was one of the driest of dry books of polemic theology; but the book or the paper, or whatever it might be, was many a time gently and modestly folded up when the poor old man's head fell wearily on his breast, and a pair of overflowing girl eyes looked at him as if the heart within their fountain would break. It seemed to her as if he slept more sweetly for being watched with love, and repress tears alone could not, unless it would have disturbed him to have her weep.

The afternoon that Luke Green left his office to pay John Manton a visit had been spent by Nora in her father's room. She was daraing—I know it is unnecessary, but I do not in the bad sense prose, rather poetry of the highest order, when we think now often those same woman fingers that have invalid comforts glide thence to knit up the thread of raveling hearts—she was darning, and a pile of blue socks just from the wash grew less and less under the dwindling afterscam, being rolled up as fast as discharged cured, and laid in a basket at her side. John Manton addressed not a syllable to her of any description, for Rollin was in his lap. It was a warm, hazy day, the windows were open, and gradually the sensible stillness of every thing pat John Manton to sleep. Nora, as ever when he slept, sat looking at him with an inexpressible tenderness, until at last she found that she skipt threads by darning at the same time, and for a while stopped the latter. The long alabaster sack which he wore had been black when it was new, and having been pressed only once, and not sponged at all, did not shine greatly in the seams at that time, as it did now. It fluttered in the little breath of air that came through the half-closed shutters, and showed not only its own rustiness to perfect advantage, but several delicate yet not indiscernible lines where there cornered tears had been meaded down the knee-sprung legs of the old man's pantaloons. And following the outline of his form, from up the settee in a childish abandonment to sleep, Nora's glance rested on his shoes, and the eyes that had shed tears poured over, for one of those queerly tender thoughts in which so truly humor sits by the deepest well of pathos in our souls.

"To think that those poor dear old feet than have so much to do, all their every way to the grove, should have to wear patched cowhide, while some people—"

She did not complete the thought even to her own mind, for the spirit of envy is drowned in a good woman's tears. She arose, and planting on her father's forehead the softest kiss, as a seal to sweet sleeping till she came again, passed quietly out of the door that led to her own room.

A minute after, Luke Green came to the hall door and tapped. The old man awoke and listened. The tap was repeated, and he called "Come in." Upon which Luke Green entered, and with an obeisance such as he would have made to a king, from whom he wished a favor, drew a chair up to the settee on which the old man had been lying.

"I am very glad ourself in this rather protracting weather? Are we doing pretty well, considering?" said Luke Green, opening the conversation with a reverent cheerfulness.

"Oh, so so—very well for me—yes, yes, very well, indeed, thank you."

"I have had if the out of town for o day or two, which accounts for my not coming in to see how my *dear* old friend was getting on. Now, you see there's nothing I can do to soothe your pain—you haven't any pain? No? Now *really*. How thankful we ought to be for that. I am so glad to hear it. Nothing I can do to make you comfortable in any way? See if you can't think of something—"

"Oh, you're very kind, Mr. Green, very; but really I don't know of any thing that would do me much good. The fact is, I feel rather tired. I have felt tired for a good while. I don't know when I haven't felt so. I suppose I always shall."

"Isn't it the liver? Or the stomach? Are you sure it isn't the stomach? Boggs's Fruitive Pills are recommended for *that*. Let me get you a bottle of Boggs's Fruitive Pills?"

"I don't think it is the stomach, Mr. Green. It may be the liver. I can't tell. I only know I very tired—very tired all the time."

"Back? Limbs? Shoulders, perhaps?"

"All over; no one place—tired of seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling—tired of every thing."

"Ah! a case of ennui! really, now, must we be so indolent? Why, you know, my word, a rogue, a regular rogue! Oh you funny fellow, lonest and hearty as you are, to get *blues*—really used to feel so! Why, I remember ten thousand a year and no constitution! Ha, ha! Come! we must rouse up; that's a man. My dear Mr. Manton, I put it to you—do you take enough exercise?"

"I go to the post-office—I saved two sticks of wood one day last week, I believe."

"Oh, pshaw! Pshaw, my dear friend, that is nothing. You must take good long walks into the country every day or your life—stir around and make yourself cheerful as possible! By-the-way, that reminds me to something I wanted to speak of at any rate. I have had my shoemaker ed them with the sheepy pair in his hand—and stroking their rich, smooth gloss, was seduced. Moreover, Luke Green had already begun playfully untying the strings of the pair he wore, and kept saying, "Try them on! try them on—they don't bite—you needn't be afraid of them." So they were on almost before John Manton was aware. And the seductive Green regarded them and him with a sure smile that seemed to encase him in a suit of glaze from head to toes.

Mr. Green meanwhile wandered for a moment about the room, as if with the purpose of putting his friend at ease, by appearing not to hear his repeated thank you's. And in its wanderings fell upon many additions which his own beneficent hand, coming noiseless as the dew, slacker of grass-blades, had made to the comfort and the obligation of the Manton family. In the corner was a little card-table, which held the family daguerreotypes. That table had once lain on the sly—one birth morning of Nora Manton—within a card marked "From an unknown friend" in the boldest strokes of his well-known handwriting. The pretty brocatelle curtains that those through the summer mania—making a pleasant subdued rosiness at the window sides—he had hung those with his own hand one day when John and his daughter were at dinner, happening in in the course of the afternoon to be catechised and look conscious upon the subject of "whose thing they were." A handsome little plated epergne, with a flower-glass replenished from rose and violet beds daily by Nora, to infuse a breath of summer into her father's wintry life, several books such as come with the compliments of the season, table ornaments, one of the engravings from Gospil's, which hung upon the wall—all these Luke Green could look upon with complacency, as being so many reminders to him of his past goodness.

The subject of the shoes now being passed over comfortably, and the two men pretending that they had never thought of them—Mr. Green rebisled abstractedly, put his hands in his pockets, paced up and down the room three or four times, and then, with a sigh, sat down again, and began critically examining a spot in the carpet. The deep dejection apparent in his countenance could not fail to arouse even the dormant faculties of John Manton, who looked at his visitor for a moment with an air of puzzle, and then said,

"You're not ill to-day, I hope, Mr. Green?"

"No, not ill precisely. Oh! it is nothing; I shall soon be over it—"

"But I beg—please let me know—if something can't be done for you."

"I'm afraid not: I wish something could be done. But it's impossible for any one to keep any thing from you. I *will* tell you: I *must*. My dear, *dear* friend, Mr. Manton—you believe I love you?"

Here Luke Green seized the trembling hand of the old man, and gazed into his eyes as one of whom would rest his soul.

"Yes; I believe you do."

"And you are sure that I love your daughter Nora? that I have the interest of that existing angel at the very bottom of my heart?"

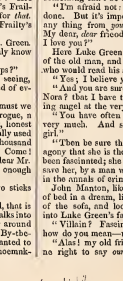
"You have often told me that you had her very much. And she is a good girl—a good girl."

"Then be sure that I tell you with heartfelt agony that she is the dupe of a villain; she has been fascinated; she will be destroyed, unless we have and you have whom knavery is unequaled in the annals of crime!"

John Manton, like one groping his way out of bed in a dream, lifted himself up by the arm of the sofa, and looked with bewildered eyes into Luke Green's face.

"Villain? Fascinated? Destroyed? How, how do you mean—not my Nora, is it?"

"Alas! my old friend, your, our—no, I have no right to say *our*—dear, dear Nora! Now



"OUT WITH YOU. OUT!"

don't be excited; he quite calm: there is no serious harm yet: I will tell you all. Do you know any thing of a certain young man, who has been employed here in the bank in a subordinate capacity for the last few weeks—a young man with a very innocent, plausible face, blue eyes, and light-brown hair, named *Bedford?*"

"Yes, yes, I've seen him; is it he? Oh, go on!"

"Be quite calm, my old friend, your health will not permit of this excitement. Perhaps all may be well, bo may not be quite the doubled-fried villain he appears."

"Good God! Go on, go on: has he hurt *Nora?*" And twenty years at one dash of the cement of passion were wiped off of the face of the father.

"All in time. This Bedford knows your daughter?"

"Yes: she has met him at a party; they have bowed in the street. Will you go on?"

"I have still more: she has been seen walking with him, and I have myself seen them look at one another at church, when they little thought that they were noticed, as no people ever look unless they *love*. And this Bedford is—by—but I will not prejudice you against one who may even now be your daughter's accepted lover."

"Lake Green, will you drive me mad? In the name of God speak on!"

"Very well: but remember if it tears your soul you wished me to—you made me hear all that I have to say, making every allowance for youth, frailty, and the natural evil of our hearts. This unhappy young man *is a thief!* an accomplished thief, probably out of one of the very worst gangs in New York. Still I will tell you particulars—proofs. Two nights ago I sat at the house of a friend where he also was visiting. Which I cross in less he went out first and in great haste, and there is one person at least ready to swear that he was not alone, for which I had carried cement by in my pocket, in Beckford's hands. At any rate, when it was too late to follow the—Beckford, I discovered that it was gone, and in a were twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Oh! oh! Go on! Go on!"

"I must be come as quickly as I could. He had fled from there, leaving word that he had gone to a place many miles out in the country. I had a home and evening, yet I well, sent the police in pursuit of him. They returned, saying he could not be found. Under his bed room, I uncovered a false stomach, the pair of each glasses as are worn in disguise by criminals wanting to elude the detective. I have heard that a box of burglar's tools have since been found, but I haven't seen those yet. And there is but little doubt he goes by other too this piece of paper I found under the bureau in his room. Look!"

"Ernest, Ernest," said the old man, peering anxiedly through his glasses, "why, that isn't Beckford, it's—"

"Sh! Ernest's speak it aloud, there may be listeners, and the crime's forgery! He has enough for one hend to bear on it now. And let me give you a hint. I've been trying to hunt the offiers of this Bank from getting on to the incentive pass; you've heard the rumors on the street about Clingham & Co. going to the dogs for some weeks past; and I tell you I don't see but it's going to be first pretty soon. There has been a defalcation lately: the books are coming short at the yearly audit some five thousand dollars; and I don't see how I could hide it if it were for my own brother. Clingham & Co. will have to know who's the defaulter, and I must tell 'em."

"Beckford?"

"Sh! not so loud. I don't say any thing about it. Only, listen! As you have never loved for Miss Manton, beware lest she disappear some night to become the mistress of a burglar!"

Once too much, Lake Green! a little beyond the mark of good policy!

Lake Green saw that he had said one of those things which few men, even the most object, pass unremarked, and was about to retract, for he had not been in a passion; in his engineering, he had carelessly laid his hand upon the wrong tool, unfolding the delicacy of the mind he practiced on—that was all; but it was too late—he had done the harm.

"Sir!" said Miss Manton, standing erect and unrembling as a young man, "there is not the being on God's earth thet could say that thing to me of Norn and stand under my eyes. Leave the room, Lake Green! The little that is left to me of home shall not be polluted by the foot of a man who comes to say such lies of *her!* Out with you. Out!"

"But, my dear friend, one moment—"

"Not an instant! Oblige me by not making more words or acts necessary!"

"Very well, John Manton, very well!"

And uttering these words in the tone of one who is pretty sure that it is going to be any thing but well, very well in reality, Lake Green glided out as quietly as he had come.

The moment that the door was shut John Manton locked it; and then, as if feeling it safe to abandon his self-control, he threw himself back upon the sofa and cried like a child. The shadow of the last twenty years fell over him again, and he withered and bent in it like a cellar-grown leaf. The fire went from his eye, the tension from his muscles, and even the manly sense of indignity from his heart. He only knew that his poor old time-beaten and crumbling tenement of a body had been visited through every crack and cranny by such a pain as had not shaken it for many and many a day. And now, in childlike tears and trembling, he lay exhausted under the reaction.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An avaricious fellow in Brussels gave a large dinner recently. Just as the guests sat down a piercing shriek was heard in the court-yard. The host hurried out, and returned pale, affrighted, and his hands covered with blood.

"What is it?" was the inquiry.

"Alas!" he said, "a poor unknown, father of a large family, has met with a terrible accident. He was knocked down by a cart, and grievously wounded. Let us aid him."

A collection was taken up, and the guests contributed 200 francs. Gentlemen, you see it was the miser's name to make them pay for the dinner.

There is a story of a respectable lady, who being greeted for the first by a fashionable friend with—"Joy, there's a dear lady! Do, there's a good lady!" finally and wonderingly responded, "If I can't a lady, I'd poke this here parasol in your mouth."

"It's a melancholy thing when those you depend on turn against you," as the gentleman said when the baker asked him to pay his bill.

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "I keep away from me or you'll set me on fire."

"No danger of that," replied the girl, "you are too green to burn."

A candidate for the honor of representing four Fifth Ingwhs in Parliament calling upon an honest shoemaker of his own and cobbler's trade, for the liberty of kissing the gudewife, who was a middle-aged woman, and, in doing so, to have the extra liberty of diffusing a couple of guineas out of his own mouth into that of the mutcen, Instead of being offended by such a piece of decorum, the lady slyly said, as she pocketed the two shining pieces, "Ye, Lee Ilka, dis, gentleman, wrap dooby, lee."

Some time ago a professor of legerdemain entertained an audience in a village which was principally composed of rustics. After vanishing the ordinary wiser, with various tricks—metamorphosing wine into water, etc.—he asked the loan of a half-guinea from any of his admirers. A collier, with a little hesitation, handed out the coin, which the juggler quickly exhibited, as he said, transformed into a guinea.

"Ah! is that my brother?" exclaimed the collier.

"Undoubtedly," answered the juggler.

"Then I'll give a guinea for seeing it round and round in examination with an ostacey of delight, he pocketed the juggler for the money, and slipped into his pocket, said, "I'm wat'at yo'll no tumi'into a hawpe'ny, lads."

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"No, did you ever dabble in stocks?" "Well, yes, I put my foot in them once."

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When Lord Byron was asked whether he did not think Miss Kelly acting in the "Maid and Magpie" was the confidingly natural? he replied, "I really can not say; I have never sufficiently considered the subject of Kelly."

"I say," Mr. Jenkins was in the habit of saying "I say" to almost every sentence to which she gave utterance. On one occasion she rung the bell for her servant, and on his entering the said, "I say, James, I have been to Mr. Jones's, and I say, he has a very fine horse; and I say, I am in the habit of saying 'I say' to every word I say. Now, if I do not say 'I say' to every word I say, I say, because you to say that I say 'I say' to every word I say, I say."

The following explanation of the privilege accorded to Leap Year ladies to choose husbands from a week or two of "courtship, love, and Matrimony," dated in the year 1605: "Alleds, it was more because a part of the women have spent a great deal of time of life, that at otten or every blissetile year that return, the ladies have the sole privilege during the whole twelvemonth of making love unto the men, which they don either by words or looks, or by some remarkable gesture, moreover, no one will be entitled to the benefit of energy who refuses from the same, or the offer of a kiss, or a ring, in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

A writer says that the gentle acts of animals are greatly increasing since the discovery of the Spanish fly sets more gentle. Perhaps, then, the time may come when the gentle lion, at sight of the ferocious sheep, will run with all his might—and mane.

A man who had been married twice to ladies both named Catherine, defended his friends against taking dapit-Kates.

An old cretic, at a concert one night, read in the programme the title of a song—"Oh! give me a Cot in the Valley I love." Rolling it over and over silently, the old fellow finally cried, "Well, if I had my choice, I should ask for a bedcoat."

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An advertisement reads as follows: "Stolen, a watch with its appendage. If any person has left what will—" Yes, there's a dear lady! Do, there's a good lady!" finally and wonderingly responded, "If I can't a lady, I'd poke this here parasol in your mouth."

"It's a melancholy thing when those you depend on turn against you," as the gentleman said when the baker asked him to pay his bill.

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me or you'll set me on fire."

"No danger of that," replied the girl, "you are too green to burn."

A candidate for the honor of representing four Fifth Ingwhs in Parliament calling upon an honest shoemaker of his own and cobbler's trade, for the liberty of kissing the gudewife, who was a middle-aged woman, and, in doing so, to have the extra liberty of diffusing a couple of guineas out of his own mouth into that of the mutcen, Instead of being offended by such a piece of decorum, the lady slyly said, as she pocketed the two shining pieces, "Ye, Lee Ilka, dis, gentleman, wrap dooby, lee."

Some time ago a professor of legerdemain entertained an audience in a village which was principally composed of rustics. After vanishing the ordinary wiser, with various tricks—metamorphosing wine into water, etc.—he asked the loan of a half-guinea from any of his admirers. A collier, with a little hesitation, handed out the coin, which the juggler quickly exhibited, as he said, transformed into a guinea.

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"Undoubtedly," answered the juggler.

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A clergyman writing from Mercieburn, Ohio, speaking of the beneficial effects of Brown's Bronchial Troches, says: "Last Spring I found my lungs very much affected, and my throat involved, and until I used your Troches could not preach a sermon of ordinary length, without great pain. I have found more relief from use of 'Troches' I have in the past five weeks practiced more forty sermons."

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Agents for the Patentee.

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His Sequel and Companion to L'AMOUR (Love), just published in Paris, and now ready here. One volume, 12mo, cloth, Price $1 00.

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The Working Woman.	How she gives her heart away.
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"Once more Unfortunate."	The Consolations of Love.
The Book of "Woman," a Consolation for the Book of "Love."	Woman, an Angel of Peace and Civilization.
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The Man who loves last.	Children, Toys, Dolls, etc.

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The orders for this work have so far exceeded our most sanguine expectations, that we have only large first edition was dispatched of before going to press, so we have been compelled to reprint the publication for a few days, in order to meet with promptness a rapidly increasing demand. The volume, however, is now ready.

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(From the Rev. Dr. Prime.)

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☞ Editors giving the above an insertion and forwarding a copy of this paper, marked, will receive a copy of either of our publications by mail, prepaid. Address DAYTON & CO.,
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These Readers have FAR HIGHER AIMS than any hitherto published, and it is confidently anticipated by enlightened educators that they will be universally adopted in their place, and owe its execution in part, that they will introduce a new era in the course of popular education.

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To furnish a series of Progressive Readers, which shall *popularize*, to the capacities of children, the "Higher English Branches" of study, so that the *Elementary Principles* of the various departments of NATURAL HISTORY AND NATURAL SCIENCE shall be taught early in life, the pupils in our schools, *while they are engaged in their ordinary Reading Exercises.* This is the only plan by which useful instruction in all these departments can be brought within the reach of all the youth in our country. If these Readers shall be generally introduced, this object in the incidental way of the ordinary Reading Exercises in Schools, without diverting the time *set apart for such Lesson Exercises*, and without additional expense, will be a fact of great importance, and will elevate the Sufficient Influence upon Popular Education must be immense.

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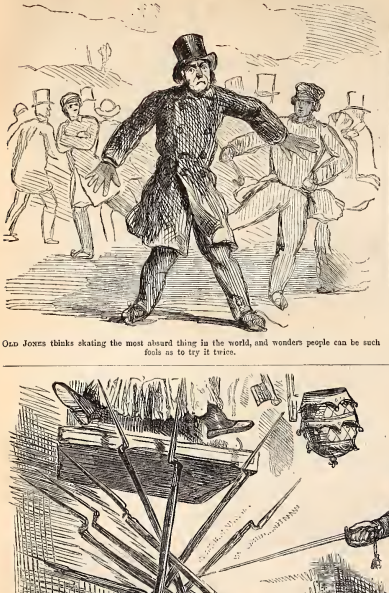

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VOL. IV.—No. 166.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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A NIGHT ON THE ICE—THE ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

A NIGHT ON THE ICE.

WE had been to a picnic, in the Canadian backwoods, some six or seven miles beyond the Tireonaga, and were returning home in two light one-horse sleighs, the first containing Mr. Norton and his elder daughter, the second her sister and myself. The night was calm and beautiful in its dim snow-light, and the red glow of the northern streamers above our heads flashed and leaped and quivered in a thousand brilliant coruscations; while strangely and sweetly through the gray old woods sounded the clear girlish voices of the sisters, as from the different sleighs they sang in alternate stanzas one of the quaint old ballads of the Middle Ages. At length we reached the banks of the Tireonaga, which lay between us and our home, a mirror of ice, and we at once commenced its passage. As we swept quickly on, it seemed to me that some other sound mingled with the firm footfalls of the horses, and the chime of their bells—a low threatening murmur like the echo of a distant tempest. But Mr. Norton drove gaily on, as if he either heard it not, or thought nothing of it, and I dismissed it from

LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "HUNGARIAN," OFF SABLE ISLAND, NOVA SCOTIA, FEBRUARY, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

my mind, until as we drew near the centre of the river, strange dark spots, like cloud-shadows, began to pitch in glistening furrows.

The next instant one appeared right on Mr. Norton's path, and too close for him to avoid. With a single leap the horse bounded over it, and as the sleigh was drawn quickly after, there was a plash that told it had struck against water. I could see Mr. Norton spring horrifiedly up.

"Back, back, for your lives!" he cried to us; "the ice is breaking up!"

I turned to his directions, but it was too late—two or three such spats lay between us and the bank. I looked around; they were pouring across everywhere at every side; and then I remembered to have heard that the ice of the Tiruouga was treacherous in consequence of hot springs in the bed of the river, which at times burst forth; and that particularly in the early part of the winter the moment it had seen the river covered with ice, of which before evening not a trace would remain.

Receiving her matters were, Mr. Norton hade us fallow him, and quickly, for that not a moment was to be lost; and then doubled off at a rapid pace for the opposite bank, leaping the chasms, and spreding lightly on over the frozen portions, as if he hoped by swiftness to diminish the danger; and with the same breathless speed we hastened on in his rear.

Meanwhile, larger and more numerous grew the dark blue spaces, and longer and more frequent our horrez leaps. At length there came a chasm that I could not venture. I looked around for some more favorable spat; but as my eye glanced inward, it fell on constantly-widening water, until it had gone the circuit, and, with a sensation of surprise and horror, I perceived that we stood upon an ice island, from which the sun rendilly was rapidly retreating. I hailed after Mr. Nartan; but, unsuspicious of what had happened, he was still making his way with arrowy speed across the ice; for it felt we were left to our own efforts for escape, and my utter inexperience rendered the chances few indeed, when we already again drew near enough to the main ice to leap the space between; and none can tell how anxiously I watched each movement of our sleigh, as it began to yield to the influence of the current. But each fathum that we were swept down the river seemed to bear us to a wider distance from the ice bank; and we soon found ourselves floating on a comparatively open space of water, and surrounded by unmeasurable billows.

I could almost have exclaed pour Annie's cry of agony when the certainty of our position burst upon her, so fearfully vivid. Alone as midnight, on a fragment of ice, floating down a rapid river whose future course I knew not, while on each side stretched chasms of crumbling ice, and beyond them the banks of inaccessible steepness! What could exceed the desolation of such a position, and what hope could it leave to us of life? While, to counteract our misery, we had not even the power to struggle against our fate, but must passively await the coming.

How deeply I pitied my young companion, as she sat leaning against Mr. Nartan's knees. It was hard for her to part with life, after sixteen years of such bright and joyous experience as here had been; hard to lay it down thus suddenly and sadly fully, almost from all she loved, and yet harder the unresolvable fears for her father's and sister's safety which our own danger had awakened. I tried to utter words of consolation as I wrapped the poor girl in the buffalo robes from the sleigh, and thought our position rendered doubly cold. She looked a sad contrast to the bright creature of the last few hours, whose joyous buhlad strains were yet lingering in my ears. But when the first shock was over, poor Annie struggled bravely with her grief, and during the remainder of that dreary night of peril she sat calmly by my side, the most patient and resigned companion than ever had in danger.

Meanwhile, the river was bearing us swiftly on past rocky headlands, and dark pine forests, waving above high cliffs, on to yet wilder and more regions, where it seemed even the red man would scarce pitch his wigwam. Sometimes the river swept on smoothly along on its broad bosom, at others it contracted into narrower limits, and hurried on with a quicker current; and as the sleigh raft was swept about by the broken water, we sometimes thought either that it would part, or we be swept from its slippery surface, which now and then our poor horse beat the ice wildly with his hoof, and, as he recognized its unsoundness, his long frill cries of distress rang out over far and wide over the river, and quivered through the dismal woods beyond.

Day at last broke upon us, still floating down that lonely river, between its frowning banks, and on our raft, whose limits were now small indeed. Death seemed close upon us in one of his most repulsive forms, and we no longer pretended blindness to his coming; but spoke together as they would whose hour was at hand.

Suddenly the river took an abrupt bend, and, aided by the waters of another river, which we fell into, it spread about to the dimensions of a lake; but still it was bordered by those monotonous, wildlike banks, shutting out everything. At length we sighted something like a chasm dividing the cliff down to the water's edge. I sprang to my feet in a moment. Here was at least a chance of life—the first that during all those wretched hours had presented itself—and I resolved at once to take it.

Without a moment's delay the horse was cast loose from the shafts, and Annie was tied securely to his back, then with a few words of encouragement and leps to the poor young girl, doomed to so many hardships and dangers, I took the halter in my hand, and sending the horse into the water, leaped in myself, and then commenced swimming to the shore.

But the struggle was a long and arduous one, for we were more than a mile from the land, and both the horse and I were cramped and stiffened with cold. Many a time I thought the effort was in vain, and that neither the horse nor I would ever reach the shore, that to my weariness seemed to recede as we advanced. Moreover, the current pressed strongly against us, forcing us away as down beyond our goal, against the steep rocky barrier that lined the water. Fortunately the hot springs had raised the temperature of the water, for poor Annie's girlish form was almost hidden in it, as the waves gurgled and surged around her, sometimes even sweeping above her head. But the young girl's courage rose with the occasion, and she bore unmurmuringly this new phase of suffering.

But they strive hard whose prize is life, and after more than an hour of fear, and doubt, and fear, we reached the land we had never hoped to tread again. As we emerged from the water a wintry wind pierced through our saturated clothing, with an icy chill that threatened to freeze them in a few minutes. We hastily sought for found a settler's house near at hand, where we obtained dry clothes, refreshment, and the loan of a horse and sleigh, in which we were speedily carried along the road to Tireouga. As we proceeded, fresh fears for her father's and sister's fate assailed poor Annie, who was only set at rest when she found herself in their arms.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "HUNGARIAN."

We publish on the preceding page a picture of the wreck of the steamship *Hungarian*, which was lost on the morning of February 20, on Sable Island, Nova Scotia. At the time of writing very few particulars of this terrible catastrophe have come to hand. A telegram from Halifax, dated 21st, said:

The large steamship Hungarian, on the west side of the Sable Island, the steamship *Hungarian*, which sailed from Queenstown on the 9th inst. for Portland.

She is a total wreck, and all her crew and passengers are supposed to be lost.

A small portion of her hull is new visible at low water.

Nothing like the news dispatched for the Associated Press could be learned, but it was thought it may be the mail, a small portion of which has been saved in a damaged state.

One passenger ticket has been found with the name of Ellen Sheridan upon it.

The following has been sent from Cape Sable to Messrs. Cunard & Co.:

"A steamer's lights were seen on Monday morning at three o'clock; at daybreak the spars and masts were seen standing, and at 10 a.m. all had gone by the board. Then the ship settled fast. A heavy sea was running, breaking mast high over the ships. Communication with the ship was impossible. All on board must have been lost, unless the boats left the ship before daylight, which is not likely. It is a total wreck, and if the ship is still visible."

The *Hungarian* left Liverpool on Wednesday, the 8th inst., under command of Captain Jones, and touched at Queenstown, Ireland, as customary with the vessels of the Messrs. Cunard, on the next afternoon (Thursday, the 9th ult.) for Portland.

The *Hungarian* was on this occasion on her third voyage from Liverpool to Portland, her preceding trips having been accomplished in good time, and under very favorable circumstances.

Other dispatches, dated 24th, say:

A dispatch from Ragged Island, 24th, to the Colonial General, states that the supplementary mail bags for Canada and New York have been picked up, and are in safety, but in a very damaged state, and are awaiting orders. Commissioner General Woolgate has ordered the mails to be brought to Halifax to be arranged, as the bags are burst and the letters torn.

The following is the latest news from the scene of the wreck:

BARNSTOW, *Feb. 24—9 a.m.*

Thomas McKenzie informs me that, on Monday morning a three-masted, square-rigged ship, not a steamer's flight. It was stationary for some time, and he supposed a ship had struck on the Horse Race, about two miles off the Cape. It was then seen to move. At daylight a large steamer was seen ashore, with one smart smoking. He thinks he saw seen at 10 o'clock, and over, which was soon after daylight.

A report has reached me that the steward's pocket-book has been picked up, having some passengers' names or extras. I will inquire into it and report.

On Wednesday the body of one small child was found, and yesterday that of one man, supposed to be a fireman. The Coroner is attending to them.

Portions of the mail and cargo are being yet picked up.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1860.

COMMERCIAL LEGISLATION.

ANE, the man who cheated the Fulton Bank of several thousand dollars, which he spent on fast women, horses, and other forms of dissipation, has been convicted, and will be sent to Sing Sing. No one will pity a fellow who was equally infamous as a confidential servant, as a habitual, and as a loser; but, not content with robbing his employers, reduced his old father to beggary, and deliberately involved his wife, family, and friends in ruin and disgrace.

But it is mercy he has been convicted. Eminent counsel, before the trial, gravely doubted whether he had committed any offence of which the law could take cognizance. Our commercial code is so imperfect that it is a mere chance that he was caught in the net. He very nearly escaped. Indeed, such is the laxity, and such the omissions in the penal statutes against commercial frauds, that a man may cheat and steal to a hundred times his money without running any grave danger. Schuyler, it is said, might have returned to New York in safety; under our present law he could not have been punished. A man walks the streets, rules political meetings, and fills offices of honor in the State who, a few years since, deliberately robbed Wall Street brokers of hundreds of thousand dollars, yet was held to have committed no penal offence. Peter Funk sells bum watches every day to greenhorns, and the law can do no more than compel him to refund the stolen money when his victim has the nerve and the time to prosecute. The other day a rascal was taken before the Mayor for robbing a stranger by selling him a spurious ticket for a passage on board an Atlantic steamer; he was told to refund the money; he refused, and was about to be taken to prison when he suddenly recollected himself, and observing, "I can't afford to be locked up the day the California steamer sails," reluctantly disgorged, and was liberated. In plain words, he consented to forego the fruits of one robbery for the prospect of half a dozen others.

They order these matters better in England. There, for many years, the commercial code has been constantly improved year by year, as new statutes being passed to meet every new form of roguery devised by the increasing ingenuity of mankind, or suggested by the development of commerce. The consequence is, that in London, where rogues abound, the rogue who is punished is the rule, and the rogue who escapes the exception. It is high time that we took a lesson from our neighbors over the water in this respect. Our commercial laws are entirely inadequate to cope with the modern forms of fraud. Who will undertake to revise them?

DELIBERATE MURDER.

THE spread of diseases of the throat has latterly attracted much attention. Deaths from throat diseases, especially that form of them known as *diphtheria*, are much more frequent than they used to be, especially in towns. Various causes have been assigned for the appearance of diphtheria as an epidemic; few of them, however, are sufficiently vivid with the facts. The climate is not more severe than it used to be. Latterly the clothing of women and children has been lighter, and fatal than it was half a dozen years since, the family and the press have inveighed so loudly against thin shoes and unsubstantial coverings for the body that a better style of clothing has been generally adopted. The only good reason that has been given for the surprising development of throat disease in these days is the fashion of women in most of our large cities—of hastening the melting of the snow in the streets by mixing it with salt. In New York, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, the fashion of the fair sex, when the streets are plentifully salted by the omnibus proprietors, whose profits are diminished during the sleighing season.

The consequence of this is the conversion of the snow into what an eminent surgeon styles a sort of ice-cream—intensely cold, and so penetrating that it will pass through the thick leather boots. The air, too, is impregnated with a saline vapor most trying to the air-passages. Than during the melting season, every pedestrian in the large cities is sure to have wet feet, and to breathe an atmosphere as irritating to the throat as the fumes of poisonous fluid or noxious gases. Why should we look any further for the causes of the throat epidemics which are ravaging the country?

Salting the streets, we believe, contrary to law. Yet the omnibus proprietors continue to scatter their salt as though the laws were waste paper, and human lives of no account in comparison with shyscenes.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

For Harper's Weekly.

AT a meeting of ladies—the wives, sisters, and daughters of Masons in attendance upon the National Masonic Convention at Chicago—in September, 1859, in the ladies' parlor of the Tremont House, on the 14th of that month, it was resolved to form a society to raise funds for the completion of the Washington Monument, now in progress of erection in the city of Washington. The following States—Connecticut, New York, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Louisiana, Texas, Missouri, Mississippi, South Carolina, Michigan, and Illinois—were represented.

A constitution for the government of the society, and an address to the people of the United States was adopted, and Mrs. Finky M. King, of Port Byron, New York, was chosen President, and Mrs. Anna M. Cooley, of Washington City, Secretary.

The names of the Vice-Presidents for the different States of the Union will be furnished for publication when the list is completed, and answers have been received to all the letters of appointment to that office.

The Constitution, Address, and By-laws are in the possession of the Secretary for publication and distribution, as soon as the preliminary arrangements for a complete organization in the several States of the Union are concluded, which, it is confidently believed, will be in a very short time.

Mrs. ANNA M. COOLEY,
Secretary of the Ladies' Washington National Monument Society.

THE LOUNGER.

EDITORIAL.

THE trials of a magazine editor have not been sufficiently considered by the public. But they are very much felt and severe; the chief of all being the necessity of *refusing* the contributions of his friends. Often enough he may unjustly refuse them, from haste, in marital, and effluvia but men. But the secret of such a refusal is his friendship; for the editor cannot be blamed for partiality, and the manner that would be a good enough manner if it were Jones's, unknown to the editor, is condemned because it is Jenkins's, his bosom friend.

Besides, let all friends of the editor consider what his position really is. He is a captain of a ship, which he sails not for his own pleasure, but for the profit of the owners and his own honor and emolument. He can not give away passages. He can not stop and have a spree at the Azores when he is heading for Cyclion. He may infinitely prefer to please his friend by taking a glass, but it is undeniable that while he commands he shall not drink. The editor is that captain. He is sailing a ship which belongs to other people, and his part is public favor. It is his duty to make the most praiseworthy voyage—that is, the best and most salable magazine he may, of course, if he can not do it without prostitution of his mind or character, he will throw up his command. But it is no prostitution for his power, it is only a pain to his friends to say, "Friend, I can not take you, for I have no right to indulge my private partiality at the expense of the owners. I would willingly have, to gratify my friendship, but I have no right to make other people lose for my gratification."

Apollinaris sends his last poem in ten mortal stanzas; "good for ten months," he says kindly in his note. It is not very good. It would sink the magazine. What shall the editor do? What can he do? What ought he to do?

Now if he be an honest hardy Apollinaris will feel toward that editor. How he will criticise the poetry that does appear! How grieved and hurt and mortified he will be! Or, if he be a cringing Apollinaris, the editor is not there to please himself altogether, nor yes, but the average public taste. He will criticise the poetry in the magazine, because he knows what people like; *his* people, the readers of his magazine. Perhaps he may think they ought to like poetry. He, unsolicited by the world owes you as much as that. But if it won't pay? That is always the rub. If people won't like poetry and will not buy it, he, and think it a bore, and swear at it (for the world is beautifully partial with poetry it does not like), why should you make the editor lose money? Do you suppose he has not vexation of soul enough already?

Remember that every month, or every week, he has to prepare a feast, the same yet different. He must have variety, but neither too short nor too long, nor too monotonous, nor too much "to be continued." He must have poetry, and humor, and anecdote, and history, and adventure. He must have all these in such combinations, and of such quality, as he can not explain nor describe, but which he recognizes instinctively. The only answer he can make is, "Respectfully declined." If you insist upon knowing why, he can merely reply, "Because it is not magazinish." If you say, "I don't know what that is." He must answer, "I don't. And that must satisfy you." And if you are the poet and the gentleman he believes you to be, you will not scowl, and say that really you had supposed your poetry was good as what is generally published, but you will shake his hand heartily, and say, "Never mind, my dear fellow, I forgive, pity, and think you."

THE ARCTIC PROBLEM.

CAPTAIN M'CLINTOCK'S book, Captain Osmanc's article in the *Cornhill*, and a paper by an Arctic officer in the first number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and a brief and humorous resume of the history of Arctic enterprise from the earliest times in *Harper's Monthly* for March, bring down the mania of polar exploration to the latest moment—the discovery of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his ships and some of his men. Dr. Hayes, who is well known as the companion of Dr. Kane in his last voyage, has also just issued a narrative of an over-ice journey to communicate with a civilized settlement in Greenland, and the Doctor proposes to head another expedition to complete surveys, and, if possible, discover what yet remains of a full knowledge of the fate of the Franklin expedition; perhaps also—who knows?—to sail into the Polar Sea, where Kane and his companions fancied the ships of Franklin might yet be drifting.

The fascination of such a search and of the Arctic in general, has been manifest during the last hundred years, especially, by the incessant departure of ships for the North, and by the wide, eager interest with which the world hangs upon the story of the voyage. The expeditions of Parry and Ross, of Bach and Franklin and Richardson—the detail of strange life among the strange northern people—the description of the irresistible might of inchoate nature, so to speak, have a charm like that of the "Arabian Nights." Who was ever tired of it? It is the very reverse of fairy land, and yet as interesting. Of late years we have had no man who was so popularly a hero as Dr. Kane. One evening, after his first voyage, when he lectured in the old Tabernacle, the building was crowded

by a strong who stared at him with curious wonder, as if he had been the Chief Haroun al Raschid.

And yet to how many—certainly to the Lounger who writes these lines—the whole Arctic world was confined as that same fairy land, or the England of Arthur. There we certain names that had a ring of clear, polar music in them, but no meaning of locality. "Lancaster Sound," "Prince Regent's Inlet," "King William's Land," "Melville Bay," were names as familiar as Camelot and Caerleon, but as exquisitely vague. Somebody (McClintock) had been there, and had given them a permanent place in memory as they have a fixed one upon the map. Undoubtedly it is not those the other writers are not clear enough if you study them with a map, but that for the first time the Lounger read carefully a book for the first time. The Lounger is fond of McClintock also is so simple and clear that the dullest of Loungers can easily follow him, and he starts with a perfectly lucid and the attraction of Franklin's party when their ships were finally lost and their fatal retreat began. How gladly one thinks that the untiring heart of a woman secured the knowledge of the explorer's fate! Captain McClintock, indeed, the loyal friend both of Lady Franklin and her husband, declares, and Sir Roderick Murchison confirms it in his preface, that Franklin was really the discoverer of the Northwest Passage, and that had he only taken a course to the east instead of the west of King William's Land, he might have sailed through Behring's Straits; for there was no land, there was only ice between the spot in which the *Erebus* and *Terror* were lost, and a point which had been reached by ship from the west.

If he were a discoverer, then, he was an unconscious one. It is in an effort in which success is essential to fame. The great moral of the Arctic exploration is this, that as man was sent into the world to make and enlarge, it is not there in obstacle that he will not overcome in subduing it.

SPIRITS.

THE Rev. Mr. Harris, who has been long what is called a "Spiritualist," is reported to have recently departed from his body of believers, or rather have declared that he has no faith in the goodness or intelligence of such spirits as he has been in the habit of dealing with.

Now there seems to be no reason for calling those whose faith in spiritual things would seem to rest upon material phenomena "Spiritualists." That name, certainly, one would say, should be reserved for those who believe without assurance from sight or touch.

Yet every man must confess that a sneer or a shrug does not dispose of that singular tendency of the society of unseen things which lingers in tradition from age to age, and constantly rappears in literature. Who is the work of Jacob Grimm, "Footfalls on the Boundary of another World"—is the latest collection of this curious evidence, stated in a most admirable style. It has not the transparent credibility of old Increase Mather, in his "Remarkable Providences;" but it has one fault which Increase Mather has indirectively given in so judicious a work of the kind. There is no mention made of the incidents, equally remarkable with those he cites, which have been explained by purely natural and intelligible causes, thereby creating an analogical inference in regard to those which are not yet explained.

A few weeks since a party of Loungers were discussing this book and its class, when one of them read from old Mather's "Providences" the case of the Newburyport family who suffered so sadly from double-knocks, and one day a letter came from one, and after witnessing the diabolical phenomena said that he thought, if he could have the case from the old young boy who died in the afflicted family, there would be a cessation of the dreadful phenomena. So for a day he reasoned with Satan, hoping to convince him that he was Satan a good deal better than he sent, in the shape of thwacks and degluitions, and the happy result was an end of the infernal noises. Mather, for the whole story as seriously as if it really were the devil, and not the boy, who had afflicted the family.

There is a vast collection of ghost stories, of traditions of supernatural appearances, of inexplicable sounds, etc., which are hardly be dismissed as old women's fables and nursery tales. No man can tell when, or how, or where we will be enlightened on the line that separates the visible from the invisible, and what we call natural from the preternatural. The line of distinction would be, and will be, unusual. We make our human experiences the standard of nature, whereas nature is the divine method. But still, a faith in spiritual things which is developed or chiefly cultivated by the extraordinary phenomena, and is not by the ordinary processes of nature, is likely to be as uncertain in duration as it is questionable in quality. Man differs in his susceptibility and acquirements, and he who is persuaded of immortality by three knocks upon the floor, is certainly no more distinctively a "Spiritualist" than he who has never heard knocks, and to whose mind the song of every bird and the beauty of every flower certifies it.

THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.

"COLLEGIAN" writes enthusiastically of the young singer of whom the Lounger spoke several weeks since. "Collegian" is probably a Boston boy, for she has lately been in Boston. He says he wants first to know how to pronounce her name "Dear Lounger," he writes, "spare me! Don't say that it rhymes with *fatty*, as all the people here make it." That, again, suggests a doubt whether he be from Boston, because the Italian language is probably pronounced in its purity in that city, and every Bostonian knows that the true pronunciation is Pah-tee.

Here in New York the managers call her in the cards "Mrs Patti," because she is an American *prima donna*, you know. By the reverse operation of the same law, probably, that capital singer, Mr. Drayton, is Henri. It is a curious inquiry, from this point of view, whether he were baptized Henry or Henri. It doesn't make the difference of an iota either way; and yet there is a widely-diffused superstition to the contrary. Some years since there was an excellent lady who taught singing, and whose advertisements announced Madame Valentini. We have no reason to doubt that she is still living somewhere, and, we sincerely hope, prosperously; but we *should* like to know whether she is not called Mrs Valentine. We have no reason to suppose so—except that of analogy.

Some years ago, also, there was a *debut* of Mrs. Sutton. Had indeed been married? Well, with whom had she not studied? She had letters of compliment from—Well, from the most illustrious people. She claimed, perhaps, to be evidently Mrs. Sutton; you saw it at a glance—she did not conquer exactly; and then every body said, "Pa! Tut! what a pity! Mrs Sutton! and thought to call herself something ending with a vowel! Dear me! dear me! it is always the best of intentions that go astray!" Perhaps, if it were, the success of all singers who are not born Italians?

Now a great deal more than this Lounger is inclined to that final consonant, so we have sometimes hinted. In the present case, little Patti is successful because every Italian listener, in her sweet voice, the admirable method, the *suavità* of youth. If she had a poor voice, or sang badly, or was perfectly uninteresting, all the vowels in the alphabet would not save her. And when managers have discovered that what is wanted is not a long sensation advertisement but sweet singing, we shall have an Opera; but not until then.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—W. D. C. Your poem will appear in the *Weekly*.

—M. L. C. The "Sea's Bride" is respectfully declined.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SOMEWHAT verdant-looking individual called upon a jeweller in Montreal, and said he was arranged to be married, and had been after the few past years, some twenty-five times, but was now in earnest, and would be married in a week, might make money a little faster, and he had concluded to take some of his stock and pitch in. The jeweller selected what he thought would sell readily, and the verdant departed on his tour. He was gone but a few days when he returned, bought as much again as before, and went on the second tour. Again he prospered and greatly increased his stock. He succeeded so well, and accumulated so fast, that in one day he made more by the much profit he obtained on what he sold than

"Did I put on 'best 5 per cent?'

The jeweler thought that a very small profit, and expressed a sense of it.

"Well," said the verdant, "I don't know as I exactly understand the *best* 5 per cent; but an article for which *I pay you one dollar I generally sell for five.*"

A man in Sacramento, California, established in a telegraph office between the Troy and Boston Railroad, and a twenty son of Erin was employed in the office to knock off the end of the ring whenever there were messages to be sent, and to hold the wire while the operators sounding the engineer over the flag-staff, and dropped. The operator looking out for the signal, and having an eye on but the agent, asked him if there were any packages to get up, and received an answer with a knowing "No."

"Then why did you stop the train?" said the conductor.

"Why," exclaimed the agent, "I thought somebody was wanted to get up."

That agent was immediately promoted to a professorship on a young lady.

The son of green Erin were standing by a hydraulic press superintended by a friend of mine, when one called to the friend presume not, Sir," replied the General, "as he was no relation of mine.

The Duke of Wellington was once refused admission into Buckingham Palace, and then by a soldier now in London; while Queen Victoria's predecessor, William IV. Fourth, was leaving Windsor, a certain pulp of Windsor Castle through an official's ignorance of the royal identity, refused to let him pass. The old gentleman's address to pass here after dark except the king and the lord-lieutenant.

An Englishman dining in a Chinese village was greatly enjoying a savory dish, and would have expressed his admiration to the waiter, who, however, unknowing of English, one could not find a word to express the idea, the smacking of the lips, the rolling of the eyes, and the same the question, ingeniously put. Pointing at the portion of food on his plate, and which he supposed to be duck, the Englishman, with an inquiring look, said, "Quack, quack, quack!" The waiter, gravely shaking his head, as much as to say "No," replied, "Bow, wow, wow!"

The other day my friend Joe Brown,
A very worthy fellow,
Returning from our market-town
Without his silk umbrella,
Was overtaken by a shower
So heavy, 'twas not strange
That when he reached his quiet home
He did his clothing change.

Now why was he while doing so
Just like a John of Gaunt
Which, moreover, is being cook'd
Again—and so it is?
If you the answer find to this
Tell it to me, and I will be pleasing;
But, yet we should be doom'd results,
'Tis here—he was wet, and dried.

"HOW TO RAISE THE WIND."—A number of dreadly nonhoaxes appear the *Twinkle Bard* having drank themselves pleasantly into the belief that their "boots" should stand some cause to an end, set their brains astray how to "raise the wind." The same considerations can of them, with characteristic shrewdness and a great amount of originality, set forth, "Gentlemen, I have a brick in cash." While the rack was being brought for all eyes and ears, the cash was not brought, and he consequently not about getting into it. After some bantling and running around, he said, "Gentlemen, I have got up to the sack in it. This door, he, poking out his head, gave a low whistle, "Gentlemen," Now, I'll be honest, and you'll tell me for as much as you can." A man was at a little distance, and he was called upon to up and wheeled off to the hand-barrow, after refreshing and a little clothing, brought his satisfied of fond home for three-and-sixpence.

OUR WEEVIL VIRGOTEX.—Vincount Williams utter sight of his best things in a debate on Supply the other night. In reference to retiring pensions, he said he had observed that "when people were in good health they usually lived a good many years." Of course they do, Will—and Mr. Tom Duncombe. "If they retire from ill health, they usually approach good health." The Vincount could not see this for a very long time, but at last they approached Thomas's meaning, he said it was "a ridiculously worthy of ignominious Lopdiel, who invented Jacobin."

THE "GREAT SEA-SERPENT" FOUND LAST.

We publish on the following page an engraving of the "Great Sea-Serpent," from a sketch kindly sent us from Bermuda, on the coast of which island it seems that this famous monster has at length made his first appearance on dry land.

It appears that on 24 January last two gentlemen, walking on the beach of Harrington Sound, heard a strange splashing in the water, and almost directly afterward saw "a huge sea-monster" stranded on the shore, and rapidly dying from exhaustion. It was bright and silvery in color, without scales, and, as apparent from the illustration, twenty feet long.

Of course so strange a visitor attracted a great deal of attention, and among others, a fellow of the Linnaean Society, Mr. Matthew Jones, who happened to be on the island, hastened to examine the serpent. His report is as follows:

"Order, Acanthopterygii; Family, Cepidoidæ; Genus, Cepacipes; Species, ——? Head, compressed, compressed, naked, tuberculate; cuticle, a silvery covering of metallic lustre. Length, from dorsal and caudal extremities, sixteen feet seven inches. Depth, at fourteen inches from dorsal extremity, nine inches, and decreasing gradually to near the vertical extremity of the stomach, when it attained the greatest depth of eleven inches, and then decreased by equal gradations to the caudal extremity. Width, at the same distance and through the spinal column, ten inches; and it is there taper to

"Three dimensions are in the extremities.

"From the anterior extremity of the spinal (excepting a slight depression at the occiput) to the position at which the above dimensions of depth and width were taken, a gradual elevation of the dorsal ridge took place, and from the capital portion of this ridge some, at equal distances from each other, a series of six or seven great, spell-like, flexible filaments, from two to three feet in length, gradually tapering from base to apex, and pressing, in the case of the three longest, lenceolate points. These capital filaments appear to be continuations of the three anterior ones, uncontected by membrane. From the series of lengthened filaments, all along the back, there head to the caudal extremity, a continuous fin, so closely shaste to each other as to present the appearance of a single fin, covering the aspinous spine of each individual fin joined by the connecting membrane. The dorsal fin was very much elevated at the back of the *right* ventral, which is sufficient to show that it was composed of two coniform bony rays, which probably extended some distance into the back, and which have formed a powerful engine of direction. The pectorals were but almost entirely destroyed, although the base of the *right* pectoral was sufficiently complete to enable me to form that it contained twelve spines. Anal and caudal fins absent.

"Head, transected, compressed; facial outline of a dark color.

"Mouth, so damaged as not to be positively determinable as regards the form, but appears, from the portions of jaw still remaining, I should pronounce it subacuminate.

"Eyes, fourteen lines in diameter, slightly depressed, convex, iris of a dark tint tinged in white, a bright silver, encircling pupils of a somewhat oval shape, and, in color, a light transparent blue.

"Stomach, fifteen inches, chamber extending from beneath the gills to the anal extremity, five feet. Unfortunately the stomach had been opened and its contents partially injured before I saw the specimen; but a large proportion of soft, indigestible, etc., has been preserved, clothing the major portion of the swimming bladder, which for a large fish may be considered small. Its color, a bright silver. This swimming bladder contained a large amount of oily matter, and a piece thrown on the rolled surface of the water immediately kindled the agitation.

"Gill rays, eight in number, four to a side, crimson, diabolitic; the anterior pairs furnished with double rows of fabula, having the interstitial white, and armed on their inner side with minute cuticle like spicules.

"Gill covers, bony, radiate; not entirely covering the gills.

"Teeth. No appearance of any.

"In conclusion, I have to observe that I must not omit to state that it was a male fish, and from the extremely fragile nature of its various parts I may venture to express an opinion that it had been a considerable mutilation. I may also remark that my measurements were taken twenty-four hours after death, during which time it had lain exposed on the rocky shore."

Mr. Jones adds:

"The most notable fact, in connection with the capture of the present specimen, will doubtless be the interest and attention it will produce in scientific circles, for most assuredly we have in the specimen now before us many of the peculiarities, even to the little with the appearance of that hitherto apocryphal monster, the Great Sea-Serpent, as detailed by navigators, is invented. The longitudinal extremities of the capital, joined arbitrarily by the connecting membrane, and extending to the dorsal, would, if viewed from a distance, appear to the spectator the same as accurately described as a singular feature in the gigantic specimen seen by Captain M'Quhae, R.N., and officers, of H. M. S. *Zenobia*. The sinuous, undulating motion, which the same gentlemen mention as passing through the water would coincide with the capitulation of a member of this genus; for the motive power produced would be a series of flexures, equal with the extremely compressed form of body from the head transversely, to the tail.

"Here, then, we have a partial elucidation of the various statements which have at intervals appeared in the columns of the united presses of England and America, emanating from the pens of travelers, and usually headed 'Occurrence of the Great Sea-Serpent.'"

Most people will be inclined to concur with Mr. Jones in identifying this *Cymaterus* with the sea-serpent. A serpent which, in infancy, was sixteen feet long, may well be supposed to attain any size at maturity.

HON. JOHN SHERMAN.

Hon. John Sherman, a Representative in Congress from the thirteenth district of the State of Ohio, is descended from the Sherman family of Connecticut, which settled there in 1635. His great-grandfather, Taylor Sherman (a connection of Roger Sherman), was a leading member of the Committee of Safety in the struggle for Independence. His father, Charles Robert Sherman, was one of the first emigrants from New England to Ohio, then called "The West," and he settled at Lancaster in the year 1810. After having for some years practiced law with success, he was elevated to the bench, and died in 1829, while presiding as a Judge of the Supreme Court. He was universally respected throughout the State as a pure and upright citizen, an able lawyer, and a sound and incorruptible jurist.

John Sherman, born on the 10th of May, 1823, at Lancaster, Ohio, was left at the death of his father one of a large family, with but slender means of support. After attending the public schools and academies in Lancaster and in Mount Vernon Counties until he was fifteen years of age, he joined a party of civil engineers, then engaged on that branch of the public works of the State of Ohio known as the "Muskingum Improvement." He was attached for two years to this party, which was under the command of Hon. S. R. Curtis, an ex-officer of the army, who has since distinguished himself in the Mexican War, and in now Mr. Sherman's colleague as a Representative from the State of Iowa.

In 1840 Mr. Sherman entered the office of Judge Parker, at Mansfield (his present residence), as a student of law; and so diligently did he apply himself, that he was admitted to the bar the day he was at legal age, in 1844. He soon after entered into partnership with his brother, C. T. Sherman, Esq., who enjoyed a high reputation as a commercial lawyer, and at once took a prominent position at the bar. While his brother counseled clients and attended to the office business, he appeared in court.

The region of country in which Mr. Sherman resides was principally settled by Pennsylvanians, strongly attached to Democratic principles. An enthusiastic Whig himself, he was thus virtually disqualified for the receipt of any elective office; nor was he a candidate until the caucus which resulted in his election to Congress. He was, however, chosen as the Whig delegate to the National Convention of '48, at Philadelphia, where he supported General Scott; but after the nomination of General Taylor zealously engaged in securing his election. In '52 he was appointed (with the Hon. S. F. Vinton) a Senatorial delegate to the Whig National Convention at Baltimore, where he had the satisfaction of seeing General Scott nominated. Neither was it his fault that the old hero was not elected, for he was an active participant in the campaign.

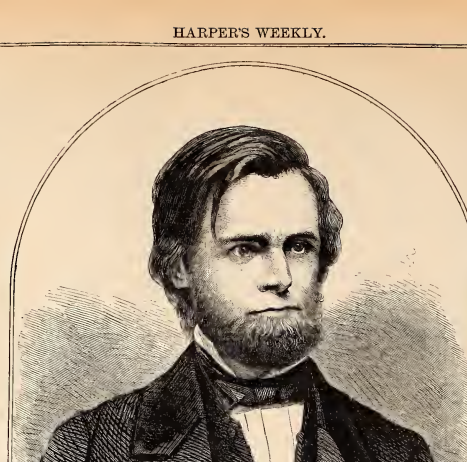
After the political agitation produced by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, in 1854, two ex-Members of Congress—both Democrats, and supporters of the Kansas-Nebraska bill—presented themselves as candidates for Congress in the Mansfield District. A Convention of Whigs, Democrats, and others opposed to the Kansas-Nebraska bill, was called, and at its meeting Mr. Sherman was unanimously nominated. The contest was a warm one, but he was elected by about 3,000 majority, and has since been twice re-elected.

As a member of the Kansas Investigating Committee Mr. Sherman wrote an elaborate and able report, which was adopted as a standard authority by his political friends, and was denounced by their opponents. In this report, as in his speeches on the subsequent endeavors to give Kansas a State Government, he has taken a firm but temperate stand. "I trust," said he, in closing, "that the same sense of fraternal kindness that guided our fathers in their Revolutionary struggle; that smoothed many difficulties in the formation of this government; and, more potent than all else, that the guiding hand of Divine Providence may save our beloved country from the shock of civil strife or civil revolution."—"Let us not war with each other; but, with the grasp of fellowship and friendship, regarding to the full each other's rights, and kind to each other's faults, let us go hand in hand in securing to every portion of our people their constitutional rights."

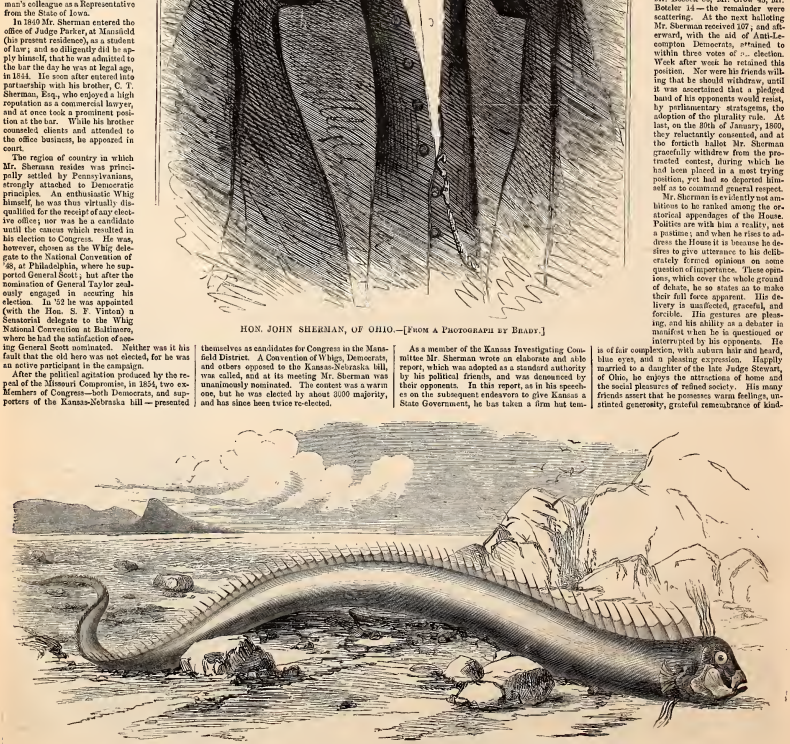
Mr. Sherman has acquitted himself with great credit as a member of the Committees on Foreign Affairs and on Naval Affairs, in which latter capacity he interposed an able and conclusive defense of the course of Commodore Paulding at San Juan. During the last session of Congress he was distinguished for his opposition to extravagant expenditures; and as a member of a special committee of investigation into naval affairs, he exposed glaring abuses with merciless zeal. At the same time he has ever been willing to vote liberal appropriations for carrying on the operations of Government; and he urged the giving to the soldiers of the war of 1812 and the Indian wars the same honor and the same reward which a grateful country has extended to the Revolutionary patriots.

On the first ballot for Speaker of the present Congress, December 5, 1859, Mr. Sherman had 86 votes, Mr. Boocock 86, Mr. Grow 43, Mr. Boteler 14—the remainder were scattering. At the next balloting Mr. Sherman received 107; and afterward, with the aid of Anti-Lecompton Democrats, attained to within three votes of a election. Week after week he retained this position. Nor were his friends willing that he should withdraw, until it was ascertained that a pledged band of his opponents would resist, by parliamentary stratagems, the adoption of the plurality rule. At last, on the 30th of January, 1860, they reluctantly consented, and at the fortieth ballot Mr. Sherman gracefully withdrew from the protracted contest, during which he had been placed in a most trying position, yet had so deported himself as to command general respect.

Mr. Sherman is evidently not ambitious to be ranked among the oratorical appendages of the House. Politics are with him a reality, not a pastime; and when he rises to address the House it is because he desires to give utterance to his deliberately formed opinions on some question of importance. These opinions, which cover the whole ground of debate, he so states as to make their full force apparent. His delivery is unaffected, graceful, and forcible. His gestures are pleasing, and his ability as a debater is manifest when he is questioned or interrupted by his opponents. He is of fair complexion, with auburn hair and beard, blue eyes, and a pleasing expression. Happily married to a daughter of the late Judge Stewart, of Ohio, he enjoys the attractions of home and the social pleasures of refined society. His many friends assert that he possesses warm feelings, unstinted generosity, grateful remembrance of kind-



HON. JOHN SHERMAN, OF OHIO.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]



THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT, FOUND IN HUNGARY BAY, BERMUDA, ON JANUARY 22, 1860.—From a Sketch by W. D. Monro.—[See preceding page.]

ness, and no disposition to revenge illiberal opposition, even when it has come from quarters where it was least to have been expected.

Mr. Sherman is now Chairman of the House Committee of Ways and Means, in which all legislation involving expenditure of money is matured. The labor is necessarily great, especially as the Chairman of the Committee is expected to sustain its action before the House, and must therefore be "posted up" on all the various departments of Government. It is believed that Mr. Sherman will have the Appropriation Bills in readiness for legislative action at an earlier period of the session than has been customary, and that the evils of hurried nocturnal legislation just prior to final adjournment will be avoided. He will thus sustain his reputation, and add to his already strong claims for high honors at the hands of the people.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 3.—Just as my hand was on the door of my room I heard Sir Percival's voice calling to me from below.

"I must beg you to come down stairs again," he said. "It is Fosco's fault, Miss Halcombe, not mine. He has started some nonsensical objection to his wife being one of the witnesses, and has obliged me to ask you to join us in the library."

I entered the room immediately with Sir Percival. Laura was waiting by the writing-table, twisting and unwinding her garden hat uneasily in her hands. Madame Fosco sat near her, in an arm-chair, imperturbably admiring her husband, who stood by himself at the other end of the library, picking off the dead leaves from the flowers in the window.

The moment I appeared the Count advanced to meet me, and to offer his explanations.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Halcombe," he said. "You know the character which is given to my countrymen by the English? We Italians are all wily and suspicious by nature, in the estimation of the good John Bull. Set me down, if you please, as being no better than the rest of my race. I am a wily Italian, and a suspicious Italian. You have thought so yourself, dear lady, have you not? Well! it is part of my williness and part of my suspicion to object to Madame Fosco being a witness to Lady Glyde's signature, lest I can also a witness myself."

"There is not the shadow of a reason for his objection," interposed Sir Percival. "I have explained to him that the law of England allows Madame Fosco to witness a signature as well as her husband."

"I admit it," resumed the Count. "The law of England says Yes—but the conscience of Fosco says No." He spread out his fat fingers on the bosom of his blouse, and bowed solemnly, as if he wished to introduce his conscience to us all, in the character of an illustrious addition to the society. "What this document which Lady Glyde is about to sign may be," he continued, "I neither know nor desire to know. I only say this: circumstances may happen in the future which may oblige Percival, or his representatives, to appeal to the two witnesses; in which case it is certainly desirable that those witnesses should represent two opinions which are perfectly independent the one of the other. This can not be if my wife signs as well as myself, because we have but one opinion between us, and that opinion is mine. I will not have it cast in my teeth, at some future day, that Madame Fosco acted under my coercion, and was, in plain fact, no witness at all. I speak in Percival's interests when I propose that my name shall appear (as the nearest friend of the husband), and your name, Miss Halcombe (as the nearest friend of the wife). I am a fool, if you please to think so—a spinner of straws—a man of trifles, and crotchets, and scruples—but you will humour me, I hope, in my conscientious consideration for my suspicious Italian character, and my uneasy Italian conscience." He bowed again, stepped back a few paces, and waiting for his conscience from our society as politely as he had introduced it.

The Count's scruples might have been honorable and reasonable enough, but there was something in his manner of expressing them which increased my uneasiness in the concerned in the business of the signature. No consideration of less importance than my conviction that Laura would have induced me to consent to be a witness at all. One look, however, at her anxious face decided me to risk any thing rather than desert her.

"I will readily remain in the room," I said. "And if I find no reason for starting any small scruples on my side you may rely on me as a witness."

Sir Percival looked at me sharply, as if he was about to say something. But at the same moment Madame Fosco attracted his attention by rising from her chair. She had heard her husband's eyes, and had evidently received her orders to leave the room.

"You needn't go," said Sir Percival.

Madame Fosco looked for her orders again, and her husband, said she would prefer having her out to our business, and resolutely walked out. The Count lit a cigarette, went back to the flowers in the window, and puffed little puffs of smoke at the leaves, in a state of the deepest anxiety about killing the insects.

Meanwhile, Sir Percival unlocked a sepoard beneath one of the book-cases, and produced from it a piece of parchment, folded, longwise, many times over. He placed it on the table, opened the last fold only, and kept his hand on the rest. The last fold displayed a strip of blank parchment, with little crosses stuck on it at certain places. Every line of the writing was hidden in the part which he still held folded up under his hand. Laura and I looked at each other. Her face was pale—but it showed no indecision and no fear.

Sir Percival dipped a pen in ink, and handed it to his wife.

"Sign your name there," he said, pointing to the place. "You and Fosco are to sign afterward, Miss Halcombe, opposite those two crosses. Come here, Fosco, and witness a signature is not to be done by mooning out of window and smoking into the flowers."

The Count threw away his cigarette, and joined us at the table, with his hands carelessly thrust into the scarlet belt of his blouse, and his eyes steadily fixed on Sir Percival's face. Laura, who was on the other side of her husband, with the pen in her hand, looked at him too. He stood between them, holding the folded parchment down firmly on the table, and glancing across at me, as I sat opposite to him, with such a sinister mixture of suspicion and embarrassment in his face, that he looked more like a prisoner at the bar than a gentleman in his own house.

"Sign there!" he repeated, turning suddenly on Laura, and pointing once more to the place on the parchment.

"What is it I am to sign?" she asked, quietly.

"I have no time to explain," he answered. "The dog-cart is at the door, and I must go directly. Besides, if I tell you what you wouldn't understand. It is a purely formal document—full of legal technicalities, and all that sort of thing. Come! come! sign your name, and let us have done as soon as possible."

"I ought surely to know what I am signing, Sir Percival, before I write my name?"

"Nonsense! — What have women to do with business? I tell you again, you can't understand it."

"Any rate, let me try to understand it. Whenever Mr. Gilmore had any business for me to do, he always explained it first; and I always understood him."

"I dare say he did. He was your servant, and was obliged to explain. I am your husband, and am not obliged. How much longer do you mean to keep me here? I tell you again, there is no time for reading any thing: the dog-cart is waiting at the door. Come for all, will you sign, or will you not?"

She still held the pen in her hand, but she made no approach to signing her name with it.

"If my signature pledges me to any thing," she said, "surely I have some claim to know what that pledge is?"

"SIGN THERE!"

He lifted up the parchment, and struck it angrily on the table.

"Speak out!" he said. "You were always famous for telling the truth. Never mind Miss Halcombe; never mind Fosco—say, in plain terms, you distrust me."

The Count took one of his hands out of his belt, and laid it on Sir Percival's shoulder. Sir Percival shook it off irritably. The Count put it on again with unruffled composure.

"Control your unfortunate temper, Percival," he said. "Lady Glyde is right."

"Right!" cried Sir Percival. "A wife right in distrusting her husband!"

"It is natural and wise in a woman to distrust a husband." Laura said, "Ask Marian if I am not justified in wanting to know what this writing requires of me before I sign it?"

"I won't have any appeals made to Miss Halcombe," retorted Sir Percival. "Miss Halcombe has nothing to do with the matter."

I had not spoken hitherto, and I would much rather not have spoken now. But the expression of distress in Laura's face when she turned it toward me, and the insolent injustice of her husband's conduct, left me no other alternative than to give my opinion, for she asked, as soon as I was asked for it.

"Excuse me, Sir Percival," I said—"but, as one of the witnesses to the signature, I venture to think that I have something to do with the matter. Laura's objection seems to me to be perfectly fair one; and, speaking for myself only, I can not assume the responsibility of witnessing her signature, unless she first understands what the writing is which you wish her to sign."

"A cool declaration, upon my soul!" cried Sir Percival. "The next time you invite your self to a married man's house, Miss Halcombe, I recommend you not to repay his hospitality by taking his wife's side against him in a matter that doesn't concern you."

I started to my feet as suddenly as if he had struck me. If I had been a man I would have knocked him down on the threshold of his own door, and have left his house, never, on any earthly consideration, to enter it again. But I was only a woman—and I loved his wife so dearly!

Thank God, that faithful love helped me, and I sat down again without saying a word. She knew what I had suffered and what I had suppressed, when I looked at her, with the tears streaming from her eyes. "Oh, Marian!" she whispered softly. "If my mother had been alive she could do no more for me!"

"Come back and sign!" cried Sir Percival, from the other side of the table.

"Shall I?" she asked in my ear; "I will, if you tell me."

"No," I answered. "The right and the wrong are on his side—sign nothing, unless you have read it first."

"Come back and sign!" he reiterated, in his loudest and angriest tones.

The Count, who had watched Laura and me with a close and silent attention, interposed for the second time.

"Percival!" he said. "I remember that I am in the parchment. Be good enough, if you please, to remember it too."

Sir Percival turned on him, speechless with passion. The Count put his hand slowly (sightened its grasp on his shoulder, and the Count's steady voice quietly repeated, "Be good enough, if you please, to remember it too."

They both looked at each other. Sir Percival slowly drew his shoulder from under the Count's hand; slowly turned his face away from the Count's eyes; doggedly looked down for a little while at the parchment on the table; and then spoke, with the sullen submission of a tamed animal rather than the becoming resignation of a reasonable man.

"I don't want to offend any body," he said. "But my wife's obstinacy is enough to try the patience of a saint. I have told her this is merely a formal document—and what more can she want? You may say what you please; but it is part of a woman's duty to set her husband at defiance. Once more, Lady Glyde, and for the last time, will you sign or will you not?"

Laura returned to his side of the table, and took up the pen again.

"I will sign with pleasure," she said, "if you will only treat me as a responsible being. I can bear any thing that is required of me, if it will affect no one else, and lead to no ill results—"

"Who talked of a sacrifice being required of you?" he broke in, with a half-suppressed return of his former violence.

"I only mean," she resumed, "that I would refuse no concession which I could honorably make. If I have a scruple about signing my name to an engagement of which I know nothing, why should you visit it on me so severely? It is rather hard, I think, to treat Count Fosco's scruples so much more indulgently than you have treated mine."

The instant he spoke these words Laura threw down the pen—looked at him with an expression in her eyes which, throughout all my experience of her, I had never seen in them before—and turned her back on him in dead silence.

This strong expression of the most open and the most bitter contempt was so entirely unlike herself, so utterly out of her character, that it silenced us all. There was something hidden, beyond a doubt, under the mere surface-brutality of the words which her husband had just addressed to her, there was some lurking result beneath them, of which I was wholly ignorant, but which had left the mark of its profanation so plainly on her face that even a stranger might have seen it.

The Count, who was no stranger, saw it as distinctly as I did. When I left my chair to join Laura I heard him whisper under his breath to Sir Percival: "You idiot!"

Laura walked before me to the door as I advanced, and at the same time her husband spoke to her once more.

"You positively refuse, then, to give me your signature?" he said, in the altered tone of a man who was conscious that he had let his own license of language seriously injure him.

"After what you have said to me," she replied, firmly, "I refuse my signature until I have read every line in that parchment from the first word to the last. Come away, Marian, we have remained here long enough."

"One moment!" interposed the Count, before Sir Percival could speak again—"one moment, Lady Glyde, I implore you!"

Laura would have left the room without noticing him, but I stopped her.

"Don't make an enemy of the Count!" I whispered. "Whatever you do, don't make an enemy of the Count!"

She yielded to me. I closed the door again; and we stood near it, waiting. Sir Percival sat down at the table, with his elbow on the folded parchment, and his head resting on his clenched fist. The Count stood between us—master of the dreadful position in which we were placed, as he was master of every thing else.

"Lady Glyde," he said, with a gentleness which seemed to address itself to our forlorn situation instead of to ourselves, "pray pardon me if I venture to offer one suggestion; and pray believe that I speak out of my profound respect and my friendly regard for the mistress of this house." He turned slowly toward Sir Percival. "Is it absolutely necessary," he asked, "that this thing here, under your elbow, should be signed to-day?"

"It is necessary to my plans and wishes," replied the other, sullenly. "But that consideration, as you may have noticed, has no influence with Lady Glyde."

"Answer my plain question plainly. Can the business of the signature be put off till to-morrow—Yes, or No?"

"Yes—if you will have it so."

"Then what are you wasting your time for here? Let the signature wait till to-morrow—let it wait till you come back."

Sir Percival looked up with a frown and an oath.

"You are taking a tone with me that I don't like," he said. "A tone I won't bear from any man."

"I am advising you for your good," returned the Count, with a smile of quiet contempt. "Give yourself time; give Lady Glyde time. Have you forgotten that your dog-cart is waiting at the door? My tone surprises you, ha? I dare say it does; it is the tone of a man who can keep his temper. How many doses of good advice have I given you in my time? More than you can count. Have I ever been wrong? I defy you to quote me an instance of it. Go! take your drive. The matter of the signature can wait till to-morrow. Let it wait; and renew it when you come back."

Sir Percival hesitated and looked at his watch. His anxiety about the secret journey which he was to take that day, revived by the Count's words, was now evidently disputing possession of his mind with his anxiety to obtain Laura's signature. He considered for a little while, and then got up from his chair.

"It is easy to argue me down," he said, "when I have no time to answer you. I will take your advice, Fosco—not because I want it, or believe in it, but because I can't stop here any longer." He paused, and looked round darkly at his wife. "If you don't give me your signature when I come back to-morrow—!" The rest was lost in the noise of his opening the bookcase cupboard again and locking up the parchment once more. He took his hat and gloves off the table and made for the door. "Laura and I drew back to let him pass. "Remember to-morrow!" he said to his wife, and went out.

We waited to give him time to cross the hall and drive away. The Count approached us while we were consulting together. He said,

"You have just seen Percival at his worst, Mrs Halcombe," he said. "As his old friend, I am sorry for him and ashamed of him. As his old friend, I promise you that he shall not break out to-morrow in the same disgraceful manner in which he has broken out to-day."

Laura had taken my arm while he was speaking, and she pressed it significantly when he had done. I would have been a hard trial to any woman to stand by and see the office of apologist for her husband's misconduct filled by a stranger by his naiade friend in her own house; and it was a hard trial to her. I thanked the Count cordially, and held her arm. I said I thanked him: for I felt already, with a sense of inexpressible helplessness and humiliation, that it was either his interest or his conscience to make sure of my continuing to receive at Blackwater Park; and I knew, after Sir Percival's conduct to me that, on the support of the Count's influence, I could not hope to remain there. His influence, the influence of all things the dreadest man, was actually the one tie which now held me to Laura in the hour of her utmost need!

We heard the wheels of the dog-cart crashing on the gravel of the drive as we came out into the hall. Sir Percival had started on his journey.

"Where is he going to, Marian? Laura whispered. I felt her fresh thing he does seem to terrify me about the future. Have you any suspicions?"

After what she had undergone that morning, I was unwilling to tell her my suspicions.

"How should I know his secrets?" I said, evasively.

"I wonder if the housekeeper knows?" she persisted.

"Certainly not," I replied. "She must be quite as ignorant as we are."

Laura stood in a dead thoughtfully.

"Did you not hear from the housekeeper that there was a report of Anne Catherick having been seen in this neighbourhood? Do you think he may have gone away to look for her?"

"I would rather suppose myself, Laura, by not thinking about it at all; and after what has happened, you had better follow my example. Come into your room and rest and enjoy yourself a little."

We sat down together close to the window, and let the fragrant summer air breathe over our faces.

"I am ashamed to look at you, Marian," she said, "after what you submitted to down stairs, for my sake. Oh, my own love, I am almost heart-broken when I think of it! But I will try to make it up to you—I will indeed!"

"Hush! hush!" I replied; "don't talk so. What is the momentary mortification of my pride compared to the dreadful sacrifice of your happiness?"

"Let me hear what he said to me?" she went on, quickly and vehemently. "You heard the words—but you don't know what they meant—you don't know why I threw down the pen and turned my back on him." She rose in sudden agitation, and walked about the room. "I have kept much from you, my own knowledge, Marian, for fear of distressing you, and making you unhappy at the end of your life. Oh, you don't know how he has used me. And yet, you ought to know, for you saw how he used me to-day. I have had his secret at my persuasion to be scrupulous; you heard him say I had made a virtue of necessity in marrying him." She sat down again; her face flushed deeply, and her hands twisted and twined together in her lap. "I can't tell you about it now," she said; "I shall burst out crying if I tell you now—later, Marian, when I am more sure of myself. My poor head aches, darling—aches, aches, aches. Where is your smelling-bottle? Let me talk to you about yourself. I wish I had given him my signature for your sake. Shall I give it to him to-morrow? I would rather compromise myself than compromise you. After your uncle, I owe my great debt to him, for my all the blame on you if I refuse again. What shall we do? Oh for a friend to help us and advise us! Oh that we could really trust!"

She sighed bitterly. I saw in her face that she was thinking of Hartright—saw it the more plainly because her last words had set me thinking of him too. Six months only from her marriage we wanted the faithful service he had offered to us in his farewell words. How felt once thought that we should ever want it at all!

"We must do what we can to help ourselves," I said. "Let us try to talk it over calmly, Laura—let us do all in our power to decide for the best."

Putting what she knew of her husband's embarrassments, and what I had heard of his conversation with the lawyer, together, we arrived necessarily at the conclusion that the parchment in the library had been drawn up for the purpose of borrowing money, and that Laura's signature was absolutely necessary to it for the attainment of Sir Percival's object.

The second question, concerning the nature of the legal contract by which the money was to be obtained, and the degree of personal responsibility to which Laura might subject herself if she signed it in the dark, involved considerations which lay far beyond my knowledge and experience that either of us possessed. My own convictions led me to believe that the hidden contents of the parchment concealed a transaction of the meanest and the most fraudulent kind.

I had not formed this conclusion in consequence of Sir Percival's refusal to show the writing, or to explain it; for I knew he might well have proceeded from his obstinate disposition and his domineering temper alone. My sole motive for distrusting his honesty, sprang from the change which I had observed in his language and his manners at Blackwater Park, a change which convinced me that he had been acting a part throughout the whole period of his probation at Limmeridge House. His elaborate politeness, his ceremonious politeness, which harmonized so agreeably with Mr. Gilmore's old-fashioned notions; his modish dress at Laura's side, his moderation with Mr. Fairlie—all these were the artifices of a mean, cunning, and hypocritical man, who had dropped his disguise when his practised duplicity had gained its end, and had openly shown himself in the character of a man who had taken advantage of the grief which this discovery caused me on Laura's account, for it is not to be expressed by any words that I felt, or that I felt as all because it decided me to oppose her signing the parchment, whatever the consequences might be, on a case she was first made acquainted with the contents.

Under these circumstances, the one chance for us, when to-morrow came, was to be provided with an objection to giving the signature, which might be considered independent of personal or legal grounds to shake Sir Percival's resolution, and to make him suspect that we two women were acting from fears and obligations of some relation as well as himself.

After some pondering, I determined to write to the only friend on whose advice I felt we could trust to help us discreetly in our forlorn situation. That man was Mr. Gilmore's partner—who confidentially informed me that our old friend had been obliged to withdraw from it, and to have a substitute to share his labours. I explained to Laura that I had Mr. Gilmore's own authority for placing implicit confidence in his partner's integrity, but that I had no certain knowledge of all her affairs; and, with her full approval, I sat down at once to write the letter.

I began by stating our position in the most plain and simple manner, and then asked for his advice in return, expressed in plain, downright terms which we could understand, without any danger of misinterpretations and mistakes. My letter was as short as I could possibly make it, and was, I think, unimpeachable in point of correctness and needless details.

Just as I was about to put the address on the envelope, an obstacle was discovered by Laura, which, in the effort and preoccupation of writing, had escaped my attention entirely.

"How are we to get the answer in time?" she asked. "Your letter will not be delivered in London before to-morrow morning, and the post will not bring the reply here till the morning after."

The only way of overcoming this difficulty was to have the answer brought to us from the lawyer's office by a special messenger. I wrote a postscript to that effect, stating the messenger might be dispatched with the reply by the eleven o'clock morning train, which would bring him to our station at twenty minutes past one, and so enable him to reach Blackwater Park by two o'clock at the latest. He was to be directed to ask for me, and to give the questions addressed to him by any one else, and to deliver his letter into my hands only.

"In case Sir Percival should come back to-morrow before two o'clock," I said to Laura, "he will not be surprised to find us both out in the grounds all the morning with your book or your work, and not to appear at the house till the messenger has had time to arrive with the letter. I will wait here for him all the morning to guard against any misadventures or mistakes. My handwriting is disguised as I hope, and believe we shall avoid being taken by surprise. Let us go down to the drawing-room now. We may be missed, if we stay a minute shut up together too long."

"Suspicion?" she repeated. "Whose suspicion can we excite now that Sir Percival has left the house? Do you mean Count Fosco?"

"Perhaps I do, Laura."

"You are beginning to dislike him as much as I do, Marian."

"No; you dislike him. Dislike is always, more or less, associated with contempt—I can see nothing in the Count to despise."

"You are afraid of him, Marian, are you?"

"Perhaps I am—a little."

"Afraid of him after his interference in our favor to-day?"

"Yes. I am more afraid of his interference than I am of Sir Percival's violence."

Just what I said to you in the library. Whatever you do, Laura, don't make an enemy of the Count."

We went down stairs. Laura entered the drawing-room, while I proceeded across the hall, with my letter in my hand, to put it into the post-bag, which hung against the wall opposite to me.

The house door was open; and, as I crossed past it, I saw Count Fosco and his wife standing talking together on the steps outside, with their backs towards me.

The Countess came into the hall rather hastily, and asked if I had leisure enough for five minutes' private conversation. Feeling a little surprised by such an appeal from such a person, I put my letter into the bag, and replied that I was quite at her disposal. She took my arm with unaccustomed friendliness and familiarity, and instead of leading me into an empty room, drew me out with her to the belt of turf which surrounded the large fish-pond.

As we passed the Count on the steps he bowed and smiled, and then went at once into the house; leaving his wife door to after him, but not mentally closing it.

The Countess walked me gently round the fish-pond, and then, to my great astonishment, began by a long extraordinary confidence; and I was ashamed to find that Madame Fosco's communications had really private one was nothing more than a polite summons of her husband to her, and that she had come to me by his direction. Her husband had told her of all that had passed, and of the insolent manner in which Sir Percival had spoken to me. This information had so shocked and distressed her, on my account and on Laura's, that she had made up her mind, long before, to ask my advice and support again, to mark her sense of Sir Percival's outrageous conduct by leaving the house. The Count had approved of her plan, and she now hoped that I approved of it too.

I thought this a very strange proceeding on the part of a married lady, and a perfectly reserved woman as Madame Fosco—especially after the interchange of sharp speeches which had passed between us since her first appearance in the house, on that very morning. However, it was my plain duty to meet a polite and friendly advance, on the part of one of my elders, with a polite and friendly reply. I answered the Countess, accordingly, in her own tone; and then, thinking we had said all that was necessary on either side, made an attempt to get back to the house.

But Madame Fosco seemed resolved not to part with me, and, to my unspeakable amazement, resolved to talk to me. Hitherto, the most silent of women, she now persecuted me with fluent conversation on the subject of myself, and Mr. Fairlie, and my dear Lady Fairlie, and Laura, on the subject of her own happiness, on the subject of the late Mr. Fairlie, and on her in the nature of her legacy, and on half a dozen other subjects besides, until she had detained me, against my inclination, round the fish-pond for more than half an hour, and had quite wearied me out. Whether she discovered this for me I can not say, but she dropped as abruptly as she had begun—looked toward the house door—resumed her icy manner in a moment—and dropped my arm to go back by herself, before I could think of an excuse for accomplishing my own release from her.

As I passed from the door and entered the hall I found myself suddenly face to face with the Count again. He was just putting a letter into the post-bag.

After he had dropped it in, and had closed the bag, he turned to me with a little Madame Fosco. I told him, and he went out at the hall door immediately to join his wife. His manner, when he spoke to me, was so unusually quiet and subdued that I turned and looked after him, wondering if he were ill or out of spirits.

Why my next proceeding was to go straight up to the post-bag, and take out my own letter, and look at it in the strong vigas diurnal on me; and why the looking at it for the second time instantly suggested the idea to my mind of sealing the envelope with my own seal—are mysteries which are beyond my power to solve. Whatever the motive, I did it; and, in my lonely bedroom, I sat down and carefully put on impulses which they can not explain even to themselves, and which I now, with the lapse of a fortnight, and the lapse of full three-quarters of an hour, the envelope opened on the instant, without sticking or tearing. I hope I did it, I think it unpleasantly! Perhaps there might have been some defect in the adhesive gum?

Or, perhaps—No! it is quite revolting enough to feel that third conjecture stirring in my mind. I would rather not see it confronting me, in plain black and white.

I almost dread to-morrow—so much depends on my discretion and self-control. There are two precautions, at all events, which I am sure not to forget. I must be careful to keep my friendly opinions of the Count to myself, and must be well on my guard when the messenger from the office comes here with the answer to my letter.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, February 20, in the Senate, the bill for the relief of Mr. Charles Dewhurst, of Gallipolis, was passed. Several claims to bounty land were reported, and the Senate proceeded to consider a resolution which had been referred, and which had been reported from the Committee on Public Lands, in contract for the same was in accordance with the law. A resolution was adopted, calling upon the Secretary of the Interior for information in relation to the expediency of a revision of the pension laws. The House resolution appropriating $50,000 to defray the expense of inaugurating the Washington Statue was received and concurred in. Mr. James Brown's (Ala.) resolution relative to Texas, was discussed, and finally laid over. Mr. Saulsbury (Del.) Mr. Clay (Ala.) and Mr. Bright (Ind.) addressed the Senate. When he had concluded a message was received from the President, offering a memorial from the citizens of Nebraska and the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, which was referred to printed. A message was also received from the House announcing the death of Gen. Hon. William O. Goode, of Virginia, late member of the House from Mr. Pryor's District. Senator Hunter (Va.) moved the usual resolutions, and gave a sketch of the life and character of the deceased. Adjourned. The Senate then adjourned. In the House, Messrs. Vallandigham (Ohio), Kellogg (Ill.), Burnett (Ky.), Adams (Ky.), Stokes (Tenn.), were announced by the Speaker as the Select Committee on the Senate bill to abolish the franking privilege. Mr. Lovejoy (Ill.) asked leave to introduce a preamble and resolution for the appointment of a Committee of five to inquire into the recent outrages upon citizens of Northern States residing or doing business in the Southern States, and report whether any further legislation necessary to afford protection guaranteed by the Constitution. Objections were made, and a call of the House moved, viz: Mr. Sherman, from the Committee on the Committee on Ways and Means, bill: for the support of the Indian Bureau, for fulfilling the treaty stipulations with certain Indians in Oregon and Washington Territories; and for the extinguishment of Indian titlements. Mr. Pryor (Va.) then announced the death of William G. Goode, his predecessor. Addresses were made by Messrs. Miller (S. C.) and Vallandigham (Ohio), when the customary resolutions were adopted, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, February 21, in the Senate, Senator Seward (N. Y.) introduced a bill for the relinquishment of Lake Ontario, which was made the special order for Wednesday of next week. Senator Doolittle (Wis.) presented a memorial from Wisconsin Legislature, complaining of the imposition practiced upon the Menomonee Indians, and asking for a law to protect them. On motion of Senator Bram (Cal.) an inquiry was ordered as to the expediency of making a survey of the river and other estuaries on the eastern slope of the Nevada Mountains. Also, on motion, the proceedings of the New Alexandria quicksilver mines in California, toward building a railroad across the Pacific, were called over. Senator Mason (Va.) from the Harper's Ferry Committee, reported a resolution to the effect that it was for the bar of the Senate, to answer for contempt for refusing to appear and testify before the Committee. After debate the resolution was adopted. On motion of Senator Wade (O.) the Senate proceeded upon to state whether Perry had fulfilled her treaty obligations. Senator Wade (O.) moved an inquiry into the expediency of having the Senate confirm the appointment of Cephalon Brown, of Ohio, to be Indian agent. The Senate then took up the bill to authorize the sale of certain lands in the Oregon and Utah States and Territories, and to regulate the appointment of Surveyors-General of Oregon. After debate the bill was postponed. The District of Columbia Bank-note Act was then taken up, and the consideration was laid aside. The Senate then adjourned till Thursday.—In the House, Mr. Bell (Tenn.) presented a petition the House have been made by persons in the Executive Department, which, if it be in his judgment, he is vitiated his resolution for the present. On motion of Mr. Wade (Ohio) the resolution of inquiry was postponed till Thursday. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. Lamar (Miss.) addressed the House relative to the politics of the day. Mr. Lovejoy (Ill.) then rose to speak in opposition to the action of the Maryland Legislature respecting his visit to Harper's Ferry. Adjourned to Thursday.

On Thursday, February 23, in the Senate, a memorial from the New York Chamber of Commerce relative to damages sustained by vessels at sea, was presented by Senator Seward (N. Y.). Senator Sumner (Mass.) moved an inquiry from the President in regard to the occupation of one of the islands in the Chinese Seas by American citizens. Adopted. Senator Pugh (Ohio) reported a bill granting bounty lands to the Mexican bounty land warrants, which was passed. Senator Hale's (N.H.) resolution to inquire into the expediency of appointing yet twenty displacements was adopted. Senator Brown (Miss.) moved a bill to provide diplomatic passport when properly to Kansas. Senator Kellogg (Ills.) reported a joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Navy and Senate to accept certain testimonials from Great Britain, which was passed. Senator Chandler (Mich.) made an inefficient effort to have the St. Croix Flats improving bill taken up. The Senate then took up the Homestead bill, Johnson (Ark.) in the chair, and was debated. The Distribution of Columbia Bank-note Act was then taken up, but was postponed successive, when the Senate, Mr. Kilgore (Ind.) then withdrew the name of Mr. Defrees, Senator Sumner (Mass.) presented the Legislature of Massachusetts. The next vote stood: For Mr. Glossbrenner, 81; Mr. Defrees, 3; Mr. Bennett, 1; Mr. Mason, Cobb & Sealer, 2: Mr. Mitchell, 2; remainder scattering. Mr. Glossbrenner (Ind.) and Mr. Defrees (Ind.) were elected as follows: For Mr. Bell, 93: Mr. Glossbrenner, 84; of Ohio, 2; Mr. Bennett, 1; scattering, 2. Mr. Bell, 93; Kilgore (Ind.) then withdrew the name of Mr. Defrees.

that Mr. Carter's resolutions were unfounded in fact. The House then went into Committee on the Army and Navy Estimates, and the West Point and Pensacola Appropriation Bills were laid aside to be reported to the House. Mr. President's Annual Message was then taken up, and Mr. M'Pherson (Pa.) addressed the House on Political matters. Mr. Hopkins (Va.) spoke against the President's veto of the St. Croix Pier Improvement Bill. The House then adjourned till Monday.

INAUGURATION OF MILLS'S WASHINGTON.

The ceremony took place, as expected, on Feb. 22, notwithstanding very unfavorable weather. The Seventh Regiment left the New York to be present. The ceremony moved at about half-past three, and the other cortège had to halt. The sky had gotten cloudy, and the column, extending over half a mile in length, was ended as Pennsylvania avenue under pleasing auspices, except the mud.

THE PLATFORM.

The column reached the President's house at about four o'clock under an unclouded sun. Altogether it was the finest military and civic display in Washington for many years. Pennsylvania Avenue was crowded with both residents and strangers. The parade exhibited no laxness, owing to the anticipated interesting events. The view of the procession as it moved down from the first point of attention was truly splendid.

The platform on which the statue stands the military wheeled to the right of the inclosure, while the prominent civilians entered and took seats on the platform.

The Cabinet officers, with the exception of Secretary Floyd, and Senator Hunter, the Vice-President, and Chief Justice, the latter, were in proximity to each other, and the orator of the day was, of course, conspicuous.

The platform was tastefully decorated with the flags of England, France, Prussia, Austria, Russia, Spain, Chili, the Netherlands, Ecuador, Denmark, Portugal, Sardinia, Central America, Sicily, Brazil, Mexico, Buenos Ayres, Paraguay, and Rome. Our own flag waved above all, and the desk was profusely decorated with the stripes and stars.

THE SPEECHES.

Senator Hammond introduced Hon. Mr. Nadal, who offered a prayer. Hon. Mr. Brooks, of Virginia, the orator of the day, then delivered an address. Among those who made by Mr. Clark Mills, Mr. Whiting, Grand Master of the Masons of Washington, and the President.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

Mr. Buchanan was greeted with general and prolonged applause. He spoke in a distinct and animated tone, as follows:—

"FELLOW-CITIZENS—I accept with pleasure and some pride the invitation to take the calm sweet silence of Mount Vernon, for a few parts of the day was inclement. Many accident has occurred to delay the completion of these extensions. But these occasions, when we are assembled to thank God, who has done the case in the history of our country. It throws and keepeth back the storm, and sends the light of the sun still clear, bright, and amazing. Such, I trust, will ever be the feelings of the people and statesmen, for reason approve to envelop us. (Applause.) The honorable and learned gentleman who has just spoken has been testing this statue of Washington, which is a noble production of the sculptor of the place. I was sorry that prolonged test; I was proud to perform it. Standing here in the presence of the representatives of the Commonwealth of Virginia, and of the Representatives of the Union, and of the Cabinet, and a great assemblage of our fellow-citizens, I feel, I confess, and in full view of the statue, which Washington loved so well, and of the Shrine of the Union, Commonwealth and Nation, I feel, I now solemnly dedicate the statue to the immortal memory of the Father of his Country. (Applause.) I perform this act of pious devotion, not in the name of the people of the United States, but in the name of Washington in the name of those who dwell on the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific—but in the name of the whole American people of the United States, one and indivisible, and I pray Heaven (Great applause) that of Barnum for Old Bach.) May the God of our fathers preserve the Constitution and the Union for ever and come. May they stand like the everlasting hills, against which the impotent fury of the waves of the ocean shall lest in vain. In a word, may they endure as long as the name of Washington shall be honored and dwelled among the children of men. (Blessed and prolonged applause.) May Washington's name be perfended, continue throughout many, many generations to be the sole inheritance of a great, powerful and united confederacy. Should it ever become a ruin by a dissolution of the Union, it will not, like the ruins of Balbeck and Palmyra, be merely a monument of the vanity of human greatness. It will teach this lesson to all the dwellers upon earth that our grand political experiment has failed, and that man is incapable of self-government. May such a direful disaster to the human race be averted! I will use the language of Solomon in the dedication of the Jewish temple, 'May the Lord our God be with us, as he was with our fathers, and let us not leave us or forsake us' (Applause.) May this be the prayer of all hearts! May it ever be the prayer of our home in heart more entirely patriotic and more determined to do our duty to God and his country than when we assembled here to-day?"

VISIT OF THE SEVENTH TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

Next morning Gen. John Cochrane accompanied by officers of the Seventh Regiment to the President's house, and introduced him to the President and other members of the Government. The Regiment, forming a line on Pennsylvania Avenue, in that vicinity, was reviewed by the President in the presence of a large number of spectators. It was delighted with both the appearance and evolutions of this popular military corps.

The Regiment, on the same afternoon, was reviewed by congress in review, and coming to a "front face," was addressed in the manner of many by Colonel Marshall Lefferts.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS TO THEM.

The President, in the men, hear the orator of the day, then addressed them:—

"GENERAL, OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT,—I am sad permit you to part from you without thanking you in a few words, yet more thanks for your having graced the great occasion of yesterday. The military precision in your movements, the miraculous manner in which you go through your exercises, and the manly, soldierly, and defiant look which you exhibit, show that in the day and hour of battle you would not be found pseudo soldiers, that you would be in the very front. The occasion on which you came to Washington was one very sheerly with which you enjoyed the respect of the authorities here ought ever to be highly remembered. The Congress, the Cabinet, the State made provision for the erection of an equestrian statue to the Father of his Country. It was your inaugurated; and through the rain, the mud, and the inclement weather, you appeared at yet to be the honorable parade; and we all thank you for the sacrifices you have made to dedge and do your honor. The statue inaugurated. It was a national, not a municipal, creation. The statue was erected by the nation, and the nation—it was inaugurated by Congress, and we thank you for your patriotic and soldierly services shown performed. Who would not do honor to the memory and name of Washington? He is embalmed in the hearts of every American, and as long as the twenty-second of February comes to be celebrated every year, so long it is to a day of cherished patriotism in the hearts of all our compatriots. It is a day that great ever to be remembered in our annals, and when the birthday of Washington the shall be forgotten, liberty will have perished from the earth. Every thing passed off admirably yesterday. The ground was immense. The platoons showed on the Seventh Regiment were enthusiastic. If there was any thing of a pageant, it was this—that none of the representatives of foreign governments graced the communication. When Washington was born, Louis had been a great deal more than the mission of James Monroe. He was a soldier, he was a patriot, he was a statesman, he was an excellent President. There was peace in his day. I trust there will be peace in the days of my successor. I have enjoyed the occasion, I thank you, I see the clouds breaking away, and I trust and believe that a new ' ern of good feeling' will ere long return. I will not detain you longer than to reiterate my thanks for the honor you have done us, and I am sure it will be a day recorded and impressed upon your memory as one on which you have rendered good service to our country—a day in which you have stirred up the fires of patriotism in every breast. I thank you, gentlemen—think you with all my heart for this visit."

DEFECTIVE FROM SPIRITUALISM.

The Springfield Republican of Feb. 20 says, "manifestations" and "phenomena," eyes: "Perhaps the most remarkable case of spiritual influence ever in the direction of free. T. L. Harris, lately the inspired "poet of the age" and prophet of Christ, and the Christian union minister, and at present lecturing against Spiritualism. Mr. Harris, in his early life, was a man of the profoundest by spirits, but thinks they are spirits of a low order both of intellect and morals. He says he has had intercourse with the demons spoken of in the New Testament; and that they are the spirits of the dead, and that he is afraid of them consulting them, or of distinguished men, in order to use better for the purpose of deceiving the unbelieving purposes. The effect of this possession Mr. Harris says is to make him a very bad man, and the question of a very bad man is not lawful. Only a few years ago it had such hold of him that it gave a fiend of a look to his eyes, and a terrible, unearthly expression to his countenance. He had been an amiable man, and was now conscious of using his influence to have their energies crushed, less their energies, he confessed, which he had formerly delighted to enjoy, and their bodies wasting away and their minds perishing, as if under some fell disease. Mr. Harris gives a shocking account of the moral influence of the demons he has encountered, and of the effect of their intercourse upon the man, with the zeal natural to a new convert."

SHOCKING DEATH.

The wife of Joliffe M. Smith, Esq., of Concord, Massachusetts, came to her death by a most shocking and unusual singular circumstance. Wishing to have a glass of fresh extracted, she sent her husband to administer to her whisky, in order to render her insensible to the operation of the knife. Unfortunately, he was overdoled, a tumbler and a half was administered to the patient before the operation. Consciousness returned for ten or twelve hours the woman generated only the delirium tremens of intoxication. Suddenly, for a few minutes, she appeared like a person in an epileptic, but even more severe. About one hour after the fatal attack was ventilated freely, without pain or unusual difficulty. Her friends and relatives, who had been sitting, apparently natural, and the family and friends who called in the morning, and at that moment, the woman expired with a crack Mocking-right, when the doctor, who, feeling some of a spasmodic nature, and the family and friends were assembled, had remained with her during the greater part of the night, and had administered whisky, which sufficed for the purpose of holding a consultation. Noticing the death, the doctor, who had left the house at half-o'clock yesterday morning, without having shown any signs of intoxication, and the family and friends who had at the start was made to have her take ether or chloroform, which, unfortunately, was not at hand, and they were whereas it is probable these substances, particularly light, would have saved her life. She was about thirty years old.

SALTING THE STREETS.

This nuisance is permitted in Philadelphia as well as the city. A correspondent of the Ledger, complaining of the injurious effects arising from it, says: "Salt will not melt snow and ice, unless it be mixed with a certain temperature, but certainly will not melt the latter when it is mixed with the former. The effect of the salt plus is only observed while the sun shines upon it, but furthermore, it is only in the sun's rays that it melts, and should it facilitate the operation. When the snow is melted, the salt is dissolved, and consequently, when the sun disappears, the salt is dissolved, and consequently, when the sun disappears, the salt is dissolved, and consequently, when the sun disappears

THE INAUGURATION OF CLARK MILLS'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON, ON FEBRUARY 22, 1860.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA IN THE CARS EN ROUTE FOR WASHINGTON.—[From a Sketch by our own Artist.]

We published in last number an engraving of Clark Mills's statue of Washington, which was inaugurated on 22d at the Federal Capital. We now publish an illustration of the ceremony of inauguration, and two illustrations of the share taken in that event by the famed Seventh Regiment of New York State Militia.

The Seventh left New York on the evening of 21st, and arrived at Washington, after many vexatious delays, at 11·50 A.M. on 22d. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the ceremonies were commenced without delay. The Seventh took its place in the line, and the procession proceeded up Pennsylvania Avenue to the President's House. An eye-witness observed:

"The principal feature in the whole procession was the presence of the Seventh Regiment. On the route of march they proceeded in column by companies. The carriage of the men was erect, their head discovered most excellent music, and they moved with the precision of a grand piece of machinery.

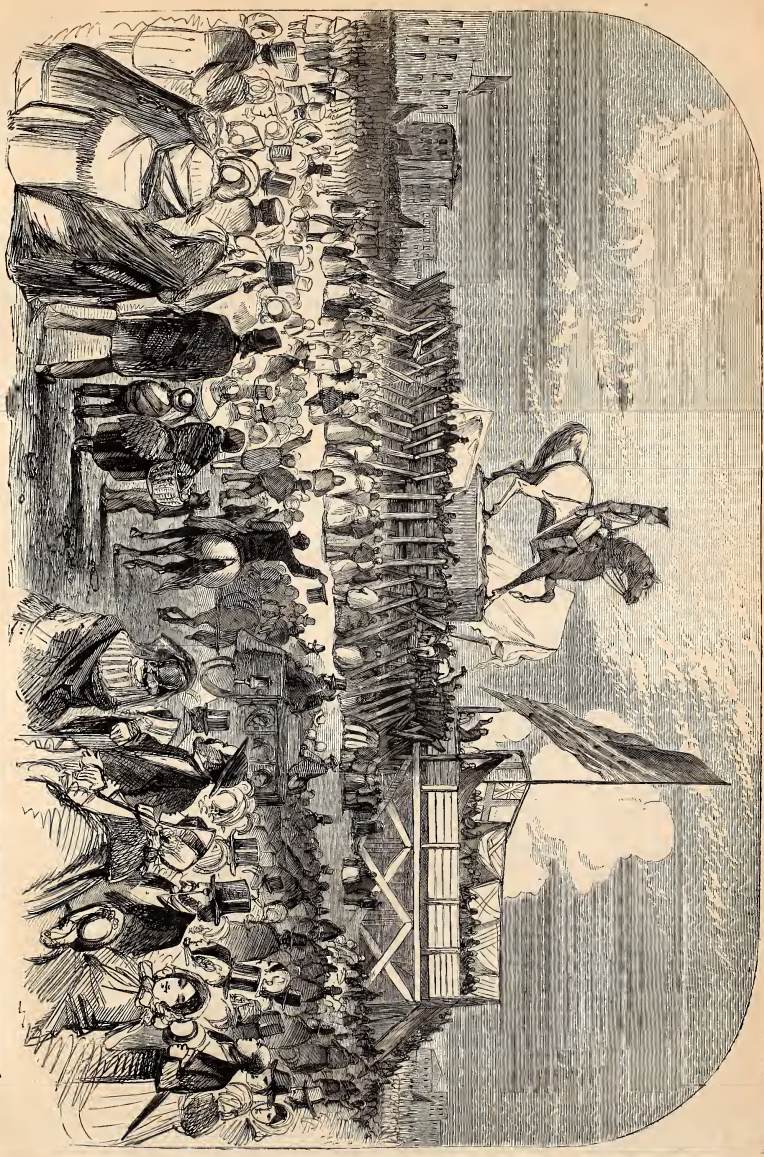
Another writer says:

"The New York Seventh Regiment was the greatest attraction of the procession, containing eight full companies, each extending nearly from each to curb. The Baltimore battalion of City Guards, in point of discipline and numbers, elicited universal comments. The Law Greys were small in number compared with the foregoing, but were highly disciplined, and attracted much attention. The corps of Marines stationed at the Washington Navy Yard, one hundred and sixty in number, had the right of the column, and received the cheers of the spectators as they passed. The ordnance men, about fifty in number, made a fine display as a full company of light artillery. The Georgetown College Cadets made a creditable appearance in point of numbers and discipline. The Alexandria military participated, and made a fine martial appearance. The Fort Tobacco Cavalry—a new company, said to be the wealthiest corps in the country—added much to the interest of the procession.

"None of the diplomatic corps were present. They were assigned a place in the programme immediately after the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, but this they declined to occupy."

The account of the ceremony will be found in the news pages.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT MARCHING UP PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON CITY.—[From a Sketch by our own Artist.]



THE INAUGURATION OF CLARK MILLS'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON, BY PRESIDENT BUCHANAN, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 22, 1860.—[From a Sketch by our own Artist.]

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. II.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

My day's no-business beckoning me to the east end of London, I had turned my face to that point of the metropolitan compass on leaving Covent Garden, had got past the India House, and at last began to the *off* to the right, toward Wapping.

Not that I intended to take host at Wapping Old Stairs, or that I was going to look at the locality, because I believe (for I don't) in the constancy of the young woman who told her sea-going lover, to such a beautiful old tune, that she had ever continued the same, since she gave him the lucciest-bare matched with his name; I am afraid he usually got the worst of those transactions, and was frightfully taken in. No, I was going to Wapping, because an eastern police magistrate had sub, dignified the nominal purpose, that there was no classification at the Wapping work-house for women, and that it was a disgrace, and a shame, and drivers other hard names, and because I wished to see how the fact really stood.

Long before I reached Wapping I gave myself up as having lost my way, and, abandoning myself to the narrow streets in a Turkish frame of mind, refuse to be responsible for bringing me somewhere or other to the place I wanted if I were ever to get there. When I had cased for an hour or so to take any trouble about the matter, I found ourself on a swing-bridge, looking down at some dark locks in some dirty water. Over against me stood a sweetness in ramrod; in the likeness of a young man, with a puffed sallow face, and a figure all dirty, and shiny, and limpy, who may have been the pomegrat son of a filthy old father, Thames, or the drowned man about whom there was a placard on the gradite post like a large thimble that stood between us.

I asked this apparition what it called the place? Twas which it replied, with a pleasant grin, and with a sound like gurgling water in its throat.

"Mister Baker's trap."

As it is a place of great sensitiveness with me on such occasions to be equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation, I deeply considered the meaning of this speech, while it stood in the opposition—then engaged in tugging and sucking a horizontal iron bar at the top of the sluck. Inspiration suggested to me that Mr. Baker was the acting Coroner of that neighborhood.

"A common place for suicide," said I, looking down at the locks.

"Suo?" returned the sluck, after a stare. "Yes! Lots of 'em. Likewise Emily. And Sawyer. And Jane"—he sucked the iron between each name, "and all the lidering. Ketches off their bonnets, takes a leap, and headers down there, they does. Always a headerin' down here, they is. Like one o'clock."

And it about that hour of the morning, I suppose?"

"Ah!" said the apparition. "*They* ain't partickler. Two o'clock, five o'clock. Three, all times of night. Why mind you?" Here the apparition rested its profile on the bar, and gurgled in a surcastic manner. "There must be somebody omnibus. They don't go a headerin' down here, wen there ain't no Bobby nor go'nal Cove, for to hear the splash."

According to my interpretation of these words this was myself a General Cove, per member of the miscellaneous public. In which modest character I remarked:

"Do you often taken out, are they, and restored?"

"I dunno about restored," said the apparition, who, for some cause unknown, very much objected to that word; "they're carried into the workhus and put into a 'ot bath, and brought round. Dun I dunno about restored," said the apparition; "show *that*!—and vanished.

As it had shown a desire to become offensive, I was not sorry to find myself alone, especially as the "workhus" it had indicated with a twist of its matted head was close at hand. So I left Mr. Baker's terrible trap (baited with a wom that was like the soapy raisins of sooty chimneys), and turned to the ring at the work-house gate, where I was wholly unexpected and quite unknown.

A very bright and middle little matron, with a bunch of keys at her band, responded to my request to see the House. I began to doubt whether the police magistrate was quite right in his facts, when I noticed her quick active little figure and her intelligent eyes.

The Traveler (the matron intimated) should see the ward where I was welcome to see every thing. Such as it was, there it all was.

This was the only preparation for our entering "the Foul wards." They were in an old building squeezed away in a corner of a paved yard, quite detached from the more modern and spacious main body of the work-house. They were in a building most monstrously behind the time—a mere series of gaunt or lofty, with every inconvenient and objectionable circumstance in their construction, and only accessible by steep and narrow stairs cross, Indeedmanly ill adapted for the passage up stairs of the sick, or down stairs of the dead.

In these miserable rooms, here on bedsteads, there on the floor, lay women in every stage of distress and disease. None but those who have attentively observed such scenes can conceive the extraordinary variety of expression still latent under the general monotony and uniformity of color, attitude, and condition. The form a little rolled up and turned away, as though it had turned its back on this world forever; the unintentered face at once lead-colored and yellow, looking passively upward from the pillow; the haggard mouth a little dropped, the hand upon the coverlet, so old and indifferent, so light and yet so heavy; these were on every pallet; but when I stopped beside a bed, and said ever so slight a word to the figure lying there, the ghost of the old character came back, and I saw, and made the Foul ward as various as the fair world. No one appeared to care to live, but no one complained; all who could speak said they had work done for them and could be done there, that the attendance was kind and patient, that their suffering was very heavy, but they had nothing to ask for. The wards rooms were as clean and sweet as it is possible for such rooms to be; they would become a pest-house in a single week if they were ill-kept.

I accompanied the brisk matron up another hazardous staircase, into a better kind of loft devoted to the idiot and imbecile. There was at least Light in it, whereas the windows in the former wards had been like slots in a dungeon keep dungeon. There was a strong grating over the fire here, and, holding a kind of state on either side of the hearth, separated by the breadth of this grating, were two old ladies in a condition of feeble dignity, which was surely the very last and lowest reduction of self-consciousness to be found in this wonderful humanity of ours. They were evidently jealous of each other, and passed their whole time (as some people do, where fires are not allowed) in mutually disparaging each other, and concuptuously watching their neighbors. One of these proffles on pretended gentlemen was extremely indignant, and expressed a strong desire to attend the service on Sundays, from which it represented herself to have derived the greatest interest and consolation when allowed that privilege. She gesticped so well, and looked so intelligently at the chaplain, that I began to think this a case for the Eastern magistrate, until I found that on the last occasion she attending the chapel she had fainted and fallen, and had caused some confusion in the response, by suddenly producing it and belabouring the congregation.

So these two old ladies, separated by the breadth of the grating—otherwise they would fly at one another's caps—sat all day long, suspecting one another, and contemplating a world of fits. For every body else in the room had fits, except the workwoman, an elderly, quiet, old Irish woman, with a large upper lip, and an air of repressing and saving her strength, as she knitted with her hands folded before her, and her eyes slowly rolling, biding her time for catching or holding some body. This old woman, I thought, I had expected to identify a reduced member of my honorable friend Mrs. Gamp's family) said, "They has 'em continual." And it was true that there was no rest nice time if they was coach-horses dropped from the moon, Sir. And when one drops, another drops, and sometimes there is a dropping for ever five on 'em at once, dear me, a rollin' and a tearin', bless you!—this young woman, now, has 'em dreadful bad."

She turned up this young woman's face with her hand as she said it. This young woman was seated on the bedstead, with her back towards the room, so that I could not see the worst there. When I had spoken to her, she had turned her face turned up, pondering, and a gleam of the mid-day sun shone in upon her.—Whether this young woman, and the rest of these so miserably peopled, in they sit or lie pondering in their confused, dull way, ever get mental glimpses among the motes in the sunlight, of healthy people and healthy things? Whether this young woman, breeding like this in the summer season, ever thinks that somewhere there are trees and flowers, green meadows and the great sea? Whether, not to go so far, this young woman ever has any dim revival of that young woman, healthy and woman who is not here, never will come here, who is married, and has children, and has a husband, and bears children, and lives in a home, and who never knows what it is to have this lashing and tearing upon her head. And whether this young woman, God help her, gives herself up then, and drops like a coach-horse from the moon?

I hardly knew what to do with the idiot child, drooping into so hopeless a place, made a sound that was pleasant or painful to me. It was something to be reminded that the weary world was not all weary, and was ever renewing itself; but this young woman was a child not long ago, and a child not long before that, and so on, also. Howbeit, the active step and eye of the vigilant matron contented me that the two provincial gaolbirdmen (whom dignity could not keep off the children) and into the adjacent nursery.

And what nursery babies there, and more than one handsome young mother. There were ugly young mothers also, and sullen young mothers, and callous young mothers. But the babies had not appropriated to themselves any bad expression yet, and might have been, for any thing that appeared, the offspring of Princes of Wales, Princes Imperial, and Princesses Royal. I had the pleasure of giving a practical commission to the haberdasher to make a cake with all the ribbons, and to put into the oven for one red-headed young pauper and myself, and felt much the better for it. Without that refreshment, I doubt if I should have been in a condition for "the Refractories," toward whom my spirits began to flag from the next, and marshaled the way that I was going.

The Refractories were picking oakum in a small room giving on a yard. It was a long, low, dim room, with their backs to a window; before them, a table and their work. The oldest Refractory was, say twenty; youngest Refractory, say sixteen. I have never yet ascertained, in the course of my uncommercial travels, why a Refractory habit should affect the tonsils and uvula; but I have always observed that Refractories of both sexes and every grade, between a Ragged School and the Old Bailey, have one voice, in which the tonsils and uvula gain a diseased accendency.

"Five pound of oakum, Sir, for a guinea! for to pick five pound," said the Chief of the Refractories, keeping time to the stuff with her head and chin. "More than enough to pick wust we picks now, in stitch a place as this, and do wot we gets here!"

This was in acknowledgment of a delicate intimation that the amount of work was likely to be short work. It certainly was not heavy then, for one Refractory had already done her day's task—it was barely two o'clock—and was sitting behind her work, with her hands in her lap, idly.

"A pretty Oute this is, matron, ain't it?" said Refractory Two, "where a pleeseman's called in fifa pitch to keep a wool?"

"And wun you're sent to prison for nothin' or less?" said the Chief, tugging at her oakum, as if it were the matron's hair. "But any place is better than this; that's one thing, and be thankful!"

A laugh of Refractories, led by Oakum Head with folded arms—who originated nothing, but was in command of the skirmishers outside the conversation.

"If any place is better than this," said my brisk guide, in the matronly manner, "it is a pity you left a good place when you had one."

"He, no, I didn't, matron," returned the Chief, with another pull at her oakum, and a very expressive look at the enemy's forehand. "Don't say that, matron, 'cos it's lies."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the skirmishers again, skirmished, and retired.

"And I won't a going," exclaimed Refractory Two, "though I'm in one place for as long as four years—I won't a going for to stop in a place that wun's a disgrace. Not, matron, as there's fifty wun's 'spectable characters—there! And where I fortunately or hunfort'nately found that the people I lived with pretended to make themselves out to be—there! And where it wasn't their fault, by chalks, if I wun't made bad and ruined—that's!"

During this speech Oakum Head had again made a diversion with the skirmishers, and had again retired.

"The Uncommercial Traveler ventured to remark that he supposed Chief Refractory and Number Two to be, in a manner, persons who had been taken before the magistrate?

"Yes!" said the Chief, "we has! and she wun's, that's a pleeseman, and I wun's a 'ard, and we took off again. You can't open your lips here without pleeseman."

Number Two laughed (very unvularly), and the skirmishers followed suit.

"It was not, I hoped, unlawful," protested the Chief, looking sideways at the Uncommercial, "if I could be got into a place, or got abroad. I'm sick and tired of being shut up in a 'um, with 'umans."

So would he, and so was, Number Two. So would he, and so was, Oakum Head. So would I, and so was, Refractory.

The Uncommercial took the liberty of hinting that he hardly thought it probable that any lady or gentleman, or even a likely young description of retiring manners, would be induced into the engagement either of the two sitting Refractories, or her over-stitched to herself as per pattern.

"If ain't no good being nothin' else here," said the Chief.

The Uncommercial thought it might be worth trying.

"Oh no, it ain't," said the Chief.

"Not a bit of good," said Number Two.

"Not a bit," said Refractory, finding it to be got into a place, or got abroad," said the Chief.

"And so should I," said Number Two. "Truly thankful I should."

Oakum Head then rose, and announced as an entirely new idea, the mention of which profound and sagacious, that she expected to marry the unprepared hearers, that she would be very thankful to be got into a place, or got abroad. And as if she had then said, "Ladies, ladies! the Skirmishers struck up to the same purpose. We left them, singing, and marching, and fifing, and among the women who were simply old and infirm; but whenever, in the course of this same walk, I looked out of the high window that commanded the yard, I saw Oakum Head and all the other Refractories looking out at their low window for to get

roses, African marigolds and pioneers' feathers—flowers beloved and cherished by the old black sewing-woman Cressa—flowers all that remained of the blossoms her mother had loved and planted. That some old woman in black was a bright-eyed, fair-haired, sunny-hearted little maiden once; the pet of the parson's household, the pride of his pulpit, named for her great-great-grandmother who came over in the *May Flower*. Not of the lonely old woman, the last of her family, am I going to write now. Not of little Sam White, who my grandmother used to tell me about sometimes when I asked her for a story.

Early in the spring of 1774, a farmer, living in the eastern section of the town of Windham, carried into his house one cold, stormy morning, a young lamb whose dam had perished in the storm. The poor little thing was chilled and almost dead. He laid it on the kitchen hearth, and his wife wrapped it carefully in a warm flannel blanket. When it gave signs of life, she put into its mouth some warmed milk, and rubbed it briskly, until it licked her hands, and bleated in answer to her caresses.

"What can I do with it?" she asked her husband, when he came to dinner. "'Tis a nice lamb, as white as snow; but with the prospect just now before us, I think we have much more concern for when the 'Sons of Liberty' are called to the field the women will have to raise the stock."

"That's just the fact, Lucy," replied her husband, "and the time is at hand! I couldn't bear to have the little critter to die, though. I'll tell you what we will do with it, wife! There's the minister's little gal, who comes out here sometimes, and who seems to have a great liking for pets; we'll just keep it a few days till it gets strong and lively, and then carry it to her. She'll like it, I know."

Farmer Carey was not at all mistaken in his conjecture. The bright eyes of Susa White were brighter than ever the morning when the new pet was carried in by the parsonage; its coat, soft as silked, was softer than silk and whiter than snow! She would take the very best care of it, and keep it until it was an old sheep. Her father, who was consulted about a name, advised her to give the lamb no Jewish name, but to call it Nebuchadnezzar, because some day it would have to eat grass like the old King of Babylon. Susa thought it rather hard name, but said that Nebby or Neb would do very well.

So that afternoon, when the parson was first asleep in his study, she put a wreath of early dandelions around the cosset's neck, and sent Kate, the little servant-girl, to call some of the neighboring children, to have then bell in the grass-covered trough which stood running over beside the well, and dipping her hand into the singular font, said, in tones grave as the Sunday tones of her father, "This lamb's name shall be Nebby," at the same moment giving the little white, woolly pet a name not at all pleased with the ceremony; for he shook off the cold drops, and stamped his foot at his young mistress, to her great amusement of the school, particularly of little Kate, who said, "White woolly didn't like being 'tized' my better than a darkey."

Neb grew famously, and soon became as great a pet, almost, in the village as his mistress. Susa White's lamb was privileged to go any where he pleased, nibbling either grass or flowers as best suited his taste.

That was one of the pleasantest springs of Susa White's life, though a season of sore perplexity and darkness to the elder and wiser in town. From north to south there was a fluttering of wings for freedom. Act after act of oppression had roused the indolent Britons to a trial of its strength, and American army was not then organized, but association was the order of the day, and the watchword of all was "Liberty!" Enough had the heard of the absolute power of Parliament; the colonies were no longer afraid to stand up boldly and declare, "The Power has rights, and why shall we not, as it supreme!" Such was every where the state of feeling when the infamous act for closing the port of Boston was published to the world. The body had declared his determination to starve his subjects into unconditional submission.

It was the tenth of May when the Port Act was received, and tidings of it were wafted speedily as possible from town to town, and from county to county. Sections traversed by stage-coaches were favored at that era, for the coaches had always the latest news from the seat of disaffection, and news was what the people of all ages and rank waited and expected with the greatest anxiety.

Long before the hour for the weekly stage a group of men might have been seen collecting around the old Stamified Tavern in Windham, discussing on the one subject of common interest to all. From the court-house and from the counting-room the news had sped, from the plough, they came, eager to catch the first sound of the coming horn, and to hear the rattling of the heavy wheels down the sandy hill. Women with children in their arms stood at the doors to look out at the four-horse vehicle, and prisoners in the gloomy old jail grated through their grated windows to watch it as it passed.

"There she comes!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at once on the tavern stoop. "I hear her on the top of Elem's Hill! Smith tools loudly to day. Ha's got news—no mistake about it!"

Having his horn sound vigorously, the driver came dashing down the dusty road, his fine horses scarcely touching the ground over which they passed. Beautifully they obeyed their driver! In front of the stage-house, bringing the coach-door and the ladies' entrance in a moment side by side. While the driver, with one hand, was guiding his team through their well-known figure, with the other he scattered a handful of papers amidst the by-standers: copies of the Boston Port-bill, edged with black in token of mourning; also an appeal from the citizens of Boston, asking counsel and aid of the sister colonies in their time of trial. Said some this from "good old Boston"—for Boston, then as now, was the pride of New England.

Before the council was started again on its way to Hartford the idlers were posted all over the village; one on the great elm before the tavern door—the same tree on which the jolly little Bacchus sat for so many long years astride his tun; a second was secured to another large elm a little farther to the north; a third to the whipping-post, which stood on the meeting-house corner; and the fourth to the court-house door. Before night they were sent to the most remote sections of the town, and all the Windhamites were informed were not only to make common cause with the suffering colony, but to wage perpetual warfare against tyrannny.

The next day was the Sabbath, and Parson White—who, like most of the New England clergy of his time, was a flaming patriot—carried the sanctport with him into the pulpit, and made a most earnest appeal for aid to the sinking brethren. He recounted all they had done and all they had suffered since that first odious Revenue Act had spread consternation and alarm throughout all the land; he spoke with enthusiasm of their resistance of the Stamp Act, and of the course they had pursued in regard to the *tea* question, for which they were now suffering the vengeance of the British Parliament, and being branded as "the chief of rebels." In conclusion, he exhorted the men, to men who loved their fellow-men, to concert some measure for carrying what aid they were able to the beleaguered city.

There was no lack of attention on the part of the parson's audience that day, no slumbering of attention hung on his words; it was a rousing call to action, such as the heart of man both loves and appreves in times of excitement and spiritual. The weakest intellect in the house could comprehend the subject and its requirements; and before the sermons was ended the women were considering what they could spare from their own immediate necessities. Poor little Susa White, as she turned her eyes for a moment from the pulpit to the door, and pulpit and door, and back again, with his fine face, and the fine face, and looking so sleek and handsome, felt for the first time the appeal directed to herself. Her bright eyes quickly filled, and she said, in a whisper, to she thought, sorrowfully, "I can not give *him* up. He would not make a mouthful for so many, if I did. He's all the pet I've got, and I promised good Deacon Carey to keep him until he was a great sheep." This last reflection was a momentary comfort.

As soon as the blessing was pronounced she hastened to the door, feeling very sorry that Neb should have been left so long alone to her himself there that afternoon. "Every body will be saying now, 'There's one of the minister's little gals has not a nice fat sheep which she can spare as well as not!' I know they will—and well they may, too; and then, I guess, I'll have to give Nebby up."

Nebby, wholly unconscious of what was passing in the mind of his youthful mistress, frisked around her as usually, bleated and bounded, and, notwithstanding his joy in the best way he could at her release.

"He's grown famously," said old Mr. Thicker. "He'd make a fine rooster!"

"I guess he won't," said Susa, in an under tone, sending over at the door a long look of reality to hide her tears. "Savage old man, isn't he, Neb?"

No one could speak to the lamb or pet him that night as said but Susa Dyer. Nebby was growing she ought to lay him on the altar of her country and humanity, when such a thought never entered the mind of a single one of her father's parishioners. On the century, they would, one and all, have approved of such a sacrifice on the part of their little favorite. It was the voice of her own conscience speaking to little Susa White, and the voice of humanity also, asking the sacrifice of her pet lamb.

A town meeting was called immediately to deliberate on what should be done with the money. The Port Bill was to take effect the 1st of June, and then from many hundreds of the poorer citizens would arise a fully-grounded fear that the bread of industry were most effectually bound. There was a grand rally from every quarter of the town on the day appointed for deliberation. The meeting-house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and there was no lack of zeal or enthusiasm. A number of young men expressed their determination to offer their services to the blockaded city in case of emergency, and did so in person. There would bear whatever contribution their fellow town's-people had to offer. The galleries were full of women and children, and they were in all that was said or done, and some of the former of these had a widow's mite to add to the offering.

"Sally Lincoln says her mother is going to volunteer," whispered Susa White to her older sister. "I should hate to have our Dyer, shouldn't you?"

"No, indeed," was the prompt response; "I should be ashamed of him if he wouldn't, if there was any need of him. I'd send him to fire a gun myself if nobody else will!"

"But he might be killed, you know," said Susa, challenging. "Like those young men father told us about last evening at Gray's town-house."

"Well, that's a patriot's privilege, Susa. There's no use talking, I know, about sending money when once the field is to be fought. I only wish I were a man myself to help drive every British soldier out of Boston."

"Oh dear! every body is braver and more generous than I," thought Susa, bending down her head thoughtfully. "Sally Lincoln, the poor Widow Lincoln, whose oldest son has offered to go, has just given a sheep. Maybe she brought it up by hand, and likes it as much as I like Nebby. Then she is a poor woman with ever so many little children to take care of. I saw her wipe her eyes just now; but then I think it was because Nathan is going away, and not the sheep."

The galleries were beginning to be cleared, but Susa White lingered; for she had not yet learned the full amount of the contribution. It was not long, however, before Mr. Solomon Huntington, who was moderator, gave notice that two hundred and fifty-seven sheep and lambs were then on the paper ready for delivery. The young man who had volunteered to drive them would be ready to start the next day at noon. If there was no more business before the meeting they would adjourn.

Then Susa went down and stationed herself a little way from the front door to wait for her father. Nebby was not there; she had taken the precaution to chase him up in the stable before leaving home, lest his fat body should excite further remark. Her father came out at last, talking with one of their neighbors. He waited and put her hand in his softly, and looked up in his face to attract his attention.

"What's the matter, Susa? what do you want?" he asked, in a careless way.

"To give Nebby to the patriots," she said, hurrying into tears.

Mr. White stood regarding his little daughter for a moment in silence, uttering a word. His countenance turned away to wipe a tear from his eyes. Every body in town knew the child's fondness for her pet.

"So you wish to send Neb to the hungry children of Boston, do you?" her father inquired at last. "I am glad you are willing to make a sacrifice for the good of others, my daughter! 'The literal soul shall be made fat.'"

"I want you to speak to Deacon Carey about it," she said, "for he may think strange." And again the child's feelings were too much for her.

"A cause that has not only the 'widow's mite,' but the infant's sacrifice, will be prospered of the Lord, Sir, and I will speak to Deacon Carey."

"Let the women and children work with us, milk the barley, and dry the sage; leaving alone the tea and the other British goods, and the people of the Old Country will come to her senses by-and-by!" Then, while the minister went back to add the last gift to the sum, the little lamb's sweetness of one Susa's head, said, "You have a brave, generous heart, my dear little girl!"

Susa replied her head in reply. She did not speak all the way home; and when they reached the house, she found some children there who had come to play with her and Nebby, she ran along to the orchard gate, slipped through, and was soon hid sight of the astonished little guests.

Not a word was said in Susa's presence about her offering that night; but at the breakfast table next morning, her father told her that Mr. Thicker had been over to offer to send one of his sheep in place of hers. It was the same old man who had spoken to her about Nebby, and the very from church, and whom she had suspected of sinister motives.

"Good old man!" she exclaimed, with a quivering lip, "I wish I could do something things so hard of him." Then she frankly confessed what feelings possessed her when he praised her lamb. But she would not allow him to accept Nebby. He was a poor man, whose children were obliged to go out to work, and she had thought out and offered it. She had given the lamb, and she would not take it back; for when Susa had fully made up her mind there was no shrinking in its decision of right, and then, the minister's children were every one as stanch patriots as their father.

Every morning the lamb bleated, except little Black Kate, approved the child's sacrifice. She stamped, and screamed, and pulled away at her stout two fresh mint-leaves, which would have been the structure to a modern fabric, when she heard that Neb, her over pet as well as Miss Susa's, was to be one article of offering.

"Miss White's folks on't got one little sheep," she said; "they body else got a heap on 'em. Ole Widow Lincoln all alive wid 'em—poor sniff sheep, too, to be eaten. They wanted Neb her own self."

But though Kate's demonstration sorely affected the children, not a voice was heard pleading for the dumb lamb.

"Never mind about it, Susa," said her brother Dyer. "I'll catch a rabbit for you this fall, when I go hunting with my squirrel gun. We'll can keep them in the house all winter, and feed them on walnuts. Molly has promised to learn me to be a good, good, and I guess more I shall be forteen; then, if the British don't look out, I shall be after them. I ain't a coward, Susa. Hurrah for liberty! Never mind, Sis, I'll send the Boston folks a dozen of 'em if I only had 'em, 'cause I like them spunk."

Before noon the farmers came driving in their flocks, and the volunteers were ready for the long march. *Two hundred and fifty-fight sheep*—to be offering from one small country town! Susa White's lamb was conspicuous amidst the flock, for his white wool had been carefully washed that morning, for the last time, at the wooden trough beside the well, and a garland of green leaves was fastened around his neck.

"That is the way the old Romans used to dress up their victims, Susa," said her brother. "I don't know about Nebby's being a Christian sheep go off in that shape."

But Parson White found no fault with the garland; he thought only of the sacrifice which the victim was to be laid.

All the children in the village followed the flock up the eastern hill, very proud of their donation, and prouder of the young heroes who accompanied the last detachment of freedom. Susa White was with them, feeling very much like crying for Nebby, until she saw her little schoolmate, Sallie Lincoln, hurrying on trying to say a cheerful "Good-by" to her brother.

In about two weeks the Boston stage brought a grateful message to the citizens of Windham for their ready aid and sympathy. Theirs was the *earliest donation from Connecticut*—the earliest, save one, beyond the colony of Massachusetts.

Mr. Bancroft has made honorable mention of this fact in his "History of the American Revolution;" but as the donors' names have nowhere been chronicled, we offer to the public the above tradition of Susa White's count.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Pet

IN

"CLIGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued.*

The inner door of the room opened, and Nora came stealing in with airy gentleness, thinking that her father still was sleepy. She had been dressing for a walk; and her face was bright with a happy beautifulness, such as she had a right to feel, having done cruelty enough duty that day before her for the father who made her household, and having time now to go out, and run, ramble, muse, and play the unconscious poet as her lot, in God's dear lift-giving mendtrong, under his glad, voiceful, blue sky. A gipsy hat of distinct Leghorn—kept bright by loving use, though it had seen several generations of the paternal handwork—just perched like a pleasant, great bird on her shining, low-brought hair, a little jaunty inclined to one side, as if, while it disdained to mar its wings, it would also kiss her pearly cheek stooping down in the summer winds afield. And under this affectionate shade those clear, truthful blue eyes of hers looked out lovingly, like twin wells in the virgin forest, that have never reflected any bad face, any harmful thing; eagle that lives save the happy sky, the birds, and the trees, and the flowers, and sometimes, the girl! She leaned down once more to kiss her father, and saw that he was not asleep, but that his hands were clasped over his eyes, and that his lips were stealing through his fingers. "Oh father, dear father! what is the matter?" she exclaimed, half-terrified, and gently trying to remove his hands that she might see his face. Then she knelt over him, sitting down by his side, and kissed him again and again.

"Oh, Nora! Nora!" sobbed the old man, "I have been cruel—hasty—and have done something very wrong—something irretrievable!"

"What is it, darling? Please tell me, won't you?"

"Oh, I have grieved our kind friend, Mr. Green; I ordered him out of the door, and he will shortly leave my house, and I shall never see the friend he has been any more! And after what he has done for us, after what he has done this year for us, I have done this!"

And John Manton held out his foot to show Nora Luke Green's present, and then relapsed into mute silence.

The blood came, mantling Nora's cheek close up to the border of her brown hair, and her eyes dropped for an instant with a look that was displeasure and shame, but both well under rein. And then she said, softly, "But he will receive any more presents from Mr. Green, if you had just as fast, father dear. When I was a little girl, it begun, you know, with bonbons and such small things; even then I was ashamed to take them; it was always pain to me not to answer, No, I thank you; and many a time I have felt as if I wanted to put them out of sight, because it grieved me to look at these witnesses of—well I won't say obligation, for he has been kind to my dear father, but obligation, at any rate."

"Doesn't he always seem as much obliged as we, dear?"

"Yes, darling father, he *seems* so, but you know he isn't. Look all about this room, for instance. There is a picture; here is an engraving; there's a bronze; there's a crystal; why, we never can be able to repay him! And now that I am a young lady, now that I am your little daughter-sister, as he says, you know!—and she kissed the old man's forehead with affectionate playfulness—"don't you have a sort of feeling that it isn't right, that it looks, not womanly for me to have such benefits bestowed on this dear little family of mine, when I can never repay them back in any way?"

"Perhaps Luke Green doesn't think so."

"Think what, dear?"

"That there is no way in which you can pay them back."

"What do you mean, my dear father?"

"You know that I have not very long to live, at the utmost that can be hoped but a very few years, and then when I leave you all alone, who—"

"Father!" The young girl started, and threw back her head upon the chair-back, as if a string had choked her. And with her lines all aglow, her eyes brimming, and her voice trembling, she continued, visibly and audibly struggling that she should quite break down.

"And is all this my price? My father! oh, my father! Am I worth so little to you, then, that you are willing these things, these miserable things, should buy me? Oh! oh! that they had never entered that door; that they never had come, bringing this wrong, this curse upon them, as a separation between me and—a separation by my purchase! *Dear* father! let me stay and be your handmaid, your servant!"

And with an unconscious pathos Nora knelt, holding her father's hand upon her heart. And the poor old man wept again.

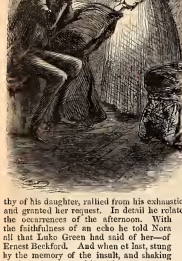
"Forgive me," she went on to say, "if I grieve you speaking so strongly; but these thoughts break my heart: yes, and these presents too. What has been done this afternoon to hurt your feelings, what has been said that made you angry? Tell me, darling! I know it wasn't your fault; how did he offend you?"

John Manton, roused by the magnetic sympa-

turn under a new guise of interpretation. The night she first saw Ernest Beckford, where was he? How did he meet her? In the countinghouse, after bank hours—long after—for it was eleven o'clock at night. And how had he come in thither? Plainly by the same key with which he locked the outer-door when he left her. Yes, he had carried a key which could admit him at any time. And what right had a second bookkeeper—one of the most subordinate of all the officers to the permanent interests of the Banks—what right had he to such a key? Why ever heard of such a one having it? And again sounded through her brain those dreadful names, "Burglar, thief, defaulter!" "O God! O God! have mercy on me!" again cried the poor girl, thrown once more upon her knees by the window, in her wrestle with this maddening suspicion.

Had he died—had he, in all his unmanniness, been drowned, drifting in her feet on some river tide, end, leaning down, she had drawn him out cold, pale, drowned; had aught befallen him that was medicable by patience, by effort, by prayer! Were it captivity, she could have traveled hand and sea to sit down at his dungeon-door and work for his ransom; were it long wasting sickness, night and day she could have nursed and watched him until she received him at God's hand, or herself lain down to rest beside him on the Infinite arms! Were it ought that men call bad in fortune—oh! the ineffable desirableness of any thing, or all of these, compared with her bearing him called—she could not say—shame, those words again!

And as the pang of these thoughts grew sharper her perception became more intense, and every littlest spot upon the floor, every mote



thy of his daughter, rallied from his exhaustion and granted her request. In detail he related the occurrences of the afternoon. With the faithfulness of an echo he told Nora all that Luke Green had said of her—of Ernest Beckford. And when at last, stung by the memory of the insult, and shaking his fist as he repeated it, with somewhat of the original courage which had met the exigency, he said, "And now, do you wonder at my turning him out of the door?" He was surprised to hear no response from Nora, and, looking up into her face, beheld it marble-white, the eyes fixed, the lips bloodless and half apart, while a strange shuddering ran through her shoulders, and she seemed like one who has been too frightened by a dreadful spectacle, and feels the scream which would tell her terror frozen at her heart.

"Nora! Nora! daughter! what is the matter with you?" exclaimed the old man, now alarmed, with good reason, in his turn.

"I do not think I will go out to walk today," she said, in a slow, dreamy utterance; "I am not very well—I shall do better to go and lie down a little while. But it will pass over. Oh yes, it will pass over."

"Can's I help you? Let me support you; you ain't able to get up stairs alone."

"Oh yes! I'm quite strong—see, I can walk as briskly as ever! I will be down again in time for tea: do you go to sleep again, dear, and don't be alarmed. You need to sleep."

Again she pressed a kiss on her father's monarful brow, and rustling on him one quick, loving look, which was all her heart had time to give, between the throes of its dire pain-wrestle, she almost bounded out of the room, up the stairs, and into her own little bedchamber. Once in, and she locked the door noiselessly, then fell upon her knees at her bedside, saying only, "O God! O God!"

With her face buried in her hands, and perfectly motionless, she knelt quite passive to her thoughts, crushed down by their massive freshness, and hardly sure whether it was of herself she was thinking, or of some poor girl elsewhere, who had suffered a great calamity. There was heart-sickness; there was fearful astonishment; there was uprooting of heavenly hopes that had grown gloriously since their deep first planting; there was a despair of all things in this world; there was an awful insidious question that would not go into exile, "Does *God* know? Does *God* care? But were all these in her soul or another? Were they grief, or were they pity?"

As if to steadly herself on something strong and free, Nora arose, dreamily went to the window, and looked out into the high, wide summer sky—type of oil glad, great hearts; with clouds floating through it that change, but itself changing never! And there was one soul, or her ideal of one soul, whom this sky had always called to her mind. Like him, it was pure and e'ter gladsome; stainless, chainless, trustworth,; full of all high hopes, suggestions, promises. And to her soul his had been the all-surrounding heaven! Sunny by day, by night starry; tinging all thought, next to God!

"Ernest Beckford! Ernest!"—she repeated, looking far off across the fields to one well-remembered spot by the brook-side—"Ernest!" and she paused, not willing immediately, even in question, to link that name to the next thoughts. "Thief—thief—forger—embezzler! O God! be pitiful to a poor girl that hath nowhere to go but to thee; no one to ask, no one to counsel her. Tell me—oh tell me! Show me, if need be, some sign in heaven—something that will not lie—that I may be sure; for my heart is breaking!"

No—no sign in the sky came to Nora Manton. But, just for that moment, the sky itself seemed to swoon and blacken in sympathy with her soul. For suddenly, as by the fiend's own trumpet of resurrection, there arose and stood before her an appalling memory—a memory sweet in its birth, but terrible, terrible in its new life, its reality of heart—Nora arose and felt at peace. No other proof than this little stranded boat, her own, with all its freight of beautiful hope, by right of salvage, had she that Ernest *loved* her. She knew that in his eyes she had always seen the same electrical sparkle of glad surprise that her heart felt when they met. She knew that he never spoke aught to her the few times that they had been in society together, in flattery, in boldness, in surface-talk, that he came to her with such an earnestness as characterized his manner to none else, that he spoke to her of deeps within his heart such as men seldom descend into in a woman's presence, but never had his lips told her say thing like the burden which that little boat carried. Yet in her heart she knew that she loved Ernest Beckford, giving him the passionate first-fruits of a soul that has just crossed the threshold and come to the altar of the holly beautiful temple of Womanhood. This she knew, and the Spirit that takes care of such as she, told her through her fresh, unblunted woman-instinct, that the man who launched that little pryer pinnace was worthy—was able to give her back love for love.

"God and Ernest forgive me!" were the first words she spoke. And for the first time now she wept—wept tenderly and quietly. Not such tears as mighty have come to her fevered eyes a moment before—like hot and bitter springs of brine boiling up among the dryness of desert sand, but tears that seemed rather to fall from above on her blue eyes as the dew from heaven upon thirsty violets—a life-bringing overflow from the upper exhauestless fountains. Through these refreshed eyes of her soul looked out and saw all things new; the very cloud-vail of her tears had a sweet faith-rainbow in it, and all distrust was washed out of her heart like dust

"PRINCES SEVEN, ENCHAINING HANDS, BEAR THE LIVE HEAD HOMEWARD."—(By Millais.)

that floated in the sunshine past her window, every thing was noticed, and left a distinct, painful impression on a mind melted like wax in the fire of trouble. And each object brought its suggestion, its reminiscence. Sitting by this window, how often had she thought of *him* with in the last few weeks, with her face leaned on one luxuriant Persian lilac which blossomed just by the garden wall. It had become dear to her because her eyes rested on its sweet, wealthy pillow of purple when her heart was reposing on such delicious reveries. And now it seemed as if each delicate tresset of all those overladen spakes of blossom were plainly visible by itself, and had its own faint, ethereal strain—audible to the heart, if not to the ear. Looking beyond the little grassy slope and terraced parterre below it, which formed the garden of the Bank, her eyes caught a glimpse of the brook, revealed between thick alder clumps. In the sun it shone like a pool of gold. The serpentine line which it described, backward up into the meadows, was invisible by reason of the high grass and shrubbery that fringed its banks. Yet Nora from childhood knew all its windings, and by her mind's eye followed up the stream toward its head, but stopped at a certain rock, above whose jutting foot a little eddy spun hurly forever, dimple chasing dimple all the summer's day. Once more she stopped down and drew a small paper-box ashore from a grass-cover against which it lay waterlogged, and seeing handwriting therein, spread it open, with a quickened beating of the heart, to read—

"All the life of the young man is but a pilgrimage from one sweet woman's breast to one other. From the bosom out of whose life he came he goes voying seeing weirly, painfully, and rest he hath none, until he comes to the bosom with whose life he is to be one for evermore. Ernest—Nora."

As if a great shadow had been lifted from her eyes—as if that sign for which she had asked Heaven had suddenly dawned forth in the inmor from parched and rained-on leaves.

"He is not false to God," she said in her heart, calmly: "he is no false to himself—he to the thought of him that I have cherished day and night so long—the thought that has grown beautiful and great until it has overshadowed all other things in my soul, and made them rills to water its roots. The whole world may forsake him, yet will not I! He may be taken to prison or to death—all tongues may speak him ill—all faces that can look into his noble eyes and then laugh at him, may laugh! I can wipe off with one tear of mine all scorn of theirs that his proud fair forehead can not shed, and, O God! I'll show will give—if thou hast given—his love to me, I will kiss his heart into patience, into hope, through his dear lips! He *is* pure! He *is* true! Ernest! as God liveth, I will never—never—*never* leave thee nor forsake thee!"

She knelt once more, no longer in the silence of an unutterable anguish, but the silence of a God-steadied soul, prepared to meet the worst in the joiutless panoply of Faith. Luke Green—a weak, sick, childish, old father—all the talk, the thought, the action of that vague Protean monster which we call the World—the direct, ugly-looking suspicious—on one side, Nora Manton would put her hand in Ernest Beckford's end stand on the other, under the shadowing wings of God's angel-daughter, Faith, which is standing with God."

And I have noticed that it is not an unhappy thing, this standing in a minority of two or three when God is one of them.

She knelt in prayer. And having received strength anew, bathed her temples and her eyes, and returned to her father. Returned, too, with so much additional helpful courage and strength beaming from her, that its prodigal lugress of overflow being quaffed by the poor old man, exhilarated him into an utter forgetfulness that he had shown Luke Green the door. And all that evening, instead of having the paper read to him and going to sleep, he sat on the back porch and told stories of his boyhood, while, with a brow of chastened cheerfulness and love, Nora sat at his feet, the moon falling on her brown hair.

Such a godlike quality there is in having met the fiend, come he in what shape he may—temptation, doubt, pain, or death—and conquered him by faith, that the good of victory is not a mere selfish benefit, a reward to the soul that has fought, but also makes that soul a center of new force for other and weaker souls. With more than enough strength for personal, present living we come out of our gymnasium—with our superfluity we lift every poor soul one that touches us up to a higher level of soul-life. It is, therefore, better to conquer pain than never to have it and float pleasantly down the tide. And so felt Nora Manton, sitting at her father's feet that night listening to stories that pleased *him*, while she did not know at that moment where, under God's wide silvery sky of night, Ernest Beckford was standing—knew only that *God has never been known to desert true souls*.

THE LEGEND OF THE HEAD OF BRAN.

[Bran was a king of England in the old fabulous British history; and the legend says that Bran's head was cut off by his order, carried by seven Princes to the White Mount, the site of the present Tower of London, and there buried, looking toward France. So long as the head lay there, said the legend, no invasion could come from ever sea.]

I.

When the Head of Bran
Was firm on British shoulders,
God made a man!
Cried all beholders.

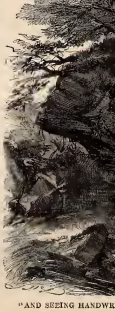
Steel could not resist
The weight his arm would rattle
He, with naked fist,
Has brain'd a knight in battle.

He march'd on the foe,
And never counted numbers;
Foreign wisdoms know
The knots he sent to slumbers.

As a street you scan,
That's tower'd by the steeple,
So the Head of Bran
Rose o'er his people.

II.

"Death's my neighbor,"
Quoth Bran the Blest;
"Christian labor
Brings Christian rest.



"AND SEEING HANDWRITING THEREIN, SPREAD IT OPEN," ETC.

From the trunk sever
The Head of Brao,
That which never
Has bent to man!

"That which never
To men has how'd,
Shall live ever
To shame the shroud:
Shall live ever
To face the foe;
Sever it, sever,
And with one blow.

"Be it written,
That all I wrought
Was for Britain,
In deed and thought:
Be it written,
That, while I die,
Glory to Britain!
Is my last cry."

III.

Crimson-footed, like the stork,
From great ruts of slaughter,
Warriors of the Golden Torque,
Cross the lifting water.
Princes seven, enchaining hands,
Bear the live head homeward.
Lo! it speaks, and still commands;
Gazing far out foamward.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE MISTRESS OF The Parsonage.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

PART III.

IN our drives about the country a favorite point of interest was a mansion of gray stone, that stood isolated and tenantless amidst thick trees that formed a perfect grove around it, and gave the place a dark air of mystery that possessed for me a strange fascination.

Winnesile always stopped the horse there that I might gaze upon the house as long as I liked; and he had told me laughingly that it was haunted. The almost perpetual twilight made by those trees rendered it a fitting place for the perpetration of a dark deed, and I shuddered as I looked upon it. Well might I shudder, for the trail of the serpent was upon it.

One mild day in March we drove toward the stone house; but as we approached it we saw several workmen busily engaged upon it. Some were altering windows, others were clearing away the rubbish of dead leaves and brushwood that had accumulated around the house, and others were here and there lopping down a tree that obscured the view. These were unmistakable signs of coming occupants; and I felt a pang of regret that the neglected old place which I had looked upon almost as mine should be thus disturbed.

Mr. Winnesile spoke to one of the men, who advanced respectfully to the carriage, and in answer to his inquiries told us that the place was being repaired for the owner, Mrs. Otcheson, who might be expected there some time in May.

"A widow, then?" was the natural query.

"Oh no, Sir!" replied the man, with a peculiar smile, "The lady has a husband."

We did not wish to question the man any further, and drove homeward—talking, as we went, of the place and the new-comers. I felt quite excited upon the subject, but my husband took it more calmly.

Every time that we passed now the house presented some new phase of improvement. One day a tasteful portico had been added—then a bay-window—then a trellis-work for climbing plants. The guiding hand in all these alterations was evidently one of exquisite taste, and I felt considerable curiosity to behold the person, whom I at once decided to be Mrs. Otcheson.

Rich plate-glass glittered in all the windows, in place of the little dusty panes, obscured by cobwebs; a beautifully graveled walk wound up from the entrance-gate; and the lawn, entirely cleared of all unsightly obstructions, wore the rich velvet hue of early spring-time.

And one raw afternoon in May, as Mr. Winnesile and I passed the house on foot, returning from a visit to some poor parishioners, we saw that the long windows were draped with rich curtains; and little hands pushed aside the obscuring folds, and bright, dimpled faces looked eagerly out. The wind shook the trees, and scattered cherry blossoms over the lawn, and delighted voices called out:

"Look, mamma! it snows! It *really* snows!"

We had just concluded that it would not do to be gazing in at other people's windows, when a splendid looking woman looked forth upon the lawn, and laughed merrily at the children's mistake.

I had never seen such a woman before! A beauty perfected by all the refinement of luxury, the advantages of education, and the adornments of wealth. I not know how long I might have stood there gazing, had not my husband drawn me away; and I thought of her continually until I saw her again.

The next day we passed Mrs. Otcheson in the road, accompanied by a gentleman whom we at once concluded to be her husband. They were a splendid looking couple; she, with her bright, glowing beauty, and he, with his classically-handsome face, pale, as if from suffering, and a melancholy, wearied look, clouding the dark splendor of his eyes.

I glanced at him again—he was *lame;* and I felt the tears coming into my eyes as I raised them to his face. Those dark orbs were bent upon me so earnestly that I withdrew mine in confusion, and the warm color rushed into my face.

The strangers were evidently settled in their new quarters, and it was time for the neighbors to show them proper attention. Mr. Winnesile and I were among the first who called, and that visit opened to me an entirely new phase of existence.

The hall door stood wide open; and as we approached a gay figure flitted from the window, and Mrs. Otcheson came forward to receive us.

"The very persons whom I most wish to see!" she exclaimed with an easy grace, seizing my both hands; "Pardon my freedom, Mr. Winnesile," she continued, "but I always say exactly what I feel."

Her manner was caressing in the extreme; and I felt flattered that this wealthy, distinguished-looking woman should treat me with such affectionate consideration.

She ushered us into a room that fairly dazzled my eyes with a perpetual view of crushed flowers. Our feet sank into them on pressing the soft and yielding carpet; luxurious chairs, and sofas seemed strewn with them, and the room well deserved the name bestowed upon it of "summer parlor."

I was half-bewildered, and almost afraid to sit down any where, on plush Persian was so different; but Mrs. Otcheson speedily deposited me upon a sofa, and placed herself beside me. She talked so fast that I could scarcely follow her minutely; but I saw her many, too many times afterward, and her portrait is distinctly impressed upon my memory.

She was perhaps thirty years of age; not very tall, but decidedly inclined to fullness, and her complexion reminded me of milk and water. I can think of no comparison so appropriate; it had, here and there, the beautiful *blue* tinge produced by the mixture of those liquids, and her neck and shoulders, which she wore very much exposed, were a perfect study. Her face was very like the portraits of Martha Washington taken in her youth, except that the hair and eyes were lighter.

She was dressed in an apricot-colored silk, with a scarf of some fabrication very floating away from her shoulders, and her diminutively beautiful hands were covered with gems that seemed, to my inexperienced eye, enough to buy the whole of Meadowbrook.

There was an air of luxury every where, from Mrs. Otcheson herself to the minutest adornment of the lordly mansion; and I sat in a half-dreamy state, only roused by the discovery that I was being minutely scanned by the smiling eyes of my new acquaintance.

We inquired after Mr. Otcheson. "He did not appear to be in very good health," my hostess added.

Mrs. Otcheson looked puzzled for a moment.

"Oh," said she, with a merry laugh (merry laughs were frequent with her), "that was Oscar—my brother, I mean—whom you saw with the lame leg. I will show you the conservatory, if it will not fatigue you too much, and probably we shall come across him in our rambles. He is rather sensitive, poor fellow."

We walked through two or three more elegant rooms before we entered the conservatory. It was very spacious, and beautifully fitted up, with a queer little room opening out of it, from which came the sound of children's voices.

A gentleman sat there, surrounded by the bright faces we had seen in the window; and as he turned at our approach, I encountered again those singular eyes that seemed to exercise a magical power over me. I wished to retreat, and mentally did get behind my husband, to whom the gentleman was at once introduced as "my brother, Mr. Pendleigh;" and then I was drawn forth from my hiding-place, and my name was pronounced by Mrs. Otcheson in a very indistinct manner.

I turned to the children, in order to conceal my embarrassment; but the pretty little creatures whose I was introduced gazed directly in my face, and attracted the attention of the whole party to me by exclaiming:

"Where do you live? You look exactly like the picture of an angel in my story-book!"

Mrs. Otcheson laughed and looked at her brother.

"Hurry is practicing pretty speeches early," said she.

"Harry speaks, as all children speak, directly from the heart," replied Mr. Pendleigh, quickly.

He spoke in a low tone, and I am quite sure Mr. Winnesile did not hear him.

Mr. Pendleigh's manner pleased me extremely. I felt very sorry for him, and very much interested in him; but at the same time I was very much afraid of him. He broke off the chosen lads in the conservatory, which he carried about with him until the moment of our departure, and then they were handed to me with a low bow. I took them mechanically; and then found myself folded in the embrace of Mrs. Otcheson, who said, as she kissed me,

"Now remember that, since you have found the way, you must not even have been very often without ceremony. I am an old married woman, you know, while you have no cares."

This speech, uttered in quite a loud tone, struck me as a little singular. Had she forgotten that I, too, was married? Or did she only refer to her children? Mr. Pendleigh's manner to Mr. Winnesile was respectful in the extreme—reverential, I thought—and my husband appeared very much pleased with him.

Our visit was returned with flattering expedition by Mrs. Otcheson and her brother. "Mr. Otcheson," she said, "was so much immersed in business that he had scarcely time to visit his own family."

Mr. Winnesile had gone out, and I was left to the formidable ordeal of receiving the visitors alone. Mrs. Otcheson evidently saw my embarrassment, and kindly endeavored to relieve it. She praised the Parsonage, admired its situation, and the roses that clustered around the windows; and, finally, she talked herself out into the porch, leaving me to wive I particularly dreaded, the strange scrutiny of Mr. Pendleigh's eyes.

He must have perceived that they troubled me, for he suddenly withdrew them, and, much to my surprise, gave vent to the following remark:

"I should think, Miss Winnesile, that you would sometimes feel rather lonely here, even with your father's company?"

"My father's company?" I repeated, somewhat bewildered.

"Perhaps," he continued, "he is too much of a student to leave his books very often! I should judge so from his appearance."

"Is it possible," I asked, with a faint glimmering of the truth, "that you supposed Mr. Winnesile to be my father?"

"I did," said he with a smile. "He is your uncle, then?"

MRS. OTCHESON AT THE PIANO.

"No," I replied, as calmly as possible; "he is my husband."

Mr. Pendleigh started to his feet. The expression of his face frightened me. He stood there looking at me for a moment, and then rushed to the door to meet his sister, who was just entering.

Mrs. Otcheson's face was troubled in a moment; but, passing her arm through her brother's, she drawed him from the room for a short time, as he had been seized with a sudden illness, from which he would soon recover.

They went out together, and conversed earnestly for a few moments. Then Mrs. Otcheson returned alone. Her brother, she said, had desired her to excuse his abrupt conduct to me; but he was subject to these attacks, which often seized him at most unaccountable seasons. He hoped soon to have the pleasure of making his apology in person.

"What were you saying to Oscar just as I came in?" inquired my visitor. "It seemed to be a very animated conversation."

"We were talking of Mr. Winnesile, my husband," I replied. "Mr. Pendleigh, it appears, supposed him to be my father."

"*Your husband!*" exclaimed Mrs. Otcheson, with a little start. "Is he really your husband?"

"Did you not know this?" I asked, abruptly, for something in Mrs. Otcheson's manner occasioned the suspicion that this was all acting.

She smiled at what she called "my nervousness," and replied, guardedly, that one would not be led to form such a supposition from my appearance.

"But how could this have happened?" continued the lady. "Forgive my freedom, but you are such a mere child—were you left to Mr. Winnesile's guardianship when an infant, or were you rescued by him from some dreadful death—or what *could* possibly have brought you two together?"

"Neither," I replied, proudly, my lip quivering at the recollection of all my husband's tenderness. "I was a poor, oppressed orphan, struggling as an ill-paid teacher for my daily bread, and to Mr. Winnesile I owe all that I have, and all the love and duty I could give would but illy repay him."

I had turned into tears, and Mrs. Otcheson wound her arm caressingly about me with soothing epithets. There was something about this woman which I could not fathom. But the moment before I had almost hated her, and now I was sobbing upon her bosom, drawn there by an irresistible power of attraction which some mortals possess.

"This is noble in you!" said Mrs. Otcheson, dropping a tear or two in sympathy with mine. "My husband, too, is a great deal my senior; I know, and am sorry with you, for, not those of love. My story, if told, would be found very similar to that of 'Auld Robin Gray.'"

It did not strike me at the time as strange that a woman could communicate to a perfect stranger a fact like this; so much is there in "manner" that I considered Mrs. Otcheson as very much to be pitied for her misfortune. When I knew her better, I transferred my pity to *Mr.* Otcheson.

We had quite a long interview, and I became calm again, and promised frequent visits; and at last, with many kind messages for Mr. Winnesile, my visitor took her departure.

When alone, I sat and thought these things all over, and I could not make them quite straight; but, while deep in my reverie, my husband's hands were suddenly placed over my eyes, as he saluted me as "Mrs. Grave-face."

I laughed, and told him of my visitors; and he said, with a brightening smile, that Mrs. Otcheson was very kind, and he was glad I had found such agreeable acquaintances. Mr.

THE BUDS.

Pendleigh, he said, was a noble-looking fellow; we must do all in our power to make him forget his misfortune.

Poor Arthur!

The first Sunday after their arrival there appeared at church Mrs. Orcheson and the children, and an elderly gentleman with stiff, white hair brushed up very high. Mr. Orcheson stood up very erect, and made very loud responses, and seemed determined to render himself as imposing as possible; but what a contrast to *her!*

The family attracted much attention; and poor Mr. Dorrell, the young candidate for priest's orders, who now and then officiated in Mr. Wineslie's place, dealt forth his amiable platitudes with even less success than usual; for all eyes were constantly traveling in the direction of that one pew. Mrs. Orcheson's beautiful face seemed to look forth from a rose-colored cloud, the effect of the pink lining to her bonnet; while the children, with their costly leghorns and rich white feathers, their dresses in the latest Paris style, and faces and air minutures of the mother, were specimens of childhood not often seen in Meadowbrook.

So the good people looked, as country people will; and Miss Sally Simes maliciously remarked to her "she supposed we should all be turned upside down now." Notwithstanding which prediction the people of Meadowbrook continued, without an exception, to walk on their feet as they had hitherto done.

Mr. Orcheson was seldom visible save on Sunday, being most immersed in his ledger and day-book in the city to enjoy his country-home. He looked like a long sealed-up line of figures; and Mrs. Orcheson might perhaps be excused for any thing but marrying him.

I stopped at the house one morning, at rather an unseasonable hour, on an errand for Mr. Wineslie; and Mrs. Orcheson declared that nothing could be pleasanter, and I should go directly up to her "sanctum," as she called it, and be perfectly at home.

Her energetic volubility compared me; and finding all my objections overruled, I suffered myself to be conducted, and followed my up the broad flight of richly-carpeted stairs to a large room in the second story.

The same taste was displayed in every part of the house; and in answer to my admiring remark, Mrs. Orcheson said that one would scarcely suppose a gentleman to be his prime mover of all.

"Mr. Orcheson?" said I, inquiringly.

"Mercy, no!" she replied, quite pettishly; "Mr. Orcheson couldn't tell pink from blue, or green from red. The slightest inconsistency offends Oscar's quick eye; and I often think that, with his ultra-refinement, he is scarcely a fit companion for an poor mortal of this commonplace sphere."

Mrs. Orcheson seemed devoted to her brother; and she had a silvery affection appeared to me very beautiful. Oh! what short-sighted creatures we are! I had it must be remembered that I might as well have spent my life in a convent, for all the knowledge I had of the world and the world's intricacies; and Mr. Wineslie, with his thoughts like mountains half lost in heaven, was not much wiser.

The room was furnished with green—a light, spring-like tint; and rich lace draped the toilet-table and windows. What intricacies of the toilet were displayed in dazzling splendor! Cut-glass bottles filled with perfumes, wonderful pomades, and mother-of-pearl dressing-combs—and, every thing that wealth and taste could devise. I had scarcely imagined such luxury, and I thought of the poverty Plain Arethusa moving amidst these surroundings with the ease of a cow in a flower-bed.

Mrs. Orcheson seated me in a fluted that quite frightened me, so low did I sink into its cushioned depths; and I should scarcely have been surprised had I been gently let down through some trap-door.

"Now," said my smiling friend, "this is just as it should be. I am quite lonely to-day, for Oscar has gone on some errand to the city, and your arrival was quite *apropos*. This is my particular domain, into which no one ventures to intrude; even the children knock at the door for permission to enter; and here I can imagine myself *free*"—as she sarcastically made the wedding-ring on her finger—"free, I mean, from all cares."

I understood her, perhaps, as she did not wish to be understood; and I pitied her, sitting there in her luxurious beauty.

We sat thus for some minutes; but suddenly Mrs. Orcheson caught my eye, and dashing off this melancholy mood, she moved quickly toward an elegant piano.

"Do you play?" said she, abruptly.

I unwillingly replied in the negative; and running her fingers carelessly over the keys, she struck a few random notes, and then perceiving my absorbed interest, broke boldly forth into a strain of melody that pervaded my whole soul with a sense of perfect delight.

I absolutely *fed* upon this music; and when the notes ceased, and Mrs. Orcheson turned to entertain the cause of my silence, I drew a long sigh, like one unwillingly awakened from a pleasant dream.

"Why, you are a perfect enthusiast!" she exclaimed; "and yet you have no knowledge of music? That is so singular!"

"Not so very," I replied: "a musical education is expensive, and I was educated upon very economical principles."

"Very frankly spoken," said Mrs. Orcheson; "I like that. But I have a proposal to make," she continued, "which is, that you commence taking lessons forthwith, with me for your teacher. I see that you would be an apt scholar, and it will be a real charity to provide me with some employment. Let us begin at once."

The proposition was a tempting one, but I hesitated to accept it until I had consulted Mr. Wineslie. I did not know that he would wish me to accept this favor from a stranger.

Mrs. Orcheson laughed when I spoke of my husband.

"Well," said he, "you are an obedient little wife—you are but a child yet."

I turned the conversation with the rather abrupt remark, "Your brother was not at church on Sunday?"

"No," she replied; "the truth is, Oscar very rarely goes to church—he does not approve of it."

"Does not *approve* of it?" I repeated.

"No," continued Mrs. Orcheson, apologetically; "Oscar has some very peculiar views, and one of them is that going to church is a species of vanity. He can worship God, he says, better in the open air—in every thing."

"In other words," thought, "he doesn't worship Him at all." I was silent, and could scarcely have been more shocked had Mr. Pendleigh appeared visibly before me and displayed a cloven foot.

"I have always thought it best," said Mrs. Orcheson, "to humor Oscar in every thing that time, and perhaps some gentle influence, might wean him from these strange notions. He is a great admirer of Pendleigh, and says Mr. Pendleigh, if you were to take him in hand, you might be able to convert him from his heathenism."

I told Mrs. Orcheson that I had no sufficient confidence in my own goodness to undertake the reformation of another, and here the conversation dropped.

I was quite frightened at discovering how the hours had slipped away; and I hastened home for fear that my husband might become uneasy.

Mr. Wineslie was delighted with the music-lessons, and thought it very fortunate for me. I should go there, he said, as often as I liked; and he appeared to think that Mrs. Orcheson would be conferring a favor, instead of conferring a favor. I told him about Mr. Pendleigh, and he was quite troubled.

"Poor fellow!" said he, "poor, deluded fellow! There is a great deal more of this in the world than you imagine, Fairy; and we are not to sit still with our hands, even if we do distrust our own goodness. We must endeavor to cultivate the acquaintance of this Mr. Pendleigh, and show him that we really feel an interest in him, and perhaps, with God's help, we may be able to win him back to the truth."

And my husband, who was not one to content himself with talking, took an early opportunity to invite Mr. Pendleigh to dine; and seemed as much at home at the Parsonage as he felt inclined.

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Mr. Pendleigh seemed very much affected. He grasped Mr. Wineslie's hand with warmth, and regarded him with the half-yearning reverence which we look upon those whom we believe to be very much better than ourselves. "He would certainly come," he said; "it was the only way in which he could show his deep appreciation of this kindness was by accepting it."

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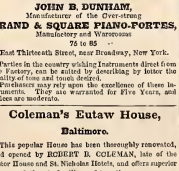

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SENATOR HUNTER OF VIRGINIA.

ROBERT M. T. HUNTER, a United States Senator from Virginia, was born in Essex County, in the eastern part of that State, on the 21st of April, 1809. His ancestors were among the first settlers in that fertile region, which lies on the southern bank of the River Rappahannock, formerly frequented by European vessels, which brought supplies of goods in exchange for tobacco. Here the Hunter family, generation after generation, successfully cultivated their estate; nor do we learn that any of them occupied public positions until James Hunter (the father of the subject of this sketch) was elected a Member of the State Legislature. He gave his son Robert a liberal education; and the young man, after having graduated at the University of Virginia, studied law with Judge Henry St. George Tucker, of Winchester, the author of several legal works, and a prominent politician in his time.

In 1830 Mr. Hunter was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice in his native county, where, in 1832, he cast his first Presidential vote for Andrew Jackson. He, however, espoused the cause of State Rights, in the attempt made by the Administration to coerce South Carolina, and was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates by the opposition in 1834. He served three years, and took a high stand as an independent, original legislator, opposing the Administration in its hostility to "nullification" and its exertions to "expunge" a resolution on the records of the Senate; yet sustaining the veto of the United States Bank and the efforts to abolish the "American system" of protective tariffs.

In 1837 Mr. Hunter was elected to the Twenty-fifth Congress as a Representative from his native District; and although he acted with those State-Rights Whigs who had supported Judge White for the Presidency, he zealously opposed a United States Bank. In an able speech, which displayed his intimate acquaintance with financial matters, he expressed his earnest desire to relieve the country from the pecuniary distress then paralyzing industry and arresting progress. "I might," said he, "perhaps escape responsibility by declaring that, as I had nothing to do in producing the present distress, so I was bound to do nothing toward restoring things to a sounder condition. Sir, I scorn the excuse. I think I see something which may be done for the good of the country, and I am willing to share the responsibility with those who will attempt it. In taking my course I form no new connections, I make no alliances; I act as I was sent here to act. I legislate not for party, but for the good of our common country. I tread all personal and party considerations in the dust when they present themselves in competition with the most important interests of the people." The course thus marked out early in life Mr. Hunter has consistently pursued; neither has he been found alternately advocating and opposing the great financial or commercial measures which have divided the country—having one party to step into another at a critical moment, and grasp the honors of victories already won by those who had been his opponents. His constituents appreciated his ability and his integrity, which they indorsed by a re-election.

When the Twenty-sixth Congress met the organization of the House was delayed by the first of the four memorable contests for the Speakership which have occurred during the past twenty years, and there is a curious connecting link between the first and the last. When the House met, on the 3d of December, 1839, five gentlemen presented themselves as representatives from New Jersey, which then elected by "general ticket," and exhibited their certificates, bearing the "broad seal" of the State and the signature of its Governor, William Pennington.—The seal and the signature were alike repudiated after a stormy debate; and on the 16th of December Mr. Hunter was elected Speaker by three majority.

Mr. Hunter was thus called on to preside over the House of Representatives during the troubled close of the Van Buren administration, and so discharged his arduous duties as to receive a unanimous vote of thanks at the expiration of the term.

Re-elected to the Twenty-seventh Congress, Mr. Hunter found himself one of the minority combating the measures introduced by the Whigs after their triumphant election of President Harrison. Bank, bankrupt, tariff, and loan bills were opposed by Mr. Hunter with equal zeal; and during the last session he aided in repealing one of these measures—the bill for the relief of bankrupts, passed at the first session.—His opposition to a National Bank was, however, used against him with effect during the next canvass, and he had the disadvantages arising from a change in the boundaries of his district—his competitor defeating him by a small majority.

In the Presidential campaign of 1844 Mr. Hunter warmly advocated the election of James K. Polk, and was himself successful as a candidate for the House of Representatives. He cordially supported President Polk in the difficulties with England on the Northwestern boundary and in the prosecution of the war with Mexico. On the introduction of the "Wilmot Proviso" he opposed it, and has since been the uncompromising opponent of the party then formed, now known as the Republican.

Elected in 1846 a Senator of the United States from Virginia, he took his seat in December, 1847, and was placed on the Committee of Finance,

HON. ROBERT M. T. HUNTER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM VIRGINIA.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

of which Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, was Chairman. There has not, from that day to the present time, been a prominent question before the Senate which he has not—clearly, briefly, and emphatically—given his views upon. He has made a temporarily few long speeches, but has left the impress of his intellect upon nearly every subject debated. Ever ready to maintain the rights of his State, and to sustain the honor of the South, it has nevertheless been truly said of him that he has distinguished himself for that nationality of character which comprehensively grasps the future and the present; and which, divesting itself of local and of sectional prejudices, seeks to be helpful to increase the prosperity of the Union.

In 1849 Senator Hunter succeeded Senator Dickinson as Chairman of the Committee of Finance—a responsible position, which he has since held. One of his earliest acts was to advocate the establishment of a branch mint in the city of New York, in acknowledgment of which important service a large body of citizens tendered him a public dinner. In declining it, on account of previous engagements at home, he set forth the position taken by Great Britain in contending for the empire of trade and the supremacy of the seas, and declared that if Brother Jonathan is to enter the contest New York must take the lead. "She is," said he, "already in evidences that she accepts her destiny, and is preparing for the conflict. Her lines of magnificent steamers, if they do not girdle the earth, do encompass the oceans in more directions than one; her commercial enterprise and ambition are worldwide in their extent. In such an undertaking, in this may all good omens attend and all success reward her. In such a struggle she has the right to expect the aid of every American legislator. She may justly demand all proper facilities for commerce, the whole machinery of the Union, and in her hands, as a commercial system adjusted to her wants, and whatever legislation may be necessary to enable her to maintain a free commercial competition with the rest of the world. The very creation of such an emporium as New York would then because would be eminently conservative of peace abroad and harmony at home; for all its vast interests would be staked to some extent on the peace of the world, and wholly upon order at home."

As Chairman of the Committee on Finance Senator Hunter has been obliged to take a leading part in the discussion of all tariff questions, and he has adhered strictly to his original position—that he more nearly desires to be raised off duties on foreign imports than would be just sufficient for the support of the Government honestly administered. He has attempted him to keep down, so far as has been in his power, the expenditures of the Government. "I think," said he, in his last year, "we are in more danger from an increased taxation, and from a contrast in regard to a high tariff and revenue, and all those measures that we are from anything else just now; and, under that belief, I have felt it to my duty to vote even against some good appropriations if I believed they could be postponed without any serious detriment to the country."

Senator Hunter is not, however, disposed to carry his economy and industry by adhering to a tariff policy calculated to depress it. In a speech made last year, in reply to Senator Wilkinson, of Minn., "But, Mr. President, the Senator from Rhode Island made an appeal to us in the name of the American laborer; and whenever he undertakes to subject he moves my sympathies, because he is eloquent and sincere; he touches my heart, if he fails to convince my head; but when I come to reflect coolly upon it, I find that my theory of doing it is very different from his. I, too, would aid the American laborer. The paths we would pursue to reach the same end diverge most widely. I would cheapen the axe with which he hews his way into the forest, the hoe and the plow with which he wrings from the reluctant grasp of mother earth a hard-earned subsistence for his wife and his children; his blanket which covers him by night, and the coat which shields him by day against the storms and the rigors of winter. I would diminish the price of the bolt with which the sailor fastens the side of his ship together, and cheapen the cordage which holds the spars in their places; but for the justifiable means in my power I would open to him every port upon all the seas. I would cheapen to the mechanic the tools with which he used and the clothes which he wore; I would cheapen to him the sugar that sweetens the cup that cheers but not inebriates; I would relieve him from the sense of dependence for his subsistence upon hostilities to be extracted from the hard earnings of his fellow-laborer. I would extend, because I would cheapen the cost of making, that iron path upon which are citizens of every degree of wealth, by day and by night in pursuit of their objects of pleasure or of profit. In short, Sir, I would open wide the door to the self-development of American industry, and leave it free to pursue the bent of its own genius; and if it did not then achieve whatever is grand and useful, or curious and beautiful in art, the fault would not rest upon the want of proper opportunity, but upon its own incapacity. For myself, I am willing to abide by results. I do not distrust the capacity of my countrymen to do as much as has been effected by any other nation in founding empires or building up industrial systems."

While Senator Hunter has been diligently engaged at Washington others have attempted to supplant him in the affections of the Democrats of Virginia, but without success. When the "Father of Statesmen and of Presidents" inaugurated the proud monument erected at her Capitol in honor of George Washington, Senator Hunter was the orator selected, and truly grand was his finished and philosophical production. He has been again re-elected to the Senate of the United States, and is undoubtedly the chosen candidate of the Virginian Democracy for President.

In person Senator Hunter is not a brilliant man. Grave and sincere, the expression of his countenance is genially quiet and subdued—often languid and indifferent. His hair is jet black, and his complexion is swarthy. His form is compact, still there is an indication of nervousness and nobility in his movements; if he has passions they have little effect upon his exterior—the iron stove scarcely glows with the intensity of internal fire. His attire is careless; his manners are frank and cordial. No suspicion or taint has ever clouded his political career; no flock of lobby harpies flock around him; and he is evidently disposed to be governed by the dictates of his own conscience rather than by the edicts of a caucus. In short, he is the impersonification of that great truth proclaimed by Mr. Jefferson in his address which he drew up for presentation by Virginia to George the Third: "The true art of governing is the art of being honest; and to secure that does not need the advice of many counselors."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1860.

SUBVENTIONS TO OCEAN STEAMERS.

UNANSWERABLE statistics show that the sea, of the seas, which ten years ago was nearly bare, is again pointed into the map of England. The steam navy of England is driving not only our sailing-vessels, but our steamers also from the American Ocean. This operation is gradual, but steady. In the year 1857, out of forty-two steamers plying between this country and Europe, eleven were American, and thirty-one English, French, or German; in the year 1859, out of forty-six steamers plying regularly across the Atlantic, only five were American and forty-one were foreign. In other words, in two years the steam service across the Atlantic increased ten and a half per cent.; but in the same period the foreign steamships on the route increased thirteen per cent., while the American steamships declined over fifty per cent.

Let us look for the causes of this palpable defeat of our steamship-owners by foreigners, we discover that British ship-owners enjoy a national advantage in a regular subvention by the British Government. That Government sagaciously devotes a large sum annually to the maintenance of the Cunard line of steamships, and from which it affords to carry passengers and freight at cost; the money they receive from the English Government, in the guise of mail-pay, affords the Cunard line a large profit, capital invested by their owners. The places them in a position far superior to that of any American line. The Cunard steamers employed by the Canadian line, which receives a similar annual aid from the Government of Canada. Other lines—the screw line from New York to Liverpool—are in a similar position—likewise receive aid, in one shape or another, from the British Government. The statesmen of England have taken into the consideration that a few hundred thousand pounds would be well invested in driving American steamships off the Atlantic. How well they have succeeded the figures given above sufficiently show.

Our steamships received nothing but a bare remuneration for transporting the mails from port to port. There was a time when our Congress paid a large subsidy to the Collins steamers. Unhappily Mr. Collins and his associates had neither the sagacity nor the moderation which were required to retain the boon. Instead of relying on the patriotism and sagacity of Congress, it is loudly asserted that they undertook to lay up members and appropriations, and, as may be expected, the result was the loss of their annual grant. An odor of corruption and robbery hung about the line from the day of its death. It was badly managed, badly officered, and badly engineered in every way. If Mr. Collins had been content with the same allowance as the Cunard vessels received from the British Government, and if he had forborne to seek that by scheming and intriguing, he would have enjoyed it still, and the line would still have been in existence.

However, we may let bygones be by-gones. The question now, what can Congress do to provide for the salvation of our steam navy? We, in this journal, have always taken the democratic ground that Government subventions to lines of steamers were a false principle, a mere paralyzer of the fatal protective system. We hold that if the steamship business be good and profitable, our people will soon appropriate to it engage in it; if it be not good and profitable, it is waste of time and money to tax the people at large to make it so. But in this case a distinction must be drawn on national grounds. High national reasons forbid us to suffer the domination of the Atlantic Ocean to pass into the hands of Europeans. In the event of a war, the preponderance of Great Britain's steam navy would place this country at great disadvantage. The question, therefore, for our representatives at Washington is, whether these national considerations are of sufficient weight to induce us to follow England in her plan of subsidizing lines of Atlantic steamers, so large as she performs in that policy?

We can not but think that Mr. Dallas—whose presence at the Court of St. James has been thus far purely ornamental—might render a good service to his country by bringing this subject under the notice of the British Government. If that Government would agree to abandon its present subsidy to the Cunard steamers we could be let our steamers shift for themselves. But if the British Government perseveres in protecting the great British line, then, if it be of national consequence to us to have an American line, Congress would seem to be no alternative for this country but to follow the example, unsound as it is in principle.

EXPLOSIONS OF STEAM-BOILERS.

ESSENTIAL as steam is to the development of the industrial, manufacturing, and commercial prosperity of this country, recent catastrophes are leading many to regard its drawbacks almost counterbalancing its advantages. So much property and so many lives are hourly destroyed by explosions of steam-boilers that, if it were impossible to devise proper remedies for such accidents, it would almost become a question whether we had not better dispense altogether with so terrible an agent of mischief. Happily for the cause of mechanical and scientific progress, very few accidents have occurred thus far which can not be legitimately traced to carelessness in some shape or other.

Unexplained, or, rather, ascribed, whenever an explosion occurs, to lay the blame on the boiler maker. Undoubtedly some boilers are made of unsound iron, and hanging would be a mild punishment for such unmanlinessness, for a trifling gain, expose their fellow-creatures to such risks as explosions involve in large cities. But the verdicts which talk of iron being "brittle and shiny on the edge," and therefore "apparently rotten," are not always reliable. Boiler makers and manufacturers have good reasons in the world for using none but the best iron. It is not reasonable to believe that either the one or the other will wantonly sacrifice their commercial standing, the peace of their consciences, the lives of every one within half a mile of the material which they furnish for so important a purpose, and that too, when by so doing they can add a trifle to their bank account. Nor is it at all plausible to say that a boiler maker of known reputation is going to slight his work in one particular for the delusion of others, when doubtless his productions—the produce of his skill and capital—dot the country far and wide with their footprints in the shape of smoke and steam.

We do not mean to say that bad iron is never used in the manufacture of boilers; but in certain cases of accident we believe the real cause will be found to lie in the carelessness of the operatives intrusted with the management of the boilers. For instance, according to the evidence given before the coroner's inquest, in Brooklyn, it appears that fires were started overnight, and left "banked" all night with water but a little over the crown sheet; and it also appears (though no mention is made of it) no means were provided for supplying the water needed. Now boilers need water if fire is kept in them, whether they burn or not; there are leakages and condensation going on continually, which are exhaustive, and which no engineer can dispense with, if he could, unless he put means of running in water. Need any further cause be sought for the terrible loss of life in this case?

Similar instances abound. A case has come to our knowledge in which a blind man, in the state of Massachusetts, ran a locomotive, accompanied by a fireman, with the consent of the superintendent and directors. We can point to places in this city where the proprietors of steam-works have had their boilers are in an unsafe condition, and yet go on every day with a serene calmness, trusting to luck and a boy's supervision; not realizing that they have in their vaults a fire which rends hands of iron and brass as a man a straw. Then, when "misfortune" overtakes them, they are unhesitatingly fire one again—"bad iron," "no safety-valve," etc., etc.

If our Legislature could spare a few days for the railroad accident and steamboat disaster bills which now engross the attention of members, they might do some good by enacting laws imposing heavy penalties on parties owning steamboats and carrying passengers, and employing men who are not engineers, but, technically speaking, "stoppers and starters," overheating their boilers and emitting coke, or similar imprudences. Under such restrictions steam would be rendered safer in its use, better in its action, and more profitable to its proprietors.

Steam cylinders should be increased. Steam at sixty-five pounds pressure per square inch is more effective, and, if treated with more economy to cash and every part of the engine, the boiler included, than smaller cylinders with higher pressure. It is a common practice in footcries to get a little engine, and "work her up," as they call it. We have asked one engineer in the city here what power he called his engine (seeing that it was inboring very hard, and fairly staggering under its load—it was one of 114 horse and 18 stroke), "Oh!" said he, "it's about 30-horse." He carried seventy-five pounds steam to the square inch, and thought he was getting 30-horse power out of it! This is but a sample of one from many. Engineers crack on steam so much as they can fairly get; hang on pokers, weights, shaft-couplings, and whatever comes to hand; then, when they finally "work her up," we have the old tragedy over again.

The main evil is, that sufficient attention is not paid to the character of those who work engines. If a manufacturer wants a book-keeper, he takes pains to ascertain if he be reliable and honest; but if he want an engineer he takes the first that comes with his certificate, and lets him offhand, often at so low a rate of wages that no careful, sober, intelligent man would accept the same. There are a few places in this city where good prices are paid to engineers. Now these incompetent and underpaid men are not so much to blame for their shortcomings arising from their want of capacity or inattention as the men who hire them. The former must get a living at some price or other, and so long as there is a demand for their services there will be plenty of them. There is no lack of engineers in the land; no lack of men who solely and religiously strive to do their duty at any and every personal hazard. But too many owners of steam-power, in this city especially, seek to save a few dollars a month by employing incompetent hands, and the result is—the old story—buildings blown up; unfortunate human beings killed by the score; and, of course, the usual verdict—"Nobody to blame!"

If the Legislature would render it incumbent on the owners of steam-engines in large cities to employ competent engineers, and would render them personally responsible for accidents where they had failed to do so, we might have to record a reform in this important matter.

AN OUTRAGE.

ON Friday last Superintendent Pilsbury, whose portrait we give on another page, tendered his resignation of the office of Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police. His ground for the step is the persistency of Messrs. Beaves, Stranahan, and Mayor Wood—Commissioners of Police—in assuming entire control of the force, and making the superintendent to the mere rank of their recording clerk.

This is the first overt act of the new league between Fernando Wood and the Republicans of New York. The object of the league is to use the' police in the Presidential election in November next, each (Wood and the Republicans) certainly hoping to undermine Mayor Wood, the time comes. The object of the three members of the Police Commission who voted against this outrage is to preserve the police free from politics, and to render their service honest and useful body. It now rests with Commissioner Stillman—whose casting vote remains to be thrown—to decide which side shall prevail.

At the time the Metropolitan Police Act was passed this journal took the ground that the measure was unconstitutional in principle, and, in practice, it would merely render the police a Republican instead of a Democratic machine. Thus far, we are bound to say that much has been done by the Commissioners to improve the latter statement; the police in their hands has undoubtedly proved more efficient than it was before. But now, apparently, the mask is being thrown off; the Republican party want their reward. It rests with Mr. Stillman to decide whether they shall get it, at the cost of the police efficiency in this city.

THE LOUNGER.

"WOMAN."

MICHELET has published the sequel to his "Love," which Mr. Tarbox has translated, and which will not disappoint any admirer of the first book. It is very difficult to speak of the work as a whole, for it is like the rest, alternately rhapsodical and scientific. And yet he says a great many noble and true things with generous eloquence. He speaks of the loveliness of dependant young girls seeking their fortune in great cities, and the terrible dilemma of death or dishonor, which Mrs. Dall so calmly puts in her admirable little treatise, are presented by Michelet with a fullness and force which are startling. It effectually knocks down the sentimentality that "women are about as well off as they can ever hope to be." Are men so? And is the position of women in a world where men rule so palpably preferable?

The book has one fatal defect. It only a criticism, and an exposition, of the author says truly enough that the sexes are entirely different. "Woman is not lesser man," as Tennyson sings; and this, which is designed as an analysis and exposition of what is most essentially feminine in woman, is written by a man. It is, therefore, only the writer's observation, and not an observation which can be scientifically verified; for it is an estimate of character and nature which is necessarily colored by the individuality of the observer. It is often incoherent and vaguely sentimental, but interests by its frequent and delight and delicate appreciation.

Yet its key-note is the sage. "Woman is born to suffer. Every great step of life is to her a wound," says our author. So in the midst of the most glowing passages the thought suddenly obtrudes, "This is not a boyal appreciation of a more

exquisite human nature; it is morbid sympathy, it is the pity of superiority, for an invalid."

In fact, Michelet's entire theory of the sexes is not of equality in diversity, but of vigor and dependence. Man is the sun, woman is the flower, the fire, the lily, the heart, tender leaning and yearning toward him. The husband is protector, guardian, father (Michelet says so) of the wife. Has it never occurred to the mind of a Frenchman to conceive a woman robust and healthy in body, steady in nerves, profoundly calm and cool in mind, and yet, at the same time, simple in manner, and of heart so loving and loyal that sentimental sophistry is impossible? Here are three hundred pages about woman, her life and love and education, and not the slightest recognition of the fact that the utter emancipation of the very thing which he charges to be the especial object of her creation may be her radiant crown of glory. The depth and sweetness and power of human character have been quite as nobly illustrated by the women who have never married as by those who have.

Yet I would be very sorry not to acknowledge the evident honest intention of Michelet to highlight the respect and reverence for woman, which seems about to have died out of Frenchmen, if their literature and their life are truthful witnesses. Of the life, Michelet, himself a Frenchman, and for many years in constant communication with the young men of France, must be taken as a competent and well-informed witness. Of the foreign observer. The literature, however, speaks for itself. Even in George Sand's stories—was Michelet aside her? "Our great novelist, a woman of wonderful power"—what melancholy portraits we have! Even Consuelo tells lies. Even the best of the heroines are indecisively or morally deformed. George Sand's novels are a chorus of fiery, indignant protest against the assigned inferiority, and the contemptuous and polite of nations. How a Frenchman fitts his hat when a woman passes, and yet his wife is sent! Michelet is Italian in his cruelly calm analyst of the woman of an essentially artificial society? Shall I speak of Dumas? of "Sex—Dual de Kock, which, is not quite decent to mention, but whose scantily-draped stories were the reading of the great middle class of French men and women? Of late he has been somewhat superseded by the younger Dumas, by About, and still more recently by Ernest Feydeau, whose hero is a very young man who respects women will quietly put into the fire, and hold his tongue with shame, indignation, and wonder. Think for a moment how men and women are treated by the men who live and write around him, and you will better understand Michelet's two books. He has not escaped the general infection, indeed. He is too thoroughly French to understand the essential purity of woman, but he is too much a man not to feel how unworthy of them are the ideas which prevail around him, and under whose influence he has been educated.

And to be addresses his book to his companions. It is in the high, sentimentally-false key in which they pitch women when they pitch it at all. This he could not help—it serves to win their ear and attention. Then he curiously mixes his fine and solemn with the weak commonplace of the general strain. That, again, serves to interest them, because, perhaps, it is just in physiological views. The book speaks to a society which freely discusses, even in its lightest and most popular literature, what we do not mention. With all its prodigious plain speaking, therefore, it is not prurient nor indecent. It is a treatise of aesthetic physiology, or physiological aesthetics. It alludes to many facts which have been hitherto hidden in strictly scientific works, but which are no more improper here than there, and which he conceives to be essential to the better education of the French idea and treatment of woman. As the public does not read those scientific works, he puts those results in a form that will be read and, as he hopes, heeded.

If he succeeds, the necessarily fresh discoveries of science are to be made generally useful, must they not be generally known? And how can the mass of men and women know unless somebody tells them? If you ask, what is the use of such a book here? the answer is, None at all, if French morality be confined to France.

Michelet's is not the Book of Love or of Woman that a simple, noble man would conceive. The clear, honest, manly, lark-like voice

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warm, to comfort, and command,
And yet an angel still, and bright
With something of celestial light,"

is unknown to him, with all his "woman is a religion," and his sometimes maudlin rapturous rhapsodies. But it does not follow that it is bad because it is not the best. The worst man would be touched by his warm appeal. The worst would healthiest, while he smiled at its grotesque ecstasies, would still feel that it was an honest effort at greater purity and nobler relations and a truer appreciation of character.

WHAT'S IN A NAME!

THE poets and enthusiasts sigh for the Indian names. Why have we not retained the rich, resonant, musical vocabulary of nomenclature by which the red man knew the places which they shall know no more? Why was the Classical Dictionary split all over New York, Indianapolis, and Wisconsin, and Wisconsin with names which are so poetic and enchanting? A New Yorker, for instance, enjoys some the delicate charm of the word Syracuse. It has no full Sicilian flavor in his mind—no glamor for his imagination. It means only a very new and very hustling inland town, which political conventions make hideous two or three times a year. It is the same with Utica. It no longer means Cato and Roman heroism. It only means Bagg's Hotel and twenty minutes for dinner.

As you go westward matters do not mend. You dart in despair through Rome, Verona, Manlius, Syracuse, Canton, Jordan, Savannah, Clyde, Palmyra, Macedon, Rochester, Colchester, Cliffs(?), Batavia, and finally slight, saddened and weary, at *Buffalo*. Upon the other road you have Cazenovia, Marcellus, Auburn, Waterloo, and Geneva. A man who often travels that route necessarily gradually loses the sweet significance of the names. He sees in them no more poetic, no more plausible sequences; for no sane man will contend that any of the towns mentioned are either poetic or picturesque. They are merely hasty stations thrown up by a rapidly advancing civilization.

And in spite of this there are have been one of the reasons why they are so grotesquely named. The Indians were very few in number, and their names were necessarily few. When the first settlers in the region of New England, when the Pilgrims landed, is estimated to have been only about three hundred thousand; and in the Middle States they were in a pure population. Let us be unjust. Even along the Central Road the Indian names occur. In the middle of this chapter we have Oneida, Canastota, Canaseraga, Chittenango (Water flowing to the north), Cayuga, Salina, Syracuse, Canandaigua (the place of laying down burdens). How musical, how memorable these names are! Around them, as around the old Angelic, Very Good man, or Italian, or Greek names, historic associations might grow and cluster. To the American in the Revolution, Cayuga would bring of brave patriotic thrill, as when, in sonty London streets, the wandering Switzer hears the ranz-des-vaches. Oneida would be dear to the man who fled in the Coliseum, from hearing of Rome upon the Central Road? Rapt in historic love, and hearing of a Constantine at Syracuse, Canandaigua, perhaps, he answers, unsoundly.

The truth is, that some good surveyor went about dividing the land, and his clerk, who had had "an education," concerated his surveys with names taken from Indian books. Good Iroquois would willingly have taken the Indian names. But if three were some, what could they do? One long centuried Iroquois, Hiawatha, had assumed the township from the prevailing woods and browse. Shrub-oak is quite as good a name as any, and Canaseraga, Canastota, Chittenango, translation of some French name of the spot. Painted Post, on the Erie Road, is a good name, and Corning will certainly have been a preferable name to Buffalo—even if the grand word Ontario had not been at hand waiting for the time when next to the difficulty of getting a good name is that of getting rid of a bad one. So we shall probably have to hear the name Corning, and Buffalo is just as prosperous as it would be under any other name. But prosperity is not every thing. The Erie Road would be a good one, called a blood-cabbage; but it wouldn't have so pretty a name. How some of Milton's long, sonorous Latinisms, Italianisms, would certainly of name, have a breathless romance in their music! How exquisitely Charles Lamb treats names! What would world Edgar Poe make of the his "ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir" and his "dank tarn of Auber?" Names are things. Some Indian names, Tuscahoe, Tuscarora, have minted Dolly Jerusha, would the story have survived to be, as it now is, the most universally read book in America?

So if we can not change the old name, we can certainly sin no more.

A PUBLIC DISGRACE.

IF some traveler in the interior of wild lands should tell us that he had found there tribes who humorously insisted upon calling themselves civilized, we are forced to suppose that he was comfortably journeying to cross broad rivers upon the ice at midnight in a very cold country, or that, in the very hottest zone, how we should laugh at the good joke of their supposing themselves civilized, when they belonged to one of the lowest and most inferior proofs of civilization. Nor has any body forgotten, probably, the universal execration which followed, a few years ago, the attempt made by the inhabitants of the little town of Erie, upon the famous lake of that name, pulled up the track of the Erie Road, in revenge for being made the gauge of different roads uniform, that passengers might go on without detention. The people at Erie were not a tenth part so behold the coffer, which they had prepared for delayed and wrathful passengers, coolly upon the country. The people of Erie contrived chance to harmonize their tracks at the expense of possible caution for Erie pies and cakes (no pun is here intended), but they hit at the risk of having their tracks pulled up about their heels. These were remarkable events. If the public knew them, they would have their ears hot. And among them the Lounger, who was turned out of a comfortable seat at night and forced to stumble out through a pitch dark passage—even with his fellow-passengers, catching a horrible cold by the way. There was one comfort, however. The passengers resolved to advertise the name of the pies and cakes of the agreeable little town of Erie, and so they did; and they resolved to punish they reached the hotelry of Christian civilization.

Yet why was it any more intolerable to be turned out of a comfortable car at Erie, to go out on another train, than it is to be forced to cross the Hudson River at Albany to connect with all the Eastern and Western roads? Why, if the Lounger Creek in Maryland, perhaps two or three times as broad as the Hudson at Albany, is crossed upon bridge, but the great Central and Western and Western travel is stopped and confused at one of its most important points, just the place where there should be a very convenient and facility. Whose is the fault? It can not be that of the H. R. R. R., or the Western Railroad, or the Central, or the Northern, the four great lines which concentrate at that point. They gain nothing by the vexation and delay. It can not be the fault of Albany, for in every way the city would gain, as indeed all cities gain by great works of public accommodation. Can it be the wish of the sister city Troy—that quiet, dignified, conservative city? What does Troy gain by it? The profit of shop-trade? But is not that fairly bought by the execration of representatives of every part of the country, who look up the river indignantly and shake metaphorical fists at sister Troy? Will it not be thought that Troy should be chiefly known only as the city which inconvenices the great stream of travel, thirty miles stage into it, as it were, upon which the passengers themselves are not wrecked, their patience is, and certainly their kindly regard for Troy is lost forever?

However, this is supposition only, about Troy. It is a city too intelligent, too refined, too generous, to favor any such dog in the manger policy as this.

A bridge at Albany is not a matter of railroad speculation, only, it is an affair of general public benefit. Any thing so awkward, so confused, so inconsiderate to everybody and thing as the present transit, is not to be seen upon any other route in the country. We know it, for we take the Camden and Amboy institution. Has it any point or practice so barbarous as sure at Albany?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SCENES IN THE LOBBY OF THE OPERA HOUSE.—Wished, she faltered, did you observe how that gent gazed at me in the lobby? No, Bryan, I did not, for there was a moral occasion in the house, whose eyes were positively intent on my humble self. Oh, Bryan!

One day as Mr. C——was limping down the High Street of Edinburgh, from the Court of Sessions, he overheard a young lady say to her companion, rather loudly, "That is Mr. C——, the lame lawyer." Upon which he turned round, and said, "Yes, my dear, I am the lame lawyer." "No, madam, I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer."

FEMALE WAGES.—Many whimsical things are done in this world. A lady, a friend of mine, who had money enough, and one Indiana, who had too much, took a fancy to have a little fun with the Indian. So she sent her servant to the Indian, who had found her a little morning till five in the evening, for one month, and that for the sum of twelve dollars and twenty-five cents a time. He has already been at his post nearly a fortnight, and he is still there. The lady is fast ready to inform those that pass by that he is not making fares at all, but that he is hired for a month. The Indian, the author from the friend is compelled is giving the public this information, lest people should be shy from his cab, or to one another, "Never mind, that fellow is not making fares at all." The Indian, however, is not so much a restless fury frame a day. The crowd increases to such a pitch that it is quite impossible that it is thought the police will cause his removal.

HAVING THE ADVANTAGE.—Tom Hobbs was a queer fellow in his way, and he did think he was a fool, and when he had taken his fifth glass of a morning, no man could argue with him against it. He married this condition, and in his happiest mood. Tom one morning met a gentleman who had married a widow, who had never put eyes upon before. As is customary in the country, Tom immediately accosted him, "Well, old fellow, how do you do? I know, how you do? Upon my honor it does my heart good to see you married to a good, pretty, young, fine, and old woman? We haven't seen her this long time! When shall we have a wedding? Eh, Jim?" "I am not well, I think you," said the gentleman; "but indeed, Sir, you have the advantage of me." "Advantage! my good fellow, what advantage?" inquired Tom. "Why, really, Sir, I begin to think I have married a fool." "Well, Sir, I know you!" "Know me?" exclaimed Tom; "well, I know you, Sir, and I should like to know where has done is the advantage?"

"A man is, in general, better pleased," says Dr. Johnson, "when he has a good dinner upon his table than when his wife talks Greek."

Why are shopkeeps and fishermen like beggars?—Because they live by cheating.

What is the difference between one walks and one who looks up a flight of stairs?—One steps up stairs, and the other stares up stairs.

An artificial fortune lately described himself as "hand gardener to the duke."

A gentleman recently amused by an account that was lately saw of a remarkable dust. There were six men upon the ground and one man.

A celebrated author of answering two questions at a time: "Here, Bobby, my darling, what's the time of day, and what's the price of pretty pudding?"

"It's eight, Sir."

Call a lady "a chicken," and ten to one she is angry. Call her a "no chicken," and twenty to one she is still angrier.

"I have a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance.

"Why do you have a fresh one: why don't you have it cured?"

A writer, who has just returned from China, says that the most useful crop raised by the Chinese is peas. The Chinese are very economical, they consume their peas and their cows.

"WHAT IS A FRIEND?—A friend is one who jumps down and puts on the drag when he finds that you are going down the hill too fast.

Musical is a question whether it is a nice sign, when a man stips down in the mud, that he has a dog to much.

A good-looking young lady recently entered a dyer's shop, and thus addressed the dyer:

"You are the man that dyes, are you not?"

"Yes, Madam, I am the gentleman." "I'm the man that lives; but I'll die for you."

Archdeacon Fisher was not without a little vanity on the subject of his sermons, and once received a quiet hint from Constable on the subject. Having once preached an old sermon, he was surprised when Constable had heard before, he asked him how he liked it. "Very well, indeed, Fisher," replied Constable; "I always did like that sermon."

REMARK FOR TEST.—Buy your clothes at a shop where, and you will never have a bad fit.

In Northampton, lately, a boy hooked sovereign chicken-sace from sixteen eggs. Smart biddy that.

"Is that eggs chance of a reflective turn?" asked Dr. Spooner of a young student.

"No, Sir, not a mistake," was the reply.

"What the people of Kansas are about?"

"Oh, it gave the sun time for reflection," replied a wag.

The following is Aunt Betsey's description of her mistress: "He is the greatest man in the world!" she exclaimed. "He skins his milk on the top, and then he turns it over and skims the bottom."

A rich old gentleman has a thought of marrying, let him consider with beforehand what it is that he stands in need of—a wife, an heiress, or a nurse.

If you have a friend whom you desire to remain a friend, you should be blind. Half seven times you shall honest you; and "tis found remembance," over cherish your virtues and the amount of your backbone.

"How much money have you?" said a rich old curmudgeon to a gay young fellow courting his pretty daughter. "Oh, I haven't much of any thing now, but I have a very rich prospect, indeed." The wedding occurred, and the old chap learned from his son-in-law that the rich prospect was the prospect of marrying his daughter.

The earth is a tender and kind mother to the homeless, and the sky is a kind mother to always harrows her bosom, and all another to pulls her core.

People with morose tempers and sour faces need not wonder that they are left to be alone. Even little boys who wish to catch flies know better than to take vinegar for a proposition—"Will you molasses."

If a hound dogs with 16 legs, can catch 32 rabbits with 64 legs, how many rabbits have 32 hungry legs minus the same rabbits have to get away from 4 hound dogs with 16 legs.

ANSWER—

Let the three-legged rabbits, like sensible rabbits, forbear twenty-nine legs from the pursuing hounds. They can get along with 3 legs, 3 miles and a quarter. And I'll let you my hat, if you don't like it, "laughter." That is seventeen minutes and a half if you please. A school-girl will give you the rest of the sum.

A young man was frequently cautioned by his father to be "on his guard against" men. He promised to do so; and soon after received a bonus to vote for Mr. Peck. The father questioned at the voice of the son, and the deceased objectionable, inquired the reason for doing so. "Because, father, I was on my guard against the rules for measures; and if Peck is not a measure, I don't know what is."

In the course of a pending inquiry into the conduct of the nation of an English union work-house, one of the witnesses was the name of Muggins, and the chairman, while under examination, if he was an Irishman. Irishman, and Muggins, with a very pleasant smile, replied, "I am, Sir! I would not deny my country, Sir, I am an Irishman!" The chairman and other gentlemen present were natives of the latter country, we said scarcely, and that the patriotic Hibernian's hit told most admirably.

A traveling gent, passing a farm, saw a boy at work in a neighbor's field, and thinking he had a good opportunity of mind, he stopped his horses and thus addressed the boy: "Hey, my boy, whose farm is that?—Dad's," was the laconic reply.—"Does your father raise any stock?" inquired the gent.—"Yes, sir, he raises most the stranger."—"Corn stalks, mostly," was the reply, as he turned his face to the hill of the article, and the stranger went on his way musing.

A Young Mississippian—"Ah! Mr. Morency you call to the Boat Indian." Mr. Morency—"Yes, Sir." "Is it true as I am to the young wife of a soldier about to embark for Mobile?" "Yes, Sir, it is true." "Well, I think well of it." "I mean, the moment I went through night and day with the young lady." "Why, I have long and honorable intentions." "Well, Sir, and they'll draw the life-blood out of you." "Why, Sir, I hope not." "Yes, Sir, they will, I know from experience." "Why, Sir, the moment I was the young man." "Well, Sir, I am." "Well, Sir, I am." "Well, Sir, I am

GENERAL AMOS PILSBURY.

WE present in connection with this sketch an excellent likeness of the General Superintendent of Police, Amos Pilsbury. He was born in the town of Londonderry, New Hampshire, on the 8th of February, 1803. He came from a sturdy stock. His grandfather took part in the baptism of blood on the plains of Lexington and slope of Bunker's Hill. His father, Moses C. Pilsbury, was in the war of 1812. He left his small farm and needy family at the call of his country, and remained in the army till the war closed. He was a noble specimen of the Puritan stock—religious, devout, decided in his convictions, bold, and of unflinching integrity. He left home to begin life at ten years of age, with his whole capital in his pocket, consisting of one dollar. He earned from his home, what was better than gold, a good name, good principles, a deep religious faith, an indomitable energy, and a confidence that his own right arm would achieve for him a position.

While working on his farm at Londonderry, Moses C. received a letter from the Governor of the State inviting him to Concord. He was tendered the post of Warden in the State Prison. It was a post of honor and emolument. Applicants were numerous. Men of political influence pressed their favorites upon the attention of the Governor. Mr. Pilsbury was not a candidate. He did not desire the new and untried responsibility. He did not feel competent to assume its duties. But the Governor and Council were persistent. All others were passed by, and the modest, distrustful, reluctant farmer was made Warden of the prison. He served in that capacity eight years. He laid the foundation of that fame which can never be lost.

In the prison of Concord Amos entered upon his distinguished career in the month of April, 1824, at the early age of nineteen years. He began on the lowest round of the ladder, and was appointed one of the guards of the prison. But he took his stand at once as a ruler among turbulent men. At that time prisons were as bad as prisons could be. They were schools of dissipation and seminaries of crime. Convicts entered hales in transgression, and came out full-grown men. The cells were noisy with profanity, and reeked with crime and obscenity. All classes, ages, and conditions herded together. The young criminal and the hoary-headed villain, the youth arrested for petty larceny and the bold robber and murderer, dwelt in a common receptacle. Their time was spent in idleness, profaneness, gambling, drunkenness, and all lewdness. What little government there was was the fruit of force. Moral instruction was not attempted. The Bible, prayer, the Sabbath, worship, labor, and solitary cells as a means of discipline and regulation were not thought of.

Faith, patience, and toil produced a change even in the Concord Prison. There was no chapel, but the dining-room was used. The State provided no Chaplain, and the Warden officiated. Each day the men filed in to their meals. The Warden appeared at the head of the table, read a portion of the Word of God, and offered prayer, before any one was allowed to taste his food. This was a part of the discipline of the prison. His deep religious faith was his hiding-place of power which gave him such command over men. At the expiration of eight years the Warden left the Concord Prison one of the best regulated in the land.

In the year 1827 Amos Pilsbury was appointed Deputy Warden of the new State Prison at Weathersfield, Connecticut. His father was Warden, having been appointed in the month of July, in the same year. At that time Connecticut could boast of one of the worst prisons in the land. The State prisoners were confined in the copper mines at Symsbury. Their cells were seventy feet below the surface of the earth—deep, dark, damp, gloomy pits. Into this receptacle the convicts were lowered to sleep, and from it they were brought up every day for work. They were made secure by a ring on their ankles. The chain was not removed by day or night until the convict was borne to his last home, or was discharged. And the number and weight of his chains depended upon the conduct of the prisoner. From this prison one hundred and hardened, desperate, and defiant men as were ever seen together were to be conducted to their new home at Weathersfield. They had been hardened by crime and hardened by imprisonment. They knew what it was to be infamous—to drag a heavy chain day and night—to feel it gall their limbs in their dreaming and their uprising, at work and at play—they knew brutality, abuse, curses, blows, violence, sharp cold, and keen hunger. They knew nothing of humane discipline, kindness tempering severity. The young Deputy Warden was charged with the removal of the men from Newgate. He marched them down in miraculous order. The rare power of controlling men, which has made his name famous for thirty years, was exhibited in his control over these hardened men. Inside the prison walls at Weathersfield the convicts were formed into line. Without weapons of defense or protection the young Warden struck the chains and fetters from the limbs of the convicts. These degrading and galling tokens of servitude had been worn by some of them for ten years. The astonished convicts were told that chains and fetters would form no part of the new discipline. Long habits of herding together without discipline or subordination—with all the bad traits of character sharpened, and licentious habits cultivated—the new system was regarded by many as hazardous, if not foolhardy. But the young Deputy was conscious of his power over the desperadoes in the prison-yard, who were unchained for the first time for years. But the men were as orderly as if they were visitors and not convicts. Each man was told his duty. The discipline of the prison was explained. He was shown his neat and clean cell. He was informed that his comfort would depend upon his own conduct.

The prisoners had not seen the Warden. They were drawn up into a line to receive him. He was a man not far from fifty years of age—a plain, firm-as-iron looking man. He was unarmed, and carried the Bible under his arm. He came into the presence of the prisoners, and thus addressed them:

"Prisoners,—I come to you with the word of Justice and the olive-branch. Which will you have? For the government of my own family I will deal from the Bible, and set the blessing of God on them. I shall do the same with you."

Amidst profound silence, while the tears started from eyes not accustomed to weep, he read that portion of the Word of God which asks this significant question, "Who maketh us to differ?" He followed the reading by a brief, touching, and affecting prayer. And so the new discipline was inaugurated. The scene was worthy of the pencil of the great artist. The near prison—one hundred ungovernable and desperate men—chains and fetters struck from their limbs lying on the pavements by their side—a mere youth by their side controlling them—an aged man with no weapon of defense but the Word of God, amidst profound silence commanding those neglected men to that Redeemer who, in the days of his flesh, had commanded his disciples to visit the prison. The question of discipline was settled from that moment. No insubordination was seen. The government was as perfect the first week as it was after the lapse of years.

In April, 1830, General Pilsbury was elected Warden of that prison on the resignation of his father. He was a young man—too young, many thought, for so important a post. But it was soon apparent that the mantle of the sire had worthily descended upon the son. For order, discipline, and economy the Weathersfield prison became the model prison of the land. Its fame extended to Europe. Men made pilgrimages to it to learn the secret of its prosperity. To support the old Newgate prison, from 1810 to 1827, the sum of $125,000 had been drawn from the State treasury. The new prison, under General Pilsbury, at the expiration of two years, after defraying all its expenses, returned into the treasury the sum of $8000 as the earnings of the institution.

GEN. AMOS PILSBURY, CHIEF OF THE N. Y. METROPOLITAN POLICE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

At the expiration of two years a new warden was appointed, who, with the aid of the directors, undertook to conduct the affairs of the prison. An immediate and desolating change followed the removal of General Pilsbury. The prisoners world obey no one. They were bold, noisy, and riotous. They broke out into open and defiant rebellion. Every form of disorder prevailed. Prisoners communicated with each other in defiance of the rules. Under-keepers traded with the convicts. Newspapers reflecting on the affairs of the prison were circulated. An under-keeper was murdered. The prison was reduced to a state of anarchy. Nine months had destroyed the discipline of years. This Legislature recalled General Pilsbury. The moment he appeared within the prison walls the rebellion ceased. Discipline revived; the men went cheerfully to their work; and during the entire twelve years that General Pilsbury conducted the affairs of that institution no similar outbreak occurred. He left it the most perfect institution of the kind in the world.

To the people of the city of Albany General Pilsbury gave ten years of the best part of his life. In 1845 he became warden of the Penitentiary in Albany, and reared the buildings connected with that institution. The people of Albany, in common with those of the State, became alarmed at the vast increase of crime. Common jails were perfect nuisances. Fraud and flagrant abuses were in the management. Prisoners were crowded together in one common room, where rum, gambling, rioting, cursing, and illness marked the pestilence. Discipline was defied. Men tried for petty offenses, kids held for petty larceny, hardened villains, sat side by side in one common jail, all idle and all vicious. The citizens of Albany resolved to remedy the mischief in a decree. They committed to General Pilsbury the creation of the institution and its government. Under his eye it grew in perfection and public favor. The annual reports of the Inspectors, which cover a period of ten years, are full of enthusiastic praise. They speak of him as a disciplinarian unequaled—of the human frames—of the economy of his rule—of the reformation that followed his regulations—how the idle and vicious were compelled to earn their own bread—the taste, the order, the cleanliness, the health of all departments of the prison—his unwearied perseverance, and his singular tact and ability in the management of men. For beauty of location, economy, and discipline, it is now unequaled. The most desperate and turbulent men, that were brought to the prison in chains, when they passed the gate and had their fetters knocked off, would cast their gibes and oaths, throw away their cigars, and exclaim, "All right, Captain. Now we have time. We know where we are. We shall keep the rules." And during their whole imprisonment would be found the most obedient to the rules of the prison.

In 1855 General Pilsbury took charge of the State property at Ward's Island. It was one of the dark places of the city. The Commissioners of Emigration clothed the Superintendent with full power to conduct the affairs of the institution according to his own judgment. Nearly 2000 persons were supported on the island; 250 persons were employed and paid to do the work. The annual expenses in the island were $200,000. The new warden produced an immediate change. The expenses were reduced. All who were able were compelled to work. The well took charge of the sick. The indolent and worthless concluded they had better work where they could get pay, and left the island in disgust. The number to be supported ran down from 2000 to 600, paid employes to 60, and the annual cost from $200,000 to $75,000. Order arose out of confusion, economy out of mismanagement, and industry took the place of idleness.

Last year General Pilsbury was appointed to the head of the Metropolitan Police—an office which, by the time this paper reaches our readers, he may have resigned. When he accepted the post of Chief it was with the express understanding that he should have power enough to fulfill the duties. He made no claim to police patronage, or to legislative or judicial authority over the department; but he insisted on being the "executive head." After some debate the Commissioners agreed to his terms and appointed him, asserting him that he would be "loaded down with power." Those Commissioners now undertake to deprive the General of the power of detailing the men; they work, in fact, to make one of their number as a Committee the real executive head of the police, reducing General Pilsbury to the position of a clerk to the Commissioners. It is under these circumstances that he has tendered his resignation. The result of the affair will be probably known by the time this paper is printed. If the Commissioners really deprive General Pilsbury of the power for which he stipulated when he took his office, and without which he could not discharge its duties in an efficient manner, they will assume an enormous responsibility. No man of any character would take the post vacated under such circumstances, and the Legislature would probably be called upon to interfere.

General Pilsbury is now fifty-four years old. He has two children living, one of whom, a son, succeeds him at Ward's Island. He is a man of fine presence, with a full, pleasant face.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

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MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 3d.—When the dinner hour brought us together again, Count Fosco was in his usual excellent spirits. He exerted himself to interest and amuse us as if he was determined to efface from our memories all recollection of what had passed in the library that afternoon.

"HUSH" SHE WHISPERED, "I HEAR SOMETHING BEHIND US."

Lively descriptions of his adventures in traveling; amusing anecdotes of remarkable people whom he had met with abroad; quaint comparisons between the social customs of various nations, illustrated by examples drawn from men and women indiscriminately all over Europe; humorous confessions of the innocent follies of his own early life, when he ruled the Italians of a Lombard-race Italian town, and wrote preposterous romances, on the French model, for a second-rate Italian newspaper—all flowed in succession so easily and so gayly from his lips, and all addressed our various curiosities and various interests so directly and so delicately, that Laura and I listened to him with as much attention, and, inconsistent as it may seem, with as much admiration also as Madame Fosco herself. Women can resist a man's love, a man's fame, a man's personal appearance, and a man's money; but they can not resist a man's tongue, when he knows how to talk to them.

After dinner, while the favorable impression which he had produced on us was still vivid in our minds, the Count modestly withdrew to read in the library. Laura proposed a stroll in the grounds to enjoy the close of the long evening. It was necessary, in common politeness, to ask Madame Fosco to join us; but this time she had apparently received her orders beforehand, and she begged we would kindly excuse her. "The Count will probably want a fresh supply of cigarettes," she remarked, by way of apology; "and nobody can make them to his satisfaction but myself." Her cold blue eyes almost warmed as she spoke the words—she looked actually proud of being the officiating medium through which her lord and master composed himself with tobacco-smoke!

Laura and I went out together alone.

It was a misty, heavy evening. There was a sense of blight in the air; the flowers were drooping in the garden, and the ground was prepared and dewless. The western heaven, as we saw it over the quiet trees, was of a pale yellow hue, and the sun was setting faintly in a haze. Coming rain seemed near: it would fall probably with the fall of night.

"Which way shall we go?" I asked.

"Toward the lake, Marian, if you like," she answered.

"Are you sincerely fond, Laura, of that dismal lake?"

"No; not of the lake, but of the scenery about it. The sand and heath, and the fir trees, are the only objects I can discover, in all this large place, to remind me of Limmeridge. But we will walk in some other direction if you prefer it."

"I have no favorite walks at Blackwater Park, my love. One is the same as another to me. Let us go to the lake—we may find it cooler in the open space than we find it here."

We walked through the shadowy plantation in silence. The heaviness in the evening air oppressed us both; and when we reached the lake house, we were glad to sit down and rest inside.

A white fog hung low over the lake. The dense brown line of the trees on the opposite bank appeared above it like a dwarf forest floating in the sky. The sandy ground, shelving downward from where we sat, was lost mysteriously in the outward hyers of the fog. The silence was horrible. No rustling of the leaves—no bird's note in the wood—no cry of water-fowl from the pools of the hidden lake. Even the croaking of the frogs had ceased to-night.

"It is very desolate and gloomy," said Laura.

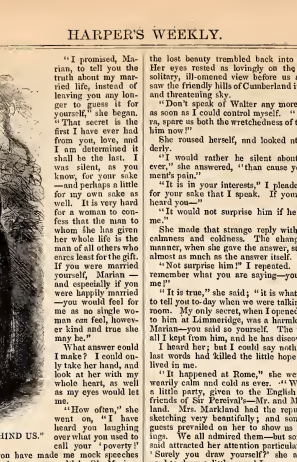
"But we can be more alone here than any where else."

She spoke quietly, and looked at the wilderness of road and mist with steady, thoughtful eyes. I could see that her mind was too much occupied with its own thoughts to feel the dreary impressions from without, which had fastened themselves already on mine.

"I promised, Marian, to tell you the truth about my married life, instead of leaving you my longer to guess it for yourself," she began. "That secret is the first I have ever had from you, love, and I am determined it shall be the last. I was silent, as you know, for your sake—and perhaps a little for my own sake as well. It is very hard for a woman to confess that the man to whom she has given her whole life is the man of all others who cares least for the gift. If you were married yourself, Marian—and especially if you were happily married—you would feel for me as no single woman can feel, however kind and true she may be."

What answer could I make? I could only take her hand, and look at her with my whole heart, as well as my eyes would let me.

"How often," she went on, "I have heard you laughing over what you used to call your 'poverty' in



how often you have made me mock speeches of congratulation on my wealth! Oh, Marian, never laugh again, I implore you, at your poverty—it has made you your own mistress, and has saved you from the lot that has fallen on us."

A sob burst from her lips as she spoke!—and in its quiet, plain-spoken truth The few days we had all passed together at Blackwater Park had been more eloquent to show me—to show any one—what her husband had married her for.

"You shall not be distressed," she said, "by hearing how soon my disappointments and my trials began—or even by knowing what they were. It is bad enough to have them on *my* memory. If I tell you how he received the first, and last, attempt at remonstrance I ever made, you will know how he has always treated me, as well as if I had described it in so many words. It was one day at Venice, when we had ridden out together to the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The sky was calm and lovely—and the grand old ruin looked beautifully mixed the remembrance that a husband's love had raised it in the old time to a wife's memory more lasting and more tenderly and more enduringly toward my husband than I had ever felt yet. "Would you build such a tomb for me, Fosco?" I asked him. 'You said you loved me dearly, before we were married; and yet, since that time—' I could get no farther. Marian! he was not even looking at me! I pulled down my veil, thinking it best not to let him see that the tears were in my eyes. I finished the half-spoken sentiment to me; but he had. He said, 'Come away,' and laughed to himself, as he helped me on to my horse. He mounted his own horse and laughed again as we rode away. 'If I do build you a tomb,' he said, 'it will be done with your own money. I wonder whether Cecilia Metella had a fortune and paid for her.' I made no reply—how could I, when he was laughing behind my veil? 'Ah, you light-complexioned women are all sulky,' he said. 'What do you want? compliments and speeches? Well! I'm in a good humor this morning. Consider the compliments paid, and the speeches said.' Poor little honor, when they are hard things to us, how well we remember them, and how much harm they do us. It would have been better for me if I had gone on weeping, but his contempt dried my tears and hardened my heart. From that time, Marian, I never checked my self again in thinking of Frederick Hartright. I let the memory of those happy days, when we were so fond of each other in innocence, come back and comfort me. What else had I to look to for consolation? If we had been together, you would have helped me to better things. I know it was wrong, darling—but tell me if I was wrong, without any excuse."

I was obliged to turn my face from her. "Don't ask me!" I said. "Have I suffered as you have suffered? What right have I to decide?"

"I used to think of him," she pursued, dropping her voice, and moving closer to me—I used to think of him when Percival left me alone at night to go among the Opera people. I used to fancy what I might have been, if it had pleased God to bless me with poverty, and if I had been his wife. I used to see myself in a small cheerful room, sitting at home and waiting for him, while he was earning our bread—sitting at home and working for him, and loving him all the better because I *had* to wait for him—seeing him come in tired, and taking off his hat and coat for him—and, Marian, pleasing him with little dishes at dinner that I had learned to make for his sake. Oh! I hope he is never long enough and and enough to think of me, and see me, as I have thought of *him* and seen *him!*"

As she said those melancholy words all the lost tenderness returned to her voice, and all the lost beauty trembled back into her face. Her eyes rested as lovingly on the blighted, solitary, ill-omened view before us as if they saw the friendly hills of Cumberland in the dim and threatening sky.

"Don't speak of Walter any more," I said, as soon as I could control myself. "Oh, Laura, spare us both the wretchedness of talking of him now!"

She roused herself, and looked at me tenderly.

"I would rather be silent about him for ever," she answered, "than cause you a moment's pain."

"It is in your interests," I pleaded; "it is for your sake that I speak. If your husband heard you—"

"It would not surprise him if he did hear me."

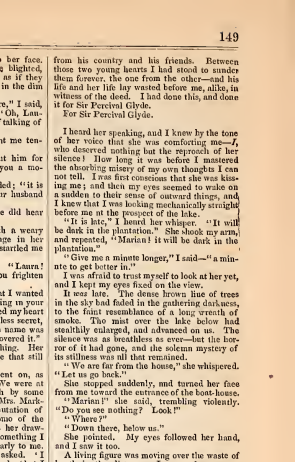
She made that strange reply with a weary calmness and coldness. The change in her manner, when she gave the answer, startled me almost as much as the answer itself.

"Not surprise him!" I repeated. "Laura! remember what you are saying—you frighten me!"

"It is true," she said; "it is what I wanted to tell you to-day when we were talking in your room. My only secret, when I opened my heart to him at Limmeridge, was a harmless secret, Marian—you said so yourself. The name was all I kept from him, and he has discovered it."

I heard her; but I could say nothing. Her last words had killed the little hope that still lived in me.

"It happened at Rome," she went on, as wearily calm and cold as ever. "We were at a little party, given to the English by some friends of Sir Percival's—Mr. and Mrs. Markland. Mrs. Markland had the reputation of being very beautiful, and some of the guests prevailed on her to show us her drawings. We all admired them—but something I said attracted her attention peculiarly to me. 'Surely you draw yourself?' she asked. 'I used to draw a little once,' I answered; 'but I remember it all up.' 'If you have once drawn,' she said, 'you may take to it again one of these days; and if you do, I wish you would let me recommend you a master.' I said nothing—you know why, Marian—and tried to change the conversation. But Mrs. Markland persisted—'I have had all sorts of teachers,' she went on, 'but the best of all, the most intelligent, and the most attractive, was a Mr. Hartright. If you ever take up your drawing again, do try him as a master. He is a young man—a gentleman—a Marian!—I am sure you will like him.' Think of those words being spoken to me publicly, in the presence of strangers—strangers who had been invited to meet the bride and bridegroom! I did all I could to control myself—I said nothing, and looked down at the floor. Marian! when I ventured to raise my head again my eyes and my husband's eyes met, and I knew by his look that my face had betrayed me. I said, 'I know the man. He is right,' he said, looking at me all the time, with a look I could not defend. I agree with you, Mrs. Markland—I think Lady Glyde is sure to like him.' He laid an emphasis on the words, and made my cheeks burn, and set my heart beating as if it would stifle me. Nothing more was said—we came away early. He was silent in the carriage, driving back to the hotel. He helped me out, and followed me up stairs as usual. But the moment we were in the drawing-room he locked the door, pushed me down into a chair, and stood over me with his hands on my shoulders. 'Ever since that morning when you betrayed your ridiculous confession to me at Limmeridge,' he said, 'I have wished to find out the man; and I found him in your face to-night. Your drawing-master was the man; and his name is Hartright. You shall never see him again;



"THERE SAT THE COUNT," ETC.

and he shall repent it, to the last hour of your lives. Now go to your bedroom and tell him, if you like—with the marks of my horsewhip on his shoulders—that I forgive her who betrayed me. If he is angry with me now, he refers to what I acknowledged to him as your confidence with a sneer or a threat. I have no power to prevent him from putting his own horrible construction on the confidence I placed in him. I have no influence to make him believe me or to keep him silent. You looked surprised to-day when you heard him tell me that I had made a virtue of necessity in marrying him. You will not be surprised again when you hear him repeat it the next time he is out of temper—oh, Marian! don't! don't! you hurt me!'

I had caught her in my arms, and the sting and shame of what her husband had closed them round her like a vice. Yes! my remorse. The white despair of Walter's face, when my cruel words struck him to the heart in the summer-house at Limmeridge, rose before me in mute, unendurable reproach. My hand had pointed the way which led the man my sister loved, step by step, far from his country and his friends. Between those two young hearts I had stood to sunder them forever, the one from the other—and his life and her life lay wasted before me, alike, in witness of the deed. I had done this, and done it for Sir Percival Glyde.

For Sir Percival Glyde.

I heard her speaking, and I knew by the tone of her voice that she was comforting me—I, who deserved nothing but the reproach of her silence! How long it was before I mastered the shuddering misery of my own thoughts I can not tell. I was first conscious that she was kissing me; and then my eyes seemed to wake on a sudden to their sense of outward things, and I knew that I was looking mechanically straight before me at the prospect of the lake.

"It is late," I heard her whisper. "It will be dark in the plantation." She shook my arm, and repeated, "Marian! it will be dark in the plantation."

"Give me a minute longer," I said—"a minute to get better in."

I was afraid to trust myself to look at her yet, and I kept my eyes fixed on the view.

It was late. The dense brown line of trees in the sky had faded in the gathering darkness, to the faint resemblance of a long wreath of smoke. The mist over the lake below had stealthily enlarged, and advanced on us. The silence was as breathless as ever—but the horror of it had gone, and the solemn mystery of its stillness was all that remained.

"We are far from the house," she whispered. "Let us go back."

She stopped suddenly, and turned her face from me toward the entrance of the boat-house.

"Marian!" she said, trembling violently. "Do you see nothing? Look!"

"Where?"

"Down there, below us."

She pointed. My eyes followed her hand, and I saw it too.

A living figure was moving over the waste of heath in the distance. It crossed our range of view from the boat-house, and passed darkly along the outer edge of the mist. It stopped, far off, in front of us—waited—and passed on; moving slowly, with the white cloud of mist behind it and above it—slowly, slowly, till it glided by the edge of the boat-house, and we saw it no more.

We were both unnerved by what had passed between us that evening. Some minutes elapsed before Laura would venture into the plantation, and before I could make up my mind to lead her back to the house.

"Was it a man or a woman?" she asked, in a whisper, as we moved at last into the dark darkness of the outer air.

"I am not certain."

"Which do you think?"

"It looked like a woman."

"I was afraid it was a man in a long cloak."

"It may be a man. In this dim light it is not possible to be certain."

"Wait, Marian! I'm frightened—I don't see the path. Suppose the figure should follow us?"

"Not at all likely, Laura. There is really nothing to be alarmed about. The shores of the lake are not far from the village, and they are free to any one to walk on by day or night. It is only wonderful we have seen no thing creature there before."

We were now in the plantation. It was very dark—so dark that we found some difficulty in keeping the path. I gave Laura my arm, and we walked as fast as we could on our way back.

Before we were half-way through, she stopped, and forced me to stop with her. She was listening.

"Hush!" she whispered; "I hear something behind us."

"Dead leaves," I said, to cheer her, "or a twig blown off the trees."

"It is summer time, Marian; and there is not a breath of wind. Listen!"

I heard the sound, too—a sound like a light footstep following us.

"No matter who it is, or what it is," I said; "let us walk on. In another minute, if there is any thing to alarm us, we shall be near enough to the house to be heard."

We went on quickly—so quickly that Laura was breathless by the time we were nearly through the plantation, and within sight of the lighted windows.

I waited a moment to give her breathing-time. Just as we were about to proceed she stopped me again and signed to me with her hand to listen once more. We both heard distinctly a long, heavy sigh behind us in the black depths of the trees.

"Who's there?" I called out.

"There is no answer.

"Who's there?" I repeated.

An instant of silence followed; and then we heard the light fall of the footsteps again, faintest and fainter—sinking away into the darkness—sinking, sinking, sinking—till they were lost in the silence.

We hurried out from the trees to the open lawn beyond; crossed it rapidly; and without another word passing between us reached the house.

In the light of the hall-lamp Laurin looked at me, with white cheeks and startled eyes.

"I am half dead with fear," she said. "Who could it have been?"

"We will try to guess to-morrow," I replied. "In the mean time my nothing to my one of what we have heard and seen."

"Why not?"

"Because silence is safe—and we have need of safety in this house."

I sent Laurin up stairs immediately, waited a minute to take off my hat and put my hair smooth, and then went at once to make my first investigation in the library on pretense of searching for a book.

There sat the Count, filling out the largest easy-chair in the house; smoking and reading calmly, with his feet on an ottoman, his crown across his knees, and his shirt collar wide open. And there sat Madame Fosco, like a quiet child, on a stool by his side, making cigar-cigettes. Neither husband nor wife could by any possibility have been out late that evening, and have just got back to the house in a hurry. I felt that my object in visiting the library was answered the moment I set eyes on them.

Count Fosco rose politely on my entrance, and tied his cravat on, when I entered the room.

"I've just let me disturb you," I said. "I have only one here to get a book."

"All unfortunate men of my size suffer from the heat, Madame Count, replying himself gravely with a large green fan. "I wish I could change places with my excellent wife. She is as cool at this moment as a fish in the pond outside."

The Countess allowed herself to thaw under the influence of her husband's quaint comparison. "I am never warm, Miss Halcombe," she remarked, with the modest air of a woman who was continuing to one of her own merits.

"Have you and Lady Glyde been out this evening?" asked the Count while I was taking a book from the shelves to preserve appearances.

"Yes; we went out to get a little air."

"May I ask in what direction?"

"In the direction of the lake—as far as the back-house."

"Ah? As far as the boat-house?"

Under other circumstances I might have resented his curiosity. But to-night I hailed as another proof that neither he nor his wife were connected with the mysterious appearance at the lake.

"No more adventures, I suppose, this evening?" he went on. "No more discoveries, like your discovery of the wounded dog?"

He fixed his unfathomable gray eyes on me, with that cold, clear, irresistible glitter in them which always forces me to look at him, and always makes me answer while I do look. An unutterable suspicion that his mind is prying into mine overcomes me at these times; and I overcame me now.

"No," I said, shortly; "no adventures—no discoveries."

I tried to look away from him and leave the room. Strange as it seems, I really think I should have succeeded in the attempt if Madame Fosco had not helped me by causing him to move and look my first.

"Count, you are keeping Miss Halcombe standing," she said.

The moment he turned round to get me a chair I seized my opportunity—thanked himmade my excuses—and slipped out.

An hour later, when Laura's maid happened to be in her mistress's room, I took occasion to refer to the closeness of the night, with a view to ascertaining next how the servants had been passing their time.

"Have you been suffering much from the heat down stairs?" I asked.

"No, ma'am," said the girl, "we have not had it to speak of."

"You have been out in the woods, then, I suppose?"

"Some of us thought of going, miss. But cook said she should take her chair into the cool court-yard outside the kitchen door; and, on second thoughts, all the rest of us took our chairs out there too."

The housekeeper was now the only person who remained to be accounted for.

"Is Mrs. Michelson gone to bed yet?" I inquired.

"I should think not, miss," said the girl, smiling. "Mrs Michelson is likely to be getting up just now than going to bed."

"Why? What do you mean? Has Mrs. Michelson been taking to her bed in the daytime?"

"No, miss, not exactly, but the next thing to it. She's been asleep all the evening on the sofa in her own room."

Putting together what I observed for myself in the library and what I have just heard from Laura's maid, one conclusion seems inevitable. The figure we met at the lake was not the figure of Madame Fosco, of her husband, or of any of the servants. The footsteps we heard behind us were not the footsteps of any one belonging to the house.

Who could it have been?

It seems useless to imagine. I can not even decide whether the figure was a man's or a woman's. I can only say that I think it was a woman's.

DERNIER RESORT.

Sire told me that she loved me *once*,
"But now," she feared, "her love was dead."
The fault was mine—I was a dunce
To show a bigger heart than head.

With love I pestered her so much
She thought it must be worth a great!
Well, "love is blind;" but this I vouch,
Her words took from my eye the mote!

"Sweet love," I said, "your love is dead;
And mine, though living, 'a little worth;'
We now should part; we may not wed—
I go a whaling voyage north!"

I spoke with pride and high-born zest;
She saw the passion in my eye—
She knew her heart yet pulsed for rest,
And said, "If you go, may not *I?*"

ONLY A WOMAN'S STORY.

Long ago, my friend, as you watched with me in my sickness, I promised to tell you the story of my life. It all seemed then like a dream in the long wakeful nights; and if you have not forgotten the lonely woman cheered by your kindness, I will keep my promise now.

You know the old house I lived in was my first home. I hoped to be taken from it to my last one. It was the pleasantest place in the world to dream in—the old house, resting under the elm-trees, and the smooth natural lawn sloping down, with its green grassy banks, to the river. It seemed as if God had made that beautiful spot for a hiding-place. I've hinted the old house rose the great solemn mountains that lay close against the sky. I think now, I could never have lived there.

Next to our house was the tram farm-house, always my other home, and only separated from it by a hedge, that as a child I could see through, as I lounged idleness by it. Ah! it is hard to *stop remembering*; and it is wrong to live only in retrospection.

I look back over when John Maynard and I first liked each other. It seemed as natural as breathing. We were always together. As children, we used to have those pretty games played in the fields; hand in hand we wandered over the hills for the wild-flowers in summer, and the scarlet berries in autumn. As we grew older, there came walks and talks till the shadow of the larch grew long. John was to go out into the great, wonderful world, and grow rich and famous, and I was to stay behind in home and wait—wait. I think that is what we are all doing in some way or other.

So the years went by till John was twenty and I seventeen. Then the old child-plans became more real. At last it was true that he would go to a city far away. Somehow the walks grew pleasanter in the grey fever; and I almost wished he would not be so kind, it was making it so much harder to say goodby.

Then the harvest moon down and down, until the last day before he was to go. It was early autumn, and we walked through the woods, which were flaming with the changing foliage; then by the brook, rich with the scarlet glory of the Cardinal flower; over the hill where we used to watch the sunset, and think how soon the sun would come back to us in the spring. Just will, but John looked away off to the distant hills which were to lie between us; and if my eyes were hard and tearless, I think it did not see them for the tears I was trying to hide.

But when we came to the fallen tree, our old seat, it seemed to come over me all at once that John was going away—that I might never see him again!—till I seemed to be saying to myself, "Never again! never again!" I just looked in his face, and found I was crying. I was only my *heart* that was crying before.

Then he took my hands and told me the story—old since people have lived and suffered; new while they live and love. He told me how the friendship of a lifetime had grown into love for me—he never knew how much until he came to leave me; how my love for him would be his incentive to honor and success; and, again and again, those wonderful, wonderful words—he loved me!

What could I answer? Only that I did not remember the time when I had not loved him; that I would wait with patient trust until the time came to fulfill our hopes and promises.

As we walked through the deepening twilight, we said we would go through life as through the wood together. I think the very birds sang sweeter for our happiness! We were so young that all life seemed beautiful—bathed in sunshine, like the distant hills that stretched away before us. That night, as I smoothed my brown hair, I looked through happy tears at the face in the glass, and felt that for him—and so seemed prettier to me for that.

So he went away; and there came a long, long time with few letters to make it shorter. Then the winter came, and the soft snow hid the old walks and wood-paths, and obliterated them all, like *Time*. Then came the tardy spring, with its sweet promises, and the summer, with its fulfilling blossoms; and at last the golden autumn. Just one year! And he was to come back for a little while, returning again to the city. Oh! it was such an eager pleasure to expect him—only the days were so much longer when I was wishing them away! So I sat, with womanly patience, thinking how he would look—wondering if the year and the new life had changed him; never once asking myself if he had changed—for I knew he could be! Was I not the same, with a love enriched by memory as well as hope?

So the time came went by—and if John's letters grew less frequent I thought it was because he was coming to me so soon. At last he came. Oh, how altered! I had tried to expect some outward change from the effect of city life, and the natural development of his young manhood. I knew he must grow and outgrow a great deal. Then I was prepared for unconscious differences of ways and manners, and I was afraid of comparing his new and his old life. Then the first four minutes were past forever.

When people cease loving you, Fanny dear, they are sometimes a great deal kinder, as if to make up for it. John was so kind that he loved me the same, I think, day by day, how I held him by his honor, and no longer by his love; how he wearied of the tie he was too honorable to break, and how the pleasure had become only *duties* to him. You know the difference, and I could not bear that. I saw it all, day by day, and I think strength not my own was given me to bear it. Oh! sometimes earth grew less than that heaven might grow more so. Life would be hard and difficult if it were not for the thought of this eternal compensation.

One evening we took the old walk through the woods. As I remembered our last walk there, I could not deceive myself for what I had to do, but I never faltered. I told him how I had seen, day by day, the change that had come over him; how my own love had never altered but strengthened; how I could never accept my happiness at the expense of his. I told him how I had seen him fulfilling the duties of a position he had not chosen. And oh, Fanny, duty is *not* always happiness; and we only gather the pale Platonic flowers of peace when we lose the passion-flowers of love!

I made him free—free from his second promise to me—free to win and wed! It was hardest of all to say I should rejoice in the happiness I had given him in the future. There came a strange feeling at my heart as I said it; but I looked up at the sky, and that made me stronger—that the Eternal Love is the sky, with its upper depths.

John was touched at what I said; but he never gainsayed it, nor wronged me by deceiving me. He only said he was not worthy of me. Oh! John, dear, I was worthy of you, and knew Him. He saw I was firm and sincere; and then he even tried my strength by telling me of a woman who had loved him, and who was hear; but my womanly pride came to my aid, and he never knew how every word entered the heart he had broken.

As we walked home through the wood its shadows seemed to fall all around my heart. The glory in the west had faded away, and only the solemn, pitying stars looked down upon us.

That night we parted calmly, never to meet again. He went back to his new love and new life, and I back to loneliness and a hopeless future. The dreary days lengthened into months, and another year brought the news of his marriage. I tried to pray for *his* peace. My cross by only bearing it was lighter. Then came long watching and waiting; the uneventful life of lonely womanhood. Then the sense of "*duty*"—the old sustaining staff of duty for happiness—memory for hope, "the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heavy sorrow."

After many years came news of his death. Then there was a great blank in my life; when it must have been my duty to live, I could not. Death sometimes came to the weary in soul. It is to the happy who are eager for life.

My good old parents were taken from me. Heaven was kind, and they died in one day—never missing each other, and lying down together to their welcome sleep.

For ten long years I have been alone; but I shall find companions soon, for I know that *three* are waiting for me above. *Three* for Heaven redeems earth's losses: and I shall find my own child when life's woes and blindness, and he my eternal compensation.

That is all, Fanny; only a woman's story, short and simple, but not without pathos. But when woman's part of grief comes to you, remember we shall be kindred by the sacred tie of sorrow. *We bury not all our dead*; and there are griefs above the earth deeper than those beneath it, for we dare not mark *all our graves*.

I have tried to be brave and patient. When happiness failed, I have asked for peace—such peace. I have waited so long for that. It seems near and eternal now.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, February 27, in the Senate, Senator Davis (Ills.) presented a memorial from the Legislature of New Mexico asking for the organization of the Territory of Arizona. Senator Seward (N. Y.) presented petitions asking that pensions be granted the soldiers of the war of 1812. Senator Collamer (Vt.) moved an inquiry into the expediency of having letters written to a Postoffice library days uncalled for returned to their writers. Adopted. Senator Brown (Miss.) gave notice of a bill to reduce the rates now paid for the public printing. Senator Bayard (Del.) introduced a resolution that the Territories was then taken up, and Senator Toombs (Ga.) addressed the Senate. The subject was then postponed, and the Senate went into executive session. Adjourned.—In the House, the bill for the payment of Dorsey and other Pensions, and for the expense of the Military Academy, was passed. Mr. Conkling (N. Y.) thought had failed to obtain consent to introduce a resolution of inquiry into the cause of the expulsion of a gentleman to whom the liberty of the floor was given in the District of Columbia, and also the right of the floor denied to Mr. Diddell. The printing of extra copies of the President's Annual Message, and Reports of the Heads of Departments, was ordered. Mr. Morris (Ill.) moved the suspending of some $18,000 being seconded. Mr. Adams (N. J.) proposed to say something in reply to Mr. Carter's resolution relative to the treatment of the New York Second Regiment. But objection was made, and the House proceeded to vote for Printer. Mr. Colfax (Ind.) withdrew the name of Mr. Defrees. These votes were had; but there having been no choice, several ineffectual efforts were made to postpone and adjourn, when another vote was had, as follows: Necessary to a choice, 93; for Mr. Thomas H. Ford, of Ohio, 91; Mr. Cornelius Wendell, 91; Mr. Seaton, 15; Mr. Ball, 9; Mr. Winton, 1. Mr. Ford was declared elected.

On Tuesday, February 28, in the Senate, Senator Mason (Va.) moved a resolution calling upon the President to furnish a copy of any report establishing the boundary line between the United States and Great Britain. Senator Foot (Vt.) submitted a report and bill explanatory of the treaties and effect of the 9th article of the treaty of 1819 with Spain. The bill authorizing the sale of the public lands in Minnesota, and the appointment of superintendents of Public Announcements, was taken up and debated. The bill then went into executive session. Adjourned.—In the House, Mr. Sherman (Ohio) reported a bill for Ways and Means for the Army. Mr. Ashley (Ohio) providing that the President's Message and Executive documents be printed in time for delivery at the commencement of each session of Congress. Mr. Johnson of Kentucky was given the floor, and thought it should be allowed twenty cents per mile instead of forty, the amount now allowed, to be computed by straight geographical line, and repealing all existing acts upon the subject. Mr. S. appeared to be speaking in the present system. Some debate was had, when the bill, which had been reported from the Committee for Claims in the Concurrence, was adopted. Mr. Sherman then moved the previous question on the bill to repeal the Tenure Office Act, but further proceedings were interrupted by Mr. Rollin (N. Y.) rising to a question of privilege, declaring that his seat was not recorded as voting on the election of Printer. Mr. Rollin's statement was then read, and he was given leave to put and, Mr. Rollin said he would move to correct the record of Printer. The House then adjourned without taking the question on Mr. Sherman's motion.

On Wednesday, February 29, in the Senate, the Tenure of Office Bill was passed. Senator Davis (Ill.) reported the Military Academy Bill with amendments. On motion of Senator Seward (N. Y.) the bill for the admission of Kansas was put on special calling. On motion of Senator Mason (Va.) the President was asked upon the Senate's recommendation to have the resolution of the Governor of Texas relative to the disturbances on the Texas frontier, the Government and Governor Houston of the Legislature of Kansas, praying for admission into the Union, and the proposed amendment to admission thereto. After his speech, there was a long debate, lasting till 6 o'clock p. m., when the Senate adjourned. Mr. Trumbull, Doolittle, and Wigfall took part, when the subject was postponed till Monday. The Army Appropriation Bill was in the House, Mr. Parrott (Kansas) presented the resolutions of the Kansas Legislature asking admission as a State under the Wyandot Constitution. Mr. Curtis (Ohio) moved to amend the attempt to impeach the resolution calling on the President for copies of any official correspondence between the Government and Governor Houston of Texas, regarding the difficulties on the southwestern frontier, and the Governor's reply thereto, and also authorizing our troops to enter any of the States or Territories. Mr. Smith (Va.) called for the motion to amend the Journal by recording his vote for Mr. Glossbrenner for Printer. Mr. B.'s statement that he had voted was confirmed by other members who heard him and said the error should be corrected. The journal to be corrected. The Speaker then declared the election of Mr. Ford, of Ohio, to be duly made. Mr. Smith, also, while Mr. Rollin's motion was pending, endeavored to move that, notwithstanding the previous vote for Printer, Mr. Ford be declared elected Printer, made another motion, which was to move to reconsider. Further then announced that the House would proceed to the election of Printer. Nominations were made, but they were disagreed to, and the House voted as follows:

Necessary to a choice, 136 Mr. Seaton, ... 2
Necessary to a choice, ... 91 Mr. Winton, ... 2
Mr. Ford, ... 91 Mr. Ball, ... 9
Mr. Glossbrenner, ... 15 Mr. Ritchie, ... 1

On motion of Mr. Sherman (Ohio) the further consideration of the subject was postponed till to-morrow. The House then took up the resolution of Mr. Curtis on the Texas difficulties, Mr. Hogan (Texas) making a speech in behalf of the Texans. He was replied to by Mr. Adams (Ky.). Mr. Grow (Pa.) addressed the House on the subject of the pamphlet, Mr. Hamlin (Me.) made a long speech, protesting against the American Industry, when the House adjourned.

On Thursday, March 1, in the Senate, Senator Davis (Ills.) introduced a resolution for a Pacific Railroad (the Immemorial Platform), and they were ordered printed. Mr. Wigfall (Texas) introduced a resolution for the abolition of duties on imports, etc., was taken up and passed. The Senate then resumed the Army Appropriation bill was taken up, and Senator Wigfall (Texas) moved an amendment appropriating $100,000 for the support of Texas, expected or mounted volunteers to defend the frontiers of Texas, in accordance with the act of 1858. A long debate followed in which Senators Douglas (Ill.), Doolittle (Wis.), Mason (Va.), Hale (N. H.), Wigfall (Texas), Fessenden (Maine), Crittenden (Ky.), Trumbull (Ill.), Davis (Miss.), Cole (Cal.), and Sumbury (Del.) participated, when the matter was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.—In the House, Mr. Adrain (N. J.) rose to reply to the resolutions sent on the Washington Statue Committee of Arrangements by Mr. Carter's (N. Y.) resolutions, but several members objected. On motion of Mr. Washburn (Me.), an inquiry was ordered into the expediency of abolishing a portion of the land offices, or reducing their salaries. Mr. Ashley (Ohio) introduced a resolution of the act providing for the safety of passengers on steamboats. After debate, the resolution of Mr. Ashley was postponed for three weeks. The resolutions which Mr. Curtis (Iowa)

attempted to offer an Ordinance calling upon the President for copies of whatever communications had been received from Governor Hawkins of Texas, relative to the troubles on the frontier, was adopted. Mr. J. Cochrane (N. Y.) expected a fair for the better protection of frontier immigrants in the high seas. The President's Annual Message, was then taken up, when Mr. Ashmore (S.C.) addressed the House in defence of the South in the position it now occupied in the Union—then adjourned.

On Friday, March 2, in the Senate, Senator Wilson (Mass.) introduced a bill amendatory of the act providing for the cession of the public printing. The private calendar was taken up, and a number of bills were passed. The bill granting a pension to the widow of Gen. Fendal P. Smith was passed, as was also a bill to pay Lieut. Rowan (N. Y.), for indicating the widow of Gen. Riley, when the widow was unprovided. The Senate then went into Executive Session, after which it adjourned till Monday.—In the House, Mr. Adrain (N. J.) had not finished his remarks in reply to the resolutions of Mr. Carter (N. Y.) relative to the frauds of the New York Sewer Department at Washington. The statement shows that there was no such employee whatever at the Sewer, as was tended to the New York Military. The bill carrying into effect treaty stipulations with the Indians of Oregon and Washington Territories, was passed. The House then proceeded to the Private Calendar, which is very small.

Whole number of votes, 187 For Mr. Glossbrenner... 72 Necessary to a choice... 94 For Mr. Sexton..... 9 For Mr. Bell..... 106 Scattering..... 1

Mr. Ford was declared elected. Mr. Morris (Ill.) was excused from serving on the Committee on Roads and Canals. Mr. Colfax (Ind.) reported a bill authorizing publishers to print on their papers the laws of a state in scripture express, and it was passed. A large number of private bills were passed, and the House adjourned till Monday.

THE OVERLAND MAILS.

The Tribune correspondent says:

"The Senate Pacific Railroad Committee will report a bill for carrying the mail weekly until June 30, 1861, at the annual rate of $600,000 per annum, and for a semi-weekly service from St Louis to Genoa, Nevada, being the terminus of the San Antonio and El Paso route, at $50,000 per annum. The bill, with the Butterfield route, will have two mail trips per week from the Atlantic States to California, costing about $1,000,000 yearly.

"The bill of the House Committee has been reported, and provides for a mail route for side to every five miles from Overland City, Kansas, and thence through in two days from each stopping-place on the Mississippi and the Missouri to Denver, and the contract may be made with any responsible parties. Bids are also to be invited for a semi-weekly service, to run through in thirty days, and a tri-weekly service, by Mr. Colfax estimates that the daily service would be increased from $300,000 to $1,000,000, and the semi-weekly and weekly service for $700,000."

THE LATEST FROM THE "HUNGARIAN."

The agents of the Emigrant Aid Company at Hartford have received a statement from Mr. Andrew Cravath, who was killed on the road. He found another party, who had left the starboard bow from the break of the forecastle. No more land was discovered, and it is supposed they have been drifted eastward. None of the goods have been taken, or any wreck. A great many boats should have been found at the fisherman's houses, and there are twelve or fifteen of the Emigrant Company, who, in office belonging to the passengers have been seen which could be identified.

A later dispatch from Halifax states that it is now ascertained beyond a doubt that there are no survivors of the disaster to the *Hungarian*. Only three bodies have been found—one of a woman, a man, and a little two year old. Three buildings have been obtained at Burrington to shelter the bodies which are now arriving in drifting sabots. The ship's articles, which have been found, show that the crew numbered about 40, and the passenger list had not yet been found. The only passengers known to have been on board are Williams, Bailey, Jesse, of Rockville, New Brunswick, and Dr. Burtet, of New York. The wreck is now belonging to the Indian Cove barge found, one belonging to Margaret Robertson, of Shediac, one to Robert Shaffer, of Halifax, and one to W. R. Crocker, of Norwich, Connecticut. It is to be presumed the parties were also aboard.

CONTINUE ON THE BIG GRANDE.

From the Ho Grande we learn that Captains Tobin's and Tumlinson's Rangers have defeated and scattered Indians. Cortina is in possession of the west bank of the Rio Grande, and he has his headquarters at Rio Grande. The border is guarded by Captain Stoneman's Cavalry and Captain Crawford's Rangers to a point of their ability.

HOW TO GET ON IN LIFE.

Mayor Wood, in his harangue to the cartmen, told them the following interesting story of his success in life:

"It has been one of the secrets of my little success in life that I have never said, 'I can't do it.' Impossible! I have always said, 'I would' (Would). I have done it! I have done it! I did it! I did it! I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had achieved every energy of my life and being to accomplish it. Young men, remember that it is as it is to any other man. Wealth is open to you as it is to other men. Fame is open to you as it is to other men. Political preferment is within the scope of every man. There is no man here who is the equal of any man around me, and, now mark me, it is in the individual standing before you. I do not speak in this manner from any disposition to be my blow, I have been a working man, and I have cause my living in the city of New York by these hands, and I have enhanced to my life. Let every man rely upon himself. Do not have any idea that I would shrink under the energy of heaven, and feel that within yourselves is all that the Almighty vouchsafes to any of his creatures. Have faith, energy, truth, and all you want is determination, and there is no possible preservance."

HOW LUCY STONE LOOKS.

The New York (daily) correspondent of the Springfield Republican gives the following of Lucy Stone's appearance last week at the Cooper Institute:

"It is extremely difficult to make the Lucy Stone on Thursday evening identical with the Lucy Stone of four years ago. Bright dark eyes were there, but the figure, the musical voice, but the old enamoring, the perfect adaptation, the rapid, confident, alluring manner all became one all combing. She did not seem less earnest, but less assertive, less like old story of woman's legal disability and wrongs, but not in the old demanding, and complaining, the manner was more the woman's voice, and what was once portrait in now perfect, which it was then, but in rigor it lies partial in dreams. Those who listened to Lucy Stone Blackwell, and to her admirable lecture, Antoinette Brown before their marriage, can not fail to observe the great change which has come over the public manner of the ladies since that event. Although they still adhere to their grit dress, and cropped hair, they evidently prefer leave their bonnets and their bulges to talk on a public platform, they do not have been seen ashamed and uneasy may time of old. The brothers Blackwell manifest a pride in their wife, a full knowledge of their strong minded tendencies. Was it to order to undertake the fascinating task of taming them, as did the heroine in Shakspeare's Shrew? Antoinette Blackwell has a noble nature, and is endowed in a high degree with humanity and a sense of the own high mission, that her voice across lecture, and her words come home to all. While on Thursday evening here stood 'Lucy,' talking, as she has done for years, and nearly twenty years ago, in that little ridiculous, impertinent Bloomer that she used to wear."

CURED BY SECOND ADVENT PREACHING.

The New Bedford (Mass.) Standard tells the following story: "Miss Louisa Jones, an intelligent and accomplished young lady of Fairhaven, twenty-one years of age, has been for the last four or five months, confined to her bed, and for the last two months had not the use of her lower limbs, so that she could be moved only with great difficulty. She appeared to be failing rapidly, and the medical attendants declared they could do nothing more for her. On the 8th inst., some friend who was in to see her mentioned that the Rev. Joseph K. Bolton, of New York, a Second Advent preacher, was to turn, holding a series of meetings. She immediately expressed a desire to see him, and his belief that, should he pray for her, she should recover. The clergyman accordingly visited her that evening, and Miss Jones declares her sensations directly the prayer was ended to be those of one receiving a galvanic shock. That night she alone still directly herself upon the sofa, and on the 10th, the young Sabbath she attended church. She is now enjoying the best of health, and is capable of little exertion. The young lady belongs to the same religious persuasion as the preacher, and is one of the highest of her sphere, being very conspicuous in the influence of society."

SUPERBEN SURPRISES.

The Buffalo Express says: "Young America not long ago undertook to have a surprise party at the house of Lieut. Robinson, U. S. Navy, in Cole's Grove, Conkeville, and made, the self-invited guests, to the number of 40 or 50, arrived at the house, and, from the hall, and prepared for a rush. But they reckoned wrong. Lieut. Robinson had a Sharpe's rifle and came blocked up the entrance. He politely asked the business of the leader of the party, which he was answered that it was "surprise party." He assured them that he was not surprised at all; was not surprised at any thing nowadays; did not intend to have a party that night; when he wanted one, he would make invitations and invite the guests himself. He wished them a pleasant "good-night," and closed the door.

PERSONAL.

A State Convention of the citizens of Missouri hostile to the Administration, and favorable to Stephen A. Douglas, one City, and was very fully attended. This Convention unanimously instructed its delegates to Charleston to the country as a candidate for next President, and pledged itself on a platform of support of the Cincinnati Democratic platform.

Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, is a native of Pennsylvania, of Reading, on Thursday nominated Henry D. Foster, of Pennsylvania, for Governor, to be voted for at the state, though he had few or no votes on the first ballot.

Wisconsin Democrats have called a State Convention to the Chicago Convention, headed by Curt Sharer, and instructed the delegates to support Stephen A. Douglas William H. Seward as the Republican candidate for next President.

When Governor Seward was in Syria, a Turkish officer of high rank, pleading for the rights of the Christian and Arabian bosses, the choice of his soul of somebody-sight Christian. Prince Napoleon, Prince Jerome, Bonaparte and Kelit, Adrian, Garnett, and Train, Representatives. Jesse Jones in Lisle, Jefferson County, Mr. Jones, in mind that he was not a member of the Committee, and that he was not a member of the Committee, and an arrangement that "Committee of Arrangements." Mr. Jones the Committee of Arrangements." Mr. Cochrane was in Baltimore, consulting his physician, immediately upon the arrival of the train, he was met upon Colonel Lothrop, and finding that the proper attention and of the Committee of Arrangements, the commander that nothing should be left undone on the morning and the Committee of Arrangements, and argument by the President, and an assignment to it of a room in the gallery of the Hall of Representatives, and by his personal exertions.

The Cape Ann (Mass.) *Advertiser* says that, during the heavy gale of the 16th ult., David Lincoln, while returning from last place to Gloucester, in a small boat, that he must either take in ballast or his chance would be lower than the Gloucester Harbor. He hailed a large great rock, weighing over two hundred pounds, in the vicinity of Rockport.

Colonel Forbes, of the Harper's Ferry "Insidious" conspiracy, arrived in Boston, from Charleston, the last part of November last. He left to the ship *John Boyle*, under an assumed name, and disguised in a false mustache, and otherwise disguised, and gave out that he was going to Europe. The government of Massachusetts, ing the Atlantic were, first, an appreciation that he was not a conspirator, and secondly, a desire to be prominent in Washington; second, that his personal safety, and even existence, was threatened by the anxiety and apprehensions of the persons implicated by his "disclosures" and, a disgust for the Southern Secession Yankees. He proposes remaining in London, there to wait an opportunity to return to Boston, and the formation of a mutual fashion protest and revolutionist.

The Lewisburg (Pa.) *Chronicle* says: "A week ago, on yesterday, a beautiful case, gotten up by a gentleman in Bedford, in the shape of a Bible, was in Kimmelton, on, an appropriation of his conduct in 'scribing' Bedford, in the shape of a Bible, was in Kimmelton, on day. The case has a heavy silver lead, upon which is engraved, "To Mr. Bedford, Kimmelton." The case is whipped one of the eighteen million."

Gerrit Smith is expected to be in the returning health. He has retained Messrs. Sedgwick, Andrews, and Kennedy, of Utica, as counsel in the case of Mr. Gerrit Smith, Wade Sherman, Royal Phelps, and S. L. M. Barlow, counsel appointed by the Committee of Arrangements of Democratic Committee. Fifty thousand dollars are the damage claimed by Mr. Smith, and, in the case of the other members of this Committee. We have not learned what they are to be such, and, if we have not learned, we may publication of the "Manifesto" are to be such.

Mr. Chas. Sumner, of Massachusetts, arrived at Washington, is not a native of South Carolina, as stated, of New York. Mr. Sumner is a native of Boston, and has to a platform, for which trade he was destined by his father, to be a shoemaker, and, he was, in his day, where he was to study art, but was here engaged by a private secretary, and, he was, in his day, where he was, which stands in Lafayette Square. Congress voted him $10,000 as a compensation, and, he was, in his day, where he was, and, he was, in his day, where he was, and, he was, in his day, where he was

THE GALE OF FEBRUARY TENTH IN NEW YORK BAY.—By C. Parsons, Esq.

THE GALE OF FEBRUARY TENTH IN NEW YORK BAY.

We publish on the opposite page an engraving of the gale of 10th February in the Bay of New York, showing those ancient landmarks, Castle Garden and Castle William. As the initiated will readily understand, it would have been impossible to publish the engraving sooner, and, at the same time, to do justice to Mr. Parsons's admirable design. The following description of the gale we abridge from the New York *Herald*:

"About ten o'clock on the evening of 9th the wind, which during the day had been blowing gently from the southwest, veered round to the west, and finally to the northwest, from which point it began to rush with great fierceness. A light fall of snow occurred about the same time, lasting for fifteen minutes, when a shower of rain fell, and the whole sky became overclouded, as if with a black pall. The wind increased in violence all the time, and the sombre aspect of the heavens likewise continued until midnight, when the sky cleared off splendidly, and the moon and stars shone out with unusual splendor.

"The temperature changed almost as suddenly as the wind—a cold, sharp, biting frost immediately taking the place of the pleasant warmth that prevailed during the day time. From twelve o'clock until daylight the storm blew fearfully, and one of the most terrific hurricanes experienced in this neighborhood for years swept over the city, whistling through the keyholes, howling through the chimneys, shaking the windows, and even houses, and making altogether such discord as rendered sleep entirely out of the question, and frightened nervous people almost out of their senses. It was emphatically a fearful storm; and the wonder is that half the frail, insecure structures abounding all over the city were not tumbled down on the sidewalks and roads, with the customary loss of life usual on such occasions. As it was, the roaring of the wind, slapping of the shutters, and tossing and tumbling of badly secured signs and awnings, occasioned a din and uproar scarcely inferior to that which we may suppose would have resulted had an earthquake, instead of merely a fierce puff from old Boreas, taken place.

"The storm did not abate during the whole of the 10th, and the scene presented in the streets of this city, Brooklyn, Hoboken, Williamsburg, and Jersey City can be more easily imagined than described. The roofs of several houses were found to be completely blown away, sometimes a distance of several hundred feet; innumerable chimneys dashed to pieces; awnings, signs, railings, fences, and lamp-posts rent, torn, and scattered in every direction; trees uprooted, broken glass glittering on the sidewalks, shutters unhinged and smashed to atoms, and small wooden stands of every description knocked into the most irreparable ruin.

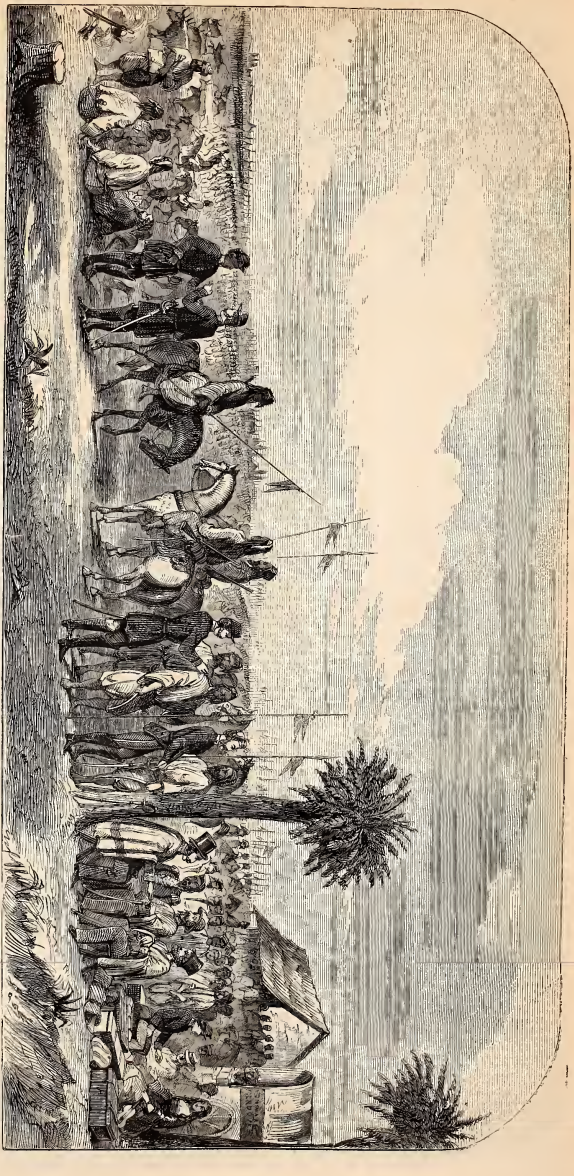
"About ten o'clock on the morning of the 10th the storm swept so violently along Broadway that pieces of timber, stones, and large lumps of frozen clay were hurled by the wind into the door-ways and against the magnificent store-windows, with an effect it is unnecessary to describe."

ENCAMPMENT OF THE ARGENTINE TROOPS ON THE TIGRE.

We publish herewith, from a sketch by Mr. J. K. Keller of United States steamer *Pulaski* (late *Mississippi*), an engraving of the encampment of the Argentine troops on the River Tigre, awaiting the arrival of the vessels which were to convey them to Rosario.

The war between General Urquiza, President of the Argentine Confederation, and the Province of Buenos Ayres was brought to a close, and a treaty of peace signed on the 11th November, 1859, the Province coming into the Confederation, as one of the States thereof. By a stipulation of the treaty General Urquiza engaged to have his troops removed out of the Province of Buenos Ayres within fifteen days, and the landing on the River Tigre, a short distance above the anchorage of the United States steamer *Pulaski*, was selected as the place of embarkation. Early on Sunday morning, the 12th, the troops began to arrive, and by noon of the same day the vast plain lying between the river and the town of San Fernando was covered with cavalry and infantry (numbering 18,000 men) awaiting the arrival of the vessels chartered to convey them to Rosario.

The cavalry in their flaming red dresses, with myriads of gay pennons of the same color fluttering from beneath the glittering spear-heads of their lances, as they galloped hither and thither, or seated, *en bivouac*, round the camp fires, relieved by the dark blue of the infantry, drawn up in long lines, with thousands of horses and cattle grazing about, formed quite a picturesque, brilliant, and animated scene. The above sketch represents General Urquiza, seated by a tree, with some of the officers of his staff round him, and orderlies standing by, ready to convey orders. The centre of the foreground is taken up with groups of mounted men, in their peculiar costume, *fully equipped*, and some of Urquiza's officers, African, native, and European. The party on the left, resting beef, boiling gerba tea, and playing cards. Apalquesa, on a high knoll, fills up the back-ground on the right, and the troops, drawn up in line for roll call, the centre and left.



THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE ARGENTINE TROOPS ON THE TIGRE.—[From a Sketch by J. K. Keller, Esq., U. S. Steamer "Pulaski."]

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. III.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

As I shut the door of my lodging behind me, and came out into the streets at six on a drizzling Saturday evening in the last past month of January, all that neighborhood of Covent Garden looked very desolate. It is so essentially a neighborhood which has seen better days that bad weather affects it sooner than another place which has not come down in the world. In its present reduced condition it bears a thaw almost worse than any place I know. It gets so dreadfully low-spirited when damp breaks forth. Those wonderful houses about Drury Lane Theatre, which in the palmy days of theatres were prosperous and long-settled

places of business, and which now change hands every week, but never change their character of being divided and subdivided on the ground-floor into monthly dens of shops where an orange and half a dozen nuts, or a pomatum-pot, one cake of fancy soap, and a cigar-box, are offered for sale and never sold, were most usefully contemplated during evening by the statue of Shakspeare, with the rain-drops coursing one another down its innocent nose.

And yet, on such a night in so degenerate a time, the object of my journey was theatrical. And yet within an hour I was in the immense theatre capable of holding nearly five thousand people.

What Theatre? Her Majesty's? Far better. Royal Italian Opera? Far better. Infinitely superior to both in fitness for hearing in infinitely better to be seen by. To every part of this Theatre spacious fire-proof ways of ingress and egress. Far every part of it contemporaneous of refreshment and retiring rooms. Every thing to eat and drink carefully superviced as to quality, and sold at an appointed price; respectable female attendants ready for the commonest woman in the audience: a general air of consideration, decorum, and superior manners communicable; an unmistakably humanizing influence in all the social arrangements of the place.

Surely a Theatre, then? Because there were in London (not very long ago) Theatres with entrance-prices up to half a guinea a head, the arrangements made for hell in civilized. Surely, therefore, a dear Theatre? Not very dear. A gallery-front, another gallery behind, a pit behind a pit at sixpence, boxes and pit-stalls at a shilling, and six private boxes at half a crown.

My unprecedental curiosity induced me to go into every nook of this great place, and among every class of the audience assembled in it—amazingly well behaving, as I calculated, in about two thousand and odd hundreds. Magnificently lighted by a framework of sparkling chandeliers, the building was ventilated to perfection. My sense of smell, without being particularly delicate, has been so offended in some of the commonest places of public resort, that I have often been obliged to leave them when I have made an uncomfortable journey expressly to look on. The air of this Theatre was fresh, cool, and wholesome. To help toward this end, very sensible precautions had been made. Somebody examining the experience of hospitals and railway stations. Asphaltic pavements substituted for wooden floors, honest bare walls in place of brick and lime—not at the back of the boxes—for plaster and paper, no benches stuffed, and no carpeting at bales used: a cool material with a light glazed surface being the covering of the seats.

These various contrivances are as well considered in our Theatre as in operations as if it were a Fever Hospital: the result is, that it is sweet and healthful. It has been constructed from the ground to the roof with a careful reference to sight and sound in every corner; the result is, that its form is admirably fitted to turn and twist the actor, that a hand can scarcely move in the great assemblage without the movement being seen from thence—is highly probable in its union of vastness with compactness. The stage itself, and all its appurtenances of machinery, cellarage, height, and ordinaries, is on a scale more like the Scala at Milan, or the San Carlo at Naples, or the Grand Opera at Paris than any other stranger would be likely to form of the Britannia Theatre at Hoxton, a mile north of Saint Luke's Hospital in the Old-street-road, London. The Forty Thieves might be played here, and every thief ride his real horse, and the disguised captain bring in his oil jars on a train of camels, and nobody be put out of the way. This really extraordinary place is the achievement of one man's enterprise, and was erected on the site of an inconvenient old building, in less than five months, at a round cost of five-and-twenty thousand pounds. To dismiss this part of my subject, and still to render to the proprietor the credit that is strictly his due, I must add that he has had the responsibility upon him to make the best of his audience, and to do his best for them, in a highly agreeable sign of these times.

As the entertainer at this theatre, for a season I will presently show, were the object of my journey, I entered on the play of the night as one of the two hundred and odd hundreds by looking about me at my neighbors. We were a motley assemblage of people, and we had a good many boys and young men among us; we had also many girls and young women. To represent, however, that we did not include a very great number, and a very fair proportion, of family groups, would be to make a gross misstatement. Such groups were to be seen in all parts of the house; in the boxes and stalls particularly, they were composed of persons of very decent appearance, who had many children with them. Among our dresses there were most kinds of shabby and greasy wear, and much fustian and corduroy that was neither sound nor fragrant. The coats of our young men were mostly of a limp character, and we who were them, slouched, high-shouldered, into our places with our hats in our pockets, and consciously twisted our cravats about our necks like eels, and frequently tied them down our breasts like links of sausages, and occasionally had a scarf to cut hair over each cheek tone with a slight Thirsi flavor in it. Besides prowlers and idlers, we were mechanics, dock-laborers, costermongers, petty tradesmen, small clerks, milliners, stay-makers, shoe-binders, slop-workers, poor workers in a hundred highways and byways. Many of us—on the whole, the majority—were not at all clean, and not at all choice in our lives or conversation. But we had all come together in a place where our convenience was well consulted, and where we were well looked after, to enjoy an evening's entertainment in common. We were not going to lose any part of what we had paid for through any body's caprice, and as a community we had a character to lose. So we were closely attentive, and kept excellent order, and let the man or boy who did otherwise instantly get out from this place, or we would put him out with the greatest expedition.

We began at half past six with a pantomime—with a pantomime so long that before it was over I felt as if I had been travelling for six weeks—going to Naples, my, by the twelfth Hundred. The Spirit of Liberty was the principal personage in the introduction, and the Four Quarters of the Globe came out of the globe, globe, globe, and discoursed with the Spirit, who sang charmingly. We were delighted to understand that there was no Liberty any where but among ourselves, and we highly applauded the agreeable fact.

The Pantomime was succeeded by a Melo-Drama. Throughout the evening I was pleased to observe Virtue quite as triumphant as she usually is out of doors, and Vice quite as contemptible as ever. We all agreed (for the time) that honesty was the best policy, and we were as hard as iron upon Villany, and we were all, for the evening, acting on the world—so, not upon any consideration whatever.

Between the pieces we almost all of us went out and refreshed. Many of us went the length of drinking to the health of our neighbouring politicians, some of us drank spirits, crowds of us had sandwiches and ginger-beer at the refreshment-rooms established for the sale thereof. The sandwich—as substantial as was consistent with portability, and as cheap as possible—we hailed as one of our greatest benefactors. Nothing so like any among us at all stages of the entertainment, and we were always delighted to see it; its adaptability to the bar of the place was a great one surprising; we could never weep so comfortably as when our tears fell on our sandwich; we could never laugh so heartily as when we shared with sandwich: Virtue never looked so beautiful or Vice so diabolical as when we contemplated the object to consider what would come of that resolution of Wickedness in books, to never Innocence in flowered chintz Gown and Sunday-school-teaching stockings. When the curtain fell for the night, we still fell back upon sandwich, to help us through the last and worst part of the play.

This, as I have mentioned, was Saturday night. Being Saturday night, I had accomplished but the half of my amusement. The object of the object was to compare the play on Saturday evening with the preaching in the same Theatre on Sunday evening.

Therefore, at the same hour of half past six on the similarly damp and muddy Sunday evening, I returned to the Theatre. I trying to be a spectator (fearful of being late, or I should have come on foot), and Sunday being a Sunday (fearful of a police), I am happy to state, were put into excellent spirits by my arrival. Having nothing to do, and a lot of people to look at, we looked, they looked at me, and highly enjoyed the comic spectacle. My modesty inducing me to draw off, some hundreds of people, who had seen me, and some forgot me, and applied themselves to their former occupation of looking at the and and looking in at the closed doors of the Theatre, which, however, allowed the lightest passage within to be seen. They were chiefly people of respectable appearance, old and inoffensive as regards the public agreable to see the pleasure of the most crowds do.

In the dark corner I might have sat long while, but that a very obliging passer-by informed me that the Theatre was already full, and that the people where in the habit of coming in quite early for want of room. After that I lost no time in worming myself into the building, and creeping to a place in a Proscenium box that had been kept for me.

There must have been full four thousand people present. Good humoured people, I am sure, I could bring it out as holding little less than four, ten hundred. Every part of the house was well filled, and I had a good view of the whole way my along the back of the boxes to where I sat. The chandeliers in the ceiling were lighted; there was no light on the stage; the curtain was down empty. The green curtain was down, and packed pretty closely on chairs on the stage were about fifty people if were mainly thirty gentlemen, and two or three ladies. In the centre of these, in a desk or pulpit screwed with brass, was the preaching minister. The kind of restrum he occupied will be very well understood if I liken it to a bearded-up fire-place screwed together with brass, and the preacher in a black surtout standing in the stove and leaning forward over the mantle-piece.

A portion of Scripture was being read when I went in. It was followed by a discourse, to which the congregation listened with most exemplary attention and uninterrupted silence, and decorum. My own attention comprehended both the auditory and the speaker, and shall turn to both in the report of the sermon, which it is dit at the time.

"A very difficult thing," I thought, when the discourse ended, "to be expected people to so large an audience, and to speak with tact. With out it, better not to speak at all. Infinitely better to read the New Testament, than to let her speak. In this congregation there is indubitably one pulse; but I doubt if any power short of genius could bring it to beat, and make it obey us."

I could not positively say to myself as the discourse proceeded that the minister was a good discourser, but I could not deny to myself that he expressed an understanding of the general mind and character of his audience. There was a suppositions working-man introduced into the homily to make suppositious objections to our Christian religion and be reasoned down, who was not only a very disagreeable person, but remarkably unlike life—very much more unlike it than any thing I had seen in the pantomime. The native independence of character this artisan was supposed to possess, was represented by a suggestion of a dialect that I certainly never heard in my accommercial travels, and with a coarse swing of voice and manner any thing but agreeable to his feelings. I should conceive, considered in the light of a portrait, and as far away from the fact as a Chinese Tartar. There was a modest pauper introduced in like manner, who appeared to me to be the most intolerably arrogant pauper ever relieved, and to whose humble and abashed tones and dire necessity of a course of Stone Yard. For, how did this pauper testify to his having received the Gospel of his salvation? "Sometimes I met a gentleman, and said (which I myself really thought good-natured of him), 'Oh, Adam! I am sorry to see you here. I am sorry to see you so poor.' 'Yes, Sir!' replied that man, drawing himself up, 'I am the son of a Prince! My father is the King of Kings. My father is the Lord of Lords. My father is the ruler of all the Princes of the Earth!' etc. And this was succeeded by the preacher's fellow sinners might come to, if they would embrace this blessed book—which I must say it did some violence to my sense of Christianity to see so held out as arm's-length at frequent intervals, and soundingly slapped, like a shoe bit as a sale. Now, could I fairly, adding to my knowledge, whether the moschoic before me, who must detect the preacher on being wrong about the visible manner of himself and the like of himself, and about much a little preserver as that pauper, might not, most unhappily for the preacher, have misunderstood his doctrine, and he's being right about things not visible to human senses?

Again. Is it necessary or advisable to address such an audience continually as "fellow-sinners?" Is it not enough to be fellow-creatures, born yesterday, suffering to-day, dying to-morrow, dying to-morrow? By our common humanity, my brothers and sisters, by our common capacities for pain and pleasure, by our common daughter and our common tears, by our common aspiration to reach something better than ourselves, by our common tendency to believe in something better and to invest whatever we love or whatever we love with more qualities than it possesses, by our common failings and weaknesses as we know them in our own poor hearts—by these. Hear me!—Surely, it is enough to be fellow-creatures. Surely, it includes the other designation and some touching meanings over and above.

Again. There was a passage introduced into the discourse (not an absolute novelty, to the best of my remembrance of my reading), who had been introduced into the preacher, and had been quite a Christian in all the ways of philosophy, but had been an infidel. Many a time had the preacher talked with him on the subject, and many a time had he failed to convince that intelligent man. Many a time, he said, had he been in fact the reserved his conversion—in words to which the preacher had taken down, my fellow-sinners, and would read to you from my pocket-book, if I must confess that to me, as one of an uninstructed audience, they did not appear particularly edifying. I thought twice or thrice, I remember, that I thought they had a spiritual vanity in them which was of the before-mentioned refractory pauper's family.

All sinking these two objections, I thought every where, but the slang and twang of the convertible—as bad in its way as that of the House of Commons, and therefore, I should be sold if it—should be studiously avoided under such circumstances as I describe. The evidence was not complete on this occasion. The fact of the infidel's agreable to see the preacher addressing his pet "points" to his hearers in the shape of appealing to their human delights to show him up, and testify to the multitude that each of those points was a climber.

But in the main, I was pleased to see a Christianity of his general tone; of his renunciation of all priestly authority; of his earnest and reiterated assurance to his people that their salvation among them could work out their own salvation if they would, by simply, lovingly, and dutifully following our Saviour, and that the Saviour's mediation of no eying man; in these particulars, this gentleman deserved all praise. Nothing could be better than the spirit, in which he addressed the poor of his discourse in these respects. And it was a most significant and encouraging circumstance that wherever he touched on the subject of whatever he described any thing which Christ himself had done, the array of his hearers was seen to be much more earnest, and very much more expressive of emotion, than at any other time.

And now I am brought to the fact, that the love est part of the audience of the previous night was *not* there. There is no doubt about it. There was no such thing as the Theatre being that Sunday evening. I have been told since that the lowest part of the audience of the Victoria Theatre has been attracted to the Sunday evening. I have been very glad to hear it, but on the occasion of which I write the lowest part of the usual audience of the Victoria Theatre decidedly and unquestionably staid away. When I first took my seat and looked at the house my surprise at the change in its occupants was as great as my disappointment. To the most respectable class of the previous evening was added a great number of respectable strangers attracted by curiosity, and drafts from the regular congregations of various chapels. It was impossible to fail in the respectable character of these last, and they were very numerous. I came out in a strong, slow tide of them setting from the boxes. Indeed, I was so much in the current in progress, the respectable character of the auditory was so manifest in their appearance that when the minister addressed them as "people of Coventry," one felt for a little impatient of it, as a figure of speech not justified by any thing the eye could discover.

The time appointed for the conclusion of the proceedings was eight o'clock. The address having lasted until full that time, and it being the custom to conclude with a hymn, the preacher intimated, in a few sensible words, that the clock had struck the hour, and that those who desired to go before the hymn was sung could go now without giving offence. No one elected. The hymn was then sung, in good time and tune and unison, and its effect was very striking. A comprehensive benevolent prayer dismissed the throng, and in seven or eight minutes there was nothing left in the Theatre but a light cloud of dust.

That these Sunday meetings in Theatres are good things I do not doubt. Nor do I doubt that they will work lower and lower down in the social scale, if those who can afford to give their will to very careful on two heads: firstly, not to disparage the places in which they speak, or the intelligence of their hearers, secondly, not to set themselves in antagonism to the natural inborn desire of the mass of mankind to recreate themselves and to be amused.

There is a third head, taking precedence of all others, to which my remarks in the discourse I heard have tended. In the New Testament there is the most beautiful and affecting history conceivable by man, and there are the texts enough for all prayer and for all preaching. As to the models, imitate them, Sunday preachers—else why are they there, sacredly? As to the hideous jests, fellow people can not read, some people will not read, many people (this especially holds among the young and uninstructed) are hard to resist to pursue the verse-down in which the book is presented to them, and imagine that these breaks imply grave and wast of continuity. Help them over that first stumbling-block by setting forth the history in narrative, with no fear of the consequence. You will never preach so well, you will never move them so profoundly, you will never send them away with half so much to think of. Which is the better interest: Christ's choice of twelve poor men to help in those merciful wonders among the poor and rejected, or the pious fraud of making a whole Union full of paupers? What is your changed philosopher to wretched me, peeping in at the door out of the mud of the street and at my feet? Let me see you have the wish to tell me about, the father's daughter, the other figure at the door who has brother and two sisters was dead, and one of the two ran to the mourner, crying, "The Master is come and calleth for thee?" Let the preacher who will thoroughly forget himself and remember no individuality but one, and no eloquence but one, stand up before four thousand men and women at the Britannia Theatre one Sunday night, recounting that narrative to them as fellow-creatures, and he shall see a sight!

WHITE CATS.

Albinism in man and in the inferior animals has been always attended by peculiar traits of constitution; but it is in the animal, except the cat, has it been accompanied with *deafness*.

Dr. Schel, a French naturalist, communicated the fact, some years ago, that, after many observations and experiments, he found that white cats with perfectly white coats and blue eyes are invariably *deaf*. Many are sound you will near perfectly deaf. Crack a whip behind you as you will, imitate the barking of a dog, clap the hands—in fact, make any noise except such as may cause vibrations, and the cat will lie in the same indifference on the part of the animal.

But, however, if there is the smallest spot of black, brown, or gray on the crest of the cat, or if the iris be any other color than blue, or grayish-blue, then the power of hearing will be the same as in another animal.

This naturalist had a cat, which he procured while a kitten; the cat was perfectly white, and the eyes were perfectly blue. This cat, which at sight of a dog made off with rapidity, paid not the slightest attention to his barking, if he did not see him. At the end of a few months the iris became of a deeper color, and the cat began to show signs of hearing when a bell was shaken very loud at a yard from her ear. But unfortunately the further progress of the experiment was interrupted by the death of poor pussy, she having been worried in the street by a dog whose barking she had not heard.

Professor Hevsinger, a German, has drawn attention to another extraordinary peculiarity of white animals, viz., their liability to be injured the injurious effects of external agents, which to other animals are perfectly harmless.

And we are told by Carlilli, by Marinoeci di Marinti, and by Menni di Lecce, that in Naples and Sicily eating of *Hypericum crispum*, or, as it is called in Sicily, *erba-di-San-Giovanni*, is very fatal, but not on black sheep; causing in the former the wool to fall off, the head to swell, and death itself to supervene in a few weeks. On this account, in Tarentine, where this plant is very common, *black* sheep are bred for spite.

Spinola, in his work on the Diseases of Swine, says that buckwheat, *Polygonum Fagopyrum*, if eaten at the time of flowering, causes swine in white and partially white swine, which are not produced by the same agent in black animals.

Another fact, bearing upon the point of the inferiority of white animals, in strength and power of resistance, to otherwise harmless agents, is related by a Mr. Youst. He says "A cow, for the most part white, but having some black spots, fell sick, and became lame in one of her hind legs; upon cutting open the parts the epidermis detached itself from the subjacent true skin, while the dark spots continued perfectly healthy." A similar fact is related by a veterinary surgeon named Erdt.

To this day, in Ireland, the thrifty housewife will always call out for the white calf to be killed; and if you ask her why—little versed in Natural History, but shrewd enough in experimental observation—she remarks, "The white calf is ever dawny [sickly], and the white cow is a bad milker."

A few years ago there was a dinner-party given in the city of Dublin by an eminent dignitary of the Church, famed for learning and eccentricity; and in the course of the evening, during the "feast of reason and flow of soul," the host proposed the

following strange conundrum: "Why do white sheep eat more than black ones?"

Taken aback at once by the strange simplicity of the question, which, on account of the well-known ability of the interrogator, was supposed to involve a most intricate maze of solution, not one of the noble, learned, and accomplished guests could give an answer! They were fairly nonplussed. Said the Archbishop: "Do you give it up?" Said the Lord Mayor: "Mr. Miss Lind?" (for the world-famed and accomplished cantatrice was present.) "Do you give it up, my Lord Chief Justice? Do you give it up, Mr. Vice-Provost? What! all give it up? Well, then, it is *because there are more of them!*"

THE SNOW IS COMING DOWN.

Hey! hoy, hitch up the chestnut mare,
The snow is coming down;
From every street the clang of bells
Is waking up the town.
Is waking up the town,
So, please the Lord, we'll ring a chime
For snow while coming down.

Jump in, my own, my Fannie dear,
The mare is fresh and sure;
She's good for two, short, forty-six;
I named her after you.
We'll show the ginger, staring crowd
Our very reason why
That nags were made to travel fast,
And feathery flakes to fly.

By Jove! the town is far behind!
Sit clear, love, to me;
We which a quickly by the shows,
They haven't time to see.
You'll not object—I know you won't—
To this arm, gentle-one;
Because—what is your name, dear?
You know it long ago.

How spotlessly the hills are dressed
In all their silver sheen!
Fair brides, decreased with flowers of white,
With pearls leaves between.
So, Fannie darling, will I crown
The one that I love best;
The dearest girl in all the world,
Whose head is on my breast.

Keep close, my love, beneath the robes,
The flakes are falling fast;
Draw nearer, nearer to my heart,
You know the wind is chill.
Look, darling, press your lips to mine,
One long-drawn kiss of love;
While fleecy snow lies white below,
And skies look black above.

Fly on, my noble steed! you bear
My fortunes on your wing.
My buds of hope, beneath the robes,
Are sweetly blossoming.
To me the hours so swiftly go,
They seem like speeds of time,
When dancing flakes the music wakes
Of merry sleigh-bells' chime.

Fly on, my gallant steed! but bears
Are flying in your track;
Of two you bore so boldly forth
But one now carry back.
For, Fannie darling, you and I
Beneath these robes are one;
The old life ends as melts the snows,
The new life has begun.

THE STORY OF THE GOOD SHIP "ANN."

On the twenty-fifth of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty, I, Thomas Jefferson Adams, mariner, of Philadelphia, signed articles with John Owen, captain and owner of the ship *Ann*, bound from that port for Liverpool, with a full cargo of cheese and flour. At the request of some persons, who were at times hard put of the story, I am going now to set down what befell me in that voyage. And every word is as true as the tides that ebb and flow day after day, and year after year, forever and ever.

There were fourteen of us besides the Captain, all told. He was a bluff, true-hearted sailor and a good man, with a wife as much like him as one man can be like another; and when he was at home, as pretty a half-dozen children climbed about him as it ever warmed a man's heart to see. The mate was a more reserved and distant man, but a good sailor, and did his duty always. The crew were all experienced hands, and worked with a will. I was the youngest man on board, being but twenty. I will not describe myself—those who know me don't need that I should, and there's no use in putting down words that never did yet paint the face, man or woman. The ship was nearly new. The season was favorable. And as our sails trimmed and filled before a pleasant breeze, while the golden sunshine danced upon the waters, and the green hills and fields and fields were all covered with the glories of summer dawning brighter every day, we all burst forth with "Hail Columbia," as if by way of goodby to home for but a little while.

We had two passengers. Mistress Dartford and her only daughter, Grace, were bound on a visit to the old country, where they had relations, and were entitled to some little property which it was needful they should see to themselves. Mistress Dartford's husband being dead. Our Captain was a friend of the family, and so came to offer her the passage and his own cabin for their use. The mother was a stern old lady enough, and didn't seem likely to make herself very much at home with us. But Miss Grace—well, that's twenty years ago, but her brown hair waves as softly over her brow as it did then, her kind-looking brown eyes look as tender and loving as they did then, and her gentle voice is as low and sweet as it was when, on that spring afternoon, it mingled sweetly with our rough chorus as we sang Bonny Dundee, and set out on that last voyage of the good ship *Ann*. What harm could befall a ship with such an angel on board, was the thought of all of us as she stood at the stern watching the shore as it gradually sank down in the horizon—the tears overflowed up from the gay ribbons of her hat fluttering together in the wind. But harm did befall us, as shall presently be told.

For eleven days that breeze never shuckened, nor did the weather change. We all had a pleasant time. Miss Grace and I soon got acquainted, partly, I suppose, because when she asked the Captain all our names, he called me a likely lad, and, pinching my ear, told her that he had known my father, who was drowned at sea years before, and that his wife and my mother were girls together, which was all quite true. That evening I had grown intimate enough to make her up a seat on deck, and tell her over and over again what I had heard of life at sea, of shipwrecks and storms, and of love born amidst danger and death from winds and waves, or amidst fire and flashing steel; and I was with her most of the time all these eleven days, for there was not much to do. I forgot to say that she and I were of an age, but her years were so much older than mine that I almost looked upon her as a woman grown before whom I was but a rough sailor boy. If I live to be old I'll use to call her Miss, but only plain Grace, but I never forgot to for all that.

Well, we went on thus, as I said before, for eleven days—eleven happy days. On the twelfth certain signs known to seamen began to show that a change was at hand. A strange feeling in the air—wind dropped—all but a kind of sighing among the ropes and spars—few scattered clouds in the horizon—that was all. But the Captain called me to him, and said he, "Tom, there's dirty weather over there. We shall have it within an hour's time. Now, I'll leave the ladies to you—mind they don't be frightened, or get into any hurt." I said I would do my best, and I did.

Presently the cloud, at first "no bigger than a man's hand," rose up and spread over all the sky. The water changed, and it grew dark, from blue to black, and an indescribable gloom seemed to rest upon all nature. None but those who have seen and felt it know what a mysterious power seems to take place before the tempest bursts its first stroke at the decently. The tempest seems as if the sea and sky almost dreaded to begin the dreadful conflict that would convulse both as if with terror to begin.

We had not long to wait. There was barely time to make all fast, to double-reef every sail, and to fasten down the hatches before the dense wind was sweeping over the water, and covering the tops of the waves with foam, and bending our ship down till her mast—her proud top—dipped into the raging sea. One moment we were tossed like a dead leaf before an autumn gale; then up, up, higher, higher upon a wall of water, from whose summit we could see all the sea and sky roaring and wrestling in wild confusion; then down, down, down! Hope and life seemed shut out by the hills and precipices of water that hung over us and shut us in; then the hill of water that had rolled on toward us upspiled over and fell, beating us down as a drowning rat is beaten down to die, while every man clung to ropes or spars till the wave passed, shaking the water from her decks, staggered on bravely, heavily. That was twenty years ago, but I see the scene now with all its wild terror. I also was a form that never left the deck for hours, a face that never blanched with fear all that night. She would not go below; I could not make her do so. I was she begged so hard to be let stay on deck that I wrapped her up in one of our coats, and gave her a tarpaulin hat, which she tied on, and then bathed her feet to a spar and there she stuid. There all that night she stuid, and when even the stout old Captain looked grave, and a wrack drifted past—a confused mass of wood and sails and cordage—she never quailed, but stood looking down into the darkness—all her curls dripping with the salt waves. Once she shrieked and hid her face—a tremendous sea had swept over us, and when we came up at time each man was gone. All we could see of his fate, though we knew what it was too well, was a floating object like clothes heavy with water. Once, too, we could hear was one cry that was drowned by the dfin around us soon as his drowning terror made him utter it.

Then Miss Grace shrieked and begged me to take her below, where she could be hitterly, whispering to herself, oh, cruel, cruel sea!

But our ship was spared. The good ship *Ann* stretched the gale, and the morning dawn of day sun poured his flood of golden light athwart the waters, the blue sky looked calm; and the only figure of that Captain's mate was the floating pillows which seemed to heave and swell like the bosom of a sobbing child, and the vacant place of our poor companion, who we knew never see more, and to whose poor young wife we should have to tell the news—that was the morning.

We soon forgot troubles, however, and that *very* afternoon Miss Grace and her mother took their usual seat on deck—I talking all the nonsense I could to make them cheerful. How I succeeded may be judged from the fact that hours after the moon rose we were there still.

Another day came. And on the morning of that day came the great trouble which befell us all on that last voyage of the good ship *Ann*.

That next morning we had all had breakfast, and were washing the decks, when Miss Grace ran up the cabin stairs and came to me in a great state of fright. When she could speak she whispered that I was to come below and see what was the matter—what she could not tell, but something dreadful she was sure—for her cabin was swarming with rats! I went down, and true enough there they were, running as if wild all about, or crouching in heaps in the corners.

Mrs. Dartford was calm enough, but her manner frightened me most of all. She desired me to fetch the Captain—for there was great danger—"loss and a mutiny," she said. I ran up, and told my errand very nervous—you will have need of all your courage and skill—God help us all!" The Captain came. I saw in a moment what the lady meant. The good ship *Ann* had sprung a leak, and while we stood there the water overflowed up from the hold into which the water was pouring like a sieve.

No efforts with the pumps could save us. The ship had been too much damaged evidently for us to look for escape except by the boats.

All hands were summoned, and in a few sandy words told what had happened, and that the boats were our only chance. All hands set about preparing them without a murmur, and as if without fear.

We had two boats, and were thus distributed: in one, the Captain, the ladies, and five men, locomotive men. In the other, the mate and six men. Each boat was provided with stores of salt meat and biscuit, water casks and a small stock of a strong sea-going boat, such as all of us might well be thankful to possess. Within one hour from the discovery of the leak we were all embarked and lay at a short distance from the ship. It was not long before the gave a lurch and roll, and then went down headforemost. It was not till then that we realized the loneliness of our situation, gazing upon the few oddlying sticks which marked the place of the noble ship *Ann*.

Well, we had orders not to separate and to steer the N.w.southeast. There was no fear that we would if we could help it. But God forgive the man, whoever he was, by whose forgetfulness it came to pass that our boat was lost in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean without compass, or chart, or cars.

I said we were to keep together. We did so for three days and nights. On the fourth day we saw a sail, which only just lifted above the horizon and then sank down. That day the mate, who was in the other boat, fell ill, and we could hear him raving in delirious madness all the next night. In the morning he was not in the boat. Two days more—two dreary days, during which we saw another sail, which only just showed itself long enough to show we were in sight when we offered. In the evening the other boat's crew hailed us, and inquired whether we had any brandy. We gave them what we could spare—about two quarts. And then the darkness came down once more—the, that darkness, how fearful, how hopeless it was!

Before the day dawned again we heard yells and cries of rage across the water; other sounds impossible to describe told plainly of a deadly conflict which we had no power to check, helpless as we were scattered in the morning; when we looked for her she was gone. None of us spoke, but all knew full well that our wretched comrades had scrambled into the boat the night and were all drowned.

Seven days were gone—seven weary days. On the seventh one of our number began to rave just as the mate had done, and flung himself suddenly overboard.

Eight days were gone. On the eighth the Captain told us we must be put on half rations. We all prayed silently, for it was Sunday. There was no sail, nor help, nor hope yet.

Two more days passed. An old man, the oldest of the crew, an old man, in spite of his age, fell ill. He begged the Captain to bleed him—he dreaded fever. This was done; and in the night he tore off his bandage, and died in a pool of blood at the bottom of the boat.

We were now restricted to four ounces of food and a half-pint of water was all that each could be spared.

The tenth five days passed over like a dream. Few of us spoke much, and when we looked at each other it was with a kind of apathetic despair. Our number was now less. One more had been committed to the deep.

At last we began to starve. How the two ladies were up with us, I cannot tell, but I know that Mrs. Dartford told us she could not hold out much longer, and she began to fade away every hour before our eyes. Grace was not with her mother's bend in her lap, white as a sheet but cheerful. But I could see that she, too, was failing; and sure enough she fainted as the sun went down, and lay as like death as a living woman could be. It was a mercy that she did so. For before day broke her poor mother had been taken from her, and with reverent words and tender care we had committed this poor wreck to the deep. I was the last person Miss Grace's hand, and held her resting in my arms till she should wake and I could whisper such consolation as a rough sailor's inexperienced could offer. Thus, hour after hour, did I hold her to my breast till she came to herself. She only shivered and crept closer to me, and when I looked her pale lip only smiled faintly. She had seen her mother's vacant place, but life had grown to be so like death that it seemed to her natural that she should be gone.

Twenty-seven days had gone by. We were now but five altogether—Miss Grace, the captain, and two besides myself. We all knew that our time was coming fast, for we were all too feeble to help ourselves or each other, and all would be over soon. As to thoughts of rescue we never seemed to dream of it, but lay feeble and speechless.

I never knew when or how it was—for I became insensible myself for many hours—but when I came to myself, there was Miss Grace leaning over me and moistening my lips with a handkerchief wet with rain. I think that rain saved both our lives. We were then alone—alone without any to see or aid us. All the rest had gone. I asked no questions, but feebly pressing her to me—she was all the world to me now—resigned myself to die.

Total eclipse of sight—no speech for each other—hardly a pulse left in our hearts—all was over at least.

But not all over. For when I woke, at I did from a sleep which was not like sleep, strange figures flitted round me, and new voices whispered he is coming to himself.

And so I was. And I was saved. But what of Miss Grace? Those round me told me she was safe. I should see her soon.—" Did I understand them?" Oh, yes! I understood them well—for the wandering eyes, they told me afterward, closed peacefully and I sleep again.

Oh, blessed waking! Whose soft tresses touched my face, as I lay, half fearing to open my eyes for fear I should scare the blessed vision away? Whose soft breath mingled with mine—whose warm lips pressed mine—whose dear form was once bending from heaven, and lower, until the heart that knew, for me was throbbing against my own—whose happy tears fell from her loving eyes?

Yes, I never doubted. Out of that great peril had grown love between us two—mighty, enduring love. No need to tell it. We both knew it well. What need for more? We were married, and were in good time safe at home. God bless the sailor the first man we, a speck on the wide ocean! God bless the brave crew who saw us! They come and see us still, though that was twenty years ago; and when they come, they see a dear woman whom I never called Miss Grace after our rescue from our great peril in that last voyage of the good ship *Ann*.

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THE New Parnes
IN
"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHISCH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH A FAMILY TREE IS CLIMBED, WITH PECULIATIVE INTENTIONS.

THE Main Street of Cheswick roses with a roar that intimated that of Broadway as the rest of a little boy in tears imitates that of a big lion in displeasure. The Main Street of Cheswick is also bustling. A nervous thrill of market wagons and trotting sulkies—for there are both a racecourse and a trotting district neighboring—runs through it all day.

But about twenty rods above the Bank a little alley has cut of this bustling Broadway, passing under an archway between two of the oldest moss-shingled houses, so unobtrusively that the casual passer might very naturally suppose it some private entrance with the gate left unlatched by accident. Most eccentric is its course. At first it pushes forward as with the most unconquerable determination to be absolutely straight line, then it dives downward, growing steeper and steeper, now helping itself by time-shattered steps of rough limestone, now plunging so precipitately that it seems seeking the centre of things; then it crooks abruptly to the right; then, with a graceful curve, it bends to the left; then is assailable by more steps and more steeps; and, finally, when the traveler is just about questioning whether a retreat is not the only means of avoiding chronic dislocation of joints and obliquity of eyes through excess of tortuosity, he suddenly discovers that his troubles are over, and he has to farther to go—if it is Blinker's Court he's seeking. At this moment he will find himself in a square open space, perhaps ten or twelve rods across, and his first impression will be that a remarkably large number of detached houses are condensed into a remarkably small compass on each of the four sides of the quadrangle. Red brick walls, five or six stories high, with a gable and a garret, make the place sombre as the bottom of a well, save at exact noon; and as a consequence of this fact, vegetation does not flourish with tropical luxuriance in Blinker's Court. It is full June, all lovely of living green and bright, and summer would fain let with other glories out of the infinite summer-treasures of dyes and forms; but Blinker's Court has not, will not become aware of it. Solo representative of the vegetable kingdom, grows up, in the midst of a broad stone pavement in the centre of the place, an old, rheumatic, and altogether diseased pump. Its fangous and honey-combed carcass is thrust downward into the dark abyss, where, beneath gases which were there any vent through which they could be caught, it would puzzle a chemist to analyze, lies festering all the year round, and irredescent on the surface but for the darkness; a pool of a wicked liquid reached through the gravel of the court from emptied dish kettles, tubs, and all universe wrasals, and blasphoming the holy name of water. Hehdomadally, another interesting characteristic is added to this delightful retreat by the recurrence of washing-day, and the whole glimpse of sky and branch of air vouchsafed in more favorable seasons to the lower lodgers on Blinker's Court is intersected by lines drawn from each window to its opposite neighbor, upon which the mutually helpful inhabitants of the place dry their own multifarious garments, and permit their vis-à-vis to dry, which, on such occasions, cause the atmosphere of Blinker's Court to assume the appearance of a snow-storm of clothes magically arrested *in transitu*.

There is a Blinker's Court in every man's life; some place, inside of his heart or outside—close on the verge of his daily business, but perfectly dark to the tumult of it—out of earshot, out of eye-shot, quite a little cavern in a rock, though accessible from loud, stormy life at a moment's notice, and by some such tortuous alley as led to this place.

But every body is not so fortunate as to have *his* Blinker's Court and the real, old original *one* outside. This was the case with the favored superintendent of Clingham & Co., Cheswick Branch. And thitherward, after his unexpected departure from the room of Mr. John Manton, on the afternoon whose history was given in our last chapter, did Mr. Luke Green bend his way. Hard walls ears, the walls of that alley might have heard more objections made to their crookedness, and that quality of them consigned to more unpleasant destinies, than ever before since they stood. It was as if Mr. Green's mind was accessible only by a slow match, the external end of which had been in he his excellent treatment from Mr. Manton, the inner end being just now reached, with a resultdiely incendiary and explosive. Little pebbles, in impatience of no consequence, went squirting away from Mr. Green's foot as far as they could in any one direction without hitting an angle. The earth beneath, which could not be squirted or stirred, was kicked rather than trodden on by him; and as he emerged into the open square of Blinker's Court he looked up at the arrested storm of clothes which darkened heaven—for it was weak-day in Blinker's—as if he wished his eye were a stent-knife, and he could run its edge back and forth once or twice over each of those lines.

Toward Number 3 he made his way with a directness that proved him no stranger—doubting, with a half-suppressed oath, between moist sheets and garments having lower limbs—through a group of old women who attended around the pump to assist the said clothes to dry—among kneeling urchins, whose mothers he knocked out of the ring in so adroit a manner as to explain the alternation in which they asked if he wouldn't like to come back and try it over again—and finally opened the door bearing the number which he sought, passing in without any forewarning of bell or rap. He minuted a narrow and almost perpendicular staircase, which faced him as he came in, and at the top of the third flight passed along the entry to its further end, and knocked on the greasy panel of an old and much battered door opening on the right hand. Knocked again, and tried the latch. The door was locked.

"The devil!" said Luke Green. "Her ears grow worse and worse!"

Whereupon he began playing a reveille with both fists, until his knuckles smarted, and the door commenced its jar to the pantings. He heard it rattling inside, and redoubled his efforts. Then came a sound of hobbling feet, and a very attenuated, tremulous voice asked, querulously, through the keyhole, "Who's there?" He put his mouth to the same opening, gave a short whistle, and the door was opened instantly.

A very old woman stood in the door-way. A snowy cambric cap, with ruffles severely stretched, and, for the present fashion, enormous, was drawn lightly down over her head, so as to display just the finest line of thin white hair at the front, and tied under her chin with two great bows, large in proportion, as the wings under the cherub-heads in the old masters, and suggesting those, save that the old woman was so much too old to be a cherub; or, indeed, taking into consideration the other portions of her physique, an angelic being of any kind. A perfect dream her very coarse blue bodygown, of some woolen stuff, reached a trifling distance below her knees; stockings of the same material and color; and a loose pair of man's India-rubbers completing her attire below; while, above, a green baize jacket, apparently the heavy of some journeyman carpenter, who had worn it only a few times before his decease, hung loosely on her shoulders. But the most envious part of her, and all people worth five minutes' examination, was her face. Her eyes, black as jet, but sunken till they seemed no larger than pin-heads, lay, each like a crafty little spider, perdu at the centre of its coverts of converging wrinkles; and as they turned upon Luke Green, looked just ready to leap out and spring back again with a fly in their claws. Her nose extended from forehead straight line forward and downward, making an angle sharp as the beak of a goldfinch as it returned toward the lip, and had a suspicious air, a look of inspection about it that made one feel uncomfortable who had any family secrets—a real jack-knife, probing sort of a nose it was. To these graces add a long upper lip, with a not invisible grizzled mustache, and a short, square chin, with an evident mental possibility of bite in it, and the old woman is drawn who opened the door for Luke Green.

"I didn't know as I ever *should* get in," said the Bank superintendent, in a reproachful tone.

"Oh, Lakey—the impossible boy he was! Couldn't he wait just one minute for the poor old woman to wake up, and give her eyes one little bite, before opening the door? Is it might be pickpockets—it might be highway robbers. Then, again, it might be arson, or somebody wanting to come in and commit burglary. Or it might be murder—*murder*, Lakey! Just think of that—and poor old mother here all alone! There's that box under the bed to think of. It's all yours—every bit on't—when the old woman goes. Come in, Lakey—come in, boy—come and sit down with his mother, that's a dear, and take a little bite and sup. Come, Lakey?"

While she said this she drew him into the room and locked the door after her.

It was a very neat little room, but furnished no more expensively than the room which serves as kitchen, parlor, and bedchamber in usually furnished among the houses of poor. Luke Green drew two chairs into the middle of the room, and binding the one with his hat arm and fashion to the other, took the old woman himself.

"I Well, mother," he began, "I've had trouble enough since I saw you. When was it I was here last? Let's see—oh yes, to-morrow week was the last time. Well, since then I've had vexations enough to make a man want to get out of the earth—say where, almost. Vexation on top of vexation!"

"Poor Lakey! poor Lakey! who's been a-hurting my boy now? I never let 'em do it, I never did. Don't you remember how you used to go to the old stone school-house, just across the brook from where we lived, by the big chestnut-tree—the chestnut-tree where I used to get off that tree! You don't see any thing like 'em now, do you? Where are the rosy-cheeked apples mother time? Oh you little rogue! What boys were they? Oh, they were Jon Burrit's boy and Jim Sprague, and they begun to lick you. Don't you remember how I came out with the churn-dasher, and the way I put a crand their shoulders? I let 'em know on in front of our house—saucy little brats! I gave it to 'em! I'd just been churning; I could make butter then—such butter as Jonny! those were times! But that must be thirty-six years ago—more than a quarter! I didn't think then my Lakey! They sha'n't hurt my Lakey now. I won't let 'em! Who's been a-doing it, Lakey? Tell your old mother?"

Luke Green sat thinking for a moment after his mother had finished those words, either having been absorbed in something else, or thinking she had more to say; and then, bringing down his fist on the elbow of the chair she sat in so violently that she started, he exclaimed, fiercely:

"I believe I shall lose that girl, and if I do, then—I'm lost!"

"Lost, Lakey—lost! way, what do you mean? Haven't you got no home to go to? Isn't there always be a home for you in this old house, Lakey, till it stops a-beating, here in Blinker's Court—?"

"D—n Blinker's Court!" said Luke Green, angrily.

"There's worse places than Blinker's Court, a great deal. Oh, Blinker's Court isn't a bad place, only there are plenty of neighbors."

"Never mind about Blinker's Court, mother. Just listen to me for a minute. I came to Cheswick to take care of Clingham's Bank—"

"So you did! so you did! I always knew you would rise, Lakey."

"Can you sit still and let talk? Or would you like to keep on? I can wait till another time."

The old woman shook her head in a deprecating manner, put her hand over her mouth, and Luke Green continued:

"As I said, I came here to be head of the Bank. As you too said, I did rise. It was a rise that I had earned, if ever man did, by working like the devil in a sool-trying, brain-racking business for other people. I was glad to come here, for a good many reasons. One was that it made me head of something, after having been all degrees from the other end up. Another was that I liked to be by you. And another was this girl.

"Oh Lakey, Lakey! you're in love, Lakey?"

"Love to the devil! Do you think me a calf? You know my I ever thought of her. If it hadn't been for you I never would have bothered my head if she'd been knocked on *here*. I'm not a woman's man, I fancy. D—n them, they always have been a nuisance! They're always bound to be a vexation to somebody till the world ends! But never mind, I'll go on. Let me paint the picture of my life for the last three years. You begin by telling me to put in for that girl. I ask why? You answer that her name is not Nora Marmion, it is really Nora Clingham. I am surprised, of course. I ask you how you know—why you think so?"

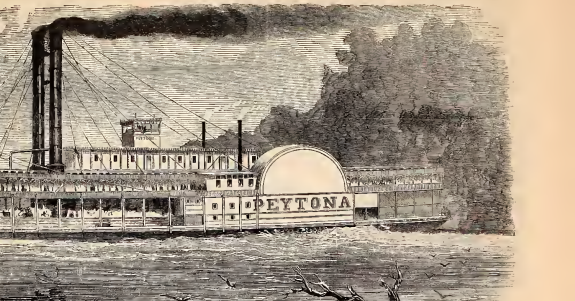
"Lakey, Lakey, hain't I told you a thousand times how I know so?"

"I didn't ask the question over again. I only said I asked it once."

"Asked it once, Lakey, boy! You've asked it day—hundred — thousand times! And now I'll tell you again. It does seem as if you never could believe me; but I'll tell you once more, and this is the last time."

"Go on, and get through."

"Well, I was a-doing it



THE STEAMER "PEYTONA."—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

"The very thought has taken the light from your eyes and the color from your cheek.'

I could see that he was pleased at my unwillingness to leave him; and a half smile broke forth at the probable result of my application.

"Do you know, Fairy," he continued, "that you are getting to be a very dissipated little woman? We have had music, poetry, and moonlight walks; and now you must go to the seashore, like Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith. I expect that, next, you'll be applying to me for a set of diamonds?"

"You don't expect any such thing!" I exclaimed, pertinently, for I was impatient to have him say "Yes."

"Well," said Mr. Winnesilie, as he kissed the incipient pout from my lips, "you may tell Mrs. Otcheson that she can have you for a few weeks, without the incumbrance she had dreaded. I can not leave Meadowbrook, except for a day or two—but I will take an occasional trip to see you."

I was only half-satisfied with this; but my husband declared that the sea-air was just what I needed—I had looked rather pale and harrsid lately; and as he did *not* need it, he couldn't be excused for leaving his post.

So it was all settled, and Mr. Winnesilie's absence was looked upon as a very reasonable thing.

Mrs. Otcheson said, laughingly, that she thought she should pass me off as a young lady, a cousin of hers, who had just made her *début* in society. They all laughed at the idea; but I thought of my husband alone there at the Parsonage, and did not feel quite satisfied.

But all other feelings were soon absorbed in the delight of the new scene that opened upon me. How I loved the white, pebbly shore that seemed stretching away into regions of unknown space—the rising and falling waves—the deep, musical *roar* that reverberated from the fathomless waste!

Mrs. Otcheson was amused at my delight, and said that "I was a perfect *child*!" but Mr. Pendleigh looked at me half envyingly that I could enter thus fresh and unsophisticated into what appeared to him a very commonplace scene.

From the dancing, dressing, flirting crowd I shrank in nervous embarrassment; and it was absolutely painful to me to enter the confused dining-room, where Mrs. Otcheson seemed perfectly at her ease. Hosts of acquaintances came thronging about her; and as in some instances she laughingly carried out her proposed intention of passing me off as an unsophisticated young relative, the surmises allnut respecting me were various and contradictory. I had attained to the dignity of twenty-one years, but people declared that I scarcely looked seventeen; and some persisted in considering me a school-girl, emancipated for a few weeks from thraldom.

Again, it was reported that I was the bride-elect of Mr. Pendleigh; a theory favored, perhaps, by our being continually together, for had not my husband given him to me as a sort of charge? I looked upon him now with most friendly eyes; and many a pleasant ramble we took on the sands, accompanied, generally, by the merry troop of children, running before or behind us, while Mrs. Otcheson dispensed smiles and honeyed words in the drawing-room.

I had not been gone long before Mr. Winnesilie followed me. It was very surprising, he said, that he could not do without me, when Mind made him twice as comfortable as I did, and the Parsonage was so still now, that he could write without the least interruption.

"But I don't like the stillness, Fairy," said he, "and I thought that if I did not come to look after you, you might perhaps get into mischief."

His stay was very short, though; the noise, he said, disturbed him, and he went back to his books.

Mr. Pendleigh had queer, wild moods sometimes, that made me think him a little crazy. He would start abruptly and leave me, or watch my movements to such a degree that I became uncomfortably conscious of his fixed gaze. I even wondered if it were not dangerous for him to be so near the sea, fearing that, in some strange mood, he might plunge in.

We had walked down on the sea-shore one evening, and he began to talk so wildly that I became frightened. He spoke of fearful destinies, and said that he felt convinced, from his hitherto miserable life, that some dark fate was in store for him—one plunge would end it all—why had not the thing created a right to give back its life into the Creator's hands?

I trembled with an undefined fear, and placed my hand on his arm to restrain him. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as my fingers touched him he turned his face to me with a look that startled me.

I could not explain that glance, but it made me uneasy; and I was withdrawing my hand, when my other arm was suddenly seized, and I turned to face my husband.

Mr. Winnesilie had arrived unexpectedly, and come out on the beach in search of me. Without a word he drew my hand through his arm, and walked off at a rapid pace.

"Fairy," said he, at length, "this is no place for you—we must go home. I have been thoughtless in exposing you to such influences."

I did not say a word upon the subject, partly from fright, and partly from pride that my husband should fancy me so weak as to be led away, even in appearance, from the path of right; and when we reached our room I quietly began putting up my things, while Mr. Winnesilie leaned his head upon his hand and sighed.

I had wondered what they would think of our abrupt departure, but Mrs. Otcheson took it very smilingly; it was quite natural, she said, that Mr. Winnesilie should become impatient and take us, at length, by surprise; she was rather tired of the place herself, and would soon follow us.

Mr. Pendleigh shook hands with us very cordially, and seemed quite unconscious of any reason for our abrupt departure. Possibly Mr. Winnesilie thought that he had been too hasty; for he took leave with his usual kindness, and we were soon established again at the Parsonage.

"My birding must not leave her next again, unless accompanied by me," said my husband, as he welcomed me home.

I said nothing; but I could not help thinking that my jaunt to the sea-shore had not been so productive of pleasure as I expected.

When the Otcheisons returned, Mr. Winnesilie said that I had better not resume the music-lessons; he was afraid that perhaps spending so much time there led me to neglect others.

"I will never go there again if you do not wish it," said I, with an injured feeling.

"Oh no," replied my husband, "go there the same as ever—there is no reason why you should avoid them—only don't spend quite so much time there as you have been in the habit of doing; it gives people occasion to talk."

It seemed to me that there was a coldness between us which Mr. Winnesilie did not choose to explain, and of which I was too proud to complain. He was kind still, but he was not exactly the husband of former days; and I began to fear that he looked upon me as that despicable character, a married flirt. I did not know then how his ears had been poisoned by those hangers-on who always absorbed at watering-places. While I was awaiting in dignified silence an explanation from *him*, he expected an explanation from *me*; and I passed lonely hours at my piano, while my husband shut himself up in his study.

Whenever I caught Mr. Winnesilie's eye it was fixed upon me with a sad expression; and I began to be afraid of him, for Arethusa had feared that these prolonged fits of melancholy might bring on insanity.

When Mrs. Otcheson returned her first visit was paid to me; and she appeared both surprised and disappointed when I told her that Mr. Winnesilie thought there was no longer any occasion for me to trouble her with my musical education, as I could now practice at home, and already accompanied myself in his favorite songs well enough to please his not critical ear.

I could not understand her dismay. She had hoped, she said, that our little musical gatherings would interest Omer, who had often threatened to go to Europe; and as she did not consider it safe for him to go alone, and it was not then convenient for her to accompany him, she endeavored to amuse him as much as possible at home.

I said that I wondered he had not gone before; for a person of wealth and refinement, without any employment, nothing could be more natural; but Mrs. Otcheson was evidently not pleased with these remarks, and changed the subject as soon as possible.

"A *sister*," said she, with emphasis, "feels very differently; but let us talk of something else. If you are no longer to take music-lessons, or, I pray, desertus altogether, or Meadowbrook will become insupportable; for you know that we consider you and Mr. Winnesilie the only civilized portion of the population."

I willingly acceded to her request to "turn over often," for I felt an unusual weight of loneliness; and when Mrs. Otcheson and her feathers had disappeared in the distance, I sat there in the little parlor buried in a profitless reverie.

I was unhappy and wicked; and listened of saying, "I will arise and go to my Father," I sat feeding my imagination with forbidden fancies. My husband no longer cared for me; I was an unloved wife; and it *might* have been so different! Perhaps, had I remained in my humble position of school-teacher, *free* as before I saw Mr. Winnesilie, I might—

One Sunday, to my great surprise, Mr. Pendleigh was at church. His manner was so reverential and subdued that Mr. Winnesilie remarked it with much pleasure.

"Perhaps, Fairy, your exhortations have not been in vain," said my husband, with the old smile; "but I begin to fear that Mr. Pendleigh might not attend so much to the teaching as to the *teacher*. I hope that I have not done him injustice; but old men are always jealous, you know."

I was so perfectly firm in my own strength that I had no sympathy for my husband's weakness; and something like contempt rose in my heart when he spoke of Mr. Pendleigh.

Mr. Winnesilie saw it, and the ride, after, when Mrs. Otcheson called in her phaeton, driven by her brother, for me to take a drive, he urged my acceptance of the invitation.

With a significant glance at my husband I had proudly declined, but Mrs. Otcheson persuaded. It would do me good, she said—I looked pale—would soon return, etc.; and Mr. Winnesilie insisted so pertinaciously upon my going that I did not dare to refuse.

I threw a black lace mantilla over my head, and Mr. Winnesilie having put a warm shawl in the carriage, we were soon whirling along at a rapid pace. The fresh air was invigorating, the motion delightful, and my elastic spirits rose at once. I felt gay and mischievous; my cheeks burned with excitement; and Mrs. Otcheson exclaimed that I made the prettiest and most romantic picture she had seen in a long while.

At this Mr. Pendleigh turned to survey me; and I blushed and laughed as I said that I had forgotten to label myself, "Eyes off!"

ON THE BEACH.

"Gabrielle!" exclaimed her brother, suddenly, "didn't you intend stopping at one of these queer places for something to satisfy the coarser demands of nature?"

"Yes," she replied; "and of course we have passed it! The children will never forgive me if I don't bring their 'round-hearts.' There is a man out here"—turning to me—"who keeps a little cake-shop, and makes excellent round-hearts. The children, who are not accustomed to luxuries, declare that 'round-hearts are good enough for any body;' and I promised to bring them some to-day."

The horses were turned around, and the cake-shop hunted up.

"Don't get out," said Mrs. Octheson, as I prepared to follow her; "it is such a little place; and you will only soil your dress."

"We will take a turn up the road," called out Mr. Pendleigh, "while you are making your bargains."

Mrs. Octheson nodded her head, and pushed vigorously against the little door of the shop.

I felt uneasy, I knew not why; nor was this feeling lessened when Mr. Pendleigh seized my hand and exclaimed, imperiously,

"*I must speak to you, and I will!* I have loved you since the first day I saw you, and imagined you the daughter of that preliminary old nun, who had the impertinence that has followed my footsteps from the cradle gave you to *him!* I would have surrounded you with wealth, luxuries, and refinements; watched your every look; enshrined you as my brightest gem in a casket of magnificence; you should not have known a wish ungratified; and *now*—"

I felt like one in a dream; his violence terrified me. Mr. Winneslie's pale face, with that stern look upon it, rose up before me; and had it been for life or death I could not have spoken. Mr. Pendleigh was encouraged by my silence to proceed:

"Do not judge me too harshly, *Ernestine*—how often have I repeated that name when alone! You see before you an unfortunate man, the constant victim of a designing sister. You look surprised. She acts well her part, does she not? — this scheming, *loving* Gabrielle! She has been an accomplished actress ever since she could walk. In the bloom of her early girlhood she sacrificed her youth, beauty, and purity on the unhallowed shrine of the Juggernaut, Gold; and when my misfortune—caused by the carelessness of an uncle—was repaid, as he considered, by leaving me his fortune, fashion became suddenly roused to my welfare, and took me under her especial charge. She formed that *a wife* should therefore with the choice of her children upon their rich uncle, and she watched me with a vigilance that never slumbered, saw through this; but I remembered that she was my *sister*, and I could not determine to cut myself off from my only relative. A kind fate threw you in my way; you were young, beautiful, and *married*, therefore a perfectly safe tool for her to use against all dangerous fancies. You were surprised that I addressed you as 'Miss Winneslie' in the early part of our acquaintance—that was part of Gabrielle's plan; she wished to keep me in ignorance of your position until my affections were engaged beyond all power of recalling them; *then* she could smile at all danger from manœuvring mammas or beautiful daughters. With me it has succeeded but too well; and you, Ernestine? You are pale and sad of late—

He stopped suddenly, for my eyes were fixed, as with a spell, upon an approaching figure that I recognized but too well.

The carriage had rested by the roadside when out of sight of the shop; but Mr. Pendleigh, with a fierce expression of defiance, as though the apparent scene of Mr. Winneslie had unnerved him, urged the horses forward, still retaining a tight grasp upon my powerless hand.

Varied pictures flashed before me in that half-instant: Mrs. Octheson's heartless duplicity; the insult of Mr. Pendleigh's avowal; the cold art expression of my husband's face; a future lifetime of wretchedness.

Mr. Winneslie had seized the horses and stopped the carriage. I heard his voice, as he addressed Mr. Pendleigh:

"Do you, Sir, I have nothing to say. Read the parable of the ewe-lamb, and your own conscience will make the application."

I was trembling, and he lifted me out in his arms.

When I recovered I was sitting in a country-man's wagon with my head leaning on my husband's shoulder. I raised my eyes to his face, but I was frightened, and closed them again with a shudder. I relapsed into unconsciousness; and when I opened my eyes again I recognized the road as the one leading to Hedy's Point. I knew not what was in store for me; and I felt so weak from the late excitement, and the days of unhappiness which had preceded it, that I cared very little what became of me. It was a silent drive of two or three hours; my husband's face was rigid, and his eyes stubbornly avoided mine.

Arethusa had seen the vehicle in the distance; and she stood at the gate, her face shaded by a huge sun-bonnet, peering out at the travelers.

"Well, I declare!" was her salutation, "I should os soon have expected to see you drive up in a wheel-barrow, or on a wooden rocking-horse! Whatever possessed you to come in this style? How pale you look, Fairy!" and my sister-in-law hustled around, untying my bonnet-strings, shaking up a cushion and depositing me upon a sofa.

I glanced appeslingly at Mr. Winneslie.

"Ernestine is not well," said he, "and I have brought her to you, in hope that the change may do her good."

Arethusa said that was all right; but I read in this speech a painful significance, and I hastily brushed off the two large tears that rolled down my cheeks.

After tea Arethusa took me up stairs to "the spare-room," where my comfort had been tenderly cared for; and I sank down into an easy-chair with queer fancies respecting the high, old-fashioned bed.

It was so large and white; it seemed to take the shape of a trackless field of snow, and I was plunging painfully through the drifts, calling wildly to my husband, but he would not come and rescue me. Then I experienced the sleepiness so often described as the last sensation of freezing; I knew that I was dying, but I could not rouse myself; and I gradually drifted off into the dread expanse.

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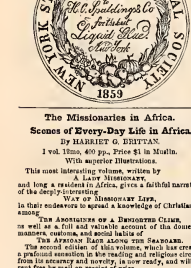

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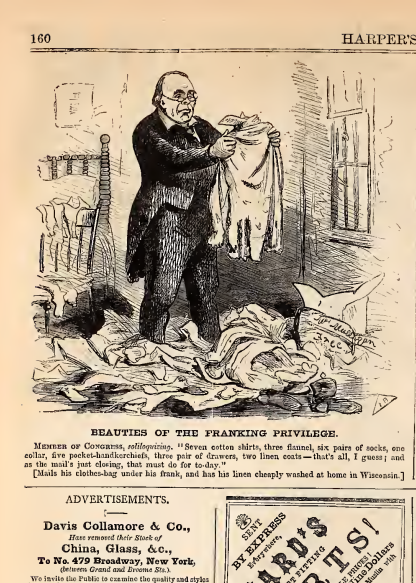

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MEMBER OF CONGRESS, *soliloquizing*. "Seven cotton shirts, three flannel, six pairs of socks, one collar, five pocket-handkerchiefs, three pair of drawers, two linen coats—that's all, I guess; and as the mail's just closing, that must do for to-day."

[Mails his clothes-bag under his frank, and has his linen cheaply washed at home in Wisconsin.]

DELIGHTS OF HOUSEKEEPING.

The JONESES are tired of hiring shiftless Irish servants, and Mrs. J. concludes a bargain with a tidy little German girl, who comes well recommended. Sensation in the bosom of JONES, when the tidy little German girl makes her first appearance at dinner-time.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 168.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

We shall shortly commence a new serial Tale of American Life by an eminent native author. This tale will be illustrated.

We continue in this number our OTHER serials, to wit:

1. THE WOMAN IN WHITE, by WILKIE COLLINS, with MCLENAN'S illustrations—commenced in No. 152.

2. THE NEW PARTNER IN CLINGHAM & CO., an exquisite Story of American Life, by FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, illustrated by MCLENAN—commenced in No. 159.

3. THE MISTRESS OF THE PARSONAGE, by ELLA RODMAN—another charming Tale of Country Life in the United States—with HOMER'S illustrations—commenced in No. 164.

On or before the conclusion of these tales, others of equal merit will be commenced, it being the intention of the publishers to secure every work of undoubted excellence that is written here or abroad. The foreign serials which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY are purchased from their authors by the proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who, in many instances, give for a mere right of priority what amounts to a handsome copyright to the author.

We can furnish back numbers on receipt of the money.

HON. JOHN WENTWORTH, MAYOR ELECT OF CHICAGO.

HON. JOHN WENTWORTH, OF CHICAGO.

WE publish herewith a portrait of the Hon. John Wentworth, who was elected Mayor of Chicago on Tuesday last. Mr. Wentworth has many friends, and perhaps a few political enemies, who will be glad to see his bald face.

He was born forty-five years ago, in the town of Sandwich, in the State of New Hampshire, of poor parents. His family are of English origin, and claim descent from a noble family in the old country. While quite a lad he taught school for his support, and earned money enough to pay his expenses at Dartmouth College. At the close of his collegiate career he removed to the West, and settled at Chicago as a student of law. On his admission to the bar he speedily obtained some practice, and his courage and energy attracted attention. He shortly afterward connected himself with the press, and made himself known as a powerful writer. Embarking in politics, he was elected a representative to Congress in the year 1843, and sat twelve years in that body, winning respect from his fellow-members. On his return home he was elected Mayor of Chicago—an office to which he has just been re-elected, after a contest of unexampled bitterness. He was the candidate of the Republican and anti-Douglas party.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT CINCINNATI.

WE engrave herewith, from a sketch by Mr. E. Fraser, the shocking accident which occurred at Cincinnati on 1st inst. A Cincinnati paper thus describes the sad event:

"About half past eight o'clock this morning a wall of St. Xavier Church, on Sycamore Street, between Sixth and Seventh Streets, now being demolished, suddenly fell, crushing beneath its weight a large number of the laborers, and killing many outright. The disaster occurred on the west side of Sycamore, north of Sixth. The St. Xavier Church was the oldest Roman Catholic Church in the city. It was originally a frame building, located some distance from the street. A brick addition was built in front of the old frame, and in the course of time the original building was demolished, and its place supplied by a brick addition to the newer part. The whole is now being torn down to give place to an entire new Church. The Church formerly belonged to and was the res-

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT AT THE ST. XAVIER CHURCH AT CINCINNATI, MARCH 1, 1860.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. E. FRASER.]

Herald of Bishop Purcell, but he disposed of it a number of years ago to the Jesuits, whom property, with the Lodge-house adjoining it, is now in. The congregation is almost exclusively Irish, and partakes largely of the laboring classes resident in the Thirteenth Ward.

"The society determined not to give out the demolition of the old building by contract, the object being to give employment, so far as possible, to members of the congregation. Mr. Peter Ryan, a very worthy man, was engaged to superintend the work, and had charge of all the men employed. The demand for work was very great, so much so as to prove a great annoyance to Mr. Ryan. All who had advertised to the new church order they must be employed.

"The roof was stripped from the building last week, and this week the laborers were engaged destroying the walls. The very dangerous job was adopted of undermining a portion of the wall at the time, and letting it fall into the interior. The front portion of the north wall was taken down from the upper story, and then was then being in the employ of Mr. Ryan. This morning it was deemed safe to venture for labor, and the number of laborers was reduced to thirty-five.

"Men who were released were of course much replaced at the fact, and went to work with unusual energy

"Mr. Ryan ordered fifteen men to the rear portion of the north wall, for the purpose of undermining and throwing it down. The balance of the force was dispersed to other part of the building, some being at work on the top of the south wall. The fifteen went to work with their picks and shovels at the foundation, digging out the lower inside row of bricks. The wall was about twenty feet high, a foot in thickness, and thirty feet long. It seems that the rain of yesterday had affected the foundations somewhat, and as soon as it was loosened a little the wall gave way, and suddenly was precipitated into the

"The workmen engaged at it dropped their tools immediately, and endeavored to escape. Only one, named Hormes, succeeded. He had been working on the side, and had just passed to the interior, through an opening in the basement wall, when the wall fell on the other side. He hesitated, and was in falling instant him. In a moment he darted through the aperture, and barely escaped being struck by the debris.

"His fellow-workmen were not so fortunate. Nine of them were crushed, hoping to escape the falling wall. The wall caught them, however, and they were crushed down all in a heap. The rest ran southwardly, and took the same fate.

"It was some minutes before the dust cleared away sufficiently to see what the unfortunate men had been attracted by the crash, to remove the rubble in search of the victims. Mr. Ryan, the Superintendent, was in the street at the time of the accident, and as soon as he could he got into action at work at the ruins.

"While the search was being prosecuted women ran through the crowd, screaming and inquiring for their husbands. An unusual body was taken from one man as there to recognize it. Wives threw themselves, screaming, upon the mangled and bloody forms of husbands, who an hour before had left them in the bloom of health. And in their frenzy they could not realize that the crushed heads of those so dear to them. The peculiar wailing of the Irish women was heard terribly around. Had then some children, presenting the most touching scene of all. A little boy, going to school, heard of the accident.

"Not knowing that his father was at work there, he went to it hastily his curiosity. While standing, looking on, he saw the body of his father taken from the ruins, and immediately recognizing it, threw himself upon it, with a shriek, threw himself upon the mangled remains. The scene caused a sensation in the house of recovery, for there were few who witnessed it that had not have to wipe away the tears of sympathy that flowed for that agonized youthful heart.

"At another place, a girl ten or twelve years old sat before the door for her father, screaming and sobbing terrifically. She would lavish kisses upon the cold head that had been her protector, but can be so no longer.

"There is a list of the killed and injured. It is correct and full, with the exception of the numbers of two, taken at an early hour by police officers.

"Stephen Gleichlin—fatally injured. He has a family.

"Martin Maughen—dead. He resided on Sixth Street, near Cuthert, and leaves a large family.

"John Mc Andrew—dead. He taken out of the ruins his pulse was beating, but it soon ceased. He also leaves a family. He lived in the Sixth Ward.

"Timothy Sullivan—dead. He was an elderly man, having children married. He leaves a wife and some small children. He lived in the neighborhood of the church.

"Timothy Shay—dead. He leaves a wife and a small family of children. He lived in the Thirteenth Ward.

"Patrick Conglin—dead. He lived in the Sixth Ward, and was a man of family.

"James Kennedy—dead. He was a single man, recently from Brown county. He came to the city to pursue studies, and had taken a situation as laborer there to aid him in that purpose.

"John Russell—dead. He lived in the Thirteenth Ward, and was a man of family and two grown.

"Daniel Brady—dead. He resided on Sixth Street Hill, and leaves a family.

"Thomas Bilmes—dead. Leaves a family; resided on Sixth Street Hill.

"John Duffy—dead. He leaves a family, who, up to eleven o'clock, had not heard of his death. He resided somewhere on Second Street.

"Richard Fitzgerald—dead. He was a widower, and leaves three small children to mourn his loss.

"These make eleven dead, and one fatally injured, which, with the two carried away by relatives, and the one who had such a narrow escape, accounts for the fifteen that were engaged about the wall. The deaths by the calamity number fourteen."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1860.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

THE time for the assembling of the national conventions is fast approaching, and, as usual, the friends of the various possible candidates for the Presidency are busily engaged in presenting them in the most favorable light before the public eye. The leading daily papers are full of biographical sketches and personal appeals. If the nominating conventions make a bad choice, it will not be for want of information.

On the Democratic side the leading candidate for the nomination is Senator Douglas, of Illinois. We have published two portraits of Senator Douglas,* and have given a very full account of his life and public services; it will suffice here to say that he is the first choice of the entire Northern democracy, but is opposed by those Southern Democrats who claim that the Constitution carries slavery with it, and that no Territory can make a law to exclude the institution. In Northern Georgia, and some other Southern States, however, there is a Douglas party of some strength.

Next to Senator Douglas, in the Democratic side, come President Buchanan, Vice-President Breckinridge, Senator Lane, Senator Hunter, Senator Bigler, ex-President Pierce, Mr. Guthrie, and a number of others. If Buchanan-President Pierce may be ruled out without difficulty. Mr. Buchanan is, for obvious reasons, and yet they have no reason to likely to accept, the nomination. Senator Davis, as a representative of the fire-eating section of the South, though a man of marked ability (he published his portrait and biography in No. 94), may perhaps be ruled out on the ground that his views would not be palatable at the North. Senator Hunter (whose portrait in published last week) is a very able man, and has been for many years Chairman of the most important Committee in the Senate; his recent proceedings of Governor Wise in reference to the John Brown affair appear to have strengthened Mr. Hunter very considerably in Virginia. Still he is a man about whose any enthusiasm would be excited; and though in ordinary times he would be a meritorious candidate, yet, if elected, and he is a strong chief magistrate, it is possible that the Democracy may prefer a champion with more personal popularity. Mr. Guthrie, of Kentucky, has the merit of having discharged the duties of Secretary of the Treasury in an admirable manner; he has proved himself a good man of business, a safe man, and one who endeavored to violent animosity from any side. He has the advantage of coming from a border State, and one which, in the event of a Southern nomination by the Republicans, might possibly be a doubtful one. Between him and Mr. Breckinridge the contest may be close. The latter is a man of great ability. He comes of a famous and distinguished family. He is young, and might be presented before the public as that the old Whigs of the South could. He has no enemies. His Frankfort speech, which was intended for Southern consumption, is he only unfortunate expression. Mr. Bigler, of all, is Senator Jo Lane, of Oregon. Senator Lane is an old soldier of the Mexican war—a man, it is said, of great decision of character, of great and solid ability, and popular in Northern Free State, but owning to Southern principles; with a history full of attractive and striking events. Senator Bigler is supposed to be second choice of all the extreme Southern men; Mr. Jefferson Davis is said to be especially strong in his favor.

Passing to the candidates of the Republican party, Senator William H. Seward stands forth in prominent relief as the legitimate chief of the antislavery faction, the idol of the rank of the Republican party; and if no considerations of policy or availability were permitted to interfere with the nomination, Seward would be a matter of course. It appears doubtful, however, whether he could carry Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Illinois; and hence many anxious Republicans are looking elsewhere for a more available man.

The principal Republican organ in this city has nominated Mr. Chase, of Ohio, for President. A Fillmore Whig, whose recent convictions are said to lean to the Republican side. Mr. Bates has never particularly distinguished himself, and belief which justifies these assertions on his behalf; he has always acted as an opponent of the Republicans. Still, Mr. Greeley and others believe that, if he could obtain—which is chiefly on the prospect of his uniting the various elements of the Opposition to the Democrats—he would be warmly urged at Chicago. Mr. Chase, the newly-elected Senator from Ohio, has many friends. Mr. Chase is a man of great energy, learning, and talent; his nomination would be popular in the Northwest. He is a thorough, out-and-out Republican, and could hardly expect to conciliate doubtful conservatives. Governor Banks of Massachusetts, will have friends at Chicago. He is an eminently available man; self-made, and, like many self-made men, a great lover of liberty; and, being the best Speaker the House of Representatives ever had; a firm Democrat, so far as commercial matters are concerned; not a violent Republican, but rather conservative in his views, with, of course, Republican opinions on the subject of slavery in the Territories. Still, Mr. Banks is young, and can wait; his State is sure, whoever is nominated; and it is not clear that he could influence any of the doubtful States, on whose side the election will turn. Senator Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, has been put forward prominently by his State. He could probably carry it, uniting the Whig and Republican vote. Outside of his State, however, his strength is unknown; and never having done any thing to attract general notice, it seems doubtful whether his nomination would help his party in Indiana, Illinois, or the border States of the South. So with Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, who has his partisans; he might do well in the Far West, but in Pennsylvania and New Jersey his name would add no strength to the ticket.

These are the leading candidates at the present time. By the time the conventions meet there may be new men on the tapis; and we shall give them all a hearing.

PROGRESS OF JOURNALISM.

A NEW daily newspaper is announced on the basis of not giving the news. We are assured that it will be a perfectly safe and reliable paper, enjoying intimate connections with persons of the highest respectability; but the chief claim which it makes to public favor rests, as we said, on its promise to give no news which shall conflict with the views of its founders. It is intended for the perusal of a choice and select circle, who may rely on never finding any thing in its columns that shall irritate or annoy them. The world may wag as it pleases; vice may exist, and may escape or be punished; heterodox opinions may be uttered and in vulgar journals, and may prevail or be crushed out; but the new daily paper will take no cognizance of any thing that shall disturb and derangement of its own special doctrines.

This is no new experiment. In the days of Mr. Monroe, a happy manner, likeness of a General Jackson, there were journals published on precisely the basis on which the new daily proposes to that itself. Those journals were called political party organs. They were published for the edification, instruction, and fortification of the faithful; and were cautious never to admit to their columns a single word that might tell against the party of which they were champions. Unhappily, a day came when reckless and unprincipled fellows began to publish local newspapers, giving the news without regard to party, sect, opinion, prejudice, or bias; and the prejudiced public subscribed to these independent sheets, and left the old party organs to die out. We trust this may not prove the fate of the new daily.

There are, in this rather more daily journals in New York, with 800,000 inhabitants, than there are in London, with 2,500,000; but what matters that? Are we not a great people, and democratic? And, after all, is not the news of the talent and experience and energy and skill and ability which are devoted by the *Herald*, *Tribune*, and the other papers to the collection of news, who can say that a paper which openly announces its intention of avoiding the knowledge, and having all this ability, and dispensing with all this energy and experience, shall not succeed as a novelty? So many daily papers have tried to command success by the old methods that it is fitting that it is really an open question whether the founders of the new paper are not displaying their wisdom by announcing their intention of not giving the news. True, it will cost the owners about three hundred thousand dollars all told to get a foot-hold; but what are three hundred thousand dollars in the eyes of a man who, for six or eight years of consecutive losses the new paper may, perhaps, sustain itself; there may then be a rose for men who are tired of hearing about the news; and then the new daily will flourish.

We shall rejoice to see the new paper flourish. A whole column—which we have started an excellent paper, the *Spirit of the Press*, on the plan of the Paris *Gallignani*, and many friends think he has rather a better prospect of success than the new daily—but not only gives all the news, but comments from all the leading papers besides. Still, we should like to see the new daily starting. The distribution of capital is one of the best signs of civilization; and the expenditure of two or three hundred thousand dollars in an attempt to publish a daily paper without the news will be an auspicious event.

THE LOUNGER.

AUTHORS UPON AUTHORS.

WHAT are authors to do about speaking of each other in print? If they do not speak of their famous authors are also editors, the occasion must often arise for them to speak of the works of others, and shall they be accused of partiality or lower critics, or, keep silent, or say what they do not think, or what they do?

Lamartine has lately answered the question for himself, by a notice of Thiers' Consulate and Empire, in which, according to the report, he speaks "of all the vulgarity of Thiers' style and taste, his superficiality, and his love of goodness and grace." Lamartine has not, however, stated that an author, as critic of another, ought to say what he thinks. The interesting question, of course, is how would such free and sincere, however honest, public speaking, affect the private intercourse of the reviewer and reviewed?

Suppose upon the day on which this little expression of opinion appeared Lamartine and Thiers had been asked to the same dinner, would they have met cordially? If they had parted the night before warm friends, would there be any perceptible coolness in their greeting? Why should there be? Is it in literature as in sporting circles, Love me, love my dog? Must Lamartine like Thiers' books because he loves Thiers? Must he also swear that Thiers is a man of perfect taste, that he knows all about pictures, and statues, and wines? Does friendship require that he should pledge his honor that Thiers is six feet four inches high, that he knows more than any body that ever lived, and that he is as good as he is great, and weighs just the pounds of the Apollo Belvedere?

Why not? Do you say that friendship does not require him to say these things because they are palpably untrue? But that is no answer, because an untruth is an untruth whether palpable or not. Every body can see that if Lamartine declares Thiers to be seven feet high that he is saying what is not true. But Lamartine says that he says Thiers has not a vulgar taste, when he thinks he has, that he is telling just as great an untruth, although nobody can see it at first sight. Apparently, friendship no more requires a man to tell one kind of untruth than another. Friendship, indeed, says blind him. It often does. It is notorious that Jones positively believes Jenkins to be a great epic poet simply because Jenkins writes every word Jones loves him.

Then, also, friendship may hold a man's tongue. It generally does. Brown knows perfectly well that Black's huge picture is a huge dunb, but in his notices of the Exhibition he says nothing about it. And if Brown has not time enough to ask him why, Brown will tell Black what he thinks of the picture, but he will not tell the public.

So it is tolerably clear that Lamartine is not a very warm personal friend of Thiers. For he would either not speak of the work, or he would speak of it because he liked it altogether, and speaking of it he would censure as delicately as he could; while he praised, for the same reason, with the greatest warmth he could. Friendship, indeed, upon what we do, but upon what we are.

CARELESSNESS AND CRIME.

THE verdict in the Pemberton Mill case suggests the inquiry, When does carelessness become crime, and therefore amenable to law?

If a man fire a gun from a window into a crowd and kills some one, it seems to be clear enough that he ought not to escape punishment upon the plea that he meant no harm; for carelessness instantly replies, "If what you say be true you are a lunatic, and must be treated accordingly. But if you have your wits, you know it is impossible to fire a gun into a crowd without injury to some one. The intention of injury, or brutal negligence must be assumed, and you must suffer accordingly."

The verdict in the Lawrence case declares that the building "fell from the insufficiency of the iron pillars, and that Mr. Bigelow ought to have tested them so thoroughly as to have known that they were defective." The responsibility, therefore, falls upon him. And yet it may be a case of ignorance as well as of carelessness. That indeed, only removes the inquiry one step further; for if a man who is ignorant of the matter undertakes to erect a house which fall in consequence of that ignorance, and buries the inmates, his very ignorance becomes criminal, does it not? Suppose a person is taken ill, and a doctor says that he knows all about it, and gives poisons—through sheer ignorance—which prove fatal, ought he to suffer only public contempt?

Probably yes. For it is not a case in which malice can be presumed. Neither can you presume it in the Pemberton Mill case. But a certain punishment will follow. Besides the difficulty of further employment in his profession, such an unfortunate is necessarily always accompanied by the terrible consciousness of a tragedy to which he could not have been accessory.

But because the building that fell channel to be a mill it is simply absurd to speak of the catastrophe as if it had given a site of capital against labor. Not to say that capital is too wise to desire or to connive at a total loss of property, it is enough to observe that the building which fell in Lawrence is not mills nor other structures full of people, but stores and warehouses. The defect is not so much—so far as property is the sacred source of capital as in the ignorance or carelessness of mechanics. If blotted capital insists upon being the only sufferer, and the hunger insatiate, and the house insecurely built, it would be powerless unless labor helped it and fulfilled its desire. Every workman knows whether he is doing honest work; and if he is not, he can not shuffle off the responsibility upon the boss or the employer. If he did so, the rest refused to do the dishonest work it could not be done. If it be done, he and all the rest at least share the guilt and responsibility.

If therefore the Pemberton Mill was insecurely built, it is the fault of all who helped build it, unless they were incapacitated or ignorant. Every bricklayer, for instance, of intelligence and experience, knows that he should think the wall of a cotton mill should be so. If he quietly helps erect a wall only half thick enough, he knows that he is imperiling and sacrificing all who are to work in the mill. The contractor is, of course, officially responsible. But each individual workman is equally so. It certainly would be very unfair and hasty Mr. Bigelow or Mr. Fuller because the Pemberton Mill fell. But it is not likely that any one will ever again employ the one to cast columns or the other to erect walls.

THE INQUISITION.

The difference between what people really are, and what they are supposed and represented to be, is an edifying study. And so with opinions. The story of the five hundred cats is still a good satiric commentary upon life. How furiously we write, and talk, and preach about matters of which we know nothing except by rumor and the report of those who are quite as likely to be wrong as right in their comprehension of the point. There are whole classes of people traditionally denounced. Every member of a party, or race, or sect, or class is held responsible for all the sins of all the other members. One would think there were an abso-

* See Nos. 93 and 104.

hite free-masonry in opinion—whereas the truth is that no two people in the world either think precisely alike, or express their faith by exactly the same formula.

Thus it does not follow that we ought to suppose a man to be a bad and immoral man because his political philosophy seems to us false and dangerous. Probably ours seems equally so to him. We think his views, if carried out into practice, would produce anarchy; so we call him incendiary, rabid, dangerous—we call him in fact, and think God we are not as other men are. Now the ludicrous point is, that he does precisely the same thing to us. He thinks our views are dangerous and false, and destructive to society if carried out. He denounces us as incendiary and rabid, and thinks, and won't have us to dinner.

What, then, becomes of society if honest differences of opinion are to confer the penalty of proscribed and injurious conduct? For suppose that there be an absolutely true political philosophy—an absolutely correct view of any institution or law, in years or mine the true philosophy, the correct view? You believe with all your heart in yours. Yes: so do I believe. Now is there any common standard by which the question between us may be tried and determined? Suppose there be such a standard, shall I take your interpretation of it, or will you take mine? And if you decline to take mine, and hold by your own, shall I call you bad names, and turn the world against you? And shall you do the same toward me?

The case is clear enough. In the first place, don't suppose that you know what a man thinks, or even says, until you have heard him, or read his authenticated statement. And, secondly, bear in mind that you have no more to suppose him to be dishonest, remember that he is not a worse man than you merely because he holds a different view of any subject of thought whatever. If we are to suppose that men are bad men because they do not agree with us, we flound our philosophy, and ride upon the Inquisition. In fact, any man, any where, who endeavors to fix a stigma upon somebody else for a difference of belief, based on dangerous, he may consider that belief to be, is a little Torquemada. A Grand Inquisitor he is, the extent which public opinion, not his own private hatred, allows. If he can excite others, either as a mob, or as committees, to injure the person or sell the mouth of the offender, he helps truth and honour God just as much as the Spanish Inquisition did, and no more. Of course, under the domination of such a spirit all truth is obscured, all inquiry is paralyzed, and the progress of individual liberty stops.

To the question whether, if a majority honestly consider a certain opinion radically wrong, and its consequences socially dangerous, they may justly restrain its expression, the answer is instant—No: because they can not be sure that their opinion is right. They are no more sure of it than the recusant of his. And, if it were possible to exercise the right, and this dangerous conclusion, after a reasonable or repeating discussion, they would correctly invite it that the doubters might be convertd by argument, and error overthrown. In our debate the moment you try to gag an opponent every spectator is at once convinced that you are afraid that if he spoke he would leave the better of the argument. Their minds, therefore, remain undecided until he does speak, and all their sympathies are enlisted for him.

It is in this sense that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. Persecution is a suicidal act. It prepares the material and is therefore the tenderest conduct and to fructify the smallest seed of the truth. And it is no true or just opinion of thought as it is of religious discussion. Kill a man for *saying* any thing whatsoever, or for holding any opinion, and every drop of blood spring up a harvest of supporters. Let a man talk, and if his views are only wind they will blow themselves out. If they are more than wind, the world has a right to them—the world wants them, and if you try to stop his mouth—why you only invite him, when the world has come over to his side, to stop yours.

For not only is the blood of the martyrs the seed of the church, but whatever takes the sword takes the risk of perishing by it.

"UNTER DEN LINDEN."

Under the spreading Linden tree
We sat in the twilight still,
While the sun from the west grew gilded on
Stealthily up the hill.
Oh, grand was the stately hall that rose
In its turreted pride near by;
And the matron there looked a queen indeed,
For a hopier man was I.
Ah! happy, I trow, was I, as I sat
Under the Linden tree;
For a golden head lay close to my heart
As I told my love to thee.

Under the Linden tree I sat
To-night in the darkness still,
And the the brown shadows have grown gilded on
Silently up the hill.
Oh, grand does the stately mansion stand,
In its turreted pride, near by;
And the matron there—Ah, I carry him not,
Though a sorrier man am I!
For his gold has stolen the golden heart
That plighted its faith to me,
And alone with a memory and I sit,
Under the Linden tree.

EDGAR POE AND HIS CRITICS

Is reading the exquisitely tender, subtle, sympathetic, and profoundly appreciative critique of Edgar Poe, which has been just issued under this title, it is impossible not to remember the brave woman's arm thrust through the lattice to ward a blow against the enemy. The praise and the blame which have been cast upon the life and genius of Poe have been almost force and fraudle. By how many is he not still regarded as a heartless, unprincipled, shiftless vagabond? By how many is he not scarcely worshiped and openly extolled as our only great, original poet? And this, at least, is true, that he has exercised more direct influence upon the form of our poetry than any of his contemporaries.

The author of this little book (it has only eighty pages), with an inexpressible grace, reserve, and tender, heroic charity—having a right which no other person has to speak, tells, in a simple, transparent, and quiet strain, what she thinks of his career and genius. She omits nothing; she forces nothing; she is neither a special pleader nor a panegyrist; but a fellow-man of ours, greatly gifted, suffering deeply, often from the hand of friends, in darkness, in the dark ways where we all stumble, but still looking for light—not a model, son, by any means, but the friend and kinswoman of all, who has been so often represented. The delicate reticence of the book—in its tone, its moral, its reticence—is worth a whole world of the song she sings—there is a power and peculiar charm. But it is not a eulogy. It is a criticism which is profound, and, in its frankness, just and vigorous by its clear comprehension. Thus, we shall hardly have a finer statement of Poe's intellectual condition than this:

"Wanting in that supreme central force or density of the mind whose function is a God-conscious and God-adoring faith, Edgar Poe's intellect was of a power and energy for such solution of the great problems of thought as were about attainable by a mind possessing the sublime by the abnormal preponderance of the analytical and imaginative faculties. It was to this very defect perhaps that he owed his marvellous and unerring intellectual creations which, as we shall hope to prove, have no important significance, and are perishable relative to the time."

It was Poe's mistake and misfortune to wrge upon us this follower and imitator. In a series of papers upon the "Literati" he seems like a frenzied Hunt Indian running a race, with the Spirit of Darkness in his rear. But those of us who belong to an epoch just after his—who were not gaslit or even oil lit, but still lived—two years ago in personal projection to appease, and only that charity to our hearts which continued genius and weakness had ever most and very successful—of the last decade must needs turn these pages with a singular interest and sadness; not without a secret prayer, perhaps, that the Indian race, at last, ended, and the stains we have left upon so many pages of our books, and our lives are pointed out to public contempt, may yet be firm and gentle as this may pull away the briers to plant rosemary where we lie.

NABLOTYPES.

AN "Engraver on Wood," D. V. W., writes to the Lounger from the Lounger's pending more specimens of work similar to Mr. Ebninger's "photographic etchings," which were executed two or three years since, and published in a report issued by Mr. Arthur Nahl. The result is very delicate, and pretty, and forcible; precisely how it is done, and whether it is a process of engraving or photography, I do not know. The Lounger is willing to say. His correspondent writes:

"If you will take the trouble, with a strong magnifier, to examine the specimen I send you, and compare it with the Lounger's, you will see that there could be no improvement as regards mechanical execution of working out; for the work is exceedingly fine, perfectly opaque, and adhere to the gloss so firmly, that the finest cross-hatching can be made, and still perfect in every line. Another advantage of their present process is that it is white, so that it can not take the effect of the drawing as fast as it progresses. As before stated, it can be put into the relief required, and tinted or not, as the artist desires. There is no cracking, nor peeling up of the ground, as that fare work can be executed so that you generally see in the finest steel engravings."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

C. M. Y.—Your letter is addressed to the author of whom you speak. He exhibited all the celebrated modern art pictures under such circumstances. Let us hope that he was "sure you were very kind;" and he was "glad if any of my poor," etc. Altogether he thinks you the delicate Lounger's "very dear friend," and hopes yeth all the celebrated modesty of nobody. Had he may some day, when the world has come over to his side, to stop yours.

For not only is the blood of the martyrs the seed of the church, but whatever takes the sword takes the risk of perishing by it.

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HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old Frenchman in our town has carried on the confectionery business for half a century. Before it became so convenient to lay in his stock at New York he used to make annual trips to Paris for that purpose. On his return from one of these trips he was welcomed as usual by a friend, who, when he inquired "what his "Magazin," to look at his importations. The invitation was accepted; and after admiring the wonderful productions of French genius exhibited on the first floor, he was taken up to the second floor, where he also found many specimens of handicraft, etc. When about to retire his friend said, "Now, my dear friend, what shall I offer you?" Thinking the question very liberal, he calculated the cost of the "Magazin" and the friend said, "Why, you look fatigued with so much of the greatest satisfaction. Within a niche, partly concealed by a curtain, stood a monument of beautiful proportions and elegant elaboration. Take strange to tell—no other person was there. Blushing, he asked to be under kept its morning."

"Yes, it is very beautiful," he said. "May I ask what it is intended for?"

"Oh! sure, it is my own pen-ol-ti-on; that, sure, was so do for me to see of the fast artist of Paris under my care—sure! ye-ol-ti-on, I mean, is a monument I have erect to the memory of my dear departed Hedamie P., who died in 1775—sure!"

George T., a graduate of one of our Northern universities, was a student at law in his native village. His father, a man of wealth and high social and commercial dignity, for such solution of the great problems of thought as were about attainable by a mind possessing the sublime by the abnormal preponderance of the analytical and imaginative faculties. It was to this very defect perhaps that he owed his marvellous and unerring intellectual creations which, as we shall hope to prove, have no important significance, and are perishable relative to the time.

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HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GREAT MAN'S PATRONAGE.—The Prince of Conti was embarrassed for want of money—could he imagine that the mark were confined to the Prince of Conti? People refused any longer to trust him. His consolation came to him one morning and said:

"The lemon, my lord, wait long and rare."

"Give them hay and oats, then," said the Prince.

"Ah, my lord, the furnace and the corn-chamber force to empty me my mon until their account are discharge."

"Ah! that alters the matter," quoth the Prince, very gravely.

"But, your highness, what shall the horses have?"

"Have! what they want!"

The steward approve.

"Ah! my lord—gentle and farmer refuse us credit—the ecurie, do they?" said the Prince.

"Yes, my lord."

"Hungry! also does give credit?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Ah! yes."

"Yes, now I think of it, my lord, the pretty-cock."

"Honest fellow, we must encourage him," cried the Prince. "Gentleman, your office is settled; give the poor cheese-cake-man a pension."

A beggar boy made an application to a farmer's wife in Dorchester, and in the course of the conversation that she "had no copper" to which the little urchin very accommodatingly replied, "I take silver, ma'am."

A dandy lecturer who had procured a marriage license for a friend, while officiating at the ceremony he exclaim-ques thus: "Charles—would like to, but—not—want to—marry—Sally—to have a ceremony—made without a expensive a luxury—wives are expensive—money is scarce—ceremony—unnecessary—Sally—I—take you one authority is signed money for ma—ca's do it!"

MORAL FIGURES OF A RAM.—When a friend of ours, now living in a country town, by, he lived in a town in Berkshire County, the owner of which was troubled by a ram. He had killed two sheep, and was, in fact, a bruiser. Such he was considerably exposed to capital punishment. The owner of the ram, a man of wealth, said to the sufferer, "Well, I will pay for the damage, and give my ram away." "Then yet prendit," said the honest farmer, "I am with the ram in the same pen." "Well, then," "There was a man in the parish, called Adamson," said the farmer, "who had a ram that was a bruiser, and he who stood in as much need of moral counsel as the dog. Well, Will go to Adamson with the ram, and the consequence was that the dog never looked a sheep in the face again." The farmer's meaning was in his bull literally. Wonderfully applied was the ram allegorically. Adamson, in his conversation with the man, was sure to pitch into whomever sent him. "I'm sic a man, I'm sic a man," said he, "I'm sic a man—for out of a hole in the barn, point forward, and hung an old hat on the end. You can see the hole yet, when you see it, whether there is a head in it or not, how, then, could a man I am sic a man, I'm sic a man, be being a good workman from long practice, the bar broke in-to-pieces, and the ram escaped, and killed a sheep. This little allegorical effectually cured him of butting."

THE MAIDEN'S TEARS.

"Say, maiden fair, why dost thou weep?
Some secret sorrow, hidden deep
Within thy heart, is bringing
Into thine eyes the tears of spring;
Sweet memories of bygone years,
Time hallowed, and sacred dears
Of an unquoted love, a dream
Which has been hidden under the stream
That down thy cheeks is stealing?"
"Nay, 'tis not so," the maiden said, "Oh, say!"
"Well, then, we dine on goose to-day:
The onions make me weep."

WRESTLING WITH AN ELEPHANT.—A rather curious scene has occurred in Blackburn during a performance in a menagerie. A Yorkshire man, who had for some time been carefully observing the monster elephant, determined, like a Spartan, to wrestle with the beast. The keeper of the huge bulk of flesh with his own. Time is at the end of the performance, which was very large, an ass-ton red, binding one bale to the other. Our hero seized hold of him, and began to wrestle with the mode weight upon it. The elephant, not altogether liking this sort of treatment, determined to let his guest pass in his unobtrusive attempt. He raised his great head aloft, and they pressing hollow and rolled on the ground until he almost touched the canvas covering, and was no doubt thinking of the pleasure of trampling on his unwelcome time. The animal repeated this, and a second time he succeeded in the attempt. Then the elephant, perhaps thinking it best to temper justice with mercy, wrapped his trunk around the man, and, notwithstanding his humbled youth, and very unceremoniously laid him in the spot that occupied the ass. The man, in the mean time, the elephant coming off the victor, while his combatant was quite blinded with sand, amidst the heavy laughter of the spectators, vanished.

The doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty" being largely mooted, we can not but wish that some Yankee would attempt to define it in a moral speech, which he did so clearly and forcibly that we could wish he would bind him to compare to maintain the principle there in the eyes of the nation. Thus it is:

"Mr. Chairman, what is Popular Sovereignty? I know what it is, and I will tell you what it is. Gentlemen, Popular Sovereignty is the great principle of Democracy. Democracy, gentlemen, it gives Mr. Chairman the right to regulate your own domestic matters in your own domestic way. Democracy, gentlemen, it gives you the right to your own chickens, Mr. Chairman, you have a right to your own chickens, and Democracy, gentlemen, it gives you the right to your own domestic matters in your own domestic way. Democracy, gentlemen, it gives you the right to your own domestic matters, Mr. Chairman, you have a right to your own domestic matters, and Democracy, gentlemen, it gives you the right to your own domestic matters, Mr. Chairman, you have a right to your own domestic matters, and Democracy, gentlemen, it gives you the right to your own domestic matters, Mr. Chairman, you have a right to your own domestic matters, and Democracy, gentlemen, it gives you the right to your own domestic matters, Mr. Chairman, you have a right to your own domestic matters, and Congress can not interfere with your domestic institutions, Mr. Chairman, and Congress can not interfere with your domestic institutions, Mr. Chairman, and Congress can not interfere with your domestic institutions, Mr. Chairman

THE LADY IN BLACK.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE MISTRESS OF The Parsonage.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

PART III.—*Concluded.*

I HAD been very ill; for weeks I was lying there in almost total unconsciousness; but at length I awoke.

"My husband?" were the first words framed by my parched lips.

"Hush! dear, he will come soon," whispered Aretbusa, in the tone of one soothing a refractory child.

Something seemed to tell me that this was a subterfuge; and catching Arethusa's hand, as she leaned over me, with a grasp that frightened her, I exclaimed:

"Arethusa! where is my husband? Tell me *now!—instantly!*"

"He is gone," was the sad reply.

"Gone *where?*" said I, wildly. "Is it possible that he would desert me when I was so ill?"

No; he had watched tenderly beside me, half distracted, it seemed, between his love and sorrow; but when I evinced signs of improvement he tore himself away to avoid a parting scene that would have been painful for both.

"But why must there have been a parting scene?" I exclaimed; "and why am I here? Why am I not at the Parsonage?"

"There is another clergyman at the Parsonage now," said Arethusa, hesitatingly. "Arthur has gone to a missionary station at the Far West." "Henceforth," he said, 'his life should be devoted to his Master.'"

"How *dared* he go and leave me, his *wife?*" I exclaimed, in a tempest of anger. "What *where* I done that I should be treated thus?"

Arethusa gave me an inquiring look that I understood at once. Yes, I remembered it all now, and she had a right to my confidence.

"Arethusa," I exclaimed, with sudden earnestness, as I seized both her hands, "I do not know what Arthur has told you; but I can not blame him for his misconceptions; I have been placed in such unfortunate circumstances. I only wish to tell you the story as it really is, for I can not bear to lose your good opinion. You have been a kind sister to me, dear Arethusa, and although you know me to be very foolish and inexperienced, you believe in my truthfulness, do you not?"

Arethusa pressed my hand affectionately, and I could see that the tears in her eyes prevented her from speaking. I told her every thing that had occurred from the first arrival of the Ottesons, omitting nothing of my own weakness or Mr. Winnefie's trustfulness.

It was a long story, and at the close I sank back exhausted.

"You poor, dear baby!" exclaimed the tender-hearted Arethusa, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, "you've been most outrageously treated; and I don't care if Arthur is my brother, he's not a bit too good to be eaten up by the Indians! I feel so angry at him! instead of waiting until you told him how things were, to go stalking off to that outlandish region! I'll sit right down and write him a letter, and tell him all about it."

"No," said I, restraining my sister-in-law's impetuous movement; "he didn't love me any longer, Arethusa, and I don't wish to call him back unwillingly. Wait, and perhaps he will begin to think that I am not quite so bad."

"You know, *Fairy*," said the kind-hearted creature, "how low-spirited he used to be; and when a child he was always queer; you can scarcely expect him to act like other people, and I think he'll get enough of the Indians before long. You just stay here and make yourself comfortable; this is your *home*, remember, for you always seemed to me just like a child."

I smiled faintly at my sister-in-law's idea of "making myself comfortable." I had other plans in my busy head.

There was something hard under my pillow, and Arethusa drew forth my Bible and Prayer-book.

"Arthur put them here," said she, "as he bent down to kiss you for the last time."

He had kissed me, then; he did not quite hate me; and I bent down over my treasures to hide the tears.

How vividly the Prayer-book called up the day of my baptism! My husband had given it to me on that morning; and I gazed on the Maltese cross on the side, and the purple velvet cover stained with the drops of holy water that had fallen upon it, with sad feelings of reproach. How had I kept those vows? Had I withstood "the world, the flesh, and the devil?"

The Sacred Volume and its companion were a source of much comfort during my convalescence; and I daily drank healing draughts from the pure fountain. After giving myself for several severe lectures upon the impropriety of sinking into a state of dependence, and the healthfulness of action, I felt prettty well pacified; and proceeded forthwith to hortify Arethusa with my intention of going to the city.

"Don't say any thing to discourage me, dear sister," said I, seeing her about to speak; "I feel perfectly convinced that this is the *right* course for me to take, and I know I can obtain a sufficient number of scholars to keep me from starving, and the discipline will do me good."

"But—but—look so pale and—" urged Arethusa.

"I have no doubt that I always shall look so," was my reply; "so *that* must not stop me."

"Well, remember, Fairy, that when you are weary with teaching you must take a run out here to get a mouthful of fresh air and some of my new cream. *Whatever* happens, you are my sister, and I shall always love you dearly."

Yes, I could rely upon Arethusa's affection, so that life was not *all* dreary.

The winter was setting in; the apples had all been gathered; various household arrangements accomplished, and I set off without delay.

I had several scholars to attend to, and I resolved to do my best. My pupils were from the humble ranks of life; and my employers decorously ignorant, not only of the rudiments of education, but of the first principles of religion. I had a two-fold task before me, but I endeavored to discharge it conscientiously; and conquering my natural timidity, I ventured to visit the parents.

Sometimes I was repelled, sometimes encouraged; and in many instances I had the delightful consciousness that I was doing some good. I had put on the robes of widowhood, for had I not lost my husband? And "the lady in black" was the name by which I was soon known in the humble streets through which I passed.

Thoughts of the past would crowd, and I could not shake them off, and often the recitations of my scholars sounded in my ears like the drowsy hum of the bee, and I was carried far away at Meadowbrook, sitting beneath the rose-vines, or wandering with Mr. Winnefie in the lanes around.

I permitted myself the pleasure of taking up a church paper, because now and then, at rare intervals, the name of the Rev. Arthur Winnefie was mentioned in the columns; and sometimes a communication, written by himself, giving an account of the progress of the mission. In these letters I read accounts of They seemed like letters from my husband to me; and when I read of his hardships, just and rightly glorried at, with his characteristic self-denial, I felt ready to fly to him at once and lighten his difficulties as I knew that I could. But ah! I remembered that I had not deserted *him*—he had deserted *me*; and I could not force my society upon him.

It was a pleasure to me to emulate, in some degree, his privations; and the missionary little thought from whence came the contributions of "Mirpah," which were always acknowledged in the paper. I loved that motto: "The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from the other!" and I cheerfully ate my crust, without lamenting the flesh-pots that had been sacrificed in so good a cause.

I carefully avoided the street in which stood my grandmother's residence; our last meeting had not been productive of pleasure, and I shrank from Hester's cold, stony eyes, so utterly devoid of any thing like sympathy. Some time passed without our meeting, and I congratulated myself daily.

But one afternoon, just before the holidays, I returned from school more than usually depressed. My pupils had been fractious and the school-room cold; the streets through which I passed were filled with pedestrians, all happy and bustling; the shops were thronged with purchasers; and I drew my veil more closely about me, as the full sadness of the word "*alone*" seemed whispering to my heart.

Seated by my little stove I suffered the tears to course down my cheeks unchecked; for the season was one in which the light-hearted are gayer, and the sad-hearted more depressed. I need not remember my cousins, and I felt that I did not murmur—no, I deserved it all; I only wept uncomplainingly, for my lonely heart sent up such a strong cry for my husband—for the love that was mine in the past.

I was startled by the opening of the door and I know not what sent a thrill of half-expectant joy through my frame—but, alas! the tearful eyes encountered a most unwelcome apparition. The spare, wiry figure of my Aunt Hester loomed up definitely before me. My relying upon the bare fact that visitors were made to be opened, she made it a rule to omit the ceremony of knocking. My reply to my remonstrances being that "people should never do things at which they are ashamed to be caught."

But I was doing something at which I was very much ashamed to be caught I suffered accordingly.

"Well," said my relative, with a grim smile, as I sat looking at her in a kind of frightened surprise, "why don't you say that you're glad to see me? You look delighted!"

"Aunt Hester," I replied, controlling my tears as much as possible, "you are welcome to my hospitality, such as it is—and there is my thing that I can do for you, I will do it willingly."

"Come, now," said my aunt, as she deliberately put aside a large cotton umbrella, "I like that. 'If there is any thing that you can do for me'—perhaps, ma'am, you can present me with a fine place in the country! I shouldn't mind having one. But that isn't exactly what I came for," she continued, with a sort of malicious cheerfulness; "it never always spends; and I hear that you have taken to scandalously there at Meadowbrook that your husband had to leave you? I *thought* no good would come of all those foreigners."

I paused a moment to keep down my rebellious spirit; and the words, "The cup which my Father has given me, shall I not drink it?" seemed to whisper encouragement, and I replied, quite calmly:

"Aunt Hester, I have no doubt that I have been very much misrepresented, and it is, perhaps, natural that you should believe what you have heard of me; but if you choose to listen to a long story, I will relate to you the *facts* of the case."

"Well," said Aunt Hester, incredulously, "let's hear what you've got to say for yourself. It seems to be a great deal more than one the block of granite before me, but I began the recital as a matter of duty. My auditor manifested neither indifference nor sympathy; and when I had finished, she observed:

"And a pretty minister's wife you have made, to be sure! Leaving your husband! Listening through those long curls streaking down your face looks as if you thought you'd be glad to see that you've turned 'em up at last! You always were such a fool, and so set up about that doll face of yours, that I s'pose those people thought you'd be a good subject. I hope it'll teach you a lesson!"

"Why didn't you come to your relatives at once?" she continued, "and tell us about this affair?"

"I thought," said I, "that when I was there lost you noted my anxiety to have me out of sight, and you didn't wish to see me."

"Yes!" replied my aunt, with much asperity, "and you didn't guess far wrong! Your husband, who always seemed to me a very queer kind of a minister, had foolishly let you trick himself out in all sorts of finery, and then it entered Mamma's head that it would be a fine thing to go and show her pretty self and her pretty dress to her humbler relatives, with whom she was glad enough to live until she picked up an old husband to indulge her in all her whims. You came to be *admired*, and I was determined not to admire you; but now that you've been humbled, if you choose to behave yourself properly, I shall consider it my duty to come and see how you're getting on. If you want a dinner, or a tea, or any thing, I s'pose you can have it where you've often had it before. Don't be so pressing. There, I can't stop all night."

The cotton umbrella and the stiff figure vanished together, and I sank down upon the bed and fainted from sheer wretchedness.

Years, weary years, passed on, and my poor heart sent up the frequent cry: "How long, O Lord? forever?"

No communication passed between Arethusa and her brother; the distance was great, and the means of conveying letters uncertain; the few crumbs afforded by my church paper were all that I had to feed upon. Communications from strangers gave an account of the failing health of the missionary—toils and privations were doing their work; and my agony became almost insupportable at the idea that he would probably die without a reconciliation, with no loving hand to smooth his pillow.

He *must* forgive me—*must* know that I was innocent; and I sat down, in the excitement of the moment, and wrote a long letter. I told Mr. Winnefie of my perfect unconsciousness of any wrong—of the trust he himself had reposed in the man whose name I could not bear to write—of my wretchedness at the conviction that I was no longer loved—and of the scene in which I had acted so passive a part. I told him that we should probably never meet again in this world. I did not write this as an inducement to return to me; but before either of us passed into the presence of our Judge, I desired a full understanding and reconciliation.

I left the letter with Arethusa—she thought she might be able to send it—and with the consciousness that I had lent my affections again and accomplished a painful duty, I returned to my daily tasks.

I am sitting here this damp autumn day, pouring out my sorrows to myself, and blotting what I write with my tears. Will my husband die? Shall I never behold his living face again?

I hear heavy footsteps approaching my room. Aunt Hester calls all shoes "ginger-coked" that do not make noise enough for half a dozen men; and as it is about time to expect another infliction from her, I may as well nerve myself for the "ting of war." . . . . .

I know not where to begin. My cup of joy is full to overflowing. My neglected manuscripts have broken off abruptly, and for the sake of those whom it may teach in after-years, I must put the finishing touches.

Nearer sounded the ominous footsteps—feinter grew my heart with a dread of Aunt Hester—but the opening door disclosed a figure that darkened on my vision as I sank into the outstretched arms.

Words of tenderness wooed me back to life:

"Ernestine! my wife! my poor, injured wife! Only say that you forgive me!"

I clasped him closely—he had come *at last*—and now only death should separate us. He was changed—thinner and paler than of old, and his hair more thickly streaked with silver.

"These poor, pale cheeks," he murmured; "what has become of my Fairy's bloom?"

"Gone," I replied, "with my weakness and folly. I am strong, now, dear husband; suffering has purified me."

The tears were in his eyes, and I saw then although he turned aside. But a wild happiness had taken possession of me, and I sat there smiling in perfect contentment.

"Not one word of reproach?" asked Mr. Winnefie; "no questions as to how I came of what brought me?"

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MEADOWBROOK PARSONAGE.

"You are here," I replied, "this is enough—I have been so lonely."

"Poor child!" said he, tenderly; "poor, suffering child! And I promised to cherish and protect her. But my mind was unsettled, Fairy—accustomed to look only on the dark side of things, I took the reality of my misery for granted, and the blow stunned me. I wished to shut myself out from the face of man—to bury myself in the wilderness; and fearing that your grief and loneliness might move me from my purpose, I stole away while you were unconscious, and left you to the care of Arethusa, who would, I know, discharge her trust with affection and tenderness. There I expected you to remain; and when I felt that my health required relaxation, I resolved to go to my sister's and see you once more. But what was my astonishment to learn from Arethusa that you had left her house, as soon as you rose from your sick-bed, for a gloomy home in the city, guided by your daily toil? She handed me your letter; and my heart bled at the idea of your suffering. I just was on the point of leaving you—and I am here, a repentant, sad, I hope, a *better* man, to ask you, my darling wife, if you can forgiveme the past and return to me? Shall we go together and work in the vineyard where I have spent three weary years away from you?"

"Whither thou goest, I will go!" were the words that came from my willing heart; and the remonstrance of years was gone as if by magic. To the North pole, or the South pole, it was alike indifferent to me; for wherever I went I would not be *alone*.

My husband took me at once to Arethusa's and we there talked over our plans for the future. My sister-in-law was decidedly opposed to our missionary project; we both needed nursing, she said, and were not fit to go off among savages, who, she appeared to think, were converted as much by bodily force as by Gospel preaching.

But Mr. Winnesile said that he knew of no other field of usefulness, and he could not be contented to stand in the market-place idle.

"Look at that!" exclaimed Arethusa, pointing emphatically to me, as I happened to cross the room, "what kind of a figure is *that* for toil and hardships? Why, a good strong wind would take her off!"

My appearance was rather shadowy; and my husband's eye followed me with a troubled expression. Nothing more was said on the subject then, and my worthy sister-in-law finished that she had triumphed.

That very day Mr. Pling, one of the old church-wardens of Meadowbrook, called to see Mr. Winnesile, and had a long conference with him.

"How would you like to go back to Meadowbrook?" asked my husband.

Meadowbrook! the name awakened associations both pleasant and painful. The painful, however, predominated; there were some people there whom I never could meet again.

But Mr. Pling had come laden with a hear bought of us. The whole Octheson party had sailed for Europe immediately after our departure, and the house had passed into other hands—Mrs. Octheson having voted Meadowbrook the most stupid place she ever was in. The Sinnesse, root and branch, had moved to a neighboring town, and the Rev. Gilbert Murcross, the clergyman installed in Mr. Winnesile's place, hardly ever failed to please his flock, or they him, found Meadowbrook a most uncomfortable residence, and sent in his resignation. The poor Meadowbrookians were, therefore, left in spiritual darkness, occasionally lightened by a visit from the Bishop, or some wandering clergyman; and when they heard that Mr. Winnesile had returned, they resolved to do their best to get him back. So said Mr. Pling, adding that Mr. Winnesile was very much beloved in Meadowbrook, and that perhaps it stood as much in need of his services as the place with the unpronounceable name which he had left.

As if to crown the matter, a letter from the Mission announced two new recruits just entered upon their labors; and advised Mr. Winnesile, in consideration of his delicate health, to seek a more favorable post.

"Well," said Arethusa, when all this news had been imparted, "where are you going now?"

"Fairy shall decide," replied my husband, smilingly.

"Then," said I, "*I* decide to go to Meadowbrook."

And to Meadowbrook we went.

Busy hands had put the old rectory in complete order; various improvements had been made; and a number of warm friends welcomed our return. Once more in my dear old room I shed tears of perfect happiness, and breathed a prayer of gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts for both the sunshine and the storm.

I am writing in Mr. Winnesile's study; from the window I see my husband just returning from a pastoral visit, and I gratefully note his improvement in his whole appearance which a little good nursing has effected. Love for me, I am growing so fat, well this country air and *happiness*, that Mr. Winnesile says it is quite a misnomer to call me "Fairy;" and I am rebuked, mildly compelled to agree with him.

Dear Arethusa no longer finds the closet "at sixes and sevens," and my husband declares that there is not a better housekeeper in Meadowbrook. I love to have him praise me, but I prefer to deserve it for I have again a *home*, and a noble heart to fold me in its loving depths.

THE END.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY PITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE BARGETTE EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—*Continued.*

THE FAMILY TREE CLIMBER.

"You see, I was sure to Mr. Joseph's family—Mr. Joseph Clingham, I mean, because there were so many of them, they always used to say Mr. George, Mr. Jonathan, and so on, when speaking say Clingham. Oh what a house that was, Lukey! The child that was born into it might have crowed like a cock and to think of his good luck. There was a carriage for the use of the nursery, all alone by itself, and every day when the weather was fine the nurses used to come and take out one and the children. Such rides! How I wished my little Luke could be along with his mother! But no, he couldn't ride—he had to rise; and rising and riding don't go together, not at first; though he will have a carriage when we won't my Lukey? Then he was off, all the year round, at some bank a great way out of town, and I never looked for him except come Christmas and New-Year's; and even then I didn't always see him, poor boy! now a-sweeping, now a-fetching and carrying, now a-writing till twelve o'clock at night; but he was a-rising, a-rising all the time I remember."

"Yes, yes; get on, mother, get on."

"Don't hurry the poor old mother, sonny, I'm a-getting to it. Let's come to Lukey. There were plenty of daughters in that Clingham family—the other brothers used to say they were like Jacob's sons because they could be equal, but he didn't feel much like being envied. For though he had all pretty dear little young ones, those girls, they weren't sons, and Joseph did mightily want to have a son. At last another child was expected. Well, we got all ready for it in the nursery, and every day we had been expecting and hoping and praying for a boy so long that now we felt sure it would be the mine just turning to talk, kept running up to my side a dozen times a day to say, "Won't we have a little brother —won't we have a dear little brother, nurse?" That shows how much it was thought about.

"Well, the time came, and the provoking little beast didn't. I know it isn't right, Lukey, but I can't help it; that's just the way we felt about it—that it was desperate mean of him. Though it wasn't his fault, poor thing! Girls will be girls, and this one was. Of course I didn't have much to do with the young Clinghams for some time after they were born, a woman in the wet line, or else Mrs. Clingham herself takes care of them till they were enough along to eat like other Christians. So I was very much surprised to have the waiter come to me one day, and say, 'Mrs. Green' (he always was very respectful), 'Mrs. Green, please to go to Mr. Clingham's study, he wants to see you.' I, and when I got there, to hear Mr. Clingham say he had sent for me to a talk with me about the baby. 'Nurse,' said he, 'I want you to keep a secret?' 'Lord bless you, Mr. Clingham!' says I, 'if I should tell all I know now I guess some folks wouldn't be out of jail. Though they say women do let out every thing they know, I've always found that when people want a secret kept hole or such like they were always glad enough to come to me with it, being though I am a woman. But I may be different from most of 'em.'

"'Well, nurse,' says Mr. Clingham, 'you're going to have a boy.'

"'Lor' bless you, Sir,' says I, 'excuse me, but you're very much mistaken. Mr. Green has been dead—dear soul!—this dozen years, and I'm a member in good standing. I hope you don't really think I do.'

"'You don't understand me, nurse,' says he. 'I ought to have said, more correct perhaps, we are going to have a boy. There'll be a fine one here—to be a candidate for your nursery—if we can arrange it so, some time next week. In other words, and to speak plain, Mrs. Clingham and I have concluded to change babies with a friend of ours who wants a girl. Remember, keep mum about it; and now I want you to help us. Will you do it?' 'If I can, and it's right,' says I, 'and I suppose it is, for it's you that does it.' 'You'll be well paid,' says he. 'Very well, what is it?' says I; and then he told me little Nora—the very name, d'ye see, Lukey? he called her just the same that this little girl's called here—I must go to the Isle of Wight, and start off with her and a trunk full of baby clothes they'd have ready for me, and, I suppose, to all the servants, I must go by steamboat up the river to Hyde Park. There I'd find a carriage waiting for me at the wharf, and I must jump into it and ride up to a house where the driver would leave me. He didn't describe the house, for he said the driver would know. There I'd meet the gentleman who would change with me. I'd find he had a fine boy for me, just the age of little Nora, and I must take the young one and bring him back with me by the very next down boat that touched at Hyde Park, supposing I could possibly get passed so soon. I thought a little while, and then I told Mr. Clingham I guessed I'd do it, but I wanted to think a little longer. Says he, 'I'll give you till to-morrow noon. I'd rather have you attend to it for us than any body else; but if you can't, why, you can, we can't wait, and must get another person who will.' 'I'll let you know by that time,' says I.

"So I went up to my own room and began turning it over in my head. This changing babies is ticklish business, thinks I. I wonder if it isn't a crime. I'd come out at the little end of the horn if I should do it, and find I'd got to be dealt with by the deacons, or be prosecuted for it by the police. I'll find out before I do it, any way, says I.

"According! I took down the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and I looked from the chief end of man to the other end, and I couldn't find any thing about changing babies; and there's every thing that's any way wicked set down in that, you know, Lukey.

"After I had found there was nothing about changing children in the Catechism, so it couldn't be much of a sin anyhow, thinks I it may be a crime against the general government. D'ye know where I got that idea? It was all your father, Lukey, blessed man! Before he went to heaven he was a Federalist, though that's before you can remember; you were in little pantaloons with tucks to 'em, poor little orphan, when he died; and such talk as I did used to hear in those days! General government, general government, general government all the time—nothing but general government. Why didn't the general government do this, and why the general government did do that; and at last, I do believe, before he died, he got so that he said his prayers to the general government, dear man! Those other fellows, that they called the Demikrats, how he did hate them! He used to ask that all his enemies might be forgiven, except the devil, Jack Forbes (he was that rascal that I've often told you of that cheated us out of the Gore property, by hunting out a law in the title), and the Demikrats. But by-and-by your dear father happened to get elected President of our Debating Society, over at Pompey Hollow, where we lived then, and then he found out he had to keep using a book that was made by the head devil of all the Demikrats. He had to use it, you see, though it came awful hard at first, and piled the poor man more than was good for a deacon of the church; and he was very bad in the liver too, Lukey, for it was the only book that told any thing about how to keep order. Jefferson's Manuyal—that was the name they called it. And at last your father became quite reconciled to it, for he used frequently to say to me, 'Tilda!' 'Well,' says I. 'Ain't it mighty curious,' says he, 'that this here wicked, designing, infidel chief of a Demikrat, that don't want to have no general government—that wants to chew it all up and stamp on it, and grind it small—is the very fellow that goes and writes a Manuyal that shows how a general government can be carried on in the very best possible sort of way, and benefits the general government thereby as much as can be?'

"'Perversity of human nature,' says I. 'He's made cap-tyve in his own devices, as it says in the blessed primer. Proud Korah's troop was swallowed up.'

"'Spoke like a sensible woman, Tilda,' says he. 'And he always did have a great respect for my opinion. Perhaps because I wasn't giving it all the time it was more set by.

"'Well, he got to think more and more of Jefferson's Manuyal, and in his last sickness he used to be reading it all the time. His mind wandered a little now and then, and at such times he always thought he was a-speaking in the general government at Washington. When he came to die we were all a-sitting round his bed weeping and asking what we could do to make it easy for him, when, all at once, he sits right straight up, and says he, 'Jefferson will now be on the original motion.' As it moved and seconded that John Green, in view of services done faithfully to the general government, have five minutes more to live.' Then he listened a few seconds—as cold a shiver ran all through him—says he, in a faint voice, 'The Noes have it!' he fell back, and he was gone. Dear soul, how we all did feel! So I was left a poor widow, and you left a little orphan. But bound to rise, bound to rise, Lukey! hah sonny? Well, as I was a-going to say, you may think what a comfort the Manuyal was to him. After he was gone I always kept it, and used to read in it, occasionally, for his sake.

"Well, this time that Mr. Clingham asked me would I change the baby for him, and I found out that it wasn't agin the Catechism, as I said, thinks I, I'll set it up as something agin the general government. So I looked all through that Manuyal from cover to cover, saying to myself, if any thing can tell, why here it is. And I couldn't see that it was laying a single down in the table. At first I thought it might be contempt of the House; but I reasoned a little on it, and, finally, as the thing looked very good, being nothing less than fifty dollars just for taking a sail up the North River and back, I kept keeping a quiet tongue in my head, says I, I don't believe it's any thing agin the general government anyhow, and I'll do it for Mr. Clingham.

"So I told him I would, the next day, at noon, when he sent for me as appointed. It was about three or four days after that I started out with the baby."

"D—n that baby! there's no end to it! You went up the river, and stopped at Hyde Park, and went to the house as agreed on, and changed the one heir for the other, and brought the boy back. That's the way to tell it, talk it off with a snap! You can't be bothering. I'll take my tea strong, with sugar and no cream, thank you."

"Oh, Lukey, Lukey! always impatient, Lukey!

"I WILL GO! HE TURNED YOU OUT OF DOORS, DID HE?"

"BOUND TO RISE, HEH, SONNY?"

key! Sonny, sonny, you make me think of that tea-kettle! you're shiny and quiet outside; you wouldn't think you were *gone to look at* your self in the glass now, though you do hurry up your old mother so, but inside I'll eat you's biling. Well, well, he's here. I wont say any more about the baby. Only just this: You want to know how I know that this girl here is Nora Clinchem, and not Nora Maston anyhow. I'll tell you. When I stopped at that house in Hyde Park, it was just coming dark. The lamps were changed in the west parlor of the house, and I saw the man that gave me his baby-boy for Mr. Clinchem's daughter right in the full glare of light that came through the open window. He was a very peculiar-looking man —marked him particular—I'd know him in any where after that in a crowd of thousands and thousands. And I handed him our baby, and told him to call it Nora—that was the Hyde Park's wish, if it was agreeable to him. Now, when I come to Chewick, just in time for the last April, who should I meet one day a-walking in the street but this very same, peculiar, marked looking man—just the same one sided story, only a little more by years, as was natural—just the same drooping lip and thick thin pale lock, with a deep frown in it, and just the same mournful, seeking sort of look about the eyes. And he had a girl with him. I heard him call her *Nora*. Nora, I say to myself, Lakey? And when I asked some body who that was, that man and that girl, I was told it was John Maston and his daughter Grace. And then the whole truth came up to me, and seemed to see that Hyde Park house flash fully by him and then and yet not enough to make him surprised when I found where tenants John Maston and his daughter Grace were. Ah, daughter of Humph! That's all."

"Now you've told your story," said Luke Green, "and I've listened patient, for I thought I knew it by heart before. I beg you'll keep still and listen to what I have to say. No preaches, I thank you. Twenty years ago you told me these facts. You told me, too, that Joseph Clinghum had died, and that, if there was no will, one-fifth of all his large property and interest in Clinghum & Co. would belong to this girl, who is supposed to be Nora Maston, but is really Nora Clinghum. That was supposed to be a mighty clever and far-reaching thought for one of your sex, who are generally either peaceful or gracious."

"Oh, Lakey, Lakey, don't tickle the old woman's nerves, you tickling rogue."

"Is it like me to flatter? I know I can do it. I know I do do it; but not when I can help it. That was a foolish sharp speech for a woman to think of, and I followed up the idea. I found that Joseph Clinghum *hadn't* left any will—that he died suddenly of apoplexy in the night, when he supposed he had full twenty years lifetime longer. His heirs turned into him, you know—that is that relationship was nearer to stone, which is petrifaction, and would be a much proper, prettier dream for a gentleman in business to "Change to die of. Well, as you know, I immediately began to put in for the girl, according to your bright suggestion. I was young and raw then, but I thought I'd begin early. So I commenced playing the devoted to a lady in sun-bonnet, who wore skin boots down her back and tied with blue ribbon. Lord! wasn't I artful? In short, I was as sweet as I knew how to be.

"Oh, Lakey, Lakey, boy, that was a *deal* too sweet."

"Never mind. Now it was a picture—now it was a silver kickshaw for nosegays—now it was a card-table—now it was something else. I didn't see it—I was getting somewhere the girl grew older and older."

"Women always do," said Luke Green's mother, sententiously, and with a sigh.

"And," continued Luke Green, without noticing the interruption, "that was the time I was like one any better—but, sassy minx! she quite avoided me. Yet I kept on, dry and mighty phasing and trying different tacks. I was hard on the young woman—both because you always would be one on when I felt like giving up the job, and because the strong resemblance of the girl's share in Joseph Clinghum's estate out of his administrators wouldn't to be mulled at, when it came to a good hundred thousand, to say nothing of such part of the particular interest as would descend to her. So I've got on and away like a dog—now pulling this way, now that—for all these long months and years. At last I got all in a corner. I thought I'd do what I should have his help. I thought then that I was made. He told me she was a poor, poor-timbers girl, which showed his ability to suspect what I wanted her for; and I had secured back—Heavens! so plainly—that my humble income was enough for me and her because we was abundant drawer. As I said, I supposed, because the girl seemed to think so and spoke of the old man, that, when he wanted her to do it, she'd take right to me—or mind him, any way. He did tell her, I know, for he told me so, and after that she didn't avoid me so much, though there wasn't any other change. I supposed, when she was married, she would call him up to *me*. To cut the story short, I had every hope of getting her, by hook or by crook, indifferent or otherwise. Well, I got a letter, a letter that was turned out by James Clinghum, a rascal—I was him a thousand times—and I have every reason to believe that the fool is in love with him."

"Not in love with my Lakey—my dear, sweet Lakey? She shall be in love with you—we'll make her. We won't lose her—will we, sonny?"

And the spider eyes of the old woman retested so far into their cobweb of wrinkles as to twitch with the intensity of her determination; while as that cruel, square lower jaw of hers came up with a crunch against the crust she was nibbling, the likeness of the mother to the son became fearfully apparent; and with the same thought, you would have thinked your stars that neither of them disliked you, and held your finger where the crust was, lest you should bite it off.

"What's the name of the man that comes in between you and the girl, Lakey? What's his name? Just let's hear it."

"Ernest Beckford," answered Luke Green, with a look and in a voice that were cows and sheep miles and miles farther words.

The old woman's twin spiders sprang out as if they had the very fattest fly right on the edge of their cobweb.

"Ernest—Ernest? Ernest? Let me see! Ernest, you say? Ernest Beckford—I wonder where. Where was it, now? I used to know an Ernest. Oh, I *can't* think! Deary me, Lakey, I'm getting to be a terrible forgetful old woman?"

"Oh, it isn't likely you could have ever heard of him. He's a perfect stranger to most of this farm, I believe, except that he had done them some service abroad where he came from. But Ernest Beckford—the dear, the sweet! Oh! when I went to old Maston's to talk about him, what do you think he did to me? *Ah, Dr., d—n him!*"

"What, Lakey? What?"

"He turned me out of doors! By—, if I were not cross-eyed, I'd—I'd—"

And as the mane into the lower jaw of the man and the woman ground doubly, and with a force which made their faces shake, Lakey, The old woman put down her cup, and leaning on the elbows of her chair, lifted herself to her feet. He then, as if he had been a little troubled, thought her teeth were shut.

"Let go, Lakey—let me go!" she muttered, trying to make her shoulders loose from his grasp. *I will* get! He turned you out of doors, did he? Let me—let me—let me go! and drag him out of his house! I'll bring him out by the hair! I'll spit on him! I'll show him to the street! I'll show him the door that told his son for a daughter! Baby-changer! Let me go, Lakey Green! Let me go, I say! Let me, Lakey, I say, I say, Lakey! Turned you out of doors, did he? *He?*"

It required all the strength even of a grown man like the young man to restrain the dame the struggling old woman, endued as she was with a preternatural force through rage. But he had strength, he spent itself, and, all limp and shivering, she fell back on her chair like an exhausted tiger-cat, and hissed to her son:

"Do you see, Lakey, I can't trust to make yourself a cursed old fool and use a handy-jack, and, yet, I perform the work, too? Good God! Are you crazy? Sit down—sit down!"

When she had grown quiet again, or measurably so, he continued:

"I must have that girl, if it costs me my life. Look you, mother, I'm a fool, I know, but I can keep a close tongue. I'll just give you a little inkling of something. For quite a while past I've been sick and weary—sick of many other slippery money-business; and now that I've laid the egg and sat on it, it's got to hatch. It will do us out handsome, if I can get for it; and then, unless by that time Nora Maston, as she calls herself, Nora Clinghum, is in my wife, and I am in that way related to the Clinghams, so that it won't do to blow out me, I lose my two thousand dollars—mark, mark! *very likely my liberty!* As sure as there's a God or a devil, if I don't get that girl I shall be danger of State Prison inside of the next six weeks!"

"Lakey! Lakey! I'll die before I let them take you! Lakey! the old woman's voice was now staring into his face with a ghastly fickleness.

"*I'll* die before I go there. But I must make one more push for the girl. Now can you think of any new plan? You always were up to plans, and, but you know I can't, I'd be sorry to be obliged to do it. You can fix on any thing we haven't tried yet. I believe I'd put it in agony first, if it isn't absolutely crazy. Your profit's my profit, and mine's yours. If you do succeed in getting that young girl for Grace, the queen ever lived better and had more honor than you shall have. I will be your slave, as you well know—you know I will."

The very fact of perceiving herself this left to her own resources was a quickener to the intelligence of the old woman. With the necessity of thinking harder than usual, plunging with a rarer sagacity, her eyes grew larger, the nostrils of her sharp nose and cheeks gave advance toward the outer rim, as if to tighten the strength of the tension of expression of the grey. She set down her tea-cup, put her chin in her palm as if to press the jaw still tighter on those teeth, and, with her face, her body leaned out, and tucked her whole head forward and back upon her elbow. And in the dim light which the fire threw, and which was partly drawn from the sunset sky through the set cabinet intervening between heaven and Mother's Secret, they seemed to be two of the mysterious sphinxes, gifted, restlessly, unlocking in its pain on the ghost-white sands which hide the secret of her claim. And as she rocked, and the gloomy spirit flitted, Luke Green still paced the floor, over and down looking toward her as if asking for her conclusion.

Suddenly she set perfectly motionless, pressing her chin as if she would crush it in. Then she lifted herself to her feet with almost juvenile alacrity, and, in a voice that was more like a hawk-scream than a human voice, cried out:

"Lakey! Lakey! I have it, Lakey, boy! The day's cure! Oh, goodey—goodey—goodey! Look here now! Keep quiet, boy—don't get excited! Haven't you lent old Mammon money? Didn't you tell me you had?"

"Yes; he owes me three hundred dollars now. I've got his note for it. It isn't worth that!" and Luke Green snapped unmeaningly his fingers. "I lent it to him knowing I couldn't get it again unless I got that d—d woman. It was a vanity—I'm a fool."

"Never mind, never mind! Hark, Lakey, you just take this note and show it to the girl, and tell her that Mammon is you's father. But if she don't take you, then it goes into the hands of the Law, and Mammon gets sold out on execution. And just you hint to her one other little thing—you mean it tell her right out that I am so old that I can't live much longer, and, maybe, her father knows more about the disappearance of certain bank money than he's let on, and I'm sure I can fix him on caught him at a little operation of that kind, he gave you that note to cover you in case you were blamed; Lakey, Lakey, tell her that it may go hard with her father if it's found out, but it never shall be found out if she'll marry you. And then strike like the dickey. Are you ready, mamma? Are you frightened, and says, Yes, take her right off to the nearest justice, and marry her directly! What do you think of that, Lakey?"

The superintendent stood silent for a moment, and then, with a sudden exclamation, and clutching him by both wrists, peered up into his face—then replied, slowly, and considerately:

"By G—d! I believe I'll try *that*."

He bid his mother good-night. She kissed him passionately, and, as he turned as hard, so smilingly set, for every other thing and creature. "I You'll rise, Lakey, you'll rise! bound to rise, and, sonny! I'll be with you every step. I'll sounded on his ear as he went down the stairs. And as he came past the door of the front room on the lowest floor the lodger therein opened for a moment, and on the wall opposite there hung, as a decorative piece, upon by the full flame of the just lighted candle, a colored engraving of Hannah's gallows and elevation.

"Bound to rise," muttered the man, seemed shaking through the air like a plummet from third pair hook. And Mr. Luke Green was warm, as he passed out into Blinker's Court.

LITERARY.

THE BELEAVED WIFE, will, we think, be interested by an advertisement in another column directed to them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, March 5, in the Senate, Senator Hunter (Cal.) presented the credentials of Milton S. Latham, elected Senator for six years from Senator Broderick (Mass.) introduced a resolution calling upon the President for copies of all correspondence relative to the expedition on an Indian law and neutral rights by the Congress of Panama, in 1826, 1854. The bill authorizing the sale of wrecks to the States was taken up, and, on motion of Mr. Mason (Va.) moved an amendment prohibiting any State or Territory from purchasing a greater number of lines than Congress would justify. The action was taken on the amendment, and the bill was recommitted. The Senate then took up the Homestead bill, after Bayard (Del.) explained its provisions and advocated its passage. Crittenden (Ky.) moved an amendment requiring that an appropriation be made by Congress before any lands in the Territories be occupied. Some discussion was had, when the motion to amend was lost. Some other amendments were proposed and made, when, after discussion, the Senate adjourned without a vote. On motion of Mr. Mason (Va.) moved that the House proceed to the election of a Doorkeeper in place immediately with the one already chosen by the Senate. A discussion ensued, and Mr. Mason withdrew his motion. Mr. Bocock (Va.) made an ineffectual effort to have the bill regulating the discharge of non-commissioned officers reduced to twenty per mile, straight line traveling, taken up. He gave up the fact that could not be reached in twenty days. He asked consent to move that the subject of a Pacific Railroad be referred to the Committee of Ways and Means, pending to serve on the Committee. Mr. Carey (Ala.) objected to the Pacific Railroad bill being taken up, which was agreed to, and the motion adopted. Mr. Burnett (Ky.) moved that the House resolve itself into the Committee of the Whole on the Pacific Railroad bill. A discussion ensued, and Mr. Bocock (Va.) made an ineffectual effort to have the bill regulating the discharge of non-commissioned officers taken up, and, after some discussion, the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, March 6, in the Senate, Senator Hunter asked consent to move that the subject of a Pacific Railroad be referred to the Committee of Ways and Means, pending to serve on the Committee. Mr. Carey (Ala.) objected to the Pacific Railroad bill being taken up, which was agreed to, and the motion adopted. Mr. Burnett (Ky.) moved that the House proceed to the election of a Doorkeeper in place immediately with the one already chosen by the Senate. A discussion ensued, and Mr. Mason withdrew his motion. Mr. Bocock (Va.) made an ineffectual effort to have the bill regulating the discharge of non-commissioned officers reduced to twenty per mile, straight line traveling, taken up. He gave up the fact that could not be reached in twenty days. He

sence to the administration of revenue law, and indeed to its actual intelligibility. It is a simplification of those Revenue Laws. Mr. Hooper has thought it desirable to condense into one form all innovations of no important character, leaving to the work of future amendment the task of further improvement. A bill of such magnitude as this can not be dealt with easily, and if made perfect in a hundred could be pronounced to be so familiar with it details as to understand it; consequently the bill should be understood that the chief object proposed by adoption of the report of the revenue laws, and the adoption of the old and judiciously approved laws, with such amendments as shall not conflict with the spirit of those laws, as adopted by the regulations of the Treasury Department, but without material general principles, to be understood that an innovation of law. Thus it may be proposed to make the law tax one commodity, and not another, but it is not proposed to effect an entire change in the principle. The effect, if it throws some light on the subject, is to be perfected, if in any part decided to be imperfect. The bill is in the hands of the printer, and will be ready for the House early in the morning.

GOVERNMENT LANGUAGE IN CONGRESS.

The following is the report of a recent encounter in Congress, between Mr. Stevens and Mr. Cox, Mr. Cox WROTE.—Sir, I will indulge in no wicked speech to wound the feelings of any man; but the world must be, and history vindicated, let the consequences fall where they may. Some years ago, I visited the cradle of Massachusetts burning witches in the ancient times. Does he know that I ever put people into witches at the stake, and it seems to rankle no horror in your breast?

Mr. DAVIS of Miss. (interrupting). I pronounce the gentleman's speech offensive and improper. I pronounce the gentleman's question fiendish.

Mr. COX. Sir, I ask, "Why does he shrink, and I hope not to be intense?"

Mr. DAVIS of Miss. "You have no right to utter such foul and fiendish sentiments."

Mr. COX. Sir, I rise to a point of order. It is the no member upon this floor who is such to level the people of any section of this country, and then deny the prerogatives of that people the right to reply. I pronounce the sentiments made by the gentleman false and unfounded.

(Cries of "Order" on the Republican side.)

Mr. VAN WYCK. "I have heard such words before, and I am sick to the heart of the disorder and the unblushing of that sort. I am not here to bind any part of the Union."

Mr. DAVIS of Miss. "Will you go outside the Division of Columbia and let the question of personal honor rest with any Southern man?"

Mr. VAN WYCK. "I will meet any where, and without fear of any one. For the first eight weeks of the session you acted upon the free continuing of the North and the people of the Free States, charging them with treason and all manner of crimes; and now you are thrown into a great rage when I tell you a few facts."

Mr. COX. "I ask, Mr. Speaker, for order."

The Chair. "The gentleman from New York can not be interrupted except by a point of order, and the Chair appeals to the gentleman of the Committee not to violate the rules of the House. The Chair hopes that he will do so."

Mr. DAVIS of Miss. "I shall observe them, Sir, others do not; but I certainly will not permit Southern people to be insulted."

Mr. VAN WYCK. "If gentlemen are so sensitive in regard to their honor, I would ask the New York men to be sensitive as to the feelings of others. If they were we would have less of such demonstrations as have been made in the North as we had during the first eight weeks of the session."

ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON.

"An encounter occurred on March 7, between Colonel Tod, W. Lincoln, of Massachusetts, superintendent of the overland wagon road expedition, and W. M. F. Magraw, of Sacramento, freight contractor under the superintendent of the same expedition. It will be remembered that an attempt was made to shoot the latter on the steamer at Wilkate's Hotel, by Mr. Magraw, upon Colonel Lander. In this affair, it is said, Colonel Lander, who was unarmed, received four terrible blows—the first stroke while he lock was being fired, but not mortal. Magraw, being knocked down and beat him until pulled off by the bystanders. Magraw went West and while Colonel Lander was sent to the Berky Sanatorium, stated to St. Louis that he had whipped him to the right, and at the same time applied opprobrious epithets to him. Directly after Lander's return, Magraw called upon Colonel Lander and after begging him not to review the difficulty which had originally grown out of Magraw's refusal to obey Colonel Lander's order, or make required apology. Colonel Lander received from California with a cane, and Magraw immediately attacked. Colonel Lander, in self-defense, struck Magraw a few blows, when Magraw was disarmed by Sergeant Pratt, a gentleman to whom Magraw had made the aforesaid remarks. Colonel Lander, fearing that Magraw would be dangerous if not restrained, ordered his guidance. Magraw continued to make threats, and was followed by Colonel Lander. Magraw put his hand in his pocket and Colonel Lander grasped his wrist, and forced the latter, pushing him backward, against a door, and spoke loud, 'Sir!' Magraw said, 'Let go, and I will take the hatchet.' 'Yes,' said Lander, and laid down his cane. While he did so Magraw attempted to go into the entry. Lander stepped him, saying, 'I have my pistol, Sir, and does you mean to murder me?' at the same time turning him rudely round by the shoulder.

HOW IT ENDED.

"Harron Mr. Kirkwood, the proprietor of the hotel, in his usual gentlemanly manner, interposed, requesting Lander not to create a disturbance in the house, telling him that he was a guest, and that he once were coming out of the notes of the altercation. This for an instant quiet the combatants, and provoked Magraw to make another fire. He immediately drew his pistol, and, pointing it to Lander, said, 'Against one again, but you will see a dead man.' Lander jumped to attack him, saying at the same, 'I am armed, you scoundrel, you shan't do so matter.' Mr. Kirkwood again interposed. Colonel Lander said, 'Come out on the avenue, sir.' Mr. Kirkwood said, 'Gentlemen, I am sorry for this, take your pistol, and I will meet you at 1 o'clock.' Lander said, 'Magraw refused. Lander then, after stipulating him as a fool, fifteen hundred and seventy-five, and any one of the crowd to step forward—of which there were more than forty—and take up the quarrel, is a friend of Magraw. Now speaking, Colonel Lander replied, 'The first without hesitation.' Mr. Kirkwood said, 'Gentlemen, you have refused to name your friends, and plans, and your own weapons, and, as you have struck me with a Bibly and were whipped by me for it, and have lied to the contrary, and have insulted, you inflicted a scratch fight; you with a loaded pistol and I unarmed—shall meet on the ground.' Colonel Lander then made his apologies to the proprietor of the hotel, which he said, was in the latter case, to leave and retreat. Colonel Lander was accompanied by Major Yates, and by the Alexander Hamilton, and Major Stephens. W. H. West, who took no part in the affair whatever, asked Lander in a Mexican cite man, and stepped for the honor of his State he will never carry concealed weapons, though he will fight any one who insults him with or without them."

MORE OF THE JOHN BROWN AFFAIR.

"Colonel Jury of Jefferson County, Virginia, having received a letter from Governor Gross, Boston, to John Brown, and Francis Merriam, two of the Harper's Ferry Raiders, Governor Letcher has made a requisition upon Governor Dennison of Ohio for their arrest. Governor Dennison has issued a warrant for their arrest, and it is said that he has already given his reasons to Governor Letcher.

TRAGEDY AT STRASBURG.

A terrible tragedy was enacted on Thursday in Strasburg. A husband, whose office has been held temporarily by a political foe, has resumed his functions and then himself, he joined proving fatal in such case. The man's name is Tinker, and that of the physician Scaries. The latter has been looked up to the community to prevent him from the indulge of the citizens.

A SAD STORY.

The Troy Times of the 25th ult. details the following: "Not a very great while ago—at least within the memory of the oldest inhabitant—a gentleman of wealth and position, who lives on the Fifth Avenue in New York, came to this city for the express purpose of seeing the royal elephant. He soon became acquainted with the different keepers of the menagerie, and, being a man of wealth, generous, and an equally approved, altogether too rapidly for the good of the elephant. The keepers of time the New York gentleman became acquainted with a woman living in the vicinity of the Fifth Avenue, and he cheered after thing but virtuous. She was married woman, and, as the gentleman ascertained, the New Yorker was not fastidious in point of morals. The liaison had lasted for some time, and, as it was the state of affairs became known to the husband of the one by women, who had, and had been, jealous of the progress of events. Late one night, when he was supposed to be asleep, the husband left his bed, and, with a barrel rifle and her unforgiving pursuance avenging from a window, shot the unfortunate gentleman in a bullet-mount the Street. His words were forcible—he said, "Take that, you d—d scoundrel!" and fired. When his unfortunate victim was completed the New Yorker was carried to the house of the Troy, for all the consciousness he possessed of his whereabouts. He was taken up and carried to a room in the house, where he was announced and he would die. This showed the wounded man, who was a man of considerable energy. The wife, than left without restraint, took upon herself the responsibility of the wounded man, and, in a few weeks, while he was confined to his room, nursed him to health. The husband, who had left the house, returned, and not only returned, but made an apology for the injury he had inflicted on the New Yorker, and, having no defense to make. Since the occurrence of her husband's death, the lady has gone to Europe, and, and and disappeared in immortality. On Friday night the husband left the house, and, as he was supposed before referred to, a black mail of genius enjoy has not already gone, and, in consequence of the death of the husband, the lady, the gentleman, and the husband, the husband, the husband,

"FOR WHILE THEY THE HOUSE WERE HOLDING, BALLS THE WIVES WERE FASTLY MOULDING."

"HUGE HE WAS AND BRAVE AND BRAWNY, BUT I MET THE SLAYER TAWNY."

THE SACK OF DEERFIELD, MARCH, 1704,

A BALLAD OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Or the onset fear-inspiring, and the firing and the pillage
Of our village, when De Rouville with his forces on us fell,
When, ere dawning of the morning, with no death-portending warning,
With no token shown or spoken, came the foemen, hear me tell.

High against the palisadoes, on the meadows, banks, and hill-sides,
At the rill-sides, over fences, lay the lingering winter snow;
And, so high by tempest rifted, at our pickets it was drifted,
That its frozen crust was chosen as a bridge to bear the foe.

We had set at night a sentry, lest an entry, while the sombre,
Heavy slumber was upon us, by the Frenchmen should be made;
But the faithless knave we posted, though of wakefulness he boasted,
'Stead of keeping watch was sleeping, and our solemn trust betrayed.

Than our slumber none profounder; never sounder fell on sleeper,
Never deeper sleep its shadow cast on dull and listless frames;
But it flew before the crashing of the portals, and the flashing
And the soaring and the roaring and the crackling of the flames.

Fell the shining hatchets quickly 'mid the thickly-crowded women,
Growing dim in crimson currents from the pulses of the brain;
Rained the balls from firelocks deadly, till the melted snow ran redly
With the glowing torrent, flowing from the bodies of the slain.

I, from pleasant dreams awaking at the breaking of my casement,
With amazement saw the foemen quickly enter where I lay;
Heard my wife and children's screaming, as the hatchets woke their dreaming,
Heard their groaning and their moaning as their spirits passed away.

'Twas in vain I struggled madly as the sadly-sounding pleading,
Of my bleeding, dying darlings fell upon my tortured ears;
'Twas in vain I wrestled, raging, fight against their numbers waging,
Crowding round me there, they bound me, while my manhood sank in tears.

At the spot to which they bore me, no one o'er me watched or wanded;
There unguarded, bound and shivering, on the snow I lay alone;
Watching by the firelight ruddy, as the butchers dark and bloody,
Slew the nearest friends and dearest to *my* memory ever known.

And it seemed as rose the roaring blaze, up soaring, redly streaming
O'er the gleaming snow around me through the shadows of the night,
That the figures flitting fastly were the fiends at revels ghastly,
Madly urging on the surging, seething billows of the fight.

"FELL THE SHINING HATCHETS QUICKLY 'MID THE THICKLY-CROWDED WOMEN."

Then I felt, though horror-stricken, pulses
quicken as the swarthy
Savage, or the savage Frenchman, fiercest
of the cruel band,
Darted in and out the shadows, through the
shivered palisadoes,
Death-blows dealing with unfeeling heart,
and never-sparing hand.

Soon the sense of horror left me, and bereft me of all feeling;
Soon, revealing all my early golden moments, memory came;
Showing how when young and sprightly, with a footstep falling lightly,
I had pondered as I wandered on the maid I loved to name.

Her, so young, so pure, so dovelike, that the lovelike angels whom a
Sweet aroma girdles ever whereso'er they wave their wings,
Felt with her the air grow sweeter, felt with her their joy complieter,
Felt their gladness swell to madness, silent grow their silver strings.

Then I heard her voice's murmur breathing summer, while my spirit
Leaned to hear it and to drink it like a draught of pleasant wine;
Felt her head upon my shoulder drooping as my love I told her,
Felt the utterly-pleased flutter of her heart respond to mine.

Then I saw our darlings clearly that more nearly linked our gladness;
Saw our sadness as a lost one sank from pain to happy rest;
Mingled tears with hers and child her, bade her by our love consider
How our dearest now was nearest to the blessed Master's breast.

I had lost that wife so cherished, who had perished, pass'd from being,
In my seeing—I, unable to protect her or defend;
At that thought dispersed those fancies, born of woe-begotten trances,
While unto me came the gloomy present hour my heart to rend.

For I heard the firelocks ringing, fiercely flinging forth the whirring,
Blood-preferring leaden bullets from a garrisoned abode;
There it stood so grim and lonely, speaking of its tenants only,
When the furious leaden couriers from its loop-holes fastly rode.

"THEN WE HEARD DE ROUVILLE'S ORDERS, 'TO THE BORDERS!'"

And the seven who kept it stoutly, though devoutly triumph praying,
Ceased not slaying, trusting somewhat to their firelocks and their wives;
For while they the house were holding, balls the wives were fastly moulding—
Neither fearful, wild nor tearful, toiling earnest for their lives.

Onward rushed each dusky leaguer, hot and eager, but the seven
Rained the levin from their firelocks, as the Pagans forward pressed;
Melting at that murderous firing, back that baffled for retiring,
Left there lying, dead or dying, ten, their bravest and their best.

Suddenly my gloom was lightened, hope was heightened, though the shrieking,
Malice-wreaking, ruthless wretches, death were scattering to and fro;
For a knife lay there—I spied it, and a tomahawk beside it,
Glittering brightly, hurried lightly, keen edge upward, in the snow.

Naught knew I how came they thither, nor from whither; naught to me then
If the heathen dark, my captors, dropped those weapons there or no;
Quickly drawn o'er axe-edge lightly, cords were cut that held me tightly,
Then, with engines of my vengeance in my hands, I sought the foe.

Oh, what anger dark, consuming, fearful, glooming, looming horrid,
Lit my forehead, draped my figure, leapt in fury from my glance;
'Midst the foemen rushing frantic, to their sight I seemed gigantic,
Like the motion of the ocean, like a tempest my advance.

Stoutest of them all, one savage, left the savage round and faced me;
Fury braced me, for I knew him—he my pleading wife had slain;
Huge he was and brave and brawny, but I met the slayer tawny,
And with rigorous blow and vigorous clove his tufted skull in twain—
Madly dashing down the crashing bloody hatchet in his brain.

As I brained him rose their calling—"Lo! appalling, from yon meadow
The Moncle of the white man comes with vengeance in his train!"
As they fled, my blows Titanic falling fast increased their panic,
Till their shattered forces scattered widely o'er the snowy plain.

Stern De Rouville then their error, born of terror, soon dispersing,
Loudly cursing them for folly, roused their pride with words of scorn;
Peering cautiously they knew me, then by numbers overthrew me;
Fettered surely, bound securely, there again I lay forlorn.

Well I knew their purpose horrid, on each forehead it was written—
Pride was smitten that their bravest had retreated at my ire;
For the rest the captives' durance, but for me there was assurance
Of the tortures known to martyrs—of the terrible death by fire.

Rose the red sun, straightly throwing from his glowing disk his brightness
On the whiteness of the snow-drifts and the ruins of the town—
On those houses well-defended, where the foe in vain expended
Ball and powder, standing prouder, smoke-begrimed and scarred and brown.

Not for us those rays shone fairly, tinting rarely dawning early,
With the pearly light and glistering of the March's snowy morn;
Some were wounded, some were weary, some were sullen, all were dreary,
As the sorrow of that morrow shed its cloud of woe forlorn.

"THEN I CUT THE CORD THAT BOUND ME, PEERED AROUND ME, ROSE UPRIGHTLY—"

Then we heard De Rouville's orders, "To the
herders!" and the direct,
Dark, abysmal fate before us opened widely
as he spoke;
But we heard a shout in distance—into flutter-
ing existence.
Brief but spheroid, quickly ended, at the
sound our hopes awoke.

'Twas our kinsmen armed and ready, eager
strip to our hand,
Pressing forward fleet and fearless, though in
scanty force they came—
Ere De Rouville, grimly speaking, "It's our
captives you are seeking?
Well, with iron we environ them and wall
them round with flame.

"With the toil of blood we won them and
undone them with our bravery;
Off so shivery then we carry them or leave
them lifeless here.
Foul my shame so far to wonder and my sol-
diers' blood to spoender
Mid the slaughter free as water, should our
prey escape so clear.

"Off, ye scum of peasants Saxon, and your
hacks on Frenchmen turning,
To our harping, dauntless conquer proper
tribute promptly pay;
Do you come to seize and bind us? Are you
here to slay and eat us?
If your meat be Coal and Mohawk, we will
starve you out to-day."

How my spirit raged to hear him, standing
near him bound and helpless!
Never helpless tigress fiercer bow'd at slay-
er of her young,
When secure behind his engines, he has baffled
her of vengeance.
Than did I there, forced to lie there while
his bitter taunts he flung.

For I heard each leaden missile whar' and
whistle from the trusty
Firelock rusty, brought there after long-time
absence from the stalls,
And was forced to stand in quiet with my
warm blood running riot,
When for power to give an hour to battle
I had hartered life.

All in vain they thus had striven; hackward
driven, heat and broken,
Leaving taken of their coming in the dead
around the dell,
They retreated—well that served us, their
retreat from death preserved us,
Fearing lest they should be overtaken by
the dark De Rouville fell.

As we left our homes in ashes, through the
lashes of the sternest,
Welled the earnest tears of anguish for the
dear ones passed away;
Sick at heart and heavily loaded, though with
cruel blows they goaded,
Sorely cumbered, miles we numbered from
alone that weary day.

They were tired themselves of tramping, fe-
ensumping they were ready;
Ere the steady twilight newer pallor threw
upon the snow;
So they built them huts of branches, in the
snow they scooped out trenches,
Heaped up firing, then retiring, let us sleep
our sleep of woe.

By the wrist—and by no light hand—to the
right hand of a painted,
Murder-tainted, loathsome Pagan, with a
grin I soon was tied;
And the one to whom they bound me, 'mid
the reeds of those around me,
Bowing to me, mocking, drew me down to
slumber at his side.

There I lay—no muscle stirring, mind unerring,
thought unswerving,
Body nerving, till a death-like, breathless
slumber fell around;
Then my right hand cautious stealing, o'er my
bedmate's person feeling,
Till each finger stooped to linger on the belt
his waist that bound.

'Twas his knife—the handle clasping, firmly
grasping, forth I drew it,
Clinging to it firm, but softly, with a more
than mother's art;
As I drove it to its utter length of blade, I
heard the flutter
Of a snow-bird—ah! 'twas no bird! 'twas
the flutter of my heart.

Then I cut the cord that bound me, peered
around me, rose uprightly,
Stepped so lightly as a lover on his blessed
bridal day;
Swiftly as my need inclined me, kept the bright
North Star behind me,
And, ere dawning of the morning, I was
twenty miles away.

THE CASH-BOY.

"WELL, John, you can tell your mother that we do not want you any longer."

Thus spoke Mr. Augustus Ledger, head book-keeper and prospective "Co." of the Broadway dry-goods firm of Buzzin & Measure—meantime care fully arranging the cuff over the left cur by the side of a small mirror balanced against a mantelpiece.

A plaintive, scared voice came up through the bars of the dark, speaking out in tones of inexhaustibleness—"Sir?" and a pair of pitiful little chapped hands fell to twirling a button on the shabby coat worn by the speaker.

"I say," continued the elegant Augustus, "you can tell your mother that we don't want you any longer. That you can come has never been found, and we can't trust you."

The poor little cash-boy turned away from his bench, low down in a spot of red on either cheek that told how he had felt the insult. The incident referred to was the unceremonious disappearance of a pocket-book that Mrs. Velours and dedared to have been stolen from her while in the store. She was positive where she had laid it while deciding upon the merits of some laces, and positive too that the little "light-haired boy" was the only creature near it. Three days had passed since then, and no traces of the missing article came to hand; and the exquisite Augustus declared that "it would not do to have such a sneaking-looking boy about them any way," and he coolly crushed out hope in the boy's heart in these cruel words of which the most bitter were these, "You can tell your mother."

Mr. Ledger was a widower—had laid in a grave, he thought, his gladly went, a fair-haired wife. He had fondled her beauty once, but soon tired of it, and his mother, vexillifying nerves would not let him to any thing but his own supreme selfishness. So she had died one spring day when her baby-boy was three weeks old. The boy's cry said she was a frail creature, and could not be expected to live. Augustus said so, and thought to himself how irrelevant he should be in full mourning; and if there ever came a thought that perhaps a true manly heart and gentle protecting arm might have saved the poor flower, he banished it. He gave himself credit for being a "real good fellow," and so he was good to himself. He grew up with wicked nurses, and nourished on those influences that drifted about him. He too was a "child," pert and idle, but well dressed and petted—and so he was he laughed loudest at Johnny's queer coat and patched boots. His father could not spare the time from his ledger and the contents of his mustache to remind him of any other duties than those which made the religion of Jesus of Nazareth the glorious hope of the world to come. "I, I be sure," he thought, "all that was well enough for women;" "but—" Do what he would, thought, and try to think of something else. There were times that would come to him when the echo of his dead wife's prayers came like a faint sound of solemn music, but the music of the theatre soon drove it away. Such was Augustus Ledger, widower, head book-keeper, and prospective "Co."

John was a little fellow, and this was his first start in life, so it was not to be wondered at if "telling mother" brought the tears to his eyes. He went for his shabby cap and to say good-by to Lewis Grey, the only one who had shown of humanity who had stopped in the mad race for preferment to care for a poor little vexed struggling life, as the battle-horses could care for, He is one who had slyly slipped a stray dime now and then in the boy's hand for his mother; he it was who had defended him when Julius Ledger had made fun of the merino coat, stigmatizing it as "woman-made" (that out in whose history was bound up more of cruel justice and unavenged wrongs than in many a moving tale of fiction)—and he, too, who had intercepted for the boy's reply, "Good-by, Master Grey;" and the little John had trembled as Lewis grasped it in his own. Lewis was what every boy called "awkward;" he never knew how to do a thing gracefully; couldn't dance better than a bear; and above all, couldn't endure to have any one tease boys self-respecting. The reply was, If a beggar crossed his path he would answer her gruffly "No" and then, perhaps, turn back two blocks to know a gentlemanly, and hurry off again before she could say "Thank you." He was not handsome either. To be sure he had good broad shoulders and a shock of brown hair, and those brown eyes that were not afraid to look at you; but his mouth was wide, his nose nothing to speak of, and his complexion not to be compared to the pink and white that appeared in the face of Augustus Ledger. He started to the foreign land he knew not for his own, and his first impulse was to cut the little fellow in his arms and fight somebody he didn't know what, in general terms, that "Johnny, of course wouldn't be best; so he only said, almost gruffly, to cover his feelings at the sight of the frail boy's tears him, "Goodby, Johnny. Don't give up the ship," and then he leaned straight round and turned his back to him, and Johnny quietly walked away. What made Lewis Grey stand and stare at a pile of grey and brown calicoes—why he should use his handkerchief so seriously—or why he should remark to his neighbor, when he turned around again, "Very bad weather for colds this," I don't know, but that was the performance.

John walked out into the sunshine with a heavy heart; past the long rows of shops, where every body seemed to have something to do and some place in this world; past the brown stone fronts, where rosy children looked out the windows; past the long markets, where provisions were so plenty it seemed as though no one ought to be hungry in the world; and past the quiet old churchyard, where, long ago, the dead were laid, but where, now, the sod was unbroken from the first of summer sunshine until the last whirling leaves of autumn played at hide-and-seek among the tombstones. He stopped to rest and look through the iron fence at this quiet spot. A daisy, a real live daisy, grew within his reach, and as it bent toward him with the gentle breeze it put him in mind of the days "when father was alive," and they lived in the country. He was thirteen years old now, but it seemed as though ages had passed since that happy time two years before, and the boy sighed wearily. The daisy bent toward him, beckoning to him, as much as to re-echo Lewis Grey's words, "Don't give up the ship." Then, in a fit of childishness, he stooped down to talk to the daisy. "Oh yes, it's very well for you to be so jolly; you don't have any trouble—we don't have to pay for being alive. When we don't care about being alive we fight hard, and, dabsy! you don't tired either; your bark don't ache as mine does, I know, or you wouldn't keep right on growing so, and nobody to care for you." As he spoke there came a great gust of wind around the corner, and, sweeping all before it, laid the flower down low in the grass. In a moment the breeze had passed, and then it was up again and nodding to John as merrily as before. He couldn't but smile at it, and at the same moment felt a light touch on his shoulder, and, turning, saw a young girl with a bundle and basket under her hand.

"Well, my little friend," said she, in the gentlest voice in the world, "don't you see how patient the daisy is? All alone, and yet so jolly as he looked up in her face. "I heard you talking just now, and I wondered whether you thought that God put you and the daisy both in this world because he had something for you each to do?" and her kind dark eyes looked inquiringly at the small grumbler. He rose from the grass where he had been sitting, and answered, frankly,

"Oh yes, Miss, I know—whether tells me such things, and sometimes I try to feel right, but I have felt pretty bad to-day. I am not very well nowadays."

A boy's confidence is easily won, and as he walked beside Miss Katie Bonn, before he was aware he had told her of his mother's struggles for a live school until now, sewing gladly for the smallest pay; how hard she had worked to get the place for him, and how he had left it "all mixed," said he, "she will be so sorry about it—to think that any body should call me a thief," and here the trembling lip quivered too much to form the words. Sweet Katie Bonn! she listened till her own blue eyes were filling up too; but she put her hand on the boy's shoulder, and said, cheerily,

"Keep up your courage, Johnny; I think I can get some place for your mother to do; and I'll come and see her to-morrow. Here are some tracts, and I'll write my name and number on one, and you can give them to your young home work sometimes. Good-by. I am going up home now."

The widow Mead had just finished her household work. "Full enough to make a stalking-horse could make it; the striped rag carpet was unlistered by a shred; through the open closet door the fine dishes were shining and orderly; the white brass candlestick was bright as gold, and the bedcovering was clean and trim. The widow had just received a letter from Johnny's stocking, and many a modest little bit of an air-castle was woven as well as the best of the well-meant stockings! Johnny would get to be a clerk by-and-by, and then rise to be a "Co," and then they would have a home in the country, and Johnny's mother, without the city. There should be honey-suckles trained over the windows and nigmonette behind the house, and a little garden red roses grew where, and a shady porch in the midst of them; and Johnny would be grown so tall and stout, and have such a good-natured mother's feel out at the pleasant dream running on, when in the midst of it the door opened, and with the sound of its latch rose all the fancies that had built, for there was Johnny, poor little Johnny, tired and sick at heart. The tears would come now, and he sat down on the floor and sobbed at his mother's feet and cried bitterly, telling her as well as sobs would allow his hard and disgrace.

"Oh, mother! I can't stand it—I can't! Mr. Ledger is too bad; he knows I didn't touch the money; and he believes his own boy, Jim, will. You need not shake your head, mother, I do; he has had lots lately."

"Hush, Johnny," said his mother, stroking down his fair hair with caressing hand, "my dear son, don't talk so you must not accuse another when you felt so badly about it yourself. It will be found out, I am sure, who took it; and perhaps you can get another place soon! I am sure God will not let us starve and suffer and try so deeply. It is pretty hard to forgive Mr. Ledger; but we ought to try to do it, and maybe he will be sorry some day."

Then she wiped his eyes and talked cheery and hopeful. The boy had never thought how little and the failure of his petty salary was starvation to them. She brought him some bread—the last half—and a little cream of milk, and sighed as she saw how weak and pale he looked. Poverty was coming pretty close now. She could get no work, and the pence that had gone from the last piece were all that she could depend upon for food for the morrow. But with the trusting faith of a true Christian she smoothed what she said, when in her nightly prayer she asked, "Give us this day our daily bread"—only to go out on the morrow to seek for it in every hamlet and laberinos way; but trusting still that His hand would guide her steps.

We left Lewis Grey wiping his eyes and clearing his throat behind the counter of Mouzelin & Measure, declaring that it must be he had taken cold. The slim little figure, clad in faded pants and coat of uncouth cut, the drooping eyes and hot hands haunted him; and Lewis was desperately vexed to think that he had hit the boy so home without finding where he lived. "By George!" said he to himself, "I don't believe he has enough to eat." He would fain have parted off to hot punch in his usual bitter-sheller manner, but a fat dowager dressed his undivided attention while she selected some sort of a "popelorum" fabric to be called it. She was dispatched at last well satisfied, and her place was taken by a fair young girl, no other than our sweet friend Katie Bonn, who, after leaving our little friend, bent thither her steps. She had been at the store several times before, and Lewis always blushed tremendously when she appeared. Her graceful form and movements seemed something wonderful to him, who never knew what to do with his hands and feet; her quiet womanly self-possession, a marvel he could not sufficiently admire. He had found out, in a roundabout blundering way, too, that she was "Miss Bonn," that her father was of the wealthy and mighty firm of "Bonn & Bonn;" and, moreover, that Augustus Ledger was thinking, in the most sublime assurance of success, that perhaps he might as well make up his mind to sacrifice his elegant self in consideration of the sum which might reasonably belong to "Old Bonn's" only daughter. Old Bonn's father had no idea of such a thing. She laughed a little to herself as she saw his growing devotion, and thought that perhaps it would be very easy to bring him to her feet, just to tell him "No, I thank you." Lewis was as dexterous in handling the silk as he could be; nevertheless the fabric would get turned in the most aggravating manner, and finally he unwound to pick up a piece in her lap. Then he had to apologize, and as the little woman laughed merrily and returned it with quiet grace, he felt as though his other vexed hot blood enough, as though his hair wasn't brushed right; in fact, as though he wasn't worthy to stand before her at all.

She was thinking of the shabby, manly-looking person he was, and what good, honest eyes he had, and speculating whether, if he married at all, it would be a misfortune to be a "Co." He didn't know all this, and was rather relieved when she turned away to purchase something out of his department. There he remembered too the thousand-and-one, and started in a hurry to look for him.

As he passed out Katie heard one of the clerks say, "There goes Grey. He'll chase a dozen blocks after that cash-boy, I bet you!" In a moment it flashed through Katie's mind that this must be Lewis Grey—no other than the kind friend that little John loved so well. She stopped to think of it, and it was so long that the clerk was obliged to recall her.

"Would this suit?"

"Oh yes! please not that, something heavier." The fair hands were turning over coarse muslins and flannels, for she "remembered the poor," and Lewis was behind herself, observing her curious. She bired poor women to make garments that were sold at cheap prices to the poor. She did liberally, and in many a poor home they thanked God for sending her to them in their times of destitution. And yet no more charitable heart ever conjoined with Katie Bonn. The cloth was purchased, and as she joined Augustus she looked so sweet and thoughtful that he was half inclined to secure her at once. One hundred thousand dollars—sweet fine, little Methodistical—break her of that nonsense, eh, yes, would do very well.

Three weeks had slipped away with its burden of joy and sorrow, cares and hopes. The son of Old Bonn was reflected back from the hot disgraceful and glorious brick of the city—the noisome odors came up from reeking streets, even to the widows in high up in the room where Johnny Mead lay ill. Yes, he was very ill. The excitement and grief of that terrible day had hurried on a fever that had nearly worn him out. Like a ministering angel, Katie Bonn had come and gone—some from the country—some to their poor streets, that had given food and wine and work, had cheered the poor mother, and helped her bear this saddest trial of all. What a blessing to her, if he could only have the sweet charity and humble spirit of this young girl!

Johnny grew brighter as, propped up on pillows, he waits her coming—listens for her footsteps on the creaking stairs. Ah, she is here! Her bright face appears at the door, and her soft voice exclaims: "How is my little friend? See, I have brought some fruit—I thought a blessing to you, if it could only have the sweet charity and humble spirit of this young girl!

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"Mr. Grey—I hope you have not forgotten me! I am little Johnny the cash-boy that you used to be so clever to. I am pretty sick—the Dr. says that maybe the country air will do me good; and oh! I have got such a kind friend—he is going to take me and mother to Cloverland, or some such name, next week. Oh, Mr. Grey! hard as my body found out about that money that I didn't take! Please come to see me. I am tired now. Good-by, dear Sir, JOHN MEAD."

This letter was finished with much weariness and labor, under the supervision of Katie's soft blue

eyes, and her practical thoughtfulness added what she had forgotten, the number and street, and as Johnny was too tired to finish the superscription, it was written in her own fair round hand, and posted on her way home, and not a day passed after that without Lewis's kindly face. A week more and again we are at Johnny's bedside. Gone are all the hopes of health or life. With bowed head and form, the mother looks at the child she loves as he lies there fair and white. The doctor stands beside him, but in his playing eye there is no ray of hope.

The weather is wild open, and the sounds of hay life come up from the street below, dimly, and as though they were not from the same world as this within the sick chamber. Katie is there, watching every movement, proffering the iced drinks, changing the pillows, and praying in her heart like Job who doeth all things well would comfort the mother. Now and then the boy's mind would wander, and some scenes he had loved, and then like a cloud, would come the great sorrow, and the student heart would have been proud of his pupil, wondering, and troubled thoughts.

"Oh! I never stole—he no, no, never. I didn't see the money; did you, Jimmy?" Now it meant left the money; "I did so sorry:" then, changing his fancies, his eye would light up as he said, "The daisies, 'tis daisies, they are calling me. Mother, I must go; the daisies, they are calling me to stay with them." Then a moan—and a few moments of silence and untroubled sleep.

All held their breath as the sick child slept; and when a low tap at the door was followed by the entrance of Lewis Grey, who seemed to speak some good tidings, Katie laid her finger on her lip and pointed to the bed. The noise of his entrance, however, awoke him, and he had become calmed and conscious in this interval. He held out his hand to Lewis, who sat beside him. He was to go to speak to him, but the words choked him, and he whispered to Miss Katie to tell him that the thief had been discovered by the Lower Judge, and that every body knew now that John was true. Johnny held out his arms, and with the one word, "Mother!" he fell to her bosom. Her heart leaped then, with a face of perfect peace, he began to make his childish preparation for that better land.

"Good-by, Grey, you have been very good to me, and I hope I shall know you when you get to heaven.

"Miss Katie, I should like you to plant a few daisies on my grave."

On the parting words between mother and son we will not intrude; of the child's hope through Him who blessed little children, we may speak; of the sadness of the parent there for him as he was "going to the daisies," when, with the eyes raised, the weak voice whispered, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Then, as an absence to Lewis Grey's manhood that he cried like a child; for his guardian angel was by him, then unseen, to bid him look to that Saviour that carried this sufferer so gently down the dark valley. A few more murmurings, a few faint sobbing breaths, and the Cash-boy had closed his account.

THE CADET'S BABY.

I AM a military man—not a private in the ranks, but an officer these many years. I have seen service in Florida, in Mexico, on the borders, and I hear of "bombing" occasionally now.

When I was just seventeen, a cadet at West Point, I was on my way home for the first time with the rest of my class. Early in the morning I took my seat in the cars from New York to Boston. I wore my uniform, and I guess I carry up very much of my conscious or indifferent as I seemed to the many admiring glances young ladies bestowed upon it and the sympathetic colonel or general within.

Toward the middle of the forenoon an Irishman, man got into the cars. They were crowded, and he, and his wife, were perfect for the military which others had had, took what was almost the only unoccupied seat, and by my side. I am, or was, a Democrat, but a woman was well clad and clean, so I kept my place. In her arms she held a child—a young baby of some eight or eight months. It was a plump, beautiful, happy little thing. I had a very amiably and uncultivated weakness for both babies and children, and it was so long since I had been so near to either that I petted and noticed this little creature not a little.

Anon the train stopped there for five minutes. Most of the passengers got out. I meant to have the novelty of a six-o'clock dinner in Boston, so I did not stir from my seat. Seeing that I did not, the woman begged to know if I would hold her baby for her a few moments while she got out. I assented. She put the child in my arms and vanished. The minutes passed away; one by one the passengers returned; presently, with a full rang, a crowd came with a rush to resume their places; the locomotive started; we were off; and where, in horror of horrors! where was the baby mamma? My hair began to rise, and the sweat to start from every pore; still I waited, hoping that the woman was trying to get through the other cars, and would come finally to assuage her responsibility.

A quarter of an hour elapsed; every body was quietly seated, and still I held that child. People began to stare, young ladies to titter. I felt myself as red as a lobster. The conductor passed through; I stopped him. With a shaking finger I pointed to the burden in my arms, and stammered out something about the mother having been left behind.

"What the d—l!" he exclaimed, as his eye fell on the child. "Well, you're in for it, and no mistake. I saw that woman after she got out streaking it like mad away from the depôt, but I thought she had her young one with her. You're likely took in and done for, that's a fact."

"But what is to be done with this child?" I asked.

"Don't know, I'm sure. How far are you going?"

"To Berkin (a-sigh.)"

"Then I guess you'll have to carry it as far as there. Then you can take it to one of the hospitals or asylums where they attend to this sort of business, and leave it. Perhaps some of these ladies will help you to take care of it till we get to Boston," and the conductor passed on.

As he went forward, evidently he told the story, for heads began to turn, and then men and boys came scampering in from the other cars to see the fellow that had the baby left with him. Plenty of jokes were cracked at my expense, for every now and then I heard a merry laugh, and some such phrases as, "Precious green, eh?" "Such a go!" "Looks faithfully!" etc., etc.

I was in a rage. My blood boiled furiously. One minute I wanted to swear, the next to kick everyone and thing in the car. I suppose in the meantime the poor little thing in my arms a gripe, for she stirred a quick, little cry. She dropped in a moment, and I felt my eye begin to lay in my arms so innocent, and helpless, and fair, and white, and looked up at me with such complacent pleasure, that I felt my eye begin to grow dying out in spite of me—my embarrassment too.

"I may as well be a man as such a contemptible one," I thought. "I was a fool for having never yet saddled in this way, to be sure, but that's my fault, and not this poor little pussy's, and I may as well take it home, and let the consequences fall, just let 'em laugh, that's all."

So I settled myself comfortably to the care of my baby. People after a while grew accustomed to see her in my arms, and most of the afternoon she slept soundly in them.

But oh, how heavy she grew! I seemed to have a leaden weight tugging heavier and heavier upon me. How an earthly creature could be children, day after day, in the way they do? For me, I'm certain I'd rather mow, though I never tried it.

However, we got to Boston at last, very much weked; and waked fretful and hungry, I suppose. She began to cry; a long, demanding, entirely unexpostulating cry. Fortunately, I had brought cartons to see what master nurse would do.

I tried every possible method to quiet the child; my watch, my eagle buttons, held it up to the window, I dandled it, I nearly turned it upside down, to no use. Nothing would quiet the child, and all efforts to make it forget its needed and rightful consolation, and cried louder and louder till at last I seemed to hold nothing but a human but an immense squall. A man could stand it no longer, let alone a cadet, and I rose desperately from my seat, determined to find some one to act as mamma for insistances. As I passed through the car, some of the younger ladies broke into their senseless titter again, the other ones looked out of the window, and the men eyed with a knowing sort of leer, that had not my arms been occupied, they would have had a right and free to knock them down. One motherly looking person when I approached her, hastily, tossed me with a sharp, reproachful look of glare, that made me shake in my shoes as if I had committed the unpardonable offence. I gave up in despair, and was about to return to my seat, when a gentleman at the extreme end of the car beckoned me forward. It was a little family party, the gentleman, his wife, and a little girl of twelve, them, who held their place in her arms. The gentleman and his wife were both young, and evidently Southerners.

"We heard about this baby from the conductor," said the gentleman, as I came near. "My wife has been digging over since it began to cry. Can we do any thing for you?"

The lady blushed and paled by turns.

"Will you let me look at your baby, Sir, a moment?" she asked in, it seemed to me then, the sweetest tone I had ever heard.

She held out her arms, and I laid the baby in them.

"Such a young child—and so pretty, too! How it cries! What is the matter with it?"

"I don't know, madam, unless it's hungry," I answered. "It has had nothing to eat since my wooman got in this morning. I don't know what to do with it."

"Poor little love!" exclaimed the lady, "what a shame! no wonder it cries!" She hesitated, glanced at her husband, then at her parent's arms, a moment in hesitation, blushing the very rose, the sweet mother held my baby on her bosom, beneath her shawl, and handed it back to me if it had been her own—of her very flesh and blood.

Her husband smiled, and leaning forward as if to interpose the grace of others, made room for me on the seat with their nurse.

I explained the affair to him, told him my name, and found that my father was an acquaintance to him. As we talked, I saw that his wife, listening, examined the dress of the child on her lap, felt of the materials, and finally unpinned the chemise that held up its sleeves. A little miniature was set in the lapel of each. She handed it to him, then back still, I felt convinced, Sir, that the woman who abandoned this child in your care is not its mother. In the first place, the woman's dress, and the child's, then this babe's clothing is of the most exquisite make and quality, and in these sleeve-chains are two miniatures. The child's mamma could not possibly, lots, the other a beautiful woman, evidently a lady. Depend upon it the child is a stolen one, or came by some other dishonest means. What can be done?"

"To not be troubled, madam, about the fate of this child. After the possibility or probability you have suggested, I shall not leave it in Boston. I will take it to my mother and advertise the case. If its parents are found, I shall be glad; and if not, I think my mother will care for the rest. Only," I added, "I wish the meeting were safely over."

The lady's eyes sparkled through tears. "I can't tell you," she said, "how what you have done, and are doing, seems to me, but I think you too noble to dread any thing. I will answer for the mother who has such a son!"

"Softly, softly, if you please," expostulated her laughing husband; "don't be quite oblivious of the fact that I exist." She turned to him with a look that must have silenced the veriest grumbler in the world.

We reached Boston, took a carriage together, and only at the hotel entrance did my new friends bid me adieu. "God bless you!" said the beautiful, noble woman, as she gave me back my baby. I should have knelt and kissed the hand of such a princess, but my arms and I were then so awkward at baby business, that nothing else seemed a possible accomplishment at one and the same time.

The clerk glanced suspiciously at me and my burden.

"We are full, Sir. Not a room to be had."

I sent for the proprietor, and again my name vouched for me. What it is to have a family in the land! "But where in the world, Mr. Edward, is the demanded to get that child?" I told the story. He shook his head, but said nothing.

I sent for a chambermaid to come to my room. I begged her to take the child and care for it during the night. At first she would hear to nothing. I put my hand in my pocket. I gave her a ridiculously large tipping, but I was young and green.

She took the child.

"But share an' yer's not the young gentleman that sat in yonder lookin' so fine, Sir? Holy Virgin! my carachter sid so ruined intirely, intirely!" I assured her of the rectitude of my intentions, and sent her off, and then I went to my door in the morning before I had left my bed, and nothing would induce her to keep her charge another night.

I took the stage for my country home. The driver recognized the lad my father had sent to drive me to some train out.

"How you've grown, to be sure, Mr. Edward! Your folks won't know you, I'm thinking, specially the young ladies. Hard times, Sir, because no one you's getting to be a family man a *leetle* too early."

I laughed and took my seat. But as we began to ride, I felt that I was not quite nervous enough. The frame stood back some distance from the road, and I was coming up from the gate I saw the whole family gathered on the piazza to welcome me. I think I should rather have walked the last half-mile myself. My sister started down the steps to meet me, then stopped. I stepped up on to the piazza. My mother, pale as death, kissed me, and then, my pretty cousin, Ella, on whom I had always, from round-jacket days, been sweet in a sneaking sort of way, darted an unintelligible look at me, and ran to support my sister. My father advanced.

"What do you dare to bring here, you shameless young rascal?" he cried, in place—"He broke down so angry that utterance was absolutely impossible. At any other time I should have shouted with laughter at the ludicrous spectacle he presented; now I only bantered to tell my story. In a few minutes my mother's arms were round me, my sister and cousin were contesting a *I can't* for possession of my baby, and my father recovered his wrath sufficiently to demand his only son, though I did hear him growl through his white beard, "Confounded spoony!"

I advertised for and wide to no purpose. But my baby grew so into the affections of all the household that I did not take steps to take.

We named her Perdida, and I left her with my mother. When I returned year after year I found her fresh from school, more heartsome and prettier, and she each time manifested an affection for me charmingly legitimate—for was she not "*My Baby*"? As such I cherished her.

She was six years old when I left West Point for active service. Before that I had a wonderful and adventurous life for years "by flood and field."

"My Baby" wrote me, at first, often. Her first letters were very childish—half-written, half-printed, and sometimes her meaning eked out with rude drawings. In those days she was charming by persons. "I do not know what think so and so—I love so and so." But years changed her calligraphy, and, also, the feeling of her letters. Now, in place of the childish phrases, stood, "*Your mother* does so and so;" or, "*Your sister* thinks and loves," etc.

My mother wrote: "Ella can't call Perdida your 'Baby' any longer. She does not permit the title, and, I think, very rightly, for she has grown quite unmeaning that our fairy young queen was ever a baby. I can old to be antimalistic, but our darling is surely the loveliest woman I have ever seen or dreamed of. She makes hearts ache, but as yet their pain is vain. We tried to be so cautious; but she is somehow informed of our feeling, and it is her ter knowledge to the proud little heart. It may be that that makes her melt only to me. Will you never come home to see your Baby?"

It was in the spring of the year 1858. I was on my way home to America. An elderly gentleman, who had evidently been a soldier, accosted the stage-coach with a friendly, a similarity of tone and feeling brought us much together during the voyage.

"I had been absent from his country many years. "When I left it," said he to me, "I meant never to revisit the shores that had been accursed to me. Now, I am coming home. Still under the crushed circumstances; and I could not remain. I thought then I could never see again spots that had been so fated to me. And I have come now, impelled by some feeling which I can neither account for nor resist. I dream that I am going to see my child—sometimes, even in waking moments, I am fully convinced that I shall find her."

"Your child?" I interrupted, in spite of myself; "is not your child dead?"

"Also! I do not know.

"'You do not know!' did she not die before you left America?"

"No. Three months ago I should have said I wished she had rather than live lost to me, exposed to fates I shudder to think of. Now I am hopeful. More—resolute. It seems to me she has been kept pure, and that I shall know her. And yet—and he sighed heavily—'I haven't the shadow of a reason for such hope and trust."

I was excited—I compared my remembrance of the miniature on "My Baby's" sleeve-chain with the figure before me. I made him explain all. He told me of the child's birth—the delicate health of his wife afterward, his taking her to Cuba, leaving the child in, as he supposed, trusty care, the death of his wife in Havana, and while he was still in the first anguish of her loss, news from his child's side of its death, and of her sudden rapid return to Ireland. He came to New York too late to find her, and left America at once—forever as he supposed. In Europe, years passed by, he had met a servant who had been with him during his brief married life, and who declared to him positively that his child was not dead and the date on which the woman had written him; but further that the child was not by, as he had followed the fortunes of another master. The stranger father sought vainly for the woman, and now returned on a last mournful search in America. He described the child's nurse. It was the woman who had abandoned her charge in my arms, and the face was the charmed, aged one of Perdida's nidanurse. I hurried days thereafter I restored to my friend his so-early lost child, and gave up "My Baby" to her rightful father.

Without a pang? Yes. Did I console myself with the pretty cousin afore-mentioned? Sir hadn't had patience with me. I had sought—a man hasty, and several olive-branches precluded that. How then?

I saw "My Baby" a stately, radiantly, beautiful woman. She called me Major——, she treated me in the most precise and formal manner—he almost favor she bestowed upon me was the slightest possible touch of the fingers as she bade me good-night or good-morning, and I was left to pine for her idolizing father's tears lavishing the tenderest caresses upon him. Would I have it otherwise? Yes, I would, if a dearer delight than the reserve with which I was treated—the faintest flush that colored her cheek when I was near her, or addressed her, or looked at her, an unexpressible sweetness that I wouldn't have bartered for aught on earth short of what I eventually obtained. What I can then mean that you, a scarred old veteran of between thirty and forty, dared— Didn't I? Hush! And I will tell you the way of it. In my military capacity I was invited to West Point. I went, and my friend and his daughter accompanied me. I sat beside her in the car. The happy gentleman, at a little distance, read diligently. I said,

"Perdida! you have traveled this route before with me; do you remember a year ago?"

She blushed scarlet, and looked at me inscrutably.

I went on.

"To think what a heavy, hungry, unpalatable baby I carried that day, and it the way that poor Cadet's baby was treated!"

The tears started, and the young lady at my side bowed her head slightly bend.

"And the worst feature in the case is that he has never had any suitable recompense. A good fellow, I remember, he was, and generous of course; but in this case every feeling of my soul, every dictre of my heart, demands something more—and I am ready to do something more. Perdida, I my darling these seventeen years, I lost you to your father; but I can not bear it. Regenerous. Here, then, I offer the heart of 'My Baby,' give, O give her back to me!"

She raised her head.

"If we were as much trouble now as then?"

"My darling, don't trifle! Am I to have you?"

"My young lady answered with a blush. She occupied herself with deliberately drawing off her glove. Then she turned to me.

"Since you will be troubled," and she laid her bared hand in mine. Mine again.

Shortly after we were married. I carried Perdida during our wedding tour to the friends I had found for her and me in the care seventeen years before. Into the silent reverency, I asked the gracious hand that had then so sweetly tended what was now become my earthly all.

NELSON'S GOLD-WASHER.

WE publish on page 172 an engraving of another of the ingenious machines by which the earth is being turned over in our golden quest for gold-washer, patented by Mr. Nelson, of 203 William Street, New York City. Mr. Nelson says of it:

"It is intended to do a larger amount of work, and to earn the fine gold, with less labor and expense, than has heretofore been done by the existing process. The object which I have designed to obtain is, to have a portable machine, which the miner can take apart and move from place to place, and which can be made to be moved from the earth or stone as it may accumulate to obtain the gold, and to be transported, and to save the expense and time of erecting long sluices. There is only required a sluice of from 50 to 60 feet in length, which is sufficient to allow the miners room to shovel the earth in. The sluice should be made in sections and stone in the center the machine. It should be placed at an incline of sufficient pitch to allow the water to carry the earth and stone off the machine. The end of the sluice should be closed, or perforated with holes, so as to allow a stream of water to be discharged on every part of the stream, so that as the miners remove the water comes in contact with every part of the earth and it. The spring valves, which are hinged above the screen, as it rotates come in contact with the stone, clay, earth, etc., and as they are alternately drifted over the surface, forcing the stones, as fast as they accumulate, over the edge—the water and earth passing through the screen into the pan underneath, which have mirrors back of each of the riffles, to catch the earth loosened up so that the fining motion which is given to the pans by the ball and eccentric, on the top of the machine, causes the fine gold to be deposited back of the riffles and in the bottom of the pans, which without the riffles and vertical motion would pass off with the earth and water. The amount of work which the machine is capable of doing, if rightly worked, would be several thousand bushels per day."

Mr. Nelson expects that these machines, which only cost $200, will become very popular in California.

HON. ELIHU B. WASHBURNE,* OF ILLINOIS.

Elihu B. Washburne, the present Representative in the national council from the first Congressional District of Illinois, is a brother of Hon. Israel Washburn, of Maine, and Hon. Cadw. C. Washburn, of Wisconsin, both of whom are prominent members of Congress. Born at the family homestead in Livermore—then in Androscoggin County, Massachusetts, now in Oxford County, Maine—young Washburne received the advantages of public school education, and then was a student at Kent's Hill Seminary. Afterward he served an apprenticeship in the printing-office of the Kennebec *Journal* (then conducted by Hon. Luther Severance), and acquired the rare benefits of typographical knowledge, so well calculated to qualify intelligent youths for any position in public life. Nearly a score of the members of the present Congress can claim a printing-office as their *alma mater*.

In 1838 young Washburne entered the office of Hon. John Otis, of Hallowell (afterward a member of Congress), as a student-at-law. In the following year he entered the Law School of Harvard College, where he graduated, and was afterward admitted to the bar. At that time the tide of emigration was setting toward the northern portion of the Mississippi Valley, and Mr. Washburne turned his footsteps toward that fertile region, so truly styled an extensive field of generous rivalry, where honor and distinction are achieved by those who are capable of grasping and worthy of holding them.

Mr. Washburne settled in the picturesque town of Galena, then the head-quarters of those engaged in mining lead, which is found thereabouts in great abundance. Commencing the practice of law, he soon acquired the respect and confidence of the hardy and adventurous people among whom he had located. Having his professional action on the truth and justice of the law, he acquired an enviable reputation as an able, a reliable, and a candid lawyer, and thus secured a lucrative practice.

In 1845 Mr. Washburne married Miss Adele Crotist, of Galena, a daughter of Colonel Henry Crotist, well known as a pioneer in the settlement of the Northwest, while his brother, General Charles Crotist, was the principal engineer officer in the Indian expeditions conducted by General W. H. Harrison and others in that region. Although decided in his attachment for the principles of the Whig party, Mr. Washburne took no active part in politics, preferring the quiet pursuit of his profession and the comforts of domestic life.

He was called from this retirement, however, in 1852, when he was nominated by the Whigs as their candidate for Congress in opposition to the Hon. Thompson Campbell, who then represented the district. After an animated contest Mr. Washburne was elected, and has since been three times re-elected. In 1852 his majority was two hundred and eighty-six; in 1856 it was *twelve thousand one hundred and seventy-four*, and his District gave Colonel Fremont the largest majority of any district in the United States.

Mr. Washburne was an active opponent of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and subsequently distinguished himself by his exertions in behalf of the "Free-State" people of Kansas. His speeches on this question are characterized by logical arrangement, legal learning, and a fearless avowal of the views of his constituents so unmistakably expressed at the ballot-box.

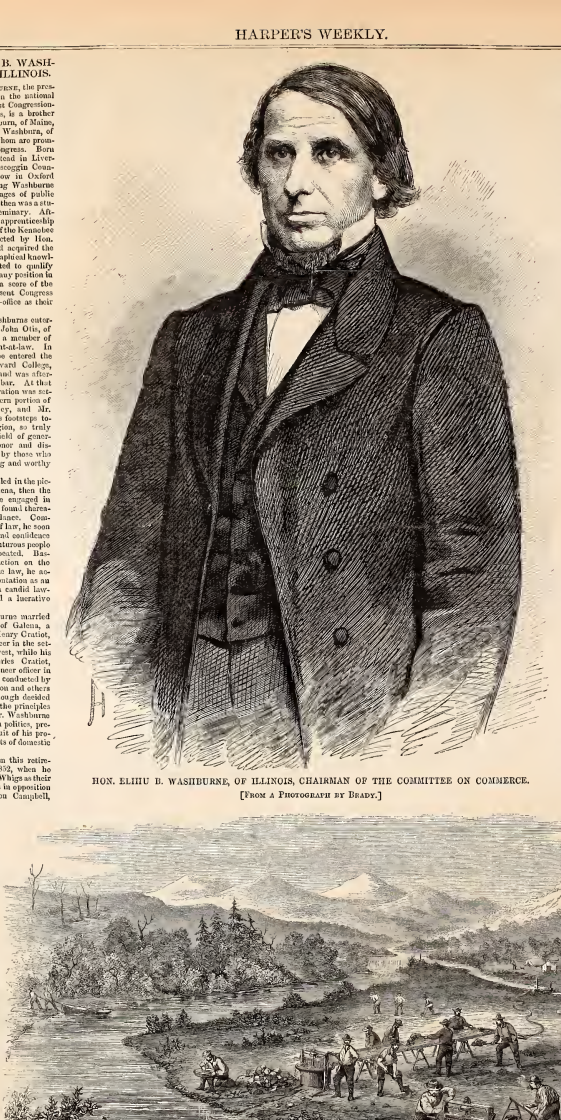
After the prolonged contest for the Speakership of the Thirty-fourth Congress was terminated by the election of Mr. Banks to the Speaker's chair, Mr. Washburne was placed at the head of the Committee on Commerce—a marked compliment, as that position had generally been filled by the Representative of some commercial sea-port. In the Thirty-fifth Congress he was retained on this Committee by Speaker Orr; and now that the Thirty-sixth Congress has at last been organized, we find that Speaker Pennington has restored him to his former position as Chairman of the Committee. This was in accordance with the generally expressed desire of members of all parties, who wished to see "the right man in the right place."

Since Mr. Washburne has been a member of the Committee of Commerce he has paid great attention to the collection of the Revenue Laws of the United States, which have been accumulating, unrevised, since 1790. He has also urged the proper improvement of harbors on the Western lakes, and of dangerous rapids in the Mississippi River. The great scheme for connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific has found in him an earnest advocate: "I am," said he, in debate, "for a Pacific Railroad, earnestly, sincerely, and in good faith. I do not care from what side of the House the proposition comes; whether it be from the Republican side (from which nearly the whole number of votes that are to carry the measure are to come), or whether it be from the Democratic side. I care not what party or what individual shall have the credit of the measure, provided the credit belongs to such party or such individual."

Mr. Washburne has earnestly endeavored, year after year past, to suitably amend the Act of Congress better to provide for the security of the lives of passengers on board vessels propelled in whole or in part by steam. The owners of steamers, who would be subject to heavy expense in complying with the proposed requisitions, have thus far succeeded in opposing Mr. Washburne's projected law. But the frequent disasters that follow in too rapid succession have aroused the attention of the public, and imperative demands are now made for some regulations by which a recurrence of these terrible calamities may be prevented.

Mr. Washburne is ever on the alert to assert and to maintain the rights of his constituents. In the tariff agitated, he demands that the interests of the lead-miners shall be remembered. If money is to be appropriated for public buildings, the custom-houses and post-offices at the Northwest must not be left unfinished; and mentally has stood up in behalf of Rock Island in the Mississippi River, one of the most beautiful spots in the Republic. "I contend," said he, "that this Rock Island reservation ought never to be sold. I never want to see it go out of the hands of the Government. I appeal to all Western men to stand by that beautiful island, and to protect it from the gang of trespassers, speculators, and plunderers who are now spoliating and destroying it. Protect it, I say, from those who now seek, not only to despoil it by stripping it of its timber, but to secure the title to it at a nominal price. I want that island reserved. I am against its sale in any way or shape. I want to see it reserved and protected in its original beauty. I expect, at no very distant day, to see it the site of some splendid public work. It is one of the most fitting sites for a national armory or a military hospital for the Northwest. It should never be sold; and we should do something to protect it."

Mr. Washburne is a thick-set, well-made, middle-sized gentleman, with light hair, a pleas-



HON. ELIHU B. WASHBURNE, OF ILLINOIS, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE.

[From a Photograph by Brady.]

NELSON'S GOLD-WASHER AT WORK AT THE MINES.—[See preceding Page.]

* This Mr. Washburne has a final e. His brothers do not use it in spelling their names.

ant expression of countenance, and that rare quality for which Themistocles was famed—*the ability to inspire confidence*. What he says, either in private or political life, *he means*. Unbending integrity marks his official career; while he is equally distinguished by his active sympathy for the oppressed, his assiduous labors in promoting the social advancement of his adopted home, and his devotion to his numerous friends.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 4th. The misery of self-reproach which I suffered yesterday evening, on hearing what Laura told me in the boat-house, returned in the loneliness of the night, and kept me waking and wretched for hours.

I lighted the candle at last, and searched through my old journals to see what my share in the fatal error of her marriage had really been, and what I might have once done to save her from it. The result soothed me a little; for it showed that, however blindly and ignorantly I acted, I acted for the best. Crying generally does me harm; but it was not so last night—I think it relieved me. I rose this morning with a settled resolution and a quiet mind. Nothing Sir Percival can say or do shall ever irritate me again, or make me forget, for one moment, that I am staying here, in defiance of mortifications, insults, and threats, for Laura's service and for Laura's sake.

The speculations in which we might have indulged this morning on the subject of the figure at the lake and the footsteps in the plantation, have been all suspended by a trifling accident which has caused Laura great regret. She has lost the little brooch I gave her for a keepsake on the day before her marriage. As she wore it when we went out yesterday evening, we can only suppose that it must have dropped from her dress either in the boat-house or on our way back. The servants have been sent to search and have returned unsuccessful. And now Laura herself has just gone to look for it. Whether she finds it or not, the loss will help to excuse her absence from the house if Sir Percival returns before the letter from Mr. Gilmore's partner is placed in my hands.

One o'clock has just struck. I am considering whether I had better wait here for the arrival of the messenger from London, or slip away quietly, and watch for him outside the lodge-gate.

My suspicion of every body and every thing in this house inclines me to think that the second plan may be the best. The Count is safe in the breakfast-room. I heard him through the door, as I ran up stairs ten minutes since, exercising his canary-birds at their tricks: "Come out on my little finger, my pret-pret-pretties! Come out, and hop up stairs! One, two, three—and up! Three, two, one—and down! One, two, three—twit-twit-twit-tweet!" The birds burst into their usual ecstasy of singing, and the Count chirruped and whistled at them in return, as if he was a bird himself. My room door is open, and I can hear the shrill singing and whistling at this moment. If I am really to slip out without being observed, now is my time.

Four o'clock. I come back to this journal with sensations filling my mind which it would be useless for my woman to attempt to describe. The three hours that have passed since I made my last entry have turned the whole march of events at Blackwater Park in a new direction. Whether for good or for evil I can not and dare not decide.

Let me get back first to the place at which I left off, or I shall lose myself in the confusion of my own thoughts.

I went out, as I had proposed, to meet the messenger with my letter from London, at the lodge-gate. On the stairs I saw no one. In the hall I heard the Count still exercising his birds. But on crossing the quadrangle outside I passed Madame Fosco, walking by herself in her favorite circle, round and round the great fish-pond. I at once sheltered my pace so as to avoid all appearance of being in a hurry; and even went the length, for caution's sake, of inquiring if she thought of going out before lunch. She smiled at me in the friendliest manner—said she preferred remaining near the home—nodded pleasantly—and re-entered the hall. I looked back, and saw that she had closed the door before I had opened the wicket by the side of the carriage gates.

In less than a quarter of an hour I reached the lodge.

The lane outside took a sudden turn to the left, ran on straight for a hundred yards or so, and then took another sharp turn to the right to join the high road. Between these two turns, hidden from the lodge on one side and from the way to the station on the other, I waited, walking backward and forward. High hedges were on either side of me; and for twenty minutes by my watch, I neither saw nor heard any thing. At the end of that time the sound of a carriage caught my ear; and I was met, as I advanced toward the second turning, by a fly from the railway. I made a sign to the driver to stop. As he obeyed me a respectable-looking man put his head out of the window to see what was the matter.

"I beg your pardon, I said; "but am I right in supposing that you are going to Blackwater Park?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"With a letter for any one?"

"With a letter for Miss Halcombe, ma'am."

"You may give me the letter. I am Miss Halcombe."

The man touched his hat, got out of the fly immediately, and gave me the letter.

I opened it at once; and read these lines. I copy them here (without the address to me or the writer's signature); thinking it best to destroy the original for caution's sake.

"*Private and Confidential.*

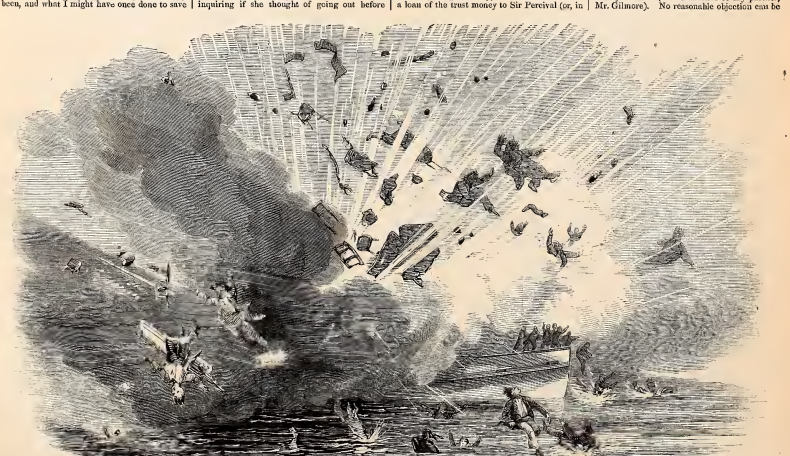
"DEAR MADAM,—Your letter, received this morning, has caused me very great anxiety. I will reply to it as briefly and plainly as possible.

"My careful consideration of the statement made by yourself, and my knowledge of Lady Glyde's position, as defined in the settlement, lead me, I regret to say, to the conclusion that a loan of the trust money to Sir Percival (or, in other words, a loan of some portion of the twenty thousand pounds of Lady Glyde's fortune), is in contemplation, and that she is made a party to the deed, in order to secure her approval of a flagrant breach of trust, and to have her signature produced against her if she should complain hereafter. It is impossible, on any other supposition, to account, situated as she is, for her execution to a deed of any kind being wanted at all.

"In the event of Lady Glyde's signing such a document as I am compelled to suppose the deed in question to be, her trustees would be at liberty to advance money to Sir Percival out of her twenty thousand pounds. If the amount so lent should not be paid back, and if Lady Glyde should have children, their fortune would then be diminished by the sum, large or small, so advanced. In plainer terms still, the transaction, for any thing Lady Glyde knows to the contrary, may be a fraud upon her unborn children.

"Under these serious circumstances I would recommend Lady Glyde to assign as a reason for withholding her signature, that she wishes the deed to be first submitted to myself, as her family solicitor (in the absence of my partner, Mr. Gilmore). No reasonable objection can be

"ARE YOU GOING BACK TO THE HOUSE, MISS HALCOMBE?"



EXPLOSION OF A STEAMER ON THE DELAWARE, MARCH 6, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

made to taking this course—for, if the transaction is an honorable one, there will necessarily be no difficulty in my giving my approval.

"Sincerely assuring you of my readiness to afford any additional help or advice that may be wanted, I beg to remain, Madam, your faithful servant,

"——"

I read this kind and sensible letter very thankfully. It supplied Laura with a reason for objecting to the claimants which was unanswerable, and which we could both of us understand. The messenger waited near me while I was reading to receive his directions when I had done.

"Will you be good enough to say that I understand the letter, and that I am very much obliged?" I said. "There is no other reply necessary at present."

Exactly at the moment when I was speaking these words, holding the letter open in my hand, Count Fosco turned the corner of the house from the high road, and stood before me as if he had sprung out of the earth.

The startlesness of his appearance, in the very last place under heaven in which I should have expected to see him, took me completely by surprise. The messenger wished me good-morning, and got into the dy again. I could not say a word to him—I was not even able to return his bow. The conviction that I was discovered—and by that man of all others—absolutely petrified me.

"Are you going back to the house, Miss Halcombe?" he inquired, without showing the least surprise on his side, and without even looking after the dy, which drove off while he was speaking to me.

I collected myself sufficiently to make a sign in the affirmative.

"I am going back too," he said. "Pray allow me the pleasure of accompanying you. Will you take my arm? You look surprised at seeing me?"

I took his arm. The first of my scattered senses that came back was the sense that warned me to sacrifice any thing rather than make an enemy of him.

"You look surprised at seeing me?" he repeated, in his quietly pertinacious way.

"I thought, Count, I heard you with your birds in the breakfast-room," I answered, as quietly as I could.

"Surely. But my little feathered children, dear lady, are only too like other children. They have their days of perversity; and this morning was one of them. My wife came in, as I was putting them back in their cage, and said she had left young out alone for a walk. You told her so, did you not?"

"Certainly."

"Well, Miss Halcombe, the pleasure of accompanying you was too great a temptation for me to resist. At my age there is no harm in confessing so much as that, is there? I seized my hat, and set off to offer myself as your escort. Does so far an old man as Fosco seem by better than no escort at all? I took the wrong path—I came back in despair—and here I am arrived (may I say it?) at the height of my wishes."

He talked on in this complimentary strain, with a fluency which left me no exertion to make beyond the effort of maintaining my composure. He never referred in the most distant manner to what he had seen in the house, or to the letter which I still had in my hand. This omission was attention helped to convince me that he must have surprised, by the most dishonorable means, the secret of my application in Laura's interests, to the lawyer; and that, having now assured himself of the private manner in which I had received the answer, he had discovered enough to suit his purposes, and was only bent on trying to quiet the suspicions which he knew he must have aroused in my mind, was what, under these circumstances, not to attempt to deceive him by plausible explanations—and woman enough, notwithstanding my dread of him, to feel as if my hand was tainted by resting on his arm.

On the drive in front of the house we met the dog-cart being taken round to the stables. Sir Percival had just returned. He came out to meet us at the hall-door. Whatever other results his journey might have had, it had not ended in softening his savage temper.

"Oh! here we of you come back," he said, with a lowering face. "What is the meaning of the house being deserted in this way? Where is Lady Glyde?"

I told him of the loss of the brooch, and said that Laura had gone into the plantation to look for it.

"Brooch or no brooch," he growled, sullkly, "I commanded her not to forget her appointment in the library this afternoon. I shall expect to see her in half an hour."

I took my hand from the Count's arm, and slowly ascended the steps. He honored me with one of his magnificent bows, and then addressed himself gaily to the scowling master of the house.

"Tell me, Percival," he said, "have you had a pleasant drive? And has your pretty young Bruin Molly come back at all tired?"

"Brown Molly be hanged—and the dog too! I want my lunch."

"And I want five minutes' talk with you, Percival, first," returned the Count. "Five minutes' talk, my friend, here on the grass."

"What about?"

"About business that very much concerns you."

I lingered long enough, in passing through the hall-door, to hear this question and answer, and to see Sir Percival thrust his hands into his pockets in sullen hesitation.

"If you want to badger me with any more of your infernal scruples," he said, "I, for one, won't hear them. I want my lunch!"

"Come out here and speak to me," repeated the Count, still perfectly unaffrayed by the rudest speech that his friend could make to him.

Sir Percival descended the steps. The Count took him by the arm, and walked him away gently. The "business," I was sure, referred to the question of the signature. They were speaking of it when I came on them beyond a doubt. I felt heart-sick and faint with anxiety. It might be of the last importance to both of us to know what they were saying to each other at that moment—and not one word of it could by any possibility reach my ears.

I walked about in the hall room from to room, with the lawyer's letter in my bosom (I was afraid to take out my hat in which it lurked, and key), all the expression of my suspense half moderated me. There were no signs of Laura's return; and I thought of going out to look for her. But my strength was so exhausted by the trials and anxieties of the morning that the heat of the day quite overpowered me; and after an attempt to get to the door I was obliged to return to the drawing-room and lie down on the nearest sofa to recover.

I was just composing myself when the door opened softly and the Count looked in.

"A friend paidreen, Miss Halcombe," he said; "I only venture to disturb you because I am the bearer of good news. Percival—who is capricious in every thing, as you know—has seen fit to alter his mind at the last moment; and the signature of the document is put off for the present. A great relief to all of us, Miss Halcombe, as I see with pleasure in your face. Pray accept my best respects and congratulations when you mention this pleasant change of circumstances to Lady Glyde."

He left me before I had recovered my astonishment. There could be no doubt that the extraordinary alteration of purpose in the matter of the signature was due to his influence; and that his discovery of my application to Arnborough, and of my having received an answer to it to-day, had offered him the means of interfering with certain success.

I felt thoroughly unnerved by the mental ordeal to share the exhaustion of my body, and I was in no condition to dwell on them, with any useful reference to the dangers which seemed to threatening future. I tried a second time to run out and find Laura, but my head was giddy, and my knees trembled under me. There was no choice but to give it up again and return to the sofa, sorely against my will.

The night passed in a state of the low murmuring hum of summer insects outside the open window soothed me. My eyes closed of themselves; and I passed gradually into a strange condition, which was not waking—for I knew nothing of what was going on around me; and not sleeping—for I was conscious of my own repose. In this state my fevered mind broke loose from all restraint, and I felt my way at rest; and in a trance, or day-dream of my fancy—I know not what to call it—I saw Walter Hartright. I had not thought of him since I rose that morning; Laura had not said one word to me either directly or indirectly referring to him; and yet I saw him now as plainly as if the past time had returned, and we were both together again at Limmeridge House.

He appeared to me as one among many other men, none of whose faces I could plainly discern. They were lying on the steps of an immense ruined temple. Colossal tropical trees—with rank creepers twining endlessly about their stems, and gigantic leaves spots glimmering and grinning at intervals behind leaves and stalks and branches—surrounded the temple, and hung out from it, and threw a dismal shadow over the forlorn band of men on the steps. White exhalations twisted and curled up silently from the damp ground; approached the men in wreaths, like smoke; touched them, and crawled on and on, and crept on, to the places where they lay. An agony of pity and fear for Walter loosened my tongue, and I imparted his secret to Laura. "Shall I come back?" I said. "Remember your promise to her and to me. Come back to us before the Pestilence reaches you and lays you dead like the rest!"

He looked at me with an unearthly quiet in his face. "Wait," he said. "I will come back. The night when I met the lost Woman on the highway was the night which set my life apart to do the instrument of a Design that is yet unseen. There, lost in the wilderness, or there, unshouldered back in the world of my birth, I am still walking on the dark road which leads me, and you, and the sister of your love and mine, to the end of the Design which I felt the inevitable End. Wait and look. The Pestilence which touches the rest will pass me."

I saw him after this, lying still in the forest, and the numbers of his lost companions had dwindled to very few. The temple was gone, and the dead were gone—and, in their place, the figures of dark, dwarfish men lurked murderously among the trees, with bows in their hands and arrows fitted to the string. Once more I forced for Walter, and cried out to warn him. Once more he turned to me, with the immovable quiet in his face. "Another step," he said, "on the dark road. Wait and look. The arrows that strike the rest will spare me."

I saw him for the third time, in a wrecked ship, stranded on a wild, sandy shore. The overloaded boats were making away from him for the land, and he alone was left to sink with the ship. I cried to him to hail the kindest boat, and to make a last effort for his life. The quiet face looked at me in return, and the unmoved voice gave me back the answer to my prayer. "Another step on the journey. Wait and look. The Sea which drowns the rest will spare me."

I saw him for the last time. He was knelling by a tomb of white marble; and the shadow of a veiled woman rose out of the grave beneath and waited by his side. The quiet quality of his face had changed to an unearthly sorrow. But the terrible certainty of his words remained the same. "Darker and darker," he said; "farther and farther yet. Death takes the children—and death takes the mothers—and spares me. The Pestilence that wastes, the Arrow that strikes, the Sea that drowns, the Grave that closes over Love and Hope are slaves to pity and mercy, and take me nearer and nearer to the End."

My heart sank under a dread beyond words, under a grief beyond tears. The darkness closed round the pilgrim at the marble tomb; closed round the wailing wreck; closed over the grave; closed round the dreamer who looked on them. I saw and heard no more.

I was aroused by a hand laid on my shoulder. It was Laura's.

She had dropped on her knees by the side of the sofa. Her face was flushed and agitated, and her eyes were naive in a wild, bewildered manner. I started up the instant I saw her.

"What has happened?" I asked. "What has frightened you?"

She looked round at the half-open door—put her hand close to my ear—and answered in a whisper:

"Marian!—the figure at the lake—the footsteps in the plantation—I've just seen her! I've just spoken to her!"

"Who, for Heaven's sake?"

"Anne Catherick."

FRIGHTFUL EXPLOSION ON THE DELAWARE.

We engrave on the preceding page the terrible explosion which took place on the 6th inst. on the Delaware. The story is thus told by the Easton (Pa.) *Express*:

"This morning the chance of the Delaware, below the bridge, on the side of the river, were crowded with persons to witness the departure of the little steamer which had been built at this place to run between Belvidere and New Jersey. At 11 o'clock the steamer left the lock at Southtown, and made her way up the river against a swift current, and having on board about a hundred men. As she neared along the crowds on both shores observers noticed a slight being a most beautiful one. At the bridge she stopped, when a number got off, leaving about forty persons, and then went on up the river, the crowd returning, supposing that she would run safely to Belvidere. But how much were they mistaken, for she had not gone a mile and a half distant the community at noon, when the report came that the steamer had blown up at the other side of the island near the Water-works!

"It appears she was moored at that spot, and when all was ready to start the boiler exploded with a terrible crash, the pieces flying in every direction, and the steamer was instantly a complete wreck; really the most of the passengers on board were thrown fifty feet into the water, some blown off into the water and slightly injured, and others again were dreadfully mangled.

"The sight upon the land, to which we hastened immediately upon hearing of the catastrophe, was heart-rending. The shrieks of the poor sufferers, the presence of those who were in search of friends supposed to be among the dead or wounded, and the dead, laying formed a sight to make the stoutest heart sad.

"The scene and the sight of the sufferers it is impossible to describe. Women who were fearful that relatives were on board, ran up and down almost distracted, questioning almost every one in regard to the dreadful affair.

"It was reported that a lady and two children were aboard and were lost, but we made inquiries, and found that no ladies were on the boat.

"A number of men were at work at the wreck when we went to press, to ascertain whether there were any bodies in it."

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FLORINDA.

I.

Out, love! thou gift divine,
Once so nobly, humbly mine:
Once so swift my coldest bidding to obey;
Oh, base, ignoble pride,
That cast the gift aside,
Like a flower idly pluck'd and thrown away.

II.

He loved her not at first,
In security securest
I thought my power never could depart.
But, oh, with patient care
She has won my jewel rare,
And now I'm lost forever to his heart.

III.

I could tear her limb from limb,
If I thought his love a whim,
If I hoped to win a thought of his again.
But no! the time has past,
He has look'd and loved his last,
And I'd die to save his heart a moment's pain.

IV.

And his child—*her* little child!—
With those eyes so brave and mild,
Oh, would that there were poison in his kiss!
Oh, strange entangled fate,
How I love her, how I hate;
How I curse her, how I bless her for his bliss!

READING THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON TO THE DEAF MUTES AT THEIR CHURCH IN EIGHTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

V.

There are voices in the roar
Of the breakers on the shore—
There are whispers in the wash of the sea.
There are echoes in the breeze,
As it murmurs 'neath the trees,
There are echoes in the stars for me.

VI.

Those solemn voices roll
Through the depest of my soul—
They chill my bleeding heart to its core.
Yet they speak that peace and rest
Once more may fill my breast,
Comes the never-failing echo—Never more.

PREACHING TO THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Many of our readers may have heard of the church for deaf-mutes in Eighteenth Street in this city; but few, we presume, have witnessed its services, and all will be glad to see the faithful picture given on the preceding page.

The first services of this church were conducted by its present rector, the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, in the smaller chapel of Yale College, New Haven, on the first Sunday of October, 1852. In this place it struggled for existence during five years, gradually gaining in strength and means, until its removal to the Lecture-room of the New York Historical Society Building, corner of Second Avenue and Eleventh Street. Here its prospects improved so much that it was deemed expedient to purchase, in July last, the church and parsonage in West Eighteenth Street, originally built by Christ Church. In this church its services began on the first Sunday, of August, 1859. Since then it has steadily worked its way toward permanent success.

In this church are gathered adult deaf-mutes (graduates of various Institutions), their families, and others willing to promote their welfare, the Sunday services being oral at half-past ten A.M. and half-past seven P.M., and in the sign-language at three P.M. We present a sketch of the latter service as the Rector and his silent congregation appeared on Sunday afternoon, March 11. The dense young man at the lectern was a young clerk, giving the responses in the service according to the common Prayer-book. The rector translated as this account the parable of the Prodigal Son This church is doing great good among the deaf-mute residents of this city and its vicinity. Its rector makes it his duty to visit deaf-mutes in their seasons of sickness and trouble, and to endeavor to help them to situations in which to earn their daily bread. Since he left his position as instructor in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in the spring of 1858, he has had, by the usual application, situations for upward of fifty deaf-mutes.

This is the first church of its kind in the world. Within the past year a similar one has been established in London. We close this brief sketch with a list of our present vestry: C. C. Lathrop and S. R. Comstock, Wardens; George K. Jackson, W. O. Fitzgerald, Josiah Jones, John G. Brosnan, Jr., C. A. Bull, M.D., Franklin Campbell, D. Reynolds Budd, and James L. Harris, Vestrymen.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 24, 1860.

THE REVENUE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Sherman, Chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, has proposed to fund the twenty odd millions of Treasury notes now in circulation by the issue of a 6 per cent. Federal stock. It is intimated that this measure is but the cloak for a protectionist scheme devised in the interest of the Pennsylvania iron-makers and coal-diggers, and that the party design is to secure Pennsylvania for the Republicans next fall. If this be so, the project will probably fail; a decided majority of the House of Representatives—as of all intelligent heights in the country—are and must be opposed to the imposition of fresh duties on imports. But in the main, and in respect to the main object of Mr. Sherman's Committee, the idea is sound.

There is no present prospect that the United States will be able to pay off the debt, incurred in consequence of the revolution of 1857, out of the revenue derived from customs duties. The imports during the present fiscal year are the heaviest ever known; yet the income which they provide will hardly suffice for the current expenditures of the civil government. As to raising the duties, that is a method which does not commend itself to any enlarged mind. Our object should be, and is, to expand, not to contract commerce; to lighten, not to increase the burdens which press upon trade. As, therefore, we can not pay our notes at maturity, it is impossible to do better than to fund them, especially as the public will give one per cent. more for funded stock than for Treasury notes.

If ever an intelligent, self-reliant, and large-minded financier obtains the position of Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, or Secretary of the Treasury, an effort at all events will be made to remedy the present absurd system on which the revenue of the Government of the United States is collected.

The whole scheme of rendering the Government income dependent on the produce of customs duties is wrong. It is unsound, firstly, because it levies toll on commerce, which it should be the aim of our Government to foster, not to tax; secondly, because it is a fluctuating source of income, sometimes so prolific that the Government is driven to use its surplus in the purchase of its bonds at an enormous premium, and sometimes so barren that the Administration is forced to borrow at high rates of interest to defray the ordinary expense of the public service; and, thirdly, because it is an indirect, and roundabout way of raising a revenue, which might be all very well among people who are unfitted for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, but which is beneath the character of citizens of the United States.

If this country were peopled by a race of Spanish half-breeds, with no national aims, no means, no sense of ambition or manliness, there might be some excuse for adopting a sneaking system of taxation which takes money out of people's pockets without their feeling it. In Nicaragua, for instance, or some of the States of Mexico, one can imagine a sagacious statesman recommending the tariff system on the ground that, though people would not pay a direct tax levied on such, they might not object to pay so much more for sugar, coffee, tobacco, clothing goods, and hardware. Such a statesman would act upon the assumption that the people for whom he was legislating were both ignorant and dishonest; ignorant, because if they were intelligent they would see that duties on imports were a hindrance to trade, which is a great source of wealth; dishonest, because the adoption of indirect taxes is based on the assumption that people will not consent to bear, fairly and squarely, the burdens of government which they need. Still, in those countries, among a people naturally inferior, and degraded by many years of misrule and ignorance, such a scheme might be adopted as a *pis aller*. But what shall we say of the like plan here? Do the citizens of the United States require to be hoodwinked into contributing to the contract from them the money necessary to defray the expenses of their Government? Are they so ignorant as to be unable to see that every article levied on trade costs the country five dollars?

Another reason why a customs revenue is undesirable is its fluctuating character. Two years before the Pierce Administration of the White House the Government was embarrassed by a plethora of money in the Treasury. There were at one time millions of dollars in specie lying idle in the Government vaults, and the Secretary of the Treasury had a broker employed here to buy Government bonds at 21 per cent. premium. Five years have elapsed since then, and in that period the Government debt has increased forty millions—to say nothing of the probable deficiency of income. Why, forsooth, should we increase the tariff on imports, as the protectionists desire, what will be the result? In 1856 or 1857 the revenue will again be in excess of the ordinary expenditure; enormous sums will be squandered in purchasing Government bonds at a premium; all energy in commerce will be fettered by the surplus in the Treasury; and the Government will be led into all kinds of extravagances by its excessive wealth. Meanwhile these incessant changes in the tariff create much disturbance in commercial circles, and unsettle the general foreign trade of the country. If, in the interests of commerce, the duties in excess of the amount required, and the tariff is reduced: next year, the imports of the previous season having been excessive, foreign goods are brought in, and the revenue from customs, having been diminished by Congress, is still further reduced by moreover, and the Government is embarrassed and bankrupt. Or, as it begins to borrow at a high rate of interest, the import trade revives, the wants of the country increase, and the tariff is increased, which has not well time to feel it in a condition to buy up its paper, which, however, the shrewd holders will no, now will without a handsome profit, buy back. Could anyone believe, in sober sobriety, a more clumsy, inadequate, and absurd system of finance than this?

But, after all, the main objection to a customs revenue is the tax it levies on traffic. Like the Government postal system, it is a relic of a barbarous age. The revenue of 1857, and "landed gentlemen" made laws for Anglo-Saxons, and common traders were only too glad not to be fleced directly twice a year, the idea of making trade support the burden of Government was deemed a very happy one. The Marquis of Westminster and the William D. Astors of those days were especial pleasant with the arrangement. Had property been taxed, the Marquis and Mr. Astor would have had to pay enough to defray the entire cost of a foreign mission or two; had the taxes been levied direct on persons, the Marquis and Mr. A. would have stood in some fear of a popular outbreak; but the rent, clever, sneaking, mean notion of making the merchants pay the whole expense of Government suited them exactly, and as they made the laws (both in England and here also, where the English plan was copied without inquiry) they adopted the scheme at once. One can readily understand their policy. It is much more difficult to comprehend how a mercantile people like the Americans can have so long submitted to so preposterous a plan. Take it in theory, and take it in practice, it is equally indefensible. In practice, Mr. William B. Astor, who is worth fifty millions, and his heir of Stephen Whitney, who are worth twelve or fifteen, pay no more for the support of the United States Government than Jones or Brown, who each of them lives at the public rate of $2000 a year. Jones consumes in his family as much sugar, and coffee, and dry goods, and hardware, and liquors as William B. Astor; but Mr. Astor, who has a large family, and lives as generously as his income will allow, probably consumes more than the last Whitney ever did. In this light, as to the theory of the system, it is absurd. Customs duties must be levied on articles of general consumption, or they will produce no revenue; and if they be levied on articles of general consumption, they will press equally on poor and rich—which is contrary to every sound economical principle of government.

If the Government of the United States were administered in a sound and intelligent spirit, there would be no such tolls as customs duties levied on traffic. For traffic is the grand refiner and feeder of nations. Agriculture and industry are the creators; but without mercantile activity they would, one nor the other can flourish. The agriculturist can not obtain good prices for his produce if he has not a choice of markets, which a legislator can be afforded him by an active commercial port; nor can the manufacturer prosper if he, too, be confined to the home market. Both need, to thrive, require to be able to say to their neighbors:

"Gentlemen, you will not buy my corn or my boots? Very well; then I will send them to France, China, Japan, Australia, where I can obtain a reward for my labor; and you will have to get your food and your boots where you best can."

If the farmer and the manufacturer have by unwise legislation broken down the foreign market, they will be ruined. If, by unwise tariff or legislative impediments reduced it within narrow limits, the consumers address them:

"Gentlemen, we will give you so much for your corn and so much for your boots: you can take it or not as you please, but as we are the only customers you can get, you must either take our offer or lose your property and starve."

This is the legitimate and inevitable consequence of imposing taxes, tolls, and restrictions on foreign trade—such as customs duties.

If the measure of Mr. Sherman's party were abolished altogether, and the whole United States created a free port, it would become the great emporium of 21 per cent. of the goods of all nations. All the manufacturers of foreign countries would come here to sell, and all the consumers to buy. We are not speculating when we say that, in these days of steam and telegraphs, the great cities of this country would, in this event, become the great mart for the trade, not only of America and Asia, but of Europe also. For, having an customs tariff to impede trade, and possessing within us the great raw materials of life and industry, it will be possible for us to undersell the world in all leading articles of commerce.

It is to be asked how, in such a case, would the Federal Government be supported?—the answer is obvious—by direct taxation.

The writer was present, a year or two since, in the Library of Congress, when the Hon. Jefferson Davis, one of the most clear-headed statesmen in the country, intimated his wish to see a system of direct taxation adopted in this country. He was answered by a very worthy man, Senator Simmons, of Rhode Island, who unerringly inquired where the people would get the gold and silver to pay taxes, as he knew many localities where those metals were unknown, and inconvertible bank-notes were the only currency. We are unable to designate the localities to which the Senator referred, but if there be any such, we think it is high time that a visitor inform some introduced into their currency systems, and we can not conceive any better way of achieving it than by the adoption of a Federal scheme of taxation. There are, it is commonly supposed, more than $250,000,000 of coined gold, silver, and copper in circulation in the United States. It is not likely that the Government would ever need over $25,000,000 of this at any time. Senator Simmons's objection will not hold water. Missouri, Illinois, and one or two Western States are cursed by wild-cat banks, whose notes are practically inconvertible; but the people of these States are waging a vigorous war against these pests, and in a year or two they will be crushed out. Besides, even now, gold is never dearer at Chicago and St. Louis than 1½ per cent. premium for exchange.

As to the difficulty of accustoming the people to direct taxes, we say, in the first place, there is no city or county in the country (the State of Camden and Amboy alone excepted) where the people do not pay some city, or county, or State taxes; if they pay these, why should they object to pay taxes to the General Government? In the second place, if, after all the brag and bluster we hear so often about the extraordinary and God-given capacity of our race for self-government, we don't know enough to pay the cost of our Government in a straightforward way, out of our own pockets, in gold and silver, then it is high time that the fact were known and proclaimed aloud. If we are such a miserable sneaking people that we won't pay our debts if they are presented to us fairly and squarely, but can be cheated into paying them in an underhand, indirect way, in the guise of a customs duty, it is of the first importance that the public should be made aware of the fact, and that historians and philosophers should be set on their guard.

We know not these suggestions without any idea that they will be acted upon immediately, or for some time to come. But whenever the Treasury Department or the Committee on Ways and Means falls into the hands of an Independent thinker, then, perhaps, the obsolete absurdity of a Customs Revenue may be exploded.

HARRIET MARTINEAU ON SEWING.

I wish the people of a higher and a lower class, and Americans and other foreigners, would be made to understand how much domestic business is actually transacted by middle-class women in England. I do not like the discredit of the popular notion that our English girls are too genteel to understand how to cook, and to do shopping, and manage the house. Whether the business is properly done or not, women should insist on its being regarded as a duty, that there may be the better chance for its being done. If the daughter we are now contemplating is a national girl, she will prepare by in possession of the hen-house, and getting into training under her mother. She will be up early (thereby insuring the early rising of the servant), and will be familiarized with the vegetable market—having the benefit of an early choice of good things. She will have claimed with her mother the dinners of the week (with a margin for unexpected occurrences); and thereafter, when she has made breakfast, she is ready for her conference with the cook. She chooses to know how to do every thing that she requires to be done; and, so far as may be by experience. She experiments upon cakes and puddings; and the syllabuses, tarts, and preserves are of her making, till she is satisfied of her proficiency. The linen in the housemaid's department is under her care, and it will be her fault if a tablecloth has a dropped corner, or the sheets a slit in the middle. These matters, so far, occupy very little time, while they afford her a little of her share of exercise and amusement to a healthy mind.

The sewing is another affair. It is still the curse of girlhood in the middle and lower in the middle class. There can hardly be another woman in that class more thoroughly fond of the needle than myself; and probably, have more sewed the needle-work, of all kinds, in the course of their lives: yet it is my belief that thousands of parents are actually cruel to their daughters in requiring from them the amount of needle-work customary in this country and in Germany.

Fathers and brothers suppose that the women of the household are to sit down to make linen for the house and children every day after breakfast, and to stick to the work all day, as the men do to their business. If they knew the strain upon the nerves, and the general unhealthiness of the occupation, when a certain limit of hours is past, they would forbid it as peremptorily as intemperate or dissipating habits. I fear it is still too often the case that all the girls of a family are seated at the work-table all day long, except when at meals, or when making a walk and time to one of them can attempt to steal half an hour's solitude in her own room without being sent for to join the sewing-party. There may be reading aloud—and this is a great improvement upon perpetual silence, but it is not the change, and of freedom of occupation, is too often forgotten in households where needle-work is assumed to be the whole employment, if not the whole duty, of women. I could say much more under this head; but the advent of the sewing-machine supersedes much remonstrance and preaching. It will not, happily, take the needle out of women's hands, because there is much delicate work and much which it can not do; but it will soon put an end to the slavery to the needle, under which so many English girls grow crooked, and sallow, and nervous, and miserable. H. Martineau.

THE LOUNGER.

PALMS WITHOUT THORNS

Iv sometimes happens that a man has all the blessings of anything without any of the pains. He has the halo of Saint Sebastian, but none of the arrows entire in his flesh. He has all his expected pecuniaries, being unconscious of any thing but the kindest feeling and the most courteous conduct toward debtors. He has the laurel, but the noise of the battle which has been provoked in their names, but of which they are innocent.

Men who are sagacious enough to build up a great and prosperous business are usually sensible enough to see that the result is achieved by a strict attention to the laws of trade. A merchant who should say to a fellow-trader, "Sir, I can not buy these bales of goods of you until I know whether you are sound upon the Augustinian theology—whether you prefer German music to Italian—whether you are a free-trader or protectionist—and whether you think 'Adam Bede' as good a novel as 'Jeha Halifax,'" would be a very unsuccessful merchant, to say the least.

For a man's views upon subjects that have no relation to the matter in hand are as much his private property as his coat. If Dickens's publishers should inform him that they would print no more

steries for him if he persisted in wearing a hat instead of a cap. Dickens, as a large creditor, would probably use out a writ *de lunatico*, for he would be very sure that the worthy man had gone mad.

Whoever buys this paper, *Harper's Weekly*, buys it because he thinks he shall get his money's worth, or he is very foolish. He buys it to read. The people who write the articles and draw the pictures which it contains are of all countries, sexes, ages, conditions, habits, tempers, manners, tastes and opinions. But when they co-operate in the preparation of the paper they have but one object, and that is to be agreeable. If they joke, or describe, or sing, or moralize, or satirize, or criticise, or speculate, or reason, they intend to do so agreeably. If they do not, you, discriminating reader, will not buy the paper. Now suppose that you knew all the people who contribute to make a single number of the *Weekly*—suppose you had discovered that you agree with them upon every possible subject of human thought—suppose that what they wrote for your amusement was exceedingly dull—would you buy the paper? No, not if you were a discriminating reader.

Then suppose that you differed upon great subjects, but that they discussed you in what seems, and had the good manners not to introduce the topics of difference, are you going to cut your own nose off to spite yourself? Certainly not, you be entreated. You are discovered. You are the author of that celebrated programme, "*The Universe; a new and popular magazine.*" Great number will be issued on the first day of April. The largest sums will be paid for entertaining contributions. N.B. *All persons who do not consider weigh more than a hundred and thirty pounds—who prefer quail pie to steak—who are color-blind, need not apply.* You would be as wise in making those conditions as a railroad company in engaging conductors upon the same terms, and no wiser.

ONE HEAD.

It is a wise provision of nature that the human body is made with one head. For what hideous confusion there would needs be if there were two with to direct the action of the same body. The strange of this single head has long been always acknowledged in military discipline. It is the key of the whole. It is the same in farming, in manufactures, where one man controls, and his individual workers, by a perfectly faithful metaphor, are called hands. Cæsar, Hannibal, Alexander, Napoleon, Washington, were the single heads of the action of nations. The latter, indeed, held conceits of war, but the will of the General is supreme over the whole, and the parts are all absolutely subject to their several heads. To disobey, to strike an officer, is death. It is the foundation of military discipline of men, and of all success by combined human action. So in the June days of '48 in Paris, the Revolutionists were defeated so that Lamartine and his companions had equal powers of command; it was not until they had resigned, and the single head of Cavaignac appeared on the whole, that the disturbance was quelled, and the republic restored. Cavaignac was not made dictator, but in his department he was supreme.

Now a police is a civil army. It can no more be efficiently directed by half a dozen heads than a regiment can be commanded by so many captains. It must have one will to control it, made responsible to you alone, but supreme within reasonable sphere. That is what has been forgotten in the recent action of the Police Commissioners in the city. The proof of it is here, the threatening riot should suddenly arise, the Commissioners, by the necessity of the case, would invest their Superintendent with uncontrolled powers.

Undoubtedly a Superintendent is subordinate to the Commissioners. But whatever he is, he is he justly removed only when he fails to perform the duties incident to his position, not when he protests against interference of the Commissioners in discharging them. A gardener is responsible to his employer for the general care and skill with which he takes care of the garden; but if the employer incessantly removes the plants and parterres the whole method of the gardener is sacrificed, an intelligent man will resign his situation. And as you amend in the scale of importance of employment, you find the probabilities of resignation increased. If the object of a Police Commission be the preservation of public order, it is surely not a wise thing to appoint an able and faithful officer, to resign by insisting upon interfering with the details of the discharge of his duty. If, however, the object of a Police Commission be something else—if it be, for instance, party discipline, and not public order, the Commission is undoubtedly the best judge of the method by which that end can be attained.

DEMOCRACY, DIRT, AND DISCOMFORT.

THE faithful student of the Latin Grammar remembers that poetry prevents, *Fas est et hostem*—a wise man learns of his enemy. New English travelers and critics are not our enemies; but they occasionally see and say things very disagreeable which many of us see as plainly but are not so ready to say, and which a great many among us suppose we can never learn to see or say. In fact, there is probably as little individual independence among American as among the citizens of countries that are not the greatest and most glorious of all countries in creation—as this country. The Englishmen who have crossed the sea, and who, upon their return, have laughed at our spitting, and bragging, and other minor offenses, are viewed as public enemies. Mrs. Trollope, for instance, and Captain Hall, and even Dickens—who objected to being regarded as a prize fighter—have all fallen under our severe censure. Undoubtedly they said a great many foolish and flat things, and often indirectly attributed to our political philosophy what was merely a solecism in good manners. Frequently, too, their profounder criticisms were so shallow and unjust that we were blind, through indignation, to their more reasonable remarks.

Thus one of the most unimportant of all the grievances of Mrs. Trollope was that the worthy Mr. Grantley F. Berkeley—has been writing letters to some sporting journal, in which he apparently takes his revenge upon the rude Yankees who became Western railroad company did not transport hunting-dogs as Mr. Grantley F. Berkeley thought hunting-dogs ought to be transported. The changes undoubtedly are in favor of his knowing more about the matter than the company. But his criticisms upon our general habits and the spirit of our society and government do not show that he other and far more important matters the chances are in favor of his superior knowledge. And yet among his minor observations there are one or two worth attending, as indications of very general popular error. For instance, he says, in a very ill-mannered way, but not without a little sting of truth:

"Lumbering along rain, tyrannizing over all other wheeled conveniences, there you have a cheap omnibus; and when I arrived at it I found it full of Yankees. 'Bob-boys,' all of them spitting in chorus between their teeth, my dismounted friend, who was then on the train, assures me that in this best of freedom there can be but one person and one vehicle for all."

This remark of his democratic friend was not particularly apt in the city, because any one who chooses can take a carriage and avoid the public conveyance. But it is true enough as applied to the great railroad lines. And another observer—the author of one of the most entertaining and valuable books ever written upon this country, a writer as different from Mr. Berkeley as a man of great intelligence, liberality, and the spirit of the amazing prosperity and progress of this nation, is from one who comes to shoot buffalo—Mr. James Stirling—says, in 1857:

"The popular notion of equality is no less superficial than that of Liberty. The Democrat is not at all inclined to recognize equality; he must have an outward monotony of condition. The people must all ride in the same car, eat the same table, and vote at the same polling-place. * * * Why should not a poor man consent to ride in a car inferior to the rich, paying proportionately, as well as live in a less luxurious house, paying a proportionate rent?"

To understand the full force of such a criticism it is necessary to know the singularly sympathetic and intelligent spirit of Mr. Stirling's book. Thus, did he have Dickens and Mr. Jefferson Brick in mind, when he wrote:

"The stereotyped idea of a Yankee, dollar in the vulgar English mind, is a lantern-jawed, with a pen in one hand and a bowie-knife in the other, stabbing, indifferently with either weapon, whoever dares to differ from him, or, if not to him, and find a scholar and a gentleman, who has probably travelled in the East, and knows the world. This is an instance, among a thousand, of the extreme difficulty of estimating might the civilization of a people and country."

Both these travelers have the sense to see—the one unerringly, the other singularly—that there is a despicable spirit which, in the name of liberty, takes its character from a mean misapprehension of the democratic principle—a sort of *à-quoi-bon* lyres-la-conscience-and-the-rest-of-the-world, which degrade every thing to the level of the lowest intelligence. Let a man, for instance, step into a car on the night train, and quietly suffer him to be black-hole of horror—fed with the poisonous exhalations of the lungs of others, offensive to the every sense, destructive of comfort, and deleterious to health. He would willingly pay twice the fare for a clean, well, comfortable car, if he could get rest. Yet if any company should make distinctions of price and place, except that between the smoking and the ladies' cars, there would be those who availed themselves of the preference offered would be denounced as "black-up aristocrats!" and yet for what is the Democratic principle, if not what it buys? And if a man is not a pampered minion of wealth and pride because he wears calicoes instead of cotton, he is bound, by all means, to be considered if he prefer to breathe fresh air, and to pay more for it, rather than consent to the fumes of the bodies, and lungs, and clothes, and cheese, and peanuts, and frizzled apple-parings, and saliva of forty or fifty other people.

The despotism of one ignorant man is bad, but that of a million ignorant men is a million times worse.

A LETTER TO ——.

DEAR LITTLE MISS.—You are fond of music, are you not?—for if not, why do you go to the rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society? If you do like it, you will listen with the greatest pleasure. If you do not, you will have the politeness to keep silent, and thus resolve to do so.

I, for instance, dear little Miss, pay five dollars a year for the privilege of hearing Beethoven, and Mozart, and Haydn, and Mendelssohn, and Weber—I do not pay it to hear you cackle and tattle. When you sit by my side, with half a dozen other dear little Misses of your acquaintance, all more quicker, and whisper, and rustle, you are a dear little band of highway robbers, swindling me out of the money I have paid for.

I said *swindling*, dear little Miss.

Why does not your mother or your responsible nurse keep you at home? No person of tender years should be permitted to go alone into places of public resort, and she knows at least the rudiments of good manners. You do not, dear little Miss. You are an utterly under-bred and vulgar person. Because you wear tolerably fine clothes, and because the young men like your pretty face, you think that what you and your set do is all right. Little Miss, it is all wrong.

For instance, on the other day at the rehearsal, when your tittering and giggling became intolerable, I turned to you, and asked you, in a perfectly polite way, if you would please allow me to hear the music. Do you remember what you did? You stared at me for a moment with an insolent boldness, which you meant to look like crushing contempt and superb disdain, and then you rattled the footed shoes. Are you aware that you were deliberately vulgar in so doing? It showed such a poor, thin, shallow character—such weak conceit—such utterly selfish—such gilded vulgarity, that I wanted to hear the music, so I left you. And, dear little Miss, if that kind of selfishness is the secret of your success in life, throughout your life, you will constantly see people getting up and leaving you.

Don't do so, dear. If you want to flirt, stay outside. If you are afraid of being the man, tell them that you are a little deaf during the music, and they will stick to you like subjects to Maria Teresa. (She was Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary, dear.) Her Hungarian nobles said, "*Moriamur pro nostro rege.*" It was the Latin way of saying that they would die for her.) If you say to a youth who asks you talking, "Frederick, or Robert, or Henry, or Thomas, there are some persons who do hear the music, although I had rather talk with you," you will discover immediately whether he be a gentleman or not. And do you wish to associate with those who are not? Yes, of course you do. Do you ask how I know? Because, dear little Miss, your conduct the other day showed that you were not a lady.

You see, dear, we have had quite enough of this business. You and the other girls and boys have daily taken possession of the concert-room—and it is not a concert that we hear, but only your whispering. The next time that I am disturbed by your tittle-tattle, I will go to Bergmann, please stop the playing until we can remove a very vulgar, silly, little Miss, who disturbs every body in her neighborhood by giggling and gabbling."

I hope you will think of these things, for I am really your friend.

THE LADY IN THE BLUE BONNET.

The above extraordinary letter has been intructed to the Lounger to reach the individual to whom it is addressed. He will do so. It seems to be addressed only to dear little Miss ——; but he knows so many of that address!

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—PREFERENCE. The poems "Tristram and Tenlyn" by Matthew Arnold, "Poems by Matthew Arnold, and an English Professor of Poetry at Oxford, England. The poems in Edinburgh Review, "Tristram and Tenlyn" by Arnold, and Result of Rationalism. Arnold has published two volumes of translations from Greek poetry, and one volume containing the poem of "Merope."

DOOMED TO DEATH.

BY AN EX-CHAPLAIN TO A JAIL.

THE thoughts of almost every man condemned to die by the law are taken up with, and consumed by, the subject of his approaching death. Notwithstanding that in many cases the doomed person is ready to think the justice of his sentence—although I have my doubts whether there is much genuine candor in that statement, and am of opinion that it is commonly uttered in a mere mina dim pleasure of exciting commiseration, and eventually pardon—yet, it being in the power of his brother-men to give his life, the thought of death seems to him to be an action absolutely monstrous and incredible. That the prison authorities, the government, the nation, the whole world—should quietly suffer him to be put out under the open sky to be put to death—to be hung by the neck—that he is dead—appears to him not only revolting, but (although he knows it has happened to hundreds of others before him) a thing utterly impossible. He thinks he knows all the fate awaiting him as long as he can, almost always up to the last night he has to live, very often up to the morning of the day when his fate upon the scaffold itself. I believe that, in the majority of cases, the entire energies of the unfortunate wretch are directed to the impossible attempt of gaining a reprieve. I mistrust for the most part, I am sorry to say, even his willing acceptance of my good offices, if I have occasion to call his attention to more important matters. "Mora importunit?" thinks he. What cares he more importunate to a man that the question of whether he is to die on Monday, Tuesday, to-morrow, in an hour perhaps—or whether he is to Live?"

Mary B——, was condemned to death for the murder, by poison, of her own sister, for whose husband she had formed a guilty passion. There was no doubt of her having committed the crime, or of her having deserved the punishment. She said, what I first saw her, nearly a week to live, it being about that time to the ensuing Monday. She told me, in our first interview, of how many disasters that week had been. She had been allowed a pencil, with which (closely watched lest she should swallow it) she had written to her relation—and "*there are one hundred and twenty pence!*" she whispered with a shudder, when I took my leave of her—to the Chaplain (after told me that during this poor creature's last two or three days, whenever the great jail-clock struck the hour every night, she would start up from her sleep, and, waking in the morning, would ask with eagerness what time it was, and then beneath herself that he had still "two hours—poured in a miserable cell, shut out from any sight of the green earth (for it was April), and almost every sound, except that the hour of the town bells came up thither to remind her of the world with which she was never more to mix—must surely have been wretched indeed; and yet her cry was, "Oh, that they might be again!" Notwithstanding her evident agony at the thoughts of her approaching end, she actually attempted to anticipate it by some twenty-four hours by suicide; or rather, I think, she pretended to attempt it, with some faint notion that such an evidence of her utter misery might procure her pardon; for these miserable persons always imagine, in their frenzied terror, that the governor, the chaplain, nay, the very jailer himself, has power in the matter, and could get them off, or at least respited, if he pleased. How often, when I have been having some poor wretch's cell with the comfortable hope that what had been so greatly listened to by the one, may have taken root in the heart also, have I been suddenly made conscious of the real motive that had induced some sad poor creature, by his pleading my sleeve, and whispering in a tone of heartfelt earnestness which there was no mistaking: "And you will tell them, Sir, that I am penitent, chaplain; and that it will do no harm to let me live;" or by some assurance reiterated for the thousandth time that he is an innocent man. All those who have had any experience in this matter perceive the folly of the unreality of the penal servitude, or any other punishment that can possibly be inflicted, or, as one he, equally dreaded with that of death itself. Men that it every while as much as they wanted, commonly fall after their sentences into a kind of stupor; and the case of Mary B——was by no means worse than that of many others I have known. When not in a state of agonized despair, "The King!" "The good king!" "The merciful king!" was perpetually in her mouth; and if she could only know of her condition, she expressed her confidence that he would have saved her. Her cell-door was never opened to her quietly without her leaping up at it with an air of hopeful eagerness. Again, with a curious inconsistency, she would pretend to ask the minutest questions regarding the place of execution; whether it was in the prison-yard, or on the jail behind Bell's Hill; and on being told that, she inquired how many persons it was likely would be there to see "it." She always spoke of her execution as "it." Her last night she spent sitting on the cell-window, drinking in the quiet of the starlit, and talking farewell, as it seemed, of the irresistible beauty. But this phase of her character was exceptional; and I believe that from the hour of her conviction to that of her death, the thought of a repentance was not out of her waking mind for many consecutive minutes. When she slept, however, poor girl—for she was scarcely a young woman—she dreamed of the guilt of her innocence; generally, as she told me, of her childhood; and her last look upon the scaffold was directed toward her, towards the Bible, which, she knew, a reprieve, if reprieve there was, must necessarily come.

The case of Robert S——, under sentence of death at the same time, exhibited a marked contrast to that of the unfortunate woman. He had been convicted of burglary with violence, and there having been a previous conviction recorded against him the law, if it then stood, would not necessarily take its course. He seemed fully to understand and even acquiesce in this. The law and he, as it seemed to him, had been upon amicable all his life, and at last the law had got the better of him. When the judge had told him to dismiss from his mind all hope of earthly pardon he did dismiss it. I always found him, if not resigned and penitent, at least respectful and accomplishing. He was remarkably quiet of religion, or, if I never every thing else; but he was not one of those stupid hebegrated people who are called "quiet." He showed a lively and laudable desire to leave something behind him for those who had been mainly responsible for his condition upon jail. The course he took to accomplish this would have been impossible in these days, but it was very common then. I was consulted by the prisoner without either assisting or opposing it. The prisoner asked leave of the jailer to send for a surgeon, in order that he might dispose of his body to him before execution, and his request was acceded to. Mr. L——, of our assize town, accordingly had an interview with the condemned. He had a reputation more than provincial, and was exceedingly assiduous in the consult of his dying patient. He was indeed pretty well known as a buyer of bodies, and I guessed what he had come about when I saw him leave Robert S——'s cell on the eve of the fatal day. He had, it seemed, given the poor fellow a sovereign, but declined to have any dealings with him regarding the disposal of his carcase. I was rather surprised to hear this, but asked no questions about it at that time. The next day Robert S—— was executed in pursuance of his sentence, and buried within the prison walls. He was perfectly quiet and self-possessed to the last, and never appeared to me to have entertained any hope of escaping his fate. And yet the case had been in reality not desperate.

Meeting Mr. M——a few weeks afterward at the house of a friend, he informed me of his reason for not claiming the dead body of Robert S——.

"The fact is," said he, "I bought that poor fellow's carcass once before. He was hung for burglary two years ago in the next county, and was carried to my house after execution. He frightened Mrs. M——a good deal that night by the noise he made in his returning consciousness. I was annoying, of course, but my trade being to mend and not to kill, I was ashamed to do what I could for him, and he was well in a fortnight; and yet that lesson, severe as it was, had, you see, no effect upon him, and he has now put himself in real earnest. He did not know that I was to be the doctor sent for, and was taken terribly shaken when he saw me. The fellow had never returned me my ten pounds, you see, and I was not going to pay for the same thing twice over. I should have decided any further dealings with him, besides, since his manner assured me that he had some design in his head of escaping the hangman. I have found out what that was now, for, between ourselves, I did get the body after all. He did not trust to chance, but, knowing the mismanagement of the rope saved him on the former occasion, but had provided himself with a silver tube—thing not of the slightest use, poor fellow! but which many of his class put an implicit trust in—which he managed to keep about him, and place unobserved in his throat on the final morning. I found it there myself."

Then, even in the case which I had judged to be an exception to the general rule, the one chance of apparent fortitude in the person irrevocably doomed to death was the secret hope of escaping it.

SENATOR TOOMBS, OF GEORGIA

Robert Toombs, a United States Senator from Georgia, is emphatically one of the representative men of the republic. As Carlyle said of Danton: "No hollow formalist, deceptive and self-deceptive, ghastly to the natural sense, was this; but a very man—free from the dross of cant—fiery, real; from the great fire-boson of Nature himself." Like the revolutionist statesman of France, he is no idle theorist; no speculative, dreamy philosopher; no man of words when the time for action has arrived. His intellect, his passions, his comprehensions, his actions—all are prominent as are the rugged outlines of his features—massive as the relief at prominent of his form—in striking contrast with those around him on the floor of the Senate.

Mr. Toombs, like many other citizens who have made themselves honorable by their public services, is the son of a Virginian, although we do not find his name on the genealogies of the "first families" that glorious Old Dominion. His father, having married Scotland-ward during the War of the Revolution, to aid in repelling a foreign foe, settled in Wilkes County, Georgia, where Robert was born, on the 24 of July, 1810. Early predictions often have a powerful effect, and it is not at all improbable that the father's recital of his campaigns against the British, or the Indians who yet lingered around the borders of civilization, inspired the son with patriotism and with courage. Brought up with simple, industrious, honest surroundings, young Toombs was emphatically a child of the people; and he has ever reflected the energy, the enthusiasm, the love of honor, the stern courage, and the contempt for every thing mean, which characterized the pioneer settlers of the South and of the Southwest.

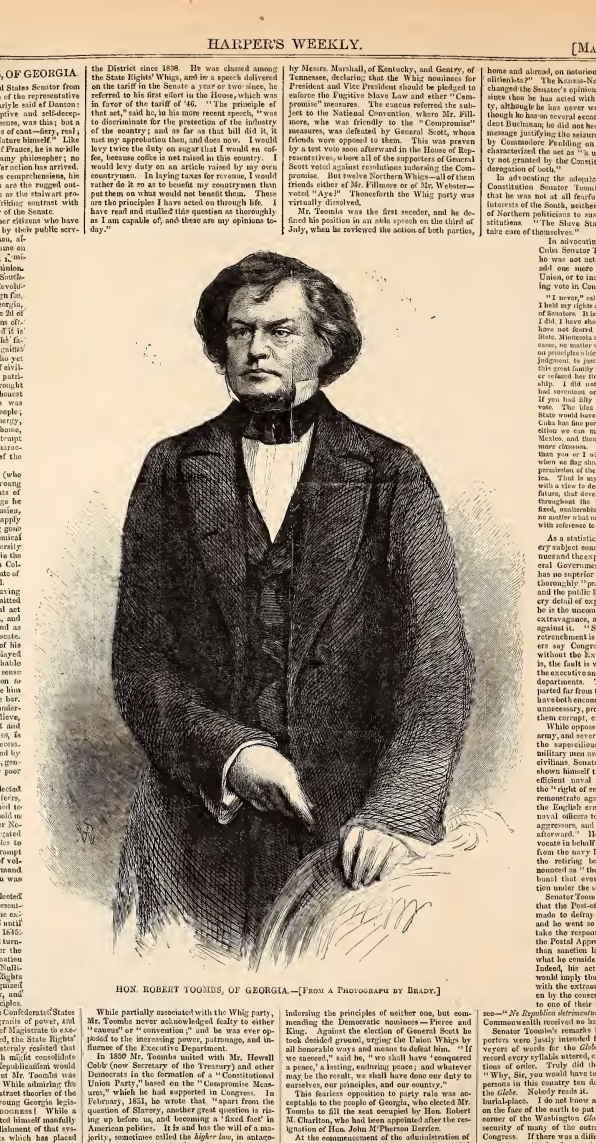
From an excellent mother (who was his father's third wife) young Toombs received the rudiments of education, and at an early age he evinced quickness of apprehension, with ability to retain and to apply what he was taught. Having gone through the requisite academical studies, he entered the University of Georgia, at Athens. While in the senior class, he went to Union College, at Schenectady, in the State of New York, where he graduated.

In 1832 Mr. Toombs (not having attained the legal age) was admitted to practice law under a special act of the Legislature of Georgia, and he at once proved himself sound as a counselor and able as an advocate. While sustaining the causes of his clients with great zeal, he displayed an unimpeachable and unimpeachable honesty of purpose, a strong sense of justice, and a determination to *wrong no man*, which soon gave him a commanding position at the bar. Never, it is said, would he undertake a case which he did not believe, after examination, to be just and honorable; and this, doubtless, is the secret of his invariable success. Fortune crowned his labors, and by carefully investing his receipts, generally in unsettled lands, the poor boy became a wealthy man.

In 1836 Mr. Toombs was elected captain of a company of volunteers, at the head of which he hastened to join the force congregated to hold in check the Creek Indians, under Neahmathla, who had been instigated by the success of the Seminoles to commence hostilities. By the prompt concentration of regular and of volunteer troops, under the command of General Scott, the campaign was of brief duration.

In 1837 Mr. Toombs was elected to the Georgia House of Representatives, in which he sat (with the exception of the session of 1841) until he was elected to Congress in 1845. Originally a Democrat, he had turned from General Jackson after the promulgation of the Proclamation against the South Carolina Nullifiers, and joined the State Rights party of Georgia, which recognized Governor Troup as its leader, and as the exponent of its principles. Loyal to the Constitution of the Confederate States in all its expressly defined grants of power, and conceding the right of Chief Magistrate to execute the authority so delegated, the State Rights' or "Troup Party" of Georgia emphatically resisted that latitude of construction which might consolidate power at Washington, until Republicanism would crystallize in monarchy. But Mr. Toombs was not a disciple of Calhoun's. While admiring the glittering generalities and abstract theories of the gifted South Carolinian, the young Georgia legislator advocated Material Progress! While a member of the House, he exerted himself manfully and successfully for the establishment of that system of internal improvements which has placed Georgia foremost among Southern States. He was the advocate and the founder of the system of public education adopted in Georgia, and so much better calculated than the system of New England to secure a general attendance of the children of the poor.

In 1845 Mr. Toombs was elected a Representative to the Congress of the United States, defeating Hon. Edward J. Black, who had represented the District since 1838. He was chosen among the State Rights' Whigs, and in a speech delivered on the tariff in the Senate a year or two since, he referred to his first effort in the House, which was in favor of the tariff of '46. "The principle of that act," said he, in his more recent speech, "was to discriminate for the protection of the industry of the country; and as far as that bill did it, it met my approbation then, and does now. I would pay twice the duty on sugar that I would on coffee, because coffee is not raised in this country. I would levy duty on an article raised by my own countrymen. In laying taxes for revenue, I would rather do it so as to benefit my countrymen than put them on what would not benefit them. These are the principles I have acted on through life. I have read and studied this question as thoroughly as I am capable of, and these are my opinions to-day."



HON. ROBERT TOOMBS, OF GEORGIA.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

While partially associated with the Whig party, Mr. Toombs never acknowledged fealty to either "caucus" or "convention," and he was ever opposed to the increasing power, patronage, and influence of the Executive Department.

In 1850 Mr. Toombs united with Mr. Howell Cobb (now Secretary of the Treasury) and other Democrats in the formation of a "Constitutional Union Party," based on the "Compromise Measures," which he had supported in Congress. In February, 1851, he wrote that "apart from the question of Slavery, another great question is rising up before us, and becoming a fixed fact in American politics. It is and has the will of a majority, sometimes called the *higher law*, in antagonism to our constitutional compact. If the first succeeds, we have no other safety except in secession; if the latter, 'Liberty and Union may be forever one and inseparable.' In all these questions it is our true policy to stand by those who agree with us—repudiate those who differ from us."

In April, 1850, at a caucus of the Whig members of Congress, called to make arrangements for a National Convention, resolutions were introduced indorsing the principles of neither one, but commending the Democratic nominees—Pierce and King. Against the election of General Scott he took decided ground, urging the Union Whigs by all honorable ways and means to defeat him. "If we succeed," said he, "we shall have 'conquered a peace,' a lasting, enduring peace; and whatever may be the result, we shall have done our duty to ourselves, our principles, and our country."

This fearless opposition to party rule was acceptable to the people of Georgia, who elected Mr. Toombs to fill the seat occupied by Hon. Robert M. Charlton, who had been appointed after the resignation of Hon. John M'Pherson Berrien.

At the commencement of the administration of General Pierce, Senator Toombs was dissatisfied with his course. At a barbecue gotten up at Oglethorpe, to welcome the Senator back to Georgia after the adjournment of Congress, he made a speech in which he denounced the President as having violated the pledges of his inaugural. "If" said the Senator, "he was honest in his profession, how dare he trifle with his official duties, and outrage public opinion by conferring important offices, at home and abroad, on notorious free-soilers and abolitionists?" The Kansas-Nebraska bill, however, changed the Senator's opinion of the President, and since then he has acted with the Democratic party, although he has never worn its harness. Although he has on several occasions eulogized President Buchanan, he did not hesitate to denounce the message justifying the seizure of William Walker by Commodore Paulding on foreign soil, and he characterized the act as "a usurpation of authority not granted by the Constitution of laws, but in derogation of both."

In advocating the adoption of the Lecompton Constitution Senator Toombs explicitly stated that he was not at all fearful of endangering the interests of the South, neither did he seek the aid of Northern politicians to sustain her domestic institutions "The Slave States," said he, "will take care of themselves."

In advocating the acquisition of Cuba Senator Toombs declared that he was not actuated by a desire to add one more Slave State to the Union, or to increase the slave-holding vote in Congress.

"I never," said he, "considered that I held my rights of property by the votes of Senators. It is too feeble a tenure. If I did, I have shown by my votes that I have not feared them. Whenever any State, Minnesota or Oregon, or any other name, no matter where from, if the cause on principle which was sufficient in my judgment to justify her admission into this great family of nations, I have never refused her the right hand of fellowship. I did not inquire whether you had seventeen or eighteen Free States. If you had fifty it would not alter my vote. The idea of getting one Slave State would have no effect on me. But Cuba has fine ports, and with the acquisition we can make fast the Gulf of Mexico, and then the Caribbean Sea, a more climate. Probably passage sure than you or I will live to see the day when we may shift front there except by permission of the United States of America. That is my policy. I run never with a view to destine my policy for the future, that development, that progress throughout the tropics was the true, broad, unalterable policy of the nation, no matter what may be the consequences with reference to European Powers."

As a statistician, especially on every subject connected with the revenues and the expenditures of the General Government, Senator Toombs has no superior in Congress. He is thoroughly "posted up" on the tariff and the public lands, as he is on every detail of expense. Never mean, he is the uncompromising enemy of extravagance, and he now presents against it. "Sage," he says, "say retrenchment is with Congress; others say Congress can do nothing without the Executive. The truth is, the fault is with both; it is with the executive and with the legislative departments. They have both departed far from the true track; they have both encouraged extraordinary, unnecessary, profligate, and many of them corrupt, expenditures."

While opposed to a large standing army, and severe in his criticisms on the supercilious manner in which military men are too apt to speak of civilians, Senator Toombs has ever shown himself the firm friend of an efficient naval force. Opposed to the "right of search," he would not remonstrate against its exercise by the English cruisers, but order our naval officers to "seize or sink the aggressors, and get an explanation afterward." He was an earnest advocate in behalf of the officers struck from the navy list by the action of the retiring board, which he denounced as "the most infamous tribunal that ever disgraced any nation under the sun."

Senator Toombs has always urged that the Post-office Department be made to defray its own expenses; and he went so far last year as to take the responsibility of defeating the Postal Appropriation bill, rather than sanction large items in it of what he considered illegal expense. Indeed, his action in the Senate would imply that he stands elected with the extraordinary powers given by the conscript fathers of Rome to one of their number, selected to see—"*Ne Respublica detrimentum capiat*," "that the Commonwealth received no harm."

Senator Toombs's remarks in debate about reporters were justly intended for the Senate gallery, as much for the *Globe*, which, from its record every syllable uttered, even on trivial questions of order. Truly did the Senator remark: "Why, Sir, you would have to give a great many persons in this country ten dollars a day to read the *Globe*. Nobody reads it. I think it is a good thing, and I do not know a more glorious place on the face of the earth to put any thing than one corner of the Washington *Globe*, where it is in security of many of the outrages and abuses of Congress. If there was a different system—if the newspapers circulated abroad the views taken on prominent questions before the country, as they formerly did, the real business of Congress would be before the people, and they would decide on it; but now we bury all in the *Globe*, and from there there is no resurrection. It is harmless, I admit, but expensive; and this is my objection to it."

The personal appearance of Senator Toombs, as

he appears in the Capitol, in that of a demagogue—a leader of the people, not a sycophantic partisan. His long black hair hangs in disorder around his massive head, and his stalwart frame is carelessly attired; neither is he remarkable for courtesy manners when excited in debate. Regardless of political, of sectional, or of social claims upon him, he speaks what he believes to be THE TRUTH, as a Senator of the Sovereign State of Georgia. Speaking with the inspiration of an impressionist, and with a tongue of fire, he scatters forth his invectives like burning coals upon the heads of his opponents, regardless of what they or the rest of mankind may think.

In the domestic relations of Mr Senator Toombs he said to be the very reverse of what he is before the public. The devoted husband of a most estimable lady, a kind father, a true friend, a hospitable host, and a public-spirited, useful, and charitable citizen, it would seem that "to know him is to love him." His frank bonhomie of manner, his fund of anecdotes gathered at home and abroad, and his originality of ideas, make him a welcome guest wherever he goes, and secure him the personal esteem of even his most bitter political opponents.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "ARTIST DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 6th. I was so startled by the disturbance in Laura's face and manner, and so dismayed by the sudden making impressions of my dream, that I was not fit to bear the revelation which burst upon me when the name of Anne Catherick passed her lips. I could only stand rooted to the floor, looking at her in breathless silence.

She was too much absorbed by what had happened to notice the effect which her reply had produced on me. "I have seen Anne Catherick! I have spoken to Anne Catherick!" she repeated, as if I had not heard her. "Oh, Marian, I have such things to tell you! Come away—we may be interrupted here—come at once into my room!"

With those eager words she caught me by the hand, and led me through the library to the end room on the ground floor, which had been fitted up for her own especial use. No third person, except her maid, could have any excuse for surprising us here. She pushed me in before her, locked the door, and drew the chintz curtains that hung over the inside.

The strange, unaccountable feeling which had taken possession of me still remained. But a growing conviction that the complications which had long threatened to gather about her, and to gather about me, had suddenly closed first round us both, was now beginning to penetrate my mind. I could not express it in words—I could hardly even realize it dimly in my own thoughts. "Anne Catherick!" I whispered to myself, with useless, half-vacant iteration—"Anne Catherick!"

Laura drew me to the nearest seat, an ottoman in the middle of the room. "Look!" she said; "look here!" and pointed to the bosom of her dress.

I saw for the first time that the lost brooch was pinned in its place again. There was something real in the sight of it, something real in the touching of it afterward, which seemed to steady her and confirm in my thoughts, and to help me to compose myself.

"Where did you find your brooch?" The first words I could say to her were the words which put that trivial question at that important moment.

"She found it, Marian."

"Where?"

"On the floor of the boat-house. Oh, how shall I begin—how shall I tell you about it! She talked to me so strangely—she looked so fearfully ill—she left me so suddenly—"

Her voice rose as the tumult of her recollections pressed upon her mind. The inveterate distrust which weighs, night and day, on my spirits in this house, instantly roused me to warn her—just as the sight of the brooch had roused me to question her the moment before.

"Speak low!" I said. "The window is open, and the garden path runs under it. Begin at the beginning, Laura. Tell me, word for word, what passed between that woman and you."

"Shall I close the window first?"

"No; only speak low: only remember that Anne Catherick is a dangerous subject under your husband's roof. Where did you first see her?"

"At the boat-house, Marian. I went out, as you know, to find my brooch; and I walked along the path through the plantation, looking down on the ground carefully at every step. In that way I got on, after a long time, to the boat-house; and as soon as I was inside it I went on by knees to hunt over the floor. I was so searching, with my back to the door-way, when I heard a soft, strange voice, behind me, say, 'Miss Fairlie.'"

"Miss Fairlie?"

"Yes—my old name—the dear, familiar name that I thought I had parted from forever. I started up—not frightened, the voice was too kind and gentle to frighten me—but was very much surprised. There, looking at me from the door-way, stood a woman whose face I never remembered to have seen before."

"How was she dressed?"

"She had a neat, pretty white gown on, and over it a poor, worn, thin dark shawl. Her bonnet was of brown straw, as poor and worn as the shawl. I was struck by the difference between her gown and the rest of her dress, and she saw that I noticed it. 'Don't look at my bonnet and shawl,' she said, speaking in a quick, breathless, sudden way; 'if I must be taken for a lady, I don't care what I wear. Look at my gown as much as you please; I'm not ashamed of that.' Very strange, was it not? Before I could say anything to soothe her, she held out one of her hands, and I saw my brooch in it. I was so pleased and so grateful that I went quite close to her to say what I really felt. 'Are you thankful enough to go me one little kindness?' she asked. 'Yes, indeed,' I answered; 'any kindness in my power I shall be glad to show you.' Then let me pin your brooch in it for you, now I have found it.' Her request was so unexpected, Marian, and she made it with such extraordinary eagerness, that I hesitated for a few moments well knowing what to do. 'Ah!' she said, 'your mother would have let me do as she brooch.' There was something in her voice and her look, as well as in her mentioning my mother in that reproachful manner, which made me ashamed of my distrust. I took her hand with the brooch in it, and put it up gently on the bosom of my dress. 'Is it pinned your mother?' I said. 'Was it very long ago? Have I ever seen you before?' Her hands were busy fastening the brooch: she stopped and pressed them against my breast. 'You don't remember a fine spring day at Limmeridge,' she said, 'and your sister walking down the path that led to the school, with a little girl on each side of her? I have had nothing else to think of since; and I remember it. You were one of the little girls, and I was the other. Pretty, clever Miss Fairlie, poor dazed Anne Catherick were nearer to each other then than they are now!' "

"Did you remember Laura, when she told you her name?"

"Yes—I remembered your asking me about Anne Catherick at Limmeridge, and your saying that she had once been considered like me."

"What reminded you of that, Laura?"

"She reminded me. While I was looking at her, while she was very close to me, it came over my mind suddenly that we were like each other! Her face was pale and thin and weary—but the sight of it startled me, as if it had been the sight of my own face in the glass after a long illness. The discovery—I don't know why—gave me such a shock that I was perfectly incapable of speaking to her for the moment."

"Did she seem hurt by your silence?"

"I am afraid she was hurt by it. You have not got your mother's face, she said, 'for your mother's heart. Your mother's face was dark; did your mother's heart, Miss Fairlie, was the heart of an angel?' I am sure I feel kindly toward you, I told, 'though I may not be able to express it as I ought. Why do you call me Miss Fairlie?' 'Because I love the name of Fairlie, and hate the name of Glyde,' she broke out, violently. I had seen nothing like madness in her before this; but I fancied I saw it now in her eyes. 'I only thought you might not know I was married,' I said, remembering the wild story she wrote to me at Limmeridge, and trying to quiet her. She sighed bitterly, and turned away from me. 'Not know you were married?' she repeated. 'I am hero because you are married. I am here to make mischief, to be, from time to time, the ruin of your mother in the world beyond the grave.' She drew further and further away from me, till she was out of the boat-house—then she ventured and listened for a little while. When she turned round to speak again, instead of coming back, she stopped where she was, looking at me, with a hand on each side of the entrance. 'Did you see me at the lake last night?' she said. 'Did you hear me follow you in the wood? I have been waiting for days together to speak to you alone—I have left the only friend I have in the world anxious and frightened about me—I have risked being shut up again in the mad-house—and all for your sake, Miss Fairlie, all for your sake.' Her words alarmed me, Marian; and yet there was something in the way she spoke that made me pity her with all my heart. I am sure my pity must have been sincere, for it made me bold enough to ask the poor creature to come in and sit down in the boat-house by my side."

"Did she do so?"

"No. She shook her head, and told me she must stop where she was, to watch and listen, and see that no third person surprised us. And from first to last, she spoke to me in the entrance, with a hand on each side of it; sometimes bending in suddenly to speak to me; sometimes drawing back suddenly to look about her. 'I was here yesterday,' she said, 'before it came dark, and I heard you, and the lady with you, talking of me. I heard you tell her about your husband. I heard you say you had no influence to make him believe you, and asked her what I was to do. Ah! I knew what those words meant; my conscience told me so while I was listening. Why did I ever let you marry him! Oh, my fear—my mad, miserable, wicked fear!—' She covered up her face in her poor worn shawl, and sobbed and moaned where she was. I began to be afraid she might break out into some terrible despair—but I was afraid to speak to her yet. 'Try to quiet yourself,' I said; 'try to tell me how you might have prevented my marriage. She took her hands from her face, and looked at me vacantly. I ought to have had heart enough to stop at Limmeridge,' she answered. 'I ought never to have left the place for fear of his coming there frighten me away. I ought to have warned your mad sister of the danger I was in. Why did I only have courage enough to write you that letter? Why did I only do harm, when I wrotted and sent that letter? Oh, my fear—my mad, miserable, wicked fear!' She repeated those words again, and laid her face again in the end of her poor worn shawl. It was dreadful to see her, and dreadful to hear her."

"Surely, Laura, you asked what the fear was which she dwelt on so earnestly?"

"Yes; I asked that."

"And what did she say?"

"She asked me, in return, if I should not be afraid of a man who had shut me up in a madhouse, and who could shut me up again if he could? I said, 'Are you afraid still?' Surely you would not be here if you were afraid now?' 'No,' she said, 'I am not afraid now.' I asked why not. She suddenly bent forward into the boat-house, and said, 'Can't you guess why? I shook the life out of that man, she went on. I told her I was grieved to see that she looked very sorrowful and very ill. She smiled for the first time. 'Ill?' she repeated; 'I'm dying. You know why I'm not afraid of him now. Do you think I shall meet your mother in heaven? Will she forgive me if I do?' Laura so shocked and so startled me I could not speak. I thought, at the same moment, of her being, till the time I have been in hiding from your husband, all the time I lay ill. My thoughts have driven me here—I want to make atonement—I want to undo all I can of the harm I once did.' I begged her as earnestly as I could to tell me what she meant. She still looked at me with fixed, vacant eyes. '*Shall* I undo the harm?' she said to herself, doubtfully. 'You have friends to take your part. If you know his wicked secret, he will be afraid of you; he won't dare use you as he used me. He must treat you mercifully for his own sake, if he is afraid of you and your friends. And if he treats you mercifully, and if I can say it was my doing—' I listened eagerly for more; but she stopped at these words.

"You tried to make her go on?"

"I tried; but she only drew herself away from me again, and leaned her face and arms against the side of the boat-house. 'Oh!' I heard her say, with a dreadful, distracted tenderness in her voice, 'oh! if I could only be buried with your mother! If I could only wake at her side, when the angels trumpet sounds, and the graves give up their dead at the resurrection?—Marian! I trembled from head to foot—it was horrible to hear her. 'But there is no hope of that,' she said, moving a little, as as to look at me again; 'no hope for a poor stranger like me. I shall not rest under the marble cross that I wished with my own hands, and made so white and pure for her sake. Oh! no! oh no! God's mercy, not man's, will take me to her, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' She spoke those words quietly and sorrowfully, with a heavy, hopeless sigh; and then waited a little. Her face was confused and troubled; she seemed to be thinking, or trying to think. 'What was it I said just now?' she asked, after a while. 'When your mother is in my mind, every thing else goes out of it. What was I saying? what was I saying?' I reminded the poor creature, as kindly and delicately as I could. 'Ah, yes, yes,' she said, still in a vacant, perplexed manner. 'You are helpless with your wicked husband. Yes. And I must do what I have come for here—I must make it up to you for having been afraid to speak out at a better time.' 'What is it you have to tell me?' I asked. 'A Secret,' she answered. 'The Secret that your cruel husband is afraid of.' Her face darkened; and a hard, angry state fixed itself in her eyes. She began waving her hand at me in a strange, unmeaning manner. 'My mother knows the Secret,' she said, speaking slowly for the first time; weighing every word as she uttered it. 'My mother has wasted and worn away under the Secret half her lifetime. One day, when I was grown up, she told it to me. And your husband knew she told it. Knew to my sorrow. Ah, poor me! knew, knew, knew she told it.'"

"Yes! yes! What did she say next?"

"She stopped again, Marian, at that point—" "And said no more?"

"And listened eagerly. 'Hush!' she whispered, still waving her hand at me. 'Hush!' She moved aside out of the door-way, moved slowly and stealthily, step by step, till I lost her past the edge of the boat-house."

"Surely you followed her?"

"Yes; my anxiety made me bold enough to rise and follow her. Just as I reached the entrance she appeared again, suddenly, round the side of the boat-house. 'The Secret,' I whispered to her—'wait and tell me the Secret!' She caught hold of my arm and looked at me, with wild, frightened eyes. 'Not now,' she said; 'we are not alone—we are watched. Come here tomorrow at this time—by yourself—mind—by yourself. She pushed me roughly into the boat-house again, and I saw her no more."

"Oh, Laura, Laura, another chance lost! If I had only been near you she should not have escaped me. On which side did you lose sight of her?"

"On the left side, where the ground sinks and the wood is thickest."

"Did you run out again? did you call after her?"

"How could I? I was too terrified to move or speak."

"Just when you *did* move—when you came out—?"

"I ran back here to tell you what had happened."

"Did you see any one or hear any one in the plantation?"

"No. It seemed to be all still and quiet when I passed through it."

Laura paused for a moment to consider. Was this third person, supposed to have been secretly present at the interview, a reality or the creature of Anne Catherick's excited fancy? It was impossible to determine. The one thing certain was, that we had failed again on the very brink of discovery—failed utterly and irretrievably, unless Anne Catherick kept her appointment at the boat-house for the next day.

"Are you quite sure you have told me every thing that passed—every word that was said?" I inquired.

"I think so," she answered. "My powers of memory, Marian, are not like yours. But I was so strongly impressed, so deeply interested, that nothing of any importance can possibly have escaped me."

"My dear Laura, the nearest trifles are of importance where Anne Catherick is concerned. Think again. Did no chance reference

"NOT NOW," SHE SAID; "WE ARE NOT ALONE—WE ARE WATCHED."

escape her as to the place in which she is living at the present time?"

"None that I can remember."

"Did she not mention a companion and friend—a woman named Mrs. Clemens?"

"Oh yes! yes! I forgot that. She told me Mrs. Clemens wanted sadly to go with her to the lake and take care of her, and begged and prayed that she would not venture into this neighborhood alone."

"Was that all she said about Mrs. Clemens?"

"Yes, that was all."

"She told you nothing about the place in which she resides after leaving Todd's Corners?"

"Nothing—I am quite sure."

"Nor where she has lived since? Nor what her illness had been?"

"No, Mr. Hartright, not a word. Tell me, pray tell me, what you think about it. I don't know what to think, or what to do next."

"You must do this, my dear. You must carefully keep the appointment at the boat-house to-morrow. It is impossible to say what interests may depend on your meeting that woman again. You shall not be left to yourself a second time. I will follow you at a safe distance. Nobody shall see me; but I will keep within hearing of your voice if any thing happens. Anne Catherick has escaped Walter Hartright, and has escaped you. Whatever happens she shall not escape me."

Laura's eyes read mine attentively while I was speaking.

"You believe," she said, "in this secret that my husband is afraid of?"

"I do believe in it."

"Anne Catherick's manner, Marian, was wild, her eyes were wandering and vacant when she said those words. Would you trust her in other things?"

"I trust nothing, Laura, but my own observation of your husband's conduct. I judge Anne Catherick's words by his actions—and I believe there is a secret."

I said no more, and got up to leave the room. Thoughts were crowding in upon me which I might have told her if we had spoken together longer, and which it might have been dangerous for her to know. The knowledge of the terrible secret from which she had awakened me hung darkly and heavily over every fresh impression which the progress of her narrative produced on my mind. I felt the ominous Future coming close; chilling me with its unutterable cold, forcing on me the conviction of an unseen Power, leading a series of complications which had now fastened round us, I thought of Hartright—as I left him, in the body, when he said farewell; as I now him, in the spirit, in my dream—and I, too, begin to see now without a doubt we are advancing, blindfold, to an appointed and an inevitable End.

Leaving Laura to go up stairs alone, I went out to look about me in the walks near the house. The circumstances under which Anne Catherick had parted from her had made me secretly anxious to see how Count Fosco was passing the afternoon; and had rendered me secretly distrustful of the results of that solitary journey from which Sir Percival had returned but a few hours since.

After looking for them in every direction, and discovering nothing, I returned to the house, and entered the different rooms on the ground-floor, one after another. They were all empty. I came out again into the hall, and went up stairs to return to Laura. Madame Fosco opened her door, as I passed it in my way along the passage; and I stopped to see if she would inform me of the whereabouts of her husband and Sir Percival. Yes; she had seen them both from her window more than an hour since. The Count had looked up with his customary laborious bow, and had moved his bulky habitual attention to her in the smallest trifles, that he and his friend were going out together for a long walk.

For a long walk! They had never yet been in each other's company with that object in my experience of them. Sir Percival cared for no exercise but riding; and the Count (except when he was going enough to be my escort) cared for no exercise at all.

When I joined Laura again I found that she had called her attention to my absence, by asking question of the signature to the deed, which, in the interest of discussing her interview with Anne Catherick, we had hitherto overlooked. Her first words when I saw her expressed her surprise at the absence of the expected signature, and at Sir Percival's late return.

"You may make your mind easy on that subject," I said. "For the present, at least, neither your resolution nor mine will be exposed to any harsher test than Sir Percival has afforded by plans: the business of the signature is put off."

"Put off?" Laura repeated, amazedly. "Who told you so?"

"My authority is Count Fosco. I believe it is to his interference that we are indebted for your husband's sudden change of purpose."

It seemed impossible, Marian. If the object of my signing was, as we suppose, to obtain money for Sir Percival that he urgently wanted, how can the matter be put off?"

"I think, Laura, we have the means at hand of setting that doubt at rest. Have you forgotten the conversation that I heard between Sir Percival and the lawyer, as they were crossing the hall?"

"No; but I don't remember—"

"I do. There were two alternatives proposed. One was to obtain your signature to the parchment. The other was to gain time by giving bills at three months. The last resource is evidently the resource now adopted—and we may fairly hope to be relieved from our fears in Sir Percival's disappointment for some time to come."

"Oh, Marian, it sounds too good to be true!"

"Does it, my love? You complimented me on my ready memory not long since—but you seem to doubt it now. I will prove my journal, and you shall see if I am right or wrong."

I went away and got the book at once. On looking back to the entry relating to the lawyer's visit, we found that my recollection of the two alternatives presented was accurately correct. It was almost as easy to refer to my mind as to Laura's to find that my memory had served me, on this occasion, as faithfully as usual. In the perilous uncertainty of our present situation it is hard to say what future interests may yet depend on the accuracy of the entries in my journal, and upon the reliability of my recollection at the time when I make them.

Laura's face and manner suggested to me that this last consideration had occurred to her as well as to myself. Any way, it is a trifling matter; and I am almost ashamed to put it down here in writing—it seems to set the fairness of our proceedings in such a miserably vivid light. We must love little indeed to desire to profit by a discovery that any honest man can still be trusted to serve us, be baited as it was the discovery of a new friend!

The first bell for dinner rang at half-past six, as it had done ringing Sir Percival and the Count returned from their walk. We heard the master of the house scolding the servants for being five minutes late; and the master's guest interposing, as usual, in the interests of propriety, and, as usual, in vain.

The evening has come and gone. No extraordinary event has happened. But I have noticed certain peculiarities in the conduct of Sir Percival and the Count, which have left me in a bad feeling very anxious and uneasy about Anne Catherick, and about the results which to-morrow may produce.

I know enough by this time to be sure that the aspect of Sir Percival which is the most false, and which, therefore, I dread the worst, is his polite aspect. That long walk with his friend had ended in improving his manners, especially toward his wife. Laura's secret surprise, and to my secret alarm, he called her by her Christian name, asked if she had found lately from her friend, Mrs. Clement, and Vesey was to receive her invitation to Blackwater, and hoped she would be able to accept it shortly. He almost recalled the days of his hateful courtship at Limmeridge House. This was a bad sign, to begin with. It was bad, in more ominous still that he should pretend, after dinner, to fall asleep in the drawing-room, and that his face should brighten up, when he found the Count was not in the room. Madame Fosco opened her door, as I passed it in my way along the passage; and I stopped to see if she would inform me of the whereabouts of her husband and Sir Percival. Yes; she had seen them both from her window more than an hour since. The Count had looked up with his customary bulkiness, and had moved his habitual attention to her in the smallest trifles, that he and his friend were going out together for a long walk.

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The first bell for dinner rang at half-past six, as it had done ringing Sir Percival and the Count returned from their walk. We heard the master of the house scolding the servants for being five minutes late; and the master's guest interposing, as usual, in the interests of propriety, and, as usual, in vain.

The evening has come and gone. No extraordinary event has happened. But I have noticed certain peculiarities in the conduct of Sir Percival and the Count, which have left me in a bad feeling very anxious and uneasy about Anne Catherick, and about the results which to-morrow may produce.

I know enough by this time to be sure that the aspect of Sir Percival which is the most false, and which, therefore, I dread the worst, is his polite aspect. That long walk with his friend had ended in improving his manners, especially toward his wife. Laura's secret surprise, and to my secret alarm, he called her by her Christian name, asked if she had heard lately from her friend, Mrs. Clement. Vesey was to receive her invitation to Blackwater, and hoped she would be able to accept it shortly. He almost recalled the days of his hateful courtship at Limmeridge House. This was a bad sign, to begin with. It was bad, in more ominous still that he should pretend, after dinner, to fall asleep in the drawing-room, and that his face should brighten up, when he found that the Count was not in the room. Madame Fosco opened her door, as I passed it in my way along the passage; and I stopped to see if she would informe

ces have discharged the important duties of their mission.

"Resolved, That the present General Assembly of Virginia, recognizing in our present relations with non-slaveholding States as imperative necessity for decisive measures, does not yet distrust the capacity of the Southern States, by a wise and firm exercise of their sovereign powers, to protect themselves and their rights, and to preserve the federal Union. For this purpose we earnestly desire the concurrent action of the Southern States. But the General Assembly respectfully submits, for the consideration of South Carolina and Mississippi, and all our sister States of the South, that individual action is far more safely had by such direct legislation, especially if it should be found to be necessary to invite action of the people through the agency of any assembling people, than through the agency of any assembling which can exercise no legislative power except in the form of resolutions."

Resolved, therefore, that in the opinion of the General Assembly it is inexpedient to repeal deputies to the conference by South Carolina and Mississippi.

"Resolved, That the Governor of this Commonwealth be requested to communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Governors of the States of South Carolina and Mississippi, and to the Governors of each of the other slave-holding States."

"Resolved, That the President of the Senate and the Chairman of the House of Delegates transmit to Hon. G. Memminger and Hon. P. B. Starke a copy of the foregoing resolutions."

WHERE WILL THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION BE HELD?

The *Herald* correspondent says: "The subject of changing the place for holding the Democratic Convention to some other city is agitated; but not yet. The annual Convention and the place, and only both the National Convention have the power to do the time of holding it is a question whether the committee have the power to change the place. It is understood that many prominent gentlemen arrived here to-day and tendered the committee the use of the large Adelphi concert hall free of charge to hold their convention; but no official action has yet been taken on the subject. The Charleston Democratic interest will not make much out of the California and Oregon delegates, as they have made a determined effort to take with them tents and camp equipage, facilitated thereby by the Wm. Lynch expedition for the purpose, and bring to a field and enjoy themselves in real border life style."

"Speculation is the result of the Democratic Executive Committee thus replying to an inquiry as to changing the place of holding the National Democratic Convention:

"'It is a good deal said seriously about it, much pressure for it, and if continued, the committee may be called together to consider it.'

"From this the fact is apparent that there is no determination yet on this subject."

NEW DISCOVERIES IN CALIFORNIA.

The talking news from all parts of California is very glowing. Discoveries, of quartz, gold, silver, copper, and cinnabar, were almost an everyday occurrence, besides other discoveries of minerals yet unknown in that State.

ELECTION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The general election took place in New Hampshire on the 14th. The returns indicate a slight Republican gain, Goodwin, the Republican candidate for Governor, leading Cate, the Democratic, by nearly 5000 votes.

A DEPUTATION TO SECRETARY SEWARD.

A lady correspondent of the Tribune writes: "A distinguished visitor arrived at Senator Seward's last night, an illustration of the style on such occasions. At 8 o'clock we were all called to a reception; found a seat on the guests already assembled—the other arriving not until 9. A well-arranged presentation to the guest seemed to be your escort to the dining-room taken place; you have a pleasant seat, and in the drawing-room, which also, according to etiquette, you remain standing; you are then led into the dining-room, and the whole place seems your as the door, designates your seat, where you find a table already spread to be waited on by your plate. The best then mentions the names of his guests, and if they are present, a bow from each group is then served; the other courses in regular order, seventeen in number, each plate being changed for each course; nine-glasses, five in number, of different size, form, and, indicating the different wines to be served. The meats are served by the head cook, in a separate apartment, and, being placed on silver dishes, are carried to you by a waiter in white gloves always at your left hand.

"Upon entering the dining-room you perceive the table laid with perfect taste, excluding the exclusive and conservative for the grand finale; beautiful pyramids of iced fruits, oranges, French bonbons, and, if desired, to look at, but dangerous unless your digestive organs are stronger than mine.

"You are conducted back into the parlor in the same manner in which you entered—with smiles in exchange of different kinds. A short time is spent in conversation, when the guests one by one begin to leave.

A RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

"Yesterday (March 10) we drove to the White House, desiring to see everything that we had never had time to look around, it being Miss Lane's reception-day. After leaving our cards to a waiter we at the door, we were ushered into the presence of the ladies in the great reception-room, from one Miss Lane, to the other, to more presented in due form. We found her a very agreeable lady, dressed in deep black, with a pure white, rather handsome—not at all stiff, and possessing the family of the Madison fact at ease, which, I think, all the greatest of social accomplishments. A few moments having passed, a pleasant chat, we were ushered by the arrival of other guests that we had consumed the time which we had intended to, and then took our leave.

AT MRS. SLIDELL'S.

"Next we proceeded to Mrs. Senator Slidell's, who, I believe, the most fashionable lady of Washington. With a process of introduction similar to that already described, we found ourselves in the presence of a lady of the house and her two daughters. Mrs. S.'s dress consisted of a black velvet dress, and a gold white wreath of elegant design, harmonizing with lace, as ornamental comb in her hair. This was the day of her reception, and, addressing Mr. Slidell, I judged from her foreign accent, as well as from the vivacity of her manner, that she was a German by birth, and, being by bad luck, in a country of connections not claimed our attention; but, on her addressing Mr. Slidell, I found her perfectly at home, by placing our order upon a silver waiter, handed to us by a servant in livery, in a delicate and easy manner, and upon air, and congratulated ourselves that so much had been done."

AN UNFORGIVING PAPA.

The will of John G. Baker, the father-in-law of John Dean Baker, one of the slaves, who eloped with "his wife Ann" about three years ago, was offered for probate in the Surrogate's Court last week. The testator leaves his entire property, consisting of a considerable amount of real and personal estate, to his wife, in the hope of her death into four parts, which are to be distributed among four of his children. The clause ends "Mary Ann" alone, from the share she was to have had when the testatrix was finished—the deceased daughter having his desire to have her name entirely obliterated from his will.

BANK-NOTES FLYING DOWN STREET.

We read in the Milwaukie Wisconsin, March 3: "A little before two o'clock this afternoon, an accident of a most singular and startling description happened at the banking-office of Armstrong, Spink, & Co., on the northeast corner of East Water and Huron Streets, in Court building. The wind has been blowing a perfect hurricane at times to-day, and at this time, just as a person was entering the banking-office, a tremendous gust of wind came up, and the door being open, a current of wind rushed in and burst through the windows on the Huron Street side, which fronted, and the bank-notes were poured in tremendously, hurrying in the front window also, and completely gutting out the office almost instantly, sending the money and papers lying on the counters flying down Huron Street, while the large glass windows were blown from their sashes, and the curtains flapped from their fastenings and were all torn to pieces. Parties running out from adjoining stores and shops to hearing the din and clatter, fearful lest some terrible accident was happening.

"It is impossible to tell how much money was blown away, but probably several hundred dollars, besides some valuable papers, were lost. Some of the men were scrambling down Huron Street after such as they could get hold of, and, as we understand, they had found many almost torn out hunting up strays one, five, or ten dollar bills, as they came in sight. Much of the money has been returned by honest finders, but still a good deal has been carried off by boys and other parties, and will probably be sifted down by the finders.

"We never saw a place scattered out more instantaneously and completely than was this. Almost every thing in the office was swept out into the street, and the place was made a perfect wreck. There were five large windows, all of which were smashed to smithereens. A few individuals were slightly cut by the glass, and as the contents of the office were blown out of the door, some teams passing at the time got frightened and run away."

PERSONAL.

W. D. Shipman, Esq., has been appointed Judge of the United States District Court for Minnesota, in place of Judge Ingersoll, recently deceased. Mr. Shipman has been for some time Attorney for the Southern District, he having been placed in that position, we believe, by President Pierce. He arrived at Lost Lake, on the Commencement Street.

Blanchard is another, the song one morning at the Crystal Palace, and left on the next for Dublin, where he has not been for a long time, and where he is now giving singing-lessons in an Italian Prince, in Rome by birth, he is a relative of the old Blanchard family, who died, we in many instances, many for the round man wished to be wealthy, and, in the end, left a considerable sum of money.

General Whitney, the new Collector of Boston, was formerly Superintendent of the Boston Navy Yard. Last Saturday evening the workmen of that establishment presented him with a handsome gold-headed cane, a pitcher and five goblets—value not stated.

Mr. Thackeray, the author, is in the 52 instant from President Buchanan's Cabinet, Mr. Cass, is entitled to the gratitude of several four years ago, for a number of the cases of the

THE WAR IN MOROCCO.

In connection with the pending war in Morocco, which, from present appearances, promises nearly to extinguish the ancient race of Moors—once the rulers of Spain, and one of the most powerful nations on the earth—we give a couple of pictures of Moorish life, from photographs lately taken. One represents the outside of a Moorish house, with three dark-faced, unpleasant-looking gentlemen staring down into the street, with their wives beside them. The other introduces us to the *sanctum sanctorum*—the inner chamber of a fine Moorish lady, whom attendants, like herself, wear that expression of listless, voluptuous apathy peculiar to that climate.

The details of the movements of the hostile armies now warring in Morocco are given from week to week in this paper, in the columns devoted to news. We are sure that our readers will prefer to any sequence of battles and sieges the following lively extract from a recent work of travel, Mrs. Elizabeth Murray's Journey through Morocco:

"It was soon able to discover that the natives of this sunny clime have a much more ample standard of beauty than any by which the taste, the judgment, and the senses of Europeans are directed. Learn, my reader, from the shores of Northern Africa what genuine beauty is and beneforth bestow your admiration only where it is due. Beauty, like size, magnitude, amplitude—let me not value matters, but say the word at once, excessive fatness. The lady whom, being now enlightened, we looked upon as the very *beau ideal* of Moorish beauty, was perfectly unequaled in appearance, and of the most unwieldy proportions; but these were the qualities that made her the sunshine of all eyes, the points of attraction which rendered her irresistible, and which excited tender feelings in the hearts of her admirers. The gentle lover's admiration, in Morocco, increases with the size of his mistress, and his devotion becomes unlimited along with her proportions. Benighted Europeans appear to have some anticipation of the truth when they occasionally speak of a young lady who is of quite sylph-like form as making a good match. The perfect Moorish standard of female beauty is considered to be attained when a woman is a load for a mule. Our fairest Venus had certainly reached that standard, for her arms hung down with fat, and her fingers, which were loaded with rings, had swollen over them, so that if not quite a load for two mules, she was assuredly more than enough for one.

"The Jewesses of Barbary, especially when young, are most decidedly beautiful. Their features are almost invariably finely chiselled, and their black eyes, which are not piercing as in Spain, but pearly and melting, are full of repose. The first impression, perhaps, on observing them, is that the pupils are unnaturally large and distended; but this appearance, which is considered to add to their beauty, is produced by art, as one can easily detect on approaching the ladies nearer, and by observing them more closely. The cohol-stained eyelid at once discovered the secret; it is the mode by which this highly-prized mark of beauty is produced. The operation is performed by dipping a small silver instrument like a bodkin, which has been previously dipped in the appropriate liquid, over the edges of the eyelids on the inner sides. The sensation caused by this operation, which is effected with the eyelids closed, is said to be very agreeable and refreshing; and when the sensation and the eyes are dark, it undoubtedly produces an appearance of beauty, and if the reality is already there, increases and heightens its effect. The operation, however, is seldom successful when it is tried as an experiment on English ladies, their more complexion, light eyes, and fair hair forming an *ensemble* which is not capable of the slightest improvement by such means. The application altogether, in such cases, produces a very disagreeable effect; and the countenance, instead of being rendered more beautiful and expressive, assumes a remarkably coarse and dirty appearance.

"Animal beauty, however, is all that the Jewess of Barbary possesses. Physically she is a beautiful creature, but she is nothing more. Her intellect is wholly undeveloped; she is a stranger to refinement; no expression animates her otherwise fine countenance; and she is totally without any distinct character of her own. However beautiful and attractive she may be in appearance, one turns away without interest or emotion from a being who can hardly be said to have a soul, or whose better part, at least, in consequence of the circumstances under the influence of which she has been reared, has been lulled into something like an almost unending sleep.

"Mahomedan countries are perhaps the only ones where a woman can be said to possess, in some respects at least, advantages of poverty over wealth. The Christian woman is uncircumscribed in her movements, and can freely enter the houses and bazaars, where she is known, when she pleases; and the Moorish woman, wrapped up in the ample folds of her garments, and so disguised as to baffle every prying eye, can roam about the town in whatever direction she may choose, without incurring the slightest risk of being recognized. During the nine years which I resided in Tangier, I had many opportunities of visiting the Moorish women, and of closely observing their character. I found them generally to be fond of gossiping, and frivolous—possessing, in fact, all those small peculiarities of character that distinguish women in our own Christian country. The superintendence of their domestic affairs formed their greatest and most important occupation. Surrounded, moreover, with a hideous posse of black slaves, each one with her own property around her, her will reigns supreme over her sovereign, and lords it most superbly in their midst. If she wishes to bestow her attention on some more light and elegant occupation, she resorts to embroidery, a nevefailing refuge for her unoccupied hands in her many idle hours during the long, hot, and sunny day. I remember one monstrous creature—a Moorish beauty—who sitting of an official, who, on receiving me, fell my clothes and counted my fingers, to see if a Nazarene woman was in all points made like herself. My gloves next attracted her attention, and she proceeded to examine them, all though, from some cause, she shrank from them at first with fear. She was, as is usual here, very beautiful down to the chin, and her complexion was as fair as that of an English matron. Her black lengthening eyes, like those of the Jewesses, were stained with *al cohol*; and besides the extreme whiteness of her skin, she possessed that peculiarly marble-like quality which is only obtained by the frequent use of the bath. Her hair was flowing down in rich luxuriance over her shoulders, and the head and face altogether presented an appearance of remarkable beauty. But the extraordinary size of her body, which was quite overwhelming, I found rather difficult to recognize as any representation in the way of beauty, according to my European standard, which I do not find myself quite prepared to dispense with.

"In Morocco the Moorish maiden, on her betrothal, undergoes a regular course of fattening, which is sedulously carried on till her marriage, and which is conducted on the same principle as that on which our farmers fatten fowls. While undergoing the process, she sits all day in a dimly-lighted room, and is studied incessantly with Essenpoo, a preparation of flour, which is the national dish of Morocco; in addition to which she drinks copiously of water. While undergoing this regimen she is dressed lightly, and in order to prevent any exertion or exercise on her part, she wears a gigantic pair of silver sabots, of great weight, the presence of which renders rest more desirable than the slightest locomotion. This process continues for some time, and the indolence of the mind being added to that of the body, she is sure, ere long, to arrive at the orthodox amplitude.

"I was fortunate enough in having an opportunity of witnessing the process of a lady's toilet. The first thing she did was to paint her face with a white creamy mixture, then to connect the eyebrows by a thick black dash of about half an inch in width. The eyes also had an extra tint of *al cohol*. . . . . .

. . . . . Her head-dress was costly and magnificent beyond all description. It consisted, in the first place, of the richest jewels, the favorite emeralds and pearls predominating among them. They were in glittering succession, one above another, until, in consequence of the immense width they gave, the wearer of them assumed the appearance of a magnificent bishop's mitre. The adornment of the head was completed by a knotted silk handkerchief, with which it was surmounted. But with all the choicest of the ornaments, there was such an absence of taste in the manner in which they were disposed, that the jewels and face were flowing down in rich luxuriance over her shoulders, and the head and face altogether presented an appearance of remarkable beauty. But the extraordinary size of her body, which was quite overwhelming, I found rather difficult to recognize as any representation in the way of beauty, according to my European standard, which I do not find myself quite prepared to dispense with.

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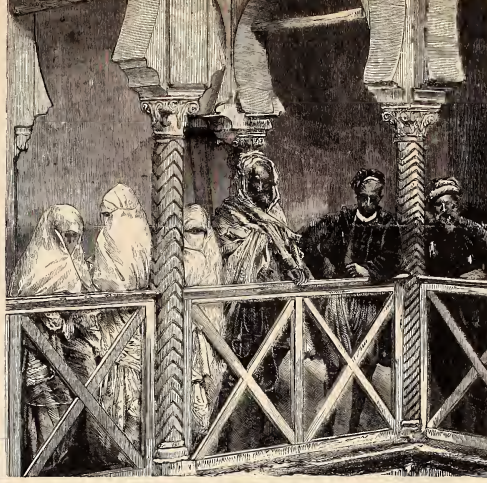
"The momentous question of what she should wear, therefore, again became the subject of deliberation, and after many pros for this, and many cons against that, a decision was at length, with some difficulty, arrived at. A pale blue caftan, embroidered with silver, carried the day. Having found a way for her ample proportions into the selected garment, a somewhat shorter one, of crape-like material, which spangled all over, was thrown over it. Her bodice, which was worn open, was richly embroidered with gold; and one of those superb striped sashes, which are generally worn in this country, was tied round her not very slender waist. The sleeves of the dress were wide and flowing, leaving the arms, except where they were covered with the peculiar bracelets worn here, quite exposed and bare. These bracelets, which are extremely heavy and massive, consist of a solid gold band, with silver and gold projections; and they have been adopted even by some of our own fair countrywomen who have visited Morocco. Her fingers were painted with little sprigs in bright orange henna, as were also her feet, which, to match her hands, were stained with ornaments of the same bright color. The latter, considering the immense proportions of the other parts of her body, were unusually diminutive, perhaps approaching by contrast even more so than they really were. They must have been very much impeded, however, in the process of locomotion, by the ponderous sabkits of chased silver, with the turban of which most Moorish women are expressed. The red slippers which, with one exception, terminate our description of her attire, were made to match in richness of material and ornament the other parts of her dress, being elaborately adorned with embroidery of silver thread and silks of varied color. All these particular portions of her toilet having been carefully adjusted, a large clear muslin scarf was thrown over her shoulders; and as it prolonged all its crispness, it produced a remarkably angelic effect in the appearance of her immense proportions.

"One touch of lemon to heighten the crimson bloom on the cheeks, and the most secret tors of the toilet are deemed more to add to the effect of her personal charms. She is now ready to take her departure for the house where the important entertainment is to be given.



MOORISH LIFE—ON THE BALCONY.—[From a Photograph.]

MOORISH LIFE—IN-DOORS.—[From a Photograph.]

the beckons to me to follow her, and with nothing left visible but one eye, which might be any body's, for she has enveloped herself, for her passage through the streets, in the ample folds of the large Moorish *Haick*, she proceeds to thread her way through narrow and dirty lanes."

MISS ADELINA PATTI, THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.

WE present herewith a portrait of Miss Adelina Patti, the new *prima donna*, whose success at the Academy of Music in this city, and elsewhere, has been the subject of so much comment. Miss Patti is almost an American; the English is the tongue she knows and likes best. The following sketch of her was written by an enthusiastic admirer:

"Miss Adelina Patti was born at Madrid, Spain, April 9, 1843. Her mother, Madame Barili Patti, was the *prima donna* of the Grand Theatre at Madrid, and on the evening preceding the birth of Adelina, the youngest of a large family, Madame had sung 'Norma,' in which rôle she had a high reputation. Curiously enough, after the birth of Adelina, Madame Patti lost her voice almost entirely, and has always believed that it was given to the child.

"Madame Patti left Madrid as soon as possible after Adelina's birth, and returned to Milan, the permanent residence of her family. Here the impresario Strakosch made the acquaintance of the new *prima donna*, then only four months old. The Patti family emigrated to this country in 1844, when Patti *père* joined Sanquirico, the bulls, in the management of the Italian Opera, Chambers Street. There were four daughters of Madame Patti, all artists. The eldest, Clotilda Barili, married the son of Colonel Thorne. Amelia, the next, is the wife of Mr. Strakosch. Carlotta resides in this city, and is an accomplished teacher of music; and the latest edition of this fair musical libretto is Adelina, the subject of this sketch.

"Adelina was what is called a precocious child. She could sing almost before she could speak. She caught up at the age of four all the gems of the operas, and sang them correctly. Her first public appearance was made at the age of nine years, when Mr. Strakosch, Ole Bull, and the infantile *prima donna* made a tour in the provinces, where Adelina sang all the great pieces made familiar by Jenny Lind, Sontag, Rosin, and others. The little lady created the greatest enthusiasm, and her share of the profits amounted to twenty thousand dollars, which her father invested in a country seat, the summer residence of the family.

"Although so far advanced in art, Adelina had not forgotten to be a child. She always took her doll to the theatre or concert-room, and once refused to sing unless 'Maurice' (Strakosch) would allow her to carry it on the stage. Once she had sung a very difficult exercise in such a way as to 'bring down the house' with tremendous applause. When the calm came after the storm, Adelina having recognized on one of the front benches a child of her own age, said, in a clear, smooth voice, 'Nelly, come to my room right away; I've got such a beautiful doll to show you, and we'll have such fun!' The effect of this naïveté upon the audience may be imagined.

"At this time our *prima donna* received the highest compliments from Sontag, who told her that she would be one of the greatest singers in the world; and from Alboni, who said if she went to Paris she would make such a *furore* as is seldom seen there.

"After the concert tour with Strakosch, Miss Patti went to the West Indies with Gottschalk, the pianist. In Havana she sang, in costume, the duet in the 'Barber of Seville,' with her brother Barili. The enthusiastic Havanese made such a row in rouslling her that she ran away frightened, and could not be persuaded to go upon the stage again. Throughout the Indies she divided the honors with Gottschalk, and at Porto Rico had an offer of marriage (she was then fourteen) from the richest proprietor in the place. But that diamond wedding did not come off. Adelina is still in 'maiden meditation, fancy free,' and is *devouée* only to art."

MISS ADELINA PATTI, THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Miss Patti made her first appearance at the Academy of Music this winter. She has since sung the following parts: Lucia, in "Lucia de Lammermoor;" Amina, in "Sonnambula;" Elvira, in "Puritani;" Henrietta, in "Martha;" Zerlina, in "Don Giovanni;" Rosina, in "Barbiere," etc., etc. She will shortly appear in "Don Pasquale," "Figlia del Reggimento," and "Linda." Her voice is a soprano, whose volume will probably increase by-and-by; her method is admirable. A very distinguished critic thus noticed her singing at her *début*:

"Her appearance was that of a very young lady, petite and interesting, with just a tinge of the school-room in her manner. She was apparently self-possessed, but not self-assured. After the first few bars of recitative she launched boldly into the cavatina—one of the most difficult pieces in the opera. This she sang perfectly, displaying a thorough Italian method and a high soprano voice, fresh, full, and even throughout. In the succeeding cabaletta, which was brilliantly executed, Miss Patti took the high note E flat above the line with the greatest ease. In the duet with the tenor (Brignoli), and that with the baritone (Ferri), and the mad scene, Miss Patti sang with sympathetic tenderness—a rare gift in one so young—and increased the enthusiasm of the audience to a positive *furore*, which was demonstrated in the usual way—recalls, bouquets, wreaths, etc., etc."

HOW BABIES ARE PUT TO SLEEP IN INDIA.

THE accompanying sketch exhibits a scene of daily occurrence in India, in the lower range of the Himalayas between Simla and the plains. It refers to the custom which is adopted by the women to lull their children to sleep, so that, while wrapped in slumber, they may themselves be able to go forth either to labor on the road or assist in the cultivation of the small patches of ground that, by an ingenious amount of terracing, enables the hill-man to rear grain for the few inhabitants who have their tiny homes, or hovels, perched upon every accessible spot suitable for the safe erection of a domicile. Springs of water are abundant, and near one of these, where it flows in a silvery stream, on a ledge or field immediately beneath it, the children, from even a month old to three or four years of age, are brought and laid down. By means of a small piece of a slit bamboo a slight flow of water is obtained from the stream, and the bamboo slip is so adjusted that the water falling from above alights on the well-shaven crown of the child and trickles off; thus the child falls asleep, and the unceasing flow of the water on its head keeps up a perpetual lullaby; and so, for hours and hours the most refractory infant is quieted and left without appolestion by the mother, who, when her work is over, returns to the spot, hoists up her child on to her hip, and sallies home. A more picturesque scene than what is occasionally exhibited by this daily performance is scarcely to be met with in the East, and forms one of the most characteristic and striking pictures that gratify the traveler in the Himalayas.

We are not prepared to recommend the example to those of our American fellow-country women who have troublesome babies; but the custom is curious and interesting.

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. IV.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Is the sweet little cherub who sits sailing aloft and keeps watch on the life of Poor Jack, commissioned to take charge of Mercantile Jack, as well as Jack of the national navy? If not, who is? What is the cherub about, and what are we all about, when Poor Mercantile Jack is having his brains slowly knocked out by penny-weights, aboard the brig *Deckerbob*, or the bark *Eccrie-knife*—when he looks his last at that infernal craft, with the first

HOW THEY PUT BABIES TO SLEEP IN INDIA.

officer's iron boot-heel in his remaining eye, or with his dying body towed overboard in the ship's wake, while the cruel wounds in it do "the multitudinous seas incarnadine?"

If it be unreasonable, then am I the most unreasonable of men, for I believe it with all my soul.

Is it unreasonable to entertain a belief that if, aboard the brig *Beelzebub* or the bark *Bowie-knife*, the first officer did half the damage to cotton that he does to more wretched property ashore, both sides of the Atlantic so vociferous an invocation of the sweet little cherub who sits aloft, would, keeping watch on the markets that pay, that such vigilant cherub would, with a winged sword, have that gallant officer's organ of destructiveness out of his head in the space of a flash of lightning?

This was my thought as I walked the docks, quays at Liverpool, keeping watch on poor Mercantile Jack. Alas for me! I have long outgrown the state of sweet little cherub; but there I was, and there Mercantile Jack was, and very busy he was, and very cold he was: the snow yet lying in the frozen furrows of the land, and the northeast winds whipping off the tops of the little waves in the Mersey, and rolling them into hailstones to pelt him with. Mercantile Jack was hard at it, in the hard weather, as he mostly is in all weathers, poor Jack. He was glued to ships' masts and funnels of steamers, like a barnacle for a great intention to compensate herself for the present trial by grinding Jack inner than usual when he does come. Generally, Sharpeye's thought is contemptuous, and says, as if the subjects of his remarks were wax-work,

"One of the worst, Sir, this house is. This woman has been indicted three times. This man's a regular bad one, Sir. Bad name and name is Pegg. Gives himself out as Waterhouse."

"Never had sitch a name as Pegg near me back, Sir, since I was in this house, too the good Lord!" says the woman.

When we had gone in many such houses, and had come out (always to Sharpeye's delight, leaving Jack waiting for Jack), we started off to a singing-house where Jack was expected to muster strong.

It was a Friday night, and Friday night was considered not a good night for Jack. At any rate, Jack did not show in very great force even here, though the house was one to which he much resorted, and where a good deal of money was left. There was British Jack, a little maudlin and deepy, lolling over his emptied glass, as if he were trying to make himself out a pillow; there was Loafing Jack of the Stars and Stripes, rather an unpromising customer, with his long nose, lank cheek, high cheek-bones, and sallow skin, and him but his cabbage-leaf hat; there was Spanish Jack with curls of black hair, rings in his ears, and a hole not far from his waist, by which he was liable with him; there were Moletos Jack, and Jack of Sweden, and Jack the Flam, looming through the smoke of their pipes, and looking as if they looked as if they were carved out of dark wood, carved by some half-drunk Indian, who thought he found the platform so exceedingly small for it that it had a nervous expectation of seeing her, in the wildwest shops, of Mercantile Jack's acquaintance. Still, if all hands had been got together, they would not have more than half filled the room. Observe, however, said Mr. Sharpeye, Victualler, the host, that it was Friday night, and, besides, it was getting on for twelve, and Jack had gone aboard. A sharp man, Sharpeye, Mr. Sharpeye! Victualler the host, with tight lips and a complete edition of Cocker's arithmetic in each eye, attended to his business, and said, "Jack's aboard, on the spot. When he heard of talent, trusted no more of it, but went off, and left it behind him. If true talent, engaged it. Pounds a week for talent—four pound—five pound. Bungle Bones was a laughed talent. Hear Bungle Bones! Are we going to play—it was real talent! In truth it was very good; a kind of piano-accordion, played by a young girl of a delicate constitution, in a shawl and dress, that made the audience look coarser. She sang to the instrument, too; first, a song about willow bells, and then a song about a song about how I went to sea; winding up with an imitation of the bagpipes, which Mercantile Jack seemed to understand the best. A good girl, said Mr. Licensed Victualler. Kept herself alone. Sat in Sunday, not listening to the blandishments of Mates. Lived with mother. Father dead. Once a merchant well to do, but overpaidmate blunder, and left nothing worth up to salary paid for item of talent under consideration, Mr. Victualler's pounds dropped suddenly to shillings—still it was a very comfortable thing for a young person like that, you know; she only went on six times a night, and was only required to be down from six at eight to twelve. What was more conclusive was, Mr. Victualler's assurance that he "never allowed any language, and never suffered any disturbance." Sharpeye confirmed the statement, and the order that prevailed was the best proof of it that could be desired. So I came to the conclusion that Poor Mercantile Jack might do (as I am afraid he does) much worse than trust himself to Mr. Victualler, and pass his evenings here.

The night was new well on into the morning, but our mates still were in possession of Woolwich, where nobody ever goes to bed, but every body is eternally sitting up, waiting for Jack. This expectation was one of the strangest of all curious and blind alleys, called Entries, kept in wonderful order by the police, and in much better order than by the corporation: the want of gaslight in the most dangerous and infamous of these places being quite unworthy of so spirited a town. I need describe but two or three of the houses in which Jack was waited for, as specimens of the rest. Many we attained by noisome passages, so profoundly dark that we felt our way with our hands. Not one of the whole number we visited was without its show of prints and ornamental crockery; the quantity of the latter set forth on little shelves and in little cases, in otherwise wretched rooms, indicating that Mercantile Jack must have an extraordinary fondness for crockery to necessitate so much of that bait in his traps.

Among such furniture, in one front parlor in the dead of the night, four women were sitting by a fire. One of them had a male child in her arms. On a stool among them was a swarthy youth with a guitar, who had evidently stopped playing when the footsteps came near.

"Well! how do you do?" says Mr. Superintendent, looking about him.

"Pretty, my life, and hope you gentlemen are going to treat us ladies, now you have come to see us."

"Order there!" says Sharpeye.

"None of that!" says Quickear.

"Trampfoot, outside, is beared to confide to him-self," Sharpeye's look this is. And a bad 'un!"

"Well!" says Mr. Superintendent, laying his hand on the shoulder of the swarthy youth, "and who's this?"

"Antonio, Sir."

"And what does he do here?"

"Come to give us a bit of music. No harm in that, I suppose?"

"A young foreign sailor?"

"Yes. He's a Spaniard. You're a Spaniard, ain't you, Antonio?"

"He Spaniard, Sir."

"And he don't know a word you say, not he, not if you was to talk to him till doomsday," Trimmingham, who was introduced to the credit of the house.)

"Will he play something?"

"Oh yes, if you like. Play something, Antonio. You ain't ashamed to play something, are you?"

The cracked guitar raises the feebleist ghost of a tune, and three of the women keep time to it with their heads, and nodding with the child. If Jack's tonic has brought any money in with him, I am afraid he will never take it out, and it even strikes me that his tonic has taken our money in a bad way. But the look of the young man and the tinkling of the instrument so change the place in a moment to a hut out of Dante's Inferno, that I wonder where the music is stabled, until he leaves off.

I am inclined to think he does so it tends rather to my uncommercial confusing that I occasioned a difficulty in this establishment, by having taken the child in my arms. For, on my offering to restore it to a frorious jocket, not unstimulated by rum, who claimed to be its mother, that unnatural parent put her child down in a corner and declined to accept it; backing into the fire-place, and very strilly declaring, regardless of remonstrance from her friends, that it was cruelty to be I are that whenever took a child from its mother of his own will was bound to stick to it. The uncommercial sense of being in a false position with the mother, poor little child, beginning to be frightened, was relieved by the intervention of friend and fellow-constable Trampfoot, who, laying hands on the article as if it were a bottle, passed it on to the nearest woman, and has been, ever since, hold of that. As we came out the Bottle was passed to the ferocious joker, and they all sat down as before, including Antonio and the guitar. It was clear that there was no such thing as a night-cap to this baby's head, and that even he never went to bed, but was always kept up—and would grow up, kept up—waiting for Jack.

Later still in the night we came (by the court "where she was murdered," and by the other court across the street, into which his body was dragged) to another parlor in another Entry, three reversed chairs sitting round a fire, in just the same way. It was a dirty and offensive place, with scarcely any furniture in it; but there was a high shelf over the entrance door (to be out of the reach of marauding hands, possibly) with two large bottles leaves on it, and a great piece of Cheshire cheese.

"Well?" said Mr. Superintendent, with a comprehensive look at the room, "how do you do?"

"Not much to boast of, Sir." From the courtesying woman of the house. "This is my good friend, Sir."

"You are not registered as a common Lodging House?"

"No, Sir."

Sharpeye (in the Moves-on tone) puts in the personal inquiry, "Then why ain't you?"

"Ain't got no one here, Mr. Sharpeye," replies the woman and my good man together, "but our own family."

"How many are you in family?"

The woman takes time to count, under pretense of coughing, and adds, as one scant of breath, "Seven, Sir."

But she has missed one; so Sharpeye, who knows all about it, says,

"Here's a young man here makes eight, who isn't of your family?"

"No, Mr. Sharpeye, he's a weekly lodger."

"What does he do for a living?"

The young man here takes the reply upon himself, and sharply answers, "Ain't got nothing to do."

The young man here is modestly brooding behind a damp apron pendant from a clothes-line. As I glance at him I become—but I don't know why—yearning to be Mr. Sharpeye of Woolwich, Chatham, Portsmouth, and Dover. When we get out, my respected fellow-constable Sharpeye, addressing Mr. Superintendent of Gleaners,

"You noticed that young man, Sir, in at Dover?"

"Yes. What is he?"

"Deserter, Sir."

Mr. Sharpeye further intimates that when we have done with his services he will step back and take that young man. Which in course of time he does: feeling at perfect ease about finding him, and knowing for a moral certainty that nobody in that region will be gone to bed.

Later still in the night we came to another parlor up a step or two from the street, which was very cleanly, neatly, even tastefully kept, and in which, set forth on a draped chest of drawers making the mantrese, was such a profusion of ornamental crockery that it would have furnished forth a handsome sub-house at a fair. It backed up a stout old lady—HOGARTH drew her exact likeness more than once—and a boy who was forcibly writing a copy in a copy-book.

"Well, ma'am, how do you do?"

"Pretty, the can answer for her dear gentlemen, sweetly. Charmingly, charmingly. And overjoyed to see us.

"Why, ma'am, is a strange time for this boy to be writing his copy. In the middle of the night!"

"So it is, dear gentlemen, Heaven bless your welcome faces and said to your purposes; but he has been to the Play with a young friend for his diversion, and he combinates his improvement with entertainment by doing his school-writing afterward, God be good to ye!"

The copy admonished human nature to sobriety, quite the face of every fierce desire. One might have thought it recommended stirring the fire, the old lady so approved it. There she sat, ready beaming at the copy-book and the boy, and involving showers of blessings on our heads, when we left her in the middle of the night, waiting for Jack.

Later still in the night we came to a nauseous room with an earth floor, into which the refuse from of an alleyr trickled. The smell of the habitation was abominable; the seeming poverty of it, disabled and dire. Yet, here again, was visitor or lodger—man sitting before the fire, with his rest of them elsewhere, and apparently not distrestful to the mistress's niece, who was also before the fire, the mistress herself had the misfortune of being in jail.

Three weird old women of transcendant ghastliness were at needle-work at a table in this room. Says Trampfoot to First Witch, "What are you making?" Says the Witch, "Mourning."

"*What* are you making?" retorts Trampfoot, a little off his balance.

"Hope to wear your mourning," says the witch, shaking her head and setting her teeth; "you as has got it."

She takes up a common cash-bag, and on the table is a heap of such bags. Witch Two laughs at us. Witch Three scows at us. Witch Three and all, stitch, stitch. First Witch has a red circle round each eye. I fancy it like the beginning of the development of a perverted Mental Image, and that when it spreads all round her head she will die in the odor of devilry.

Trampfoot begins to be informed what First Witch has got behind the table, down by the side of her, there? Witches Two and Three croak antiphony, "Guess what the child!"

She drags out a skinny little arm from a brown dust-heap on the ground. Adjured not to disturb the child, she lets it drop again. Witch Two at last that there is one child in the world of Entries who goes to bed—if this be bed.

Mr. Superintendent asks how long are they going to work at these bags?

Witch Three, with a shriek repeats, Going to have supper presently. See the cups and saucers, and the plates.

Mr. Superintendent opines it is rather late for supper, surely?

"Late? Ay! But we has to arn our supper before we can eat it." But the other witches repeat this after First Witch, and take the Uncommercial measurement with their eyes, as for a charmed winding-sheet. Some gin drinking ensues, referring to the mistress of the cave, who will be released from jail to-morrow. Witches pronounce Trampfoot "right there," when he draws a long distance for the old lady to walk; she shall be fetched by coach in a springcart.

As I took a parting look at First Witch in turning away, the red marks round her eyes seemed to have already grown larger, and her haughty and thirstily looked out beyond me into the dark doorway to see if Jack were there. For Jack came to us here, and the mistress had got into jail through deluding Jack.

When I at last ended this night of Jack's and got to bed, I found it to keep me wakeful on comfortable thoughts of Seaman's Homes (not overdone with strictness), and improved social regulations, giving Jack better benefit of free and gentle shoreship, through my mind's wandering among the certain I had seen. Afterward I had some vermin ran all over my sleep. Evermore, when on a breezy day I see Poor Mercantile Jack running from port with his pay, I think under my hat, I shall think of the unkeeping host of devourers who never go to bed, and are always in their sut traps waiting for him.

THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

THE first time I saw half-witted Billy, said the schoolmaster, he was in the midst of a crew of children, who were, with thoughtless and horrible mirthfulness, tormenting the poor idiot lad dangling at him when he screamed and jumped up and down, and slapped his own face, and pulled his hair out. I had seen in my place at the school only a few days, but I recognized some of my own schoolars among these merry heathens. I scattered them at every imperiously, and made such a preachment about it from my desk that the practice was at once discontinued. But Billy was thenceforth my first friend.

Billy is the most acutely nervous little fisher-lighter—fifteen years of age, Mary Ann—that I ever saw, and absolutely restless. He hardly sleeps three hours a day, and then as lightly as a watch-dog. But he is always dancing gaily about, and ready for a laugh, unless he is vexed. Mrs. Hay is a longing sort of hope that his poor lost wits may somehow come back to him out of the moon, or wherever they are hoitled up. I had not the heart to undeceive her; so I have permitted him to sit in the schoolroom, and even to ramble about therein, provided only he is decorous and quiet; which he does, ever and anon scrawling on

a slate, or peering quaintly into a book as wisely as a bird; and once in each few minutes he comes up to my desk after a smile or a pat on the head, which having been received, off he trots again, giggling, and whispering to himself, "Good Billy, good Billy!" I have watched him a good deal, and am odd subject to be.

I shortly discovered that one of his strongest traits was an instinctive love of ascending. Every beam-pole, fence-rail, ladder, tree, or other accessible upward road whatever, he would immediately try; and his poor mother used to be uneasy for him and distinguish about him; sometimes finding him up at the eaves of a house on the lightning-rod, and shuddering at the vast deal of squirming he must do in a high tree, or astraddle on a ridge-pole. Since his entry into school she had much less trouble with him, principally since he used to follow me about also at all other times like a dog; holding by my finger, gabbling to himself, looking up to giggle in my face, and to get a pat and smile of approval.

Meeting Mr. Allyn one afternoon last winter, near the new Baptist church at the lower end of the city, I stood and talked over various interesting school matters for a long time, and at last, turning absentbodly about with him, took his arm and walked toward his home, still conversing earnestly. I had him all this time, and crossed the river to Mrs. May's, where I had been lodging for a few weeks only. Entering the little parlor, I found my pale and fretful little nurse sitting near the window. At my entrance she looked up and asked, "Where's Billy, Mr. Dolan?"

"I don't know, I answered; "isn't he here?"

And as I spoke the truth flashed upon me, that he had gone down the street with me, and left the usual hold of my finger when I stopped to talk with Mr. Allyn. And I also reflected that he might very possibly have slipped away into the church, and have taken it into his flighty head to go scrambling up inside the unfinished spire. Although quite sure of this, we were feeble and exhaustingued; and I could not help feeling that if he should succeed in reaching the narrow platform at the top, there was imminent danger lest his small little brain should be dizzied with the exertion and the height, and his poor half-life be brought to a terrible end by the tremendous fall. As the thought of that if this should happen it would be by my own carelessness came to my mind, I think I turned pale. For the weak-minded and timid widow, watching my features intently and seeing my change countenance, asked if I answered her, inquiring I know not what of vague feminine fright; and springing up in anguish, she cried,

"Oh, Mr. Dolan, where's Billy? Is he dead?"

And she wept bitterly; so that I was fain to comfort her by seeming to remember where I had left her little darling, and to promise to bring him home in a few minutes; with which assurances I immediately left the house, and hastened toward the church.

Work on the building was suspended for the winter; so that there was nobody there to interfere with the execution of Master Billy's scheme, if such he had. My doubts were speedily solved. As I drew near the church, I saw half a dozen rough boys standing on the further side of the street and laughing and swearing together, as they gazed intently at the upper part of the spire. Now I could discern a small figure up there; now I could distinguish the spirit gesticulations and quick fantastic movements of Billy May. He could not have been there more than a very few moments, for already men and women began to gather in the street and look, some with laughter and some with sympathy and fear.

There was nothing for it but to hasten up after him; and no one could do it so safely as I, his favorite; for his spiteful, heedless passion would sooner send him screaming over the flimsy scaffold at the approach of any distasteful person. Throwing off hat and coat, I hurried to the door. It was filled in with a heavyish partitor of heavy four-inch plank. The simpleton must have scrambled up an inclined joist which led to a narrow window in the side of the tower story of the spire, if he did was no time to lose. I picked up a heavy block of stone and drove in the door. As I did so, I heard Mrs. Allyn's shrill voice outside. She had followed me to the church.

"Oh-ooh-h," she sobbed, "Billy, Billy! Come down, come down!"

A sharp high screech from the top of the spire answered her, and indicated the whing of Billy's fatal anger. I heard it as I entered the dark and chilly interior of the great stone spire; and at the same time I heard a murmur of voices outside. This, as I afterward learned, was the smothered cry of the gathering crowd, at the insane dancing of the third story in the spire; for his mother's senseless cry had in fact the effect of enraging him; and he began at the moment to jump around and gesticulate at a most furious and imminently perilous rate.

The interior of the tower and spire was empty, except for the various appliances which had been used for the purposes of its erection. Glancing upward, therefore, I saw only the rough and jumbled interior of a great perpendicular stone tube, in the middle of which shot up a vast centre-post of heavy timber, branch and tree-trunk running to base in the wall for the support of planks, platforms, and ladders; just above my head in the dimness of the narrow and almost unlighted tower, and the congeries of workman's materials. A heavy rope was hanging idly down at one side; mortar and lice lay here and there mixed with scattered mortar, sand, and stone-chips; and a rough and icy ladder of slats nailed insecurely across two clumsy pieces of joist, led, perpendicularly up thirty feet, to a rude landing-place.

Up I went, however, with perilous and painful climbing. A rotten slat broke in my hand; and if I had not fallen sideling against the rugged stone wall I should have broken my neck. As it was I barely saved myself. At the landing-place of which I spoke I paused a moment. To my surprise there was no further ladder. The workmen had probably withdrawn it to prevent climbing up. Without waiting to speculate upon the reasons which Billy might have used to ascend, I seized the heavy ropes of the tackle, which was hooked on some distance above me, and, recalling some of my nautical skill, "shinned" up the rope hand, to the edgeless plank at which it was secured. By a desperate effort I lifted myself on the upper edge, and out of breath, with hursing hands and beating heart, sat down for a moment's rest.

Hang-nothing-to-it-Billy!

What a dreadful pain shot through me as I heard something flutter full against stone and timber, tumbling down the vast hollow, and saw with those quick irregular heavy dead knocks! Had he fallen? Down it came, however, a block of fractured timber as large as my head, dislodged by Billy, by mere accident, only grazing my foot, crashing onward, and reaching the ground with a heavy thud!

From this point the only mesne of ascent, for the remainder of the passage in the interior, was a succession of pieces of joist, set insecurely at various angles, and having slips of board nailed across them by the workmen with the common cut nails; and even of these unsafe steps a number were already broken down, and either quite gone or sticking sharply out from the centre post. The space in the interior was also now very contracted; and several times in the darkness I received a hard knock from some unknown cause. I could not well see, or from a projecting stone in the wall. Slowly, however, and with difficulty, I ascended to a place which must have contained a very hundred feet above the earth, and emerged upon a half-floor, or very wide beam, which was nailed across the post, into an empty space about four feet high, with no interior means of further ascent, and lighted by a little hole between two of the joists. Looking up, I saw the sky through the unfinished summit, and caught a glimpse of the jumping simpleton. Yet I could not hear his voice, and was so confoned for it I became for the first time aware that the wind had risen to a gale. It hummed and whistled and roared through the tower, and the rope-fastened outside scaffolding at the top, with that tremendous power for which it finds scope in the unimpeded spaces of the spire, was shaking a tempest above when there is only a moderate gale below.

Fortunately Billy did not see me; and climbing outside I betook myself to the only possible road for the unskilled adventurer, the inner, was a rude and rocking scaffold constructed around the exterior of the spire. As I came out into the open air the wind caught my hat, and carried it clean away my breath, and clinging tightly to the ropes which bound together the loose materials of the scaffold I looked about me. At the moment I saw that the air was all gloomy with approaching evening, and with the awful coming of a vast mass of storm from the northwest; loaded of horizontally, over tree-tops and houses, with a brilliant and ever increasing and ever-flying edge, being let loose from a balloon in vacancy; looked downward, and saw the wide street, now black and swarming with people, crowded with faces, looking from whom, however, I could not hear a sound. The dizziness of the place began to affect my brain; a resistless desire of the spire. Now I saw the ocation except that I must go onward, I laid hold again of the slats and timbers. There was not room enough for other footing. The ladder the workmen had evidently made use of a series of slats nailed upon the sheer exterior of the scaffold. No help, however, or assistance, was to and with that instinctive desperate grip which such situations seem to develop and refinement, to see and thing except the narrow octagonal shaft of stone that rose close beside me, and the successive steps of my fragile and slippery ladder, step by step I worked on.

I think that is the only time when I ever felt that the wind was a living and sentient thing. Several stories of its power at sea; but I have no experience of it there. Here, however, I had; and indeed it seemed as if the blast of the tempest were leaping savagely at me to sweep me from my shaking hold. The scaffold itself was only a loose set of frames, and I felt as if it was a thing that built apart from it, and slipped down on it like a mass, to hold by its own weight, but with no clinging fastenings to the stone. For this reason it worked and writhed about under the terrific gusts as if it would twist itself to pieces.

My head was at last nearly even with the top of the unfinished spire, and I made sure of success. I felt a sudden and overpowering dizziness, and an unearthly shriek from the insane child startled me so much that it is a wonder that I did not fall. And in spite of my exertions, I felt the intense preoccupation of my own mind, of the immeasurable force of that wind which I have surged up at the same moment from the thousands in the street below a great deep shout, or groan—I know not which or was—an intensely and will and fearful cry, that thrilled through my very heart; and I knew that the boy had fallen, and that the crowd had sent up that wild of horror at beholding his death.

Trembling from head to foot, with mouth parched and dry, hands and heart sore and bleeding, and heart beating frightfully, I raised myself upon the remainder of the spire. The boy was gone! Horrible as the sight must be, something impelled me to look over the tremendous verge at the foot of the spire.

As sure as I am alive he had fallen, or been blown off, and, by a chance which might almost be called a miracle, his garments had caught on the top of a scaffold pole; and there he hung dangling in the air, two hundred and thirty feet above the ground!

He was alive, however. Looking up, he spoke me.

"Hold still, Billy!" I cried, preparing to descend a foot or two and catch him.

"Bad Billy! bad Billy!" he screamed; and, dangling as he was, knocked his fists against his poor, silly little head—according to his usual method of expressing penitence—after a fashion which even the inexpressible horror of the situation perhaps rendered the more ludicrous. At any rate, I could not help almost laughing.

Mustering what little strength I had remaining, and holding continually to a foot-hold below the little swinging scarecrow, I stealthed myself among the poles and timbers of the scaffold, and securing a strong hold of Billy's clothing, I, turn him violently from his perch and lifted him to my breast, whereupon he clung frightfully to me, clasping both arms around my neck, and sobbing and raiveling as if his heart would break.

But the horror of the thing which the multitude below had groaned forth at the sight of the boy's fall was a mere whisper, a breath, to the vast resounding shout that went up from them as I did so. Even when I was it swelled, and rolled, and re-echoed up, reverberating in my ears with an unbearable thunder, like the endless exultations of some vast triumphant army.

They told me afterward that the surgeons had been horrible down there in the street; that women had fainted and strong men turned pale, in the painful expectancy; and that, as the poor fellow was seen to be safe, loud weeping or loud laughter relieved the hearts of many, and that in the agitation of the moment that great shout arose—such an one as had never been heard there before.

Climbing back again, I sat down, totally and completely exhausted, with the chilled and shivering child cowering close to me. Some dim intuitive apprehensions of his danger had, doubtless, come upon him, and he clung quietly up to me, he repeated, softly, many times,

"Bad Billy! bad Billy!"

Strong men came up, and, with much peril and difficulty, helped us down. I could not stand when I reached the ground, and was brought the crowd of citizens seeking to praise and thank me I was helped home, and lay ill for some days. Mrs. May had fainted, and, recovering, had not seen the poor little only child. But her delight in finding him yet alive was most wild and extravagant. And that, I suppose, must be the reason why Billy likes me.

COMMERCIAL GRIEF.

A LETTER, deeply bordered with black, attracted my attention among the heap that lay upon my table. It was evidently a messenger of affliction. I turn the envelope, and on a black back-ground, that formed the device upon the seal, and read the contents. Nothing more than an intimation from a relative of the sudden death of a brother-in-law, and a request that, under the circumstances of the sudden bereavement of the widow, I would transmit certain orders and commissions relative to the mourning and monument which she intrusted to my care.

After the reading I set out upon my sad errand, and had no difficulty in finding the *maison de deuil* in question. It was in the sad habiliments of mourning. Novelgar colors glared from the shop-windows, no gilt annexed with its festive glare. The name of the deceased presumed to make itself seen in letters of the saddest gray on a black ground. There and there beads of white set off the general gloom, and the frame-frond, like the crape pinings of a widow's cap. The very metal window frames and plates had gone into a decorous mourning—into black and silver—of what we feel, under the circumstances, would be quite indecent—brass.

On my pushing the plate-glass door it gave way with a hollow and muffled sound, and I was met by a gentleman of sad expression, who, in the most sympathetic voice, and with a sad smile of welcome, and, on my reply, directed me to the INCONSOLATE-BLE GRIEF DEPARTMENT. The inside of the establishment was in keeping exactly to the appearance without. The long passage I traversed was paneled in white with black bordering, like the mourning cards of the dead; and I felt my becoming impressed with the deep solemnity of the place, when I caught sight of a neat little figure seating in one of the alcoves. Inquiring if I had arrived at the Inconsolable Grief Department, she replied in a gentle voice, slightly shaded with gayety, that I had arrived at the mourning counter, and that I must proceed until I had passed the repository for widows' silk. Following her directions, I at last reached my destination, a large room draped with black, with a hushed atmosphere about it, as though a body was invisibly lying there in state.

An attendant in sable habiliments, picked out with silver, was overpowering the fire, and with an unearthly shriek and the manner, awaited my commands. I accordingly produced my list. Scanning it critically, he said,

"Permit me to inquire, Sir, if it is a deceased partner?"

I nodded assent.

"We take the liberty of asking this distressing question, sir," he replied, "as we are extremely anxious to keep up the character of this establishment by matching at once the exact shade of affliction, and the paramount emotion in this department give satisfaction to the deepest woe. Permit me to show you a new texture, which we term the *inconsolable*.' With that he opened a pasteboard box before me, "fit for a widow."

"Is it pretty?" I inquired, lifting a lugubrious piece of drapery.

"Oh no!" he replied; "the one you have in your hand would be more suitable for last year's affliction, and was termed 'the stunning blow shade;' it makes up well, however, with our *sudden bereavement* silk—a leading article—and our *distraction* trimmings."

"I am afraid," said I, "my commission says nothing about these novelties."

"Ladies in the country," he blandly replied, "are possibly not aware of the perfection to which the art of mourning gentetily is now brought. But I will see that your commission is attended to, to the letter." Giving another glance over my list.

"Oh! a widow's cap is mentioned, I see. I must trouble you, Sir, to proceed to the Weeds Department for that article—the first turning to the left."

Proceeding as I was directed, I came to a recess fitted up with a solid platform of steps. I was perceived, at a glance, that they exhausted the whole scale of grief, from its deepest shade to that tone which is expressive of a pleasing melancholy. The foremost row confronted me with all the severity of crape folds, in the midst of which my mind's eye could see the set features of many a Mrs. Chesman, while those behind gradually softened down to the most jaunty turbeton; and one or two of the outsiders even breaking out into verdigris tints and the most flaunty weepers.

Forgetting the proprietor the moment I inquired of the grave attendant if one of the latter would be suitable?

"Oh no, Sir," he replied, with a slight shade of severity in her voice; "you may gradually work up to it in a year or two, but any thing of a feeling to the front row of weeds, "are indispensable for the first burst of grief."

Acquiescing in the propriety of this sliding-scale of sorrow, I selected some weeds expressive of the deepest dejection I could find; and having completed my purchase, I inquired where I could procure for myself some lavender gloves?

"Oh, Sir, the lavender things," she said, in the voice of Tragedy speaking of Comedy, "we must turn to your right, and you will come to the Commissioner Mourning counter."

Turning to the right, accordingly, I was surprised and a little shocked to find myself once more among weeds and crapes; tender lavender I had expected, but violet, mauve, and even absolute red, stared me in the face. I was about retiring, thinking I had made a mistake, when a gentleman, with a charming tinge of cheerfulness in her voice, inquired if I was doing in her department?

"I was looking for the Commissioner Mourning counter," I replied, "for some gloves, but I fear I am wrong."

"You are quite right, Sir," she said; "this is it."

She saw my eye glance at the cheerful silks, and, with the instinctive tact of woman, guessed my thoughts in a moment.

"*Mauve*, Sir, is very appropriate for the lighter sorrows."

"But absolute red," I retorted, pointing to some velvet of that color.

"Is quite admissible when you mourn the departed at distant relative; but may I show you some gloves?" and suiting the action to the word, she lifted the cover from the glove-box, and displayed a perfect picture of delicate mildness, indicative of a struggle between the cheerful and the sad.

"There is a pleasing melancholy in the shade of gray," she said, indenting slightly each outer knuckle with the elastic kid as she measured my hand.

"Can you find a lavender?"

"Oh yes; the sorrow-tint is very slight in that, and it wears very kindly."

Thus, by degrees growing beautifully less, the brief of the commission dwindled out in the tendered lavender, and I left profoundly impressed with the charming improvements which Parisian taste has made on the old aboriginal style of mourning.

CINGALESE BOATS.

WE give on page 188 a picture of a Cingalese boat, which is used for pearl-fishing off Ceylon island. When a stranger first sees one of these boats in the water, he can hardly understand how it lives. Some, however, as it comes more within view the means are apparent by which the light boat is made to sustain much heavy rigging. The cross-shaped float of solid wood is projected and sustained from the boat's side by outriggers, which are secured by lashings to the mast and bowsprit, as seen in the illustration. Whichever way the wind sets the float has the effect of counterbalancing the side pressure on the hull. If, for instance, the wind is on the starboard quarter (supposing the float to be on the opposite side), the effect is a pressure on the float, which is counterbalanced by the buoyancy; but if the wind is from the larboard side the float acts with the same effect, but this time by its weight. The relative power of the sail filled, and the capacity of the float to resist the capsizing tendency, is easily calculated. There is a fresh breeze the float is not uncommonly seen suspended in the air. It will be observed by the reader that, although the mast is supported by the float it is thus influenced by the peculiar appendage described, the power for propulsion is scarcely interfered with. The sail is fitted with which enables the Cyclon boat to sain unusual speed, and to face a breeze which an ordinary sailing-boat dare not attempt. The outrigger is fitted with temporary fastenings only, so as to admit of its being shifted from side to side to suit different conditions of wind and tide.

GOD HELP OUR MEN AT SEA!

God help our men at sea!
In foaldn, plateed roame, 'mid wine and flowers,
And glossome company,
The wild wind howls in our hilltoet hours,
To sigh this prayer;
And, lonely, with clenched hands, of night 'tis ours,
"Lord of the waves, O spare!"

God help our men at sea!
I had a brother once. Our love ne'er faltr'd
In its intensity.
Smiling on our sweet mother, as he sail'd,
I saw him last.

Ah me! how that sweet mother droop'd and paled
Ere one brief year had pass'd!

God help our men at sea!
They saw him, who outlived that dreadful night,
In his entirety—

GOD HELP OUR MEN AT SEA!

Kneeling, and looking in the storm-fire's light,
To Heaven for grace.
And angels' glory was upon him, bright
As upon Stephen's face.

God help our men at sea!
Those pilgrim fathers, who leave all to teach
Their Saviour's charity.
May their prayers, like St. Paul's, in tempest reach
His ears, who said,
With an exceeding tenderness of speech—
"'Tis I. Be not afraid!"

God help our men at sea!
The workers, who at home can find no spheres
For work; whom poverty
Drives from their birthland, strong, despite those tears,
To toil, and win;
And then, please God, return for peaceful years
To their own land and kin.

God help our men at sea!
If lust of power or of revenge assail
England's tranquillity,
Using His gracious gifts, we shall prevail,
As oft before.
And Israel see the proud Egyptians pale
And "dead on the sea-shore."

REV. HENRY G. GUINNESS.

The accompanying portrait will be recognized by all who have heard the eloquent young preacher, Mr. Guinness, who is now in this country.

Henry Grattan Guinness was born near Dublin, Ireland, in the year 1830. His father was brother to Mr. Guinness, the brewer of Dublin "Stout" celebrity, and was an officer in the army; and his mother the widow of Captain d'Esterre, who fell in a duel with the late Daniel O'Connell, some 35 years ago. He was brought up and well instructed, by his pious parents, in the knowledge of Divine truth. About seven years ago he determined to go to sea. He left England, and wandered over the shores of Mexico, the West Indies, Texas, through the Caribbean Sea, etc. During the voyage the ship was nearly lost on two occasions, and it was chiefly owing (the captain states) to the steadiness and presence of mind displayed by young Guinness that the ship was preserved.

On reaching home his friends urged him to turn his thoughts to agriculture. To this he was disinclined, but yielded to their wishes, and went to reside on the estate of a relative in the west of Ireland. His taste remained unchanged. He preferred the stir of seamanship to the quietness of farming. Accordingly, in the year 1854, he again set out on a voyage to the East Indies. Soon after the ship sailed they were obliged to put back, in a half-wrecked condition, and he being attacked by a most serious and alarming illness, was quite unable to proceed further, and returned to his home in Cheltenham, apparently a dying man.

It was about this time that he experienced a change of heart, and having obtained peace in believing, he at once, with the help of God, determined to spend and be spent in his Master's service. For this purpose he entered New College, London, under his friend and tutor, the late Dr. Harris. This was about January, 1856.

Pending his acceptance at New College, Mr. Guinness occupied himself among the poor of Cheltenham. He also addressed gatherings in the work-house and other places. On one of these occasions some unforeseen circumstance had prevented the inmates from assembling as he had arranged, and as he was retracing his way back, sad with disappointment, the thought struck him, "Do not many of the people I am passing in the streets need to be told of sin, and Christ, and mercy?" Filled with this thought, he took up his position in a retired part of the town, pulled out his Bible, and began to read aloud. A number of persons were soon drawn around him, and he preached an admirable discourse from Ps. xxx. 5: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." This was his first sermon in the open air. The thing was soon "noised abroad." He persevered in this and other forms of Christian endeavor for the good of souls during several months, at the same time preparing for the college entrance examination.

Previous to leaving college, which was in June, 1857, he had, together with other preaching occupations, been for three months supplying the pulpit of the Tabernacle, Moorfields, London. His engagement at this place contributed much to determine his career.

In the month of July he was ordained as an Evangelist. The service was held in the Tabernacle, ministers of several churches taking part in it. Neither they nor Mr. Guinness himself considered that the ceremony gave him any additional grace or authority. It was only a recognition of him by the brethren as in their judgment called of God to the work, and a devout commendation of him to the favor of the Divine Lord, in whose employ he was engaged. The proceedings are said to have been deeply solemn and interesting.

And now this young preacher entered upon a range without limit or trammel, save what his own infirmity and God's providence might impose. Though a stripling, he fearlessly struck out, determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. He traveled through England; went over the length and breadth of the principality; visited Scotland; and spent a short time in France; testifying any where and every where the good, old apostolic doctrine of "Repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." The stir produced, as he proceeded from place to place, was remarkable.

He arrived in this country a few weeks since, and has been preaching daily to crowds of people. Every right-minded person will wish him Godspeed in his noble work.

REV. HENRY GRATTAN GUINNESS.—[From a Photograph.]

The New Partner

in

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

Author of "The Hasheesh Eater," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

WHICH GIVES THE HISTORY OF A LAST CHANCE.

The day succeeding Nora Munton's battle and triumph over the Doubt Fiend went by, like all other days, with just so many ticks of the banking-room clock as well as clocks in general.

As we have said, there is a patent-safe side, and there is also a human-heart side to every business man, to every firm, to Clingham & Co., and to the house which their Cheswick Branch occupied. The representative of the patent-safe side, Lake Green sat all day and held his secret hate, revengeful prayers, and plannings.

He had set in injuries on foot for Ernest Beckford's wherefoots; he was quietly, cautiously hunting him down by emissaries who were trusty and silent; and he lived on the hope of coming up with him as his most concentrated nutriment and stimulus. In his soul he hated him for Nora's sake; but his ostensible reason for venge-

A CINGALESE BOAT IN A HIGH SEA.—[See preceding Page.]

nance was to be the wallet, which he really believed, however, to have been taken in a drunken frolic.

On the human-heart side of the house, the secret of Ernest Beckford, the love of him, the undaunted, unshakable faith in him, was well kept also. Bitterly were some of the moments of the day marked with tears — so strange it seemed to Nora, as she glided from room to room on her household aventions, going softly, as one who knows not when God would say or do next, and anxious to catch His first whisper — so strange it seemed that, if Ernest really loved her as she believed, he should depart from Cheswick — not only without expressing himself, but in a way which, with most sensitive girls, would have materially injured his cause—by stealth, and as Luke Green would say —though Nora would not, could not even think —like a deserter, a thief. What was the meaning of this singular absence? What the meaning of any absence at all? His post in the Bank was vacant; his duties neglected with a substitute was sought, and all this without explanation, without warning, without excuse.

It was well for her, perhaps, that during this day her mind was diverted in another direction, and another kind of emotion from that of pain, than grief and pining, anxious wonder. The event which did her that service was this: John Manton having the dyspepsia, found his life consist of two main tendencies—sin and contrition —which made it resemble one of those pleasant expansive streams that one sees in a flat country, where there are no mountains to straighten the water-courses; and which having run tempestuous and tempestuous, by having run tempestuous to the east, immediately compensates by bending on itself and running as many back to the west again. The Missouri, on the Kansas border, is such an instance; and John Manton's life was another. On Sunday the air was bracing, the sky was cloudless, the walking dry, the parson eloquent; he had a good appetite, and ate a hearty dinner, with Gloria-tide's resounding through all the portions of his system—after which he discoursed cheerfully upon all subjects connected with the present and future condition of the race. On Monday there was a muggy atmosphere—a sky full of great, awkward, dingy clouds, looking like a young cook's mistake in dumplings; under foot was a coarse, chocolate paste, that swallowed up the shoes of the wayfarer, and John Manton felt the after-effects of yesterday's hearty dinner; whereupon he lost all confidence in human perfectibility, and regretted himself, as the chief of sinners, because he had yesterday expressed a mere whimsical vagary to the effect that we were not all going as fast as possible to the Disagreeable One. So that, as I said, his life was a pretty methodical alternation of sin and contrition, fantasy and despair—impudent happiness and ridiculous abasement. On this present day he had an attack of repentance. It seized him when he first awoke in the morning, and grew more and more all day, until three o'clock precisely of the afternoon; at which period, in spite of the entreaties and almost indignant arguments of Nora's really indignant heart—in spite of her representing to him that he would make his manhood disrespected, and open the gate for her womanhood to be trampled upon in the same brute feet that would spare him—in spite of his own memory, faint and diluted by dyspeptic tones, of the course as it was, that yesterday he had felt nobler and worthier in showing Mr. Green the door than in any act of his last dozen years—he persisted in going to the supernatantedent, confessing that he had been hasty, and virtually asking to be restored, with full forgiveness, to the superintendentship.

As the door closed behind him on his way to Luke Green's desk the wounded heart of the young girl gave itself utterance in a sigh that told of tears too far down to come. Alone, entirely alone was she, with that knoclinest which those feel who not only have no helper, but have also to help the faint-hearted. She had borne her father all that day, like a drifting mass of logged sea-weed, on the wave of her mighty weakness, patience and faith; now he had slid from her, and was washed out of her reach, to be whirled on in the veering, eddying current of his own morbid self-will.

Presently, as she sat silently thinking and praying, and in her heart turned over the leaf of that day's discouragement to begin a fresh page of effort and patience, she heard the well-known footsteps of her father returning, accompanied by his voice and that of Mr. Luke Green. Evidently the difficulty was all made up between them, for an unwonted liveliness pervaded John Manton's tone, and Mr. Green's was restored to all its habitual suavity and fluency. Could he be coming to call on her? Nora drew her hen nest, and flew rather than ran out of the room, and up the stairs to her own little bedchamber. There she put on her hat and walking-shoes as quickly as possible, and throwing aside the apron which she had worn while showing Priscilla, her one servant, how to set the sponge for John Manton's Graham bread, she was all ready for an escape into the fields, the woods, the lanes, any where out of the sight of her dishonored and self-respectless father and the mildly triumphant superintendent of Cheswick Branch. She bent the two enter below, she heard her own name called at the foot of the stairs; but having no useful answer about her, where duty meant swelling the ovation in which her father was half captive at the level of a man who was odious to her, she did not answer a syllable. So that her father inferred she was gone out—as she was two seconds thereafter.

There is such a divine, quiet endurance to be learned of the heaven that Nora found herself many degrees nearer to which she had been in-doors.

Little pickets gate let Nora out from the back of the Bank-house garden into the broad meadows through which the stream flowed. Once in the fields and the world left behind, even the Bank, or, at least, indistinguishable. To make the distance between her and it long enough, and to soon be quite out of it, she walked briskly for a stile which, just this side of the brook, crossed a stone wall perhaps twenty rods from the gate. Before she came to the stile she had slackened her pace, and, as on the other side of the fence she saw stretched out upon the grass the figure of two young men, Nora thought, as though it was in the height of the summer season, one of them was enveloped from head to foot in a cotton cloak, apparently, which was sided by a very broad brimmed and intensely green-fringed cap, which shaded the upper half of his face. Propped on one elbow, he was gesticulating earnestly to his comrade, a person of herculean shoulders and limbs, which seemed to be much from sighteen stone in weight, who, in more perfect abandon, had thrown himself at full length upon his immense back, and, with his great red seal-like pair of flippers extended at right angles from his body on the grass, and his boots in perfect symmetry pointed toward the sky, looked not unlike some new model of steamer, with the hatches all in place, and with an outrigger arrangement—a recent bionce naturally assisted by the long flagelin, which, being fastened upon the upper stylish in mouth, made a very respectable and energetic smoke-pipe. Altogether he looked as if he could steam up, and, with a good breeze, on Noah's ark down the bay very easily. A chip lint like his companion's, and a blue linen Raglan, of a nautical cut, proportioned to the large surface to be covered and very flowing, blue cloth pantaloons, and heavy boots were his entire. A clump of elders furnished the two an extempore booth, under which fragments of egg-shell, bread, and cake, in place of a tier dering service as salt-cellar, showed that they had been taking dinner *al fresco*. To Gloria-tide, however, in the side of each by a suitable trusty cane—the stout man having a stout bludgeon, and his slight friend being provided with a delicate switch. As Nora stood on the upper step of the stile, where she saw them, she paused in indecision whether to advance or retreat, her heart beating faster with the start their queer appearance had given her. The number of the two indicated much her hesitation, and whispered something into the ear of the prostrate one, upon which he elevated himself with exclamations of fun, and either they both wandered off into the fields, away from the path which Nora seemed seeking by its stile. She paused over, and continued her way, walking as rapidly as possible, without afraid to attract the men's attention by running, should they be mischievous characters. Her suspicions were allayed, however, as she ventured a second glance over her shoulder, that they had almost disappeared in the direction of the village; and making up her mind that they were one of a more fantastic kind than usual of summer idlers—gentlemen from the bounds of southeastern wards of the metropolis, of such like, she pursued her way quietly, being now quite out of view from the Bank. Five minutes more, and she had reached the edge just below the row of willows on Ernest's window looked, sweet—oh! more than all articulate speech sweet to her—because there the first bud of his love to her blossomed in her sight—there the secret freight of his heart's treasure was drawn ashore by her hand from the shoals, while he still thought that none beheld it save Him to whose care it was consigned. From this spot to a long distance above the house where Ernest had lodged the silver willows grew close and luxuriant, branching near the ground, as in their wont, and sending their long root fibres far back into the land as well as downward into the water-course, whose crumbling bank they were planted to protect. They thus made a compact hedge, behind which Nora had sometimes stolen, thinking that it was pleasant to protract her afternoon walk under their flickering green and pearly leaves, and *feeling*—for, oh thou world, it would have been so very immodest to *think!*—that perhaps here and there, as at the clump opposite Ernest's window, she might fitfully rest in some shadowy concealment, and now and then see, unseen, between the branches, that noble face which looked out on the West—that face so dearly intermixing with all her day life and dreams.

To-day, alas! no unidentify reserve was needed in approaching this spot. No deep and musing eye might have been glance attracted to her hiding-place by any motion of hers. There would be no fair, brave, unconscious face there to welcome her stolen gaze. *He* was gone—gone! Oh! why but God could tell whither?

As Nora thought of this, and the sense of her utter loneliness came upon her like a faintness at the heart, she made the place that had been once her dreaming nook by the hour her oratory now; and, kneeling down by the willows opposite to Ernest's window, cried out in the bitterness of her soul,

"O God! O God! why must he be gone, and under this dreadful shadow? Let me see him again, and make as he is! Or— Oh! I can not ask thee to let me see him dend, even if, being alive, he must be sullied. But no, no, no! he is not dead, he can not be, angels but his glorious soul he ever was to me. Oh, my God, spare this suspense to me—spare it, and let me behold once more my beautiful one—my pure—my glorious—my beloved—"

A foot detached under it a dead color, some where down the willow range, evidently, from the sound, not many yards off. There was a noise of breaking twigs, as if some one who had crossed the stream were penetrating the barrier of branches from the water-side. Nora sprang to her feet, threw back her fist, and listened, with alarm on her face, and her hand erect like a startled fawn. She waited for some time, and never seeing any thing, nor hearing any repetition of the noise, concluded her fears baseless, and ascribed them to a falling branch or something kindred.

She had just thrown herself down upon the grass beside the former abandonment, when the noise was heard again, and the true cause for her alarm presented itself. Stealing along the side of the willows, with a meek downcastness, came Mr. Luke Green, his arms crossed before him, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and, to a stranger, buried in deep thought. Before Nora could recover from her surprise he had reached her, and seemed going past. He stopped, looked up, and, with the most admirable imitation of having come upon her unawares, coughed, appeared embarrassed at his intrusion, and said,

"Really—forgive me, Miss Manton! The coolness of the shade of this place has so fascinated us both, that I may be pardoned if our walks intersect—to say nothing," nodded Mr. Luke Green, in a manner more quiet even than usual, "of another loveliness which might well have been my man of fine taste hither, had he been able, by any means, to know it was here."

And she superintended cast at Nora such a glance as is interchanged between the boys' and girls' galleries, during a long sermon, in a village church—interchanged by boarding-schools.

"As you *had* no means of knowing I was here, Mr. Green, fine taste must be an instinct with you, if you could appreciate your taste, I think. Pray use all the stock of flattery you have upon *that*."

And Nora, conscious that her color was mounting with the sense of contempt and displeasure, answered to Luke Green with these words, which were spoken in a tone of womanly firmness, but without a suspicion of pique.

"I have already told the friend of her father — her own childhood's friend—one who has the good of both deeply—yes, deeply at heart—of his heart, and he is quite cast out of favor for an overacter, a slight tenderness in the expression of his affection! Will you not have the goodness, sir, to use your influence to make him a better child?"

And Luke Green unostentatiously, yet effectively, drew himself in her way, so that she could not escape without more energy in her manner than the exigency of the case seemed yet to call for.

"Mr. Green," spoke Nora, her voice trembling just perceptibly with dislike and anxiety, "you will not have offended me — at any rate, I shall not remember it—if you will not talk to me in compliments any more. If you feel friendly to me, and you say you do, whenever we happen to meet I wish you would show it by making the language you address to me as plain as if you were talking to one of your customers at the Bank."

"Oh, my dear little friend, think how ungallant that would be! I sometimes tell them to clear out, sometimes refuse their requests flatly, and never, never speak to them as if I had known them for years, like a certain young lady."

"Yes, you have known me for years; that is very true. And I think I have right to hope that every year you will respect me more. I am not a child, Mr. Green—not any longer, though when you came to Cheswick I was one. You seem to forget this. Please to remember it. I really must bid you good-afternoon, as I came to this place without bringing any companion by preference."

Again she tried to pass him, looking and bowing her desire to do so very clearly. But Luke Green put out his hand—not rudely, but persuasively, and in a most pleading manner.

"Please listen to me, Miss Manton. It will not harm you to give five minutes of your time to a man who has watched your growth up to womanhood with sleepless anxiety—with more than paternal interest. You ask me to speak plainly. Hear me just the little time I ask, and I will speak so."

Nora folded her hands, put herself into a listening attitude, and bowed, granting his request.

Luke Green continued: "I am glad that I chanced upon you this afternoon, for the sake of this very plain speaking. There is something very sweet in the thought of being permitted to speak plainly to the young lady, as I did to my little playmate Nora in her childhood. As I said, I've watched your whole budding and blossoming; what my poor efforts could do they have done to aid in smoothing your pathway up to womanhood. And now, I would—and I would to Heaven—that I could surround you with such a bodge of tender care that nothing fearful or fearful should ever cross your path as long as you live. But as I look on your poor old father, oh, oh!"

Luke Green put his hand over his eyes to hide a very proper emotion to which his just dramatic taste assigned this as the best place; and then, feeling somewhat relieved, resumed:

"Grieve as as it does, he certainly can not last long. He must be taken to his rest."

A shadow of great distress passed over Nora's face as he said this, which Luke Green observed and fell in with adroitly.

"Yes, and then, then I beheld you in this cruel world fatherless, motherless, and my heart breaks to think what you will do. What *will* you do? who *will* take care of you?"

In spite of her indignation at what she instinctively felt must be a willful lie, to make her unhappy, the lip of the young girl quivered, as yielding to the softer emotion, she replied, quietly,

"God takes care of my father and myself both —he can also take care of us alone."

"Miss Manton!"—and as Luke Green said this he drew nearer her and made an effort to take her hand, which she avoided without appearing to notice it—"Miss Manton! is there no one on earth who can be Heaven's aid in guarding you? Can you not put your hand confidingly into that of one who loves you, and let him be your protector—even interposing his own heart between you and ill—for all your life?"

Nora felt her cheeks all mantling with the rich red blood that as yet was not accustomed to keep her woman secrets, for she did think of such a one, though she answered nothing.

"I will speak more plainly. Can this man! I am he that could shield you with his person, his life, his honor, even were it called for! I have loved you from thirteen years—I love you now!"

"If you are a true friend to my father and to me—if he dies, which God forbid, I know

"DO YOU KNOW THAT HANDWRITING?"

shall ever take his place in my esteem but you, Mr. Green."

"Miss Manton, let me be nearer than father to you, nearer than mother, brother, nay human friend! I will say directly what I mean—be my wife, and till you die you shall never know want unsatisfied! I am rich, I am daily growing richer; think what my place and my money will get for you; elegant house, carriage and horses, every luxury of city and country."

"Sir! dare you insult me because I am a girl and alone?"

"No, no! I do not mean that; I fear you misunderstand me."

"For your manhood's sake I *hope* I do, Mr. Green."

"Nora!—

"Miss Manton, if you please, Sir; allow me to pass; it is best that our conversation should end."

"And will you not then be the wife of the man who holds you as dear as Heaven? Will you not—will you never love me?"

"Mr. Luke Green! after the insulting offer you have made to buy me, and which is but the last effort of a long series, is I believe, to make me the thing of purchase from a poor and sick-hearted old man whose sole possession I am—after all this, do not delude that holy name of love in my ears by your speaking it! Ask me at some future day, when you are ashamed of what you have said, if that day comes, not to *kneel* you, and perhaps I may do *that*. I do know what it is which you see in the daughter of a poor old man to make her an object of such money value, and other value you have to-day shown yourself incapable of understanding. But if my father should die, I had rather also die and go to God and him than be obliged to your mercy a moment's existence on the earth! I also speak plainly; you will hereafter understand and avoid me. I wish to pass now!"

And Nora looked the impersonation of moral strength, as, standing upright in her consciousness of purity and honor, she made a queenly gesture with her white, womanly arm, her blue eyes filled with tears of sorrowful indignation but clear enough to shame down the cold, mechanic glance of Luke Green. How much stronger then was her force did she not feel her to be as her small figure, which he could have crushed or she could have made to bend at all him, in whole outline and *allure* so full of conscious right and might! And for a moment he trembled. But as if made desperate by the sight of that growing beauty of the prize just as it was about to slip from his hands forever, he stepped back and spoke, saying, huskily, "No, you shall not go—not yet—not yet—till I say one word more. I am anxious—naturally so, with the feeling I have cherished toward you—to avert a great calamity from you. Mr. Manton may do something worse than die. Something that shall be a great deal harder than death for him and you, may happen." Luke Green then with a terrible coolness which might have appalled many a man, and the young, tender woman upon whom he had fixed his eye yet as he uttered these had slunge deliberately, and without a trace of human passion, grew deathly white, and her face was blank with a strange look of puzzle.

"What do you mean?" she said, faintly; "what do you mean?"

"Do you know that handwriting?" And he held up for her inspection a note of hand for three hundred dollars, signed by John Manton.

"Oh!" said Nora. She uttered this exclamation in a tone that expressed mingled relief and pain; relief, because if that was all, it was not as dreadful as the suspense produced by Luke Green's mysterious manner; pain, because the note was still another item of shameful obligation to the superintendent, and one she had not known till now.

"I do know the handwriting," said Nora, commanding herself; "and if I do not hasten to see it, it is because the feeling that I bear toward your father, gives no place to shame for the loved and unfortunate father whom you have insulted."

"I insinared? *I?* Now, really, if it were not such a very solemn and painful subject, I should be inclined to laugh at that word. No; I will not permit myself to speak playfully—my heart aches too much to do that—I will not be profane to my own better nature. My dear young lady, let me speak plainly to you again. I am not skilled in wooing women, and if I cannot make to you intelligent my purpose, Let me tell you that your dear father has not been insured by me. Could you hear this note tell its own story, it would say nothing of having been taken compulsorily from Mr. Manton. I pressed no loan on him to which it is a witness. Hark!"—and Luke Green listened. "I thought I heard a splash. Oh, it was nothing!" he said, as he looked through the willows upon the brook, and saw it lonely as before. He continued:

"I never even asked it of your father or acknowledgement of an indebtedness incurred by him before. No! It is but one or ten just like it. See, here they are!" and Luke Green took a bundle of papers from his pocket, folded and filed, and drew his finger over them rapidly. On each item he had indorsed, "Mr. Manton's note for $300," of various dates!

Nora's heart ebbed her so that she could not speak. She paled and bent over her brow, as if to recall herself and brush away a web that seemed settling over her eyes. And Luke Green went on:

"Shall I tell you the painful history of those papers? I hardly know whether it is best or not, loving you as I do."

"*Go on, Mr. Green*," said Nora, in a tone of such terrible calmness as equaled her adversary's in his most governed moments, and now even startled him hearing it in her.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHY should any one afflicted with defective legs turn clergyman?—Because he would cease to be a lapsus *linea* well.

A BRIDE'S THOUGHT AMBY WOMEN.—It matters very little how ugly she may be, a woman never sees a pretty one excepting in the looking-glass.—*Our own Bachelor.*

ADVICE TO GAS MONOPOLISTS.—"Gentlemen, Flare up, or you may burn your fingers."

QUITE OUT OF THE QUESTION.

As bells a Knight companion
Of the Queen of the Fairies,
The *Nightes* of his Uncle
Costs sleep's eyes upon his *Nice*.

But if this does attachment
To a *Nice* be done,
Let him leave last Europe
Invade the Queen Law,
The Imperial *Idea*
All must desire to please,
But Napoleon is minus
"Prohibited degree."

SIMPLE, BUT AGRICULTURAL.—Q. What is the best time for sowing turnips?—A. When the hardest good round and collects his rents.

ADVICE TO BACHELORS.—Pat cold pudding to settle your stomachs; but don't do any thing which will cause you to settle your money.

ADVICE.—"Friend! Imitate the example of the rail way engine. He is the greatest locomotive rumbingcan keep up for hours at the rate of forty, and even sixty miles an hour without seeming to work all the while; and yet he never takes any thing but water when he wants to wet his whistle."

Elderly unmarried ladies are considered by some persons the best crowbits of all kinds of sensitiveness.

"You seem to understand me so well, my friend."—"Yes, I have been studied by circumstances."

"Can't we make your lover jealous, Miss?"—"Oh, yes, sir, I think we can, if we put our hands together."

Personal inquiries are being made whether the cup of sorrow has a saucer.

An Irish paper advertises, "Wanted, an able-bodied man as washer-woman."

We know a poor fellow who takes the palm in all his quarrels with his wife. She slaps his face.

A lady, playfully condemning the wearing of mustachios, observed, "It is one of the fashions I set my face against."

One person abusing another in the presence of Church, the *pots*, said, "He is a perfect *Ecclesiastes*, that if you said a good thing he could not understand it."—"Pray, Sir," said the *kettle*, "what is *Ecclesiastes*?"

"Good-morning, Patrick," said a gentleman to his Irish laborer. "Slippery this morning."—"Slippery—so it is, sure, and I wish it was slippery enough. Upon my word, and I did down three times without getting up my horse."

A Gascon officer, demanding his salary from the Minister of War, declared that he wants danger of dying with hunger. "The Minister, who knew the Gascon to be full and ruddy, told him that his face contradicted his statement. "Ah, Sir," said the Gascon, "I must be that; this face is not mine, it belongs to my landlord, who has given me credit for it for a month."

A new form of electro biology has been evoked in Paris—all who choose are sent to sleep with a tubfuls—given proof that the Gaul is a mere instrument of a Paris artist—is to produce an attack of *Aspromania*, or in a word, and yet not shocking to the tender dissonance in their hands, and men armed with all the silver spoons they can lay hold of. The experiment evidently takes ardent of the accidents brought about; and in one corner you are informed, "Two Cousin——was thrown into the fire looking at Madame V——'s diamond hair-comb; and in another, you learn that Madame Bonaparte, Duchess of Sassa Y——squint produced by too steady contemplation of a well-polished Napoleon, and of which nothing in the world can cure him now.

TRANSPLANTED FOR LIFE.—The man who marries happily.

GREAT SOCIAL QUESTIONS.—Which is the right side of twenty? What do you say to Sunday? Is twenty-one the crisp side? Should you call twenty-nine the wrong side of twenty, or the right side of thirty? Has forty any right side at all nearer than some figure under thirty? Is there a right side of forty, in it not that which is the nearer to threescore and ten?

THE SERVANT'S SUNDAY.—A lady, on hiring a servant girl in country, told her she was a Presbyterian, that she should have the liberty of attending church every Sunday, but that she would be expected to return home always immediately on the conclusion of service. The girl, however, found a pretty strong temptation against this apparently reasonable arrangement. "Na, na," said the lass, "I canna do that; I winna gie the crack (conversation) o' the kirk-yard for a' the service."—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences of Scottish Character.*

A WORD IN THE SWELL VOCABULARY.—A young gentleman is on shore at Somerset House very highly delighted by reading, in the Morning Post, a contradiction correspondent of the *Morning Post*, the statement that the Sun contradicted the Morning Post. Napoleon would have to be excavated "by the labor of the Ethiopic of Egypt." "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "this letter in the *Morning Post* is a dessert eleva fellah! Know how to spell fellah. Those other fellahs never deliver fellahs too—those phellahs fellahs—spell fellahs some way. Shall always spell it in spell in fashion. With all fellahs a have to do to-day had to be executed by the labor of those Egyptian fellahs."

ALLITERATIONS.—The following stanza is more curious than cogent:

"Wood sawyer with watching, wet Wednesday waxes away,
Dim darkness dispersing, down darts distinct day,
The traveling tinker to town trips along,
Still singing sweet strains of sweet strange song.

Things bought as "great bargains" are mostly parted with afterward at "a tremendous sacrifice."

A man in battle is not allowed to whistle to keep his courage up, and he is not allowed to whistle to keep others that tendency.

The thief commits a man because he is a "good matter man not be surprised if he turns out a "*Lantine*."

It is said that the Tartar invite a man to drink by gently pulling his ear. A good way of our people will "take a pull" without waiting to have their ears pulled.

A reliable swell declares that he lately danced one evening with nine young ladies, the oldest circumference of whose dresses amounted to a hundred yards.

An old taper chanced to drink a glass of water one day for want of something stronger. Smacking his lips and turning to one of his companions, he remarked, "Why, it don't taste badly. I have no doubt the whole some for females and tender children!"

IT'S A BAD RULE THAT DOESN'T WORK BOTH WAYS.

SWELL.—"I want you to measure me for a vest, please."—"Measure you? You mean measure yourself. We do not make here but the rules of ladies."

SWELL.—"Yes, I know; but what's a man to do? The women are all getting their things made by tailors, and I don't see anything else left."

A gentleman replied to a female vagrant who accosted him that he never gave to beggars in the street. "If I knew where your house lived," quickly responded the woman, "I'd be after calling at your house, and then I shouldn't interfere with your arrangements." An accommodating beggar that!

A SOLDIER'S JOKE.—An old fox the camp of Adelbert, stated that Gen. Sherman, who is a rigid disciplinarian, lately issued an order that the men's hair should be cut short; and that some men, who had rented out four fellows whose hair had not been cut close enough, and to be shaven, and the fellows had called to the front, when a bitter run through the company, which soon became the subject of discussion. The four men being directed to take off their caps they presented their heads, which, owing to their hair as close as it could, heads and horn shaved. The gallant colonel good-humorously pleasant, he said, "Gentlemen, I ordered you to not this company to be laughing at them, and then ordered the four men to be conducted to their barracks six weeks, when it might be supposed their hair would be grown sufficiently long for them to appear in public. The men little suspicious such an end to their jeking.

TRUE BLUE.—Said a servant whose simplicity was almost incredible: "Master, I have spoke hold him to deep him in the cellars, he carried out the order to the exclusion of many times to his brother. "Master, I have instructed, then, he is not that he was always be home to his brother, John to well brother John, and he was more than that was hot, nothing to do and he was immediately shown in; but other nothing to do, they above he announced John to have the charge of the brother's son-apparent. The liberal servant told his master, that the Major had good cod to dinner, and the grateful order was, "Always at home to my brother." The Major was pleased with the servant's fidelity, and ordered, and if that John's brother should call in his absence he was to be taken to Major Brown, and treated to the cheese to dinner. John, however, fearful of again making a mistake, rushed into the dining-room, and, without any office, where his master sat at table at the guests', and, in an anxious voice, exclaimed, "Master, Major, what am I to say if your brother does not call at all?"

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VOL. IV.—No. 170.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860. [SECOND EDITION.

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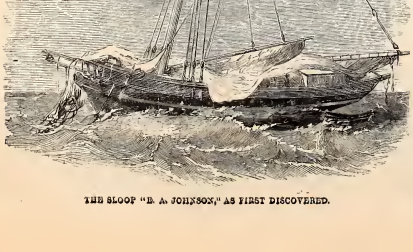
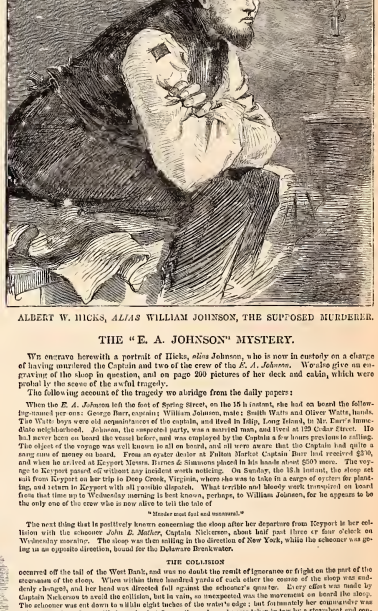


THE SLOOP "E. A. JOHNSON," AS FIRST DISCOVERED.



ALBERT W. HICKS, *ALIAS* WILLIAM JOHNSON, THE SUPPOSED MURDERER.

THE "E. A. JOHNSON" MYSTERY.

WE engrave herewith a portrait of Hicks, *alias* Johnson, who is now in custody on a charge of having murdered the Captain and two of the crew of the *E. A. Johnson*. We also give an engraving of the sloop in question, and on page 200 pictures of her deck and cabin, which were peopled by the scene of the awful tragedy.

The following account of the tragedy we abridge from the daily papers:

When the *E. A. Johnson* left the foot of Spring Street, on the 15th instant, she had on board the following-named persons: George Barr, captain; William Johnson, mate; Smith Watts and Oliver Watts, hands. The Watts boys were old acquaintances of the captain, and lived in Islip, Long Island, in Mr. Barr's immediate neighborhood. Johnson, the suspected party, was a married man, and lived at 129 Cedar Street. He had never been on board the vessel before, and was employed by the Captain a few hours previous to sailing. The object of the voyage was well known to all on board, and all were aware that the Captain had quite a snug sum of money on board. From an oyster dealer at Fulton Market Captain Barr had received $300, and when he arrived at Keyport Messrs. Barnes & Simmons placed in his hands about $600 more. The voyage to Keyport passed off without any incident worth noticing. On Sunday, the 18th instant, the sloop set sail from Keyport on her trip to Deep Creek, Virginia, where she was to take in a cargo of oysters for planting, and return to Keyport with all possible dispatch. What terrible and bloody work transpired on board from that time up to Wednesday morning is best known, perhaps, to William Johnson, for he appears to be the only one of the crew who is now alive to tell the tale of

"Murder most foul and unnatural."

The next thing that is positively known concerning the sloop after her departure from Keyport is her collision with the schooner *John E. Mather*, Captain Nickerson, about half past three or four o'clock on Wednesday morning. The sloop was then sailing in the direction of New York, while the schooner was going in an opposite direction, bound for the Delaware Breakwater.

THE COLLISION

occurred off the tail of the West Bank, and was no doubt the result of ignorance or fright on the part of the stewards of the sloop. When within three hundred yards of each other the course of the sloop was suddenly changed, and her head was directed full against the schooner's quarter. Every effort was made by Captain Nickerson to avoid the collision, but in vain, so unexpected was the movement on board the sloop. The schooner was cut down to a little eight inches of the water's edge; but fortunately her commander was able to keep her afloat until she arrived at Quarantine, where she was taken in tow by a steamboat and conveyed to this city. In conversation with our reporter on Wednesday afternoon, Captain Nickerson stated that the sloop had only one man on deck at the time of the collision, and that he never uttered a word during the time the vessels were together. The sloop drifted to leeward, and as her stern swung around a yawl boat could be detected hanging from the davits. On his arrival in the East River, some hours after the collision, Captain Nickerson saw the *E. A. Johnson* lying at Fulton Market slip, and immediately identified her as the sloop that had caused such damage on board his vessel; besides, a quantity of rigging left on board of his vessel by the collision, corresponding with that missing from the sloop, reduced the identity of the vessel to a certainty. He immediately gave information of the matter to Captain Wood, and an important link in the chain of circumstantial evidence against the accused was thus secured.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE SLOOP

in her dismantled condition, after the collision, was first made by Captain Stokes, of the fishing schooner *Telegraph*. The *E. A. Johnson* was then drifting in the lower bay, about midway between Coney Island and Sandy Hook. Her sails were all down and hanging in the water, her bowsprit and cutwater carried away, and her general appearance denoting an abandoned wreck. The *Telegraph* immediately bore down for the wreck, and just as she was coming alongside the steamboat Orion, Captain Dorrus, came up, and the crews of both vessels boarded the sloop together. The sight that presented itself on board the *E. A. Johnson* was truly sickening. The entire deck on the starboard side was covered with blood, while here and there the presence of several locks of matted hair showed too plainly that they were gazing upon the theatre of some mysterious and dreadful tragedy. The condition of things around the companion-way and down in the cabin confirmed their worst fears. It was evident that the crew had been murdered, and their bodies dragged to the hold, and thrown overboard. The marks of blood upon almost every article of furni-

tors, together with the tested condition of the clothing and bedclothes, led to the impression that the work of murder had immediately accompanied the robbery. Every chest, cupboard, and piece of furniture seemed to have been ransacked, judging from the marks of blood and usual condition of the contents. Fully satisfied in their own minds that some horrible tragedy had taken place on board, they promptly started for New York, bearing with them the dismantled sloop.

The police were set on the trail at once, and we give the account of the arrest in the words of either Nevins:

THE ARREST.

Captain Smith and myself left the city on Thursday, in the twelve o'clock train of the Long Island Railroad, for Stonington and Providence. The same afternoon we arrived at Stonington, and went on board the Steamboat *Commonwealth*, to make inquiries for a suspicious looking vessel. We had arrived that morning, about two o'clock, and of course our only chance of getting time of the murderers was from the officers of the boat. We had heard of several women with children, but they did not answer the description; so we waited until nine o'clock that night, when Mr. Hewlett, the baggage-master, arrived in the Boston night train. He gave us information of two or three different women who stopped on the route between Stonington and Boston. The description of one party, of a man, woman, and child, who stopped at Canton, Massachusetts, was so near, that on the arrival of the boat from New York, we left the *Commonwealth* for Providence, to find the vessel in which excited forward her passengers. Investigating of Canton, however, we found that the woman was not there, but was in Providence, and we immediately returned to Providence, being satisfied that the murderers could not have taken the direct route south. In Providence we called upon Mr. George Billings, detective officer, who, with several other officers, willingly rendered us every assistance. We drove around the city to all the usual boarding-houses, and to all the railroad depots, questioning baggage-masters and every one likely to give us information, but could get no satisfactory clue, so we concluded that they had probably gone by the Fall River route, and Captain Smith went down to the steamboat Bristol to make inquiry there. The Captain had remembered that on the previous morning a sailor and a little sea-worn woman and child came on board them, and asked him if he knew of any quiet boarding-house, in a retired part of the city, where he could go for a few weeks. He told him that he did not, but referred him to a herdman, who took him off to a distant part of the city. The herdman was soon found, and we also questioned the circumstances, and where he had taken the party. In the short acquaintance he had with the accident, that the herdman should go into the house, and inquire of the landlady if their man was in, pretending that two of the three quarter dollars which he had left him were counterfeit. He went there, and the landlady told him that man was not in, but would be in that night. Arrangements were then made for a decoy in the house at eight o'clock on Saturday morning, and an hour I knocked at the door, and at first the landlady did not seem inclined to let me in. But I told her I was an officer who had arrested the herdman for passing counterfeit quarters, and as he had stated that he got them from the sailor, I had come to satisfy myself of the truth of the story. She opened the door, and we went up to this man's room, some seven or eight of us, and found he had apparently asleep. I took him up, and he immediately became a coward. *God, Jem he did* cried he, charged him with passing counterfeit money, because I did not want his wife to know what the real charge was. We took his pocket-book together, and took him down to the watch-house. I searched him, and found in his pocket-book another dollar, since identified by Mr. Jones, his landlord, pipe, and among the rest, two small cases, which, with the pipe, I have been identified as those by the Captain to carry his silver. In his pocket-book was $13, mostly in five and ten dollar bills of the Farmers' and Citizens' Bank of Brooklyn. There we got hold in his possession. I didn't take his wife's baggage, and I felt sure he had that I gave her $10 of the money. Poor woman! as it was she cried bitterly, but if she had known what he had done she would certainly cheerfully wish would have been awful. I took the $5 from the landlady he had paid in advance, because I wanted to know but the money might be identified. When we got him to the watch-house, I told him to let me see his hands, for if he was a counterfeiter, and not a sailor, as he represented, I could tell. He turned up his palms, and said, "There are sailor's hands." I said yes, and he gave me one, two, and then I told him I did not want him for counterfeiting, and he replied, "I thought as much." So I up and told him what he was charged with, and he declared upon his soul that he was innocent, and knew nothing of the matter, and was never on the sloop. I don't think his wife knew anything about it. Some time after, he said he was a yacht, and was in get jail, rotting, and when he came home to find his wife money he told her where he had got the prize money. I asked him if he would go on to New York quietly with me, or stay in jail two or three days for a requisition. He said he would go with me, and we started at 7 o'clock in the morning. He believed so cool and indifferent that I at one time almost concluded we had mistaken our man. At the New London depot there was an immense crowd of people waiting for the prisoner, and I had to run through the crowd, they cried out, "There's the murderer, there's the murderer!" I took him I had to shoot the first man who touched him. At every station after that, as we thought it would be safer, we changed cars.

VISIT OF THE PRISONER'S WIFE.

The *Herald* reporter says, on Monday 26th:

The decoy was the part of thousands to see a glimpse of the suspected murderer was so great that the Second precinct station house, in which the prisoner was confined, was thronged all day yesterday with an anxious and excited crowd. Among the visitors was Johnson's wife, who arrived in the city at an early hour, in company with her infant child, and had an interview with her husband. We understand of the real character of the forced against the prisoner, she seemed very excited, and excitable, and thought it would be safer. The large amount of money that the prisoner was possessed of when arrested from New York had created a suspicion in her behalf that all was not right, but still she had no idea that her husband would resort to such monstrous means in order to escape. When brought down stairs to see the prisoner she seemed much affected, and cried bitterly. The prisoner appeared slightly moved, and spoke in a smooth over manner to her satisfaction by assuring her that there was no truth whatever in the charge preferred against him; but she evidently did not believe the statement, and took her leave often in a manner which showed that there was considerable doubt in her mind as to his innocence.

THE VISIT OF THE CORONER.

About one o'clock Coroner Schirmer paid a visit to the prisoner. Captain Wood, in order to take the prisoner unawares, introduced the official by saying that he was the Coroner who had held an inquest upon the body of Captain Burr, who had been found murdered the day previously. The announcement that one of the bodies had been found produced but little effect upon the prisoner. He merely said "Yes," in an inquiring tone, and then relapsed into his former state of silent indifference. His imperturbable manner could not have been natural. An innocent man could not have displayed such extraordinary coolness under such trying circumstances. The Coroner was shocked at the audacity of the fellow, and went up stairs, declaring he never saw any thing like it in his life.

CAPTAIN BURR'S WIFE.

It was understood yesterday that Captain Burr's wife was so shocked at the news of the tragedy that she was in a dangerous condition. She has hardly uttered a word since she received the sad tidings of the probable murder of her husband, and it is to be that the physician in attendance forbids it as his opinion that she will sink under the blow.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860.

THE SEIZURE OF MIRAMON'S STEAMERS.

WE give on page 204 a beautiful picture of the seizure of the steamers *Miramon* and *Marquez* by the United States sloop of war *Saratoga* in the harbor of Vera Cruz, Mexico. The circumstances of the seizure were very simple. These two vessels were fitted out at Havana, in Cuba, by Miramon, the Mexican party in Mexico, and were dispatched by sympathizers with Miramon to assist in the assault on Vera Cruz: supposed, for aught we know, they declined to show their colors, when required to do so by the ships of war lying in the harbor, and when accosted by a boat's crew, they actually fired upon them After this, of course, there was nothing for it but to make them prizes of war as prizes.

A telegraphic dispatch to the Associated Press states that, when the fight began, these vessels showed Spanish colors. If this be so, it will complicate matters very greatly. They were not regular Spanish ships of war, but may have been privateers under the Spanish flag—fitted out by Santa Anna, Miramon, and other friends of the Church in Mexico.

The general impression of people in this country is that the seizure will do no harm. The proceedings of Owen, the British Minister in Mexico, and Gabriac, the French Minister, have been such that it is not mists that the Mexicans should be so grateful for them, they know this country feels with regard to the pending civil war in this country. Good may result, sooner or later, from this complete announcement of the sympathies of the United States with the liberal party.

It must always be remembered by Americans that the contest now raging in Mexico is waged by the old story—the fight between the privileged class, which is the Church, and the people. For we compute that the Church has been acquiring dominion, power, wealth, influence, and capacity. The Church property, at the present time, is at least 150,000,000 dollars, which, at only 5 per cent., represents an annual income of $7,500,000, nearly twice as much as the whole national revenue. Besides the power which such enormous wealth gives, the Church party possess, over their adversaries, the incalculable advantage of a perfect and thorough organization of every Church, throughout the republic, from Sonora to the borders of Guatemala, and throughout society from General Miramon's household to the hut of the poorest Indian peasant. In these two combined advantages the Church adds the vast power derived from superstition. Even among an educated and enlightened people the influence of the clergy is so great that very few persons can venture to contend against it: what must that power be among a people ignorant, superstitious, and accustomed to delegate to others the duty of thinking for them? This is the capital of the Church party in Mexico: money, organization, and superstition. These three maintain their supremacy.

On the other hand, the popular party is based, at bottom, on the democratic principles of democracy. We do not propose to become the apologists of the James Government, or to justify every act of the revolutionists or nationalists of Mexico: many of their measures seem to us very ill advised. But the radical ideas which underlies their organization is simply the democratic principle, the principle of privileges, monopolies, and oligarchies of any kind. In practice, for instance, the Constitutionalists declare the property of the Church portions of the country for the use of the Church; to the *mais-morte* system; to the exclusive of Church property from taxes and taxes; to each and all the personal and real privileges and exemptions enjoyed by the Mexican clergy. Their hope of success depends on the development of intelligence among the Mexican people. Among a truly intelligent and enlightened people a theocracy is impossible. And whenever the Mexicans become enlightened and intelligent the Church party will fally, till then its chances are the best.

We have said that this war an old story. The same fight has been fought out in several States of the Union in some shape or other—for instance, in Massachusetts and South Carolina: it has been fought to an end in France, Spain, and Germany; but perhaps our neighbor, Canada, affords the best modern parallel, and a study of the Canadian problem is instructive to students of the Mexican history.

Lower or Eastern Canada was first settled two hundred years ago by intense Catholics, nuns, friars, and priests leading the way, and a special ordinance of the French monarchy forbidding the landing of Protestants in the colony. Upper or Western Canada was settled within a hundred years by strong Church of England men, among whom Episcopalian bishops and priests were almost as powerful as the Roman Catholic clergy were in the Eastern Province. Each set of ecclesiasties, with the sagacity which marks the priesthood of dominant Churches, proceeded to anchor itself and make sure its power by acquiring land. In the Eastern Province the most fertile and promising portions of the country were secured by nuns, monks, priests, and ecclesiastical corporations. Of the cities of Quebec and Montreal, and of the richest counties of Lower Canada, at least one half was, one hundred years ago, and is still, owned by the Roman Catholic Church The Church of England pursued the same policy in the Western provinces, and Canada Land were set apart as "Clergy Reserves" and rectory domains. Thirty years ago the power of each Church, in its domains protected the Church of each party in Mexico, and were dispatched by sympathizers with Miramon to assist in the assault on Vera Cruz: supposed, for aught we know, they declined to show their colors, when required to do so by the ships of war lying in the harbor, and when accosted by a boat's crew, actually fired upon them After this, of course, there was nothing for it but to make them prizes of war as prizes.

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It must always be remembered by Americans that the contest now raging in Mexico is waged by the old story—the fight between the privileged class, which is the Church, and the people. For we compute that the Church has been acquiring dominion, power, wealth, influence, and capacity. The Church property, at the present time, is at least 150,000,000 dollars, which, at only 5 per cent., represents an annual income of $7,500,000, nearly twice as much as the whole national revenue. Besides the power which such enormous wealth gives, the Church party possess, over their adversaries, the incalculable advantage of a perfect and thorough organization of every Church, throughout the republic, from Sonora to the borders of Guatemala, and throughout society from General Miramon's household to the hut of the poorest Indian peasant. In these two combined advantages the Church adds the vast power derived from superstition. Even among an educated and enlightened people the influence of the clergy is so great that very few persons can venture to contend against it: what must that power be among a people ignorant, superstitious, and accustomed to delegate to others the duty of thinking for them? This is the capital of the Church party in Mexico: money, organization, and superstition. These three maintain their supremacy.

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We have said that this war an old story. The same fight has been fought out in several States of the Union in some shape or other—for instance, in Massachusetts and South Carolina: it has been fought to an end in France.

is pure nonsense. We could not conquer Mexico if we tried, and the worst misfortune that could befall us would be to do so, and to have to deal with the country afterward. The true policy of the United States is to stand back on quietly, waiting for Providence to fulfill His ends at the appointed season: evincing our sympathies on proper occasions, and otherwise so as to vex Mexican pride, but discreetly so as to let our opinion have its fair weight with intelligent Mexicans. Mexico has great capacities; immense mineral wealth; great agricultural resources; fair industrial capacity; a moral and quiet people; a good internal system of law; a comparatively small debt. As soon as the irreparable conflict is ended, she will take her place worthily among the nations of the world, and will become a useful, powerful, and friendly neighbor.

BRADY'S PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

MANY regrets were expressed, on the death of the late Washington Irving, that in his left an portrait with his friends was not satisfied.

For many years of his life Mr. Irving had refused to sit for his portrait, and his relatives and friends said that in early life photos had been satisfactory to him. Literary institutions, historical societies at home and abroad, had in vain solicited his portrait. This aversion seemed unaccountable. Recently a lady, a relative of the family, who had been absent in Europe several years, much to the surprise of his family, said she had a small daguerreotype taken of Mr. Irving previous to his departure for Europe. It was a good likeness; and from this, after infinite labor and expense, a fine photograph has been obtained by Mr. Brady, the artist of this city, and a portrait in oil on canvas. His friends and nearest relatives are delighted with it, and pronounce it perfect.

The many admirers of the great Washington Irving can now have an opportunity of gratifying their laudable curiosity, and admiring excellent. The genial smile is peculiarly his own; and the free expression all the humor, genius, and humanity belonging to his character. Mr. Brady is certainly indefatigable in his profession, and deserves the popularity he enjoys.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

BERDEEN PARSONAGE, *March 14, 1860.*

I OBSERVED in your *Weekly*, dated March 3, a drawing of the "Great Sea-Serpent." I thought it might interest you to know that a fish corresponding in every particular but one was stranded on the sea beach at Bay Head, N. J., in 1855. I am not certain of the year. Mr. George Gibbs, who is something of a naturalist, saw it, and he is still resolute, in his belief, that it was a fish. The only difference I can discern is, that the one *I* saw at Turk's Island had over the head and some distance adown the sides of the back beautiful protuberances like silver studs—not plain studs, but of raised work. I do not remember the number, but it was exhibited for a day or two by the colored man who found it, and then thrown back into the sea. I recollect feeling surprised that no one took the trouble to stuff it, for it was perfectly sound. Whether these protuberances were peculiar to the female, or were lost in the decay, I cannot afterward would lose them, is a doubt. It was very beautiful, and had a bright silvery appearance from the mouth to the tip of the tail.

Very respectfully yours,

SUSAN ELIZA LEEMS.

THE LOUNGER.

ALL THE BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

THE letter which the Lounger published last week, written by "The Lady in the Blue Bonnet," and addressed to the fair young lady who "pigled and gabbled" at the rehearsal of the Philharmonic Concert, has brought upon the Lounger a flood of notes. Some of the letters discussing the merits of the case may be laid fairly before the great Public.

There is evidently a profound difference in the opinions upon the musicalness topic. It is a question of manners, indeed; but there would seem to be need of the Lounger's opinion (alas!) may perhaps give heed to Burke, "the one man, greatest of all, as Mr. Macaulay said, who knew how to speak the other up, at the St. Patrick's dinner, as he touched well light and music the fame of the great Irish orators." In Dr. Johnson's "Life of Burke," Adison, J., hear what Burke, C. J., from the High-Court of Scotland Law, gave in evidence. I am not certain of the exact words, but the Lounger will find it recorded in his best letter on a Regicide Peace:

"Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in."

Therefore you will pardon to a Lounger the grave he allows for the discussion of the subject. Besides, it concerns the bearing of music, and all good citizens are interested that good music shall be loved. It is not rates of interest, nor the laws of supply and demand in trade, that radically control society. Society is composed of men and women, and they are influenced by ideas—what we call interest is only an idea. Society is the globe. The Hindoo philosophers are satisfied that it rests upon an elephant, who stands upon a tortoise. There are men who are perhaps wiser, and who be-

fieve that it rests nowhere, but is forever supported by invisible, divine forces. Selfishness is the tortoise, going upon its belly. Many people can understand that its shell may be strong enough to support an elephant; and perhaps the elephant holds the globe. But the theory is insufficient. The unseen things are the strong things in this world, as in all life—

But the Lounger must cut himself short to make room for his correspondents.

SIR,—Is this a free-country, or is it not? If I buy a ticket to a concert, have I the right to enter the hall, or have I not? Do take a seat, or not? If I have, have I surrendered my liberty of speech by the purchase of my ticket? If I have a seat, or a hold, haven't I an undoubted right to hang my boots down at the door, when I go to bed, if I want to, or to sing and shout, if I choose to? In the name of justice have I not purchased the right to that room, and are my arms to be pinioned and my lungs absorbed by your lung-sucker? I should certainly kick if I met him in the passage? If a "Lady in the Blue Bonnet," whom I know nothing about, claims that she is probably a forty, pretty old maid, doesn't like the Philharmonic rehearsals, let her stay at home. I like em, and I know to why people should be gagged at 'em. If she doesn't want to hear people talk, let her go to the dandaiine church, up in something street. I'll be still enough for her there, probably; and they want more money. They have a debt, poor things! and they are selling pieces of the church to help pay it off. Now mark my words, Mr Lounger, *I don't believe this lady* (she calls herself so) *is a blue bonnet has bought a single copy of picture to help along the poor dear souls.* Of course not; such people never do. They complain, and moan, and mutter, and stay, of being deprived of hearing music at a paltry concert, simply because they're poor, if I'm right? They want their money's worth—that's the whole story.

For my part I'm sick of this twaddle about hearing music. By Heaven! it's enough to make a patient man jump out of his skin to hear these people go on. There are at least sixty instruments—sixty instruments, Mr. Lounger, tooting and twanging and blurting and roaring, enough to bring the house down, and become some innocent and learned ass here impudentsimple enough to bring in civilized society, to speak—yes, Sir—to speak, no whisper, to express her opinion, in her emotion, or to make a suggestion, in tones more or less loud (as if she could be heard even if she hurled out a line in the midst of that tremendous) to why, something in the guise of humanity must thereupon complain piteously, as if the lovely and innocent girl had committed an enormity? I do not dare to trust myself to speak of such conduct as it deserves, or to characterize such a mean, miserable, contemptible, imbecile, disgusting, and some proceeding as it richly merits. I pass it over, as this one word of exhortation to her person who wears a blue bonnet: Let mind your own business. I don't complain of your coming to hear the music, and I'll thank you not to go about yapping that I have. Stick to your own business. Let mind your own business! Don't mind what I do with it, and every body knows that Clara is going to give Master Tom the mis—mis—written. I'm sent this one morning through the Post-office a letter ready, and made him pay heavy postage for it, like fun. Well, now you see how it is. Clara, and Tom, and I were sitting together at the rehearsal—that is, I was sitting by her, and Tom must needs come up and put himself into the space on the other side. Now, strictly between us, Tom is the most utter ass going. It is really quite surprising what ass he is. Well, you see how it is. Clara and Tom were talking

HON. JOHN S. PHELPS, OF MISSOURI.

John Smith Phelps, of Missouri, is—in legislative parlance—the "senior member" of the present House of Representatives. Many of his colleagues are older in years, but his consecutive term of service dates back to the commencement of the Twenty-ninth Congress, in 1845, and is consequently devoted upon him to administer the oath of office to the Speaker elect.

Three brothers Phelps, emigrants from Old England, landed at Plymouth, in New England, in 1630; and one of them, animated by an adventurous spirit, was soon afterward a pioneer settler in what is now the State of Connecticut. His descendants were industrious yeomen, ready at all times to take up arms in defense of their homes. One of them, Captain Elisha Phelps, fought gallantly in the "Old French War," and another—Noah Phelps (the grandfather of the subject of this sketch)—had good service in the Revolutionary struggle. At Ticonderoga he commanded, as sergeant, a party of scouts sent in advance to reconnoitre, and before the close of the war he had risen to the rank of captain.

Elisha Phelps, a son of this Revolutionary patriot, was a graduate of Yale College, and celebrated as a successful lawyer and as a leading politician. He was repeatedly elected by his fellow-citizens to represent them in the popular branch of the State Legislature, over which he presided in 1821 and 1829; and he served several terms in the State Senate. From 1830 to 1834 he was Controller of the State, and afterward acted as one of a Board of Commissioners who revised the State statutes. He was a Representative in Congress from 1819 to 1821, participating in the debates on the admission of Missouri, and again from 1825 to 1829.

John Smith Phelps, a son of Elisha, was born at Simsbury, Hartford County, Connecticut, on the 22d of December, 1814; so that he is now but in the prime of life, although patriarchally known as the "senior member." His father destined him for the law, and after the young man had graduated at Hartford, took him into his office, where he studied until admitted to the bar. For a few months he practiced law at home, but soon decided to seek a wider field of action, and "in life's morning march, when his spirit was young," he started for what was then regarded as the Far West.

In 1837 Mr. Phelps reached Missouri, and determined to settle in the fertile region then recently vacated by the Delawares and the Kickapoos. Judge Tompkins, of the Supreme Court, before whom he was examined before receiving a license to practice, advised him to settle in a more populous region; but the young Lawyer preferred identifying himself with a young community, confident that he would advance with its prosperity. That Judicial Circuit (the territory of which now embraces twenty-five counties) then contained but six counties; yet, to attend the courts held in each three times a year, Mr. Phelps was obliged to ride eighteen hundred miles! The pioneer settlers were rough, uncultivated, and often lawless men, and every man went armed, even in court. The young lawyer was thus inured to hard-ship, and taught self-reliance whenever danger threatened. It is in frontier life that many of our foremost men have imbibed the true principles of independence and of individual responsibility, and have learned to judge their fellow-citizens according to their merits—not as they "are looked and stared" in crowded communities, according to the modes of society, or dwarfed by dependence and the pressure of poverty." The knowledge of human nature acquired in the long forest rides around that frontier circuit, or in the tavern-lounges, has since been of signal service to Mr. Phelps in harmonizing and controlling the discordant elements of the national House of Representatives.

The young squire soon became popular. His manly deportment, kindness of heart, and high social qualities won for him the esteem of a host of friends, some of whom became his clients.

In 1840 his Democratic fellow-citizens elected him to represent them in the State Legislature, and it is worthy of remark that he has ever been a consistent member of the Democratic party, as founded by Jefferson and indorsed by Jackson. His first experience in legislation was somewhat trying, as his party was smarting under their defeat by General Harrison, and the Whig minority in Missouri was jubilant over their national victory. Although Mr. Phelps was appointed brigade inspector of Militia, and has since borne the title of Major—a modest and somewhat rare title in those days when Generals and Colonels abound on every hand.

In 1844 Major Phelps was elected a Representative to Congress from Missouri on a general ticket—that State having resisted the Mandamus Act requiring the establishment of Congressional Districts, until the session of the Legislature of 1843-44. In 1846 he was elected in his District, and has since been re-elected, until he is now serving his eighth term, this being his sixteenth session. His popularity is shown by the fact that, with one exception, he has not been at home during the canvassings or at the elections. Competitors have been numerous, but his constituents are well aware of his devotion to their interests, and of the faithful manner in which he represents them.

Major Phelps served five years on the Post-office Committee of the House, and was instrumental in bringing about the first reduction of postage, to three cents on paid letters, and five cents on those unpaid. This important reform he advocated in the House, and subsequent results have proved the correctness of his arguments, based on statistical data.

Transferred to the Committee on Ways and Means, which, in fact, *prepares* all the legislation of a public character involving the receipt or payment of money for the action of the House, Major Phelps has since been a prominent member. In the Thirty-fifth Congress he was chairman of the committee, and had an arduous task, the financial difficulties rendering a curtailment of expenses imperative, although prejudicial to individual interests and local desires. In accomplishing this difficult task Major Phelps won high honors.

In 1850, when the whole country was agitated by sectional issues, Major Phelps took a decided stand in defense of the Union, yet was in nowise disposed to relinquish the rights of the citizens of Missouri. The admission of California received his support, but he earnestly opposed the purchase of the territory of Texas at an expense of ten millions of dollars, and he resisted the abolition of the slave-trade in the District of Columbia. In the Kansas discussions he has steadily defended his State from the aspersions cast upon it.

Major Phelps was one of the earliest advocates of a Pacific railroad, and in the Thirty-second Congress he secured the passage of a bill which donated to the State of Missouri the right of way, and large grants of land, for a railroad from St. Louis to the southwestern portion of the State. This line of railroad, joined by a branch from Memphis, Major Phelps hopes to see prolonged—through New Mexico—to California.

The building of the Missouri portion of this railroad has more than fulfilled the predictions of its usefulness made by Major Phelps when he urged Congress to aid in its construction by grants of land. The country has become inhabited, and the twelve pioneers of civilization have moved nearer toward the setting sun, making way for a more refined and educated population. But the popularity of the Representative of the District in the Congress of the United States has kept even pace with the march of improvement. Well do his constituents know that his integrity and fidelity to Democratic principles are equaled by his careful attention to the business of each one of his constituents, rich or poor, who has interests to be looked after at Washington. Others interest such matters to clerks—he gives it his personal supervision.

During the past summer Major Phelps accepted an invitation from the territorial authorities to visit New Mexico, for the prosperity of which he has ever taken a decided stand in Congress. He was received with great enthusiasm, and his journey through the territory was a perfect ovation.

Major Phelps resides on and successfully cultivates one of the largest farms in Southwestern Missouri, about a mile and a half from Springfield. There, with his two children, he enjoys his brief vacations, and indulges in the pleasures of rural life. He is rather tall and erect, with a graceful form, a quiet but earnest look, a keen, searching eye, a finely-developed forehead, and a genial expression of countenance. He is "no orator as Brutus is," neither does he bore the House with elaborate essays or patchwork speeches, yet he never fails to command attention and respect when he takes the floor. He never provokes a contest, but never relinquishes a position; always, by plain, frank statement, narrowing down the question, until by one plain truth he secures success. His remarks, although invariably "off hand," are replete with reliable information, and form a valuable portion of the recorded debates.

HON. JOHN S. PHELPS, OF MISSOURI.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By Wilkie Collins.

Author of "The Dead Secret," "After Dark," etc., etc.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 5th.—The events of yesterday warned me to be ready, sooner or later, to meet the worst. To-day is no; yet at an end; and the worst has come.

Judging by the closest calculation of time that Laura and I could make, we arrived at the conclusion that Anne Catherick must have appeared at the boat-house at half past two o'clock on the afternoon of yesterday. I accordingly arranged that Laura should just show herself at the luncheon table, to-day, and should then slip out at the first opportunity; leaving me behind to preserve appearances, and to follow her as soon as I could safely do so. This model arrangement, if no obstacles occurred to thwart us, would enable her to be at the boat-house before half past two, and (when I left the table in my turn) would give me time to a safe position in the plantation before three.

The change in the weather, which last night's wind warned us to expect, came with the morning. It was raining heavily when I got up, and it continued to rain until twelve o'clock—when the clouds dispersed, the blue sky appeared, and the sun shone again with the bright promise of a fine afternoon.

My anxiety to know how Sir Percival and the Count would occupy the early part of the day was by no means set at rest, so far as Sir Percival was concerned, by his leaving us immediately after breakfast and going out by himself in spite of the rain. He neither told us where he was going nor when we might expect him back. We saw him pass the breakfast-room window hastily, with his high boots and his water-proof coat on; and that was all.

The Count passed the morning quietly in-doors; some part of it in the library; some part in the drawing-room, playing odds and ends of music on the piano, and humming to himself. Judging by appearances, the sentimental side of his character was persistently inclined to betray itself still. He was silent and sensitive, and ready to sigh and languish tenderly (as only fat men can sigh and languish) on the smallest provocation.

Luncheon-time came, and Sir Percival did not return. The Count took his friend's place at the table—plaintively devoured the greater part of a fruit tart submerged under a whole jugful of cream—and explained (the full merit of the achievement to me as soon as he had done. "A taste for sweets," he said, in his softest tones and his tenderest manner, "is the innocent taste of women and children. I love to share it with them—it is another bond, dear ladies, between you and me."

Laura left the table in ten minutes' time. I was sorely tempted to accompany her. But if we had both gone out together we must have excited suspicion; and worse still, if we allowed Anne Catherick to see Laura accompanied by a second person who was a stranger to her, we should in all probability feel her confidence from that moment, never to regain it again.

I waited, therefore, as patiently as I could, until the servant came in to clear the table. When I quitted the room there were no signs, yet the house or one of it, of Sir Percival's return. I left the Count with a piece of sugar between his lips, and the vicious cockatoo scrambling up his shoulder to get at it; while Madame Fosco, sitting opposite to her husband, watched the proceedings of his bird and himself as attentively as if she had never seen any thing of the sort before in her life. On my way to the plantation I kept carefully beyond the range of view from the luncheon-room window. Nobody saw me, and nobody followed me. It was then a quarter to three o'clock by my watch.

Once among the trees, I walked rapidly, until I had advanced more than half-way through the plantation. At that point I slackened my pace, and proceeded cautiously; but I saw no one, and heard no voices. By little and little I came within view of the back of the boat-house—stopped and listened—then went on till I was close behind it, and must have heard my parents voices had they talked inside. Still the silence was unbroken: still, for and near, no sign of a living creature appeared any where.

After a second by the back of the building, first on one side and then on the other, and making no discoveries, I ventured in front of it and fairly looked in. The place was empty.

I called "Laura!"—at first, softly—then louder and louder. No one answered, and no one appeared. For all that I could see and hear, the only human creature in the neighborhood of the lake and the plantation was myself.

My heart began to beat violently, but I kept my resolution, and searched, first the boat-house and then the ground in front of it, for any signs which might show me whether Laura had really reached the place or not. No mark of her presence appeared inside the building; but I found traces of her outside it, in footsteps on the sand.

I detected the footsteps of two persons—large footsteps, like a man's, and small footsteps, which, by putting my own feet into them and

ent. Those words said, I shook hands with her and went up stairs.

The door which led to Laura's room was the door of an ante-chamber, opening on to the passage. When I tried it, it was bolted on the inside.

I knocked, and the door was opened by the same lumbering, overgrown hobgoblin, whose hideous inability had tried my patience so severely on the day when I found the wounded dog. I had, since that time, discovered that her name was Margaret Porcher, and that she was the most awkward, slatternly, and obstinate servant in the house.

On opening the door she instantly stepped out to the threshold, and stood grinning at me in stolid silence.

"Why do you stand there?" I said. "Don't you see that I want to come in?"

"Ah, but you mustn't come in," was the answer, with another and a broader grin still.

"How dare you talk to me in that way? Stand back instantly!"

She stretched out a great red hand and arm on each side of her, so as to bar the door-way, and slowly nodded her addle head at me.

"Mistress's orders," she said; and nodded again.

I had need of all my self-control to turn me against connecting the mistress's *Mr. and* to remind me that the next words I had to say must be addressed to her master. I turned my back on her, and instantly went down stairs to find him. My resolution to keep my temper under all the irritations that Sir Percival could offer was, by this time, as completely forgotten —I say so to my shame—as if I had never made it. It did me good—after all I had suffered and suppressed in that house—it actually did me good to feel how angry I was.

The drawing-room and the breakfast-room were both empty. I went on to the library, and there I found Sir Percival and Count, and Madame Fosco. They were all three standing up, close together, and Sir Percival had a little sealed packet in his hand. I caught the word I heard the Count say to him, "No—a thousand times over, No."

I walked straight up to him, and looked him full in the face.

"Am I to understand, Sir Percival, that your wife's room is a prisoner's cell, and your housemaid is the jailer who keeps it?" I asked.

"Yes; that is what you are to understand," he answered. "Have you anything else to tell me? I doubt duty to do—take care your room is not a prison too."

"Take *you* care how you treat your wife, and how you threaten me," I broke out, in the heat of my anger. "I warn you that I am England to protect women from cruelty and outrage. If you hurt a hair of Laura's head, if you dare to interfere with her liberty, I promise you what come way, to those laws I will appeal."

Instead of answering me, he turned round to the Count.

"What did I tell you?" he asked. "What did I tell you, when I said—"

"What I said before," replied the Count—"No."

Even in the vehemence of my anger I felt his calm, cold, gray eyes on my face. They turned away from me as soon as he had spoken, and looked significantly at his wife. Madame Fosco immediately moved close to my side, and in that position addressed Sir Percival before either of us could speak again.

"Favor me with your attention for one moment," she said, in her clear, icily-suppressed tones. "I have a word to say, Sir Percival, for your hospitality, and to decline taking advantage of it any longer. My husband and I have in which ladies are treated as your wife and Miss Halcombe have been treated here to-day!"

Sir Percival drew back, and stared at her in dead silence. The declaration he had just heard—a declaration which he well knew, of all women, Madame Fosco would not have ventured to make without her husband's permission—seemed to petrify him with surprise. The Count stood by, and looked at his wife with the most enthusiastic admiration.

"She is sublime," he said to himself. He approached her while he spoke, and drew her hand through his arm. "I am at your service, Madame," he went on, with a quiet dignity that I had never noticed in him before. "And at Miss Halcombe's service, if she will honor me by accepting all the assistance I can offer."

"Damn it! what do you mean?" cried Sir Percival, as the Count quietly moved away, with his wife, to the door.

"At other times I mean what I say, but at this time I mean what my wife says," replied the impenetrable Italian. "We have changed places, Percival, for once; and Madame Fosco's opinion is—prise."

Sir Percival crumpled up the paper in his hand; and, pushing past the Count, with another oath, stood between him and the door.

"Have your own way," he said, with baffled rage in his low, half-whispering tones. "Have your own way—and see what comes of it." With those words he left the room.

Madame Fosco glanced inquiringly at her husband. "He has gone away very suddenly," she said. "What does it mean?"

"It means that you and I together have brought the worst-tempered man in all England to his senses," answered the Count. "It means, Miss Halcombe, that Lady Glyde is relieved from a gross indignity, and you from the repetition of an unpardonable insult. Suffer me to express my admiration of your conduct and your courage at a very trying moment."

"Sincere admiration," echoed the Count.

I had no longer the strength of my first angry resistance to outrage and injury to support me. My heartsick anxiety to see Laura, my sense of my own helpless ignorance of what had happened at the boat-house, pressed on me with an intolerable weight. I tried to keep up appearances by speaking to the Count and his wife in the tone which they had chosen to adopt in speaking to me. But the words failed on my lips—my breath came short and thick—my eyes looked fearfully, in silence, at the door. The Count, understanding my anxiety, opened it, went out, and pulled it to after him. At the same time Sir Percival's heavy step descended the stairs. I heard them whispering together outside, while Madame Fosco was assuring me, in her refined and most conventional manner, that she rejoiced, for all our sakes, that Sir Percival's conduct had not obliged her husband and herself to leave Blackwater Park. Before she had done speaking the whispering ceased, the door opened, and the Count looked in.

"Miss Halcombe," he said, "I am happy to inform you that Lady Glyde is mistress again in her own house. I thought it might be more agreeable to you to hear of this change for the better from me than from Sir Percival—and I have therefore quietly returned to mention it."

"Admirable delicacy!" said Madame Fosco, paying back her husband's tribute of admiration with the Count's own coin, in the Count's own manner. He smiled and bowed as if he had received a formal compliment from a polite stranger, and drew back to let me pass out first.

Sir Percival was standing in the hall. As I hurried down the stairs I heard him call impatiently to the Count to come out of the library.

"What are you waiting there for?" he said; "I want to speak to you."

"And I want to think a little by myself," replied the other. "Wait till later, Percival—wait till later."

Neither he nor his friend said my more. I gained the foot of the stairs, and ran along the passage. In my hurry and my agitation I left the door of the ante-chamber open—but I closed the door of the bedroom the moment I was inside it.

Laura was sitting alone at the far end of the room; her work-stand was by a table, and her face hidden in her hands. She started up, with a cry of delight, when she saw me.

"How did you get here?" she asked. "Who gave you leave? Not Sir Percival?"

In my overpowering anxiety to hear what she had to tell me, I did not answer her—I could only put questions, on my side. Laura's eagerness to know what had passed down stairs proved, however, too strong to be resisted. She persistently repeated her inquiries.

"Who gave you leave?" I answered, impatiently. "Whose influence in the house—?"

She stopped me with a gesture of disgust.

"Don't speak of him," she cried. "The Count is the vilest creature breathing! The Count is a miserable Spy—!"

Before we could either of us say another word we were alarmed by a soft knocking at the door of the bedroom.

I had not set my foot down; and I went first to see who it was. When I opened the door, Madame Fosco confronted me with my handkerchief in her hand.

"You dropped this down stairs, Miss Halcombe," she said, blandly. "And I thought I could bring it to you as I was passing by to my own room."

Her face, naturally pale, had turned to such a ghastly whiteness that I started at the sight of it. Her hands, so slow and steady at all other times, trembled violently; and her eyes looked wildly past me through the open door, and fixed on Laura.

She had been listening before she knocked! I saw it in her white face; I saw it in her trembling hands; I saw it in her look at Laura.

After writing an instant on the paper, I gave me in silence, and slowly walked away.

I closed the door again. "Oh, Laura! Laura! Do you not feel both me the day when you spoke those words?"

"Yes, I felt it, Marian. I spoken them yourself, Marian, if you had known what I know. Anne Catherick was right. There was a third person watching us in the plantation yesterday; and that third person—"

"Are you sure it was the Count?"

"I am absolutely certain. He was Sir Percival's spy—he was Sir Percival's informer—he set Sir Percival watching and waiting, all the morning thirsty for Anne Catherick and for me."

"Did Anne found? Did you see her at the lake?"

"No. She has saved herself by keeping away from the place. When I got to the boat-house no one was there."

"Yes? yes?"

"I went in and saw waiting for a few minutes. But my restlessness made me get up again to walk about a little. As I passed out I saw some marks on the sand close under the front of the boat-house. I stooped down to examine them, and discovered a word written in large letters on the sand. The word was—LOOK."

"And you scraped away the sand and dug in hollow place in it?"

"How do you know that, Marian?"

"I saw the hollow-place myself when I followed you to the boat-house. Go on—go on!"

"Yes; I scraped away the sand on the surface, and in a little while I came to a strip of paper hidden beneath, which had written on it. The writing was signed with Anne Catherick's initials."

"Where is it?"

"Sir Percival has taken it from me."

"Can you remember what the writing was? Do you think you can repeat it to me?"

"In substance I can, Marian. It was very short. You would have remembered it word for word."

"Try to tell me what the substance was before we go any further."

She complied. I write the lines down here exactly as she repeated them to me. They ran thus:

"I was seen with you yesterday by a tall, stout old man, and had to run to save myself. He was not quick enough on his feet to follow me, and he lost me among the trees. I dare not risk coming back here to-day at the same time. I will come, and hide it in the sand, at six in the morning, to tell you so. When we speak next of your wicked husband's Secret we must speak safely, or not at all. Try to have patience. I promise you shall see me again; and that soon.—A. C."

The reference to the "tall, stout old man" (the terms of which Laura was certain that she had repeated to me correctly), left no doubt as to who the intruder had been. I called to mind that I had told Sir Percival, in the Count's presence, the day before, that Laura had gone to the boat-house to look for her brooch. In all probability he had followed her there, in his officious way, to relieve her mind about the matter of the signature, immediately after he had mentioned the change in Sir Percival's plans to me in the drawing-room. In this case he could only have got to the neighborhood of the boat-house at the very moment when Anne Catherick discovered him. The suspiciously hurried manner in which she parted from Laura had no doubt prompted his useless attempt to follow her. Of the conversation which had previously taken place between them he could have heard nothing. The distance between the boat-house and the lake, and the time at which he left me in the drawing-room, as compared with the time at which Laura and Anne Catherick had been speaking together, proved that fact to us, at any rate, beyond a doubt.

Having arrived at something like a conclusion so far, my next great interest was to know what discoveries Sir Percival had made after Count Fosco had given him the information.

"How came you to lose possession of the letter?" I asked. "What did you do with it when you found it in the sand?"

"After reading it once through," she replied, "I took it into the boat-house with me, to sit down, and look it over a second time. While I was reading a shadow fell across the paper. I looked up, and saw Sir Percival standing in the door-way watching me."

"Did you try to hide the letter?"

"I was too frightened to stoop for it. You needn't trouble to hide than,' he said. 'I happen to have read it.' I could only look at him helpless—I could say nothing. 'You ashamed of yourself,' he went on; 'I have read it. I dug it up out

"I SAW ON ONE THORNY BRANCH SOME FRAGMENTS OF FRINGE FROM A WOMAN'S SHAWL."

of the sand two hours since, and buried it again, and wrote the word above it again, and left it ready to your hands. You can't lie yourself out of the scrape now. You saw Anne Catherick in secret yesterday, and you have got her letter in your hand at this moment. I have not caught her yet; but I have caught you. Give me the letter." He stepped close up to me—I was alone with him, Marian—what could I do?—I gave him the letter."

"What did he say when you gave it to him?"

"At first he said nothing. He took me by the arm, and led me out of the back-room, and looked about him on all sides, as if he was afraid of our being seen or heard. Then he clasped his hand first round my arm, and whispered to me—'What did Anne Catherick say to you yesterday? I insist on hearing every word, from first to last.'"

"Did you tell him?"

"I was alone with him, Marian—his cruel hand was bruising my arm—what could I do?"

"Is the mark on your arm still? Let me see it."

"Why do you want to see it?"

"I want to see it, Laura, because our endearments must end, and our secrets must begin, to-day. That mark is a weapon to strike him with. Let me see it now—I may have to swear to it at some future time."

"Oh, Marian, don't look so! don't talk so! It doesn't hurt me now!"

"Let me see it!"

She showed me the marks. I was just grieving over them, just crying over them, proud and sorrowful, when I heard her sorrowfully.

"Yes, yes," I went on, "your mark is a weapon, Laura, against him. I know. But is not Sir Percival Glyde, and he has no such friend in him as Count Fosco, to protect us from his kindness, or his tenderness of feeling toward you, or toward me. But he will do any thing, he will think of nothing, and to secure his own quiet. Let me only persuade him that his interference at this moment will save him from terrible trouble, terrible troubles, and responsibility hereafter, and he will bend himself for his own sake. I know how to deal with him, Laura, I know how to persuade him."

"If you could only prevent him to let me go back to Limmeridge! If you could only give them quietly with you, Marian, I would be almost as happy again as I was before I was married!"

Those words set me thinking in a new direction. Would it be possible to place Sir Percival between the two alternatives of keeping his himself to the scandal of legal interference on his wife's behalf, or of allowing her to quietly escape from his roof? Could, under pretext of a visit to her uncle's house? And could he, in that case, be reckoned on as likely to take the best course, the safest course, for himself, and for his own fresh suspicions. It was full time to show myself, quietly and unconcerningly enough, to Laura's husband, as that very moment, perhaps, thinking of us and talking of us down stairs. I explained the situation to Laura, and left her alone to see her to recognize it, as I did.

"I will come back again, love, in an hour or less," I said. "The worst is over for to-day. Keep yourself quiet, and fear nothing."

"Is the door, Marian? Can I lock it on the inside?"

"Yes; here is the key. Lock the door, and open it to nobody but Marian or Mrs. Michelson."

I kissed her, and left her. It was a relief to me, as I walked away, to leave the key turned in the door, and to know that the door was to her own command.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, March 19, in the Senate, a bill was passed fixing the postage on two-letters at one cent, instead of the existing rates, and providing for the payment of the date when subscriptions expire. A resolution calling for information relative to the Indian massacre in Mountain Meadow, in Utah, and to the general condition of the territory, was adopted. A resolution having reference to the reception of the Japan Embassy was adopted. The Homestead Bill, and the bill carrying into effect the sixth article of our treaty with Spain were taken up. The Senate refused authorizing a loan of $20,000,000 for the redemption of Treasury notes, and resuming the consideration of the bill for the Homestead and Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bills, were passed. Power of Wayne and Chandler, Mason, Adams, and repealing the act providing for the Wilmette Point fortifications, were passed. Resolutions calling for the return of the House were adopted. On a motion to take up the Military Academy Appropriation Bill, Mr. Davis moved an amendment providing for a regiment of mounted volunteers on the Cache, Platte, Cache, of Gila, delivered a speech on our relations with Mexico.

On Tuesday, March 20, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted directing inquiry as to the expediency of extending the Indian bills to land in and about Pike's Peak. A joint resolution that Congress adjourn from April 20 to May 20 was proposed, but objected to and laid aside. Several resolutions having reference to the expression of the African slave-trade were introduced by Senator Wilson. The bill providing for the payment of the claims of Florida was discussed. An executive session was held, and a motion made to reconsider the vote whereby the Nicaragua treaty was rejected. Considerable discussion ensued, but the Senate adjourned without taking the question. In the House, the Military Appropriation Bill, with the amendment providing for a mounted regiment of volunteers for the defence of the frontier of Texas, was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs. A bill authorizing the President to call five regiments of volunteers for the suppression of hostilities in New Mexico was similarly referred. The recommendation of the Committee on Elections, allowing Messrs. Sickles and Wilkinson sixty days to take depositions in the Dodge contested election, was decided till the adjournment.

On Wednesday, March 21, in the Senate, the House bill providing for the protection of female passengers on steamboats, and the Senate bill for a resolution calling on the President to inform the Senate if any instructions have been given to the commanders by which the United States naval forces were to take part in the civil war in Kansas, and by what authority the Marines and Sailors were recently captured, was adopted. The President has the reply to the latter resolution, and transmitted the correspondence that has taken place with reference to the difficulties between the parties, and an explanation of the matter. The bill to reduce the price of the public printing, and to repeal the law authorizing the Public Printer to take up. The bill was amended so as to reduce the charges for printing to only five per cent. The bill to allow the Secretary of Navigation to apply to all the public printing executed during the present session, was rejected. Several other bills were passed; the binding shall be done by binders elected by Congress, and the bill for the relief of the Sioux Indian Chiefs bill was debated, and its further consideration postponed till the 15th of April. In the House, a resolution was proposed calling for information relative to the capture of Mexicans and Americans in Sonora, which the discussion was objected to. The resolution of the Committee on Elections, between Messrs. Sickles and Wilkinson due to take terminating respecting the allegations relative to the election of Mr. Dodge, was adopted.

On Thursday, March 22, in the Senate, the bill to establish a Territorial Government in Pembina, was passed. A resolution was adopted calling for information relative to the capitulation of Vera Cruz, and the action of the States from Tyndale, in 1857. A bill providing that persons by deed of gift, or otherwise, on letters sent by mail, can have them returned free of postage, when undelivered, was passed. The Senate bill for a joint and several mints therein was ordered to be printed. The House bill for the relief of Mr. Dodge, and to enable him to substitute the House for the Senate bill, and the Committee on Elections, was reported, and the Senate bill, an interesting debate ensued, in which Senators Chandler, Grimes, Wilson, and Pugh, participated. The discussion took a wide range, embracing, among other subjects, the New Hampshire Senatorial contest, the discussion, the North and the South.——In the House the Senate bill providing for the protection of the property of female emigrants on shipboard was agreed to, and the bill passed.

On Friday, March 23, both Senate and House adjourned, in consequence of the death, both houses being engaged upon the private calendars.

SENATOR DAVIS'S POSITION.

The Hon. Jefferson Davis, who has addressed a letter to the Mississippi delegation in the Chicago Convention, in reply to interrogatories, thus expresses himself: "I hold the Dodge platform of it as follows: He has no new opinions upon the subject of the institution of slavery, and has formed none with reference to the present array of parties. He is sound in the principles of slavery, as Dodge formed his opinions thereon, and has not changed them since. As to the mode of legislation and being after slavery was organized as an evil, but temporary in its nature, and to be treated as a temporary evil. He is willing it continued it was a misfortune to the country or the negro, and he would prefer to see a gradual and immediate institution. It exists by local law. The Federal Government has no jurisdiction in the States, but the Territories are subject and amenable to the Government of the Constitution, and the Slaves. The Union is supreme over them. He is opposed to the extension of slavery, and to the doctrine of the sovereignty of the Government ought to be neglect to extension. The Constitution of the United States recognizes the property, nor any where. It sets upon it where it is—property. The Supreme Court of the Union only decides that Dred Scott was not a citizen, and the opinion of the Court is not binding on extra-judicial, and of no authority. The questions discussed by them were political, and the Court had no jurisdiction and being and could be disposed of only by the political department. The Dred Scott decision, unfortunate, as it produced a dangerous conflict between the co-ordinate branches of the Government. He favors the education of the free blacks in the American treaties, the Government ought to be administered in accordance, in perfect equality of rights among citizens, and the constitution of the United States is the supreme expression of the Government. He is gratified that his name has only been used for the good of the country and peace, and he will not division and controversy among those who ought to be united. He is not a candidate for any political office for twenty-five years, and is satisfied with the honor he has received from his State.

HOW THE DEMOCRATS WILL FIGHT AT CHARLESTON.

The Herald's correspondent says:

"Every day produces some new evidence from Charleston that the leaders of the Buchanan and Hunker Democracy are going to change the most extravagant plans for quasi-ratification of the Cincinnati and Democratic National Convention. A Member of Congress received a letter a day or two since, in reply to an inquiry from a gentleman that he could have a room, provided he would agree to pay the rent of it, at the rate of five or twelve dollars for a term the 15th of April, eight days before the Convention meets. He (Congressman) has, in consequence, sent out a letter to-day, which he received from a citizen of Charleston, inquiring the price of rooms, with board for himself, wife, and son, informing him he is coming.

"I went to see Senator Bright, and I should think do for you, but all refused positively to have anything to do with it. Some of the Southern Senators, however, and hotels will be packed with nice and rich, and will occupy all rooms, at from six dollars per day. I went to all the intended quasi-Democratic hotels, and found at least 1,000 rooms in the several private houses, and at least 1,000 in the hotels. Some people would accommodate you if you and your wife will take a bed-room and let Charlie sleep in the parlor for the three days. I suppose you will have to pay at least twenty dollars per day for two rooms, with board for three, and

family, also residents of this country. The attempt was made about a year ago by putting red pocktakie over the door-bell, but it was not generally known that the mysterious, however, was not taken by the family owing to the premises should the scheme exploit. Hopkins was not sing-sing of perpetrating the act until a few days since, when, in a state of intoxication, he disclosed the affair to some persons living here, threatening, at the same time, that if they divulged the secret he would kill them. A former wife of Ashworth died a month previous to the beginning of the above, and experienced the obsequies gave it as their opinion that she was poisoned. A dog mutton has existed between the parties for years. The prisoner will be immediately examined.

FRANCE.

A New York correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* says: "Moses H. Grinnell, a leading partner for a number of years in the house of Grinnell, Minturn, & Co., will soon withdraw from the concern, and return with his family to Europe to spend continuously the fortune Mr. Grinnell has sold his splendid residence at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street. The house of Grinnell, Minturn, & Co. will retain its old name, as Mr. Robert B. Minturn, his son, and a son of Mr. Moses H. Grinnell, will continue to be partners in it. Henry Grinnell has also retired from business with the house last year, and none of his sons ever ever partners in the concern. The principal business of this firm is the agency for distributions of the State at large, can all spare Moses Grinnell.

Captain Jackline, one of the Canard captains, was recently in Paris with his wife, and was invited with a large number by Louis Napoleon, who was since a passenger on the Canard line.

General Goldsmid has received a present from the Americans of New York, consisting of a handsome gold, which a lit for thirty shots without being reloaded.

Again the Times has a paragraph announce that Miss Hosley, of Albany, the American prima donna, has left Majesty has arrived in Paris, and is now at the Hôtel de Rome, and says that she has been dreaming of her over there—"the leading prima donna of the Italian opera, and several offers to sing in Italy and France. At Trieste, she sang in a concert, and the house was crowded to suffocation with students. After the concert she was crowded by the students, who insisted on a torch-light procession, the lady was called out upon the balcony of her hotel, and addressed the assembled students in a speech which also prepared in her house. At Rotterdam, also, her success was brilliant."

Zatock Pratt performed the journey from San Francisco to St. Louis without stopping a single day, and in less than half an hour, the whole occupying 19 days, with 250 miles of the Sun, and, all the horses or mules in the team, about half being mules. This is a wonderful feat for a man nearly seventy years of age. He was a coachman and a driver, both usual to the trade. In some place he drove over more 16 miles, and in some 20 miles without water.

Peter G. Washington, in explanation of the cause of his death of his Hon. David A. Rolen in Washington, thus testified before the Coroner's jury:

"He very seldom complained of sickness. Meeting him soon after the death of the Hon. David Rolen in the yesterday, witness remarked to him that he looked unwell. His reply was that he felt sick at the same time. Witness noticed him to take a couple of pills pretty in the evening, and a bottle of Congress water in the morning, and to continue the taking of the Congress water for a week. He stated that he would go to Wilson afterward saw him for the last time about four o'clock."

The United States steam frigate *Brooklyn* left Hampton Roads on the 14 inst., with the Hon. Robert Lane, Minister to Mexico, and Colonel J. T. Pickett, Consul at Vera Cruz, on board. She will proceed to Vera Cruz for the purpose of securing protection to the lives and interests of the American residents during the revolution which on that place by Miramon.

A correspondent of the Albany *Argus*, writing from Chicago, under date of March 16, says: "I heard this morning that Miss Lucy Stone had withdrawn her lectures.

Margaret Dillon, an Irish domestic, was looking at the Pemberton Mill when it fell. She was so completely paralyzed that she could not move, she had the power of speech, and though she has attended to her work regularly since, she has not uttered a word."

Mr. Charles J. Faulkner, the new American Minister to Paris, has left of course for the seaport of Havre on the Place de Paris de Triomphe, at the extremity of the Champs Elysées.

Berry, who artist, while on a late visit to Boston, exam his brushes on the left side, which, he says, he has used from ages, and also of Robert Burns, and agreed on the spot to paint a picture of the poet, which he completed shortly after. He (Berry) was delighted to honor their privilege to leave with the poet's widow. Lady Ellis, the leading M. P. in Ireland, has sent to Mr. Ellis, of course, announced the sugar and sweetmeat business of the company, which, at the summer of a hundred years ago, it was spread in an upper room; dresses and flights, which was used for a Scotch punch or toddy, and over the table-cloth, influenced by its associations with the present, but the company of Scotch men drank the toll, and Auld Langsyne sung in dun and ancient style.

Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin had risen in popularity from the effects of snail-digging. She fell asleep with the "early to bed, early to rise" proverb, and woke four hours after. A pre-mature examination revealed the fact that she had swallowed the fat jaws, which was carried into activity, a doubly potent. Her lips, cheek, and breast were covered with the fat and juice. Her cravat struggles, shoes in her room. Before she retired she felt a dull sensation, which she swallowed some of the fat, but as she had used it so long, nothing was thought of her complaint until it was too late.

Governor Alexander Ramsey, of Minnesota, has sent a veto message for estimates lying in the Legislature, giving reasons why he can not sign an act to commute the sentence of Mr. Ann Allen, Bilharty, now under sentence of death in St. Paul, to imprisonment in the State Prison during her natural life. Mr. Allen was convicted of the murder of her husband, Stanislaus Bilharty, by poison. The Legislature did not pass the bill over the Governor's veto; consequently Mrs. Bilharty will be hung on the 23d inst.

Madame de Wilhorst of New York recently appeared in opera at Berlin, and did not make a favorable impression, as the Boston Traveller says.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT—THE SAVOY QUESTION.

In the House of Commons, March 5, the report on the Customs Act was brought up, and agreed to with a few amendments.

On proceeding to the other orders of the day, Lord Palmerston moved that they be postponed until after the notice of motion given by Mr. Bright, "That it is the duty of her Majesty, on the subject of the commercial treaty with France."

Mr. Lindsay observed that the terms of that motion were not before the House.

Mr. Kinglake opposed the motion of Lord Palmerston, and thought the House not in a position from the well-known speech of proceeding.

Mr. Bright said it was the opinion of the House that the exact terms of his motion should be previously before it, he would withdraw the motion until Thursday.

Lord Palmerston then offered to withdraw his motion.

Gilpertson very strongly to the proposed day, and the topics of much importance, the most prominent being the annexation of Savoy to France.

Mr. S. Fitzgerald urged this subject with great earnestness upon the House, and expressed his hope that Parliament would make a solemn protest against that act.

Mr. Bright condemned the act of the Emperor of France, and the accused of breach of treaties.

Lord John Russell said that such terrifying discussions only sound suspicion and distrust, and were calculated to bring about a total rupture with a neighboring friendly country. He thought the present was not the time to discuss the Savoy question, the Sardinian Government had not spoken on the subject. His opinion was, that the treaty of Vienna, which was made in 1815, and it approved by Parliament, to draw about the line of Sardinia between the two nations, was not in the interest in the tendency of peace, which could tend to prevent the peace of Europe.

After some further discussion the motion was withdrawn.

THE NEW FRENCH TREATY.

In the Commons, March 12, Mr. Bright moved an address to the Crown, approving of the new commercial treaty with France, and requesting her Majesty to take the necessary steps to carry it into effect.

Lord A. Vane Tempest seconded the motion, declaring that Parliament declines to express any opinion on the treaty until it shall have been ratified by the Emperor of the French with respect to Savoy we made no protest.

A general debate took place on the merits of the treaty, which occasioned the Lord Mayor to propose an amendment, and further debate was adjourned to the next day.

Sir H. Carrie, a leading Conservative, said he would support the treaty.

The debate was resumed the following day.

Mr. Horsman opposed the treaty, the treaty relative to cods be admitted, but it was rejected by 226 against 215.

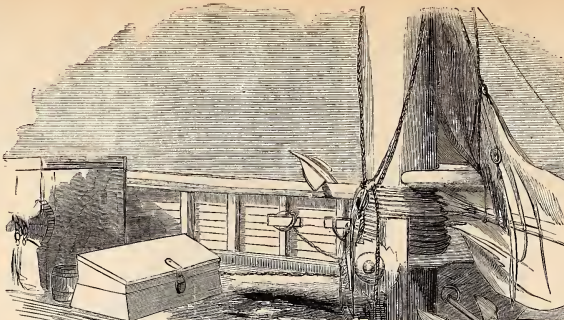
The debate involved the Savoy question and the general relations of the Sardinian Kingdom, the debate was finally agreed to without an amendment and without a division.

THE PASSENGERS BY THE "HUNGARIAN."

Messrs. Allen and Gillespie, the agents, have forwarded to the following list of the passengers by the "Hungarian" and reached the *Hermanus*:

Mr. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Balmer, Rev. James Stewart, Mrs. Wesson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Evans, Miss Lucy Stone, Mr. Ward, Mr. Ward, Mr. Ward, Mr. Ward, Mr. Ward, Mr. Tuthor, Dr. and Mrs. Somerville, Mr. Wm. Allen, Mr. Wm. Allen, Mr. Wm. Allen

THE CABIN AND DECK OF THE "E. A. JOHNSON."



SCENE OF THE FIRST CONFLICT ON BOARD THE SLOOP "E. A. JOHNSON," WITH THE BLOOD-STAINS ON THE DECK.

We give herewith pictures of the cabin and deck of the *E. A. Johnson*, with the traces of the fearful struggle of which they were the scene.

The first thing that attracted the attention of Captains Burns and Lister, on boarding the *E. A. Johnson*, was the presence of blood in large quantities upon the deck. In no less than three places were there extensive pools of gore and marks which evidently showed that some bloody substance had been dragged along the deck and thrown over board. The cabin presented a still more horrible appearance than the deck, the floor and all the furniture being covered or spattered with blood.

The cabin had evidently been the scene of some sanguinary struggle. The floor, ceiling, benches, and furniture were all stained with blood. A further examination showed that the cabin had been ransacked by some persons as if in search of plunder, for upon the floor were strewed articles of clothing, papers, bedding, etc. The Coroner's deputies took notice of every thing they found in the cabin, among which were the following articles: A slate, on which was written the line—"I hear take my pen in my hand to let you know that I am well, and I hope you are the same. I left Egg Harbor—" A coffee-pot, covered with blood and human hair, was found in a corner near the stove. A hammer, which had apparently been used in scraping the blood from the floor, and a hammer, also smeared with blood, were found near the companion-way. Marks of blood were found on the ladder leading to the deck, upon the lockers, upon the sides of the cabin, and upon the ceiling. There were four fresh and distinct marks, as if made with the blade of a knife or sharp hatchet, upon the beams and ceiling, and one of the indentations was stained with blood. A pair of pantaloons, in the pockets of which were found twenty-dollar gold pieces, were found wrapped up in a piece of blood-stained paper; also the handle of a carpet-bag or valise, which had recently been torn off. The ones were upon examination, found to be filled with blood, which had leaked down from the floor, and allowed to remain there in the clotted state in which it was discovered. All the lockers and closets were stained with blood, probably by the assassin in search of plunder, as also the stove and cooking utensils.

From the cabin the blood was traced up the companionway to the deck, where marks of gouging by the dragging of some bloody substance were observable all along from the cabin door to the side of the vessel. The mail, too, was scattered with blood, and also the side of the sloop, showing that the assassin concluded his work by throwing the evidence of his guilt into the sea. The first-mate's blood on the rail and the indentation of a knife tends to the belief that the murderer was compelled to sever the hand of his victim as he clung to this frail support before he could throw him overboard.

Amidships on the starboard side, near the centre-board, was found a large pool of blood, which was also traced to the side of the vessel. The second victim had probably been murdered here, dragged to the rail, and committed to the deep. Further forward, near the main hatch, was another pool of blood, connecting with a fourth pool near the foremast and forecastle hatchway, and covering a space of about six feet square. In the latter pool was found a lock of brown hair, which had evidently been torn out of the murdered man's head in the struggle.

HOW THE PRISONER WAS IDENTIFIED.

On Saturday evening, soon after the arrival of the prisoner, the man John Burke, with whom he had lived in Cedar Street, was confronted with the prisoner, whom he identified at once as William Johnson, the man who, with his wife and child, had left No. 122 Cedar Street on Wednesday afternoon, and sent on board the Fall River boat. Mr. Simmons also stepped forward and recognized the prisoner as one of the hands who sailed from this port with Captain Burr on board the sloop *E. A. Johnson*. Upon being asked if he knew Captain Burr, he said he did not, he never saw him, and never sailed in the vessel commanded by him. Other questions were put to him by Mr. Simmons, but they were all answered in the same vague manner.

Yesterday afternoon an old man named Charles La Coste, who keeps a coffee and cake stand near the East Broadway stage terminus at the South Ferry, identified Johnson as the man who, on Wednesday morning last, at about 10 o'clock, stopped opposite to his stand, apparently looking to see what he did thereat, when he asked him if he wanted some coffee. He afterward went into the booth and sat down, leaving what appeared to be his clothes-bag outside the railings. He had coffee and cakes, which amounted to the sum of six cents. When about to leave, he handed him a ten-dollar gold piece in payment, when he asked him if he had no less change. He said he had, and pulled from his pocket a handful of gold, silver, and some cents, and, abstracting a half-dime and a cent, paid his bill. About this time some bootblacks came round and wanted to black his boots. He looked down at his feet, and said his boots were not worth the trouble. He then asked if he could get a carriage, when La Coste told him it was too early; he ought to get into an East Broadway stage and go to French's Hotel, as he had asked for the whereabouts of a respectable place to put up at. To this suggestion he demurred, when a newsboy came up to him, took hold of his bag, and inspired him for the privilege of conveying his bag to any given point of the Metropolis. The boy took the bag and followed the man.

That boy's name was William Byrnes. Yesterday afternoon the prisoner was brought from his cell, and taken into the officers' room in the back part of the Station-House, where a promiscuous assemblage of men had been gathered in. The prisoner took his place among them. The boy, Wm. Byrnes, was then brought into the room, and in a moment raised his finger upon the man whose clothes-bag he had carried from La Coste's stand to the house No. 122 Cedar Street, one morning last week, about 8 o'clock; he did not recollect which morning. The man then pointed out was the prisoner. The same boy immediately afterward saw the bag, and identified it as the one which he had carried from the South Ferry to Cedar Street. He asked Johnson fifty cents for the job, but on his refusal he compromised, and took three shillings.

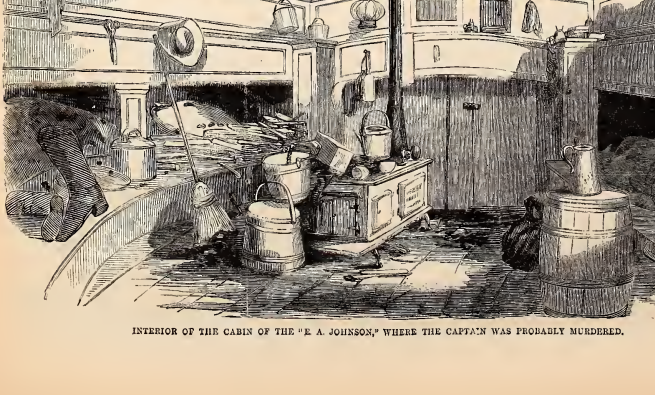
Alfred Egbert was introduced in the same manner as the boy, and selected Johnson as the man who spoke to him on the bridge at the Vandalia landing on Staten Island, last Wednesday morning between 6 and 7 o'clock. He was not certain, but he thought he was the man.

Augustus Gober, the boy who sold Johnson the oyster stew, the eggs, and the cinnamon bun, was also introduced in the same manner. He at once pointed out Johnson, and said, "That is the man."

Another little boy, who had sold a black Johnson's boots at the South Ferry, was introduced. He looked carefully through the crowd, repeatedly fastening his eyes upon Johnson. The boy at last stepped opposite Johnson again: the prisoner raised his, made a contortion, and turned away his face, when the boy said he could not see the man. The prisoner was then taken back to his cell.

The movements of the prisoner are so thoroughly linked with this shocking crime, that they form a complete chain of circumstantial evidence; and this chain, which is riveted with iron strength, can be traced, link by link, from the landing of the yacht to the arrest of Johnson.

It remains to be seen how the ends of justice will be served.



INTERIOR OF THE CABIN OF THE "E. A. JOHNSON," WHERE THE CAPTAIN WAS PROBABLY MURDERED.

THE CARSTANG-SHAW CASE AT ST. LOUIS.

WE engrave herewith, from sketches made for us by M. G. G. Friedlein, of St. Louis, Missouri, a portrait of Miss Effie Carstang, the plaintiff in the famous case of Carstang *vs.* Shaw; and a picture of the Court-room during the trial of the case. Very few of our readers need to be reminded that this is the great breach-of-promise case which was tried a year ago, and then resulted in a verdict of $100,000 damages for the plaintiff. A new trial was ordered, which is now proceeding.

THE PLAINTIFF.

The plaintiff, Miss Effie Cathanine Carstang, has lived in comparative obscurity till the commencement of the present proceedings. She went to St. Louis in the year 1851, and lived with her sister Fifth Street, but on Franklin Avenue and Sarpy, with Mrs. Seaman, her sister. Her acquaintance with Mr. Shaw commenced during the year 1856, and the promise to marry is alleged to have been given in November, 1858. In personal appearance Miss Carstang is rather tall in figure, and stalwart; yet, has dark hair, brilliant eyes, blonde complexion, and a firmness of character which has marked her participation in the present suit since its inception. We should judge the lady to be on the shady side of thirty, and unattractive in point of personal beauty. She has manifested a considerable perseverance throughout the whole trial, and accompanied her counsel personally to New York and other places, gathering testimony in her own vindication. The attempt to compel her to give bonds for the payment of the costs was unsuccessful, the motion therefor having been denied by Judge Reber. Pending this matter, Mr. Carstang proved the ownership of property acquired to be worth about $200 of pecuniary value, secured by a mortgage on land on the southwest branch of the Pacific Railroad.

Her counsel stated that she is a native of New York or Brooklyn. Her parents both are dead. Her father was a worthy and conspicuous member of the Methodist Church, well known and respected by his neighbors in Brooklyn as a citizen, and enjoying a license to preach and exhort in the church of which he was a member, though pursuing a secular business during the days of the week. He died some ten years ago. His wife having died before him. The plaintiff is now, as she has been for several years, without any near male relative.

She is without cash or wealthy friends, and in doubtless much perplexed to meet the severe pecuniary demands to which she has been subjected by the manner in which she has prosecuted this suit.

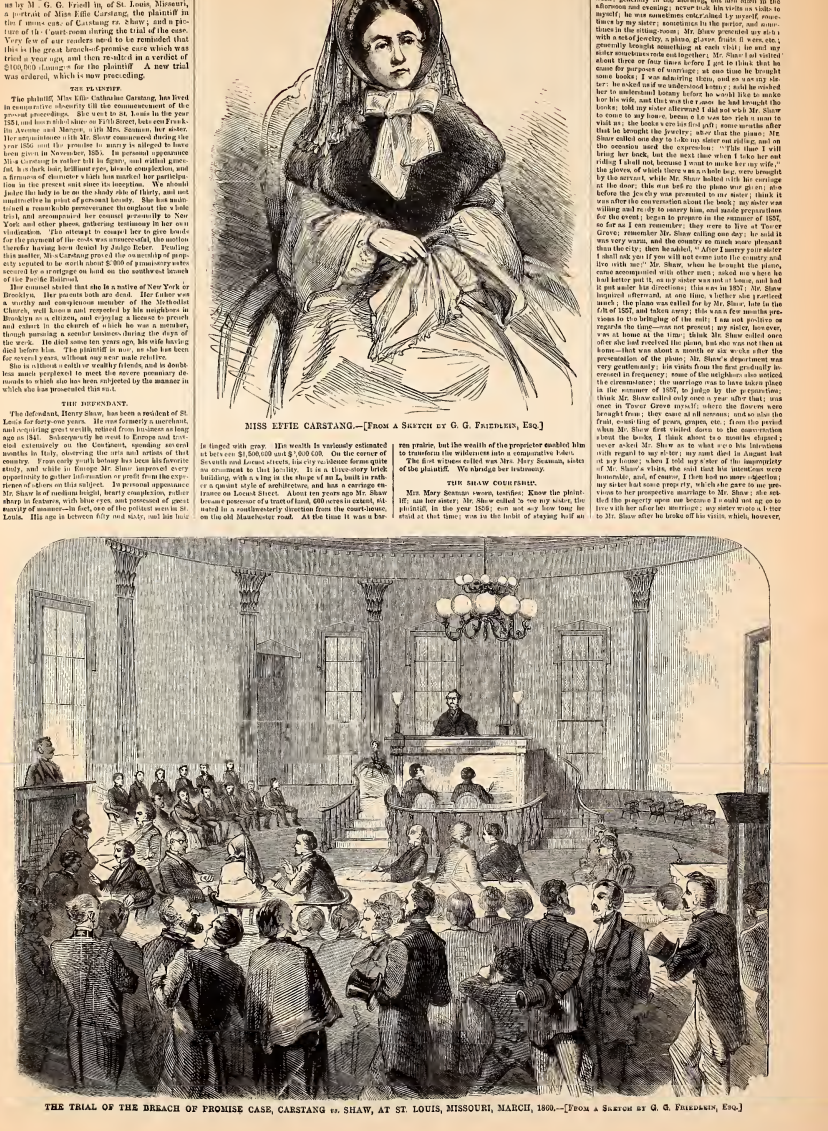
THE DEFENDANT.

The defendant, Henry Shaw, has been a resident of St. Louis for forty-one years. He was formerly a merchant, and acquiring great wealth, retired from business as long ago as 1841. Subsequently he went to Europe and travelled extensively on the Continent, spending several months in Italy, observing the arts and artists of that country. From early youth botany has been his favorite study, and while in Europe Mr. Shaw improved every opportunity to gather information or profit from the experiences of others on this subject. In personal appearance Mr. Shaw is a tall, stalwart, hearty complexion, rather sharp in features, with blue eyes, and possessed of great energy of character.—In fact, one of the pollest men in St. Louis. His age is between fifty and sixty, and his hair is tinged with gray. His wealth is variously estimated at here one $1,500,000 and $2,000,000. On the corner of Seventh and Locust streets, his city residence forms quite an ornament to that locality. It is a three-story brick building, with a wing in the shape of an L, built in rather a quaint style of architecture, and has a carriage entrance on Locust Street. About ten years ago Mr. Shaw became possessor of a tract of land, 600 acres in extent, situated in a southwesterly direction from the court-house, on the old Manchester road. At the time it was a barren prairie, but the wealth of the proprietor enabled him to transform the wilderness into a comparative Eden.

The first witness called was Mrs. Mary Seaman, sister of the plaintiff. We abridge her testimony.

THE SHAW COURTSHIP.

MRS. MARY SEAMAN sworn, testifies: Know the plaintiff; am her sister; Mr. Shaw called to see my sister, the plaintiff, in the year 1858; can not say how long he staid at that time; was in the habit of staying half an hour or longer; continued his visits for nearly two years—until I think, late in Jan. or Feb. 1858; understood that he visited with a view to marriage; Mr. Shaw would come sometimes two or three times, sometimes once a week; generally in the morning, but also either in the afternoon and evening; never took his visits on visits to myself; he was sometimes entertained by myself, sometimes by my sister; sometimes in the parlor, and sometimes in the sitting-room; Mr. Shaw presented my sister with a set of jewelry, a piano, glasses, fruits, & wines, etc.; generally brought something at each visit; he and my sister sometimes went out together; Mr. Shaw had visited about three or four times before I got to think that the cause for purpose of marriage; at one time he brought some books; I was admiring them, and so gave my sister; he asked me if we understood botany; said he wished to understand botany before he would like to make her his wife; and that was the cause he had brought the books; told my sister afterward I did not wish Mr. Shaw to come to my house, because it is too far for a man to visit us; the books were his first gift; some months after that he brought the jewelry; after that the piano; Mr. Shaw called one day to take my sister out riding; and on the occasion used the expression: "This time I will bring her back, but the next time when I take her out riding I shall not, because I want to make her my wife;" the gloves, of which there was a whole box, were brought by the servant, while Mr. Shaw halted with his carriage at the door; this was left at the piano war given; also before the jewelry was presented to my sister; think it was after the conversation about the book; my sister was willing and ready to marry him, and made preparations for the event; began to prepare in the summer of 1857, so far as I can remember; they were to live at Tower Grove; remember Mr. Shaw calling one day; he said it was very warm, and the country so much more pleasant than the city; then he added, "After I marry your sister I shall ask you if you will not come into the country and live with me?" Mr. Shaw, when he brought the piano, came accompanied with other men; asked me where he had better put it, as my sister was not at home, and had it put under his directions; this was in 1857; Mr. Shaw inquired afterward, at one time, whether she practiced much; the piano was called for by Mr. Shaw, late in the fall of 1857, and taken away; this was a few months previous to the bringing of the suit; I am not positive as regards the time—was not present; my sister, however, was at home at the time; think Mr. Shaw called once after she had received the piano, but she was not then at home—that was about a month or six weeks after the presentation of the piano; Mr. Shaw's deportment was very gentlemanly; his visits from the first gradually increased in frequency; some of the neighbors also noticed the circumstance; the marriage was to have taken place in the summer of 1857, to judge by the preparations; think Mr. Shaw called only once a year after that; was once in Tower Grove myself; where the flowers were brought from; there came all seasons; and so also the fruit, consisting of pears, grapes, etc.; from the period when Mr. Shaw first visited down to the conversation about the books, I think about two or three months; never asked Mr. Shaw as to what was his intentions with regard to my sister; my aunt died in August but at my house; when I told my sister of the impropriety of Mr. Shaw's visits, she said that his intentions were honorable, and, of course, I then had no more objection; my sister had some property, which she gave to me previous to her prospective marriage to Mr. Shaw; she ceded the property upon me because I would not go to live with her after her marriage; my sister wrote a letter to Mr. Shaw after he broke off his visits, which, however,



MISS EFFIE CARSTANG.—[FROM A SKETCH BY G. G. FRIEDLEIN, ESQ.]

THE TRIAL OF THE BREACH OF PROMISE CASE, CARSTANG *vs.* SHAW, AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, MARCH, 1860.—[FROM A SKETCH BY G. G. FRIEDLEIN, ESQ.]

was not noticed by him; Mr. Shaw and my sister were to have taken their marriage tour to Rochester, Niagara, where Mr. Shaw's business resides.

DID NOT LISTEN AT REYNOLDS'.

The witness, on being cross-examined, said: Do not think I ever gave any other account to any body of the means of my knowledge of the breach of promise than the one given, but may have answered in an unsatisfactory manner questions put from mere motives of curiosity. I do not recollect Mr. John W. Edmonds (counsel) but a different account, do not recollect ever telling him that the only knowledge I had of the breach of promise was through my ear to the keyhole of the parlor door, and listening to a conversation going on between Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, or to my body cite; do not remember telling to Mr. Harris about it at all, but was present when my sister talked to him; may have put off his curiosity by giving an unsatisfactory answer; knew a woman named Ellen O'Keefe—she was a young girl in my house; never had any conversation with her about the contents; never told her what I knew about it; was derived from listening through the keyhole; conversed with her once in this country, since the origin of her testimony, but did not tell her that my lawyers told me that her testimony would tilt the case; would not say that any thing cites calculated to affect, modify, or alter the testimony to be given by her in court.

DID EFFIE BORROW MONEY OF SHAW?

When we drove home here we were not in debt to my body, and paid our fare; don't put in evidence, know my sister's handwriting; this writing (here shown look like plaintiff's hand); dis-member was shown books like the plaintiff's writing; can't tell her writing without seeing her write it; never heard of these notes before this trial; if she gave them to Mr. Shaw, it was a secret; was not let into it; Effie has never denied the execution of these notes; don't think I ever heard anyone, then than to my person; she has not said any thing to me, in particular, about these notes; didn't know of Effie's borrowing money from defendant; don't know that she represented herself to Mr. Shaw as great wealth, and wanted to borrow Effie's, in the time of getting this money; don't know of any necessity that existed, requiring Effie to have the money at that time.

DID SHE VISIT SHAW AT HIS HOUSE?

Have visited Mr. Shaw's house in town between six and eight o'clock in the evening, visits, sometimes; couldn't say whether it was three or a dozen times; we went to Mr. Shaw's, once, we went to make Effie's wedding call, saw him every time; never saw any white person there, have been there in the afternoon; returned home with my sister; remember the time Effie was married; didn't know of Effie's borrowing money from defendant; don't know that she represented herself to Mr. Shaw as great wealth, and wanted to borrow Effie's; the time of getting this money; don't know of any necessity that existed, requiring Effie to have the money at that time.

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CONJUGAL TROUBLES OF EFFIE'S SISTER.

I stated on last trial that my husband lived with me in Brooklyn; my husband was known in New York; I was married in 1850; lived with my husband till 1856 or 1857; my husband was and myself opposed to it; Effie's mess was affected to tears on this stage of the examination) He could not put into any business, and could not support me; he had nothing, and could not and my thing to do. Q. Did you ever have any thing else against your husband for drinking? A. Yes, my husband sought other society, not respectable, of both sexes. He went to see Mr. Shaw, as I was told. Met such there too, I suppose, why I left him; his failure to support me was one reason; I filed a bill for divorce in the City and St. Louis, on the ground of adultery and desertion; am not sure about the desertion; it was a great while ago—1856.

Various questions were put to witness, tending to ascertain her relations with Effie had been guilty of freedoms with young men. Her replies were in the negative. She said she did not know that her husband's sister had had an illegitimate child. She was not aware that Effie had been in a love scrape similar to that of New Orleans.

TESTIMONY OF THE SERVANT.

The next witness was the servant, Rebecca Lemman. She said she had lived with Mrs. Seaman; lived with her more than once, the first time I staid with her three months; this was two years ago last July; the 6th of April, afterward, I went to her a second time; this, I think, was about a year after; I had left her; the last time staid with her six months; was occupied as a servant; saw Mr. Shaw at Mrs. Seaman's; saw him in the door; saw Effie Shaw; I know Effie Shaw; that was during my first term of service? I then conducted him into the parlor; they went to inform Miss Cornelia that Mr. Shaw body wanted to see her, without mentioning his name. Mr. Shaw did not tell his name, but said to me, "Never mind—you just go up and tell Miss Carstang that somebody wants to see her" that was over Mr. Shaw said frequently; sometimes; three times a week, sometimes twice, sometimes four times; he never asked to see any body else but Miss Cornelia; he never brought with him sometimes fruits, and sometimes flowers; they were for Miss Effie; Effie was the person that he ever brought to Mrs. Seaman; fruit of the pieces. It was put up under the direction of Mr. Shaw; I write, the for Mr. Shaw came to see Miss Effie, I believe; I'm him at the door, he asked for her, and I said, "Miss Effie, had gone to the fair, and there he said, "I think she's come to the fair to-day." She had been giving once before that; he didn't seem to be mad because she was gone; I asked him if he drove of that gentleman (Mr. Shaw) staid in the house; she said no; I said I should stay with her as she was going to get married in two months. I asked her who she was going to marry—whether she was going to be married to Mr. Homes; she said no, but that she was going to marry a richer man than Mr. Homes—was; she asked me where I thought I should rather have, one of the men of the house, or Mr. Shaw; I asked her if she was going to marry the gentleman who was there the last a while ago; I thought she was going to marry Mr. Homes; she said she would rather have Mr. Shaw; I never heard Mr. Shaw say any thing himself about his going to be married to Miss Effie.

THE DEFENDANT'S CASE.

On Friday Mr. Shepley proceeded to open the case for the defendant, recitting what they intended to prove. He said that the plaintiff, instead of being introduced to Mr. Shaw, had sought his acquaintance for the purpose of entrapping him; that she applied to him for assistance in order to satisfy an inordinate landlord, and proffered Mr. Shaw security. He then reviewed the testimony relative to the promise of marriage, treating it very lightly. He also intimated very strongly that the character of the plaintiff for purity was not well understood by Deacon Holbrook, a member of the witnesses. On Saturday Mr. S. concluded his address, and the testimony for the defense was commenced.

The first witness was William N. Davis, who, after making some statements damaging to the character of the plaintiff, being subjected to a cross-examination, his testimony dwindled down considerably. On Monday the deposition of Mrs. Chamberlain, taken at Cincinnati on the 27th of last month, was read. It contained Mrs. Seaman knew of the alleged Judge Ivy black-mail affair. She had never heard of any thing against the character of the plaintiff for chastity. Some other witnesses were examined, and the bulk of their testimony was to the effect that Effie borrowed some money, explains that the character of the sisters—Mrs. Seaman and Miss Carstang—were not good, but knew nothing positive themselves.

DEACON HOLBROOK.

My story opens in a New England sitting-room.

There were three persons present. Let me introduce them in order. First there was Deacon Holbrook, an old man, not far from seventy years, with white hair, a tall, spare form, and decided features. Next, his wife, a motherly old lady, with the remains of such calm intelligence on her face as to charm all who saw her. Yet, at this moment, a shadow of anxiety seemed to overcast for the mastery. The third figure in our tableau was a young man, with a frank, handsome face, or rather, a pleasant face, which would have been handsome if the floor with downcast look, shrinking from the angry words which his father uttered.

"Well, Henry, what's the matter? I, you have disgraced yourself and me—me, a Deacon of the Church. You have embittered the declining years of your father's life.

"Do not be too hard with him, Deacon Holbrook," interposed his wife. "Remember it is his first fault."

"If it were any thing else," said his father, still unpacified, "I might be inclined to consider his some a gambler! My son, who has been so carefully trained in the way that he should go!"

"It is not my fault," urged the wife, with all a mother's instincts.

"There are some crimes that can not be compromised or compounded with," said the man, in an, returned the father, with unabated sternness.

All this while the young man had remained silent, leaning his varying countenance on his left deeply the harshness of his father's words. He length he spoke:

"Father," said he, firmly, "you will one day repent your severity. No sooner had I chased this young girl from my presence, I repented to you and my mother. Instead of encouraging me in my repentance, you had me with reproaches which my own conscience had anticipated, and which, Heaven knows, I did not need."

Deacon Holbrook was about to speak, but Henry rapidly continued: "I do not ask you to forgiveness you. I will remove myself and my disgrace from your presence."

"It is well that he should leave a place where he can no longer look an honest man in the face."

"Deacon Holbrook, he is our son!" said the wife, reproachfully.

"I remembered that I could forget it," was the unrelenting reply.

These last words reached the ears of the young man, as he stood upon the threshold, and an expression half of grief, half of indignation, swept over his face. He knew that he was not guilty, yet he felt that he had been ungraciously forgiven. With one forcefull glance at his mother, full of sympathy and pride, he left the house which had been to him so long a home.

This was the fault of which Henry Holbrook had been guilty. Having been sent to New York by his father to collect a sum of money due him, he had been allured to a gaming-house by a companion, and, in fact, had been fairly cheated out of all after much persuasion. Having lost a part of the money in his charge, he kept on playing in the hope of recovering his losses. He was, he knew, he been expected, instead of this he lost all that remained. Then thoroughly ashamed, and bitterly upbraiding himself for his breach of trust, he went home and confessed all. This confession was received, as we have seen, in such a way as to chill his confidence, and excite his indignation. And now he had gone forth from home, a wanderer, he was not without, with no effort on his father's part to stay him.

Let me do Deacon Holbrook the justice to say that he was not so much grieved at the loss his erected his rigor. The sum, though not large—a hundred dollars—was yet of importance to him. Still he would have forgiven the loss, if he had seen sorrow and crime, as he termed it, by which it was lost. There was much of the Puritan rigor in Deacon Holbrook. The Puritan spirit belongs to the past, perhaps, but survives here and there in some of their descendants; and Deacon Holbrook was one of them in a straight line from one of the pilgrims of the *Mayflower*.

After Henry's departure the old home became quieter than before. All the life had gone out of it. Deacon Holbrook himself was a man of few words, and his taciturnity was heightened by his social tendency. Very long, very quiet, and very tedious were the evenings which they spent together. On one side of the fire-place sat the Deacon, gravely reading through his spectacles the agricultural paper which came weekly, and which was the only one he took, or perhaps he might be engaged upon "Pilgrim's Progress," or "Baxter's Call," his favorite works. Opposite him sat his wife, her fingers actively engaged in knitting, her mind intent upon her absent boy. All was staid, quiet, subdued. There was not even a kitten to enliven the scene. Mrs. Holbrook had once ventured to introduce one into the house, but the Deacon specially intimated his dislike of cats, and Puss was banished.

One night Deacon Holbrook brought a letter for his wife. It was such an unusual circumstance for the good woman to receive a letter that she took it eagerly, and tore it open with unwonted haste.

"What was it that made her eyes sparkle with joy? The familiar handwriting had not deceived her. She knew at once, by the peculiar flourish at the top of the E, that it was from Henry.

She read it through with grateful joy. It was from one of the mining districts of California. It appears that Henry had worked his passage, having no money; and, leaving the vessel at San Francisco, had proceeded at once to the mines, where he was now working. He had not been there long enough to form an idea of what were his chances of success, but he promised to write, and promised to keep her advised of his movements. There was only one reference to his past life. "I am afraid father will never forgive me, tains his bitterness of feeling toward me. If this be case, do not trouble him with any message. But if it relents, you may give him my dutiful regards, and say that I do not yet despair of making my father proud of me one day."

Deacon Holbrook did not look at his wife while she was reading the letter, though the handwriting was familiar to him, and he knew who it was from.

"Joshua," said his wife, timidly, using the rarely-mentioned Christian name of her husband, "this letter is from Henry."

"So I suppose," said he, coldly.

As he spoke he took from his pocket the *Weekly Farmer*, and, adjusting his spectacles, began to read.

This was a blow, and so Mrs. Holbrook understood it, that he did not care to pursue the subject further. But she could not help asking, "Wouldn't you like to read Henry's letter, Joshua?"

"You will oblige me by not mentioning his name again," said the Deacon, stiffly. "He has forfeited all claim to be considered a son."

So days, months, and even years passed. Inched but a month of five years since Henry Holbrook left his home. There was little change in the air of the grave, sober-looking mansion of Deacon Holbrook. The Deacon himself had fallen more in the world, and was bent by the preaching. His form had lost its ancient erectness, and was bowed. The face had grown more wrinkled, and the frown more stern than ever. Mrs. Holbrook received tidings of Henry at short intervals. He was well, and doing well, he wrote; but did not enter into particulars. Some time he should return to see his mother. Of his father he did not write. The letters were all brought home from the village post-office by Deacon Holbrook, but he never signified any curiosity or interest to learn their contents. The letters had not been mentioned between the two for years; yet—and let not this surprise the reader—it would be hard to tell which of the two felt most constantly. Behind the Deacon's taciturnity there beat a heart, and that heart was more devoted to his lost son than he would have been willing to confess.

All at once his quiet life was broken in upon, and that in a most startling manner.

One day he entered the house, his face as pallid as a sheet, his limbs tottering beneath him, his whole expression that of great and intolerable anguish.

"What's the matter, Deacon Holbrook? What's the matter, dear?" inquired his alarmed wife.

"Hannah, we are paupers—paupers in our old age!" said her husband, bitterly.

"Paupers! Paupers! What happened, Joshua?" asked the wife, turning pale from sympathy.

"Oh, I'm ruined!" said the poor Deacon. Holbrook had become bondsman for a bank officer with whom he was well acquainted, and in whose integrity he had the utmost confidence. But before the astounding intelligence had arrived that the officer, after a series of defalcations, had fled the country, and left his bondsmen to suffer. The amount for which the Deacon had become bound was sufficient to swallow up the house and farm—all, in fact, that he possessed.

The farm was not a valuable one. It comprised fifty acres of rough soil, which, by hard labor, had been made to yield a little more than enough for a small and economical family. The house was a rough and ready one, three rooms deep and wide, and for that amount the Deacon was bound. Yesterday he had received himself rich. Now he regarded himself as a pauper.

"This is indeed worse than death," thought the Deacon with stern sorrow. "The Lord has indeed smitten me with a rod."

Little time was given for anticipation before the blow fell. The Holbrook farm was advertised for sale, and the sale was to take place in three weeks. Bills were printed and posted about on fences and in stores. Meanwhile Deacon Holbrook was in a state of listless apathy. All day long he would sit in the rocking-chair, with his eyes fixed on the opposite wall, saying nothing, and apparently paying little attention to what was going on about him. His wife, scarcely less sorrowful than himself, feared that his reason was undermined.

Three weeks passed by, and brought the day of the sale. Mrs. Holbrook would gladly have absented herself; but her husband, exhibiting more life than of late, insisted on being present. So, with many misgivings, she became an unwilling witness of the trying scene.

The bidding commenced at two thousand dollars. Gradually it went up to twenty-nine hundred, and was about to be knocked off at that price to Squire Clayton when the trampling of hoofs was heard—a young man, with a handsome face brownedby exposure, leaped from his horse, and inquired eagerly the amount of the last bid. On being told, he at once exclaimed, "I bid three thousand dollars."

At that price it was knocked down to him.

"What name, Sir?" inquired the auctioneer.

"Deacon Joshua Holbrook," was the reply, in a loud, clear voice.

There was a buzz of surprise, and the question, "Who is he?" passed from mouth to another.

Among the rest Deacon Holbrook looked up eagerly, and a question on his lips.

"Father, mother, don't you know your boy?" asked the young man, with emotion.

Deacon Holbrook's eyes lighted up with joy. Silently he opened his arms. The reconciliation was complete.

Henry subsequently explained that, having been successful at the mines, he had wished to return immediately, but, when passing through New York, he had learned his father's misfortune. He had instantly made up his mind to hasten home, and, fortunately, had arrived in time to prevent the sacrifice of the farm.

Deacon Holbrook included my vain pride and the hardness of my heart that led me to turn away from my only son," said the Deacon, solemnly. "Henceforth, let our hearts be filled with the love that filleth not!"

And his wife and son reverently said, "Amen!"

A FRIENDLY VISIT.

It may be pretty safely affirmed that Miss Fanny Bivens was about as charming a young lady as any likely to be met with in a country house. Not that she was particularly pretty; other young ladies, for that matter, were quite as pretty as she—their own satisfaction, at least—that she didn't possess a tolerably decent feature; nor was she very wise; nor very accomplished, nor remarkably clever; nevertheless, all the items being equal to criticism, the sum total was decidedly satisfactory, and Miss Fanny Bivens undeniably charming.

So thought Matthew Arrowsmith, Esq., agent and lawyer, uncle and guardian, who declared in her thoroughly, who gave in to all her numerous whims and fancies, and loved and spoiled her with consistent impartiality. Uncle Matthew was rich, and a man of some importance in his town; ex-mayor, present magistrate, councilman, and all sorts of things. Aunt Mary presided over his house, tyrannized over himself in a good-humored but pretty strict way, and, being reasonably looked upon as the heiress of her bachelor uncle's possessions, was much esteemed, both on this account and for her own intrinsic merits. Between her and her nephew, Charley, there was both cousinship, at some time or another, is not unlikely to interpose between most young ladies and their parents or guardians.

"This "foreign body" was no other than a young architect, Charles Harper, who had come, shortly before this history commences, had made certain tender proposals to Miss Fanny, who accepted them, and was, of course, affianced, and without him respecting them to her uncle as a matter of form. There being no reason for impeaching Charley's morals, moreover, nor any plausible excuse for refusing Mr. Arrowsmith's consent, save his disinclination for parting with his niece, he had only to be waiting for it left but to ratify the arrangement previously effected; he did so therefore, and she accordingly was in full state very quickly.

"Uncle," said Fanny, one night, just before going to bed, "what's the matter?"

"The matter? What's the matter? What the matter, "nothing's the matter; what should be the matter with me?"

"Don't be foolish," said Fanny. "I want to talk seriously to you. Do you think I can be comfortable, or—or any thing, while you look so miserably and miserable? And then, what I asky what's the matter, you say 'Nothing.' I'm very angry with you—very."

"Well, I don't know as to comfort," said Uncle Matthew, rather maliciously. "I thought you seemed tolerably comfortable when you were on the sofa there, with Charley's arm round your waist and your heads so close together."

"Now, Uncle, Sir," said Fanny. "Besides, Charles has noticed it, too. He says you don't look like yourself."

"Oh! he's noticed it too, has he?" said Mr. Arrowsmith. "I'm sure I'm much obliged to him. I'd a fancy he only noticed one person in this house. Now don't interrupt me, I'm talking. Ah, Fan! I don't know what I'm to do without you. I'm afraid I shall be miserable. Suppose that you get out of them, one of these days, after all. What should you say to that?"

"I'd not be going to do without me," returned Fanny, sitting down on his knee and putting her arm round his neck. "We're all going to live together, and Aunt Mary, Charley, and—and—the lamps of things. Don't let such ideas get into your head, and put you in a bad temper. You must promise, Uncle, I shall send to Leaden for Bella Harper, and will go all sorts of excursions and drives, and you shall be your own old self again."

"So Bella Harper's to keep me company, while you and Charley—"

"Now don't be ridiculous," interrupted Fanny, with a slight blush. "At any rate, if you are left to the care of Bella, I shall expect you to be very polite and attentive to her."

"Ah!" said Uncle Matthew, "I'll keep my eyes open, and take a few lessons in politeness, I have plenty of opportunities. I wish I shouldn't—no, never mind; I don't mean it. I'm an old fool."

"You're an old love," said the young lady; with which amiable contradiction the dialogue concluded.

Next day, however, Fanny wrote to her old school-fellow, the before-named Bella Harper, inviting her to pay a visit to Holton; and in due time Bella Harper's affirmative answer arrived, followed shortly by Bella Harper herself.

Well, Bella arrived; was ardently affectionate toward dearest Fanny, respectfully and thinly disposed toward Uncle Matthew, frankly and pleasantly friendly toward Charley, whose acquaintance she was not long in making after her arrival. The

night of B ll's arrival there was a sort of state kept up in her house: the lamp was lighted, then followed "a little music"—that is to say, Fanny Harper sang to her own accompaniment, and so—excessively pleasant, but possibly a thought dull. Bell yawned once or twice. There could be no doubt, though she did her best to conceal the fact; but then, you see, she had been traveling a great part of the day. As for Charley, when Fanny let him out of the bull-dog, he didn't speak to say that Miss Harper ought to be a nice girl among all that, in his opinion, she was a nice girl too many—that, as a matter of taste, he thought two people were better company than three, and so forth. Fanny said he was talking nonsense, and the discussion ended in the ridiculously illogical manner in which, unfortunately, it not uncommon in such cases.

Next evening, however, the proceedings were conducted on a very different system; no light was introduced, but the three sat there talking, till, as dark wide on, the conversation grew fitful, languid, and finally died away. Fanny and Charley sat very close together, with a book of prints wrong side up before them, as long as the light gleams remained; but when Mr. Arrowsmith at length entered, calling out, "Hallo! all in the dark here—confound that dude! Why, Fanny, where are you?" it is a fact that that young lady commanded a number of reliable but rather hard-faced excuses, by which to smooth pleasanter talking in the dark; wasn't it, Bella? We were just going to ring for lights," etc., etc. But Bell gave no answer to this appeal; and when the lights were brought it became evident, to Mr. Arrowsmith's great amusement, and to the confusion of the other two, that she had disappeared. Away flew Fanny to Bella's bedroom, and, tapping at the door, was accordingly admitted, resolved her friend, and brought her back.

For two or three evenings, therefore, Bella made a third in the drawing-room. But inasmuch as the game in which Fanny and Charley were engaged is one which can not, even with the best intentions on the part of the players, be made as interesting to a looker-on as to themselves, it is not to be supposed that a young lady, by no means destitute of resource, would sit for any great length of time complacently and unpositively contemplate the flagrancy of her two friends. Accordingly, an evening arrived when, after a short sojourn in the drawing-room, and at the time when the conversation had unfortunately from a tête-a-tête, Bella arose and made her way to the door. At this point, Charley, suddenly recalled to a sense of the courtesies, cried out,

"Where are you going, dear?"

"Oh," said Bella, quietly, "I shall be back directly," which, it will be perceived, was not an answer to the question. Being a conscientious young lady, and having promised not to retire again to her own room, Miss Harper, on this occasion, betook herself quietly down stairs, and opened the door of the drawing-room. But it would appear as if she hadn't calculated on finding the apartment empty, for, on seeing it, Uncle Matthew seated quietly before the fire she drew back, saying, timidly, "Oh! I beg your pardon, Mr. Arrowsmith; I didn't know you were here;" which was strange, as she was perfectly aware of his custom, and had left him there not a quarter of an hour previously.

"Come in, my dear, come in!" cried Uncle Matthew, gallantly; "don't let me drive you away. I dare say you don't find the young folk up quite the best of company; at least I know I don't; and I can't see why you and I shouldn't lounge together, or against these fires one's a way."

Bella laughed a quiet, queer little laugh as she replied, while holding the door in her hand, "I don't know what Fanny would say to that, in the first place; and in the next, I know you're accustomed to sit by yourself after dinner, and don't want me to disturb you."

"Quite a mistake, my dear; at least I didn't sit by myself before your gentleman came, and I don't know why, and more concern—Well, well, I miss her a great deal, but I beg you, please, my dear, there's a terrible draught from that door; cosie in, and be charitable to an old man."

So Bella came, and was charitable: informed Mr. Arrowsmith that she should try to act Fanny for once, though she knew she should be so clumsy; in which on coming, and putting his unhappy with the whitest little fingers possible, poured out the wine, procured an ottoman from their peculiar corner and put them inside the fender, read little bits of the paper, and demanded explanations from the pleased Uncle Matthew; sympathized with him on prospective events, praised Fanny, and, in a word, made herself so charming that, when a late day passed by, declaring that she must go—what would Fanny say?—she had no idea she had been so long—she absolutely begged her to stay a little bit longer.

Next night, if Mr. Arrowsmith expected to be similarly entertained by Miss Harper, he was destined to be disappointed; for she remained in the drawing room, on the principle, perhaps, of turn and turn about, leaving her play. But the following evening (and, it may as well be said, pretty regularly subsequently) she again ventured to invade the drawing-room, and again was Uncle Matthew the object of the little delicate attentions of which Fanny approved so highly on their first bestowal. What with the excursions which took place by day—when Charley always managed, on some pretext, to be of the party, and when, therefore, Miss Harper and Mr. Arrowsmith were left pretty much together—and these evening meetings, there grew up quite a good understanding between that lady and gentleman.

But there must be an end to all things, however pleasant. One evening when Miss Bella made her accustomed, and, it must be confessed, eager, appearance, Mr. Arrowsmith's disappointment and pique, her face wore a rather curious expression of ex, ectation and anxiety, which, however, her companion did not notice; and it was, therefore, quite unexpectedly that, after the usual programme for the evening had been gone through, rather more attentively than usual on Bella's part, Mr. Arrowsmith suddenly discovered the young lady, very quietly and unmistakably, in the act of "having a good cry."

Quite horrified by the suddenness of this catastrophe, Uncle Matthew demanded an explanation.

"My dear," said he, "I am afraid something has happened to distress you. It isn't any thing Fanny has—"

"Oh! no," replied the disconsolate one; "Fanny's only too kind, and every one else here; that's it; that's the reason why I—" Sobs followed. Mr. Arrowsmith looking considerably pale, and with the night, at so curious a provocative of tears, Bella explained, in continuation, that it was the exceedingly proper of her conduct under circumstances which was so dreadful to contemplate; that she now began to wish she had never tasted pleasures which she should have to relinquish; and without probable hope of their renewal; that she was conscious this confession might lay her open to the charge of ingratitude; but she trusted her then hearer, at all events, would understand the feelings which actuated her; that she, herself, should, above all things, miss the pleasant evenings she had been lately in the habit of spending; and now that Mr. Arrowsmith spoke of it, she was sorrowfull would, in his turn, feel any loss at her departure. All this, and more, did Miss Harper utter at greater length than could be feasible here to repeat, to the great bewilderment and painful dismay of her hearer. The contemplation of her gentlemanly foes, in which Uncle Matthew was plainly visible, while he assured her that he should miss her very much indeed, and, as he had become vividly conscious while she was talking—gave great comfort to the young lady; which was expressed in the words of the poet—that if ever she should be possible need of her being in such a hurry to run away; that she mustn't think twice about coming, and so on.

But on this point she was firm. "It was only like Mr. Arrowsmith's kindness to wish her to stay; but, as this kindness she couldn't think of responding; she had staid too long as it was, it would only be more difficult to leave it. Indeed, as an aunt, and Fanny herself, knew her own place again."

"Fanny?" broke out Uncle Matthew, rather bitterly; "that's only poor comfort, my dear; you know how much time she has to give me now; and how little she cares about my company! Fanny, Fanny, which surely couldn't be what Miss Harper wanted to do."

"Oh!" said she, "I'm sure that must be because she knows I've been trying to supply her place for a time. Mr. Bingham isn't always here, dear."

"No, only about ninety-nine nights out of a hundred," grumbled Uncle Matthew.

"Well, you can surely have them both," suggested Bella.

Then, he got into a corner and begin to whisper in ten minutes, so that I feel as I can fancy a man does listening at a keyhole. No, no, my dear, I don't exactly mean that; I mean there is and fear it. I suppose it's natural that old fellows should make way for young ones. I dare say she finds me stupid, and—"

"Oh no, I'm sure she can't be so," burst out Bella, with a gush. But having thus discharged herself of her feelings, she suddenly recovered and had her face in her pocket handkerchief. Inasmuch, however, as this handkerchief was used by eye who was able to perceive that the effect of this speech was to make Mr. Arrowsmith look keenly at her, then into the fire, then again her, look into the fire again, grow rather red in the face, and finally scratch his head. On this Bella jagged it exposed to view, and to very—if you please—the fancies of that kind. I'm quite sure dear Fanny hasn't lost any her affection for you; but, but—I don't, I don't know, I don't know, I don't know, I'm so—"

No reply for a time, then softly, "Poor Fanny! you must not blame her; she has never known what it is to be without a kind friend, and doesn't know, and, in your place, I think, I fear, she would not so accustomed to—to—" And here the young lady broke down again, and a pair of dark eyes looked upon the sympathetically agitated Uncle Matthew through a watery veil.

"No, no; don't now, my dear; you really musn't," faltered the poor gentleman; "I can't distress yourself; there, there," patting, as he spoke, Bella's hand, which he had seized in his flurry. Bella made a little movement to withdraw it, but finding it would not be forcibly detained, wisely left it where it was, and sobbed silently. This little pantomime lasted for some time, until she felt her companion's grasp sensibly relaxed. Then she rose, and, with a sudden spring and write home to give notice of her approaching arrival.

But Mr. Arrowsmith didn't release her hand as before; no, he began, "Stay, my dear, I—" and, as she turned, looked intensely into her face. Then relaxed his grasp, tightened it again, coughed, and gave evident symptoms of confusion and indecision. Perhaps Bella would have helped him if she would; at all events she didn't, save negatively; that is, she stood quite still and said nothing.

A long pause; at last Mr. Arrowsmith desperately faltered out, "I don't know, my dear, what you'll say to—to—I fear you'll be angry; you see I'm so much older than you; why must you—in short, why need you go away at all?"

Voice from behind handkerchief: "Oh! Mr. Arrowsmith!"

"Why dear, I don't know if you could be happy with so old a man, but I can see very plainly that Fanny is as good as lost to me; and, in short, if you can make up your mind to marry me, my dear, I'd always do my best to make you comfortable."

Mr. Harper turn'd upon Mr. Arrowsmith a glance of great wide and tenderness ineffable, and softly murmured, "Oh, Sir! but what will Fanny say?"

At this Uncle Matthew's expression immediately changed to one of great trepidation, and he exclaimed, in a manner hardly complimentary to his fair relative, "Fy, fy, George, there's Fanny, sure enough; what *shall* I say to her?"

"Oh!" returned the lady, "I dare say you would rather not tell her at first."

"Well, my dear," replied the craven Uncle Matthew, "if you would be so kind."

"Very good," said Mr. Matthew Arrowsmith elect, as cool as a cucumber, "I'll mention it to Fanny."

This last-named young lady, "on with the new love" in the drawing-room, was all unconscious of the chill that had taken place, rapidly, underfoot her fingers in the dining-room; and when, after Charley's departure, Bella concisely informed her of what had taken place, she only thought poor Fanny could at first say was, "Oh! Bella, you're joking." But on being informed that no joke was intended, she vehemently protested that Miss Harper ought to be ashamed of herself.

"I don't see, dear," returned Bella, demurely, "why I should be ashamed of having secured the regard of so estimable a gentleman as Mr. Arrowsmith, or of being, if ever so likely to endanger to our mutual happiness."

"Mutual fiddle-stick," retorted Fanny, hotly; "you're a disagreeable, cold-blooded bit. Not wicked enough to marry a man old enough to be your grandfather."

"I owe you too much happiness to be angry with you," went on Bella, with dignity; "for if it hasn't been for your forgetfulness of every body but Mr. Bingham, we should probably never have happened. Your neglect of me I don't complain of, but must thank you for it. I must say, with very friendly feeling for you, was inexcusable, and you can't wonder at his embarrassing to supply the place of one so much more attractive. However, I shall always feel kindly toward you, whatever your conduct to me may be, and I'm sure you'll—Mr—"

"Bella," shrieked Fanny, "if you call him Matthew I'll smack you."

Mr. Bingham, as being the winner she could afford to do; but she turned rather red not withstanding, and would, perhaps, have replied sharply, but just at this juncture the cause of the dispute appeared on the scene, looking exquisitely sheepish and uncomfortable.

The conversation was continued to a great length; and, before its close, grew so acrid in tone that both ladies were inclined to tears, and Uncle Matthew was reduced to the extremity of despair. However, trifling won't alter facts. Fanny Harper felt very sorry for what had occurred, which ever reasonable disappointment he may have felt at the change in his lady-love's prospects, he didn't blame her; he told Fanny he loved her all the better, now that there was only herself to love. And Charley, in continuation, proceeded to show that no occurrence was a reason why Fanny and he should get married with as little delay as possible; though she, of course, insisted that she couldn't be so that, yet it is certain that she displayed much less heat subsequently in discussing the step her Uncle had taken. In the Uncle himself matter took place. Whether Fanny will ever be really reconciled to her Uncle's wife remains to be seen; but, at all events, in default of children of her own, in excessively kind to the little Binghams, who, on their part, cherish none but the warmest feelings for their "Aunty Bella;" and there there is no telling what may happen in the future through the medium of these young people.

THE SLOOP "SPRAY."

We engrave herewith the sloop *Spray*, which seems to have been the scene of a conflict as heroic as the *R. A. Johnson*. The story we abridge from the daily papers as follows:

The Captain of the sloop *Lucinda*, of Rockaway, arrived off Gravesend, on the first inst. he vessel crowded with the sloop *Spray*, and that the two sloops were fast to each other. Upon nearer approach, he saw that the line he was in passed near the *Spray* except the Chinaman, who refused to seek safety on the *Lucinda*.

The Captain also states that the deck of the *Spray* was covered with blood, and he concluded from appearances that the crew had been overboard and the contents scattered over the deck. He is quite positive that there was no person on board the *Spray* at the time of the accident except the Chinaman, and attributes the collision entirely to his ignorance or malice, as it might have been avoided had the *Spray* been properly managed.

Capt. Bedell, who is said to be the name of John Low, or Jackslow, as he is more frequently called, is well known in New York, and has sailed with Captain Leete for the past three years. Something more than a year ago he stole considerable money from Captain Leete and ran away to New Haven, where he was captured by the police and brought back to New York. Such was Captain Leete's confidence in Jackslow that he refused to prosecute the prisoner, and on his discharge immediately received him into his employ, as he took to board the *Spray*. He is reported to be a very revengeful fellow, and when excited stops at nothing, however desperate, in order to gratify his revenge. It is says that he came in this country seven years ago in the United States steamer *Mississippi*, and that he is now twenty-six years of age. When picked up by the vessel, and during his continuance on board, he persistently refused to converse with any one, pretending that he did not understand the English language, although, when the gun fired over his head, he evidently understood well enough, and was able to laugh and joke with the crew about the occurrence; but when any thing was said about the *Spray* he was not freely or communicative. When asked why he did not take the Captain's money with him, he said that he could not get it. His little concerning the manner of the Captain's death are very conflicting. He first said that the Captain was thrown overboard by being struck by the main sheet; then he said that at the time of the collision the Captain was standing on the bowsprit and was knocked off by the concussion, and finally that he was sick in the cabin and unable to get on deck.

When picked up he had on a coat belonging to Captain Leete, in the pockets of which was found a memorandum book, upon the leaf of which was written in pencil, "J. F. Leete, Guilford, Ct." The book contained various memorandums concerning the sale or purchase of hay, cotton, and potatoes. In one of the pockets of the coat was found a letter written to Captain Leete by Calvin M. Leete, dated Guilford, Dec. 12, 1859, and relating to the disposition of a crop of potatoes. Besides these he had in his pocket a pocket-book containing two and a quantity of provisions, showing that he, at least, had abundant time to leave the sloop before she sunk.

Jackslow manifested considerable uneasiness while on board the *Friendly*; when Captain Webb left his vessel in the harbor to go on shore, he jumped into the boat and insisted upon accompanying him, which he did. As soon as a landing had been effected he sprang ashore and disappeared in the crowd, since which time he has not been seen. He had little or no money with him, and it is said the articles already mentioned it is not known that he took any thing from the vessel. The police are in hot pursuit of Jackslow.

PRACTICING.

"Practice, practicing." Well, if you're doing it,
Why do you smile now with answer so tart?
Since to a friend superficially viewing it
Practice appears, Jane, a wonderful art.

"Nonsense!" Most likely, you petulant cousin,
Yet you're a mystery under your eyes;
Gloves on it, Jenny-bird? Bet you a dozen.
Five and three-quarters, I know, is the size.

"Tease." No I'm not, Jane. I'm humbly requesting
Small explanations I think you might give:
Surely, the one-shot bet I'm suggesting
Means that I'll pay for my lesson, Miss Jane.

"Well, what's the wonder
Is plain enough, certainly. Out of *Lurline*.
The exquisite air that lends up to the chorus
Where Rudolph — Grimaces, Sir! What do they mean?"

Don't say grimaces, but hasten to solace
Fear I begin to have, Jane, for my right:
I really can't see, in the scoring of Wallace,
Half that you'll do when you sing this tonight.

Where does he tell you, the moon you're scoring,
Tremblin' and mournin' and shiver'n' and shakin'?
Give a half-smiling, half-terrified glance:
Where is it written, Jane—Here be repeated
I'm sure they'd be much more delighted to dance?

Where does he say that though knowing how well you'd
Accomplish the song, you must daintily moan
I have really no voice; and then, skimming the prelude,
Fling out a rich note that Alboni might own?

Where is the least kind of mark or direction
Give, get don't give, a sweet look—you know where:
Is it done at "devoted," or done at "affection,"
Or here, where Lurline's in a trance of despair?

When that same Purty, restoring your flowers,
Tremblin' and mournin' and shiver'n' and shakin',
Jane, I don't rend in this music of ours,
I always sing well when I'm singing to you.

Practicing, practicing! Tears—overquick, child,
Sure one may tense when one—cousinly—loves!
I think Charley Churchill no end of a brick, child,
And—kiss me for bringing them—here are gloves.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner

BY

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

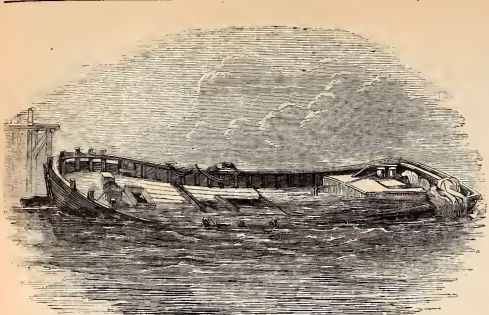
BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHISH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.—*Continued.*

THE HISTORY OF A LAST CHANCE.

"LET me tell you," said Mr. Green to Nora, still holding her father's promissory notes in his hand, "as delicately as possible. I mu at a less how to approach the subject as I would; but I will hint it to you. You have perhaps been told what your father and I were talking of yesterday; that some serious money troubles are about to take place—some disclosures relating to the involved circumstances of the Bank? Ah, you have! I thought likely.



THE SLOOP "SPRAY."—[See preceding Page.]

THE CHINAMAN JACKALOW.

Now supposing such a set of circumstances as this: An aged and most reputable gentleman, in a moment of temptation, signs somebody else's name instead of his own to a check for $3000. The head officer of the Bank is his friend—discovers the old gentleman's moral mistake before any body else—makes up to the person who suffered by it the exact amount of the check, borrowing from the Bank for that purpose, rather than let his friend become a ruined man. Suppose, too, that when this friend, who has been at fault, discovers the head officer's kindness he gives him certain notes to secure him against loss, though the head officer knows all the time that they are worthless, the old gentleman being not worth a farthing. Suppose further, if I don't tire you—?"

"*Go on.*"

"Suppose that through such kindnesses as this—together with similar ones to a certain book-keeper in the Bank, who has also committed errors to a large amount—the head officer has come to a place where he must either have all these operations discovered by his superiors, his aged friend and the book-keeper plunged in irremediable ruin, or must sacrifice most of his own private fortune to balance accounts and prevent disclosures; where almost beggary stares him in the face on one hand, and, on the other, the certain doom of one man with white hairs who is his friend, and another in the morning of life whom he feels a deep interest in, to the State Prison—what shall he do?"

"Oh, my God! my God! What does all this mean?"

And saying this Nora sank upon her knees on the willow roots, covering her face with both hands. Lake Green continued:

"The State Prison is a terrible thing. Perhaps, in the case we have just been supposing, these people whom the head officer wished to save would be sent there for life. And *that* would be a *particularly* terrible thing—a terrible thing that means a multitude of smaller terrible things; silent work at weaving dead flowers in wool, that mock the live flowers of the fresh fields, in a room that smells carpety, that looks carpety—where the air you breathe is carpety in small, floating, fibrous, strangling particles—where the whole life is one great maddening carpet, ever being woven, never done, only cut down from the loom when the short-haired, striped-legged Number 50, or 100, or whatever number he may be, goes out in a cart to the convict's grave; or putting small squares of iron under a slow, steady, cruel steam-punch, that comes down with a crunch, just as if it were smashing the number's brains, and taking pleasure in it, instead of only making bolt-washers in the hame-shop; or being a foundery number, and playing at a little hell with melted iron, among other devils that are damned to that place for wife-shying, for baby-strangling, for all sorts of things not to be told of in dark nights without a light in the room. So much for the work. Now for bed: a tomb just long enough to stretch one's self, under masonry a hundred feet thick, where you lie and seem to feel it all growing shut and fastening you alive, till you shiek yourself to death, fearless, waterless. For recreation: a sermon from a man, who, when he gets through, will go out of hell, and talk to husbands who can travel with their wives—go forth into the woods and fields with their children—while you, brotherless, sisterless, wifeless, childless, are locked into your grave from eleven o'clock of the sunshiny Sunday morning, through all that weary day, until dawn of Monday, to grin through a grate at a stone wall, to think your pleasant thoughts, or to sleep—sleep and *dream!*"

Nora still sat, with her head bowed, and answered not a word. Lake Green took courage, and proceeded:

"All this would be very disagreeable to the friends of the head officer. Disagreeable to *him*—amicably so. Now the sacrifice of nearly all his fortune would prevent it. He would willingly make that sacrifice on one condition. He would save the venerable man; he would also save the young one—though, of course, *that* can be no indulgement for Miss Manton—if she will become—his wife?"

Still Nora answered nothing. The superintendent was embodiered.

"Yes, that is right; take it into consideration. I am willing to consider all the just as merely a young girl's coquetry—the caprice of a woman too recently grown to know her mind. I loved you in spite of all. I will make

NAVAL ACTION BETWEEN THE U. S. SLOOP "SARATOGA" AND TWO MEXICAN STEAMERS.—[See Page 199.]

you a tender and loving husband for all time to come. Miss Manton, now is your opportunity! Save your father; save—save me from despair! *Say yes!* For your sake, for his, for God's sake, say yes!"

And Luke Green knelt down on the sod, in front of the designer girl, his face all utterly melted away in the fire of his real desperation, and tried to pull away her hands from her face, that he might see what was its expression—what mute answer it gave him. Meanwhile the note of John Manton, and its nine lying copies, were almost crushed in his hot fist with the violence of his mental and physical tension. For it was Luke Green's last chance.

Nora could not resist his grasp. Her hands were drawn from before her face, and Luke Green saw in those eyes of silent, spiacbles agony no sign of desperate submission to his will, but only a tortured woman-soul's mutter, while prayer that God would give her faith and strength to say "No!" though all hell should keep pealing "Say yes!" forever.

A low, clear chime of willows came a short, shrill whistle, which was answered by another from Philkins. Luke Green started from his knees, glaring upon the young girl like a tigress driven from his prey; and she, overwhelmed with the horrors she had been listening to, hardly knew whether to hope or fear. Those whom she loved might be his enemies. Nothing was too bad to expect now; and if they who whistled were friendly to her, or indifferent, and she might avail herself of their coming to fly from Luke Green—still, to fly whither? To her father? Luke Green held in his hand what she believed were witnesses, false or true, capable of sending him to a felon's cell for life. To Ernest? Gone! gone! and whither? To God? Yes, to Him alone!

Quick as lightning these thoughts flashed through her mind; while Luke Green stood there, his face full of a direful defiant and vengeance mingled, looking hither and thither to see what the sounds meant. But before either she or he could decide what course to take, two new elements entered into their consideration. As Nora looked up she saw, to her astonishment, the wayfarers who had been hunting by the stile when she sought to pass over. The slight man in the cutaway black came up the brook, the very large comrade came down, and they met and stopped close by Mr. Green.

"You may be big, Turkle," said the slight man.

"This is Mr. Luke Green, I believe?" said the large comrade.

"You needn't believe, Turkle; it *is* Green. Go ahead."

"You have lost a wallet, I hear. What next, compassion?"

"Which contained valuable papers," said the slight one, supplementarily.

"Oh yes! Which contained valuable papers," repeated the large one.

"Which *did* contain valuable papers," assented Luke Green. "But let me suggest, gentlemen, that this conversation be in a more appropriate place. Come to my office, for instance, and I assure you I shall feel the liveliest satisfaction in making the subject you mention agreeable to you, if you can throw any light on it. It is hardly respectful to talk of business before ladies."

And Luke Green bowed toward Nora, with a most bewitching smile.

"Turkle!" said the slight man.

"Yes, Sir!" responded the large one, promptly.

"Are you afraid of ladies?"

"No, I ain't. They won't hurt nobody."

"Are you both, then, as I learn by consultation with my friend, perfectly comfortable where we are," continued the slight man, coolly; and then added, turning to Nora, who was rising to depart—the brim of her hat drawn down by its ribbons, so as to hide her gri-ghastlified eyes—"And I pray you won't leave us, madam. We have no private—none at all. You honour and you are a scourge to us rather than a disturbance. Permit me to present you with one of our cards. If you ever want any thing in our line, it won't come amiss."

And the slight man winked in a most improper but good-humored way at the young lady, with the one eye which was visible over the collar of his camlet cloak.

Nora took the card mechanically, and was about to put it in her pocket without reading it, when a second, in the handwriting, as she just glanced at it, seemed familiar to her. She scrutinized it, all trembling, for a moment, and then read it through with a fixed, dreamy glance, moving her head from side to side as if to catch its whole meaning rapidly as possible. It said:

"I hope I do not flatter myself in believing that Miss Manton will be glad to know that nothing ill has befallen me, and that I pray for the time when I may meet her once more.

"ERNEST."

The overburdened spirit of Nora Manton could not forbid itself one little cry of joy! She stopped forward in the innocent frankness of her great relief, and peered at the camlet cloak, as if perchance that might be somehow a disguise for the person Ernest Bickford. But the camlet, as if divining her thought, shook its hood, put its finger mysteriously on its lips, signed Nora to put the card in her pocket, and turned around to Mr. Green.

"Be as polite to me," said that gentleman, pleasantly; "you have given me card."

"All in time," replied the slight man. "carry the cards for the ladies, Turkle strange to the gentleman. Turkle, haven't you got a card for the gentleman? Hand it up, Turkle, and hand it to him. Now, gentleman, my I ask whether your wallet contained one note for one hundred and ten dollars, to you as obliger, from me Philkins as obliged? If so, I have the mention of that fact makes you less anxious to tear yourself away."

"Have you seen that note? It is not of much consequence, to be sure; but if it is in your possession I shall give you a reward for it. I should hate to have it fall into hands which might make it to trouble the poor young man." And Mr. Green looked at the stranger with a benevolent sweetness, as if expecting to charm it out of him.

"I am happy to be able, most excellent man, to state that this note is now in the possession of a person who would shed tears of sincere melancholy should the poor young man fellow ever be troubled by it, and who now exhibits it to yourself as a memorial of departed days!" With these words the slight gentleman in camlet removed his chip hat, letting a great profusion of straggling black hair escape from his cloak-collar; and from the crown of the chip aforesaid took out a slip of paper secreted there by a pin. He held it up to the view of the superintendent, who made a quick little cat-like snap at it, but was avoided adroitly by the slight one. After which he continued thus:

"Under the circumstances, it strikes me that, by way of relieving our minds of any further anxiety, it will be best to dispose of this distressing subject as follows?" Thus saying, he folded the note neatly lengthwise through the middle, tore it across into a dozen little strips, and let them drift off on the wind.

Nora looked in astonishment; and Luke Green, bringing his lower jaw up with a cruel crunch against the upper, exclaimed, "Very well, Sir! Very well! Is this a friend of your comrade's observed this? You will not escape!"

"He hopes you observed, Turkle," said the man in camlet. "It is always proper to observe—did you?"

"I did observe," answered Turkle.

"Oblige me with your card then, Sir, that, if I should wish you as witness, I may find you," said Green, threateningly.

"Haven't you found the card yet, Turkle?" asked the man in camlet.

"Here it is at last!" spoke up Turkle, cheerfully.

"One moment, Turkle!" said the slight man, authoritatively; "before you give him your card I wish to make a little speech. I feel as if it would relieve me. First, I promise by asking what you that note given to you for, Mr. Luke Green?"

With a sneer of contempt at the speaker, the superintendent turned to the large man.

"Is your card ready? I'll take it, if you please, Mr. Turkle."

"Turkle—not Turtle. Manners before convenience. Listen to the gentleman. He's going to speak."

Man in camlet continues:

"I will tell you what that note was given for. Philkins was a responsible young fellow. I know him well. He had as good a mother and as nice girls for sisters as ever lived. He got acquainted with one Luke Green, and learned to that old tyrannoke to gamble: the note was to pay a bill of his. Philkins grew rich and money, he tried to drown his better heart out with liquor, but the more he tried to drown it the more it swam. There came along a man named Bickford—Ernest Bickford—and he saw what a plight that better heart was in; how Philkins was trying to drown it with brandy; and whenever it crawled a little way up the shore and tried to breathe, this devil, the Green devil—though Black would be a better name for him—kept pushing it back into its hell with a pack of *smoked* cards!"

"You lie! Who are you?" And Luke Green laid his hand on the speaker's shoulder as if he would pull him out of the garments he very evidently were as a disguise. The slight one jerked himself away, and continued:

"*Started*—I repeat—*smoked* cards. But Philkins didn't know *is this*, or he wouldn't have been the fool of a swindling hypocrite so long. Ernest Bickford saw all this, yet knew by magic, and he saved Philkins! He drew the latter heart out on to day light, and it's been being stronger and stronger ever since, every beat saying God bless *him!* And this day, it is one of the happiest thoughts that he owes to that real man his escape out of the clutches of *that* real devil! Turkle, you may give the gentleman your card."

The large man made one step forward and presented the document which he denominated his card to Mr. Green, with the graceful condescendsy of a fat ambassador tendering his credentials. It was a dirty grease paper; but that was hardly enough reason for the emotion which it produced on the superintendent. His face grew deadly pale, the cold sweat stood on his temples, his cruel under-jaw came shut like an animate vice: this was for an instant, and then all the former decision quiet returned to his countenance.

"It is what I have been expecting for some time," said he. "A man who is kind to his *friends*"—here he glanced at Nora, who still stood at the window-sill, not knowing whether she waked or dreamed—"will certainly be well rewarded. He, had a warrant for my arrest, my dear." Saying which he displayed the paper toward Nora, then continued in a stage aside, "Tell your father to save himself; let him fly. Fly!" Saying which he drew the ten notes of Mr. John Manton from the pocket where he had thrust them on the arrival of the two men, and stayed them as could he give them into as many pieces as the note of Mr. Philkins, and send them after the latter widely disseminated document. "Thank God! thank God!" ejaculated Nora, inwardly. It was one of those cases where selfish relief is forgotten the unwilling servant of a tender and loving humanity.

"That was well done, very well done," said Turkle. "I thought that the slight that game come on me before, when I nabbed a fellor. But hadn't we better put on the bracelets, for a man who deals the dokkiments before scratch may destroy himself before commitment?"

"I guess he'll come along without any thing, Turkle. I hate to look as if I was triumphing over even the devil when he's down. You give him your card, Turkle, and I'll go ahead; he'll follow me when he knows me."

And the slight man, so saying, turned down the collar of his camlet, lifted off his chip-hat and his straggling yellow hair together, and displayed to the superintendent of Chewick Mill the well-known head of his former endeared associate, little Filkins, second bookkeeper!

And the superintendent been arrested immediately several evidences of his guilt would have been wanting, and have destroyed note of John Manton and its forged copies. That was of little consequence, however, as the destruction had given an immense relief to Nora. But the superintendent would have been saved the commission of another—a crowning fault, had he been arrested immediately, as he would have been, by a person with less poetic taste and talent for distribution of circumstances than little Filkins. The talk which caused little Turkle had handed him the warrant for his inspection, but had an opportunity to draw unobserved a small capsule from his vest pocket, to pass his hand to his face without exciting particular notice, and to return it with the capsule gone.

As Filkins, the superintendent, and Turkle crossed the threshold of the stile, one in arm and in the relative positions in which I have just written their names, what a strange spectacle would have been presented to a soul-student with all-seeing eyes! They all went quietly, silently. Turkle, because he was a man of deeds and some mechanical intellect from without to incite him to articulate utterance; Filkins, because he was thinking hard of many things past, present, and future; Luke Green (so they thought), because he was a man of few words and had determined to keep the cool front toward just gloriously that he had worn to it—used prospectively. But the two on the outside were so ignorant of him in the middle, so close beside him in these fishy bodies, yet so utterly impartaking of his soul! They knew so little what in mystery they were leaning unwittingly away with them—so little in solemn meaning there was to him in these few minutes between the brook and Chesswick village! The grass was that intense, glad green, as the grass is in bright dreams, seeming to be seen through windows of transparent gold, made so by the flood of glory which came, like a loosed sea slanting across all things from the west where the sun was within an hour of going down. In the same golden sun-glaoness the tree trunks and branches had a rival attitudinous set more firm, the wind smelled sweet of hay and gardens, and listened as if its labor in the spring had entitled it to a summer holiday to make people happy in with coolness and odors. The deep of the sky, the broad champaign of earth below, and the air that was in the midst, were all blessed with a benediction of quiet. Ah! how would those two men upon the outside have looked upon that sight had it been their last time, and they had known it! It was the last time for him who walked between. And how had they shuddered had they been aware of *this*—two strong, life-enjoying men leading one who to all outer eyes was even as they, yet who read in reality right over the thinning, weakening crust of death, while they walked on the solid earth! How strangely does this world seem to those few eyes who ever look on her in their yet undimmed observers, still knowing that in a few minutes more she will be out of sight to return no more forever! These is sublimity unutterable in the man who has free grasp of anything in him, though a sublimity which is not preferable to companionship life.

The three had not quite reached Chesswick Main Street, and were still in the fields seeking the best path by which to enter the village unobserved, when the surprisoner, who had hitherto walked quietly, his fists force bent behind his back, gave a quick jerk which released one of his elbows from little Filkins, and at the same time arched his body backward with all the force he could give it, and cried:

"Not *this* time, my fine fellor!" exclaimed the efficient officer resolutely, as he pinioned Luke Green's wrists behind his back. "Not just yet; we've up to that dodge, you know! Get the bracelets out of my right pocket while I hold him, will ye, Mr. Filkins?"

The young man peered curiously into Luke Green's face, and then, growing sober, like his own seemed to mirror its expression.

"Good God, Turkle! what's the matter with the man?"

"He's up to the every dodge," said Turkle, indignantly. And so he was, though not after the manner that Turkle had supposed. There was a flock of white foam on his under lips; the muscles of his mouth and cheeks were strained into wiry ridges; his cold steel-gray eyes opened and shut mechanically, like a key figure's, but were glassy with an agony which his mechanical action prevented them from expressing otherwise. He *was* conspiring; nor could all Turkle's strength hold him. They had him down on the velvety green grass; he tore it up in handfuls and crushed its pieces out in his grasp; and then rushing himself with one fierce convulsion, he lay supported by his hand and foot, the semblance of a bridge. For a moment his chin relaxed, and as the two living men knelt down over him they heard, or thought they heard, him say, "Water!" So Turkle sat down and took the dying man's head upon his lap, while little Filkins ran to bring water from the nearest house. When he returned his lips that had thirsted for it were shut in the eternal silence.

"Can we carry him without help, Turkle?"

"Yes."

And this was the only word they spoke on the way into Chesswick. They brought their prisoner to his own house, and covering reverentially with a napkin that terrible mystery of death which transfuses even a wicked face with an least the sacredness of fear. As they thus had his face, little Filkins, in his soul, had just such a covering, save that it was eternal, over the false things, the cruel, and the body fascination, which its eyes had ever looked or its lips ever said to *him*, whispering solemnly, as he left the room on tiptoe,

"Think God that I was saved from him, so that I can forgive him!"

DEATH OF LUKE GREEN.

THE SUNSET GLEAM.

Two strangers were introduced by the crack of a rifle.

Briggs, a lawyer, rusticating in the country, was in the forest hunting partridges, one afternoon, with decidedly ill success. Finally the sun, red in the face with overmuch shining, concluded to set, and leave Briggs to take care of himself. Just then a squirrel ran nimbly up a very tall tree, and looking saucily down, challenged our hunter in the most approved squirrel dialect:

"Fire away, Mr. Briggs—I'll risk you—you're a lawyer, and no sportsman—to your pretteest, young man!"

Briggs couldn't stand that.

Raising his rifle, he touched the spring, and while the hammer was dancing through the forest, down came the poor thing.

Emma was out on her pulfrey taking an evening ride. That she was quite alone is manifest, for these were peaceful rural districts, and the girl was spirited. The crackle of the rifle, multiplied by the echoes, together with a sudden sight of a lonely's shirt, quite overset the equanimity of "Jenny," her steed. Jenny danced, reared, plunged, and cavorted. With a steady eye and lip compressed the lady held her rein in a firm hand; but the animal was thoroughly frightened, and Emma was thrown.

The girl opened her eyes upon a hunter's shirt, with a man in it, a gray cap with an irregular face under it, and a Missie rifle. The man opened his eyes upon a dishevelled brunette, with a bleeding temple.

If Briggs's face was not handsome his heart was, as was shown by the courtesy, gentleness, and discretion with which he cared for the young girl. And if Emma was not so comely as the average of heroines, she was quite as brave and grateful as the best.

In the door-way of her home—the farm-house over the hill—sat a white-haired old man, talking by signs with a deaf-mute by his side. It was the father of Emma, to whom Mr. Briggs recipied his charge with becoming manliness and modesty. A noble old man. Little less than seventy years of age, and evidently shaken by the earthquakes of life, there yet were the unmistakable marks of warmth, breadth of heart, and native greatness, which characterize Nature's chosen nobleman.

This was the introduction. Not particularly romantic, nor yet impressive in its effect upon either of the persons.

"A very good girl, I should think," mused Briggs, on his way to the village hotel; "rather interesting."

"Rough features," thought Emma, as she lay resting on the lounge; "but all the better for that, I dare say. A fig for handsome men!"

A week or two wrought a change in the state of affairs. Briggs found himself deeply interested in this problem: Given, a young lady of a very quiet, unendable exterior, to find her nature. Emma found herself wondering why the young man had so much with her father, and so little with herself. "How his features kindle!" thought the girl. "I believe he is handsome, after all!" and the pulse of her cambric needle pierced the tip of her plump little finger. "Miss Roberts is positively pretty," thought Briggs, in the midst of a learned remark, addressed to the old gentleman, on the economic uses of cross-stalks.

A week or two more, and Briggs had found rich veins of ore under the rather impenetrable surface of his little friend, while Emma had learned to flush at the sound of a single familiar footfall.

A little while after Emma sought her nest one night, with a fluttering lied where her heart used to be; while in his walk to his rooms Alfred Briggs saw a richer beauty in moonlight and starlight than had ever crept into his soul before.

The aged father had been a man of enterprise. Many of his earlier years had been spent in commercial turmoil. His inner resort to rural life was taken as a rest in declining strength, involving neither harassing care nor burdensome labors. One great burden had followed him, however, to his country home—a weight of apprehension hanging heavily over his accumulated years. Fear of those frequent accidents of property transfer, the title to a large proportion of his estate had become the subject of litigation, and there was real danger that the honest gatherings of industrious years would be wrenched from him by the technicalities of legal procedure.

The blow fell at this point of our story, breaking in upon the otherwise pleasant flow of events. The old man withstood the rush of ill-fortune with the iron tenacity of age, but came out of the overwhelming diminished, as a ship comes up from the engulfing of a mountain wave. It was not that the venerable man was sordid, that this grasping of his gains was so keenly distressing—it was not for the loss of the property, as property; but lifelong commercial effort given a bias between a man and his fellows analogous to the pathetic, and even the paternal. Not poets alone, but men of business as well, personify inanimate things.

Under the pressure of the wrong, the old man, finding the injustice perpetrated through keen technical pleading at the bar, became strongly impressed against the legal profession, and this impression soon ripened into unpardonable prejudice. Indeed upon this point there appeared to be an approach to derangement; and yet, coupled with such grandeur of scene in all other respects, it was hard to count it absolutely so.

Its earliest manifestation brought tears to the eyes of one of the best and most trusting of maidens, whose weeping had been lately tears of joy rising copious from deep springs of feeling in her richly lovable nature. Alfred became the object of the old man's most earnest dislike, and even of his evident hate. Under the spell of this prejudice the father summoned the betrothal.

Entreaties, remonstrances, tears, were alike unavailing. Months full of stolen interviews and painful uncertainties, produced no change.

Love is reckless of expedient, and Alfred, renouncing the law at a desk, entered upon the career of a journalist. But the unreasoning prejudice had fastened upon the person. There was no hope. To cap the climax of misery the old man, resorting to the forms of his early religious teachings, pronounced his paternal curse upon his child if ever she gave her hand to Alfred Briggs.

The die was now cast. The most dutiful of daughters could never lose the spell of that anathema, however unreasoning, and Alfred could never see the violation of that command. The anathema would follow them to the end of life. Emma told the distressing story; one glance into the other's eyes, and each was understood from the instant.

A few months thereafter the old man was stricken with apoplexy. For days death and consciousness hung in a tremulous balance. A long stupor lay upon him, broken only by fitful motions now and then. But one morning, as the sun streamed in at the eastern window, the old man opened his eyes with the clear old familiar light in them. Emma hurri into tears. The life of the father moved while his fingers closed on her hand. He had lost the power of speech. In vain he struggled to articulate: not a sound escaped. This was evidently the last flash of the setting sun, and the words which were struggling for utterance were of infinite value. In vain. Suddenly a thought lit his anxious face, and resorting to the alphabet of the fingers he gave the word "Alfred." Never was coarser sent in more breathless haste; and when the lover had reached the bedside the feeble fingers moved to the words "Fly on." Then the old man sank into dreams, from which, after a few intervening minutes, he woke to see "the Great White Throne, and Him that sitteth thereon."

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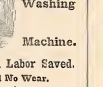

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CAPTAIN BRAND,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. HENRY A. WISE, U.S.N. (HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

SPREADING THE STRANDS.

IT was in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and five, and in the River Garonne, where a large, wholesome merchant brig lay placidly on the broad and shining water. The fair city of Bordeaux, with its great mass of yellow-tinted buildings, towers, and churches, rose from the river's banks, and the din and bustle of the great mart came faintly to the ear. The sails of the brig were loosed, the crew were hauling home the sheets and hoisting the topsails with the clear, hearty songs of English sailors, while the anchor was under foot and the chain rubbing with a taut strain against the vessel's bluff bows. At the gangway stood a large, handsome seaman, bronzed by the sun and winds of about half a century, dressed in a square-cut blue jacket and loose trousers, talking to the pilot—a brown little Frenchman, in coarse serge raiment and large, clumsy sabots. The conversation between them was carried on partly by signs, for, in answer to the pilot, the other threw his stalwart arm aloft toward the folds of the spreading canvas and nodded his head.

"*Fort bien! vite donc! mon Capitaine*," said the pilot; "the tide is on the ebb, let us go! Up anchor!"

"Ay, pilot!" replied the Captain, pulling out his watch. "In ten minutes; the ladies, you know, must have time to say 'good-by.' Isn't it so, my pilot?"

The gallant little Frenchman smiled in acquiescence, and taking off his glazed hat with the air of a courtier, said, "Parbleu! certainly, why not? Jean Marie would lose his pilotage rather than burry a lady."

Going aft to the raised cabin on the quarter-deck, the Captain softly opened the weather door, and looking in, said, in a kindly tone,

"It is time to part, my friends; the pilot says we are losing the strength of the tide, so we must kiss and be off."

Two lovely women were sitting, hand clasped in hand, on the sofa of the transom. You saw they were sisters of nearly the same age, and a little boy and girl tumbling around their knees showed they were mothers; young mothers, too, for the soft, full, rounded forms of womanhood, with the flush of health and maternal pride tinged their cheeks, while masses of dark hair banded over their smooth brows and tearful eyes told the story at a glance. They rose together as the Captain spoke. "Adieu! chere Rosalie, we shall soon meet again, let us hope, never more to part." "Adieu, Nathalie! adieu, dearest sister! adieu! adieu!"

The loving arms were twined around each other in the last embrace; the tears fell like gentle rain, but with smiles of hope and trustfulness they parted.

"Ay," said the sturdy skipper, as he stood with eyes brimful of moisture regarding the sisters, "ay! trust me for bringing you together again. Well do I remember when you were little wee things when I brought you to France after the earthquake in Jamaica; just like these little rogues here"—and he held his brawny paws on the heads of the children, who clung to each other within the folds of their mothers' dresses; "but never fear, my darlings," he went on, "you will meet happily again! Ay! that you shall, if old Jacob Blunt be above land or water."

A boat which was lying alongside the brig shoved off, the little boy who had been left on board was held high above the rail in the arms of a sturdy negro, while the mother stood beside him, waving her handkerchief to the boat as it pulled rapidly toward the shore.

"Man the windlass, lads!" cried the Captain. "Mister Binks, brace round the head yards, and up with the jib as soon as the anchor's aweigh."

The windlass clinked as the iron pulls caught the strain of the cable, the anchor was wrenched from its ozzy bed; the vessel's head fell off, and, gathering way, she moved quietly down the River Garonne.

CHAPTER II.

CALM.

THE great lumbering brig with yards square, mainsail hauled up, with the jib and spanker in the brails, lay listlessly rolling on the easy swell of the water, giving a gentle send forward every minute or so, when the sluggish sails would come with a thundering slap against the masts, and the loose cordage would rattle like a drum-major's rattan on a space. The sea was one glassy mirror of undulations, shimmering out into full blaze as the rising sun just threw its rays along the crest of the ocean swell; and then dipping down into the rolling mass, the hue would change to a dark green, and coming up again under the brig's black counter would swish out into a little shower of bubbles and sparkle again joyously.

Away off in the distance lay the Island of Jamaica. The early haze about the mountain tops rising like a white lace veil from the deep valleys below, with here and there a white dot of a cluster of buildings, gleamed out from the sombre land, like the flicker of a heliotrope; and at intervals, the boss of the coast bursting forth in a long heavy fringe of foam, as the lazy breakers chafed idly about the rocks of some projecting headland. Nearer, too, were the dark succession of waving blue lines in parallel bars and patches of the young land wind, tipping the backs of the rollers in a

"WHEN THE WIND COMES FROM GOOD SAN ANTONIO, MY LADY-BIRD—"

fluttering ripple of cat's-paws and then wandering gloriously away out to sea.

Aft stood a low, squadrilt sailor at the wheel, his striped Guernsey cap hanging on one of the spokes, and his body leaning, half asleep, over the barrel, which gave him a sharp twitch every now and then when the sea caught the rudder on the wrong side. Near at hand, with an arm around an after topmast backstay, and head resting over the rail, was the mate, Mr. Binks, with a wary glass to his eye, through which he was peering at the distant hills of Jamaica. Presently, as he slowly was about to withdraw the lens into his pocket, and the old boy resting his head in shore, something appeared to arrest his attention, for changing his position and climbing up to the rail of the deck cabin he steadied himself by the shrouds, and rubbing his eye with the sleeve of his jacket, gave a long look through the glass, muttering to himself the while. At last, having apparently made up his mind, he sang out to the man at the wheel in this fashion:

"Ben, my lad, look alive; catch a turn with them halliards over the lee-wheel; and just take this 'long glass and trip up to the fore cross-tree see what ye make of that fellow, here away under the easternest headland."

Ben, without more ado, lowered the spokes of the wheel, clapped his cap on his head, hitched up his trowsers, and taking the glass from the mate rolled away up the fore rigging. Meanwhile Mr. Binks walked forward, stopping a moment as he chose to take a fine pull of grog from the cask, and then going on to the topsail-sheet bitts, he carefully seated himself and leisurely begins to stir up the sugar in his tumbler with an iron spoon; making a little cymbal music with it on the outside while he gulped it down. But he had not been many minutes occupied in this way when Ben hailed the deck from the fore yard.

"On deck there?"

"Hollo!" replied Mr. Binks.

"I see that craft," cried Ben; "she's a fore and after, sails down and sweeping along the land. She hasn't got a breath of wind, Sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Binks, squirting into the tin pot with a sound like a sheet-iron organ, "come down."

As Ben wriggled himself off the fore yard and caught hold of the futtock shrouds to swing in to the standing rigging, he suddenly paused, and putting the glass again to his eye, sang out: "I say, Sir! Here is a big chap away off on the other quarter, under topsails. There! Perhaps you can see him from the deck, about a handspike clear of the sun"—pointing with the spy-glass as he spoke in the proper direction.

"All right," said the mate, as he began again the gurgling pot and spoon music, "Bernhard, ain't he?"

"Yes, Sir, not enough air to raise a hair on my old grandmother's wig!" muttered Ben, as he slowly trotted down the rigging.

The sun came up glowing like a ball of fire. The land wind died away long before Ben came far off from the island, and, saving the uneasy clatter at times of the loose sails and running gear, all remained as before. It was getting on toward eight o'clock, and the Captain came up from his cabin below.

Going to the hatfaced door of the deck cabin the jolly skipper threw it wide open, clapped his hands together three times, and then placing to his mouth like a speaking-trumpet he bellowed out in a deep, low roar,

"Heave out there, all hands! Heave out, Indy-bird and baby! Lend ho!"

Then came a joyous noise from a soft, sweet voice within a screen shown across the after-cabin, mingled with a little cooing grunt from a child, and presently an inner door swung back, and the sweetest lot of a boy come tumbling out into the open space, and sprung at once into the Captain's arms. The little fellow buried his brown early head into the old skipper's whiskers, and then, kicking up his fat naked legs, he laughed and chortered like a mavis.

"Ahu! you young scamp, this small now smells the oranges and cinnamon, eh? And dear lady mamma shall be her pretty self and won't look for paps, and so near home, too!"

Here Madame Rosalie's low sweet voice trilled out some in a slightly foreign accent, but the contralto tones vibrated on the ear like the note of a harp.

"Ah! bon Capitaine, how could you deceive me? Still, I forgive you for telling me last night we were so far from Kingston. Did you know, too," she went on in her Creole accent, "how I love and want to see my dear husband after last four years, since you carried him away in your good big ship. But never mind, my good friend, I shall pay you off one of these days, and now, small chose, let Baboo to dress his little boy."

Scarcely had the worthy skipper reached a hollow spot at hand, and given it one jerk, than the cabin door opened and in stepped a brown black, whose bare woolly head had white teeth and eyes glistered with delight. There was that about his face which indicated intelligence, courage, devotion, and humanity—those indescribable marks of expression which nature sometimes stamps in unmistakable lines on the skin, whether it be white or black. He was below the middle height, but the large head was set with a great swelling thrust on the shoulders of a Titan. His loose white and red striped shirt was thrown well back over his black and broad chest; and putting out a pair of muscular arms that seemed as massive and heavy as lignum vitæ, the boy jumped from the Captain to meet them; and then sitcher his little soft legs down the sleek of Baboo's shirt, he ran his rosy fingers in his wool, and shouted with glee.

"Oho!" said the black, as he passed his huge arms around the little fellow, and smoothed down his nearly naked body as if he was the plumage of a bird. "Good gracious Master Henry loves his Baboo, eh? Good, he take him."

Barring his charge out upon the quarter-deck beneath the awning, he pulled a large tub from under a boat turned upside down over the deck cabin; and then while the young monkey had scrambled round to his back, and was beating a tattoo with his tiny fists on his shoulders, Baboo caught up a bucket and proceeded to draw water from over the side, which he dashed into the tub. When he had nearly filled the tub he felt around with his hand, and was delighted to see he was about to seize a mosquito, and clutching the kicking legs with one hand, he gave the little fellow a somersault over his head, and skimming off at the same time his diminutive frock, he plunged him into the sparkling brine, singing the while in a laughing chant:

"Dis lit de way strong Baboo catch him,
First he strip and dat he jump in dis tub,
Mend he jump and cream for his mother,
Bad Jamaica bab now, dat he wicked?"

Here the brawny nurse would some him head over heels in the sparkling water, lift him up at every dip, his little fingers clutching for him, making neck bites at the little legs and stomach; and finally, holding him aloft, dripping, laughing, and struggling, go on chanting:

"What ails pape, eh? when he see Kim,
Plumbing boy dat is same to chase him?
Big Bram he see dat, he laugh,
But little Henri he kick and pinch him?"

All this time the men seated forward on the deck, peeping now and then over their mess-tubs, would pause occasionally, shake their great tarry fingers at the ring, chuckle pleasantly with their mouths full of coarse food, and then, as if belonged to them as individual property.

"Oho, my lird, mustn't touch black, at last," what will pass say to-morrow when he sees his brave Henr?"

"Ah, how sweet, eh? he will be, Banou!" said the lovely mother, who had just come on deck, as she kissed the mouth of the young scamp, while the black dried him and dried his little naked body in a large towel.

"Ah, yes, my mistress, we all will be happy some more to get home to see the officer with the tion."

"Tell me! tell me, good Capitaine," said she, running in a pretty coquettish way to the skipper, "when shall we get in port?"

It was a sad thing for the old boy while morning gown folded in plaits about the swelling bosom, her slender waist clasped by a flowing blue sash, the dark brown braids of her hair confined by a large gold filigree pin, and half-concealed by a jaunty little French cap, with the ribbons flowing from under her pretty ears. And while her soft, dark, hazel eyes were bent eagerly toward the solid old skipper, and her round, rosy lips, which displayed a set of nature-locket fastened by a massive linked gold chain around her neck, ah, she was a sight to see and love!

"Tell me, mon cher Capitaine Blunt, how many hours or minutes will it be before I shall see my husband?"

The good-natured skipper laughed pleasantly at the question, and, as a compromise, after opening his hands wide, he gave vent to a long, low whistle, and replied.

"When the land wind comes from good San Antonio, my lady-bird—when the sea-breezes makes—then the old brig will reel off the knots! But see! just now not a breath of air to make birds' wings out! There, look at that fellow!"

High up in the heavens two or three man-of-war birds, with wide-spread pinion and wings and their swallow tails cut as sharp as knife-blades, were hovering motionless, every little while falling in a rapid sidelong plunge, as if in a vacuum, and then again giving an almost imperceptible sweep of their pinions, they recovered the lost space and continued on in their silent flight.

"That's a sure sign, Madame Rosalie," continued the skipper, "that the trade-wind has blown itself out, and the chances are that this sun will drink up the dew and scatter it away in a dead calm till the moon quarters to-night. What say you, Mr. Binks, am I right?"

"Never know'd yet to be wrong, Sir," said the mate, with an honest intonation of voice, as he tried to stare the sun out of countenance in following the Captain's gloze.

"Hehe!" said the young mother, with a little sigh of sadness, as she turned partly over the lee rail to the green hills and slopes of the island, standing now out boldly, with the lofty blue mountains contrasting with the green hills in mid-heaven; "so near, too, and he is thinking and waiting for us?"

"Dat," exclaimed the skipper, heartily, "the younger wants his breakfast!"

CHAPTER III.

HIGH NOON.

How noon! Still the south old brig bowed and dipped her bluff bows into the sparkling swell of the tropics; the round, flat counter sent the briny bubbles sparkling away in the place of the scoured sand; the sun poured down fiercely against the spars and rigging, while the crew sheltered themselves beneath the awnings and dozed on peacefully.

Not so, however, with the large sail that had been seen from the brig in the early morning. For, with a lofty spread of kites and a studding-sail or two, she at times caught a fleeting puff of air; and when the sun had passed the zenith she had approached within half a mile or less of the brig. There was no mistaking the stranger's character. Her sharp, trim masts, square yards, and clear, delicate black tracery of rigging, shadowed by a wide spread of snow-white canvas over the low, dark hull—which at times appeared to be the great black centre of a row of ports with a glance of white inner bulwarks—while the brass stars of her battery reflected sparks of fire from the blazing rays of the sun, showed she was a man-of-war.

"She's one of our cruisers, I think, Sir," said the mate, as he handed the spy-glass to the Captain; "her Ben here believes contrarinise, and says she is a French corvette."

"Have to try again, Mr. Binks; for to my mind she's an out-and-out Yankee sloop-of-war. Ay! there goes the colors up to the gaff! to wish our ensign, or else he'll be burning some powder for me."

Even while they were speaking her flag went rapidly up in a roll to the corvette's peak, when, shaking itself out, it flew white and red, with a galaxy of white stars in a blue union, on the lee side of the speaker's white at the same instant a long, thin cloud of smoke commit unwrap itself from the main truck, and long motionless in the calm down the mast. Her decks were full of men, and gathered under the shade of the sails to leeward; and on the poop were three or four officers in uniform and straw hats. One of these last stood for some time gazing at the brig—one hand resting on the ratlines of the mizzen-mast, and the other slowly swinging a trumpet backward and forward. Presently an officer with a pair of gleaming epaulets on his shoulders came up to the poop ladder, touched his hat, and moved his hand toward the brig. A moment after, "Brig ahoy!" came in a sharp, yet nasal tone through the trumpet.

"Sir?"

"What brig is that?"

"The *Martha Blunt*, named after my dear old wife, God bless her! and myself, Jacob Blunt, Esq., Master and Part by jolly skipper, in a *nota ree* chuckle to the fair passenger who stood beside him.

"Where are you from, and where bound?" came again through the trumpet.

"Bordeaux, and bound to Kingston. We have a free passenger on board, Sir Robert Colby and Admiral Villeneuve." There was a wave of the trumpet as the speaker finished hailing, and then turning to the officer with the gleaming gold swabs, and pausing only a moment, he moved to the other side of the corvette's poop.

"It would be a great favor to me, Sir, if you tell us what his name is inter all the questions he's asked."

"Don't ye know, Mr. Binks," broke in the Captain, "that the dignity of a man-of-war is such that it would be discourteous to tell no more than that she has a range of cannon-balls and going on a cruise any wheres, which we may believe in a sense, but not quite satisfactory as we might get out of our own cabinshaves without asking a question."

"You are quite right, Captain Blunt, but I did not tax my mind to think when I spoke them remarks," said Binks, deferentially.

The cruiser, meanwhile, more communicative than the mate gave her credit for, and having heard after the officer with the trumpet sung out,

"This is the United States ship *Scourge*, from Port Royal, bound on a cruise! Please report us."

And again, after a few words apparently with the officer by his epaulets, the trumpet was raised to his lips, and he asked, "Have you seen any vessels lately?"

The skipper, now on the point of answering the hail, when his mate said, "Beg pardon, Captain Blunt, but Ben and me made out a fore and after coming in this morning, with some sail put, pulling in under the outermost headland yonder," pointing with his horny finger as he spoke.

"Nothing, Sir, but a small schooner at daylight yesterday, Sir, that way."

"What?" came back in a clear, quick note from the corvette.

"Small craft, and after, Sir, with sails down and sweeps out, close under the land."

In a moment two or three officers on the corvette's deck with their spy-glasses and opera glasses were directed toward the new dim mirage-like shadow of the island, and the next instant an sharp note of a boatswain's whistle was heard, followed by a gruff call of "Away there! Stand ready!"

Immediately a cluster of sailors, in white frocks and trowsers and straw-hats, sprang over the side of quarter-deck, and then with a rush and a chirruping, saying pipe, a boat fell rapidly to the water. The falls were cast off, the cutter bounded up to the gangway, and soon an officer stepped over the side and tripped down to the boat. The white blades of the oars stood up on end in a double line, the boat pushed off, the oars fell with a single splash, and she steered for the brig. Descending down into the gentle valley of the long swell she would disappear for an instant, till nothing but the white hats and feather blades of the oars were visible; and again rising on the crest, the water flashed off in foam from her bows as she came dancing on.

In a few minutes the corvettes cried "Way enough," and throwing up his hand with the word "Toss," the cutter shot swiftly alongside; the boat-hook of the bow man brought her up with a sudden jar, and the next moment an officer with an epaulet on his right shoulder, and a sword by his side, stepped over the gangway. The skipper was there to receive him, to whom he touched his cap with his free finger; but as his eye glanced off he saw a lady, and he gracefully removed his cap and bowed like a gentleman to her. The was a man of about eight-and-twenty, with a fine, manly, sailor-like figure and air, and with a pair of bright determined grey eyes in his head that a naval would not care to look into twice.

"I am the First Lieutenant of the *Scourge*, Sir," he said, turning to the skipper, "and if you will step this way, I'll have a few words with you."

This was said in a careless tone of command, but without still frankness and civility. The Captain led him aft toward the taffrail, but in crossing the deck the little tot of a boy followed closely in his wake, and getting hold of the officer's sword, which trailed along by its belt-hanger on the deck, he got rapidly off it and seized on to the coat skirts of the wearer. The little tug he gave caused the officer to turn round, and with a cheerful smile and manner he snatched the unclasp in his arms, kissed him on both cheeks, and as he put him down again and detached his sword for him to play with, he exclaimed:

"Man a glorious little reefer you'll make one of these days! Won't you?"

"*Oui! oui! mon Papa!*" said the little scamp, as he looked knowingly up at the officer's face.

"Excuse my little boy, Sir," said his mother, who was in close of him and then turning to the child with a laughing glance over her lovely face, "It is not your papa, Henri! papa is in Kingston."

"Ah, madame! I love children. I had once a dear little fellow like this, but both he and his sweet mother are in heaven now. God bless them!"

A flash of sadness tinged his manly cheeks, and he passed his hand impatiently across his eyes, as if the dream was too sad to dwell upon; but changing his tone, while with one hand he patted the little fellow's head, he went on: "Madame lives in Jamaica?"

"Oh yes! I was born there, but my parents were French; my father was a colonel. I was quite a little child, and this good Captain here carried my sister and myself to France soon after, where Monsieur" here he hesitated and blushed with pleasure—"where I married my husband, who is a planter on the island. Perhaps you may know Monsieur Jules Piron?"

"Piron?" said the navy man with warmth. "Ay, madame, perhaps for as far as he is over planted sugar! Know him? Why, madame, it is only a week ago that a lot of us dined with him at his house outside of Kingston, you know, madame? in the grand piazza which looks down the gorge. But he behaved very shabbily," said the officer, with a little lighter style, "for he kept a spy-glass to his eye officer then the wine-glass to his lips, to looking out seaward, and in talking of madame and the little boy he had never seen."

"Oh, Monsieur! you make me so happy," said the lovely woman, as with sparkling eyes and heaving bosom she cried, "Bonou! Bonou! His gentleman gave me very good news!"

The black, who had been standing near and guarding every movement of his little charge, who was running about the deck, at this mark, immediately approached the officer, and, falling on his knees, seized his hand and drew it toward his lips.

"Ah, madame, I see that kickness meets with a return well from a black as like this," said the officer in a low tone, as he gently withdrew his hand from Banou's grasp.

"But," he continued, turning toward the skipper, as the clear sound of the cruiser's bell struck his ear, "I must not forget what I came for."

"You say, Captain, that you saw a schooner at daylight, eh? This way, if you please"—as he raised his hat and motioned with his walked over to the other side of the deck—"what was she like?"

"She was reported to me by the mate," replied Jacob Blunt.

"Please send for him. Oh, Mr.—"

"Binks, Sir," said that individual, touching his hat, and making an awkward scrape at a bow.

"Well, Mr. Binks, did you clearly make out the vessel you saw this morning under the land?"

"Can't say frankly, Sir, as I did; but Ben Brown there was on the fore yard, and he got a good squint at her."

"And so Ben was the man?"

The mate straightway went forward, and, after a few pokes about the lee waist, Ben was ordered aft and called the jolly-boat name rolling off.

"You saw the schooner, eh?" said the Lieutenant, as if he was in the habit of asking sharp questions and getting quick answers.

"Yes, Sir," said the seaman, as he hitched up his knife-belt and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and took off his cap, "I saw her."

"Here away, Sir," with a wave of his hand: "just clear of that bluff headland where the gap yonder in the Blue Mountains."

"How was she rigged?"

"Bare sticks, Sir, not much of a bowsprit, and no sail spread. I see her first by the flash of her sweeps in the rising sun as she was heading inshore and swooped into the land."

"Two masts, you say?"

"Ay, Sir; but I thought as tow there was a jigger-boy yard a stickin' out over her starn, though I wasn't surfin."

"So!" said the Lieutenant, in a musing tone and with rather a grave face and compressed lips; "that will do; thank you, my man." Then placing his hand on the skipper's shoulder, he drew him to one side, out of earshot, and said,

"Captain Blunt, are you much acquainted in these latitudes?"

"Oh yes, Sir, me and my old brig are regular traders here, from Bordeaux to Jamaica and so home to England."

"No treasure, I presume?" went on the officer, with a smile.

"Why, Lieutenant, none to speak of, praps; just a handful of dollars and a guinea or two in

the bag for a few sacks of sugar or coffee, or a pipe of rum or rich wine for my own cellar."

"Well, my friend, there is probably nothing to fear, but if the breeze springs up, keep as close to the corvette as you can, and I shall ask the Captain to keep a look-out for you during the night."

"By-the-way"—the officer continued in a low tone as he moved toward the gangway—"in case any thing should happen, you had better hoist a lantern at your peak or in the main rigging—we have sharp eyes for ugly customers, and one or two of them have been particularly troublesome of late breakouts."

Turning for a moment to bid adieu to the fair half-pounder on the quarter-deck, and reproaching his sword after a playful struggle with the youngster, he buckled it neatly his waist, and stepping lightly over the side and into the boat, the oars fell with a single splash, and the cutter shot rapidly away toward the corvette.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1860.

FIRES IN TENEMENT-HOUSES.

A NOTICER terrible destruction of life has ensued from a fire in a tenement-house; ten human beings have been hurried unexpectedly, in the dead of night, to the presence of their Maker. As in the case of the Elm Street fire, the narrow of the buildings was such that once the flames gained headway escape and rescue were alike impossible.

Tenement-houses are the curse of New York. They are as independent of law as Mormons in the prairie or in the Hudson Bay Company's territory. They are the refuge of thieves, outcasts, and prostitutes; from their slimy dens these creatures issue forth nightly to disgrace our civilization, usurp of a safe retreat when the crimes of the night are ended. Some tenement-houses are inhabited by neither thieves nor prostitutes; in them teeming families are crowded into small, uncleanly, ill-ventilated rooms, where pestilence is begotten and habituated by sickly and by children from their very infancy. The idea of the owner of a tenement-house is to make the most money by the least outlay. Hence he builds with the cheapest materials, and in the most unsubstantial way; allots the least space possible to each lodger, and divides the whole thought to the securing of his rents—having secured himself against loss by fire by an ample insurance. Properly administered, such property is the very best policy; at the best authorities for saying that it should yield ten per cent. at least, and, in judicious hands, is frequently made to yield twelve and thirteen.

This is clearly a case for legislative control. In more than half the cases in which the Legislature of this State meddles with private business it goes wrong, simply because it forgets that competition and the law of supply and demand suffice to regulate trade; but this is a case in which perhaps not legislative meddling once will avail. It is the direct interest of landlords of tenement-houses to overcrowd them and to neglect precautions against fire.

In France and England the owners of such houses are under the direct and constant supervision of regularly appointed officials. In Paris, especially, the subject of fire is regulated with remarkable strictness. Had such measures occurred in that city as we have had in Elm Street and Forty-fifth Street, it would have gone hard with the owners of the buildings. But no such disasters could have occurred there, because such buildings would have been denounced by the inspectors the day they were finished, and the owners would not have been permitted to take tenants. So in England. The law requires every owner of a tenement-house, to grant so many feet of space to each tenant, and to provide proper means of escape in case of fire. This law is thoroughly and efficiently carried out.

A very simple law would achieve great good here. A section obliging owners of tenement-houses to provide fire-escapes, and another compelling them to furnish their tenants with so many square feet of room, and fresh air, would answer the purpose, provided honest men were appointed to see the law carried into execution. Such a law should emanate from the Municipal Legislature, from the fact that it provides employment for a few more patriots.

THE ALMS-HOUSE.

THE New York *Tribune* published, some ten days ago, an article reflecting very severely on the official administration of the Governors of the Alms-house, charging them with loose behavior, indecent license, and gross mismanagement of the interests committed to their charge. The Tri Governors have since held a meeting, at which the *Tribune's* accusations have been vehemently repelled, the purity of the Governors asserted, and a desire expressed for a committee of inquiry—said committee to be regulated from that pure, incorruptible, and undoubted body, the New York State Legislature.

We have no oil, eloquence to say publicly that the public is with the *Tribune*, and not with the Governors. We have reason to believe that the *Tribune* was more than half right in all that it said. They do not believe—as the Governors insinuate—that the *Tribune's* article was written spitefully by some discharged employe of the Ten Governors; or, it it was penned by a person who had been in the Governors' employ, they rather think that he told the truth, whatever his motive may have been. And nobody expects that any good will result from a legislative examination of inquiry. The Legislature and other railroad schemes can secure majorities in both Houses, it is not likely that the Board of Governors will find it impossible to secure a withstanding at the market price from the same bodies.

The public were horrified only a few months ago by the publication of undeniable evidence to the effect that the Ten Governors were in the habit of farming out the wards of the city to the lowest bidders, and that the poor little outcasts thus traded off were sometimes murdered by the fiendish brutes to whose mercies they were intrusted. We need only mention Mr. Carlock's name to recall the circumstance to our readers' memory.

We now learn that the gross carelessness of which the Carlock tragedy was an accidental revelation pervades the whole administration of the Alms-house. Every department, we are assured, is crowded with hideous stories of drunken orgies, paid for by the city, and indulged in—before the eyes of paupers and convicts—by the Ten Governors, who carouse in every man's mouth. We can testify personally that, as a general rule, the convicts are not always the worst-behaved inmates of the Alms-house.

In theory, the plan of transferring the patronage of the Alms-house from the city to the State capital is clearly wrong. But after all, naked theories are always and everywhere, when at with the experience of the Metropolitan Police before us, we are bound to admit that, even at the cost of seeing a parcel of hungry rural politicians addled upon us, the transfer of the Alms-house patronage to Albany would not be viewed by reputable people with much regret. If half the charges in the *Tribune* are well founded, the sooner Blackwell's Island is purged of the officials who are now employed there the better; no change can make them the worse.

We shall return to the subject at an early day.

THE LOUNGER.

A MUNICIPAL QUESTION.

In the city of New York wants to have a railroad through the streets, why should it be obliged to ask leave of the State? Why is the municipal authority—quite as much so as the licensing of omnibus lines; and it is something very strange that it has no more to do than with the laying out of new streets or the cleaning of old ones.

The question is one of a popular form of government lies in its constant decentralization. The municipality is the germ. The State is a series of independent little communities which manage their own affairs. Centralization is despotism. There is no more reason that the city of New York should ask the leave of the State to lay down a railroad within the city limits for the city convenience, than that it should ask the same permission to substitute a gas for oil lamp in a street.

So also in the matter of ferries to the neighboring shores. Why should there be a system of *ferry-rights?* Why should not the transportation of passengers and freight from Brooklyn and Hoboken and Jersey City and Staten Island to the city be left open to the laws and chances of all other commercial enterprises, while care for human life and safety is maintained by the general law of the State? Is there any more reason that the transportation of passengers between Staten Island and New York should be a right to be leased by the city than the larger ferry from New York to Liverpool? Why should there not be as many ferries to Brooklyn as there are people willing to risk their capital in the venture—subject always to stringent laws of personal security for the passengers?

Once more, why should the city own market-houses any more than dry-goods shops? Food is the first necessity of life—yet, if it be true that reason there will always be plenty of persons who will have it for sale. But clothes are also a necessary of life in this climate. Why, then, should the city put up great buildings and let rooms in them to tailors? It is indeed the business of the city to take care that food is not sold; but so is it the duty to guard against swindling every where.

Half of the reason that we are governed so badly is that we governed too much. This elaborate system of city interference begets the business of contracts and jobs which multiplies the legislative party. It costs an honest man, nowadays, about a hundred dollars to get into.

Of course, no system will work well where men are corrupt. But, for all that, there is a choice in systems. Some give more chances of decent government than others. The State certainly ought not to try to manage matters which are purely municipal; and the city should not complicate trade by interfering with its simple and legitimate laws.

BLOOD IN ART.

GOPTIL's engraving shop and picture gallery, near Union Square, is one of the pleasant lounges of the city. You can see there the last French prints good and bad—the engraving of Gerome's Duel after the Masquerade, the fine head of Ary Scheffer, his Magdalene, the single figure of Marie Antoinette, superb and warm, from Paul Delaroche's pictures. All these, and many, many more, and often a good picture.

At present, however, you can see a fearful, unpleasant picture there, by the same Gerome who painted the Duel after the Masquerade. It is the Duel after the Masquerade, it is apparently a part of a larger picture, of which there is an engraving in the window, and which represents the whole scene—the Scala Chamber, and the whole crowd of conspirators. In the painting, however, you see only the prostrate body of Cesar and the dirk overthrown. It is painfully real. The clotted blood upon the floor—the smearing upon the tapestry of the dagger in the drapery—the gashed fingers which have caught at the knife—the wounds upon the exposed arms—the bloody tracks of the assassins upon the marble pavement, as they moved away—the utter desolation—the rigidity of terrible death—if you want these in a picture, you have them in Gerome's Dead Cesar. A pretty thing to hang in your parlor! It is merely a murdered man painted in his gore. It might be one of the victims of the *L. A. Dimond or Spring*, except that the accessories show it to be Roman.

The significance of Cesar's death can not be represented by painting his blood, dead boy to well that you smell blood, and fall, sick, as in a disenchanting, *Just out* at never ranges terror or sublimity in physical horror. A corpse is a corpse, whether it be Alexander's or Yorick's. The moment for a picture of Cesar's death is the moment of the advance upon him with uplifted daggers. We know already that he was killed; therefore it is no interest to see the corpse. Cesar lying in his gore is a corpse; but Cesar contending his fate is Cesar still. If you would paint a martyr, let it be not the martyr's corpse when left by the point, but when he stands at the stake serenely unfolding Heaven's mysteries. Then you need not draw the actual forms of angels descending with palms; for in the spirit that has conquered death you see the spiritual superiority of which palms themselves are but symbols.

To paint life, and not death, is the business of an artist—to give to the dead the life-like form of life, the higher the art? And hence religious painters who represent the life of faith are considered chief of all?

Gerome loves unmitigated horror. The Duel after the Masquerade is a striking picture—but how unrelieved! It is a picture of hell. It is gorgeously, fantastically horrible.

Now comes our own Michael Academy exhibition. Oh, gentlemen pointers, we critics are all sharpening our pens and our eyes! We are each of us a great connoisseur individual, with certain fancies about what pictures ought to be. But we are all going to brandish the "we" about your heads, as if "we" were indeed the world, the great public, speaking!

A FEAST OF LEATHER.

THE Swamp are in every day a week or two ago. Or, more properly speaking, it was the edge of the Swamp that saw it, for Messrs. Young, Schultz, & Co., Fraser & Brother, and Mattison and McCoy have removed their great leather business from the narrower Ferry Street into Franklin Square.

Perhaps of all measures upon the globe the Swamp is the most well-to-do. It grows on cedar, nine-tails, or bulrushes, or flags, or blue-blossomed pickerel weed—not at all; it blossoms with high brick stores, and with Gothic warehouses, elegant walks, curbstones; it expands and bourgeons all over with leather.

And you can see observed what silent stores leather stores are? The squeak has not set in yet. The hides lie in huge piles upon the floors. You touch some leather with your shoulder as you pass the door, just broad enough to allow a passage for a cart, which they are loading with leather. It is only sacks and bales that are there. The great business of South Street and the Swamp moves on quietly. Customers come and go, and they, as they out of the ground, larger and larger every year, and standing at length broad and benignant, honest-hearted, with their big laughs, and earnest for future trees falling from their abundance.

To celebrate the opening of their new stores a pleasant company was invited, "Leather dealers, clergymen, editors, and other religious persons," as one of the orators remarked. There were wit and festive eloquence in plenty. The road to good humor lies over a full stomach. And it was pleasant to know that in a time which, like all other times, is represented as the very worst time that ever was, the prospects of trade are so bright and smiling. There is no fear of merchants more cordially united than the leather men. It is a body so fraternal, so democratic, so modest, that there is no assumption of dignity, and no one of them is more ambitious than another to be considered the great leather head.

ON THE WAY TO CHARLESTON.

Tee Major Jack Downing, Downingsville, Downing County, Maine; in care of Mr. Harper, which send it to you.

WASHINGTON METROPOLIS, *April 2, 1860.*

WA-AL, Uncle Jack, here I be at last, clean tuckered out and dead beat. Guess I never lived till I seen enjoying the same blessin'. This here coming from Maine to Alexandria is a perky plain-stern schooner ship I concern'd great two hundun' sorts with putty gals, and a-lashin' red ears all the time. No, it ain't. Our minister's shirt-collar, on a July afternoon, when he gits tew conclude and finally, doesn't hev the starch taken out of it was than that perky plain-stern schooner tuk the life out of me, I tell you. Why, if the plaguy critter had gone right down I wouldn't have cared, I was so miserable, and only a passenger, please take it! Ef, I, tew the 5 flur that stood tew the hack end with a lever, a sort of pryin' the thing along.

We'n' I glad when we got tew Cheserpeak Bay! and, tew, I was sorry to see some of the bad feullys of Virginny brought an sum oystars in a limbid tote. Then we saw Mount Vernon, where Washington was raised, and where a man of that name now rases canes for memento-morts, but s agein' to sell coast to a grate many feulows, the Father of his Country not haying any children in the male line. It's a pretty nice sort of place, and I guess as ice-cream temperance restaurator there, with ardents in the hack-room, wind pay. A masterly lot of folks go there, they do say, in Alexandria.

When the schooner was tied up in Alexandria I sum up here in a fiery-hote, lickety-splash. The place looked kinder as if it was a way off, just tew gip the s'ort of scatter'd and uncompleted; and on gold where there's the sprycst lot of fellers ever yew did see.

"National?" sez one.

"Yes, Sir-ree!" sez I, "National tew the core."

"Brown's?" sez another.

"No, Sir!" sez I, "nor blacks neither. I ain't ov them parties."

"United States?" sez snother yet.

"Sartin!" sez I; "yew don't think I'm a fire-rinter?"

And by this time they was a-pullin' and a-hoolin' on one tew kill. I the corner fum tew of them 'Vestergotin' Committees we read about; kinder sure as I liv', twuns nuthin' but cerridge-drivers.

"Secess?" sez I, "for I'm a-goin' tew walk."

And walk I did.

There was a sidewalk all the way, with houses and stables and pusture lands, and all sorts of places; but I kept strate on, askin' every one I met for the White House. Some sort ov lurid, but s'ort of a mean, stumpd it; sum gave yew tey perged boots, cost $2 87½, and jist as good as any rickshaw or sulky leather tey may where. But when I come tew the grand place, the minister my hairn in s'owelled up, but I rong the bell jist as if the House tew mine-in-law, a small piece of it, anyhow. An Irisher come tew the door.

"Is Mr. Buchanan tew hum?" sez I.

"Do you mean the old tew see the President?" sez he.

"If I didn't," sez I, "what would I be a doin' on here?"

"Well," sez he, "the President's engaged."

"Sho!" sez I. "Why, I kinder tho't he never's a gone and done that at his time of life."

"Cum tu-morrow," sez he, "from twelve till one; and if the President's at leisur he'll see you."

"Well," sez I, feelin' sort of chap-fallen, "if I can't do no better, guess I'll go. Stop, tho' Yew gin' this tew Mr. Buchanan, and tell him I'm tew home-sick to see him. And I jin' yewr Uncle Jack, a tellin' him how I was a goin' tew Charleston tew the Convention.

The Irisher hold 'em tew more than tuk the letter than he shum'd the door, and there I stud a lookin' at it, jist like a fool—yes how, I felt like wun. Then, sez I tew myself, sez I, fellur, hain't yewr a fair traitin' day? so I tegun tew whistle Yankee Doodle, and off I went, felt foot first, eyes tew the front, and the little fingers on hands agin the seuses of my pantetoons.

Arter I had gone a pease I heurd some one holler arter me, "I say!" I jist let him holler, and kept right on, head up. "I say!" he hollered agin, and I, tew the hum in my hairn, and put his hond on my shoulder. "I say!" sez he—"yewr the President's Irisher.

"Wu-al!" sez I, "what dew you say?"

"Why," sez he, "the President no sooner red yur letter than he sung out, 'Michael!' 'Sur?' Go yew straight tew the Capitol and tell that hird'nun this, and bring him here." And, Sur, won't yew have the kindness to go back with me?"

"Sartin I ain't," sez I, "I ain't." I will. But yew wun't over civil tew me when I was there jist now."

"Ah! Sur," sez he, terrible perlite, "I tho't yew was an office-seeker."

By this time we got tew the grate house again, and in I walked. Gerry grasshus! There stood the identeeral Mr. Buchanan, and I knew'd him as tew the hair hevin' seen pictures on him in Mister Harper's paper.

"Why, Mr. Downing," sez he, "what made yew leave the Institution of Deaf and Dumb?"

I was a goin' to speak rite out, but Michael looked so sheepish like, sez I, "I thot you was busy, and didn't like tew interrupt."

"Intrude!" sez he. "The nephew of Major Jack Downing an intruder here, when Andrew Jackson had that uncle for a friend? No, Sir!"

"Wouldn't yew hav felt tickled tew hav heard that, Uncle? I yew; and I tuk'n my hrancest sound-hand silk hat, and I hollers, "Hurrar for Jackson! and Buchanan tew!"

Mr. Buchanan, he sez, "I'm sure a chip of the old block! Come up stairs." And he took me, jist as sociable as you'd take our doctor up into the hotel mun's room on inter kin. Then, he sez, "sez he, "and tell me all about it."

I hevem't set, and tell him how we was all sort ov flustrated about the small-pox and democracy up in Downin'ville, and how yew'd sent me tew the Charleston Convention arter real democracy and a quill of vaxcination.

Sez he, when I told him all, "Now you just stay here till I'm time to go to Charleston; and I'll introduce you to all the candidates, and show you the city, or my private secretary will."

I thank'd him, of course, and he took me inter the next chamber, where he introduced me to Mr. Buchanan, his private secretary. "His uncle and I," sez he, pintin' tew me, "were friends; now let's see the nephews cronies." Then he went out, and I've set down and scribbled this off, tew send on tew Mr. Harper, who yew sed wud print it jist as yew said tew have yure letters home printed.

And I've set down and scribbled this off, tew send on tew Mr. Harper, who yew sed wud print it jist as yew said tew have yure letters home printed.

Yur loving nephew till death does part,

BENJAMIN DOWNING, Esq.

HON. THOMAS CORWIN, OF OHIO.

Hon. Thomas Corwin, a Representative in Congress from the Warren District of the State of Ohio, stands at the head of the "Old Guard" of national legislators—that race of Statesmen whose voices were heard in the now deserted halls of the original Capitol; who were inspired by high-toned sentiments of patriotism; who investigated every question without either sectional or partisan prejudice; and who met every responsibility with fearless intrepidity. Among the many distinguished citizens of the United States there is scarcely one who, from his character and talents, as well as his national principles and patriotic career, has a stronger hold upon the affections of the people, than "*Old Whipper-Boy*, Tom Corwin!"

Genealogists assert that the Corwin family immigrated to this country from Hungary, and the people of Essex County, in Massachusetts, claim the subject of this sketch as a descendant of one of the earliest settlers on that rock-bound coast. Certain it is that his father, Matthias Corwin, was a pioneer resident in Kentucky, and removed from there, in 1798, to what is now Warren County, in Ohio, where he cleared a small farm near the present town of Lebanon. After that portion of the Northwestern Territory was admitted into the Union as the State of Ohio, Mr. Corwin served for many years in the Legislature, a part of the time presiding as Speaker of the House. He was afterward one of the Associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, which office he held at the period of his death in 1829. He is spoken of by those who were his neighbors as a respected citizen, a faithful member of the Baptist Church, and as a public officer of unimpeachable integrity.

Thomas Corwin was born in Bourbon County, Kentucky, on the 29th day of July, 1794, and at the age of four years was taken by his father to Ohio. His early and only education was received in a log-cabin, and as he became strong enough to be serviceable on the farm, his studies were confined to the winter months. While yet a lad, the brave Harrison and his gallant army were on the Northern frontier, almost destitute of provisions, and a demand was made on the patriotism of the people to furnish the necessary sustenance. The elder Mr. Corwin loaded a wagon with supplies, which his son delivered, as was described in after years when that son was nominated for Governor of his native State. "I remember," said General Anthony, after describing the hardships of the campaign, "that when we were dependent for food for what came through the brushwood country, where each wagoner had to make his way whatever he could find a passable place, there came a team which was managed by a little, dark-complexioned, hardy-looking lad, apparently about fifteen or sixteen years old, who was familiarly called Tom Corwin. Through all of that service he proved himself a good 'whip' and an excellent 'teamsman;' and in the situation in which we are about to place him he will be found equally skillful."

Returning from the frontier, young Corwin resumed his labors on his father's farm, and at eight pored over what books he could obtain. When attained, he entered the Clerk's office of the County Court as an assistant, and in 1816 he commenced the study of law under Joshua Collett, Esq., afterward a Judge of the Supreme Court.

In 1817 Mr. Corwin was admitted to the bar, at which he has since held a high position, both in the skillful management of cases and in his arguments. Some of his forensic efforts have been reported; but these reports, like those of his political speeches, fail to impart to the reader any thing like a correct idea of his style of eloquence. Stenographers attempt in vain to follow him—persons who seek to make a synopsis of his remarks are entranced with his genial humor and sparkling wit, and cast to note the profound knowledge he displays of what true statesmanship should be. Alas! that the narrow limits prescribed for this hastily-prepared sketch forbid the introduction of some of the "gems" which have adorned Mr. Corwin's oratorical efforts.

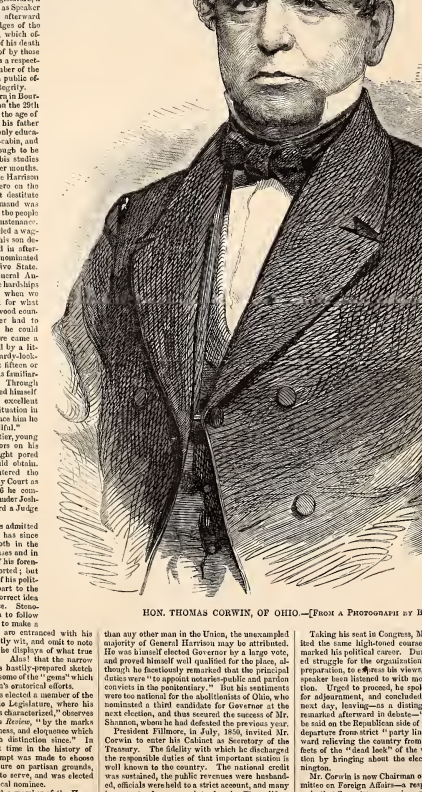
In 1822 Mr. Corwin was elected a member of the lower branch of the Ohio Legislature, where his *élan* fine public life "was characterized," observes a writer in the *American Review*, "by the marks of independence, uprightness, and eloquence which have given him such distinction since." In 1823, when, for the first time in the history of Warren County, an attempt was made to choose members of the Legislature on partisan grounds, he was again persuaded to serve, and was elected in opposition to the political nominee.

In 1830 he was elected a member of the House of Representatives of the United States, as a Whig, although his district contained a decided majority of Jackson men. He was re-elected to each successive Congress until 1840, when, in consequence of his nomination for Governor, he resigned his seat. During this long term in the House he was a zealous advocate of what were known as Whig principles, and the strenuous adversary of executive invasions of liberty. But he participated in no intrigues, sought to control no political alliance, engaged in no traffic for office. His manliness was tempered with a moderation that, while it asserted its own convictions of right, left unbiassed the rights of others. His appearance in debate, says a biographer, was rare, but always effective. The announcement of his name was an assurance of profound stillness in the House. That stillness continued while he occupied the floor, except as it was sometimes broken by demonstrations of excitement, such as wisdom, argument, and eloquence like his must occasionally produce.

During the political campaign of 1840 Mr. Corwin became extensively known as an effective public speaker; and to his efforts, more perhaps than any other man in the Union, the unexampled majority of General Harrison may be attributed. He was himself elected Governor by a large vote, and proved himself well qualified for the place, although he facetiously remarked that the principal duties were "to appoint notaries-public and pardon convicts in the penitentiary." But his sentiments were too national for the abolitionists of Ohio, who nominated a third candidate for Governor at the next election, and thus secured the success of Mr. Shannon, whom he had defeated the previous year.

President Fillmore, in July, 1850, invited Mr. Corwin to enter his Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury. The fidelity with which he discharged the responsible duties of that important station is well known to the country. The national credit was sustained, the public revenues were husbanded, officials were held to a strict account, and many important reforms were introduced. The codification of the revenue laws, now occupying the attention of Congress, was suggested by Secretary Corwin in one of his reports. He was an advocate of specific duties; or, if they could not be adopted, of a home rather than a foreign valuation; and his suggestions have now been adopted, to a great extent, by President Buchanan and other political opponents.

After the expiration of the Fillmore Administration, in 1853, and until the fall of 1858, Mr. Corwin attended to his professional duties in Cincinnati (where he had a law-office), maintaining his residence at Lebanon, and remaining comparatively aloof from the political questions of the day. But he could not refuse the general desire expressed that he should accept a nomination to the present Congress; and when he "took the stump" thousands of his old constituents greeted him with gladness, and listened eagerly to the manly and independent expression of his views on the topics of the day, which are directly at variance with the opinions of some of the Republican party by which he was elected. This is an instance of independence on the one hand, and of toleration and confidence on the other, worthy of commendation.



HON. THOMAS CORWIN, OF OHIO.—[From a Photography by Brady.]

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "ARTHUR DARE," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 5th.—I had only got as far as the top of the stairs when the slicking of Laura's door suggested to me the precaution of also locking my own door, and keeping the key safely about me while I was out of the room. My journal was already secured, with other papers, in the table-drawer, but my writing materials were left out. These included a seal, bearing the common device of two doves drinking out of the same cup; and some sheets of blotting-paper, which had the impression on them of the closing lines of my writing in these pages traced during the past night. Distorted by the suspicion which had now become a part of myself, even such trifles as these looked too dangerous to be trusted without a guard—and the locked table-drawer seemed to be not sufficiently protected in my absence, until the means of access to it had been carefully secured as well.

I found no appearance of any one having entered the room while I had been talking with Laura. My writing materials (which I had given the servants instructions never to meddle with) were scattered over the table much as usual. The only circumstance in connection with them that at all struck me was, that the seal lay tidily in the tray with the pencils and the wax. It was not in my careless habits (I am sorry to say) to put it there; neither did I remember putting it there. But, as I could not call to mind, on the other hand, where else I had thrown it down, and as I was also doubtful whether I might not, for once, have laid it mechanically in the right place, I abstained from adding to the perplexity with which the day's events had filled my mind, by troubling it afresh about a trifle. I locked the door, put the key in my pocket, and went down stairs.

Madame Fosco was alone in the hall looking at the weather-glass.

"Still falling," she said. "I am afraid we must expect more rain."

Her face was composed again to its customary expression and its customary color. But the hand with which she pointed to the dial of the weather-glass still trembled. Could she have told her husband already that she had overheard Laura reviling him in my company as a "Spy?" My strong suspicion that she must have told him; my irresistible dread (all the more overpowering from its very vagueness) of the consequences which might follow; my fixed conviction, derived from various little self-betrayals which women notice in each other, that Madame Fosco, in spite of her well-assumed external civility, had set forgiven her niece for innocently standing between her and the legacy of ten thousand pounds—all rushed upon my mind together; all impelled me to speak, in the vain hope of using my own influence and my own powers of persuasion for the atonement of Laura's offense.

"May I trust to your kindness to excuse me, Madame Fosco, if I venture to speak to you on an exceedingly painful subject?"

She crossed her hands in front of her, and bowed her head solemnly, without uttering a word, and without taking her eyes off mine for a moment.

"When you were so good as to bring me back my handkerchief," I went on, "I (in very, very much afraid you must have accidentally heard Laura say something which I am unwilling to repeat, and which I will not attempt to defend. I will only venture to hope that you have not thought it of sufficient importance to be mentioned to the Count?"

"I think it of no importance whatever," said Madame Fosco, sharply and suddenly. "But," she added, resuming her icy manner in a moment, "I have no secrets from my husband, even in trifles. When he noticed, just now, that I looked distressed, it was my painful duty to tell him why I was distressed; and I frankly acknowledge to you, Miss Halcombe, that I *have* told him."

I was prepared to hear it, and yet she turned me cold all over when she said those words.

I said nothing to the lawyer about Anne Catherick; because (as I had already hinted to Laura) that topic was connected with a mystery which we could not yet explain, and which it would, therefore, be useless to write about to a professional man. I left my correspondent to attribute Sir Percival's disgraceful conduct, if he pleased, to fresh disputes about money matters; and simply commended his case on the possibility of taking legal proceedings for Laura's protection, in the event of her husband's refusal to allow her to Blackwater Park for a time, and return with me to Limmeridge. I referred him to Mr. Fairlie for the details of this last arrangement—and I assured him that I wrote with Laura's authority—and I ended by entreating him to act in her interests, to the utmost extent of his power, and with the least possible loss of time.

The letter to Mr. Fairlie occupied me next. I appealed to him on the terms which I had mentioned to Laura as the most likely to make him benefitted. I enclosed a copy of my letter to the lawyer, to show him how serious the case was; and I represented our removal to Limmeridge as the only compromise which would prevent the danger and distress of Laura's present position from irreparably affecting her health as well as herself, at so very distant time.

When I had done, and had sealed and directed the two envelopes, I went to my bedroom with the letters to Laura's room to show her that they were written.

"Had any body disturbed you?" I asked, when she opened the door to me.

"Nobody has knocked," she replied. "But I heard some one in the corridor just now."

"Was it a man or a woman?"

"A woman. I heard the rustling of her gown."

"A rustling like silk?"

"Yes; like silk."

Madame Fosco had evidently been watching outside. The mischief she might do by herself was little to be feared. But the mischief she might do, as a willing instrument in her husband's hands, was too formidable to be overlooked.

"What became of the rustling of the gown when you no longer heard it in the ante-room?" I inquired. "Did she go back to her room, or along the passage?"

"Yes, I kept still, and listened, and just heard it."

"Which way did it go?"

"Toward your bedroom."

I considered again. The sound had not caught my ears. But then I was deeply absorbed in my letters; and I write with a heavy hand and a quill pen, scraping and scratching noisily over the paper. It was more likely that Madame Fosco would hear the scraping of my pen than that I should hear the rustling of her dress. Another reason (if I had wanted one) for not trusting my letters to the post-bag in the hall.

Laura saw me thinking. "More difficulties?" she said, wearily; "more difficulties and more dangers?"

"No dangers," I replied. "Some little difficulty, perhaps. I am thinking of the safest way of putting my two letters into Fanny's hands."

"You have really written them, then? Oh, Marian, can no risks—can not even one risk?"

"No, no—no fear. Let me see—what o'clock is it now?"

"It was a quarter to six. There would be time for me to get to the village inn and to come back again before dinner, if I hurried. But the evening I might find no second opportunity of safely leaving the house.

"Keep the key turned in the lock, Laura," I said, "and don't be afraid about me. If you hear any inquiries made, call through the door, and say that I am gone out for a walk."

"When shall you be back?"

"Before dinner, without fail. Courage, my love! By this time tomorrow you will have a clear-headed, trust-worthy man acting for your good. Mr. Gilmore's partner is our next best friend to Mr. Gilmore himself.

A moment's reflection, as soon as I was alone, convinced me that it would be better not appear in my walking-dress until I had first discovered what was going on in the lower part of the house. I had not ascertained yet whether Sir Percival was in-doors or out.

The singing of the canaries in the library, and the smell of tobacco-smoke that came through the door, which was not closed, told me at once where the Count was. I looked over my shoulder as I passed the door-way; and saw, to my surprise, that he was exhibiting the docility of his birds, in his most engaging polite manner, to the housekeeper. He must have specially invited her to see them, for she would never have thought of going into the library of her own accord. The man's slightest actions bad a purpose of some kind at the bottom of every one of them. What could be his purpose here?

It was no time then to inquire into his motives. I looked about for Madame Fosco next, and found her following her favorite circle, round and round the fish-pond. I was a little doubtful how she would meet me after the outbreak of jealousy of which I had been the cause so short a time since. But her husband had joined her in the interval, and was now speaking to me with the same civility as usual. My only object in addressing myself to her was to ascertain if she knew what had become of Sir Percival. I contrived to refer to him indirectly; and, after a little fencing on either side, she at last mentioned that he had gone out.

"Which of the horses has his taken?" I asked, carelessly.

"None of them," she replied. "He went away, two hours since, on foot. As I understood it, his object was to make fresh inquiries about the woman named Anne Catherick. He appears to be unreasonably anxious about tracing her. Do you happen to know if she is dangerously mad, Miss Halcombe?"

"I do not, Countess.

"Are you going in?"

"Yes, I think so. I suppose it will soon be time to dress for dinner.

We entered the house together. Madame Fosco strolled into the library and closed the door. I went at once to fetch my hat and shawl. Every moment was of importance, if I was to get to Fanny at the inn and be back before dinner.

When I crossed the hall again no one was there; and the singing of the birds in the library had ceased. I could not stop to make any fresh investigation, to satisfy myself that the way was clear, and then leave the house with the two letters safe in my pocket.

On my way to the village I prepared myself for the possibility of meeting Sir Percival. As long as I had him to deal with alone, I felt certain of not losing my presence of mind. Any woman who is sure of her own wits is a match, at any time, for a man who is not sure of his own temper. I had no such fear of Sir Percival as I had of the Count. Instead of flattering, it had conquered me, to fear of the ground on which he had gone out. While the fencing of Anne Catherick was the great anxiety that occupied him, Laura and I might hope for some cessation of my native persecution at his hands. For our sakes now, as well as for hers, I hoped and prayed fervently that she might still escape him.

I walked on as briskly as the heat would let me, till I reached the cross-road which led to the village; looking back from time to time to make sure that I was not followed by any one. Nothing was behind me, all the way, but an empty country wagon. The noise made by the lumbering wheels amused me; and when I found that the wagon took the road to the village as well as myself, I stopped to let it go by me lest it should overtake me. As I looked toward it more attentively than before, I thought I detected, at intervals, the feet of a man walking close behind it, the man being in front, by the side of his horses. The part of the cross-road which I had just passed over was so narrow that the wagon-driver could not have hoisted the trees and thickets on either side; and I had to wait until it went by before I could test the correctness of my impression. Apparently that impression was wrong, for when the wagon had passed me I saw that the road was quite clear.

I reached the inn without meeting Sir Percival, and without noticing any thing more, and felt very glad to find Mrs. Rubbedby had received Fanny with all possible kindness. The girl had a little parlor to sit in, away from the noise of the taproom, and a clean bedchamber at the top of the house. She began crying again at the sight of me; and said, poor soul, truly enough, that it was dreadful to feel herself turned out into the world as if she had committed some unmentionable fault, when no blame could be laid at her door by any body—not even by her master who had sent her away.

"Do you think I am the best of it, Fanny," I said. "Your mistress and I will stand your friends, and will take care that your character shall not suffer. Do you like me, I have very little time to spare, and I am going to put a great trust in your hands. I wish you to take care of these two letters. The one with the stamp on it you are to put into the post, when you reach London, to-morrow. The other, directed to Mr. Fairlie, you are to deliver to him yourself as soon as you get home. Keep both the letters about you, and carry them up to no one. They are of the last importance to your mistress's interests."

Fanny put the letters into the bosom of her dress. "There they shall stop, miss," she said, "till I have done with them."

"Mind you are at the station in good time tomorrow morning," I continued.

"Yes, miss; when you see the housekeeper at Limmeridge, give her my compliments, and say that you are in my service until Lady Glyde can be able to take you back. We may meet again sooner than you think. So keep good heart, and don't miss the seven o'clock train."

"Thank you, Miss, thank you kindly. It gives one courage to hear your voice again. Trouble to offer my duty to my lady, and say I left all the things well, as I could in the time. Oh, dear! who will dress her for dinner to-day? Hrrrrh! my heart, Miss, to think of it."

When I got back to the house I had only a quarter of an hour to spare to put myself in order for dinner, and to say two words to Laura before I went down stairs.

"The letters are in Fanny's hands," I whispered to her, at the door. "Do you mean to join us at dinner?"

"Oh, no, no—not for the world!"

"Has any thing happened? Has any one disturbed you?"

"Hush! not now—Sir Percival—"

"Did he come in?"

"No; he tried to make me by a tramp on the door, outside. I said, 'Who's there?' 'You know,' he answered. 'Will you alter your tune, and let me in the next? You shall! Sooner or later I'll wring it out of you. You know where Anne Catherick is at this moment!' 'Indeed, indeed,' I said, 'I don't.' 'You do!' he yelled back. 'I'll crush your obstinacy—mind that!—I'll wring it out of you!' He went away with these words—west away, Marian, hardly five minutes ago."

He had not found her.

We were safe for that night—he had not found her yet.

"You are going down stairs, Marian? Come my again in the evening."

"Yes, yes. Don't be uneasy, if I am a little late—I must be careful not to give offense by leaving them too soon."

The dinner-bell rang, and I hastened away.

Sir Percival took Madame Fosco into the dining-room, and the Count gave me his arm. He was hot and flushed, and was not dressed with his customary care and completeness. Had he, too, been out before dinner, and been late in getting back? or was he only suffering from the heat a little more severely than usual?

However this might be, he was unquestionably troubled by some secret annoyance or anxiety, which, with all his power of detection, he was not able entirely to conceal. Through the whole of dinner he was almost as silent as Sir Percival himself; and he, every now and then, looked at his wife with an expression of furtive uneasiness, which was quite new in my experience of him. The one social obligation which he seemed to be self-possessed enough to perform as carefully as ever was the obligation of being persistently civil and attentive to me. What vile object he has in view I can not still discover; but, be the design what it may, invulnerable politeness toward myself, invariable humility toward Laura, and invariable suppression (at any rate) of Sir Percival's chimsy violence, have been the means he has resolutely and impenetrably used to get to his end, ever since he set foot in this house. I suspected it when he first interfered in our favor, on the day when the deed was produced in the library, and I feel certain of it now.

When Madame Fosco and I rose to leave the table, the Count rose also to accompany us back to the drawing-room.

"What are you going away for?" asked Sir Percival—"I want you, Fosco."

"I am going away because I have had dinner enough, and wine enough," answered the Count. "Be so kind, Percival, as to make allowances for my foreign habit of going out with the ladies, as well as coming in with them."

"Nonsense! Another glass of claret won't hurt you. Sit down again like an Englishman. I want half an hour's quiet talk with you over our wine."

"A quiet talk, Percival, with all my heart, but not now, and not over the wine. Later in the evening, if you please—later in the evening."

"Civil!" said Sir Percival, savagely. "Civil behavior, upon my soul, to a man in his own house!"

I had more than once seen him look at the Count uneasily during dinner-time, and had observed that the Count carefully abstained from looking at him in return. This circumstance, coupled with the host's anxiety for a little quiet talk over the wine, and the guest's obstinate resolution not to sit down again at the table,

"HE TOOK MY HAND AND PUT IT TO HIS POISONOUS LIPS."

revived in my memory the respect which Sir Percival had only vaguely addressed to his friend, earlier in the day, to come out of the library and speak to him. The Count had deferred granting that private interview when it was first asked for in the afternoon, and had again deferred granting it when it was a second time asked for at the dinner-table. Whatever the coming subject of discussion between them might be, it was clearly an important subject in Sir Percival's estimation—and perhaps (judging from his evident reluctance to approach it) a dangerous subject as well in the estimation of the Count.

These considerations occurred to me while we were sitting from the drawing-room to the drawing-room. Sir Percival's angry commentary on his friend's desertion of him had not produced the slightest effect. The Count ministerely accompanied us to the tea-table—waited a minute or two in the drawing-room—then went into the hall, and returned with the post-bag in his hands. It was then eight o'clock—the hour at which the letters were always dispatched from Blackwater Park.

"Have you any letter for the post, Miss Halcombe?" he said, approaching her with the bag.

I saw Madame Fosco, who was making the tea, pause, with the sugar-tongs in her hand, to listen for the answer.

"No, Count, thank you. No letters to-day."

He gave the bag to the servant, who was then in the room, and left the room, passing out of the sight of the lively Neapolitan street-song, "La mia Carolina," to her cover. His wife, who was usually the most deliberate of women in all her movements, made the tea as quickly as I could have made it myself—and handed her own cup in two minutes—and quietly glided out of the room.

I rose to follow her example—partly because I suspected her of attempting some treachery up stairs with Laura; partly because I was resolved not to be alone in the same room with her husband.

Before I could get to the door the Count stopped me by a request for a cup of tea. I gave him the cup of tea, and tried a second time to get out. He stepped aside, and offered me my going back to the piano, and suddenly appealing to me on a musical question in which he declared that the honor of his country was concerned.

I vainly pleaded my own total ignorance of music, and my own want of taste in that direction. He only appealed to me again with a vehemence which set all further protest on my part at defiance. "Ah, Mademoiselle! the Germans (he indignantly declared) were always reviling the Italians for their inability to appreciate the Music of Music! We were perpetually talking of our Oratorios, and they were perpetually talking of our Symphonies. Did we forget and did they forget his immortal friend and countryman, Rossini? What was Mozart in Egypt' but a musical symphony, which was sung on the stage, instead of being coldly sung in a concert-room? What was the overture to Guillaume Tell' but a symphony under another name? Had I heard 'Moses in Egypt?' Would I listen to this, and this, and this, and say my own country sublimely surpassed and grand had ever been conquered by mortal man?"—And without waiting for a word of assent or dissent on my part, looking me hard in the face all the time, he began thundering on the piano, and singing in a voice loud and fully enthusiastic, only interrupting himself, at intervals, to announce to me facetly the titles of the different pieces of music—"Chorus of Egypt, ha, ha! Plague of Darkness, Miss Halcombe!"—"Recitative of Moses, with the tables of the Law!"—"Prayer of Israelites, at the passage of the Red Sea! Ahs! ahs! Is that sacred? Is that sublime?" He paused for breathless under his overtaxed hands; and the ten-cups on the table vanished as his big bass voice thundered out the notes, and his heavy foot beat time on the floor.

There was something horrible, something fierce and devilish, in the outburst of his delight at his own singing and playing, and in the triumph with which he watched its effect upon me, as I shrank nearer and nearer to the door. I was relieved at last, not by my own efforts, but by Sir Percival's intervention. He opened the dining-room door and called out angrily to know what "that infernal noise" meant. The Count instantly got up from the piano. "Ah! Percival! I forgive you!" he said, "your music and melody are both at an end. The Muse of Music, Miss Halcombe, deserts us in dismay; and the fat old minstrel, exhale the rest of my enthusiasm in the open air!" He stalked out into the veranda, put his hands in his pockets, and muttered the "recitative of Moses," some time, in the garden.

I heard Sir Percival call after him from the dining-room window. But he took no notice; he seemed determined not to hear. That long-deferred quiet talk between them was still to be put off, was still to wait for the Count's absolute will and pleasure.

He had declined me in the drawing-room nearly half an hour from the time when his wife left us. Where had she been, and what had she been doing in that interval?

I went up stairs to ascertain, but I made no discoveries; and when I questioned Laura I found that she had not heard any thing. Nobody had disturbed her—no faint rustling of the silk dress had been audible, either in the antechamber or in the passage.

It was then twenty minutes to nine. After going to my room to get my journal I returned and sat with Laura; sometimes writing, sometimes stopping to talk with her. Nobody came near us, and nothing happened. We remained together till ten o'clock. I then rose, said my last cheering words, and wished her good-night. She locked her door again, after we had arranged that I should come in and see her the first thing in the morning.

I had more to do to my diary before going to bed myself; and as I came downstairs to the drawing-room, for the last time that weary day, I resolved merely to show my face, to make my excuses, and then to retire an hour earlier than usual for the night.

Sir Percival and the Count and his wife were sitting together. Sir Percival was yawning in an easy-chair, the Count was reading, Madame Fosco was fanning herself. Strange to say, her face was flushed now. She who never suffered from the heat was most undoubtedly suffering from it to-night.

"I am afraid, Countess, you are not quite so well as usual? I said.

"The room is warm! I was about to make to you," she replied. "You are looking pale, my dear!"

My dear! It was the first time she had ever addressed me with that familiarity! There was an insolent smile, too, on her face when she said the words.

"I am suffering from one of my bad headaches," I said, hastily.

"Ah, indeed? Want of exercise, I suppose? A walk before dinner would have been just the thing for you." She retired to the "sofa" with a strange emphasis. Had she seen me go out? Or—no matter! I ask her. The letters were safe now in Fanny's hands.

"Come and have a smoke, Fosco," said Sir Percival, rising, with another uneasy look at his friend.

"With pleasure, Percival, when the ladies have gone to bed," was the reply.

"Excuse me, Countess, if I set you the example of retiring," I said. "The cool remedy for such a headache of mine is coming to bed."

I took my leave. There was the same insolent smile on the woman's face when I shook hands with her. Sir Percival paid no attention to me. He was looking importantly at Madame Fosco, who throughout my stay had been talking with me. The Count smiled to himself behind his book. There was yet another delay to that quiet talk with Sir Percival—and the Countess was the impediment this time.

Once safely shut into my own room I opened these pages, and prepared to go on with that part of the day's record which was still left to write.

For ten minutes or more I sat idle, with the pen in my hand, thinking of the events of the last twelve hours. When I at last addressed myself to my task I found a difficulty in proceeding with it, which I had not anticipated before. In spite of my efforts to fix my thoughts on the matter in hand they wandered away, with the strangest persistency, to the early question of Sir Percival and the Count; and all the interest which I tried to concentrate on my journal centered, in spite of myself, in the interview between them which had been put off all through the day, and which was now to take place in the silence and secrecy of the night.

In this perverse state of my mind the resolve I had made, in the morning, never to go downstairs would not come back to me, and there was no pressure but to close my journal and to get away from it for a little while.

I opened the door which led from my bedroom into my sitting-room, and having passed through a pitch-dark space, I stopped to my surprise, in ease of daylight, with the candle left on the dressing-table. My sitting-room window was wide open, and it was cooler, I thought, by much at the night.

It was dark and quiet. Neither moon nor stars were visible. There was a smell like rain in the still, heavy air, and I put my hand out of window. No. The rain was only threatening; it had not come yet.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have now in the press, and will publish as early a day as possible, "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS," the new work by the author of "Adam Bede," and "Scenes of Clerical Life."

"Adam Bede" has proved to be the world of novel readers. It showed such power of observation, such felicity of touch, such breadth of view, and so fine and genial humanity, that its readers were delighted, the most severe critics here and in England unhesitatingly pronounced sentence of approval upon the new author, and place her back in the very front rank of our English fictions.

The new story, of which we have read a part, opens with equal promise of freshness and interest in scene and character. Those who were delighted with the fine touches of childhood in Gilchester which occur in the closing chapter of "Adam Bede," will be pleased to know that the "Mill on the Floss" has for its opening scene and subject, and for its opening characters, the setting forth of those savings and doings in as delightfully fresh and healthful a way as the best scenes of our own dear sire, *Tom and Maggie*, the children of the miller on the Floss, are evidently the heroes of the book.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers will publish "The Mill on the Floss" here simultaneously with its publication in London, and will issue the early sheets of the work by special arrangement with the author, to whom they pay a large sum of money. They will print two editions—one in large octavo; and the other on handsome paper, and bound in muslin, at one dollar.

The same house have in press the Life of HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, of Illinois, by J. W. Sheahan, Esq., editor of the Chicago Times, which will be published in a few days. It will be a volume of 500 pages 12mo, with a fine portrait, and will be sold, bound in muslin, at one dollar.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, March 26, in the Senate, the bill to facilitate communications between the Atlantic and Pacific States was called up. It was so amended as to take from the commissioners which shall be appointed in the provisions the power of interfering with the right to locate a railroad by pre-emption all the lands in the vicinity of the proposed telegraph line, and by providing that no appropriation shall be made for the company in advance until the line is in operation, and that it shall cease when the contractors fail to keep the line in repair. The Consular Appropriation Bill was amended so as to provide that $75,000 of the appropriation be for the relief and protection of American seamen shall be used in the present fiscal year; an amendment appropriating $15,000 for a Minister to Paraguay was rejected, and the bill was passed. The bill to provide for the sale of public lands to several States and Territories, and to regulate the appointment of surveyors-general of the National Armory, was passed (28 to 13) on Tuesday in the House, bills establishing the Pacific Railroad, and providing for homesteads to settlers; appropriating $75,000 for improving Buffalo harbor; fixing and regulating the duty on imports; repealing the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850; and enabling Kansas to form a State Constitution, and to organize freely and without molestation into Kansas, were referred. The Committee on Commerce was instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill making an appropriation for a steam revenue cutter for the Pacific coast. Resolutions requesting the President to open negotiations for the neutralization of Europe with the view of declaring the sixteenth parallel grave were introduced and referred. The Senate then took up the resolution instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to report a measure for the relief of the manufacturers of cotton "from the tyranny of the capitalists of that State." To this Mr. Johnson of Tennessee offered a substitute resolution, declaring "the clustering of mankind" natural, and a proper subject of legislation, and instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill "to prevent the polygamy whenever Congress has power to legislate upon it." Amidst great confusion it was adopted.

On Tuesday, March 27, in the Senate, Senator Seward presented a memorial from the citizens of this State in favor of the Homestead bill. Ineffectual attempts were made to amend the Pacific Railroad amendments to the Post-Office Bill. Senator Johnson took up a large part of the session in a long and rambling speech against the Territories, the State which he represents, prominent mere horses, cattle, and hogs, the Territories, annually, then Pennsylvania, a position which he thought Senator Clarke of the latter State had assumed in his amendment. The House did not accomplish any business of moment. It took under consideration a bill to provide for the sale of passengers in hemp properties in whole or in part by lottery. Mr. Wickliffe opposed the bill and delivered argument in support of the measure. Consideration of the subject was postponed to Friday. Afterwards, and, after a brief discussion of the Army Bill, the House adjourned. On Wednesday, March 28, in the Senate, Resolutions in favor of the Homes Homestead Bill, and of a uniform bankrupt law were presented. The Navy Pay Bill was so amended that captains at sea should receive a salary of $3000, masters at sea $2000, and lieutenants at sea $1500; and those drawing only other duties, $1000. After a long and rambling speech against the Bill was passed a third time and passed. In the House, an interesting debate occurred on the bill which had been reported from the Committee on the Judiciary to suppress polygamy in the Territories. Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, Mr. Branch, regretted that if polygamy was declared criminal, there would be an end to the Mormon Delegate, who, he thought, was doing good service in Congress. Mr. Sickles, of New York, thought the bill made penal laws applicable to the Mormons, and, in the Territories, to other could for Taylor. Mr. Clark stated that the Committee on Territories had unanimously agreed to report the bill, acting not Utah among the neighboring territories, so that the Mormons would not escape from the evil of polygamy. A disposition decidedly favorable to the measure was manifested by the House, and, on the motion to lay the subject on the table, 19 members rose, standing half way between affirmative and NO in the negative. Five thousand extra copies of the report on the Pacific Railroad, and of the instructions to the surveys for a Pacific Railroad by Governor Stevens were ordered to be printed. Mr. Stanton, Delegate of the Whole on the State of the Union, the House injected the amendment to the Army Appropriation Bill providing the amount for the National Armories from $750,000 to $500,000.

On Thursday, March 29, in the Senate, but little business of interest occurred. The Pacific Railroad, offered by Senator Green, that Congress adjourn from the 20th of April to May 21, was taken up, and after a short debate was rejected by a vote of 16 to 29. The bill supplement to the act of 1850 for the relief of the heirs and legates of persons of color was amended and passed. So was the bill to provide for the payment of fortifications in the United States Army.—In the House, Mr. Grow gave notice that he would bring up the Homestead Bill next Thursday. A message was received from the President, with the accompanying annual investigations of his official acts. After an exciting debate, in which Messrs. Stevenson, Bocock, Sickles, and others, the report was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, with power to report at any time.

On Friday, March 30, in the Senate little public business was transacted. The Pacific Railroad Bill. The President sent in a reply to a resolution of inquiry as to the authority under which the expeditions in the Gulf of Mexico had acted in their late operations.—The House spent a full day in discussing the Homestead Bill certificates, which illegally, if so indorsed, when not called for, instead of being sent to the dead-letter office.

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT.

The following Message was received on Thursday by the Senate and House:

To the House of Representatives:

After a long delay the House decided on ample time for reflection, and after much and careful deliberation, I had yielded to the wishes of the legislative years of delay, as a co-ordinate branch of the Federal Government, in the performance of a duty, the time for which, fixing adopted by the House of Representatives on the 6th inst., I have the honor to transmit Global Globe on the accompanying day. These clauses are in the following words:

"*Resolved*, That no person holding any office or place of any law appertaining to the rights of any State or Territory, or any other place of trust, or profit, under the United States, shall be appointed to any office, or place of trust, or profit, under the United States, or any Territory thereof, or the District of Columbia, or any place of power or delegate, the execution of any law or laws so appertaining to the rights of any State or Territory, or any other place of trust, or profit, under the United States, shall be appointed to any office, or place of trust, or profit, under the United States, or any Territory thereof, or the District of Columbia, or any place of power or delegate, the execution of any law or laws so appertaining to the rights of any State or Territory, or any other

women. I hailed, and ordered them to pursue him and I at least kept in sight, and I was enabled to overtake him with the senior officer, who I supposed was on board of this vessel. At the same moment I fired a shot ahead of him to bring him to. As soon as they got close to him, which was but a few moments, to my extreme astonishment he opened a heavy fire of great guns and musketry upon them, and I was surprised to see at the same time that the other steamer was slipping her cable. I immediately gave him a broadside, as I had not the remotest doubt of his being in complicity with and under the orders of the other steamer, and I thought he should be would go to his assistance, in which case I should have been placed between two engines of no mean strength and their capture and destruction; and as he had the audacity to fire upon me without any provocation whatever, I was determined to seize him if I could. He run up the Spanish ensign and I fired.

CAPTURE OF THE "MIRAMON."

In the mean time the larger steamer was hotly engaged with the forts and I saw my two little steamers in a most fine fight. Finding he could not get out of the northern pass, I, with my officers, changed his course, and, keeping to the northward and passed inside of me. I gave the northern pass to the other, and one of the way of my officers followed by my vessels, warmly engaged with him all the time. I, with my officers, had the fort and vessel upon them; as he shot ahead of them I got a pass to bear upon him and keep his rear under stock. I found out that it was impossible to fire without danger to my vessels, so, we, all together, The Utah, the other steamer, and I, on the side of the land fire on either side I could not but admire, the steamer, the darling gallantry of her officers, conducting with such a superior force. The other steamer had grounded between the other two, his officers in a fine fight. Finding it is useless to escape, I hauled down the vessel on shore, and I crossed, pressed closely by them, she grounded, I did not wait one of the time. They were on me, I did about a mile from my ship, and my cutter was intended for their capture. I had sent all them on board. My three longest cutters were on board, and I should have sent my cutter and got to them the affair would have been ended. I was not, however, long in coming from the steamer, and I thought I heard than there was no indication that they were handing her over to me, which should have been done by our officers.

THE "MARQUEZ" TRIES TO ESCAPE, BUT IS CAPTURED.

I now return to the steamer at anchor close to me. While the engagement continued between the other two forts, and all the time I thought they were passing this ship, the Fort Lincoln, on the Point, called in the Fort Lincoln, and I, with my officers, I directed again that the steamer should be given him, which, I, with a division of guns to be pointed him on board. As he did not then hoist a flag, I ordered Lieutenant Chapman on board to assist me and instantly come on board I would send a party of men to take and get to them the affair over. I, in answer to my inquiries, that his ship was the Marquez, of Havana, and he had been employed by Miguel Miramon, who commanded the other ship, to take a cargo of arms and munitions of war, and that he was his. In the mean time I had sent an officer to bring Captain Hoyt on board. As soon as he received the order, I asked him how he had dared to fire upon my vessels, and replied unhesitatingly, and in the presence of a witness, that when he observed my vessels steaming into the harbor, he imagined his error was in the case, since they were American vessels of war, and politely bade them good morning. He, but had left it with the rest of various nations, being been but recently in his employ on board, and he was properly disciplined he found it impossible to control them.

I observed that it was a great outrage, for which he would have to answer, which he protested most deeply to regret, at which he appeared to be serious, breaking up the action he was distinctly heard calling upon his men to board his ship.

WHAT SORT OF VESSELS THEY WERE.

I only remains for me to speak of the force and armament of these vessels, as far as I have been able to ascertain them. The smaller steamer, called the Miramon, carries two brass guns, one great gun, and several hackbutters, or swivels, and about one hundred men. She is now in the office of her agent. Supposing she would follow me up to Vera Cruz, I expected to have had the pleasure of a pleasant account of her, but she is still upstream.

The Marquez of Havana carries also one great gun, a brass gun, with about seventy persons on board. Her crew is a heavy twenty-four pounder. The ballots of this boat never delivered quantities of ammunition, and, I believe, the other vessel, the Miramon, is another, by which it clients and kept. Her crew, and brass pounder, all, she goes with, all dismounted, and lying upon the deck behind the carriages, which I found on board, and I believe that she was captured, and before I would get a foot on board of her.

He concludes with a list of killed and his papers of obedience do not speak of. Marching say guns on board, yet his statement is such as I have reported it, and there is not a doubt but that I have correctly reported the case. I am a part of the fleet with which Captain Marts was to act on this coast.

HICKS HELD AS A PIRATE.

Albert W. Hicks, citizen Johnson, of every-deep notoriety, was arraigned on Tuesday by Commissioner White on charges of murder and robbery at sea—either punishable with death. The testimony was to be established: his identity as having been engaged on the sloop E. Ann, of Boston, and trip; his name was found on the sloop's articles. The extish found on his person was identified by a watchmaker, from his identification as that left with him twelve months ago to be cleaned for Mr. Burr.

EXECUTION OF JOHN CHEMINS.

John Chemins was executed at the City Prison on Friday morning, Governor Morgan having finally declined, at 10 o'clock, on Thursday night, not to interfere with the due course of law. Chemins made a brief speech from the bed in the gallows, in which he acknowledged the commission of the crime for which he was to suffer, and said that he did not intend to kill Mr. Harvey. He died coolly. The Governor's refusal to grant a respite has been highly commended by thinking people.

THE "NORWAY" TRAGEDY.

We read in the Hartford *Times* of March 30:

"We published in a late number of the Times a notice of the death of a Mr. Greenleaf Pike, and Mrs. Sarah Chase, of Mrs. Antoinette Johnson, of Capitol Street, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Pike, of Capitol Street, Hartford, of Hartford. Her death was followed by that of her husband a few months old.

The facts, as follows: Mr. Pike, a young man, served as a lieutenant, on the sloop-of-war, in East Indian service, with great reluctance, to join her husband in China, upon the death of a second. He decided to join him in that field of rugion overcame her reluctance to leave her parents, and she sailed—only to fall a victim to the disorders which are there very apt to attack a stranger, and to succumb to the dysentery, and her illness gave birth to a child. As soon as it was practicable, Captain Pike sent her on a homeward bound vessel, in charge of a Chinese nurse, and in company with her infant and husband.

"It appears there were one thousand coolies aboard, bound for Cuba, and a mutiny occurred. They set fire to the ship and endeavored to force the hatches. The crew were so frightened that they tried to seize the boats and quit the ship, but an Englishman threatened to shoot the first man who left the ship, and the crew then went to the assistance of the officers and fought with the coolies all night. Thirty of the poor creatures were killed, and more than ninety wounded, before the mutiny was quelled. Mr. Johnson and her child, ill and suffering, died of fright. The coolies body was preserved in spirits and brought to America. The loss of his children daughter is a sad blow to Capitola Kellogg and his family, she had proved for a joyful welcome of their long-absent and favorite on her expected return."

PROGRESS OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

The Paris Journal des Débats publishes the following:

"We learn from a Dead relating in Barkeville, Indiana, Cincinnati, Ohio, Cincinnati, Ohio, and Ohio, was prepared within three quarters of a mile of that place, on the Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railroad, Miss Hilliam Fowlers, Esq., and his murderers his own servants. The body was found in a ditch, and the old clock—some five hours and a half after its examination—the murderers had helped carry the remains of the family, and based up until the mutilated body of Mr. Fowlers

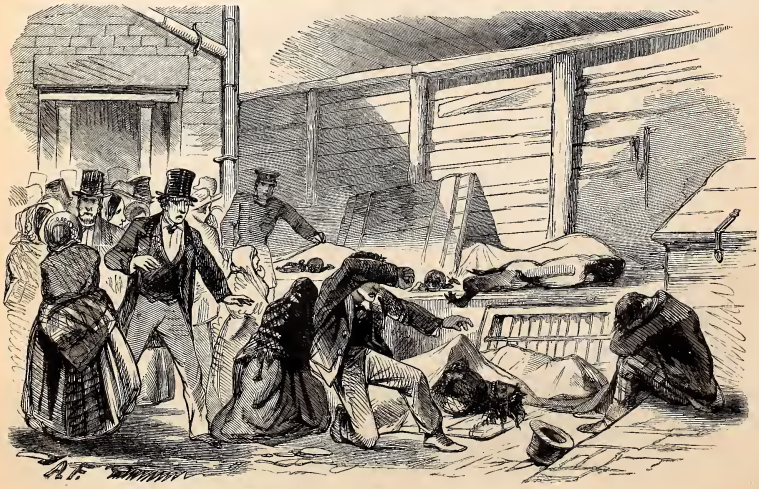
TERRIBLE FIRE IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE, FORTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK, MARCH 28, 1860.

ANOTHER TENEMENT-HOUSE MASSACRE.

We publish herewith engravings of the terrible fire in a tenement-house in Forty-fifth Street, which took place on the morning of 28th ultimo. The following account is from the *Herald*:

Between one and two o'clock yesterday morning a fire broke out in a four-story frame dwelling at No. 90 West Forty-fifth Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue. The alarm brought the firemen to the premises, and every exertion was made to save the lives of the occupants. Several were taken from the second and third stories fronting the street, but the rear windows could not be reached so quickly—hence the terrible loss of human life.

It seems the Fire Marshal, among others, was quickly at the scene; he states that all access to the upper part of the house was prevented in consequence of the stairs



IDENTIFICATION OF THE BODIES AT THE STATION-HOUSE.

DEPARTURE OF THE JAPANESE ENVOYS—RESIDENCE OF U. S. MINISTER HARRIS AT SIMODA, JAPAN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

from the first flight being on fire. In his opinion the fire originated on or under the first flight of stairs. With such rapidity did the fire ascend, that but a few minutes elapsed before the flames burst through the roof. At the fourth story window in the rear a woman was seen standing; she was told by the persons in the yard not to jump, but it was of no avail; the fire pressed on her, and rather than be burned alive, she sprang from the window and struck with full force on the ground in the yard. She was immediately picked up; her head and face were streaming with blood, and it was subsequently ascertained that her left thigh was broken. She informed the Fire Marshal that her name was Jane M'Anally, twenty-eight years of age; that she was a visit to the family of Thomas Bennett. She further stated that Mrs. Bennett and her four children were on that story at the time she sprang out of the window. The police procured a carriage and conveyed the injured woman to the New York Hospital.

The flames raged with considerable fury, and the whole upper part of the house was soon destroyed, when the smouldering beams fell to the first floor.

Thomas Bennett, who is employed in the stage stables of the Sixth Avenue Railroad Company, occupied apartments on the fourth story, rear. His family consisted of his wife and four children. Mr. Bennett was not at home when the fire broke out. While the fire was raging Mr. Bennett was running about distracted, inquiring the whereabouts of his family, but no one could give him the least satisfaction.

Andrew Whelan was also employed at the stables, and was not at home. He occupied apartments on the third floor, rear rooms. His family consisted of his wife and four children. He, like Mr. Bennett, was also making inquiries about his family, but no one could give him any tidings about them.

In about an hour after the commencement of the fire the firemen partly subdued the flames, so as to permit access to the ruins of the burned building. Fire Marshal Baker entered the room on the first floor and discovered the first body. It was that of a young person; but the top part of the skull was burned off, and the arms and legs mostly burned away. It exhibited but a charred trunk, beyond recognition. In searching about with his lantern he found the body of a child, also terribly burned; and in the same room he found the body of an infant.

These bodies were removed carefully by the firemen, under the direction of Engineer Rush, to the Twenty-second Ward Station-house. The firemen continued the search for bodies, and the next found was the body of a grown person, hanging head downward, jammed against the stairs on the floor of the second story, resting partly on an iron bedstead. Close to this vicinity a woman and two children were found together—the remains of a bed, supposed to be a mother and her children. The remaining bodies were taken out, numbering ten in all, and conveyed to the station-house.

The first story of the house was occupied by Martin Redman and family; he kept a grocery and liquor store, and slept in the room back of the store. Mr. Redman says that his wife woke him and asked if he had put out in the store, as she heard a crackling noise. He replied no. He then got out of bed, opened the door leading to the hall, and then saw that the flames were burning on the stairs and along the entry. He and his family escaped in safety. Mr. Nolan and family, who occupied the second story, fronting the street, made their escape out of the window to the piazza, and the family on the

RAILROAD BRIDGE AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

tained four front escaped the same way, all egress by the stairs being cut off.

DEPARTURE OF THE JAPANESE ENVOYS FOR THIS COUNTRY.

THE Japanese envoys who are to visit this country are already on their way, and will be heard of soon at Washington. In connection with their coming visit we give a picture of the residence of our consul, Townsend Harris, Esq., at Simoda, Japan, sketched from the United States steam frigate *Mississippi*. Mr. Olipfant, in his recent admirable work on China and Japan, thus describes the scene:

"At the head of the Bay of Simoda, and about a mile distant from the town, is situated a pleasant grove of trees. Its mysterious shades are delineated, doubtless, to religious purposes, and consecrated to their science or some some picturesque old temple, in which, for an unbroken number of years, devoted priests have performed their sacred functions. It is a spot eminently suggestive of repose and religious retirement; and we could scarcely believe our senses, on bringing our telescopes to bear, that we distinguished fluttering among the leaves of a sacred Bo-tree the unhallowed emblems of red, white, and blue which formed the national flag of our transatlantic cousins. Yet so it was, the stately edifice appropriated over the premises originally occupied by some recent incarnation of Buddhi; and Mr. Harris, the American consul, had taken possession of the shrine of that divinity into a four-poster. We learn all this from Mr. Heusken, Mr. Harris's secretary, who comes off to visit us before we have had time to land, and who brings Lord Elgin an offer of service on the part of the American consul.

"I landed with Lord Elgin to pay Mr. Harris a visit. The external aspect of the place is seen from the ship, and not lacking the romantic character upon a closer acquaintance. Had one wished to retire altogether from the excitement of this troublesome world, it would be difficult to conceive a retreat more perfectly adapted for the purpose. When, however, active and useful employ also in the result rather of necessity than choice, is small consolation to the feel that you are imprisoned in a corner absolutely suited to a recluse. Often, in the course of his wanderings, the traveler is struck with the charms of some distant nook in this bustling universe. His first impression is, 'What a delightful spot for a hermit!' and, if he be a Mahomedan, he probably adds, 'For disciples of Zoroaster, notwithstanding, or leaves to a Petrarcha to offer prayers to Christ, and, probably, than any other country in the globe, but neither Mr. Harris nor Mr. Heusken seemed disposed to appreciate them. A well-stocked library, and a few rooms comfortably fitted up, gave an agreeable air of civilization to the apartment, but what can a person spend two years of almost entire isolation and banishment from communion with his fellow-men? Except upon the rare occasions of Simoda being visited by some foreign vessel, there is no society, and no one to converse with when they could exchange an idea. They had been for eighteen months without receiving a letter or a newspaper, and by no different tenting mantle—sleeping on an animal unknown in Japan."

RAILROAD BRIDGE AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

THE great bridge over the Cumberland River, at Nashville, is one of the finest structures of the kind in all the country. It is jointly owned by the Louisville and Nashville, and the Edgefield and Kentucky railroads, though built under the immediate direction and control of the latter company.

Its extreme length is 700 feet, made up of four spans—two each, one on each side, and two draw spans, in the middle. Each fixed span is 200 feet in the clear between supports. Each draw span is 120 feet in the clear between piers. They are the largest railroad draws in the world, the one at Rock Island being second.

The total length of draw, from one extremity of the movable portion to the other, is 280 feet, and in this entire weight is compacted at least 300 tons. It can readily be turned into position by one man in four minutes, and by two or three men in two and a half minutes.

The centre pier, on which the immense draw turns, is 30 feet in diameter at the top, 55 feet at the bottom, and 40 feet high. The eastern span pier is 74 feet high, and the western main pier 70 feet high. The foundations of all the piers are laid smoothly upon the solid rock, in water about twelve feet deep at mean low water. The extreme rise of water in the river at the point where the bridge stands is 57 feet.

The total quantity of material in the bridge is 6600 perches of masonry, 484,000 feet of timber, and 160,000 pounds of iron.

The entire cost of the bridge is about $200,000.

THE DEMON OF HOMBURG.

THE Landgraviat of Hesse-Homburg, with about six thousand inhabitants, is at the foot of the Taunus mountains, and not far from Frankfort. The capital is Homburg or der Heohe (Coffee for the hills), to distinguish it from the other places of the same name. Some twenty years ago this little town was scarcely known to any but the neighbors. Two adventurers, Blanc and Bénédicte, had been gamblers on Change in France, which they had good reason for quitting, met at Frankfort with two master gamblers and a staff of French croupiers, and conceived the idea of establishing a special gambling-place.

Homburg has mineral springs, and this led the brothers Blanc to select this little innocent town for the seat of their gambling-hatchery. They had made the acquaintance of an old friend of the Landgrave of Homburg and an old rich and unprincipled baroness. By these helpers, the transactions with the Homburg Government and the Landgrave were contrived, and at last the prince was induced to grant an audience to our adventurers. A mason, working near the open window of the room where the Landgrave received them, was an unknown witness of the rather curious conversation, and through him the particulars transpired; in, at least, it is said in Homburg. We have only to do with the result. The prince resisted for some time the shameful proposition, but having a small income, he at last consented, and a document was signed by which the brothers Blanc were invested with all the exclusive rights they sought.

Experience of Wiesbaden and Baden had proved that this sort of business is very profitable. There was no want, therefore, of capital; many, indeed, preferred that the Company was in part, at least, nominally short time there rose before the eyes of the wondering Homburgians a temple of vice, grander than any of their churches which the Company threw-on a twenty year's lease. The greater part of the inhabitants of the place, dazzled by the prospects of trade pelted out to them, lost themselves to the scheme, and sided for once with their natural prince. The modest houses of the simple farmers and peasants have vanished, and where they stood palaces have been created ready to accommodate the thousands of visitors. The swine which mingled freely with the rustics in the street have been changed into ladies and gentlemen.

How has the ascendency of Homburg been secured? Simply by advertising in the papers of Europe and America, and chiefly because of the following little clause in the advertisements: "The game of Trente et Quarante is played with a Quart de Relat, and the Roulette with a Single Zero, which arrangement offers to the players at Trente et Quarante exceedingly favorable chances, vantage than any other bank, and at Roulette fifty per cent." In other words, the bank of Homburg cheats its patrons less than any other bank. In these at the other Rhenish watering-places. The ruin of the gambler, who is attracted by this promise, is, in fact, more complete and rapid, although quite as certain as elsewhere. Yet the whole gambling world went almost crazy over it. The Homburg Company, in its prospectus, stated they undertook trente et quarante and roulette, predicted profits from the gaming-tables, and dwelt upon the force of the unheard-of splendor of the buildings they erected. It was the almost general belief that these advertisements were mere blind to revolved, and all the gamblers rushed to Homburg to make hay while such a sun as this was shining. The Company, in fact, made arrangements on an immense scale spent in buildings and the laying out of grounds, high wages paid to their obliging servants, and dividends of from twenty to one hundred pounds a day, the undertakers did not become bankrupt, but paid to the shareholders a dividend of less than twenty per cent.

An alley of orange-trees—each coating about forty pounds—leads to the gaming-house, a fine fanned palace of play. Through a noble portico the victim enters the hall, where he is received by liveried footmen and by other players, who hat in hand, and obeisance, and to the right, straight on: that is the way to the devil's antechamber. Wide a spacious hall leads from the hall, and are almost dazzled by the glaring splendor of it. From the ceiling, in gorgeous frescoes, hang dark bronze chandeliers bearing numberless lights, multiplied again and again by the magnificent reading-glasses of the mirrors in the adjoining chamber. A long range of high windows, separated from each other by splendid marble columns, look on to a very fine park. The furniture, draperies, and furniture are of dark red velvet. And there is a little too much gilding, as one might expect.

In the middle of this hall are placed two oblong tables, with a space of fifteen feet between them, and covered with green cloth; one of them is the roulette, the other the trente-et-tab. Let no one think of a gambling-table as a thing of the rounded by men in despair. During thirty years' acquaintance with the German gaming haunts I have not witnessed anything so like a tragedy even a shriek. What I have seen has, with a few trifling exceptions, been much more ludicrous than tragical. There is no excitement, no shouting, but very rarely in the gambling-house itself. The agents of the Spielpacht keep a sharp eye on all the operators, and are ready to interrupt and warn, to injure the reputation of the bank by publicly expressing their despite.

The tables are nearly crowded by people of both sexes, who have the outward appearance of fine ladies and gentlemen. It is true that some of them look pale and worn; but we are at a watering-place to which visitors are supposed to come chiefly for the recruiting of their health. Some look anxiously, rapidly, but; we know many honest gentlemen afflicted with the same. Some are excited; but the number of those who are quite or help feeling a little excited by a mere following of the chances of the game. Most of the people, are so cheerful, so calling, or so indifferent, that the handsome ladies are coquetting. The highest rank of society is represented in this place, and conceal the passions working in us. It requires a tolerably high talent for observation to be able to look through the mask of the assumed indifference, and get at the agitated minds of these unhappy fools.

In the centre of the table before the four croupiers, facing each other, are piled up small paper rolls of gold, and heaps of gold and silver. The tables taken in special gold and silver, the stakes of the punters. As many of them as have room sit at the table; those generally the old players, and their game is best worth following. Many of these have before them little printed tickets, upon which they mark with a pin, after each coup, whether it was red or black. It is a foolish amusement, held to be important as a means of finding out the system upon which accident works in this game, in order to form certain rules for the direction of the speculator. The only sure system of winning is that followed by the bank.

There is no load talking in this hall; people speak with each other in whispers. There is the stillness of a church, with the air of a ball-room. Only the priests of this unhallowed temple dare to speak aloud, and the very hall is to be heard turning in the dim, until it clicks against some metal points in it before falling into its rest. The monotonous "Faites votre jeu" (Make your game), "Rien ne va plus" (No stake allowed now), "Trente-deux; noir; pair et passe," is repeated from morning to night; even the money falls rhythmically on the green cloth when the croupier throws to a winner by one of the croupiers.

These croupiers are all Jews. They have a tired, hang-dog expression. They are paid either by the day or the year. Those who attend to the roulette receive from 1,000 to 1,200 florins in Homburg, one hundred and twenty pounds a year; and at the trente-et-one, three hundred and sixty pounds. After 1861 they will be paid to two hundred and two hundred and fifty pounds. Most of them are ruined gamblers, or persons unable to get on in the world, who have sacrificed to the dangers of their new calling. They are despised and even hated by the gamblers. Their position as regards the public is that of a player's servant in old times, whose very touch was a pollution. Their contact, of course, do not trust them more than they can help; they watch them closely, and set over them other rogues as spies. In spite of this watchfulness, these croupiers manage to rob the rebbee. One of them was in the habit of taking a pinch of snuff after each coup from a small-box which he carried in his waistcoat. At the bottom of the box was some adhesive stuff, so that as often as its owner put it down upon a single or double stake, it stuck to the coin. Another were very high and stiff collars, that one can not help touching very frequently, and it is conjectured by many that they thought about the old croupier's frequent perhaps at his uncomfortable collars; at each jerk, a gold piece was secreted in the hollow high collar, which slid down into a belt worn by him over the shirt.

One of the croupiers occasioned a great deal of confusion by counterfeiting the gold rolls used at the bank. He covered a round stick of lead, and placed it with the gold in the bank, of which he had taken an impression. Since that time the gold rolls are ripped open in the middle to expose the gold inside.

These croupiers form, however, only an inferior part of the staff of the bank; most of them come from Paris. Every body knows them in servants of the banker, and distrusts them. The more important servants are recognized as cunning. They are to be found not only in Homburg; we may meet them in the saloons and clubs in Paris, London, Vienna, Petersburg, and in other places, where the rich and the idle congregate. They are the pensioners of the bank, paid either by the year or by a share in any profits accidentally their means. Most of them are ruined gamblers, or other adventurers, of either sex. A genteel air is their necessary qualification. The Homburg particularly it is well to distrust fine and sensible gentlemen, and all the people who have decorations or ribbons in their button-holes. Among them are many ruined barons and dismissed military officers, well connected, well educated. The female staff is yet more dangerous for foolish men. It includes the most respectable-looking old ladies, having their livelihood in the attendance, riding, perhaps, in embarassed carriages. It includes young twinkling widows, of coarse marchionesses, countesses, or of coarse the names beginning with Saint, probably because most of them come from the neighborhood of Notre-Dame de Lorette in Paris. You meet them at the hotels, and at the promenades, their fresh toilets exciting the admiration and envy of the lady. Some of them have husbands with them at whose appearance one can not help wondering. They look as if not at home in their elegant dress, and as if they were a child, and a man of the world suspects at once the brilliant rings upon their vulgar fingers. They are, however, much more elegant than more elegant wives, and keep carefully out of the way if these are in any company. Many of these ladies may be seen at the gaming-table, full of gold before them, and playing eagerly. The gold belongs to the bank, and that fellow sitting upon a high stool behind the croupiers of the table keeps a sharp eye upon their fingers through his tortoise-shell-mounted spectacles. They are decoy-ducks, of course, and they catch many geese.

Another set of servants of the bank consists of the gentlemen in waiting. Many of these are genteel enthusiasts, shabby and care-worn, who believe that there exists some law by which chance is regularly subjected to the control. However, it seems their winning ever after. Each of these has his system, which he holds to be infallible, but which it requires some money to carry out. There is nothing truth in most of these systems, for almost all are based on calculations on the fact that the colors red and black must change. If, therefore, one money on one of them, and double always until it appears on the black, he will win. This is clear, and the bank knows it, of course, perfectly well. But it does not intend to lose, and for this reason the number of the stakes is limited. That to be put up a single chance—as, for instance, red or black—must not much exceed three hundred pounds. The lowest stake at the roulette is one florin, and at rouge et noir three shillings. The importance of this maximum will be shown by a calculation. If I stake one florin on red, and double always when losing, my stake will have increased at the fourteenth appearance of black to amount at which I am not permitted to double again. Forced to submit to the loss of the bank, I lose a hundred and thirty florins, even in the case of winning. But if black appears for the twelfth or thirteenth time, as it occurs on the average every ten days, I am a loser of more than seven thousand florins. By following such a system money may be won for several days, but the player once caught can not recover his losses. Whoever adheres long to such a system will be ruined. This the bank knows, and it patronizes, therefore, such professors with the utmost tenderness, taking the eleventh of them into its service. They are sent abroad, and dried out by the bankers with means to appear as fishermen in good society. Many, however, of these professors are the bitterest enemies of the bank, infuriated believers in their own systems. They have their hopes and their fears, their misfortunes, and large capitals, and are contented with a certain share in the gain made by any who apply to them. The client will, perhaps, wait for a year or longer, and rejoice: but the day comes surely when the system fails.

Sometimes large sums are won by punters. This accident, by strengthening the faith of the credulous, should perhaps more cautious and profit to the bank. It is, therefore, the duty of the servants of the bank to invent stories about persons who have become rich by gambling at the bank. The case was, however, not invented; it occurred in the year 1859, and in that year the shareholders got only a dividend of thirty per cent instead of forty. The fortunate man was one of the Bonaparte princes. He came to Homburg when assisting at a scientific meeting in Wiesbaden. He had, at trente-et-un, about twenty thousand francs; when, leaving the saloon, he felt in his pocket three twenty-franc pieces, and put them a chevel three different chances on the roulette. In an hour's time he came to the saloon with thirty thousand francs, and went to breakfast with his adjutant. Before sitting down the adjutant said to the prince, "I am certain you will lose all again before evening." The prince offered a bet of one thousand francs that he would in eight thousand francs before his first breakfast hit cutlet. The bet was accepted. The prince returned to the trente-et-un, and placed one of the coins, jokingly, "Red, black will it be, red or black?" "Well, red—" "Right, you said red," replied the prince, and calculated the thousand francs upon the spot. He won the stake and his lot. In the evening the prince won sixty thousand francs. The next day he was fabulously the run of good luck. The whole neighborhood was in the greatest agitation, for there never had been such a run of luck before. The prince received of a winner of a hundred thousand francs, and left when the bank thought it wise to reduce the maximum by half. Out of his winnings he received four Frenchmen from prison, and paid their debts; he gave twenty thousand francs to the poor in Homburg, and sent to Paris twenty thousand francs to Lorette. General Hayman was also one hundred thousand florins.

Such exceptional cases do not spoil deal of mischief. Sometimes the bank thinks it wise to get rid of a too lucky fellow. He is, before he knows how it was brought about, entranced in a quarrel in the saloon, and on that account denied future admission. Or the quarrel occurs outside, with one of the bank's hired bullies, and a fight in the result, or the police orders the troublesome stranger to leave Homburg to prevent a duel.

Among the inconveniences to Homburg there has been an old French marquis, with one of his relative idiots, who hands always under his table, and the other too, as often as he could spare it. In this one hand he held a leather image of some salat, which he was constantly carcasing with the other as long as the ivory ball was running, or the cards dealing, or after a good hit. There was an old Russian princess resident in the place who, playing constantly and at random, left the bank its regular advantage of the zero in an average loss to it of half her income, that is to say, of twenty-five thousand a day. There was a ruined major, who had gambled away his pension, paying penalty for his debts, and begging to no longer a lawyer lest the want of charity might lead to the Divine awarding of his game. There was a poor lady, once lady of honor to the Queen of Prence, who, when retiring from her place, took lodgings in a fashionable house in Homburg. She kept a carriage and several servants, and was reported rich by the spies of the bank. She was compelled to part with her carriage, and the old lady died poor; after the second year she must part even with her chambermaid, and retreat to a less expensive house. Her son died not long after, and he also of gambling. After another half year all her reserves were exhausted, and nothing left but a pension of eight pounds, which she received regularly from Paris on the first day of each month.

This poor lady was perhaps the victim of her folly, but she could neither desist from playing nor decide to leave the place. When reduced to her pension, she lived a wretched life, occupying but a bed, a table, a sheet of drawers, four straw-bottomed chairs, and a looking-glass, and agreed with her landlord to pay him in advance, Francs every month for lodging, board, and a daily half-bottle of spirits. The remainder she hoarded and only from her never ceasing gambling-table. On the second day of the month she took her place and, and continued playing with hardened her pleasure lasted generally four or five days. When the last florin had been taken in by the raker, she took her place in the gambling-house with cards and drinking her allowance of spirits. She associated with nobody, and never spoke about the play.

Commercial travelers have gamble away the money of their employers; stories to their masters to try their good luck at the bank; officers lose the funds entrusted to their care; and it is said that the bank was the cause of several duels and the tragedy of the German Confederation in Frankfort. Farmers and peasants, attracted by the hope to gain a few florins without trouble, lose what they have earned by hard work during years.

Suicides are numerous, although the bankers do all they can either to prevent such cases, or to conceal them when occurring. Having ascertained by their spies that some poor fellow is desperate, they give him the means to pay his bill, if not too heavy, and to carry away his despair to any other place. When these spies find a poor wretch hanging in the park, the body is removed by their

friends in the police, and the incident kept secret as much as possible. If there are witnesses, money is placed in the pockets of the suicide, in order to prove that he did not kill himself in consequence of gambling, although it may indeed look suspicious enough to find a thousand-franc note in the pocket of a man who has just pounced his watch for a few florins. Very often even the inhabitants of the little town are not able to ascertain the circumstances attending such a case, and the papers do not publish them.

A person in Homburg had not only lost his fortune and jobert, but also funds trusted to him. He resolved to enter the saloon of the bank with two loaded pistols in his pocket. As soon as he had lost his last florin he intended to kill with one pistol the "chef de partie," and with the other blow out his own brains. He communicated his intention to a gentleman absent as poor as himself, who advised him to threaten the administration of the gambling bank with his intention. The young man tried the experiment, and it answered; he did not receive the four hundred florins asked for, but at least three hundred and fifty.

A poor young man from Berlin shot himself because he was a Stockjobber. A Hamburg man, who was sitting at his office after the play had finished for the day, heard the report, and said, "Again some one pops off without taking post-horses."

AN HONEST ARAB.

We had been on a fishing tour in the Highlands of Scotland, and, *en route* to town, were sitting a day or two in "the grey metropolis of the north."

"Scotchman, Sprite, Merkerry, Fewzes, penny a bunder—fine by's Scotchman, Sir!" showed a ragged-ragged little imp at the far end of a cold, wet, bitter day in October, as we stood blowing a cloud at the door of the New Royal in Prince Street.

"No, we don't want any."

"Fewzes, penny a bunder, Sir; this day's pipe, Sir—half pipe, Sir—half a bawber!" persisted the young countryman of Adam Smith, as the market showed symptoms of decline, and threatened to close shortly! Pat.

"Get along, Bird's-eye, don't want any," growled Phillips.

"They're gude fewzes, Sir, penny a bunder."

"Don't smoke," Phillips, *legatur*, whid, wh'f, whif.

"They're gude fewzes, Sir, bunder and twenty for a penny, Sir," coming round on my flank.

"No, don't want any, my boy."

The keen blue face, red bare feet ingrained with dirt, and bundle of sooty rags looked piteously at us, moved off a little, but still hovered round us. Now, when I put down my first subscription to the One Tun Ragged School in Westminster, I took a mental pledge from myself to encourage vagrant children in the streets no more. Somehow in his instance that pledge wouldn't stand by me, but gave way.

"Give me a penn'orth, young 'un."

"Yes, Sir—half penny, Sir, small."

"If the loafers don't the son of Lucifer does," threw in Phillips.

"Ah, I haven't got a copper, little 'un, nothing less than a shilling; so, never mind, my boy, I'll buy from you to-morrow."

"Buy them the nidd, if you please. I'm very hungry, Sir."

"He'll give you his check for the balance, Goff."

His little cold face, which had lightened up, now fell, for, from his bundle of papers, I saw his sales had been few that day.

"I'll gang for change, Sir."

"Well, little 'un, I'll try you—there is a shilling—now be a good boy, and bring me the change to-morrow morning to the hotel—ask for Mr. Turner."

"Give my friend your word of honor, as a gentleman as security for the bob."

"As sure's Sir, I'll bring the change the morra," was the promise of young Lucifer before he vanished with his new shilling.

"Well, Turner," as we strolled along Princes Street, "you don't expect to see your brimstone friend again, do you?"

"I do."

"Your friend will dishonor his I.O.U. as sure as—"

"Well, I won't grieve about the money; but I think I can trust you boy."

"Can you, Turner? You have trusted him; and your deliberation severs remarkably of the wisdom of the historical stable-door, when begun to think about shutting the door when—let the illustration don't seem to strike you as a novelty."

"Well, we'll see."

"Yes, wonders, but not young Brimstone and your money."

Next morning we spent in "doing" the lions. On our return to the inn, I inquired:

"Waiter, did a little boy call for me to-day?"

"Boy, Sir!—call, Sir? No, Sir."

"Of course, Goff, he didn't. Did you really expect to see your friend with change?"

"Indeed I did, Charley. I wish he had proved honest."

"Then, oh Lucifer, son of the morning, how thou art fallen!"

Later in the evening a small boy was introduced, who wished to speak with me. He was a duodecimo edition of the small octavo of the previous day, got up with less outlay of capital—a shoeless, shirtless, shrunk, ragged, wretched, keen-witted Arab of the streets and closes of the city. He was so very small and cold and chilblitten—though with the same shivering feet and frame, thin, blue-cold face, down which tears had worn their weary channels—that I saw at once the child was not my friend of the previous night.

"Enter Antonio to redeem his bond!" Phillips, *legatur*.

He stood for a few minutes diving and rummaging into the recesses of his rags; at last little Ten Thumb said:

"Are you the gentleman that bought fewzes free Sandy yesterday?"

"Yes, my little man."

"Weel hon's yewzes (counting out divers copper coins), Sandy comma cone; he's no weel, a cold on's hip, an' he's gone to bedsie his bigs, and lost his bannet, and his fewzes, and your fourpence-piece, and his knife, and he's no weel. He's no weel, you, and the doctor's comin' to his bedsie—in,—and—and that's a' he can gie you now." And the poor child, commencing with sobs, ended in a burst of sorrow.

I gave him food, for, though his cup of sorrow was full enough, his stomach was empty, as he looked wistfully at the food on the table.

"Are you Sandy's brother?"

"Ay, Sir;" and the food-gate of his heart again opened.

"Where do you live? Are your father and mother alive?"

"We tide in Blackfriars Wynd in the Cougate. My mither's dead, and father's awe, and we bide wi' mithie wi' our gudemother," sobbing bitterly.

"Where did this accident happen?"

"Near the college, Sir."

Calling a cab, we were speedily set down at Blackfriars Wynd. I had never penetrated the wretchedness of these meanest closes by day, and here I could not by night, and almost alone. Preceded by my little guide, I entered a dark, wide, winding stair, until, climbing many flights of stairs in total darkness, he opened a door, whence a light maintained a feeble unequal struggle with the black, close-smelling, reeking air. Another age nearly gave way to the spectacle of that room burst upon me. In an apartment, certainly open to the sky, a miserable fire, fed with a few guttering candle stuck in a bottle, were an overcrowded mass of wretched beings sleeping on mixed bedding and rags, and a few sitting, or sprawling or reclining upon the cold unfurnished boards.

Stepping over a prostrate unconscious drunkard, I found little Sandy on a bed of carpenter's shavings on the floor. He was still in his rags, and a torn and scanty coverlet had been thrown over him. Poor lad! he was so changed. His sharp pallid face was clammy and cold—beads of the cold sweat of death stood on his forehead—he breathed only by motionless and still, except a moaning heaved his fluttering breast—his pulse was feeble, rapid, and irregular—he was stupified or banished father's second wife, and not his mother), now and then bathed his lips with water. Good Samaritans, who had had to leave a bottle of spirits to drown the grief she had expied and assumed, a doctor from the Royal Infirmary had called and left some medicine to soothe the poor lad's agony (for his case was hopeless, and though he had been placed there by his friends to have been, to the Infirmary in the neighborhood), but his injury nurse had forgotten to administer it. I replied to the lad and placed the medicine within arm's reach, and, by feeling a woman, an occupant of the room, to attend him during the night, I gave my address to Sandy's friend and left, recended, squalid home.

Next morning I was again in Blackfriars Wynd. In spite, accidental air, and towering, antique, dilapidated mansions (the abode of the peerage in fire-off times) now struck my senses. A dwarfish gnome in rags served upon the stone—"Except ye Lord do build ye house, ye builders build in vain."

I said the room was spacious; it was almost noble in its proportions. The walls of paneled oak really seemed to assume a dignified appearance in cunning carving, ruthlessly broken and disfigured, enameled tiles around the fire-place, once represented some Biblical subject, now were almost effaced, and the ceiling festooned with antique fruit and flowers, shared in the general Vandal wreck. With the exception of a broken stool, furniture there was none in that stilling den. Its occupants, said the surgeon, when he had sufficiently lost, were the sons of our cities' pests, and the poor lad's stepmother—who had taken him from the ragged school and was single-handed—had lost pinfuel earnings—was in sunk in infamy as any there.

For the patient medical skill was naught, for he was stricken dead. The unclean fever in his hight blue eyes was slowly ebbing out, his pallid cheeks were sunk and thin, but consciousness returned, and his lamp was flickering—was about to expire. As I took his feeble hand, a flicker of recognition seemed to glean across his face.

"I got the shinge, and was comin'—"

"My poor boy, you were very honest. Have you any other shinge, poor child, I can do for you? I promise to—"

"Redy, I'm sure I'm decin,' who will take care o' you poor lad?"

Little Reuben was instantly in a fit of crying, and threw himself prostrate on the bed. "Oh, Sandy! Sandy! Sandy!" echoed his little voice.

"I will see to your little brother."

"Thank you, Sir! Dirtie—Reuben leave on, Reuben—Reuben! I'm cone—comin'—comin'."

"What! what!" cried little Reub, looking up, and turning round with a stare some dozen in the room. That moment the calm faded smile, that seemed to have alighted as a momentary visitant upon his face, slowly passed away, the eyes became blank and glazed, and his little life imperceptibly rippled out.

The honest boy lies in the Canongate churchyard, not far from the grave-stone put up by Burns to the memory of Ferguson, his brother poet, and I have little Reuben at Dr. Guthrie's ragged school, and receive excellent accounts of him, and from him.

"What of your young Arab, Turner?" said Phillips, the following afternoon. "Was he honest, and is he really ill?"

"Yes, Phillips, he was an honest Arab; but now he is where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FAME is like an eel—rather hard to catch and a good deal harder to hold.

Unpoisonably if a man means well, the more he means the better.

Some author tells us that "much is said about the tongue." True, the thing is in every body's mouth.

It is certainly a pardon that we are naturally desirous of long life, when we consider how it is sold.

"Do you understand figures, boy?"—"Oh, yes, I am always cutting a line out."

A skeptic thinks it very extraordinary that an ass should bray in a mass. Yet it is still more extraordinary that thousands of men are continually talking like asses.

There is a man in Totnes so vilty that his wife manufactures all the leather that she family uses from the crop of his jobber.

It is a general remark that all classes of persons are ever ready to give advice to others. We think the lawyers must be excepted; they sell theirs.

Mr. Merryman Lathrop says, when he went on the steamer Cambria, he was kept thoroughly alive to the fact, way, the best for the footpacks near the stoverage; and when they ran out of eggs, the ship boy fire.

When a cute cent replies male sour apple sikes?—When they are pared.

Why is Berlin the most disciplined city in Europe?—Because it is the capital of Prussia.

Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same.—The Alphabet.

A wurmpie said to a dumpling, "I would have you to know that I am a man of quality."—"And I," replied the dumpling, "am a man of substance."

"Fine complexion Mrs. B. has got," said Brown to his friend Beckles, the artist. "I know it," replied Beckles, "I had the finishing touches at the same shop."

"Give me a kiss, dear girl." "I can't," she replied: "I don't mind lending you one, but I must have it returned to-morrow."

Why are jokes like nuts?—Because the drier they are the better they crack.

A QUESTION FOR MISS MARTEN.—Can a miss be said to pay the price of a sweet-by-mouse?

Every man can and should do something for the public. If he only to kick a piece of orange peel into the road from the pavement.

A Mr. Lyon declined fighting a duel, and was called a dog for it. "Ah, I may call me dog, but a live dog is better than a dead Lyon."

"WHAT CAN'T HE CURE EVER BE ENDURED."—"Say say that Jonathan Brown, Esq., has partings, and bed docks, and many other things—but all I know is, that I can't cure his wife's cough tonight for the last dozen years, and it hasn't had the smallest effect in coming off."

Misprints will present themselves in other columns besides those of newspapers. The author of a temperance tract entitled "Drunkenness in Duby," was horrified to read, "Drunkenness in Joby."

The celebrated artist, who proved so naturally that man was an ape in his descent from the tree, has recently finished a picture of the moon that's painted with such marvellous fidelity to nature that it can't be seen in the day-time.

A gentleman remonstrating with Mr. Kenney against his bringing out his comedy of "Mr. Chowlesby," said, "Allow me to make a few animadversions upon it."—"Excuse me, Sir," replied Mr. Kenney, "I do not like any mad versions of my comedy."

The following occurred in a school near London.—TEACHER. "Tell me what is the plural of *Ignis fatuus?*" *Boy (hesitatingly).* "Sum, Sir."

TEACHER. "What is the gender?"

Boy (vigorously). "Can't tell, Sir."

TEACHER. "Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?"

Boy (looking sharp). "Can't say, Sir, till it's hatched."

A young lady requisitioned the shoemaker for not following her instructions respecting a pair of shoes she had ordered: and, amongst other things, insisted that they were not "Cinderella" shoes, but that he purposely made them so, in order to chafe her. The shoemaker, in his defence, her disposition, said she was not fond of *fellows*.

Dr. Currie (not by name and but by nature), when asked by a particularly inquisitive person what was the precise meaning of the word "idiot," about which she had been reading in some metaphysical work, but could not understand it, had at first angrily exclaimed, "Idiot, madam, is the feminine of idiot, and means a shedcock."

Frederick the Great was remarkably fond of disputation; and to be great was to be contradicted his discussion by calling his antagonist and thinking his adversary, or at least, his opinion, a fool, was fairly the arena against him. One day he was more than usually disgusted for an argument, and asked one of his courtiers, who he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question, "Is it impossible, Sir, to have an opinion before a sovereign who has such strong convictions, and who wears such thick boots?" was the reply.

To explain the facilities of travel which mark the age, a tourist said that in spending for present year he had cutes Cairo, on the top of the great pyramid in Egypt, drank the health of Queen Victoria in the vaults of the Vatican, and had been other sharply assisted by his wife on the summit of Mont Blanc.

Orfila, the celebrated French chemist, being examined as "expert" in a capital trial, was asked by the Prosecutor whether he could tell what quantity of arsenic was required to kill a man. The doctor replied, "Certainly, Monsieur! I have seen a man drink before me the age of 35 in Freedom's cup, in temperament, its condition and habits of body, whether unmarried, married, widow or widower, and the quantity of water. When satisfied on these points, I can answer your question."

Lord Brougham, when chancellor, met Mr. Campbell (now Lord Campbell) on his metropolitan trip with the celebrated Mr. Jeffrey, Justice Abbott observed, when a cause was called on,

"I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in this case?"

"Yes, my lord," replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiarly his own; "he was, my lord, but I understand he is not now."

"I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Brougham," said the Judge, taking snuff.

"My lord," replied Brougham, "it is whispered here that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the Scotch fever."

What goes most against a farmer's grain?—His reaping-hooks.

A splendid *cur* but a very poor *mice*, as the orangutan said of the donkey.

Why is a dun like a woodcock?—Because he hores with his bill.

OUR BRIGHT AND THE BLUE JACKET.—A young dandy who is engaged, and will shortly be married to a gallant son of Neptune, lately visited the Mariners' Church. During the sermon the person discoursed eloquently and with much earnestness of the dangers and temptations of the sailor. He concluded by asking the young dandy, "I want to know who thinks any thing of him who wears a turpentine hat and blue jacket, or a pair of trousers made of duck? In short, is there one who cares sight for the poor sailor?" A little girl, a friend of the dandy, jumped up, and, with her sweetest but silent voice, said, "I love bad enough for every one to know it, and I love him the more for it."

AN INGENIOUS ART MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—Whenever I see a great fellow gazing at a little girl I always get up in a hand of a gimlet I can ask Madame Tussaud's exhibition. The other day there was a gentleman standing in the room of horrors, and a young lady, who had most attentively gone through the chamber of horrors, was looking up at the knife and down on the block, when down he fell, and turned down and put his head into the hole to try how it fitted, when he caught a glimpse, as he turned round, of the lady, who had fainted, and, as she was hanging right over him, suspended only by a string, and just ready to fall on the job for him. He was afraid to move for fear of slipping the string and letting the cutter drop on the neck. The way he shouted, I can't say, no matter; it was the intermediate thing in the world, and he was the top man for it. Well, he lay for a crowd round him to no thing; you never see such a sile as it was, for, in a general way it's a stupid place that, with people going about as silent as if they were among the dead, but this set off every body a talking all at once. They thought it was part of the show, and that he acted his part beautiful, but as a body really feared if he was going to be behoaded in earnest. So nobody thought of helping him, but he lay there screeching, as if he was paid for it, till all but one of the attendants came running up, thinking the lady, poor dear, had fainted, and, taking a pitch into him, when the feller axed him the trouble by landing.

DOING MORE HARM.—Two persons of respectable appearance entered a public-house not many miles from the vicinity of Bedford Square, and requested to have dinner served them. Since best complied with their request by placing before them a good joint of beef, they thought proper to inform the landlady that they had come to Bedford Square on a mission, and if she "would oblige" they proposed to the other to take a piece of the joint, the lower to be cut off the joint, and the other to be placed in the landlady's mangled the ground, and, during the performance, observing that they were beyond the distance assumed, and supposing that they were doing no injurious, he ventured to inquire what they were about, and what they were out of sight, and did not return. The landlord, therefore, had the mortification of finding that he had been duped, for they ran off without paying for their dinner.—*Bedford Herald.*

COURTING.—Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, a man of business tact, and always gets at the bottom of each and every job he undertakes. Pitts is married, and I don't find any thing that suits me better, I'll call and know then." Now Pitts is married to the fair, and quite lately Pitts said to himself, "I am getting into years, and may as well settle down." Pitts possesses qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he starts, and called upon a lady friend, opened the conversation by remarking that he should like to know what she thought of matrimony in general.

"Oh, Mr. Pitts, that is an affair in which I am not as very competent to answer, and I prefer to talk with yourself."

"But," says Pitts, "you are interested; my dear girl, will you marry me?"

Now, Miss Minnie Minkel very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and of good standing in the city, she accepted him, and, as Pitts says the matter-of-fact Pitts responded,

"Well, my dear, I don't know, if I don't find any body that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

A FATAL MOVER.—The month of April has been remarkable for its liability to celebrated women:

Christina of Sweden	died April 19, 1689
Diana of Poitiers	" 16, 1566
Elizabeth of England	" 18, 1558
Gabrielle d'Estrées	" 10, 1599
Jeanne de Navarre	" 9, 1572
Judith, Queen of Bavaria	" 14, 1174
Madame de Pompadour	" 15, 1764
Madame de Maintenon	" 15, 1719
Mademoiselle de Montpensier	" 15, 1693
Princess Lamballe	" 15, 1792

And also to celebrated men:

Bacon (Lord)	died April 9, 1626
Buffon	" 16, 1788
Byron (Lord)	" 19, 1824
Collins (Rev. Wm.)	" 12, 1759
Chatham	" 11, 1778
Dumouriez	" 8, 1823
Duke of Marlborough	" 16, 1722
Fox (Hon. C.)	" 21, 1734
Fox (the *Book of Martyrs*)	" 14, 1587
Gibbon	" 17, 1794
Goldsmith	" 4, 1774
Hastings (Lord) beheaded	" 13, 1483
Hastings (Warren)	" 22, 1818
Jones (Sir Wm.)	" 27, 1794
Kean (Edmund)	" 9, 1710
Lamb (Charles)	" 6, 1834
Lodge (the Author)	" 10, 1813
Napoleon (Bonaparte)	" 5, 1821
Somers (Lord)	" 26, 1716
Wilkie (Sir D.)	" 1, 1841

Perhaps April has dignity somewhat taken down when he took possession of the principal palace at Nineveh, "Ninus, the son of Belus, commanding, and executed, "Hence ye, those and what a multitude of people."

THE Uncommercial Traveller

NO. V.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

In the late high winds I was blown to a great many places—and indeed, wind or no wind, I generally have extensive transactions on hand in the article of Air—but I have not been blown to any English place lately, and I very seldom have been blown to any English place in my life, where I could get any thing good to eat and drink in five minutes, or where, if I sought it, I was received with a welcome.

I rove by railroad. I start from home at seven or eight in the morning after breakfasting by lamp light with schoolmaster, over the open landscape, what with mining in the damp bowels of the earth, what with banging, booming, and shrieking the scores of miles away, I am hungry when I arrive at the "Refreshment" station where I am expected. Please to observe—expected. I have said I am hungry; perhaps I might say, with greater point and force, that I am to some extent exhausted, and that I need—in the expressive French sense of the word—to be restored. What is provided for my restoration? The apartment that is to receive me is a wind-swept, cumbly pet to invaigle all the draughts in that country-side, and to communicate a special intensity and velocity to them as they enter in by every hurricane: one about my wretched head: one, about my wretched legs. The trimming of the young ladies behind the counter who are to restore me has long been their infamy directed to the assumption of a defiant dramatic show that I am not expected. It is in vain for me to represent to them, by my humble and conciliatory manners, that I wish to be liberal. It is in vain for me to represent to myself, for the encouragement of my sinking soul, that the young ladies have a pecuniary interest in my arrival. Neither my person nor my feelings can make head against the cold glazed glare of eye with which I am assured that I am not expected and not wanted. The culinary men among the bottles would sometimes take pity on me, if he dared, but he is powerless against the rights and mights of Woman. (Of this page I make no account, for he is a boy, and therefore the natural enemy of Creation.) Chilling first in the deadly turnodoes to which my appeal and my entrance are received, and subjected by the moral dismal usurpers at which I stand, I turn my disappointed eyes on the refreshment bar to restore me. I find that I must either scald my throat by insanely lading into it, against time and fire no sugar, or I must have water filtered with flour; or I must make myself flaky and sick with Bun-burr cake; or I must stuff into my delicate organization a sausage-pincushion which I know will swell into immeasurable dimensions when it has got there; or I must extract from an iron-bound pastry, with the fork, as if I were forking an inhospitable soil, some glutinous lumps of crinkle and crankle, called Pastry. While thus federally occupied I find that the depressing banquet on the table is, in every place of its profoundly unsatisfactory character, to like the banquet at the meanest and shabbiest of evening parties, that I begin to think I must have "brought down" to supper, the old lady mentioned, there with such, what is setting her teeth on edge with a cool orange, at my elbow—that the pastry-cook, who has compounded for the company on the lowest terms per head, is a fraudulent bankrupt, redeeming his contract with the trade fresh from his window—that, for some unexplained reason, the carving knives provided have become my mortal foes, and have given it on purpose to affront me. Or I fancy that I am "hurrying up" again, at the evening conversazione in school, charged two-and-sixpence in the half-penny Mill; or broking corves and bones at that celebrated evening party given at Mrs. Begbie's boardings, house when I was a boarder there, on which occasion Mrs. Begbie was taken in execution by a branch of the legal profession who got in as the harp, and myrtle removed (with the keys and unstretched cord) to a place of distraint, bail not bear prior to the commencement of the festivities.

Take another case.

Mr. Grasingdaub, of the Midland Counties, came to London by railroad one morning last week, accompanied by the admiring and fascinating Mrs. Grasingdaub. Mr. G. in a gentleman of a comfortable property, and had a little business to transact at the Bank of England, which required the concurrence and signature of Mrs. G.

Mr. Grasingdaub, being a hotel for families and gentlemen, in high repute among the Midland Counties, Mr. Grasingdaub plucked up a great spirit when he had Mrs. Grasingdaub on the shoulder have a chop there. That lady likewise felt that she was going to see Life. Arriving on that gay and festive scene, they found the second story, in a flabby undress, chasing the wisdom of the empty coffee-room, and the first waiter, demoded of his white tie, making up his accounts behind the Post-office Directory. The latter (who took them in hand) was greatly put out by their patronage, and showed his mind to be troubled by a sense of the pressing necessity of instantly snuggling Mrs. Grasingdaub into the obscurest corner of the building. This slighted lady (who is the pride of her division of the country) was immediately conveyed, by a circuitous route, through and down several steps, into a penitential apartment at the back of the house, where five invalided old plate-warmers leaned up against one another under a discorded old mahogany sideboard, and where the wintry leaves of all the dining-tables in the house lay thick. Also, a sofa, of incomprehensible form regarded from any solane point of view, murmured "Bed," while an air of mingled dufiness and hemtapes added, "Second Waiter." Secreted in this dismal hold, objects of a mysterious distrust and suspicion, Mr. Grasingdaub and his charming partner waited twenty minutes for the smoke (for it never came to a fire), twenty-five minutes for the sherry, half an hour for the table-cloth, forty minutes for the knives and forks, three quarters of an hour for the chops, and an hour for the potatoes. On settling the little bill—which was not much more than the fee's pay of a Lieutenant in the Navy—Mr. Grasingdaub took heart to remonstrate against the general quality and cost of his reception. To whom the waiter replied, substantially, that Jairing's made it a merit to have accepted him on any terms; "for," added the waiter (unmistakably coughing at Mrs. Grasingdaub, in the pride of her division of the country), "when individuals is not staying in the Ouse, their favors is not as a rule looked upon as making it worth Jairing's while; nor is it, indeed, a style of business Mr. Jairing wishes." Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Grasingdaub passed out of Jairing's, fleeced for Parcels and Gentlemen in a state of the greatest depression, scorned by the boy, and did not recover their self-respect for several days.

Or take another case. Take your own case.

You are going off by railway, from any Terminus. You have twenty minutes for dinner before you go. You want your dinner, and, like Doctor Johnson, Sir, you like to dine. You present to your mind a picture of the refreshment-table at that Terminus. The conventional shabby evening dress suppose—conventional shabby for all terminus, and all refreshment stations, because it is the last repast known to this state of existence of which the unfortunate wretches who are doomed to it in the direct extremity—sickens your contemplation, and your words are these: "I am not fine on this occasion, and I am not fine to send in the mouth. I can not dine on shining brown patties, composed of unknown animals (which I am willing to my view the device of an indigestible star-fish in tinsel pie-crust without. I can not dine on savoury-balls that has been fried in the oldest and most unused receiver. I can not dine on barley-sugar. I can not dine on Toffee. You repair to the nearest hotel, private, genteel, and quiet. Coffee room.

It is a most astonishing fact that the waiter is very cold to you. Account for it how you may, smooth it over how you will, you can not deny that he is cold to you. He is cold to you, for he does not want you, he would much rather you hadn't come. He opposes to your flushed condition an immovable composure. He has no use for you not enough, another water, born, as it would seem, expressly to look at you in this passage of your life, stands at a little distance from the table, under his arm and his hands folded, looking at you with all his might. You impress on your waiter that you have no minutes to waste, and he proceeds that you shall begin with a bit of fish which, (with a view to your taking proposal) he offers, he suggests—as a next originality—a veal or mutton cutlet. You close with either cutlet, and your waiter, sighing, "Vegetable?" slips into a door and calls down some unseen shaft. A vent-triloquial dialogue ensues, tending finally to the effect that your waiter is called upon to do a thing of moment. You anxiously call out, "I said then!" Your waiter, having settled that point, returns to the table and calmly lays a knife and fork, and a corked-but wise (slowly, for something out of wine-dange-his eye), a white wine-glass, a green wine-glass, a tumbler, and a cruet, upon a powerful bitil battery of fourteen centers with nothing in them to be taken out of them to-morrow for your purpose—with nothing in them that will come out. All this time the other waiter looks at you—with an air of mute remonstrance and curiosity, now, as if he had occurred to him that you are rather like his brother. Half your time goes, without nothing but the jug of water and the bread, you implore your waiter to "see after that cutlet, waiter; pray do!" He can not go at once, for he carrying in seventeen pounds of American cheese for you to finish with, and a small Loaded Bomb-shell of pickled cucumber. The other waiter changes his leg, and takes a new view of you—doubtfully, now, as if he had rejected the resemblance to his brother, and thought you a thing you more like his aunt or his grandmother. Again you beseech your waiter, with pathetic indignation, to "see after that cutlet

And, in the first place, it is not known, neither is it conceived to be of any consequence, precisely when the large mass and his blight friend went immediately after the escape of their prisoner. Thus much is certain, that it was some thirty minutes where the sum total of so much of that ubiquitous organ as blinked through Coroner Doldrum's spectacles, was unable to do its duties and business with glasses on them.

Secondly, at the very moment that the Coroner's inquisition was going on, the young gentlemen of the Bank, from Todds, cashier, down to the messenger, were in close confinement, each by himself, in one of the houses of the town; having been brought thither by virtue of due process before any one of them had learned the news of Mr. Green's death.

In the third place, the most strange, and, in one hearer at least, terrible uncertainty began over Ernest Beckford's whereabouts. His absence, so unexpectedly and unexplainably occurring, as was now noticed for the first time, just before Mr. Green's death, with the Bank affairs in such a distracted condition, and such blame for carelessness or something far worse attaching to the employes—this was talked about every where. Besides, there were vague rumors of his connection with wallet snatching, which grew into surmises of his practice of his liberal business, which culminated in authentic reports of his connection with the worst class of villains. These had their first rise from hints, and as even the most cautious may inadvertently let drop in great vexation, on the part of Todds and Mangles, or even others, as to Ernest's behavior on the night of the ponit party. John Manton looked out timidly into the street, heard the people speaking excitedly of these reports, and coming in again repeated them casually to Nora, who treasured them up as so many new, increasing agonies. Oh! in that day of fear and utter uncertainty to the human soul that dies, how did the immortal and divine soul within her live, just hanging by that hand of faith which clasps God's arm! And what an acme to all her troubles did there come, when a sheriff's officer called at the house during the afternoon, and asked to search for one Beckford, whom he had been unable to find, but who was down on the list of those who, during the last year, had been connected with the Bank, and was to be arrested with all the others on the charge of large defalcations.

At length the young girl's agony grew so intense that she could not bear any longer to see an unconcerned person near her. At the same time she wished to learn something of the state of facts in the terrible case of Luke Green's death, hoping that light might be shed upon her uncertainty, and that her suspense might in some way be decided by the results of that investigation. She accordingly implored her father, with a pertinacity that astonished one accustomed, like him, to see her utterly self-denying in all that pertained to curiosity or any ordinary gratification, to go out for a walk and leave her alone. "Go," said Nora, "and learn what all this about Luke Green's sudden death really means. You *ought* to go, believing no you do that he was your friend, and see too, if, as I hear said, one of the partners has really come."

Stupefied by the quick succession of excitements which had fallen during the last day or two upon his brain, and unable to realize whether Luke Green was alive or dead—and if dead, whether he himself and his quarrel with him had not in some sort been the fatal cause—John Manton was very hardly persuaded to exchange his silent fireside, nightmarish as it now seemed to him, for the distraction of the crowd outside. The bare thought of the looks he should encounter as the dead man's particular acquaintance, the hypotheses he should hear to account for every thing logically in fifty different ways, and each unquestionably the only possible one; the noise, the jostle, and the possibility of trembling before Coymer Doldrum, as a witness, made him shudder. But Nora's entreaty at last prevailed, and the old man peevishly took his hat and stick and went forth, as if he were about to plunge into a bath at zero. He directed his steps toward the house where the inquest was holding. The witness whom the Coroner was now examining was a very important one—his testimony bearing directly upon, if not quite deciding, the important point, whether a suicidal or accidental death. Such testimony would be sufficient to cause traumatic tetanus, by sympathy with the os cranphoides of the left carpus. As Coroner Doldrum had been a doctor himself before his elevation to the present dignity, and his witness was a rival practitioner is somewhat better, owing to his having studied medicine more than policies and frequented the bedside rather than the ward meeting, the examination was peculiarly piquant, and from its so directly aiming at the best interest of justice, peculiarly fascinating also to the audience. It had reached the following pleasing crisis:

Coroner. "I understood you to say, Sir, that the daphnodes fabelliformis was only a continuation of the main cleviele of the phalanges—"

Witness. "The deficiency in the Court's understanding I can not remedy; but I hope no such d—d nonsense will go down as matter in the reports of the case. I beg—"

Coroner. "That is contempt, Sir, contempt! I've a great mind—"

Witness. "Indeed! Report much underrates your Honor then."

Just at this juncture—happily for the welfare of both judge and witness, and that the name of law might be disgraced as little as possible—it had been—the unsuppressed ribald merriment which crowded the popular gratification at this disrespect of dead and living dignitaries was hushed for a moment, and a murmur ran through the assembly as the body of the dead man stood below in the hall. Wherest the dease pack of idlers who had listened and gaped at the witness's ribaldry, giving their benevolence and squeezing their persons, to open an avenue, perhaps six inches wide, through which John Manton, in a trembling nervousness and terror, was pushed up to the Coroner's table, the nodding being behind him as he passed, very much as a rat is driven by a boy out of a big by pulling it through the hand.

Almost every body in the room knew him by sight, the Coroner among the rest, though neither he nor more than one or two of the audience had ever thought a moment about speaking to him. But every body now nodded to him as having been a friend of the dead man, and he was accorded a high place in the estimation of the moment, as well as a stool by the side of his Honor.

With a stolid look, as one who is frightened too deeply for his face to express it, did John Manton, after gaining on the agony-distorted countenance of the dead; like one who is delivered from a great terror, but as yet has not realized that danger is over and passed, and now that it was gone was weak, being left devoid of any.

John Manton on an opportunity as any now offered to the coroner to dismiss the contumacious witness peacefully. He did so, therefore, by calling the trembling old man to the stand, asking him all sorts of questions about things he knew, and things there was no human possibility of his knowing. If the deceased slept alone, and if so, was his sleep often disturbed? Which might be considered as in the latter division of questions.

While John Manton was on the stand, and every ear in all the house and yard was would never hear good or ill word more was stretching to catch his faintest answer, all was serene in Blinker's Court. That place has not been observed, received no tides, no ripples even, from the center out of Blinker's life. It would have been the place to summon the most impartial panel from, had the sheriff thought of it, in all the country round, to try a question whether or in Blinker's Court it was known that Luke Green was dead. Such is the narrowness of our most important news! When we are proud, if we ever are, let us think that, were we dead to-morrow, there is a Blinker's Court which would not know it.

But, strangely enough, one of the inmates of Blinker's was just at this very time twiddling homeward from a rent-raid on some poor tenants, and came by the house where the inquest was holding. It was a very old, very wrinkled, but still very energetic and masculine-looking woman, in a scant blue bed-gown and a cap with tremendous horns. She leaned on an umbrella washed white by the showers of a decade, and dislocated in its joints by fights with bow winds of as long a period, and trembling with a strange earnestness which brought her second eye out of its bed of wrinkles like a quick-leaping insect, she asked a pleasant lad who sat on the steps and fired pass among those who were able to get in, "Sonny! what are the folks a doin' in there?"

"None o' your sonny, old girl! There's a dead man here that lived in Blinker's Court, and so they're a talkin' him deader, that's what's the row."

"Who's the man? Who is he? Who—"

"Once who's enough," answered the boy, critically; "the feller had something to do with the Bank, and his name was Green."

The old umbrella spun from the hand of the woman like the lightest plaything. She was very old, but she leaped the distance between her and the door three steps at a time.

There were two catch-polls at the door who sought to bar her way with their staves. She flew at their faces with a wild-beast fierceness. They were accustomed to encounter with sorts of mad men and women, as was natural in their walk of life; but there was something in her look which daunted them, and they let her get by.

"Open the way, men, open the way!" she said, hoarsely, to the crowd. "Some one said my boy was his mother."

Ready passage did these words make both for curiosity's sake and humanity's. The stairs were so crowded that the bailiffs were in danger of giving way; but each man once more, or twice, squeezed himself into connection, and the old woman rushed upward through the gap with the lithe muscles of a child.

"Make way for Luke Green's mother!" rang from the men below, and the crowd in the upper hall, as well as in the dead chamber, parted at that name in an instant. And thus unerring, unconscious that every eye peered at her—noting on her face of expression but the mad knowledge that Luke Green was dead, and she was his mother—she came to the board on which the dead man lay.

"Lu—key!" She screamed this word in her shrill old woman's voice, making a long cadence upon the first syllable, as one who calls another at a distance. "Lukey! wake up, boy! Don't you be shamming now to scare the old woman. Come of your tricks, you rogue!" She bent leaned down and whispered in his cold ear: "I know you're afraid to let 'em think you're alive, because if you they'd be mean to you, and send you to prison, perhaps; but there's good in the under the bed, *rief-fold*, sonny, and will make it all right with them, and get you off! Come to! Lukey, come to!" All but these last words were said so low that none but those nearest the body could hear them; and the last were uttered peevishly, as one who thinks it time for a trick to be played out, while she caressed the shoulder of the dead man. Meanwhile Coroner Doldrum stopped his examination of John Manton, and, with the motley audience, gazed in blank astonishment at this old woman, whom many of them had seen before, but none had ever suspected of relationship to Luke Green. Who is it? Is that the woman who answers the questions that went from mouth to mouth in underbreath, as the women bent over the rude death-couch of the deceased? Yes! Yes! Yes! Some had seen her hand to his face, and then, as if feeling had been to corroborate the test of sight to which before she had refused belief, she started back, sliding her trembling hand along the icy forehead, and with a piercing shriek, fell upon the body of her son. There she started back, hand clasped in her arms, rocking herself up and down, muttering:

"Dead—dead—Lukey, you're dead—oh—oh—dead, dead!"

"Do you know that woman, witness?" asked the Coroner.

"I do not, Sir," answered John Manton.

The old woman raised her head quickly, and her eyes snapped fire. "Whose voice was that? Who is that? Who I know her?" She sought all the faces in the direction of the answer, and her eye lit upon the witness.

"John Manton!" she cried, "is it you that hitters that lie? God wither your tongue, you wretch!"

"Before God I do not know you," said the old man, faintly, trembling in every limb.

Nothing but the dead body of her son intervening could have kept the avenging upon John Manton like a tiger. She leaned over toward him as far as she could, and with her skinny hands knotted and menacing him, cried out, "I'll tell ye who I am, John Manton. I'll tell ye who I am! Mother of this dead man—and you gave me a son for a daughter?"

There were those who gave a low chuckle over the mob at this suggestion of a pleasant piece of pastoral romance; but the frowns of the intent listeners checked the mirthful tendency, and the old woman went on:

"Villain! Dare you don't know me? Dare you don't know I tell you, as I tell the world here, that you are a fool, a hypocrite, a *baby changer!* And it's you and yours that have been the death of my Luke—I know you'd kill him. Ah, ah, ah, I told him so. It's true, Lukey, isn't it?—the old woman's right. John Manton, John Manton, you wouldn't let your heiress have him, would ye? *Lady changer!* May God bring me up to you!" She reached forward as if she would strike him over

"I'M THE MOTHER OF THIS DEAD MAN—AND YOU KILLED HIM!"

her son; but her passionate rage had exhausted her before there was any danger to John Manton, and she sank into the arms that were stretched to prevent her, trembling, and livid in the face with madness.

"What does all this mean?" said Coroner Doldrum, savagely, looking at John Manton with an eye that he meant to have look like pictures he had seen of Justice. John Manton, pale as death, sat on the witness's stool, covering his eyes with his hands, and only shook his head in answer to the stern preserver of law. This conduct—mental, not processing the same impudence of visage as his Honor—was an infinite proof of guilt, and afforded the magistrate an opportunity of showing that an invaluable officer he was to the country by committing somebody. As he had been afraid until now that no such delicious chance would offer itself he seized it with avidity.

"Very suspicious behavior, very suspicious!" said Coroner Doldrum. "For the last time, I ask you again if you know what this old lady means? She says you are a baby changer, and that you killed her son! New what has you got to say?"

John Manton rose, supporting his tremulous knees by the back of a neighboring reporter's chair, and faltered out these words:

"May it please the Court, what she means about killing her son I can not say. As to her charges upon the subject of an exchange of children I understand her better, but have no right to make any public disclosures upon the matter, as it is a confidential secret."

"You know her, then?" said Coroner Doldrum, fiercely.

"Yes, Sir."

"And just now, on your oath, you asserted that you did not know her! That is rank perjury, Sir, and outside Court I can have the pleasure of telling you of that, Sir? And you decline to satisfy the Court upon the subject of the baby changing, do you, Sir? Very well; things begin to be a little clearer as to this death. Very suspicious; very. I shall commit you, Mr. Manton, and adjourn this Court until nine o'clock to-morrow morning. Constable, take Mr. Manton into custody."

Hardly knowing whither he went, the poor old man was hustled along by one of those catch-polls who feel a peculiar enthusiasm in taking a respectable man to the lock-up—a sort of oblation to the top-rag of society from whom they themselves spring. The fascination of the inquest was now dispelled, and the cortège that followed to see the pleasant sight of John Manton's imprisonment cleared the house of all but Coroner Doldrum, two or three other tip-staves, the dead man, and his mother. Justice, as embodied in the person of a judicial Doldrum, was at a loss to know what equitable disposition to make of the latter. At length, after musing for a moment, a bright thought beamed upon him. There were three tip-staves—I said two or three, it will be remembered—of them was to stay and take care of the body; another lived next door to himself, and would make him nice company home; while the third might just as well take the old woman out of the way and put her in jail—if he only considered her as a witness. He would, therefore, consider her as a witness. "Highjinks," said he, to one of the catch-polls, "I consider this woman as a witness—take her to the lock-up." Which was accordingly done straightway, though not without both oral and physical objection on said witness's part. Thus was every body disposed of. After which, Coroner Doldrum went home to tea, highly gratified by his bright idea and its success.

The greatest joke of all is, that it is not only a Yankee *tale* and *novel* and *legend* that upon the Statute Books of the State of New York, in the nineteenth century.

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VOL. IV.—No. 172.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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THE STEAMER "MARQUIS DE LA HABANA."—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. CLARK, ESQ., OF NEW ORLEANS.]

THE CAPTURED MEXICAN STEAMERS.

WE give herewith pictures of the captured Mexican steamers *Miramon* and *Marquis de la Habana*. The former is represented as she lies off Algiers, Louisiana, from a sketch kindly furnished by Mr. W. Graham, of New Orleans; the latter, which only came up the river a week afterward, was, like her consort, kindly photographed for us by J. H. Clark, of New Orleans. The vessel lying beyond the *Miramon*, in the large picture, is the United States sloop *Preble*, and further in the distance is a revenue cutter. The following description of the *Miramon* is from the New Orleans papers:

"She was Commodore Marin's flag-ship, and consequently fitted up with more of an eye to comfort and elegance than her consort, the *Marquis de la Habana*. Her cabin, in particular, is very neatly and tastefully arranged.

"Outside the *Miramon's* cabin, however, things look very different. The gun-deck, upper works, rigging, and all, give evidence of the hot engagement she has been in. The marks of cannon-balls, Minié balls, mus-

THE CAPTURED MEXICAN STEAMER "MIRAMON," WITH THE U. S. SLOOP "PREBLE," LYING OFF ALGIERS, LA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. CLARK, ESQ., OF NEW ORLEANS, AND A SKETCH BY W. GRAHAM, ESQ.]

et hulls, and shell explosions, are every where to be seen. Among the most noticeable is the mark of a cannon shot on a large centre plate in the centre of the vessel. It is particularly curious in this, that the iron has the appearance of being melted rather than indented. The smoke stack also, curious enough, has a clean cannon-shot through it. The wheel and wheel-house, compass, ventilator, etc., are completely smashed up, while the sides of the steamer are riddled in every direction, and the rigging very badly cut up.

"The *Miramon* received three broadsides from the *Stonington*, with an innumerable number of rifle-shots from the *Indianola* during the engagement, and it is surprising that there was not a life lost, any one greatly, or even greater. Every thing bears witness to the bravery and determined resistance of her commander. He himself, however, was unfortunately wounded. Retiring at once to his cabin, he devoted himself of every portion of his uniform crossed richly tassoled cocked hat, sword, and attired himself in a plain but elegant suit of black, which he has worn ever since.

"The *Miramon*, like the *Habana*, has not yet broken cargo. Her magazine, indeed, is sealed up precisely as it was when she left Havana, and there are no one still hangs where it was found in the cabin. Nor has the parliamentary commission, containing a list of the contents, unsealed. It is certain, however, that the steamer has a large quantity of powder on board, and probably shot, shell, and other munitions of war in abundance.

"Also were found in the *Miramon*'s cabin a list of her officers, her flag, signal-book, etc., containing a complete record from the date of her departure from Havana to the hour of her capture, signal-book even by the side of her flag; also, a large quantity of bat hands bearing the name of General Miramon.

"The *Habana* is a handsome modelest steamer of about 600 tons burden. She was built at Greenock, Scotland, as indicated by her engines, and is propelled by screw of 400 tons. Her history before she came into the possession of the Chilian Government as a mail-boat is not known. Nor indeed is any thing positively known of her recent transfer to the agent of Miramon's Government. We have, however, a rumor that her purchase money was somewhere between $50,000 and $60,000, and that it was transmitted to Havana through the French Consulate at Vera Cruz."

The New Orleans *Delta*, in speaking of the *Marques de Habana*, captured at Vera Cruz, says: "There was but a single mark of the bombardment of the *Saratoga* noticeable on the *Marques*—a thirty-two pound ball had entered her bulwarks about midships, on the starboard, and passed through the larboard side, making a round, clear hole, as if it had been cut with a cutting saw. In its passage this ball carried off both legs of an unfortunate American, who, in an evil hour, doubtless under the pressure of some desperate stress of fortune, had enlisted in Miram's enterprise. It is remarkable that he was the only person on the *Marques* who was killed, and he was the only American in her crew. The name of this unfortunate man was not known to any on board."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1860.

ARRAIGNING THE PRESIDENT.

THE recent protest of the President of the United States against Mr. Covode's Investigating Committee has been the principal discussed by the journals throughout the country. Not a few among the number consure Mr. Buchanan, directly or indirectly, for the contested allusion to his age and services. But, with few exceptions, all seem to admit that the want of common respect shown him by the House of Representatives in appointing a Committee to inquire whether or no he had been guilty of corruption justified an emphatic protest.

It is not worth while to inquire whether Mr. Buchanan's protest remarks upon his public career and his advanced years are strictly in accordance with good taste. This a trifling matter at best, and if the President's political rivals have no ground of complaint but this his record will stand well in history. His career is one of which he may well be proud, and his unprecedent retirement from public life imparts an authority to his counsels on which he may well be pardoned for dwelling with some emphasis.

The true point to which good men should direct their attention is simply this: is it right, is it decent, is it in good taste that the Executive of the nation should be arraigned before a Committee of the House of Representatives on a charge of corruption, and that calumnies, colored by disappointed politicians, should be published for a wide and wide circle of a public document, and at the national expense?

The charge in this case is, in plain words, that the chief magistrate of the Government has been distributed among its supporters, and not among its opponents. That charge is well founded and true. Ever since the time of Jackson it has been the practice. That the system is wrong in principle, and that it would be a great thing for the country to alter it altogether, we freely admit. But it was established twenty years before Mr. Buchanan was inaugurated, and he has but carried it out after the example of his predecessors. He has displaced and appointed postmasters, collectors of customs, United States marshals, and other Government officials in accordance with the well understood principles which have ruled the Government for nearly a quarter of a century, which principles may be briefly summed up in the axiom that, where a friend and an enemy are competitors for an office or a contract, the preference, all other things being equal, should be given to the friend. We repeat that we do not like the system. It would be far better for the Government to choose its servants on the ground of fitness alone, regardless of their political services or their party claims. That the present method has long been in for over twenty years, and having been rigorously carried out by seven Presidents before Mr. Buchanan, it is monstrous to impute it to him as a crime that he followed their example.

Independently of this, however, there is an impropriety in the investigation which is now being conducted by Mr. Covode, and his friends which can not fail to strike every person with ordinary notions of decency. If we are a civilized nation, we owe some sort of respect to the man who have rised to the office of Chief Magistrate. Insults leveled against him are outrages upon the whole people. Until he commits offenses which are in his temporary office in the manner provided by the Constitution, he is entitled to some respect, to some immunity from the coarser vituperation and banal calumnies which form the life of the politicians. What weight can we expect his remonstrances and his representations to carry with foreign powers, if we set the example of showing him up as a rogue and an object of corruption? What will the foreign world think of us, if the man whom we have chosen as our Chief Magistrate is pursued and harrassed of known and constructively tried for the offense by a Committee of Congress? Will they not be justified in regarding him as a type of the nation? What a feast foreign journals and statesmen will have over the indecent spectacle! What an argument against democracy and popular Government!

There ought surely to be something, some man, some office, sacred from the low abuse of party politicians and the assaults of vulgar placemakers. We are in the habit of thinking of our superiority to the poor half-breed races of the Southern part of the Continent, and adducing, in proof of it, our patient submission to the verdict of the majority, which we contend it is be to the minority. But if that submission be simply evinced by our abstaining from harrisses and insults, and by our not prevent us from doing our best to bring that majority's verdict into contempt, and to degrade the chosen head of the nation by low devices and vulgar tricks, the basis on which our boasts rest is pretty slender.

Where is the Covode system to end? Next March, perhaps, a Republican may be President of the United States, and in 1863 or 1864 there may be a Democratic majority in Congress. Does any one suppose it would be difficult for minority to make up scandalous tales about the distribution of the public patronage, and to make it appear that the President had tried to corrupt people? There are always disappointed seekers of offices and contracts who are ready to invent calumnies against the official who has disappointed them. If we inaugurate the practice of investigating Committees into the distribution of the Presidential patronage, it is quite certain that every President from this time forth will be proclaimed to the country from one end to the other a knave and a rogue before his four years end. What will the country gain by that?

One of the natural evils of a democratic form of government is a tendency to degrade the highest magistrates of the State. The monarchies, the monarch and his principal advisers are generally so elevated above the people that an immate feeling of respect protects them from the virulence of party spite. In republics, the supreme authority is transient; the agent of the people is one of them, and *per se* no higher than his constituents. Hence citizens of a republic are disposed to take much greater liberties with their chief than subjects of a monarchy with theirs. But there should be some limit to this license. If the President is habitually treated by organized bodies of the Government as a rascal who deserves punishment for disgraceful misdemeanors, it can hardly be expected that his administration will receive that respect which is essential to it if it is to be efficient. Nor can it be hoped that foreign powers will pay to our Chief Magistrate a respect which is denied him by the most authoritative body in his own country. On the contrary, investigating committees like Mr. Covode's must inevitably tend to bring the national Executive into contempt abroad and at home, and to weaken the hands of Government for all useful purposes.

The Republican majority in Congress are not acting judiciously. They have reported a tariff bill which no one ever expects to pass, and an appropriation scheme which is a mere political trick. They have passed a contraband slave statute about polygamy in Utah. They have brought forward no practical measure to soothe the bitterness of the sectional troubles, or to relieve the real evils of the present crisis. Their insulting arrangement of the President is a fitting climax to their other errors.

By the time these lines are read Mr. John Hickman's report from the Judiciary Committee, justifying Mr. Covode's investigation, will probably be before the public. It is well understood that it will be a powerful partisan document. Such weapons are dangerous; to-morrow, perhaps, it will be the other party's ox that will be gored.

COTTON AND BREADSTUFFS

THE cotton crop of 1859, up to the beginning of the present month, yielded 4,000,000 of bales; if the receipts hold out, on the ratio of former years, the total yield will be fully 4,000,000 bales, over twenty per cent. more than the greatest crop previously made. We presume we are safe in the whole when we say that the amount of money received by the Southern country for this great staple will not be far short of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars—the quantity of which is the product of one fortnight.

The wheat and corn crops of 1859 were good on the whole. In parts of Ohio and New York, N. Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Iowa, and Minnesota, the crops were short; but the rest of the country made up for the deficiency. We presume that we are within the mark when we say that 200,000,000 bushels of these staples were produced in 1859. Of this large amount, however, a very small proportion—probably not a quarter—has gone or will go abroad. The shipments of wheat and flour to Europe since the harvest of 1859 have been merely nominal. We have fed our own people at moderate cost; we have supplied the West Indies and other adjacent countries which depend upon us for cereal food; but we have had no such surplus as justified shipments to other grain-growing countries.

These facts are of use as indicating the future tendencies of our foreign commerce. We have frequently intimated that, remnants excepted, food and cereal to be a staple export of the United States. Future experience will confirm the statement. It will need all our farmers and all our mechanical ability to grow food enough for our own people. Population increases so rapidly in this happy country, and there are so many articles of produce and industry which can be secured here cheaper and better than abroad, that this must become, in ordinary years, the best market for our farmers. The steady increase of our exports of manufactured articles is momentous. We are now shipping from this port alone over $200,000 a week of dry goods of our own manufacture to foreign countries, besides an immense amount of other manufactures, machinery, hardware, leatherware, etc., etc. By-and-by, when the West fills up, Illinois will become a great focus of manufacturing industry. When labor becomes cheap in that State, with the natural advantages it possesses, it will undersell Europe in all the New England staples of grey and hardware. Immigration is sluggish at present, owing to the excessive rush of immigrants three and four years ago, but the check is but temporary. Germany and Englishmen who is thoroughly aware of the facts, and who has no capital but his own hands, will stay at home if he can come here. In the course of a few years the tidal wave will again assume enormous proportions—the demand for food will again tax the utmost capacity of our farmers—and the surplus of labor will cause a vast development of industrial activity.

☞ THE "HORSE FAIR"—a print from Rosa Bonheur's celebrated picture, by Messrs. Sarony, Major, & Knapp, publishers, is the most beautiful specimen of lithographic color printing we have seen. It has been issued to subscribers, we believe, by Messrs. J. M. Emerson & Co., of this city.

THE LOUNGER.

JULLIEN.

STATE STREET is gone, and so are the summer evenings at Castle Garden. The places, indeed, remain. The houses and a certain gaslight way around the Battery, and the old, round, ugly fort, upon the most conspicuous point of the city land—like a bare spot upon a man's scalp—still remains. But the uses and associations which made the places poetic are gone forever. Yet, when the great city has extended so much that it has covered all the island, and even pushed on and absorbed Yonkers, it will never be surprising that State Street was so glorious and Castle Garden so delightful a resort. For there the bay will still be the gleaming calms, the sparkling waves, the soils of ships passing and repassing from the wide world—the swelling heights of Staten Island—the lofty spires of Brooklyn—wind, sunshine, and moonlight—about all there will remain; and, when a New Yorker, as yet unborn, will half regret the days he never knew, and the pleasures he will only hear of by tradition.

But among the traditions of Castle Garden to which he will listen delighted, none will charm him more than the two—half-a-dozen years ago—that here Jenny Lind sang first and last in America, and that other which describes the great concerts of Jullien.

For they were great concerts, in every sense. The variety and combination of the whole orchestra, and the excellence of the individual musicians, were unrivaled; and the musical discipline, the shading of time and tone in the performance, were masterly. Jullien may have been what is called a charlatan—but he gave us such Beethoven and Mendelssohn nights as we never had—no, not even from the Philharmonic Society, whose name shall never be spoken by the Lounger without thanks and praise. The Director's charlatanism was superficial—his love of music and reverence for the masters was genuine and profound. And who was not glad to have Beethoven made the hero of a musical gala—to see him, as it were, arrayed in festal garments, the grave master, the more magnetic for the advancing of the Tremiers and Mozart and Mendelssohn nights were a kind of apotheosis—a jubilee—a triumph. They were the popular recognition and homage of the true powers. And when, after leading out the exquisite andante of the Fourth Symphony—say, to the exquisite andante of Conductor Jullien—back in the gilt chair, his white-gloved hands hanging languid, up upon the arms, the black tresses hanging, a little matted, upon his forehead—the last and impressive white waistcoat palpitating with exhaustion and emotion; and the lace ends of the cravat carved into fluttering lines by the deeper breath—he presented a visible image of the fatigue inevitably resulting from a proper rendering of so grand a composition.

Yet the performance itself was as effortless as possible. The extravagant figure (not unlike Mr. M'Lean's admirably expressive sketches of the Count Fosco, in the "Woman in White") that stood upon a platform apparently playing with a baton, seemed also to control every the instrument magically. Now he waved, now he patted, now he raised a finger, now he despised it; now, with both hands, he seemed to be lifting a restful of music; and now, with dreaming, wandering eye, he had apparently pulled far away upon some sweet suggestion of the theme—but in all, and through all, he was the centre, the fount, the joyous heart of the whole performance.

The music that is peculiarly associated with his name was full of bread, gay, skillful effects. In the kind it was the Italian opera upon the outside of the houses in Italy. It is not very beautiful painting, but it is all smiling, and festive, and agreeable. It has no particular meaning, except to increase the pleasure of the passenger by patches of bright color. So with the Jullien music. It had no meaning, but it was agreeable, and it was a striking, unexpected, amusing combination of harmonious effects.

He was generous in his musical sympathy—and that is, perhaps, the rarest praise of a musician. The works of Mr. Fry and Mr. Bristow had the great advantage of illustrating, in his orchestra. What he could do was done for the fame of American music.

—Where be thy white gloves now? Where thy cravat-ties? Cheery, jovial, genial Director, full of talent and love of applause, prompt to please and to be pleased, that hath left thy name and kindly remembered in lands far from thy native country, by hearts that owe thee so many and many an hour of enjoyment. For kindness and amiability build a monument during life which remains after death to commemorate the builder.

NORTHING.

DR. HAYES is resolved to sail the Polar Sea—if there be a Polar Sea. The other evening, at the Historical Society's rooms, he started with great clearness and simplicity what his plan was. It is briefly this:

The Arctic Ocean has a mean diameter of about 2500 English miles. The lands about it form the southern and outer margin of a great continuous ice belt encircling the pole, which must be crossed to reach the sea. Dr. Kane was of opinion, and Dr. Hayes concludes, that the best route to this ice belt is through Smith's Strait, at the head of Baffin's Bay, because, although the belt is somewhat broader at this point, yet the polar current sets southward through the strait, and loosens the ice. Observations convince Dr. Hayes that on the western side of the strait the ice will find much ice. The first summer will bring him up to latitude 80°. There he will winter. In the early spring he will force an advance sledge party, which will establish provision dépôts upon the land. These parties will be followed by the main expedition carrying a boat mounted upon runners. If when, if such fortune awaits us, we will launch our little vessel upon the unknown waters, and, sailing God speed, will push off directly for the pole."

Dr. Hayes has no doubt of meeting the open water at about 85°.

He speaks of the difficulties in such a cool, sensible way; and indeed the frequent voyages of late years have rendered the whole matter of arctic travel so familiar to the public, that the enterprise presents itself almost entirely as a scientific voyage. To the wise man and national pride in being the first to reach the pole, and to complete the lines of arctic discovery. The funds for the expedition are not yet secured, but they will be immediately circulated for the signatures of all who wish to subscribe. The necessary sum can and be very quickly raised. In justice to the memory of Kane, we hope that, before many months, the question will be decided, and we shall know whether the North Pole does actually float on an icebiss sea.

MACAULAY UPON JEFFERSON.

MACAULAY was a profound student of English history, a historical and literary critic, a scholar of unusual erudition and retentive and available memory. In no sense was he a great orator, but in many ways affably accomplished. He was not a thinker nor an actor. He was not a scholar like Milton; yet a historian like Hallam's dates. Hallam says that Macaulay's "good" is good to eat. That is to say, he takes the low, obvious, matter-of-fact view of all questions.

He read fast and rapidly, and never showed himself out in complete arrest. At the dinner-table he made Sydney Smith jealous. In Parliament, the orators who could surpass him in mere speaking felt the masterly power of his preparation and method. In writing reviews, which were really monographs, he skimmed along the average popular sentiment, putting the thoughts of commonplace minds in such elaborated declamatory phrases that they looked new. But it was only the familiar old copper lightly plated.

In writing the history of England he reached

the same result of success and approbation by appealing to the spirit of partnership, and by describing the details which are always interesting when they are distinct. He had the good sense, which is known as British sense, and "no humbug." He knew that politics were simply matters of experience; and does not seem to have admitted that there are certain fundamental principles which are to be worked out in human affairs, by the means of various expedients, certainly, but with ulterior purposes, entirely independent of them. He knew of that class which said that it is right to tack the ship, now this way and now that; who understand precisely how to do it, what to handle, and when to handle it. But they think the tacking is the thing. But it is not. The progressive voyage is the thing, and the ship bears away to the right and to the left in order that it may reach a point already ahead. Thus his history reads like the memoir of a party, not like a philosophical and profound study and analysis of human development and the progress of society under certain conditions. There is something more pitiful than a visionary; and that is, a man who has no vision.

These things appear plainly enough in his letter upon Jefferson to Mr. Henry S. Randall, the biographer of Jefferson. It is certainly amusing to read it, and it is no less instructive. There can be no doubt that Randall intended Macaulay's saying of Jefferson: "I readily admit that his intentions were good, and his abilities considerable." And Macaulay is not alone in thinking it does not give the secret of Macaulay's political philosophy, when he says of France in the year 1857, under Louis Napoleon, "Liberty is gone; but civilization has been saved."

Macaulay's general theory of our system is that "your Constitution is all self and no anchor." That is, he believes that so long as the popular breath blows fair, all is well; but when it is foul, there is nothing to prevent the driving the ship upon the breakers. To entrust the Government to the majority, he says, is to abandon it to the property and intelligence of the majority. Consequently, when, having spread over the continent, this country is as thickly peopled as the old countries, there will be the usual fluctuations of trade—the mass will have only half a breakfast, and, being the Government, it will divide all the riches among all the people, making an end of wealth, and the next year the nation will die of famine or lapse into barbarism.

That is his horoscope for America. Institutions purely democratic, he thinks, must sooner or later destroy liberty or civilization, or both.

The fact that Mr. Lincoln has statement and argument is that they assume men to be always the same; whereas the very Jeffersonian problem is just this: whether a party has been invariably true to men under the various systems of despotism that have prevailed in historical times and countries, and we are not aware that it avails by bringing the high moral nature of man to co-operate with the material? In other words, since the system of absolute selfishness, in which the ruling party have been satisfied to the few—has failed to perpetuate nations hitherto, does it not seem the hope of the race lie in the system which asserts and practices justice and humanity, and thereby leads to prevent the very conflict you anticipate?

Macaulay's whole statement is based upon European and ancient history, and yet the sources of the atrocities of the French Revolution are to be sought in the palaces of the Bourbon Kings, not in the National assembly. Louis Fourteenth was the cause of Robespierre. All the atrocious causes of all—it is the tyranny which grows out of a want of humanity which destroys liberty and civilization. Your government is, as observed, based, of a class which is, and knows itself to be, deeply interested in the security of property and the maintenance of order," is the sentiment overpowered by the man whenever they have had a week or a month of half breakfast—and that mass, instead of being enlightened and susceptible of amicable reasoning, is a dull brute force, and made so by the very system you applaud.

The government of a single man would be the best government possible, if the man were perfect. Undoubtedly a theocracy is the ideal system, and the government of the few best men might be a good government. But who are they? How are you to find them? And when you have found them, how are you to prevent their brains being turned by the power which scarcely may human being has ever been found steady enough to administer justly?

The letter of Macaulay's is published in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and is well worth attention.

UNDER CHLOROFORM.

Until the last three or four hundred years amputation of a limb was very rarely performed except when, from injury or disease, its extremity had begun to mortify, and the operation was resorted to as a last resource in the sound portion, but limited themselves to an operation through the tissues which had already lost their vitality. This timidity was due to the fact that they were unacquainted with any effectual means of stopping the bleeding from larger arteries than could be tied by knife. Certain and easy as is the control of such bleeding now, by the simple process of tying a piece of thread or silk round the extremity of the bleeding vessel (as we shall hereafter see), it was unknown, at all events as applicable to amputation, to any surgical writer from Hippocrates, 400 B.C., or from Celsus, who flourished in the first Christian century, to the fifteenth. Consequently the numerous instances of injury and disease in which life is now saved by a timely resort to amputation were then always fatal. Hence, also, arose the various expedients which the more adventurous operators of the time resorted to in order to stop fatal bleeding, with the effect only of increasing the patient's torture, and with the attainment of no good result. Thus the incisions were performed with a red-hot knife, that the divided vessels, drying and charred by the heat in contact, might contract or become plugged, and so be prevented from bleeding (Albucasis, eleventh century). Effective for the intent, the force of the circulation quickly overpowered the slender obstruction, and fatal hemorrhage resulted as the tourniquet was applied more or less in vogue down to the discovery of the ligature in the sixteenth century, and was practiced even in the time of Ambroise Paré (celebrated Hildanus (1641), although he subsequently adopted the new method. According to another, Celsus, the surgeon, after making the incision down to the bone, with the cleaver, or knife, the bone was then sawed through, and the knife and saw, in turn, applied to the bone with a few vigorous strokes, and the limb severed from the body. A rapid, sound of general movement and deeper breathing, the cleaver and knife broken-up, who have followed with straining and critical eyes every act which has contributed to the accomplishment of the task; and some one of the younger students is heard to whisper to his neighbor, "Five-and-thirty seconds: not bad, by Jove!"

The surgeon has ordered himself on the steel just vacated by the dresser, who has carried away the leg, and seeks in the cut surfaces before him the end of the tissues which are to be placed in ligature. There is no flow of blood, only a little oozing, for the tourniquet holds life's current hard and fast. Only five minutes have passed, the flow of the current from that great artery now so perfectly compressed, and our patient's career in this world would be cut short, unless the "Ligature" permanently held in check? and what have we to substitute now for the hissing, sputtering, and spattering iron and the boiling oil? The surgeon takes hold of the end of the artery with a slender, delicately made pair of forceps, and, if it is little, with the assistant passes round the end so drawn out a ligature of exceedingly fine white-cord, fine but strong, and accomplishes the tying with double knot, and so effectually closes the vessel. A similar process is applied to perhaps six or seven other but smaller vessels, although, unnoticed, not so large, bleeding ensues. Altogether the patient has lost little more than half a pint of blood! The flaps are placed in apposition, the bone is well covered by them, a few stitches are put through their edges, some cool wet lint is applied all around the stump, and the patient is lifted carefully, is carried off to a comfortable bed ready prepared in some adjacent ward. Half an hour hence that patient will regain consciousness, and probably the first observation he makes will be, "I am quite ready for the operation, when is it going to begin?" And it takes no little trouble to convince him that all is over to make him realize the happy truth.

So it is that he who loses the limb knows less about the operation than the spectator, intelligently less, my gentle reader, than you who have shared with us the quiet corner, and have seen all without feeling uncomfortable at all. It was an early day in the medical session, and many men were there; one at least was observed to become very nervous, and to then slowly disappear; no one knows how or where, for neither we in the area nor those elsewhere had leisure or care to inquire.

What might have happened to somebody else had he been witness before these blessed days of chloroform, can, in the nature of things, be only a matter for speculation. It may even be surmised by some theorists, and without hazarding a very improbable guess, that a similar catastrophe might, perhaps, under such aggravating circumstances, and at a greater age, have rendered utterly futile, as his pupils, the exercise of the exercise that modern skill and science now accomplish in cutting off the leg of a patient Under Chloroform.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Personal Advertisements.

(On the principle of the Boston Journal Bull.)

IF THE OFFICER OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT with sandy mustaches who upset the lobster salad over a lady, about twenty years old, in Broadway, will be have like an officer and a gentleman, she will bear of something to her advantage. When you have bought the dress, show the advertisement to the young man, and he will do the rest. You need not trouble yourself further.

TO MISS EMMA.—Excuse my not coming back to dance, or agreed, but I should have lost my supper, and I thought it best to prevent it. I had best before to eat for more than an hour. Send us your address, and your mother's, and I will up such a July pie. Hoo you get home safe. W. P.

TO SHINY BRAIDS (Diamond cross, pink ribbons).—Here have my eye on you, and you have, and my heart is breaking rapid. Please send a line, only one, to Adolphus, Post Office, Box 1,000. We are most respectable, and desirous to marry. ..... Please write. A. M.

IF THE LADY who took by mistake the mouse trouser that was stolen in the Opera House will kindly return the same, she shall have her gum diamond one, with many thanks. Address Joseph Smith.

LOST, early in the fall, the fondest and truest heart that ever beat in the bosom of a gallant fireman. The lady who found it, and returned it, was recognized by him all the night, and is implored to examinations of address, in order that the heart be had. Address to Young Coulter care of *Harper's Weekly*.

SILVER THISTLE (Highlander).—If you really mean it what you say, I am tired of repeating it in advertising. Our names are in the *Directory*. Send me a line and your address. Cheerfully yours. We go out of town in July, but return afterward for the season. ELLING.

WILL THE GENTLEMAN, WHO MUST REMEMBER her name, because he tore my dress in the polka, be so very kind as to send me my pocket-handkerchief? He may keep the duvet. LAETA.

P.S.—I don't care about it, only Julia, that you wouldn't dance with, gave me so, and says she will tell Ma.

ALBERT. I can not read your horrid handwriting, but I see you in Madison Square every blue afternoon. Perhaps you mistook my name. Call on Mr. Jones, and then he reminded you was so at the ball. Tell most to hell, MARGARET.

A GENTLEMAN TOOK BY MISTAKE a cloak with a Lady's cloak which was in the hall, which he need before he discovered that it was not his. Having the curiosity to examine the pocket, he found the following the address to Inkerna Miss Leitia * * * * that her falsehood is known, and that she need not expect to hear again although he hopes she will be happy from (the once playfully called) TROTHEES.

FEMALE FORTIFICATIONS.—Every woman's crinoline is her castle.

A SUPERFLUOUS INQUIRY.—Is it likely that ghosts talk in the dead language?

Swift defined a "slow man" as a "man of rusty ideas." Leila Napoleon has taught us to define a "nasty policy" as a "policy of Jim Crow."

COUSINS' TALK.

"No, Amy, you're quite wrong. I never was refused in all my life."

"Yes, Jane, how can you say so? Why, there was Louis Simpson."

"Oh, I am again, you're wrong—completely wrong. He was true. I declared with tears, and I thought he was sincere."

ALCOHOLIC TEST.—A red nose.

A FINE ILLUSTRATION OF THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—Sunny suggest cabbage.

"Mr. Jones, why do you wear that bad hat?" "Because, my dear Sir, Mrs. Jones wore one will not go out of the house until I get a new one."

A merchant in Burlington, having sunk his shop floor couple of feet, announces that "Gentlemen's clothing of recent improvements, goods will be sold considerably lower than formerly."

A letter from China says that the Chinese have succeeded, by the aid of their civilization, in producing a very good soldiering out of Tea. We suppose they have accomplished this by crossing their tea.

A drummer is the fastest man in the world, because time beats all others, he marks, measures time.

The Chinese picture of ambition is "A Mandarin trying to catch a comet by putting salt on his tail."

An old sailor said that he supposed that dancing girls were made shorter at half-mast as a mark of respect to departed modesty.

The young lady who burst into tears has been put together again, and is now wearing hoops to prevent the recurrence of the accident.

The winds are responsible for many an unlucky blow.

What is the best to prevent old maids from dis-gaiety? "Husbands."

"A relative at the bar," as the boy said when caught by a dog just as he was about to climb on the orchard fence.

"A bad wife," says an old author, "is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, despair"—Sad enough, is it not, good fellow?

"Warm day, Jones, warm day!" said Smith, as they met lately. "Yes, it is," said Jones; "it is some warm all seasons."

Mrs. Partington having heard her son say that there were a great many anecdotes in the new almanac, begged to see the almanac, and on being shown the page they looky was poisoned nothing was necessary but to give him an emetic and a good long dose.

"I shall be indebted to you for life," as the man said to his creditors when he ran away to Australia.

The fellow who got intoxicated with delight has been turned out of the temperance society.

The boy who was caught looking into the future has been arrested for trying to see the show without paying.

What a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only necessary for a person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults!

A gentleman praising the generosity of his friend observed, "He is generous his money is worth." "Then, of course, he liquid-ates his debts," rejoined a wag.

The latest Irish bull we read of is the case of an Irish gentleman who sued for a rake the whole damage to have himself from pecuniary embarrassments, yet he his sued for a large pecuniary damage for himself!

An apothecary in the country cured a lady three drachgm, and on being asked what effect they were intended to produce, said, "Tee hee, madam, tee hee, yes, the second to root you, and the third is to prevent the excessive effect of either."

A school ma expected company of her own kind, and was at a loss how to entertain her friends. Her mistress suggested, "Why, you can make a mass of ministers, how can I make it? I got no apples, no eggs, no butter, no molds to make it with."

The following is an emphatic receipt of the following is said to be an infallible cure for hugging: "Hobbs meets Stubbs and Nobbs; Hobbs tells to Stubbs and Nobbs; Hobbs tells nobody but Stubbs and Nobbs; Stubbs tells Nobbs, the worst for Hobbs's jobs and Stubbs's sobs."

A strict temperance man, whose will had fallen down in a sudden fit, has decreed, in the most solemn manner, if, on his conscience as a Christian physician, it would be in a state of health, that his widow should be fed, to put a little brandy to her lips. "He dence take your doubts, Pat," said the doctor, in a rage; "I'm sure this thin, one scruple of brandy is worth twenty scruples of consciences."

"Well, I never nothing about mum's hair," said old Mrs. Partington to an acquaintance who attended tribe; "this there's our friend Mrs. Davis, who has been just taken from the cradle to the last chair, you know, knowledge." Her husband dick, you know, but wicker, at which unfortunate grief was so inconsolable that her friend accidentally blurted within twenty-four hours after the occurrence of her sad event, "Mrs. Davis, I'm sorry for your husband." Indignant lady, "Isn't there a hairdresser's shop at the corner of the street?"

A good lady, who had been troubled with the measles, gave vent to a profound sigh the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady inquiring if she was "a good one." In the confusion, the lady who inquired about the measles was mistaken for the lady who had carried away his family's dinner. The kind ordered the soldier to appear. "Is it true," said he, with a stern countenance, "that you have robbed this man?" "Sire," said the soldier, "I have not done him so much injustice as your majesty has done his master; you have taken from him a kingdom, and I have taken only a turkey." "Sir, I know it," "The king ignore the present the dunce, and pardoned the soldier for the boldness of his reply, saying to him—"Because, my friend, I have dispossessed Augustus of a kingdom, I have kept nothing for myself."

HON. MARTIN J. CRAWFORD, OF GEORGIA.

MARTIN J. CRAWFORD, a Representative in Congress from Georgia, was born in Jasper County, in that State, on the 17th day of March, 1809. He is a son of Hardy Crawford—a member of that family so old and honorable in Georgia, where the name of Crawford has repeatedly been associated with responsible and distinguished public positions. His mother was a daughter of Lieutenant William Jenkins, an officer of the Virginia Continental Line, who settled in Georgia soon after the close of the Revolutionary War. The early education of Mr. Crawford was received under the watchful care of his father, who exacted diligence and obedience under all circumstances. Thus the boy was timely prepared for usefulness and distinction in manhood. His education, so assiduously commenced, was completed at Mercer University, a flourishing institute in Central Georgia.

Shortly after leaving the University Mr. Crawford commenced the study of the law under the advice and counsel of Hon. Thomas F. Foster, a lawyer of distinction, and for several years a conspicuous member of the House of Representatives of the United States. The schoolmate of his father, and always his intimate friend, Mr. Foster always took a great interest in his student, whose progress was such that he was admitted to the bar just before he was twenty-seven years of age. Although Mr. Crawford entered upon his profession with mild acquirements, as the result of diligent reading, and with every prospect of great success, the death of his father about that time, by which he came to the possession of a handsome fortune, disinclined him to engage actively and entirely in the law. He contented himself, therefore, with so much practice, and no more, for some years, as would secure to him at home and on the circuit the genial society and generous intercourse for which the bench and bar of Georgia are famous.

While yet a young man, Mr. Crawford was elected a member of the lower branch of the Legislature of Georgia, and he served in the session of 1841–'42 with marked success, taking a position among the most active and useful members.

With a determination to quit politics and devote his attention to the practice of the law, Mr. Crawford removed in 1848 to Columbus, where he has since resided. He was true to his purpose until 1850, when the excitement growing out of the slavery question was scarcely any—if at all—less in the South than at the present time. A disciple of the extreme Southern State Rights' School, Mr. Crawford shared in the general excitement which pervaded his section, and consented to be chosen a delegate to the celebrated Nashville Convention. He maintained in that body and before the people the duty and necessity of resistance to the Compromise Measures of 1850. Georgia, however, determined to accept the adjustment, and he acquiesced.

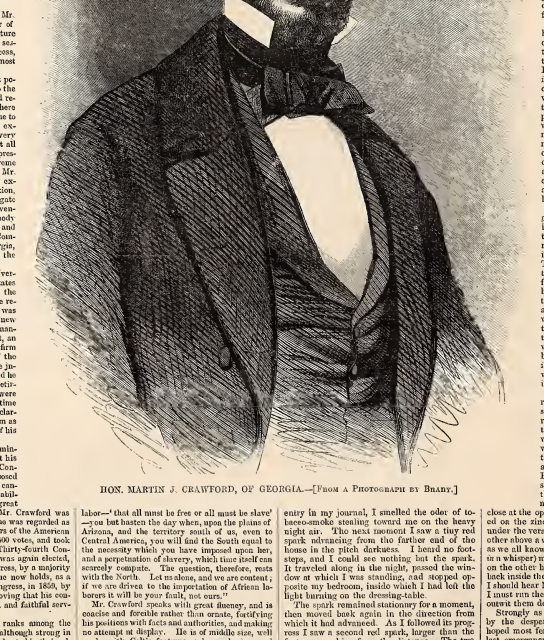
The election of Hon. Alfred Iverson to the Senate of the United States in 1853 created a vacancy on the bench for the circuit in which he resides, to which Mr. Crawford was chosen. He rose rapidly in his new field of duty. His courteous manners, united with a fine intellect, an excellent knowledge of and a firm and impartial administration of the law, eminently fitted him for the judicial office. So satisfactorily did he demean himself, that, upon his retiring from the bench, resolutions were adopted by the bar, for the first time in the history of the circuit, declaring their high appreciation of him as a man, and their full approval of his career as a judge.

In 1855 Mr. Crawford was nominated for Congress (a church against his own wishes) by a Democratic Convention. The District is composed of twenty-four counties, and the canvass, which was conducted with ability on both sides, was one of great labor and great excitement. Mr. Crawford was elected over his competitor—who was regarded as one of the most conspicuous leaders of the American party—by a majority of some 600 votes, and took his seat as a member of the Thirty-fourth Congress in December, 1855. He was again elected, in 1857, to the Thirty-fifth Congress, by a majority of 1600 votes, and to the seat he now holds, as a member of the Thirty-sixth Congress, in 1859, by a still larger majority: thus proving that his constituents consider him a "good and faithful servant."

In Congress Mr. Crawford ranks among the ablest men in the House, and although strong in his own opinions, and sometimes heated in their advocacy, he preserves decorum in debate, and is always courteous and respectful in intercourse. His speeches on the general politics of the day, of which he has made several since he came to Congress, are among the best on the ultra-Southern side, and candidly express his views. His position on the revival of the slave-trade may be gathered from the following paragraph from his remarks in an address delivered on that subject in the House. After stating the position of several Southern States on this question in former years, Mr. Crawford went on to remark:

"As I said before, South Carolina and other States early moved in this matter; but to-day we stand in a different position, and our opinions of slavery are different from what they were then. Then it was the custom of our private and our public men to excuse themselves for its existence among them; but 'Abolition' movements, from 1820 to this time, have caused investigation and discussion of the subject until it is stronger in the South than ever before; and although its evils have increased, it never had so many friends at this time. No Southern man condemns it as an evil, either moral or political; and so far from apologizing for it here, as our fathers and relatives did in 1820, we stand here its advocates and defenders. Moreover, we say to you—the North, who advocate the doctrines advanced both here and in another place, that if it come to war between the States and Territories for labor or slave labor—'that all must be free or all must be slave'—you but hasten the day when, upon the plains of Arizona, and the territory south of us, even to Central America, you will find the South equal to the necessity which you have imposed upon her, and a perpetuation of slavery, which time itself can scarcely compute. The question, therefore, rests with the North. Let us alone, and we are content; if we are driven to the importation of African laborers it will be your fault, not ours."

Mr. Crawford speaks with great fluency, and is concise and forcible rather than ornate, fortifying his positions with facts and authorities, and making no attempt at display. He is of middle size, well made, with Celtic features and complexion, and keen, piercing eyes. Graceful in his gestures, and possessing a pleasant yet commanding voice, he is invariably listened to whenever he rises, and generally retains, while on the floor, the earnest attention of the House. This is, probably, because he "never speaks without having something to say;" and seldom, except to the immediate question under consideration. He was in last Congress and still is a member of the Committee of Ways and Means.



HON. MARTIN J. CRAWFORD, OF GEORGIA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "ANTIE DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 5th.—I remained leaning on the window-sill for nearly a quarter of an hour, looking out absently into the black darkness, and hearing nothing except, now and then, the voices of the servants, or the distant sound of a closing door, in the lower part of the house.

Just as I was turning away wearily from the window to go back to the bedroom, and make a second attempt to complete the unfinished entry in my journal, I smelled the odor of tobacco-smoke stealing toward me on the heavy night air. The next moment I saw a tiny red spark advancing from the further end of the house in the pitch darkness. I heard no footsteps, and I could see nothing but the spark. It traveled along in the night, passed the window at which I was standing, and stopped opposite my bedroom, inside which I had left the light burning on the dressing-table.

The spark remained stationary for a moment, then moved back again in the direction from which it had advanced. As I followed its progress I saw a second red spark, larger than the first, approaching from the distance. The two met together in the darkness. Remembering who smoked cigarettes and who smoked cigars, I inferred immediately that the Count had come out first to look and listen under my window, and that Sir Percival had afterward joined him. They must both have been walking on the lawn—or I should certainly have heard Sir Percival's heavy footfall, though the Count's soft step might have escaped me, even on the gravel walk.

I waited quietly at the window, certain that they could neither of them see me in the darkness of the room.

"What's the matter?" I heard Sir Percival say, in a low voice. "Why don't you come in and sit down?"

"I want to see the light out of that window," replied the Count, softly.

"What harm does the light do?"

"It shows she is not in bed yet. She is sharp enough to suspect something, and she has enough to come down stairs and listen, if she can get the chance. Patience, Percival—patience!"

"Humbug! We have always talking of patience."

"I shall talk of something else presently. My good friend, you are on the edge of your domestic precipice; and if I let you give the women one other chance, on my sacred word of honor they will push you over it!"

"What the devil do you mean?"

"We will come to our explanations, Percival, when the light is out of that window, and when I have had one little look at the rooms on each side of the library, and a peep at the staircase as well."

They slowly moved away, and the rest of the conversation between them (which had been conducted throughout in the same low tones) ceased to be audible. It was no matter. I had heard enough to determine me on justifying the Count's opinion of my sharpness and my courage. Before the red sparks were out of sight in the darkness I had made up my mind that there should be a listener when those two men sat down to their talk, and that the listener, in spite of all the Count's precautions to the contrary, should be myself. I wanted but one motive to snatch the act to my own conscience, and to give me courage enough for performing it; and that motive I had. Laura's honor, Laura's happiness, Laura's life itself, might depend on my quick ears and my faithful memory to-night.

I had heard the Count say that he meant to examine the rooms on each side of the library, and the staircase as well, before he answered on my explanations with Sir Percival. This expression of his intentions was necessarily sufficient to inform me that the library was the room in which he proposed that the conversation should take place. The one moment of time which was long enough to bring me to that conclusion, was also the moment which showed me a means of fulfilling his precautions—or, in other words, of hearing what he and Sir Percival said to each other, without the risk of descending at all into the lower regions of the house.

In speaking of the rooms on the ground-floor I have mentioned incidentally the veranda outside them, on which they all opened by means of French windows, extending from the cornice to the floor. The top of this veranda was flat, the rain-water being carried off from it by pipes into tanks which helped to supply the house. On the narrow leaden roof, which ran along past the bedroom, and which was rather less, I should think, than three feet below the sills of the windows, a row of flower-pots was ranged, with wide intervals between each pot; the whole being protected from falling, in high winds, by an ornamental iron railing along the edge of the roof.

The plan which had now occurred to me was to get out, at my sitting-room window, on to this roof, to creep along noiselessly, till I reached that part of it which was immediately over the library window, and to crouch down between the flowers, with my ear against the outer railing. If Sir Percival and the Count sat and smoked as night, as I had seen them sitting and smoking many nights before, with their chairs close at the open window, and their feet stretched on the zinc garden-seats which were placed under the window, they could easily talk each other above a whisper (and no long conversation, as we all know by experience, can be carried on in a whisper) without raising my voice. If, on the other hand, they chose to-night to sit far back inside the room, then the chances were that I should hear little or nothing; and in that case I must run the far more serious risk of trying to ouwit them down stairs.

Strongly as I fortified in my resolution by the desperate nature of our situation, I hoped most fervently that I might escape this last emergency. My courage was only a woman's courage after all, and it was very near to failing me when I thought of trusting myself on the ground-floor, at the dead of night, within reach of Sir Percival and the Count.

I went softly back to my bedroom, to try the safer experiment of the verandah roof first.

A complete change in my dress was imperative by necessity, for many reasons. I took off my silk gown, to begin with, because the slightest rustle from it, on that still night, might have

betrayed me. I next removed the white and cumbersome parts of my underclothing, and replaced them by a petticoat of dark flannel. Over this I put my black traveling cloak, and pulled the hood on to my head. In my ordinary evening costume I took up the room of three men at least. In my present dress, when it was held close about me, no man could have passed through the narrowest spaces more easily. I think I could have breathed left on the roof of the veranda, between the flower-pots on one side and the wall and windows of the house on the other, made this a serious consideration. If I knocked my thing down, if I made the least noise, who could say what the consequences might be?

I only waited to put the matches near the candle before I extinguished it, and groped my way back into the sitting-room. I locked that door, as I had locked my bedroom-door—then quietly opened one of the window, and cautiously put my feet on the leaden roof of the veranda. My two rooms were at the inner extremity of the new wing of the house, in which we all lived, and I had five windows to pass before I could reach the position it was necessary to take up immediately over the library. The first window belonged to a spare room, which was empty. The second and third windows belonged to Laura's room. The fourth window belonged to Sir Percival's room. The fifth belonged to the Countess's room. The others, by which it was not necessary for me to pass, were the windows of the Count's dressing-room, of the bath-room, and of the second empty spare room.

No sound reached my ears—the black, blinding darkness of the night was all round me when I first stood on the veranda, except at that part of it which Madame Fosco's window overlooked. There, at the very place above the library at which my course was directed—there I saw a gleam of light! The Countess was not yet in bed.

It was too late to draw back; it was no time to wait. I determined to go on at all hazards, and trust for security to my own caution and to the darkness of the night. "For Laura's sake!" I thought to myself, as I took the first step forward on the roof, with one hand holding my cloak close round me, and the other pressing against the wall of the house. It was better to brush close by the wall than to risk striking my foot against the flower-pots within a few inches of me on the other side.

I passed the dark window of the spare room, trying the leaden roof at each step with my foot, before I risked resting my weight on it. I passed the dark windows of Laura's room ("God bless her and keep her to-night!"). I passed the dark window of Sir Percival's room. Then I waited for a minute, knelt down, with my hands to support me, and so crept to my position, under the protection of the low wall between the bottom of the lighted window and the veranda roof.

When I ventured to look up at the window itself I found that the top of it only was open, and that the blind inside was drawn down. While I was looking I saw the shadow of Madame Fosco pass across the white field of the blind, then pass slowly back again. Thus far she could not have heard me, or the shadow would surely have stopped at the blind, even if she had wanted courage enough to open the window and look out.

I placed myself sideways against the railing of the veranda, first ascertaining, by touching them, the position of the flower-pots on either side of me. There was room enough for me to sit between them, and no more. The sweet-scented leaves of the flower on my left hand just touched my cheek as I lightly rested my head against the railing.

The first sounds that reached me from below were caused by the opening or closing (most probably the latter) of three doors in succession—the doors, no doubt, leading into the hall, and into the room on each side of the library, which the Count had pledged himself to examine. The first object that I saw was the red spark again traveling out into the night, from under the veranda, moving away toward my window, waiting a moment, and then returning to the place from which it had set out.

"The devil take your restlessness! When do you mean to sit down?" growled Sir Percival's voice beneath me.

"Out! how hot it is!" said the Count, sighing and puffing wearily.

His exclamation was followed by the scraping of the garden chairs on the tiled pavement under the veranda—the welcome sound which told me they were going to sit close at the window, as usual. So far the chance was mine. The clock in the tower struck the quarter to twelve as they settled themselves in their chairs. I heard Madame Fosco through the open window yawning, and saw her shadow pass once more across the white field of the blind.

Meanwhile Sir Percival and the Count began talking together below, now and then dropping their voices a little lower than usual, but never sinking them to a whisper. The strangeness and peril of my situation—the place dread, which I could not master, of Madame Fosco's lighted window, made it difficult, almost impossible for me at first to keep my presence of mind, and to fix my attention solely on the conversation beneath. For some minutes I could only succeed in gathering the general substance of it. I understood the Count to say that the one window slight was his wife's; that the ground-floor of the house was quite clear; and that they might now speak to each other without fear of accidents. Sir Percival had merely answered by upbraiding his friend with having unnecessarily slighted his wishes and neglected his interests all through the day. The Count thereupon defended himself by declaring that he had been beset by certain troubles and anxieties which had absorbed all his attention, and that the only safe time to come to an explanation was a time when they could feel quite certain of being neither interrupted nor overheard. "We are on a serious crisis in our affairs, Percival," he said; "and if we are to decide on the future at all we must decide seriously to-night."

That sentence of the Count's was the first which my attention was ready enough to master exactly as it was spoken. From this point, with certain breaks and interruptions, my whole interest fixed breathlessly on the conversation, and I followed it word for word.

"Crisis?" repeated Sir Percival. "It's a worse crisis than you think for, I can tell you!"

"So I should suppose, from your behavior for the last day or two," returned the other, coolly. "But wait a little. Before we advance to what I do not know, let me be quite certain of what I *do* know. Let us first see if I am right about the time that is past, before I make any proposal to you for the time that is to come."

"Stop till I get the brandy and water. Have some yourself.

"No, Percival, thanks. The cold water with pleasure, a spoon, and the basin of sugar. Eau sucrée, my friend—nothing more."

"Sugar and water for a man of your age!—There! mix your sickly mess. You foreigners are all alike."

"Now, listen, Percival. I will put our position plainly before you, as I understand it; and you shall say if I am right or wrong. You and I both came back to this house from the Continent, with our affairs very seriously embarrassed—"

"Cut it short! I wanted some thousands, and you some hundreds—and without the money we were both in a fair way to go to the dogs together. There's the situation. Make what you can of it. Go on."

"Well, Percival, in your own solid English words you wanted some thousands and I wanted some hundreds, and the only way of getting them was for you to raise the money for your own necessities (with a small margin beyond for my poor little hundreds) by the help of your wife. What did I tell you about your wife on our way to England? and what did I tell you again, when we had come here, and when I had seen for myself the sort of woman Miss Halcombe was?"

"How should I know? You talked nineteen to the dozen, I suppose, just as usual."

"I said this: Human ingenuity, my friend, has hitherto only discovered two ways in which a man can manage a woman. One way is to knock her down—to attack her largely educated by the brutal lower orders of the people, but utterly abhorrent to the refined and educated classes above them. The other way (much bolder, much more difficult, but in the end not less certain) is never to accept a provocation at a woman's hands. It holds with animals, it holds with children, and it holds with women, who are nothing but children grown up. Quiet resolution is the one quality that dominates children, and the women all fall in. If they can once shake this superior quality in their master, they get the better of him. If they can never succeed in disturbing it, he gets the better of *them*. I said to you, Remember that plain truth when you want your wife to help you to the money. I said, Remember it doubly and trebly in the presence of your wife's sister, Miss Halcombe. Have you remembered it? Not once, in all the complications that have twisted themselves about us in this house. Every provocation that your wife and her sister could offer to you you instantly accepted from them. Your mad temper lost the signature to the deed, lost the ready money, set Miss Halcombe writing to the lawyer, for the first time—"

"First time! what do you mean?"

"This. Miss Halcombe has written to the lawyer for the second time to-day."

A chair fell on the pavement of the veranda—fell with a crash, as if it had been struck or kicked down. It was well for me that the sound was caused by Sir Percival's anger as it did. On hearing that I had been again discovered my self-control failed me at the critical moment, and I started so that the railing against which I leaned cracked again. How, in the name of Heaven, had he found me out? The letters had never left my own possession till I myself placed them in Fanny's hands at the inn.

"Thank your lucky star," I heard the Count say next, "that you have me in the house to undo the harm as fast as you do it. Thank your lucky star that I said No when you were mad enough to talk of turning the key to-day on Miss Halcombe, as you turned it, in your mischievous folly, on your wife. Where are your eyes? Can you look at Miss Halcombe and not see that she has the foresight and the resolution of a man? With that woman for my friend, I would snap these fingers of mine at the world. With that woman for my enemy, I, with all my brains and experience—I, Fosco, cunning as the devil himself, as you have told me a hundred times—I walk, in your English phrase, upon eggshells! And this great creature—I think her health in my sugar and water—this grand creature, who stands in the strength of her love and her courage, firm as a rock between us two mad that poor flimsy pretty blonde wife of yours—this magnificent woman, whom I admire with all my soul, though I oppose her in your interests and in mine, you drive to extremities, as if she was no sharper and no bolder than the rest

"THE STRANGENESS AND PERIL OF MY SITUATION," ETC.

of her sex. Percival! Percival! you deserve to fail, and you have failed."

There was a pause. I write the villain's words about myself because I mean to remember them, because I hope yet for the day when I may speak out, once for all, in his presence, and cast them back, one by one, in his teeth.

Sir Percival was the first to break the silence again.

"Yes, yes; bully and bluster as much as you like," he said, chiefly the difficulty about the money is not the only difficulty. You would be for taking strong measures with the woman yourself, if you knew as much as I do."

"We will come to that second difficulty all in good time," rejoined the Count. "You may confess yourself, Percival, as much as you please, but you shall not confuse me. Let the question of the money be settled first. Have I convinced your obstinacy? have I shown you that your temper will not let you help yourself?—or must I go back and (as you put it in your clear straightforward English) bully and bluster a little more?"

"Pooh! It's easy enough to grumble at me. Say what is to be done—that's a little harder."

"Is it? Bah! This is what is to be done: You give up all direction in the business from to-night; and you leave it, for the future, in my hands only. I am talking to a Practical British Man of Business! Well, Precical, will that do for you?"

"What do you propose if I leave it all to you?"

"Answer me first. Is it to be in my hands or not?"

"Say it is in your hands—what then?"

"A few questions, Percival, to begin with. I must wait a little yet to let circumstances guide me. I must know, in every possible way, what those circumstances are likely to be. There is no time to lose. I have told you already that Miss Halcombe has written to the lawyer to-day for the second time."

"How did you find it out? What did she say?"

"If I told you, Percival, we should only come back at the end to where we are now. Enough that I have found out—and the finding has caused that trouble and anxiety which made me so inscrutable to you all through to-day. Now to refresh my memory about your affairs—it is some time since I talked them over with you. The money has been raised, in the name of your wife's signature, by means of bills at three months—raised at a cost that makes my poverty-stricken foreign purse stand on end to think of it! When the bills are due, is there really and truly no earthly way of paying them but by the help of your wife?"

"None."

"What! You have no money at the bankers?"

"A few hundreds, when I want as many thousands."

"Have you no other security to borrow upon?"

"Not a shred."

"What have you actually got with your wife at the present moment?"

"Nothing but the interest of her twenty thousand pounds—barely enough to pay our daily expenses."

"What do you expect from your wife?"

"There has been a year, when her uncle dies."

"A fine fortune, Percival! What sort of a man is this uncle? Old?"

"No—neither old nor young."

"A good-tempered, easy, freely-living man? Married? No, I think my wife told me not married."

"Of course not. If he was married, and had a son, Lady Glyde would not be next heir to the property. I'll tell you what he is. He's a maudlin, twaddling, selfish fool, and bores every body who comes near him about the state of his health."

"Men of that sort, Percival, live long and marry malevolently when you least expect it. I don't give you much, my friend, for your chance of the three thousand a year. Is there nothing more that comes to you from your wife?"

"Nothing."

"Absolutely nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing—except in case of her death."

"Aha! in the case of her death."

There was another pause. The Count moved from the window and walked outside. I knew that he had moved by his voice. "The rain has come at last," I heard him say. It *had* come. The state of my clothes showed that it had been falling thickly for some little time.

The Count went back under the veranda—I heard the chair creak beneath his weight as he sat down in it again.

"Well, Percival," he said, "and in the case of Lady Glyde's death, what do you get then?"

"If she leaves no children—"

"Which she is likely to do?"

"Which she is not in the least likely to do—"

"Yes?"

"Why, then I get her twenty thousand pounds."

"Paid down?"

"Paid down."

They were silent once more. As their voices ceased Madame Fosco's shadow darkened the blind again. Instead of passing this time it remained for a moment on the spot. I saw her fingers steal round the corner of the blind and draw it on one side. The dim white outline of her face, looking out straight over me, appeared behind the window. I kept quite still, shrouded from head to foot in my black cloak. The rain, which was fast turning to a downpour, beat on the glass, blurred it, and prevented her from seeing any thing. "More rain?" I heard her say to herself. She dropped the blind, and I breathed again freely.

The talk went on below me, the Count resuming it this time.

"Percival! do you care about your wife?"

"Fosco! that's rather a foolish question."

"I am a downright man, and I repeat it."

"Why the devil do you look at me in that way?"

"You won't answer me? Well, then, let us say your wife dies before the summer is out—"

"Drop it, Fosco!"

"Let us say your wife dies—"

"Drop it, I tell you!"

"In that case you would gain twenty thousand pounds, and you would lose—"

"I should lose the chance of three thousand a year."

"The *remote* chance, Percival—the remote chance only. And you want money at once. In your position the gain is certain, the loss doubtful."

"Speak for yourself as well as for me. Some fine money I want has been borrowed for you. And if you come to gain *my* wife's death would be ten thousand pounds in *your* wife's pocket. Share my gain as you seem to share my easily forgotten Madame Fosco's legacy. Don't look at me in that way! I won't have it! What is your looks and your interpretations, upon my soul you make my flesh creep!"

"Your flesh? Does flesh mean conscience in English? I speak of your wife's death as I speak of a possibility. Why not? Theorepectable lawyers who scribble-scribble your deeds and your wills look the death of living people in the face. Do lawyers make your flesh creep? Why should I? It is my business to alight to gain my own position beyond the possibility of mistake—and I have now done it. Here is your position: If your wife lives, you pay those

hills with her signature to the parchment. If your wife dies, you pay them with her death."

As he spoke the light in Madame Fosco's room was extinguished, and the whole second floor of the house was now sunk in darkness.

"Talk! talk!" grumbled Sir Percival. "One would think, to hear you, that my wife's signature to the deed was not already."

"You have left the matter in my hands," retorted the Count; "and I have more than two months before me. I do not burn much in my bed more about it, if you please, for the present. When the bills are due, you will see for yourself if my 'talk! talk!' is worth something, or if it is not. And now, Percival, having done with the money matters for to-night, I can place my attention at your disposal if you wish to consult me on that second difficulty, which has mixed itself up with our little embarrassments, and which has so vexed you for the worse that I hardly know you again. Speak, my friend—and pardon me if I shock your fiery national tastes by assuming myself a second place of surpassed-water."

"Fire very well to say speak," replied Sir Percival, in a far quieter and more polite tone than he had yet adopted; "but it's not so easy to know how to begin."

"Shall I help you?" suggested the Count. "Shall I give this private difficulty of yours a name? What if I call it—Anne Catherick?"

"Look yonder, Fosco, you and I have known each other for a long time; and, if you have helped me out of one or two scrapes before this, I have done the best I could to help you in return as far as money would go. We have made as many friendly sacrifices, and as many friendly kindnesses, as we have had our secrets from each other, of course—haven't we?"

"You have had a secret from me, Percival. There is a skeleton in your cupboard here at Blackwater Park that has peeped out, in those late days, at other people besides yourself."

"Well, suppose it has. If it doesn't concern you you needn't be curious about it, need you?"

"Do I look curious about it?"

"Yes, you do."

"So! so! my face speaks the truth then? What a most unfortunate foundation for good friends must be in the nature of a man who arrives at my age, and whose face has not yet lost the habit of speaking the truth! Come, Clyde, let us be candid one with the other. This secret of yours has sought me: I have not sought it. Let us talk of it, more curious—do you ask me, as your old friend, to respect your secret, and to leave it, once for all, in your own keeping?"

"Yes—that just what I do ask."

"Then my curiosity is at an end. It dies in me from this moment."

"Do you really mean that?"

"What makes you doubt me?"

"I have some experience, Fosco, of your roundabout ways. I am not so sure that you won't worm it out of me after all."

The chair below suddenly creaked again—felt the middle-wall shake and the floor shake from top to bottom. The Count had started to his feet and struck it with his hand in indignation.

"Percival," he said, with a quiet emphasis, "do you know me no better than that? Has all your experience shown you nothing of my character? I am a man of the antique type! I am capable of the most exalted acts of virtue—when I have the chance of performing them. It has been the misfortune of my life that I have had few chances. My conception of friendship is sublime! It is my pride that your skeleton has peeped out at me! Why do I confess my curiosity? You poor superficial Englishman, it is to magnify my own self-control. I could draw your secret out of you, if I liked, as I draw this finger out of the palm of my hand—you know my skill! But you have appealed to my friendship; and the duties of friendship are sacred to me. See! I trample my base curiosity under my feet! My excited sentiments lift me above it. Recognize them, Percival! imitate them, Percival! Shake hands—I forgive you."

His voice faltered over the last words—faltered, as if he was actually shedding tears!

Sir Percival confusedly attempted to excuse himself. But the Count was too magnanimous to listen to him.

"No!" he said. "When my friend has wounded me I forgive him without apologies. Tell me, in plain words, do you want my help?"

"Yes, badly enough."

"And you can ask for it without compromising yourself?"

"I can pay, at any rate."

"Try, then."

"Well, this is how it stands: I told you today that I had gone my best to find Anne Catherick and failed."

"Yes, you did."

"Fosco! I'm a lost man if I *don't* find her."

"Ha! Is it so serious as that?"

A little stream of light traveled out under the veranda and fell over the gravel-walk. The Count had taken the lamp from the inner hall of the room to see his friend clearly by the light of it.

"Yes!" he said. "Your face speaks the truth this time. Serious, indeed—as serious as the money matters themselves."

"More serious. As true as I sit here more serious!"

The light disappeared again, and the talk went on.

"I showed you the letter to my wife that Anne Catherick hid in the sand," Sir Percival continued. "There's no boasting in that letter, Fosco—she *does* know the Secret."

"Say as little as possible, Percival, in my presence, of the Secret. Does she know it from you?"

"No; from her mother."

"Two women in possession of your private matters—bad, bad, my friend! Can no question here before we go any farther. The motive of your shutting up the daughter in the asylum is now plain enough to me; but the manner of her escape is not quite so clear. Do you suspect the people in charge of her of closing their eyes purposely at the instance of some enemy of yours, who could afford to make it worth their while?"

"No; she was the best behaved patient they had—and, like fools, they trusted her. She's just mad enough to be shut up, and just sane enough to run away. Do you follow me—if you understand that?"

"I do understand it. Now, Percival, come at once to the point, and then I shall know what to do. Where is the danger of your position at the present moment?"

"Anne Catherick is in this neighborhood, and in communication with Lady Glyde—there's the danger in plain words. Who can tell what letter she hid in the sand and not see that my wife is in possession of the secret, deny it as she may?"

"One moment, Percival. If Lady Glyde does know the secret, she must know also that it is a compromising secret for you. As your wife, surely it is her interest to keep it?"

"Is it? I'm coming to that. It might be her interest if she cared anything about me. But she hates me! I'm as much in her way as if I had planted myself in the middle of her road. Yes, and I have put out with him before another man. She was in love with him before he married me—and he married her for her own infernal vagabond of a drawing-master, named Hartright."

"My dear friend! what is there extraordinary in that? They are all in love with some other man. Who gets the first of a woman's heart? It is the misfortune of your life never yet met with the man who was Number One. Number Two, sometimes. Number Three, Four, Five, often. But Number One—no! It exists, of course—but I have not met with him."

"Wait! I haven't done yet. Who do you think helped her to the knowledge of the secret, when the people from the madhouse were after her? Hartright. Who do you think saw her secretly in Cumberland? Hartright. Who does she spoke to her alone. Stop! don't interrupt me. The scoundrel's as sweet on my wife as she is on him. He knows her secret, and she knows the secret. Once let them both get together again, and it's her interest and his interest to turn their information against me."

"Gently, Percival—gently! Are you insensible to the virtue of Lady Glyde?"

"That for her virtue! Lady Glyde! I believe in nothing about her but her money. Don't you see how the case stands? She might be harmless enough if I let her alone; but if she and that vagabond Hartright—"

"Yes, yes, I see. Where is Mr. Hartright?"

"Out of the country. I'll be at no mean to keep a whole skin on his bones I recommend him not to come back in a hurry."

"Do you mean to put out of the country?"

"Certain. I had him watched from the time he left Cumberland to the time he sailed. I've been cheated by the villainy of Anne Catherick lived with some people at a farm-house near Limmeridge. I never there myself, after the first time I saw the ship, and made sure that they know nothing. I gave her mother a form of letter to write to Miss Halcombe, promising me from any bad motive in putting her under restraint. I've spent, I'm afraid to say how much, in trying to trace her. Yet, in spite of it all, she turns up here, and escapes me on my own property! How do I know who else Catherick has written to besides her mother? Hartright, may come back without my knowing it, and may make use of the information—"

"Not he, Percival! While I am on the spot, and while that women is in the neighborhood, I undertake to prevent Mr. Hartright, or her before Mr. Hartright—even if he does come back. I see! yes, yes, I see! The finding of Anne Catherick is the first consideration, and the bringing scoundrel,

was requested to ask the question, and did so simply to ascertain if the President had used any improper influence in the matter.

Mr. BUTTERWORTH: You had no right to propound an impertinent question to me to gratify the malignancy of calumny slanderers. If you had ventured such a query to the men who have been rescued from insult in the past; and I do not intend to permit any member of this Committee to shield himself behind his official position to escape a just personal responsibility.

Mr. Chas. Scott: I ask the question simply, "I do not agree with you, Sir, that you have any right to hold any responsible gentleman responsible for the discharge of official duties; and, so far as I am concerned, I do not intend to be intimidated by such threats."

Mr. BUTTERWORTH: I notice no threats. I state a fact; and I shall not be the member to the action of this Committee. My action will be determined by yours."

Mr. CARTER: I am the member to be the tribunal of the question, and answer also; but you had better let the members of this and the Committee alone, and be honest, and this can be left out of the printed report."

"To hide Mr. Buchanan's name, and the office was thus amicably adjusted."

ELECTIONS IN CONNECTICUT AND RHODE ISLAND.

State elections took place in Connecticut on 3d, and Rhode Island on 4th inst. In the former State, the Republicans elected their governor by about 2,000, and being a Democratic gain of nearly 1000. In Rhode Island the Democratic candidate, who was also supported by the "Conservative Republicans," was elected by about 1500 majority. Much excitement prevailed throughout Rhode Island on the occasion.

ANOTHER CONGRESSIONAL NOW.

The Herald's Washington correspondent gives the following account of a difficulty, which occurred on Saturday between Mr. Hindman, of the Mississippi Valley and Mr. Maclay.

"Yesterday almost a street collision this forenoon about 10 o'clock, between two Congressmen, Mr. Van Wyck of New York, and Mr. Hindman of Arkansas, in front of the National Hotel. There are various interpretations of the affair, and, of course, but the bald facts from an eye-witness: 'Mr. Van Wyck was standing upon the front stoop of the hotel, when Mr. Hindman of New York and Mr. Lovejoy of Illinois. Mr. Hindman objected to such a meeting, and threatened to kick the first gentleman named above to quiet the hotel, when Mr. Van Wyck replied, that he was a Democrat, and a gentleman. "Here you, Mr. Hindman." This latter recounted the salutation with a movement of his hand toward Mr. Van Wyck, who, with Stuart interposed as an intended blow, but Mr. Hindman did not strike. Mr. Van Wyck, Mr. Stuart stepped between and mildly remonstrated with Mr. Hindman, and he deferentially retreating to Mr. Stuart thus: "Sir, I had had made a speech in the House of Representatives in calling to order a gentleman, and he (Mr. Hindman) could not permit Mr. Van Wyck to speak to him. Mr. Van Wyck then, with his hands made no resistance to Mr. Hindman. Ador some little conversation among the Congressmen, the matter was put at the affair, they separated.' Out of these facts have grown all manner of rumors of a serious collision, a duel, and blows and exhibition of deadly weapons, nothing of which happened."

THE CONCORD REBELLION.

We give elsewhere illustrations of the Sunbury arrest and rescue.

It is said that, since the agitation following the John Brown hanging, the Sunbury Bank has been subject to trouble. The feeling seems to have been very strong against the Cashier, who, it is said, was an accomplice in the affair in which he made the arrest. The Boston *Journal* says:

"Nothing but the assurance that a writ would soon be obtained and the prisoner released in a legal way prevented the cooperated citizens from pounceling the officer and rescuing the prisoner. Several attempts were made to attack the officials. One man raised his fist to strike, but was seized by the officers who observed his movements. Another was on the point of hurling a stone at the officers, when he was arrested in the attempt. The citizens generally, without distinction of party, unitedly sympathized with Mr. Sanford. But there were very found who defended the course of the officers, and said they them was the Postmaster, and another an officer of the Sunbury Bank."

MEETING OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

The Democratic National Committee met at Washington on 5th. Twenty-three States were represented. George G. Cockerill, of Ohio, was elected Chairman, *pro tempore*, in the absence of Judge Smalley, and C. L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, who was unanimously resolved that it is inexpedient, under existing circumstances, to change the place of the Democratic National Convention from Charleston to any other place. The Committee adjourned to meet at the Hall of the Sixth Street, at ten o'clock in the Grand Lodge of the Masonic Hall, which has been tendered and accepted for the use of the Committee.

Previous to action on the resolution, Mr. Vallandigham stated the reasons for the course which grew out mainly of the complaints about impositions in Charleston concerning accommodations and tickets, and which had received numerous letters on this subject. Gentlemen of Delhipsum, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Louisville had presented inducements for changing the place of meeting to those cities. He had proposed to the Committee to go to Charleston would, as far as they could, extend their hospitalities to the people.

Mr. Atkinson (S. C.) stated to the Committee that he had approved of the action of the Committee, but did not regard himself a member. He had met the Executive Committee of the State, and had given the authorities of the Hon. R. H. Wilson, the member of said Committee from Georgia, Colonel Hunter, and Mr. Ellis, who is the only object to appoint the time when the Convention will meet in Charleston. He had been requested himself and limited to the single act of fixing the time, which had been done, and, as a subordinate officer of the Committee, he had declined voting or participating further than to say, as a member of the Committee, he had received many letters from distinguished gentlemen in Charleston, of the best character, and they had assured him of the hospitalities of that party would be extended to the fullest extent of their means to accommodate visitors and all states. He was frank to say, in his opinion nothing seemed so expedient as the Democratic party, and, if any change, he hoped no effort would be made to effect one. He did not know the Committee had the power to make any, and if it were so, it would have a very deleterious and injurious effect upon the Democratic party of the South Carolina, who, he thought, were unanimous in opposing the change of place of the States. He had been informed by letters that many of the hotels would change only three days and four days, but everyone, by the private letters, saying that outside houses had been fitted up and tendered to the Committee free of charge for them, including lodging and bedding. The hotels of the city had offered the high prices of generally on excess for the charges. He should not dissent this question, however, if he should decline voting on any of the propositions before the Committee, would withdraw.

PROTEST FROM MARIN.

Commodore Marin has published a protest against the seizure of his ship by the Government, giving the circumstances, and stating that he did not fire until two Shots had been fired at him. He concludes as follows:

"For all which, and in view of the claim for redress made by the Mexican Government, his Government may have to urge, on account of the outrage committed by Captain Turner, of the *Saratoga*, without the least color of right, pretense, or excuse, upon vessels and men belonging to the Mexican Republic, in the waters of Mexico, and within its custom-house from the coast, the undersigned hereby publicly, and in the most solemn manner, protests:

"1. Against his having been approached stealthily, and in the night, while at anchor in one of the ports of the Republic to which he belongs, by the *Saratoga*, a man-of-war of the United States, commanded by Captain Turner of the United States Navy, in concert with the steamer Fame, a vessel in the service of the Vera Cruz Government, and with the *Indianola*, a merchant steamer belonging to the Navy of the United States, and detached from the same Government, without notice, and against his having, while Mexico is at peace with the United States, been fired at in flagrant violation of the laws of nations.

"2. The undersigned protests against his having been reduced to captivity with his officers and crew, and being, in the first port of war Mexican, the undersigned being kept during the whole passage in strict confinement.

"3. The undersigned protests against his being on the steamer under his orders, and against their transportation to the United States.

"4. The undersigned protests against the slaughter of his men, and the wounding of his officers, who, on board the Mexican steamer, and where resistance was no longer possible, were killed.

"5. The undersigned protests against the outrageous manner in which he and his officers were treated, and in this city so common felons, without sense or warrant, and without any charge made against them, in this city, though no complaint as yet has been entered, in Court of Justice, against them, or any other, for any offence or delinquency whatsoever.

(Signed) "THOMAS MARIN,
"Commander of the Mexican Navy.

"NEW ORLEANS, March 17, 1860."

MINING EXCITEMENT IN LOUISIANA.

The overland mail from San Francisco March 11, brings telegraphic advices from that City to that 10th. The mining intelligence is of a still more glowing and exciting character than before. The Gold Lake Bubble has been attended by responsible investigations, who had verified the fabulous reports, but a large portion of the gold itself had been sunkell, and had yielded at the rate of from 10 to 20 dollars per day, according to the labor, and were also promising returns exceeding the most sanguine hopes of the enthusiasts. Gold specimens from the diggings are brought of the astonishing richness of the quartz rock, in which the gold is found, and excitement continues unabated. The neighborhood of Yreka, California, was also exciting attention by the value of recent gold discoveries.

THE END OF THE CARSTANG-CRAY TRAGEDY.

Our correspondence with the Cray last, from St. Louis:

"In this infinite relief of a long-suffering and much-bored community, the Carstang case is at last decided. Yesterday, the Grand Jury, after a trial of two or three weeks' trial of the most exciting case which has ever occurred in this city, found a bill of manslaughter against the aged in pure and character. The defendant has claimed, and, although the Jury has not decided, yet, he has promised to marry the plaintiff, his counsel was obliged to admit, and, in fact, it was the only consideration, the most unavoidable position. A millionaire, trembling on the brink of a prison, and a poor girl, with her reputation and landscape gardener, where labor at Tower Grove Park, and the Carstang family, and Carstang family, are manifestly endured the city of St. Louis with grounds and the Carstang family, and Carstang family, and the *Jardin des Plantes* of Paris, if the rice and liberal plan of the Sheriff and Commissioner of Public Grounds, allows him to trial as a libertine of seventy, and, like Mazeppa's Bucephalus, carried off by the Cossacks, the present incidents of this ground were once a measures than they do appear. Although the Carstang family are wealthy, and, indeed, the only verdict that could have been rendered in the circumstances, yet, it is very general in the community that some adequate punishment should be given to the Carstang family, and, the only witness who swore to the contract of marriage was the father of the plaintiff, who, in his testimony, contradicted and impeached in almost every conceivable way, his own character and that of his daughter, and, to be decidedly low, it would be unjust and to be hoped that Miss Ellie had been proved a public prostitute; but the facts are, that Carstang, the father, is a very old money, she is, and has been for the last twenty years, an unfortunate, and, in a sense, a public prostitute of a type. Possessing a fine form, pleasing appearance, fascinating manners, and, although she was in Boston, with and energy, Ellie Carstang's career has been very unfortunate, and, in fact, she has been the victim of cottages for the use of the poor, free of expense.

Mr. Carstang, the father, is a native of Boston. He has been absent nearly eight years, during which time he has visited various countries of Europe.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE PRINCE OF WALES COMING TO AMERICA.

It is announced in the London papers that the Prince of Wales to Canada, on his forthcoming visit, will cross the Atlantic in the *Hero*, 91 guns, 2,000 tons, 1,000 horse, 20 guns; the *Flying Fish*, screw, 6 guns, and the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, 2,000 tons, 6 guns, to passage out and home in the *Hero*, one of the finest vessels of the navy, and, if the weather be favorable, will relaxed for service on the coasts and rivers of Canada.

The London Times, in an editorial on the subject, expresses the opinion that Prince Albert, if possible, will make a tour through the United States, where he may be sure of a cordial welcome, and, if he should visit the President at Washington, the Prince feels sure the country will be satisfied the act will tend to draw still closer the bonds which unite the two countries.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CANADA.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "In my last letter I mentioned some of the evidences of the interest felt in England for the visit of the Prince to the "international fight" between Heenan and Sayers. The interest has manifested itself in a very practical way, and, I have actually obliged Heenan to quit his comfortable quarters at Salisbury over the Prince of Wales and Mission Home as a residence—and to retire to some more quiet and less known locality. Heenan, I understand, left the Train this from all his country about, and even from London, slightly within distant, and, I understand, may be Salisbury, and, whenever he started out for a walk, followed him close by, and, in consequence, he has to keep his Prince of Wales, anxious to catch a glimpse of him; and every day applications have been made to Heenan for seats in to hide, with requests for personal introductions; and in fact the excitement has become so great that he has determined to pack up and decamp to a more secluded spot, where he can be left alone. Heenan, I hear, is now anxious to get by pursue his laudable desire to hide his weight down and his number, and, I understand, the two hundred pounds stealing and the champion's belt."

THE DEATH OF JULLIEN.

The *Tribune* says: "Our European intelligence reaches us of the death of Jullien, the celebrated musicians who was a Frenchman, and, in the closing sense of his life was melancholy. While on the eve of carrying into execution plans for the establishment of a musical theatre and magnificent Hall concert less his previous epilepsy, commencing a fatal illness, which he underwent, which accompanied by an array of orchestral performers, was obliged to be carried to his home, and, in the intervals of his forces at Paris for this purpose, he became insensed his mental powers, and, to the extent that first he death and then his reason gave way. In this condition he was conveyed to an asylum, where he died on the 16th day of March. Jullien was in his forty-eighth year, and, in his prime, he was a fine, an Apine town, on the 23d of April, 1811. His father was bandmaster of a regiment of the Imperial Guard, and, in the early days of the age of the which he was to become so renowned, he was a boy

PREACHING TO THIEVES AND HARLOTS.

We give herewith a picture of the Sunday-evening service in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Greene Street, New York, by Rev. W. P. Corbit, on 1st April, last. It had been previously announced that the sermon would be especially addressed to "Thieves and Harlots;" and these classes had been duly apprised by the detectives that, for that occasion, the church would be a sanctuary. The experiment was watched with great interest, as the similar attempts which are now being made by Mr. Baptist Noel and others in London, England, are said to produce quite handsomely. We abridge from the *Herald* the following account of the service and congregation:

"A better location for preaching a sermon to such persons could hardly have been selected. The Rev. Mr. Corbit's church is in Greene Street, not far distant from the most notorious portion of the notorious Mercer Street, and in the immediate vicinity of the up-town settlements of small thieves.

"Although our reporter reached the church long before the hour announced for the commencement of the services, he found the house crowded in every part. The aisles were filled with 'standees,' and the mill around the altar was, like a perch, decorated by a number of young men. Inside the altar were several persons; and four more occupied the pulpit, to the evident discomfort and inconvenience of the pastor. It is a well-known fact, that congregations, like dreams, generally go by contraries. An announcement that a lecture will be delivered to young men always attracts all the young ladies of the place; and so, an invitation to thieves and harlots crowded the church with probably the most respectable audience ever collected within its walls. The congregation comprised many respectable men and women, such as we see every day upon 'Change, in business, or in society. Several theatrical and other celebrities were present. About half the congregation were ladies, and many of them were aged. Our reporter, occupying a position from which he could see the entire audience, and assisted by an experienced detective, was able to 'spot' only four well-known harlots, and if any thieves were present they kept themselves very 'dark,' and were not observed.

"The services began with the hymn commencing:

'Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean,'

which was sung with great fervor, the congregation rising. A prayer followed, in which the pastor reminded the brethren that they were once as vile in heart as any present, but had been redeemed by grace. The prayer, as well as the sermon which it preceded, were greeted by many loud 'Amens.' After the singing of the hymn entitled 'The Sinner's Resolve,' Mr. Corbit gave notice, while the collections were being made, that he would preach his farewell sermon next Sunday evening and then took for his text the following passages of Scripture: Proverbs 13th chap. 15th verse, 'The way of the transgressor is hard;' Luke, 23d chap., 42d verse, 'And the thief said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom;' and Matthew, 7th chap. and 21st verse, 'Verily, I say unto you that the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.'

"After the singing of the hymn entitled 'Rock of Ages' the congregation quietly dispersed. To a disinterested observer it was amusing to notice the care which the gentlemen took of their pockets while the audience was passing out, each suspecting his neighbor, in the jam, to be one of the 'thieves;' and also the spirit with which the ladies, for obvious reasons, resented a too-prolonged stare."

We hope the experiment may be repeated. The first attempt proves nothing, and further trials may develop much good.

Mr. Corbit is one of the most eminent preachers of the Methodist faith, and is a man of undoubted sincerity, energy, and zeal. He was born in New Jersey, in or about 1820, and became in early boyhood a wagoner in Pennsylvania. Hiring in his trade, he undertook the business of carting brick into Philadelphia from the adjacent kilns, and at one time had as many as one hundred men in his employ. His energy was remarked by all who knew him; it is said that, in order to be the first at work in the morning, he used to sleep all night on a chair. Some years ago he was touched by the preaching of the late Rev. Dr. Charles Pitman, of New Jersey, in his lifetime one of the ablest ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church; under his guidance Mr. Corbit joined the church and studied for the ministry. His career as a preacher has been very successful. Few preachers in this city can command a larger audience. His famous sermon to the firemen of New York will be remembered by many of our readers; it attracted no little attention at the time.

Probably no one is better qualified to give an opinion as to the probable effect of Mr. Corbit's preaching than Mr. Matsell the ex-Chief of Police. He says:

"Mr. Corbit, by his sermon last Sunday evening, has given a practical turn to Christian effort, which for many years has been too much on theory. To successfully combat vice and crime, it must be brought to light and boldly grappled with. Leaving the evils of society to work their own cure, is just as suicidal as it is for a patient, in a dangerous but not incurable condition, to refuse the medicines which his physician may prescribe.

"This sermon of the reverend gentleman may be regarded more in the light of an introductory lecture on crime and criminals than as a complete essay on this all important subject. He suggested a new means whereby thieves or prostitutes could be reformed, but merely pointed out, in touching and eloquent language, the danger to which the thief was exposed, his fears, his continual dread of the law's officials, and of a city or a State prison ever stating him in the face. In striking contrast, he showed the peaceful life the true Christian led, who awake or asleep, felt the fear of none in the world. In concluding his discourse the reverend gentleman gave a parting word of advice to his brethren, which was well timed. If a sister who had fallen from her high estate should reform and become a member of the church it was their duty to encourage her, and what she had been should be blotted out from their memories. The object of the sermon may have been in some respects a failure, but it will certainly accomplish one grand end, in arousing the minds of the people to the important question of what is to be done with our criminals."

REV. WILLIAM P. CORBIT, OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

REV. WILLIAM P. CORBIT PREACHING TO "THIEVES AND HARLOTS" IN THE GREENE STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, ON APRIL 1, 1860.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE SEPARATED THIS LIFE.

BY

LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO,

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER IV.

SUNSET.

NOT a breath from the lungs of Æolus. The sun went down like a globe of fire; but just as it touched the horizon it flattened out into an oval disk, and, sinking behind a dead, slate-colored cloud, shot up half a dozen broad rose and purple bands, expanding as they mounted heavenward, and then fading away in pearly-tinted hues in the softening twilight until it mingled in the light of the half-moon nearly at the zenith. Presently, along the eastern horizon, the banks of clouds, which had been piling dead and motionless all the sultry day, seemed to be imbued with life, and separating in their fleecy masses, rounded up above the sea, and soon spread out, like a lady's fan, in all directions.

"Ho! ho!" shouted Captain Blunt, clapping his hands, "what said I, Madame Rosalie, when we saw the sun setting up his lee backstays a while ago? A breeze, eh? Come, Mr. Binks, be wide awake! We shall be lowling off the knots before the watch is out."

The mate caught the enthusiasm of the skipper, and jumping up on the break of the deck cabin, he sung out:

"Dye hear there, lads! give us a good pull of the topsail halliards, and round in them starboard braces a bit! That's your sort! Well, the head yards! That'll do with the main! Up he wide swaddy

and a tangled mass of carroty, unshorn locks. There was a wisp of a red silk kerchief tied in a single knot around his bare bull neck; the shirt was thrown back, and exposed a tawny, hairy chest, as a ray of light flashed up from the binnacle. He looked—as indeed he was—the lowest type of an English sailor scoundrel. His companions were of lighter build, and their dress, complexion, and manner—to say nothing of their black hair and rings in their ears—indicated a birth and breeding in other and hotter climes.

"Well, my lads," said the big fellow, who seemed to be in command, "the barkey is sure, and we've heard that infernal cruiser handsomely. Go forward, Pedro, and gag them bullocks, and then tell the boys to trim ship. Jim-bobbers, and mind that those other braces, chum of you, so we can keep way with the schooner and take things easy."

Here he laughed in a husky, spirituous, low chuckle, and then went on: "This will make up for lost time, anigos! Christo! there must be some juices on board. But who's left in the boat, Miguel?" This was addressed to a how-legged, beetle-browed individual, with a bulldog, which bulldog his face in a perpetual and skeleton-like grin, who hissed out from between his decayed front tusks:

"*El Jaun, Señor, con tres de nosotros.*"

"Bueno! all right; three of the chaps will do to look on for him, but tell the Doctor to drop the boat astern, and veer him a rope from the gangway. There! that's well with the braces! Keep her off a point; so that will do."

As the orders were promptly obeyed, and the crew of the big gagged, and the vessel surged slowly on her way, the same speaker turned to his men and said,

"Now, my beauties, let's have an overhaul of the skipper! Let's make him up prize, will ye? never mind," he added, "I'll just stop down and have a word with him myself."

As the man spoke, he had foremost down the companion ladder, two of the pirates jumped after him, and, dealing him another cruel stab with a knife drawn from his belt, they passed on into the lower cabin. There was a brief struggle, the sound of voices mingled with curses and threats, and then all quiet again.

In pursuance of his expressed purpose, the stout ruffian devised himself round, took a seaop about the hatches, then sticking his pistol in his belt, he slowly descended the ladder, gave the wounded and dying mate a kick, and with a swagger passed into the cabin.

There on a small sofa abaft, between the two stern air-ports, sat Captain Blunt. Blood was trickling down a deep gash from a concealed bruise on his forehead, but notwithstanding the swelling and pain of the wound, his features were calm, and his eyes, as he either side of him sat as villainous a brace of mongrel Portuguese or Spaniards as ever infected the high seas; and his eyes were glancing by a stout cord to the bolt above the transom.

"My service to you, Sir!" said the leader of the gang, with a ferocious smile of derision, as he stuck his arms akimbo and squirted some tobacco-juice from his lips upon the floor, and scrutinized the pinioned prisoner.

"I pose you know by this time that you're a lawful prize, captured by a Hindependent Cruiser of the West Indies, notwithstandin' ye had safe escort and convoy all the arternoon."

Here he chuckled, squirted more juice over the table, then dropped down on a sea-chest directly in front of the sofa, took off his hat and scrutinized his yellow red hair. The poor Captain said not a word but shook a great clot of blood from his brow.

"Well! now my old hearty, the first thing for you to do is to poke out your manifest and any other little matters of value ye may have stowed away; and he dam quick, mind ye, for you haven't much time to sail in this 'ere craft. Howsever, I'll give ye yer own time!"

"You'll find the Manifest and the ship's papers there inside that instrument-box; and all the money you have in the ship is that locked; and I trust in Heaven it may burn your hands to cinders, you bloody devils!"

"Hot! much any! brine! keep a stopper on your jaw, blast ye! or I'll squeeze your dead carcass through that 'ere starn port!"

Pulling the cord as he spoke, stepping up to the narrow stake-cabin near by, he jerked open the upper drawer of a small barrow affair, and pulling out a canvas bag, sealed at the mouth, tossed it on to the cabin table. The coin fell with the heavy dead sound peculiar to gold, and the ruffian, after taking it up again and weighing it tenderly, growled out, "This chink will do for a beginning at any rate! So now he's now a peep at what the cargo consists on."

Then stepping a second time to the berth, he gave a kick to the instrument-box, the lid flew off, and diving in his fist he drew out a bundle of papers. Once more seating himself at the table beneath the swinging lamp, he clumsily undid the papers and spread them before him.

"What a blessed thing is education," muttered he half-aloud, "and what a power of knowledge reading 'riting does for a man!" Putting his fat stumpy finger on each line of the manuscript as he slowly began to spell out the contents, he began, "Man-f-fest of Brig *Martha Blunt*—ja-cob Blunt man-ter-." here he paused, and, squirting more tobacco-juice over at the skipper, as if to attract his attention, he suddenly ejaculated, "Hark ye! Master Blunt, what was the name of that mana-o'-war vessel as was t'rin' by you this morning?"

"*Scourge!*" replied the skipper, faintly, as he shook another great drop of blood from his brow.

"The what? The *Scourge!* That dam Yankee snake! Smash my brains! D'ye know that that ship has been a hangin' about the north side of Cuba for ever so long, interrupting our trade? And you an Englishman to go and arm him to purtect ye! Blast your eyes, take that!"

Here he snatched a pistol from his sash, and taking aim full at the skipper's breast, he pulled the trigger. Fortunately the weapon snapped and did not explode. The ruffian held it a moment in his hand, and then letting it rest upon the table, he said, with a horrible imprecation,

"Ye see you're safe, Master Blunt, but we'll see what salt-water will do for ye by-and-by."

Taking out his knife at the conclusion of this speech, he picked the fint of his pistol, opened the pan, shook the priming, and then shoved the weapon back in his belt. The mention of the *Scourge*, however, had evidently caused him some trepidation, for when he resumed the perusal of the Manifest it was in a hurried, agitated sort of way, and not at all at his ease.

Smoothing the papers again before him, he went on, making occasional comments as he read: "Eighty-six cases of silks—light, and easily stowed away; twenty-nine tons bar iron; sixty-four cases of Havana cigars—hi! that's hot; to sink the brig; forty pipes of Bordeaux; two hundred hiskets Champagne; three hundred and fifty bales of Cuba—sear stuff, I warrant you; two casks Cognac brandy—hut I say, you Blunt," said the fellow, looking up, "it never crop up anything of the kind, which you been 'in' out all this 'rittin', and my mouth's as dry as a land crab's claws. Howsever," he continued, as he caught the expressive satisfaction which came over the swarthy faces of his companions beside the Captain, "I wait a bit, and we'll punch a hole in a fresh hogshead."

Having run through the Manifest, he opened another paper and exclaimed, "Hello! what's this? Lists of passengers—Ma-dame Rosalie Pirou and—hot! that's a French piece, I known by the name. Ma-dame Pirou! Hush! Shut on the ports, lads, has she? D'ye hear, there, ye infernal Blunt?"

The Captain's face was troubled, and his head drooped down on his breast without replying; but one of the scoundrels at his side struck him a brutal blow on the ear, which left a livid mark on the mouth, and jerking up his said, with an effort, "Yes, we have a female passenger on board, and I'm responsible for her safety. I pray you, in God's name, to leave the innocent woman in peace. You've robbed and ruined me and my poor crew, and I'm sorry with all my like, curse or hang me, but don't harm the poor lady!"

The tears blinded him as he spoke, and mingled with the bloody stream which trickled down his cheeks. The ruffian's ugly face and blood-red eyes brightened at the unexpected satisfaction as the skipper began his appeal, but before he had well finished speaking he broke in:

"Avast your jaw! will ye? You'll have enough to look out for your own gullet, my lad, without minding other folks' fare! I'll not ask you say your prayers afore eight bells is struck, because there's shortie off Jamaly."

Then addressing the two scoundrelly myrmidons he exclaimed, "Look out sharp for that old chap, my lads, while I goes to sarch for the woman passenger!"

"*Si, Señor,*" replied the man with a nod and a grin, and he resumed his seat again; and no sooner had their leader left the cabin than a bottle and glasses were placed upon the table, and they fell to with a will, complimenting the brand and the prisoner by pitching the last drops from their tumblers into his face.

MISS NIGHTINGALE ON NURSING.

NURSING is a faculty, not a science. It is a gift, not an acquirement. There are some women who possess it, highly estimable women, who can never make decent nurses. You love them; you are charmed with them in society; you wish for them all imaginable prosperity, but would a soon think of introducing a French born and a dancing bear round about your sick-bed as of surrendering your self to their tender mercies.

First of these is the good-natured, nonsensical nurse, without a single idea in her head, who thinks that nothing can go well where there is not cheerful conversation and a busy kitchen. Such a nurse is the delight of her patient, particularly if she be jamelico taking a rich, thick, chreme-colored cousin; as the best restorative for the disorganized system. Such a nurse will open windows, throw up the blinds, and throw wide the windows when a German band is playing underneath, to relieve the feelings of a patient groaning with agony under congestion of the brain; such a nurse has, before now, pressed wine and brandy on a patient in the agonies of a violent inflammation, and has gagged him in a lively chat as the finest remedy for a nervous headache. This is the nurse who despises doctors and who her trust in medicine and the butcher; who shudders at gray-powder and prefers herb tea; who always thinks you are being brought to die, even when you are in the best of health. This nurse is the dearest creature in the world for the drawing-room days of life. Round, bright-eyed, cheery, kind, she is the sunshine, the delight of the house, and the jolliest companion in the world: but I pray that none but my critics or my enemies may ever know her when she is under the belief that she is nursing to perfection. She is herself blessed with a large volume of life and a strong nervous organization, with big lungs, a big heart, and a big, but cumsely-tempered brain. She is a treasure in the healthy world: I can repeat this too often; for I really love her, such a fine noble domestic elephant she is! But right-minding up the stairs, two steps down, or rampage about the hay-field, and, when I am not never put so much as the tip of that beloved blunt nose inside the limits of your door!

And take your sister with you: your sister is a Muff, and Muffs are as objectionable as elephants, when the knacker is tied up. Muff, too, is a precious creature for the healthy hours; a tender, clinging, loving soul, full of sensibility and kindness: a universal favorite, too, every one declares, must make one of the best of nurses. Try her, my friend; try her for one week, and surely you will see in your sick room, that Muff's fault Muff's theory of nursing is comprised (she being, of course, your wife) in incessant personal attention and incessant sympathy. When you see her fainting for air Muff will hang over you, between you and the window, stifling you with her soft weight and sweet breath, and her soft warm hands upon your forehead. Muff is always praising your patience, your firmness, your gentleness; exaggerating your suffering to your face, and making a far mightier fuss about every little occurrence than even you think, with all your sick sensibility, be warranted by the circumstances. I will take a strong man to live through a month of Muff's bedside practice. She is rarely still, and when she is she is in a hurry of gentleness herself, and does every thing in whispers. She softly tells you that your head is too low when it is quite right, and she drags your pillow from which she pushes and pats under you in the most irritating manner; or just as you have found out a comfortable position, she suddenly pulls you bodily upon your weary and feebly manipulated late symmetry with your person, Muff tenderly asks if you are not suffocated, and, when you heavily, drags up your head, and pushes back the bolster to its mathematical precision of place. She whispers in your ear till the sound is one mad; and pets you till you would beat her, if she were any body else, and you were anybody else. Muff talks in whispers Muff—you are half asleep, in a quiet dose, and in a wonderfully easy position, for her patient—Muff talks, Muff is getting time for your early medicine; so don't go to sleep, there's a dear!" It wants twenty minutes of the time, and you have not slept for three weeks; but you would just then so tranquil and so comfortable! Muff would be literally hurt if told that she is worse than useless in your sick room; that it is the most provoking circumstance in her case that you love her with all your heart, and to complain (one of the lovably irritable comforts) would be almost next to murdering her.

Then there is the conscientious nurse, hard and practical; that is the nurse which goes on turning its own handle according to the tune set for it by the doctor. Grimbones can not judge for herself. She can only obey; she can Grimbones, and act faithfully, and with punctuality and precision; but she has no originality, and must work according to the rules laid down for her. If the doctor says that certain medicines—sleeping draughts, for instance—are to be given every three hours, and the patient is not asleep at the time, Grimbones, tuthless as death, sits gaustly staring at the clock, and wakes you up at that exact minute your draught is due, and, if you were in a sweet and dreamless sleep, which was the very effect the medicine was intended to produce. But Grimbones has always her duty—obedience is the cardinal virtue. There are moral pedantries in nursing as well as any thing else. Grimbones is a quality pedant, and probably with square shoulders, a flat back, and bony hands, who dresses in black mode skimp and light, and usually loves to marine another lady about primly to her waist, and a half-mourning—always looking like a half dirty—cap. Grimbones is a good woman, but an old maid by nature and by habit, and a nurse of sick man's helpless bed. She is usually your mother-in-law. Therefore give Grimbones the keys of the store-room with well-clear with perfect confidence; give her also dominion over your servants; but tell her gently, kindly (for Mercy's sake don't affront her), that you would much prefer she would not nurse you.

Escape, if you can, from the watching nurse, upon whose every eye, who won't let you turn or lift your arm, or your leg, or even wink, without her knowledge, and who will come to your bed-side in the middle of the night, every two minutes by asking "what you would like now?" who can never let well alone, and has the profoundest contempt for the sick-room nature; who thinks that constitutions are babies, and have to be lifted on their legs every second, as they can never do any of themselves.

I think I prefer her, and even Grimbones and Muff, to Aunt Gruesome. When that little gray-haired creature of her family is ill she starts by express train from any remote part of the country to take possession of them, as if they were her property. She is your wife and your children, and your man-servant and your maidservants, and even the stranger that is within your gates. Nothing escapes her. Every body and every thing, her sharp, short directions—snapped off in broken sentences by her teeth—as if subject to a spell, She is no slave of system, but (with a mournful, and angular way) that she never seems to sit down; the most she can do is to lean her little person against the door frame, for, even at times the terrible moment for housemaids. Then it is that Aunt Gruesome darts cutting glances into the corners of rooms and cupboards and drawers. Then it is that you, helpless and forlorn, feel that the management of the sunbeam wife of your bosom is being trampled, and, with the establishment utterly, nearly criticised. I dare say Aunt Gruesome is not wholly unknown to some of my readers.

But last and best of all, there is the dear fairy nurse, who is never in the way at the wrong time, and never out of the way at the right time; who, when you wish for her, appears like magic by your side, and, when you want any thing else, brings that very thing, by some marvelous intuition, from some unexplained source; who is always cheerful and never tired; who seems fresher after sitting up for the whole night than the rest of the household after seven hours' bed; who, when you can sit up, achieves worlds of ease and comfort with pillows, and bits of board, and easy footstools; who tells you exactly what you ought to know, and won't let you be bothered with any news that might worry you; whose sympathy, though tender, is invigorating, for she never "poor-dears" you, as Muff does a hundred times a day; who does every thing for you in a quiet unostentatious way, and contrives to let you have the impression that it did itself, like the tangled web of golden wire of fairy tales; who sees pillows which no confectioner could approach, and muffs chart as if she had been taught the process by a special agent. This fairy nurse, this ideal of a sick-bed guardian, this exquisite undertaking of nature, reconciles you to nursing womanhood in general, and makes every man more believe in the great gift of femininity. I know such a nurse; with heart, head, and senses in unfailing harmony. Under her delightful influence convalescence is a pleasure to be ill. Such a nurse is like the poet, "born, not made." But even she may be benefited by scientific rules. Indeed, she is perhaps the only kind of nurse who can be so benefited; for all the rest only add a little scientific pedantry to their other qualifications for the performance of their work.

The most sensible book ever written on the subject is Miss Nightingale's Notes on Nursing. The rule of rules, the one which stands as the first commandment on which hang all the rest, is "TO KEEP THE AIR THE PATIENT BREATHES AS PURE AS THE EXTERNAL AIR WITHOUT CHILLING HIM." Nursing of a sick-room by means of inside windows, or doors opening into corridors, passages, halls, courts, or any other inclosed space. The outside air, and water, are the best, cheap and freest, is all that she will admit. With that commandment firmly established next comes the need of some special set of rules for preventing exposure to the chilly hours of early morning, when the patient's vital powers are low, and before the food and warmth of the breakfast have called him up into a healthy action or to feverish heat; and at all times—morning, noon, and night alike—in weak, prostrated, or exhausted cases, where every effort the patient is lost for want of this one matter of simple care and forethought. Hot bottles, hot flannels, warm drinks, and fire, and hot-water pipes applied to the bodily condition, are needed in such cases; and all this extra external warmth can go on together, with the greatest amount of ventilation from the outside. "People don't catch cold in bed," says Miss Nightingale: a truth that can not be too strongly inculcated in those who have to attend to the sick or the aged.

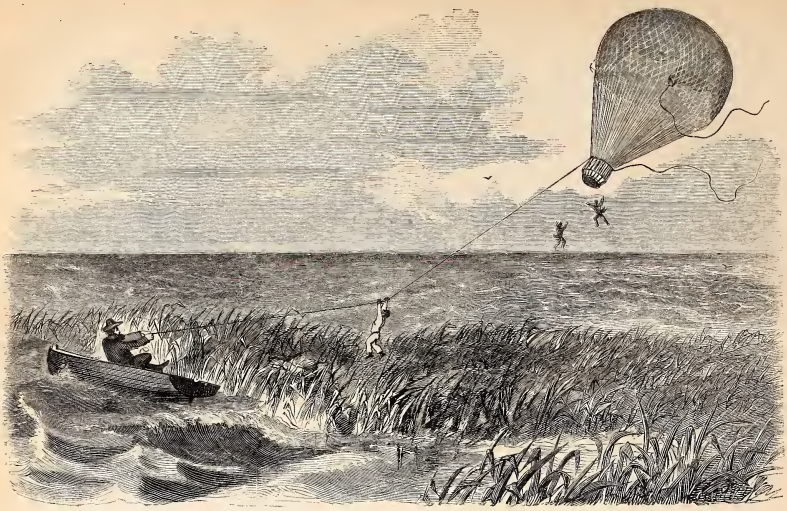
In the matter of cleanliness it is enough to say that nothing can be too scrupulous or too delicate for the proper management of a sick-room. No dirty rags left fluttering about; no airing of damp linen or stockings before the kitchen-kitchen fire; no superfluous drapery any where, and not a rag or carpet if possible to be done without; no dirty pots and pans, and Arabian Nights messes swimming on the body; no unwashed glasses, with the lip mark left in filthy ripples at the edge, nor poems with the dill in a chimney pot about the bowl, or with the dregs of the draught congregated into a mahogany-colored pool; not the smallest thing about the room which the moment sees of nose or eye, and then, perhaps, you may some up to the mark of the needful amount of sick-room cleanliness. Make no mistake, or a little or need be; but for the sake of suffering humanity do not imitate Muff, and think that whispering and creeping about the room constitutes "sick-room silence. These are almost worse than our dear elephant's mode of slapping things down with a bang, and of speaking to the dead, as if they had a sore ailing a man-of-war. "A firm, light, quick step, a steady, quick hand, are the desiderata; not the perfect, lingering, soft, and, at little or need tinkl, uncertain hand. Slowness is not gentleness, though it is often mistaken for such. Quickness, lightness, and quietness are perfectly compatible." A nursing nurse is an abomination; a nurse with etching, little pettiness, constantly always, or sometimes, with keys that jingle in her pocket, with a clink that fags against her steel buckle, with jingling bracelets on her arms, or even with dangling chains, is absolutely inadmissible in a sick-room, and should be gently shown the door at the earliest opportunity.

Never stand or fidget about when the patient speaks with you, and always sit where he can see you without turning his head. Be quiet and unfeeling when you speak to him, and never gesticulate. Speak with an even voice, without undue emphasis, without drawl, and with no hesitation and never speak from behind the door, or from the fire-place, or with your back turned. Never speak at all or walk quickly toward the sick room patient is standing or moving about: "a patient in such a state is not going to the East Indies," and if you wished to walk ten miles and ten yards farther, any promenade be could make would be over. Under no pretense whatever wake him up at the door. "If the sick person is a nervous, hungry Frenchman, gayly; and he who sleeps in sickness is getting all the good which food or medicine can give him. Never bring your patient any irresolution, doubt, or change in your own mind. "People who think nothing of their bodies, who contract every little ailment, and, if they have no business with the sick, for they fidget them by their sympathy, and make them quite as much as if they had entered the poor work limbs as many yards or miles as they proposed. Leave the sick-room quickly, and come in quickly—but with a rush, not suddenly, and like a bull, but lightly and decidedly; not as if you were leaving half your mind behind you, and the other half were turning round to seek it. "Conciseness and decision in your movements are as necessary in the sick-room as the cure of hurry and hustle. To possess yourself entirely will insure you from either falling, either loitering or hurrying." Rending aloud to the sick is an operation to be very rarely followed, and then only under strict charge, of

clear, distinct, even-toned, and not lengthy trials: taking care that every word is heard distinctly, that there is no mouthing, and no plunging, and that the course is short and unflinging.

"Variety of form and brilliancy of color in the objects presented to patients are actual means of recovery;" whereby, all at once, gather together as much variety as possible. Hang up an engraving where the patient can see it, and change it every day, or week, or month, as may be; have a growing plant or a few cut flowers near the patient; let the light come in freely and lovingly, and let such cases as make it painful and hurtful; and, if possible, let the bed be so placed that he can look at the view beyond, and gather into his sick soul little of the health and vigor of the natural world. Let him have bright and cheerful subjects for thought, and in his mind as much as possible from the eternal contemplation of his own miseries, and the terrible self-consciousness which creeps over an all lingering illness. But this variety must be given temperately and judiciously; care must be taken not to fatigue by a too rapid change, or by the exhibition of colors or of objects which, through some idiosyncrasy or other, exhaust and depress rather than stimulate and encourage. Again, as soon as the sick can see their friends, let them. Let them have a little needle-work, a little netting, a little manual labor of some kind. The doing family is as much an instinct with humanity that absolute idleness soon becomes one of the most intolerable of curses.

Never let a patient see his food raw, or smell it in the process of cooking, or know any thing about it until it is presented to him warm, tempting, and at the right moment, when that is specific in most craving. Hours of appetite vary in different individuals, and it is well to study their period of recurrence in the particular case under charge. If twelve be better than two, or four than six, make the principal meal appear at the desired time. Food is more palatable if it be cut into o'clock, or twelve, or two, to be to the hour of dinner, liked or not; and that it is the wholesomest food and that you must do what is right. People, sick people at least, will only do what they like; and what they like is generally the thing their own instinct prompts her organism as to what they ought to do and ought to have. Do not leave uneaten food by the patient; and, if he cannot wish him to eat nothing at all, do not let him "always have something beside him." Be careful that every thing about his meals is scrupulously clean, and that every article of food is fresh and in good condition. Be chary of jellies, except as refreshment for a parched mouth, but do not trust to them as nourishment; and with beef-tea, regard it rather as containing a "certain reparative quality, we do not know what," than as so much actual nourishment. Dr. Chrichton says of beef-tea, that "possibly it belongs to a new denomination of remedies" for patients can take this when rejected by every other, and can maintain life in it into the bargain. Cream, in many long chronic cases, is irreplaceable by any other article whatever; and, and, and,



NARROW ESCAPE OF A BALLOONIST AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, MARCH, 1860.—From a Sketch by Ambrose Spencer, Esq.—[See preceding Page.]

for the day when he shall be confronted with them, an innocent but a defenseless man." Then the horrible picture which the mysteriously dead superintendent had drawn, of a doom to State Prison for life, came floating in more than its original vividness before her eyes, carrying more fearful solemnity and omen with it from the fact that the lips which painted it were at that time so unawares near their last utterance. She could bear it no longer. It never once came into her mind what other women would do under the circumstances. She acted now just according to her noble womanhood; its pure, uncorrupted instincts leading her into the commission of that which as, even under protest, I will not connive with a lying social

ARREST AND RESCUE OF FRANK B. SANBORN, ESQ., AT CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 3, 1860.—[See preceding Page.]

He threw open the front door, and on a large trunk, which he dragged out to the light for her inspection, was plainly painted, with a fine Gran recent look, "Clinghan—New York."

Nora unconcerned heart and passed in. There was no reason to suspect evil except her loneliness, and that gave her the right to ask a better protection than man's.

"Will Madame walk into the parlor one instant, while I mount on high to announce her to Monsieur?"

"Certainly."

He flung back the door of the room at their right hand, disclosing a fine view of the window, showing Nora into it. After which he hurled himself up stairs in a manner very juvenile for a valet with so venerable a beard.

Nora had no time, even had she wished it, to prepare her overflowing heart for any set and formal purpose. There was a sound overhead of rumbling and thumping, as of men putting things to rights in a hurry—and then Achille returned, saying,

"Would Madame accept? Monsieur would gratify himself much of that honor."

With a spirit that cried to her heroism in sandlike agony for wisdom, help, fortitude to bear the best or worst, Nora followed the valet up to his master's room. It was twilight, as has been said, but a balmy summer one, so that the lamps were not lighted, and the air from without fanned gratefully in and through the wide open windows, just perceptibly ruffling the curtains. There could not have been a pleasanter room for an invalid as the poor partner who had come to settle Chewick's troubles seemed to be. He sat in a large easy-chair, his feet resting on another, and a shawl thrown upon them. His forehead rested on his hand, and his face was in and modestly bowed, with her and, earnest then and throughout, Nora saw, that he just inclined his head in a gentlemanly recognition, and said in a hoarse whisper,

"Please be seated."

Then nodded and waved his hand to the faithful Achille to withdraw. Nora saw he had obeyed the summons the partner bowed to Nora again to intimate his audience.

"Mr. Clingham," he begins, with a painful trembling in her voice, "I am a young lady whose name would perhaps be familiar to you, if I should tell it; but the nature of my business with you makes it desirable, for the present at least, that I should not name myself. There is a report I have to make to you, and I make it in perfect confidence that neither it, nor any thing else I shall say to you, shall ever be communicated to another."

"You may, Madam, with perfect security," he whispered.

"I wish to say, then, that I know, through no improper or unreliable sources, something of the reason why you are here. There have been great irregularities, peculiarities, in your Banking House in this place. There are rumors abroad that all the officers of the Bank, save one, are implicated in the transgressions—who is dead, strangely dead, are now in confinement on a serious criminal charge."

A gasping groan was all that uttered, "True?"

"And to-day there came to my father's house a person in search of one other who has not yet been arrested, but who is wanted on account of similar accusations." Nora's voice, which had hitherto been tremulous, now grew strong and clear.

"I come to you to speak of that one particularly. I have a deep interest in that man; yet, I know though he, I owe it to you, I will come to him—I—I—"

Her voice choked again, and she could not complete her sentence. The old man buried his face in both hands and was visibly moved; his whole frame shaking like a leaf, in sympathy with the young girl's emotion. She governed herself, and went on calmly:

"The name of the young man is—Ernest—Beckford. The affairs of the Bank may be so complicated that he may seem to be involved. His enemies may have made his books tell lies. There was one who I do not believe loved him—though he is dead, I will mention his name—Mr. Green. Perhaps in his life he may have wronged him. Circumstances may look dark against him; but he is, oh, Mr. Clingham! he is as innocent as Heaven! And now, the request I have to make is this: If you have examined the books of the Bank, or if you shall, and find any deficiency or wrongful foil to his account, let me plead with you, let me entreat you not to deal with him by law! I have brought you all I have—whether it is much or little I do not know, but it is all my mother left me." And Nora opened the little morocco box.

"Here is a gold watch—it is large and old-fashioned, but it is an excellent time-keeper. Here are two bracelets set with opals. And there is a pearl necklace here too, besides a pair of pearl ear-drops and several rings, one of them a diamond. I have been counting them up, and I calculate right there are things here that are worth several hundred dollars. I, Sir, shall never wear them, and I pray you not take them and save him *I shall hate them always!* Will they not partly pay the deficiency that may be on his books? If they will, *dear Sir!* forgive me for asking you to take them, and give him time to pay the rest. He will do it—he would work like a slave—work to the death to do it, though he is innocent. Oh, for the dear sake of our Father in heaven, be merciful like Him, and take them!"

As she said this she tried to put them into his hand, but he gently pushed them away. She thought he was refusing her prayer—for the shadow which, as night grew deeper, was creeping closer and closer between him and the tears which were running through his fingers—and she threw herself upon her knees in the desperation of the one last entreaty:

"Oh, will you pity me?" she cried. "Are you a father—or if not that, haven't you some one, something to love—do you not at least love God?—and how could you bear it if He were torn out of the heavens and away from you? Have mercy—and that God, the God of an innocent man and of a broken-hearted girl, who will pray for you day and night, will bless you! *He is innocent.* Come whatever may upon his head, God is with him for evermore. The noble, the pure, the high-souled one; that knows innocence only a strange distant name: that is the best, the truest, the most upright man who breathes! *Save him!* But save him or not, I ask, with clasped hands, I ask, I implore!"

"Amen! and as God liveth, not even death shall henceforth part thee and me."

"My God!" said Nora, when she spoke then?

The partner, now standing up in his manly greatness, led her, all bewildered and pale as snow, to the faint twilight of the window. Was it that up through that sky, measureless in the bivouac of the hosts of God, the lights really burned gladder for the joy they shone on, or did Love give a miracle of clearness to the eyes of the soul? for there was light enough at that window for Nora to see that the partner into whose arms she fell was none other than—Ernest Beckford!

CHAPTER XIII.

YET not of Ernest *Beckford;* for as will have already been discovered, the young man who, to detect the chief causes in the ruin which wickedness had bringing upon Chewick Branch and its insnared junior officers, took this assumed name with the position of a subaltern, was truly the youngest partner of the name and house of Clingham. Save the other members of the firm some half dozen, his secret, not even the ransomed and reformed little Filkins had been intrusted with it until his return from New York, for the last time, in the dramatic transformation of Achille Bindaud.

The affairs of the Bank were discovered to be in a truly terrible condition. The superintendent had used his position to issue forged paper to large amounts, for which the Bank was, at least, in honor, liable to the widows and orphans who had received it, and, absurdly enough, honor and necessity were synonyms with the Messrs. Clingham, and the high-toned which fect made the conscience of the house, though for a time only, better off than their lodgers. I am happy to say that in those extreme of Luke Green none of the subalterns were found to be involved very deeply. Todds, cashier, was the most so. To pay his gambling debts Green had defalcated, unknown to the amount of $1500. His poor old father, the worthy butcher we have mentioned, paid this for his son, and very vigorous measures were taken, and, to save the excellent man's gray hairs from sorrow—big grave, the son was allowed to escape to Europe. Let us hope he does better at Geneling, where he follows the paternal trade, than he did here.

As for the rest, their errors amounted to nothing besides drunkenness, shameless carelessness, and irresponsibility. Luke Green had supplied them with money for their vices, gambling it back from them till they had no more, and taking their notes for the balance. The wallet which Ernest had seized by his hazardous but successful stroke at the punch-party was full of these, with other evidences of the superintendent's guilt. They were returned, with severe reprimands and a thorough fright, to the luckless victims who had given them; and they felt their punishment sufficiently for their profit, though they did have to be dispensed with by the Bank. May they too learn a lesson not to be a knave's fools!

Little Filkins was fortunately taken in hand soon enough to have an excellent man made of him. He is a blessing to the "fine mother and splendid sisters" of whom he is justly proud, as well as to another young woman, who finds him a great comfort on Sunday evenings, and shows symptoms of meaning before long to take him regularly. Though he has not gone into the Siamese Ointment business, he feels perfectly satisfied with his lot, being now the most estimable and responsible cashier of Clingham & Co., Cheswick Branch.

But we are leaving a very excellent gentleman in a very disagreeable place. The very same night that Nora visited the partner a wirt of *hideous corpse* took Mr. Manton out of jail—Ernest explaining, what he could not in honor or explain, that the change of children which had been made was after this wise. He himself was the son of Samuel Clingham, and the young-

"AMEN! AND AS GOD LIVETH, NOT EVEN DEATH SHALL HENCEFORTH PART THEE AND ME."

gest of four of his own sex. Mr. Joseph Clingham, on the other hand—as the mother of Luke Green had said—was the father of an unnatural family of girls. When he, Ernest namely, was born to Samuel, and a girl, Nora by name, was given by Heaven to Joseph, the two brothers, for variety's sake, proposed an exchange. But Samuel Clingham and his wife felt a delicacy about leaving this foot known, and Ernest employed their old friend John Manton to go to the secluded town of Hyde Park with their boy and make the transfer for them. Nora Green must him there, and, as was intended, got the idea that the boy John Manton gave her was his own. The name of the girl whom he received from her struck him as a pretty one, and when, several years after, he had a daughter he named her Nora Clingham Manton. Which state of facts, together with an old woman's forgetfulness of the lapse of recent time, caused Luke Green's mother to make the mistake she did about the identity of John Manton's daughter. When, upon Ernest's appearance before herself and the coroner, she was fully aware of the phaetons and gilt he she had persuaded her unprincipled son to chase to his death, she went home to Blinker's Court, and on the morrow was found to have followed him—dead in her bed—by poison, or nature and terror, I know not. The explanation just detailed, together with Turkle's and Filkins's affidavits as to the manner of Luke Green's decease, satisfied the ends of justice and Coroner Dokdrum, if indeed that be not a repetition of the same idea; this worthy magistrate having, if any part of justice, the ends, and the very small ends at that. So Mr. Manton was restored to his house.

It was thought better, after all the troublous experience which these chapters have recited of engineering Cheswick Branch through unintercested subalterns, that a resident partner should take the superintendence. It was Ernest Beckford, now no longer Beckford but Clingham, in name as in truth, who was chosen to that place. And it was on the very first day of his presidency that he took into the firm

THE NEW PARTNER IN "CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS!"

—took her in with bride-calm and blushes—with the sweetest smiles of heaven and kisses of earth. Took her in to be partner with *Clingham*—as she played she was in her Banking-room soliloquy, where Ernest first heard her dear voice—and John Manton had his draft honored, his coat repaired by getting a new one, and his head once more uplift among his equals. Took her in to unite the parent-sole and the human-heart sides of the Bank House in an indissoluble marriage; so that golden plenty should flow across to the family-pair, and they love should lover like a winged flame over the head of the new president in his office, coming from the sweet wife to whom he had sworn vows when work was done. Took in the New Partner, lastly, with great thanksgivings audible from the lips of each, and greater ones, inaudible, from the mingled soul of them both, to Him who had so opened their doors to his Angel-daughter Faith, that blessing them for their welcome, she made within them a dearer home for her sister Love, where both dwelt, twin angels, mushakably, eternally.

"All the life of the young man is but a pilgrimage from one sweet woman's breast to one other. From the bosom out of whose life he came, he goes voyaging wearily, painfully, and yet he hath none, until he comes to the bosom with whose life he is to be one for evermore."

Faith had sung, "Be sure that rest will come!" Love, in every antistrophe answered back, "I have found it!"

THE END.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Premature Loss of the Hair,

Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming in handfuls, and it has never failed to arrest its decay, and to procure a healthy and vigorous growth.

It is unrivaled as a dressing for the hair, a single application rendering it soft and glossy for several days.

The following testimonial is conclusive of its efficacy in the case of

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Gentlemen: When I first used your Cocoaine, I had been bald seven years. In the mean time I had tried a dozen different preparations, specially recommended for baldness, (and all claiming to be infallible), without any beneficial effect.

The failure of my household urged me to try your Cocoaine, which I did, to please them, not having, myself, any faith in the power of man to restore my hair. I have used the contents of one bottle, and my bald pate is covered all over with young hair, about three-eighths of an inch long, which appears strong and healthy, and determined to grow.

In a word, your Cocoaine is excellent—the best preparation for the hair I have ever known, and the only one which accomplishes more than it promises.

Very truly your obliged and obt't servant,

D. T. MERWIN.

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"No!—behold the eager millions
Of our own majestic race
This miserable of Bonheurs
Giving, in their homebuilds, place!
No!—the Anglo-Saxon's spirit
Lover the sharper strong and brave,
Strides him with a steel-armed triumph,
As the triumphant stridden the wave!
"Millions! gaze upon the picture:
Nature will enrich the eye;
Lo! the mighty Norman charger
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VOL. IV.—No. 173.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.*

To the Hon. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS is conceded by his friends and opponents an importance in the political concerns of the United States not exceeded by that of any living statesman. His great abilities, his great success, as well as his indomitable courage, have made him for many years a leading man in the councils of the nation, and have drawn to him the warm affirmation and unflagging devotion of a vast body of the Democratic party. Though it is an accepted doctrine of the Democratic party that no person for President is the only choice of the party, and that, after the nomination, the nominee is the only man that ought ever have his opinions of for the office, yet Mr. Douglas has attracted to himself and to his cause thousands upon thousands who firmly believe him to be the only Democrat who has the public confidence at the North to an extent that can warrant or lead to success in the contest of 1860. This paper, then, is not, has nothing to do with the controversies in or out of the party, as to the strength of Mr. Douglas, or of any one else, as a candidate for the Presidency. We find his name conspicuously presented to the public, and as conspicuously presented by his opponents as by any one else; and in view of the all-absorbing topic of the Charleston Convention, we propose to lay a brief statement of his history before such readers.

Mr. Douglas is a descendant of the great Scotch family of the same name. Two brothers of the name of Douglas emigrated to America at the same time; one went to Maryland, and his descendants are to be found on the banks of the Potomac, in Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and perhaps other Southwestern States; the other brother remained at New London, in Connecticut, and from his latter brother proceeded the ancestors of Stephen A. Douglas. The family of Douglas intermarried with that of Arnold, the family of the Arnolds, who was associated with Roger Williams in the settlement of Rhode Island, and whose son was afterward Governor of that province. Hence the name of Arnold, which was also by Dr. Stephen A. Douglas, the father of the statesman of the present day. Dr. Douglas was born in Rensselaer, New York, and removed thence to Vermont, where he graduated at Middlebury College, studied medicine, and soon after becoming of age, entered upon a good practice as a physician. He married Miss Sarah Fisk, the daughter of a farmer, and in July, 1813, while holding Stephen in his arms, and his little daughter on his knee, died suddenly of disease of the heart.

Mr. Douglas was born at Brandon, Vermont, on the 23d of April, 1813, and on the day of the meeting of the Charleston Convention will have completed the forty-seventh year of his age.

His earlier days were spent with his mother and sister upon a farm—the joint property of his mother and his sister, who was a bachelor. Just about the time fixed upon for young Douglas to enter college, Mr. Fisk married, and the cares of a young family rendered the whole of Stephen's time, in defense of the constitutional rights of the Southern people, was even in boyhood gifted with an energy and a will, that enabled him also to cope with the most disadvantageous circumstances. Instead of repining and weeping over the bitter downfall of his expectations, he packed up such necessary clothing as he could conveniently carry, and, with his bundle on his back, left home, and on foot proceeded to seek a new, and, unfortunately himself as an apprentice to a cabinet-maker.

For two years he worked assiduously at this business, by which he became very proficient, but ill health and a small physical frame rendered it impossible for him to endure the severe labor which was required of him. He therefore left his shop, intending to return to it after he should have recruited his health; and in the mean time entered school at Brandon. After this he had been at school a year or more, his mother and sister both married, and removing to Canandaigua, New York, where he was a boarding-pupil.

At Canandaigua he entered a classical academy, and also read law in the office of Mr. Hubbell. During this period he made great progress in his classical studies, and also in his legal acquirements. As an orator, even at that early day, he was noted for the power and purity of his style. He was particularly conspicuous in the discussion of political questions, and was active supporter of General Jackson; and in the contest between Marcy and Granger, was a warm friend and advocate of the former.

In June, 1833, he left Canandaigua for the Western country. He reached Cleveland, but being another twenty-one years of age, and the law requiring him to have been a resident of the State one year before admission to the bar, he accepted the position of clerk in a law office of the Hon. S. A. Andrews, with a promise of partnership in the future. A severe attack of illness, protracted for several months, however, destroyed this arrangement; and in the fall Mr. Douglas left Cleveland, in search of some eligible point where he might engage in the practice of the law. His ambition was to appear at the bar, having no doubt of his success. He proceeded by canal-boat from Cleveland to the Ohio River, and there by steamer to Cincinnati. He was feeble in health, and with very few dollars in money. His necessities demanded immediate employment, and he proceeded from Cincinnati to Louisville seeking that employment, but failed to find any.

He then left for St. Louis—an undefined impression that Illinois was to be his ultimate destination leading him on toward that region. Arrived at St. Louis, the Hon. Edward Bates, now candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, tendered Mr. Douglas the free use of his office and library until he could do better; but Mr. Douglas's necessities required employment from which he could derive a revenue, and failing to obtain such in St. Louis, he pushed on to Jacksonville, Illinois, where he arrived in December, 1833. He was equally unsuccessful at Jacksonville in finding employment; so he proceeded on foot to the town of Winchester, sixteen miles off, in Scott. He had but thirty-seven cents money and knew not where he was to get more. The day after his arrival he was seen in the public square, who had been gathered to attend an auction sale; the sale could not proceed for want of a clerk, and young Douglas was at once engaged to and requested to serve in that capacity. He served three days as clerk, and received six dollars for his services. He had pleased the farmers very much; he had defended Jackson and his policy with a warmth and a vigor that was unusual. He was offered a situation in the public week's school of forty scholars, at three dollars each per quarter, was made up, and Mr. Douglas entered upon his office of schoolmaster.

In March, 1834, still lacking one month of being twenty-one years old, he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court; and with the proceeds of his school, and such small fees as he had earned in the mean time by attending cases before the Justices' Court, he purchased some law books and moved up to Jacksonville, the county seat of Morgan County, then one of the largest counties in the State.

He opened a law-office in Jacksonville, and soon was known as an ardent Democrat. General Jackson's bank veto was the most popular public topic, and upon it Democrats were divided, and the Whigs were fast gaining strength. The county, according to the habits of the Southern Democrats, had become decidedly Whig in its politics. Douglas and some friends called a mass meeting to defend General Jackson's veto, and the meeting adjourned was considered a great daring one. When the day arrived he alone had the courage to offer the resolutions. He did so, and was cordially applauded. He was replied to by a Mr. Lamborn, one of the ablest lawyers of the county, in a speech of much severity. It was a trying ordeal for young Douglas. He at once met the issue. He rejoined in a speech which has become famous in Illinois. In a very short time his words of Democratic cheer drove Lamborn from the Court-house, and then for an hour he held the attention of the assembled multitude, intent by his powerful defense of the President. When he had concluded his resolutions were adopted, and he was carried on the shoulders of several large men and carried through the town in triumph. Henceforth Douglas was recognized as the leader of the Democratic party in Morgan. At the meeting of the next Legislature he was elected State's Attorney for the first judicial circuit, over the bench of which Mr. Lincoln, then a young and a half performed its duties with great success. In 1836 he proposed the Convention system for the nomination of Democratic State officers, which system that some of the candidates withdrew, and Douglas was forced to take a place on the ticket for the Legislature. He canvassed the county thoroughly, and the result was that the entire Democratic ticket, with one exception, was elected.

General Jackson was elected.

Mr. Douglas took his seat in the Legislature in the winter of '36-7, and was an active and laborious member. In 1837 he was appointed Register of the Land office at Springfield. In the fall of that year he took an active part in establishing the Convention system for the nomination of candidates for State offices, and saw it put into successful operation.

In November, 1837, he was nominated by a Democratic Convention for Congress, in the immense district extending from Jacksonville to the northern limits of the State, and was defeated by a great majority, in August, 1838, during that time Mr. Douglas and his opponent, Mr. Stuart, canvassed it as far as practicable. The district had given Harrison over 3000 majority; but the official canvass recorded Stuart only *five* majority in an aggregate vote of nearly 60,000. Douglas was cheated of several hundred votes by tricks and unjust practices. The campaign was regarded, however, as a personal triumph.

Mr. Douglas during the next two years devoted himself to a successful practice of the law, taking a prominent part in all the great cases before the Supreme Court. He undertook the great case which resulted in having the "ultra vires" clause—an vote which secured the State for Van Buren in 1840.

In 1840 he canvassed the State for Van Buren; and to his efforts has always been attributed the successful issue of that election in Illinois, one of the two Northern States where the Democratic flag was not defeated.

In January, 1841, he was appointed Secretary of State. At that time the Democrats in the Supreme Court was remodeled—that is, the number of Judges was increased from four to nine; and in February 8th, 1841, he was made a Judge of the Supreme Court. He was then less than twenty-eight years of age. He continued as Judge, performing his duties with ability, and acknowledged ability until June, 1843, when he was nominated for Congress. The district was a Whig one, and he was contested to accept the nomination on the ground that he was the only Democrat who could hope to be elected. He at once, with Mr. Brownlow, his Whig opponent, entered upon the canvass, and they spoke daily until the election, when both were prostrated with illness. Douglas's majority was 645.

In December, 1843, he took his seat in Congress, being several months less than thirty years of age. In 1844 he was re-elected by 1700 majority, and in 1846 by over 3000 majority; but after the last election, and before the commencement of his term under it, he was elected a Senator of the United States.

One of his first speeches in Congress was the memorable one in support of the bill to refund the fine imposed on General Jackson by Judge Hall at New Orleans. That speech was afterward declared by General Jackson to be the best and only proper vindication of his conduct on the occasion.

Mr. Douglas was an active and ardent supporter of the Compromise bill up to the line of 54° 40' on the Oregon boundary question, and was one of the last to surrender.

He was also a supporter of the annexation of Texas; and his speeches on that question, and upon the several bills arising out of the Mexican war, form perhaps the clearest and ablest vindications of the purity and patriotism of the administration of President Polk that are to be found in the Congressional debates.

He has been always a strict supporter of the Monroe doctrine, and of the right and propriety of keeping the American continent free and exempt from any and all settlement or colonization, under any protection of any European Power. He voted against the Clayton and Bulwer treaty, because it was a partnership with England in the affairs of Central America. He voted against the treaty with Mexico, because it contained an implied pledge not to annex any more territory of that Republic. He is opposed to any such implied or express compact about annexation of territory, because he wishes the United States to be left free and untrammeled to act as their best interests may require whenever the occasion arises. If it be deemed necessary at any time to acquire Cuba, he is for having the action of the Government open and decisive, and not clogged by any treaty stipulations with European Powers, who by right have no concern in the affairs of the American continent.

He differs from many on the question of filibustering. He denies the power of the United States to levy war against the people of other lands, and yet treat them, or, in charge of violating the neutrality laws; the power and authority of the United States extend only to the distance of one marine league from the coast; and once beyond that, the expeditions can not be arrested by the United States. He claims for General Walker, or any other American, the privilege of expatriating himself, and of going to other lands and there taking upon himself a new allegiance.

When Mr. Douglas entered Congress, and while he was a member of the House, he voted steadily against the reception of abolition petitions; and so long as the gag rule prevailed in the Senate he pressed Abolition bills.

He was from the first a firm advocate of the extension of the line of 36° 30' to the Pacific Ocean. He proposed the first bill for the plan for the annexation of Texas, and had the gratification of seeing it adopted.

He proposed to extend the same line as a permanent settlement of the slavery question, during his whole service in the House and in the Senate up to 1854. He voted for the same period against the Wilmot Proviso on every occasion that it was offered.

In 1850 the Legislature of Illinois instructed him to vote for the prohibition of slavery in the Territories; and at the memorable session of 1850 he voted in accordance with these instructions—protesting, however, that the votes were not his, but were the votes of those who had instructed him.

He reported and carried through the bills for the admission of California, for the establishment of territorial governments for Utah and New Mexico, and for the adjustment of the Texas boundary, in all most the exact terms in which they subsequently passed. Mr. Clay attached Douglas's bills together into a general bill, called "Omnibus." Upon the failure of the Omnibus Bill the separate bills of Mr. Douglas were taken up and passed.

He reported the Nebraska Slave Act, and a few months after its passage met an armed mob in Chicago, and defended that act so effectively that the Compromise of 1850 was generally applied to territorial nullification resolutions they had previously adopted.

In 1854 he proposed the Kansas-Nebraska Act repeals the Missouri restriction upon slavery north of 36° 30', on the ground that Congress in 1850 had decided that Territorial Legislatures of Slavery in the Territories should be left exclusively to the determination of the people settled therein. He carried the measure through Congress in the face of an opposition more fierce and determined than ever was before arrayed against any measure. He was assailed throughout the North by every description of influence. When he reached home in Illinois he was met by an armed mob, who, fearing the power of his argument, refused to let him be heard. For three hours he stood up before that mob and endeavored to reason with the misguided men, defended the President, and defended the repeal of the Missouri restriction. But little that he said was allowed to be heard. He was groaned at, hissed, and by all the means that a mob can find to insult the object of their hatred he was insulted and assailed. He was not stoned, though he was denied the privilege of being heard.

In spite of all these demonstrations, in spite of a thorough alliance of the Know-Nothings and Republicans, Illinois in 1854 elected a Democratic State ticket and her five Democratic members of Congress.

In 1856 Mr. Douglas took the stump in behalf of Mr. Buchanan and the Cincinnati platform, and succeeded in securing the vote of Illinois for the Cincinnati nominees.

In 1857 the unfortunate Lecompton controversy arose. Mr. Douglas thought that, under a strict adherence to Democratic faith, Congress ought not to accept a Constitution unless it was the act of the people. The President thought differently. The Lecompton controversy then arose, and individuals supposed to be tried candidates for the Presidency, instead of reconciling the difficulty, sought to widen the breach. In the final settlement of the controversy Mr. Douglas acquiesced, but his enemies sought his destruction. They opposed his re-election in 1858; but after one of the most eventful political contests in the Union, Mr. Douglas carried the State Legislature, and in January 1858 was re-elected to the Senate.

The above is a hurried sketch of the public life of Mr. Douglas. It is more confined to his political acts. His name is prominently before the country as a candidate for the nomination by the Charleston Convention; and the public sentiment at the North who call themselves his friends are sanguine that the Convention will select a candidate whose nomination will of itself be the certain guarantee of victory. Such a candidate they claim Mr. Douglas to be.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1860.

THE APPROACHING CONVENTION.

THE topic of the day is the Convention which it is to meet at Charleston on 23d for the purpose of selecting a Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and we accordingly devote most of our available space to illustrating the place where the Convention will be held, and the men who are likely to figure as candidates.

We publish on pages 248 and 249 eleven portraits of prominent candidates, representing every faction of the Democracy, from Douglas and Pierce to Slidell and Davis. When all of these, if any of them, will obtain the nomination no man can tell. A few months ago the chances of Senator Douglas were very brilliant; they have, however, been impaired by the undisguised hostility of the Southern leaders of the Democracy. Between him and them there is a gulf and on the question of territorial sovereignty; and as they will have the settlement of the platform, it seems hardly possible that they can frame it so that he can stand upon it. Furthermore, the law of political parties is clearly opposed to the preferment of individuals who have bolted from the party on questions of such importance as the Lecompton affair. For those reasons, while Douglas is manifestly the candidate under whose banner the Democracy will rally, it seems probable there is a strong probability that he will be passed over, and the nomination given to some one who shall sympathize cordially with the views of the Southern masses on the subject of slavery in the territories.

Whether that man will be Breckinridge, or Guthrie, or Hunter, or Lane, or Houston, or any of the other leaders whose portraits we now publish, no one can venture to predict. It is pretty clear that, if an ultra-Southern man is nominated, Mr. Douglas will be the Illinois nominee, and will run very strongly indeed. Indications are not wanting of Republican tickets in Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Delaware. It are in all these States old Whigs who might not be disinclined to support a Republican nominee running on a conservative platform. Even in Virginia there are leading men whose adhesion to Seward is said to have been privately promised, in the event that his platform shall disclaim sympathy to slavery in the territories.

These considerations will have their weight with the Charleston Convention. The business before it is of a very momentous character; so grave a matter as a Presidential nomination, involving the government of the country and the disposal of $50,000,000 a year of patronage for four years, is not to be settled upon grounds of mere feeling, or fancy, or prejudice, or theatric. The members of the Charleston Convention know, before they make a choice, exactly weigh the consequences of defeat. The Democracy, before they stake their fortunes upon the prospects of a personal favorite, have the party will ever in 1861, if they hazard the contest, they would have witnessed a successful Republican administration, and an sequiescence in Republican supremacy by the rank and file of the Northern people.

Of course there is no lack of people who declare that the election of a Republican will be the signal for the dismemberment of the Confederacy. But this, again, is much easier said than done. With the remembrance of the John Brown raid fresh in our memory, the evidence crowd us of the lively sympathy expressed for him by many Northern people, one can readily understand the feeling which may prompt some Southerners to seek refuge in secession; and it is by no means certain that it may not have to come to this at last. But if it does, the contest will be nearly, painful and, at least far the time, destructive and disastrous. Democrats who contemplate secession as a last resource should calmly weigh the cost of such a step, on the one hand, and on the other, the inconvenience of selecting a candidate who may not be their first choice, their especial favorite; then strike a balance between the two and act accordingly.

It was Macaulay, we believe, who first said that politics was the science of expedients, and that theories were all nonsense. There is

* The Life of Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, 500 pages 12mo, by J. W. Stephen, Esq., editor of the Chicago Times, has just been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

enough practical common sense in the dictum to entitle it to careful consideration at the hands of the Southern delegates to Charleston.

THE LOUNGER.

NATIONAL ACADEMY.

The twenty-fifth exhibition is open. The pictures bloom with the flowers, and spring, which opens the door to so much, opens none to the picture-maiden and lovers more attractive than that in Tenth Street. To be sure, when it is opened, the result is not always in keeping with the expectation. The pictures of the Academy are neither spacious nor splendid; but then we go to no pictures, not rooms.

The opening night brought the usual gay throng. There was a time when speeches were made and poems read freely upon such an occasion; but it is gone now, and a better, cleaner, comelier festival is the result. It is quite worth while to attend an opening night, even if only to discover how many distinguished people there are in New York—how many that we are all glad to look at as having in us something—or left it undone. They laugh at us for the facility with which we Americans make great men. But we ought to produce them much more rapidly than any country in the world, and you have only to go to an opening night to see if we do not do our duty.

Several of the familiar names are absent this year. Gray and Hicks and Kensett and Rossiter and Church are among those who do not exhibit. But Huntington, Gignoux, Elliott, Stone, Baker, Durand, Gifford, Hubbard, the Harts, Gray (of Boston), Stidge, Eppinger, the Browns, Colferty, Dodge, Weber, Cropsey, Lang, Hall, Cropsey, Inscher, Eastman Johnson, M'Entee, Mignot, Shattuck, and the Thompsons are names familiar, and always welcome.

The exhibition is a good one; the artists themselves seeming to consider it not very remarkable. There is, however, some work which inevitably supersedes all the rest in attraction and importance, but there are many which are very carefully and thoughtfully executed—the poor portraits have been very generally suppressed—and there is a pleasant variety of subject. But an exhibition is a mass. It requires explanation, and to-day's Lounger can only speak of a general impression.

Upon entering the vestibule he saluted for yourself Longfellow (22) and Whittier (21), but neither flirtly represent the poets. There is a big sign somewhere mingled with the Quaker severity of Whittier's head, which is not found in this drawing; and Longfellow's genial, fastidious, pipe-lazy face is not there. The Boston artist, Joseph Ames (20), is an excellent likeness. Staigg has a portrait of a lady (271), which is remarkable for its resemblance to Longfellow's. He has not been afraid to paint hands for hands, nor a face with wrinkles. It is an admirable work, in the best style of portrait, and the most striking, as coming from a painter whose studies hitherto have lain among miniature heads. Near by hangs one of Elliott's inimitable (29). It is a portrait full of individual character, and consequently a capital likeness. In this latter point the touch of Elliott seems to be quite unerring.

No. 221 is Florence at Sunset, from the San Miniato Hill, by George L. Brown. It is put over the door. Some Italian nuns in the pit over the door, probably, but a Lounger must needs herself the fate of the painter. Seen from below, the sunset properties of the picture appears to be very well done; and there is a broken splendor in the clouds, the reflections in the water, the towers and domes of the city, and yet the glaring accentuated sides which many a traveler will remember. On the other hand, seen, at least, from below, the picture seems to be somewhat misplaced. There is a want of depth in the splendor. But, good or bad, the picture charms the eye—or is it only the memory?

Mr. Gignoux, whose exquisite picture of Niagara by Moonlight our readers will remember we engraved in this paper, contributes but one work to this exhibition—"Morning in May" (226). A cloud of apple-blossoms whitens the scene, and it becomes a poetic reproduction of the water-pieces for which Gignoux is so noted, and the bright, sweet, fresh picture charms the eye. It has the same breadth and care which distinguish all his works. But why should that admirable painter, Mr. Gifford, with so sensitive an eye, with so delicate a touch, with so felicitous a fancy—why should he steep every scene he paints in that vague, shimmering, sunny mist, which he persists in believing that he sees only a mirage, and not the fair, substantial reality of earth and sky and sea? His pictures are so tender in sentiment, and he has evidently such a sufficient talent, that he surely does not need to cultivate a marked a mannerism. It is akin to the mistake of some of our poetical poets, who think they can not write poetry without using certain luscious words and pulpy phrases. If they can not do it without that, they, of course, can not write poetry. Gifford's "Coming Rain" (407) is delightful. The moist coolness of the shower breathes out of the picture. How delicious to see in a hot summer morning!

Mr. Bastman Johnson's "Mating" (455) is exquisite. In the features of the handling and modeling, the expression of details, Mr. Johnson resembles Stuart Newton. Like him, too, he has really poetic sentiment. Would that Lounger do more to call him the "champion" both of this exhibition and of the one last year?

Certainly he will not do so until greater familiarity with the pictures justifies his doing so. And all this talk about pictures is each poor stuff! What is it that we see in them? One man sees months of struggle, yearning, doubt, exultation, despair—he sees the crowded chapter of a life—and his neighbor sees some excellent morning, with heads of men and women that seem to him carved from turnips.

"A picture is a picture," says Jones. "You can't make any thing else of it."

Yes; but when Keats looks at it, and tastes nectar, and sees Arcadia; and Jobbett looks, and sees a poor sketch of a bad pasture—will the painter have the credit of Arcadia or of the pasture?

L. N.

It is interesting to observe how surely Louis Napoleon accomplishes what he wishes—most freely he seems to hold Europe in his hand, and yet how entirely incredulous every body is, even in France, of the presence of such a power. He can do every thing, says common opinion, but seat himself upon his own throne.

But the explanation of one of these facts simplifies the other. A survey of Louis Napoleon's whole career shows clearly that in ascending to power he did not bring with him the sentiment of nations in older day. He distinctly recognized the one great truth which kings, especially hereditary kings, are never permitted to do, that human civilization and progress are synonymous terms, and that the tendency of all social progress is to individual independence. The kings, who formerly ruled by the grace of God (so he said) and in spite of the people, now rules by their favor. That is to say, the historical development of the race, in the more civilized countries of Europe, has reached the point at which the people are permitted, to some degree and for the first time, to recognized.

In semi-barbarous countries, like Russia and Austria, where the feudal system lingers in a more vital form than in the west of Europe, the people, as a political power, are still unknown. Russia, more homogeneous and powerful than its sister-empire, crouches intrenched in its old traditions; but Austria, more exposed to the attrition of civilization, is ruled by a government which ignores the people, in the past, and will consequently ruin the empire. Austria is a modern and more foolish Canute, who sits upon the shore and with threatening sceptre commands the waves to retreat. But the waves obey celestial laws, and he is doomed to destruction.

In all his policy Louis Napoleon seems to have followed the lead of the popular instinct, and to have relied upon it. He has shown a just sense of feeling in Italy, and of the kind of action to be counted upon, he has moved steadily forward, expelling Austria from Lombardy, and defying the Pope out of the Legations; then appealing to the popular wishes in the matter of union with Piedmont, while he has never gone very down by a "By your leave."

The net result of the Napoleonic game in Europe, then, far, is the humiliation of Austria toward the position of a secondary state; the erection of Italy into a first-rate power, firmly united, to Austria, the aggrandizement of the French territory by Savoy and the command of the Alpine passes. All this is done with satisfaction to the people concerned, and to the people interested. It is, in fact, an execution of their wishes. If you add to this a further policy, which has made France the principal play in his free-trade policy at home and cordial alliance with England, you have described such changes and such results as Napoleon himself, Bonaparte and Frederick the Great could have effected, and a political insight quite as profound as that which Napoleon himself will may be.

Why, then, is the tenure of his dynasty so uncertain? Simply because the cardinal fact which he represents is not recognized by the rest of the popular will, puts all permanent political relations in doubt. As emperor in France must he overlook the rule of popular sentiment, although he might control the army, he could only maintain a fight with it: he could not altogether suppress the people, for which he must have a permanent political party.

It would save a deal of trouble, probably, if kings and emperors, like popes, were held to be, ex officio, infallible. It would save, at least, a doubtful expediency to tolerate a second Presidential term. But a married king is scheming for an irrelevable series of terms.

MELANCHOLY TRUTHS.

"One of their published books, 400 never pay the cost of printing, etc., 300 pay their expenses, 100 return a slight profit, and only 20 show a substantial gain. Of these 20 books, 10 do not sell more than half of the year, and 15 more at the end of three years: only 10 sustain a permanent sale. Of the English publications put forth in the 17th century, hardly more than 50 have a great reputation and are reprinted. Of the 8,000 books published in the 18th century, hardly more than 50 are reprinted, and of the 20,000 publications of the 19th century, hardly more than 50 have been reprinted, and there are hardly more than 500 writers distinguished in the 19th century, considered the outcomes of time and the forgetfulness of man."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—MRS. M. A. K. The verses are declined, with many thanks from the Lounger for the kind words and the pleasant compliment. The Lounger thinks that "very candid," he will justify your opinion by saying that he does not know any unedited poetic, although plenty of good feeling, in the place.

—A. "A Prayer" is very good, if you will work it out more carefully. But you must not dispose with articles. Why do you say "at sunset hour?" Do you say "at noon of any Lether?" If the metre requires a certain number of feet, take care that they are whole feet. Don't pull off even the smallest toe.

—Tom A Lette addressed "Charles Reade, Author, London, England," will reach him. The English Post-office is one of the most perfect methodical and efficient institutions in the world. The United States P. O. is not.

—"CHY BEVERDOWN" and "The Sword and Gown" are delivered by an English barrister by the name of LAURENCE.

ON THE WAY TO CHARLESTON.

No. 11.

Ten Mayor Jack Downing, Downingville, Downing County, Maine, to one of Mr. Harper, which send it in print.

WASHINGTON METROPOLIS, *April* 11, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE JACK,—It's busy times here, I tell you, and I and the President got our hands chock full of business. Aunt Nabby used tew say that "a man's work tew be done, but a woman's work ain't never done;" but in this instit'n never lim ne tew Washington, and seen what a President has tew do. Good times's the Charlestun business tew be looked arter, of which more anon—then there's the office-seekers, a pesterin' on him like green-head flies on a hoss in the sarsfaction—then there's witmen that's got claims or suns tew be made West-platers of—and lot, but by no means leste, there's those pizzy Representatives in a pryla' and a peckin' round, just like Joe Hiss when the Massachusits General Court gin him leve tew go to the Roxbery Nunnery.

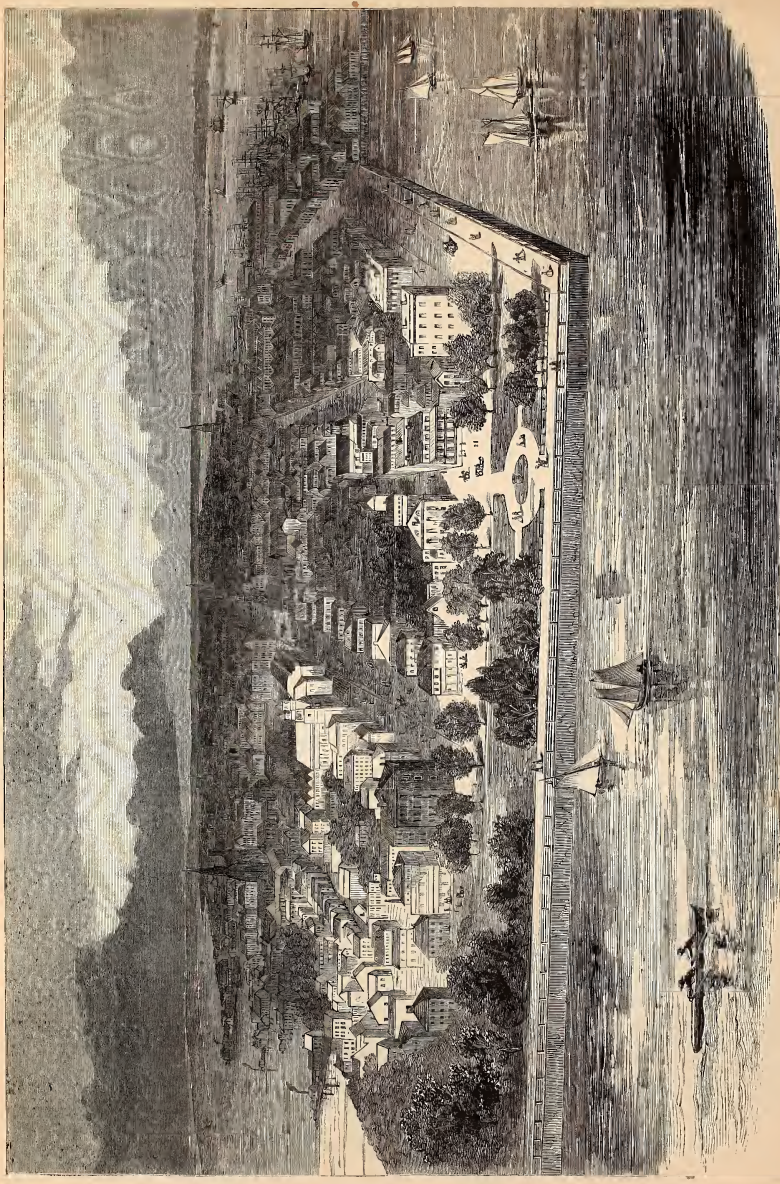
Now that air Know Nawthin' Committee looked terrible sort o' wauble-crept when they didn't find nuthin' tew do, and I guess that time, that ere pecklin' committee wun't make much cost of Old Buck. I'spose the Democrats have raised sum ciled, and pedd'ed sum pizzy, music, humbliln, and speechifiers, but who hain't? As Mr. Buchanan sed t'other day, see he, "Let the pollyticliune that is unpaid throw the first stone at me first."

See I, "If they do, just let me catch 'em and then 'tain backs—for tew can play tew any game."

"True," see he.

It's sort o' worryin', tho', tew the old gent, tew have these things checked at his nose, just as yu'n Uncle Jack, I know, like tew have your epperslunas agin the Nallyfiers in '32 hot up, and 'very targeted. Nobody never knu'ed wh pode th Lion of Surgent' Bluff, tew the Nullyfiers, "Fudgerum and Downinvill Codets" on hear to keep Mr. Colhoun's Edits quiet. And if they did all git hard scrambs, jest as I tell yu, they jest sez sez cuff yu, whose fleit was it? The fact on't is, that man on yu pollyticheers air tew cumsarn'd honest, and he jest lieds yu jest tew keep yu in good humor. If Mistur Rosewood wud just lick inter our Mone do tew, tew, and kick up all the holdyin' thirt gut out a-skinnin' past, I know'yer gees wy down by the votes that he'll think the New York tavern wurd the only place tew hold Jeffer'son's birth day.

Now for Charlestun, tew which plain this city seems tew be on the way from all pints of the compass. And, as I hear say, there's a assembly of three tew wats on these Dellergates when we sz there noses on the tavern books, and take 'em pin tew the Wigwam. Well, I guess these Dellegates tew rite up inter Mr. Buchannan's offis, and goes in without knockin'—the Substitutes we take inter the private bedroom—the Dellegates we take



THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, WHERE THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATING CONVENTION WILL BE HELD.—[See preceding Page.]

"QUICK AS LIGHTNING TWO BLACK SINEWY PAWS SEIZED HIM," ETC.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Robes and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE ESTABLISHED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(LEAVY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER VI.

DANGER.

IN all this time so little noise had been made that even the watch below, in the brig's forecastle, were snoozing away without a dream of danger: though had one of them shown his nose above the fore-peak he would have either been knocked down and murdered like the mate, or, with a gag in his jaws, been hurled overboard. When the leader of the pirates stepped again on deck, he said to his companions, who were still clustered about the companion-way,

"Well, my boys, we have 'arned a good prize—a fine cargo of the real stuff—silks, wines, and what not, besides a few of the shinars?" Here he jingled the bag of gold and dollars in his paws, and then threw it, with an easy, indifferent toss, on to the side of the companion-way.

"But what think ye, lads?" he continued, in a hoarse whisper; "there's a petticoat aboard! and as sure as my name's Bill Gibbs, here pro for a lock; for there's nothing like lamplight for the lovely creatures!"

As he slowed round on his bare feet to approach the entrance to the deck cabin, a move was made in the same direction by two or three of the wretches of his band; but shoving them roughly back with his heavy fist, and clapping a hand to his belt, he said, in a threatening tone,

"None o' that, my souls! I takes the first look myself; and if I think her beauty 'll suit the chief, why—I shall be able to judge, ye know, whether she'll go farder on the cruise or swim ashore with the rest of the lubbers at daylight to-morrow. Keep your eye on the schooner, Pedro, and don't make no more sail! D'ye hear?"

"Ay, ay, Si Señor!" quoth that worthy, as he and his fellows fell sulkily back. It took but three strides for Mr. Bill Gibbs to reach the cabin door, when finding it hard to open, after several trials at the knob, he placed his burly shoulder against the edge of the panel work, and, throwing his powerful weight upon it, the door yielded with a snap of the lock, and he pitched forward full length upon the cabin floor. The noise startled the lady within, and speaking as if half asleep, she called,

"Banou! what is the matter?"

"Mon Dieu, Madame! we are prisoners in the hands of pirates!"

Before more words were uttered, Mr. Bill Gibbs, who by this time had regained his feet while giving vent to a volley of blasphemous curses, roared out as he beheld the black, "Ho! nigger passengers, hay? A mounseer of color, as I'm a Christian! I say, cucumber shins, is that 'ere woman as is talkin' as black as you be?"

"*Banou! mon pauvre Banou!*" screamed the terrified woman. "Yield! Oh, Sir, spare him! Don't harm us, and we will give you all we possess!"

The burly scoundrel hesitated a moment, and balanced the cocked pistol in his hand, as if undecided whether to blow the black's brains out on the spot where he stood; and then shoving the weapon back in his sash, and keeping a wary eye on his assailant, he exclaimed, in an angry tone,

"Well, come here, then, my deary, and give us a kiss for this nigger's bad manners."

Moving forward as he spoke he caught up the little boy from the cot, tore the gold chain and locket from his neck, and shook him roughly at arm's-length, in hopes, perhaps, of enticing the tender mother within his merciless grasp. But again the black interposed his heavy frame before his mistress.

"What! at it again, are ye? Well, then"—fumbling with his left hand for his pistol—"say your prayers, ye imp of darkness."

The black seemed, however, in no mood for praying; and putting forth his slabs of arms, like the paws of an alligator, he tried to grapple his foe by the throat. The cries of the mother now mingled with those of the child as he put out his little arms to shield his black protector. The ruffian foiled in his purpose, with baffled rage evaded the negro by stepping to one side; and as he did so, he hurled the helpless child with great force from him. The large cabin windows at the stern were open to let in the breeze; and as the brig sank slowly down with her counter to the following waves, and gurgled up as the sea eddied and surged around the rudder, the faint, plaintive cry of the little boy arose above the seething waters—a light splash followed—and the mother had lost her child!

"Oh, monster!" cried the heart-broken woman. "Oh, my boy! my boy! May Heaven curse you forever!" as she sank down senseless on the deck.

The awful howl of vengeance which burst from the deep lungs of Banou came simultaneously with the report of the pirate's pistol, the bullet from which struck the black hard in the left shoulder; but putting out for the third time his sinewy arms, and this time with an iron grips that only left the ruffian time to yell with a stifled curse for help, he was hurled headlong, smashing through the latticed cabin door, and fell stunned upon the outer deck. In an instant half a dozen pistol-balls whistled around the negro's head, and the knives of the pirates flashed from their sashes as they rushed forward to bury the blades in his body; but leaping to one side, and while two more bullets were driven into him, he seized an iron-shod pump brake from the bulwarks, and, with a mighty bound, he whirled it once with the rapidity of thought high above his head, and brought it down on the leg of his premier foe. Such was the force of the blow that it smashed both bones, and drove the white splinters through the brute's trousers, where they gleamed out red and bloody by the light of the binnacle lamp. Even then, wounded, and the blood flowing from several places, and though almost encircled in the grasp of the scoundrels, Banou made good his retreat to the cabin, and planted his powerful body firmly against the door.

With a volley of polyglot curses and yells in all languages, two or three stepped to raise their fallen leader, while the others, leaving the wheel and vessel to herself, rushed in pursuit of the black. Scarcely, however, had they made a step when their ears were saluted by a stunning crash from a heavy cannon, and the peculiar humming sound of a round shot as it flew just above their heads between the brig's masts.

There, within half a cable's length to windward, loomed up the dark hull of a large ship. The crew were evidently at quarters, with the battle lanterns lit and gleaming in the ports, while the rays shot up the black rigging and top-hamper, and spread out over the sails in fitful flashes as she slowly forged abreast the brig, with her main top-sail to the mast. For a minute not a sound was heard, though the decks were full of men, some with their heads poked out of the open ports beside the guns, or swarming along over the leo hammock nettings and about the quarter boats; but the next instant there came in a voice of thunder through the trumpet,

"What's the matter on board that brig?"

There was no answer for a few seconds, until a choking voice, as if with a pump-bolt athwart the speaker's mouth, mumbled out,

"We're captured by pi—"

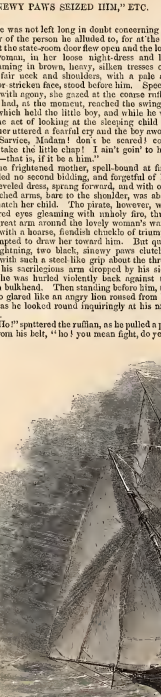
A dull, heavy blow cut short those words; and though the reply to the hail could hardly have been heard on board the ship, yet, as if divining the true state of the case, loud, clear orders were given:

"Away there, third and fourth cutters! away! spring, men!" Then came the surging noise of the whistles as the falls dropped the boats from the davits; then the men leaping down into the cutters—silently and quick—so quick as to save the clash of a cutlass or the rattle of an oar-blade as they took their places and shoved off. Again an order through the trumpet:

"Clear away the starboard battery! Load with grape! Sail trimmers! stations for wearing ship! Hard up the helm! Fill away the main-yard!"

The *Scourge* had by this time forged ahead of the brig, her sails shack or shivering, as she came up and fell off from the wind, and the boats dancing with full crews toward her. No sooner, however, had the presence of the unwelcome stranger been made known on board the brig than the pirates seemed seized with a panic, and without a second thought they scuded to leeward, where their boat had been hauled alongside, and forgetful or indifferent for the fate of their companions below, though dragging the while their maimed comrade to the rail, they lowered him into the boat, jumped in themselves, and pulled away with all their strength toward the schooner near. They were not, however, a moment too soon; for as the last of the band disappeared their places were supplied by a crowd of nimble sailors to windward, headed by an officer with his sword between his teeth as he swung over the bulwarks. The first sound which greeted the new-comers was from below, and from the throat of the honest skipper. Down the open companion-way leaped the officer, with half a dozen stout, eager sailors at his heels, and dashed right into the lower cabin. There was the brave old skipper, with but one arm free, shielding himself and struggling—faint and well-nigh exhausted—from the knives of the drunken brace of rascals who had been left to guard him. A pistol in the hands of one of this pair was pointed with an unsteady aim at the officer as he entered, but the ball struck the empty rum bottle on the table and flew wide of its mark; and before the smoke of the powder had cleared away a sword and cutlass had passed through and through the pirates' carcasses, and they fell dead upon the cabin floor.

While Captain Blunt found breath to give a rapid explanation of the trouble, and while the



THE NIGHT CHASE.

brig was once more got under control and the wounded cared for, we will take a look at the man-of-war and the part she bore in the business.

At the first sound of the warning gun from the cruiser the schooner began to show life, and drawing her head sheets she were short round on her heel, with every thing ready to run up her fore and aft sails, while a stay-tackle was likewise rove and hooking over the low gunwale to hook on to the boat and hoist it in the moment it came alongside. Meanwhile the *Scorpion* had shaked of the brig, and swinging round her fore-foot, with her starboard tacks on board, she emerged out beyond, like a hound just slipped from the leash. As she cleared the brig the schooner lay with her masts about three cables' length to windward, and as soon as she had cleared the boat she just scraped alongside. At that moment that clear, determined voice shouted through the speaking trumpet:

"Level your guns! Take good aim! Fire!"

A brilliant series of sheets of flame through the spouting jets of thick smoke burst forth from the cutwater's battery, lighting up the water and jet black masts, and swift shot to the great towering maze of rigging and sails to the trucks—with the topmen clustering to windward, and clear every eyes and tongue in the glare; then, too, the crews of the guns, in their trim frocks and trousers; the marines on the topgallant forecastle, with their frocks and white cross-belts; and then shaft a knot of officers on the poop, with night-glasses to their eyes—all standing out so clear as day in the sudden flashes from the cannon. Then followed the concentrate roar, and the next instant you could hear the rattle of the iron ball, as it flew singly or in bunches through the air, or shipped in its deadly flight from wave to wave, until it ploughed into the prize's boat, slapping with heavy thumps against the schooner's side, or throwing along her decks; while a shower of white splinters flew from her low rail, and could bow well the iron had done its killing. Then were heard dying groans and imprecations, rapid shouts, the shattered and sinking boat cut adrift, and, a moment after, the sides of the vessel spread as fast as wall, the sheets flat aft; and, taking the breeze, she heeled over till her lee rail was all but awash, and, as she walked, close hauled, right up to windward.

But again came the clear, commanding tones on board the schooner, mingled with the jumping of the crew and running home the charges in the guns:

"Load! round shot! Run out! One point abaft the beam! Fire as you bring the schooner to bear!"

On hahbed the red flames, the heavy globes of iron—like so many black pens in daylight—sang their deadly note as they darted on their way, and the prize gave a little, as the boat to heard as the shock of the explosion was felt. One shot dropped within fifty yards of the low hull of the schooner, bounded clear over the after deck, knocked off the head and shoulder of a man at the tiller, and then were skipping away over the water like a flat stone. The other messenger cut off the schooner's deliverate fore-topmast as clean as a bit of glass, bringing down the gaff-sail, and, what was equally pleasant, the fellow who was setting it—pitching him over and over like a wheel, until he fell, a bruised and lifeless heap, with jelly, on the oak bits at the foremast. Before, however, they were treated to another of these mortific doses the piratical boat cut their craft in splendid style, and, with a shower of her canvas spread, and tugging and straining, she rushed on with the heels of a racer, within three points of the wind. The *Scourge*, too, was now close hauled, her yard braced as fine as needles, and crowded with every inch of sail that could draw; and every ten minutes or so she would let slip two or three guns from her division at the chase. But the uncertain gleam of starlight, the darkening effect of the passing trade clouds, made the little vessel a mere indistinct object to see; and though one of the last hahl struck her on the narrow deck, and passing through that and the wrist-work, and out to windward, spoiled one of her timbers, and no end of planking, yet this was the last damage she received. Her crew, also, had got off as well as could be hoped for, way—both the sound and wounded—and were lying quietly as possible, deep down in the vessel's run. When daylight broke the breeze had gone to slacken, but she was by this time hull down from the corvette, a long way beyond the reach of her long sightedness in the bow-chase, and eating her way to windward, with no chance of being taken.

"It's no use," said the captain of the corvette to his first lieutenant, as they stood watching the receding chase. "We may as well give it up; she has the heads of us in this light wind, and will soon be out of sight. I think, however," continued the captain, with a smile, "that hell repay the *Scourge* when she meets her again. This is the second time we've chased that fellow; and this least, by the way the captain, they have never pepped the skin of his hack."

"Shiver up the joints of the spy-glass which he held in his hand, he took hold of the main ropes of the poop-ladder, and as he put his foot on the steps, he said,

"You can go about, Mr. Cleveland, and run down to the brig."

CHAPTER VII.

THE MEETING AND MOURNING.

The afternoon following the night when the foregoing events transpired, the *Martha Blint* sailed slowly along the sandy tongue of land which separates Port Royal from Kingston, and dropped anchor in the harbor. As the cable rumbled out with a grating sound through the hawse-hole, and the crew aloft were furling the sails, a large, gaily-painted barge, pulled by a dozen blacks shaded by a striped awning, shot swiftly alongside. Jabbering negro women, and clapping their hands, and shouting joyously. A rope was immediately thrown from the gangway of the brig, and a tall, handsome man, with a broad Panama hat, loose white jacket and trousers, sprang with a bound up the side, and leaped on deck.

Captain Blunt stood there to receive him. A broad white bandage was passed around his head, and the tears trickled slowly down his bronzed and honest cheeks. Just beyond him, made of the mainsail, a awning, he lay down, stretched out at full length on a mattress; while Ben, the helmsman, was kneeling beside him, fanning hot and forcefed fresh air with his panlin. A yard or two beyond, on a broad plank resting on trestles, by the mate, Mr. Binks, cold and pallid, was the corpse of Jack, with the union-jack folded modestly over his corpse. The black bearded heavily and in pain; but when he caught sight of the gentleman as he stepped on deck, a deathly blue pallor came over his countenance, and, closing his eyes, the tears stole from beneath the long lashes on his lids.

"My God! Captain," said the gentleman, with a bewildering stare, "what's all this? What has happened?"

The old skipper merely made a motion with his hand toward the cabin, and leaning familiarly against the mast, he said, "Come." The gentleman's blood forsook his cheeks, and, with his knees knocking together, he staggered like a drunken man toward the cabin door. In a few minutes later he emerged, bearing in his arms the drooping, sobbing form of his wife. Starting from his chair, the captain ran forward as he bore her to the gangway, she gave one shuddering, terrified, searching gaze over the blue water, to swoon, and lay in his husband's arms. But would have shock the hardest heart, she fell sobbing again into her husband's arms.

The voices of the crew, the sound of the negroes in the barge alongside sinked into low murmurs for a time; four or five came up and carefully lowered Banon down; then all got into the boat, and she moved mournfully away toward the shore.

WHO WILL MY CHILD.

I SUPPOSE I write this in the desperate hope of remaining sane, and of being able to live, and, if I shall never know it. It is a dreadful thing to go to the gallows shhorred by every body: it is a more dreadful thing to have deserved it.

Not the gallows! it is not *that* I am afraid of. When I heard the words, "To be hanged by the neck till you are dead," I could have blessed the judge for that righteous and most merciful sentence. Any thing to escape from the intolerable hatchery of my consciousness. It is not in me to be one of them who, in detestation of my crime, has less of pity for me than I myself. The thought of John, of dishonor, of my wife's heart-ache, is for me; I would have it crueler, more shameful, if it might be. No horror that could be inflicted would compare with the tormenting agony of living on after such a deed. I *wish* hope, as I suppose we all do, that death will bring some change involving, if not peace and rest, at least relief from the unendurable present. At times I *fancy* it will.

I pray God it may be so, for I feel that I remember, I was of an eager, passionate nature, impulsive to a degree which would often have covered an ill-conditioned disposition, but for the check of an unencumerable shyness, partly inherent, partly the result of circumstances. A plain-featured, awkward boy, a precocious and bashful man, I grew marriage (she wedded again in the second year of my widowhood), my surroundings might have been happier. I was passionately fond of Banon that affectionately, under the care of a step-father. He ruled his family absolutely, but with as much justice as was consistent with a hard-worldly, selfish, cold-blooded nature. I was a favorite with him, and, one of the reasons he regards this his and the next, intensified this defect of his nature; I am sure it did not make him, or my mother or my sister or myself happier. He was a man of high feelings of character, and respected that of her husband too much to attempt or to effect any modification of it. In his hands I was a mere tool.

Ours was a dull household: mine was a sombre household. I had plenty of repression, little love. Banon was my only companion. Young, the instincts of whose heart were wiser than the dictates of her husband's head. I believe her child stood uncomfortably between the two, and that given him a step-father for his sake rather than her own, being left very poor at her husband's decease. But he never called her child a child, and seemed to so excite his successor's suspicion or jealousy. He might have grown kinder if he had had children of his own; but, as I have mentioned, my mother which died in its infancy, my mother brought him none. I have heard that he seemed sorry and disappointed at that.

Passionate, impulsive, and shy—these, I repeat, were its predominant characteristics; the latter resulting from my unsympathetic isolation from all my own age, and from a consciousness of awkwardness and plainness of feature. I was joked on both subjects by my schoolfellows until I became angrily sensitive to them, and painfully conscious in my shamefacedness. This, and the repressive influences at home, induced a morbid habit of reserve, which my apprehensiveness often burst through, to my subsequent chagrin and mortification. Any indication of temper brought correction or sharp comment from my step-father I had additional reason for self-control; but until manhood I never attained much more than the semblance of it. Then it developed people, and in some degree myself, with respect to my disposition. If none of this had been forced upon me, I very eager, ardent nature had been allowed healthy vent; if what was good within me had ripened in the sunshine of affection, what bad, finally but tenderly repressed, I might at this hour be an honored and happy man, instead of a condemned murderer. Her God knows I wish it had.

School-days over, I entered my step-father's office. He was a solicitor in good practice. I had no predilection towards the profession, but his suggestion excited his weight of authority; my mother considered it very respectable, and I had hardly learned my thoughts in any definite direction. It answered indifferently well, and in due time I was articled.

Coming manhood did little toward emancipating me from the restraints of home. I had scarcely my commission of articles, when I felt, with a startling repulsion that I should be in-doors every night by ten o'clock, virtually debarred use from annoyance. Natural, I suppose, it undoubtedly was, a struggle, effected the abolition of the latter privation, and some, but no considerable, improvement in the former. Years were exceedingly unwilingly and after pertinacious opposition, originating in a series of quarrels which, after my mother's death, were continued in the total estrangement of myself and step-father.

I forget how death the more rapidly from a youthful passion which had commenced in the first time. It is my intention to speak only of circumstances which had a direct influence on my character, and this boy-love may be dismissed in a few sentences.

I fell in love with a sister of one of my acquaintances: a handsome, high-bred girl, senior by a year, a coquette by nature. I submitted to her wishes for twelve months, when we quarreled one night unusual violently, and, in my passion, with which I urged my suit had overborne her original distaste for my ugliness—it was no longer mere passion, but love—I proposed and was accepted. She broke off, in spite of miserable humiliation on my part, leaving me to digest the pain and mortification of it. I wrote to her, and, (she married and went to India) she will think she had a happy escape. Perhaps she had.

I learned more than counsel from so common an experience. It made me doubly sensitive to my defects, natural and acquired. I brooded retrospectively, natural and acquired. I brooded retrospectively, morbidly self-conscious into embitterred egotism, yet despised myself for my recent folly. I labored to attain self-control, and, as aforesaid, achieved a little the mask of it. At this period the alienation between myself and my mother was complete, and, I terminated in my withdrawal both from his office and home.

I was able to keep myself, having acquired, with a vague idea of being a barrister, by dint of an amount of patience foreign to my nature, the art of strength, reply; though not a proficient in the craft, I had acquired some of its knowledge, which, I presumed began to write for magazines and periodicals, at first poorly enough, and with proportionate remuneration, but, by dint of patience, perseverance and my step-father's prohibition, I had become an eager reader of fiction, and this, germinating in a feverish, fantastic, and unsatisfactory manner produced fruit of a sort which yet commanded a certain price.

Years passed, and I prospered, leading a very different life from my boyhood. I was happier now, but not a better one. My step-father's example had diagnosed me with professions of religion; I had sought the society of friends to restrain me from vicious indulgence, for my disposition was not exhibited to attract those who could have helped me to improper pleasures, nor was it improved by pecuniary success.

That occurred shamefacedness, always my enemy, now became a vice of temperament—I never went far enough to confound evil with good—impelled me to reject kindly advances made by the better sort of people, I longed for a wife, a home, companionship, but friends. My employers respected my intellect, but disliked me. Not to exaggerate, I felt my pride, I felt it so that it was rather spasmodic than habitual, nor ever openly defiant of the decencies of society. I lived this life for ten years, I felt, I suppose, a longer for a wife, a home, the recollection of past mortification, of present uneasiness, of my sadness, deterred me from seeking one. Gradually, self-indulgence pulling upon my appetite, I presumably devoted myself exclusively to literary pursuits.

Four years of persistence produced their results. I came now to the train of circumstances which brought me here.

It was at Scarborough, whither I had gone in consequence of indisposition, that chance made me acquainted with her whom I may whose I mean by her—there is no need to mention names. A watering-place intimacy sprang up between us, renewed at my frequent visits on our return to the metropolis. He was an old bachelor, fond of books, and curious about authors. He invited me to his house, introduced me to his family, and, I went there idly, out of courtesy to him, or out of curiosity. I wish I had fallen dead on the threshold!

They were hospitable people, dwelling in a pleasant house in a London suburb, with a garden and conservatory; its owner had retired from business on something more than competence. His family consisted of a son and two daughters. She was the eldest, Mary, a little, fair, bright, cheerful, brave light up such a fire in my heart?

A girl of sixteen, with kind, thoughtful, brown eyes; soft, smooth, fair hair; and rosy cheeks. That was all. A mere girl, less than half my age, perhaps, very pretty, but neither clever nor brilliant. I had looked upon scores of faces more perfect in feature, brighter in intellect, without any quickening of my pulse, rather closer than transient admiration. Yet I saw and loved her. If I could tell how imperiously the passion took possession of me, how it enthralled my whole nature to the exclusion of every thing but that one tyrannic idea, the crowning horror that grew out of it might be understood if not pitied.

It began innocently enough, God knows. I went to the house, as I have said, at first in company with her uncle, then with or without him, always obtaining a cordial welcome. There was a goodness, an unaffected kindness in the little family, manifest in its natural relations, its behavior to friends and to strangers, that was more in spite of my distrust of myself and others. I had never seen any thing like it, never known how much of affection, of unreserved confidence, of mutual esteem and forbearance might be comprised in the one word home.

The girls often sang to us of evenings. I wonder whether I am unusually sensitive to sweet voices, that here should have affected me as it did, making my heart yearn for something in my life in my soul as for something I had never known, something I should never attain, which was delicious, yet exquisitely painful.

Her girlish ways, her manner as she went about her household duties or performed the little rites of hospitality, possessed an indescribable fascination for me, totally irreconcilable with reason or with my sober judgment; for, strange as it may seem, I knew her as little as I knew the inner nature the influence of the passion which controlled me.

I knew it, but had no power to break the enchantment.

She never suspected it—as how should she? I was an object to her who regarded me as one of the pale of those who might be attracted by her girlish beauty. To her, a girl of sixteen, I was an *old-looking* man, a visitor, a friend of the family, nothing more. My intellectual superiority was her timid. She never dreamed of her power over me.

The touch of her hand, accidental contact with her dress, the upturned glance of her kind, calm eyes, filled me with tremor; yet I knew that I became romantic to her presence. When I conversed it was always with a secret hope that she would listen or reply. I never spoke to her without a miserable desire to interest her, and a wretched sense of failure. I revolved over and over again in my mind the trivial words she passed between us, pondering on the tones in which she had spoken, and nursing the unrest which devoured me like a burning fever.

So it went on, day by day, week after week, for six months.

There was a handsome lad of fifteen, a schoolfellow of her brother, who came to the house, and whose fancy selected her as the object of a boyish passion: one full of wild day-dreams and romance, but of no more depth or consequence than such fancies ordinarily are. I noticed it at the outset. I believe I discovered it before he himself had any distinct consciousness of the feeling. When evident to all, and something of a joke in the family, he was scarcely pleased, though he affected to look down upon him as her junior—a year is a great gap in a girl's estimation. Too simple-hearted to comprehend coquetry, she was the same pretty, and her admirer's passion flattered and amused her innocent vanity. I felt, I knew, that he was less than my serious would come of it, but I felt the certainty lihed and listened to him.

That heartless coquette! The boy was a earnest, have said he was handsome, and the contrast between his fresh youthful face, his buoyant spirits, and healthy manners, and my sallow face, my gloom and wormwood. *He*, in spite of his bashfulness and blushing modesty, could find topics enough to talk about, and could interest her. There was no awkward intervals of silence between *them*. She smiled or laughed when he entered the room, and called him "Harry!" I have seen, time after time, and watched them with unutterable envy and unutterable misery in my heart. I wonder now that I restrained myself as I did, but nobody suspected me—not till the dreadful end.

The family went out of town, in the month of June, to a relative of Lucinda's, living in the border of a forest. They had humble friends there, and generally staid at the cottage of a woman who had been nurse to the mother's sister. I said the uncle were invited to visit them at pleasure—it was hardly a three hours' coach journey. In August I did so, and found Harry there.

I met the father in the foot-path across the meadow which led to the village, on his way to town, and he—God help him! I was never again to see his face turned toward me in friendship and confidence—gave me a cheery greeting, and bade me go on and enjoy myself—promised to return at nightfall. "The girls are starting for a picnic in the forest," he said; "you'll be just in time."

I saw her at the window as I passed the gable, with a garland of summer flowers in her hair, singing through the honey-suckle at those lattices. She smiled and nodded as I passed by. There were not many present: her brother, sister, two cousins (girls), a country friend, and Harry. I knew he was stopping with them, yet his presence gave me a pang as if my heart had been suddenly stopped by a mortal human hand. I felt I was glad to see me, and, my respects paid to the mother, who did not care to be of the party, we set out for the forest together. In spite of his sisters' objections, their brother took with him a foolish pistol which he had, for the purpose of shooting at a mark.

Throughout that sultry summer's day, the sun of which was not to set without leaving on my forehead the brand of Cain, I felt, day long and green hedge-row, among the trees in the forest, Harry kept by her side, driving me mad. He was happy, very happy, for the occasion increased her natural good-humor and good spirits—perhaps her liking for her boyish lover. A fortnight of daily, almost hourly, intimacy in that idle holiday time, had naturally brought them closer together, and it, at once heightened by his passion and the sweet influences surrounding him, was more enamored than ever. So he kept by her side, nobly challenging his right to that position. I see

them now: he, with his youthful, glowing face, all admiration and enjoyment; she, in her light dress and straw-hat, her sweet eyes just raised in answer to him, and a smile on her lips. One of the party jestingly called my attention to them once—as if that were needed.

We wandered about in the forest until noontide, and for an hour longer, presently dining in an open space where were some fallen trees and a little spring. I sat at her feet, and as much as possible engrossed her conversation. Her brother joked him on it, and I joined in the laugh. We were all very merry together, and my suspicions lulled to suspicion. I talked gaily, and observed her looking at me more than once in quiet surprise. Fury and despair were raging in my heart, yet I talked lightly and merrily; and when the brother proposed that we should have a game of pistol-shooting as extemporized target, I bore my part like a boy among boys.

Firing at this and of other sports, we rambled hither and thither. Then I feigned drowsiness, and they left me, to come back in an hour or so, bidding me take care of my pocket-handkerchief. My brother left his pistol; it was heavy, and he tired of his plaything. When they had all gone off among the bushes, I sat up on a fallen tree, and loaded the weapon. I declare before Heaven I had no thought then of the dreadful use to which I was soon to put it; I had an inclination to play with the idea of suicide.

It was fascinating, in my maddened, morbid state, to put the muzzle between my teeth, and fancy what pulling the trigger would effect. I imagined it in detail. A terrible crash and a great darkness. I should be found on their return, lying beside the log, dead. How shocked they would be—how horrified! What would she say? Would she be sorry? How little she or any of the world would suspect the cause of it! I should carry my secret with me into the unknown, perhaps I should be at rest, and people would pity me.

The thought grew upon me so that I rose to dispose it—rose, and strolled off among the trees, with the accursed pistol in my pocket. My hands behind me, my head bowed, my eyes on the grass I went, walking slowly, thinking of her.

It might have been five minutes, it might have been an hour, when I heard a plash in the water, merrily—a voice and song I knew well. A dizziness was in my ears, my heart throbbed tumultuously painfully. I raised my eyes, and saw her alone, coming toward me, down a foot-path into which I had wandered.

She had a rose-colored pretlier or kinder. There was a rosy flash of health and exercise upon her cheek, a sweet light of love in her eyes, and a glory of common sunshine streaming through the boughs upon her fair brown hair. Something told me that the boy's color had won, if not a reciprocation of his passion, at least an unusually favorable hearing. I turned, and we walked side by side. "Where were the others?" I asked. "Oh, gone," she said in a long way behind. She had run away from them." And she laughed.

"Why?"

"They had teased her. She was glad to have met me, as I would take her part."

"And Harry?" She blushed, and returning an evasive answer, stole a sideling glance behind. I looked behind, too. There was no one visible.

"He loves you," I said. She blushed deeper than before, and turned her face away, and we walked on in silence for a few seconds. "I love you, Ellen," I said. "Do you know what a man's love is?" And I poured forth a flood of passionate, incoherent words, such as one may recollect or write in dreams, such as sometimes utter once in a lifetime.

She listened, stunned—affrighted. There was more than fear in her face. As I seized her hand and told her of my hopelessness and agony, I saw, distinctly, in that bright consciousness, a look of pugnacious and aversion. She broke from me, and attempted to run away. The next moment I stood with the discharged pistol in my hand, a little smoke curling upward from its muzzle.

"What need to narrate how I fled from the spot, the long red hars of sunset streaming after me through the wood, like the fires of hell? How I hugged the pistol to my breast, and the courage to kill myself? How I gave myself up to justice for that murder, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, April 16, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire by what authority the United States and Cross recently. The resolution was then taken up, and after a long debate, on an amendment of the act relating to the liabilities of ship-owners and shippers, Notice was given of a bill providing for the more efficient supervision of the slave-trade. Senator Bayard's resolutions, and also to carry in the Pacific Railroad were taken up, and Senator Chestnut, of South Carolina, made a long speech against the subject. The Senate adjourned without calling upon the President for information respecting the African slave-trade. The report of the Cocode Investigating Committee, recommending the arrest of Cockerill, of Ohio, for contempt, was taken up. A minority report was presented, justifying Mr. Shiel's withdrawal from the Committee because he had subscribed to the New York Electioneering Fund. After some debate the report was recommitted. The report of the Judiciary Committee on the President's proceeding were reported, amended.

On Tuesday, April 10, in the Senate, a bill was passed providing for the extension of the period in which Congress can locate certain grants of land. Senator Sumner presented a memorial from Frank B. Sanborn, the individual who rescued the United States officers in Massachusetts recently, and whose affray was illustrated in our last number. The memorial was laid on the table. The Homestead bill was then taken up, and a debate ensued upon the slavery question, in which Senators Douglas, Chandler, Collamer, Wilson, and others took part. In House, Mr. Taylor, from the Judiciary Committee, presented a minority report on the President's proceeding message, containing the position of the President. The bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union was then taken up and debated till the adjournment.

On Wednesday, April 11, in the Senate, the bill amending the Patent law was rejected by the casting vote of the Vice-President. The Judiciary Committee asked to be discharged from the further consideration of the memorial asking for the location of United States Courts at Binghamton, New York. A bill for the protection of witnesses in criminal cases in the District of Columbia was introduced. A motion was made to refer the bill relative to the transportation of the mails overland to the Pacific, but action on the question of the subject was passed over. A resolution was adopted directing inquiry as to whether any corporation or company is authorized to fit out for engaging in the slave-trade. Senator Bayard's resolution was then taken up, and also a resolution to inquire into the alleged fitting out of the United States steamer *Brooklyn* in New York for the slave-trade. The Senate then resumed the consideration for an adjournment of Congress from the 19th to the 25th of April, and after a long debate adjourned without voting to attend the Charleston Convention. The Homestead bill was then taken up, and a long debate ensued. In the House the debate on the bill to admit Kansas into the Union under the Wyandotte Constitution was resumed and concluded, and the bill passed by a vote of 114 to 75. A discussion was introduced by Mr. Sherman, which ran into an explanation of his language on the occasion of Mr. Lovejoy's recent assault on him.

On Thursday, April 12, in the Senate, Senator Mason's resolution to inquire into the outrage on the 25th instant, in order to enable the members to attend the Charleston Convention, was adopted. The remainder of the session was occupied with business relating to the Pacific and African slave-trade. A long debate occurred for the support of the public schools of the District was taken up, and an amendment was adopted to the effect of the fund be donated to the education of the colored population. This bill was then postponed. The Homestead bill was then taken up, and the Senate adjourned without voting the question on the amendment. In the House, the bill to admit Kansas into the Coast Survey was received, showing the practicability of the Pacific Railroad, and recommending the public printing and the French Spoliation bill be made the order of the day for Monday next. The bill were presented, and the latter till the 9th of May. The Senate Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up, and the Committee of Ways and Means made speeches on the Slavery and Presidential questions.

On Friday, April 13, in the Senate, the House bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union was taken up, and the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations was then relative to the suppression of the African slave-trade, referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. Senator Simmer presented the return of the Massachusetts, New York part to the Commissioner of Navigation, Massachusetts, on the 24 Instant, and sealed himself of the occasion to adjourn over upon Monday next. Senator Ferry investigating Committee to not nominating Governor Wise, of Virginia, Senator Bigler, in the Senate, covered by Senator Mason, the Chairman of the Committee, and the Senate voted to take up the bill for the adoption of some verbal amendments to the bill amending the Patent Office, and passed it by a vote. Senator Pratt, the Senate vote test executive session and adjourned a number of other business—In the House nothing of general interest occurred.

ADMOT A ATTEMPT.

An affair of some interest, Prince, of Virginia, and Potter, of Wisconsin, has almost grown out of a personal altercation between the Hon. Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin, and Mr. Prince, of Virginia, in connection with Lovejoy's affair.

The New York *Herald* gives the following version of the affair:

It is understood that after Mr. Potter replied to Mr. Prince's first note, that he would meet him on Monday that might be sent him in the District, Mr. Prince called on the second, and demanded satisfaction. Mr. Potter replied that he would inform him whenever a challenge was received him. Mr. Prince called on the second, to which Mr. Potter replied, referring him to Colonel Lander, who had charge of his correspondence. Mr. Prince called on Colonel Lander, who, in the presence of Mr. Prince, called on the ground that he would be present at the duel, and that the weapons were barbarous and inhuman, and not such as gentlemen. To this Colonel Lander replied that Mr. Potter detested the duel in principle, but that he would meet the challenge, being called to account for the exercise of free speech on the floor of the House, he would meet the parties accustomed to the usual weapons of the duelist, to meet him on a long time would place Mr. Prince at a fatal distance, and to arrange the time, place, and weapons. But on the second interview Mr. Prince was informed by Colonel Lander, without Mr. Potter's knowledge, tendered himself to Mr. Prince, and the arrangements were made, and he was called on the ground that he had no quarrel with Colonel Lander.

THE CORRESPONDENCE.

The correspondence will shortly be published. The main points in it are said to be as follows:

First—Several notes passed to determine whether the challenge should be given and accepted by the District. Mr. Potter ignoring the Southern code by refusing to receive the challenge, and consequently to be said by having it.

Second—The challenging party went to Virginia, from which they dated their notes and gave the challenge, which was received by Mr. Potter, who was then in the District.

Third—Potter's ultimatum was sent to Prince but might, about eight o'clock, announcing that he would fight with the pistols, by a form, or at the distance of thirty twelve hours. That the principals should also shoot pistols within twelve feet of each other, the duel should commence at a given word, which should be announced by one of the seconds, and the principals should stand in the rear of his principal, armed with a Colt navy pistol, to be given, fire.

Fourth—At about eleven o'clock Prince's second, Mr. Chandler, called on Colonel Lander, and Colonel Lander, returned the same correspondence. This last note of Prince's was in the same concise, business like style as the other, as follows: Should Mr. Prince attempt to repeat Colonel Lander, it is said that Mr. Prince, at 11 o'clock, Mr. Chandler, acting for Prince, announced that he would not accept the terms proposed by the second of Colonel Lander. It is said that the only way Prince can obtain satisfaction from him is by a street attack, which Mr. Potter will not shrink from.

ARRIVAL OF A JAPANESE VESSEL AT SAN FRANCISCO.

His Imperial Japanese Majesty's war steamer *Candinamarrah*, commanded by Kato-ishi-saroh, a captain in the Japanese navy, arrived at San Francisco March 31, and anchored off Vallejo Street where at three o'clock p.m., after thirty-seven days' passage from Uraguwa, and having on board the Chief Admiral of the Imperial Japanese navy, Co-ur-ke-ma-a-ne-ko-ni-ni. The object of the visit of the Commissioner is as a tender or preceding vessel to the United States steam-frigate *Powhatan*, which left on the 16th of February, bound to San Francisco, between the Japanese Ambassadors, Commissioners and Secretary, sent by the Emperor to Washington. The fellow, big on the nearest of the officers of the ship: Admiral, Co-ur-ke-ma-a-ne-ko-ni-ni; Captain, Kat-sin-saroh; Captain Attending, Mangero; Lieutenants, So-ko-ni-ko-ko-ko, Ko-ko-ni-ko-ko-ko; Lieutenants, Ko-ko-ni-ko-ko-ko; Chief Engineer, Ho-ma-ge-no; Second Engineer, Ko-ge-no; four midshipmen, three doctors, and several before the mast.

The Japanese mounts ten guns, viz., four eighteen and six thirty-two pounders. She also mounts four swivels and one howitzer. She brought as passengers Captain John M. Brooke, U.S.N.; Mr. R. M. Kern, U.S.N.; and John Hiram Lowrie, U.S.N., who made the voyage in the *Primrose Cruiser*, which was wrecked at Yokahama on the 23d of January last.

FRESHET ON THE MONONGAHELA.

One of the most destructive freshets that has occurred for years has taken place on the upper heads of the Monongahela. The rise in the river came so suddenly that much damage was done to property. A number of coal-boats were destroyed, manufactories were flooded, and immediate fears for the safety of the Pittsburgh railroads have also suffered from inundation.

A DEPOSAL OF THE MONKISH STYLE.

Well, we are in the Government of the Mexican war steamers captured near Vera Cruz, the Government has decided to hasten the trial of the pirates by the military courts at New Orleans. The crew of the respective vessels will be permitted to recover their pleasure.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. John Wheeler died in Columbia, Lorain County, Ohio, on Saturday, April 7, aged nearly three years. She was the last of the survivors of the Wyoming massacre. A few of the survivors of the Wyoming massacre were the family of William Martin, Mrs. Weeden's father. Mrs. Wheeler was married at the age of 15 that time, and she retained a vivid recollection of the massacre until her death. She was a pioneer in Ohio, and lived in Ohio, where every week was yet to death by the tomahawk. The children of Mrs. Wheeler are all grown up, and little sister, and treasured with a fog of time through the fore about the Wyoming massacre, and the Revolutionary Hero. There they were met by two of Mr. Wheeler's children, who had come to see her.

After the jury, in the Cincinnati-Shore case, had returned their verdict, the Judge, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Cox, entertained his friends and hoisted a red flag, significant freedom, which was hoisted.

Messrs. O'Reilly and Speed propose to construct a line of telegraph from Fort Kearney, Nebraska, to Salt Lake, within two years, without any other aid from the Government than the mails they may carry.

A man in Muskegon, Wisconsin, being drunk, had both feet frozen. The man, in a fit of drunkenness, had cut himself to death. At last accounts he seemed to be near his end, and, as he was a stranger in the country, his neighbors were very contentedly looking on.

The Tribune Journal says that Mr. Hon. August Belmont has expressed willingness to visit Charleston as a member of the Democratic Committee appointed from the State, and that negotiations are now pending with the Mr. Lanman, Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Adams House, for a resignation by Dugro in Mr. Belmont's favor. Mr. Dugro, if he does, Mr. Belmont will, it is confirmed, go down as a Douglas delegate; but his leaning only affected in the Mr. John Mitchell's case, which may possibly produce a change in his views when he reaches Charleston. Report is that Mitchell and Mr. Buchanan great hopes are made.

The Boston *Journal* says that the friends of Frank B. Sanborn are about to present his sister—as a token of their respect—with a handsome silver tea-pot and the Colt's revolvers. It will bear an engraved representation of the old Pine Tree flag, and the inscription, '*Sic sine dulce*.'

A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* says that the Secretary of the United States, in the course of a conversation with him a few days ago, expressed an intention of the Government to adopt a firmer, more correct in congress and abroad. Mr. Buchanan, says the writer, is decisive of the opinion that the most sanguine of the prominent public men with whom, at different periods of his life, he has conversed upon the subject.

An old woman, fortune-teller by profession, well known in Troy, was taken up on Saturday last on a charge of intoxication; she managed to fall out of bed in such way that she was suffocated.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD JOHN'S PROTEST AGAINST THE ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.

The strong language which Lord John Russell used in the House of Commons respecting the French annexation of Savoy and Nice, in our last number, is not the sentiment, and if has been viewed as a proof of the rupture of the Anglo-French Alliance. He explains himself in the following protest, as an indication of the future policy of England:

"Sir, my opinion, as I declared it in July and January last, is that the cession of Savoy and Nice, which is as the annexation of Savoy is one that will lead a nation to wrifing in a manner, and that it will be necessary from time to time to commit other acts of aggression upon, and violations of, the law, however we may wish to live on the most friendly terms with the French Government and people. I hope, sir, that we may be most friendly terms with that Government [cheers]—we have received the most kind expressions from the other nations of Europe (hear) cheers from both sides of the House), but that, in spite of the friendship of the nations, nations may arise—we should be ready to act with others, and, with the support of the other nations and friendly terms, but still firmly, that the settlement of Europe, the peace of Europe, the law of Europe, and the security, and that settlement and that peace can not be assured if it is thus to proceed in violation of treaties (loud cheers), to contract, to decline and remove with respect to the annexation of this one nation and the other nation, and the other; but that the Powers of Europe, if they wish to maintain that peace, must respect each other's rights, must respect each other's limits, and, above all, redress and act, and act with firmness, and, if need be, the resistance of peace, which tends to peace, and which ultimately, and in the end, will secure peace." [Loud cheers.]

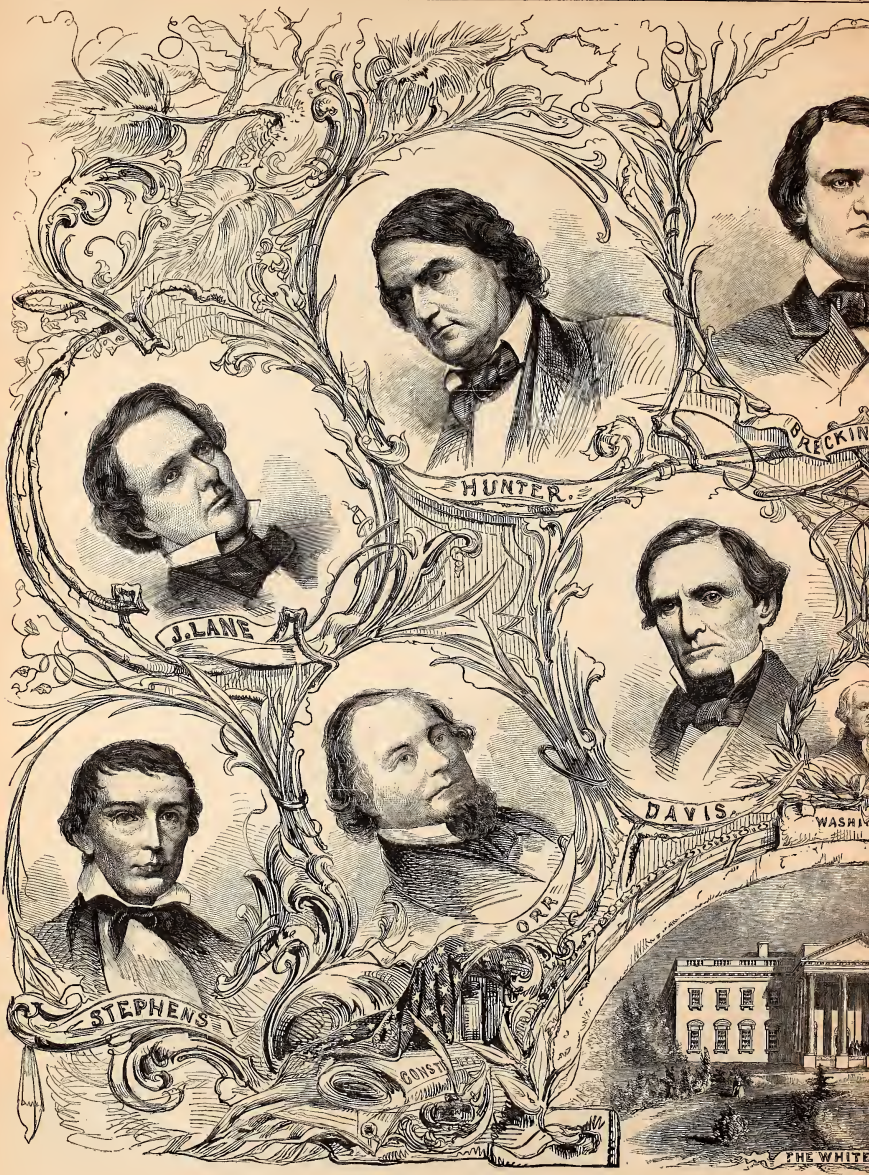
There was considerable excitement in the Houses when the Foreign Minister made this.

THE COMING FREE-FIGHT.

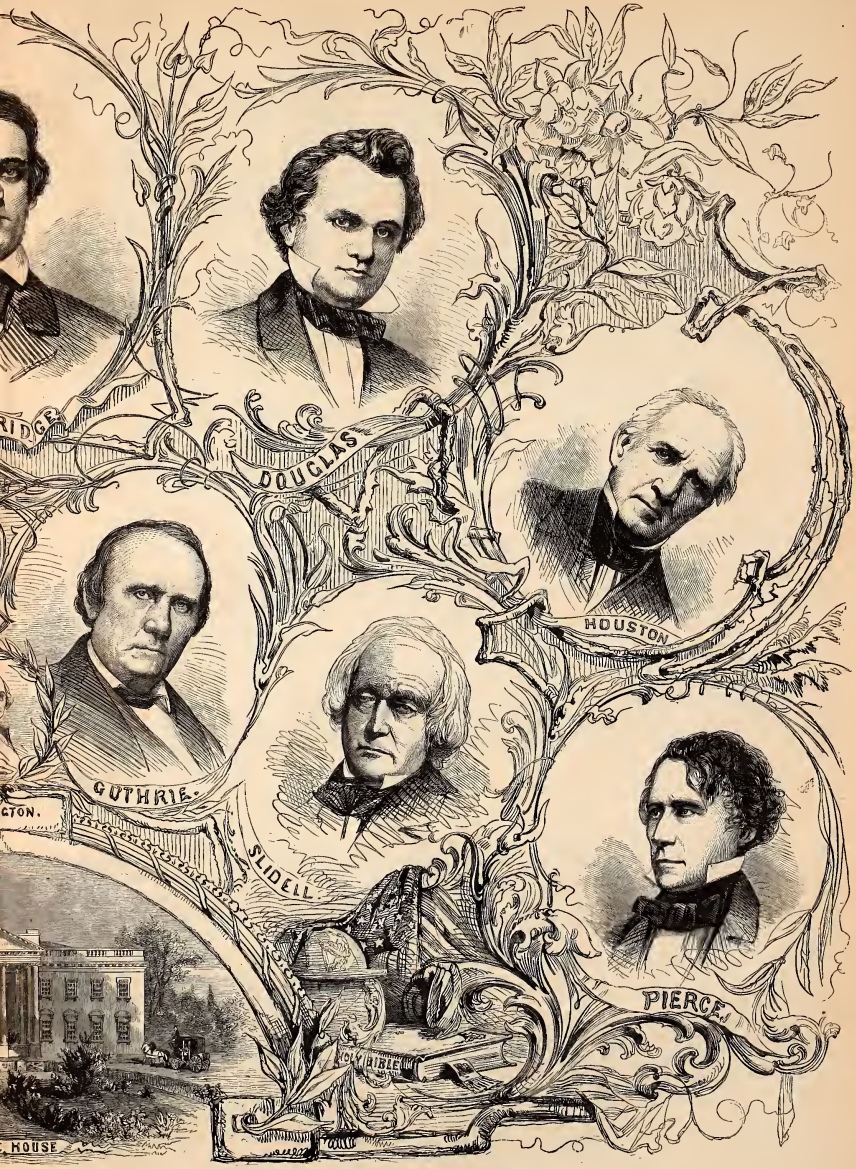
The *Herald* correspondent writes: "I have just had a conversation with a gentleman intimately connected with sporting matters, and who is taking the odds on Heenan. He says, from what he has learned, there are only about three or six to four, he can not get them, and has never yet been able to get them. He says Sayers is not in a bad fighter, but he has been once defeated, and may be beaten; and he considers that if he is beaten by Heenan it will be no disgrace to him to be defeated by a man five years his senior, and who has been fighting all his life in the full vigor of youth, at Hennan is. The fight, he says, will be a short fighting, and the Sayers' people will be to keep 'the boy' as far off from him as possible, not allowing him to come to close quarters, for his superior size and weight, if he can avoid it. Nat Langham, the only man who has seen Sayers fighting, has been with Heenan some lessons in sparring, and says he has improved wonderfully."

A few days afterward a meeting was held to settle details finally:

"About half past ten o'clock Mr. Dowling, the *fine editor of Bell's Life in London*, and the stakeholder in the coming fight, said: 'Gentlemen and patrons of the prize-ring, I am happy to inform you that at last all the preliminaries for the coming fight are arranged. To-day the final deposit was made in my hands, and every thing is now in a fair train for bringing matters to a satisfactory conclusion. Mr. Sayers has made his final deposit, and whether the fight would take place on the day named, and a most important one to take place on the day named, and a most important one to take place on the day named, and a most important one to



PROMINENT CANDIDATES FOR THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION



AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[From Photographs by Brady.]

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

We publish on the two preceding pages portraits of eleven prominent candidates for the Democratic nomination at Charleston. The biography of Hon. Stephen A. Douglas we publish on page 242. Brief sketches of the other candidates we subjoin:

HON. JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE, OF KENTUCKY.

John C. Breckinridge, Vice-President of the United States, was born near Lexington, Kentucky, on 21st January, 1821, and is consequently thirty-nine years of age. His father was an eminent clergymen; his grandfather served in Congress, and his great-uncle filled the office of Attorney-General of the United States. The family has always been respected and prosperous.

Mr. Breckinridge was educated for the bar, and, after a somewhat desultory career, settled down in Lexington and prospered and gaining him, he returned home, and established himself in Lexington. Kentucky, of which city he is still a resident when not engaged at the federal capital. He was a Whig, and became in his practice intimately associated with John Georgetown, District of Columbia. He was thoroughly organized as a lawyer, and obtained a lucrative practice, until, on the outbreak of the Mexican war, he concluded to volunteer, and was elected Major of the 3d Kentucky Regiment of Volunteers. His regiment arrived at Monterey too late to be present at any of the brilliant actions of the campaign. But Mr. Breckinridge was conspicuous in the skirmishes which subsequently broke out among the general officers—Generals Taylor and Quitman, Pillow on his counsel before the court-martial held upon him. On his return home, Mr. Breckinridge was elected to the House of Representatives, after a severe contest with General Leslie Combs. He was re-elected in 1853, his opponent on this occasion being Governor Letcher. During the angry session of the 32d Congress Mr. Breckinridge took an active part as one of the Administration leaders, and was from 1853 to 1855 Minister to Mr. Cushing, of New York, which very nearly ended in a duel. Shortly after this affair, Mr. Breckinridge's troublesome and fiery firmness were highly commended—Mr. Pierce offered him the mission to Spain, but Mr. Breckinridge declined to leave the country, and Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, was appointed to the post. Mr. Breckinridge was nominated for Vice-President on the ticket with Mr. Buchanan, and was elected in 1856. He was re-elected in 1858, his opponent being Governor Letcher. During the angry session of the 35th Congress Mr. Breckinridge took an active part as one of the Administration leaders, and was from 1857 to 1859 Minister to Mr. Cushing, of New York, which very nearly ended in a duel. Shortly after this affair, Mr. Breckinridge's troublesome and

own heart. He drew for her such gorgeous pictures of the life she would enjoy with him in Italy, or some such fair and beautiful land, that her warm imagination was charmed. And then he described the dull, still, passionless life she would pass with our gentle Jamie until she grew pale with dismay at such a figure. She used to walk with him day after day on the sunny banks of the river down yonder in the meadow. Far better would it have been for her to have been sitting under the hemlock-trees among the water-snakes and poisonous weeds.

What was Jamie doing all this time? He was away from home studying diligently—working frequently to Dr. Lynde of his preceptor, and how he thought of her cheered him in his labors. His father intended to leave the ministry and Jamie was to take his place. And as the time for his return drew near how sweet and tender grew his hopes! how full of earnest love were his words! I used to think that if Jamie had remained Marguerite would never have loved Marmaduke. But I do not know. There was a sympathy wanting between them, the lack of which she felt, I think not. He could never reach to the height of her genius, and I fear she never sounded to the depth of his love.

He came home to find his affections thrown aside; his hopes crushed; but no murmur or complaint ever escaped his lips. He saw that she was happier with Marmaduke than she had ever been with him, and her happiness was dearer to him than his own.

But there came an end to this happiness. I scarcely need tell you how it ended. It is the same old story which has been told over and over again. Marmaduke left us in the winter, saying that in the summer-time he would return and claim Marguerite for his bride. "That could I do but you my consent; for I know she loved him most fervently, although I very often thought she could not love deeply." And Marmaduke returned in the summer; but there came to us tidings of his marriage with some high-born maiden. I looked for some violent sign of grief from Paquette when she was told this, but she gave no such sign. Gradually her eyes lost their sparkling brilliancy, her cheek its roundness and bloom; her step its joyousness.

I dread to tell you why October is the most sorrowful of all the months of the year to me. Many long years have passed since that fearful October night; but I remember it as if it had happened on this very seat—my little Paquette and I. It was a clear, bright night. The full moon was high in the heavens and poured her light over all things. Then Paquette spoke to me of her love for Marmaduke, and how cruelly he had deceived her. She did not curse and rave, and was so very calm! She showed me a letter he had written a short time before, in which he told her that he had never loved her, and that he supposed she had ceased to feel any affection for him, and concluded by hoping she was happy with Jamie. Such a letter to such a girl as Paquette! I wondered at her calmness. He requested an interview with her, in order to exchange the notes and little love tokens which had passed between them.

"I have written to him," said she, rising, "and I go now to meet him on the river bank, under the hemlock-trees."

She still spoke soft and low, and was so very calm!

She left me, and went into that woodlane arbor, and out of it into the maple wood, and down that winding path to the river side. I noticed how bravely and crushingly her feet passed upon the withered leaves, and how different it was from her usual light, airy tread. I watched her as she went through the maple wood, her white dress flitting among the trees. The golden and crimson leaves were scattered over her like gems. I watched her clothed in the glory of the moonlight, and then she disappeared amidst the black shadows.

So absorbed was I in thinking of my darling that I took no note of time. It may have been an hour or more after she left me that I was aroused from my reverie by Jamie. He seized my arm, and demanded of me where Paquette had gone. I could not answer him, for I was horror-stricken as his wild look and manner drew. He almost dragged me through the maple wood down to the river, involuntarily close my eyes now when I think of the sight which met my view. Marmaduke lay stretched upon the ground—dead. The grass around him was stiff and purple with the dark blood which had flowed from a wound in his side. His face was white and wan. A branch of the deadly nightshade hung over him, and the dew was dripping slowly from the flowers upon his cheek. His right hand was tightly clenched around a slender sapling of the water-hemlock. Dark-hued clusters of berries looking ominously into his staring, sightless eyes. A huge adder was slowly trailing over the prostrate body, and water-snakes were glaring sullenly among the sumachs which lined the river bank, and gave to the place the dead color of a pestilent house. The shadows lay heavy and black over all.

But where was Paquette? Jamie drew a little dagger out of the breast of the dead man, and plunged up a jewelled sheath, which lay among the poisonous weeds.

"Hide them!" he hurriedly exclaimed. "I see nothing witness against her!"

And then he fled from the spot like one pursued by a demon. I followed him, bloody dagger and its bright sheath into the dark waters.

But where was Little Paquette? Where was the beautiful Jamie? I had but lately seen her crowned with golden and crimson leaves, and clothed in the glory of the moonlight?

That question has never yet been answered. God only knows where the Little Paquette spent that fearful night. God only knows what misery and remorse she suffered through weary years. God only knows the agony of her bitter after-life.

But Jamie said she would return to us. Weeks and months and years rolled away, and she came not, nor did we hear aught of her. But still Jamie said she would return; and with a sweet, patient hope, and a love that outlived time and sorrow, and now above sin and despair, he sat every summer evening in the woodlane arbor to await her coming. And close beside it he built a small cottage, and every winter night you could see the light gleaming from the casement, and streaming far into the maple wood. And thus for years he watched and waited.

I used often to come to this seat under the hemlock-tree, and I never failed to be here on every anniversary of that awful October night. I used to have my seat little Paquette; and once, as I sat here, with the full moon high in the heavens above me, watching the yellow and crimson leaves as they fell from the trees, and thinking of that night, seven years before, I held her my darling. I heard the same heavy, crushing footsteps upon the withered leaves, and then I knew she had come home. I looked eagerly for the form of Jamie that remained in the shadows and the darkness. She came slowly into the maple wood. The trees threw down upon her their golden and crimson leaves. The moonlight glanced upon her like a glory, but her long hair was unbound, and it floated around her—a deep shadow between her and the moonlight.

I did not go forward to meet her. There was one than waiting in the woodlane arbor whose right it was to welcome her home from long time.

When I entered the arbor I found Jamie seated on the mossy floor holding her in his arms. Her head was pillowed upon his breast, her face was pale, but on it was such an expression of sweet peace and holy love as I had never hoped to see there again. I was glad that she was not cold as marble. I thought she was dead, and I thanked God that I had been permitted once more to look upon my little Paquette.

But she did not die then. It was not until months afterward that Jamie and I laid her in the grave. God was very good to me in taking her darling. She was gentle and loving to Jamie and me, especially to Jamie; and we both knew that she was better, purer, holier, and more like angels she left us—better, and holier, and purer than she had been in her happy childhood, and with this knowledge we were content. She told us that she had done and suffered in the years she had been away. Not for worlds would I repeat from these pictures of sin, and want, and despair!

And holly and calmly she died, and peacefully she slumbered, and yet beside her lies Jamie; and there in that woodlane arbor you will find their grave.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA INSTITUTE IN WHICH THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION IS TO MEET.

We give on the following page a view of the building of the South Carolina Institute, in which the Democratic Convention will meet in 1860, and a partial view of the Circular Church (Presbyterian, formerly Congregational), which stands beside it.

The South Carolina Institute was designed for the promotion of the mechanical and agricultural arts in South Carolina. City and State have equally (we believe) appropriated money to its objects. The building of the Institute, as here shown is, as a drawing-room Italian style. It fronts on Meeting Street, with a façade of eighty feet. The entrance is through a lofty archway, with statues on either hand, represented in the engraving above. This spacious apartment will seat three thousand persons. The Roman-Corinthian pillars shown in our picture, near the Hall of the Institute, is that of the Circular Church.

A BURNING SHIP.

We engrave on the following page a picture of the ship *Jacob A. Westervelt*, which was burned in New York Bay on the evening of Wednesday last. We was absent when the fire broke out, but following account of the disaster we condense from the *Daily Times*:

The fire originated in the between decks, aft, and was caused by the upsetting of a lamp. The carpenter had gone below, in company with a boy, for the purpose of preserving stores for the steerage passengers, numbers in number, and while thus engaged the boy let the lamp fall. It broke and set fire to the combustible stuff in the and in a few minutes the smoke was so dense as to deify the exertions of the men sent below to extinguish the flames.

The Harbor Police steamboat *Magnolia*, with a squad of officers and men on board, came up to the burning ship, and, in the meantime, had the steamer *Lady Lisle* and seven other tugs, which happened to be in the vicinity, at work. The crew and passengers, amounting in all to 400, were all landed, and in a few minutes the whole ship was on fire, and the flames had spread from the main hatchway, and seized upon the sails of the burning vessel, which were brought down by the flames.

"The steamboats *Mercury* and *Samson* and the steam fire-boat *Dodford*, all of which have the Worthington pumps on board, were soon alongside, and the powerful streams of water were thrown into the ship. The members of the fire-company worked hard, fitted she was towed ashore, between Bedloe's and Gibbet Island, where the grounded head in the wind. This accomplished, control the fire to work forward slowly. In spite of every exertion the fire gained headway, and at 7 p. m. the mainmast fell over the starboard side, and at 8 p. m. the mast had fallen, and the mainmast went by the board, and the forward mast followed. At 12 o'clock the whole interior of the ship was a mass of fire, and all hopes of saving her had been abandoned.

"The vessel was scuttled where there is but sixteen feet of water at low tide. This was done at the request of one of the owners; but it proved a fatal mistake, as, had she been sunk at the point where she lay when the fire broke out, doubtless her hull would have been saved."

Vessel and cargo are estimated at $235,000; supposed to be insured in Europe.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "ANTIE DARK," ETC., ETC.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONCLUDED.

* * * * * *

July 6th.—Eight o'clock. The sun is shining in a clear sky. I have not been near my bed. I have sat through the long night weary, wakeful eyes. From the same window at which I looked out into the darkness of last night I look out now at the bright stillness of the morning.

I count the hours that have passed since I escaped to the shelter of this room by my own sensations—and those hours seem like weeks.

How short a time—and yet how long to me—since I sat in this place, in darkness here, on the floor, drenched to the skin, cramped in every limb, cold to the bones—a useless, helpless, panic-stricken creature.

I hardly know when I roused myself. I hardly know when I groped my way back to the bedchamber, and lighted the candle, and searched (with a strange ignorance at first of where to look for them) for dry clothes to warm me. The dulling of vitality was in my mind, but not the time when they were done.

Can I even remember when the chilled, cramped feeling left me, and the throbbing beat came in its place?

Surely it was before the sun rose? Yes; I heard the sparrows twitter, I remembered at time by the sudden brightness and clearness, the feverish strain and excitement of all my faculties which succeeded it. I remember my resolution to control myself, to wait patiently hour after hour, till the chance offered of removing Laurence safely to a place where, without the danger of immediate discovery and pursuit. I remember the persuasion settling itself in my mind that the weak time over two men had said to each other would furnish us, not only with our justification for leaving the house, but with our weapons of defence against them as well. I recall the impulse that awakened in me to prepare myself for acting in writing exactly as they were spoken, while the words were my own, while my memory vividly retained them. All this I remember distinctly; there is no confusion in my head yet. The coming in here, from the bedroom, with my pen and ink and paper, before anyone was stirring down at the widely-opened window to get all the air I could so cool me—the ceaseless writing, faster and faster, faster and hotter, writing on, more and more wakefully, all through the dreadful interval before the house was astir again—how clearly I recall it, from the beginning to the candle-light to the end on the page before this in the sunshine of the new day.

Why do I sit here still? Why do I weary my hot eyes and my burning head by writing more? Why not lie down and rest myself, and try to compose the hot and consuming fever in my blood?

I dare not attempt it. A fear beyond all other fears has got possession of me. I am afraid of this heat creeping over my skin. I am afraid of the creeping and throbbing that I feel in my head. If I lie down now, how do I know that I may have the sense and the strength to rise again?

Oh, the rain, the rain—the cruel rain that chilled me last night!

* * * * * *

Nine o'clock. I was it alive struck, or sight? Nine, nine! I sit shivering again—shivering, from head to foot, in the summer air. Have I been sitting here asleep? I don't know what I have been doing.

Oh, my God! am I going to be ill?

* * * * * *

Ill at such a time as this! No, no; not ill. Only cold. So cold, so cold!

My head aches, and I am afraid of my head. I can write, but the lines fall run together. I see the words. Laura—I can write Laura, and see I write it. Eight nine—which was it?

So cold, so cold—oh, that rain last night!—and the strokes of the clock, the strokes I can't count, keep striking in my head—

* * * * * *

NOTE.

[At this place the entry in the Diary ceases to be legible. The two or three lines which follow are continuously scrawled over, crossed, mingled with blots and scratches of the pen. The last marks on the paper bear some resemblance to the two letters (L. and A.) of the name of Lady Glyde.

On the next page of the Diary another entry appears. It is in a man's handwriting, large, bold, and firmly regular; and the date is "July the 15th." It contains these lines:]

[POSTSCRIPT BY A SINCERE FRIEND.]

The illness of our excellent Miss Halcombe has deprived me of the pleasure of enjoying an unexpected intellectual pleasure.

I refer to the perusal (which I have just completed) of the Miss Halcombe's Diary.

There are many hundred pages here. I can lay my hand on my heart and declare that every line in this volume is delightful to me.

To a man of my sentiments it is unspeakably gratifying to be able to say this.

Admirable woman!

I refer to Miss Halcombe.

Stupendous effort!

I refer to the Diary.

Yes! these pages are amazing. The tact which I find here, the discretion, the rare courage, the wonderful power of memory, the accurate observation of character, the easy grace of style, the charming outbursts of womanly feeling, have all inexpressibly increased my admiration of this sublime creature, of this magnificent Marian. The presentation of my own character is masterly in the extreme. I certify, with my whole heart, to the fidelity of the portrait. I feel how vivid an impression I must have produced to have been painted in such strong, such rich, such massive colors. I blush, I shrink afresh the cruel necessity which sets our interests at variance, and opposes us to each other. Ought I, under happier circumstances, ought I should have been of Miss Halcombe—how worthy the Halcombe would have been of me!

The sentiments which animate my heart assure me that the lines I have just written express a Profound Truth.

Those sentiments could not be above all merely personal considerations. I hear witness, in the most disinterested manner, to the excellence of the stratagem by which the Woman in White woman surprised the private interview between Percival and myself. Also to the marvelous accuracy of her report of the whole conversation. Oh, this is beguiling to its end.

These sentiments have indeed me to offer to the unimpressionable doctor who attends on her my vast knowledge of chemistry, and my luminous experience of the more subtle resources which medical and magnetic science have lavished at the disposal of mankind. He has hitherto neglected to avail himself of my assistance. Miscrable man!

Finally, those sentiments dictate the lines—grateful, sympathetic, prayerful lines—which appear in this place. I close the book. My strict sense of propriety restores it (by the hands of my wife) to its place on the drawing-table. Events are hurrying me away. Circumstances are guiding me to serious issues. Vast perspectives are opening themselves before my eyes. I accomplish my destiny with a calmness which is the result to myself. Nothing but the homage of my admiration is my one. I deposit it, with respectful tenderness, at the feet of Miss Halcombe.

I breathe my wishes for her recovery.

I conclude with her on the inevitable failure of every plan that has formed for her sister's benefit. At the same time, I entreat her to believe that the information which I have derived from the Diary will in no respect help me to contribute to that failure. It simply confirms the plan of conduct which I had previously arranged. I have to conclude these pages for awakening the finest sensibilities in the human—no thing more.

To a person of similar sensibility this simple assertion will explain and excuse every thing.

Miss Halcombe is a person of similar sensibility. In that persuasion, I sign myself,

FOSCO.

THE NARRATIVE OF FREDERICK FAIRLIE, ESQ., OF LIMMERIDGE HOUSE.*

It is the grand misfortune of my life that nobody will let me alone. Why—I ask every body—why worry me? Nobody answers that question; and nobody lets me alone. Relatives, friends, and strangers all combine to annoy me. What have I done to deserve this? I live in a quiet Louis, fifty times a day—what have I done? Neither of us can tell. Most extraordinary!

The last annoyance which has assailed me is the annoyance of being called upon to write this Narrative. In a man in my state of nervous wretchedness the mere writing sentences? When I put this extremely reasonable objection I am told that certain very serious events relating to my family have recently happened within my experience, and that I am the fit person to describe them on that account. I am threatened, if I fail to control myself to the utmost, with such consequences which I can not so much as think of without perfect prostration. There is really no need to trouble me. Shattered as I am by my miserable health and my family troubles, I am incapable of resistance. If you insist, you take your chance of finding me dead at your feet at any time. I will endeavor to remember what I can (under protest), and to write what I can (under protest). Mind, I shall be very much annoyed if I can't write Louis must remember and write for me. He is an ass, and I am an invalid; and we are likely to make all sorts of mistakes between us. How humiliating!

I am to begin with the dates. Good Heavens! I never did such a thing in my life. Know any Lu to begin now?

I have a friend, Louis. He is not quite such an ass as I have hitherto supposed. He remembers the date of the event within a day or two—and I remember the name of the event. The date was either the fifth, sixth, or seventh of July; and the name (in my opinion a remarkably vulgar one) was Mary.

On the fifth, sixth, or seventh of July I was reclining, in my usual state, surrounded by the various objects of Art which I have collected about me to improve the taste of the barbarous people in my neighborhood. That is to say, I and the plaster casts of my pictures, and prints, and coins, and so forth, all about me, which I intend, one of these days, to present (the photographs, I mean, if the Limmeridge Lunatic language will let me mean any thing)—to present to the Institution of Arts (horrid place!), with a view to improving the tastes of the Northern (Goths and Vandals to a man). It might be supposed that a gentleman who was in course of conferring a great national benefit on his countrymen was the last gentleman in the world to be unfeelingly worried about private difficulties and family affairs. Quite a mistake, I assure you, in my case.

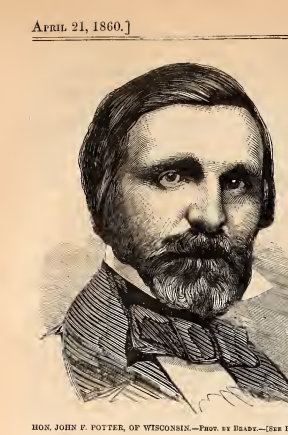
* The manner in which Mr. Fairlie's Narrative and other evidence that seem objectively to follow it, were originally obtained, forms the subject of an explanation which will appear at a later period of the Story.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA INSTITUTE, AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, IN WHICH THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION WILL MEET.—[See preceding Page.]

However, there I was, reclining, with my arttressures about me, and wanting a quiet morning. Because I wanted a quiet morning, of course Louis came in. It was perfectly natural that I should inquire what the deuce he meant by making his appearance when I had not rung my bell. I seldom swear—it is such an ungentlemanlike habit—but when Louis answered by a grin, I think it was also perfectly natural that I should damn him for grinning. At any rate I did.

This rigorous mode of treatment, I have observed, invariably brings persons in the lower class of life to their senses. It brought Louis to *his* senses. He was so obliging as to leave off grinning, and inform me that a Young Fer-

THE SHIP "JACOB A. WESTERVELT" ON FIRE IN THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK, APRIL 11, 1860.—[See preceding Page.]



HON. JOHN F. POTTER, OF WISCONSIN.—PHOT. BY BADE.—[SEE PAGE 247.]

son was outside wanting to see me. He added (with the odious talkativeness of servants) that her name was Fanny.

"Who is Fanny?"

"Lady Glyde's maid, Sir."

"What does Lady Glyde's maid want with me?"

"A letter, Sir—"

"Take it."

"She refuses to give it to any body but you, Sir."

"Who sends the letter?"

"Miss Halcombe, Sir."

The moment I heard Miss Halcombe's name I gave up. It is a habit of mine always to give up to Miss Halcombe. I find, by experience, that it saves noise. I gave up on this occasion. Dear Marian!

"Let Lady Glyde's maid come in, Louis. Stop! Do her shoes creak?"

I was obliged to ask the question. Creaking shoes invariably upset me for the day. I was resigned to see the Young Person, but I was not resigned to let the Young Person's shoes upset me. There is a limit even to my endurance.

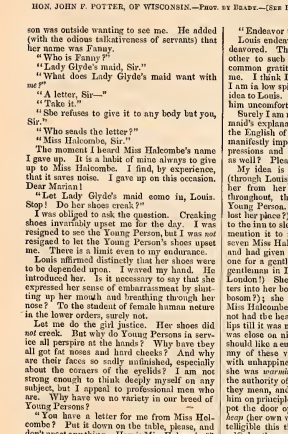
Louis affirmed distinctly that her shoes were to be depended upon. I waved my hand. He introduced her. Is it necessary to say that she expressed her sense of embarrassment by slutting up her mouth and breathing through her nose? To the student of female human nature in the lower orders, surely not.

Let me do the girl justice. Her shoes did not creak. But why do Young Persons in service all perspire at the hands? Why have they all got fat noses and hard cheeks? And why are their faces so sadly unfinished, especially about the corners of the eyelids? I am not strong enough to think deeply myself on any subject, but I appeal to professional men who are. Why have we no variety in our breed of Young Persons?

"You have a letter for me from Miss Halcombe? Put it down on the table, please, and don't upset any thing. How is Miss Halcombe?"

"Very well, thank you, Sir."

"And Lady Glyde?"



I received no answer. The Young Person's face became more unfinished than ever, and I think she began to cry. I certainly saw something moist about her eyes. Tears or perspiration? Louis (whom I have just consulted) is inclined to think tears. He is in her class of life, and he ought to know best. Let us say tears.

Except when the refining process of Art judiciously removes from them all resemblance to Nature, I distinctly object to tears. Tears are scientifically described as a Secretion. I can understand that a secretion may be healthy or unhealthy, but I can not see the interest of a secretion from a sentimental point of view. Perhaps, my own secretions being all wrong together, I am a little prejudiced on the subject. No matter. I behaved on this occasion with all possible propriety and feeling. I closed my eyes, and said to Louis,

"Endeavor to ascertain what she means."

Louis endeavored, and the Young Person endeavored. They seemed to confuse each other to such an extent that, I am bound in common gratitude to say, they really amused me. I think I shall send for them again when I am in low spirits. I have just mentioned this idea to Louis. Strange to say, it seems to make him uncomfortable. The devil!

Surely I am not expected to repeat my niece's maid's explanation of her tears, interpreted in the English of my Swiss valet? The thing is manifestly impossible. I can give my own impressions and feelings perhaps. Will that do as well? Please say, Yes.

My idea is that she began by telling me (through Louis) that her mistress had dismissed her from her mistress's service. (Observe, throughout, the strange irrelevancy of the Young Person. Was it my fault that she had lost her place?) On her dismissal she had gone to the inn to sleep. (I don't keep the inn; why mention it to me?) Between six and seven Miss Halcombe had come to say good-by, and had given her two letters: one for me and one for a gentleman in London. (I am not a gentleman in London—hang the gentleman in London!) She had carefully put the two letters into her bosom (what I care to do with her bosom?); she had been very unhappy when Miss Halcombe had gone away again; she had not had the heart to put bit or drop between her lips till it was near bedtime; and then, when it was close on nine o'clock, she had thought she should like a cup of tea. (Am I responsible for my of these vulgar fluctuations, which begin with unhappiness and end with tea?) Just as she was *warming the pot* (I give the words on the authority of Louis, who says he knows what they mean, and wishes to explain; but I snub him on principle)—just as she was warming the pot the door opened, and she was *struck of a heap* (her own words again, and perfectly unintelligible this time to Louis as well as to myself) by the appearance in the inn parlor of her ladyship, the Countess. I give my niece's maid's description of my sister's title with a sense of the highest relish. My poor dear sister is in timorous woman's hands during her minority. To resume: the door opened, her ladyship, the Countess, appeared in the parlor, and the Young Person was struck of a heap. Most remarkable!

I must really rest a little before I can get on any farther. When I have reclined for a few minutes, with my eyes closed, and when Louis has refreshed my poor aching temples with a little eau de Cologne, I may be able to proceed.

Her ladyship, the Countess—

No. I am able to proceed, but not to sit up. I will recline, and dictate. Louis has a horrid accent, but he knows the language and can write. How very unfortunate!

Her ladyship, the Countess, explained her errand, remarked the Young Person, by telling Fanny that she had come to bring one or two little messages which Miss Halcombe in her hurry had forgotten. The Young Person thereupon waited anxiously to hear what the messages were; but the Countess seemed disinclined to mention them (so like my sister's tiresome way!) until Fanny had had her tea. Her ladyship was surprisingly kind and thoughtful about it (extremely unlike my sister), and said, "I am sure, my poor girl, you must want your tea. We can let the messages wait till afterward. Come, come, if nothing else will put you at your ease, I'll make the tea and have a cup with you." I think those were the words, as reported excitably in my presence by the Young Person. At any rate, the Countess insisted on making the tea, and carried her ridiculous condescension of humility so far as to take one cup herself and to insist on the girl's taking the other. The girl drank the tea, and, according to her own account, underwent the extraordinary occasion five minutes afterward by fainting dead away for the first time in her life. Here, again, I use her own words. Louis thinks they were accompanied by an increased secretion of tears. I can't say myself. The effort of listening being quite as much as I could manage, my eyes were closed.

Where did I leave off? Ah, yes, she fainted after drinking a cup of tea with the Countess; a proceeding which might have interested me if I had been her medical man, but being nothing of the sort, I felt bored by hearing of it, nothing more. When she came to herself, in half an hour's time, she was on the sofa, and nobody was with her but the landlady. The Countess, finding it too late to remain any longer at the inn, had gone away as soon as the girl showed signs of recovering, and the landlady had been good enough to help her up stairs to bed. Left by herself, she had felt in her bosom (I repeat the necessity of referring to this part of the subject a second time), and had found the two letters there quite safe but very much crumpled. She had been giddy in the night, but had got up well enough to travel in the morning. She had put the letter addressed to that observer strange, the gentleman in London, into the post, and had now delivered the other letter into my hands, as she was told. This was the plain truth; and though she could not blame herself for any intentional neglect, she was sadly troubled in her mind and sadly in want of a word of advice. At this point Louis thinks the secretions appeared again. Perhaps they did; but it is of infinitely greater importance to mention that, at this point also, I lost my patience, opened my eyes, and interfered.

"What is the purport of all this?" I inquired.

My niece's irrelevant maid stared, and stood speechless.

"Endeavor to explain," I said to my servant. "Translate me, Louis."

Louis endeavored, and translated. In other words, he descended immediately into a bottomless pit of confusion, and the Young Person followed him down. I really don't know when I have been so amused. I left them at the bottom of the pit as long as they diverted me. When they ceased to divert me, I exerted my intelligence and pulled them up again.

It is unnecessary to say that my intelligence enabled me, in due course of time, to ascertain the purport of the Young Person's remarks. I discovered that she was uneasy in her mind, because the train of events that she had just described to me had prevented her from receiving those angelic sentiments Miss Halcombe had intrusted to the Countess to deliver. She was afraid the messages might have been of great importance to her mistress's interests. Her dread of Sir Percival had deterred her from going to Blackwater Park late at night to inquire about them; and Miss Halcombe's own directions to her, on no account to miss the train in the morning, had prevented her from waiting at the inn the next day. She was most anxious that the misfortune of her fainting-fit should not lead to the second misfortune of making her mistress think her neglectful, and she would humbly beg to ask me whether I would undertake her to write her explanations and excuses to Miss Halcombe, requesting to receive the messages by letter, if it was not too late. I made no apologies for this extremely prosy paragraph. I have been ordered to write it. There are people, unaccountable as it may appear, who actually take more interest in what my niece's maid said to me on this occasion than in what I said to my niece's maid. Amazing perversity!

"I should feel very much obliged to you, Sir, if you would kindly tell me what I had better do," remarked the Young Person.

"Let things stop as they are," I said, adapting my language to my listener. "I invariably let things stop as they are. Yes. Is that all?"

"If you think it would be a liberty in me, Sir, to write, of course I wouldn't venture to do so. But I am so very anxious to do all I can to serve my mistress faithfully."

People in the lower class of life never know when or how to go out of a room. They invariably require to be helped out by their betters. I thought it high time to help the Young Person out. I did it with two judicious words:

"Good morning!"

Something outside or inside this singular girl suddenly creaked; Louis, who was looking at her (which I was not), says she creaked when she courtesied. Curious. Was it her shoes, her stays, or her bones? Louis thinks it was her stays. Most extraordinary!

As soon as I was left by myself I had a little nap—I really wanted it. When I awoke again I noticed dear Marian's letter. If I had had the least idea of what it contained I should certainly not have attempted to open it. Being, unfortunately for myself, quite innocent of all suspicion, I read the letter. It immediately upset me for the day.

I am by nature one of the most easy-tempered creatures that ever lived—I make allowances for every body, and I take offense at nothing. But, as I have before remarked, there are limits to my endurance. I laid down Marian's letter, and felt myself—justly felt myself—an injured man.

I am about to make a remark. It is, of course, applicable to the very serious matter now under notice, or I should not allow it to appear in this place.

Nothing, in my opinion, sets the odious selfishness of mankind in such a repulsively vivid light as the treatment, in all classes of society, which the Single people receive at the hands of the Married people. When you have once shown yourself too considerate and self-denying to add a family of your own to an already overcrowded population, you are vindictively marked out by your married friends, who have no similar consideration and no similar self-denial, as the recipient of half their conjugal troubles and the born friend of all their children. Husbands and wives *talk* of the cares of matrimony, and bachelors and spinsters *bear* them. Take my own case. I considerately remain single, and my poor dear brother philosophically marries. What does he do when he dies? He leaves his daughter to me. She is a sweet girl. She is also a dreadful responsibility. Why lay her on my shoulders? Because I am bound, in the harmless character of a single man, to relieve my married connections of all their own troubles. Poor single people! Poor human nature!

"OH, MY GOD! AM I GOING TO BE ILL?"

It is quite unnecessary to say that Marian's letter threatened me. Every body threatens me. All sorts of horrors were to fall on my devoted head if I hesitated to turn Limmeridge House into an asylum for my niece and her misfortunes. I did hesitate, nevertheless.

RECOGNITION.

COULD we believe when life is o'er,
When turns to dust this weary head,
When these cold lips shall speak no more,
Sunk to the silence of the dead;
That in that starry world beyond,
Unclouded by one human care,
Not well-known faces shall bless our gaze,
No loved or lost one linger there:

Oh, if in ours these longing eyes
No more shall look with tender gare,
No cireling arms, no sweet caress,
Ever bless us as in other days;
Say what a glorious chest would be
This gift of life beyond the tomb,
If with us all our loves and hopes
Sink in its silence and its gloom!

C. C. COX.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FAIR REVIEWER.—Our fair cousin Fanny (we dare not give her surname) says she really is surprised at the *ridiculous* complaints which men keep making about Criticism; for of course they must admit that the wicked of wide pictionaries never hurt any *fact!*

VERY EVIDENT.—A discouraging friend of ours told us, a short time back, that in his opinion "there was nothing like humbug in this world." This may or may not be the case. One thing, however, is certain, namely, if there be nothing like it, there is at any rate, a great deal of the original article itself.

A TRAP TO CATCH LANDLADIES.

LANDLADY.—"I hope I tell you, Sir, that you are out of gin *produces empty bottles.*"

TENANT.—"Impossible; but stop, I'll see. *(Goes into bedroom, and returns with a full bottle.)* I thought you were wrong. I must tell you that I got these two bottles at the same time. The bottle you held in your hand I put in the cupboard for your special consumption—the bottle I have here I kept under lock and key in the other room for my private use. The truth is, you drink much better than I do. Where your bottle is empty, you see that mine is scarcely touched. Do not mind *turn now, it is not I that am out of gin, but rather yourself.*"

(The Landlady is most virtuously indignant, but evidently puzzled.)

"DONE TO RAGS."—Austrian finance.

THE CLOAK OF RELIGION.—A Cardinal.

A TRIPLE HAUTEUR OF MONEY.—His Holiness the Pope appears to be making a good thing out of the tribulation with which he has found heart has been afflicted. In a letter written to Mr. Cullen, the Irish Archbishop of Dublin, the Holy Father says, "It is one with that you should return in our name, and in the warmest terms, our sincere thanks for your faithful clergy and people for the third sum of £9000 which they have offered to see through you." Perhaps some of St. Peter may have been in money; but the less appears likely to be more than made up to him in Peter's pence.

UNCOMMONLY NICE.—The cashing dibs at the Tuileries' dinners just now is *Gâteau de Sussie.*

A HOPEFUL TRUTH.—You know the number of friends a man once had by the number of enemies he now possesses.

ONLY WHAT MIGHT BE EXPECTED.—The adhesion of Savoy to France is the work of twelve Swiss *sergeants.*

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.—A remark, apparently most, but upon examination exceedingly believe, was recently made by a misogynist. He said, Men talk, but with women it is the converse.—*The Hermit of the Hogsnorkis.*

A QUESTION FOR PHILOSOPHERS.—Philosophers are raising the important demand whether the after-most parts of the human body are inclined solely by women?

WONDERFUL METAMORPHOSES.—A tectotaler was seen, a day or two ago, to *turn into a public-house!*

A preternaturally brilliant thing was sold upon the stage at Sadler's Wells Theatre, the other day, at rehearsal. The morning was extremely wet. Mr. Paul Bedford was on the stage, when enter to him Mr. Toole. Both abused the weather, for both had been caught in a shower. "I am wet," observed Mr. Toole. "But I am better," said Mr. Bedford, "and as my purse's over I shall retire and dry." "Yes," said a gentleman of the author's manuscript, "Superfluous lags the writer 'un on the stage."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Burnett's Cocoaine.
Premature Loss of the Hair,

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It is unrivaled as a dressing for the hair, a single application rendering it soft and glossy for several days.

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Loss of Hair.

BOSTON, July 19, 1857.

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By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a good growth of new hair. I trust that others similarly afflicted, will be induced to try the same remedy.

YOURS, very truly,
SUSAN R. POPE.

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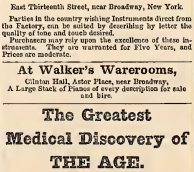

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 174.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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HARPER & BROTHERS.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

WE devote the bulk of our space this week to illustrations of the momentous Convention now in session at Charleston, and upon the fruit of whose labors the destiny of the Union may depend. We give below a picture of the Delegates leaving the Charleston Hotel on the morning of 23d; on page 269, a picture of the gathering in the area of the Convention Hall; and on pages 264 and 265, a fine engraving of the Convention in session on 23d April. These pictures explain themselves, and need no verbal description.

ON THE WAY TO CHARLESTON.

NO. IV.

Tem Major Jack Downing, Downingville, Downing County, Maine; in care of Mr. Harper, who'll send it in print.

CHARLESTON HARBOR, *April 16, 1860.*

HERE I be at last, Uncle Jack, large as life and twice as nattural, with the schumar ankerd rite off agin the city, and the stars and stripes a flyin' from the goff. Hoorah! sez I, for the man that wins; and if yeou goes in for him, Uncle Jack, yeou'll be Postmaster jist so long as yeou pleas.

Furst and fourmost, tho', let me tell yeou how I went tew Old Virginny tew help unkiver the marble imortashun of Henry Clay. I told yeou how Mr. Buchanan had me fixed up, and away I went with them air Natshunal Rifles, feelin' jist as good as eny on 'em. We went down tew Richmond in gratic aide, and I told the fellurs how we went tew Madawaska tew fite the Brittishers; and a French fellur, who was a pleamseur with a big and dull axe, told 'em how he was a Nashurnal Gard under a Mister Louis Phillips, and sung about "infants of Fut Rie," who was a continuedly a "marchin' on," which he called a Marsells Hymn, but which ben't in the regular Sidnum of Watts & Hopkins. All this tyme we was a gein' it inter Virginny, I tell yeou, and a keepin' the kondueter awake by shoin' our tickets.

At lest sez he, "Richmond!" and thair we wes, and thair was a cumpeany all reddy to receave us, and didn't they give three chears for Corpord Downing, I tell yeou! Then they 'scorted us tew our hotel, a reg'lur dubble-barrl affair on tew sides ov a street, with a bridge atween the tew sides up stairs and know toll tew pay.

Furst we all tuk a julup. An' I kept it up, a putin' them air julups deown jist so long as I stay'd thair; an' I tell yeou, ne wun nees what sweetnu'd lickur is till they drinks julups. If I'd a dyed, and bin sent tew Downinville, and berry'd in the gardin, they'd a bin a mint patch thair furever. Mint's a Virginny institushun.

The next day thair was the parrid. Cavalry a prancin' about like fun on all sized hosses, and infantry a marchin' arter, and carriges with invited gests, ov which I wes wun. I set along side ov "Tylor tew," who's a rampshus Dimmecrut now, and has a big nose, and axed me tew his farm. The Chief Marshall was a Mr. Dimmick, from Cape Cod, an' a peaky spri little chap he is, bein' genurally tew the bed of the Republic Gard—a set ov fellurs who watch the pennertenberry and keep things sort ov strait.

Thair wes an uncommun lot ov folks tew see the immortashun unkiver'd, and it bete Forth ov July, specially for ladies in wheogs. I tell yeou tu tell Sarah Hale that air set on 'em maid eout ov grapevines I got for her ain't a circumstance. Wa'al, finelly, they all got fixed, and then they prey'd, and a fellur told us all about Mr. Clay, and then they tok the sheet of, an' thar he stud. It deen't amount tew much, arter awl, and wun't kumpair with Crawford's Washington—a mitey fine peace of brass casting, I tell yeou.

Arter the nurgurashun thair wes a dinner, tew wich yeour old frend Mister Brooks maid a phlamin' speech, as did athers. I, bein' called upon, and totally unprepar'd, drew eout my old Forth o' July oration, eliur'd over, and spoke it right eout, lickurty-cut. Mister Betts wun't missed a bit.

The next day the sogers went away, and I sort o' sounded reound, and I writ to Mister Buchanan: "Play Hunter agin Wise, jist as yeou dew the New Yorkers, but go in fur Breckinridge." Neow yeou see it he deen't dew jist so.

Then I went deown tew a place they calls Rochetts, whair I feound the old pink-stara schumar a

DELEGATES TO THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATING CONVENTION LEAVING THE CHARLESTON HOTEL ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 23, 1860.

[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST CORRESPONDENT.]

waitin' for me, and we got aboard. Every man in mess is gentleman who was a gulf, and 'commodum-shuns seem to be kind o' scarce. Fancy how, lots an' gords or fellers are dyin' tew go, but can't raze the wind.

The cosse ov North Karryliny is terrible flat and miserabul, and they air katchin' a powerful fever ov chill all along jist now, wich the darkies fetch of tew the schaun, and tradee rite part. Tork about the way these hear fellows be treated; why, the hole war was in Downeyville, I believe. It's the hogs, that dus tew get the cussin' an' doesn't dyer nuthin' except sleep half the time. "Virginny condoomes ov Hary, Pa," the pretty slerctery of the "Downing Fillumdorkie Sociashun for byin' brick-headed rifles for Regimuntir Bass" said to him. But I calls 'em "Happy packers away ov Bacon," and eggs, and the best corn bred ever you tasted.

"Well, we airn't along we got hear, and as we went bay old Fort Mountry, whar Gin'ral Jackson had his quarts in Nineteen-hundrit Tweny, I run up the hedd gridiron, and fired the old swivel, "hang." I kind o' guess it sort o' stirr'd up the Armory and Knawyer fellow chair; ud if they'd a knean what I was, thel'd a reciprocated the salute. As it was, it was like Israel Andrew's reciprocity treaty, all wun-sided.

"Then here Charlestun's a sort o' low place, and most on it looks cryfull old and stashunary. The folks look a sort ov, I'll tell yu tew what, the nice efore, and most tired out, and didn't keer abouut dain' much.

The first place I went tew was the *Karyor* offis, before wich is a Palmetter tree, which is the arms of South Karryliner, and tortoiled prickly arms 'tis tew. Then they tell me tew see a gentleman, they tell, and see I, "I'm a judge of Suffolks and Chesturs;" but twarn't no hop, but a loal tight dozen ever so many thousand feel, up with the water some a spouttl'. They calle it sum hard name, and it's hard drinkin', I tell yous, but good for dyspepsee.

Talk about Funnell Hall Market tew Bestng. Why, it ain't a circumstanse tew the long markets hear, which there's all sorts ov green garden sass a'ready, and the biggest lot ov fat darkies ever yous seed in yoar born days, and whoppin' grate turkey-hazzard-a-darkie' roosts scattered by ollal. Tsw shute won ov these burds is tew be fined ten dollars and whipped if you're a cullurd' passun, for wich lapse have yer pay the dollar that lises it on half a dollar more, wich is hard.

It's a queer place, I tell yous, and they talks it easy, but 'is grate on frin' up, and sets their grubbles acordin' tew a Kode, by wich they goes in and blizes aweigh tew each other, jist as the Kongress mess do, I tell yer Sam'e.

Pollytics is hear jist as 'tis in Maine, only t'other way. Ther's folks wot's got offis, and drawn pay from Uncle Sam, and thar's folks wot don't. Up our weigh the folks wot dean't go agin the insturtshun—down hear they goes in fur it. Up our weigh the folks wot don't goes in fur gittin' cullurd' peple aweigh from dewn South tew Kannady—down hear they goes in fur gittin' cullur'd' peple aweigh from Africy' to hang tew home. And they pollytishuns keep up the same all-fired free thair and here, but tew each plais they drinks aweigh'ed tew a good deal more a wunt they say.

Ev'ry wun bar's a preparin' for the Convenshun, jist as our Portland peple lade in for the *Grate Eastern*, that didn't cum. And as no other convenshun will ever cum hear, they've put up prices steep. I tell yous, ever chanjed tew cents fur a peace of pie, that's legal tender for fourpence happerny the world over.

Wal, I've got tew go out and look 'round, and rite tew Mr. Buchanan who we can beat hete Dinkin with, but hain ma're heard tew.

If yeou see Sarah Hale by herself, tell her I'm true as steal, and with luv tew all inquirin' friends, I be yours

Luvin' Nephew till Deth,

BENJAMIN DOWNING, 3d.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1860.

THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

THE State Legislature has adjourned at last, leaving a flavor of rottenness in the public nostril. The session opened with a Message of Governor Moore recommending that the railroads be plundered in order to spare the Republican party the odium of increasing the taxes; ended, very appropriately, with the passage, over that same Governor's vote, of the city railroad bills which grant away to Tom, Dick, and Harry—the best friends of the legislature—the most valuable franchises in the city of New York. It began in plunder, it ended in rot. At one late an hour Edwin D. Morgan bethought himself of the beauty of honesty and the vileness of corruption; but the lesson he had taught the Legislature in his Message—that all was fair in politics so long as it helped "the party"—was not immediately forgotten. The words of a smart assemblyman, where stealing is the order of the day, what matters it whether we steal penny loaves or silver spoons?

One of the wisest and most experienced politicians in this State says openly that the present Legislature is the most corrupt that ever met at Albany. "Its saying a good deal, Tom. Know Nothings in their day were acquainted with the value of votes, and Democrats, too, have been known to do well at Albany. But no doubt, on the whole, whether the votes on the city railroad bills and the Albany and Susquehanna have ever been paralleled. To grant, without payment, valuable franchises to a party of unknown men, franchises for which responsible citizens had vainly offered millions; to make over to George Law and his friends, in perpetual property, the best avenue for the city, and this at a time when municipal taxation is increasing at the rate of a million a year, is certainly a climax of audacity which thus far has never been surpassed or even equaled.

The question arises, where will this lead? Some people take the ground that the unparalleled corruption of the Legislature are peculiar to the Republicans. Unquestionably there is some truth in this, for the majority in both Houses is Republican. The worst of the most corrupt men in both Houses are Democrats. One member, who was elected by a county expressly to defeat the fraudulent demands of a presented-for-sale railroad corporation, was bought up by that creditor at the commencement of the session, and has steadily worked against his county; he calls himself a Democrat. The same remark may be made of others. In a word, though in this State the Republicans have been, as a rule, more dishonest in State affairs than the Democrats, careful inquiry discloses the fact that party distinctions fail to account for the general rottenness and profligacy which reign at Albany.

The Republican Party is humiliating—it is, that our public men of both parties are so degraded that they can not safely be intrusted with the slender powers they possess.

There are two remedies—and only two—for the evil; one is a more conscientious discharge by all citizens of the duty of voting; the other is armed revolution. The people of this State took the pains to vote, and to ascertain something of the character of the man he voted for, the hold of corruption would be weakened and men of character. There is no community in the State so poor that it can not spare one good man to go to Albany for three months. Congress obtain such a Legislature through the supineness of the public. People say that their vote will not be missed, and neglect going to the polls; or if they go there, they are too lazy to vote their ticket, and thereby inquiring into the character of the men whose names it bears. The first plan leaves the field open to cognes; the second leaves the field to Tom, Dick, and Harry. Every one knows what the nominees of primary conventions are likely to be. If every taxpayer and honest man were to make a sacred vow of going to the polls and voting—regardless of party—for no man of whose honesty he did not feel assured, we should hear no more of city gridirons, and Albany and Susquehanna infamies.

If, on the other hand, the people of this State will not take the trouble to go to the polls and vote, honestly and intelligently—otherwise is revolution. Some day some popular leader or demagogue will establish an understanding with a few regiments of militia, and will surprise the State by declaring himself king some morning. He will easily obtain funds for the enterprise, and if he has pluck and character, he will do the respectable classes will sustain him. He will find difficulty in obtaining possession of State arsenals, in seizing the Governor, and dissolving the Legislature. At the rate matters have been proceeding lately public opinion would justify him in trying the several leaders of the latter by court-martial, and hanging a few of them. A like fate might be visited on the leaders of the great agents of corruption in the State, and to the Common Council of this city, without any regrets on the part of the people at large. Matters have been latterly tending to such a pass that every thing is fast ripening for a Bonaparte; a few more such sessions as the last, and a few more years of neglect of duty and utter indifference to standing will be ready to accept a despot—as the least of evils offered to his choice.

THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.

THE Italian war of 1859 is yielding its fruit. Bologna and the best part of the Papal States are freed from the shameless tyranny of the Pope; and Piedmont has in a few weeks doubled her territory and tripled her population. No such change has been made in the map of Europe since the famous treaties of 1815.

There are literally two kinds of transactions which deserve attention on this side the water.

The first is the deference paid by Europe to the principle of popular sovereignty. The people of Tuscany, Romilia, Modena, and Savoy have, in the face of Europe, transferred their sovereignty by popular vote, just as we transfer power from Buchanan to Douglas. The old European idea of sovereignty was that it was inalienable and interminable; that a man could no more shake off his allegiance than he could change his color or his shape as a human being. This idea was stated and actually enforced by Great Britain within the memory of men now living, and not very old men either. Now, the sovereigns of Europe acquiesce calmly in the deliberate transfer, by popular vote, of the sovereignty of Tuscany from the Grand Duke and the Austrian Emperor, of Romilia from Pope to the King of Piedmont, and of Savoy from the King of Piedmont to the Emperor of France. Such progress indeed!

Next, the conduct of the Italians of the northern Papal States, of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena deserves careful remark. It has been common to believe that peace was fit for self-government without some education in its use. Even De Tocqueville ascribes the frequent revolutions in France to the absence of popular institutions in the *communes*. This idea involved the old fallacy which the Greek humorist expressed by saying that no man should go into the water till he knew how to swim. Still, no popular fictures have been achieved of late years by nations which have attempted to govern themselves that the Italians—who are not an educated people, and who have been trampled under foot for a score of generations—were quite plausibly accused by loud talkers of being entirely unfit for an autonomous rule. Now, the Italians have disproved the charge! Not even in law-abiding America or constitutional England could the people have behaved with more wisdom, and forbearance, and patience, and circumspection, and high sense of responsibility than the Tuscans, Romilians, and Parmese have evinced since entire liberty was suddenly thrust upon them. Who shall venture to say after this that such or such a race is unfit for self-government?

The third remarkable feature in these transactions is the universal disappearance of local jealousies and petty feuds between city and city, and state and state. The question was put to the people, whether they would prefer to Piedmont whether they preferred annexation or a separate political existence, and the vote for the latter was in every instance so small as hardly to be worth mentioning. Now, nothing is more prominent throughout the political history of Italy than the jealousies which have always prevailed between the various cities and states into which that country has been divided. Florence has always been at war with Milan and Venice; Milan not much older Turin; Lucca has been always afraid of Florence; the Bolognese have always been ready for war with Padua; Genoa has made war on Leghorn, and been at deadly feud with Venice; and so on throughout Italy. The "Library of Literary Italy" is little else than the record of endless and bloody feuds between town and town, village and village, city and city, state and state. Even in our own day, when, in 1840, Charles Albert made a bold stroke for Italian independence, he failed chiefly because he was only feebly supported by the Lombards, the Sardinians, and especially opposed by Venetia. Now, it seems, the Italians have learned that it is better to form one powerful state than to be split up into a dozen or more petty states, capable of offering no serious resistance to foreign enemies. There is nothing more noble—or more sensible—in history than the enthusiasm with which the Tuscans and even the Bolognese accepted the dominion of the King of Piedmont, in order to constitute a great Italian nation. Those who know the strength of their interests against those their neighbors can appreciate the sacrifice. It is an example worth meditating.

☞ We beg to acknowledge favors received from the purser of the *Marion* steamship.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE REVENUES OF THE GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SEEING that you are the advocate of Free Trade and its necessary concomitant, the collection of the revenues of the Government by direct taxation, I propose to avail myself of your columns to discuss these subjects, satisfied that, when fairly presented to the public, the positions you have assumed will commend themselves to the favor of a vast majority of the people of this country.

* * *

I propose to show, first, that our present system is not only unfavorable to trade, but its injustice is stamped with the character of meanness, because its inequalities are in favor of the rich and against the poor.

I suppose it will be admitted by all as a just principle, that the man with much property shall pay a larger proportion of government as well, in proportion to his property, as the man who has but little. In other words, if a man having $100 pays $1 for the support of the State, he ought to pay, Under our present system it is not only intended that this equality shall not be preserved, but it is absolutely impossible that it shall be. I will make this proposition so clear that the most ignorant shall not fail to see, nor the most prejudiced be able to deny it.

From the best data within my reach the whole property of the whole country is estimated at about $16,000,000,000. According to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Government collected last year from customs $50,000,000. This amounts to just fifty cents upon every $100 of the whole property of the country. The Government got the money; somebody paid it; let us see who it was, and in what proportion. Bear in mind that there was paid to the Government fifty cents on every $100 of the whole property of the whole country. Then the man who had only $100 of property ought to have paid only fifty cents; if he had $1000 he should have paid $5; if he had $1,000,000 he ought to have paid $500.

It is stated that Mr. Astor, of New York, is worth $20,000,000. Supposing this to be true, it is, in justice and fairness, to have paid $250,000. This, as I shall presently show, it was utterly impossible for him to do.

Let it be remembered that under our system no man can pay to the General Government a dollar except what he pays as duties upon the foreign goods he consumes. Assuming the average of these duties to be twenty per cent, Mr. Astor would have to consume foreign goods to the amount of $1,250,000 before he could pay his share. We all know that this is impossible. Supposing that he consumed $10,000 worth of foreign goods, Government only $2000, leaving $248,000 of his share to be paid by somebody else. No part of this can be paid by another man of the same wealth, because he can not pay his own share; the man with only $1,000,000 can not help, because his share being $5000, he must consume $25,000 to do his share; the man with only $100,000 can not help much, unless he has a very large family and is a little extravagant without, for his share is $500, and he must consume $2500 of foreign goods before he can pay his share.

Let us now go to the other end. The share of the man having $100 of property is just fifty cents. When he has consumed foreign goods to the amount of $2.00 he has paid his share. If he buys for his self a coat at $5 he has paid double. He will, similarly, be consuming of foreign goods in ploughs, sugar, tools, or no matter what, the value of $100, he pays to the Government $20, and $19.50 of this goes to make up the share which others have to have been paid by Mr Astor, or somebody else. The one, by the most lavish expenditure, can not pay a dollar of his share; the other, by the most rigid economy, can not escape with his; and yet Mr. Astor can better afford to pay the $250,000 than the other can the fifty cents. The one case is would not cut off even a luxury of life; in the other, there is a necessary loss. Mr. Astor pays two-thirds of cent on the $100 of property; the other man pays two thousand cents on his $100; in other words, the very poor man pays to the Government five hundred times as much in proportion to his property as the very rich one.

Thus, this is an extreme case, but only on one side. There are other men who are worth much as Mr. Astor; but there are thousands and tens of thousands who have not the $100—men with large families, who live upon salaries, ministers, school-teachers, mechanics—in short, people in all the pursuits and employments of life, relying upon their labor alone for support, and whose income is dependent upon them, many of whom are compelled to pay for the support of the Government from $50 to $100 without a dollar of property. The injustice of this system is too gross and palpable to need argument.

* * *

FREE TRADE.

THE LOUNGER.

PAULDING.

MR. PAULDING, whose death has been announced, was the Nestor of American literature—at least, he was its oldest representative. By a curious coincidence, as Bryant was speaking of the long life and brilliant career of Washington Irving, the companion with whom his first literary successes were achieved was closing his eyes also upon the scenes with which for years they had been familiar.

Paulding has a certain traditional reputation. The name of the man is recognized, while that of most of his works is not remembered. This fact, however, is explained by the brief and temporary character of so many of them. Political pamphlets, squibs, parodies, etc., are like fire-works; they sparkle, flash, and sputter, and that is the end of them. It is still further explained by a peculiar intellectual acridity, which always leaves an impression of crudity and unripeness not fatal to the fruits of human genius as it is to those of mother earth. When it is said that the secret of literary immortality is to be ripe in old age, the meaning evidently is not that it is a matter of good grammar and hard study, but that a pure and simple style is the reflex of a sweet and ripe mind whose thoughts are mellow. And the process of intellectual mellowing is purgative. It cleans the mind, and consequently the style, from what may be called the mind's complexion—of all those foul and sour humors which belong to youth and greenness. Genius must of necessity be young and yet be beyond their mental youth. Their minds have the mumps and measles and scarlet-fever of prejudice and passion in the latest period, as they never have the calm maturity of manhood. They are splendid sprouts and suckers, but never ripened, rical trees. These are the men who make sensations by their vigorous onslaughts and stinging patines. But, if it would be well for the man who plays in literature, must either be genial and humane, like Rabelais and Fielding, or it must spring from a cordial superiority, like Swift's. In like manner the sharp persiflage of Pope survives from the very perfection or ripeness of its method. It is not a strain of mere indignation; but it is a carefully-polished work of art.

Irving himself is often cited as a signal example of the success of style. But in his case it is precisely true that the simple and mature style was the expression of the ripe mind. He felt rather than thought; and his feelings were so sweet and such that he covered all sides with his sympathy.

Hence, while he lived at a period and in a country of many and profoundly exciting questions, and wrote books for nearly half a century, he rarely, if ever, alluded to controverted topics, and then expressed no decided preferences. This was not moral weakness, certainly, nor intellectual apathy; it was simply that overmastering geniality and unwillingness to hurt the feelings of others, which, when it is sincere—as we have known it in some women—is an exquisitely touching trait of character. Mr. Bryant, in his eulogy, recalls a forgotten book which illustrates this quality in Irving.

In the year 1832 a London publisher undertook to reprint Mr. Bryant's poems, if Irving would introduce them with a preface, which he consented to do. But the publisher—a true Briton—objected to a line in one of the poems—

"The British soldier trembles"

"And Irving," says Bryant, "good-naturedly consented that it should be altered to

"The foeman trembles in his camp."

The poet adds that the change was made from simple desire to do him service, and at the time he acknowledged his gratitude to Irving.

Irving's early friend Paulding would have been more likely to make the line stronger, or to italicize, than to alter it; and the fact explains much of the difference in the men, and of their relative position at the close of their lives. A man of vigorous mind and of patriotic sympathies, Mr. Paulding threw himself into the party into which he was quarrel with England, and struck some stalwart blows. But these were strictly occasional works. Neither their matter nor their manner could be long date for them; and yet this kind of work seems to have been more congenial to his sympathy than the pastoral poetry effect. But when his "Dutchman's Fireside" was published, it was at once considered to be the best of his works—and it is precisely the work which he is most proud and contemplative in tone. It is a pleasant sketch of the old Dutch days and customs, which had strong a fascination for the early authors of Manhattan—and it is doubtless the work with which the name of its author will be especially identified in our literary history.

SOLDIERS.

Wrong people shake their heads over the letter of Meaning, of which we suppose last week, and wonder whether he is not more than half right, they forget one essential difference between the United States and every great modern power in the world since the time of Charles VII. of France, and that is the army. Comparatively speaking, every thing is old so long as we have an army, and the man who should propose to augment the standing military force of the country would probably have an eye to its destruction.

A standing army is a third estate in the realm, and it is that which keeps the other quite. All European revolutions have always been so force and deadening because they have been repressed by the army which they have accumulated to carry that nothing can withstand them. Then they swell and sweep onward, carrying away every thing in their course. In any community men and women, which, by its very nature, must be perpetually moving and changing, to endure an absolute state of any strong form is just as to sit upon the safety-valve. You do not prevent the accumulation of steam, but you only secure a fearful explosion.

Our party contests are vehement, probably, as any that were ever waged; but the issue is invariably peaceful. The great party for the maintenance is best for all kinds of private property, but because the country is always so equally divided that any defeat—and that the world knows—is evidently fruitless. Great measures with us have never been carried—and it is fortunate for us that it is so—by overwhelming majorities. The result is that the great minority is always a security for moderation upon the part of the majority. The victorious party must proceed very slowly, very slowly, or its victory will be wrested from it. And there is this further advantage, that great changes in affairs should only be made gradually, and with the least possible rupture in the general course of events—so policy which is imposed upon the successful party by the number and importance of the opposition.

It is easy to see how entirely all this might be changed by the presence of a large standing army. The military hand has always been used to subvert constitutions and destroy independence; and it would be very easy for any party which came into power—even in our most intelligent, enlightened, and Christian America—to persuade itself that the good of the country required that the party policy should be maintained by military force. Even a party which in Europe the game of aspirations and intriguers is not the conversion of public opinion, but the command of the army; and the most fatal mistake that can be brought to any party is to hold himself upon his tottering throne is, that he solidifies fraternize with the people.

In every popular government like ours, constitutions will always mean what the people, or the majority, decree. But fortunately their decree can only be given by enforced by regular and fair appeal. There is no club at hand for them in the shape of an army, by which they can enforce a word with a blow; and it is only in those extreme cases, which happily have never yet arisen, that the mass of the people themselves would take up arms.

A LITTLE REASON.

"DEAR MR. LONGUEN,—We sent you, a few weeks since, the Life of —, and the —, which we have just published at 75 cents, and have been waiting patiently ever since to see some review or notice of the works in *Harper's Weekly*. Yours, truly,

—"

This little note offers us a pregnant text, and a text, too, which is offered by a great many such notes, which we constantly receive.

In the first place, if we should make little notices of all the books which are so kindly sent to the office of the *Weekly* the paper would be merely a publishing circular. There are a great many valuable and charming works sent, for which we are most heartily obliged, but about which, with an occasional exception, the necessities of the case compel silence.

In the second place, then, while it is the duty and pleasure of such a family paper as this to keep its readers aware of the general current of literature, the history, the science, and other works of art, as well as the passing and events which engage the general attention, it is obvious that there is some principle of selection, and in a paper which advertises all reputable works these are naturally preferred which, while they are the most popular, are brought to the particular attention of the paper by their advertisement in its columns. Nobody understands this better than such practical business men as — & —. They know, whatever the reader may or may not know, that if we view this matter from a mere business point of view (and they will not quarrel with us for doing that), a review of ten or twenty lines in a paper where advertising is fifty cents per line, is worth ten or twenty dollars. This is the purely mercantile aspect of the question, but it is instructive.

So it will generally happen that, where only two or three good books can be noticed at once, the choice will generally fall upon those good ones which are most widely advertised in the *Weekly*, that the *Weekly* has an absolute discretion in the matter. A publisher has no more right to claim special notice of his publication because we advertised it than the merchant who advertises his shoes or pickles. If the advertisement is not worth the money he is a great sufferer, and we are the. If it is worth the money (as we modestly believe it to be, in the *Weekly*), then any further notice is the purest gratuity, and the publication should only upon the ground that the work is really of value and interest, of which the *Weekly* must be the judge.

This is all very plain, and, if it seems harsher, for his part, has sometimes spoken, and will doubtless sometimes speak, of books which had neither been sent to him nor advertised in the paper, but of knowledge of which he believed would be agreeable to his readers. He would therefore subjoin the following note, which we have no quoted in the beginning of this paragraph:

HOUSE, —, —.

MR. —, —, Your esteemed favor of the — is received, as also the books to which you refer. I am quite sure that you will understand and appreciate the reason why I do not feel inclined to comply with your request to insert in my paper that advertising your books in this paper is a matter for your own discretion, and any notice of them in the Editorial department is a matter for the discretion of the paper.

Your obliged friend and servant,

THE LOUNGER.

ENGLAND AND THE EMPEROR.

A PRIVATE letter to the Lounger, from a resident at Cambridge University, in England, says: "What a cunning policy Louis Napoleon is pursuing! I am glad to see, however, that the people the rulers of the British people are roused to a complete a distrust as has possessed nine-tenths of the nation, and we trust, will, for a long time, last. The commercial treaty and all that humbug has never caused the volunteer rifle movement to flag at all. The Cambridge Volunteers are now about one hundred and seventy men; the University corps over five hundred—a formidable-looking body, and in uniform, under arms, a pretty show . . . . The only way that our non-soldiering part of the community can show our patriotism is by making up our minds to pay, with the best grace possible, the necessary taxes."

This is doubtless the general feeling in England, and Lord John Russell's very foolish speech was perhaps made to relieve the feeling and keep himself in place. The general European policy of L. N. is, beyond question, the real policy of England—that is to say, it is the policy of the rule of the English system and influence. The secret of the British animosity is, therefore, to be sought not in the direction of L. N.'s policy, but in the map of Europe, but in the attack his whole policy incessantly makes upon the Legitimate principle in England. It is the truth is that Louis Napoleon recognizes a radical political principle—that of universal suffrage—which is scouted by English statesmen; and it is the consequent which Europe, John, in the country which talks so loudly of its freedom and the rights of Englishmen, is struggling bringing forward a Reform Bill to allow a few more people to vote. Louis Napoleon acknowledges universal suffrage, and, in fact, he has grown to the confession of that principle—Victoria does not. Louis Napoleon is by necessity, and, happily for his prosperity, the Legitimate Sovereign. The doctrine of Legitimacy is destroyed in France forever, and he knows it. His efforts are unspeakably dreaded by Legitimate Sovereigns, and some so precious to France that it will virtually elect his heir as his successor.

Let us be careful to make some exception to the universality of the rule of popular suffrage. His point is, that a nation without a chief may elect that chief, and that it may, if it has the suffrage, alter its status as a nation. Hence he was willing that Tuscany should elect a King of Tuscany—but he did not know that it could elect a King in union with the Sardinian. Hence, also, as Savoy was not without a chief, he held that no appeal to the suffrage was needed to elect a King of Savoy. That was a matter for the chief himself to settle.

Of course this is making a distinction where there is no difference; but probably he sees this as clearly as any body. Meanwhile the question is not formally made until the Sardinian Parliament sanctions it; and in that Parliament the delegates from Savoy have their seats and contingent votes.

It is a most interesting move in the great game of "Republican or Council," which is now playing upon the board of Europe. The chagrin of England is possibly from the champion upon its own side in the Sardinian.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

THE literary success of the last year was the novel of "Adam Bede," and the announcement of a new work by the author of that story has excited more interest than any late English literary event. It is stated that an edition of sixty thousand copies will be printed by Blackwood & Sons, the Edinburgh publishers, to satisfy the demand. Upon its publication, Miss Evans, the author, already known before "Adam Bede" by her "Sketches of Clerical Life," has contributions to the *Westminster Review*, her translation of Strauss's "Life of Jesus," and Feuerbach's "Christianity," leaves England for Italy—the most popular of the English authors women novelists since Charlotte Brontë. It is a little curious that an American Miss Evans, of Mobile, should have been the rival of Miss Evans, the same time, with a novel, "Beulah," which has also had a decided success.

The Lounger is more fortunate than all his readers, probably, because he has read the "Mill on the Floss." It is in his power to tell the author of the story, and tour of the edge of interest in thousands of minds. But he has too high a respect for the proprieties of novel-reading to be guilty of any such offence. No, kind reader, you shall open these pages with an eagerness and curiosity untouched by any malicious information thrust upon you by the Lounger. You shall follow the times of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, of Lucy Deane, and Stephen Guest, and Philip Wakem, and enjoy all the tender and delicate touches of the author as you should, brought to them naturally in her own way.

That way is as quiet and winning as in "Adam Bede." The book is full of delicate dramatic skill, exquisite delineation and description—finished in the most elaborate manner, and yet lighter and lightly in glimmering humor throughout. There is passion in it, pathos, and power. It is the illustration of an earnest nature, and of a noble spiritual growth. The fineness of the portrayal of character in the earlier part will atone for the lagging interest, but presently the interest will be all-absorbing. The work is marked throughout by the repose and ease of conscious power; and it is surely a fair question whether Miss Evans not almost placed herself by the side of Charlotte Brontë and Mrs. Gaskell. She is less intense and passionate than the first—less powerful by the heart-play to say than the last; but it is doubtful, perhaps, whether she have not a greater intellectual depth and breadth, as she certainly possesses more humor than either.

"The Mill on the Floss" will be universally read, and there will be wet eyes before it is half down. There will also be a more patient, cordial human sympathy, a more willing toleration of differences in opinion, and a sense of the beauty which the story leaves in the life will have fulsed to flower.

It is to be issued immediately by the Harpers, and may be out as soon as these lines.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WANTED.—An Act of Congress, inflicting heavy fines or penalties on all persons who throw orange peel on the sidewalk. It is a dangerous thing to be habit of tripping, or who is clever in breaking down a fine, or a fine-spirited man.

LE VOL DE L'AIGLE.—The Californian market has been flooded by an influx of bad "Eagles"—the entities of pitch, we are told, of a bad, but the inside filled up with lead.

These false eagles are suspected to be of Chinese manufacture. We should rather presume them to be French.

"THE PRETTIEST LITTLE BABY IN THE WORLD."—"It only cost me twenty dollars!" Yes, you very get to carry lead in their insides—in the shape of bullets.

"THE PRETTIEST LITTLE BABY IN THE WORLD."—"It only cost me twenty dollars!" Yes, you very get to carry lead in their insides—in the shape of bullets.

THE PRESENCE OF REPUTY INSPIRES PRESENCE OF MIND.—There is nothing so much in favor of the presence of mind as the absence of presence of mind in the third chance.—ROBERTS, *on being detained from fainting "in the gallery" of the Adelphi Theatre, when the announcement had been made that "TEA IS READY."*

DARK TIME.—The Hottentots are threatened with extermination. Perhaps they will be taken up by the "Ladies of St. Peter." They declare they have no objection to be taken up by the "Ladies." Want they object to the life of St. Peter's representative.

A student went into a book-store and inquired of the proprietor if he had the "Sorrows of Werthemus by Gretchen." The proprietor scratched his head, ruefully: "I believe not, Sir, but I have a set of elegant one in mauve."

A celebrated judge, who stepped very much when walking, has a very long and very crooked leg. He ever tunately passed over him without hitting him. Turning to his friend, he said, "Why, I did hem an upright judge, that might have caused my death!"

The servant of a Prussian officer was one day with a group, who had been talking of and speaking with his master. "Oh, excellent," answered the servant; "we have very friendly feelings towards each other; he is a bear's cub. He takes his off to be brains, and I keep mine."

A CHINESE TOKEN.—A story is current among them of a great man-drinker, who was able to sit on all the wine at table, and yet was so temperate that he was sufficient to drive the reason out of half a dozen men. Now, this man had a friend, who, to prevent losing the force of this deep drinker, asked him to dinner, that he might be his companion. At the dinner table, the host and entered a hollow figure to be cast in bronze, of the man's friend, and placed it in a chair, as he was served, for each cup that the guest drank a similar cup was poured into the opening on the top of the head of the image. This went on for some hours, until a couple in the room could stand it no longer, and the guest was placed at the table and rose from it perfectly sober.—*Pictures of Pekin*, *Chinese Drinking Bowl*, *Dr. Lindell, M.A.*

Lincoln, of Illinois, is famous for his quick wit and good judge. The following stuck us as rather amusing. The other day, when he was up not far from Kansas, with a friend or two, they now a small stream, and he quiet its name. Could the passengers aid.

"It is called Muscatine, Mr. Lincoln."

Lincoln's quick reply:

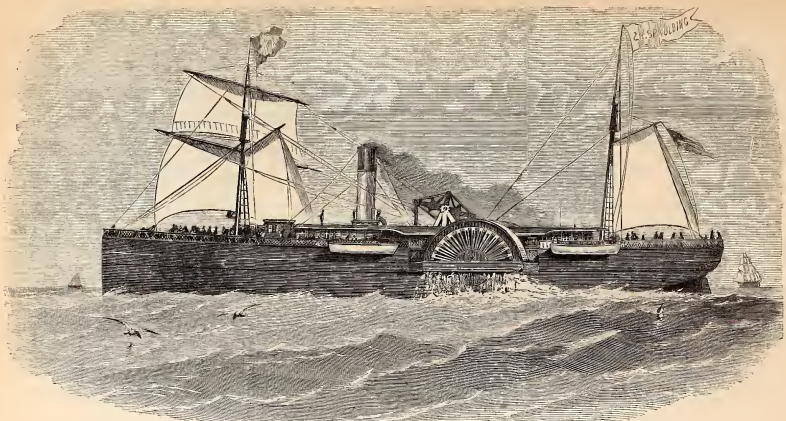
"You remember, I could be, "the laughing water up in Minnesota, called Minnehaha. Now, I think, this should be called Muscatine."

There was a man; and "Minnehaha" will probably be the name of the stream henceforth.

DEFINING A CASE.—A farmer called at the house of a farmer, and asked him pitiingly, "Is your wife at home?" he inquired of the farmer's wife. He was answered negatively. After a moment's reflection he thought he could see a little. "Shabby yourself can I?" the information as well as I guess as you are his wife?" The kind lady promised to do so, and he left. Some time after, he met the farmer and asked him: "Spoze yo were on ole white mare, yo should hurry to pick up to talk, why pine and yo hit yo? we should get so fender than Sisin Hill, when all of a sudden the horse kick up and jump and shy, and I kneel down backward, and break your damed old neck." "Well, Sir," said the farmer, "I know he is the very best ole bay ever kicked him, as she stood the door, that he had himself settled the case advice would be superfluous.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.—I believe it is necessary that the happy couple who have married in haste should be able to declare on oath that they have been married a year and a day without having seen each other's faces on the subject; that a man was tried of a husband and wife wise, asserting their marriage to be null and void, because it was found to be the best mode of cooking the first place, the baby cover the second place, the Jew, the dinner, and her hold and saucer strongly asserting his determination to have the husband and he was tried, because it was found to be the best support that contained difference of opinion between them and the second place, the Jew, the dinner, and her hold in appear, and that the "dish," that year, at least, had been contained in the dish.

HYPOCRATIC.—The story goes, that a lover of the classes, who was somewhat addicted to the pleasures of the flesh, and fondness for the pleasure of pain, was not quite good for him, consulted a hydropathic claim respecting the propriety of his kitchen, and treatment which were beginning to give him alarm. The doctor recommended a change of diet, and a change of air, as his stomach at bedtime, there to remain until the following morning. The patient, on his return, said, "Sir, I shall do better than to be judge of your symptoms." At the following morning, the patient called the doctor, "Sir, I said spring water, begin the application as directed, but I find it is the water, the water, the water, I have to be had begotted for, he be thought himself of taking off the water, the water, the water,



THE STEAMSHIP "S. R. SPAULDING," IN WHICH THE NEW ENGLAND DELEGATION LIVES AT CHARLESTON.

THE "S. R. SPAULDING."

WE publish herewith an engraving of the *S. R. Spaulding* steamer, in which the Democratic delegates from New England have taken passage to Charleston. The *Spaulding* left Boston on Friday 13th, arrived in Baltimore on Sunday 15th, and sailed for Charleston on 18th.

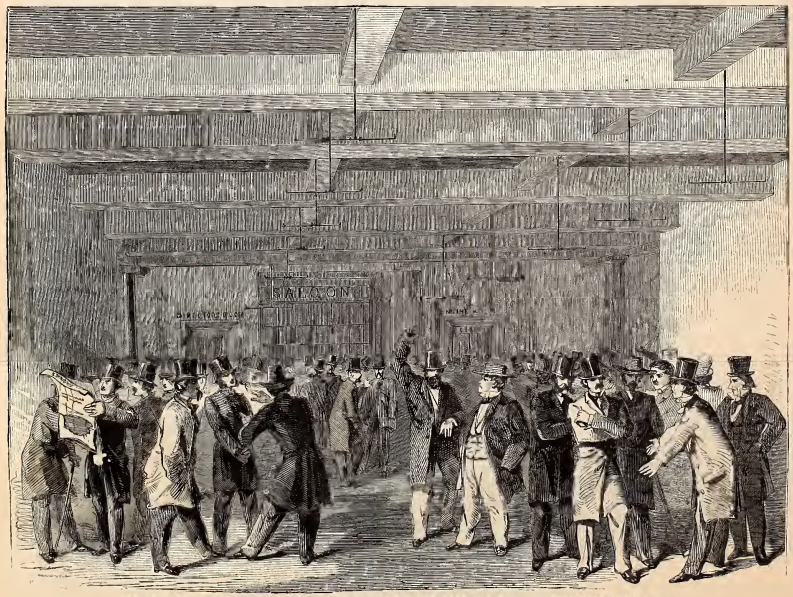
The *S. R. Spaulding* is a new iron steamer, built at Wilmington, Delaware, last year. Her tonnage is 1060 tons, her length 218 feet, breadth of beam 33 feet; she has one beam engine 56 inch cylinder and 11 feet stroke. She is commanded by Captain Howes. She carries three brass guns, two of them were used in the battle of Bunker Hill, and the other was taken from the Spanish wreck, *San Pedro*, sunk in the Bay of Cumana, 1815.

The *S. R. Spaulding* has been chartered for eighteen days by the Democrats of New England for $10,000. Among her passengers, who number one hundred, are Hon. Caleb Cushing, Benjamin F. Butler, B. F. Hallett, etc.

The *Herald* correspondent thus describes her accommodations:

"Extra accommodations have been fitted up for the purpose of the present excursion. Berths with curtains have been constructed in the forward between decks, and seem to be comfortable. The state-rooms are commodious for a sea-going steamer. The saloon is neatly furnished, and every thing thus far indicates that the boat is stanch, well appointed, and well commanded. A regular bar is established on board, where good liquors are dispensed at ten cents per glass. It is patronized to a moderate extent—it being one of the regulations of the ship, and one of the primary stipulations of the excursion, that all present found at all over the bay shall at once be sent to Fraus, the steward, for external manipulations and for the application of internal cataplasms in the shape of raw oysters."

The New England delegates to the Convention have resolved to live on board the *S. R. Spaulding* until the Convention breaks up; they can thus live more cheaply, and probably more comfortably, and certainly more healthily, than in the overcrowded hotels of Charleston.



THE AREA OF THE CONVENTION HALL AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 23, 1860.

THE PIRATES' DEN.

Captain Brand

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Robes and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "SEA GRINGOS" AND "PARDI FOR THE REBELLION."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. ZUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTAIN BRAND AT HOME.

UPON a broad, flat rocky ledge, near a small landlocked narrow inlet, of one of the clustering Twelve Apostles, lying off the south side of Cuba, stood a red-tiled stone building, with a spacious veranda in front, covered by plaited matting, and canvas curtains triced up all round. The back and one side of the building rested against a craggy eminence which overlooked the sea on both sides of the island and commanded a wide sweep of reef and blue water beyond. A few clumps of cocoa-nut trees and dwarf palms, with bare gaunt stems and tufted tops, stood out here and there along the rocky slopes, while lesser vegetation of cactus and mangrove bushes were scattered thickly over the island, cropping out with jagged edges of rock, down to the sandy beaches of the sea-shore. A deep narrow inlet of blue water lay pure and still near the base of the rocky height, where, too, was a shelving curve of white sand, sprinkled about by a few mat sheds, and on the other side the rocks arose to the elevation of a hundred and fifty feet and acted as a precipitous wall to the water. The inlet here took a sharp turn, scooped out in a secluded basin, and then narrowing to less than forty yards in width, it wound and twisted for a good mile in a thin blue channel to the open sea. Half that distance further out was a roaring ledge of white breakers, where the long swell came hammering on it, bursting up in the air in brilliant green masses, and then tumbling over the reef and bubbling smoothly on toward the shore. On a level with the water no channel could be discerned through the ledge; but looking down from the heights around the inlet a narrow blue gate-way was marked out, skirted on the surface by freely crests of dead foam, and near where flocks of cormorants and gulls were riding placidly on the inner side of the ledge. The island itself was about two miles broad and seven long; and about midway of its width the inlet formed a forked strait, one branch finding its way to the north, between a low succession of sandy hummocks where the water was too shallow to float a duck, and the other finding an outlet, scarcely a biscuit-toss wide, between two bluff rocks. With the trade-wind this passage was safe and accessible; but on the change of the moon, with a breeze and swell from the south, the sea came bowling in, in boiling eddies and whirlpools, and it required a nerve of iron to attempt an entrance. Just within this narrow mouth, on a flat beveled edge of rock but a few feet above the water, was a small battery of two long eighteen-pounders, and two twenty-foot carronades mounted on slides and trucks, with platforms laid on a bed of sand. Near by, beneath a low shed of tiles and loose stones, was a pile of round shot, nicely blacked, and some stands of grape and canister in canvas bags and cases, together with a large copper magazine of cartridges. Seated a little way off on a low stool was a dingy Spaniard with a telescope laid across his knees, which every little while he would raise to his eye and take a steady glance around the horizon to seaward. At other times he would roll and light a paper cigar, murmuring some low ditty to himself as he sent the smoke in volumes through his nose. A small brass bell hung beside the shed near the battery, which was connected by a wire strung on low posts, or hooked from rock to rock to the stone building away up at the basin. To return, however, to the building; the veranda rested on square rough masonry full twenty feet from the ground, which was loopholed for musketry, and with but one narrow slip of a door-way that fell like a portcullis, banded and strapped with bars and studs of wrought iron. Within this stone inclosure was a large and roomy vault, half filled with cases, barrels, and packages, and at the upper angle was a narrow subterranean vaulted passage, barred also by an iron-bound door which led to a succession of whitewashed chambers, dark, damp, and gloomy, and then on, in a fissure-like pathway, to another equally strongly secured outlet on the other side of the crag. Leading to the veranda was a tastily stretched rope-ladder lashed to eye-bolts let into the natural rock below and hooked on to the edge of the floor above. This was the only approach to the main floor of the building from the outside, though within were heavy trap-doors like the hatches of a ship, which communicated to the chambers beneath. The whole structure was of stone and tiles, roughly built, but yet strong and durable, and capable of resisting any assault, unaided by cannon, that could be brought against it. The floor was divided into four rooms, the smallest used for a kitchen, the next for a magazine of small-arms, and the third a spacious bedchamber, which opened into a large square apartment facing the veranda, and which deserves more notice.

The lofty ceiling came down with the slant, showing the bare red tiles and heavy square beams which supported the roof. In one of the stoutest of these beams was an eye-bolt and copper-stripped block, through which was rove a long green silk rope, with one end secured by a cleat on the wall and the other dangling loose and squirming, whenever a current of air struck it, like a long, slim snake. Around the sides of the room, which were paneled with cedar, stood four or five quaint ebony armories, and as many cabinets, clocks, and book-cases, with here and there a woman's work-stand, some of them curiously inlaid with pearl and silver. The walls were hung with a great number of pictures of all kinds of vessels—generally, however, of the merchant description—under full sails, with vivid light-houses in the distance, and combing breakers under the bows; and all portraying gallant crews and buoyant freights, which probably had never reached their destinations. Among this gallery of marine display was a broad framing of the "Flags of All Nations;" and cases of signals, too, in bright colors, hung beside them. Farther on, in a pretty panel by itself, surrounded by an edging of mother-of-pearl, was a triple row of female miniatures, a number of them of great beauty, and many executed in excellent taste and art. In one corner was a large chart-stand, covered with rolls of maps and nautical instruments; while above were suspended, by white rope grummets, a pyramidal line of spy-glasses and telescopes of all sizes and make. Near the centre of the apartment stood a large round dining-table, on which were laid things for a breakfast, a box of cigars, and a small silver pan of live coals. There were but two windows to this room, both hung with striped muslin curtains, the casements going to the floor, and looking out upon the veranda; and but two doors, one leading to the kitchen, and the other to the sleeping-chamber on the opposite side.

Presently this last door opened, and, pushing aside a blue gauze curtain which hung before it, an individual of about eight-and-twenty years of age stepped languidly into the room. He was a tallish man, rather spare in build, and though pale apparently from long illness, yet he was evidently very active and muscular when his nerves were called into action. Had it not been for a choleric curve to his large nose, and a little parting at the corners of his wide mouth and compressed lips, the face might have been thought handsome. The eyes were light blue, set close together, but hard and stony, with no ray of mercy or humanity in them. He wore no beard, and his light-brown hair was thin and dry, and carefully parted at the side. He was dressed in a snow-white pair of loose drilling trowsers, cut sailor fashion, straw slippers, and silk stockings; and above he wore a brown linen jacket with large pearl buttons and pockets. As he entered the room he held a delicate cambric handkerchief with a fine lace border in his hands, which he seemed to regard with curious interest as he lounged toward the windows of the veranda.

"I wish I could remember," he muttered musingly to himself, "which of these sisters this bit of cambric belonged to, marked with an E—Ellen or Elina—hum! They would die—silly things!—tried to stab me! Ho! what fun! Never left me even a miniature either for my collection. *Bueno!* There's more fish in the sea—and under it too!" he concluded, with an unpleasant elevation of his eyebrows. By this time he had approached the open window, and shoving the delicate fabric daintily in his pocket, he gave a slight yawn and looked out. Before him lay the deep blue basin of the inlet, with a couple of boats hauled up on the shore, a few idle sailors moving about, or squatted beneath the sheds playing cards or sewing. Without letting his eye rest more than a moment on this scene, he turned and gave a long, earnest gaze between an opening of the reefs to seaward. Then with an angry frown he approached the table, poured out a cup of black coffee, threw rather than dropped in a lump of sugar, and sat himself down for his morning's meal. He had scarcely, however, gulped down his cup of coffee and choked after it a slice of toast, than he pushed away the breakfast things, snapped his teeth together like a steel clasp, biting a tooth-pick in twain by the effort; and

"IN THE LAST STAGES OF SUFFOCATION THE MAN WAS HURLED ON HIS BACK TO THE FLOOR," ETC.

then, tossing the pieces away, he dashed his hand into the cigar-box, extracted one, touched it to the pan of coals, and began to smoke savagely. At first the grateful smoke appeared to soothe his chafed spirit, for the fierce himself hardly into a large cane-bottomed settee, and, stretching out his legs, seemed to enjoy the tranquil scene around him with unlamentedness. Presently he cast his eyes around darkened his face, he dropped his cigar on the floor, and springing to his feet as if touched by a galvanic battery, he marched off to a telescope from the wall, steadied it at the window-sash, and peered again long and anxiously to windward. He saw nothing however, save the long, glassy, unbroken undulations of a calm tropical sea, rolling away off beyond the ledge under a burning sun; no sign of a breeze—not even a cat's-paw; and only now and then the leap of a deep-sea fish sparkling for a moment in the sky, and some sluggish gulls and pelicans sailing and diving about the reef for their prey. Shutting up the glass with a crash that made the joints rattle, he stood to the settee, where hung several knotted bellropes, and seizing one gave it a sharp jerk. Then putting his ear to a speaking-tube in the wall, where was a hollow cane tube like the mouth of a speaking-trumpet, he listened attentively till a bourse vibrated the word "Sector." Putting his mouth to the tube, he said,

"Can you make out the *Centipede* from the crew station?"

"Not sure, Sir, this morning; but last evening, at sunset, I saw a sail which I took to be her. The sea-breeze is just beginning to set in, and if she's to windward of Punta Arenas she'll soon heave in sight."

This colloquy was held in Spanish; and when the signal-man had ceased speaking the interlocutor lit another cigar mechanically, kicked a foot-stool out of his way like a foot-ball, and thus commoned with himself as he rapidly paced between the table and the veranda:

"Twelve weeks ago yesterday since the schooner was off Matanzas; not a word of news to cheer me through all that weary interval. Why prying trade done, and the track deserted by this time?

Then pausing in his walk he stopped at the chart stand, and unrolling a map, he went on:

"Where, in the devil's name, could she possibly have gone to? She might have been on Cape Horn and back before this. Miserable fool that I was to trust the craft with that thirsty, thick-headed Gibbs! Disorder! he may have been captured, and if he has, I hope his neck has been stretched like a shed of jerked beef."

Here he glanced at the clock in the wall behind the settee, and putting his ear again to the tube, the hoarse voice said, "I can make her out now, Sector; I just caught the strong, green breeze, and is hull up, coming along with the honest off her foresail and a reef in her main-sail. There's a fellow astern to windward of her, which I take to be the *Punchita*."

"Ah! ha!" laughed the individual in the room. "The *Centipede* is safe then; and I begin to have the pleasure too of a visit from the *Tuerto*, the mercenary old owl, with his account of sales and his pressed. But let him once catch him foul, and, my one-eyed friend, I'll treat you to such a dance that you won't need shoes!"

Here he stood for a moment with a look of silk rope swaying from the beam above his head, and the laugh of satisfaction which followed was not one a sailor man would care to hear in the dark night; nor did it come from his heart, as any one might have discovered from the ferocious glance of hard passion which shot out of the cold sparkle of his eyes and flitted away over his grating teeth.

Controlling his feelings, however, and stepping out on the veranda, he drew aside the curtains and sung out to the men in the hulls, "One of you fellows, tell the bostswain I want him."

The men started up, for a moment of this man in a fright stood out from one of the sheds and threw up his hand to his straw-hat.

"Get together the people! Let run the cable at the shackle-bolt, and have three or four warps ready for the schooner when she passes the point! The *Punchita* is coming too, so look out and have capstan bars to her both vessels in case the breeze fails. Tell Mr. Gibbs to moor close under the shore in the main berth, and to come to me when he's anchored! D'ye hear?"

All this was said in a sharp tone of command, and by the alacrity with which the orders were executed the men seemed to be accustomed to a master who knew how to rule them.

CHAPTER IX.

MASTER AND MATE.

A couple of hours had passed since the occupant of the stone building had last spoken to his subordinates down at the inlet, but the interval he devoted to a minute inspection of all weapons in the armory adjoining his bedroom. They were all in excellent order, all of the best make, and nicely arranged in standing racks cases around the room. When he emerged again, after locking the door, he held an exquisite pair of silver pistols inlaid with gold in his hands, which he gently polished with his cambric handkerchief, and then slipped them in his trowers' pockets. Then he held sheet-lead plugs with the voice at the signal-station, and without looking out of the window he informed himself of what was doing outside, and what progress the vessels made toward their haven. When, however, the schooner poked her slim, low, black hull, with her sail down, around the point, he gave one stealthy peep, or glare rather, at her. He took all in at that glance, from the patches of sheet-lead nailed over the shot holes in her side, to the sawed off stump of the fore topmast; and he noted the absence of the boat which was carried amidships, and the few men moving about her deck. Ay! he took it all in with that one comprehensive glance, and when he had done, he raised his forelinger quivering with anger, and slowly and deliberately pointed it with an unloaded gesture across his throat.

Soon was heard a sullen plunge as an anchor went to pay, and the splashing of the warp upon the water as the stern of the *Centipede* was being moored to the rocks, to make room for her companion the Punchita to come alongside.

"Mr. Gibbs is coming on shore, Señor, and he seems to have a wooden leg," came through the tube. "Mr. Dover is coming with him, and there is a little boy in the boat."

"Ho!" muttered the man in the saloon—where was the little boy picked up?

Nothing more was said. The tall man lit a cigar, threw himself in an easy attitude on the settee, opened a richly bound volume, and waited. Ten minutes may have gone by when the trampling of feet was heard on the smooth rocks outside the building, and the voice of Mr. Gibbs exclaimed,

"Easy, will you, Doctor! Don't yee see it teem the nervous out of me to hobble with this broomstick-handle of a leg! There! Stop a bit! How in thunder am I to climb this dam ladder? Oh!! Here is low foot of it, yes. Now, Doctor, shove. Easy, old Sawbones! So—give us another push, will yee! All right! Yes, sir, thank ee."

The next moment the door of the room opened on the broad piazza, and, with the assistance of a crutch, he hobbled to the entrance of the saloon, and only pausing to remove his wind and compose his features, he pulled off his straw-hat and entered.

"So ho! Mr. Gibbs," said the man on the settee, as the burly, lame mariner darkened the entrance, and stood with his hat in his hand, and waving his delicate handkerchief before him.

"So ho, Mr. Gibbs, you've come back at last! Delightful weather, Sir, and fever; you my soul. Ah! one of those stout pins gone? Why how's this? Some little accident. Santa Cruz pins and a wooden leg! Dreadful country, perhaps, eh? D'ye smoke? Take a cheroot. Put that bag on the table."

All this was said in a gay, gibing tone, with an indifference and *sang froid* that a tight-rope dancer might have been proud of; and as he ended he turned to the bag of coals toward the table, and pushed the pan of coals toward his visitor. Before, however, Gibbs had time to utter a word by talking or hobbling, which he did by one of the settees, caught up an opera-glass from the table, and, placing it to his eyes, went on:

"Ha! ho! the fore topmast of my pretty long-legged schooner is gone. Pretty stick it was. I suppose, Mr. Gibbs, that you'—he nodded fiercely without removing the glass—"out it up for that lovely new leg you've mounted.

"Ay, ay, Sarr—" interrupted Gibbs, pacing the vessel, which by like a wounded bird in the calm inlet before him; "but where's my beautiful long-legged schooner? Where's my gun? Ho! stormy weather you've seen of late."

During all this one-sided conversation Gibbs had managed to get his crutch under cover, and to a wicker chair, where he steadied himself with his crutch, evincing manifest signs of effort the while by wiping his hot forehead through the reddish dust-mat of hair, hitching up his trowsers, and rapping nervously his timber stump of a leg on the floor of matting, but unable apparently longer to control himself, he burst out, with his bad face suffused with passion:

"I say, Captain Brand, it's time to end them lies gibes. What's took place is unfortunate, Sarr, however, I'm a sea of shivers and a wooden leg to show for it, and dam the odds."

"Stop, stop, my hull-dog! Don't be profane in my presence, I'll pray you. We are both Christians, you know, and friends, too, I hope."

This was said in a very precise, emphatic, and yet cordial manner, and he laid down his cigar hent, and Captain Brand smiled too, but such a smile! as his wide mouth came down with a twitch at the corners, and left a sort of hole, where the cigar was habitually stuck, to see his teeth through. "And now, my friend, suppose you give me some little account of your cruise, and fill up, if you can, any chinks that I haven't been through already. The schooner, I perceive his legs again over the back of the settee, and elevating his eyebrows as the cigar smoke curled in spiral rings around his head.

Mr. Gibbs hereupon settled himself more at ease in his chair, laid his crutch across his knee, and began:

"I s'pose, Sir, you got the news I sent in a letter from Matanzas after we'd been chased out of the Nickolas Channel by that Yankee corvette?"

Captain Brand nodded at the eye-hole which held the green cigar, and Gibbs, who was fond of calculating mentally the strain it would bear, merely as a matter of philosophical speculation perhaps.

"Well, arter that—and a very tight race it was—we run down to the Behamey Banks. There we picked up a Spanish schooner with loaded with shingles and lumber; and as the skipper was sassy, I just made him and his crew walk one mile down shore, and then burnt a couple of holes through his vessel arter takin' out some water which we stood in need of.—You hasn't a drop of summut to drink, has you, Captain Brand, because it makes my jaw-tackle dry to talk much?"

The Captain merely motioned with a wave of his cambric handkerchief to an open liquor case which stood on a cabinet near, and to which Mr. Gibbs hobbled, when, seizing a square flask of crystal incased in a net-work of frosted silver, he returned with it to the table. Had Mr. Gibbs chosen he might have brought with the flask a small, thimble-shaped liqueur glass; but he did not, and, commoned himself with a China coffee-cup which stood on the tray before him. He seemed a little near-sighted, too; and as he inverted the flask, given to him the quantity of fluid he poured into the cup. But he took care, however, that it did not run over, and then, raising it with a trembling hand to his lips, he said, "My service to you, Captain Brand," and tossed it down his capacious throat. "Now, I'm ready, gave no response to this compliment; but as Mr. Gibbs put down the coffee-cup, he said, blandly,

"Thank you, but suppose you put that flask back in the case. I am rather choice with that beverage; it was—given to me by a—person who was drowned, or—drowned, and—I never offer it—the second time."

Puffing his cigar as he spoke, in an easy manner, and without having round to listen to Mr. Gibbs's narrative. Becoming more genial as the brandy loosened his tongue, Mr. Gibbs continued:

"Well, Sir, from the Behameys we ran to leeward, nearly to the Spanish Main, in hopes perhaps of finding some fellow was bound down to Europe; but we saw nothing for days and days and weeks and months, till finally the water fell short again; and we beat up and run into Santa Cruz. There, as luck would have it, there was a Spanish schooner got into a bit of a scrimmage up on a gentleman's plantation, arter sarsed, and was very roughly handled by a British man-of-war, and she wanted to go. I, leve no how Ehoe Pete died that night; and I heerd, too, that French Tom had his shall cracked; and I thought he go fo to be able make a confession to the authorities that the *Centipede* was a pirate! Well, Captain, the moment that I heerd that, I marched, and—sez—in a soger's hoat gettin' ready, and the sogers running about the water-battery of the fort, than I just slipp'd the cable, and run out to sea, like a bird; and, Lord love ye, Sir! the way they pitched round shot arter us was—was—" Here Master Gibbs made a pause, and the Captain observed, with a hacking, cough-like laugh,

"You saved the water-casks, though?"

"Why! ay, Sarr, we were forced to go upon a 'lowance of a pint a water a man!"

"Ho!" replied the listener. "Capital! Didn't suffer, I hope, in—eyes?"

"Howsomever, I says to myself the Captain wants a good, yah'bile enuga, and so we beats up against—and—arter back along the coast of Jamaiky, on the look-out for any think that might be comin' that 'ere way. Well, Sir, (D'ye see, ahoy!) coming, as we was, lying close as wax under the land, we spies a big brig beclimed off to seaward; but we dis-liked at the time, and so we kept close and sig'ing shore, under a pint o' land, till set of sun, and until arter the moon went down. Then the breeze sprung up, and I sez to the old trade gunner, and says I, Now we'll make a dash at that 'ere drogher, and squeeze him as dry as bone dust; meaning, Captain, the drogher, Captain, since the corvette, arter dodgin' about him all day, had sawed off, and, with his port-tacks aboard, was heavin' up his anchor.

Here Mr. Gibbs's auditor took the cigar from his mouth and rolled his light-blue eyes at him, as fixed a look on the speaker through the corner of his mouth, but said never a syllable.

The narrator gave a wistful look at the brandy-flask, drained the few drops from the coffee-cup, pushed out his timber leg, and resumed:

"So you see, Sir, as I was a sayin', I says to myself, I'll get the boat in the water with the lads, and to make sure of all being conducted ship-shape, I'll go myself.

"Oh!" said the Captain, as his eyebrows went up and the corners of his mouth came down, with the twitch of a sardonic smile, which was like his fresh cigar—"Oh! you did!"

"Ay, Sir! I so we let the old drogher go homeward, and, as I said before, I ran down a mile in four hours, when we crossed his wake under the lee, and then we ups with the fore and main sail, got a pull of the sheets, and—"

Captain Brand shook the point of his crowed cigar, and, as he crossed his legs, shifted, by giving an emphatic rap with his crutch on the floor, went on with, "Beg parding, Sir! but I had been in this same situation before, Sir, and afore ho know'd where he was, we boarded him, knocked over two or three chaps, and had the skipper handcuffed in his cabin as quiet as winkin' and as quiet as could be. Ay, Sir! we had it all our own way; but durin' the scrimmage we should I think have lost the lowest young 'oman as ever I clapped eyes on!" Here his timber stump grated nervously on the floor. "Says I, Boys, just the reverse, with such a clean run and full hows, as would please Captain Brand"—that individual rolled round on his elbow and looked at him as the opera-glass in the direction of the schooner.

"She isn't there, Captain?" parenthesized the narrator, fidgeting uneasily in his chair. Here "So I just fisted hold of her to hand her tenderly into the boat, with a bag of shiners as was given on board, when, so help me ——; beg parding, Sir, if a dwarfed giant of a nigger didn't take an overhand lick at me with an iron pump brake and nearly cut this 'ere larboard pin in two pieces; and, smash my brains—" he continued, shaking his broad paw aloft with a—"if he didn't does I do, with all the pain from the clip that do—(beg parding, Sir) give me, I shot my pistol-bullet through the nigger's head—"

"Didn't I see a little boy on board the *Centipede*?—perhaps I mis-mistake, the sun blazes so fiercely, eh?" broke in Captain Brand, though the sun didn't blaze with a fiercer light than shot out of his deadly cold blue eyes.

"Ho, ay, Sir! That young imp was a bitin' at my tother leg like a bull-terrier pup while the nigger was attackin' me, and then he rises and crawls out of the cabin winders and was fished out of the water by the chaps as was towin' astern in the boat."

"Oh, really! how very fortunate!" muttered the Captain; "go on! don't stop, I pray you, Master Gibbs."

"Well, Sir, I knows very little what happened arter this, for the young 'oman was a screamin' and our chaps a sittin' about the decks, when all of a sudden I fell off into a faint like, and the same time a heavy gun came skimming into our very ears, and there was that infernal corvette agon lowlin' down within five cables' length of the brig, her battery all alight and the whistle of a cutlass by the boats as a-rolled a-hasta as any think I can remember," said Gibbs, as he paused to catch his breath.

"You must have been a sharp look-out, though?" But without heeding this remark the burly scoundrel went on:

"Well, Captain Brand, the boys tumbled me over the side—"

"Not forgetting the little bag of shiners?" sneered his hearer.

"—Tumbled me into the boat, Sir, and then pulled like mad for the schooner. I know'd, by jumbo, Captain, yes, leastways, I felt certain we could show any think afoot our heels, and so away we scrambles aboard and off we splits. But ye must know, Sir, at this time, the corvette had come down and rounded on the weather-quarter of the drogher, and she lie a-breen for the schooner close under his lee. It was only a minnit, though, while he was holding some jah with those Spanish chaps that the big fellow had slung again, and wearing sharp round her bows, he disliversed us sartin. I don't think, no matter whether I say this or that, but that was a bent-hook's length from the schooner when I sist see a heart of red flashes from the main-deck starboard battery, and heard an officer roar out, 'Give him the whole three divisions of grape!' when I'm ——; your parding sir'in, Sir! I'm blessed if I don't think I felt a rain of cold iron in all my sea-goin' experience. Ay, Sir, by G—gracious, Sir, if about two bushels of them grape didn't hurtle the large hole made to a watering-pot, and same time tore seven of our noble fellows all to rags—"

"You must be sure, of course," suggested his companion, in a kind voice, but with a frightful sneer.

"Why, Captain, we unfortunately lost her; for ye see, arter tumbling me aboard the schooner and arter bailing nigh as much blood as water—"

"Capital! excellent! best joke I ever heard," broke in Captain Brand, with a hollow laugh of much enjoyment.

"—Arter bailin' as much blood as water, and findin' the man-o'-war was heaving in stays to run another broadside into us, we cut the boat adrift and then got the sheets flat aft, the gaff topsails up, and away we drove with a crackin' breeze right up to windward like a sword-fish. Lord love ye, Sir, we walked away from the cruiser, a sittin' the wind out of him like a trifle, and notwithstanding he have more nor forty round shot at us, he only knocked away the fore topmast and some other trifle' little damage about the hull and ——he hesitated—"Lascar Joe's head."

"That counts off about half your crew! oh?" said Captain Brand, smiling in his peculiar manner. "Well, what next?"

"Why, Sir, the next mornin' Bellow Mike—as is just now lying—he—said as how my leg was to come off below the knee, and arter givin' me a sip or two o' rum—"

"Bottle," interrupted the Captain, twisting the bent of his nose in a puff of smoke.

"—rum, why, smash my brains! Sir, it he didn't hack off the leg with a wooden—"

"Well, what next?"

"Then, Sir, we put to sea, we run the schooner down Cape Cod, where we kept worry sung and quiet till sich times as the old one-eyed Jiggs judged the coast clear to return to headquarters."

"Well, what then?"

"That's the Captain Brand I" concluded the narrator his garbled yarn, as he again had recourse to scratching the door-mat on his head, and cast a fierce look at the one-eyed fiend.

"That's all! is it?" hissed the man with the iron jaws, in a tone of concentrated passion, as he sprang with a single bound from the settee and clutched Master Gibbs with both hands around his hairy throat, until his face turned a dark purple, and his eyes started from the sockets. "That's all! is it, you drunken beast! That's all you have to tell after lifting away the mainmast, knocking down a man, and more than half my crew, and bringing a hornet's nest down about our ears! That's all! is it? And what would you say now, if I should order the boatswain to cut off your other leg close behind your ears —you beast?"

As the last stages of suffocation the man was hurled on his back to the floor, and there lay, bleeding a torrent from his mouth and nose. His superior stood over him for a moment and put his hand in his trowsers' pocket for a pistol, and then he glanced quickly at the green cross squirming from the beams above; but changing his purpose apparently, he strode back to the veranda and shouted, "Bachets!"

Presently the door opened from the passage leading to the kitchen, and there appeared a large, powerful negro, with a cleaver, with her arms akimbo and a pair of

glearning from beneath a striped Madras and an ivory-handled sword.

"Babette!" repeated the Captain, resuming his seat and his habitual polite air and voice, "Serve out a barrel of Bordeaux and a hogshead of old Antigua rum to the *Coutiade's* crew to drink my health; but I say, my hearty! have you a pig or two killed, tell the boatswain to haul the seine, and have a good supper for all hands to-night. And Babette—the wine on as if he had no thought of something—"there's my friend Gibbs lying there—I believe he has fallen down in a fit—be very careful of him—put him in the wain—a little brandy and water—he may be feverish when he wakes up, you know! And Babette, old girl, if you are in want of kindling wood, you may as well use that timber leg of our friend Gibbs! I don't think he'll want it again. Good morning, Madame, Robs!"

The negress gave a deep grunt of assent, and seizing the senseless body lying on the floor, she dragged it out of the room. Returning a few moments after, she wiped up the blood with a cloth dipped in hot water, and finally disappeared.

LITERARY.

THE LIFE OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, by James W. Sheahan. (Published by Harper & Brothers.) The author of this Life is the editor of the *Chicago Times*, and has therefore perused the life of the distinguished Senator from Illinois. Though the work as completed has not been submitted to Mr. Douglas, yet we know that he furnished the data necessary to its preparation. This is the only Life of Mr. Douglas which has been written with his knowledge and assistance. It narrates the incidents of his early career, his connection with the politics of Illinois, and his subsequent course in respect to the great questions of the day. It also contains the famous essay on "Popular Sovereignty," upon which he is willing to rest his reputation as a statesman, and his claim to the highest office in the gift of the American people.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, April 23, in the Senate, Senator Wilson introduced his bill providing more effectually for the suppression of the slave-trade. It calls for five fat steamers, adapted to the African service; restores the bounty; offers $100 for each kidnapped African delivered to a United States Marshal; makes ownership and preparation of slavers piracy; substitutes for the death penalty imprisonment for life; and requires American vessels sold abroad to return to the United States for a new register. Senator Mason laid before the Senate the case of John Brown, Jun., and F. H. Sanborn, stating that arrests could be effected in either instance without further action by the Senate. Remarks were made by Senators Hunter and Mason in relation to the case of Mr. Sanborn's memorial, after which Senator Brown's resolution was taken up, and discussed by Senator Latham, of California. A vote upon the resolution was taken by Senator Brown, but not carried. After completing briefly the bill amending the Patent Laws, the Senate adjourned. In the House, the bill extending the appointment of subordinate officers of the Mint of the Confederate States, was discussed, and referred to the Committee on Accounts. A bill, introduced by Mr. Eliot, prohibiting the importation of coolies in American vessels, was referred to the Committee on Commerce. The Senate resolution appropriating $100,000 for the entertainment of the Japanese Embassy was concurred in. The consideration of the President's protest and the report of the Judiciary Committee thereupon coming up in the special order, was postponed until May 2. A bill appointing the Census Bill, reported from the Judiciary Committee, was passed. Repeated attempts were made during the session to obtain an adjournment until after the Christian Commission.

On Tuesday, April 17, in the Senate, a message from the President, relative to the impressment of American citizens in foreign military service, was received. The memorial of Mr. Hale Sanborn was referred to the Committee upon the Judiciary. Senator Hunter, calling up his resolution adopted in the Senate from April 12 to May 23, Senator Clingman moved to substitute May 1 as the time. The motion was lost, was discussed in a desultory way, and various amendments were suggested; but the resolution were finally tabled by a large majority. Senator Bigler introduced resolutions providing for an adjournment of the Senate every three days, from the 19th inst. to May 1. Not yet acted on. After a brief extensive session, Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, reported back the Homestead Bill, with a substitute for Senator Pugh's Lands, with various amendments. Senator Johnson, of Arkansas, gave notice of his intention to, The bill, as now reported, sells land to the heads of families only, at the price of 25 cents per acre, and requires the lapse of five years on the land before the title shall be perfected. There were other minor and of difference of minor importance. An amendment of the House to a Pension Bill excluded some amendments; he did not know the reason why of the Edwards relief bill.—In the House the pay of members was discussed at length, a resolution of Mr. Schwartz, of Pennsylvania, constituting the text. The Minnesota and Oregon Territorial Bills were taken up, when Mr. Conkling, of New York, reviewed the position of the Annexation Resolution, and the question of Slavery in the Territories. The Committee rising, the House resumed the Minnesota Resolution providing for the admission of the Territory, and the Oregon Bill, which, in the absence of Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, was passed by a large majority.

On Wednesday, April 18, in the Senate, a number of Judicial appointments from Massachusetts, by a strict party vote, laid upon the table. Senator Wilson's resolution of inquiry into the contracts for iron made in the War Department was previously debated by its proposer and Senator Hunter, and was finally laid upon the table. Sildell's resolution, providing for a series of adjournments, from April until the 1st of May, coming after, after some opposition it was passed by a vote of 26 to 27. The Homestead Bill was then discussed. Senator Johnson's amendment relative to the mineral lands occupying some remarkable Spanish Latham on the land, in California. Without action the Senate adjourned.—The House resumed the business first after the Morrill Tariff, ing the Deficiency bill. The Senate's amendment to the Military Academy Appropriation, for a regiment of mounted volunteers for the Texan boundary, was subsequently considered in Committee of the Whole; Mr. Stephens opposing and Mr. Curtis advocating the amendment. Debate was participated in by Messrs. Bragg, Hamilton, and Gilm, but without action the committee rose. The Appropriation Resolution of Mr. Richardson was read for information, but the Republicans objected to a vote.

On Thursday, April 19, in the Senate, the Committee appointed to inquire into the expediency of the Public printing reads its report. The House bill in regard to the same subject was taken up. Senator Bayard, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a bill relative to private property taken for public uses, and prescribing the mode of valuation and compensation. After a debate in which Senators Hunter, Wigfall, and Collamer participated, the bill was set aside, and the Homestead Bill taken up. Senator Grimes modified his amendment respecting the occupancy of mineral lands, by excluding foreigners who have merely declared their intentions from the advantages of the Act. Senator Lane, of Oregon, and Senator Bragg, of North Carolina, opposed the modification, and it was rejected. Senator Pitts offered an amendment, by which mineral lands, permitting the sale of the land in actual service to locate a quarter section. Senator Hendricks proposed an amendment to the effect that actual residence of the heads of the bill to process entitle any person to the benefits of the Act of 1841. The amendment was opposed by Senator Johnson, of Arkansas, and Senator Hunter, who moved to adjourn, or to make the order for May 2, when it is understood the vote shall be taken, and the Senate took a long recess. In Committee of the Whole, on the Deficiency Bill, discussed the Senate amendment to the Military Academy bill, which appropriated $100,000 for the purchase of a mounted regiment of mounted volunteers in Texas. Messrs. Curtis, Stephens, Bragg, and others earnestly spoke in favor of the regiment, while Messrs. Stevens and Burton opposed it in the latter principal, the amendment was finally tabled, authorizing the President to employ the same force in the mounted infantry regiment, or the regular army, and detail it to the Indian service. Mr. Otero, the delegate from New Mexico, spoke in favor of the appropriation for the Territory. A vote was at length obtained upon the Senate's amendment, by a vote of 50 to 50, and the Committee rose. The House then accepted the Senate's amendment, and the bill was finally passed.

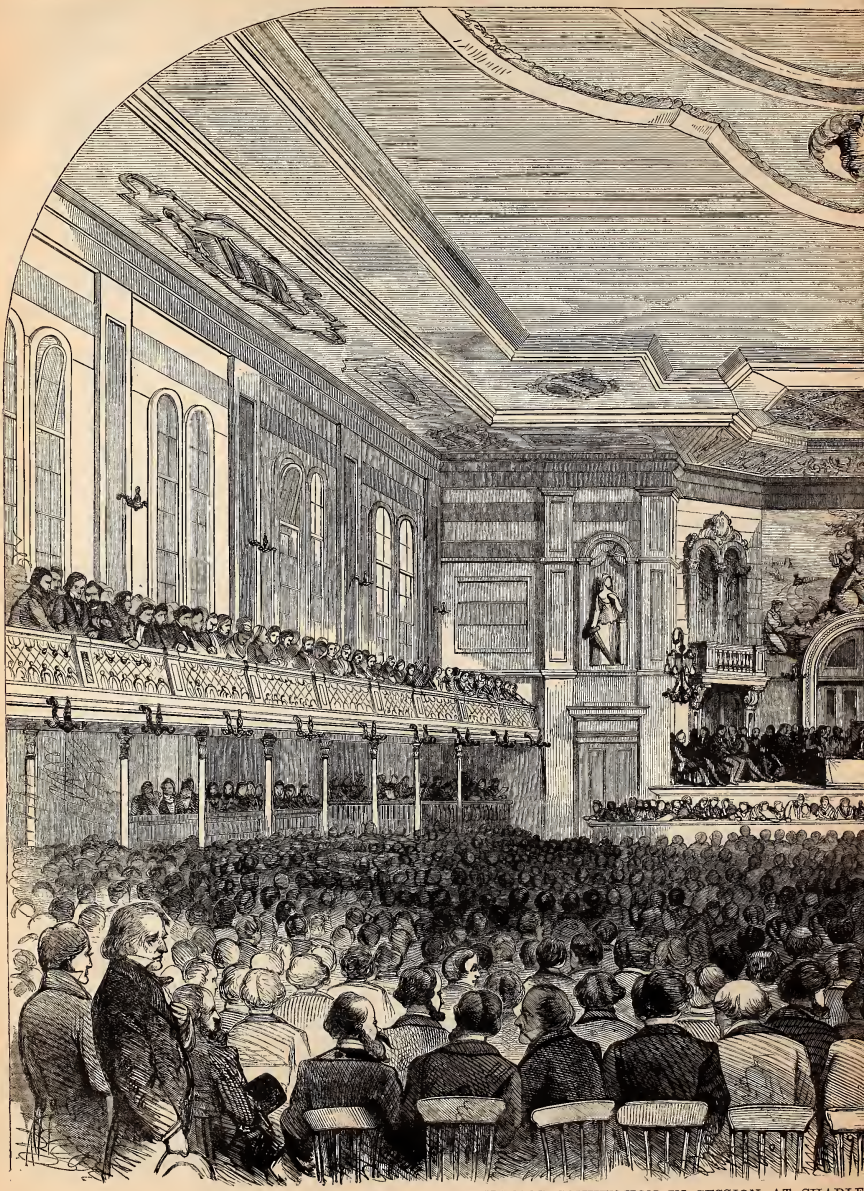
On Friday, April 20, the Senate not being in session, the House resumed its consideration of Private Bills, passing several of them, and among the number that for a regiment of mounted volunteers for the relief of Generals Macomb, Smith, and Riley. At the opening of the session Mr. Crawford submitted a resolution for an adjournment until Tuesday, but the proposition was opposed by Mr. Sickles, who moved the previous question. The Committee on Elections reported in regard to the membership for Nebraska, Judge Kennedy, in the Duly, rather than the sitting delegate, Mr. Hemstreet, and Mr. Ely, of Ohio, reported a resolution for the adoption of a resolution instructing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to inquire into the expediency of recognizing Sardinian Mission to first-class grade. The House adjourned to Monday.

NORE CHALLENGES.

At Washington, on April 19, the Hon. Robert J. Walker and a gentleman of Mississippi, challenged Gerard Hook, by the hands of Senator Brown, of Mississippi. The cause of the challenge is understood to be Hook's refusal to pay a bet on the Presidential Election. This action of Governor Walker grows out of the challenge of Mr. Schmidt, of Pennsylvania, before the Cowda Committee.

THE BODIES OF THE LEGISLATURE.

We read in the Albany Evening Journal of 21st: "The Legislature has adjourned. The session has been a busy one. It has run in many important directions, and up at once as have this year. We briefly recapitulate the disagreements of the Two Houses, and the completion of the canal enlargement has been provided for, and that the Bill for the Erie Railroad Bill is not so near done at hand.—The Free Bills Inland Freight bill was passed by the Assembly, but failed in the Senate. The Assembly Bill for the Erie Bill, by agreement between the two Houses, which the Conference Committee agreed upon, was lost in the Senate. The city railroad bills were passed. One was signed by the Governor, and the other was lost. The Bridge bills were then passed through both Houses by a two-thirds vote, and the Bridge Bill for the Hudson River, and the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad was first passed by the Senate, and then by the Assembly, and signed. The Bill allows the reduction concurred in by the Senate. The Genesee valley Canal Bill was passed, and the Bill was lost in the Assembly.—The Annual Appropriation Bills were passed, and the Bill was signed by the Governor



THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC NOMINATING CONVENTION IN SESSION AT CHARLE

STON, SOUTH CAROLINA, ON APRIL 23, 1860.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST CORRESPONDENT.]

LOST AND FOUND IN THE WOODS.

I.

ALL ready for a start. The farm horse is harnessed to the old-fashioned chaise with a top that looks as though saying, "How d'ye do?" with many bows; the whip, lying loosely in the socket, is making a graceful angle with the dashboard; while its lash is winding off Dolly into the belief that it is a troublesome but feeble fly on her back.

"Come, Aunt Ruth!"

The childish voice echoes through the house. In the old house, for Katie does not live there. Katie's father and mother have their baby brother on a journey for his health, leaving her in Aunt Ruth's charge. Poor Charlie! he did not feel well, he was so tired, and a childish way he was tired of life. His big eyes grew bigger and sadder, his arms were thin and pitiful, and he was low spirited generally. Dr. A——— had come and gone again many times. Charlie had put out his tongue, and had held out his tiny hand for Dr. A——— to feel the little throbbing heart so feebly, until he was fairly tired. Every body stared at him, and wondered what ailed him. "Poor little Byron troubled him by putting fingers with a faint odor of rhubarb about them in his mouth, in search of any teeth that were on the eve of coming through; Aunty Smith punched him in the ribs and displeasing, to see if all was right there; Neighbor Wyrtlefull thought his stockings weren't long enough, and his frocks too low; Mrs. Clearcold thought that Charlie ought to be housed in ice-water every morning; Neighbor Sweetpipe little thinking, with scarce an ounce of vitality, gasping and shivering through a plunge-bath! But were than all, Mrs. Venomwell thought that "the child's natural food was not wholesome for him." There was one mad little mother then, I can tell you.

So all these things, instead of doing "the baby" any good, had only made him more miserable; and at last Dr. A——— not knowing what else to do, prescribed a change of air. Charlie didn't care whether he went to Havana or Halifax. He intended to cry any way. So the stage, two days before the time of our opening, had taken him, with father, mother, and nurse, to see what mountain air would do for him—leaving Katie looking after the rosy-cheeked, yellow-haired little of Aunt that the horses, stage, and sundry trees and bushes were all mixed up in her field of vision. But Aunt Ruth thought that a little trip would be good for her, and after shutting the deserted house, took her home with her to "The Meadow," a little farm-house, in which where Colonel Prescott had lived these many years. "Going to grandfather's" is a pleasure distinct and spare from other visiting, and Katie's child-eyes danced.

And so it happened that Katie was at the farm-house—like a sunbeam glancing here and there, and like a sunbeam, too, that it still old house with her childish laughter. Among the innumerable treasures of the garret she had discovered a heap of balls of worsted, and a wooden wound ready for weaving, and had coaxed Aunt Ruth to make the long-deferred pilgrimage to the weaver's this pleasant June day.

"Come, Aunt Ruthy, hurry up!"

Aunt Ruthy's soft voice answers, "Coming, Kitty!" and her herself appears in the door-way. Pale, but with the softest hazel eyes in the world, abundant brown hair, a figure petite and rounded, and a small hand and foot, which she is meaning in big driving-gloves—such is Aunt Ruth. To little Katie she seems very old—as, over a year before, Sojiro Lawton, who also still stares at her every Sunday, she seems wondrous fair and young. Katie has heard them say Aunt Ruth was thirty, and that seemed to her half-score of years as far off period, and one quite beyond the pale of human sympathy. She had heard whispers, too, of "Aunt Ruth's beau"—handsome Harry Raymond—whom she loved and yet never married. Kaid did not know why, but she felt sure that every night, when aunty had said her prayers, she took off at a lock of sunny hair, and sometimes cried as she laid it away.

Now they are off really. Aunt Ruthy drives, and Katie is busy enough trying to keep the easy pet-lady from falling, as at every jump in the road they come rolling toward the front of the wagon. Down the long lane they go as fast as Dolly's ideas of rapid motion will allow, Katie busy by the side of the wood, so dark and cool. Presently they come to the forest road, where the tall trees arch overhead, and the sunbeams only come through now and then to hunt up a bit of green moss or a bunch of violets to lie upon. The scared squirrels sit frowning and chattering in their leafy halls and a second and then part away. Friendly brown birds just hop aside with a "chirrup" as they pass; and in the distance, one of the old woodland birds, Katie wonders why Aunt Ruth is so sad and still to-day. The lines have fallen on Dolly's back, and she seems quite at ease in looking at the wagon-wheel and counting how many times the cracked spoke in it comes uppermost. She is thinking of the time—a little years ago—when she walked in that wood as though it were enchanted ground—when a strong arm was round her, and a handsome, frank face was looking into hers—when the world contained no one whom she held to be faultless in Harry Raymond. Memories of the time when he hoarded at the weaver's on the hill—when the way to Squire Prescott's seemed neither dull nor long, for Ruth was there to welcome or to bid adieu. Then she remembered, too, how a seeming friend had told her he was false and wicked—how she suffered distrust to creep into her heart when a trivial event seemed to confirm the dark stories. Then came the quarrel, beneath the calm stillness of the wood, where he angrily left her forever, and was gone, to be seen no more.

Not a night since then but that among the pillows she moved from this troubled sleep to lie in the mists of every twilight there went up the old maid's prayer for the wandering lover. Many a time when she sat patiently reading the Albany *Argus* to the Colonel her thoughts were far enough away, and "constituents," and "ayes," and "noes," those charmed watchwords—jingled without meaning in her ear. The Colonel would enjoy them the big though, and emphasize the ayes to her for assent to the political propositions. "Yes, father," she would say at random, and then go on with the old explanation, in hopeless, hard-to-some face was ever reproachfully looking at her.

Ah these old maids! We pass them by without a thought of the fires that may be smouldering in the heart, of the bitter memories that they carry, of hearts they lived turned false, or forms so dear laid under the sod. Ruth was an old maid, and none knew why but herself. Squire Leeson would fain have placed her in the big white house on the hill, but, said she, "I prefer to be with my aunt; but she didn't wish to accept any one." And so the Squire contented himself with staring at her from the corner pew in church. Mr. Forsyth, the pale and gentle widower, had "hoped she would take the place of the angel he had lost over his pale little one;" but good Aunty Smith whispered that he worried the said angel into her grave. She quietly declined becoming angel number two; and he put the little motherless boy on one of the headkerchief to his eyes, sighed, and thought he would ask Mary Stanley next. Young Jack Graves—just half her age—had sued for her hand in a undying attachment, which had covered a quire of paper with the love-sick effusions of his muse.

But "Aunt Ruth" stood on her very own—an old maid, and likely to remain such. No news ever came of Harry Raymond; but years ago, she blushed him often with a Mr. and children in some happy home far away; at least she tried to think it might be so.

II.

"Why, Aunt Ruth, what are you thinking about so long?" and Katie's sunny face peered round to see her face. "Don't look at that wheel any more; it will turn over just so every time." Aunt Ruth started with self-accusation for her hesitation in leaving Kate to her own thoughts so long; and anxious to atone, she proposed that they should take a short remainder through the woods, leaving old Dolly to rest and fight the flies at her leisure.

No sooner said than done. The child clapped her hands with delight at the vision of hazels and other flowers had peeped through the trees. The horse was left tied to one of the trees, very happy to be relieved of the flies, and off went the twaine. Little Kate did not know quit. She ran here and there, her pink dress glancing through the trees and shrill like a bird, her laughter, Aunt Ruth looked after with pleasant smiles. She thought how fair and bright she was, how sweet and good, and watched her through years of weakness; how her baby sister, like her, had faded, but, unlike her, had died, and how, in her grief, Aunt Ruth seemed turned the white roses pink with its light; and then Aunt Ruth thanked God that this bright blossom had grown up, and was still bright and fair. She looked around at the thick-standing tree-trunks, opening but short vistas before the eye—as was closed behind them—and the leaves grew strong and like a wall of greenness here and there. Then she thought, "What if one should be lost here?" and the startled thought was followed by saying to herself, "I am getting nervous," she called, with a quick, hurried utterance, that showed how the mind influenced the utterance, "Where is Katie?" No answer. She threw her bonnet back, and lifting the heavy bands of hair from over her eyes, listened for the laughing voice to answer back. But only the soft soughing of the summer wind in the tree-tops, the tinkle of the stream where it fell over a little ledge, and the low hum of some insects fell on her ear. In such moments a whole lifetime seems to flash through the brain. Ruth had lived a long lifetime in those few seconds before she called her "The child is not!"—the father's agony—and the desolation over hearth and home. These thoughts came in a flash. Her bright, hopeful spirit rallied; and though her first step forward convinced her that she too was lost, direction, and in long or short distance she had not, to leave no nook of the vast lonely wood unexplored. She tried to find the path by which they had come, but trees, and trees, and trees, and bushes crashed on blindly, calling louder still, "Katie! Katie!" Tear urged her footsteps quickly on in the direction in which she saw light. Ah! the shadows! "The child lost, and her mother away; O God, what shall I do?" The last year's leaves fluttered up from her hurried feet, and the shadows of the bushes tore her trail away as she pushed through, while to her calls on Katie's name there only came the mocking echo of a low chirrup of a cricket. The cricket. We must leave her searching thus while we return to the little wanderer.

III.

Kate followed the laurels, as we have seen, quite around the gray rock where Aunt Ruth lost now her down the glen, where the leaves rustled knee-deep in the wind, and the little Kate, with the winged creature flitted on beyond the clump of thick laurels, and thus lured her on until beyond the sight of the rock, and beyond the hearing of her aunty. She had turned quite in an opposite direction at first, and unconsciously the seeker and the sought were moving from each other at every step. It was not until the fluttering, painted creature had flown quite up into the sunset rays that glanced above the laurels, and then scared up out of the wood altogether, that Katie knew that she had wandered far. She pushed her curls away impatiently as she ran, and laughed her gayest "Aunty! Aunty!" But no voice came back. She ran a few steps in one direction, then returned, she tried to think which way she had come from, but alas! there were no marks by the way. She thought she remembered a white lurel a few steps back; but alas! there were many of the pale flowers on either side. She tried to think, as she wrung her little hands together, what she might do, but no path was there, no clearer open way. Only trees—trees—trees every where.

She sat down at the foot of an oak, and covering her face with her hands, cried most bitterly—a low pitiful moan sometimes, and sometimes a shrill cry. The sun's rays shone in through the long trunks of the trees from the west now, and she knew that before long the dark night would come. Then she thought of the fires that may be smouldering in the heart, of the bitter memories that they carry, of hearts they loved turned false, or forms so dear laid under the sod. Ruth was an old maid, and none knew why but herself. Squire Leeson would fain have placed her in the big white house on the hill, but, said she, "I prefer to be with my aunt; but she didn't wish to accept any one." And so the Squire contented himself with staring at her from the corner pew in church. Mr. Forsyth, the pale and gentle widower, had "hoped she would take the place of the angel he had lost over his pale little one;" but good Aunty Smith whispered that he worried the said angel into her grave. She quietly declined becoming angel number two; and he put the little motherless boy on one of the headkerchief to his eyes, sighed, and thought he would ask Mary Stanley next. Young Jack Graves—just half her age—had sued for her hand in a undying attachment, which had covered a quire of paper with the love-sick effusions of his muse.

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IV.

We left Aunt Ruth wandering up and down, looking every where for the lost child, until an hour's search revealed the fact that she traveled, and wandered on, and on, and on, almost in a circle, and was near the spot she had left, and yet no traces of her sister. Ruth, in the fear, the sudden shock, and the fatigue began to overcome her strangely, and her feet almost refused to move; so she sat down for a moment beside the old gray rock around where she Kate had vanished, and prayed for strength to find her. A dim mist came over her eyes, and every thing seemed to swim, and she was lost in the sharp report of a gun rang through the wood. One shriek as the thought of the possible danger the child from a careless sportsman, and Ruth Prescott had fainted, her head struck on a sharp flung over the stones, and she lay like one dead.

A crash through the underbrush, a bounding step, and Kate with her preserver, Harry Raymond, stood beside the swoon. Little Kate thought she was dead, but the lover raised the drooping head on his arm, and bid Kate run for some water, raising the little white hands he remembered so well. At last the great hazel eyes unclosed, but the one word on either side, "Ruth!" "Harry!" and they knew that they had met to part no more.

What wonder if, amidst the coming shadows of twilight, Aunt Ruth both laughed and cried over the recovered treasures—the lost child and the wandering lover. What wonder if old Dolly, tired of her wandering, and the long, hot walked about until the prospects of a rage-crazed were exceedingly unpromising, by reason of the bells being scattered over the fields and every where? What wonder if handsome Harry Raymond drove them home, while the old chaise nodded approval to every explanation that was made on either side.

When early-headed Charlie came back, big and fat and rosy, there was no story that would soothe him so well as "Bout sissy lost." When, many sunshiny years after, Grandma Ruth held an hundred place among her descendants, there was no tale she liked to tell so well as "Lost and Found in the Woods."

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. VI.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I GOT into the traveling chariot—it was of German make, roomy, heavy, and unvarnished—I got into the traveling chariot, pulled up the steps after me, shut myself in with a smart bang of the door, and gave the word, "Go on!"

So, instead was the old high road, and so fresh were the horses, and so fast went I, that it was midway between Gravesend and Rochester, and the widening river was hearing the ship, while-sailed or black-smoked, out to sea, when I noticed by the way-side a very queer small boy.

"Halloa!" said I, to the very queer small boy, "where do you live?"

"At Chatham," says he.

"What do you do there?" says I.

"I go to school," says he.

"Not this day in a moment, and we want one. Presently the very queer small boy said, "This is Gadshill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travelers, and ran away."

"You know something about Falstaff, eh?" said I.

"All about him," said the very queer small boy. "I am old (I am nine), and I read all sorts of books. But do let us stop at the top of the hill, and look at the house that, if you please, I may see."

"You admire that house?" said I.

"I like you, Sir," said the very queer small boy, "when I have not seen you before, and as she, is used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And now I am nine, I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me, 'If you were to be very persevering, and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it.' Though that's impossible!" said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring at the house out of window with all his might.

I was rather amazed to be told this by the very queer small boy, who was so intelligent to be a house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true.

Well, I made no halt there, and I soon dropped the very queer small boy and went on. Over the road where the old Romans used to march—over the road where the old Canterbury pilgrims used to go—over the road where the traveling trains of the old imperious priests and princes used to jingle and tinkle—over the road Continent and the Island and through the mud and water—over the road where Shakspeare hummed to himself, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," as he sat in the saddle at the gate of the inn-yard, noticing the carriers; all among the cherry orchards, apple orchards, corn-fields, and hop-gardens; so went I, by Canterbury to Dover. There the sea was tumbling in, with deep sounds, after dark, and the revolving French light on the Goodwins was seen regularly bursting out and becoming obscured, as if the head of a gigantic light-keeper, in an anxious state of mind, were continually peering over half minute, to look how it was burning.

Early in the morning I was on the deck of the steam-packet, and was aiming at the bar in the usual intolerable manner, and the bar was aiming at us in the usual intolerable manner, and we had to go for the best of it, and we got by far the worst—all in the usual intolerable manner.

But when I was clear of the Custom-house on the other side, and when I began to make the dust fly on the thirsty French roads, and when the twisting ones by the way-side (which, I suppose, never will grow leafy, for they never did) planted here and there a dusty soldier, or field laborer, leaning on a heap of broken stones, sound asleep in a fiction of shade, I began to recover my traveling spirits.

Welcome the old French hill, with the old French lunatic (not in the most distant degree related to Sterne's Maria) living in a thatched dog-kennel by the roadside, and flying out with his shrieks and his big head and extended night-cap, to be behemoth with the old men and women exhibiting crippled children, and with the children exhibiting old men and women, ugly and blind, who always seemed, by resurrectionary process, to be retailed out to the elements for the sudden peopling of the solitude!

"It is well," said I, scattering among them what small coin I had, "Here comes Louis; and I am quite zoned from my nap."

We journeyed on again, and I welcomed every new scarecrow of France that I had learned to hit it. There were the posting-houses, with their archways, dirty stable-yards, and clean postmasters' wives, jealously mounting of huddled, knitting, at the putting-to of the horses; there were the postilions counting what money they got, into their hats, and grumbling about the quality of it; there were the standard population of gray horses of Flanders descent, invariably hitting one another when they got a chance; there were the fleecy sheep-skins, looped on over their uniforms by the postillions, like hibbed aprons, when it blew and rained; there were the little, little, little towns, with little, little churches that I got out to see, as under some cured hodgepodge, in nowise desiring to see them; there were the little towns that appeared to have no reason for being towns, since most of

their house were to let, and nobody could be induced to look at them, except the people who couldn't let them, and had nothing else to do but look at them all day. I lay a night upon the road and enjoyed delectable cookery of potatoes, and some other sensible things, adoption of which at home would inevitably be shown to be fraught with ruin, and went on further, to that relative national blessing, the British farmer; and at last I was rattled, like a single pill in a box, over leagues of stones, until I reached Carlisle, (Annandale, and flourishing two gray tails about—I made my triumphal entry into Paris.

Whenever I lay at Paris I am dragged by invisible force into the Morgue. I never want to go there, but am always pulled there, and, last Sunday, when I would rather have been any where else, I was attracted in to see an old, gray man lying all alone on his cold bed, with a tub of water turned on to his gray hair, and running, drip, drip, drip, down his wretched face until it got to the corner of his mouth, where it took a turn and made him look sly. One New-Year's morning (by the same token, the sun was shining outside, and there was a mountebank balancing a feather on his nose within a yard of the gate), I was pulled in again, to look at a haxen-haired boy of eighteen with a heart hanging on his breast—"from his mother," was engraven on it—who had come into the net across the river with a bullet-wound in his forehead, and his hand cut off with a knife, but whence or how was a blank mystery. This time I was forced into the same dread place to see a young man, observing that his disfigurement by water was in a frightful manner comic, and whose expression was that of a prize-sighter who had closed his eyes for a heavy blow; but very quietly immediately to open them, shake his head, and "come up smiling." Oh, what this huge, dark mass could tell of the poor City!

It was very hot weather, and he was none the better for that, and I was much the worse. Indeed, a very sad and pleasant little woman, with the key of her lodging on her forefinger, who had been showing him to her little girl while she and the child were passing, observed (somewhat sharply) to me, that we came out together, and asked monsieur, with her wondering little eyebrows prettily raised, if I thought were any thing the matter? Faintly replying in the negative, monsieur crossed the road to a wine-shop, got some brandy, and revived me, and I parted with a dip in the good floating bath on the river.

The bath was crowded (as is the usual airy place by a mass of people, in striped drawers of various gay colors, who walked up and down and in urns, drank coffee, smoked cigars, sat at little tables, conversed politely with the damsels who dispensed the towels, and every now and then pitched themselves into the river head foremost, and came out on the other side, in special pontine. I had made to participate in the water part of the entertainments, and was in the full enjoyment of a delightful bath, when I felt in a moment I was seized by an unreasonable idea that the large dark body was floating straight at me.

I was out of the river, and dressing instantly. In the shock I had taken some water into my mouth, and it choked me, for I fancied that the contamination of the creature was in it. I had got back to my cool darkened room in the hotel, and was lying on a sofa there before I began to reason with myself.

Of course I knew perfectly well that the large dark creature was dead, and that I should see no more come upon him out of the place where I had seen him dead than I should come upon the cathedral of Paris in a manner somewhat new-fashion. What troubled me was the picture of the creature; and that had so curiously and strongly painted itself upon my brain that I could not get rid of it until it was worn out.

I noticed the peculiarities of this possession while it was a real disturbance to me. This very day, at dinner, some morsel on my plate looked like a piece of fish, and I was glad to get up and go out. Later in the evening I was walking along the Rue St. Honoré, when I saw a bill at a public room there, announcing small-sword exercise, broadsword exercise, fencing, and other such feats. I went in, and, some of the sword play being very skilfully remained. A specimen of our own national sport, The British Beaux, was announced to be given at the close of the evening. In an evil hour I determined to wait for this Beaux, as became a Briton, and to see a clumsy specimen (executed by two English grooms out of place), but one of the combatants receiving a straight rightander with his sword between his eyes, did exactly what the large dark creature in the Morgue had seemed going to do—and finished me for that night.

There was a rather sickly smell (not at all an unusual fragrance in Paris) in the little room, and of my present at the hotel. The large dark creature in the Morgue was by no direct experience associated with any sense of smell, because when I came to the knowledge of him, he lay behind a wall of thick plate-glass, as good as a wall of steel or marble for that matter. Yet the smell of the room never failed to reproduce him. What was more curious was the capriciousness with which the association attached itself to it in my mind elsewhere; I might be walking in the Palais Royal lazily enjoying the shop windows, and might be pretty well with one of the ready-made clothes shops that are set out there. My eyes, wandering over impossible-waisted dressing-gowns and luminous waistcoats, would fill upon the mower or the shepman, or even the very dummy at the door, and would suggest to me, "Something like him!"—and instantly I was sickened again.

This would happen at the theatre in the same manner. Often it would happen in the street, when I certainly was not looking for the likeness, and when probably there was no likeness there. It was not because the creature was dead that I was so haunted, because I knew that I might have been (and I know it because I have been) equally attended by the image of a living aversion. This latter sort was worse. The picture did not fade by degrees, in the sense that it became a while less forcible and distinct, but in the sense that it obtruded itself less and less frequently. The experience may be worth considering by some who have the care of children, as it was difficult to overcome the intensity and accuracy of an intelligent child's observation. At that impressible time of life it must sometimes produce a fixed impression. If the fixed impression be of an object terrible to the child, it will be (for want of reasoning upon) unreasonable from that time. The child will at such a time, be Spartan with it, send it into the dark against its will, leave it in a lonely bedroom again and again, and yet be terribly sorry for it.

On a bright morning I rattled away from Paris in the German shelter, and left the large dark creature behind me for good. It was so much, though, that I had been drawn back to the Morgue, after he was put under ground, to look at his coffin, and that I found that I finally like him particularly his boots. However, I rattled away for Switzerland, looking forward and not backward, and so my story concludes.

I went away in the German chariot at sunrise, and rattled on, day after day, like one in a dream, through the Black Forest, little by little on the barness of the horses that the nursery rhyme about Banbury Cross and the venerable lady who rode a white horse, was always in my ears. Now I came into the land of wooden houses, innocent cakes, thin butter soup, and spotless little inn bedrooms with a family likeness to Holland. Now the Swiss mariners were forever rifle-shooting at marks across gorges, so exceedingly near to me that I felt like a mere pipe-bowl. Clusters of Tells, and wind in highly-deserved danger of my tyrannical life. The prices at Lucerne, including two watches, smart handkerchiefs, hats, spoons, and (above all) ten-trays; and at these contests I came upon a man with unsightly unexplained and unreasonable countryman of my own, who had shot himself dead in whole years of competition, and had won so many prizes that he had actually entered into his carriage full of them, like a glorified Cheap-Jack.

In the mountain country into which I had now traveled a yoke of oxen were sometimes hooked on before the post-horses, and I went lumbering up, on a heavy-wheeled cart, with the rear of falling water for change of music. Of a sudden miss and rain would clear away, and I would come down into a valley of Switzerland, with churching spires and odd towers; and would stroll afoot into market-places in steep winding streets, where a tanned woman in broad straw hat and heavy butter and fruit, and suckled their children as they lay by their clean baskets, and had such enormous teeth for gladiator combats, that I thought that it became a science to know where the nurse ended and the child began. About this time I deserted the German shelter for the Swiss, and I lost time and consistency so very like a dusty old hair trunk I once had at school that I half expected to see my little in branded nails on his back. Sometimes I went up a thousand rugged ways, and looked down a thousand woods of air and pine, and would, on the whole, have preferred to be keeping a little nearer to the inside, and not usually traveling with a hoof or two over the precipice, though much crowded by expectation that this was to be attributed to his great sagacity, by reason of his carrying broad loads of wood at other times, and having clear idea that I was charged to that station of life, and required as much room as they. He brought me safely, in his own wise way, among the passes of the Alps, and I, who had lived in climates a day; being now (like Ben Quixote on the back of the wooden horse) in the region of wind, rain, and hail, and snow, and in the region of unmelting ice and snow. Here I passed over trembling domes of ice, beneath which the current was roaring; and I walked under arches and walls of icicles of unspeakable beauty; and here the sweet air was so bracing and so light that at half-a-dozen I found it in the same sort of way that he, if he thinking that he must know best. At this part of the journey we would come, at dusk, upon a small inn where, if it had been enough mountain inn would be found on an island of deep mud in a sea of snow, while the baiting stirrup of mud, and the sure footed horse, which, if it had had been in an Arctic condition a mile off, would steam up to the door, and would, if I would consent to the chalet of children where I had to turn out of the track to see the waterfall; and then, uttering a howl like a young giant, and a howl like a lion or tiger would, continuing to eat—coming up the steep, the tiled lying on the wood-pile who named himself and served his guests, and would be found gone while the hot, who would stream out hastily, throwing her child over one of her shoulders and her pots and pans on the other, and would be found gone. Sometimes I had

BIBLE PRESENTED TO SIR W. W. CODRINGTON BY THE JEWISH LADIES OF CANADA.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

He had taken me in—up to that point about the light he had certainly taken me in.

"You see me confused," he said, returning to his place—"on my word of honor, Mr. Fairlie, you see confused in your presence."

"Shocked to hear it, I am sure. May I inquire why?"

"Sir, can I enter this room (where you sit a sufferer), and see you surrounded by these admirable objects of Art, without discovering that you are a man whose feelings are acutely impressionable, whose sympathies are perpetually alive? Tell me, can I do this?"

If I had been strong enough to sit up in my chair I should of course have bowed. Not being strong enough, I smiled my acknowledgments instead. It did just as well; we both understood one another.

"Pray, follow my train of thought," continued the Count. "I sit here, a man of refined sympathies myself, in the presence of another man of refined sympathies also. I am conscious of a terrible necessity for lacerating those sympathies, by referring to domestic events of a very melancholy kind. What is the inevitable consequence? I have done myself the honor of pointing it out to you already. I sit confused."

Was it at this point that I began to suspect he was going to bore me? I rather think it was.

"Is it absolutely necessary to refer to these unpleasant matters?" I inquired. "In our homely English phrase, Count Fosco, won't they keep?"

The Count, with the most alarming solemnity, sighed and shook his head.

"Must I really hear them?"

He shrugged his shoulders (it was the first foreign thing he had done since he had been in the room), and looked at me in an unpleasantly penetrating manner. My instincts told me that I had better close my eyes. I obeyed my instincts.

"Please, break it gently," I pleaded. "Any body dead?"

"Dead!" cried the Count, with unnecessary foreign fierceness. "Mr. Fairlie! your national composure terrifies me. In the name of Heaven, what have I said or done to make you think me the messenger of death?"

"Pray accept my apologies," I answered. "You have said and done nothing. I make it a rule, in these distressing cases, always to anticipate the worst. It breaks the blow by meeting it half-way, and so on. Inexpressibly relieved, I am sure, to hear that nobody is dead. Any body ill?"

I opened my eyes and looked at him. Was he very yellow when he came in? or had he turned very yellow in the last minute or two? I really can't say; and I can't ask Louis, because he was not in the room at the time.

"Any body ill?" I repeated; observing that my national composure still appeared to affect him.

"That is part of my bad news, Mr. Fairlie. Yes. Somebody is ill."

"Grieved, I am sure. Which of them is it?"

"To my profound sorrow, Miss Halcombe. Perhaps you were in some degree prepared to hear this? Perhaps, when you found that Miss Halcombe did not come here by herself, as you proposed, and did not write a second time, your affectionate anxiety may have made you fear that she was ill?"

I have no doubt my affectionate anxiety had led to that melancholy apprehension, at some time or other; but, at the moment, my wretched memory entirely failed to remind me of the circumstance. However, I said Yes, in justice to myself. I was much shocked. It was so very uncharacteristic of such a robust person as dear Marian to be ill that I could only suppose she had met with an accident. A bone, or a false step on the stairs, or something of that sort.

"Is it serious?" I asked.

"Serious — beyond a doubt," he replied. "Dangerous — I hope and trust not. Miss Halcombe unhappily exposed herself to the weird through by a heavy rain. The cold that followed was of an aggravated kind; and it has now brought with it the worst consequence — Fever."

When I heard the word Fever, and when I remembered, at the same moment, that the unscrupulous person who was now addressing me had just come from Blackwater Park, I thought I should have fainted on the spot.

"Good God!" I said. "Is it infectious?"

"Not at present," he answered, with detestable composure. "It may turn to infection; but no such deplorable complication had taken place when I left Blackwater Park.

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"Good God!" I said. "Is it infectious?"

"Not at present," he answered, with detestable composure. "It may turn to infection; but no such deplorable complication had taken place when I left Blackwater Park. I have felt the deepest interest in the case, Mr. Fairlie; I have endeavored to assist the regular medical attendant in watching it — accept my personal assurances of the uninfectious nature of the fever when I last saw it."

Accept his assurances! I never was farther from accepting any thing in my life. I would not have believed him on his oath. He was too yellow to be believed. He looked like a walking-West-Indian epidemic. He was big enough to carry typhus by the ton, and to dye the very carpet he walked on with scarlet fever. In certain emergencies my mind is remarkably soon made up. I instantly determined to get rid of him.

"You will kindly excuse an invalid," I said; "but long conferences of any kind invariably upset me. May I beg to know exactly what the object is to which I am indebted for the honor of your visit?"

I fervently hoped that this remarkably broad hint would throw him off his balance — confuse him — endure him to polite apologies — in short, get him out of the room. On the contrary, it only settled him in his chair. He became additionally solemn and dignified and confidential. He held up two of his horrid fingers, and gave me another of his unpleasantly penetrating looks. What was I to do? I was not strong enough to quarrel with him. Conceive my situation, if you please. Is language adequate to describe it? I think not.

"The objects of my visit," he went on, quite irrepressibly, "are numbered on my fingers. They are two. First, I come to bear my testimony, with profound sorrow, to the lamentable disagreements between Sir Percival and Lady Glyde. I am Sir Percival's oldest friend; I am related to Lady Glyde by marriage; I am an eye-witness of all that has happened at Blackwater Park. In those three capacities I speak with authority, with confidence, with honorable regret. Sir! I inform you, as the head of Lady Glyde's family, that Miss Halcombe has exaggerated nothing in the letter that she wrote to your address. I affirm that the remedy which that admirable lady has proposed is the only remedy that will spare you the horrors of public scandal. A temporary separation between husband and wife is the one peceable solution of this difficulty. Part them for the present; and when all causes of irritation are removed, I, who have now the honor of addressing you—I will undertake to bring Sir Percival to reason. Lady Glyde is innocent, Lady Glyde is injured; but —follow my thought here!—she is, on that very account (I say it with shame), the cause of irritation while she remains under her husband's roof. No other house can receive her with propriety but yours. I invite you to open it!"

Cool. Here was a matrimonial hailstorm pouring in the South of England, and I was invited, by a man with fever in every fold of his coat, to come out from the North of England and take my share of the pelting. I tried to put the point forcibly, just as I have put it here. The Count deliberately lowered one of his horrid fingers, kept the other up, and went on—rode over me, as it were, without even the common coachmanlike attention of crying "Hi!" before he knocked me down.

"Follow my thought once more, if you please," he resumed. "My first object you have heard. My second object in coming to this house is to do what Miss Halcombe's illness has prevented her from doing for myself. My large experience is consulted on all difficult matters at Blackwater Park; and my friendly advice was requested on the interesting subject of your letter to Miss Halcombe. I understood at once—for my sympathies are your sympathies—why you wished to see her here before you pledged yourself to inviting Lady Glyde. You are most right, Sir, in hesitating to receive the wife until you are quite certain that the husband will not exert his authority to reclaim her. I agree to that. I also agree that such delicate explanations as this difficulty involves are not explanations which can be properly disposed of by writing only. My presence here (to my own great inconvenience) is the proof that I speak sincerely. As for the explanations themselves I—Fosco—I who know Sir Percival much better than Miss Halcombe knows him, affirm to you, on my honor and my word, that he will not come near this house, or attempt to communicate with this house, while his wife is living in it. His affairs are embarrassed. Other him his freedom by means of the absence of Lady Glyde. I promise you he will take his freedom, and go back to the Continent, at the earliest moment when he can get away. Is this clear to you as crystal? Yes, it is. Have you questions to address to me? He is so; I am here to answer. Ask, Mr. Fairlie—oblige me by asking to your heart's content."

He had said so much already in spite of me, and he looked so dreadfully capable of saying a great deal more, also in spite of me, that I declined his amiable invitation in pure self-defense.

"Many thanks," I replied. "I am sinking fast. In my state of health I must take things for granted. Allow me to do so on this occasion. We quite understand each other. Yes. Much obliged, I am sure, for your kind interference. If I ever get better, and ever have a

STATUE OF HENRY CLAY, AT NEW ORLEANS, INAUGURATED APRIL 12, 1860.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. H. CLARK, ESQ., OF NEW ORLEANS.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

second opportunity of improving our acquaintanceship.

He got up. I thought he was going. No. More talk; more time for the development of indecisions and irresolutions—in my room, too; remember that, in my room!

"One moment yet," he said; "one moment, before I take my leave. I ask permission, on parting, to impress on you an urgent necessity. It is this, Sir! You must not think of waiting till Miss Halcombe recovers from her grief for poor Lady Glyde. Miss Halcombe has the attendance of the doctor, of the housekeeper at Blackwater Park, and of an experienced nurse as well—three persons for whose capacity and devotion I answer with my life. I tell you that. I tell you, also, that the anxiety and alarm of her sister's illness has already affected the health and spirits of Lady Glyde, and has made her totally unfit to be of use in the sick-room. Her position with her husband grows more and more deplorable and dangerous every day. If you leave her any longer at Blackwater Park you do anything whatever to hasten her sister's recovery, and, at the same time, you risk the public scandal, which you, and I, and all of us, are bound, in the sacred interests of the Family, to avoid. With all my soul I advise you to remove the serious responsibility of delay from your shoulders by writing to Lady Glyde to come here at once. Do your affectionate, you honorable, your inviolable duty; and, whatever happens in the future, no one can lay the blame on you. I speak from my large experience; I offer my friendly advice. Is it accepted—Yes, or No?"

I looked at him—merely looked at him—with the sense of his amazing assurance, and my dawning resolution to ring for Louis, and have him shown out of the room, expressed in every fibre of my face. It is perfectly incredible, but quite true, that my face did not appear to produce the slightest impression on him. Men without nerves—evidently born without nerves!

"You hesitate?" he said. "Mr. Fairlie! I understand that hesitation. You object—Sir, how my sympathies look straight down into your thoughts!—you object that Lady Glyde is not in health and not in spirits to take the long journey from Hampshire to this place by herself. Her own maid is removed from her, as you know; and of other servants fit to travel with her from one end of England to another there are none at Blackwater Park. You object, again, that she can not comfortably stop and rest in London on her way here, because she can not comfortably go alone to a public hotel where she is a total stranger. In one breath, I grant both objections—in another breath I remove them. For me, if you please, for the last time. It was my intention, when I returned to England with Sir Percival, to settle myself in the neighborhood of London. That purpose has just been happily accomplished. I have taken, for six months, a little furnished house, in the quarter called St. John's Wood. By so obliging as to keep this fact in your mind, and observe the programme I now propose, Lady Glyde travels to London (a short journey) I myself meet her at the station; I take her to rest and sleep at my house, which is also the house of her aunt; when she is rested, I escort her to the station again; she travels to this place, and her own maid (who is now under your roof) receives her at the carriage door. Here is comfort consulted; here are the interests of propriety consulted; here is your own duty—duty of hospitality, sympathy, protection, to an unhappy lady in need of all three—neglected and made away from the beginning to the end. I cordially invite you, Sir, to second my efforts in the sacred interests of the Family. I seriously advise you to write by my hands, offering the hospitality of your house (and heart), and the hospitality of my house (and heart), to that injured and unfortunate lady whose cause I plead to-day."

He waved his horrid hand at me; he struck his inflectured breast; he addressed me ecstatically—as if I was laid up in the House of Commons. It was high time to take a desperate course of some sort. It was also high time to send for Louis, and adopt the precaution of fumigating the room.

In this trying emergency an idea occurred to me—an insatiable idea, which, so to speak, killed two intrusive birds with one stone. I determined to get rid of the Count's tiresome eloquence, and of Lady Glyde's tiresome troubles, by complying with this odious foreigner's request, and writing the letter at once. There was not the least danger of the invitation being accepted, for there was not the least chance that Laura would consent to leave Blackwater Park (Marian was lying there still. How this charmingly convenient obstacle could have escaped the officious penetration of the Count I was impossible to conceive—but it escaped him. My dread that he might yet discover it, if I allowed him any more time to think, stimulated me to such an amazing extent that I struggled into a sitting position; seized—really seized—the writing materials by my side, and produced the letter as rapidly as if I had been a common clerk in an office. "Dearest Laura,—Please come, whenever you like. Break the journey by resting in London at your aunt's house. Grieved to hear of dear Marian's illness. Ever affectionately yours." I handed these lines, dated—Sunday, to the Count—sank back into my chair—I said, "Excuse me; I am entirely prostrated; I can do no more. Will you take and lock those stairs? Love to all, and sympathy, and so on. *Good-morning.*"

He made another speech—the man was absolutely inexhaustible. I closed my eyes. I endeavored to hear as little as possible. In spite of my endeavors I was obliged to hear a great deal. My visitor's endless business complimented himself, and congratulated me on the result of our interview; he mentioned a great deal more about his sympathies and mine; he deplored my miserable health; he offered to write me a prescription, he impressed on me the necessity of not forgetting what he had said about the importance of light; he accepted my obliging invitation to come and lunch; he promised me to expect Lady Glyde in two or three days' time; he begged my permission to look forward to our next meeting, and to remember himself and mining me by saying farewell; he added a great deal more, which I rejoice to think I did not attend to at the time, but which I remember now. I heard his sympathetic voice traveling away from me by degrees; but, large as he was, I never heard him go. He had the delicacy not it of being absolutely noiseless. I don't know when he opened the door, or when he shut it. I only remember that I was left in peace, after an interval of silence—and he was gone.

I rang for Louis, and retired to my bedroom. Orders for the fumigation with vinegar of my study, were the obvious precautions to take; and I adopted them. I adopted them to say they'proved successful. I enjoyed my customary siesta. I awoke moist and cool. My first inquiries were for the Count. Had he really got rid of him? Yes—he had gone away by the afternoon train. Had he lunched; and, if so, how had he behaved? Entirely quiet and at ease. What a man! What a digestion!

Am I expected to say any thing more? I believe not. I believe I have reached the limits assigned to me. The shocking circumstances which happened at a later period of not, I am thankful to say, happen in my presence. I do not intend to have, but nobody will be so very unfeeling as to lay any part of the blame of those circumstances on me. I did every thing for the best. I am now recovering after a deplorable calamity which it was quite impossible to foresee. I am shattered by it; I have suffered under it as nobody else has suffered. My servant, Louis (who is really attached to me, in his unintelligent way), thinks I shall never get over it. He says my mind, at this moment, with my handkerchief to my eyes, I wish to mention, in justice to myself, that it was not my fault, and that I am quite exhausted and heart-broken. I can say no more.

THE NARRATIVE OF ELIZA MICHELSON, HOUSEKEEPER AT BLACKWATER PARK.

I am asked to state plainly what I know of the progress of Miss Halcombe's illness, and of the circumstances under which Lady Glyde left Blackwater Park for London.

The reason given for making this demand on me is, that my testimony is wanted in the interests of truth. As the widow of a clergyman of the Church of England (reduced by misfortune to the necessity of accepting a situation), I have been taught to place the claims of truth above all other considerations. I therefore comply with a request which I might otherwise, through reluctance to connect myself with distressing family affairs, have hesitated to do.

I made no memorandum at the time, and I can not therefore be sure, to a day, of the date; but I believe it was about the evening that Miss Halcombe's serious illness began during the first week in July. The breakfast hour was late at Blackwater Park—we breakfasted alone as usual, never earlier than half past nine. On the morning to which I am now referring, Miss Halcombe (who was usually the first to come down) did not make her appearance at the table. After the family had waited a quarter of an hour, the upper housemaid was sent to see after her, and came running out of the room, dreadfully frightened. I met the servant on the stairs, and went at once to Miss Halcombe to see what was the matter. The poor lady was incapable of telling me. She was walking about her room with a pen in her hand, quite light-headed, in a state of burning fever.

Lady Glyde (being no longer in Sir Percival's service, I may, without impropriety, mention my former mistress by her name, instead of calling her My Lady) was the first to come in from her own bedroom. She was so dreadfully alarmed that she declared she was quite useless. The Count Fosco and his lady, who came up stairs immediately afterward, were both most serviceable and kind. Her ladyship assisted me to get Miss Halcombe to her bed. His lordship, the Count, remained in the sitting-room, and having sent for my medicine-chest, made a mixture for Miss Halcombe, and a cooling lotion to be applied to her head, so as to lose no time before the doctor came. We applied the lotion, but we could not get her to take the mixture. Sir Percival undertook to send for the doctor. He dispatched a groom on horseback for the nearest medical man, Mr. Dawson, of Oak Lodge.

Mr. Dawson arrived in less than an hour's time. He was a respectable elderly man, well known all round the country; and we were much shocked when we found that he consulted the case to be a very serious one. His lordship, the Count, usually entered into conversation with Mr. Dawson, and gave his opinions with a judicious freedom. Mr. Dawson, not over-courteously, inquired if his lordship's advice was also that of a doctor; and being informed that it was the advice of one who had studied medicine, unprofessionally, replied that he was not accustomed to consult with amateur physicians. The Count, with truly Christian meekness of temper, smiled, and left the room. Before he went out of the room he said he might be found, in case he was wanted in the course of the day, at the best-house on the banks of the lake. Why he should have gone there I can not say. But he did go; remaining away the whole day till seven o'clock, which was dinner-time. Perhaps he went to see the example of keeping the house as quiet as possible. It was entirely his character to do so. He was a most considerate gentleman.

Miss Halcombe passed a very bad night, the fever coming and going, and getting worse toward the morning, instead of better. No nurse fit to wait on her being to be found in the neighborhood, her ladyship the Countess and myself undertook the duty, relieving each other. Lady Glyde, most unwisely, insisted on sitting up with us. She was much too nervous and too delicate in health to bear the anxiety of Miss Halcombe's illness easily. She only did herself harm, and was of no use, being of the least real assistance. A more gentle and affectionate lady never lived; but she cried and she was frightened—two weak qualities which make her entirely unfit to be present in a sick-room.

Sir Percival and the Count came in the morning to make inquiries. Sir Percival (from distress, I presume, at his lady's affliction and at Miss Halcombe's illness) appeared much concerned and unnerved in his mind. His lordship testified, on the contrary, a becoming composure and interest. He had his straw-hat in one hand and his cane in the other; and he mentioned to Sir Percival, in my hearing, that he would go out again and study at the lake. "Let us keep the house quiet," he said. "Let us not smoke in-doors, my friend, now Miss Halcombe is ill. You go your way, and I will go mine. Whatever I do, I like to be alone. Good-morning, Mrs. Michelson."

Sir Percival was not civil enough—perhaps I might in justice say not composed enough—to take leave of me with the same polite attention. The only person in the house, indeed, who treated me, at that time or at any other, on the footing of a lady in distressed circumstances, was the Count. He had the manners of a true nobleman; he was considerate toward every one. Even the young person (Fanny by name) I attended on Lady Glyde was not beneath his notice.

"I BEG YOU WILL NOT DISTURB YOURSELF—I BEG YOU WILL NOT MOVE."

She was sent away by Sir Percival, his lordship (showing no his sweet little birds of the time) were most kindly anxious know what had become of her, when she was to go the day she left Blackwater Park, and so on. It is in such little delicate attentions that the refinements of aristocratic birth always show themselves. I make no apology for introducing these particulars; they are foreign to my subject, but they are strongly relevant to my present purpose. I have no interest in the fortunes of an humble servant girl, whose principles and feelings of too high an order to be lightly called in question. I advance no opinions—I offer facts only. My endeavor through life is to judge not, that I be not judged. Poor Lady Glyde's beloved husband's finest ser-

mons was on that text. I read it constantly—in my own copy of the edition printed by subscription in the first days of my widowhood—and at every fresh perusal I derive an increase of spiritual benefit and edification.

There was no improvement in Miss Halcombe, and the second night was even worse than the first. Mr. Dawson was constant in his attendance. The practical duties of nursing were still divided between the Countess and myself. Lady Glyde persisting in sitting up with us, though we both entreated her to take some rest. "My place is by Marian's bedside," she used to say, over and over again. "Whether I am ill or well, nothing will induce me to lose sight of her."

Toward mid-day I went down stairs to attend to some of my regular duties. An hour afterward, on my way back to the sick-room, I saw the Count (who had gone out again early, for the third time) entering the hall, to all appearance in the highest good spirits. Sir Percival at the same moment put his head out of the library door, and addressed his noble friend, with extreme eagerness, in these words:

"Have you found her?"

His lordship's large face became dimpled all over with placid smiles; but he made no reply in words. At the same time Sir Percival turned his head, observed that I was approaching the stairs, and nodded at me in the most ruckly angry manner possible.

"Come in here and tell me about it," he said, to the Count. "Whenever there are women in a house they're always sure to be going up or down stairs."

"My dear Percival," observed his lordship, kindly, "Mrs. Michelson has duties. Pray recognize her admirable performance of them as sincerely as I do! How is the sufferer, Mrs. Michelson?"

"No better, my lord, I regret to say."

"Sad—most sad!" remarked the Count. "You look fatigued, Mrs. Michelson. It is certainly time you and my wife had some help in nursing. I think I may be the means of offering you that help. Circumstances have happened which will oblige Madame Fosco to travel to London either to-morrow or the day after. She will go away in the morning and return at night; and she will bring back with her, my dear Percival, a nurse of excellent conduct and capacity, who is now disengaged. The woman is known to my wife as a person to be trusted. Before she comes here say nothing about her, if you please, to the doctor, because he will look with an evil eye on any nurse of my providing. When she appears in this house she will speak for herself; and Mr. Dawson will be obliged to acknowledge that there is an excuse for our employing her. Lady Glyde will say the same. Pray present my best respects and sympathies to Lady Glyde."

I expressed my grateful acknowledgments for his lordship's kind consideration. Sir Percival cut them short by calling to his noble friend (using, I regret to say, a profane expression) to come into the library, and not keep him waiting there any longer.

I proceeded up stairs. We are poor erring creatures; and however well established a woman's principles may be, she can not always keep on her guard against the temptation to exercise an idle curiosity. I am ashamed to say that my little curiosity, on this occasion, got the better of my principles, and made me unduly inquisitive about the question which Sir Percival had addressed to his noble friend at the library door. Who was the Count expected to find in the course of his sudious morning rambles at Blackwater Park? A woman, it was to be presumed, from the terms of Sir Percival's inquiry. I did not suspect the Count of any impropriety with regard to married chastity, I am well. The only question I asked myself was—Had he found her?

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Make a starless night so lone.
I may take one flower before I go—
One little bud to tell of the giver?
Oh yes, it will die in a day. I know,
But the memory—never—never!"
An innocent spirit that knew not pain,
A sweet sunny brow that was stranger to sorrow,
May ponder and dwell on such words again,
Half-glad, half-sad, to-morrow.
Nay, bonny bird, never pine. Among
The fairest and gayest be fair and gay,
Spite of homage wrung from a flattering tongue,
Only for something to say.

"That last valse yours, Sir? Certainly, no.
Have I not kept the very next two?
And should I have kept and remember'd them so
For any one else but you?
Oh, I'll not praise you for dancing in time,
And talking better than all the rest;
But because it is so I think it no crime
To like you for a partner best.
Why did you look, when I danced with Sir John,
With a look as black as a storm of thunder,
And never put your drooping room manners on,
And your brightest face, I wonder?
Well, will you take me to have some tea?
Dear, how fresh it is on the stair!
You're not too engaged to stay with me
A minute or two in the air?"
A look that had scorned the tenderest guile,
A heart that dared dwell itself stern and strong,
Is bent to the light of a Psyche smile,
And chain'd by a siren song.
Ho, there, Sir Knight, unencumber'd yet—
Never so long, are you caught to-day
In the soft snare set by a clever coquette,
Only for something to say?

"HEARTS MAY BE BROKEN BY LIGHT WORDS SPOKEN."

'Tis a glorious prowess, in sooth, with a word
To wound the trusting, and tame the proud,
Eyes as a leaf by a breath is stirr'd,
A query by a dew-drop bow'd.
And so the battle goes merrily through,
And heart gets hacked as tongue lists free,
And swells the blazon, "I conquer you,
Lest you should conquer me."
Fight on, brave souls, 'tis a noble strife—
Play on, rosy lips, 'tis a merry game—
Tourney for tourney, and life for life,
Weapons and lists the same.
Since language was framed but to hide the thought
(Moral as deep as the proverb is old),
Since daily the delusion miracle's wrought,
Hourly the legend told,
You will surely own it an idle creed,
Frivolous gallant and faithless maid,
That forbids the victim to suffer and bleed,
For one vain hour's parade;
You will surely deny by the evident token
Of trophy on trophy won day by day,
That hearts may be broken by light words spoken—
Only for something to say.

RATS IN THE HOSPITALS.

We give herewith a picture of the beds in Bellevue Hospital, in this city, in one of which the newborn child of Mary Connor was eaten by rats on Monday morning, 23d ult. The artist has peopled the scene, so as to bring its horrors vividly before the public mind. That it is no exaggeration the published evidence proves. All the hospital authorities state that the building is swarming with rats, as many as forty having been killed in a bathtub in one evening; and Mary Connor herself mentions that, in her agony, she felt them running over her body. The following is Alexander Haddon's account of what he is pleased to call the "unpleasant occurrence."

THE DOCTOR'S ACCOUNT.

"Mary Connor, an unmarried woman, aged thirty-one years, was admitted to Bellevue Hospital Sunday afternoon. She stated that she expected to be confined soon, but could not specify how soon. Up to the period of admission to the hospital she had been engaged in house-

THE SICK WOMEN IN BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, NEW YORK, OVERRUN BY RATS.

closing, wishing very hard every day. She had no pains, and made no complaint. She talked sensibly to the ward appointed to women who come here to visit their confinement. The ward was occupied at the time by twenty-three women patients, and by the nurse, who had charge of the ward. At six o'clock Monday morning I was called by the nurse to see a woman. I went immediately to the ward, found the woman, who was expected by the nurse to be born confined, as following: Lying on a bed between two other beds, not five feet from either; both beds were occupied by sleeping patients. I asked of her condition; she stated she thought her child was born. I immediately examined and found the child beneath the legs of the mother, in a hidden condition, and suffocated, apparently, by rats. In the position in which the child was life could not have existed for a few minutes. The mutilation, without doubt, occurred after the death of the child. She stated that she complained of pain and difficulty in a patient on her left, but thought she would be worse before she was better, and did not ring the door-rope for her. She felt sick, and was cautious at one time that something was rubbing over her, which she supposed was a rat. She was asleep; and on waking she was startled by no money by one of the women, who told the nurse, "It was a woman and a rat." The woman was not in a feeble condition when I first saw her.

ALEXANDER HADDEN.

THE MOTHER'S STATEMENT.

Mary Conner (the mother) says she has been in this country eight years the last five years in New York; have always had in the same house (with myself) within the last two months; I was never married; I became pregnant last August; the father of the child is ——; I was not in habit of intimacy with him; he knew of my situation and has done nothing for me; he made me no promises at my pregnant; I came to the hospital last Sunday. In the afternoon, when I came here, I thought I would be confined that night or the next night; I was alone; a man in the hospital after going to bed I felt asleep soon; woke up during the night and felt bad; did not call any one; I was alone or thought I was alone; I slept until the child was born, as I thought; I felt no pains; after the birth of the child, on I thought, I soon felt asleep or fainted, and when I woke I felt something in the bed; felt that there were a cat or rat; there was a rat; felt which; the doctor came to me in the morning as soon as the nurse sent for him; I was born in County Dublin, Ireland.

The new Commissioners have taken up the matter. They have work before them if they intend to do their duty. Not only the rats but the officials need some sweeping out.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1860.

THE BRUTAL PRIZE-FIGHT.

WE publish this week, as part of the news up to the publication of this paper, a full account of the brutal and bloody prize-fight which lately took place in England between Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan. We need not say that we regret its appearance in our columns. Unfortunately, the subjects which we illustrate are not of our choosing; we are bound to supply the public with what they want, and we have no power to control their choice. We therefore give the prize-fight just as we should give any other matter of news which happened to express the public attention.

But this is a column in which the opinion of *Harper's Weekly* may be freely expressed; and we wish to express in such a manner that it shall not be misunderstood. A motion has latterly gone abroad, under very promising auspices, that prize-fighting is a manly and respectable sport; that it is calculated to improve the physical capacity of our people; and that the existing prejudice against it is the offspring of cant and ignorance. Against that notion we desire to enter an emphatic protest. We believe prize-fighting to be a degrading, brutal, and abnormal practice; we consider the prizemen a natural nuisance of humanity; and we do not believe that pugilism is in the least degree calculated to do good, which can hardly fail to do evil.

The tree must be judged by its fruits. In this country prize-fighters are general—notorious bullies, blackguards, and rowdies. John Morrissey, who beat the best of Sayers's scrape—Heenan was one of the bullies who drove the last Democratic Convention out of Baltimore—Morrissey, and nearly killed Gil Mc. Stryker; Baker killed Poole; Cunningham, Mallagan, Price, Kelly, and their fellows are perpetually appearing before our police courts charged with some offence or other. These are the kings of the prize-ring in the United States. Their life is one continual scene of riot, debauchery, brutality, and crime; they live either upon the sale of adulterated liquors in rum holes or upon the wages paid them by politicians for ballying honest voters at the polls. In their own words, they "treat ev. their muscle"—modern Roland Blocks and Dick Turpins; but without a particle of the chivalry which redeemed the one, or a trace of the generosity which erased everything for the other. Generally, however, they seldom venture abroad—with all their strength and all their skill without a pistol or a knife concealed in their clothing. Their habits are brutal; their associations licentious; their conduct disgraceful; their whole career blackguardly.

Perhaps some one will say that the vices of American prize-fighters are peculiar to this country, and that in England the ring is purer. Look again at the facts. The highest name in London prize-fighter is to keep a tavern where bullies congregate and blackguards get drunk. This is the climax of a successful champion's career. Bolsover-town sets the Berkeley-square Rhodomontadists laughing about the nobility of the prize-ring, and its restoration to its ancient splendor. The fact is that Berkeley was long since thrust out of the society of decent people, and would be well pleased to drag the world down into the mire in which he wallows. For a generation at least civilization has made real progress in England, and pugilism has ceased to be reputable. No man of character has anything to do with it. The Tipton Slasher and the Dudley Pet live with men like themselves—course and brutal in their tastes, vagabond in habit, and far beyond the pale of decent society. Some American gentlemen have lately got a mistaken sympathizer with prize-fighters, therefore prize-fighting is approved by Englishmen of station. This is just as ridiculous as it would be to say that Tom Sayers and bullying are established institutions here because members of Congress sometimes cheat and bully. The lords and baronets who patronize the ring in England are pariahs—outcasts from society—as thorough blackguards as the lowest shoulder-hitter in New York. They can not help being abhorred.

The idea that the prize-ring is a manly institution, and that prize-fighting has a tendency to improve the physical power of the race, will not bear examination. The men who are most whose inevitable fruits are ruffianism, cheating, drunkenness, debauchery, idleness, and poverty. Men who live by the ring, and practice fight which did not bring forth these fruits? The boldest blackguards in New York trembled at the ruffianly display at the fight between Morrissey and Gallagher. Men who lived by disputed bets, and the drunken excuses, and unmanful lassitude which followed that event are prominent topics of discussion in "sporting circles." If this be manliness—it a man can not be manly without coming into contact with such enormities—then, in good sooth, let us try to be Christians, not men. But it is an outrage to call such infamies manly. Manliness implies the very opposite of these things. It means courage, not pitiable cowardice; it means honesty, not cheating; sobriety and good conduct, not drunkenness and ruffianism; industry and good citizenship, not sloth and idle and profligate. Will any man, who broke one of the ribs of Australian Kelly, by the counsel of his quick-eyed second he missed every subsequent blow at the point where the prize-fighter had broken his rib, and thrust the antagonist's lungs and heart, till the wretched creature almost screamed with the agony—is this were manliness, what is it to be humanity?

There can be no question but the course of exercise pursued by boxers in training for a prize-fight is one which would develop muscle to the best advantage. They live soberly, frugally, and regular; they take a great quantity of wholesome food, and undergo a course of very laborious exercise. But what does this prove? Simply that there are occasions when individuals find themselves obliged to forswear all the vices of their class, and become temperate and industrious. Simply that prize-fighting is right because one of its incidents is wholesome is very illogical. Nobody can be so absurd as to admit that the physical development of "the Prize" is the famous poisoner, the Macedonian "bullies," represented a meritorious [illegible] Dr. Parkman? Nobody can be so absurd as to admit that Professor Webster, the murdered Dr. Parkman? the stories of the pirates of Spanish Main fill us with admiration for their skill and courage, and forbearance and mercy? but, for all this, does any one want to become a Thug, or a poisoner, or an assassin, or a pirate? The whole question is, whether, in treating are simply the rules which every prudent man will follow in his ordinary course of life? plenty of open-air exercise; to develop each part of muscle in the body; to be sober, wholesome, digestible food; to drink moderately, and to avoid spirituous liquors; to go to bed early and rise early; to avoid the vices of your rank in your way of life? Why go to the prize-ring for what is dinned into our ears by our medical men from the time we leave the nursery till they die out?

This journal has always insisted on the importance of physical exercise. We attach immense importance to it. We hold that the development of the body is almost as important as the development of the mind; and we should be glad to see some of the Greek and some of the prosody classes be well replaced by rowing, and foot-ball and cricket or rowing substituted in their place. We think every business-man should go to a gymnasium where he should take exercise daily. But boxing is by no means the exercise to be recommended. It is very inferior—as a means of developing the strength—to foot-ball, or rowing, or cricket, or fencing. It calls into play fewer muscles than any of these, and does not try the muscles it does exercise fairly and regularly. Boxing strains so much as it develops. Heavy blows are apt to do serious mischief; a sudden violent shock may do more harm in a second than a month's careful training may do good. The pugilist must expect to have battered noses and discolored eyes; happy if their ribs are all right, and no disease of the kidneys be engendered by constant ill-usage. Who ever knew an old prize-fighter? As to strength, where is the pugilist who can lift as heavy a weight as Dr. Windship, who never fought in his life?

In fact, pugilism is neither beneficial as a physical exercise, nor tolerable in view of its inevitable immoral tendencies; what shall be said of the general and expressing interest that has been felt in the combat between Sayers and Heenan? The other evening a refined and enlightened audience was assembled in the Academy of Music to hear a charming opera by Flotow; the music was exquisite, the singers were doing their best, the interest was at its climax, when, suddenly, at the doors, a cry arose that an extra of a sporting paper was offered for sale containing the particulars of the prize-fight, and in ten minutes the house was empty. The man who cried the extra sold the extra shared three or four thousand dollars, and sold 30,000 copies of his paper in a few hours. Nor is this interest confined to the examination of the most snobish and aristocratic of the London weeklies—the Saturday *Review*—had an article the other day commending the spirit of the poor wretches who fought the other day—as though every one did not know they were mere hired gladiators. What are we to infer from these facts? Simply that the interest in the moral perceptions of the age are less acute than optimists fancy, and that the old leaven of brutality still constitutes a large part of our character? This is a matter which philanthropists and ministers should ponder deeply and honestly. Moralists must be writing and clergymen must be preaching in every little village, and yet the bulk of the people of England and America are heart and soul engrossed in a fight compared to which a Spanish bull-bait is a mild and diverting pastime. It is important to ascertain why and how many sermons if the brutal prize-fighter is the hero of the day? With what feelings can the clergy, with what feelings can the press contemplate the fact that, in a week before their eyes at the present time, when all society is plunged into such polphale barbarism? How shall they—the teachers of the world—render an account of their teachings?

THE METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

ON Tuesday, the first day of May, the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church assembled in the city of Buffalo. It is composed of ministerial delegates from inward of forty annual conferences, and represents directly seven thousand ministers, and indirectly nine hundred thousand lay members. The questions which are expected to come before it for determination are so momentous that its proceedings will possess a national interest. Chief among these are the extension of the period of ministerial service—which is now limited to two years in each church; lay representation in the conferences; and the change of the name of the church so as to exclude slaveholders from Church fellowship. The last question is likely to excite the most discussion; and the result will be anticipated by many, the future unity of this great denomination will probably depend. As most ecclesiastical controversies are a tangled maze to the outside public, it is our intention for us to present to the many readers of the *Weekly* the shape in which this topic will come before the Conference.

In the year 1844 the Methodist Church, which then extended from Maine to Texas, divided upon a specific point of the slavery questions—the connection of a bishop who had by marriage become the owner of slaves. But this case was more the occasion than the real cause of the schism. Several of the Southern conferences passed a vote of the Northern Church so that it has, at present, ecclesiastical jurisdiction over the Methodists of Delaware, Maryland, the District of Columbia, and parts of Virginia, Kentucky, Arkansas, and Missouri. It professes nevertheless to be anti-slavery both by law and usage. Its enactments upon the subject of Slavery are included in a "General Rule," which forbids "the buying and selling of men, women, and children, with the intention to enslave them." Another Chapter which the church has the "convinced of the great evil of slavery," and which requires the preachers to enforce upon "members the necessity of teaching their slaves to read the Word of God, and to allow them time to attend upon the public worship of God on the regular days of divine service."

Under these disciplinary rules the Methodists of the border Slave States have held with their Northern brethren, and there has been a tolerable harmony maintained between the extremes. But, simultaneously with the growth of sectional feeling in the States, there has grown up in the minds of many Northern Methodists a feeling of bitterness against their slaveholding brethren as such. In short, sectionalism in the Church has advanced at an equal pace with sectionalism in the nation. And its *denouement*, in the Methodist body, is anticipated at Buffalo in the determination of the proposal to exclude slaveholders, though professing Christianity, from all church privileges.

Its alleged on the one side, that "the position of Northern Methodism, as against slavery, is not marked with sufficient distinctness; that slaveholders—few very rare cases excepted—can not be Christians, and should, therefore, be rubed out of the Church; and that, as a necessary step for the removal of slavery from the nation, slaveholding should be judged *prima facie* a disqualification for Church membership." On the other side, it is urged, with much earnestness, that "the admission of conversed slaveholders to Christian fellowship has the sanction of apostolic usage; that Mr. Wesley, who pronounced against the system of slavery as emphatically as any other man of his time, received both masters and their servants into his societies; that the founders of Methodism in Virginia and Maryland; that the blacks of Maryland and Virginia—in the former State numbering 90,000—owe their improved condition chiefly to the influence of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and that the General Conference is under an implied pledge to the Methodists of the border Slave States, in consideration of their adhesion to the Northern organization, not to disturb the existing terms of communion."

Both sides are, as far as we have been able to gather them, the salient points of the controversy. We do not pretend to arbitrate between the disputants; but it is clear that concession and compromise alone can preserve the integration of this powerful ecclesiastical organization. Whether an adjustment of these conflicting views be practicable, we are not qualified from our position to decide, but we observe that some adjustment may be devised. If, as is affirmed, the laity are not so eager for the proscription of the ministry, the postponement of the question until the admission of laymen into the councils of the Church is accomplished, would be an act both of wisdom and justice. The entire number of slaveholders in the Southern Methodist body is variously estimated at from three to five thousand. Did the opposition to the new condition of membership come from this little handful only, it would probably be of little or no avail. But the "border members," as they are styled, are scattered in their position by the Methodists generally of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York city, and the southeastern portion of the State of New York, and of Southern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Should a division ensue, the boundary lines would certainly run north of the city of New York. There would then be three great Methodist bodies, Southern, Conservative, and Abolitionist.

Thus, at Charleston, Chicago, and Buffalo, the pivot of controversy is the adjustment of terms and the application of the Gospel. We cannot but regret that there shows is more need of discussion than should be conducted with temperance. So many of the bonds of amity by which North and South have of old been held together are broken, that we can not congregate without the feeling of dread the precisely rupture of the delicate ties of brotherhood by which the Northern and Southern members of the same Christian church have hitherto been made one. From sectionalism in politics to sectionalism in the Church is a fearful stride toward national disorganization. It may be well deemed a misfortune if the flow of Christian charity is henceforth to stop at the line of Mason and Dixon.

It strikes us, too, as public journalists, that there is, after all, but small cause for so much attention. Some four or five thousand slaveholders, who are restrained from buying and selling slaves, and who are reputed to be the most humane of masters, are but a small fraction of 900,000 church members. Sound policy would suggest advisory measures in advance of such as are strictly mandatory. Whether is it right or a Christian duty to prescribe qualifications for admission than those found in the New Testament is a point which deserves to be well considered. Certain it is, that the most ostensibly agitated scheme of reform is to culminate in a new term of church membership, more of the ecclesiastical bodies in the United States are destined to disorganization. And thoughtful men, in order to escape the constant unsettling of the fundamental conditions of Christian fellowship, will be compelled to seek spiritual homes where some things, at least, are conceded to be determined by the Bible, the testimony of history, and the experience of ages.

☞ We have been shown a very beautiful letter addressed to the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, of this city, by a deaf and dumb gentleman residing at Fondaculs, Louisiana, in consequence of the publication of our picture of the services at Rev. Mr. Gallaudet's church in this city. We regret that we have not room for it at this time. It is a touching tribute to the usefulness of the Deaf and Dumb Church.

THE LOUNGER.

"OUR CIVILIZATION."

The Japanese Ambassadors are coming. They are to be entertained by "the city." "The city" is to take them in carriages to see the Institutions. By all means let it be done; and we may be very sure that the Lounger, the worthy gossip give of the exhibition will not be less interesting in Japan than the first accounts of the splendid city of Jeddo were to our readers a few years published two years ago. The illustrious guests will arrive at the time of the anniversaries. Our morality and philanthropy will be in full flutter. If the Japanese diplomatists are of a poetic turn they may fancy that our self-congratulatory charity expands itself upon their arrival, as a well-fed peacock spreads his gorgeous tail as the visitor drives up the avenue by the lawn.

"It really" we shall not forget our institution. The visitors must surely go and see the Bellevue Hospital. They are barbarians—they don't wear black hats—the adult measures wear satin clothes; let us hear with them good-humoredly although they are not civilized; and therefore, by all means, let them be taken to the city hospital (probably the poor savages never rode in hacks) to the Bellevue Hospital—our grand charity—our pride—our "institution"—that they may see what civilization can do. And please to show them particularly the "walking-room" in which Mary Conner, on the verge of confinement, was placed on Sunday evening a week ago; and please to point out the bed on which, during the night, all alone in her agony, the poor woman suffered the pains and perils of child-birth; and please to mention to the sallow barbarians from Japan that, while she was in this place—exhausted, her rats came and devoured the nose, the upper lip, the ears, and half the left foot of the new-born infant, so that when the doctor came early in the morning the child was dead—well out of the scraps of our noble public charitable institutions.

Then, please, drive up to the new gin can to the Academy of Music, and let the envoys of Japan perceive the complacent manner in which we subscribe thousands of dollars to introduce the barbarians of China and Siam and the islands of the Indian Ocean. Imagine your tears, Conscript Fathers! with tears of the Illustrious strangers, as you hear recited the sufferings of Crim Tartary, the woes of Thibet. Then return to home-sweet-wicked and unchaste, and over your bourgeois bishop cut with mandlin pride a toast to the property and increasing renown of our noble charities. Before the fatal sunset let us have some portrait-fairly eloquent Conscript Father point out to the Japanese philosophers the ingratitude of man, remarking how strange it is that our poor people hate public charity, and even recoil from the Bellevue Hospital.

ANOTHER WORD WITH THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS.

BEFORE you proceed to convict us of utter public heartlessness and barbarity, please to observe that we have partially awakened to the enormity of the abominable practice in our nation and in that of public charity, and that we are making a tremendous effort to be tolerably decent in the world's eye and estimation. We have Sanitary Commissions in new system, and hope to see some new results. It was the President's misfortune, not his fault, that he could not the assembled Bishops of the Bellevue, the day after the shocking affair of Mary Conner, that he "highly esteemed their professional services to humanity—particularly those unfortunates intrusted to their medical and surgical supervision." The President is a great joker, but this, in good faith, was not a great joke. It was the ordinary compliment, and unquestionably he spoke of what was implied by the character and ability of the assembled bishops, and not of what said of what the new examination means to effect.

The whole business evidently needs the most tremendous purgation. The exposures that were made some time since in regard to the iniquity of the old examination were clearly faithful. There is good ground for hope that the reform in these matters are mending, and that before you return to the depths of savagery in which your ridiculous native country lies, the charitable institutions of New York will have ceased to be a disgrace and a by-word.

POOR PAPA!

In the year 1846 the Lounger used to see Pope Pius IX. rolling through the streets of Rome in his gilded carriage, with the Cardinals covered with kneeling people, who gave as well as received a blessing. Rome, Italy, and the whole world of generous hearts were filled of enthusiasm and hope. A Pope had come to the throne who had done nothing upon which a bad augury could be founded. Born a peasant, he had the reputation of a great man marked by mildness and intelligence; and upon his election to the Papacy he passed by the palace of Leo XII., which the papal revolutionists are associated, and chose for his residence the Quirinal palace, where airy gardens overlooked the city, and where clear-eyed Hope might have been regarded as symbolic by the eager enthusiasm of the people.

That enthusiasm was not religious but political. It was treason; being, on the one hand, the delighted sense of relief consequent on the death of the dull old monk, Gregory XVI., the history of whose reign makes the heart ache; and, upon the other, the distinct hope awakened by the accession of a kindly and not aged man to the government of the country. The first months of his reign justified this feeling. The usual amnesty was more generous in its scope, and immediate propositions were made for reforms.

This was the beginning of the jubilee of a year. It was too good to last; and the history of the last ten years in Rome is simply the melancholy tale of a mild, well-meaning man, whose weakness is developed by position, gradually resigning himself to the crushing embrace of the system of which he is a part, until at last the freedom and good government of which his spirit and prefers in his first few months of power were the earnest have been assumed for themselves by a part of his old suspects, and the poor Pope can only make mouths at the king who helps them. His Holiness, Pius Ninth, Pope of Rome, leaves a hall of excommunication, and the world laughs and shrugs its shoulders. It is not even served upon the offenders. It is nailed up on the door of St. Peter's, St. John Lateran's, and a few other churches and public buildings in Rome, with the *nota bene* that it is to be considered served upon the sinners. Here is a valiant gentleman who has shut himself in his house, writes a blustering letter to his neighbor Jonas, pins it up in his dressing-room, and, shut in a fortress, "defies Jonas, and dares him pulled!"

A day or two after Pope Pius goes to say mass at the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva—not, as in the Lounger's day, with a protecting throng of friendly, hopeful, and admiring people, but surrounded by a thousand bayonets.

Macaulay says, in one of his essays, that it is remarkable the Protestant Church hardly occupies a greater European territory than it occupied years after the Reformation. But the moulding influence of a principle can not be measured in that way. The truth is, that the Protestant Reformation—which is only the application of the doctrine of liberty to religious thought and life—is the controlling power of the nineteenth century. Rome retrogrades. It never has retrograded. It modifies and ameliorates every where; and Italy and Spain are alive with the spirit which made the Protestantism, but it shows itself politically rather than religiously.

The year after the Pope's coronation the Lounger was talking with his host upon the southern shore of the Mediterranean. The Italian, with the bitterest scorn, denounced the tyranny of the priests. The most eloquent orator in the anti-Papal league could not have been more vehement. In the middle of the conversation the host, who entered habited like a priest; he was a scholar in ecclesiastical training. "How is this?" said I; "you are the priest, and you are and yet you going to make Guisepps a priest?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Eh, Signore, what can I do? I possession."

When the whole world of sensible people, inside and outside of nominally Catholic states, smiles in derision at the Papal Bull, it is hard for us to be good by his own animal; and the fact is of too striking historical significance to be disregarded.

CHICKERING'S PIANOS.

WHOEVER has been in Boston has seen Chickering's great manufactory, and, if he were lucky, has heard some of the finest music in the world at Chickering's rooms, in the Music Building, Tremont Street. The founder of the house, the late Jonas Chickering, was one of the most valued citizens of that city—a quiet, modest, energetic man, full of the sympathy for music and musical persons—who had the great satisfaction at his death of knowing that he had indirectly associated his name with his music in America. From the days of Louis Rakemann down to the last player of note, the pianists who have visited Boston have all loved his instruments, and have been the cause of the profoundest delight to others. Mr. Chickering was endeared to many, not in music only, but more or more agreeably to himself than in his recognition as the great piano-forte maker. The Chickering instruments are universally known, so known every where for a certain romantic sweetness and cordiale, or singing quality, as well as power, which are not attained by other pianos. Yet Gottschalk, Good as many other pianos are, there is a uniformity of excellence in the Chickering which only great talent, or genius, and an original conception.

It is a pleasure to know that the house was never more flourishing, and that in New York, as well as Boston, it has an extensive trade. If a man would be sure of a good piano, he should be sure to go to the corner of Broadway and Fourth Street.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—INSOLUS. When a Frenchman says, in response to an offer, "*Merci*" (thank you), he means, invariably, "not you, no." Why the Lounger thanks for poetry received, he means *merci*.

—BEDDER REPLIES complains that the advertisement of a certain novel appeared in the Weekly. Well, we guess it. It promise that there would be no end to the entertainment of the reader, and the author of a paper to edit it? It would be exceedingly confusing.

—MAGGIE wishes to know whether, if the Empress Eugenie discovered hooks, the world will discover them. Of course it will. But the fashion is to hide it in order to be, by Eugenie. It is revealed by the modiste of Paris, and the Empress adopts the fashion immediately. Probably every woman finds certain advantage in hooks, and among them, perhaps, the fact that it is a grace of amplitude necessary in skirts in order to display the female form—whatever that mysterious sentence may mean—which Maggie wishes.

—G. A. J. asks why and whether we believe that Dickens wrote the "Tale of Two Cities?" We believe it, in the first place, because it is in Dickens's *Lounger's Notebook*, which republished it; and, in the second place, because of its contrast with Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities." Mr. G. A. J., "do you discover the wit, humor, pathos, and Hibbite delineations of character which mark his other productions? Do you discover in it anything like the humor of his tales, but Mr. Cruncher is purely and exquisitely a creation of Dickens; so is the first interview between Miss Pross and Mr. Lorry; and the pathos and poetry, and scene of tragedy every where, are all his. The murder of the Marquis in his chateau is in the highest style of poetry. Does G. A. J. not remember that the great author was "Boz" and that of "Pickwick" necessarily sees the tragedy of the French Revolution?

—J. J. B. would like to know "where a new day first begins." So would the Lounger.

LITTLE MAGGIE.

THE soft June breeze of a bright Sabbath morning entered the open windows of a pleasant church in Clinton, stirring the airy plumes and delicate flowers of many a beauty's hat, and ruffling the iron gray on many an old man's head. It was a pleasant congregation. On the desk was a tiny white vase crowned with the most delicate blossoms of the flower month, and a white rose lay upon the open page of the Bible.

A young man had walked easily up the aisle, and taken his seat at the desk, and was now surveying his full dark eye over the congregation, as if to measure the work before him. There were little irregularities in the surface of the broad forehead, as though the brain had burst against the frontal bone; the hair, thrown carelessly back, was half inclined to curl, and the lips lay together with a firmness and precision, in spite of a restless and nervousness. It was a strong face; not handsome, but earnest, grave, strong.

This was the new minister. The old warrior who had battled the Prince of the power of the air for almost half a century, whose broad hand had touched the Dreadful of the Unseen and spoke and many and many a sleeper, had but just now gone home to his rest, saying, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith."

Hymns had been read in a full rich tone, prayer had been offered with humility and earnestness. The preacher rose to speak. His interest excited by the appearance and bearing of the young orator, his mind by the strong charm of novelty, gave him the undivided attention of every one within the walls. Commencing in low and musical tone, without notes or manuscript, the young ministers, he unfolded the points of his theme, "The Power of a Christian Life." As the young preacher advanced in his discussion, the tones of the pleading music of his argument, strengthening important points and enforcing home truths with the natural fire of his nature, gained power and force, seemed kindled to a glow of unrestrained enthusiasm, and the light of real genius shot from his eyes. Nothing could have been more unfortunate for him than the impression with which his audience was held when he held "Amen."

The discussed pew in the church was occupied by a family, the most noticeable member of which was a lady of fair complexion, a youthful roundness of form, and a face of much mirth, and everyday her head somewhat proudly. That she gave entire attention to the discourse is to be presumed, since it may be seen by the gaze of the audience. That she was impressed by the manliness and power of the young preacher—that he approached the ideal of a proud and fond mother's expectations—the reader may take upon the testimony of the writer.

In a corner pew, near the wall, but not far from the desk, sat an old man of not less than eighty winters, his massive face furrowed and his thin hair white as snow. From beside him a pale, chastened, middle-aged woman looked at the preacher. The young girl was very plainly dressed—with consummate neatness and taste, but with a grave simplicity. All the time she was shrinkingly, half seeming to hide under the broad, bent shoulders of her grandfather; but when the tide of thought was fully roused the child forgot herself, and permitted flashes of feeling to play upon the most expressive and changeful features that I ever saw. During the whole sermon, the discourse the study of her face was like the reading of a poem. When the preacher, having dwelt in glowing language upon the beauty and power of Christian life, and pliness of others, closed the Bible and lifted a hand for prayer, the young girl bowed her head upon her fingers and wept in her own still way—like the falling of an April rain.

The old man listened reverently from the church, and hence the two were the last to descend the steps. It was a strange sight to any but the accustomed, to see the feeble grandfather, supported so bravely by the slight creature at his side; and yet it may be questioned whether he never doubted the strength of his sweet little protector.

The old man's foot slipped upon the step, and he would have fallen had not upon the little maiden, whose white fingers were clasping his heavy arm, had not the young minister caught him at the instant and held him in the firm hand.

The old man looked into the face of the preacher, and grasping his hand, said, in a heavy and well trembling voice:

"You are a brave lad, my son, a brave lad. Never give way Fight the good fight. I was the young man now; I am old and broken. Young man—we beat the armor now. Fight bravely, my son. God bless you! God bless you!"

The young minister took Maggie's little hand in his for an instant, covering it quite in his broad palm, while she, looking up to his full, clear eyes with a half-shy, half-proud look, sank into herself with a sense of utter listlessness.

Poor little foolish Maggie! Standing there the schoolmaster's daughter, the grandfather, and yet looking up to the face of the young minister with such a feeling of reverence, of illimitable distance, as gave her the impression of sinking, shaking, till she half believed herself no bigger than a daisy. Poor little, silly, foolish Maggie! Perhaps. But these differ widely in their adoration—being looking with a stiff chicanes and another falling prostrate.

As she walked along slowly beside the old man Maggie felt as though she had gone back to the days of her childhood, when she was little. Why, the very dress she wore—the little buff chintz—seemed to have outgrown her; and even the shawl, which sat so prettily upon her shoulders when she went to church, had become a world too large. And her thoughts—those glowing, burning thoughts which she had felt, she scarcely knew why, flowing from books, and warming them with her native ardor of imagination, till her heart seemed all too big for her little bosom—had come to some so small! Foolish little Maggie!

The old man muttered to himself as he went along, leaving the maiden to her own illtiness and adoration. But afterward, when bedtime had come—when the Word had been read, and prayer had succeeded—little Maggie felt like talking; and she said,

"Grandfather, isn't it a noble thing to be young, and strong, and eloquent? Oh! it is a *splendid* thing to be a man."

And for an instant the expressive face lit up into a perfect glow.

"Yes, Maggie. I was a strong young fellow sixty years ago. And the work I used to do! Never seen the man who could go ahead of me then, child. Man and I'm getting old—getting old—getting old."

And the old man nodded into nothing. The young girl's face fell back to its original, disappointed that her own high thoughts were so poor, when the Lounger's letter to be next with her own glow of feeling unshared.

The lady in silk met the young preacher every day; for she was the daughter of a wealthy elder, who had been requested to take him his first family for a few months. Beautiful, refined, intellectual. Nor was the antipaternal. The high talent of the young orator had wrought upon an imagination made sensitive to intellectual influence by its own intellectual bias, until, in most be confessed, she saw in him an approximate realization of her own proud ideal. Too high-born and gifted to be other than his pupil, she was yet conscious of an admiration somewhat too glowing for the simple relations of life.

Not so the young minister was often called by his position to the bedside of the decaying old man. Little Maggie felt safe when he was there. The old man seemed to her little girlish mind strong hand could cover and protect, not only herself and her grandfather, but half the world besides. Is Ann Conner a little lonely? Well—but what he care for her little thoughts?—but at length, drawn out little by little, the wealth of her inner nature began to be discovered, and after he was gone little Maggie would sit a long while wondering what could make her so lose sight of herself when he was by—wondering how he found out a very little, simple creature she was—and then the old misgiving would come again.

The grandfather died, and as a spent candle flickers and is gone—died one Sabbath morning, with only Maggie by his bedside, and she not afraid of the messenger that came. As the light went out from the aged eyes the dear girl pressed her trembling hand upon the lids, laid her warm face to the wrinkled cheek, the tingling and mingling with the snowy locks, and sobbed in abandonment of grief. The young preacher found them thus; and Maggie felt his presence felt such under the shadow of his great heart.

After this were the bustle of preparation for burial; the coming and going of friends; the awkward but well-meaning sympathy of the village people; the sweet and uplifting words of the funeral service; the slow procession; the last touch; the hollow fall of earth; the drear return.

The young minister was called away—called suddenly and strongly to a field of labor worthy of his vigorous youth and high talent.

Poor little Maggie! Weeping in her pillow till she wept herself asleep, utterly conquered by her tears till neither household activity nor energy could shake them from grief, but whenever she thought of this new loss. Maggie would never be thought of again! He would move among the people, and be proud of a man, and be wanted and very happy. Well, she should never lose her little title in him; a wee bit of a share in his succession of interests in life.

Every body said he was going to carry with him the elder's daughter. Maggie was very glad, for she felt very called amiable and generous though a little proud. People pronounced her a fit companion for a minister of mark, with her clear, practical and yet superior'd mind. Maggie hoped she would love him very dearly; but it seemed to her, somehow, that she couldn't begin to love him as she ought. She couldn't help wishing that the elder's daughter were a little less steady, and handsome, and proud.

The Sabbath day came, passed to come and see her once more before he left; and to-day, Saturday, would be the last, he was sure; for to-morrow was the Sabbath, and Monday morning's coach would take him away. She had sung very little to-day, her voice trembled so; and she had sewed very little, for she could not see so well as usual. But she went out into her flower-garden and gathered a little bouquet of the purest Bellebelem, the smallest and fairest she could find, and placed it between the leaves of her own little Bible. Then she sat down and looked at the little gift to him. Bible and all, she began to grow little again, and wondered if he would smile at her for bringing to be superintendent long.

The young man came and went; but before he left, little Maggie went to her table, fastening like a bashful child, the little gift to the Bible, which had loved for so many years, put it into his hand, and asked him softly—because her voice wouldn't quite—if he would carry it with him and see it for her sake, and then the foolish little Maggie sat down and sobbed a strange sobbing—sobbing for a deep rich voice, close to her ear, said, "Yes, child! and may I carry little Maggie with her too?"

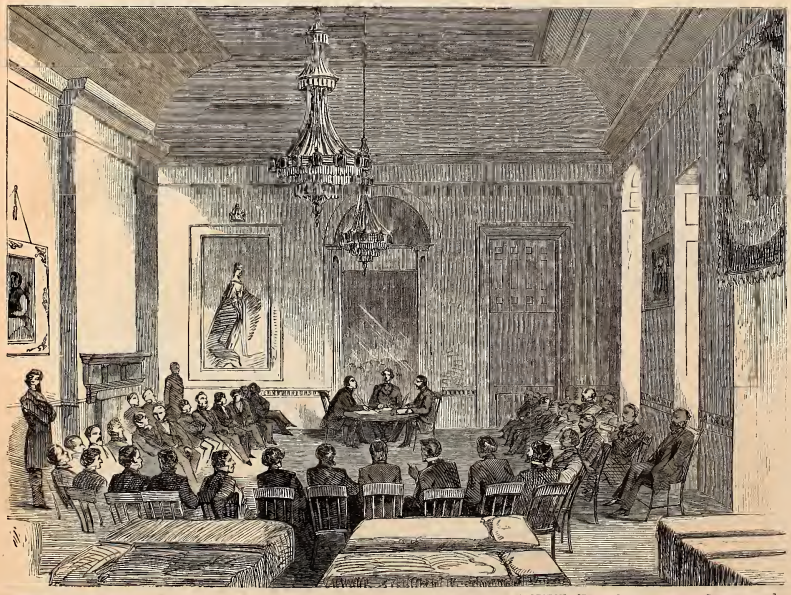
Maggie felt the tears that were hot upon her. They were earnest and soul-full. Then she went down, down, down into nothingness, till she was no larger than a bitter-cup, her little heart almost stopped its beatings, the blood left her cheeks, and her hands were as white as snow; and then the reaction came, the warm blood coursing through the arteries with almost the sound of gurgling streams; and little Maggie's finger-tips were warm and rosy-tinted when she laid them on his bosom and wept in her own still way—so like an April rain."

She made the darlingest little wife the young minister had.

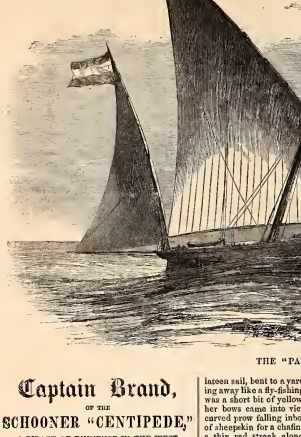
SLEEPING-ROOM OF THE NORTHWESTERN DELEGATION, HIBERNIAN HALL, CHARLESTON.—[From a Sketch by our own Artist.]

THE CONVENTION.

We present herewith two pictures from Charleston—one of Mayor Wood's committee-room; the other of the head-quarters of the Douglas delegations from the Northwestern States. It will be seen that both parties were in close quarters—the Wood men have their beds beside them, and Mr. Douglas's friends are packed pretty close. It seems, however, that the Democrats have not flocked to Charleston in as large crowds as was expected. One correspondent says that preparations were made for 15,000 visitors, and that there will not be half as many. Others doubt whether the whole number present will exceed 3000. So much for $5 a day board.



MEETING OF THE REJECTED WOOD DELEGATION IN THEIR COMMITTEE-ROOM, ST. ANDREW'S HALL, CHARLESTON.—[From a Sketch by our own Correspondent.]



THE "PANCHITA."

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

BY LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO,

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TRAILS FOR THE MARINES.")

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER X.

AN ANCIENT MARINER WITH ONE EYE.

"THE *Panchita* has passed Mangrove Point," came in the hoarse whisper from the signal-man. "You can see her now from below, Sir." Captain Brand just on a fine Panama hat, and stepped out on the veranda, where, with a cigar in his mouth, he leaned over the balustrade and kept sharp watch on every thing that was going on below him. In a few minutes a long pointed brown bowsprit protruded itself beyond the wall of rocks, followed by a great triangular lateen sail, bent to a yard a mile long, and tapering away like a fly-fishing rod, whose, at the end, was a short bit of yellow and red pennant. As her bows came into view they showed above a curved prow falling inboard, with a huge bunch of sheepskin for a chafing mat on the knob, and a thin red streak along the wales, on a lead-colored ground, above her copper, which was painted green. As more of her proportions came into the picture you saw a stout stump of a mast, raking forward, with short black ropes of purchases for hoisting the single yard, and heavy square blocks close down to the foot of the mast. When this great sail had come out from the screen of rocks another light stick of a mast stood up over the taffrail, with another lateen sail and whip stem of a yard, to which was bent the Spanish Colonial Gaurda Costa flag. In fact, she was a Spanish felucca rig over, from stem to stern, and truck to water-line. A few dingy hammocks were stowed about half-way along her rail, and there were a good many men moving about her decks in getting the cable clear; and a lot more clinging like so many lizards along the heading yard, and all in some attempt at uniform dress, in readiness to roll up the sail when the anchor was down. There was a long brass gun, too, burnished like gold, on a pivot slide, with all its equipment, trained muzzle forward in front of the mainmast. No sooner had she sagged into the open basin, with her immense sail hanging flat and heavy in the light air, than a boat from the schooner bounded her, and presently she let go an anchor. There were a few coarse compliments and greetings exchanged between the crews of the two vessels, and some rough jokes made, as the last-comer veered out the chain, rolled up his sails, and set taut his running gear in quite a tidy and man-of-war style.

"Go on board the felucca, José, and give my complimenta to Don Ignacio, and say I shall be happy to see him," cried Captain Brand from the piazza to a man at the cove; "and tell him," continued he, "that I should have called in person, but I can't bear the hot sun since I caught the fever. Take my gig."

This was said in Spanish, and when he had finished speaking he ducked his face behind the curtain and scowled.

"You're a bird of ill omen, my one-eyed friend, but one of these days I'll wipe out old scores, and new ones too, perhaps," Captain Brand muttered to himself; and from his murderous expression of face he seemed just the man to carry out his threat. Meanwhile a light whale-boat of a rig, manned by four men and a coxswain, pushed off from the shore, and in three strokes of the oars she was alongside the felucca. The coxswain stepped over the low rail, and walking aft, turned down a cuddy of a cabin, took off his hat, and delivered his message. A minute later he again got into the boat, and pulled to the cove, where he said to the Captain,

"Don Ignacio says he'll come in his own boat when he's ready."

"Humo!" was responded along; and then to himself: "Don't ask or receive favors—eh? What an old file the brute is!"

He said no more, but watched. Presently a small man came up out of the cabin of the *Panchita*, but so very slow, and with such a quiet motion, did he emerge, that one might suppose it was a wary animal rather than a human being. He was scrupulously neat in attire—a brown pair of linen trowsers, a Marseilles vest with gold filigree buttons, an embroidered shirt bosom, with diamond studs, and a dark navy-blue broadcloth coat, with standing collar and anchor gilt buttons. His head-gear was simply a white chip hat, with a very narrow brim and a fluttering red ribbon; but beneath it his coal-black hair behind was chopped as close as could be, leaving a single long and well-oiled ringlet on each side, which curled like snakes around a pair of large gold rings pendent from his ears. His complexion was dark, bilious, and swarthy, with a thin, sharp nose, and a million of minute wrinkles, all meeting above, at the corners, and under a small line of a mouth; quite like rays, in fact, and only relaxed when the lips parted to show a few ragged, rotten pegs of sharp teeth. But perhaps the most noticeable feature in his face was his eye—for he had but one—and the spot where the other is seen in the species was merely a red, closed patch of tightly drawn skin, with a few hairs sticking out like iron tacks. His single eye, however, was a jet black, round, piercing organ, which seemed to do duty for half a dozen ordinary glims, and danced with a sharp, malevolent scrutiny, as if the owner was always in search of something, and never found it; and every body and every thing appeared to slink out of its light wherever it glanced around. His age might have been any where from forty to sixty. As he stepped on deck, clear of the cuddy cabin hatch, his sinister optic played about in its socket—now scanning the long brass gun, the half-furled sails, the crew, the ropes, or taking a steady, unwinking glance at the mid-day sun, and then sliding off to the shore and sweeping in the *Centipede*, the little pool of blue water, and the mouth of the inlet. Feeling apparently satisfied with the present aspect of affairs, he slowly pulled out a machero from his waistcoat-pocket, plucked a cigaretto from the case, and then proceeded deliberately to strike a light. Even while performing this simple operation his uneasy orb, like unto a black bull's-eye, traversed about in its habitual way; and when he raised the spark of fire with his brown, thin hand, and the claws of fingers loaded with rings, he seemed to be looking into his own mouth. Nodding to a fellow who stood near, with a crimson sash around his waist, he inclined his eye toward the shore, blew out a thin wreath of smoke from his lungs—all the while his vigilant organ shining like a burning spark of lambent jet through the smoke—and merely said,

"The boat?"

In a moment a small cockle-shell of a punt was lowered from the stern of the felucca, when, stepping carefully in, he seized a scull, and with a few vigorous twists pushed her to the landing at the cove.

During all these movements of the commander of the felucca Captain Brand was by no means an inattentive observer; and indeed he was so extremely critical that he stuck the tube of a powerful telescope through an aperture of the curtains around him, and not only looked at his cautious visitor, but he actually watched the expression of his uneasy eye, and almost counted every wrinkle—finely engraved as they were—on his swarthy visage; but if Captain Brand's own visage reflected an index of his mind, he did not seem over and above pleased with what he saw.

"Has a bundle of papers under his arm! I can see the hilt of that delicate blade, too, sticking out from his wristband. Ah! I've seen him throw that short blade from his cont-sleeve and strike a dollar at twenty yards! Wonderful skill with knives you have, Don Ignacio; but you never yet tried your knack with me! Oh no, my Tuerto—bird of ill omen that you are! We can't do without one another, though, just yet; so let us wait and see what's in the wind!"

Soliloquizing these remarks, Captain Brand withdrew his telescope as the commander of the felucca approached, and, with a cheerful smile, waited to receive him. A few moments later the one-eyed individual mounted the rope-ladder stair-way, carefully feeling the strands, however, and looking suspiciously around him as he stepped lightly on the piazza.

"Ah! compadre mio!" exclaimed Captain Brand, in Spanish, as he seized his visitor by the flipper, and squeezed his fingers till the

"HE TOUCHED THE BELL OVERHEAD AS HE SPOKE, AND, PUTTING HIS MOUTH TO THE TUBE, ASKED, 'ANY THING IN SIGHT?'"

"THE DOCTOR DREW NIGH, AND, GENTLY PUSHING ASIDE THE CURTAIN, STOOD LOOKING AT THE CHILD," ETC.

will do!" he said, merrily, as the liquor and glasses were placed on the table. "And don't omit the turtle soup for dinner, and tell Lascar Joe to make it. And I forgot—the best cook I had—the devil's making soup of him now. However, do the best you can, my Baba, and let us have dinner about sunset."

Then turning to his visitor, with a graceful bow and a laugh, he added: "And we'll have the Doctor to join us, and tell how he cut off our poor friend Gibbs's leg with a hand-saw. Dios! amigo! Capital joke, 'you my house?' Captain Brand's house? Lord have mercy upon us! And he had very few jokes and never told one himself.

"How?" replied the Tuerto, in the pause of the conversation. "There's better jokes than that to hear. Hola! Look!"

With this brief rejoinder he threw a bundle of newspapers on the table, and pulling out a packet of letters from a tresse-pocket, inclined to travel his host. Then helping himself to a thimbleful of anisette, he took oil his narrow-brimmed silly hat for the first time, polished up his eye a bit with the knuckle of his fore-finger, and looked at his companion fixedly.

"Letters, I see, from our old friend Moreno, at Havana," said Captain Brand, as he sat down on the settee, and with a pretty tortoise-shell knife cut open the seals. "Ah! what says he? 'Happy to inform you,' is he? 'Packages of French silks seized by custom-house on account of informal invoice and clearance.' Why didn't the fool forge others, then? Well, what next? 'Schooner *Reel*, from Barbadoes, with cargo of rum, picked herself, wrecked going into Principe, and crew thrown into prison on suspicion of being engaged in—' Oh! oh! served them right, when I ordered them to Jago—delighted they must be! 'Bills for advances and stores now due, please remit per hands of Don Ignacio Sandoval.' Here Captain Brand caught a ray from the one eye of his companion, which he returned with a laughing nod, and flipping the letters down on the table with the softest motion in life, he exclaimed, with a sigh,

"Not the best news in the world, as you say, compadre; all those rich goods and those bags of coffee and sugar of mine go to the devil. But these are little accidents in our profession."

"Como?" said Señor Ignacio, "*our* profession?" shrinking his forehead before his paper cigar in a deprecating manner. "Speak for yourself, amigo."

"Ah! yes," the other went on—"my profession. The freedom of the seas, the toil of the tropics, the right of search, and all that part of Christian civilization, eh, Isaac? you know, to the usual risks." Here he inclined his head to one side and gave a slight cluck to his lips, as if he meant to intimate to a man choking to death with a knotted rope under his ear. However, we must be more cautious in future, and retrieve the past losses, for there are still on the sea so good barks as ever floated."

Captain Brand said this as if he were a merchant of large means and strict integrity, and was about to enter into some shrewd commercial speculation.

"Hum!" murmured Señor Ignacio while pouring out another little glass of anisette. "Amigo mio! you had better send the papers from Havana before you talk of another cruise."

"Oh! delighted to read the news, quite refreshing to have a peep at the world after being scooped up here for months! Another French revolution! Bonaparte alive yet! A Patriot war! Nelson and Villeneuve! All interesting."

Thus glancing rapidly over the prints, pausing at times at a paragraph that arrested his attention, then tossing a paper away and taking up another, till suddenly Captain Brand's hand stuck with a jerk, as he read aloud:

"His Britannic Majesty's squadron has been augmented by the Indian station. The brig *Pelt*, corvettes *Cruiser* and *Joker*, touched at Nassau, New Providence, on the second instant, bound northward. We also learn that the United States have fitted out a squadron of small vessels, called the Mosquito Fleet, to search for the notorious Brand, who has so long committed atrocities among the islands. He was last chased by the American corvette *Scourge*, of Morris's fleet, off the main coast of Guinea, but escaped during the night. The following day a shattered boat was picked up which has been cast ashore from the pirate schooner, containing several dend and dying bodies of the pirates. One of the latter gave such information to the Captain of the *Scourge* as leads to the hope that Brand's retreat may soon be discovered and his nest of pirates be destroyed. Recent advices from Cuba state that a vessel loaded with valuable merchandise struck on the Cavalo Reef and went down. The crew, however, five in number, were rescued, but on landing were identified by the mate of the English bark *Trident* as a portion of the men who robbed that vessel and murdered the master and several of the passengers. Our readers may remember that among the men were two negroes, who leaped overboard and were drowned, to save themselves the horror of a more cruel fate. The men identified by the mate were recaptured in the city of Principe, were seen in chains to Havana, and were yesterday publicly garroted in the Plaza of Moro Castle.

CHAPTER XI.

CONVERSATION IN SLEEVES AND POCKETS.

CAPTAIN BRAND laid down the paper without a sign of outward emotion, and nodded his head several times at the one-eyed man facing him. He then extracted his perfumed handkerchief, examined the cipher in the corner, and waved it before his face. Don Ignacio pulled out a red silk bandana and polished his eye as if it were the lens to a spy-glass. At length the former said, "Ho, amigo! The nets are spreading! But the fish are not in them yet!"

"No, amigo!"

"Ah, compadre! *viento y sentaos pues dios!* the fair breezes have chopped round in our teeth! Success, my friend, creates jealousy, envy, hatred, and malice! Now here were we swimming along so quiet, and fishing our water, only coming up for a bite occasionally, when on come those villainous sword-fishes and wish to drive us away!" Captain Brand gave expression to this pious homily in a tone of virtuous reproach against the world at large, and as if he were a very much injured and ill-used Christian man. He touched the bell overhead as he spoke, and, putting his mouth to the tube, asked,

"Any letters in sight?"

"Nothing, Senor."

"Telegraph the mast at the Tiger Trap station to keep a bright look-out, and direct the gunner to keep the battery manned day and night! Tell the boatswain to set tons to chain on the other side of the Pirate's Mouth!"

Don Ignacio gave a rather suspicious glimmer at his vessel as this last order was given, and smiled; that is, his one-sided twitch to the wrinkles about the line of his mouth could be tortured into a smile. He was evidently anxious to divine what was passing in the Don's mind, for he added, politely,

"The cable won't interfere with the *Pandita*?"

"No, amigo! the fetucca is anchored just outside of it!" Captain Brand was in no hurry to leave any thing to chance, and he had taken the precaution to be on the safe side of the pirates, lest an invasion or surprise, which had once been as near an approach to a pirate himself as could be, and had only abandoned the business for a professional one, which was more and more less risk and more profit. In other words, he was now a colonial officer in command of a Guarda Costa, winking and blinking and shutting his eye—at privateer whenever he was well paid for it; and he invariably was well paid for it or else he made it so. Thus, he was as an orrafty and determined an old villain as ever sailed the West Indies. He had amassed a large fortune, and was still accumulating, partly much all his wealth acquired by the easy trouble of holding his tongue. Yet his grand was insatiable. He would cheerfully have sold the fingers from his hands, and his legs and arms with them, all save his single black ball of a foot, to get the Captain's ship, if he had doubloons. In fact, this feverish thirst after gold, which always raged in his hot veins, had induced him to propose Captain Brand to share for whom he felt the least dread. He knew him to be bold, skillful, and wary, and he felt he had a secret politic conviction that should he play him false, his own neck might get a wrench in the garrote while he was throwing the noose for his confidant.

To return, however, to the pair of worthies sitting in comfort in the Pirate's saloon: the Captain, resuming the conversation, observed in a careless tone, quite as if the subject under discussion was a mere ordinary one,

"When will this swarm of hornets be down upon us?"

The Spaniard blew a thick puff of smoke from his cigarrito, and still holding it between his teeth, while his eye glittered through the murky cloud, he replied,

"Perhaps a fortnight, a little more or less. I left St. Jago five days ago, with orders from the Administrator to have a force of the Guarda Costa and procure information for the English consul."

"Any cruisers down that way?"

"Ay! the corvette *Scourge* and the *Snapper* schooner; they arrived the night before I sailed."

"Thou art a good fellow, compadre!" said he, "O, sir! I had a long talk with the Captain of the corvette at the custom-house!"

"Hola! you dog! you rogue!"

"Yes! I showed him a chart of the Isle of Pines, and pointed out how to get into the old hole!"

Here the pair laughed short laughs, when Brand continued his questions with,

"And how did the Yankee fare?"

"Hooked him, for I heard him order his first lieutenant to be ready for weighing at daylight, and I saw the boat pulling ashore with that of the dying man they picked up in the *Centipede's* boat!" replied the Tuerto, with a cluck.

"Hola! you dog!" exclaimed the Pirate, as his face assumed an unwonted sternness, while he rested his elbow on his knee, and his chin on his hand, and slipped his right into the pocket of his trowsers.

"Bueno! amigo mio! But how do I know but you may have made a little mistake, and described another haunt besides the Island of Pines, off the Guinea coast?"

There was the faintest click of a noise in the Captain's pocket as he spoke, but not so faint that it escaped the ear of the Spaniard, and, pushing back his chair a foot or two from the table, he raised his right hand, the forefingers and thumb slightly bent inward, but grasping a jewel-hilted knife, whose dim, blue blade glimmered up the loose sleeve. There was nothing threatening, apparently, in the movement, though the two villains looked at each other with a cold, murderous, unflinching glare.

The Don was the first to break the silence, and he said, in a low, hissing tone,

"Madito! Because I had a little account of plata to settle with you before the men-of-war should roast you out! But beware! Capitano mio! I left a little will at St. Jago with directions where to find me in case I did not return in a certain time!"

"Ho, compadre! how very cautious with your friends! Why, what has put such thoughts into your head? Diavolo! we have stood by one another too long to suspect one another! There! hand upon it!"

Saying this Captain Brand's white manner changed, and drawing his hand from his pocket he reached over toward his companion. The Don, from under his broad brim, narrowing, and his eye shot out a wary sparkle as he withdrew his hand, when cautiously putting forth his own left, he grasped the cold, thin, brown fingers in those of the man before him. This operation ended, he quietly sipped a few drops of anisette and rolled and lighted another paper cigarr.

"Well, amigo! let us now proceed to business," said Brand, gayly, "for dinner will soon be ready, and we have no time to lose. How stands the account?"

"The papers are on hand the felucca, and is will be mine entirely when the settlement is made to come on board with the money. How would to-morrow morning do? There's no hurry?"

"Just as you choose, friend of my soul! The toolbions, or the silk, or broadcloth is ready for you at any moment! Ho! you in any thing except the delicious wines of France. Bueno!" he added, pulling out a splendid gold repeater, with a jewelled dial, "it is the closest hour."

"And now, amigo! accept this little token into the bargain."

Don Ignacio's fiery eye twinkled with greed; but it was only for a moment, when, giving a quick glance at the corner and door of entry, he quietly slipped the gift into his fob and shook his head.

"What! No? Why you know it once belonged to the Captain-General of Cuba, old Tod le rol de riddle rol—what *was* his name? He gave it me, you know, together with some other trinkets, to remember his life—you remember? Very generous old gentleman—noblemen indeed—he was. May he live a thousand years, or more, if he can!"

"Ay, Don Ignacio did remember the circumstance, and something that generous transaction, and he remembered to have heard also that the Captain-General made a present of all his money and jewels to the Church, in a fit of black despairing at his throat. He said nothing, however, in allusion to this interesting episode, but he smiled meaningly, and went on with his work.

"Not take it, eh? Well, amigo, I must look you up somewhere else for dinner. Bobette, clear away for dinner. Here are the keys of the wine-cellar. The best, my beauty, and plenty of it! Ho! Bobette, to my companion: "Suppose we take a stroll to the Tiger's Trap; the sun is sinking, and a walk will give us an appetite for the turtle-soup—what, eh?"

CHAPTER XII.

DOCTOR AND PRIEST.

WHILE Captain Brand and Don Ignacio Sanchez walked pleasantly along the pebbly shore of the clear blue inlet to the Tiger's Trap, let us, too, saunter amidst the habitations which sheltered the Pirate's haunt. Apart from the mat-sheds of the shelly cove of the basin, where the fishing-craft were moored, there stood, there was a nest of red-tiled buildings which served the crew of the former vessel for a dwelling, when in port. It was pleasantly situated on a little sandy plateau, within a stone's-throw of the water, and shaded by a cluster of palm-trees, while in the rear, a dense jungle of cane and bushes, through which led numerous paths to a small lagoon beyond. The buildings were one-story, and composed of loose stones, the holes plastered with yellow clay, with broad, projecting eaves extending over roughly-built piazzas, formed at the back a room in one of these buildings we have described were two men. One, the shorter of the two, was dressed in a long, loose Franciscan cassock, girded about his waist by a white rope, which fell in knotted ends over his knees. His tonsured head was hung in a string of black ebony beads, hooked on to a heavy gold cross which rested on his capacious breast, and which he wearer was continually feeling and occasionally pressing to his lips. His face was dark and sensual—thick, unctuous lips, flat nose, and a low, receding forehead, with a fringe of raven hair wear like a thick cretinin all around his head, only leaving a bluish-white round patch on the crown. This single individual was the Padre Ricardo, who, for some good reasons best known to himself, had left his clerical duties in the city of Vera Cruz, and had taken service with Captain Brand. One of the reasons for leaving—and rather abruptly, too—was, for thrashing a cuchillo into the heart of his own father, who had reported him to his superior for his licentiousness. The Padre, however, was discharged, and proved that he was natural entirely by filial duty in killing his old parent, to save him the pain and disgrace which would have been the consequence of his son! He still clung to the priestly calling, and prided himself upon his facts and virtues, and never omitted the smallest forms or penances; and said mass from Ave Maria in the morning to Angelus at vesper time in the evening. For Captain Brand he was always ready to shrive a dying pirate—and pretty busy he was, too, at times—for he was a great favorite with the troubled conscience in sound health; which, if important to the safety or well-being of the freemarly, he took a quiet opportunity of listening to his superior in command. In these pur-

suits he not only made himself useful to Captain Brand, but he became more or less his confidant and adviser; and seemed to maintain his influence by ghostly advice over the superstitious feelings of the men. The Padre, however, utterly detested the sea, and never touched his soft feet in the water if he could by any possibility avoid it; but since he had plenty to eat and drink on the land, and no end of prayers for his amusement when in charge of the haunt—as he was—he took out for the people who were left when the *Centipede* sailed on a cruise, he thus passed the time in a delightfully agreeable manner.

The companion who sat opposite to the Padre was a tall, gaunt, cadaverous person, evidently of French extraction, with complexion pale as a man about his face; but yet the physiognomy expressed the utmost determination of character—such a heart and eye as could perform a delicate surgical operation without a flutter of nerve or eyelid, and who would stand before a loaded piece leveling calmly down the barrel as the hammer fell. His face was intellectual, and he never smiled. His whole appearance portrayed a thorough gentleman. Where he come from no one knew; nor did he ever open his lips, even to the Captain, with a reason for taking service among his band. All knew that he landed from a shiver at St. Jago, and was engaged by Don Ignacio to serve professionally with Brand to assist the Padre on the Spanish Main. When, however, he reached the rendezvous of the pirates, and discovered that they were engaged in a different sort of pirtitcs than he had bargained for, he nevertheless made no objections to remain, and took the oath of allegiance; only stipulating that he should not be called upon to take an active part in their proceedings. He, then, has remained quietly three years, attending to the sick or wounded, taking no interest in the accounts of the exploits of the Pirate-vessel found him—merely, I repeat, holding speech with any one save his room-mate, the Padre, or occasionally a dinner or a walk with Captain Brand. On the last occasion, however, of the *Centipede* he had been induced to go on board, so that he might become a check and guard upon the brutal rattlers who had been placed temporarily in command; but, as we have already seen, his influence had been of little avail.

There was yet another occupant of the room inhabited by the Doctor and Padre Ricardo; and a low murmur of voices ceased for a time quietly from his chair and approach the low iron bedstead on his side of the lodging. There, beneath a light pauze mosquito-net, lay some poor little Henri—his once round, rosy, innocent face now pale and thin, with a red spot on each cheek, and a dark, soft line beneath the closed eyes. Uneasily he moved in his fitful slumber; and putting his little hands together as if in prayer, he murmured, "Oh! mamma, mamma!" Beside the bed stood an unglazed jar of lemonade, together with a phial and a spoon. The Doctor drew aside, and gently pushed aside the curtain, stood looking at the child for some minutes. Presently the little sick boy feebly stretched out his delicate, thin hands, and unclosed his eyes. Oh! how dim, and sad, and touching was that look, as he gave a timid, half-wild stare, and then, during the Doctor's ministrations, the hot drops bubbled out and coursed slowly down his tender cheeks.

The Doctor, with the gentleness of a woman, bent over him, and taking up his poor, limp little hand, he moistened it with the lemonade phial and catching the hot breath on his dark cheeks. As if communing with himself—as a glow of sweetness passed up his care-worn visage, he muttered, "By the great and good God who hears me, if I save this child I will restore again to his sorrowing mother!" He sank down on his knees by the bedside as he made his vow, and letting the little hand rest on the bed, he covered his face with both dark hands. What thoughts passed through that man's mind none but the Almighty knows; but when he rose his countenance was lighted up with a rapt expression, and pouring a little lemonade in a glass he held it to the sleeper's lips. Then he moved noiselessly back to the table, he said, in a low tone,

"Padre, the boy will live." His fever is leaving—he will live, I tell you!"

"Ave Maria Santissima!" ejaculated the Padre, crossing himself and kissing his cross, "I knew it! I felt it! I prayed for it! I knew the Doctor. I will make him a little priest, and he shall swing the censer and chant the Misericordia—I get the new Latin book!"

"Time enough to think of that, mi Padre, when he gets strong again. But just now, let us pray to God that he may let him will do him no good, and so I hope you won't put yourself to the trouble."

"Amigo, amigo, Doctor; but don't sneer at the prayers of the Church. They do good; they ease the soul and soothe the pangs of Purgatory."

"Ah! and how long do you expect to stop in Purgatory?"

"Ave purissima! What a question to ask your pious and devout Padre Ricardo?"

"Because the devil's very warm fire," retorted the Doctor, as he opened a book lying on the table before him, and put an end to the discussion. His companion quietly helped himself to a measure of pure gin and unclosed the covers of his richly-bound missal.

Scarcely, however, had their conversation ceased when a hoarse hum of many voices was heard in the direction of the sheds without, and shrill with shouts in all tongues and uproarious laughter.

"Diavolo!" said the Doctor, looking out of an open window "the people have knocked off work and are coming home to their supper,

They seem to have brought some of the over of the fishes with them too. We shall have a load night of it, for the Captain has sent them a pipe of wine and a barrel of rum to excuse with."

"Pobre cios! ,They have had a hard time of it during the summer; short of rum, and water too, I least, and they need refreshment and repose. So many of my poor flock killed too by that same American corvette, and I have near to administer the last consolations and holy rites," signed the Padre, as he kissed the crucifix and kissed his hand. "There's Lazar Joe too among the missing! He refused the Sacrament, indeed as he was, the day before he sailed; but what then? Sure and not the Padre hoorgan sighed deeply again, but whether for the loss of the Lazar or the soup no one knows.

The noise without increased; the rattle of crockery, the clinking of glasses, the moving of feet, and the sounds of lumpy Lazar, and sailors at table. Soon, too, a shout or cheer would be heard, then a verse of a song, roars of laughter, and more and more the tinkle of a guitar struck by vigorous fingers in waltz or fandango.

"Mercé!" muttered the Doctor, as he looked compassionately at the sick child on the bed, "these noisy devils will, I fear, disturb the little boy, and it is hard on poor Padre, to be place we all are going to."

"It is warm, my son!" he replied, as his thick, mucilaginous lips parted with a smile at his companion's allusion to another and a hotter place; "but I think our good Captain would take a cool sling, for my little pretty, if the season of the big holiday there. It is always cool on the sea, you know!"

"Ah! perhaps he will!" said the Doctor, respectively; "I'll see about it."

Stepping again to the bedside of the little sufferer, he laid a hand gently on his forehead, where the soft curls lay in confusion about his temples, and then quickly turned to the table as regarded him attentively for a few moments, while at the same time a light glow of perspiration came lightly over his innocent face and spread itself down the neck.

"His fever is breaking! Grace's Dios!" whispered the Doctor to the Padre; "this is quite regular and cool, and he is sleeping sweetly. Now, if you like, we will go to see the Captain; and if he consents, I will carry the child when he wakes to the dwelling." The Doctor carefully closed the door of the room as he and his companion slipped out into the open air, and passed toward the spacious sheds beyond.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, April 23, in the Senate, President Buchanan transmitted copies of the instructions given to Mr. M'Lane, who Minister to China. The Postmaster-General was requested to give copies of the correspondence with Messrs. Johnson and Vandenbilt, respectively, for carrying the mails.—Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, suggested that time might be saved if gentlemen were willing to allow the Tariff, and Indian Bills, to Committee of the Whole. But a motion of Mr. Pugh, that when the House adjourned it should adjourn to-day, and the House went into Committee of the Whole. Mr. Avery defended Southern rights from Bigler's aspersion, and Mr. Morrill argued that the revision of the tariff was a necessity, that the part of the public debt which falls due in 1860 may be met.

On Tuesday, April 24, in the Senate, several executive communications were received, among them the report of Mr. Crosby relative to the difficulty between the United States and Great Britain respecting the occupation of the Island of San Juan. Some unimportant business was transacted, and the Senate adjourned till Monday.—In the House, a discussion took place on the Tariff question.

On Friday, April 27, in the House, the Senate not being in session, a resolution was offered directing the Secretary of War to communicate to the Military Committee a full plan of the floating dream battery, for the defense of the Cities of New York, which has been in progress of construction at Hoboken for some years past, under the superintendence of the Navy Department. Objection was made to the reception of the resolution, and no action was taken. In the Committee of the Whole, half a dozen political speeches were made.

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

We give elsewhere, on April 25, the Democratic National Convention assembled at noon. There was a full attendance from every State in the Union. The Convention was called to order by Judge Bradley, Chairman of the Executive Committee. Prayer was then by Rev. Dr. Adams, of Charleston. William B. Fitzhugh, of Virginia, was appointed temporary President. After a warm dispute occasioned by the attempt to read a letter of the Virginia delegation from Hunter, Mr. Bigler, of Ohio, offered a resolution to appoint a committee on permanent organization. Mr. Bickerdike, of Illinois, offered an amendment that the committee shall consist only of one from each State from each State and Territory. Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, spoke in favor of harmony, and begged gentlemen to keep cool and preserve order. Mr. Cochrane did not desire any thing but a fair hearing. Mr. Sloan, of Ohio, offered a resolution allowing only New York and Illinois from participating in the organization; but the objections being raised by Mr. Clarke, of Missouri, protested that the resolution was out of order; as Ohio should be included in the same objections. A long debate followed, participated in by Messrs. Richardson, Judge Mark, of Alabama, and Barksdale, of Mississippi. Mr. Cessna offered an amendment that two committees, one on organization, and one on rules, should be appointed, Illinois and New York to be excluded from the latter. The former question was ended, and the resolution adopted by ayes 254, nays 42.

The vote on excluding the New York and Illinois delegations from the Committee on Credentials was adopted with the following negative votes: Maryland, 1; Virginia, 15; Georgia, 10; Alabama, 9; Louisiana, 6; Mississippi, 7; Texas, 4; California, 2. Balance all in the affirmative. Ayes, 344; nays, 54. A resolution was introduced requesting the delegations from New York and Illinois not to participate in the organization until the right to the seats of the delegates is settled. A motion to lay the resolution on the table was carried—ayes, 232; nays, 44. On this motion the vote was nearly the same as the previous one, except that Texas votes in the affirmative and Arkansas in the negative.

The Chairman then read the names of the Committee on Organization and Credentials, and were appointed by the delegations.

A resolution was offered requesting the credentials to be given to Messrs. Fitzpatrick, Bigler, and Jones, and that Fernando Wood's letter be now read and referred to the Committee on Credentials. Mr. Wood requested that the letter be read, and referred to the Committee without a reading. After much confusion, the letter was read, and the credentials were then handed to the committee, on motion the Convention adjourned at three until to-day, Wednesday, at 12 m.

ON THE FOLLOWING DAY,

April 26, the Democratic National Convention reassembled at 10 o'clock.

The Committee on Permanent Organization reported in favor of Hon. Caleb Cushing, for President, and one Vice President and Secretary from each State in the Union. Three of New Yorkers, Messrs. Dean Richmond, Edward Cooper; Maryland, W. D. Bowie and R. F. Lowe; Pennsylvania, Thomas Cunningham, and Jno. Ferrell.

The Committee on Permanent Organization also reported an additional rule, to the effect that the rule by which it has not been provided or directed by the State Conventions that the delegates to the Convention will recognize the right of each delegate to cast his individual vote.

Mr. Wright, of Pennsylvania, made a strong appeal for unanimity. He hoped the Convention would, by acts, notions to be made would not be with the paper on which they were received when between the two New York delegations. Every delegate should be prepared to cast his votes in accordance with the convictions and those of his constituents. Pennsylvania had never voted as a unit, and yet she had been very unanimous. He closed by demanding the previous question, and the vote was taken on the adoption of the report relating to presiding officers, and it was adopted unanimously.

Mr. Flourney, the temporary Chairman, then returned thanks, commending the Convention to God. We shall something under our flag. The Democratic party has not any thing to fear. Our cause is right. The Democrats enthusiasm, and hoped no more allusions would be made to such divisions.

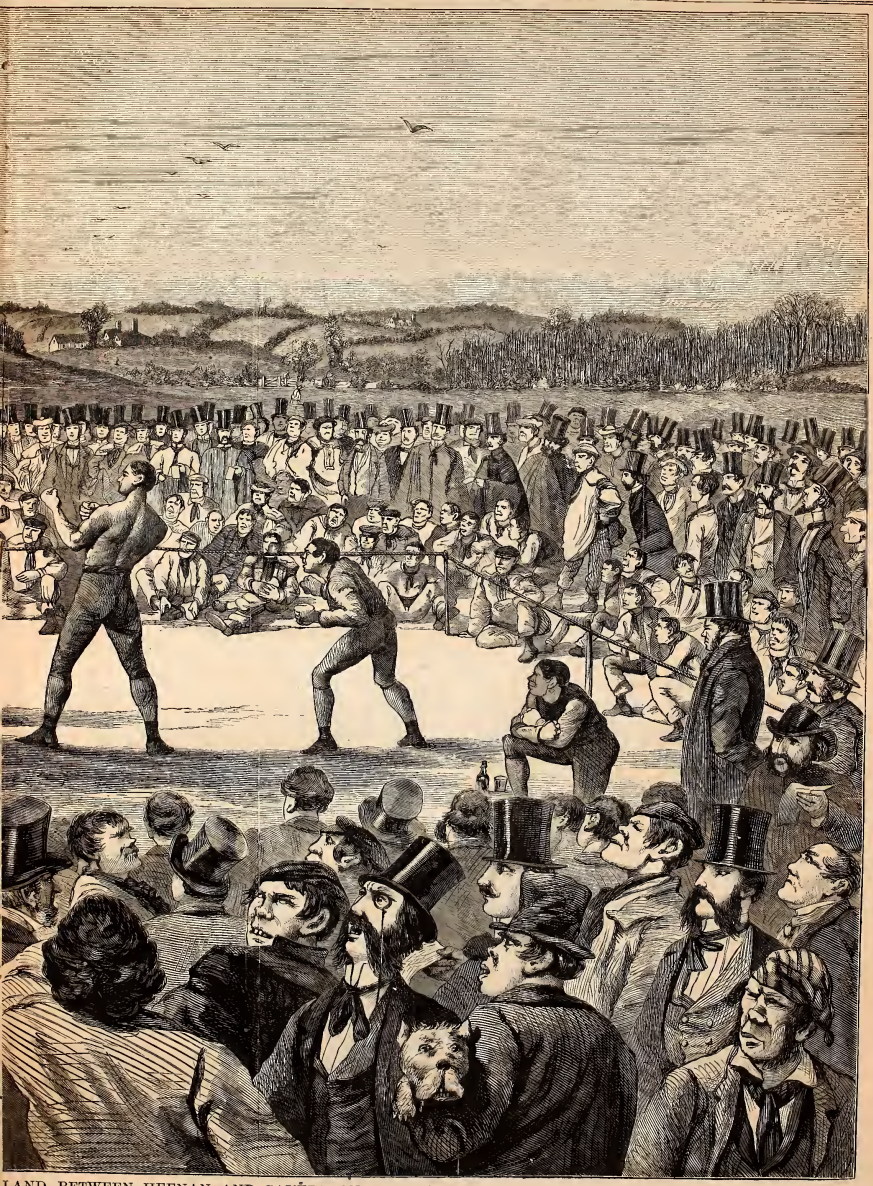
CALEB CUSHING'S ADDRESS.

Hon. Caleb Cushing was then introduced to the Convention, amidst tumultuous applause.

When the cheering subsided General Cushing addressed the Convention as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION,—I respectfully beg to be pardon for any unusual emotion which I feel in the honor which you have this day done me in repeatedly the mark of your confidence and kindness. It is, however, a responsible duty imposed, much more than I have been endeavored, in the discharge of my duties, in the direction of business and of debate, and in the preservation of order, to do my duty impartially and faithfully and impartially to offiliate here as your moderator, and but hopeful to be able to do so. I prove deliberative assembly like this it is not the presiding officer in which the success of the Convention depends but yours—your intelligence—your sense of order—your instinct of self-control. I, therefore, relying upon you, not upon myself, for the prompt and patriotic discharge of the duties of the Chair of this Convention, I, therefore, have come hither from the great Pacific Ocean, from the Golden Gate of the United States, the Imperial centre, from the one highest pillar of the Southern Pacific to the Sierra of the mighty basin of the Mississippi, from the Golden Gate of the Pacific to the Gulf of Mexico. I, I, I,

BLOODY, BRUTAL, AND BLACKGUARD PRIZE-FIGHT IN EN(



LAND, BETWEEN HEENAN AND SAYERS, ON APRIL 17, 1860.

THE Uncommercial Traveller.

NO. VII.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I TRAVEL constantly, up and down a certain line of railway that has a terminus in London. It is the railway for a large military depôt, and for other large barracks. To the best of my sober belief, I have never been on that railway by day light without seeing some handcuffed deserters in the train.

It is in the nature of things that such an institution as our English army should have many bad and treacherous characters in it. But this is a reason, for, and not a reason against, its being made as acceptable as possible to well-disposed men of decent behavior. Such men are assuredly not trapped into the ranks by the beastly inversion of natural laws and the compulsion to live in worse than ovinish foulness. Accordingly, when any such Circumlocutional embellishments of the soldier's condition have of late been brought to notice, we civilians, cared in outer darkness cheerfully meditating on an Income Tax, have considered the matter as being our business, and have shown a tendency to declare that we would rather not have it misregulated, if such declaration may, without violence to the Church Catechism, be limited to those who are put in authority over us.

Any animated description of a modern battle, any private soldier's letter published in the newspapers, any page of the journal of Sir Victoria Cross, will show that in the ranks of the army there exists under all disadvantages as fine a sense of duty as is to be found in any station on earth. Who doubts that if we all did our duty as faithfully as the soldier does his this world would be a better place? There is no great difficulty in our way than in the soldier's. Not disputed. But let us at least do our duty toward him.

I had got back again to that rich port where so many snares are set for Mercaptile Jack, and I was walking up a hill there, on a wild March morning. My conversation with my official friend Pangloss, by whom I was accidentally accompanied, took this direction as we took the up-hill direction, because the object of my uncommercial journey was to see some discharged soldiers who had recently come home from India. There were three of Have-Lock's among them; there were men who had been in many of the great battles of the great Indian campaign among them; and it was curious to note what sort of discharged soldiers looked like when they were done with.

I was not the man interested (as I mentioned to my official friend Pangloss) because these men had obtained to be discharged, when their right to be discharged was abolished. They had behaved with unblemished fidelity and bravery; but a change of circumstances had arisen, which, as they considerably, and to call by their company had entitled them to enter on a new one. Their demand had been slaughtedly resisted by the authorities in India; and it was to be presumed that the men were not far wrong, inasmuch as the bugle had ended in their being sent home disbarged, in pursuance of orders issued to them. (There was an immense waste of money, of course.)

Under these circumstances—thought I, as I walked up the hill on which I accidentally encountered my official friend—under these circumstances of the men having successfully opposed disbandment in the Pagoda Department of that great Circumlocution Office, on which the Sun never sets and the light of reason never rises, the Pagoda Department will have been particularly careful of the national honor. It will have shown these men, in the scrupulous good faith, not to say the generosity, of its dealings with them, that great national authorities can have no small retaliations and revenges. It will have made every provision for their health on the passage home, and will have landed them restored from their campaigning fatigues by a sea-voyage, pure air, sound food, and good medical care. I planned myself with fondness, beforehand, on the great accounts of their personal treatment which these men would carry into their native towns and villages, and on the increasing popularity of the service that would insensibly follow. I almost began to hope that the hitherto-ever-falling desiderata on our railroad would by-and-by become a phenomenon.

In this agreeable frame of mind I entered the work-house of Liverpool. For the cultivation of laurels in a sandy soil had brought the soldiers in question to the end of a blade of Grass.

Before going into their wards to visit them, I inquired how they had made their triumphant entry there? They had been brought through the rain in carts, it seemed, from the landing-place to the gate, and had then been carried up stairs on the backs of porters. Their groans and pains during the performance of this glorious pageant had been so distressing as to bring tears into the eyes of spectators but too well accustomed to scenes of suffering. They were so dreadfully cold that those who could get near the fires were hard to be restrained from thrusting their feet in among the blazing coals. They were so horribly reduced that they were awful to look upon. Rocked with dysentery and diarrhœa, with scurvy, or low fever, and forty wretched men had been revived with brandy and laid in bed.

My official friend Pangloss is linearly descended from a learned doctor of that name, who was our tutor to Candide, an ingenuous young gentleman of some celebrity. In his personal character he is as humane and worthy a gentleman as any I know; in his official capacity he unfortunately preaches the doctrines of his renowned ancestor, by demonstrating on all occasions that we live in the best of all possible official worlds.

"In the name of Humanity," said I, "how did the men fall into this deplorable state? Was the ship well found in stores?"

"I am not here to answerate that I know the fact, of my own knowledge," answered Pangloss, in his roundabout official way; "but I have grounds for asserting that the stores were the best of all possible stores."

A medical officer had before my a handful of rotten biscuit and a handful of spile stuff. The biscuit was a honey-combed heap of maggots, and the excrement of maggots. The pea was even more rotten than the bits. The handful had been experimentally boiled six hours, and had shown no signs of softening. These were the stores on which the soldiers had been fed.

"The beef—" I began, when Pangloss cut me short.

"Was the best of all possible beef," said he.

But, behold, there was hard before us certain evidence given at the inquiry, by a surgeon, (taken on some of the men (who had obstinately died of their treatment), and from that evidence it appeared that the beef was the worst of all possible beef.

"The beef I lay my hand upon my heart, and take my stand," said Pangloss, "by the pork, which was the best of all possible pork."

"But look at this food before our eyes, if one may so misuse the word," said I. "Would any Inspector who did his duty pass such abomination?"

"It ought not to have been passed," Pangloss admitted.

"Then the authorities out there—" I began, when Pangloss cut me short again.

"There would certainly seem to have been something wrong somewhere," said he; "but I am prepared to prove that the authorities out there are the best of all possible authorities."

I never heard of an impeached public authority in my life who was not the best public authority in existence.

"We are told of these unfortunate men being laid low by scurvy," said I. "Since lime-juice has been required and served out to our navy, surely that disease, which used to devastate it, has almost disappeared. Was there lime-juice aboard this transport?"

My right official was beginning "the best of all possible—" when an inconvenient medical witness pointed out another particularity in the evidence, from which it appeared that the lime-juice had been had, but, in the intervention that the vessel had been laid too, the vegetables had too, the cooking accommodation insufficient (if there had been any thing more than mentioned), and the water supply exceedingly inadequate, and the beer sour. "Then the men," said Pangloss, a little irritated, "were the worst of all possible men."

"In what respect?" I asked.

"Oh! Habitual drunkards," said Pangloss.

But again the medical witness had his forefinger pointed out another passage in the evidence, showing that the dead men had been examined after death, and that they, if anything, could more justly have been habitual drunkards, because the organs within them which must have shown traces of that habit were perfectly healthy.

"And besides," said the three doctors present, one and all, "habitual drunkards brought as low as these men, would have required the utmost care and food, as the great majority of these men are recovering. They would not have strength of constitution for a cure."

"Reckless and improvident dogs, then," said Pangloss. "Always are—nine times out of ten."

I turned to the member of the medical board, and asked him whether the men had any money?

"Money?" said he. "I have in my iron safe nearly four hundred pounds of their pay, and have nearly a hundred pounds more; and many of them have left money in Indian banks besides."

"Did they all die, then, in the state they were in?" I asked, "this is not the best of all possible stories, I doubt?"

We went into a large ward, containing some twenty or five-and-twenty beds. We went into several such wards, one after another. I saw more dirtiness than I had seen in nursing sight I saw in them, without frightening the reader from the perusal of these lines and defeating my object of making it known.

On the sunken eyes that turned to me as I walked between the rows of beds, covers with the hollow cheeks fixed at the white ceiling, and was nothing cared for nothing? Here lay the skeleton of a man, as lightly covered with yellow wrinkled sheepe skin that not a bone in the anatomy was clothed, and I could clasp the arm, above the elbow, in my hand and touch, I thus lay a man with the black scurvy eating his legs away, his gums gone, and his teeth all gaunt and bare. This lad was empty, because great pains had set in, and the patient had died but yesterday. That bed was a hopeless one, because its occupant was sinking fast, and could not be roused from the poor pinched mask of face upon the pillow with a feeble moan. The awful thinness of the fallen cheeks, the awful hollowness of the eyes, the light of lead, the hands of ivory, the recumbent human images lying in the shadow of death, with a kind of vehement impatience in their faces that had died absent the ship and were lying at the bottom of the sea—oh, Pangloss, God forgive you!

In one bed a man was sitting, his head was saved (as it was hoped) by deep incisions in the feet and legs. While I was speaking to him a nurse came up to change the poultices, which the incisions had rendered necessary, and I had an instinctive feeling that it was not well to turn away merely to spare myself. He was nearly recovered and very susceptible; but the efforts he made to subdue any expression of impatience or suffering were quite heroic. It was easy to see, in the shrinking of the figure and the drawing of the bed-clothes over the head, how acute the endurance was, and it made me shrink too, as if I were in pain; but when the new bandages were on, and the poor feet were comfortable again, he made no pathetic or hideset (though he had not uttered a word), and said, plaintively, "I am so tender and weak, you see, Sir." Neither from him nor from any other sufferer of the whole ghastly number did I hear a complaint. Of thankfulness for present solicitude and care I heard much; of complaint not a word.

I think I could have recognized in the dismissed skeleton there the ghost of a soldier. Something of the old air was still latent in the pulest shadow of life that I looked to. One emaciated creature, in the strictest literality worn to the bone, lay stretched on his back, looking as like death that I stood close at the bedside, as he was not dying or dead? A few kind words from the doctor in his ear, and he opened his eyes, and smiled—looked, in a moment, as if he would have made a salute if he could. "We shall pull him through, please God," said the Doctor. "Please God, Sure, and thankyo," said the patient. "You are much better to-day, are you not?" said the Doctor. "Please God, Sure," said the sinking Lad. "I was thy breathin' makes the nights so long." "He is a careful fellow this, you must know," said the Doctor, cheerfully, as we left the sinking lad when they put him in an open cart to bring him here, and he had the presence of mind to ask to have a novel-story taken out of his pocket that he had there, and a cab engaged. Probably it saved his life." The patient rattled out the skeleton of a laugh, and said, proud of the story, "Deed, Sure, an open cart was a comical means o' bringin' a dyin' man here, and a clever way to kill him." You might have known by his manner when he said it.

One thing had perplexed me very much in going from bed to bed. A very significant and cruel thing. I could not understand why men but one. He had attracted my notice by having got up and pressed himself in his soldier's jacket and trowsers, with the intention of leaving by the fire; but, he had found himself too weak, and had crept back to his bed, and had himself down on the outside of it. I could not understand why, unless, he be a young man aged by illness and sickness. As we were standing by that bed, the soldier's bed I was perplexed my perplexity to the Doctor. He took a board with an inscription on it from the head of his bedstead, and showed me what age I supposed that man to be? I had observed him with attention while talking to him, and answered, confidently, "Fifty-five." Doctor, with a twinkling glance at the patient, who had dropped into a stupor again, put the board back, and said, "Twenty-four."

All the arrangements of the wards were excellent. They could not have been more humane, sympathizing, attentive, and wakeful, or whoever, The owners of the ship, too, had done all they could, liberally. There were bright fires in every room, and the convalescent men were sitting round them reading various papers and periodicals. I took the liberty of inviting my official friend Pangloss to do the same convalescent men, and to tell me whether their faces and bearing were or were not, generally, the faces and bearing of drunk, improvident, and reckless soldiers? The master of the work-house, overhearing me, said that he had had a pretty large experience of troops, and had never noticed any such thing as that we were there to do with. They were always (he added) as we saw them. And of us visitors (I add) they knew nothing and cared nothing about us.

It was audacious in me, but I took another liberty with Pangloss. Prefacing it with the observation that, of course, I knew beforehand that there was not the faintest desire any where to hush up any part of this dreadful business, and that the inquest was the fullest of the most public inquests, I brought four things of Pangloss's. Firstly, to observe that the Inquest was *not held in their place*, but at some distance off. Secondly, to look round upon those helpless spectres in their beds. Thirdly, to remember that the witnesses produced from among their ranks at that inquest could not have been selected because they were the men who had the most to tell, if any, because they happened to be in a state admitting of their safe removal. Fourthly, to say whether the Coroner and Jury would have accepted the evidence of dead men if taken a little evidence? My official friend declined to commit himself to a more detailed reply.

There were a few convalescent men in the five-side groups; as he was a man of a very intelligent countenance, and as I have a great respect for nonmanuscript evidence, I took down on the nearest bed to have some talk with him. (It was the bed of one of the grisliest of the poor skeletons, and he died soon afterward.)

"I was glad to see, in the evidence of an officer at the inquest, sergeant, that he never saw men behave better than these men." I said.

"They did behave very well, Sir."

"I was glad to see, too, that every man had a hammock."

The sergeant gravely shook his head. "There must be some mistake, Sir. The men of my own mess had no hammocks. There were not hammocks enough on board, and the men of the two next messes had hold of hammocks for themselves as soon as they got on board, and squeezed my men out, as I may say."

"Had the squeezed-out men none then?"

"None, Sir. The men who had hammocks were used by other men who wanted hammocks; but many men had none at all."

"Then you don't agree with the evidence on that point?"

"Certainly not, Sir. A man can't when he knows to the contrary."

"Did any of the men sell their bedding for drink?"

"There is some mistake on that point, too, Sir. Men were under the impression—I know it for a fact at time—that it was not allowed to take blankets or bedding on board, and so men who had things of that sort came to sell them purposely."

"Did any of the men sell their clothes for drink?"

"They did, Sir." (I believe there never was a more truthful witness than the sergeant. He had no inclination to make out a case.)

"Many?"

"Some, Sir" (considering the question). "Soldier-like. There had been long marching in the relay season by bad roads—no roads at all, in short—and when they got to Calcutta men turned sick and drank before taking a hat look at it. Soldier-like."

"Do you see any men in this ward, for example, who sold their clothes for drink at that time?"

The sergeant's wan eye, happily just beginning to relaxile with health, traveled round the place, and came back to me. "Certainly, Sir."

"The marching to Calcutta in the relay season must have been severe?"

"It was very severe, Sir."

"Yet what with the rest and the sea air, I should have thought that the men (even the men who got drunk) would have soon began to recover on board ship?"

"So they might; but the bad food told upon them, and when we got to Cape Town I could hardly tell more, and the men dropped."

"The bad food a general disinclination for food, I am told, sergeant?"

"Have you seen the food, Sir?"

"Some of it."

"Have you seen the state of their mouths, Sir?"

If the sergeant, who was a man of a few orderly words, had spoken the amount of a volume of the publication, he could not have settled that question better. I believe that the sick could as soon have eaten the ship's provisions.

I took the additional liberty with my friend Pangloss, when I had left the sergeant with good wishes, of asking Pangloss whether he had ever heard of biscuit getting drunk and bartering its nutritive qualities for putrefaction and vermin; of peas becoming intoxicated in liquor of hammock drink, giving themselves off the face of the earth; of limejuice, vegetables, vinegar, cooking accommodation, water, pork, and beer, all turning to drinking together and going to ruin? If not (I asked him), what did he say in defense of the efficient constitution of the Coroner's Jury, when, by signing the General Inspection report relative to the ship *Great Tasmania* chartered for these troops, had deliberately recorded all that had been poisonous dung-hill refuse to be good and wholesome food? My official friend replied that it was a remarkable fact, that when these officers were only paid to be good, and other officers only comparatively better, those particular officers were superlatively the very best of all possible officers.

My hand and heart fail me in writing my record of this journey. The spectacle of the soldiers in the hospital-beds of that Liverpool workhouse was so shocking and so shameful, that as an Englishman, I could not but remember it The would have been simply unbearable at the time but for the consideration and pity with which they were soothed in their sufferings.

No punishment that our inefficient laws provide is worthy of the crime when set against the guilt of this transaction. But if the memory of it be not unavenged, and if it do not result in the inexorable dismissal and disgrace of those who are responsible for it, their escape will be infamous to the Government (no matter of what party) that so neglects the lives and inflicts such miseries on patriotic sufferers such intolerable wrong to be done in its name.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SIMPLE SIMON AND THE PENNY.

A BALLAD FOR THE PRESENT DISTRESS—A MOTHER GOOSE, ADD. AND EDITED BY PRESIDENT FUNDS, D.D.

Simple Simon met a Fireman,
Who hoked out a penny;
Says Simple Simon to the Fireman,
Let me have a penny.
Said the Fireman unto Simple Simon,
First give me a penny.
Said Simple Simon to the Fireman,
"I have not too many."

V. 1. *Simple Simon.* Johannes Tauros.
V. 1. *Fireman.* Ein Fiur Vir, or pleas ness. Guillotine Legislature, Vogel dieg gegenwartigen Ministerium.
V. 2. Et voeux Andrieux angel maximum ecoutez.
Ingenious Simon, Simple Simon, Simple Simon, deill, fool, or pleasing, and qui tenlier ceteres fecitis Rangel.
V. 3. *Penny.* Pecunia.
V. 4. *Tell me.* Dic intuis mihi, tuis, tuis, res cubis ejusmet, etc.
V. 4. *Much wise.* Vile pondere Sublimen confiscabo.
V. 6. *Give me a Penny.* Nutrigi sangiuem, pay-ment, et ejectio, et ejectio, et ejectio, et ejectio, et ejectio. Lets ad ipsum Magnum.
V. 6. *Let me have.* Non est Simonius tam stultus, post omnia, ut ad ipsum Magnum Pecunia dabit.

FIREMAN EXTINGUISHED.—We know a dandy who is so extremely fastidious that he is always measured for his umbrella.

"That's a flame of mine!" as the fellow said to the fire.

Gun—that rivers should be so full just where they empty themselves.

Many institutions are improperly called *semi-curates*, for they do not half teach any thing.

The man who was housed in by a crowd has been rescued with a little bit of his mind.

Two old friends met, not long since, after a separation of thirty-five years. "Well, Tom," says one, "how has the world treated you this day? Married yet?"—"Yes, and I've a family you can't matter; seven boys and one girl." "I can guess which it exactly," was the reply, "for I have seven girls and one boy."

The Tribune is certainly becoming rusty in Bible knowledge. It speaks of "little David and his flock; little David the son of Jessie," when it was not little David but great "Jesse, the father of David, and Jesse begat them all the people," who was sent on that errand. Is this a specimen of the Biblical and historical accuracy of that paper?

What figure is that which if cut in two becomes nought?—The human figure.

William the Fourth caused in a momentary dilemma one day when at table with several officers he ordered one of the waiters to "take away that marine there," pointing to an empty bottle. "Your Majesty," inquired a colonel of marines, "do you mean an empty bottle is a member of our branch of the service?"—"Yes," replied the monarch, as a sudden thought struck him, "I have to say it has done its duty once, and is ready to do it again."

The philosopher Frazer says that, "though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer."

Believe enlistments quickly. A man is like an eggthe longer he is kept in hot water the harder he is when he is taken out.

"I presume you won't charge any thing for just remembering me," said a one-legged sailor to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

A lawyer engaged in a case, tormented a witness so much with questions that the poor fellow at last cried for water. "There," said the Judge, "I thought you'd stopper it."

A collegian, enlightening a farmer upon animalcules, applied his microscope to the chicken, saying, "Now, look at those wiggle." "Well," said the farmer, placing the chicken in his pocket, "let them wiggle. I can stand it as long as they can."

Why is B like a hot fire?—Because it makes oil boil.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Holmes, to see this splendid field of potatoes so entirely diseased," said a sympathizing neighbor. "Ah, that's just what a great poet" replied the farmer, "but there's no comfort—Jack Tamson's is not a bit better!"

THE HON. JOHN MINOR BOTTS, OF VIRGINIA.

AMONG the distinguished persons whose names have been suggested in connection with the Presidency is the Hon. John Minor Botts.

Mr. Botts was born in the town of Dumfries, in the County of Prince William, in the State of Virginia, on the 16th September, 1802. His parents removed while he was yet very young to the City of Richmond, where his father, Benjamin Botts, became an eminent lawyer, and was one of the counsel of Aaron Burr in his celebrated trial for treason. In the winter of 1811, by the conflagration of the Richmond Theatre some eighty persons perished in the flames and others, by the sad catastrophe Mr. Botts lost both of his parents, and was thus very early left without the natural and omnipresent guardians of his youth. Having received an adequate, though not what is termed a full education, before his majority he was enlisted a practitioner at the bar in the courts of Virginia.

He did not long continue, however, to practice his profession; having married, years before, after, he was elected to the County of Henrico, and became a cultivator of the soil, which occupation he continued successfully to follow for a considerable period after his entrance into public life.

Always a Whig, he was elected, from the county of his residence, in the year 1833, a member of the House of Delegates of Virginia; and so continued, by yearly re-election, until the year 1839, when he was elected a member of the House of Congress, by very soon distinguished himself as an able debater, an eloquent speaker, a well-informed man, endowed with high powers of firmness and consistency. The first debate in which he took any part in the latter body arose on the election return of the representatives from New Jersey, which gave rise to animated discussion. In a speech delivered January 9, 1840, Mr. Botts vindicated with "power and effect" the claims of her "sister land," and on the 10th of March the minority report of the Committee, prepared by him, was presented to the House, and the subject was finally disposed of by the admission of the returned representatives to their seats. His effort on this occasion placed him in the foremost rank of members. During the same session (July 14, 1840), on the bill making appropriations for the army, he again addressed the House ably with a view to retrenching the expenditures of the Federal Government. When Mr. Tyler succeeded to the Presidency by the death of General Harrison, Mr. Botts very soon found himself constrained to place himself in opposition to his administration—a position personally repugnant to him, since he and Mr. Tyler had been warm personal friends; but as believed he was guided by high considerations of duty. On the particular subject with gave rise to that difference his speeches may be found—the one dated August 4, and the other September 10, 1841.

Another measure of his was successful effort to repeal the Twenty-first Rule, which had been adopted for the purpose of excluding abolition petitions. In this connection he used the following language: "The right of petition is guaranteed by the Constitution in its absolute, unqualified, and unlimited; and to impair that right is to inflict a fatal wound upon popular freedom." The result of the repeal was, as he had predicted, a backlash to all similar petitions. In the session before the repeal 6000 were presented; in the session after it only 6.

Mr. Botts closed his Congressional career (after serving three sessions) with the session of 1847-'48; since which time—with the exception of being in the Virginia Constitutional Convention, in which he bore a conspicuous part—he has been a private citizen. Though not in public life, Mr. Botts has not remained a careless observer of passing events.

Mr. Botts took ground against the famed Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and his letters, published at the time in the *National Intelligencer*, exhibited great power. On this occasion he was the subject of censure from many of his party and section, many of whom have since acknowledged the correctness of his views, and give testimony to his judgment and foresight.

Hon. John Minor Botts is now to-day as devoted a follower of Henry Clay as he was thirty years ago. At the present time he co-operates with the Constitutional Union party.

HON. ERASTUS BROOKS, OF NEW YORK

THE Hon. Erastus Brooks, whose portrait is given herewith, was born in Portland, Maine, January 24, 1815. His father was lost at sea near the close of the year 1814, and left his family so far unprovided for, that young Brooks, when but eight years of age, was sent to Boston to make his own way in the world. Here he was employed as an errand boy, and gained the rudiments of an education by attending evening school. His next move was to a printing-office, where he was successively "devil," journeyman printer, and finally publisher and proprietor of a daily paper called the *Traveler*, at Worcester, Mass. While in this town he obtained a better education, he began preparing himself for college, defraying his expenses by teaching school during vacations. They prepared he entered Brown University (Providence, Rhode Island), from which he graduated in due time. Afterward taught grammar school in Fall River, Massachusetts, and became editor and part proprietor of the Haverhill *Gazette*. In 1836 he went to Washington as the accredited correspondent of the New York *Daily Advertiser* and of several New England papers; next took an interest in the New York *Express*, which he conducted as an editor and remained in Washington, as one of its editors, for sixteen successive sessions of Congress. In 1845 he travelled through Europe, corresponding with the *Express*.

In 1853 he was elected to the State Senate of New York, and distinguished himself by his advocacy of the bill which took the Church property of the Roman Catholic Church in this State from the parties who had held it, by purchase, gift, and, placed it under the control of the lay trustees of the churches, in trust for the congregations. This involved him in a controversy with Archbishop Hughes, which attracted much attention at the time. He was again elected to the State Senate in 1855, and was the successful competitor of the American Party for Governor of this State. He was beaten at the election, and has since been the active part in public life. He is connected with the "Union Party," whose Convention meets at Baltimore on 9th May.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

(AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

To resume. The night passed as usual, without producing any change for the better in Miss Rubelle's condition. I was determined to improve a little. The day after that her lodyship, the Countess, without mentioning the object of her journey, left for Paris, on a shopping errand by the morning train to London; her noble husband, with his customary attention, accompanying her to the station.

I was now left in sole charge of Miss Halcombe, with every apparent chance, in consequence of her sister's illness, of being left to myself, in the Count's absence. Jest as I was meditating the first, and the most important of my plans, I received a message from the doctor and the Count.

His lordship, on returning from the station, stepped up into Miss Halcombe's bedroom, and made his inquiries. I went out from the bedroom to speak to him, Mr. Dawson and Lady Glyde being with the patient, and I met the Count. The Count asked me many questions about the treatment and the symptoms. I informed him that the treatment was the same, and produced no "eclipse;" and that the symptoms, between the attacks of fever, were certainly those of increasing weakness and nervous irritation. Just as I mentioning these last particulars Mr. Dawson came out from the bedroom.

I perceived, the moment I saw his lordship, stepping forward in the most urbane manner, and stopping the doctor with a high-bred resolution impossible to resist, "I greatly fear, sir, you find no improvement in the symptoms to-day?"

"I find decided improvement," answered Mr. Dawson.

"You still persist in your lowering treatment of this case of fever?" continued his lordship.

"I persist in the treatment, which is justified by my own professional experience," said Mr. Dawson.

"I trust me to put one question to you on the vast subject of professional experience," observed the Count. "I presume to offer no more than a very proper question, when I say this. You live at some distance, Sir, from the plantic centres of scientific activity—London and Paris. Have you ever heard of the wasting effects of fever being reasonably and intelligibly treated by fortifying the patient with quinine, with brandy, wine, ammonia, and quinine? Has that new heresy of the highest medical authorities ever reached your secluded ears, Sir?"

"When a professional man puts that question to me I shall be glad to answer him," said the decorous doctor, with a bow to the Count, "as one not a professional man; and I beg to decline answering you."

Baffled in this inexcusably uncivil way on one check, the Count, like a practical Christian, immediately turned the other, and said, in the sweetest manner, "Good-morning, Mr. Dawson."

If my late beloved husband had been so fortunate as to have his lordship, how highly he and the Count would have esteemed each other!

Her ladyship the Countess returned by the last train that night, and brought with her the nurse from London. I was interested that this person's name was Mrs. Rubelle. Her personal appearance, and her imperfect English, when she spoke, informed me that she was a foreigner.

I have always cultivated a feeling of humane indulgence for foreigners. They do not possess our blessings and advantages; and they are, for the most part, brought up in the blind errors of popery. It has also always been my precept and practice, as it was my dear husband's precept and practice, to receive me (see Sermon xxxv., in the Collection by the late Rev. Samuel Michelson, M.A.), to do as I would be done by. On this three reasons, I will not say that Mrs. Rubelle struck me as being a small, wiry, sly person, of fifty or thereabouts, with a dark brown or Creole complexion, black watchful, light grey eyes. Nor will I mention, for the reasons just alleged, that I thought her dress, though it was of the plainest and most inappropriately sober in texture and unnecessarily refined in trimming and finish, for a person in her position in life. I will not, for these things to be said of me, and therefore it is my duty not to say them of Mrs. Rubelle. I will merely mention that her manners were—to use a vulgar phrase—pleasantly reserved—but only remarkably quiet and retiring; that she looked about her a great deal, and said very little; that she might have acted quite as much from her own modesty as from distrust of her position at Blackwater Park; and that she declined to partake of my supper (which was curious, perhaps, but surely not suspicious?), although I myself politely invited her to share it in my own room.

At the Count's particular suggestion (so like his lordship's forgiving disposition!), it was arranged that Mrs. Rubelle should not enter on her duties until she had been seen and approved by the doctor the next morning. I sat up that night. Lady Glyde appeared to be very unwilling that the new nurse should be employed to attend on Miss Halcombe. Such were the liberality toward a foreigner on the part of a lady of her education and refinement surprised me. I ventured to say to her ladyship, we must all remember not to be hasty in our judgments on our inferiors—especially when they come from foreign parts." Lady Glyde did not appear to attend to me. She only sighed, and kissed Miss Halcombe's hand as she lay on the counterpane. Secretly a spiteful woman nursing in a sick-room, with a patient whom it was highly desirable not to excite. But poor Lady Glyde knew nothing of nursing—nothing of sickness. I am sorry to say.

The next morning Mrs. Rubelle was sent to the sitting-room, to be approved by the doctor on his way through the drawing-room. I left Lady Glyde with Miss Halcombe, who was slumbering at the time, and joined Mrs. Rubelle, with the object of hastily instructing her from feeling strange and nervous in consequence of the uncertainty of her situation. She did not appear to see in it that I was. She seemed to be quite satisfied, beforehand, that Mr. Dawson would approve of her; and she sat calmly looking out of window, with the composure of enjoying the country air. Some people might have thought such conduct suggestive of heartlessness. I say to say that, I have liberally set it down to extraordinary strength of mind.

Instead of the doctor coming, up to us, I was sent for to see the doctor. I thought this change of affairs rather odd, but Mrs. Rubelle did not appear to be surprised in any way. I left her still calmly looking out of window, and still blandly enjoying the country air.

Mr. Dawson was waiting for me, by himself, in the breakfast-room.

"About this new nurse, Mrs. Michelson," said the doctor, abruptly.

"Yes, Sir?"

"I find that she has been brought here from London by Lady Glyde, at the old foreigner, who is always trying to interfere with me. Mrs. Michelson, the fat old foreigner is a Quack."

"This was very rude. I was naturally shocked at it.

"Are you aware, Sir," I said, "that you are talking of a nobleman's wife?"

"Pooh! He isn't the first Quack with a handle to his name. They're all Counts—hang 'em!"

"He would not be a friend of Sir Percival Glyde's, Sir, if he was not a member of the highest society—according the English aristocracy, of course."

"Very well, Mrs. Michelson, call him what you like, you will not get back to the nurse. I have been objecting to her already."

"Without having seen her, Sir?"

"Yes, without having seen her. She may be the best nurse in existence, but she is not a nurse of my preferring. I have put the objection to Sir Percival as the master of the house. He doesn't support me. He says a nurse of my providing would have been a stranger from London also; and he thinks the woman ought to have a trial, after his wife's aunt has taken the trouble to find her in London. There is some justice in that, and I can't decently say No. But I have made it a condition that she is to go at once, if she shows symptoms of her. This proposal being one which I have some right to make, as medical attendant, Sir Percival has consented to it. Now, Mrs. Michelson, I know I can depend on you, and I want you to keep a sharp eye on the nurse for the first day or two, and let me know if she gives Miss Halcombe no medicines but mine. This foreign nobleman of yours is dying to try his quack remedies—concentrated quinine, I suspect, my patient; and a nurse who is brought here by his wife may be a little too willing to help him. You understand? Very well, then, we may go up stairs. Is the nurse there? I'll say a word to her before she goes into the sick-room."

We found Mrs. Rubelle still enjoying herself at the window. When I introduced her to Mr. Dawson neither the doctor's doubtful looks nor the doctor's searching questions appeared to confuse her in the least. She answered him quietly in her foreign accent, which, though he tried hard to puzzle her, she never betrayed the least ignorance, so far, about any part of her duties. This was doubtless the result of strength of mind, as I said before, and not of brazen assurance by any means.

We all went into the bedroom. Mrs. Rubelle looked very attentively at the patient, courtesied to Lady Glyde, set one or two little things right in the room, and sat down quietly in a corner to wait until she was wanted. Her ladyship seemed startled and annoyed by the appearance of this strange nurse. No one said any thing for the ears of rousing Miss Halcombe, who was still slumbering, except the doctor, who whispered a question about the night. I softly answered, "Much as usual," and Mr. Dawson went out. Lady Glyde followed him, I suppose to speak about Mrs. Rubelle. For my part, I felt much as my mind was already that this quiet foreign person would keep her situation. She had all her wits about her, and she possessed, I understood her business, for I could hardly have done much better by the bedside myself.

Remembering Mr. Dawson's caution to me, I subjected Mrs. Rubelle to a severe scrutiny, at certain intervals, for the next three or four days. I over and over again entered the room softly and suddenly, but I never found her out in any suspicious action. Lady Glyde, who watched her as attentively as I did, discovered nothing either. I never detected a sign of the medicine bottles being tampered with; I never saw Mrs. Rubelle near any wine in the Count, or the Count to her. She managed Miss Halcombe with unexceptionable care and discretion. The poor lady wavered backward and forward between a sort of sleepy exhaustion, which was half idleness and half indulgence, and the attacks of fever which brought with them more or less of wandering in her mind. Mrs. Rubelle never disturbed her in the first state, and never tired her, in the second, by appearing too suddenly at the bedside in the character of a stranger. Honor to such labors as these (I speak for myself and English—and I give her privilege impartially to Mrs. Rubelle. She was remarkably uncommunicative about her country and home, but she quietly independent of all advice from experienced persons who undertaken the duties of a sick-room—in fact, she was, in short, the woman a good nurse; and she never gave either Lady Glyde or Mr. Dawson the shadow of a reason for complaining of her.

The next event—time of importance that occurred in the house was the temporary absence of the Count, which followed a letter he took him to London. He went away (I think) on the morning of the fourth day after the arrival of Mrs. Rubelle; and he said to his wife, as to Lady Glyde very seriously in my presence on the subject of Miss Halcombe.

"Trust Mr. Dawson," he said, "for a few days more, if you please. But if there is not some change for the better he must send for advice from London, which this mule of a doctor must accept in spite of himself. Offend Mr. Dawson, I save Miss Halcombe. Do those words seriously, on my word of honor, and from the bottom of my heart."

His lordship spoke with extreme feeling and kindness. But poor Lady Glyde's nerves were so completely broken down that she seemed quite frightened at him, she trembled from head to foot, and allowed him to take his leave without uttering a word on her side. She turned to me as he had gone, and said, "Oh, Mrs. Michelson, I am heart-broken about my sister, and I have no friend to advise me! Do you think I have done wrong? He told me himself this morning that there was no fear, and no need of fresh advice."

"With all respect to Mr. Dawson," I answered, "in your ladyship's place I should remember the Count's advice."

Lady Glyde turned away from me suddenly, with an appearance of despair for which I was quite unable to account.

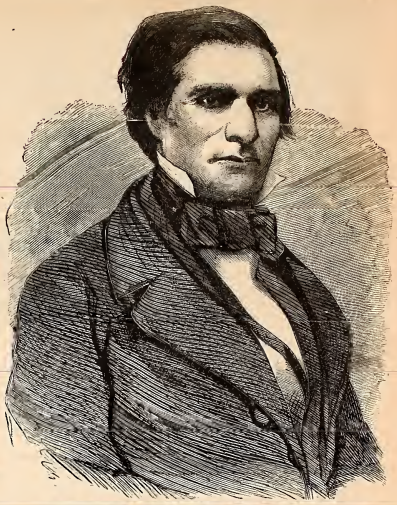
"*Has* she?" she said to herself. "God help us—his advice!"

The Count was away from Blackwater Park, as nearly as I remember, a week.

Sir Percival seemed to be the loss of his lordship in various ways, and appeared also, I thought, much depressed and cabred by the sickness and sorrow in the house. Perhaps, he was so very restless that I could not help noticing it; coming and going, and wandering about and about every morning and afternoon. His inquiries about Miss Halcombe and about his lady (whose failing health seemed to cost him concern enough) were most anxious. I think his heart was much softened. If some kind clerical friend—some such friend as he might have found in my late dear husband—had been near him at this time, cheering moral progress might have been made with Sir Percival. I speak, of course, entirely as a point of this sort, having had experience to guide me in my happy married days.

Her ladyship, the Countess, who was now the only company for Sir Percival down stairs, rather neglected him, as I considered. Or, perhaps, it might have been that he neglected her. A stranger might almost have supposed that they were beat, now they were thrown together alone, actually avoiding one another. This, of course, could not be. But it did so happen, nevertheless, that the Countess made her dinner in luncheon-time, and that she always came up stairs toward evening, although Mrs. Rubelle had taken the nursing duties entirely off her hands. Sir Percival dined by himself, and William (the man out of livery) made the remark, in my hearing, that his master had put himself on half rations of food and on a double allowance of drink. I attach no importance to such an idle observation or dislike on the part of a so, cant. I reproduced it at the time, and

HON. JOHN MINOR BOTTS, OF VIRGINIA.—[See preceding Page.]



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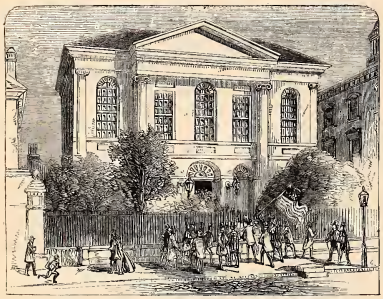
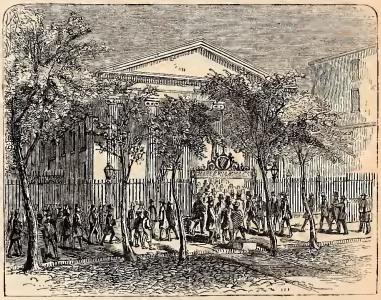
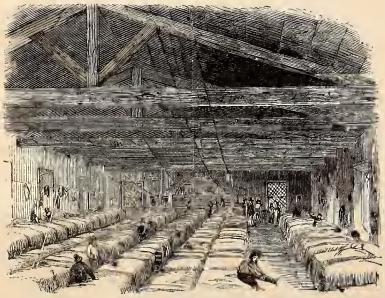


ST. ANDREW'S HALL, CHARLESTON, HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE WOOD DELEGATION AT CHARLESTON.—[From a Sketch by our own Artist.]



HIBERNIAN HALL, HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE NORTHWESTERN DELEGATION.—[From a Sketch by our own Artist.]



TATTS HALL—ONE HUNDRED AND NINE COTS FOR DELEGATES.—[From a Sketch by our own Artist.]

COMMITTEE-ROOM OF THE MASSACHUSETTS DELEGATION.—[From a Sketch by our own Artist.]

I wish to be understood as reproaching it once more on this occasion.

In the course of the next few days Miss Hallcombe did certainly seem to all of us to be mending a little. Our faith in Mr. Dawson revived. He seemed to be perfectly sanguine about the case; and he assured Lady Glyde, when she spoke to him on the subject, that he would himself propose to send for a physician the moment he felt so much as the shadow of a doubt crossing his own mind.

The only person among us who did not appear to be relieved by these words was the Countess. She said to me privately that she could not feel easy about Miss Halcombe on Mr. Dawson's authority, and that she should wait anxiously for her husband's opinion on his return. This return, his letters informed her, would take place in three days' time. The Count and Countess corresponded regularly every morning during his lordship's absence. They were in that respect, as in all others, a pattern to married people.

On the evening of the third day I noticed a change in Miss Halcombe, which caused me serious apprehension. Mrs. Rubelle noticed it too. We said nothing on the subject to Lady Glyde, who was then lying asleep, completely overpowered by exhaustion, on the sofa in the sitting-room.

Mr. Dawson did not pay his evening visit till later than usual. As soon as he set eyes on his patient I saw his face alter. He tried to hide it; but he looked both confused and alarmed. A messenger was sent to his residence for his medicine-chest, disinfecting preparations were used in the room, and a bed was made up for him in the house by his own directions. "Has the fever turned to infection?" I whispered to him. "I am afraid it has," he answered; "we shall know better to-morrow morning."

By Mr. Dawson's own directions Lady Glyde was kept in ignorance of this change for the worse. He himself absolutely forbade her, on account of her health, to join us in the bedroom that night. She tried to resist—there was a sad scene—but he had his medical authority to support him, and he carried his point.

The next morning one of the men servants was sent to London, at eleven o'clock, with a letter to a physician in town, and with orders to bring the new doctor back with him by the earliest possible train. Half an hour after the messenger had gone the Count returned to Blackwater Park.

The Countess, on her own responsibility, immediately brought him in to see the patient. There was no impropriety that I could discover in her taking this course. His lordship was a married man; he was old enough to be Miss Halcombe's father; and he saw her in the presence of her nearest female relative, her aunt. Mr. Dawson nevertheless protested against his presence in the room; but I could plainly remark the doctor was too much alarmed to make any serious resistance on this occasion.

The poor suffering lady was past knowing any one about her. She seemed to take her friends for enemies. When the Count approached her bedside, her eyes, which had been wandering incessantly round and round the room before, settled on his face with a dreadful state of terror, which I shall remember to my dying day. The Count sat down by her; felt her pulse and her temples; looked at her very attentively; and then turned round upon the doctor with such an expression of indignation and contempt in his face that the words failed on Mr. Dawson's lips, and he stood, for a moment, pale with anger and shame—pale and perfectly speechless.

His lordship looked next at me.

"When did the change happen?" he asked. I told him the time.

"Has Lady Glyde been in the room since?" I replied that she had not. The doctor had absolutely forbidden her to come into the room, on the evening before, and had repeated the order again in the morning.

"Have you and Mrs. Rubelle been made aware of the full extent of the mischief?" was his next question.

We were aware, I answered, that the malady was considered infectious. He stopped me before I could add any thing more.

"It is Typhus Fever," he said.

In the minute that passed, while these questions and answers were going on, Mr. Dawson recovered himself, and addressed the Count with his customary firmness.

"It is *not* typhus fever," he said, sharply. "I protest against this interference. My *son* has a right to put questions here but me. I have done my duty, in the best of my ability—"

The Count interrupted him, not by words, but only by pointing to the bed. Mr. Dawson seemed to feel that silent contradiction to his assertion of his own ability, and to grow only the more angry under it.

"I say I have done my duty," he reiterated. "A physician has been sent for from London. I will consult on the nature of the fever with him, and with no one else. I insist on your leaving the room."

"I entered this room, Sir, in the sacred interests of humanity," said the Count. "And to the same interests, if the coming of the physician is delayed, I will enter it again. I warn you once more that the fever has turned to Typhus, and that your treatment is responsible for this lamentable change. If that unhappy lady dies, I will give my testimony in a court of justice that your ignorance and obstinacy have been the cause of her death."

Before Mr. Dawson had answer, before the Count could leave us, the door was opened from the sitting-room, and we saw Lady Glyde on the threshold.

"I *want* and *will* come in," she said, with extraordinary firmness.

Instead of stopping her the Count moved into the sitting-room and made way for her to go in. On all other occasions he was the least in the world to her—but I could see he was surprise of the moment he apparently forgot the danger of infection from typhus, and the urgent necessity of keeping Lady Glyde to take proper care of herself.

To my surprise, Mr. Dawson showed more resource of mind. He stopped her ladyship at the first step she took toward the bedside.

"I am sincerely sorry, I am sincerely grieved," he said. "The fever has turned to infectious. Until I am certain that it is not, I entreat you to keep out of the room."

She struggled for a moment; then suddenly dropped her arms and sank forward. She had fainted. The Countess carried her from the doctor, and carried her into her own room. The Count preceded us, and waited in the passage till I came out and told him that we had recovered her from the swoon.

I went back to the doctor to tell him, by Lady Glyde's desire, that she insisted on coming to him immediately. He withdrew at once to quiet her ladyship's agitation, and to assure her of the physician's arrival in the course of a few hours. Those hours passed very slowly. Sir Percival and the Count were together down stairs, and sent up, from time to time, to inquire about the injuries. At last, between five and six o'clock, to our great relief, the physician came.

He was a young man, with a very intelligent face; very serious, and very decided. What he thought of the previous treatment I can not say; but it struck me as certain that he put many more questions to myself and to Mrs. Rubelle than he put to the doctor, and that he did not appear to listen with great interest to what Mr. Dawson said while he was examining Mr. Dawson's patient. I began to suspect, from what I observed in this way, that the Countess had spoken plain the illness all the way through; and I was naturally confirmed in that idea, when Mr. Dawson, after some little delay, asked the very important question which the London doctor had been sent for to set at rest.

"What is your opinion of the fever?" he inquired.

"Typhus," replied the physician. "Typhus fever beyond all doubt."

That quiet foreign person, Mrs. Rubelle, crossed her thin, brown hands in front of her, and looked at me with a very significant smile. The Count himself could hardly have appeared more gratified, if he had been present in the room, and had heard the confirmation of his own opinion.

After giving us some useful directions about the management of the patient, and mentioning that he would come again in five days' time, the physician withdrew to consult in private with Mr. Dawson. He would offer no opinion on Miss Halcombe's chances of recovery: he said it was impossible at that stage of the illness to pronounce one way or the other.

The five days passed anxiously.

Countess Fosco and myself took it by turns to relieve Mrs. Rubelle; Miss Halcombe's condition growing worse and worse, and requiring our utmost care and attention. It was a terribly trying time. Lady Glyde (supported, as Mr. Dawson said, by the constant strain of her suspense on her sister's account) rallied in the most extraordinary manner, and showed a firmness and determination for which I should myself never have given her credit. She insisted on coming into the sick-room two or three times every day, to look at Miss Halcombe with her own eyes, promising not to go too close to the bed if the doctor would consent to her wishes so far. The doctor gave his consent readily.

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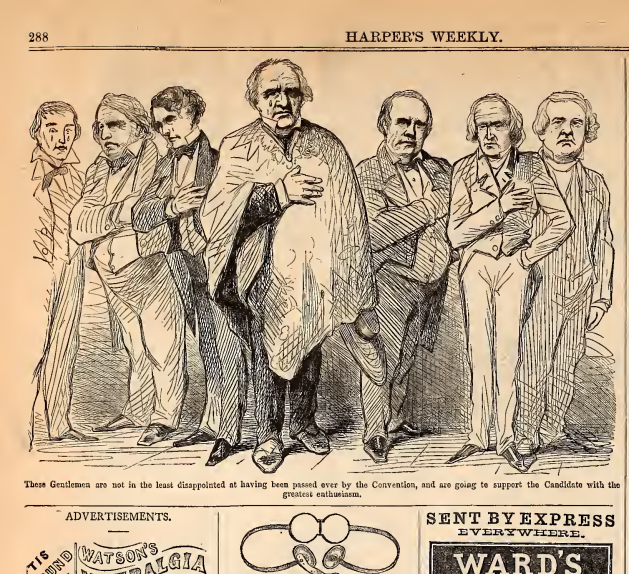

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IV.—No. 176.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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HARPER & BROTHERS.

REPUBLICAN WIGWAM AT CHICAGO.

We present herewith a view of the new building—yclept the "Republican Wigwam"—which the Republican clubs of Chicago have built for the National Republican Convention to be held in that city on 16th inst. It reflects credit on the liberality of the Chicago people.

The building stands on the corner of Lake and Market streets, a very suitable location. It is 100 feet by 180; the cornice stands 40 feet from the ground. The ground-floor, inside, is divided between the stage, which will seat 1800 persons; two large commodious committee-rooms, one on either side the stage; and the floor of the hall, which will accommodate, it is said, 8000 persons. The floor rests on an inclined platform, so that persons on the rear seats will have a good view of the stage. For spectators, a gallery 33 feet wide runs round three sides of the building: a portion of this is set apart exclusively for ladies, and has a separate entrance. The roof of the hall is arched, and in it are five sky-lights, which, with the doors and windows on three sides, will afford ample light and ventilation. At night the whole building will be lit with gas.

The erection of such a building on such short notice, and for such a purpose, shows that the Western people are not so poor as many are fond of asserting.

The architect of the building is Mr. W. W. Boyington.

FROM THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

No. V.

Tow Mejor Jack Downing, Downingville, Downing County, Maine; in care of Mr. Harper, who'll send it in print.

CHARLESTON WHARF, *April 26, 1860.*

DEOR you remember, Uncle Jack, when we all went out a fishin', tew years ago last July, and got beaten'd right off agin Mount Desart island? Kinder guess you hain't forgot it, and heow you got all riled up, having tew speak a Fourth ov July address; and there we wos, fifty miles off, on the mernin' ov the third. Doon't you remember heow that ere old pink-stern schooner wobbled about, with her sides all blisted, and a puff ov wind a little tin' her ons side—then t'other? Then she'd roll—then she'd pitch—then yeou'd git mad, and say we'd never git tew Portland, so yeou could reel off your Independence yarn. Between yeou and I, it sort ov seemed ones as though yeou cen'er most used profane words, but ov course yeou didn't deon no sich a thing.

"Wot in time's that got to deow with Charleston?" ses yeou. "A masterly sight," ses I; fur jist as we wos then, the Dhimocrats is now. Here I've bin near a fortnite, and not a chance has I had to see my way shed a beat's length. The old ship ov State that Governor Morrill always tells about has bin in a tite place, I tell yeou, and the way the gusts ov wind from the North and from the South has made heer sort ov keel over is curus, I tell yeou. Gin'ral Cushin's had jist as much as he could deow tew keep things a goin' on, and nites, when he's gone tew Governor Alston's house, where he's staid, I guess he's been sort ov tucker'd eout. This here presidin' over a Convention aint wot it's cracked up tew be, I tell yeou, and bein' a Dellegate ain't much better. But I'm a gittin' ahead ov my time, and will go back tew the commencin' ov the beginnin'.

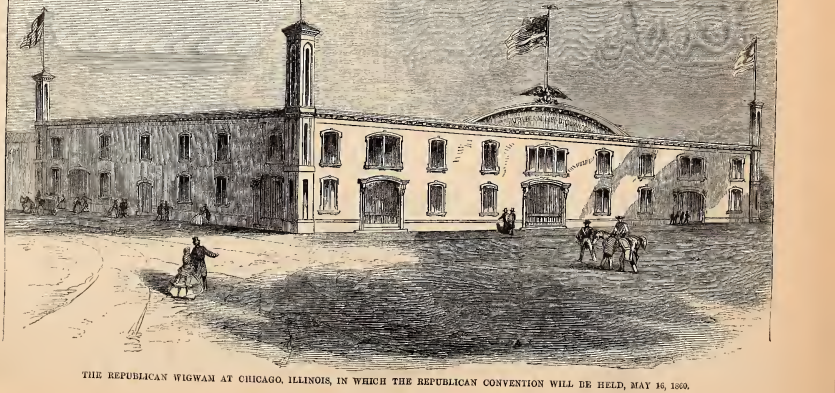
When I first got tew Charleston 'twas all as quiet as a Sunday mornin' arter the folks has got ready tew go tew meetin', but the bells hain't begun tew ring. The beds wos all made, and the vittles wos mostly cooked, and the clerks tew the taverns had hustled day-books all redily to make charges in, 'specially "sundreys." Cullurd waiters trotted about like ravin' destracted reosters, a whisking little brums tew brush sum wun with, and every thing wos like 'twas tew Downingville when yeous wos a goin' tew bring Gen'ral Jackson thair, but didn't. So I had the scumar maid fast by tew hossnes, hed and stern, and started areound tew sell my apple sars and cider. The way the old place looks I've all reddy told yeou, and there's a good mumpy wus places tew, only it must be allfired hot here in July. It's hot enuff now; but they say this ain't nothin' tew comepair.

Wa'al, furst eum the steam boats from Boston, and New York, and Philleruyelphy, chock full of Dellergates, and Substitutes, with other female friends. They had lots ov liekur on board tew, and brass bands that plaid ollfired nice, and they hurrard fur Douglas, and went ashore jist as tho' they meant tew have him nominerated rite off. Then eum the fellurs from the Upper Mississip'—if yeou knew where that place is, I doon't—and they hollard fur Douglas, Hickory-split. A little more, I shud bav written Mr. Harper tew tell yeou and the folks tew go in fur Douglas any heow, but jist then along eum Mr. Slyde1, and Mr. Bright, and Gen'ral Cushing, an' ses they, "Wait!" An' I weighted.

Then eum Mistur Yancey, with a lot more ov regular fire-eters, but mitey good fellers, I tell yeou, usin' lots of tobaccer, and talkin' kinder wild, but heepin' rite strate tew their work. They took a grate likin' tew me, and sed yeou was a conservytiv man, and I wos your nephew. See I, "I leant nothin' else."

Well, the Douglas men talk'd mighty loud, and sed wot they could dew, and when the convenshun went tew meetin' they rush'd off at a 2.40 gate, beound tew win. But Slyde1 wobbled at Gen'ral Cushin', and he put on the brakes, and then the chances got sort ov hullsized.

Neow, Uncle Jack, the old craft was then like that air schooner we wos in off Mount Desart. Deon yeou spose I was a goin' tew rite yeou to go in wun way or t'other, and have yeou cum out and then have tew take the back track? Narry time. So I let um navigate, and build their platforms, usin' Wood or not, jist as they plezed. And tew day, for the first time, I sees daylits, and tein't Douglas. No, Sir! The fire-eyers is tew much for the Little Giantses, stemboats, principles, bands ov music, and outside delleagations, with New York dellegates and their substitutes and other female freends.



THE REPUBLICAN WIGWAM AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, IN WHICH THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION WILL BE HELD, MAY 16, 1860.

We ain't cost of the woods yit, and if there ain't an irrepressible conflict here, there ain't none no where! but Slyde! see we've bound tew win, and the Southern fire-eters goin' out has made 'em coax 'em back, and the dellegates thatt's gone to Chaleston have low knees, they do. Who thinks 'em?

It's sort on thick and muggy tho', yet, and I reckony, sumtimes I think if we'd sent awl these old Senneturs home, and let the fire-eters go, and go in Jim Douglas, we'd win. But Slyde! yes, and between yous and I and the bed-post, if enny hoddy but Douglas is nommerated, I'm honest, I don' sumthin'. They've promised it me too, sure, and I can't say no. So hold your hosses awhile.

Awful, we've had gnite times here. Beeays, and dances, and icecreams, and strawberries, and fresh haudannas. It's a grate place for good livin', I tell you.

We've had an editur's supper, tew, where mayor Wood made a speech, and he's a nice pretty lookin' sort of a man, I tell you, and so shall I make tur as Mister Greeley ses in his paper. I spoke as the assistant local reporter's assistant or the Portland *Courier*, and got a furn tuner's finger for suttin' and mean to rite an account of it in full.

But I must stop, tho' I hain't begun. This letter ain't very chest, but it's the best I can doon, for things is mighterly squabbled up down here. Keep shaky on Douglas, and when you dew get the news, say I sed so, and hoorray like fun. Your luvvin nephew till death,

BENJAMIN.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

P.S.—Convention's adjourned—Held on tar nay letter—don't go for to print it.

B. D.

[Impossible to gratify you, Mr. D——; the letter is in type, and must appear.—*Ed. Harper's Weekly.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1860.

THE BALANCE OF TRADE.

FOR the first time in history money is dearer in London, England, than in New York. Five per cent. is the Bank minimum in London; here, it is not easy to place large sums on desirable security at five. The newspapers and many of the bankers have been puzzled by the phenomenon; it is, however, easily accounted for.

We have shipped to Great Britain since Jan. nary 1, five years ago, about $7,000,000 more produce of various kinds than we shipped during the corresponding period of 1859, and upward of $7,000,000 more than we shipped of previous years. Our shipments of cotton from Southern ports have been still more largely in excess of former years. On the other hand, our imports are less in excess of former years but yet. The consequence is obvious: instead of having specie to remit to pay our debts, the course of exchange is, and has been for some time, really in favor of the United States, and money in New York is more abundant than it is in London.

Some of the papers argue that this is the first indication of a transfer of "financial centrality" from London to New York, and indulge in pleasing visions of a gorgeous future based upon this transfer. The realization of these hopes will largely depend on two movements: first, of the production of the precious metals in California and elsewhere; secondly, the consumption of foreign luxuries by our people.

It seems to be generally expected that the yield of gold in California will not fall off, and that the mines lately discovered in that State will add largely to its exports of produce. If these expectations be realized, the United States will be quite likely to become creditors of the world. Especially will the silver mines of Washoe exercise a potent influence on our commercial relations, if they prove as rich as is asserted. Silver is badly wanted in Europe to pay the balance due to China and India for the commodities imported from beyond the Cape. For some years Great Britain has been obliged to buy silver from France and Germany, paying for it in American and Australian gold, in order to effect settlements at Calcutta, Hong Kong, and Shanghai. Should the Washoe mines produce $25,000,000 or $30,000,000 a year of silver—as the Californians seem to expect they will—part of this would go direct from San Francisco to China, and New York would become the great clearing-house for the trade between Asia and the commercial nations. Instead of our importers of tea buying bills on London to pay for their imports, as is now the case, the London tea merchants would pay for their exports by buying bills on New York—to be turned into silver at San Francisco. The effect of this upon the exchanges can readily be imagined.

But the real key to the future of this country will be found in the general consumption of foreign goods. We may produce twice as much as we do now; if we consume an equal or a greater amount of foreign luxuries, we shall be no richer than we are at present. This is a matter which comes home to every man, and which depends on the private expenditures of individuals. The dry-goods importers laugh at the newspaper critics who complain of overimportations. They say, and very justly, "We import what we can sell: we have sold to the jobbers our entire importation at prices which, on the average, are satisfactory to us; if we had more goods we could sell them: why expect us to reduce our orders when we can sell the goods at a profit?" To this reasoning there is no answer. The importers import enormously because they can sell to the jobbers; the jobbers purchase large quantities because they get an enormous because they can increase their sales to the trade in like proportion; the trade increase their orders because they find that the public is ready to take an increased quantity of goods. So we come down from the Custom-house millions to the affairs of Brown and Smith, whose views hinge on extra silk dresses or a new set the strength of the prosperity which Brown and Smith happen to enjoy.

If any check is to be given to the importation of the goods, the attack must be made at the root of the evil. We must appeal to Brown and Smith as individuals, and ask them not to spend so much in foreign finery. As long as they are willing to buy it will be idle to expect any curtailment on the part of dealers, jobbers, or importers. If Brown and Smith persist in their extravagance, the eloquence and all the statistics in the world will not prevent the aggregate consumption of the country increasing fully at the rate of the prosperity. But if there is of bringing Brown and Smith to reason is a problem. Our women, at present, seem so thoroughly rooted in habits of extravagance that the prospect of their reformation seems pretty gloomy. Nowhere in the world are so fine tuitts and such lavish display of silks, satins, laces, and jewels to be witnessed as in Broadway. Women who, in foreign countries, would think themselves fortunate if they had $100 a year to dress on, spend $1000, and complain of "nothing to wear." One, and the wife of Jones, gives a $75 dress to his wife; hence Smith, Robinson, Timpkins, and Brown are all mulcted in a like amount for a similar folly. The Miss Briggses have new pearls and $20 hats; how can the Miss Spriggses, and the Diggses, and Higgses, and the Griggses do without an equal show of finery? So we go on, and hence the dry-goods import for 1859 was $113,000,000, and an export of $70,000,000 was needed to pay for it. Did it ever occur to Jones, when he was threatened with a rejection of his paper at bank and a 1-per-cent.-a-week money-market, that those fine dresses of the Misses J., and their new bonnets and the hats were the real cause of his terrible trouble?

This extravagance of the American female is working in two ways. First, it is causing an enormous increase of the importation of foreign goods, and impeding our natural tendency to become the central commercial nation of the world; and, secondly, it is operating against marriages, and yielding a magnificent crop of old maids. Look at the thing in detail. Old Smith, who has three daughters and a handsome income, has to pay for dress at $1000 in his set; they spend, for silk, laces, French muslin, and other dresses, hats, cloaks, gloves, etc., etc., etc., $1000 to $1500 per annum apiece—falling year by year into their father's capital. Whom are these damsels to marry? Evidently nature intended them for young Thomson, Johnson, and Jackson, the first two of whom are active young clerks at $1500 @ $2000 a year, and the third a broker, just started, with no end of vitality, and pluck, and good temper, and good looks—with no money. But do you suppose that men of the sense of T., J., and R. are going to marry young women whose dress alone costs them half their whole income? Of course not. They either remain bachelors, and fall into bad habits, or they marry country girls—which happens less frequently than the former contingency—or, while they lovely Miss Smiths go down to poverty immaculate and well-dressed virgins. If the essays of 1859 be true, the number of these virgins will be found to have yearly increased since 1850. And it must increase steadily until, as is the case in France, no girl can hope for a hundred times as much from her in at least money enough to dress herself and her children.

The subject is worthy the consideration of fathers and husbands. No man who allows his daughters or his wife to spend large sums on dress can complain if a panic breaks him; for he is one of the authors and creators of the panic. And young ladies who spend thousands on their dress must make up their minds to a longer and lower pay than they were rebuffs some good man who might have made them happy wives, and is one more step toward the degree of old maid, to which all our fashionable belles are tending.

ANENT THE PRIZE-FIGHT.

A MEDICAL friend writes us a letter in reference to our article on the late brutal prize-fight in England. He says that prize-fighters are all short-lived; most of them die before they are thirty-five, and hardly any live to be forty-five years of age. It seems that the blows which they are accustomed to receive on the body engender a variety of diseases. And to speak the *Times* to celebrate the glory of America and Ireland. But whatever the number of countries and tastes that one may emotionally claim the birth of these two heroes, it remains an incontestable fact that Mr. Heenan and Mr. Sayers, by striking each other with mauleys and bunches of fives upon the head, the nut, the cone, the crack, the cranium, the noddle, the mug, the knowledge-box; the nose, the sneezer, the snorter, the snuffer, the snuff-tray, the nozzle, the mazzard; the eyes, the ogles, the optics, the peepers; the mouth, the kisser, the trifoyle, the cracker; the jawing-tackle; drawing the blood, the claret, the ruby, the crimson, the homebrewed, the gravy; besides knocking the knocker off his pins, his pegs, his knockers; the ear, the fanciers, and, finally, boring, fibbing, and sending each other to grass, have proved the "great qualities" of their respective nations! Considering the question the humanity, the self-sacrifice, the refinement, the fraternal sympathy, the wise brain, the true heart, the grave prudential moderation, which are, indeed, the "great" qualities of nations.

And if any added proof of these qualities had been required, would they not have been at once found in the universal and profound interest excited in both countries by the prospect of the hideous and bloody manifestations of two human telegraphs, an interest so indicative of "great qualities" that it would not a solitary effort to prevent the consummation, except that of some local magistrate who had bull at two hundred and fifty dollars? The most Christian will allow that the eager curiosity which drives thousands of people to a public execution does not more undeniably prove the "great qualities" of a nation than the keen zest with which the fight was expected and enjoyed.

But these are made still more potent, and the manifestations of the business in hand still more stronger relief by the rush of the men which broke up the encounter. Mr. Heenan, of the Tray district, Mr. Sayers, of the head of Mr. Sayers, of Ireland, into chancery. That is fair, as the laws of the Prize Ring are expounded. Having that head in chancery, Mr. Heenan, by the rules of the institution which proves "great qualities" in nations, had the perfect right to punch it with his mauleys and his bunches of fives, and of course to exert the strength necessary to retain it in a proper position to operate fearfully upon it. If during that necessary exertion the proprietor of the head succumbed to the exigency of the situation and outfoxed, it was his misfortune and the chance of war, so long as he was not guilty of the grossness of breaking the serene and gentlyjog consciousness, as he caused to breathe, that he was in the very act of proving "great qualities" in his nature. So the London *Times* would not fail duty to set forth.

This was not the result. The mob, intent upon fair play, seeing their favorite vanquished, turned. But so subtle is the virtue of the institution that it is all the same, and "great qualities," including, of course, love of fair play, remain proved as before.

At the game of Greece Herodotus retelled his history, poet in song, and philosophers discussed, making the "great qualities" of Greece immortal two centuries ago, John Hampden, Champion of England, quietly died a brutal deposition, and the "great qualities" of his country developed. British kings—at Valley Forge the naked feet of American soldiers printed the "great qualities" of a young nation in blood upon the frozen snow—in Ashmore and more enlightened day two men, without a quarrel, have stripped themselves nearly like wild beasts as possible, fight with more than brutal ferocity, and are borne blind, giddy, bloody, mutilated and inhuman semblance, from the field, amidst the applause and excited attention of the two great Christian civilized nations of the world, having thereby proved the "great qualities" of these nations.

How truly sang the sacred Psalmist, "Thou madest him a little lower than the angels."

THE NEWS.

WHEN the savage king broke the thermometer because the mercury went too high or too low, and would not do what he wanted it to do, he affected the weather; the temperature remained precisely the same as before. In like manner, an editor may ignore the news, and wish it would do so; but he does not annihilate the news by so doing: he merely destroys the value of his paper.

For a newspaper—a journal which professes to tell what interests the public mind—must print the news. That news may be very disagreeable; but what then? It is very disagreeable to Congressmen, and disgusting that members of Congress should give each other the lie, and make speeches when they are drunk; but it is the fault of Congress that a fresh dispute will blight their promise. Do you expect to have any more peaches because you break your hothouses?

A Journal is a meter of the times. You look at it, and you see everything by the proper point of interest, and compute how high and how low civilization is rising or falling. It may indicate the new Congregation, and yet remember Christian sympathy. But it marks the point irrespective of you and of your acts. You may tear it to pieces, you may invite it to go away and your eyes. Shut the world will not be better because you are angry at being told that it is bad. Except, indeed, as it begins you to help it forward; and that result you owe to consuming your meter, not to condemning it. If in a time of infection people should agree never to betray when they had the plague-spot, because it was such an unpleasant business, the spirit of the pestilence would chuckle with delight as he swept away his victims. If our civilization has plague-spots, do you suppose we shall help the matter by deliberately covering them up? A journal of news which should refrain from speaking of the central subject of public interest, whatever it may, would be stultified and deprive the failures which would infallibly overtake it. And to speak

☞ OUR acknowledgments are due to Adams's Southern Express, and to many kind friends at Charleston, Mobile, and other places, for certain correspondent in that city during the Democratic Convention.

THE LOUNGER.

MANLY ARTS.

THE main question of Pugilism was argued fully and decisively in the editorial column of the last number of the *Weekly*. But now that the great event is over, and the public mind of two empires is inquisitorial at rest, we may more intelligently survey the field of so much gore and glory, and more justly estimate the invaluable advantages that have accrued to the cause of civilization, good morals, and humane heroism. While the gentle and pious spirit of Fogbelly edited the *Times*, a kind of Gay Livingstone among journals, an aristocratic "swell," informed mankind, and especially the pious spirit of Fogbelly, which the *Times* was so fast a friend, that "Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy furnish at the present moment an example which deserves to be generally imitated." What a volley of admiring expletives the *Saturday Review* must have emitted on the day after the fight, when the great aristocratic was finished, and the heroic purpose for which the two gentlemen were preparing, when they furnished the high example, was accomplished. For if a man is so worthy of all praise when he is merely getting ready to break the nose, and ribs, and bye open the cheek of his antagonist, how much more worthy of all praise he is actually doing it! If he be great when he is merely moulding his arm into a vice for his opponent's neck, how much greater when that opponent's neck is breaking there, and his equally admirable face is growing black! The London *Times*, taking up the wondrous take after the encounter, may well say, with graceful complacency, "that nations without great qualities could not have brought together two men willing to pass through such an ordeal as the terrible fight of Tuesday." Mr. Sayers, having been born, as alleged, in Ireland, and Mr. Heenan, according to the excellent authority of (we believe) the same great Journal, "a native of the Tray district of the United States," it is indeed magnanimous in

THE NEWS.

Which the savage king broke the thermometer because the mercury went too high or too low, and would not do what he wanted it to do, affected the weather; the temperature remained precisely the same as before. In like manner, an editor may ignore the news, and wish it would do so; but he does not annihilate the news by so doing: he merely destroys the value of his paper.

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of that news intelligently to its readers, it must tell them what it is talking about. In other words, it must relate the news as it really stands.

Every wise man wants to deal with the facts of the case. If there has been a brutal fight, how can its brutality be so impressed upon the mind of the public as by telling the truth of the matter? It slips over a general statement of the case over all crime and sin in the general. It is the individual detail that arouses and arrests the reader. That there are rats in the Bellevue Hospital is not something over which he shakes his head. That the rats in Bellevue Hospital, upon a specified night, half-devoured the new-born infant of Mary Connor, is something that makes his beard, and sets him to help extirpate all rats, of the brute or human kinds, from the public property. In like manner, if he read that there was a prize-fight in England in which the result was undecided, he sighs vaguely over the brutality of such matters; but if he read that "with a fearful blow Sayers set Heenan's left cheek open and blinded one eye, while the blood spirted out from an immense gash," he is excited to make an active protest in the name of decency and humanity, and feels quite strong enough to tell his neighbor, who has but twenty dollars on the fight, what he thinks of the brutalizing process as applied to human beings.

This doctrine has been often laid down in this paper, and last week the leading editorial in this graph was a brief and forcible statement of it. But the Longer has heard so much censure of the end and of impeccable papers" in alluding to the fight or describing it, that he wishes to remind the reader of the principle upon which the intelligent conduct of a journal which professes to treat matters of current public interest must rest. It does not follow that every thing which happens every hour is fit to be reported in all its details—for every thing that happens is not news; and the editor's discretion will decree the line of delicacy in morality and decency will arrest his presentation of the news. He may justly deceive the details of a battle, but he will decide where to stop. For one, the Longer will frankly confess that one such picture as that of the French soldier sitting starving in the snow, with the head of his brave son in his breast, is a more powerful argument than many mild sermons upon the horrors of war; and his description of a prize-fight is a hundfold intenser since he saw some fearfully vivid representations of the actual personal mutilation of such an encounter. We do not get out of difficulties by shuddering at them, but by looking them squarely in the face. A prize-fight may be a barbarous spectacle, but the point is that millions of people are interested in it. Let every man, then, in every way, comprehend what a prize-fight is, and it will the sooner disappear from our land.

WAIFS.

THESE two poems, which have never been published, need no other introduction than the names of their authors—Washington Irving and Charlotte Brontë, Charlotte's sister, and known as Ellis Bell. Irving's verses have the graceful pensiveness of a composition of Thomas Moore; and Charlotte's gloom which pervaded all the sisters wrote, and which hung, like a fateful cloud, over their lives.

WRITTEN IN THE DEEPDENE ALBUM.

Thou sweet of the entire throng,
That fondly seek this fairy shrine,
And pay the tribute of a song
Where worth and loveliness combine—

What boots that I, a vagrant wight
From clime to clime still wandering on,
Thy fair friendly page invite?
—Who'll think of me when I am gone?

Go place the wave, and sow the sand;
Throw seed to every wind that blows;
Along the highway strew thy hand,
And fatten on the crop that grows.

For even thus the man that roams
On hundreds hearts his feeling spends;
Strange tomak of a thousand homes,
And attendeth with ten thousand friends.

Yet here, for once, I'll leave a trace,
To ask in attentions a thought;
Or say thus hastily, pausing place
My wayworn heart has fondly sought.

So the poor pilgrim needless strays,
Unmoved, through many a region fair;
But at some shrine his tribute pays,
To tell that he has worshiped there.

June 14, 1834. WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE OUTCAST MOTHER.

I've seen this doll in July's shine,
As lovely as an angel's dream;
Above—Heaven's depth of blue divine,
Around—the evening's golden beam.

I've seen her sweetness heaven-bred
Look out by many a storm-worn stone;
And, oh! I've known such music swell—
Such soft tones make these pastes tone—

So soft, yet so intensely felt;
So low, yet so distinctly heard;
My breath pausing, my eyes would melt,
And tears would dew the green herb-sward.

I'd linger here a summer day,
Nor care how fast the hours flew by;
Nor mark the sun's departing ray
Smile sadly from the dark'ning sky.

Then, then, I might have laid me down,
And dreamed my sleep would greeting be!
I might have left thee, darling one,
And thought thy God was guarding thee!

But now there is no wandering glow,
No gleam to say that God is nigh;
And coldly spreads the couch of snow,
And hurtly sounds thy lullaby.

Forests of heather, dark and long,
Wave their brown branching arms above;
And they meet and—the blue with their song,
And they meet shield my child of love.

Alas! the flakes are heavily falling,
They cover fast each guardian crest;
And chilly white shroud presses in upon
Thy frozen limbs and freezing breast.

Wakes up the storm mere madly wild,
The monstrous drifts are treated on high:
Farewell, unloved, unfriended child,
I can not bear to watch thee die.

C. BRONTE.

HAWORTH, *July 12, 1845.*

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

On the recent Irish trials the counsel was desirous to obtain an admission from the witness, who was upon the having himself been one of the seven members of the Ribbon Society, and had been forced to join it by the others. Having vainly labored for nearly an hour to get a reply, he said, "Come, now, Sir, did you not come direct from three men to Dublin, on Monday last?"—"I did so," promptly answered the witness. "Well, Sir, that is direct, at all events. Now, Sir, will you tell me, in as brief a way as possible, the active business you have?"—"The foot-motive, to be sure."

The following story gives a lively idea of how the Russian greatness Poland. A Jew met a Russian in the street, and the latter robbed him of his horse. On return, he for the loss he had suffered complained to the magistrate, who was with what truth we shall not ex- cused to be a most rigorous disciplinarian. The culprits were paraded, the robber was pointed out, when, to the chagrin of the magistrate, it appeared that he had found the horse. "Thou!" replied the Jew. "I was my horse; I was in the market, I was sorry, I found you, too; but having no use for a Jew, I did not keep you." The excuse was admitted, and the poor Jew was dismissed, amidst the cheers.

Apropos of the recent suit between Sayers and Heenan, the rage for muscular exercise, and a knowledge of the science of pugilism is spreading, is not altogether to the shoulder-hitters by profession. The professor of the "manly art of self-defense" is now, and for years past, from the young blonds about town, in the way of fists for the asking. A young man who is "good for a fight" without the quid pro quo is shown up in the experience of the "fancy" as a "cross-grained, ungrateful, unsociable" fellow, and is cut by the "fancy" as effectually as the German in St. Georgeburg treated the Jew, Mr. Bernard Tuve, one of the most and special admirers of fine arts, black and tan, and the T. R. Cole of the profession of pugilism, they advertised to testify their appreciation of fun development of the chest, and in proven of the muscular development of the shoulders and arms. Once. They devoted themselves to that celebrated number of the art, "Dublin Corinthian." Tuve, who has one fifteen dollars for twelve lessons, invariably in offer to which he received a very cordial response. The Tuve wrest off beautifully; Billy and Jim determined elegantly on "*wonder-hide*." Tuve, Billy, and Jim, and the little scientific dodges. Heenan, Sayers, Morrissey, Bill Tuve, Jim Crowley, Jim Lynch, Jim Lynch, and household events: their results fairly canvassed, to the great delight and admiration of the "fancy" and "Cole." Club. Our amateurs attended their second lesson. The pleasure of the "fancy" was perfect. Tuve, Billy and Jim, especially the *effect*, in a throughout degree in his own mind. Billy and Jim, the *wonder-hide*, the *gonnoc-hide*, and *hits* not exactly described, over the position, ting pulsated, a different sensation, and, in fact, ing nothing of aches and pains besides, somebody "dropped." Tuve, Billy and Jim, the "fancy," and amirers of the manly art did not come to the *crotch* when Tuve said, "*Hey! they satisfied*." Tuve, Billy and Jim *notwithstanding they had* and in advance. Sam Cole: ley known each, *thirty dollars* and *twenty dollars* each. Ahem! When Jim was this he needn't mind. We don't know anything about it.

Some time in January last, on one of our splendid Mississippi steamers, a couple of gentlemen commenced a political discussion upon the relations between Northern and the other Southern "Opposition." Of course the Douglas Territorial Doctrine was brought in to help out issued. After a considerable time was consumed in explaining the principles of the two contending parties, our Opposition friend demanded "the exact difference between Mr. Douglas and the Administration on the subject in the Territories."

"*My dear Sir!* said Administration, "the difference is no difference—"

"I know it!" exclaimed the other, interrupting, in a very loud tone, and raising himself from his chair, extending both his arms triumphantly, "I knew it! I knew you for it! *Yes, Sir*, they can get a patent for any thing these days!"

The company laughed immoderately; and "Administration" made his escape to the political confusion.

A SENTIMENT.

About a dozen years ago a respectable Irish military company was organized in Lowell, Massachusetts, and named the "Jackson Blackbeards" taking its brief existence they not to spend a social evening. After the supper was over, the toast-master, whose duty was called up to speak, and responded as follows:

"Mr. President, I am no soldier, but will give you a sentiment—'The Jackson Blackbeards: equal to none; the first on the field, and the last to leave it.'

It is needless to add that he intended to say that the company was equaled by none; the *first* on the field, and the *last* to leave.

Robotta, the tragedian, recently filled an engagement at a theatre in "Interior." His brilliant like Tinti was witnessed by one of the critics, native of that region, who gave it a very high praise. The tragedian asked if the character was good—very good indeed; but his form was not suited to playing the part of a lady. He was too large enough; something was the matter with one of his legs; and he was a little lame.

"I was once in the 'ics and sugar line," and among the boys' about the establishment was one about twelve years of age, and he used to try and imitate him in the mysteries of our trade, by being fresh from the Emmett Isle. I found it needed a little tact to keep him busy for some time in getting the word 'bagasse' incorporated into his vocabulary, and when I had succeeded, when my eyes resting for a moment upon a barrel, I asked him what he could do. He said he was forced for a minute from the bagasse to the barrel, when, with a great air of importance, he said, "Be fourteen, he replied, very promptly, 'It's a *pipe-head*!'"

"I'M MAD NIGHT."—My friend asked Anthony Rex, a country cousin of the city, to go to bed, how he meant to get first. "Why, Mean Vincent, my beatin was burying of mine I never drink; I tell thee, Sir, I'm kind of wicks; I was barry double; 'twas jes so much as I could do to lose my own garters and be sure; and die Mean, what owed me see dad I was a nibble nigger—one of the minstrels—Sir I mean—Sir I mean—Sir I'm a nibble nigger, and I ain't worth nothing, and I think you'd better let me have a little more whisky, Mean Vincent. I was such a poor nigger that Massa Spread to me—Massa Spread—Massa Spread—I'm tryin' to work and earn da money to pay her, and I did; and my health has been giddy' latter days, Mean, and I spoiled under best nine hundred dollars dat time out of dat nigger. Wait! wait! Mean Vincent!"

TWO PERSONS were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion, that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and in furious with barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his wine while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! you know no more about it than they do."

GETTING AN INVITATION.—REV. MR. S— had travelled for a preach to a congregation at—. After the sermon he waited very patiently expecting some one of the brethren to invite him home to dinner. In the he was disappointed. One and another departed, until the house was almost as empty as the minister's stomach. Remaining unnoticed, however, he walked up to an elderly gentleman, and gravely said, "Will you go home with me to dine for dinner, brother?" "Where do you live?" "About twenty miles from this, Sir." "No, with the man, sir." "Why, what do you want with me?" "Thank you—I will, sheerfully." After that time the minister was no more troubled in that place about dinner.

Paddy Malone went to his priest and asked him, "What is a mortal sin, your reverence?" The priest, with his several questions, and found he had been to the reading of Scripture and found accordingly. He gave the man, and telling Paddy to stand out before him, he gave a long lecture on the subject. The boy said,

"Did it hurt you?" asked the priest.

"To be sure it did, my boy Paddy."

"And it would have been a mortal if it didn't," replied the priest, to which Paddy walked away—answered, but not satisfied.

While spending the summer, several years ago, at a Pick-Nick in Southern Massachusetts, I was much amused by a story that was told of a little boy. Dennis Tom, a boy about 10 years old, was with his parents there with his friends.

His mate was a mischievous lad, and little Dennis had quietly snugged himself in bed, when his mother, who was sick, came to hear him say his prayers, and his prayers. Upon kneeling down and beginning to repeat "Our Father Who Art in Heaven," and hallowed be said, "Sarah, there's no use in saying my prayers here. Dere is no bed for me to lie on." Upon inquiry, he thinks many an other person lives Dennis at this gay and fashion-enthralling watering place.

A reverend gentleman, who lives not than a thousand miles from "somewhere," has a daughter now in her 18 year. Well, he is old, and he has few days, perhaps, long life remains for the coming Sunday, he was interrupted by the sweet voice of his little daughter, who, looking with an anxious, inquiring look, said, "Papa, what was Sarah's wife? Was she a lady, or was she, (curtsying) I know she was a Miss Jethro, papa, but what was her other name?"

In a quiet country village in the Far West of Canada there live a family which rejoices in the high-sounding and universal name of Napoleon. The members of this family also at one time rejoiced in the belief of coming to marriage, but they unfortunately could, and not have given it entirely to the contrary, they, on entering, attract attention, and the attention of the attention of the congregation. On one occasion the first introduced to the Sunday school, a few days ago, preparing the carving of bread by Balaam. Just as the clergyman had finished the "Ten Commandments" and "Sermon on Mount," the Balaam family entered, and morning, by the sight of the Napoleon family, the unavoidable consequence was, so many here been supposed, as saddle after Napoleon family, the Balaam family, and, in which even the clergyman could with difficulty refrain. The amusement was, the Balaam family, the intercourse with of a strange enthusiasm have, since that Sunday, been more generally known as the Napoleon family.

"WE have on our farm an old Dutchman called Jake, who is quite an original. A month or so ago he went up to the river to get a load of pickerel, taking a fine gun with him, which he valued very highly. But he had not been gone long before he came back with his face all in an uproar, and he said he was sorry he had lost his gun, but he indeed we asked him what brought him back so soon. "Ya, you see, I had hitched my horse to a tree, and he stakeed mine pot and knocks de gun overboard, and I never saw de gun again, because he ketch it." "But how do you know the exact spot, Jake?" "Oh, I got dat. Jus' before I left de tree, I looked up and down, I looked, and found a big stretch in de bottom of de boat which Jake had left behind, and I knew dat spot exactly. However, Jake never found the gun, and declares the fish have taken it to Canada.

DRAWING AN INFERENCE.—A young clergyman who had delivered a discourse in the place of an aged brother minister, received the following criticism of the sermon: it "Oh!" said he, plaintly, "many of the words you used were above my comprehension of your learning; yes; thus, for instance, the word 'inference' perhaps, and half of the sentiments you drew from the Scripture, 'Inference! inference?' exclaimed the other; 'why, every one knows what that means.' "I think you will find it not so. There's my clerk, now; he prides himself upon his knowledge of the English, is very intelligent. We will try him. Zachariah, my brother here wishes to know the meaning of the word 'inference.' "Why, I pretty strong; but Johnnadab, the coachman, is stronger than I." He left the room, Johnnadab went with the messenger to look after the coachman, and returned: "Johnnadab says he can not come to drive an inference." Yet he notices his hearers can drew any thing that the minister says."

One day last summer the passer-by of a fancy-cake bakery in a Western town were unsettled by the following card, hung at the window:

WEEDING CAKE.

Every person passing stopped to read it, and wondered at its meaning.

In about a week it was altered by the scratching out of one of the E's, and it now tells the passer-by that they have WEDDING CAKE to sell.

MY AQUARIUM.

THE aquarium, which but a few years ago was comparatively unknown in this country, has now become one of the popular amusements of the day; and as the ease and ease of drawing near when the materials for stocking an aquarium may best be procured, a few hints, deduced from my own experience, may be useful to those who have not yet taken my naturalist embarking upon his first scientific voyage.

I will take the salt-water aquarium for my subject, as is that only have my observations been made; and for many reasons the salt aquarium is superiority over the fresh-water aquarium, which any one living in the vicinity of New York or Brooklyn, or any other of our maritime cities, can not be under-stocked.

My aquarium was commenced at Newport during the summer of 1859, and it is now, in 1860, still and the present moment it is as clear as the purest crystal, the water having been changed but twice, previous to and after its transportation to the city.

One remark is needful for the young beginner: that is, Be cautious. Do not be too hasty in stocking your aquarium; wait a few days for your young plants to be fairly domiciled in their new habitation, or you will meet with the same ill-fortune which attended me upon my first attempt to naturalize the finny monsters of the deep.

Having procured a large China food-tub, and cleansing the white sand and stones from their impurities, I proceeded to stock the aquarium. First, I dropped in some whelks or snails, to the number of fourteen, then some shrimps, half a dozen fish, and innumerable quantities of star-fish, which I had picked up on the rocks. With this medley it was transported to my room with great satisfaction; which, alas! did not last long, for the next morning the water had lost its crystalline purity, and by night a peculiar phosphorescent gleam might be observed on agitating the tank.

The morning, alas! revealed a deplorable state of things. There were my poor fishes lying dead on the surface of the water, the crabs with their long tiny fine fingers, lying listlessly at the bottom; and the whole, emitting putrefaction as rapidly as possible in the hottest sunshine of a summer's day. Yet I consigned my poor pets to the ash-heap, and set about preparing for another. This time I procured a tank, and, assisted by the "Aquarium" book by Gosse, and with them from a young lady, whose writings on this subject have been read and admired by many—I succeeded at last in establishing my aquarium upon a firm basis.

I, before, had procured the pebbles and gravel from their impurities, and having arranged my rockwork, I poured in the water, drawn at high-tide, carefully by my assistant, and, lastly, the plants of sea-lettuce, *ulva latissima*, and two or three clumps of *corallina officinalis*, constituted the nurse shrubbery of the aquarium; it was then left for three days at rest.

At the end of that time a few snails and soldier-crabs were added, then a sea-anemone, a starfish; and thus adding two or three specimens daily, until my aquarium consisted of about forty inmates, apparently happy and satisfied with their new abode.

It is not for me to designate the numerous species of plants and animals which thrive and increase in an aquarium. Many of them are not intentionally accessible to the city youth; but, doubtless, in a few years, the facilities afforded by the sea-side that will gladly transmit to him these species which he is unable to procure.

As a rule, I find the rock-work coarser and fresh-second, I have preserved specimens for three or four days. They were, however, of the lower class of animals that inhabit these seas. Fish will not live long in a confined state.

Having first procured your tank, and carefully washed it, let your rock-work be placed in the bottom to the depth of one inch. In the arrangement of the rock-work your own taste is the best guide. If some portions are exposed, crevices and caves and shells covered with moss, is preferred; and by other the arch, or stones, placed in such a manner as to form a cave, or grotto, in which the finny minnow and the sluggish eel love to congregate.

Specimens of *ulva latissima* can be collected on New York Bay, and Coney Island, and, also, Brooklyn from Brooklyn. The pleasant shores of Bay Ridge furnish innumerable quantities of beautiful specimens, and, also, the shores of the Long Island Sound. Here also have I found the sepula, with its plumed and tufted, and, also, the shell, and one or two small specimens of the flat-fish or flounder. Shrimp can be procured at any fish-market, and a small pond near the Hudson River, at the Child Street, Brooklyn, will furnish you with sickle-tacks.

The finest actinias I have ever procured in the vicinity of New York were in Hallam Island, near the first landing; and although I have seen specimens of fine ones on the piers at the various ferries, I have never had the good fortune to procure one.

Then, with but little expense and much pleasure, you may have as fine an aquarium as can be procured; and the rocks and sea-weed, which were looked on with disgust, will shine with undiscovered beauties when placed in your miniature ocean.

THE CITY OF CHICAGO, ILL.

WE give on the next page a picture of the city of Chicago, Illinois, where the Republican Nominating Convention will be held on 16th inst.

Chicago is the youngest of our great cities, and the most promising. Though it was only organized as a town in 1833, with 28 voters, it has a population of over 100,000 souls, and is the largest primary grain depôt in the world.

The first white men who visited the site on which Chicago now stands were French missionary Marquette and his party, who encamped there in the winter of 1673-5. The United States built a fort there—called Fort Dearborn—in 1804; this was evacuated in 1814, and many of the garrison massacred by the Indians close to the walls. After the war the fort was reoccupied.

Chicago has been built up by railroads and the trade in produce. The Illinois and Michigan Canal, which was begun in 1836 and finished, gave the first impetus to the city, which then contained 20,000 inhabitants. In 1850 there were 50 miles of railroad centering in Chicago, and the population was 28,000. The various Western roads were vigorously pushed forward to completion, so that now Chicago is the great railway system comprising upward of 6000 miles of road. This told directly on the population, which, from 28,000 in 1850, rose to 38,000 in 1853, 65,872 in 1854, 110,000 in 1856, 120,000 in 1858, and probably 160,000 or 150,000 now. The city extends over the flat prairie and produce trade of Illinois, Iowa, and the other Far Western States. Its people, than whom the country contains none more enterprising or more energetic, have not been content to avail themselves of their natural advantages. They have spent sums of money in improving the channels of trade, in establishing new feeders for their railroads, in building an inland navy of immense strength that they have their reward. The Chicago gunnies (of which we published two engravings in a recent number) are the greatest in the world; the Chicago hotels rank second only to those of New York; the city of Chicago itself presents evidences of wealth, and luxury, and spleudor which no one expects to meet in a town scarcely a quarter of a century old.

We congratulate the Republicans on the hospitable treatment they will be in store for them in the Queen City of the West.

THE CITY OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, WHERE THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATING CONVENTION WILL MEET ON MAY 16, 1860.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

THE next event that occurred was of so singular a nature that it might have caused me a feeling of superstitious surprise, if my mind had not been fortified by principle against any pagan weakness of that sort. The uneasy sense of something wrong in the family, which had made me wish myself away from Blackwater Park, was actually followed, strange to say, by my departure from the house. It is true that my absence was for a temporary period only; but the coincidence was, in my opinion, not the less remarkable on that account.

My departure took place under the following circumstances.

On the day when the servants all left I was again sent for to see Sir Percival. The undeserved slur which he had cast on my management of the household did not, I may honestly say, prevent me from returning good for evil to the best of my ability, by complying with his request as readily and respectfully as ever. It cost me a struggle with that fallen nature which we all share in common before I could suppress my feelings. Being accustomed to self-discipline, I accomplished the sacrifice.

I found Sir Percival and Count Fosco sitting together again. On this occasion his lordship remained present at the interview, and assisted in the development of Sir Percival's views.

The subject to which they now requested my attention related to the healthy change of air by which we all hoped that Miss Halcombe and Lady Glyde might soon be enabled to profit. Sir Percival mentioned that both the ladies would probably pass the autumn (by invitation of Frederick Fairlie, Esquire) at Limmeridge House, Cumberland. But before they went there, it was his opinion, confirmed by Count Fosco (who here took up the conversation and continued it to the end), that they would benefit by a short residence first in the genial climate of Torquay. The great object, therefore, was to engage lodgings at that place affording all the comforts and advantages of which they stood in need; and the great difficulty was to find an experienced person capable of choosing the sort of residence which they wanted. In this emergency the Count begged to inquire, on Sir Percival's behalf, whether I would object to give the ladies the benefit of my assistance by proceeding myself to Torquay in their interests.

It was impossible for a person in my situation to meet any proposal made in these terms with a positive objection.

I could only venture to represent the serious inconvenience of my leaving Blackwater Park in the extraordinary absence of all the in-door servants with the one exception of Margaret Porcher. But Sir Percival and his lordship declared that they were both willing to put up with inconvenience for the sake of the invalids. I next respectfully suggested writing to an agent at Torquay; but I was met here by being reminded of the imprudence of taking lodgings without first seeing them. I was also informed that the Countess (who would otherwise have gone to Devonshire herself) could not, in Lady Glyde's present condition, leave her nieces; and that Sir Percival and the Count had business to transact together which would oblige them to remain at Blackwater Park. In short, it was clearly shown me that if I did not undertake the errand no one else could be trusted with it. Under these circumstances I could only inform Sir Percival that my services were at the disposal of Miss Halcombe and Lady Glyde.

It was thereupon arranged that I should leave the next morning, that I should occupy the day after in examining all the most convenient houses in Torquay, and that I should return with my report, on the third day. A memorandum was written for me by his lordship, stating the various requisites which the place I was sent to take must be found to possess; and a note of the pecuniary limit assigned to me was added by Sir Percival.

My own ideas, on rending over these instructions, was, that no such residence as I saw described could be found at any watering-place in England; and that, even if it could by chance be discovered, it would certainly not be parted with for any period on such terms as I was permitted to offer. I hinted at these difficulties to both the gentlemen, but Sir Percival (who undertook to answer me) did not attempt to find them. It was not for me to dispute the question. I said no more; but I felt a very strong conviction that the business on which I was sent away was so beset by difficulties that my errand was almost hopeless at starting.

Before I left I took care to satisfy myself that Miss Halcombe was going on favorably.

There was a painful expression of anxiety in her face which made me fear she had her mind on first recovering itself was not at ease. But she was sensibly strengthening more rapidly than I could have ventured to anticipate; and she was able to send kind messages to Lady Glyde, saying that she was fast getting well, and entreating her lodyship not to exert himself again too soon. I left her in charge of Mrs. Rubelle, who was still at quietly independent variance with one else in the house as ever. When I knocked at Lady Glyde's door, before going away, I was told that she was still sadly weak and depressed; my informant being the Countess, who was then keeping her company in her room. Sir Percival and the Count were waiting on the road to the lodge as I was driven by in the chaise. I bowed to them, and quitted the house with not a living soul left in the servants' offices but Margaret Porcher.

Every one must feel what I have felt myself since that time, that these events happened were more than unusual—they were almost suspicious. Let me, however, say again, that it was impossible for me, in my dependent position, to act otherwise than I did.

The result of my errand at Torquay was exactly what I had foreseen. No such lodgings as I was instructed to take could be found in the whole place, on the terms I was permitted to give were much too low for the purpose, even if I had been able to discover what I wanted. I returned to Blackwater Park on the third day, and informed Sir Percival, who met me at the door, that my journey had been taken in vain. He seemed to be prepared beforehand with some other subject to care about the failure of my errand and his first words informed me that even in the short time of my absence a further remarkable change had taken place in the house.

The Count and Countess Fosco had left Blackwater Park for their new residence in St. John's Wood.

I was not made aware of the motive for this sudden departure, but I was glad that the Count had been very particular in leaving his kind compliments for me. When I ventured on asking Sir Percival if Lady Glyde had had my one to attend to her comforts in the absence of the Countess, he replied that she had Margaret Porcher to wait on her, and he added that a woman from the village had been sent for to do the work down stairs.

The second day shocked me—there was such a glaring impropriety in permitting an unfortunate invalid to fill the place of confidential attendant on Lady Glyde. I went up stairs at once, and met Margaret on the bedroom landing. Her services had not been required (naturally enough), her mistress having sufficiently recovered that morning to be able to leave her bed. I found next other Miss Halcombe, but I was answered in a slouching, sulky way, which left me no wiser than I was before. I did not choose to repeat the question, and perhaps provoke an impertinent reply. I was in every respect more becoming to a person in my position to present myself immediately in Lady Glyde's room.

I found that her ladyship had certainly gained in health during the last three days. Although still sadly weak and nervous, she was able to get up without assistance, and to walk slowly about the room, feeling no serious effect from the exertion than a slight sensation of fatigue. She had been made a little anxious that morning by Miss Halcombe's not having received no news of her from any one. I thought it was intended to imply a blameable want of attention on the part of Mrs. Rubelle; but I said nothing, and remained with Lady Glyde to assist her to dress. When she was ready we both left the room together to go to Miss Halcombe.

We were stopped in the passage by the appearance of Sir Percival. He looked as if he had been purposely waiting there for us.

"Where are you going?" he said to Lady Glyde.

"To Marian's room," she answered.

"It may spare you a disappointment," remarked Sir Percival, "if I tell you at once that you will not find her there."

"Not find her there?"

"No. She left the house yesterday morning with Fosco and his wife."

Lady Glyde was not strong enough to bear the surprise of this unexpected statement. She turned fearfully pale, and leaned back against the wall, looking at her husband in dead silence.

I was so astonished myself that I hardly knew what to say. I asked Sir Percival if he really meant that Miss Halcombe had left Blackwater Park.

"I certainly mean it," he answered.

"In her state, Sir Percival! Without mentioning her intentions to Lady Glyde!"

Before he could reply her ladyship recovered herself a little and spoke.

"Impossible!" she cried out, in a loud, frightened manner, taking a step or two forward from the wall. "Where was the Doctor, where was Mr. Dawson when Marian went away?"

"Mr. Dawson wasn't wanted, and wasn't here," said Sir Percival. "He left of his own accord, which is enough of itself to show that she was strong enough to travel. How you stare! If you don't believe she has gone, look for yourself. Open her room door, and all the other room doors, if you like."

She took him at his word, and I followed her. There was no one in Miss Halcombe's room but Margaret Porcher, who was busy setting it to rights. There was no one in the spare rooms or the dressing-rooms when we looked into them afterward. Sir Percival still waited for us in the passage. As we were leaving the last room that we had examined Lady Glyde whispered, "Don't go, Mrs. Michelson! don't leave me, for God's sake!" Before I could say any thing in return she was out again in the passage speaking to her husband.

"What does it mean, Sir Percival? I insist—I beg and pray you will tell me what it means!"

"It means," he answered, "that Miss Halcombe was strong enough yesterday morning to sit up and be dressed, and that she insisted on taking advantage of Fosco's going to London to go there too."

"To London!"

"Yes—on her way to Limmeridge."

Lady Glyde turned and appealed to me.

"You saw Miss Halcombe last," she said. "Did you think she looked fit to travel in four-and-twenty hours anyoward?"

"Not in my opinion, your ladyship."

Sir Percival, on his side, instantly turned and appealed to me also.

"Before you went away," he said, "did you, or did you not, tell the nurse that Miss Halcombe looked much easier and better?"

"I certainly made the remark, Sir Percival."

He addressed her ladyship again the moment I offered that reply.

"Set one of Mrs. Michelson's opinions fairly against the other," he said, "and try to be reasonable about a perfectly plain matter. If she had not been well enough to be moved do you think we would have let you have risked letting her go? She has got three competent people to look after her—Fosco, and your aunt, and Mrs. Michelson, who went away with them expressly for that purpose. They took a whole carriage yesterday, and made a bed for her on the seat, in case she felt tired. To-day, Fosco and Mrs. Rubelle go on with her themselves to Cumberland—"

"Why does Marian go to Limmeridge and leave me here by myself?" said her ladyship, interrupting Sir Percival.

"Because your uncle won't receive you till he has seen your sister first," he replied. "Have you forgotten the letter he wrote to her at the beginning of her illness? It was shown to you: you read it yourself; and you ought to remember it."

"I do remember it."

"If you do, why should you be surprised at her leaving you? You want to be back at Limmeridge, and she has gone there to get your uncle's leave for you on his own terms."

Poor Lady Glyde's eyes filled with tears.

"Marian never left me before," she said, "without bidding me good-by."

"She would have bid you good-by this time," returned Sir Percival, "if she had not been afraid of herself and of you. She knew you would try to keep her; she knew you would distress her by crying. Do you mean to make any more objections? If you do, you must come down stairs and ask questions in the dining-room. These worries upset me. I want a glass of wine."

He left us suddenly.

His manner all through this strange conversation had been very unlike what it usually was. He seemed to be almost as nervous and flustered, every now and then, as his lady herself. I should have supposed that his health had been so delicate, or his temper so uncommon so easy to upset.

I tried to prevail on Lady Glyde to go back to her room, but it was useless. She followed me in the passage, with the look of a woman whose mind was paralyzed stricken:

"Something has happened to my sister!" she said.

"Remember, my lady, what surprising energy there is in Miss Halcombe," I suggested. "She might well make an effort which other ladies in her situation would be unfit for. I hope and believe there is nothing wrong—I do indeed."

"I must follow Marian!" said her ladyship, with the same panic-stricken look. "I must go where she has gone; I must see that she is alive and well with my own eyes. Come! come down with me to Sir Percival!"

I hesitated, fearing that my presence might be considered an intrusion. I attempted to represent this to her ladyship; but she was deaf to me. She held my arm fast enough to force me to go down stairs with her; and she still clung to me with all the little strength she had at the moment when I opened the dining-room door.

Sir Percival was sitting at the table with a decanter of wine before him. He raised the glass to his lips as we went in, and drained it at a draught. Seeing that he looked at me angrily when he put it down again, I attempted to make some apology for my accidental presence in the room.

"Do you suppose there is any secrets going on here?" he broke out, suddenly; "there are none—there is nothing underhand; nothing kept from you or from any one." After speaking those strange words, loudly and sternly, he filled himself another glass of wine, and asked Lady Glyde what she wanted of him.

"If my sister is fit to travel I am fit to travel," said her ladyship, with more firmness than she had yet shown. "I come to beg you will make allowances for my anxiety about Marian, and let me follow her at once by the afternoon train."

"You must wait till to-morrow," replied Sir Percival; "and then, if you don't bear to the contrary, you can go. I don't suppose you care at all likely to hear to the contrary—so I shall write to Fosco by to-night's post."

He said those last words looking his glass up to the light, and looking at the wine in it intended for Lady Glyde. Indeed he never once looked at her throughout the conversation. Such a singular want of good-breeding in a gentleman of his rank impressed me, I own, very painfully.

"Why should you write to Count Fosco?" she asked, in extreme surprise.

"To tell him to expect you by the mid-day train," said Sir Percival. "He will meet you at the station, when you get to London, and take you on to sleep at your aunt's in St. John's Wood."

Lady Glyde's hand began to tremble violently round my arm—why, I could not imagine.

"There is no necessity for Count Fosco to meet me," she said. "I would rather not stay in London to sleep."

"You must. You can't take the whole journey to Cumberland in one day. You must rest in a night in London—and I don't choose you to go by yourself to a hotel. Fosco made the offer to your uncle to give you house-room on the way down, and your uncle accepted it. Here! here is a letter from him addressed to yourself. I ought to have sent it up this morning, but I forgot. Read it, and see what Mr. Fairlie himself says to you."

Lady Glyde looked at the letter for a moment, and then placed it in my hands.

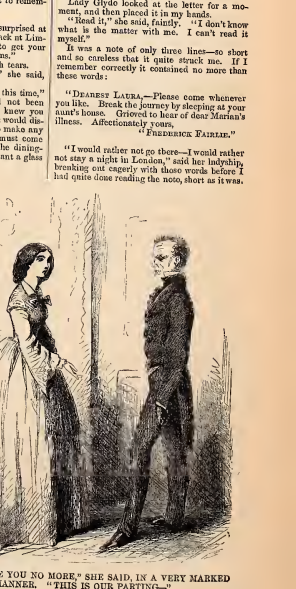
"Read it," she said, faintly. "I don't know what is the matter with me. I can't read it myself."

It was a note of only three lines—so short and so careless that it quite struck me. If I remember correctly it contained no more than these words:

"DEAREST LAURA,—Please come whenever you like. Break the journey by sleeping at your aunt's house. Grieved to hear of dear Marian's illness. Affectionately yours,

"FREDERICK FAIRLIE."

"I would rather not go there—I would rather not stay a night in London," said her ladyship, breaking out eagerly with those words before I had quite done reading the note, short as it was.



"I SHALL SEE YOU NO MORE," SHE SAID, IN A VERY MARKED MANNER. "THIS IS OUR PARTING—"

"Don't write to Count Fosco! Pray, pray don't write to him!"

Sir Percival filled another glass from the decanter, so savagely that he upset it and spilt all the wine over the table. "My sight seems to be failing me," he muttered to himself in an odd, muffled voice. He slowly set the glass up again, refilled it, and drained it once more at a draught. I began to feel, from his look and manner, that the wine was getting into his head.

"Pray don't write to Count Fosco!" persisted Lady Glyde, more earnestly than ever.

"Why not, I should like to know?" cried Sir Percival, with a sudden burst of anger that startled us both. "Where can you stay more properly in London than at the place your uncle himself chooses for you—at your aunt's house? Ask Mrs. Michelson!"

The arrangement proposed was so unquestionably the right and the proper one that I could make no possible objection to it. Much as I sympathized with Lady Glyde in other respects, I could not sympathize with her in her unjust prejudices against Count Fosco. I never before met with any lady of her rank and station who was so luxuriantly narrow-minded on the subject of foreigners. Neither her uncle's note, nor Sir Percival's increasing impatience seemed to have the least effect on her. She still objected to staying a night in London; she still implored her husband not to write to the Count.

"Drop it!" said Sir Percival, rudely turning his back on us. "If you haven't sense enough to know what is best for yourself, other people must know for you. The arrangement is made, and there is an end of it. You are only wasting time by arguing. Mrs. Michelson has done before you—"

"Marian?" repeated her ladyship, in a bewildered manner; "Marian sleeping in Count Fosco's house?"

"Yes, in Count Fosco's house. She slept there last night, and she begins the journey. And you are to follow her example, and do what your uncle tells you. You are to sleep at Fosco's—you are to do everything, as your uncle did, to break the journey. Don't throw too many obstacles in my way! Don't make me repent of letting you go at all!"

He started to his feet, and suddenly walked out into the verenda through the open glass doors.

"Will your ladyship excuse me," I whispered, "if I suggest that we had better not wait here till Sir Percival comes back? I am very much afraid he is overwrought with wine."

She consented to leave the room in my quiet manner.

As soon as we were safe up stairs again I did all I could to compose her ladyship's spirits. I remembered that Mr. Hartright's letters to Miss Halcombe and to herself did certainly mention, and even render necessary, some mention, of the conduct of the Count taken. She agreed to this, and even admitted, of her own accord, that both letters were strictly in character with her uncle's peculiar disposition; but her fears about Miss Halcombe, and her unaccountable dread of coming at the Count's house in London, still remained unshaken in spite of every consideration that I could urge. I thought it my duty to press against Lady Glyde's inflexible opinion of his lordship; and I did so with becoming forbearance and respect.

"Your ladyship will pardon my freedom," I remarked, in conclusion; "but it is said, 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' I am sure the Count's constant kindness and constant attention from the very beginning of Miss Halcombe's illness merit our best confidence and esteem. Then his lordship's serious misunderstanding with Mr. Dawson was entirely attributable to his anxiety on Miss Halcombe's account."

"What misunderstanding?" inquired her ladyship, with a look of sudden interest.

I raised the unhappy circumstances under which Mr. Dawson had withdrawn his attendance—mentioning them all the more readily because I disapproved of Sir Percival's conduct, and to conceal what had happened (as he had done in my presence) from the knowledge of Lady Glyde.

Her ladyship started up with every appearance of being additionally agitated and alarmed by what I had told her.

"Worse, worse than I thought!" she said, walking about the room in a bewildered manner. "The Count knew Mr. Dawson never consent to Marian's taking a journey—he purposely insulted the Doctor to get him out of the house."

"Oh, my lady! my lady!" I remonstrated.

"Mrs. Michelson!" she went on, vehemently, "no words that ever were spoken will persuade me that my sister is in that man's power and in that man's house with her own consent. I think of him in such terms that nothing Sir Percival could say, and no letters my uncle could write, would induce me, if I had only my own feelings to consult, to eat, drink, or sleep under his roof. But my misery of suspense about Marian gives me the courage to follow her anywhere—to follow her even into Count Fosco's house."

I thought it right, at this point, to mention that Miss Halcombe had already gone on to Cumberland, according to Sir Percival's account of the matter.

"I am afraid to believe it!" answered her ladyship. "I am afraid she is still in that man's house. If I am wrong—if she has really gone on to Limmeridge—I am resolved I will not sleep to-morrow night under Count Fosco's roof. My dearest friend is in the world, next to my sister, is at your house. You know, I and me, you have heard Miss Halcombe, speak of Mrs. Vesey? I mean to write and propose to go to her house. I don't know how I shall avoid the Count—but to that refuge I will escape in some way if my sister has gone to Cumberland. All I ask of you to do is to see yourself that my letter to Mrs. Vesey goes to London to-night, as certainly as Sir Percival's letter goes to Count Fosco. I have reasons for not trusting the post-bag down stairs. Will you keep my secret, and help me in this? In the last favor, perhaps, that I shall ever ask of you."

I hesitated—I thought it all very strange—I almost feared that her ladyship's mind had been a little affected by recent anxiety and suffering. At my own risk, however, I ended by giving my consent. The letter had been addressed to a stranger, or to any one but a lady so well known to me by report as Mrs. Vesey. I might have refused. I think Gentlemen, if you knew what happened afterward—I think God I never thwarted that wish, or any other, which Lady Glyde expressed to me on the last day of her residence at Blackwater Park.

The letter was written and given into my hands. I myself put it into the post-bag at the village that evening.

We saw nothing more of Sir Percival for the rest of the day. I kept, by Lady Glyde's own desire, in the next room to hers, with the door open between us. There was something so strange and alarming in her loudness and emptiness of the house that I was glad, on my side, to have a companion near me. Her ladyship sat up late reading letters and burning them, and emptying her drawers and cabinets of little things she prized at Blackwater Park. Her sleep was sadly disturbed when she at last went to bed: she cried out in her dreams, and spoke so loud that we woke herself. Whatever her dreams were she did not think fit to communicate them to me. Perhaps, she was afraid of my right to expect that she should do so. It matters little now. I was sorry for her—I was indeed heartily sorry for her at the same time.

The next day was fine and sunny. Sir Percival came up after breakfast to tell us that the carriage would be at the door by ten o'clock to twelve; the train to London stopping at our station at twenty minutes after. He informed Lady Glyde that he would go up to town, and added that he hoped to be back before she left. If any unforeseen accident delayed him, I was to accompany her by the train, and to take special care that she was in time for the train. Sir Percival communicated these directions very peevishly, without looking at his wife or speaking all the time. Her ladyship looked attentively after him wherever he went. He never once looked at her in return.

She only spoke when he had done, and then she stopped him as he approached the door by inquiring for her boxes.

"I shall see you no more," she said, in a very marked manner. "This is our parting—our farewell. It may be forever. I forgive, I forgive me, Percival, as heartily as I forgive you."

His face turned of an awful whiteness all over, and great beads of perspiration broke out on his bald forehead. "I shall come back," he said—and turned on the door as hastily as if his wife's farewell words had frightened him out of the room.

I had never liked Sir Percival—but the manner in which he left Lady Glyde made me feel ashamed of knowing such a man his friend and his servant. I thought of saying a few comforting and Christian words to the poor lady; but there was something in his face, as she looked after her husband when the door closed on him, that made me alter my mind and keep silence.

At the time named the chaise drew up at the gates. Her ladyship was right—Sir Percival never came back. And for him till the last moment—and waited in vain.

No positive responsibility lay on my shoulders, and I did all that was in my power to do. "Is it of your own free-will," I said, as the chaise drove through the lodge-gates, "that your ladyship goes to London?"

"I will go any where," she answered, "to end the painful suspense that I am suffering at this moment."

She had made me feel almost as anxious and as uneasy about Miss Halcombe as she felt herself. I thought it my duty to write me a line if all went well in London. She answered, "Most willingly, Mrs. Michelson." We shook hands, our eyes met for a moment, I read in her eyes the same thoughts and the same hopes that I had expressed to her in mine. "I fear your ladyship stood really hurt when I left you yesterday," I said to her at parting. "Yes," she said; "I was terribly disturbed by dreams." "Indeed, my lady?" I thought she was going to tell me her dreams; but no, when she spoke next it was only to ask a question. "You pested the letter I gave you to Mrs. Vesey with your own hands?" "Yes, my lady." "Did Sir Percival say, yesterday, that Count Fosco was to meet me at the terrible Blackwater Lodge?" "Yes, my lady."

She sighed heavily when I answered that last question and said no more.

We reached the station which hardly two minutes to spare. The gardener (who had driven us) managed about the luggage while I took the tickets. The whistle of the train was sounding when I joined her ladyship on the platform. She looked very strangely, and pressed her hand over her heart as if some sudden pain or fright had overcome her at that moment.

"I will go, whatever may come," she said, catching eagerly at my arm when I gave her the ticket.

If there had been time, if I had felt the day before as I felt then I would have made my arrangements to accompany her—even though the doing so had obliged me to give Sir Percival warning on the spot. As it was, her wishes, expressed as the last moment only, were expressed too late for me to comply with them. She seemed to understand this herself before I could explain it, and did not repeat her desire to have me for a traveling companion. The train drew up at the platform. She gave the gardener a present for his children, and took my hand in her simple, hearty manner before she got into the carriage.

"You have been very kind to me and to my sister," she said; "kind when we were both friendless. I shall remember you gratefully as long as I live to remember any one. Good-by—and God bless you!"

She spoke these words with a tone and a look which brought the tears into my eyes—she spoke them as if she was bidding me farewell forever.

"Good-by, my lady," I said, putting her into the carriage and trying to cheer her; "good-by, for the present only; good-by, with my best and kindest wishes for happier times!"

She shook her head and shuddered as she settled herself in the carriage. The guard closed the door. "Do you believe in dreams?" she whispered to me at the window. "My dreams last night were terrible. I saw the volume of my husband's Sermons. For the first time in my life I found my attention wandering over those pious and eloquent words. Something that Lady Glyde's departure must have disturbed me far more seriously than I had myself supposed. I put it by, and I tried to turn out to take a turn in the garden. Sir Percival had not yet returned, to my knowledge, so I could feel no hesitation about showing myself in the grounds.

On turning the corner of the house and giving a view of the garden I was startled by seeing a stranger walking in it. The stranger was a woman—she was lounging along the path with her back to me, and was looking at the flowers.

As I approached she heard me and turned round.

My blood curdled in my veins. The strange woman in the garden was Mrs. Rubelle.

I could neither move nor speak. She came up to me as composedly as ever with her flowers in her hand.

"What is the matter, ma'am?" she said, quietly.

"Your here!" I gasped out. "Not gone to London? Not gone to Cumberland?"

Mrs. Rubelle smelled at her flowers with a smile of malicious pity.

"Certainly not," she said. "I have never left Blackwater Park."

I summoned breath enough and courage enough for another question.

"Where is Miss Halcombe?"

Mrs. Rubelle fairly laughed at me this time; and answered in these words:

"Miss Halcombe, ma'am, has not left Blackwater Park either."

LITERARY.

ADAM BEDE has not yet passed, never will pass, out of popular favor. It is one of the great novels of the age. It is one of the few another from the same pen—THE MILL ON THE FLOSS (published by Harper & Brothers)—which partakes of the same characteristics, while in some respects it surpasses the former. The scenery of the story is like that of "Adam Bede" in quiet country life. But the wildest romances are found in that same quiet country life; and wilder and more thrilling story was never written than that of Maggie Tulliver, intervenes in the histories that make these pages interesting. No one who reads can resist. There is at one moment the consequences of character and scene; at another, a soft and delicious picture; at another, you can't see the pages for the tears that will come.

The story covers the lives of Tom Tulliver, his sister Maggie, their cousin Lucy, and the friends that surround them for several days. To say that the country folk are drawn to the life is saying little. They stand out from these pages, the old man and the old woman, as more sacred old man or old woman on the canvas of Denner. They talk in their own language; and instead of reading a novel, you read. Harper's Library. In this respect the author far surpasses Dickens in skill. There is no caricaturing; there is no seeking on the prominent characteristics of a thinking that the whole picture. But these are the people that have lived and have talked, and their love and hate have our sympathy. Such a novel is worth shelves full of the ordinary sort.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. Being a present one of the most prominent men, if not the most prominent man in the United States. His life is a remarkable history. Such a biography will be glad to have it as now written by James W. Sheehan, and published by Harper & Brothers. Mr. Sheehan has omitted nothing that is interesting or important to a complete knowledge of the career of his distinguished subject. His work is well laid out and well executed; and while it gives a full history of Mr. Douglas, it also gives us a political history of the nation, showing how deeply the interests of the Senator, and probable future President, has been identified with the great events in our national growth for a quarter of a century.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, April 30, nothing of public interest transpired in the Senate.—In the House, speeches were made, in Committee of the Whole, on the Army appropriation and the tariff, by Messrs. Moore, Alley, Wade, and Curtis.

On Tuesday, May 1, the Senate was not being in session. The House listened to speeches on the tariff, etc., from Messrs. Wilson, Hickman, and Millson of Virginia.

On Wednesday, May 2, in the Senate, Senator Davis caused his Territorial resolutions to be made the special order for Monday next. Some executive business was acted upon prior to adjournment.—In the House, Mr. Bertrand announced that the Tariff Bill would be called up that day, and that he should move that the speeches of the evening debate should be subsequent to the measure. Resolving itself into Committee of the Whole, the House listened to Messrs. Hickman, Curtis, and Smith of North Carolina, on slavery.

On Thursday, May 3, the Senate not being in session, Mr. Sherman urged action on the tariff question. Speeches on slavery were then made by Messrs. Davis, Hale, Stanton, Wilson, Singleton, and Hughes.

On Friday, May 4, both Houses were engaged on private business of no interest to the public.

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

On Saturday, April 28, the subject of a platform was again resumed in the Committee, from whence three reports were made on Saturday evening. The majority report was presented by Mr. Avery of North Carolina. It sets out with an affirmation of the Cincinnati platform, subject to certain explanatory resolutions, which declare "that the citizens of the United States in the Territories, "without their rights, either of person or property, being destroyed or injured by Congressional or Territorial legislation;" that it is the duty of the Federal Government to protect these rights; and that the State sovereignty begins only with the formation of a State Constitution. The remainder of the resolutions propose for Cuba, the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law, and the Pacific Railroad. The minority report of the Committee presented by Mr. Samuels, of Iowa, also reiterates the general principles of the Cincinnati platform but meets the question of the Territories by declaring "that the Democratic Party will abide by the decision of the Supreme Court upon the institution of slavery within the Territories." The acquisition of Cuba and the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law are also the principles further in all respects to those laid down by the majority.

Mr. Bailey, of Massachusetts, presented a third report, which proposed the adoption of the Cincinnati Platform, without explanatory or other resolutions. Speeches followed the reception of the reports; but no vote was taken on the question.

On Monday morning (30th), the question of platform was resumed. Mr. Bailey's report was rejected by a majority report was then taken up and adopted by a considerable majority. Upon this resolution the delegates from Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, Texas, and South Carolina, withdrew from the Hall. Various delegations, after protesting against the action of the majority, withdrew, and proceeded to St. Andrew's Hall, organized a separate body.

On Tuesday, May 1, the regular Convention met at the usual hour. Before business began a member of the Georgia delegation announced the withdrawal from the convention, he, with a number of his colleagues, felt constrained to take this step against the platform and resolutions. Twenty four votes at once said left: four others followed. Twenty four never would abandon the main party, while eight retained their seats. The Alabama delegation then left, and the delegations from Mississippi and the entire representations of Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina, with portions of those from Maryland, Delaware, and Kentucky, asked and procured leave to retire for consultation. A strong appeal to the Southern delegations, of Monday the following for President began in the regular Convention, the two-thirds rule being then adopted, and the ballots taken necessary to nominate. The following table shows the votes given the evening and on the following day Wednesday, May 2:

1.						
2.	145	42	584	19		
3.	147	41	584	19	64½	
4.	141	41	584	19	64½	
5.	139	41	574	19		
6.	140	41	574	19		
7.	141	41	59	19		
8.	150	40	59	19		
9.	150	40	58½	11	4½	1
10.	150	39	57½	11	4	1
11.	150	39	59	11	4	1
12.	150	39	59	11	4	1
13.	150	39	59	11	4	1
14.	150	39	59	11	4	1
15.	150	39	59	11	4	1
16.	150	39	59	11	4	1
17.	150	39	59	11	4	1
18.	150	39	59	11	4	1
19.	150	39	59	11	4	1
20.	150	39	59	11	4	1
21.	150	39	59	11	4	1
22.	150	39	59	11	4	1
23.	150	39	59	11	4	1
24.	150	39	59	11	4	1
25.	150	39	59	11	4	1
26.	150	39	59	11	4	1
27.	150	39	59	11	4	1
28.	150	39	59	11	4	1
29.	150	39	59	11	4	1
30.	150	39	59	11	4	1
31.	150	39	59	11	4	1
32.	150	39	59	11	4	1
33.	150	39	59	11	4	1
34.	150	39	59	11	4	1
35.	150	39	59	11	4	1
36.	150	39	59	11	4	1
37.	Same as 1.					
38.	Nearly the same.					
39.	151	42	19	11	4	1
40.	151	42	46	11		
41.	Nearly the same.					
42.	Nearly the same.					
43.	Nearly the same.					
44.	151	41	47½	11	5	1½
45.	152	41	47½	11	5	1½
46.	152	41	47½	11	5	1½
47.	151½	41	47½	11	5	1½
48.	151½	41	64½	11	5	1½
49.	40, 41, and 42.—Same as 38.					
50.	151½	41	64½		5	13
44 to 53.—Same as 43.						
54.	151½	41	64½		5	16
55.	151½	16	64½		5	16
56 and 57.—Same as 55.						

On the first and second ballots Mr. Toucey received 24 votes, and on the fifteenth ballot, Mr. Pierce received 1 vote.

The Ballots met on Wednesday, 24, and adopted the following Resolution: "That the Convention, they did not decide whether or not to nominate candidates.

On Thursday, May 3, Messrs. Bell, Russell, of Virginia, the regular Convention adjourned, to meet at Baltimore, June 9th. A brief speech was made by Mr. Cushing, and the Convention broke up.

The Ballots have been adopted and attempting to nominate.

CAPTAIN FARNHAM RELEASED.

Captain Farnham, distinguished for his connection with the sloop Wanderer, was on Wednesday released from the jail in Savannah, Georgia, where he has been confined for six months past. An attempt to rescue him was made by a party of his friends, who broke the remnants. The mother was finally conquered by the Georgia Farnham succeeded in escape and dashed up $50,000.

JAPANESE GALLANTRY.

Two French ladies, who were in San Francisco when the Japanese arrived there, were anxious to go on board

the vessel where the foreigners were. But ladies could not be probed. Nevertheless, they put on potions of lady-behaved sweetness and made the world. They accepted doctrine while they only tolerated, for neither party could understand the other. When, however, they shook hands with the Admiral, a peculiar smile passed over his face and he impolitely enough caused an attendant to dive into his cabin and bring out a variety of knick-nacks, brooches, fans, and other trifles pertaining to the fine lady sex. He said, with an Oriental wink at his interpreter, that he could not be mistaken in the sex of these ladies of land.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

Yesterday at noon, says the Washington *Star* of the 2d inst., the Hon. E. J. Spaulding, M. C. from Louisiana, was united in marriage to Miss Mary Elizabeth Fisher, the second daughter of our well-known fellow-citizen, Mr. George Fisher. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's father, and the officiating clergyman was Rev. Dr. Pinckney, the pastor of Trinity Episcopal Church. The guests witnessing the ceremony, though not very numerous, embraced a number of persons in distinguished public positions here and their family connections, including Senator Cobb, Thursday and Toucey among them. The bridesmaids were Miss Fanny Fraser, niece of the bride; Miss Elizabeth Ward, York; Miss Collins, of New York; Miss Alice Maury, and Miss Sarah Pinckney, of this city, and Miss Hammond, a daughter of Senator Hammond, of South Carolina. The groomsmen were Mr. Ward, of New Orleans, John Maury, Esq., of this city; the Hon. Mr. Ward, of New Orleans; Mr. Edmonds, Mr. Williams, Mr. Gibbs, and Miles, of South Carolina, of the House of Representatives, and another gentleman, of Louisiana, whose name we have not learned. The bride is said to have been attired in a white silk, separate bodice, point lace, over a white satin dress, with a point lace veil, and orange flowers in her hair, and the bridesmaids appeared in the ornaments due were. Shortly after the ceremony the happy couple, accompanied by an escort of a large concourse of the fashionable friends of Mr. Fisher's family, left for the New York on a tour through Pennsylvania City and Four-and-a-half streets for a long distance. A substantial entertainment was prepared for the occasion and an exquisite cake being discovered delicious enough to have been "ordered" attached to the table. Mr. Fisher is the reception cic-ed, and subsequently the gay wedding party adjourned to Mr. Fisher's. We hear that the happy pair start to-day on a Northern wedding tour. This we regard as the most judicious wedding that has been taken place in the Federal metropolis.

PERSONAL.

Dr. James Walker, the retiring President of Harvard College, has just received a gift of $12,000 from gentlemen of Boston. The gift was made generally, and at the time of advantage to many, for it will give to the recipient the income for the term of life, and the fund will go to better use than upon the parsimony for which he is perfectly fitted. Professor C. Eliot will be inaugurated on the 24th of the present month.

The book diverse case in point between Mr. and Mrs. Beecher, Jr., is a case that will interest Mr. and Mrs. Cook, by assuming him of compelling her to set the cloak upon and upon her husband's bodice to the misfortune of her health, and he charging her with improper intimacies with a male acquaintance. Some scandalous testimony has been and will be given on this matter of Spiritualism, and its effect on the minds of the jury. Also subjected to its influence.

Admiral Ward, the Minister of the United States marine corps at the battle of New Orleans, died near Winchester, Virginia, on the 16th ult. Mrs. Ward was formerly Miss Ward in the fight, and he was taken prisoner.

Mr. Peter Cooper has been an active director in President of Harvard College at the beginning of the present term. Hotch. Mr. Cooper's birthday occurred on the 12th, falling on Monday, 28th inst. Mr. Henry Lee, Jun., has been appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts to fill the position, but the decision of the ceremony have not yet been arranged.

A gay marriage recently took place at Bristol, in Spain. The parties were the Marquis de Montemar, Y-Colonel of Hussars, D. H. G. Barclay, of Virginia, and Miss Louisa Hampton, the sister of the Mr. Y-Colonel of Hussars. After the wedding ceremony, the bridal party, including the officers of the Hussars, and a large number of distinguished gay-apparelled American stress, and, preceded by the bridal, and the groom, went to a hotel in the Place Bilbao. The flags of England and America were fastened about the hall, and the wedding cake, a monster, four feet in height, was similarly decorated in miniature. After breakfast there were speeches, of course, and it was necessary to say that the American were well forward in the festivities.

The investigation in the Lessley family poisoning case is now proceeding at Wilmington, Delaware. A number of cases have been examined, and the probability is that the evidence will be sufficient to fasten the deed upon the suspected from the first, Ann, the slave cook. Mrs. Lessley, Mrs. Ann, and the sufferers, stated that she had heard the woman use threats against the family because, but had been treated with respect for such, and left herself alone by herself.

At long alone, we stated that at a "Charivari" party, or mock serenade, given to a newly-married couple in Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania, a member of the band was from the house to remonstrate, and was shot dead. On the 20th ult., at Ft. Ann, on a hot wind blowing on a station on the Mississippi River, a man deliberately walked out and was shot dead. Mr. Hamilton, the man not known, but it was supposed to be the person who accompanied the above already shot. The affair was apparent immediately after the dead. His name unknown.

Miss Evans is located in Mobile; a boat intended for Summer Cruise in the Alabama River has been named "Beulah."

The Bermudian *Banner* says that John Sherman, in Pownal, Vermont, had born to him, on the day he completed his twenty-first year, a son, and he called the child Levi; and on the same day were born unto him a grandson and great grandson. The parents at the time were living in three different States. All three of the boys are living.

About three months ago a young woman was married in this city, and with her husband left for Boston. Shortly as a wedding trip, he passed or sold all her clothes except a few rags. They then returned to New York, Boston. There the rapacious man sold his wife's best change gowns and compelled her to put on rags. It is not considered the thing in the last-named city for women to appear at opera, and she was compelled to go as she showed herself on the street. It was through this means that the husband gave her a divorce.

At the recent county and election in Falls City, Kansas, two men named Mook and Bates, contested for preserve order. They soon began to quarrel, and, although separated by a distance, managed to have a fight of shots at each other during the afternoon—some of them, known sitting, others, lying. In the evening, about town with loaded pistols in search of each other, they met and fired pistols at each other, both of them dying at once, the other lingering, but not recovery.

At the Grand Surveyor Hart, who was killed in the late emigration fight in England, was robbed of his watch by the Indian who killed him, and sold it.

Mrs. Sarah McCauley was buried in Philadelphia on the 8th ult. from the residence of her husband. The deceased was formerly Miss Sarah Mercer, and the figure presumably in a tragedy which occurred in that town seventeen or eighteen years ago. In consequence of a wager, made in the ball room in Philadelphia, between Hutchinson Robertson, while in a carriage, on a forty-foot in the dock, on the Jersey side of the river. Young Mercer was tried at Woodbury, and acquitted on the ground of insanity. The affair caused an intense excitement at the time. Miss Mercer, who was a very beautiful girl, married a young gentleman of Philadelphia, but they were soon afterward divorced. She subsequently married Dr. J. B. Cauley, of New York, by whom she had thirty-five years of age at the time of her death. Singular Mercer died, as a man, in the same year, in the terrible fever there, in 1855, and he fell a victim to the scourge. His remains are in Laurel Hill, along with the other Philadelphia victims of the epidemic.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE SAVOY QUESTION AGAIN.

In the House of Commons Mr. Sherman attacked the foreign policy of the Government, and denounced the despatch of Lord Clarendon.

Lord John Russell defended the Ministers, and asserted that they had been unmindful of the honor of their country or the peace of Europe. Important questions as to the maintenance of the neutralized districts of Savoy had arisen, and he believed before long the great Powers would be in a position to bring peace to the question.

THE PRIZE-FIGHT.

At latest dates correspondents write:

"There is nothing yet determined in regard to the great Sayers-Heenan fight, notwithstanding the formation of a Club for the purpose. The effort will not make a formal decision until the 10th.

"It is emphatically denied on behalf of both parties that either decline to fight, or forfeit money to drawn, and it is claimed for each that either could have won in a few minutes.

"Considerable sums of money had been collected on the ground in Leicestershire for Sayers. He was to attend the London Stock Exchange on the 21st, to be presented with one hundred pounds.

"It is thought that strong steps will be taken by the authorities to prevent a repetition of the fight.

A LETTER FROM HEENAN.

Heenan, on the 22d, writes to the *Times*:

"I am sorry that the disappointment to you misunderstand my wishes, and it does me great injustice. I have never intended to fight a second battle with Sayers, but to settle with him on the 16th; and, instead of being fatigued, I feel quite fresh and ready, if Sayers, after having come so far, and not having got a settlement, I will fight him on the 16th, and I will give him a few good-natured pats on the back, and being told I am a good fellow, I will shake hands and exchange friendly letters, asking me if I am not ashamed of myself, a great deal more than I deserve, and I will go home to Mrs Sayers. Under ordinary circumstances I should not have consented to fight a second battle, but I know that but England thinks him big enough to defend the belt. I want to see the belt in the possession of Sayers. The indecent letter, which I read in *Bell's Life* when I heard that they intended to call in the stakes on the second day before which Sayers could not finish the pending affair, with the insinuation in *Bell's Life* that he had published it, you will do me a great kindness in letting the people understand that I was ready to fight, but the meeting is not to be resumed, and the belt is not to come to me for my hard-earned money. Sayers is to be the first on the list to meet Sayers again for the next chance he conquer it."

The following is the letter to *Bell's Life*:

"Not knowing that the stakes were to pass as a referee the final decision upon the fight of Tuesday last, I desire to contradict the report that I was in the power of the stakes for the second time. I was little demand from having been informed of the intended disposition of the money, and I have Sayers sufficient time to recover from certain injuries received by him.

"Now, Sir, while I am willing to accomodate him in any power, I cannot allow the stakes to take the right. I also received injuries, but I bargained for them; and I think it is a pity that the money, which I had been deprived, through the effects of the said battle, if it was decided, I should have had it. I did not see Butler, when chatted by Sayers, you would have made a mistake in the matter. I was not aware of the fact, as dictated by my private doctor.

"Now, Sir, I propose to fight the date for the battle was the 16th, or as soon as we could get to fight; and, according to the stakes, I will fight the same day, and, if it was my understanding, and I believe it is the law, that we should fight within 24 hours, I will be ready to contract. The battle was said to be unfinished, and I am prepared to fight the same day, according to the stakes. If Sayers is not, on account of injuries from me, sufficient, I propose and claim that he resign to make my claim, as I demand and claim that he resign to make my claim, as I demand and claim that he resign to me the belt, whether to retain. Hoping to receive an answer from you, and a little more explicitness, I remain, yours truly, J. C. Heenan."

"P. S.—I do not understand I don't wish to accept Sayers to fight because he is represented to be a changed stone, but I will fight him if he wishes. I think I have a little, and which I will cheerfully hand back whenever he or any other person thinks he can take it from me."

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Mr. Wilkes, of New York, on behalf of Mr. Heenan, has addressed the following letter to the London *Times*, which has been published:

"To the Editor of the London Times:

"Sir,—I am desired to state, on the part of Mr. John C. Heenan, in answer to your inquiry, that Sayers, when he was ready, I was prepared to fight, and I was requested the referee, at the last moment, to postpone the fight, and I was ready to fight when the ring was broken into. On the contrary, he said he was fatigued and was not in condition to fight beautiful as his course, repeatedly protested against the invasion of the ring, and demanded that the fight should be uninterrupted. In proof of this Heenan treated his way to the stakes, and to avoid of greater evil, he was forced to retire from the side of Sayers, to renew the combat after the ring was broken, and he was forced to leave the ring, and did not be so said Sayers had been withdrawn, and I was no way, and I was ready to fight, and Sayers had not that courageous taken place, he would soon have been in the ring, and I would have been ready to meet him on the ground. As to the suggestion which has been made that I was not in condition to fight, I think it would be should have a bolt entire, he hope to say that which he will cheerfully hand back whenever he or any other person thinks he can take it from me. Sayers, I think, is a very good-natured man, and I am perfectly ready to be presented to the Stock Exchange on the 21st, as he proposes, and I will be presented with one hundred pounds.

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FRANCE.

THE FRENCH POLICY AS TO SAVOY.

Mention has been made of a confidential dispatch addressed by Count Daru to the diplomatic agents of the Emperor in Germany. The following is the text of the document:

"PARIS, *March 15, 1869.*

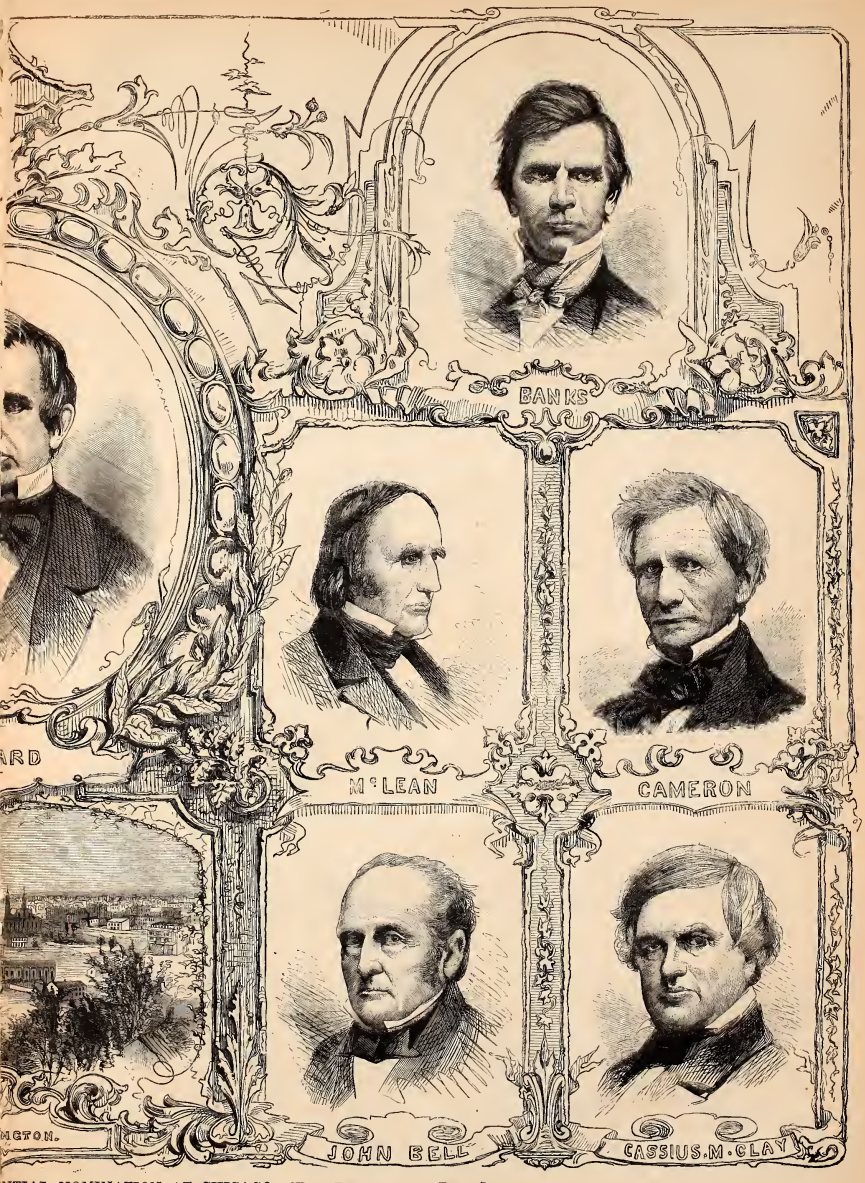
"Sir,—I remark in the German papers that a great importance, and a meaning which is not a correct one, is given to the Swiss Church of Geneva, the Church of Protestantism—which the Majesty made use of when speaking of the Savoy question. I have, in fact, to the Prussian Ministry, to provoke the ancient union consented to in 1706 by Sardinia, and always respected by the Cantons of Switzerland, which union existed between the two of 1814 and that of 1815. The Emperor's Government has not lost sight of the essentially Catholic nature of its interpretation of a word which, nevertheless, serves with it to the Protestant Church of Geneva. In pointing out with so much reason the territorial changes which the Treaties of Vienna, in 1815, had made, it made for us on the side of the Alps by the treaty of 1815, and the Treaties of Vienna, which gave him a right to demand from the King of Sardinia a modification of the Treaties, which modification, it has not been in its resulting from their Treaties. In not what he demanded, and the Emperor's Government is not aware what is ended in French *a reconciliation!* And do not the explanations which the Emperor's Government dictated that the only grounds on which that reconciliation was based, the Emperor's Government dictated, the Emperor's Government, expressing the position which it wishes to be taken, and which it wishes to be taken, to refuse to entertain any suspicion of such an idea? We have, in fact, the Emperor's Government, expressing to the equity and good sense of the Cabinets. You are authorized to read this dispatch to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of—, and to make use of the indications it contains in the fine appreciation which it has of the Prussian sound you.

THOUVENEL."

AMERICAN AND OTHER REIGNING BELLES.

The *Herald* Paris correspondent writes: "Our American lady, has attained a considerable authority in the Imperial Court, and the influence she exercises also develops in respect to the sinews of war. "Hong the sequence, of an American lady, "I have seen the Atlantic for nothing!" If the choicest flowers, the most sunny, the most fragrant, the most delicious, the most pate de fois gras et d'oiseaux rare truffes—if gorgeous lights and sumptuous fêtes, and the fascination of the Court of France and her famous dame, with a goodly exchange of courtesies, and the sweet, the sweet, the sweet, the sweet one your tongue; and I have no hesitation in saying that Miss Sayers, the American, is considered one of the beauty nature of her early life, is a special favorite. Miss Sayers is the daughter of a Mr. Sayers, who gives 10,000 francs per annum for an unfurnished apartment in the Champs Elysées in now passing up around the Ave de Pibbole. One hero of nothing but Mrs. Longueville Clarke, the Longueville Clarke, Mrs. Longueville Clarke. Spitefed pen, with talk against the Court, and "you know how, I hope they have not been asked. She herself is the incarnation of the Court, and the Court is herself. In a chance of obtaining good materials for her reception—the Longueville Clarke, Mrs. Longueville Clarke, Mrs. Longueville Clarke presents her charmed features and her charming figure, and her charming manner and bland smiles and profiers her hospitality with charming hospitality. But it seems that Longueville Clarke, Longueville Clarke, Mrs. Longueville Clarke, Mrs. Longueville Clarke, "Mrs. Longueville Clarke, "Mrs. Longueville Clarke, "

PROMINENT CANDIDATES FOR THE REPUBLICAN PRESIDE



NTIAL NOMINATION AT CHICAGO.—[From Photographs by Brady.]

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

WE present on the two preceding pages portraits of the eleven leading statesmen whose names are mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for President, and we subjoin brief biographical sketches:

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, OF NEW YORK.

William Henry Seward, a United States Senator from the "Empire State" of New York, and the acknowledged leader of the great Republican party, is respectably one of the foremost representatives men of the age. Few of his fellow-citizens are unwilling to render some tribute to his intellectual ability, while many regard him as the champion of most freedom and of progress.

Mr. Seward was born in the village of Florida, Orange County, N.Y., on the 16th day of May, 1801. Of an active disposition, and possessing an inquiring mind, he mastered the rudiments of education at an early age, and in 1816 entered Union College, at Schenectady, where he graced distinguished honors in a diligent career. Having graduated with high honors, he went to New York city in 1822, and commenced the study of the law in the office of Hon. John Anthon; but the next year returned to his native county, where he completed his law studies in the office of Hon. Ogden Hoffman, at that time District Attorney.

In 1823 Mr. Seward was admitted to the bar, at Goshen, and soon afterwards he removed to Auburn, where he entered into partnership with his future fellow-traveler, Judge Miller, and where he has since resided. Devoted to the interests of his numerous clients, the young practitioner soon attained a high reputation as a diligent and creative practitioner.

Mr. Seward became identified with the "Anti-Masonic" party in this State, and in 1828 was the President of a Young Men's Convention, held at Utica, in favor of the re-election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidential chair. In 1830 he was elected to the Senate of the State of New York, where he at once distinguished himself as a Reformer.

Having served four years as State Senator, Mr. Seward was promoted, in 1834, to accept a nomination for Governor, in opposition to Hon. William L. Marcy, who then held the position for the second time. In this contest he was more successful, defeating his veteran opponent by ten thousand votes. In 1838 he was nominated for "Harrison campaign," in which he took an active part, but was unsuccessful in the contest.

In 1840 Governor Seward, having declined a renomination, settled down to the quiet life of a private citizen, devoted his time to the duties of his profession, in which he soon occupied a leading position. His services were varied and extensive, embracing many important patent cases, and he was, in fact, while at this time he was regarded as one of the best criminal lawyers in the State of New York.

The nomination of Governor Taylor in 1848 as the Whig candidate for President was not regarded by Governor Seward as one eminently "fit to be made," and he entered into the contest with great zeal. The Free Soil party, were Taylor and Fillmore a large majority; and when the Legislature met, Mr. Seward was given a seat upon the United States Senate by a vote of 121 to 24. It was expected that he would have been the representative spirit of the Taylor Administration; but the untimely death of the President, which occurred shortly after, put political affairs at Washington.

Governor Seward was one of the most earnest opponents of the "Compromise Measures" passed by the Thirty-First Congress. In a speech, delivered in the Senate, in speech of March 11, 1850, "that slavery must give way, and will give way, to the salutary influence of freedom and law, and to the spreading influences of humanity; that emancipation is coming, and it never shall be hindered or hastened; that all measures which fortify slavery or extend its area are inconsistent with the end that check its extension and abate its strength tend to its ultimate extinction; that I will adopt and use lawful, constitutional, and peaceful means to secure even that end, and I will do so, too, I am sure, I trust, in the Presidential campaign of 1852 Senator Seward advocated the election of General Scott, although he was not a supporter of "Hunkerism." The disastrous result, which brought about the dissolution of the Whig party, did not appear to discourage the Senator from New York, who took bold and decided ground against the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which he denounced in a speech, delivered in 1854.

In February 1855, Senator Seward was re-elected by a combination of Whig, American, and Anti-Slavery Republicans, and he was the acknowledged leader of the Republican party, of which he is the acknowledged leader. It was, doubtless, in view of this fact, at the approaching Presidential election, to place Colonel Fremont in nomination, and the Senator showed no little jealousy, and some energetic zeal which had marked his exertions to promote the nomination of Mr. Taylor, and of Scott.

After the adjournment of Congress in the summer of 1859 Senator Seward visited the Pacific Coast, and crossed over to "the Green," He was every where received with marked distinction, and was the guest of the governors of the principal governments.

In the contest for Senator Seward's return the entire Republican party continued to be "rent" of John Brown, which the partisans of the Republican party exclusively availed themselves of.

Senator Seward, at the opening of the 26th of February (the last which he with ever delivers in Congress, his friends say) displayed a degree of vigor, which opportunately the friends of his more conservative friends.

In powerful speech Senator Seward proved to remarkably unconvincing, of skillful size, with light hair toned down by age, prominent nose, and hazy, overhanging eyebrows. His smile is cordial, and there is a luminous depth in the sunken eyes, the piece of his face which keeps warm heart. Hearty, early in life, to a daughter of Judge Miller, Mrs. Seward, he has two sons and daughters, and a portion of his family accompany him to Washington, where the Senatorial mansion is kept for them. So men has a larger circle of devoted friends, and no public man of our time enjoys a higher reputation as a cultured, high-toned gentleman. Politically, he is a Republican of the Northern school, and he is universally his inextinguishable reminiscences and sparkling wit; and whether he is discussing subjects of great from among the Republican candidates named if one was actually to be elected, they would beyond a doubt name William Henry Seward.

HON. JOHN M'LEAN, OF OHIO.

John M'Lean, Esq., is a native of North Carolina, New Jersey, where his father, an Irish weaver, who had emigrated to the New World, died the shortly.

At a very early age, in 1815, he entered the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Judicial Court of New Jersey, and, by laboriously transcribing documents earned a support while pursuing his legal studies. In 1816 he was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice at Lebanon, where he soon established a lucrative practice in the legal business. About this time he married Miss Rebecca, daughter of Mr. Lawrence, of South Carolina.

Mr. M'Lean was in early life a strong Democrat; and in 1817 he was elected to Congress, as the strong supported President Madison and the war with Great Britain, introducing bills for indemnifying individuals who had lost property in the public service, and for promoting internal improvements, and, also, for dealing with ability on the Committees on Foreign Relations and Public Lands, and was twice re-elected. In 1816, having been unanimously chosen by the Legislature of Ohio a Judge of the Supreme Court of that State, he withdrew from Congress, and General William Henry Harrison, afterward President, was elected to represent the District. As a judicial officer Judge M'Lean was even more popular than he had been as a legislator.

In 1829 President Monroe appointed Judge M'Lean Commissioner of the Land Office; and in 1830 he was appointed Postmaster-General. Up to that time no postal officer of the country had been very highly esteemed, but Judge M'Lean soon had every portion of the business reduced to a perfect system, and so highly was his service esteemed that the salary of his office was raised from four to six thousand dollars annually. President Adams retained him in office.

When General Jackson was selecting his Cabinet it is said that he asked Judge M'Lean if he would remain in office yet unaction the removal of postmasters whose politics did not agree with that of the administration. The Judge declined, stating that he was of opinion that the office should not be conferred as rewards for political services.

In 1830 Judge M'Lean was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and, although a distinguished politician, and received the appellation of "the Prince of the Democracy," he soon showed that he was no differed from the decision of the Court, as delivered by Chief Justice Marshall, and, in a separate dissent, a solution created by the local sovereignty—an antipodes repudiation of federal authority, and, therefore, over which the Federal Government can exercise no control.

Judge M'Lean is of large proportions, of stature, and neither his mental nor bodily vigor is affected or impaired by age. He was born in 1785, and was graduated in 1841 Wire Sarah B. Ludlow, of Cincinnati. A member of the Methodist Church, he has received honorary degrees from the Wesleyan University and other colleges of last prominence, and he is a liberal contributor to many of decided friends, who admire him as a Judge, agree with him as an independent politician, esteem him as a citizen, and respect him as a Christian.

GEN. SIMON CAMERON, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Simon Cameron was born on the 8th day of March, 1799, in Maryland, of Scotch and Dutch parentage. Both of his parents were also natives of Lancaster County, from whence they emigrated, in Maryland, in 1808, where his father was subsequently killed, leaving the family without any pecuniary resources, and with small means.

Having acquired the "art and mystery" of typography, young Cameron went forth into the world, and, in 1821, was employed in the publication of the Pennsylvania of the *National Intelligencer* at Washington. Returning to Pennsylvania, he established, in 1824, the Gettysburg Chronicle, and, in 1827, he edited the *Harrisburg Intelligencer*, which was a leading Democratic journal of the Keystone State.

In 1829 General Cameron was chosen assistant of the Middletown Bank—an office which he held ever since held, employing now and then his leisure hours, devoted to public men.

In 1845 Mr. James K. Polk, the President-elect, tendered the State Department to Mr. Buchanan, and the appointment was made to the Senate of the United States. General Cameron, who has ever been the decided friend of the Democratic party, in Pennsylvania, was placed in nomination, and was, by the aid of Whig and of American votes, elected.

From March, 1845, until March, 1849, General Cameron, with ability, served his State in the Senate and useful Senator, serving on several important committees, and exercising no little influence.

After the declaration of war with Mexico, General Cameron was appointed Quartermaster, and was employed in the service of the Mexican Republic.

A recognized leader of the Democratic system, General Cameron has not only ever sought to encourage, home labor and home interests, but he has ever been an advocate of internal improvements. In the Senate he has uniformly supported the Pacific Railroad, and numerous bills for the improvement of our rivers and harbors, and in the Senate he has ever been regarded as one of the most useful public works of Pennsylvania.

In 1857 General Cameron was again elected to the Senate, where his course has been in strict accordance with the views and interests of the great State which he so well represents.

HON. SALMON P. CHASE, OF OHIO.

Salmon Portland Chase, the last Governor of the State of Ohio, was born at Cornish, New Hampshire, January 13, 1803. His father died when he was nine years of age. In 1817 he entered Dartmouth College, at Hanover, College. In 1826 he graduated with distinguished honors. Soon after he left the University of Dartmouth College, and gave introduction to the seat of Henry Clay, Esq., Secretary of State, and Attorney-General. While conducting his school he pursued the study of the law, under the direction of Judge Wood, of Ohio, and was admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia.

In the spring of 1830 Mr. Chase removed to Cincinnati, and has ever since been a resident of Ohio. While a young attorney, he was, nevertheless, of no little prominence of business. Mr. Chase prepared for publication, in 1833, the Statutes of Ohio, and the Laws of Ohio, which is now received as authority in the Courts. Through the exertion and influence of Mr. Chase and his close attention to business, Mr. Chase soon gained a very lucrative practice, and, in 1837, he was, and been particularly identified with any political party. He supported Governor Lucas, in 1836, and, in 1838, he drew proved of his integrity, and of the course of the Tyler Administration, and, in 1840, he was nominated. He sulted in a well, made in 1841, for a Convention of the opponents of Mr. Tyler, and, in 1841, which was assembled at Columbus, in December of that year, and, contrary to the wishes of Mr. Tyler, he was made a candidate for Governor, and adopted an address to the people, written by Mr. Chase, which, while avoiding the full positions of the political movement against Mr. Tyler, was, in fact, a decided condemnation of the course pursued by the leaders of the Republican party. When, in 1844, Mr. Chase was nominated for Governor of Ohio, and, in 1845, he was, in Ohio, Mr. Chase was active and influential member. He was, in 1848, the Free Soil party, and, in 1849

with ghostly effect as it comes nearer; and presently you see a man carefully descending a kind of ladder, until, disappearing for a moment, he suddenly enters by a door we have not seen before.

"Well, father, how d'ye fare now?"

"Badly, Martin; badly. How's the weather? Look out, quick! Unbar the trap. I stifle here in this accursed place!"

The young man started, and cast a hurried look at the speaker. He was not mistaken, however; these despairing tones were those of his father, though strangely altered, and he silently did as he was bid. No comfort was conveyed by the burst of air that nearly threw him backward as the loosed trap flew open. It was as much as all his strength could do to close it again.

"Cheer up, old friend!" said the other man, Shelto by name. "We are sure to have help soon. I think I saw a light in the east a little time ago."

"I tell you we shall die in this prison of a place. I know we shall. The Warrington came to me again last night. The same form that I have seen so often before came to me last night. What d'ye stare at me for? I say it, I say it, I say it, I say it. There, close by that door it stood, in a long cloak with hanging sleeves, and a black hood with white next the face."

"Martin Brunner," said Shelto, "put such things out of your head; it's bad enough to be that up as we are."

Starvation is at all times a terrible thing; but here, where the position of the men was so helpless, and their puny strength so utterly mocked at by the elements, it seemed miserable indeed! All night long we had a sweaty tempest on them. The father and son had tried to comfort each other as became such, and Shelto's grasp of the hand had seemed to be some help, and his deep, honest eye to beam with a more friendly look, as his face grew paler and his form more bent. But on old Martin a fearful change had come. He had been lonely for days had been no resting-place for him, for he tossed and moaned all night, though fast asleep, as if possessed. Worst of, of course, he multiplied indefinitely; but few are needed to tell that, as the old man's body grew weak, his brain seemed more active, and he fancied or recall something, which a stronger frame and busy duties had enabled him to throw off. The others had marvelled much at this change. They could not see and see him at once, thus, and one night had agreed by turns to watch him in his sleep lest he should do himself a mischief, as they had heard he was prone to. And his sleeping talk was always of the lady with the long black cloak and hanging sleeves, and a black hood with white next the face.

Well, the day on which our story begins had passed, and another had come. It was Shelto's turn to watch his old friend and young Martin's to tend the light, and he made believe to turn in as usual, waiting for the other slept or seemed to sleep. He had not waited long before a piteous moaning, such as he had never heard, smote his ear, and he jumped out of his berth and listened, and then came into the room. He was *frightened* by what he saw; for Martin Brunner, whom he had left quiet, was sitting seated in his chair, gazing pale and staring at vacancy, with a face such as it does not often happen to a man to have, or, think Heaven, for many of us to see. Shelto called his son down, and together they approached the dreamer—if indeed he was one.

No token of recognition was in the old man's eyes. He had the far-off look of a caged tiger who remembers his wild freedom—that restless, strange look never seen save in insanity or madness. They spoke to him, but only a painfully troubled light seemed to fit across his mind as if he knew that could not remember the cause near him. "Away!" he muttered. "Another devil come to me; isn't it enough that she is here? Is there to be more blood—didn't I warn you against it? didn't I warn every night all these years?" And then he broke into a wild like a child's, and, twisting his hands into his long gray hair, cried that for ever there was peace no more—never, never, never more.

The two looked at each other and then turned to his bed, he keeping up that terrible cry all the while; until at last he slept again, and they left him alone. They spoke of what he had been though each felt a dreadful sinking of the heart that neither could explain.

Real life did not stay even up and came to where they were polishing the reflectors by the break of day. They started at seeing him, but did not speak. But the movement and the sunlight quickly, with a more dreadful meaning in his face than he had last night.

"Well, Shelto, my lad, how fares it now? How's the weather? Wasn't I ill last night? Didn't I talk as if I was mad? Ha! ha! *Me* mad!"

"Very ill, old father. You *did* talk as if—"

"As if I was dreaming; so I was; I dreamed that it was fifteen years ago—"

"Fifteen years ago," said Martin, under his breath.

"And I was living on this coast—"

"On this coast," again echoed the other, as if musingly.

"And there was a lady—"

"Stop!" said Shelto, suddenly laying his heavy hand on the speaker's mouth. "I, for one, want to hear of no dreams. God forgive us all, for we are but poor, weak creatures, that have enough to do with waking time, and to work, to watch. I'm near worn out; but all I want to do is to work till I die, and not to listen nor to talk. If poor Letty finds my sons here she'll have 'em buried decently—that's all we have to think of now."

From most men these few words would show some intensity of feeling; with Shelto they were as if wrung from a strong heart and a brave spirit deeply broken down. So long as the two old men had suffered together they suffered cheerfully. Now they were together no longer. Out of the grave of memory a spirit had arisen and put them asunder; a memory of some deed—Shelto dared not ask what—which had poisoned the life of his friend, between whom and himself confidence, trust, esteem could exist no more. Worse than all, his daughter Letty loved young Martin, and the wedding had been fixed to take place in the spring, and the plans of the young couple had been one of the most frequent topics of conversation. But how would it be now? Martin Brunner was—what? Were his ravings the confession of a guilty conscience or not? He hardly dared to think.

For all that he determined not to seem different to young Martin; but his very effort to appear unchanged was strained, and the three men were on about their work as if suspicious and afraid of each other.

At last, when they least expected it, help came. Just at the moment when it seemed to them that body and senses would hold out no longer there was a shout outside of "Ship ahoy! Ship! Lighter house, ahoy!" and in a moment more the desolate room was full of busy life. The relief men, other men—kind, rough men, hearty, large and sun-burned, perhaps, but with eyes full of sympathy. A moment more and the lamps of life, so nearly out, were trimmed, and the hundred were now saved. A kind, good lady had come with them—a Sister of Mercy, from foreign parts; and, best of all, Letty Shelto, old Shelto's daughter! She had been the first in the relief boat; she it was who had encouraged all the men, and, when others had given up hoping, had watched the sky, and had seen the first faint light that told of better weather; and, when all was over, had kept her eyes upon her, in their boat, and seized on and cared them to follow. Well, was not her father in the light-house, and her own dear lover there?

But the shadow of the mystery had fallen upon all like a blight. Every minute seemed an hour, and every hour like a day, if time is to be measured by anxiety and grief.

It was impossible that with these rough out-spoken men Martin had lied. Young Martin was the first to speak. Beckoning Shelto aside, he said he had a worker two to say. "I know it, lad," said the young man to his father. "Speak out like a man; you've been one so far."

"This dream of my father's is a dreadful thing," said the young man, in a low, hoarse voice.

"Lookee here, young man," said the other. "For sixty years, man and boy, I've lived on this coast, and never heard of such a thing in my life. Not a stain has been on our character, or any of my people, all that time, and if he hadn't come home to us—if he hadn't—I'd have given right myself, and—and—Letty—poor lass!" and the man turned away.

"Stop!" said Martin, earnestly, "I know what you'd say, and I'll not ask you to say it. This night I'll go away—and father both; she shall have this story told her to-night. I don't dare ever tell it to her—in time she'll maybe forget me."

"Martin, Martin," said the man in a pure weak man, and perhaps wrong; but I love my child, and I won't bid you stay."

Letty had approached silently while this was said, and had heard every word; but how changed she was! The girl—scarcely more—had suddenly grown to a woman. Her face was pale, her expression had come into that gentle face. She put her hand into Martin's, and looked from one to the other.

"What is this?" she said; "who shall part us—who can?"

"Ask your young man's father known, girl. Ask him," said her father.

"Then I will," said she, calmly, and turned to the young man. All the old man had been sitting, covering over the stove.

But he too had come near and suddenly spoke:

"Neighbors, good neighbors, what is my case? For fourteen years I've had about me a dreadful secret, day and night. Day and night she has pierced my soul—day and night I've had that cloak with hanging sleeves, and a black hood with white next the face."

"The poor lad!" said that same in the hoot stepped back; delicacy, perhaps, made her keep out of sight.

"It happened a good many years ago. I can't remember the time; but it was before I came here, that I was poor, desperately poor. I hadn't been always so. I had a good home, and father and mother and myself had gone down the hill together. Lost our work, lost our friends, and lived at last I know rightly know how. I'm ready to be arrested house, with only a few sticks to call furniture, and other things, and had had crusts to eat, or a raw turnip out of the fields. I know it was a bad, foolish, mates; but a rat would have been company, and I was desperate enough.

"One night we were sitting by the cold hearth, with our bellies empty and our hearts sick—too cold and hungry and lonely to talk or even to think.

"All of a sudden there comes a knock to the door, and I opened it, and there was a tall cloaked man. It was a lady on a pony, and she asked if we could direct her to some house or place of shelter, for she had lost her way.

"It was a bitter night and raining hard; it wasn't safe for any body to be abroad that didn't know the coast, and the difference between lights. I said, 'Madam, we are very poor men, and have but a bare floor and a roof to offer you—it's shelter, though, for a fine lady, and we'd be thankful.'

"'I'll take it gladly,' says she, and so gets off her pony and seems in. She was a pretty woman with a gentle voice, and she had a long cloak with hanging sleeves, and a black hood with white next the face. She had with her a pair of saddle-bags, and she asked us to carry them up stairs for her as they were heavy; and I took them up, and then she went herself to lie down, for she was very tired. As she bade us good-night she gave us money, and so with a 'God bless ye!' was gone.

"We sat a long time and never spoke. At last Harding looks at me aside, and says he, 'I think she's ailing.' We listened, and there was no sound.

"'We're very poor,' says he; and then we listened again.

"'Those saddle-bags were heavy;' still I did not speak. 'Did you hear her say there was money?'

"Still I did not speak. I could not. Mates, I was hungry. Stupid, sick, careless with poverty for days and months and months. Mates, I didn't stir when, with a long, long look, straight into my eyes, a dreadful look, he gets up and slowly creeps up the stairs, stopping and listening on every step. Mates, I didn't stir when I heard the door creak once, twice. Mates, I didn't stir off my chair when I heard the rustle of clothes and a dull sort of blow. Mates, d'ye hear me, I didn't stirk—I didn't yell or rush from the house—but sat upon my chair and let it be that accursed house, as that accursed forever night, when I heard a kind of long, long heavy sigh up in the room above, and like the sound of a body found, mates, near drowned, made just before he turned over and died. But as God is my witness, although I knew he meant no ill—but, I repeat, I was like a tiger when I saw him come down those stairs carrying in his arms the lifeless body of the poor lady.

"He stood a moment for me and blew my back; she lying on the ground and never moving while we fought till I was stunned by a full upon the bare floor. When I came to myself, which I did soon, he was on his knees counting money—gold and silver and bank-notes. He looked up and our eyes met. 'Lookee here,' says he, 'it's done now, and it's got to be hid; so you'd better get up my lady, mind me, or I shall have to shut your mouth like I did hers.'

"I had dared but entered into him that he should have made me do what he said; I don't know, but I obeyed him. I didn't think of safety for myself, though I knew that nothing could make any one believe that I had lived in that cruel place. Mates, don't turn from me; I relied like a child when I knelt down by her side, and took her head up in my arms, and looked where its knife had cut into her white throat. Then I lifted her up and carried her out.

"I took her out into the cold silent night. I took her out where the stars were shining—for the rain had ceased now—and the moon lit up all around with pitiless light. I took her down by the beach where the tide was out and the sand was dry and soft, and I laid her down in a hollow grave scooped out with my hands, and I laid her down her face seemed to move with a sweet smile as if she forgave me, and I didn't cover it up. And I went away, and never saw Harding, or that house, or Harding any more. And from that day to this I have been mad, and from that day to this she has worn that left me—the long cloak with hanging sleeves, and a black hood with white next the face."

With these words a great fearfull upon all there, in that rock-bound dwelling; for as the old man ceased, still, falling his face, was silent for a long while, a tall form came out solemnly glided from the gloom in which she had stood, and with finger pointed to the speaker, exclaimed:

"By the mercy of God, I had not lain in the sand long before a boat came there and found me just as that man left me, and nursed me; and I was saved, though my wound was severe, and I was ill for many long months. Living abroad since for many years, I heard of this house years and days ago; and I thank our Heavenly Father, who has guided me to this place to forgive with my lips as he and I forgive in our hearts long ago."

And the strange lady had a sweet face and a gentle voice, and she wore a long cloak with hanging sleeves, and a black hood white next the face.

Great joy came on all. Old Martin's cry of "A ghost, a ghost!" was loud and shrill, and he fell at her feet begging for her strong arms lifted him up, and old Shelto only brushed away tears from his honest face as his daughter took the old man's hand with a gentle lesson; while the old man the strange lady knelt down before n little cross which she took from the chain about her neck.

HON. CALEB CUSHING,

PRESIDENT OF THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

We give on the next page a portrait of Hon. Caleb Cushing, who presided, as we stated, over the Democratic Nominating Convention at Charleston, South Carolina. Mr. Cushing has been frequently referred to, especially before the public, and his features are familiar to many.

He is a man of sixty years of age, having been born in Essex County, Massachusetts, in 1800. He was bred a lawyer, and practiced for many years at Newburyport, Massachusetts. At the age of twenty-five he became a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and served two terms. In 1829-30 he published his "Reminiscences of Spain," and became connected with the *North American Review*, which was then the focus of all the best minds of New England. His first Congressional term began in 1835; he served four consecutive terms in the world, and only relinquished his seat when he was sent to China by President Tyler. He concluded the famous Chinese Treaty, in 1844, of which a recent well-informed writer says that it is the best treaty ever made with the Chinese either by the Americans or any other foreign power. He commanded of the war in Mexico Mr. Cushing, like Mr. Pierce and Mr. Davis, volunteered; and, like them, rose to the rank of Brigadier-General, at the close of the war General Cushing resumed the seat he had formerly occupied in the State Legislature, and held it until, in 1853, he was made a Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Under Mr. Pierce, as is known, he became Attorney General, and, discharged the duties of that onerous office with fidelity and ability. In March, 1857, he resigned to Massachusetts.

Mr. Cushing is an ardent Democrat, rather of the Southern than the Northern school. His choice for President is believed to be Jefferson Davis.

THE SOUTHERN BOLTERS IN CONVENTION.

We give on next page a picture of the Southern bolters from the National Democratic Nominating Convention at Charleston as they met in St. Andrew's Hall on the evening of 30th April. The States represented, in whole or in part, were Alabama, Kentucky, Delaware, South Carolina, Louisiana, Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, and Florida. The assemblage organized with the election of John C. Preston, of South Carolina, to the chair.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MAN, AND HIS WICKED BUCCANEERS THE LIFE.

BY REUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO,

AUTHOR OF "SOL GRINGO" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES,"

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MANLY FANDANGO.

TWILIGHT had taken the place of the red sun, the stars came timidly out one by one, and then in sparkling clusters the brilliant constellations illuminated the heavens as the day-light faded again away. Then the vigour of the islet came with a tranquil musical sound upon the white pebbly beach, and the leafy banks and crevices of the rocks began their plaintive wheedlings, the frogs and alligators joined in the chorus from the low lagoon in the distance, and the early night of the tropic had begun. But louder far than the hum of the insects and reptiles, and bolder than the lamps of heaven, arose the wild shouts and songs of the pirates carousing, where the torches and wax lights lit up the scene of the pirates' revelry in light of day. The great mess-room was a blaze of light from candles and lamps, stuck in brackets or old sconces among the walls, or hanging over broken chandeliers from the lofty beams. The remains of their feast had been cleared away, and the sailors were seated on benches, tubs, caps, and glasses, with boxes of cigars and pans of lighted coals. At one end of the room was a large table, with a green baize and a silk cloth with a broad silver border—sometimes used by the Padre on great occasions—and covered with stock and piles of Doubloons and Spanish dollars. At the other end was a raised platform, where were four or five swarthy fellows with guitars in their hands, strumming away in the clear rattling harmony of Spanish boleros and dances, striking out at intervals snatches of songs in time to the music, or trying the last instruments around their heads in a frenzy of excitement. At the table sat three men in the wildest of the excited vociferating with almost superhuman frenzy in various languages their exploits, passing occasionally around the bottle to slake their glasses together, and then chattering and yelling on as before. In the centre of the apartment were about half dozen Indian girls sort either spinning around the floor in the waltz or moving with a certain air of careless, manly grace, one behind another, in a measure or bolero. There were at the least some sixty or seventy of these fellows in the room together. Most of them were above the middle height, with silk sashes around their waists, with broad shoulders, large gold ear-rings, bushy whiskers, and long hair. They were apparently from all climes, from Africa to the Mexican Gulf, and their features and complexions partook of every imaginable type, from the light skin and florid complexion of the Swede to the low brow, oval, olive cheek of the Mediterranean, and the black face of Africa and the race of the Blight of Benin.

While the uproar was at its height, and the lofty tiled roof was ringing with the gay and rhabd songs and shouts of the excited crowds, two persons appeared in the doorway at the upper end of the room, and entered. In a moment, as the busy revelers beheld them, the music ceased, the dancers in the gallery died away in a tinkling cadence, the glasses stopped clinking, the dollars no longer chinked, and the stock and pile of Doubloons. You might have heard a real drop for a minute, until one of the individuals who had entered slowly passed around a few paces and drew his right hand aloft in salutation. Then burst forth a hoarse, simultaneous shout of "*Viva nuestro capitan!*" *Viva el Capitan!*

Captain Brand did not pause until he had reached the centre of the great hall, where he stood coolly looking around upon the motley groups who crowded about in circles at a respectful distance from him, and then amidst the silence he spoke up, in a frank, off-hand manner:

"Well, my men, I am glad to see you all once more around me. You have not been so successful as I hoped, but we must take the good and ill luck as it comes, and I do think we can find with you. The times, however, are hard enough; for I have certain news that our retreat here, where we have so long been hid, may be

discovered"—the villains around hold their breath and let their cigars lie dead in their mouths—"but," went on their commander, "I shall do all that is prudent in the circumstances for the benefit of all of us; and if we leave here you will still have me for your leader, and my head and heart and blade ever ready to advise or protect you." As he stopped speaking another cheer arose:

"*Viva nuestro amigo! Viva! viva el Capitanito y el Capitano!* We stand by you until death!"

"Thank you, my friends; I have but one more word to say. The men who have the relief at the signal stations and the water battery must keep sober. Now go on again with the music."

The Captain, however, did not immediately quit the hall, but while the revel began once more with all its enthusiasm, he moved amidst the crowd of his adherents and said a cheerful word to many.

"Ah, Pepe! your arm in a sling, eh! a graze of a grape-shot, eh? Why, Hans, you here! nothing can hurt you? Well, Monsieur Antoine, how well thou art looking, and that pretty sweet-heart of thine at St. Lucie! Ha! never look sad, man; then shalt see her again. What, my jolly Jack Tar! an ugly scratch that across your jaw—a splinter, eh? Never mind; a little plaster and half allowance of grog will put you all right again. So good-night, my friends! Adios!"

Saying these words, all addressed to the individuals in their different languages, he gave a graceful wave of his hand and passed out of the building. As he rejoined his friend, the Commander of the *Panchita*—who had waited at the threshold, while his wary glim of an eye searched the faces and rend the thoughts of all the villains who clustered about the room—they both stepped out into the court-yard and sauntered pleasantly on toward the crag. They had not, however, proceeded many paces before they encountered the Padre and the Doctor.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Captain, who was in advance, "how goes it with my Doctor?" shaking his hand as he spoke. "Oh, mi Padre, how art thou?" turning to Ricardo.

"Sabe, my son! not been so well this morning with the old rheumatism in my head."

"Drunk!" said sententiously the Doctor.

Then again with a gay laugh to the other, "Well, my Doctor, your first cruise has not been so pleasant in the *Centipede* as I hoped it might be, but next time it may be more agreeable."

"Perhaps so, Captain Brand; but I shall have a word or two with you on that subject tomorrow; and in the mean while, Señor, I brought a little boy back with me who is ill with fever, and my quarters are so stifling hot, and the air from the lagoon is so bad, that I would like to

HON. CALEB CUSHING, PRESIDENT OF THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATING CONVENTION.—[See preceding Page.]

CHAPTER XIV.

A PIRATE'S DINNER.

When the guests had assembled in the Pirate's saloon it was some minutes before their host appeared. When, however, he did step into the room from his private apartment adjoining, he was altogether an outward man of a different appearance than he presented in the early morning. In place of the loose sailor summer rig which he then wore he was now attired as a gentleman of elegant fashion of the time in which we write. His lower limbs—and very neat and straight they were—were clothed with flesh-colored silk stockings, and fitted into a pair of pointed-toed pumps with buckles of brilliants that a duchess might have envied. A pair of white cassimere breeches, which set off to advantage his well-shaped leg, were tied in a dainty bow of rose-colored satin ribbon below the knee, and fitted him like a second skin. His waistcoat was of rose-colored watered silk embroidered with silver, and which, with its flaps and ample proportions, was half-way hidden by a dress-coat of green velvet. This last garment had a sort of navy cut, with standing collar richly laced with silver, gold buttons in a double row of the size of doubloons, with loose sleeves and cuffs heavily laced with silver also. His linen was of the most gossamer fineness, the collar thrown slightly back and confined by a single clasp of rubies the size of beans, while below was a frill of cambric ruffles sparkling with opal studs framed in diamonds. The ruffles, too, at his wrist were of the most beautiful point lace, secured by royal brilliants, and he was altogether a dandy of such princely magnificence that the courtiers of the days of the old French monarchy might have taken him for a study. His manner, likewise, was every way in keeping with his splendid attire; and the ease and grace with which he excused himself to his guests for keeping them waiting certainly betrayed a knowledge of a higher order of breeding and society than that in which his lot had been cast. From the very moment of his entrance, however, Don Ignacio had measured him at a glance. His single glittering eye of jet had taken him in from the laced collar of his coat to the buckles of his shoes. Not a jewel in his dress, from the flaming opals in his bosom to the brilliant stones at his wrists, and down to the sparkling clasters at his feet, did not his own uncasy optic drink in the flash and estimate the value. Nay, he calculated by instinct the weight of the gold buttons on his coat and the price of the exquisite lace which fell in snowy folds about his hands. Oh, a rare mathematician was Don Ignacio! What greedy thoughts, too, passed through that little Spaniard's brain? Ah! thought he, shall I take my debt in those priceless gems, each one the ransom of a princess, which the old Capitaino General may one of these days reclaim? Hola! no! Or shall I receive more negotiable commodities in gold, cochineal, or silk? Well! veremos! we shall see!

The effect produced upon the good Padre Ricardo was altogether different. As the Captain burst with all his glorious raiment upon him he started back, and bowing before him—as if he were Saint Paul himself, and his idolater for the first time kneeling at high mass in St. Peter's—he seized his superior's white hand and kissed it with fervent devotion. Not satisfied with this mark of respect, he raised his dingy paws, holding his crucifix before him, and murmured, in a sort of ecstasy,

"*Ah hijo! mi Capitano! que brillante!* My son! my Captain! what a brilliant being you are!" Singularly in contrast, however, was the effect produced upon the Doctor, who merely raised his dark eyes in an abstracted gaze, gave a careless and rather contemptuous nod of recognition, and then turned to examine one of the richly inlaid cabinets which adorned the saloon. All these various phases of sympathy, admiration, or contempt, flickered like a sunbeam into Captain Brand's reflecting brain, as with a delicately perfumed handkerchief in one hand, and a gold enameled and diamond incrusted snuff-

MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN SECEDERS FROM THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT ST. ANDREW'S HALL, CHARLESTON, APRIL 30, 1860.—[See preceding Page.]

"THEN BURST FORTH A HOARSE, SIMULTANEOUS SHOUT OF 'VIVA NUESTRO AMIGO—VIVA EL CAPITANO!'"

box in the other, he bowed gracefully to his visitors and seated himself at table.

The table was now rolled out into the centre of the saloon, laid with a snowy white damask cloth, and covered with the equipage for a banquet. At either corner were noble branches of solid silver candelabra, which would have graced an altar, as perhaps they had, and holding clusters of wax lights, which shed their rays over the display below. In the centre arose a huge epergne of silver, fashioned into the shape of a drooping palm-tree, whose leaves were of frosted silver, and about the trunk playing in wilderness of monkeys. Beneath, around the board, were cut-glass decanters, flat bulbous flasks of colored Bohemian glass, crystal goblets, delicate and almost shadowy wine-cups from Venice, silver wine coolers, all mingled in a heterogeneous collection of rare china and silver dishes. Such wines, too, as filled those vessels! Not a prince or magnate, in all the lands where the vine is planted, could boast of so rare and exquisite a collection. Pure, thin, rain-water Madeira, full threescore years in bottle! Pale, limpid Port, whose color had long since gone with age, and left only the mantlike cobwebs. flasks of Johannisberg of pearly light; bottles of Tokay for lips of Cardinals; tall, slim stems of the taper flasks of the Rhine. The ruby hues of wine from the Rhone stood clustering about amidst pyramids of pine-apples, oranges, and bananas—and all loading the air of the saloon with their delicious fragrance.

When the party had become fairly seated around the board, and while the host was busying out the soup from an enormous silver tureen with a tea-cup—for it did not appear that he had ever been presented in the usual way, with a ladle—fishing out the floating morsels of rich collipee, with the delicate frills of his sleeve turned back, he began the conversation in the Castilian language:

"Well, amigos, we are taking our last feast together, I fear, on this little cluster of rocks for a long time to come. Another spoonful, Doctor?"

"How?" exclaimed the Padre, as he stuffed a wedge of turtle fat in his oily mouth and opened his round black eyes to their fullest extent in manifest surprise.

"*Como, mi hijo?*" he repeated, as he passed a dirty paw over his smooth chin and looked inquiringly.

"Yes, Holy Father, our good friend Don Ignacio here has brought us somewhat startling intelligence. Capital soup this. I shall give Babette a dollar. Yes, the eagles and vultures are after us; all the West India fleet; the Lord only knows how many ships, and brigs, and gunboats. Glass of Madeira with you, Doctor?"—wiping his thin lips with a corner of the damask table-cloth as he spoke—"and they have tampered, too, with my old friends, the Custom-house people—take away the tureen, Babette—and in point of fact, I shouldn't be the least surprised to see a swarm of those nasty gentlemen off the port here at any moment. A slump-fish, Babette, for these teal; a duck should be cut, not torn. Try that Moselle, Don Ignacio, I know your fancy for light wines. This was given me by a—Captain—'pon my soul, I forget his name; he had such a pretty wife—Madame Matilde!—glancing at the frame of miniatures on the wall—"sweet creature she was! took quite a fancy for me, I believe, and might have been sitting here at this moment, but—a—really I forget her other name! However, it makes no difference—the wine is called Moselle."

Now be it here observed that Don Ignacio drank very little wine or stimulants of any sort, and never by any chance a drop from any vessel which, with his single bright eye, he did not see his host first indulge in. This self-imposed austerity may have been owing to his delicacy, or modesty, or deference to Captain Brand, or perhaps other and private reasons of his own; but yet he never broke through that rule of politeness and abstemiousness. Sometimes, indeed, he carried his principles so far as to refuse a toast or the fruits which his host had not partaken of, and always with a slow shake of his brown forefinger, as if he did not like even to smell the dish presented to him.

"What! not even a sip of that nectar, compadre mio?"

The compadre shook his digit and observed that drinking nectar sometimes made people sick.

The Captain laughed gayly, and said, "Bah! learning to drink does the harm, and not the act when properly acquired." During all the foregoing interlude the Doctor remained in his grave, calm way, and only when the Captain alluded to the lady whose husband's name escaped him did he show signs of interest. Then his eye followed the look toward the miniature, and his jaws came together with a slight grating rasm.

Padre Ricardo, however, was in excellent sympathetic spirits, eating and drinking like a glutton of all within his reach, and turning his full eyes, at times, as if to a deity, upon his friend the Captain. Once he spoke:

"But, my son, you were talking of leaving this quiet retreat, where we have passed so many happy hours."

"Yes, friend of my soul! These fellows with commissions, mud peasants at their most-humble, and guns and what not, seem determined to do us a mischief." The devout Padre crossed himself and pressed the crucifix to his greasy lips. "Ay! they would no doubt arraign us before some one of their legal tribunals! Put us in prison, perhaps; or maybe give us a slight squeeze in a rope or iron collar!" The Padre groaned audibly, and dropped the wing of a teal he was gnawing, forgetting, strange as it may seem, to crown himself. "Hola, mi Padre! cheer up! We are worth a million of dend men yet! The world is wide, the sea open, and with a stout plank under our feet and one of these fellows"—here he balanced a long carving knife, dripping with blood-red gravy, in his hand—"in our belts, who can stop us?"

There was the cold, ferocious-eyed gleam of a dying shark in the speaker's eyes as he went on with his carving; but the priest gave a jerk of trepidation with his chin, and appeared anxious to hear more. "Don Ignacio, have a bit of this roast guana; it's quite white and tender. No? Babette, give me some of that rabbit stew!" The one-eyed individual was likewise helped to some of that savory ragout, and proceeded to pick the bones with much care and deliberation.

"Still trust, my Padre? Come, come, this will never do. Join me in a bumper of this genuine old Port. Bless! we may remain this same age! By-the-way, where did this rich stuff come from?"—holding up the decanter between the light and his face as he spoke.

Don Ignacio's glittering optic pierced clear through the light ruby medium of the wine, cut-glass decanter and all, as he furtively watched his host, and was prepared to dodge in case the heavy vessel should ship out of the Captain's hand. Such things had happened, and might again; besides, a hard flint substance with a multitude of sharp projections, two or three inches thick and five or six pounds in weight, falling on a man's head might kill him. The Don thought of all this, and twitched something up his sleeve with his hand under the table. But Captain Brand, it seemed, had no intention of smashing his elegant dinner set of glass, and putting down the decanter and raising a finger to his forehead, he said, "How did that wine come into my possession?"

"Somebody gave it to you, perhaps. Quien sabe? who knows?" suggested Don Ignacio.

Without heeding the interruption the Captain's eye rested on the brilliant snuff-box on the table beside him, where the letter L was set in diamonds and blue enamel on the back, and catching it with a rap, his face lighted up, and as he took a pinch nod passed the box to the Padre, he exclaimed, "Ah! now I remember, my old friend—the Portuguese Countess from Oporto. Dios de mi alma! God of my soul! what a stately beauty was her daughter!"

Here Captain Brand sneezed, and drawing a delicately perfumed lace handkerchief from his waistcoat pocket blew his nose. Meanwhile the box went round the table; Padre Ricardo took a huge pinch with his dirty paws, and fastened his eyes upon the precious lid. The Doctor scarcely gave the elegant bauble a glance as he helped himself. The Don, however, examined it with the eye of a connoisseur, and not only that, but he threw a spark at the Captain's flashy waistcoat, and thought he detected some other article in the capacious pockets besides the handkerchief. Perhaps he may have been mistaken and perhaps not, though he was so very suspicious an old villain that he sometimes did his friends injustice. Nor did he put his thin brown fingers with the few grains of snuff he had dipped from the box to his sheep-skin nostrils till he had watched the effect it had produced on those around him.

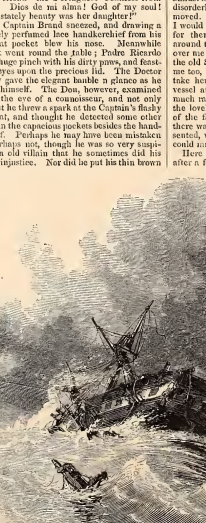
"Ah! my friends, I remember distinctly now all about it," continued the Captain, as he returned the kerchief and shook a few specks of the titillating dust from his point lace sleeve; "it is about three years ago, just before you came to live with me, Padre, that we fell in with a large ship bound to Porto Rico. She had been disabled in an infernal hurricane, which had taken two of her masts clean off at the decks, and was leaking badly. We, too, had been a little hurt in the same gale, and having made a pretty good season I was anxious to get back here and give the crews a rest. Well, we made out the ship about an hour before sunset, and it was quite dark before we came up with her. There she lay, rolling like a log, though there was not much sea on, and we could see her chain pumps clanking, and saw the water spouting out from her scuppers as pure almost as it went into her hold. As we came up alongside, they hailed me for assistance, and said the ship was sinking and could not live till morning. Of course I could give them no actual assistance, situated as I was"—here the narrator smiled—"it would have been simply absurd, you know; the idea of my putting men on board to keep her afloat for the nearest gibbet, I did not dream of. However, I determined to make her a visit, and if there should be any thing to save from the wreck in an undamaged condition, why I should look around; not too much of that Port, mi Padre; think of your rheumatism in the morning! Doctor, you don't drink! Well, going on board, I found two lady passengers: the wife and daughter of an old Judge of the island of Porto Rico, with half a dozen servants, who were all screaming, and praying, and beseeching me to save them—all but one, a tall, graceful girl, with a large India shawl wrapped around her shoulders, her white arms glancing through the folds, and a pair of dark, liquid, almond-shaped eyes, such as I had never before seen. The fact is, my friends, I had always before fancied blue. But there stood this girl with eyes like a wounded stag; I saw her in a moment, as she leaned up against the weather bulwarks, by the light of the open cabin-door. Babette, take away all but the wine and fruit and bring fire. Pass that box this way, if you please, compadre! Thank you."

Don Ignacio seemed to have an affection for the trifle, and had counted the brilliants over and over again, and made a mental calculation of their weight and value; and when he did move it as he was desired, his greedy eye followed it with fascination.

"Yes, it's very pretty, and I set a great store by it," parenthesized the host, as he resumed his tale:

"The girl never screamed or even spoke, and amidst all the hubbub of a drunken skipper and a disorderly crew she remained quiet and unmoved. To assure the young lady that I would stay by the ship and do what I could for them. At this the old lady clasped me around the neck and kissed me, and I blushed over me more than she ever did, I imagined, to the old Spanish Judge, her husband—imploring me too, by all the saints she could think of, to take herself and daughter out of the sinking vessel at once. You may believe that I would much rather have been treated in that way by the lovely girl with the wonderful eyes instead of the fat, rancid, old woman beside her; but there was no help for it just then, and so I consented, with all the professions of sympathy I could make, to do as she desired.

Here the Captain lit a pure Havana, and after a few puffs and a sip of Port, continued:



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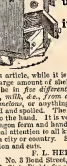

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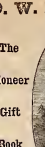

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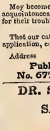

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[PHOTOGRAPHED BY HUGHES, OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.]

THE UNION CANDIDATES.

THE Party "of the Union and the Constitution," which met at Baltimore on 9th May, organized without difficulty, and on the second ballot nominated for President Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee. Hon. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, was subsequently nominated for Vice-President. We give herewith portraits of both candidates.

HON. JOHN BELL, OF TENNESSEE.

Hon. John Bell was born near Nashville, Tennessee, on the 15th of February, 1797, and passed his early days among the honest and sagacious cultivators of the soil.

Entering Cumberland College, afterward the Nashville University, young Bell graduated in 1816, and two years afterward had mastered his legal studies and was admitted to the bar. Establishing himself at Franklin, Williamson County, he was at once recognized as one eminently well qualified to represent the people; and in 1817, when but twenty years of age, he was elected a State Senator. His debut was brilliant; but he declined a re-election, preferring to devote himself to the practice of his profession.

In 1826 he became a candidate for Congress against Felix Grundy, one of the most popular men in the State of Tennessee, and who had the powerful support of Andrew Jackson, then a candidate for the Presidency against John Quincy Adams. Mr. Bell was elected. By successive elections he continued a member of the House of Representatives for fourteen years.

He entered Congress a warm admirer of Mr. Calhoun, and strongly opposed to the protective system, against which he made a speech in 1832. Subsequent investigations and reflection induced him to change his opinions on that subject. He was opposed to the appropriation of money by the general Government for roads and canals in the States, except in the case of some great road for military purposes, like the Pacific Railroad, and in favor of the policy of improving the great rivers and lake harbors. With all his apparent admiration for Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Bell opposed the South Carolina doctrine of nullification, and was made Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, with special reference to the questions connected with that subject which might have to be considered and reported on. For ten years he was Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs.

He was in favor of a United States Bank, though he voted against the bill for its recharter in 1832, because, as it is alleged, he believed that the subject was brought up at that time—four years before the expiration of the old charter—merely to defeat General Jackson in the ensuing Presidential election, and because he was afraid the President would veto the bill, which proved to be the case. He protested against the removal of the deposits, and refused to vote for a resolution approving that measure. This refusal was one of the causes which led to the subsequent breach between himself and President Jackson and the Democratic party, and finally to his cooperation with the Whigs. This change of party relations was much accelerated by his election to the Speakership of the House of Representatives in 1834.

In June of that year Mr. Stevenson resigned the chair upon being nominated Minister to Great Britain, and Mr. Bell was elected to succeed him, in opposition to James K. Polk, afterward President of the United States, who was the candidate of the Administration and of the Democratic party. Mr. Bell was supported by the Whigs and a portion of the Democratic party who were opposed to the intended nomination of Martin Van Buren as successor to General Jackson. The principal ground of Mr. Bell's opposition to Mr. Van Buren was his strong disapproval of the system of removals from subordinate offices for political reasons—a system which Mr. Van Buren had zealously promoted in the party conflicts of the State of New York; and which, it was supposed, he intended to carry out to its full extent in the administration of the Federal Government. The final separation between Mr. Bell and General Jackson took place in 1835, when Mr. Bell declared himself in favor of Judge White for the Presidency, in opposition to Mr. Van Buren. Up to that time there had been no opposition in Tennessee to General Jackson's Administration, and it was generally supposed that his personal and political influence could not fail to subdue the opposition raised by Judge White and his friends. The whole force of the Administration was exerted to this end. Judge White carried the State by a large majority, and Mr. Bell was re-elected to Congress. An impulse was given to the political character of Tennessee, which arrayed it in opposition to the Democracy during the four succeeding Presidential elections, 1840-'44-'48-'52.

When the reception of petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was agitated in the House of Representatives, in 1836, Mr. Bell alone, of the Tennessee delegation, favored their reception. Subsequently, in 1838, when Atherton's resolutions were introduced, proposing to receive and lay these petitions on the table, he maintained his consistency by voting in the negative.

General Harrison, when elected President, invited Mr. Bell to enter his Cabinet as Secretary of War, a position which he resigned after Mr. Tyler became President. He was then tendered a seat in the Senate, but declined in favor of Mr. Foster. In 1847 he was elected, and in 1853 re-elected, a United States Senator from Tennessee; and his course in favor of the Compromise Measures, the internal improvement bills, the increase of our steam-navy, a Pacific railroad, agricultural colleges, and other similar measures, was as marked as was his opposition to the Nebraska Bill, the Lecompton Constitution, extravagant expenditures, and threats of disunion.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT, OF MASSACHUSETTS, "UNION" CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Since his retirement from public life he has resided at his home in Nashville, where his accomplished wife and daughters are ever ready to join him in extending pomilous Tennessee hospitality to their numerous friends.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. Everett, the golden-mouthed orator, was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1794. The son of a New England clergyman, he was educated with the care which such a father was likely to be, now no doubt, a high precedent was he, but at thirteen he matriculated at Harvard, and graduated with honors four years later. His aptitude as a linguist was so notorious that the ruling powers of Harvard College kept their eye on him; and soon after he left the University, before he was twenty-one, he was offered the professorship of Greek, with the condition that, if he accepted it, he must spend some years in European travel, in order to fit himself for his duties.

In 1819 Mr. Everett entered upon the discharge of his duties as Professor of Greek; and shortly afterward, the editorship of the *North American Review* falling vacant, he assumed charge of that journal, and raised it to a high rank in literature.

In 1824, when Mr. Everett was thirty years of age, he began, simultaneously, his career as a politician and as an orator. An address which he delivered in presence of the venerable Lafayette in that year attracted universal attention to his extraordinary powers; and from that time forth he became one of the leading orators of the country. In the same year he was sent to Congress from Middlesex. In the House he was shortly noted for his industrious habits and vast learning. He was an invaluable man on committees. On all Bills of importance his voice was heard; but he never sought to make speeches for the sake of hearing his own voice. What he said was brief and to the point. Meanwhile, especially from New England, frequently thronged the House when he was to speak, in the expectation of hearing a grand oration; but they were generally disappointed. Mr. Everett never made a show of oratory in the House.

After ten years arduous labor in Congress, Mr. Everett was elected Governor of Massachusetts, which office he held to the satisfaction of the people of that State for four consecutive years. In 1839 he was again a candidate, but was defeated by one vote after a vote of 100,000 cast. This defeat happily left him free to accept the mission to England, which was tendered him by the administration of Martin Van Buren in 1841.

He was absent four years, during which time he won golden opinions from persons of every class in England. The most distinguished statesmen and men as Edward Everett in the British judgment at the present time. He was described by an English man as one who had unbendings as a man in important questions, yet so conciliatory as to leadership one to suppose that he was ready to yield every point of importance, and unbending as a man in trifles. Mr. Everett was generally disappointed, when he was tendered him by the administration of Millard Fillmore in 1852.

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perfuous steam of feeling which accumulates during the year has been let off in the ruby-valve of an anniversary meeting, with endless speeches. Earl Grey had better reconsider his attitude. Let him contemplate anew our religious and benevolent character, calculated in hard Federal currency.

It is easy to joke about the speechifying; much easier than it is, by-the-by, to make speeches. For if we have the "gift of the gab" in this country, we are a good deal of gab, and we require "a good article." His lordship might perhaps take notice that the parliamentary quality of speechifying would not answer our occasions. Public orations in which eloquence is in bad taste are not the orations Yankee Doodle wishes to hear. He prefers his ale of the Number X, and entirely eschews the lighter wines of the Continent.

Therefore during every anniversary week there is a great deal of good, hearty talk, and of the most earnest and stimulating eloquence, in the city of New York. The meetings are not unlike Eastern caravanseries in which the trader from Aleppo finds himself side by side with the trader from Baghdad, and the Nubian merchant chaffers with a Jew. Each displays and commends his particular wares, and the Bedouin hereditary contends with the Persian rug. So we have every kind of orator, from every part of the land, and every kind of oration. For it happens that the Bedouin hereditarily is not always wrought with pure gold, and the Persian rug may be sadly threadbare.

The phenomenon of this particular week in the year necessarily makes us think of the value and character of associative effort. When individual action is superseded by the organized co-partnership of multitudes, formality and mechanism unquestionably set in. It is the difference between going and being. A newly family yourself and living a man two siblings to go in your place. Better so, certainly, than that the family should starve. But there was a proverb about "little children, love one another!" The associated effort may be charity and Christianity—doubtless it is; but it is not love or mankind charity. And while we do not therefore deny nor depreciate the good it may produce, it might be well to think a little, also, of the individual, and not be satisfied with this, as if it were really the thing. It is not enough to give all your substance even to the Foreign Bible society. The young man did that.

The tendency of the great society for doing good, whatever its success, is, to be sincere, the sharp outlines of the little duty of the young man.

The other point is, that all the discussion helps a general mental and intellectual activity. The leaving of the sea—the blowing of the wind—the more potential voice of man—these are the enemies of material and mental stupidity and death. It is not enough to have a great thought or a grand impulse. You must want to express it. "I thought he was a man of genius!" I found that he did not care for an audience," was a very sensible and profound remark. So it is the voice which removes the slide, and allows the light in the heart and mind to shine out and illuminate the world. It is the voice of John the Baptist which announces the celestial coming. It is the voice of Luther which thunders the *mene, mene*, in the halls of the Vatican. It is the voice of Hampden which calls Cromwell, and the Court, in Westminster Hall. It is the voice of Patrick Henry, and of James Otis, and of the Sons of Liberty which intones the Declaration of Independence.

In like manner, the eloquent voices, upon a hundred subjects which make up the chorus of the Anniversary week, express the doubts, the dangers, the fears, the hopes, the weakness, and the heroism of the multitudinous objects which absorb our sympathy. Give us all our talk, and we are satisfied. Every tyrant with a profoundly sagacious instinct stifles the voice; for he knows that the eloquent voice has two ends—one in the heart of the speaker, and the other in that of the hearer.

THE OTHER SIDE.

The great lesson of experience is that there are two sides to every question, and the great truth of history is that we never learn it. In the small set and the great cliques we are equally forgetful of it. Here is the case of Mr. Collier, the Shakespearian scholar, which offers the latest illustration. He was a man of unsoiled life, of unblemished character, of veracity never questioned, and he published some emendations of Shakespeare which he said he had found in an old folio copy that came to his hands by chance. With the enthusiasm of a student he contended that they must have been extemporary with Shakespeare, and, in a manner, authoritative. There was nothing impossible or improbable in any claim or statement made by Mr. Collier. The folio was old, the writing was there, the emendations, as Mr. White justly said in his "Shakespeare's Scholar," were, in the absence of evidence of authority, be taken for what they were worth. That a man like Mr. Collier, whose reputation was that of a grave and scholar, should perpetrate a dull forgery, of a kind which by reiteration has long ago lost its point as a joke, and yet possess only a stupid one, was too incredible. He had nothing to gain by it. His antecedents offered no justification of it; and the whole process would have argued a mental paralysis of the moral sense amounting to an insanity.

Still the suspicion was suggested. The reader does not think any more highly of the commentators who, in Pope's Dunciad, shake their personal jealousy. But the vein of suspicion once opened was worked with unhiring alacrity, until a charge of utter falsity and the meanest forgery was dug out and flung at Mr. Collier. For the last year or two, in consequence, there has been that degenerate shaking of heads over him which amounts to a reluctant verdict of guilty upon all the counts. The general conviction has undoubtedly been that Mr. Collier was a literary forger.

And now suddenly the other side flashes into light, and it comes out that he is nothing of the kind. The author of the chief pamphlet against him is suddenly revealed as the especial friend of the superintendent of MSS. in the British Museum, whose appointment Mr. Collier had not favored. The marvelous details of evidence, upon closer investigation, utterly disappear. The character of the ink is satisfactorily explained. The marking of the folio, the forms of letters in the printed and the pen-strokes are cleared up. A gentleman testifies to his knowledge of the folio before Mr. Collier bought it. The forgery would like smoke, and the much accused and abused commentator appears to be as honest as other men.

The above is the story. The lie have the best of it. Possession is nine points of the law. And so every side is fair and every statement conclusive until the other is heard. There are considerable lessons of good name arising from the strong representation of one side only. Men have the reputation of hardness, and selfishness, and selfishness even though merely because they have not been heard. We rarely hear what a man says, for instance, but only what somebody else says he said, or thought he said, or heard he said.

HOW THE BEARER WONDERED WHAT WAS IN THE BASKET.

What could be in the basket?
Well said I to myself, I'll see it!
With a sudden look of vague anxiety
At the highly-probable contrariety,
If he had the chance, of my sudden minute,
That he mirror might know what was in it

The basket was not of that normal type
Great and vast of Brobdingnagian type
Which we see adorning the black silk legs
Of Yankee females (with a proper reputation
With a marvelous undersided concretion
Of "incongers," southern-wood, prince's-feather,
Dog-grass and grass, crimmed together,
This wide-spread basket, made of rattan,
Which, in days gone by, came from Matanzas,
Hydes—or Hyderabad, Basket-post—
Any description of a good basket
Yes—we know like the inquiries—*checked;*
Only think what that Indian Madras might produce!
As Zoroaster said, "Ex Oriente Lux!"
A yatagban's finery luxuriant pride;
Or, perhaps—and this is the thing to vote the odds—
Some ripened kinka, in their rich, frisky pods.

Was it a baby?
Maybe—
If "twere a bonnet,
Somebody must have sat down upon it
It showed such a flattened crown,
There hardly seemed the ghost of a chance
That it should be—
Yet, thinking of that,
A barrow stole off him from head to heel—
A sort of "summer"—such as we feel
At a toothy, unnatural, fiendish guest
Who sits down on the thing we love the best!

What was it? Dough-nuts? hard cider? ale? gin?
Some well-behaved and sainted dish?
But it had no smell, I'm sure!
It didn't crackle—it didn't stir,
Perhaps she killed it before she started!
Her England women are so cold-hearted!

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

By the time we have been civil to the Japanese Embassadors, and have shown them the great public institutions of the Rulers of the Sun, Bunkum Market, his Highness of Wales will be at our doors. It will be a pleasure to him, doubtless, to fraternize with the Representatives of the City Hall. A gentleman himself—by which all sensible men mean a man of native refinement, of education, and of more or less cultivated taste—he will naturally think this last quality is usually thought sufficient qualital for a gentleman;—he will naturally wish to associate with gentlemen, and he will therefore naturally find his way to the Committee of the Common Council and Aldermen.

Among our representatives men, they are the proprietors of the city's guest. They will show him, in their general department and committee, rooms, that the qualities which have endeared the name of American to gentlemen every where in Europe. His carefull hospitality will remind of them will explain to his princely mind the recent of our triumphant position, which the world so gladly hails and acknowledges—our political stability, our moderation, universal intelligence, personal dignity, and unswerving public virtue, which are our national and social glory; will lean upon him in full effulgence when he confronts his municipal entertainers.

The result is not but be gratifying. As he pursues his investigations about the city and among its institutions under this distinguished and capable guidance—seeing the order, hearing the civic order, neatness, and energy—(especially if, by extreme good chance, an election should occur during his visit)—the intelligent, the cultivated, the civic, and had smells, the drainage perfect, the sewerage magically invisible, and every where the signs of civic thrift, industry, and order, he will be profoundly affected. The Queen, indeed, might wisely pause and consider whether, upon his return and future counsels, he will not be thinking and symptoms of preference for our happy institutions. For it is clear that the Prince's mind is of a contemplative cast in which we live, and glowingly depicted the sobriety, wisdom, economy, and dignity with which it is governed, he will argue stoutly for our whole political system.

"For, dear mother," we may hear him saying, in our mind's eye, "a system which faithfully and invariably secures such men and such a government—a system which is so perfectly well understood by the sensible boy in the city—is not to be resisted. It will prevail, and it ought to prevail. For such a spectacle as I have seen not only proves the character of the government, but of the constituency. There honest, sober, economical, intelligent, and dignified men, who spurn a bribe as the prophet spurned wine, before whose force wrong and wrong-doers shrink and wither away—these men are elected by the nation; and I therefore gladly assume among them the existence of the same qualities. It is a very happy, noble, generous, and dignified city. Nobody, though he brought the prejudices of a prince, can enteriously any doubt as to its character, and the signal proof it affords of the success of popular institutions, after seeing its government intimately, as I have done."

This is evidently the explanation of Lord Grey's late speech, so full of bitter depreciation of the present American political condition. He is an old, long-headed Whig gentleman. He has had plenty of chances of knowing all about us, and he knows that H. R. H. will be immediately fascinated by what he sees of our men and our institutions. Therefore he skillfully tries to prejudice him before he comes. But it will be in vain. When H. R. H. has once been allowed to see the secrets of the City Hall, he will understand Lord Grey better than he probably does now.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN the Pryor-Potter controversy was going on in Congress the office of Home was called upon some minor matters. When Mr. Potter's name was called an old Dutch member from Pennsylvania, who never lisped up time unless he has something to say to the point, rose in his place and exclaimed Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker, I will stand up with the Minister Potter hab a Pryor wrapped—Laughter. Members of the House and the galleries united in an uproarious explosion of mirth at his humorous illustration of a fully of it, and it was only checked to be redoubled, when, after the name of Mr. Pryor was called, the old gentleman rose and said—"Vel, Minister Spekker, Minister Pryor has gone to pe sab dey in de hunde of de Senate." For many years the scene in the House was indescribable, and, for the present, power lowrie-kelvan and electical rifles were discount.

Q. Which of the three great novelists of the present day written—Lytton, Warren, Dickens?

A. Dickens.

Q. Why?

A. Warren writes "Now and Then," Lytton "Night and Morning," and Dickens "Day by Day."

HOW TO GET OUT OF A DIFFICULTY.—In one of the populous and thriving manufacturing towns near Sebastopol, Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, requested a meeting to choose officers. It was known that Lord Raglan was a man of few words, but it was not until the time of election that the exact state of the case was ascertained. But the occasion suggested to many that all the gentlemen desirous of becoming officers should write during the election. Upon the announcement, it was found that only three numbers of the country were left to present to Sebastopol. The three gentlemen left to do their work, however, did not disdain from their duty, and they accordingly had their lists, and they summoned back to the meeting. They were then informed that the meeting had great difficulty about the selection, because the claims of all who had left the town were so distinguished and so meritorious, that it was in preference to another. Under these circumstances the meeting had adopted the most obvious and satisfactory way of escaping the difficulty by electing themselves to fill the three vacancies.

A wealthy but eccentric English nobleman advertised for a servant. A candidate called, and, making known his business, was ushered into the presence. "Have you any duties which "Flunkey" can be could include as his, you knowing no nothing about it?" "Oh, never mind that," said the "dry" old nobleman, "I always have a servant who knows everything. But how many wages do you expect?" "Sixty pounds a year," replied Flunkey. "Sixty guineas!" exclaimed his lordship, with consternation; "why, *gaiaous!* Make it seventy, and I'll come and see about it."

MUMBO JUMBO.

Mumbo Jumbo was a Guy,
Frightened people in the dark,
Now they think him all my eye,
And laugh at Mumbo Jumbo.

Mumbo Jumbo did grow old,
With his horns and with his tail,
Now they turn no mortal pale
At fly or flounce.

Now, through Mumbo Jumbo's hide,
Sleep within can be descried;
Mumbo Jumbo is dead,
Despised is Mumbo Jumbo.

Mumbo Jumbo once could roar,
Shaking Europe's mighty shoes,
But the nations head no more
The voice of Mumbo Jumbo.

Gently as the melting dove,
Cooing in the key of love,
Serenely land the Mumbo shoes,
Bellows Mumbo Jumbo.

Mumbo Jumbo sinking down,
Belches sweet and mellow tones
At customers of his cousins
Sophisticated Mumbo!

Mumbo Jumbo sits on thrones,
Nose but sinners kiss his corns;
Let him have his day, for he
Good-night to Mumbo Jumbo!

A GRAVEYARD THEME.—What Sheridan said of wine is equally applicable to brandy, and to enjoy is that which you crack at another person's expense.

THE LOUIS ROMANOS.—Evil excommunications won't hurt anybody, unless they hit.

In Paris the gallery of the theatre is called Paradise. The Duchess of Orleans took a fancy to go to the play in a plain dress, and, in the confusion, and at the, the young officer at next her, was very free in his address. The young lady was very, confused by his address; but a supper, which she seemed to accept. He accompanied her home, and, in her embarrassment, she saw her attendants and equipage, and her name. Recovering, she invited the young officer, to handed her into the carriage, bowed in silence, and was reclining, when she called to him, "Will you supper you prefered?" He bowed, and replied, "In Paradise we are equals; but I am not beneath the expected Duchess condescension, on earth." The prompt and proper reply obtained for him a place in the Duchess's carriage, and a better table.

"DOTS."—Here is a rhymed "modern instance" of an "Old one:"

The a very ancient saying,
Time till now has proved it true:
"Do into all your neighbors
As you would have them do to you."

But another saying now prevails,
Of an entirely different hue:
"Do unto all your neighbors,
Or they'll certainly do you."

An artificial dentist lately described himself as "head gardener to the teeth."

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Love laughed in the meadow;
Romping through the meadow;
Heedless to the sun that the sky
Scorned of the shadow.

"Come with me," whispered he;
"Listen, sweet, to love and reason."
Pleasantly, she mused reply—
"Love not in season.

Years went, years came;
Light would with shadow;
Love met the maid again,
Dreaming through the meadow.
"Not so cry," urged the boy;
"Listen, sweet, to love and reason."
Pleasantly, she mused reply
"Love still in season."

Years went, years came;
Light changed to shadow;
Love met the maid again,
Waiting in the meadow.
"Pain be sweet," he said, "Storm is o'er;
I can listen now to reason."
"Too late cry," mocked the boy
"Love's out of season."

Gentlemen who smoke allege that it makes them calm and composed. They tell us that the more they fume the less they fret.

A Poet says that the wind blows the weeds. That, we suppose, explains the celebrated "Kiss for a blow" which we have heard so much.

"So far, so good," as the boy said when he finished the first pot of his mother's jam."

Why is a tooth drawn like a thing that—Hand of the head.

There is a kind of fortune called lit-luck; so ill that you hope it will—but it doesn't.

The girl who succeeds in winding the true love of a true man makes a lucky *hit*, and is herself a lucky miss.

A Mr. Lyon declined fighting a duel, and was called a dog. Now, Mr. Lyon, you may call me a dog; but a live dog is better than a dead Lyon."

The shape of a kiss is said to be elliptical. This must be because the sensation one experiences when enjoying the luxury, for it is certainly *a lip tickle.*

"Why did you leave your last place?" inquired a young housekeeper of a young new servant. "Why, you see, ma'am," replied the applicant, "I was married, ma'am; and when I opened the door folks took me for the mistress."

"I found," said Mack, "my nymph alone;
I knelt, I sighed, I offered up my prayer,
Condemn me not through this to despair,
I sighed—she wept—I kissed her tears,
And, bless me! how she hated my ears!"

ALCOHOLIC TEST.—A red nose.

GROUND SPEECH.—The effects of an earthquake.

A PERPETUAL INQUIRY.—Is it likely that ghosts talk in dead Latin?

HOW MR. GOLTHER BROKE HIS POTT.—"Then, you rockermenger dat liddle plack hony I pyed mit the bed-post, ha? Ha! I tink it wa'n't ver' ard, I tink, only I gits shewed hurty pad." "No?" "Yah. You see, I tink, I ha' ad ver' ard ed, but dat hole hole ferry leme mit see eye. Den, ven you gite on him to ste, he ketch hold mit de bed-post, and he ketch hold mit your mule. I tinks I take him a liddle rite yesterday, mit es amor I gite shtick hole pack in mouth, and you shust so like a vakin peem on a peatstean; and ves he ketch hold mit de bed-post, I tink I ha' ad ver' ard nimesif stitin around packwards, mit his dail in mine hand, and he ketch hold mit de bed-post, I ga mit him." "Oh, I vired him potter as chan up. I bitch him to de part mit de lions he dated to ste to get I gite him apost as a lazon cuite mit a bitcear; he starte to go, and he ketch hold mit de bed-post, he makes packwards. Burdy ease he stumbles yehind, and sit down on his hankies, and blows like ve vert hurty chamed mit himself. Den I dakes him out, bitch him de rin, and he goes rite off shust so goot as any podyy hong."

AN ARCHITECT THERE.—The greatest pleasure enjoyed by Love Lightfoot, Esq., Jun., is, he tells us, to lie prostrate gown in a large armchair, before an easel on which there is a fine picture. Gleaming his legs and swinging one on the other while he plays with his slipper and smokes his pipe, he gazes for hour together on the picture. He has a fine gallery of modern pictures, and he had a wealthy admiring relative who left him by his living artists. Two or three years ago a French diplomatist asked him the price of a large picture he found the best sketches were gone, and said so to the prince. "Two months ago," said the prince, "you had sketches have been stolen out of it." "Stolen! Do you suspect by whom?" "Yes, my cousin Lightfoot, I do. He took to imitating me in my love for art, and the rascal helped himself out of my sketches." "Do you carry the matter to the scoundrel?" "Oh dear, no! The puppy showed such good taste in the sketches he made I could not think of having him arrested."

LADIES AND FLOWERS.—"Red cheeks are only surprise in nature; but a pretty woman wears a pale will find them where the rose do—out of doors." "Will love, indeed?" remarked Miss Dandelion, as she held down the number of the paper containing the extract. "Well, I think it is very pretty, and that a lady to color, one might as well never go at all; for I'm certain, ever this the fashion, I shall be pale to all the day. Now, if I'm ever metamorphosed into any thing pretty, I'm sure I will be life as a rose, and that are the only vegetables that ever get a chance to go to the Opera—perhaps—Cabbages!"

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.—A gentleman who had put aside two bottles of capital ale to recreate some friends expected to be before dinner, found his servant, in company hospitable, had emptied them both. "Grounded!" said the gentleman, "what do you mean by this?" "Why, Sir, I saw plain enough by the clinks that it were going to be a long time before dinner, and I thought, ma'am sour; for there's nothing I do abominate like waste."

SUPPOSED TALENTS.—A Scotch nobleman, of no bright parts, chatting once with the Duchess of Devonshire, she said to him, "I understand that the Scotch have a much better figure from home than in Scotland. "Oh," said he, "we have a great many gentlemen who, in honor of the nation persons are stationed at every regree of the country from the country his sine of affairs." "Then," answered sin, "I suspect your lordship was smuggled."

A man called upon a lawyer, the other day, and began to state his case in rather an abrupt manner. "Sir, I have come to see about my wife, a husband-in-law?" "A what?" spoke out the learned counsel. "Husband-in-law, Sir!" "I have never seen that defined in cases-in-law relations." "Don't you know what a husband-in-law is? Sir, you're no lawyer; you're an ignoramus! I am a husband-in-law, Sir, but not in *fact*, Sir—my wife's run off."

A military officer, one day, while reviewing his company, happened to be thrown from his horse, and, as he fell, dropped into the ground, which a friend who was in his assistance. "I thought I had improved in horsemanship, but I had *I have fallen off.*"

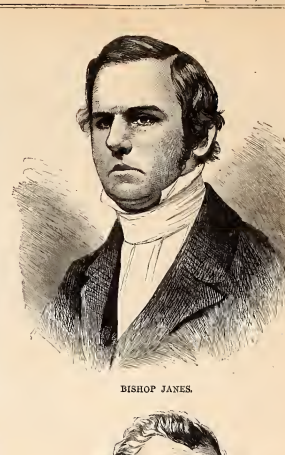
BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE Quadrennial or General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose session is now being held in Buffalo, New York, represents one of the largest and most successful Protestant denominations in the New World. We submit to our readers the portraits of its bishops, who preside in succession over the assembly.

BISHOP MORRIS.

BISHOP MORRIS.

Dr. Morris is senior Bishop of the denomination. He is a native of Virginia, and is now about sixty-six years old. He joined the Methodist Church in his twentieth year, and began his ministerial travels in the Ohio Conference in 1816. He was a laborious and successful itinerant in several of the Western States for nearly twenty years, enduring all the privations and encountering many of the romantic adventures which were incident to the early Methodist ministry in the West. He tells many a capital story of that heroic age of his people, and no man can tell them better than the good Bishop, for, though supposed to be characteristically taciturn, he has a rare but quiet humor, which flows exhaustlessly on befitting occasions. In 1834 he was appointed editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, at Cincinnati. In 1836 he was ordained a Bishop. He is a man of few words but thorough sense, presides with a complete mastery of his duties, preaches sermons remarkable for their brevity, terseness, and unction, and is considered to be a man of almost infallible safety as a counselor. He is small in stature, noticeably rotund, and presents a physiognomy grave without severity, calm without stolidity. He is the author of a successful volume of sermons—a rare fact in this day; some 16,000 volumes have been sold. A volume of "Miscellanies" has also been contributed by his pen to the growing literature of his Church. His writings are distinguished by real ability, good sense, apt illustrations, and a style of rare condensation, vigor, and simplicity.

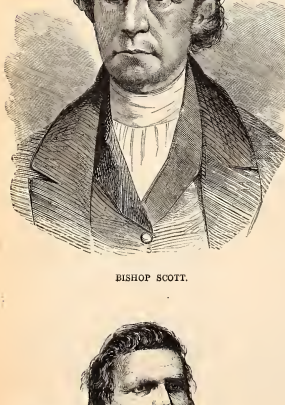


BISHOP JANES.

BISHOP JANES.

Dr. Janes is well known to the American public, especially in this section of the country; for a more energetic and devoted man is not to be found in the ecclesiastical ranks of the nation. Small in person, not robust in health, but really an invalid most of his public life, and with a voice of almost feminine weakness, he has nevertheless traveled, preached, made speeches, and managed the great interests of his denomination with such unrelaxing assiduity, eloquence, and good sense that a more effective representative of Methodism is not to be found among all its hosts; nor has he been surpassed, in these respects, since the veteran Asbury's day.

He was born in Sheffield, Massachusetts, April 27, 1807. He entered the ministry in the Philadelphia Conference in 1828. After ten years of indefatigable labors he was elected one of the Secretaries of the American Bible Society in 1840. His activity in this office was extraordinary, and his extensive travels, as an advocate of the society, brought him into general acquaintance with the Christian public throughout the country. He is master of his position as a bishop, to which dignity he was promoted in 1844. During the sixteen years since his election he has traversed the nation continually. As a preacher, he is, in spite of physical disabilities, not only eloquent, but powerful, simple in style, methodical in arrangement, lucid in illustration, and pungent in exhortation. He is always ready and successful as a platform speaker. He has the reputation of uncommon talents as a manager of the great financial, educational, and kindred affairs of his Church. The Roman hierarchy would, be fine, be proud of a man of such capabilities.



BISHOP SCOTT.

BISHOP SCOTT.

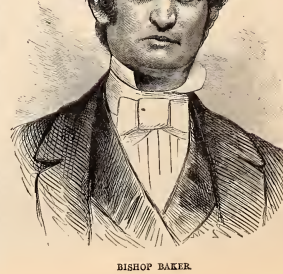
Dr. Scott was born at Cantwell's Bridge, Newcastle, Delaware, October 11, 1807, and is therefore nearly fifty-eight years old. He entered the Methodist ministry, in the Philadelphia Conference, in the year 1826, and occupied "circuits" in Delaware and Maryland, and "stations" in Philadelphia, down to the year 1840, when he was appointed Principal of Dickinson Grammar School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. His successful self-education procured him the titles of A.M. and D.D. He has been a member of every General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church since 1832. On leaving Carlisle he resumed his pastoral labors in Philadelphia. In 1848 he was elected book agent to the Methodist Book Concern in this city, where he continued till 1852, when he was chosen Bishop by the largest ballot given for the four candidates then elected. He is tall and slight in person; his hair is "sandy;" his eyes blue, nose large and well formed, mouth chiseled to an expression of much refinement. Moral and mental refinement is indeed the characteristic of his physiognomy. He presides with quiet dignity, dispatches business rapidly but without hurry, commands universal deference by his amiable Christian character, and preaches always with interest and profit to his audience, but with no pretentious ability. He appears enfeebled by chronic disease, and age begins to mark his face and mien.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

Bishop Simpson was born in Cadiz, Ohio, June 21, 1810. He has always been an example of Western energy; of a strong physique, bold but cautious intellect, indefatigable labors, and great popular success. He mastered the German language before he was nine years old, and, later, the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French, besides a thorough course of mathematics. He graduated at Madison College, where he received the instructions of Drs. Bascom and Elliott. About 1833 he abandoned the profession of Medicine, for which he had been licensed, and began his career as a Methodist preacher on West Wheeling Circuit, Virginia. After four years of pastoral labor

BISHOP AMES.



BISHOP BAKER.

he was appointed Professor of Natural Science in Allegheny College, Pennsylvania, and in 1839 was elected President of Indiana Asbury University, where he removed in 1848 to Cincinnati to take editorial charge of the *Western Christian Advocate*. In 1852 he was elected bishop. Personally, Dr. Simpson is not imposing; his stoop somewhat, his face is a small, sharp triangle; his forehead a cop-tial refutation of phrenology; his voice harsh and badly managed; his action in the pulpit deficient and even awkward; but as a public speaker few men in the church equal him, and none surpass him. His energetic and versatile intellect warms as he proceeds, till it blazes, and throws an irresistible spell over his large audiences. He dares anything in every thing he attempts, and is now recognized as one of the "strongest" men of his denomination. His late visit to England produced a sensation through the ranks of British Methodism.

BISHOP AMES.

Dr. Ames is a native of Athens, Ohio, and was born May 29, 1806. He studied at the Ohio University; was tutor in McKendree College, Illinois, in 1828 and 1829; was sent out to preach by the famous Peter Cartwright in 1830, "Uncle Peter," it is said, would always "make or break" his young "Timothy." He effectually made Dr. Ames. In 1830 he was chosen Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, and traveled in that capacity more than 25,000 miles the ensuing four years. In 1852 he was elected bishop. He has a noble "personal presence," calm but strong features, a remarkably clear head, is a capital parliamentarian, is always self-possessed, and renders it difficult for his conferences to get into a "flurry," however exciting the subject in debate. A species of quiet magnetism seems to emanate from him and pervade the assembly; stentorian disputants find it strangely difficult to get "into liberty" under his presidency, but business proceeds rapidly and safely. He is considered one of the most capable of ecclesiastical managers, and competent to have taken rank as a first-rate statesman. As a preacher he is always instructive, practical, and effective. The "repose" which usually characterizes genuinely great men is obvious in all his acts, and gives a quiet dignity to his features and his whole bearing.

BISHOP BAKER.

Dr. Baker is the junior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was born in Marlow, New Hampshire, in 1821, and was educated by the late Dr. Wilbur Fisk, at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, and the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. The venerable Laban Clark licensed him to preach in 1840. In 1841 he became a teacher in the Methodist Academy at Newbury, Vermont, and, in 1843, was chosen its Principal. In 1844 he began his "itinerant" labors, and in 1847 was appointed Professor in the Methodist General Biblical Institute at Concord, New Hampshire, whence he was called to the Episcopate in 1852. Bishop Baker is stout almost to corpulency; his complexion blooms with health; his features express great modesty and amiability—his head is large, his eyes of hazel color, his mouth generous. In the pulpit he is always interesting without being remarkable. Both his intellect and his character are marked chiefly by an exact balance of qualities. He is considered a thorough logician in church questions, and one of his works is among the recognized standards of Methodist legal interpretation. He is, we believe, the only man besides Bishop Morris, among the present Methodist Bishops, who has appeared as an author.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NARRATIVE CONCLUDED.

MRS HALCOMBE had never left Blackwater Park.

When I heard those words all my thoughts were startled back on the instant to my parting with Lady Glyde. I can hardly say I reproached myself; but at that moment I think I would have given many a year's life to know what I have known four hours earlier what I knew now.

Mrs. Rubelle waited, quietly arranging her drawers, as if she expected me to say something.

I could say nothing. I thought of Lady Glyde's wrongs and injuries and wrongs; and I trembled for the time when the shock of the discovery that I had made would fall on her. For a minute or more my fears for the poor lady silenced me. At the end of that time Mrs. Rubelle looked at my drawers from her drawers, and said, "Here is Sir Percival, ma'am, returned from his ride."

I saw him as soon as she did. He came toward us, slashing viciously at the flowers with his riding-whip. When he was near enough to see my face, he stopped, struck at his boot with the whip, and burst out laughing, so harshly and so violently that the birds flew away, startled, from the tree by which he stood.

"Well, Mrs. Michelson," he said, "you have found it out at last—have you?"

I made no reply. He turned to Mrs. Rubelle.

"When did you show yourself in the garden?"

"I showed myself about half an hour ago, Sir. You said I might take my liberty again as soon as Lady Glyde had gone away to London."

"Quite right. I don't blame you—I only asked the question." He waited a moment, and then addressed himself once more to me. "You can't believe it, can you?" he said, moodily.

"Here! come along and see for yourself."

He led the way round to the front of the house. I followed him, and Mrs. Rubelle followed me. After passing through the iron gates he stopped, and pointed with his whip to the disused middle wing of the building.

"There!" he said. "Look up at the first floor. You know the old Elizabethan bedrooms? Miss Halcombe is snug and safe in one of the best of them at this moment. Take her in, Mrs. Rubelle (you have got your key?); take Mrs. Michelson in, and let her own eyes satisfy her that there is no Lady Glyde here."

The tone in which he spoke to me, and the minute or two that had passed since we left the garden, helped me to recover my parts a little. What I might have done at this critical moment, if all my life had been passed in service, I can not say. As it was, personal feelings, with principles, and the bringing-up of a lady, I could not hesitate about the right course to pursue. My duty to myself and to Miss Halcombe, if alike forbade me to remain in the employment of a man who had shamefully deceived us both by a series of atrocious falsehoods.

"I must beg permission, Sir Percival, to speak a few words to you in private," I said.

"Have done so, I shall be glad to be rid of you and your company, and walked away, with great deliberation, from Mrs. Rubelle.

"Well?" said Sir Percival, sharply, "what is it now?"

"I wish to mention, Sir, that I am desirous of resigning the situation I now hold at Blackwater Park." That was literally how I put it. I was resolved that the first words spoken in his presence should be words which expressed my intention to leave his service.

He gave me one look of his blackest looks, and thrust his hands savagely into the pockets of his riding-coat.

"Why?" he said; "why, I should like to know?"

"It is not for me, Sir Percival, to express an opinion on what has taken place in this house. I desire to give no offence. I merely wish to say that I do not feel it consistent with my duty to Lady Glyde and to myself to remain any longer in your service."

"Is it consistent with your duty to me to stand there casting suspicion on me to my face?" he broke out, in his most violent manner. "I see what you're driving at. You have taken your own reason, underhand view of an innocent deception practiced on Lady Glyde for her own good. It was essential to her health that she should have a change of air immediately—and, you know as well as I do, she would never have gone away if she had known Miss Halcombe was still left here. She has been deceived in her own interests—and I don't care who knows it. Go, if you like—but will you find a place where keepers as good as you to be had for the asking. Go when you please—but take care how you spread scandals about your own affairs when you're out of my service. Tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, or it will be the worse for you! See Miss Halcombe by yourself, see if she hasn't been as well taken care of in one part of the house as in the other. Remember the Doctor's own orders that Lady Glyde was to have a change of air at the earliest possible opportunity. Bear all that well in mind—and then say any thing against me and my proceedings if you dare!"

He poured out these words fiercely, all in a breath, walking backward and forward, and striking about him in the air with his whip.

Nothing that he said or did shook my opinion of the disgraceful series of falsehoods that he had told in my presence the day before; or of the cruel deception by which he had separated Lady Glyde from her sister, and had sent her uselessly to London, when she was half distracted with anxiety on Miss Halcombe's account. I naturally kept these thoughts to myself, and said nothing more to irritate him; but I was not the less resolved to persist in my purpose. A soft answer turneth away wrath; and I suppressed my own feelings accordingly, when it was my turn to reply.

"While I am in your service, Sir Percival, I think it my duty well enough not to inquire into your matters. When I am out of your service, I hope I know my own place well enough not to speak of matters which don't concern me."

"When do you want to go?" he asked, interrupting me without ceremony. "Don't suppose I am anxious to keep you—don't suppose I care about your leaving the house. I am perfectly fair and open in this matter, from first to last. When do you want to go?"

"I should wish to leave at your earliest convenience, Sir Percival."

"My convenience has nothing to do with it. I shall be out of the house, for good and all, to-morrow morning; and I can settle your accounts to-night. If you want to study any body's convenience, it had better be Miss Halcombe's. Mrs. Rubelle, time is up to-day; and she has reasons for wishing to be in London to-night. If you go at once Miss Halcombe will have a soul left here to look after her."

I hope it is unnecessary for me to say that I was quite incapable of deserting Miss Halcombe in such an emergency as had now befallen Lady Glyde and herself. After first distinctly ascertaining from Sir Percival that Mrs. Rubelle was certain to leave at once if I took her place, and after also obtaining permission to arrange for Mrs. Rubelle's departure by my attendance on his patient, I willingly consented to remain at Blackwater Park until Miss Halcombe no longer required my services. It was settled that I should give Sir Percival's solicitor a week's notice before I left; and that he was to undertake the necessary arrangements for appointing my successor. The matter was discussed in very few words. Sir Percival was in a violent hurry, and time, waiting till I could follow her to Miss Halcombe's room.

I had hardly walked half-way toward the house when Sir Percival, who had withdrawn in the opposite direction, suddenly stopped and called me back.

"Why are you leaving my service?" he asked.

The question was so extraordinary, after what had just passed between us, that I hardly knew what to say in answer to it.

"Mind! I don't know why you are going," he went on. "You must give a reason for leaving me, I suppose, when you get another situation. Shall I assist you? The breaking-up of my family? Is that it?"

"There can be no positive objection, Sir Percival, to that reason."

"Very well! That's all I want to know. If people apply for your character, that's your reason, ready made. You go in consequence of the breaking-up of the family."

He turned away again before I could say another word, and walked out rapidly into the grounds. His manner was as strange as his language. I acknowledge he alarmed me.

Even in presence of Mrs. Rubelle was getting exhausted when I joined her at the house door.

"At last!" she said, with a shrug of her lean foreign shoulders. She led the way into the inhabited side of the house, ascended the stairs, and opened with her key the door at the end of the passage, which communicated with the old Elizabethan rooms—a door never previously known to me in my time, at Blackwater Park. In rooms themselves I knew well, having entered them myself, on various occasions, from the other side of the house. Mrs. Rubelle stopped at the third door along the old gallery, handed me the key of it, with the key of the door of communication, and told me I should find Miss Halcombe in that room. Before I went in I thought it desirable to make her understand that her attendance had ceased. Accordingly, I told her in plain words that the charge of the sick lady henceforth devolved entirely on myself.

"I am glad to hear it, ma'am," said Mrs. Rubelle. "I want to go very much."

"Do you leave to-day?" I asked, to make sure of her.

"Now that you have taken the charge, ma'am, I leave in half an hour's time. Sir Percival has kindly placed at my disposition the gardener and the chaise whenever I want them. I shall want them in half an hour's time to go to the station. I am packed up, in anticipation, already. I wish you good-day, ma'am."

She dropped a brisk courtesy, and walked back along the gallery, humming a little tune, and keeping time to it cheerfully with the money in her hand. I am sincerely thankful to say that was the last I saw of Mrs. Rubelle.

When I went into the room Miss Halcombe was asleep. I looked at her anxiously as she lay in the dismal, high, old-fashioned bed. She was certainly not in any respect altered for the worse since I had seen her last. She had not been neglected, I am bound to admit, in any way that I could perceive. The room was dreary, and dusty, and dark; but the window (looking on a solitary court-yard at the back of the house) was opened to let in the fresh air, and all that could be done to make the place comfortable had been done. The whole cruelty of Sir Percival's deception had fallen on poor Lady Glyde. The only ill-usage which either he or Mrs. Rubelle had inflicted on Miss Halcombe consisted, so far as I could see, in the first offence of hiding her away.

I stole back, leaving the sick lady still peacefully asleep, to give the gardener instructions about bringing the Doctor. I begged the man, after he had taken Mrs. Rubelle to the station, to drive round by Mr. Dawson's and leave a message, in my name, asking him to call and see me. I knew he would come on my account, and I knew he would remain when he found Count Fosco had left the house.

In due course of time the gardener returned, and said that he had driven round by Mr. Dawson's residence after leaving Mrs. Rubelle at the station. The Doctor sent word that he was poorly in health himself, but that he would call, if possible, the next morning.

Having delivered his message the gardener was about to withdraw, but I stopped him to request that he would come back before dark, and sit up that night in one of the empty bedrooms, so as to be within call in case I wanted him. He understood readily enough my unwillingness to be left alone all night in the most desolate part of that desolate house, and we arranged that he should come in between eight and nine. He came punctually; and I found cause to be thankful that I had adopted the precaution of calling him in. Before midnight Sir Percival's strange temper broke out in the most violent and most alarming manner; and if the gardener had not been on the spot to pacify him on the instant, I am afraid to think what might have happened.

Almost all the afternoon and evening he had been walking about the house and grounds in an unsettled, excitable manner; having, in all probability, as I thought, taken an excessive share of wine at his solitary dinner. However that may be, I heard his voice calling loudly and angrily in the new wing of the house as I was taking a turn backward and forward along the gallery the last thing at night. The gardener immediately ran down to him; and I closed the door of communication, to keep the alarm, if possible, from reaching Miss Halcombe's ears. It was full half an hour before the gardener came back. He declared that his master was quite out of his senses—not through the excitement of drink, as I had supposed, but through a kind of panic or frenzy of mind for which it was impossible to account. He had found Sir Percival walking backward and forward by himself in the hall, swearing, with every appearance of the most violent passion, that he would not stop another minute alone in such a dungeon as his own house, and that he would take the first stage of his journey immediately, in the middle of the night. The gardener, on approaching him, had been hunted out, with oaths and threats, to get the horse and chaise ready instantly. In a quarter of an hour Sir Percival had joined him in the yard, had jumped into the chaise, and, bidding the horse into a gallop, had driven himself away with his face as pale as ashes in the moonlight. The gar-

"LAURA, LADY GLYDE, WAS STANDING BY THE INSCRIPTION, AND WAS LOOKING AT ME OVER THE GRAVE."

dener had heard him shouting and cursing at the lodge-keeper to get up and open the gate—had heard the wheels roll furiously on again, in the still night, when the gate was unlocked—and knew no more.

The next day, or a day or two after, I forget which, the chaise was brought back from Knowlesbury, our nearest town, by the hostler at the old inn. Sir Percival had stoppedthere, and had left a letter behind him—for what destination the man could not tell. He never received any other information, either from himself, or from any one else, of Sir Percival's proceedings; and I am not even aware, at this moment, whether he is in England or out of it. He and I have not met since he drove away, like an escaped criminal, from his own house; I am by no means of hope and prayer that we may never meet again.

My own part of this sad family story is now drawing to an end.

I have been informed that the particulars of Miss Halcombe's waking, and of what passed between us when she found me sitting by her bedside, are not material to the purpose which is to be answered by the present narrative. It will be sufficient for me to say, in this place, that she was not herself conscious of the means adopted to remove her from the inhabited to the uninhabited part of the house. She was in a deep sleep at the time, whether natural or artificially produced she could not say. In my absence at Torquay, and in the absence of all the resident servants, except Margaret Porcher, (who was perpetually eating, drinking, or sleeping when she was not at work), the secret transfer of Miss Halcombe from one part of the house to the other was no doubt easily performed. Mrs. Rubelle (as I discovered for myself in looking about my room) had provisions and all other necessaries, together with the means of heating water, broth, and so on, without kindling a fire, placed at her disposal during the few days of her imprisonment with the sick lady. She had declined to answer the questions which Miss Halcombe naturally put; but had not, in other respects, treated her with unkindness or neglect. The disgrace of lending herself to my deception is the only disgrace with which I can conscientiously charge Mrs. Rubelle.

I need write no particulars (and I am relieved to know it) of the effect produced on Miss Halcombe by the news of Lady Glyde's disappearance by the mere mechanically tidings which reached us only too soon afterward at Blackwater Park. Her nature, in sickness, proved to be unfortunately as gently and as carefully as sensitive; having the Doctor's advice to guide me in the last extremity, throughout Mrs. Dowlas's too unwell to come to the house for some days after I had sent for him. It was a sad time, a time which I prefer not to think of or to write of now. The precious blessings of religious consolation which I endeavored to convey were long in reaching Miss Halcombe's heart; but they did and believe they came home to her at last. I never left her till her strength was restored. The time which took me away from that intolerable house was the train which took her away also. We parted very mournfully in London. I remained with a relative at Islington, and she went on to Mr. Fairlie's house in Cumberland.

I have only a few lines more to write before I close this sad statement. They are dictated by a sense of duty.

In the first place, I wish to record my own personal conviction that no blame whatever, in connection with the events which I have now related, attaches to Count Fosco. I am informed that a description has been raised, and that some very serious constructions are placed upon his lordship's conduct. In my opinion, the Count's proceedings remains, however, quite unshaken. If he assisted Sir Percival in sending me to Torquay, he assisted under a delusion for which, as a foreigner and a stranger, he was not to blame. If he was concerned in bringing Mrs. Rubelle to Blackwater Park, it was a misfortune and not his fault when that foreign person was lose enough to assist a deception planned and carried out by the master of the house. I protest, in the interests of morality, against blame being gratuitously and wantonly attached to the proceedings of the Count.

In the second place, I desire to express my regret at my own inability to remember the precise day of my return Lady Glyde to Blackwater Park for London. I am told that it is of the last importance to ascertain the exact date of that lamentable journey; and I have accordingly taxed my memory to recall it. The effort has been in vain. I can only remember now that it was toward the latter part of July. We all know the difficulty where a lapse of time of fleeing precisely on a past date unless it has been previously written down. That difficulty is greatly increased in my case by the alarming and confusing event which took place about the period of Lady Glyde's departure. I heartily wish I had made a memorandum at the time. I heartily wish my memory of the date was as vivid in my memory of that poor lady's face when it looked at me sorrowfully for the last time from the carriage window.

THE NARRATIVE OF HESTER PINHORN, COOK IN THE SERVICE OF COUNT FOSCO.

[TAKEN DOWN FROM HER OWN STATEMENT.]

I AM sorry to say that I have never learned to read or write. I have been a hard-working woman all my life and have kept a good character. I know that it is a sin and wickedness to do the thing which is not; and I will truly beware of doing so on this occasion. All that I know I will tell; and I humbly beg the gentleman who takes this down to put my language right as he goes on, and to make allowances for my being no scholar.

In this last summer I happened to be out of place (through no fault of my own) and I heard of a situation, as plain cook, at Number Five, Forest Road, St. John's Wood. I took the place (as I think) by master's name was Fosco. My mistress was an English lady. He was Count and she was Countess. Every body is glad to do business with them, when I got there. She was not over clean or tidy—but there was no harm in her. I and she were the only servants in the house.

I had not been very long in my new place when the house-maid complained to me and said company was expected from the country. The company was my mistress's niece, and she had bedroom in the first floor ready for her. My mistress mentioned to me that Lady Glyde (that was her name) was in poor health, and that I must be particular in my cooking receipts ingly. She was to come the next day, or it might be the day after, or it might be even longer than that. I am sorry to say it's no use asking me about days of the month and suchlike. Except Sundays, half my time I take no heed of them, being a hard-working woman and no scholar. All I know is, it certainly was not long before Lady Glyde came, and, when she did come, she looked as if she was ill and sorry.

I don't know how master brought her to the house, being at work at the time. But he did bring her in, and I heard him say, as he left the house-maid opened the door to them and showed them into the parlor. Before she had been long down in the kitchen with us, we all heard a hurry-skurry up stairs, and the bell ringing like mad and my mistress's voice calling out for Fosco.

We both ran up, and there we saw the lady laid on the sofa, with her eyes wide open, and her hands flat clenched, and her head drawn down to one side. She had been taken up in a sudden fright, my mistress said, and master he told us she was in a fit of convulsions. I ran out, knowing the neighborhood a little better than the rest of them, to fetch the nearest doctor's help. The nearest help was at Goodricke's and Garth's, who worked together in partnership, and had a good name and connection, as I have heard, all round St. John's Wood. Mr. Goodricke was in, and he came back with me directly.

It was some time before he could make himself of much use. The poor unfortunate lady had out of her senses, I suppose, and did us all so till she was quite wearied out, and as helpless as a new-born babe. We then got her to bed. Mr. Goodricke went to his house for some medicine and came back again in a quarter of an hour or less. Besides the medicine he brought a lot of hollow instruments with him shaped like a kind of trumpet, and, after waiting a little while, he put one end over the lady's heart and his ear to the other, and listened carefully. When he had done he says to my mistress, who was in the room, "This is a very serious case," he says. "I recommend you to write to Lady Glyde's friends directly." My mistress says to him, "Is it heart-disease?" she says to him. "Yes; heart-disease, and a most dangerous kind." He told her exactly what he thought was the matter, which I was not competent to understand. But I know this, he ended by saying that he was afraid neither his help nor any other doctor's being likely to be of much service.

My mistress took this ill news more quietly than my master. He was a big, fat, cold sort of elderly man, who hardly kinds and wishes, and spoke to them as if they were so many Christian children. He seemed terribly cut up by what happened to us. "Ah! poor Lady Glyde! poor dear Lady Glyde!" he says, and went stalking about, wringing his fat hands across his waistcoat, and groaning. For one question my mistress asked the doctor about the lady's chances of getting round he shook a good deal, and looked as if he was quite tormented us all—and, when he was quiet at last, out he went into the hit of back garden, stalking transport little mincing and taking me to take them up stairs and make the sick room look pretty with them. As if that did any good! I think he must have been out of sorts, a little soft in his head. But he was not a bad master: he had a monstrous civil tongue in his head, and a jolly, easy, coaxing way with him. I liked him a deal better than my mistress. She was a hard one, if ever there was a hard one yet.

Toward night-time the lady roused up a little. She had been so quiet before, I fancy, that by the convulsions, that she never stirred head or foot, or spoke a word to any body. She opened its bed eyes, and looked about her in the room and as in it. She must have been a nice-looking lady, when well, with light hair, and blue eyes, and a good skin. She was troubled at night—at least, so I heard from my mistress, who sat up alone with her. I only remain in case she wanted to be, to see if I could be of any use; and then she was talking to herself in a confused, rambling manner. She seemed to be talking back to somebody who was absent from her somewhere. I couldn't catch the name the first time; and the second time master knocked at the door, with his regular monthful of questions, and another of his trumpery nosegays. When I went in the second time master was talking

back to the old love. I write of her as Lawn Fairlie still. It is hard to think of her, it is hard to speak of her by her husband's name.

There are no more words of explanation to add, as my appearing for the second time in these pages. This final narrative, if I have the strength and the courage to write it, may go on.

My first anxieties and first hopes, when the morning came, centred in my mother and my sister. I felt the necessity of preparing them for the joy and surprise of my return, after an absence during which it had been impossible for them to receive any tidings of the month's pay. Early in the morning I sent a letter to the Hampstead Cottage, and followed it myself in an hour's time.

When the first meeting was over, when our quiet and composure of other days began gradually to return to us, I saw more in the mother's face which told me that a secret oppression lay heavy on her heart. There was more than love-sickness was sorrow in the anxious eyes that looked on me so tenderly; there was pity in the kind hand that slowly and fondly strengthened its hold on mine. We had no concealments from each other. She knew how the hope of my life had been wrecked—she knew why I had left her. It was in my lips to ask no composedly as I could, if any letter had come for me from Miss Halcombe—if there was any news of her sister that I might hear. But when I looked in my mother's face I lost courage to put the question even in that guarded form. I could only say, doubtfully and restrainedly,

"You have something to tell me."

My sister, who had been sitting opposite to us, rose suddenly, without a word of explanation—rose, and left the room.

My mother moved closer to me on the sofa and put her arms round my neck. Those fond arms trembled; the tears flowed fast over the faithful, loving face.

"Walter!" she whispered—"my own darling! my heart is heavy for you. Oh, you! my son! try to remember that I am still left!"

My head sank on her bosom. She had said all, in saying those words.

II.

It was the morning of the third day since my return—the morning of the sixteenth of October.

I had remained with them at the cottage, I had tried hard not to embitter the happiness of my return to them, as it was embittered to me. I had dared all man could do rise above fate, and accept my life resignedly—to let my great sorrow come in tenderness to my heart, and not in despair. It was useless and hopeless. No tears soothed my aching eyes; no relief came to me from my sister's sympathy or my mother's love.

On that third morning I opened my heart to them. At last the words passed my lips which I had kept to speak on the day when my mother told me of her death.

"Let me go away alone for a little while, I said, "I shall be better when I have looked once more at the place where I first saw her—when I have knelt and prayed by the grave where they have laid her to rest."

I departed as my journey—my journey to the grave of Laura Fairlie.

It was a quiet autumn afternoon when I stopped at the solitary station, and set forth alone, on foot, by the well-remembered road. The weather was shining and bright through thin white clouds; the air was warm and still; the peacefulness of the lonely country the over shadowed and saddened by the influence of the falling year.

I reached the moor; I stood again on the brow of the hill; I looked on, along the path—and there were the familiar garden trees in the distance, the clear sweeping scattered of the drive, the high white walls of Limmeridge House. The chances and changes, the wanderings and dangers of month and month past, all shrunk and shriveled to nothing in my mind. It was like yesterday since my feet had last trodden the fragrant heath ground! I thought I should see her coming to meet me, with her little straw hat shading her face, her simple dress fluttering in the air, and her well-filled sketch-book ready in her hand.

O Death, thou hast thy sting! O Grave, thou hast thy victory!

I turned aside; and there below me, in the glen, was the lonesome gray church; the porch where I had waited for the coming of the woman in white; the hills encircling the quiet burial-ground; the brook babbling cold over its stony bed. There was the cottage, with its cross, fair and white, at the head of the tomb—the tomb that rose over father and daughter alike.

I approached the grave. I crossed once more the low stone stile, and heard my head as I touched the sacred ground. Sadness, sorrow, meekness and goodness; sacred to reverence and grief.

I stopped before the pedestal from which the cross rose. On one side of it, as the side nearest to me, the lovely-cut inscription met my eyes—the blank, clear, cruel black letters which told the story of her life and death. I tried to read them. I did read as far as the name. "Sacred to the Memory of Laura—" The kind blue eyes dim with tears; the fair head drooping wearily; the innocent, parting words which implored me to have her—oh, for a happier last memory of her than this; the memory I took away with me, the memory I bring back with me to my grave!

A second time I tried to read the inscription. I saw, at the end, the date of her death; and, above her—

Above it, there were lines on the marble, there was a name among them which disturbed my thoughts of her. I went round to the other side of the grave, where there was nothing to read—nothing of earthly vileness to force its way between her spirit and mine.

I knelt down by the tomb. I laid my hands, I laid my head, on the heaved white stone, and closed my weary eyes on the earth around, on the light above. I let her come back to me. Oh, my love! my love! my heart may speak to you now! It is yesterday again since we parted—yesterday that I left you, with your kiss on—yesterday, since my eyes looked their last on you. My love! my love!

* * *

Time had flowed on, and Silence had fallen, like thick night, over its course.

The first sound that came, after the heavenly peace, rustled faintly, like a passing breath of air, over the grass of the burial-ground. I heard it nearing me slowly, until it came changed to my ear—came like footsteps moving onward—then stopped.

I looked up.

The sunset was near at hand. The clouds had parted; the slanting light fell mellow over the hills. The air was cool, but the day was clear and still in the quiet valley of the dead.

Beyond me, in the burial-ground, stood a stranger to me, and close beside me, a lower light, I saw two women. They were looking toward the tomb; looking toward me.

* * *

They came a little on; and stopped again. Their talk was drowned, and their faces from me. When they stopped, one of them raised her veil. In the still evening light I saw the face of Marian Halcombe—

Changed, changed as if years had passed over it! The eyes huge and wild, and looking at me with a strange wonder in them. The worn and wasted piteously. Pain and fear and grief written on her as with a brand.

I took one step toward them. The grave. She never moved—she never spoke. The valiant woman with her cried out faintly. I stopped in the springs of life, I felt the life ebb back, dering of an unutterable dread crept over my from head to foot.

The woman with the veiled face moved away from her companion and came toward me slowly. Left by herself, standing by herself, Marian Halcombe spoke. It was the voice that I remembered—the voice not changed, like the frightened eyes and the wasted face.

"My dearest friend!" I heard her say these words softly, in the awful silence. She sank on her knees, and raised her clasped hands to the heavens. "Father! thy will be done. Father! help him, in his hour of need."

The woman came on, slowly and silently came on. I looked at her—at her, and at none other, from that moment.

The voice that was praying for me faltered and sank low—then rose on a sudden, and called affrightedly, called despairingly to me to come away.

But the veiled woman had possession of my body and soul. She stopped on one side of the grave. We stood face to face with the tombstone between us. She was close to the inscription on the side of the pedestal. Her gown touched the black letters.

The voice came nearer, and rose and rose more passionately still. "Hide your face! don't look at him! Oh! I could bear it, spare him—"

The woman lifted her veil.

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
LAURA,
LADY GLYDE.

Laura, Lady Glyde, was standing by the inscription, and was looking at me over the grave.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, May 7, in the Senate, Senator Anthony presented to the Senate a remonstrance against any extension in the patent system, and asking that no more patentees the right of appeal from the decision of the Commissioner. A bill was passed to settle the titles to lands set apart for the half-breeds in Kansas. The resolution of Senator Bayard, of Del., to adjourn sine die, was the topic for protracted debate, came up. Senator Davis spoke at length in their support. Senator Brown took occasion to repudiate any sympathy with Mr. Douglas. Senator Clingman believed, that before the bill considered, the Senate adjourned.——The House passed, without debate, a bill reported by Mr. Cockerill, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, authorizing the appointment of a full Minister to Brazil, and a Secretary of Legation, at a Secretary, at $1500 per annum. On the motion of Mr. Grow, the House of Representatives was postponed until next Thursday in order to take up the Tariff Bill. Messrs. Sherman, Grow, Bliss, and Stanton, spoke at least in favor of the measure.

On Tuesday, May 8, in the Senate, a resolution, providing for an expedition to observe the total eclipse of the sun in July, was passed by a vote of 29 to 20. Senator Clingman subsequently resumed his remarks in opposition to the resolution. Mr. Davis, Senator Douglas followed, and the Senate then went into Executive Session. In House, in Committee of the Whole, the bill to set up Minnesota, of Alabama, in an argument against the Tariff Bill, supported by Mr. Sherman, of Ohio. Mr. Cockerill, Every attempt at a call of the House resulting in the want of a quorum, adjourned at 5 o'clock, P. M. Journal.

On Wednesday, May 9, in the Senate, Senator Davis introduced his bill proposing to transfer the Indian Bureau from the Interior to the War Department. Senator Lane spoke to concrete himself from the charge of fraud in connection with the Oregon war debt. The Homestead Bill was then taken up, when Senator Grimes, of Iowa, moved as an amendment that the privileges of the measure be extended to all unmarried men over twenty-one years of age. Senator Grimes, Hamlin, supported the bill as an impostor. The bill was defeated by Senators Johnson, of Arkansas, Hamlin, Wilkinson, Grimes and Grimes was rejected, and the Senate adjourned without a vote.——In the House, in Committee of the Whole on the Tariff, speeches were made by Messrs. Millson, of Virginia, Montgomery, Kellogg, Sherman, etc., but no vote was taken.

On Thursday, May 10, in the Senate, the Homestead Bill amendments offered by Senators Rice and Douglas having been rejected, the measure was finally passed by a vote of 46 to 8.——The House had Territorial business before it, and the discussion of the Tariff Bill in Committee of the Whole, that measure was reported to the House, and also passed.

On Friday, May 11, the Senate passed several private bills, and the Deficiency Appropriation Bill. An executive session was then held, and the Senate adjourned until Monday.——In the House, a bill reported privately for carrying out the stipulations of the treaty with Paraguay. Mr. Cockerill, of the Committee of Ways, notice reported bills for organizing Territorial governments for Idaho, Dakota, Colorado, Nevada, and Utah, and they were all laid on the table. The Consolidated Bill for Deficiency Appropriations was then taken to the House to enforce the reception of the Japanese Embassy and Minister Resident Harris refused to join for the purpose.

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

The Baltimore Constitutional Convention achieved the object of its meeting, on May 10, by nominating for President, John Bell, of Tennessee, and for Vice President, Edward Everett, of Massachusetts. Upon the first ballot the strength of the Convention was so divided against, that upon the second nearly all the delegates hastened to record their votes for Bell, but he was declared last nominee amongst the Convention. Mr. Everett was unanimously nominated, amid great cheering, the second ballot. Prior to the balloting, the Committee upon Business reported a preamble and resolutions adverse to the acceptance of any declaration of principles; pronouncing the platform of the Democratic Convention, which which was before the people. The proceedings were marked with extraordinary enthusiasm, considering some of the delegates of General Houston bear their disappointment impatiently.

TREATIES BEFORE THE SENATE.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "There are now before the Senate, three treaties of considerable importance, as follows: The one with Mexico, Nicaragua, Honduras, and one concerning the Tehuantepec, Pension and Transit, besides the New Grenadian Treaty, which is now awaiting the exchange of ratifications. The discussion of each and every one of these treaties is of vital importance to the United States, having been negotiated after long delay and great trouble, and which will tend, in a great degree, to the settlement of numerous long-standing, troubling and complicated questions of foreign policy in a manner highly satisfactory to all parties. The treaties negotiated by Mr. Preston settles all the questions in dispute, which have long, and very unfortunately and jointly, and in a manner highly creditable to both governments. Besides the general claims and complaints of the Senate, and especially the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, who is well versed in such matters in charge, they will, in all probability, fail to the ground for want of sufficient and prompt action."

ARRIVAL OF THE JAPANESE.

The United States steam frigate *Roanoke*, forty-four guns, Captain Hiram K. Grafton, commanding, bearing the flag of Flag-Officer William J. McCluney, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Ministers, Commissioners on board the Japanese Embassy, arrived and anchored off Washington Navy Yard Thursday night. Arrangements were taken on board from the Secretary of the Navy, on the part of the Japanese, to land the Embassy, but not enter this port. The *Roanoke* left next day with the Japanese, according to arrangement.

A BURGLAR AT HOMES.

A man named Cook attempted to shoot a man named Wood at the Kentucky Hotel, at the Breckin Hotel, Lexington, Kentucky. Two shots were fired, and Lewis and a man attempted to arrest Cook.

Mr. Douglas, of Danville, Kentucky, was found dead in the yard, supposed to have been killed by one of his slaves.

Captain Gilbert, of Mayesville, Kentucky, had died of wounds received by being shot by Frank Hurd.

Mr. Mathews, of Warren County, Kentucky, died lately from burns produced by the explosion of a fluid lamp.

Mrs. Dugan, of the same county, died also of burns produced by the explosion of a fluid lamp.

Mrs. Glover, of Mobile, and two children were drowned by burned by the explosion of a fluid lamp.

Mrs. George Seldon, of St. Louis, was dreadfully burned about the face and hands by the explosion of a fluid lamp. All the hair was burned from her head, and she was not blind.

"The young ladies of Hopedale, Illinois, met to trim a church for communion Sunday, and two, named Finder and M'Dowell, getting into a fight relative to an alleged insult received by one of the ladies, drew a knife and killed Findley on the spot.

A Mr. Payne died at Cincinnati, Kentucky, and his father-in-law, Mr. Dryden, when sitting up with the corpse, died in a fit of apoplexy. Both gentlemen were prominent citizens of Franklin.

SHOCKING CALAMITY.

A shocking calamity occurred near Camden, South Carolina, on Saturday last. A party of boys and girls on a picnic were drowned by a millpond. Twenty bodies had been recovered, and it is thought ten more, making twenty in all, have perished.

DEATH OF A GREAT LAWYER.

Samuel Beardsley, one of the most eminent citizens of Central New York, died at his residence in Utica last week. He had been a prominent lawyer and politician for more than forty years, and was twice representing the 24th Congressional District in the Congress of the United States, and in 1847 was made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, and the new Constitution directed him at that post, and he has since been a leading member of the bar, and has been one of the two for some years a partner of Judge Benson, now Commissioner of Patents. Mr. Beardsley was intimate with the warmest friendship his ever since called. He was a native of Connecticut, graduated at the academy school, and in private life a gentleman of unsullied integrity.

PERSONAL.

The Connecticut Legislature on May 10 re-elected Senator Dixon and Democratic Congressmen were elected was the Hon. W. W. Eaton, of Hartford, who made a speech in favor of the Democratic platform and against Mr. Douglas and his doctrines—declaring that the Democratic Convention was composed of men who, during the Southern view on the Territorial question. The Hon. Gideon Welles, of Hartford, was re-elected to the House, 139 for Foster and 70 for Eaton.

The Hon. Thomas Corwin, Minister to Mexico, Feb., of this city, committed suicide last week, at his residence in Washington, by blowing himself with a pistol.

Captain John Vine Hall has been appointed commander of the *Great Eastern*, in place of the late lamented Captain Harrison. Captain Hall was formerly in the service of the General Screw Steam Shipping Company, and in command of their steamers the *Crimea* and *Golden Fleece*.

Mrs. Gore, the novelist, who for some time past has been afflicted with blindness, has just undergone an operation which, if it hopes, will eventually restore her to sight.

During the night of the 19th of April Mr. G. P. R. James, the well-known novelist, had a stroke of paralysis, at Venice, where he is Consul-General.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons on the 26th the Reform Bill was debated at length, Lord John Russell being the principal speaker. The bill was rejected, and the debate was further adjourned till the 30th ult.

On the 27th, in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell stated that Government were doing all in their power to stop the slave-trade in coolies between China and Cuba, and had opened negotiations with Spain on the subject.

His Lordship also, in reply to inquiries on the subject, stated that the present position of the negotiations for a Congress on the Savoy question. He stated that the French Government and the Sardinian Government had not met until the Sardinian Parliament had ratified the cession of Savoy, and that he expressed to the progress that there should be no civil or military occupation of Savoy until the decision on the Savoy question was made. The Prussian Government fell in the same views as the English Minister, but the other Powers had not been consulted with.

The Bill abolishing church rates was debated and finally read a third time by a vote of 235 to 226.

THE GREAT BANK FRAUDS.

The fraudulent Union Bank of London, by Pallisir, the Cashier, attracted much attention. A subsidiary case, named Edward A. Lyndon, and also been arrested, a deficiency of £1340 having been discovered in his accounts. The Bank has offered a reward for his chief, Pallinger.

Further of discoveries of a serious nature had also been current, but they were pronounced without a foundation. Rumors of the Chartered Bank of India, the great fraud we effected is not in Pallinger's writing, and very effective being made to prove the persons who assisted him on that point. It is asserted that the indebtedness of the Chartered Bank of India, at the close of the year, during which he was chief cashier. There is little doubt that the property of the Chartered Bank was given in stock exchange speculation, although a number of other charges of fraud are made. The Bank of London Pallinger and commenced an inquiry into the affair, as it appeared the amount of the deficiency. The affairs of the broken who transacted business with Pallinger had commenced investigation, and the prices of the stocks and shares sold which were considered the property of Pallinger.

Rumour had been current of the discovery of defaces. Some of the Bank of London Directors, said that they were totally unfounded. They are supposed to have arisen from the fact that Pallinger secretly entered on the clerks to resign, in consequence of a discovery that the place entrusted to them was a sinecure. The Bank, at though involving a loss of only forty shillings, the Bank of London, is a great sufferer.

Pallinger was again brought up before the Lord Mayor on the 25th. The examination was adjourned, and the prisoner was remanded for another week.

THE SAVERN'S AIRE.

The following extract from the theatre of Tom Sayers's arms is from the surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital, London:

"Having examined Mr. T. Sayers this day, we say—opinion, that the injury to the right eye is very severe, and minor bone of the right fore-arm, that he will be kept in bed for a fortnight, and be unable to fight.

The sum of £700 had been collected for Sayers from members of the House of Commons, all grades of politicians contributing.

FRANCE.

THE INNOVATION IN SAVOY.

The Paris papers publish a dispatch from Chambery announcing that the number of votes recorded in Savoy in favor of annexation to France, amounted, while the number of noes, together with those who abstained from voting, will be about 15,000.

The latest dispatch from Chambery states that the number of votes in Savoy in favor of annexation, is 130,542 against 15, 235.

The Emperor had been given in the theatre at Chambery to commemorate the result of the voting and in honor of M. Laity, the French Commissioner.

ITALY.

VICTOR EMANUEL IN FLORENCE.

The King of Sardinia has paid his visit to Florence, and is amidst the enthusiasm of his reception, was one significant incident. In every house, we are told, there is a statue, in which the representation there is not always a damper. The universal rejoicing of the Italians, and the Sicilians and Neapolitans, walked in the procession, and the emperor, Victor Emanuel, for the present, drew unhappy, and said, that they would be glad in hell to see Victor Emanuel in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. It is stated that, following the friendly advice of France, Victor Emanuel, for the present, drew back, and the idea of taking the title of King of Italy, under cut his further difficulties, and the Italian Parliament difficulties: but he evidently possesses at present the confidence of the entire people.

THE POPE'S FINANCES.

The Pope has succeeded in contracting a loan of £600,000 in Belgium, and the negotiations are now composed of Cardinale Wiseman, Villecourt, and Belmer to receive subscriptions for the loan, in behalf of the Papal troops. General Lamoricière's reorganization of the Papal army, the Pontifical Zouaves, is to be allowed to complete, will be so extensive as to take the Roman treasury, and consequently, it is to be possible expected for raising funds to support the troops and maintain the Papal power.

GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A commission formed from among the clergy of Turin, and drawn up a report on the Bible, in the Bible, after receiving the signatures of the clergy of the Kingdom, was to be sent to the Vatican. The commission, before the eyes of his Holiness the dangers attendant on the current period and the Bible, and the Bible, the sweet means of winding them off consists in accepting the propositions contained in the Bible, and in the Bible.

TRIAL OF FATHER FELETTI.

A letter from Italy says: "The recent announcement that Father Feletti has been condemned at Bologna, and that he was to be tried for having stated the young Mortara, was a great sensation in Rome, and in the greater part of Europe; but we now learn, with something like astonishment, that the sentence pronounced against the punishment which he so richly deserved. He was tried by the ecclesiastical tribunal, and condemned to five years' imprisonment, and the sentence was commuted. He could not be tried by the civil tribunal, because he was against him; but he appealed for mercy, on the plea that he had simply stated the fact of the young Mortara's baptism had received from Antonelli and the Pope. His plea was admitted, and the sentence was commuted."

AUSTRIA.

SUICIDE OF BARON BRUCK.

It is now stated that the Baron Bruck was dismissed from the Ministry of Finance, just before his death, on account of his complicity in the late ignoble fraudulent speculations, and he committed suicide. The following particulars: Wh. the body of Baron Bruck was judicially examined, several wounds were found on the right side of the neck and the throat, was found. The unfortunate man had taken a pistol to cut his throat, and a pair of both wounds. The contents of the stomach are being analyzed for poison, and medical authorities are of opinion that he died of a poisoned poison. Another dispatch says that the out to the Ministry of Finance, and that deals was caused from loss of blood at the wrist.

THE REPUBLICANS IN NOMINATING CONVENTIO

ON, IN THEIR WIGWAM AT CHICAGO, MAY, 1860.

TAKEN BY STORM.

On the extreme point of Sandy Hook, near the light-house, stands a rough wooden building, which serves the double purpose of telegraph station and office of the agent for the Associated Press. At a low table, under the only window which the sunny sun beast, Edward Barnard passed the hidden hours of his long watch, from sunrise to sunset, in devotion to such studies as he might best master with the little assistance he could find. At the age of nineteen he had been chosen, by reason of his skill as a boatman, to board the homeward-bound ships and procure their news, to be telegraphed to New York. During the first year he found the life exceedingly dull; but when Uncle Harry Warden was appointed keeper of the light-house, Ed Barnard, or Barney, as he was usually called, went to board at the keeper's house, and existence sudden-ly became more endurable, but quite less interesting. Of course that little brown-eyed maiden, the keeper's only daughter, pretty Ellen Warden, had no influence in changing the young man's heart; he took but little notice of her, and at times even seemed to avoid her. Poor little Ellen! Coquettish by nature, her coquetry availed not with the frank, straightforward Edward Barnard; he had no more idea of flirtation than of needle-work or dancing. And it was happened that Ellen found Sandy Hook a very dreary place indeed. Such a sad face she wore, and such replining mouth, that her parent, who was not blind enough to pair with her, at last determined she should return to their friends on the main land. On the morning of her departure Barnard was off before breakfast. He must have gone very far out, for his boat was not in sight even from the top of the "big light." Did she wish, at that moment, in the hope that he would return? Sure it is, had not her father hastened her, she would, ere he came, have mistaken the steamboat and been left. The parting seemed to grieve her to the heart; she wept bitterly, and would not be comforted.

Meantime, Barnard was spending the morning in the most strangely unprofitable manner. Instead of following his usual course, he, in fact, had succeeded his boat under the wharf and himself in the cedars. Hour after hour he lay upon the soft turf, opposite the cottage, with nearly nothing to do or care. At dinner-time he returned to the house, but with out much appetite, the natural consequence of such amusement. Barnard never liked Sandy Hook did not seem to Barney quite so near Paradise as he fore, but by devoting himself to study with more assiduity than ever he contrived to wear the time away.

Let me now say a word concerning Ellen Warden. Poor little girl! Her sadness had not been separated from her father until now, and 'twas quite natural she should miss him greatly. Yet 'twas not her father she dwelt on in her dreams; and the necklace of tiny shells, with mother-of-pearl charms, which were the dearest of her treasures, her father had never touched. Her filial affection was strong though, and she longed to see the good old keeper so earnestly that, when she had been absent a few months, she must even go and visit him a day or two. Accordingly, bright and early one morning, while Uncle Harry was at breakfast, Ellen surprises him by her presence and throwing her arms about his dear old neck.

"Why, little birdie," cries the astonished keeper, "where did you fly from?"

"All the way from Holmedale, father. We started yesterday, but stopped overnight on the Highlands. Are you glad to see me?"

"Sit on my knee, lass, and I'll tell thee. How like thou art to your mother!"

After a moment she glanced through the open door, and asked, demurely enough,

"Where is that young Edward Barnard?"

Slowly and absently the keeper answered, "I has gone—"

"Gone!" cries the young lady, with an accent of consternation at once tragic and comic; "I hope he really gone, father?"

"Why, yes, lass; I did not say he was dead, did I? Barney has gone up to the light—that's all. He'll be down in a moment."

Sure enough, he came in just as the birdie was blushing with confusion because of having betrayed an interest in him. He was, as I have said, frank and honest, this young boatman; and the pleasure which made his heart beat so quickly shone also in his face with a glow that gave him a new beauty to the lady who had been leaned firmly upon him one moment, and then were dropped modestly to the floor. In that fleeting moment of meeting she read the secret which Barnard hardly dared acknowledge even to himself. She knew that this fair young lady, "homogeneous—pretty and skillful—was utterly subdued; was her property, to have and to hold; her conquered vassal, owing her allegiance forever more. In the hour of triumph she felt that she could afford to be magnanimous, and so her greeting had so much of heart in it that Barney felt that his queen was sure he had never known what happiness was until this moment. She proved a most imperious sovereign, though, ere the evening her fancies by any fear, her absence, having concluded that father was growing too old to be left alone. Poor Barney's life became a nonentity—a dreary one as it ever had been on the sea; one moment buoyed up on the topmost wave of high hope—the next, dashed down to the lowest of despair. Yet, in April day could be so prodigal of clouds and sunshine as this little queen abusing the power of her absolute sway.

During a heavy storm in the spring time Barney discovered a brig ashore on the Reiney, formerly over the side, jumping, bat-and first, like a battering-ram, against her garboard as she listed over with every sea. Going to the house Barney met Captain Ben and told him of the wreck. Captain Conover at once set about rousing his men, saying a boat ought to go off to her immediately. Uncle Harry did not like the idea of their going at all, thinking the chances were desperate indeed.

"I know they are desperate," Barney said Ben, with a grim smile. "There'd be no use of wreck, ere if it wasn't for desperate chances. What makes it worse, we're short-handed, with two of the boys laid up."

"I'll go, for one," said Barnard, quiet as though 'twas to go fishing.

Captain Ben shook his head: "No, yonker, you mustn't go. There's a lass in the house there would never forgive me if it should so happen that you should be drowned."

Without reply Barnard ran up stairs to make preparation for the perilous trip. On his return he was amazed to find his boat ready, his fellows, and the softest, sweetest voice in the world asked, "Are you going, Edward?"

"Yes, Ned, I shall go."

"Bend down your head, will you, please?"

As he complied with her request his heavy curls fell over his face, and, unknown, she slid it in her bosom. Then taking a ring from her largest finger she placed it on his smallest one, whispering, "That was mother's wedding ring."

One moment the little form was pressed close to his heart; one kiss, that burned for hours on her cheek, and he was gone.

How long and dreary was that day. Most of the time Ellen passed in her own room. Rocking gently in her little chair she caressed the silken curl which twined around the finger where her ring had been—something to epitaph her cheek, and stopping it under with her eyes silent tears—singing the while the lullaby baby-songs her mother had sung.

The night came on when the boat returned. Four came into the house—three strangers and one of the women.

"Where are the others?" demanded Uncle Harry.

"In the 'big light'!" answered the wrecker. "Cap'n Ben said better not bring 'em here, so I came up to see if you'd take care of these from the wreck, and let us have some bandages and such like."

Nelly felt a shivering shudder creep over her, and the room seemed suddenly filled with and closed her eyes and became conscious of unconsciousness. Twas for a moment only; then rising, with unusual energy, she set about rousing the lady gathering what she thought might be of use to wounded and perhaps dying men, she hastened to the light-house. Long years afterwards, when the bodies of two who were drowned in the brig. Near them, on some boat-hooks and heavy coats, was the sunshine of Ellen's life, and the hair kissed her in the morning. Captain Conover himself, pale and bleeding, was cutting the coat-sleeve from Edward's shoulder, and Ellen, as she knew, must were taking care of the boat, which, after human life, always receives their first attention. Captain Ben did not notice the pale face that bent over the mariner's eyes when he saw the little queen so low. "Don't grieve so, birdie," he said, raising her gently. "He is not dead, but fainting with the pain; he is sure, but you shall take care of him and make him a sound man again."

Captain Ben and Barnard were on board the brig when she broke up, and, before the boat could rescue them, the floating pieces of wreck, drifting about in a cross-sea, had well-nigh wrecked them. Captain Ben escaped with sound bones, though badly bruised; but poor Barney had his left arm and two ribs on the left side broken, and many a hard knock beside. They removed him carefully to the keeper's house, and Ellen watched over the fractures with the skill of an old surgeon. Then Ellen took her place at his bedside—she place which she maintained for a long, long, weary time of fever and delirium which followed—scarce consenting to leave him, even when he slept, for his eyes would surely ask her where he was, and Thanks to her tender care—thanks to a strong physique and a temperate life, his convalescence, slowly approaching, was marked by the days of grew longer and the soft winds of summer, fresh from the Atlantic, breathed through the open window. The day after he was first left alone—the day in June a little excursion was made to the Highlands in Barnard's own boat. So delighted was he to be on the water, so sure of life, he declared himself quite well again. "Dear Nelly, I shall be a trouble to you no longer. Are you not glad?"

Nelly answered with a little sigh, and was very quiet all that day; and it came to pass, thereafter, that the wrecker's bread grew stale, and the cider lost its relish which had been so grateful to the consumed, which had served him so delightfully for so many entities in Spain. Greatly he wondered and grieved, and finally sought explanation of this mass, accordingly, he

Another look toward Nelly. She has turned away, and is quietly tearing to pieces the necklace of shells he made for her. The tears which would fall from the brown eyes he could not see.

"The advantages of your offer are so apparent that there exists but one question in my mind with regard to it. If you feel indebted to me, and desire in this way to make me a present of money, 'twould be wrong for me to accept it; but if you can really give me anything to earn as much, I should be equally wrong to refuse."

"I like your scruples, Mr. Barnard; and take pleasure in assuring you that the sum I mentioned is the same we have always paid for work which I'm sure you can do."

"Then I shall be right glad to undertake it." He spoke very slowly, but not a look came from the brown eyes to interrupt him; and so 'twas decided he should go.

Uncle Harry mourned the loss of his pupil as though he were a son. "We shall miss you, my boy. I was in hopes you'd stay with us; yes, Barney, I did hope you and my girl would keep earth enough to row in the same boat all your lives."

Such words might have made Barnard repent his decision, and remain a 'longshoreman yet, but that Nelly continued obdurate as ever. Annie Wilson's winning face would come between her and Barnard's; and if bitter tears fell upon her low sob was only the more cold and distant in his presence. And so the young man went away, grieved and almost hopeless, yet wearing the ring which she gave to him long ago.

Hardly was Edward installed in his new position when he was called upon to endure another effusion of grateful thanks. A gentleman, whom Mr. Wilson introduced as Bently, called at the office and was engaging in professions of obligation and offers of friendly service. More, with much tact and delicacy, he really did render much aid to the young stranger in the metropolis. Edward did not quite understand all this kindness at first, but Annie Wilson explained the mystery, and blushingly told him all about it. He seemed to be confided to her all his troubles with Ellen; and as it happened that he was going to Eltham, as he promised to do, Annie's letters were filled with Barnard's praise—he was all that is good, noble, and handsome. Annie was greatly surprised that these letters were not answered—thinking she had written pleasantly and politically; not dreaming that her enthusiastic sketch made the young gull and wormwood to the lonely girl on Sandy Hook.

Barnard had been in town about a month, and was visiting one evening, when he was taken into confidence by Bently—who was there of course—and the great secret was divulged to him. The wedding was to take place on Annie's birthday, in February. "And now," said Bently, "Annie and I want you to stand up with us, and Annie says Miss Warden must be one of the bridesmaids."

Edward would be only too happy, but Nelly—that is Miss Warden—he did not know, perhaps she might object.

"Oh, you can persuade her, I'm sure" cries Annie. "At least you will ask her, will you not?"

Yes, certainly, he would ask her. And so the next Saturday found him on the way to Sandy Hook.

Even a period so short as a month, in a life like New York, serves to effect a great change in the appearance, the mien, of a young man, when first brought in contact with its influences. The change is not only in the outward, which is sure to be very improved—but in his character, which may be improved, or the reverse. To Barnard's easy, associations of the last class, surrounded by the highest refinements of civilization, had given him a graceful manly, a certain air of elegance, which he was scarcely conscious of, but which was very visible to those who had known him before. Uncle Harry could hardly restrain his admiration while Ellen was timid, a little afraid of the fine gentleman; but he soon convinced them that the same honest, manly heart beat behind the broadcloth as derisive mirth under the Guernsey fresh. Nelly made vigorous attempts to be formal and distant; but the quick pleasure would make the brown eyes seek the welcome face, would give to her manner the old kindly familiarity. But after supper, when he intimated that he would like to see her alone a moment, he had no important request to make, then all her pride returned. Did he think to persuade her in a moment, request that had grown so refined and handsome; or did he wish to make his important request, in order to satisfy the curiosity of Annie, and have him for take Annie Wilson? Yes, she would grant the interview, and if he wished to be free, she would take back her mother's ring, and never pester him with it again.

He was the first prearranged *tête-à-tête* he ever sought with her, and he found it rather formidable. Indeed he was so much embarrassed he hardly knew what to say. "I suppose, Annie," mean Miss Wilson—has told you—that is, written to you, about the wedding?"

"Wedding!" cries Nelly, aghast. "I had not heard. When is it to be?"

"On the 5th of February—Annie's birthday."

"So soon!" murmured the stricken girl. "So soon!"

"Yes. I hardly thought 'twould occur so early but the preparations are nearly all made, and my request to you is that you will be one of the bridesmaids. Annie has set her heart on it, and perhaps I need not add that I too would be very glad if you would."

Poor Nelly! Where was all her pride now? Cowering upon the sofa, her little frame convulsed with sobbing, her face hidden in her hands, she wailed out, "Oh, Edward, have I deserved this?"

"Deserved?" says the dismayed youth. "What deserved? Would it be such a punishment, then, to stand up with me?"

"Don't, Edward. Please don't. 'Twould kill me to see you married—I know it would. When your wedding-day comes, I shall wish I was in the bottom of the ocean."

"My wedding-day? See me married? I'm not going to be married. Mr. Beatly is to be the groom. Oh you dear little blush-rose, have you betrayed yourself at last? No, you shall not run away now. Nay, there, I'll held you, if I must."

And so he did a long, long time.

Mr. Barnard was mistaken when he said he was not to be married. Nelly became Mrs. Barnard on the 5th of February.

THE WORLD OF LONDON.

NO. VIII.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IF the confession that I have often traveled from this Covent Garden lodging of mine on Sundays should give offence to those who never travel on Sundays, they will be satisfied (I hope) by my adding that the journeys in question were made to churches.

Not that I have any curiosity to hear powerful preachers. Time was, when I was dragged by the hair of my head, as one may say, to hear too many, on summer evenings, when every bird and every bird might have better addressed my soft young heart, I have in my day been caught in the snare of a female hawk, who would have been violently scrubbed from the neck to the roots of the hair, as a purification for the Temple, and have then been carried off hopelessly to the capacious eccles electricity to be steamed like a potato in the unventilated breath of the powerful Bonnegrace Hall and his congregation. I have not yet quite mind I had was quite steamed out of me. In which pitiable plight I have been hauled out of the place of meeting, in the condition of the ex-, revises, and catechised respecting Bonnegrace Boller, his fitness, his sixthly, and his seventhly, until I have regretted that never-ended sixth in the light of a most dismal and oppressive Charade. Time was when I was a constant frequenter of platform assemblages at which no human child, whether of worldly or grown, could possibly keep its eyes open, and when I felt the fatal sleep creeping, creeping over me, and wake it gradually heard the orator in a drowsy, spinning, jolting and humming like a great top, until he rolled, tumbled, and pitched, with a final whirlpool roar, a my burning shame and fear that as to that last stage it was not he, but I. I have sat under Bonnegrace Boller, and Bonnegrace Bonnegrace, and Bonnegrace Bonnegrace, and Bonnegrace Bonnegrace, and

OUR JAPANESE VISITORS.

We publish on this page three engravings of Japanese subjects, which will be viewed with interest now that every body is talking about our Japanese visitors. The picture representing Japanese noblemen is from a photograph, and will convey a faithful idea of the way they dress and their general appearance. The picture of the principal street in Jeddo is from a Japanese drawing. Our visitors have several artists with them, who will doubtless sketch our streets and publish the pictures when they return. It may be hoped that the pictures will be in a higher style of art than the view of Jeddo. The picture of the tea-garden introduces the beholder to one of the most interesting institutions of Japan—Japanese ladies, in fact, where people go to drink tea and pass an hour in a cool, pleasant atmosphere, attended by graceful maidens.

Mr. Oliphant was charmed by the waitresses at these establishments, who, he says, are as fair as European girls, and are graceful and respectful in manner. It is a pity our visitors had not brought a few of their fair country women with them.

We shall next week present the reader with more sketches of our distinguished visitors.

OUR JAPANESE VISITORS—A STREET IN JEDDO.—[FROM A JAPANESE DRAWING.]

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Robes and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER IN WHICH HE SUPPORTED THEM.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO,

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

CHAPTER XV.

DROWNING A MOTHER TO MURDER A DAUGHTER.

"No sooner had I assured the old lady that I would transfer them to my vessel than her daughter made a step forward, and, letting her shawl fall upon the deck, she seized my hand with both of hers and said, in a low contralto voice:

"'Heaven bless you, Señor.'

"By the exotics of Venus, caballeros, the pressure of that girl's hand, and the deep, speaking look of gratitude she gave me out of her liquid eyes was ample pay for my business! I raised her soft patrician hand to my lips and kissed it respectfully. Ha! I noticed, too, as I relessed her round slender fingers, that she wore a sapphire of great brilliancy—ay, here it is now! I keep it in remembrance of the girl!"

Saying this the boat shook back the lace ruffles of his sleeve, and, crooking his little finger, exhibited the jewel to his guests.

The Doctor looked as cold as marble, and said not a word.

"Well, gentlemen, I soon got that ship in a colorably wholesome state of command. I made my trusty old boatswain, Pedillo, lock the fuddled skipper up sound and tight in his own stateroom, and the rest of my men took a few ropes' ends and belted the lubbers of a crew until they went to work at the pumps with renewed vigor. I also insisted upon the scared male servants of the passengers lending a hand at that innocent recreation, for you see I had no intention of letting the ship go down—"

"With the Capitano Brand at her," interrupted Señor Sanchez.

"No, by no manner of means; for the ship I felt was settling fast, and I could hear the loose cargo, which had broken adrift below in the main hold, playing the devil's own game; smashing and crushing from side to side as the vessel rolled, and coming in contact with the stanchions and beams, with a surging swash of water, too, which told the tale without the trouble of breaking open the hatches. I took, however, the precaution to run my eye over the manifest to see if, perchance, there was any treasure in the after run or say where else; so, in case there had been, I should have made some effort to get at it; but there was nothing on board but wine, dried fruits, and heavy bale goods, not worth the time or trouble, in the aspect of affairs at that time, to save as much as a single cask or a drum of prunes. I glanced, too, at the clearance list, and saw that the names of the passengers were La Señora Luisa Lavarena, and the Señorita Lucia, lady and daughter, with half a dozen orders and titles, of the Judge in Porto Rico. Bueno! roll me an orange if you please, Doctor! Ah, gracias, thanks."

The Doctor rolled the orange, and had it been a grapeshot or any other iron missile its aim would have gone straight through the Captain's body just above his left waistcoat pocket.

"In the mean while the old lady rushed around in a tremendous hurry, in and out of the cabin, losing her balance occasionally in the lurches, ordering her maids to pull out trunks and boxes on to the deck; then giving me a hug to relieve her feelings, and praying and crying between whiles in the most whimsical manner. Not contented either with getting out a pile of luggage and chests that would have swamped a jolly-boat, she insisted upon waiting until a locker was broken open in the cabin pantry for the purpose of rescuing six cases of old port wine which had been, she told me, sent as a present from the Archbishop of Lisbon to his friend the Judge. At this juncture I persuaded her to send her daughter and a few light articles first on board my vessel, when the boat would then return for herself and the remainder of their property. Accordingly I carefully wrapped the lovely girl in shawls and cloaks, and got her over the side and down into my boat, pitched a few light caskets and cases in after the young beauty, and then, with a quiet word or two into Pedillo's sharp ear, the boat shoved off. I suppose it may have been half an hour before my boat returned, and then I learned from the coxswain that he had shown his charge down into my private cabin, and she appeared as comfortable and resigned as possible. Well, we made quick work of it now, tumbled a good many things into the boat, when I myself got in to receive the old lady and her retinue. By-the-way, among the articles were the boxes of wine: this is some of it"—tapping the decanter now nearly empty from the nitacks of the priest—"and in my opinion it does great credit to the taste and judgment of that venerable Archbishop.

"Where was I? Oh! ah! We were waiting alongside the ship, with her lower chainplates not a foot above water, for the Donna to be hoisted over the rail, since she would not permit any of her attendants to precede her—though Heaven knows they were anxious enough to do so. By this time, too, after my men had left the deck of the ship, the crew had somehow got hold of a barrel of wine, and letting the pumps work themselves, were guzzling away in grand style. I began to lose patience at last, and shouted to the old lady to come at once, or I should be compelled to leave her. She merely leaned over the rail, however, and chattered forth that all she had in the world was at my service—of course, figuratively she meant—but she must stay another minute to find a jar of preserved ginger, which was her only cure for the colic."

"You didn't take the offer of the old lady as a figure of speech, I presume?" asked the Doctor.

"No!" muttered the one-eyed old wretch, with a sneer. "And that jar of ginger spared her any more attacks of colic!"

"Caballeros, you are both right! I did accept the gift of her worldly goods in the frank spirit in which it was offered, without any reservation; and, to my almost certain knowledge, the Señora Lavarena was never more troubled with illness of any kind.

"The fact was, that finding the ship fast sinking, and her crew becoming boisterous and rebellious at the imminent danger burst upon them, they proposed, since their own boats were stove, to take possession of mine! That was a joke, to be sure! A dozen drunken swabs, with naked hands, to capture ten of the old *Centipede's* picked men, with a pistol and knife each under their shirts; and"—here the speaker laughed heartily—"and Captain Brand beside them! Diavolo! what silly people there are in this world!"

The good Padre joined his superior in this chaffing of feeling, and seemed to enjoy the joke immensely, rolling his goggle eyes and head from

JAPANESE NOBLEMEN.

OUR JAPANESE VISITORS—A TEA-GARDEN IN JAPAN.

THE CHAIR OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

side to side, kissing his crucifix, and exclaiming, with devotion,

"Que hombre es eso! What a man he is!"

"Well, Señores, the next minute we let go the painter and floated astern past the ship's counter, and a few strokes of the oar-blades sent us dancing away to leeward, where the schooner was lying with her fore-sail up, and the jib-sheet hauled well to windward. We made no unnecessary noise in getting alongside, and it took no great time to get the boat clear, a tackle hooked on, and to swing her on board over the long gun. Then we drew all the sheets, set the fore-sail, and the *Centipede* was once more reeling off the knots on her course."

"But the ship, my son?"

"Why, my Padre, I was so busy attending to the schooner, and afterward going below to break the sad news to my lovely dark-eyed passenger of the loss of her mother, that I had no time to devote to the ship. Pedillo, however, told me that he heard a good deal of frantic shrieking, and prayers, and cursing, with, for a little while, the renewed clank of the chain-pumps; but after that we had got too far to windward to hear more. About midnight, though, Pedillo said some of the watch thought they saw a white shower of foam like a breaking wave, and a great commotion in the water, but that was all. So, you see, what really became of that old craft we do not positively know; though for a long time afterward I read the marine lists very attentively, but yet I never saw any accounts of her arrival at her destination.

"Perhaps," added Captain Brand, with a peculiar smile, as he lit a fresh cigar, "her arrival may have escaped my notice, as I hope it may, though I think not."

Don Ignacio intimated, by waving his forefinger to and fro, that such a hope had no possible foundation in fact; and he stated, too, that he knew the underwriters had paid the full insurance on the missing ship.

"Ah! well, that seems to settle the matter, truly," murmured the Captain, as if he had long entertained painful doubts on the subject, and now his mind was finally relieved.

"But, hijo mio! son of mine! la Señorita—hijo—with the almond-shaped eyes—Santissima!—hijo—how did she bear the—death of her—hijo—mother?"

"Por Dios, Padre! there was a scene which would have drawn tears from a—"

"Pirate," suggested the Doctor.

The Padre blubbered outright, and his round, tipsy eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"Ay, Monsieur, even from mine! But to go back a little. When I had got all snug on board the schooner, I went below, and moved softly on tip-toe along the passage to the door of my beautiful cabin.

"You remember, amigo," said the narrator, turning toward Don Ignacio, "how that cabin was fitted, and how much it cost to do it. I think you paid the bill for me, no?"

Oh yes! Captain Brand was quite right. Don Ignacio remembered it well, and the bill was a thousand gold ounces, sixteen thousand hard silver dollars; and by no means dear in that, for the Don never allowed any body to cheat him.

"Cheats, himself, though—sometimes. Don't charge more than the usual commission."

The one-eyed smirr looked wicked at this remark, but he said nothing, being occupied at the moment rolling up a paper cigar with one hand, and wetting the brown forfeinger of the other.

"Well, caballeros, I peeped through the little-work of the cabin-door, and there reclined my pretty prisoner, as I left her as if it were yesterday—on one of the large blue satin damask lounges of the after transoms. Her head rested on one of her round, ivory arms, half-hidden in the luxurious pillows; her shawl, too, was thrown back; and with a somewhat disordered dress, and a mass of glossy hair clustering in ringlets about her neck and white shoulders, I thought then, as I do now, that she was a paragon of loveliness. I saw her, as she has recalled, by the light of a large shaded crystal lamp, which hung by silver chains from the cabin-beams, and shed a rose-tinted effulgence over the whole apartment. When I first approached the door the girl was looking out of those large liquid lamps so superbly fringed in her own fringe of dark lashes, in evident curiosity around the elegant cabin. Her looks wandered from the Turkey carpet on the floor to the beautiful silk hangings, that exquisite set of inlaid pearl ebony furniture, the display of nicknacks, and Dresden porcelain panels of the sides, and, in fact, nothing seemed to escape her; and the good taste of the fittings evidently met her approbation. At times, too, she would turn her gaze out of the narrow little window of the stern, and peer anxiously over the vessel's wake, which by this time was skimming along like a wild duck, and leaving countless bubbles behind her. At the first sound I made, however, in opening the door, she started up and stepped forward to meet me.

"'Oh, Señor Capitano, mi madre! my mother! What detains her? We seem to be going very fast through the water!'

"I gently took the girl's outstretched hands and led her back to the cushioned transom. Then I told her; as kindly as I could, that I did all in my power to save her good mother, but that the crew had mutinied—they had taken possession of the unfortunate ship—great confusion existed; and as I feared, you know, that my own boat would be swamped by remaining longer alongside, I was compelled to leave her to her fate.

"'But my mother, Señor!' exclaimed the girl with anguish, 'she was saved?'

"'No, Señorita,' I said, 'she went down with the ship; but the last words she uttered—that is to me—were to invoke blessings on my head, and to consign all she possessed to my care.' The poor thing swooned away as I uttered these words, and it was a long time before she came to again. When she did, however, regain consciousness tears came to her relief, and I did all I could to soothe her distress by telling her that, if the wind came fair, she would in the course of a few days be restored to her father."

"But the wind didn't come fair, eh?" broke in Don Ignacio, "and she didn't see—"

"No, amigo, the wind held steady from the opposite quarter, and I thought it better not to beat up with a baked forecast, and all that—and—she did not see her father."

Captain Brand here wet his thin lips with a few sips of wine, and "Bubette, brisk coffee!" and resumed his story.

"When the girl become a little more calm I induced her to retire to my state-room, where I left her to sob herself to sleep. Don't spill that coffee, Bubette, and put the liqueurs on the table. There, that will do, old lady.

"Well, Señores, the next morning my pretty prize was too ill to leave her room; but as I handed her a cup of chocolate through the door curtains she thanked me with much gratitude for what I had done, and knew that her dear father, the Judge, would bless me."

"So he will," snarled the one-eyed old rascal, "if he ever catches you, when he draws the black cap over his head."

"Possibly he may, though perhaps it will be some considerable time before he has that pleasure.

"For three days I never even saw my pretty passenger, though I heard her low, sweet voice occasionally when I laid out something for her to eat in the adjoining cabin. She sang, too, some little sad songs with a voice which vibrated upon my ear like the notes of an Æolian harp sighing in the night wind. Dios! how I regretted then, and afterward, that I did not have a cabinet piano!"

"Presented to you," suggested the Doctor.

"Yes, presented to me, so that she might have touched the keys with those ivory and rose-tipped fingers.

"So the time passed, the schooner flying on under whole sails, the wind about two points free, and the weather as fine as silk. It was the fourth evening, I think, after parting with the Oporto trader that I induced my fair passenger to come on deck and take a little breath of sea air. You will observe, caballeros, that I did not make this suggestion in the day time, because the *Centipede's* crew, you know, were rather numerous, and some of them not so handsome in point of personal looks as ladies at all times care to behold. Besides, there were certain things about the deck—racks of cutlasses, lockers of musketry along the rail, and a long brass twelve-pounder, which is not altogether hidden by the boat, you know, and might have given rise to a little curiosity, or maybe suspicion, even in the mind of a girl, as to one character, pursuits, and so forth, which I should have been puzzled to answer. Therefore I chose the clear starlight night to pay my homage, and accordingly I went below about four bells of the first watch to escort the little lady to the deck. She was dressed, and waiting for me in the cabin; and if I was so struck with her beauty when I first saw her, my heart thumped now against my ribs like a valley of musket-balls against an oak plank. She wore a black silk robe, such as Spanish women wear at early mass, and around the back part of her head—where the hair was gathered in a glossy knot, and secured by a gold bodkin—fell the heavy folds of a black lace mantilla, the lower end fastened sash fashion around her lithe waist. She stepped, too, like a queen on a pair of slim, long, delicate feet, with arched buff and satin, as if she were in command of the schooner.

"By my right arm!" exclaimed Captain Brand, shaking that member aloft in a glorious fit of enthusiasm, "I am quite sure she had conquered me, and that was more than half the battle! Well, I led her to the quarter-deck, where some cushions and flags had been placed for her near the weather taffrail, and where she sat down. Well, Senores, the graceful girl beside me never spoke scarcely for half an hour. I divined, however, what her thoughts might have been in dwelling on the painful scenes she had recently witnessed, and I held my peace also. For you see I have had considerable experience with women, and I have ever found that a man loses more by talking than by remaining watchful and attentive."

Captain Brand looked, as he gave utterance to this philosophical sentiment, as if he were a thirsty, cold-eyed tiger, lying in wait to spring upon an unwary passer-by.

"Yes, I warned, until at last she spoke.

"'Capitano,' she said, 'what a beautiful vessel you command, and how fast she sails!'

"What I replied, my friends, is neither here nor there; but I sank down on the cushions beside the lovely girl, and poured out a torrent of passionate words—which I really felt, too, at the time—as I don't think I ever uttered before or since. She was a little startled and nervous at first, but after a while I saw her stately head droop to one side till it rested on my shoulder; I stole my arm around her yielding waist, and clasped her to my breast."

Here Captain Brand looked as if the tiger had already sprung upon the passer-by, and was snuffing the blood with his claws buried deep into the carcass.

"'Señor,' she murmured, in the low, sweet plaintive note of a nightingale, 'I am a young and inexperienced girl of an old and noble family; you have saved my life, my mother is gone, and I have no one to advise with, and if my dew father smiles upon my choice I will marry you, but do not, I implore you, deceive me!'"

"And you did not deceive her, I hope," broke in the Doctor, with a shiver of light from his determined eyes that was almost painful to see, so earnest and terrible it was, as he leaned forward with both of his clenched hands quivering nervously on the table.

Captain Brand looked at the Doctor with rather a suspicious stare, and letting his thumbs drop from his arm-pits till they rested on the flaps of his waistcoat pockets, he replied in a careless tone:

"Oh no, Monsieur, I never deceived—a—that is to say, intentionally deceived a woman, in all my life!"

"Let us hear more, my son," said the priest, who had now woke up from a short nap, and took a deep interest in the love-making episode of his Captain.

"Bueno, caballeros!" continued the narrator, as he tossed off a thimbleful of manzchiao from a wicker-bound square bottle, after his coffee. "Well, gentlemen, the young Portuguese damsel, Señorita Lucia, and I sat there under the weather rail till the first faint streaks of early dawn in the tropics began to announce the coming of the gray morning. Then she arose, and, leaning with a soft pressure on my arm, I took her to her cabin, kissed her sweet hands, and bade her good-night."

At this stage of the narrative Captain Brand threw himself triumphantly back in his large Manilla chair, and ran his white muscular hands through his dry light hair. Ay! the tiger had clutched his prey. An unprotected young and lovely girl had been won and lost, and the pulpitating heart was soon to be torn from her tender body.

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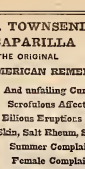

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We call attention to the following letter, the original of which is at No. 4 Union Square, and may be inspected. The facts demand attention. The name is not published, but may be seen as above. We hope the party will yet permit his respectable and honored name to be published. We are prejudiced to show the letter.
THOS. ALLCOCK & CO.
MESSRS. THOS. ALLCOCK & CO., No. 4 Union Square, N. Y.
Enclosed I send you an order for your excellent Porous Plasters. They have done me a great deal of good. Two years ago, on the 20th of March, I was run over by a hooker wagon, which injured my back severely, and broke off one of the spinous processes, (the lowest joint of the back bone,) and ruptured the ligaments between four of the others. A bump of about ½ inch was all the external evidence of the injury, but the pain was far greater than dying every day would be. I applied to the best physicians of New York, Wisconsin, and Michigan, who failed to relieve me, though, in justice to them, I must say some of their prescriptions I did not follow. I gave up all hopes of permanent relief from pain, when I happened to read your advertisement, which I had seen before, but had paid no attention to it. I then immediately sent for a dollar's worth, and at least make trial of them. This was several months ago. The first plaster did me good. I then sent for half a yard, and put it on my back, reaching from hip bone to hip bone. I then worn it for five or six weeks, and feel nearly as well as ever. I think nothing but Allcock's Porous Plaster has done me any good, and if it is not that, then I am getting well of an injury from which the best surgeons and physicians told me, "You have a chance to live, and you have a chance to die." I shall keep on sticking to the plasters, if they will stick to me, and, judging from those already tried, I think they will. I am yours truly.
Original, dated April 16th, 1860, marked 190, may be seen at No. 4 Union Square.

SECOND LETTER FROM MESSRS. J. W. JOHNSON & CO., HALSTEAD, CONN., THIS YEAR.
HALSTEAD, CONN., March 22, 1860.
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All Physicians who have ever seen these Plasters, recommend. Mr. Colliard, Dr. Vinkhuisen, and Dr. Jacobson, report that painfully thick Plasters are useless in all diseases of the skin surface. Their value is beyond dispute.
Hear what the Hon. Carl Schultze, of Chicago says:
CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 20, 1859.
"To the Editors of the New York Criminal Gazette:
"Gentlemen: Perhaps you may feel an interest in a fellow man, that I have quite recovered from the severe pains and aches, from which I have so long suffered. Allcock's Porous Plaster cured me, of which he spoke so highly. I had tried almost every thing to relieve the pain, without any benefit. Before I used this Plaster, I had changes to say, in a few days after applying it, I was perfectly relieved me. I have worn the plasters for the last nine months, frequently some in a week at a time, and any return of the pain be my chest, or the least difficulty in taking any kind of food. This can be attested by all my friends and my family. Show Dieckman this letter, and please to publish it in your paper.
"Most respectfully, CARL SCHULTZE."
NOTICE TO EDITOR OF CRIMINAL GAZETTE.—Insert this letter with pleasure, as it effords us an opportunity of saying that any one affording this paper, and feeling accompanied with indigestion, can, by applying at the office, receive ample testimony from one who has been restored to health by these very Plasters of Mr. Allcock, which he used for six months for a similar affection.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 178.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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HON. ABRAM LINCOLN, OF ILLINOIS.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

We engrave herewith the portrait—from a photograph by Brady—of Hon. Abram Lincoln, of Illinois, the Republican candidate for President. The following sketch of his career is from the *Herald*:

Abram Lincoln, the Republican candidate for the Presidency in the campaign of 1860, is a native of Harden County, Kentucky. He was born February 12, 1809. His parents were born in Virginia, and were of very moderate circumstances. His paternal grandfather, Abram Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781–82, where, a year or two later, he was killed by Indians. His ancestors, who were respectable members of the Society of Friends, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. Descendants from the same lineage still reside in the eastern part of Pennsylvania.

Abram Lincoln, the subject of this memoir, further removed from Kentucky to Spencer County, in Indiana, in 1816.

Mr. Lincoln received a limited education. In 1830 he removed to Illinois, and passed the first year in Macon County, engaged in agricultural pursuits. He next went to New Salem, at that time in Sagamon County, now Chemard County, where he remained about one year as a clerk in a store. About this time the Florida or Black Hawk War broke out, and on the call from the Federal Government for volunteers, a company was raised in New Salem, and Lincoln was elected captain. He served during this memorable campaign. On his return to Illinois, in 1832, he became a candidate for the State Legislature, but was defeated. The next three succeeding biennial elections he was elected to the Legislature by the Whig party. During his legislative term he studied law, and subsequently engaged practically in the profession at Springfield; but his practice at the bar did not withdraw his attention from politics, and for many years he was one of the leaders of the Whig party in Illinois, and was on the electoral ticket in several presidential campaigns. He was a disciple of Henry Clay, and exerted himself in his behalf in 1844, by making a tour of Illinois and advocating Clay's election to the Presidency. He was elected to Congress in 1846, and served until 1849.

While in Congress the Wilmot Proviso warfare was in progress, and which disturbed the peace and harmony of the country until it shook the foundation of the Union from its centre to its circumference. He voted forty-two times for the Proviso. He was also active, in connection with Seward, Chase, Giddings, and other abolitionists, in the agitation of that subject. He also opposed the Mexican War, and declared it unconstitutional and wrong, and voted against the bill granting 160 acres of land to the volunteers.

In the National Convention of 1848, of which he was a member, he advocated the nomination of General Taylor, and sustained the nomination by a caucus of his own State. In 1852 he was efficient in his efforts for General Scott, and was considered by the Whigs of Illinois and the Northwest as one of their leaders. From 1849 to 1854 Mr. Lincoln was engaged in the practice of his profession.

In 1849 he was a candidate before the Illinois Legislature for United States Senator, prior to the stampede of the State for the Whigs. When the future met, the Democracy was in the ascendant, and General Shields, the Democratic candidate of the Whigs for United States Senator before the Legislature chosen that year; but the Democracy being in the majority, Lincoln was again defeated and Judge Trumbull, the Democratic candidate, elected. In 1856 Mr. Lincoln's name headed the Frémont electoral ticket in Illinois. In 1858 it was the desire of the Illinois Republican State Committee to have Mr. Lincoln succeed Douglas in the United States Senate, and to effect this he stumped the State for the Republicans; and it was during this campaign that Mr. Lincoln made the best political speeches of his life, and from which the people of the Union will at once read his sentiments on the great questions of the day. He is a tariff man, in favor of a protective policy, opposed to the Dred Scott decision, urging as an especial reason for his position that it deprives the negro of the rights of that clause in the Constitution of the United States which guarantees to the citizens of each State all the rights, privileges, and immunities of the several States.

In the campaign in Illinois in 1858, when he stumped the State in opposition to Douglas, he showed himself an adept in political strategy, and gained his speeches to the locality in which he spoke. His partisans claim that he had the advantage of the Illinois Senator as well in eloquence as in tact, and commend very highly the manliness and courage which he displayed on occasions when they met in debate.

HON. ABRAM LINCOLN, OF ILLINOIS, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

In personal appearance Mr. Lincoln, or, as he is more familiarly termed among those who know him best, "Old Uncle Abe," is long, lean, and wiry. In motion he has a great deal of the elasticity and awkwardness which indicate the rough training of his early life, and his conversation savors strongly of Western idioms and pronunciation. His height is six feet three inches. His complexion is about that of an octoroon; his face, without being by any means beautiful, is genial looking, and good humor seems to lurk in every corner of its innumerable angles. He has dark hair tinged with gray, a good forehead, small eyes, a long penetrating nose, with nostrils such as Napoleon always liked to find in his best generals, because they indicated a long head and clear thought; and a mouth which, aside from being of magnificent proportions, is probably the most expressive feature of his face.

As a speaker he is ready, precise, and fluent. His manner before a popular assembly is as he pleases to make it, being either superlatively ludicrous or very impressive. He employs but little gesticulation, but when he desires to make a point produces a shrug of his shoulders, an elevation of his eyebrows, a depression of his mouth, and a general malformation of countenance so comically awkward that it never fails to "bring down the house." His enunciation is slow and emphatic, and his voice, though sharp and powerful, at times has a frequent tendency to dwindle into a shrill and unpleasant sound; but, as before stated, his peculiar characteristic of his delivery is the remarkable mobility of his features, the frequent contortions of which excite a merriment his words could not produce.

Mr. Lincoln is the author of the basis upon which Seward formed his "irrepressible conflict" platform, as will be seen from the subjoined extracts from his speeches. Lincoln's "irrepressible conflict" sentiments were uttered in a speech delivered at Springfield, Illinois, June 17, 1858, and Seward's speech on the same topic in October, 1858. Mr. Lincoln, in his speech at Springfield, Illinois, on the 17th of June, 1858, said:

> In my opinion it will not cease [the slavery agitation.—*Ed.*] until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. "A house divided against itself can not stand." I believe this Government can not endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward, till it shall become alike lawful in all the States—old as well as new—North as well as South.

In another speech at Chicago, on the 16th of July, 1858, he said:

> I have always hated slavery, I think, as much as any Abolitionist. I have been an Old Line Whig. I have always hated it, and I always believed it in course of ultimate extinction. If I were in Congress, and a vote should come up on a question whether slavery should be prohibited in a new Territory, in spite of the Dred Scott decision I would vote that it should.

In another speech at Springfield, Illinois, July 17, 1858, he said:

> I nevertheless did not mean to go on the banks of the Ohio and throw missiles into Kentucky, to disturb them in their domestic institutions.

In another speech at Galesburg, October 7, 1858, he said:

> I believe that the right of property in a slave is not distinctly and expressly affirmed in the Constitution.

Mr. Lincoln was comparatively unknown to the

people of this section of the Union until during the past winter, when he made a tour of the Middle and New England States, delivering political stump speeches.

The following is from the *Tribune*:

Abram Lincoln was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809, and is now fifty-one years old. He is very probably of the race of the Massachusetts Lincolns, though his parents were of Quaker stock, that migrated from Pennsylvania to Virginia, where his grandfather removed in 1781–82 to Kentucky, and was there surprised and killed by Indians while at work on his clearing. Like most pioneers, he left his family poor; and his son also died prematurely, leaving a widow and several children, including Abram, then six years old. The family removed soon after to Southern Indiana, where Abram grew to the stature of six feet and some inches, but enjoyed scarcely better opportunities for instruction than in Kentucky. Probably six months in all of the rudest sort of schooling comprehends the whole of his technical education. He was in turn a farm laborer, a common workman in a saw-mill, and a boatman on the Wabash and Mississippi rivers. Thus hard work and plenty of it, the rugged experiences of aspiring poverty, the wild sports and rude games of a newly and thinly peopled forest region—the education born of the log-cabin, the rifle, the axe, and the plow, combined with the reflections of an original and vigorous mind, eager in the pursuit of knowledge by every available means, and developing a character of equal resource and firmness—made him the man he has since proved himself.

At twenty-one he pushed further west into Illinois, which has for the last thirty years been his home, living always near and, for some years past, in Springfield, the State capital. He worked on a farm as hired man his first year in Illinois; the next year he was a clerk in a store; then volunteered for the Black Hawk war, and was chosen a captain by his company; the next year he was announced candidate for the Legislature; he was chosen the next, and served four sessions with eminent usefulness and steadily increasing reputation; studied law, meantime, and took his place at the bar; was early recognized as a most effective and convincing speaker before the People of Whig principles and the Protective policy, and of their illustrious embodiment, Henry Clay; was a Whig candidate for Congress in nearly or quite every Presidential contest from 1836 to 1852, inclusive; was chosen to the XXXth Congress from the Central District of Illinois in 1846, and served to its close, but was not a candidate for re-election; and in 1849 reasonably withdrew from politics and devoted himself to the practice of his profession until the Nebraska Iniquity of 1854 called him again into the political arena. He was the candidate of the Whigs for United States Senator before the Legislature chosen that year; but they were not a majority of the body, so he declined, and urged his friends to support Judge Trumbull, the candidate of the anti-Nebraska Democrats, who was then elected.

In the gallant and memorable Presidential contest of 1858 Mr. Lincoln's name headed the Fremont Electoral Ticket of Illinois. In 1858 he was unanimously designated by the Republican State Convention to succeed Mr. Douglas in the Senate, and thereupon canvassed the State against Mr. Douglas with an ability in which logic, art, eloquence, and thorough good-nature were alike conspicuous, and which gave him a national reputation. Mr. Douglas secured a predominance in the Legislature and was elected, though Mr. Lincoln had the honorable satisfaction of seeing that the question had been decided by the majority of the people the champion of Squatter Sovereignty and of indifference as regards slavery extension would not now be a Senator from Illinois.

HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, who was nominated by the Republican Convention at Chicago for Vice-President, was born in Paris, Oxford County, Maine, in August, 1809, and is now in the fifty-first year of his age. He is by profession a lawyer, but for the last twenty-four years has been, for much of the time, in political life. From 1836 to 1840 he was a member of the Legislature of Maine, and for three of those years he was the Speaker of its House of Representatives. In 1843 he was elected a member of Congress, and re-elected for the following term. In 1847 he was again a member of the State Legislature; and the next year was chosen to fill a vacancy, occasioned by the death of John Fairfield, in the United States Senate. In 1851 he was re-elected for the full term in the same body, but resigned on being chosen Governor of Maine in 1857. In the same month he was again elected to the United States Senate for six years, which office he accepted, resigning the Governorship. He is still a member of the Senate. His political rank is an evidence of the confidence with which he has always been regarded by his fellow-citizens in Maine.

Up to the time of the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, in 1854, Mr. Hamlin was a member of the Democratic party. That act he regarded as a proof that the party, with which he had been all his life connected, no longer deserved the name of Democratic, and was treacherous to the principles he had always defended. Thereupon he gave his support to the Republican party, of which he has ever since continued a faithful and distinguished leader.

THE "GOLDEN BEE."

PART I.

LADIES with precious merchandise, the growth of Chinese soil,
And costly work of Chinese hands, the patient wealth of ages,
Over the waves with outspread sails, like white-winged birds, sped on,
Swiftly, gayly, homeward bound, spoil on the *Golden Bee*.

Stored with such peachy-textured silks as shimmer in the sun,
With countless rainbow-tinted glazes and never keep to one—
Silks to delight Beauty's self with a new respondent pulse,
Silks an English queen might wear on her coronation day.

She had sheets of fragrant tea-leaves to make social hearthstones warm,
Or to be the one sweet luxury of widows' scanty rounds;
With gorgeous and dainty frames, carved by coarse-grained hands,
For idle money-spinders in rich European lands.

Cleaving the sky—fresh blew the breeze—the Captain's heart was light,
As on the deck he lingered late and watched the coming night;
If sweet the journey homeward from an unpopulous land,
The sweeter still when Fortune smiles in port and sea and gale.

Blithe was the Captain's gallant heart, for things had prospered well,
Soon should he reach his home on shore with much good news to tell:
Good news for his Fairest merchants, and for the fair young wife,
Whose sweet affection made the joy and beauty of his life.

Soon should he kiss his bonnie boy, and hold him on his knee,
Awhile he listen eager-eyed to stories of the sea;
Soon should he see his loved Lucinda, the pride of the Captain smiled,
Smiled (unlikely to think of *her*, his little unseen child.

A tear ran down his sunburnt cheek, a mild joy lit his eye—
So sweet were thoughts of love and home—so near they seemed to be;
While among his great, rough heart diffused such pure and safe delight,
As like an even song of praise went up to heaven's height.

One by one upon the waves twinkled every rising star,
And Dione trembled and shrank from the deep night afar;
While lonely o'er the vastness of that solitary sea,
Gliding, as on feathered feet, the good ship *Golden Bee*.

Hark! what terrific cry was that of horror and affright,
Which broke like some tempestuous sound the stillness of the night?
Rousing the crew from rest and sleep to tremble with dismay,
Waking the Captain's sunny dreams of harbor far away?

Oh, Captain, wake! 'Tis but a dream—the harbor is not yet near,
Thou dost not clasp thy Mary's hand, or kiss thy little boy!
Thy lady sweetly sleeps asleep—that shore is far from thee,
Oh, Captain, wake! for none but God can save thy *Golden Bee*.

"Fire!" from an awful sound to hear on solitary sea!
Which drinks the danger in the breath of every freshening breeze;
An only sight it was to see too vessel all alight,
As if a blazing meteor dropped into the darksome night.

Foremost and calm amid his crew the Captain gave
Nor bookward in a moment's need to help with skilful hands,
Awhile the energy in his voice and firmness on his brow imparted strength and hope to hearts which new fear dropped till now.

Three days, three nights, the vessel burned; oh, Heaven! was ever such
Mid fire unquenchable with all the waters of the sea!
Mid fire unquenchable and strength awaited the fitful breeze blew,
Death and destruction, fiery-winged, threatened the gallant crew.

And all was lost. Those gorgeous silks would sweep no palace now,
These ivory fans would never fan a breeze to beauty's brow;
The aromatic leaf would soothe no weary student's brain,
Or freshen the fainting fever, so that if the question had been decided by the majority of the people the champion of Squatter Sovereignty and of indifference as regards slavery extension would not now be a Senator from Illinois.

Stand with such peachy-textured silks as shimmer in the sun,
With countless rainbow-tinted glazes and never keep to one—
Silks to delight Beauty's self with a new respondent pulse,
Silks an English queen might wear on her coronation day.

She had sheets of fragrant tea-leaves to make social hearthstones warm,
Or to be the one sweet luxury of widows' scanty rounds;
With gorgeous and dainty frames, carved by coarse-grained hands,
For idle money-spinders in rich European lands.

Cleaving the sky—fresh blew the breeze—the Captain's heart was light,
As on the deck he lingered late and watched the coming night;
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Soon should he reach his home on shore with much good news to tell:
Good news for his Fairest merchants, and for the fair young wife,
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Soon should he kiss his bonnie boy, and hold him on his knee,
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"Get out the boat!" with firm quick voice the short command was said,
And no man spoke, but straight and swift the order was obeyed;
Then one by one the crew stepped forth—but all looked back with tears,
Upon the bonnie *Golden Bee*, their home of many years.

But first the Captain snatched from flames, and pressed to his heart,
A vest of Rejected Days, of all his heart loved best:
A little Prayer-book, well-worn now, a gift in early days,
Sweet token from his early love ere yet he called her wife.

And quick as falls a lightning shaft, when thunder is behind,
A thousand recollected joys flashed o'er his troubled mind;
Of happy, happy courtship days, and later, still more sweet,
The tranquil joys of married life, the sound of baby feet.

Amid a death-like silentness of breeze and sky and sea,
Beneath a burning noonday sun they left the *Golden Bee*
And when they met the blackened wreck totter amid the foam,
Each sailor breathed a prayer to God, and thought of home and home.

Then out upon a lonely sea, six hundred miles from land,
The weary boat sailed forth with that courageous band;
Sailed forth as drifts a withered leaf upon the surging tide,
With only hope to be their strength, and only God as guide.

No white sail repelled the cold sky, no cloud or shadow
To cool that blue abyss of air which seemed to be a furnace;
No breeze sprang up to aid their oars, no friendly ray of moon or star, shone out to guide their dreary path on land.

Oh! God, it was a fearful thing to float and drift away,
Upon an aide a wilderness, day after weary day,
With meagre store of food and drink which, ere two days had rolled,
They measured out as never yet a miser did his gold.

"Oh, Captain!" cried a sailor boy, "I run away from home,
And well I know my mother's heart has sorely grieved for me;
Will some one take my parting love?—I shall not reach home more,
And then he sobbed a saintly smile, nor smiled nor spoke no more.

Then tenderly, with bare brown hands, his comrades did prepare
An humble grave, and wrapp'd him in with more than woman's care.
And all stood up and bared their heads, awhile the Captain read
The Church of England's requiem over its reasoned dead.

The red sun dipp'd into the sea, and lit the west afar,
The crimson clouds paled one by one, beneath the evening star;
A cool, of even-tide scarcely a both breeze and sky and wave,
When to God's great cathedral vault the sailor found a grave.

They wept no more—but, silent, stood and watched the plaited deep;
Thinking with wistful hearts of him who slept such blessed sleep.
And one—a giant and giant man—cast forth a bitter cry,
And clutched his hand, and shrieked aloud, "Oh, master, let us die!"

Oh, let us die! This words rang forth through the sweet summer air,
As if a soul and tortured soul breathed out its last wild prayer.
They rounded for aftwart the sea, and up into the sky,
Till even silence seemed to make the echo, "Let us die!"

Then rose the Captain, sternly sad, and where the sun was low,
He waved one hand, and cried, in tones which could not be mistaken yet:
"Oh, comrades! will you see *His* works, and doubt Save o'er in the eleventh hour, if such should be His will?

"Oh, while there's life despair not! Have we mo thers, children, wives?
Shall God not hear our prayer, give us all the strength of double lives?
Mind ye not how the widow's cruse, though wasted, filled and again?
Yes, yes the widow's God o'erhead, and yet a little grain.

"Oh! tender wives, who live for us, our hearts content A little hope, a little faith, for your beloved sake.
Oh! children of our dearest love! oh, pleasant home our souls can brave a thousand deaths to call up our sons more!"

PART II.

Where palace of marble-hued kings in marbled splendor rise—
And from beneath the burning blue of fair Calcutta's skies—
Where orange groves and myrtle bowers weigh down the sultry air,
The Captain's fair young wife abode, and watched his coming there.

She never heard the billows roar, or saw a ship at sea,
Without a thought of those who dared the tempest—*Golden Bee!*
She never looked her babes at night, or woke at dawn of day,
Without a prayer that God would speed her sailor on his way.

Startled the waves from twilight rest, and dashed against the shore;
Where all night long they shrieked and wailed, and sighed and moaned—
Startled the waves from twilight rest, and dashed against the shore;
Where all night long they shrieked and wailed, and sighed and moaned—
As dying groans of shipwrecked men fade on the silent sea.

The Captain's babes serenely slept, and through the tempest smiled,
As never lullaby-notes blown fair amid an Alpine wild;
The mother, weeping, clasped her hands, and, pacing to and fro,
Prayed, with a white-faced misery, in murmurs faint and low.

"Oh! husband, art thou safe ashore, or shipwrecked yet?
And do the wild waves bring from far thy drowning voice to me?
Oh! father of my sleeping babes, 'tis hard that thou dangers unspeakable, which I, thy own wife, may not share

"O God! who mid ten thousand worlds has fixed thy glorious seat,
And marks for every human heart that worships at thy feet,
Fly our happy, helpless babes—my watchful sponsy,
And guide my husband's precious life in safety home to me!

Days glided by, and brought the time when every ship sight to see;
Days came for which her soul was sick of wistfulness and
Days came for which her soul was sick of wistfulness and
Days came for which her soul was sick of wistfulness and

THE MARCH OF FASHION.

WELL, Fashion progresses—like the crab or the tortoise; and now we have bonnets (shall we say hats, as they call them in Minnesota?) planned after the models which prevailed in the days of Madame Recamier and graced the court of Napoleon the First. Every bonnet is too small unhealthy; and there is room enough between the head-covering and the head for a good sized sign-board stating whether the wearer is wife, widow, or maid, and if either of the two latter, how much money she can call her own. We recommend the suggestion to bonnet-makers. On a pale satin ground, in ornamental letters, the inscription would look remarkably neat.

In Paris they are, as usual, ahead of us. There, bonnets are then discarded, and *robes a queue* formally adopted. The merit of this last innovation consists in the unpunished destruction of material it involves. A lady writes: "Four morning walks render a *robe a queue* a perfect *chiffon*, only fit to be given to one's Indy's maid." Stones and pavements have no respect for dirty satins. If the new fashion prevails, we shall have to adopt pages as well; and Mrs. Solochangeante of Fifth Avenue must have her little Buttons to follow her, in one hand, a train of silk. This will be all very well in Paris, where none but the rich are fashionable; but here, where every white woman dresses in the height of fashion, what a demand there will be for pages! The market for boys has already an upward tendency.

On the hoop question we have placed our opinions on record. Fashion must prevail, however; and the old style of clinging skirts impends in the future. One thing is not clear. In the days of Napoleon the First ladies were restricted by fashion to a very scant allowance of skirts. Two were, according to Madame D'Abrantes, a fair average; three implied some cordial defiance. What will the dry-goods dealers do if this new fashion be consistent as far as this?

The French artists depict the goddess whom they call *La Mode* revolving in a never-ending, never-changing circle. And so it seems. Our ladies have already got back to the Empire style of bonnets, and are on the verge of adopting the Empire skirts. They will naturally be followed by the men. Top-boots, tight knee-breeches, and nankeen hats, with blue brass buttoned coats, await us in the future.—Let us bow to the decree. Provided we don't come to *aiguillettes*, embroidery, toes, and the primitive costume of the Goddess of Reason, we ought to submit with resignation.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NEW ALADDIN.

"MY DEAR LOUNGER,—Once heard a story of Aladdin which was more Yankee than Arabian. Do you know what I mean, and, if so, would you kindly tell the story?

HASTY."

The Lounger believes that this is the story.

Aladdin began by swapping jack-knives and getting the best, and turning halves of melons stuck together for whole ones. When he grew older, and sold berries which he picked on the hillpastures, he pressed the bottom of the quart less so that a little capital was carried forward to the next measure. His beard had all summer and went to evening school all winter, and Hermes of the golden rule of arithmetic—addition for himself, and subtraction for his neighbor; and, in all the games, he had taught by the rule of Tantalus—"You tickle me, and I'll tickle you, if I can; but at all events you tickle me."

At an early age Aladdin was considered to be good at a bargain; which meant, that he could always succeed in exchanging the worse for the better—always keeping the blind eye of a horse to the wall when he wanted to sell him, and always looking straight at it when he wanted to buy him; and the approving village shook its head, and said: "Let Aladdin alone to succeed."

He grew up and left the village for the world. "He'll be rich!" said the village, with more enthusiasm and envy than any village ever did in parting from "Well be honest, faithful, generous." To Aladdin the whole world was but a market in which to buy cheap and sell dear. For him there was no law, but the bottom, no piety, no honor. To him all lands and waters are alike, for each is unhallowed by association. No Homer sings for him about Egypt—he only carries the vessel that will net him blue to Odessa. No sirens call to him from the sunny shore; he loves the sharp curb of a brutal taskmaster.

With a little in his hand and a gold in his mouth he squints about the holy places in Jerusalem, and calculates the cost of the sepulchre. He scratches his name with a jack-knife upon Egyptian obelisks by the side of the hieroglyphics of Rameses Ramses and Thothmes—names that shook early history with their grandeur; and the revenued archers of the Bayron desert, that have shot since they heard the shout of Alexander's army marching to find the oracle of Ammon, are awakened by the shrill whistling of Yankee Doodle and Dan Tucker.

He insults the Grand Lama—he bulmoits with Great Mogul—he turns his back upon Emperors—he pinch out of the Pope's snuff-box.

[illegible] from the living animal with [illegible] hung with [illegible] Turks, and rides [illegible] turned his goods and his opportunities over and over again, and they are all changed into dollars and cents. The wise village welcomes him, and proudly points him out to the Aladdins of a younger generation as the shining example of the successful man—"For, my dear son, just think of it! He began with nothing, and now look!"

My dear son does look, and he sees Aladdin owning millions of dollars, and of all the Bedlingtoned society of which he is not president he is director. His name is as good as gold. He has bought pictures and books and statues. He has also bought a Mrs. Aladdin. He is housed in luxury, but he prickles his mouth with the silver fork. He has a home for a poet, but he boasts that he never reads anything but the newspapers. He goes to church twice on Sundays, and only wakes up when the preacher reviles and denounces the sinners of Sodom and those who teach old days of Jerusalem. His head is bald and shiny with all the sermons that have hit it and glanced off. He clasps his hands in prayer, but forgets to open them when the box is passed round; and he goes home, like a similarly successful man, thanking God that he is not as other men are, and that he takes a cheap pew into before the fire in the easy-chair, and tells the children to remember that honesty is the best policy, and looks sleepily at Mrs. Aladdin through the thick smoke.

By-and-by old Aladdin dies. The conventional tears are called over the corpse, and the morning earnings are called out by the undertakers. The papers regret that they are summoned to describe the loss of the man who was the benefactor of public-spirited citizen, and pious man. Then the precious scamper of jack-knives and model for the rising generation is left under the sod, and the urchin that in never saw now turns over him with his instep that he learned to kick in a youth emulate; and the south wind, for whose breath upon his hot brow he was never grateful, now strews his last bed with summer grass and wild flowers, and he is crushed in living. And the men who are to be formed upon that model and possess a similar success, carelessly cast his name, and their bodies, "So, old Aladdin is gone at last; will he cut up well?" The sculptor carves a cherub upon his mortalstone and graves his name, "Here lies Aladdin; shall I know them," while some quiet Charles Lamb, with humanity in the family, asks, as he puts aside the long grass, and reads the inscription, "Where he all the bad people buried?"

GODWIN'S FRANCE.

A few weeks since the Lounger spoke of the first volume of Godwin's History of France, as nearly ready. It has since been published; and no reader will deny that the expectation of his friends and his own has been exceeded by fulfilled. It is a work which at once takes rank with our best histories and secures the literary position of its author. It is a work which combines the superior circumstances which can not be known by the world at large, to triumph over the great energy and ambition which furnish the best credentials for the character of the work. The composition of great historic works requires opportunities of leisure which our own historians and the more famous ones abroad have commanded. But to the man and woman of leisure the indispensable properties with detailed fidelity, picturesqueness, and vigor, is the proof of qualities in the historian that are very rare to command success as well as to deserve it.

The first volume of this history includes, of course, the obscure beginnings of the whole. As treated by Mr. Godwin, it comprises a clear and succinct account of the geography of Gaul and its earliest recorded inhabitants, the history of Roman conquest under Julius Cæsar, who is sketched with masterly power, and moves through the pages with living reality. The Roman administration of the great General is fully justified by his story of his career. The subsequent state of the country, as subjected to Roman rule, and decline, leads to a condensed, graphic, and comprehensive picture of Rome under the emperors, and a delightful and well-drawn sketch of the rise of the Christianity as a historical power, with brief, but pregnant and satisfactory glimpses of its progress to romance, and its progress. This terminology, we reach the reign of Constantine, whose relations to the new religion are treated with justice and truth; and while the troubles of the eastern and western empire, the Gallic revolts, and the German invasions are all treated with sufficient clearness for the mind. The rise of the temporal power of the Papacy—a question at the present moment of unfortunate interest—is treated with great clearness and good sense; while the Gaulish Martel emerges, kingly and victorious, from the cloud of Gallic confusion, serves the western Gaul, and ends the first series, founds an imperial dynasty, dies in the plenitude of power; and, after some delay, that magnificent Gaul, Charlemagne—or, as Godwin, following the latter scholars, chooses to call him, Karl the Great—stalks into the scene. At his coming, the mists, and some high of history breaks, and the volume closes with the distribution of the enormous empire of the Franks, which Karl had governed for forty-seven years. "No one can tell," says a monk, "the mourning and lamentation of the Franks, occasioned every where, so that even the Pagans wept him as the Father of the World." Well might the Franks weep for him, for he governed so well that it then knew was gone from it forever."—(P. 475.)

It is impossible not to acknowledge the very great skill with which Mr. Godwin has managed his material; the full advantage he has taken of every proper point for picturesque description; and the general symmetry, vigor, and interest of his work. A peculiar richness of style, which is very different from the ordinary conventional composition, is a perpetual charm in his pages; while the fullness and precision of the notes evince the patient and conscientious care with which he has wrought out each detail. He has the satisfaction of knowing that the least interesting part of his task is accomplished—that with every succeeding epoch of his narration public attention will be more and more excited. He has the far deeper satisfaction of knowing that, in contributing a classic work to the literature of his time and country, he has given that country another light upon the "dim and perilous way" which all nations travel, and has built a lasting monument for his own name.

G. P. R. JAMES.

WE have all had our little joke at James and his tireless hobbyism; but we have also all read the many of his historical stories with interest and to be pained to hear of his illness. A letter from Vienna states that about a month since Mr. James was taken ill with a fever, and Mr. Yulee, where he is Consul-General.

Such an event may be regarded as the public termination of a literary career which is probably unparalleled in fertility. James's original work amounts to nearly eighty, in more than one hundred and ninety volumes; while his miscellaneous stories and papers might easily fill eight or ten volumes more. Yet he is but an old man, having been born in 1801. It is an interesting fact that Washington Irving was the indirect means of the introduction of his name to the public, which have so pleased the public—for it is stated, in the most recent biographical sketch of James (American Cyclopædia), that he was then a struggling youth of living to attempt some important work, and he wrote the Life of Edward the Black Prince. Irving read the work, and said a place, and "Richelieu" is more than a quarter of a century old.

His resolute industry as an author has succeeded in giving him a position and prominence which genius has often failed to give. "Richelieu, or the Edition" of his historical work, "Sir Theodore," of the peculiar humor, vivacity, and sincere anti-quarian passion which constitute the excellence of Scott's Antiquary. But no story-teller who has amused so large an audience for so long a time has so well deserved his distinction. James has seen younger men arise around him and pass on before him, but he has cheerfully held his own and, unfamiliarized the novel tendencies of his companions. If his hand rests now from its labors, there will be many a heart unknown to him every to learn it, and many a heavy hope that the stroke, which probably terminates his literary activity, may still leave him cheerfulness and comfortable health, and quiet years in the circle of his friends and family.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

EXCOMMUNICATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—The following notice has been extensively posted in Paris:

"DEFENSE—Yes mind my narrative, Illinois—not to be read.

"Signed, Jacob, coachman; and do just look at Mon! how he's wuggling his narrative!"

In a country town in Massachusetts, many years ago, lived a man known as Uncle Tom Cobbleigh. He was a man of whom he acted most religiously, for the simple reason that Tower had killed his favorite cow (Dear dog!) his wife and children. At the funeral he looked upon the corpse, and turned away, giving the remark, "Alas! my poor Tower!"

A few weeks ago, on the passengers on board the steamer *Perry*, during her passage from Newport to Providence, were amused by a little scene more in her forward cabin, one among them, a lover of "Bachus," proposed to his fellows to make a little sport at a guest. The sailor required, looking one, was obtained, and now the "Bachus" was ready. They all contended to wait the arrival of the next comer before proceeding with the game. At last a Yankee Jonathan came, and he performed the cabin-door and took a seat, pulled out a newspaper, and was reading intent of any one, because interested in the sheet before him. The perverse young gentlemen, with a mischievous grin, arrive, and tapping him on the shoulder, politely invites him to "take a hand." "I wonder," said the old and quiet reply, "that I am an Episcopal clergyman, and think my dress would make strong evidence against me." Jonathan's surprised, finding that he had "turned" an unusual "trump."

A TAVERN SIGN.—"My dear," said an affectionate husband, "I wish you would painted the things; I wish you would continue outside design to point on the sign of our new tavern, which is to be hung in Jack's tavern your going to tavern-keeping. It's a dirty business, and I have promised your father to do all I can about it that it will soon come to nothing." "There is no use talk-ing, for my mind is made up," said the wife, "I've got a horse and pond for it, and must do it. I must something and and I must have it painted." "Well, I'll tell you what. Make a big horse, and paint yourself crawling out of the Bottle and of it."

CHARADE.

My first, Prometheus-like, from heaven,
Has drawn inspiring fire;
But not, Prometheus-like, condemned
To feed the vulture dire;
Has often rescued the world's soul,
Or kindled soft desire;
Has cheered the sad, has healing heart,
Or robed its palace higher.

My second is in season with
The Jovian deity drawn,
And blooms in brilliant azure, hues
When winter's frost appears;
When heavy frost is seen at noon,
And sunlight has lost fervor,
Chilms kindred with the evening star,
And kindred sunset—

My whole—oh mention not my whole!
Devoted, fair, to scorn!
A feeble, puny, useless thing,
Which seeks to spy my fall.

The following epitaph written by Dr. Dodge, of Maine, with directions that it should be inscribed on his tombstone, his relatives did not put it there, although they felt with him that it was singularly appropriate:

"Here lies Old Dodge, who dodged all good,
But never dodged his evil;
He dodged his best, but all he could,
He could not dodge the devil."

In an altered form it has found its way into print before *me in funny epitaph*. But the truth of the case is as I have stated.

PUNCH ON THE UNION BANK DEFALCATION.

THE NEW ROGUE'S MARTYR.

Air—"See the Conquering Hero Comes."

Cop thy gate, O Newgate, let a new Rogue in,
He an ever great thought pass—sense of Ralphe's kin;
For the great offender gone, thus prime door,
Here, to poop and splendor, comes the Second Moor.

Robbing his employers, is this Essex's crime—
Famous case for heroes, villainy sublime;
Theft, imaginative, thus amount annuals,
Near, by competition, three hundred thousand pounds!

After gain he, instead, lured by gain alone,
Thus, by Ralphe's example—Ralphe for this know;
How those seen were doing gaunt all belief,
Confidence, and a little—Ralphe's a little!

Hide, you knaves inferior, your diminished heads,
Bow to your superior—kiss the ground he treads.
Ye who pilfer pence, ye who filching bills eat cheat!
Grovel and adore him, prize of smaller size.

Blush for your offences, burglars at the crank,
Thinking how immoral to be pillage of the Bank.
Stunned by his large plunder, convicts of the Road,
Yet the troublesome minor gaols of larger load.

Felons, hail your greater; trumpets sound, and drums
Beat before the thinker; lo, he comes, he comes!
Glorious, great, gigantic, make him, *Rogues!* Rogues, all,
Take yo then, oh, take him, tankers, to your card

In one of the prettiest and most enlightened towns of the Prairie State the children were assembled one Sabbath afternoon, as was their nearly wont, for a Union Sunday-school Concert. A newly arrived clergyman being present, was unexpectedly invited to address the children. He explained the parable of the Prodigal Son. Asking their ages, he gave each a little text in graphic pictures of the old gentleman's circumstances immediately previous to the return of his prodigal son. "Children, you have my brethren, a pleasant cottage, before which is spread a green lawn, and a little boy is playing on it with a little dog. The old gentleman is sitting behind a little table at the door with the aged father reading the gospel; before him stands the prodigal, repentant and humble, and he says, meant that he had just received a telegraphic dispatch that his son would be in by the next train.

"Wherever you may go, enjoy a reputation in these parts not inferior to the celebrated "Bunkum County" of our neighboring State, and all of our drinking saloons are empty—Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. A few days since a disguisted specimen of gentility stepped into our Bunkum Publicans, and called for a glass of "Le Bonbon," and called for "whisky straight," which is a term we have adopted from the Sunny South. Why, what on earth the matter with you?"

Asked the Bar-tender, in a little fright. "Why, I've been a little bitter with he. *Bigotina, Jules*, Th subtlelig fish a Wicked—Wicked—Wicked—Wicked—Wicked! Wicked! Wicked!

CHIME OF THIRTEEN BELLS FOR CHRIST CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, MANUFACTURED BY MESSRS. HENRY N. HOOPER & CO., OF BOSTON

CHIME OF CHURCH BELLS.

WE publish above a faithful picture of a chime of bells from a photograph by Black & Batchelder, of Boston, Massachusetts. This chime of bells was cast by Messrs. Henry N. Hooper & Co., at their foundry in Boston, for Christ Church in Cambridge, Massachusetts. As the drawing indicates, the chime is composed of thirteen bells. In consequence of the size of the belfry, the space occupied does not admit of the bells being shown to advantage. The photograph was taken in the foundry yard, and the group of men are the operatives in the establishment.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BELLS.

1st, on the key of D ♭	weighs 3108 pounds.
2d, on the key of E ♭	weighs 2192 pounds.
3d, on the key of F sharp	weighs 1653 pounds.
4th, on the key of G	weighs 1391 pounds.
5th, on the key of G	weighs 865 pounds.
6th, on the key of B	weighs 676 pounds.
7th, on the key of C	weighs 614 pounds.
8th, on the key of C sharp	weighs 511 pounds.
9th, on the key of D	weighs 477 pounds.
10th, on the key of D sharp	weighs 372 pounds.
11th, on the key of E	weighs 283 pounds.
12th, on the key of F sharp	weighs 228 pounds.
13th, on the key of G	weighs 200 pounds.

The bells have been accurately tuned under the direction of Mr. Henry P. Munroe, of Cambridge, a gentleman who has devoted much time to the study of acoustics, and whose discrimination in musical tone is very acute. Eight of these bells, running in the scale from D to D, are hung for round ringing; the five sharps are fitted for chiming only; and when properly handled, either in round ringing or chiming, will produce a beautiful effect.

HANGING THE BELLS.

The mode adopted for hanging is different from that of any other chime of bells—it being similar to that adopted by Hooper & Co. in 1857 for single bells, which has been thoroughly proved to be every thing to be desired, and for economy, simplicity, and durability it is believed to surpass all other styles of hanging used in Europe or this country.

COMPOSITION OF METALS.

Messrs. Hooper & Co. have been eminently successful in the combinations of the metals used in their bells, insuring that homogeneous character so essential for producing evenness of tone, freedom of vibration, and strength of cohesion. This boasted quality is fully demonstrated by the fact that the breakage of church-bells cast by them for the last thirty years has been but four one hundredths of one per cent.—a degree of durability hardly supposable considering the severe ordeal to which bells are subjected. The funds for purchasing the Cambridge chime have been raised chiefly by Henry M. Parker, Esq., who has devoted much time to this matter.

The following inscriptions were furnished by Mr. Parker, and are cast upon the bells:

1.

Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax, bona voluntas hominibus.

LET THE NAME OF MR. THOMAS DOWSE OF CAMBRIDGE, BE REMEMBERED.

✠

"THE LIBERAL MAN DEVISETH LIBERAL THINGS".

✠

2.

Te laudamus, Te benedicimus; Te adoramus, Te glorificamus; Tibi gratias agimus propter summam gloriam Tuam.

✠

IN MEMORIAM BENEFICIORUM ILLUSTRISSIMÆ SOCIETATIS ANGLICANÆ DE PROMOVENDO EVANGELIO, IN PARTIBUS TRANSMARINIS, INSTITUTÆ.

✠

3.

Domine Deus Rex cœli Deus Pater Omnipotens.

ECCLESIÆ PRIMÆ EPISCOPALI CANTABRIGIÆ IN NOV. ANGLIA, NE LIBERE DONAVIT EDWARDUS CARILL, LONDINIENSIS, A.D. 1760.

RECAST

RECAST IN 18

4.
Domine Jesu Christe.

5.
Domine Deus
Agnus Dei,
Filius Patris.

6.
Qui tollis peccata mundi
Miserere nostri.

7.
Qui tollis peccata mundi
Miserere nostri.

8.
Qui tollis peccata mundi
Suscipe orationem nostram.

9.
Qui sedes ad dexteram
Dei Patris
Miserere nostri.

10.
Quoniam Tu solus sanctus,
Tu solus Dominus.

11.
Tu solus, O Christe,
Cum Spiritu
Sancto.

12.
Altissimus in gloria
Dei Patris.

13.
Amen, Amen!

Campanology, or bell-ringing as an art, has received great attention in England, many treatises having been published explanatory of the peals rung, and many persons have become enthusiast as "discoverers of this majestic music." The ringing of bells commends itself to the athlete as a pleasant exercise; for while it produces pleasurable sounds it develops and strengthens the muscles, and, owing to the erect position maintained by those who are skilled in round ringing, it tends to impart grace and dignity to the figure more than any other exercise. We trust that this is but the commencement of the establishment of correct musical taste in the country; for we can conceive of no better mode to usher in the Sabbath morn than the pealing of sweet-toned church-bells.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "ANTIE DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased of the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

PART II.

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

I.

I OPEN a new page. I advance my narrative by one week.

The history of the interval which I thus pass over must remain unrecorded. My heart turns faint, my mind sinks in darkness and confusion when I think of it. This must not be, if I who write am to guide, as I ought, you who read. This must not be, if the clew that leads through the windings of the Story is to remain, from end to end, untangled in my hands.

A life suddenly changed—its whole purpose created afresh; its hopes and fears, its struggles, its interests, and its sacrifices, all turned at once and forever into a new direction—this is the prospect which now opens before me, like the burst of view from a mountain's top. I left my narrative in the quiet shadow of Limmeridge church: I resume it, one week later, in the air and turmoil of a London street.

The street is in a populous and a poor neighborhood. The ground-floor of one of the houses in it is occupied by a small newsvendor's shop; and the first floor and the second are let as furnished lodgings of the humblest kind.

I have taken those two floors in an assumed name. On the upper floor I live, with a room to work in, a room to sleep in. On the lower floor, under the same assumed name, two women live, who are described as my sisters. I get my bread by drawing and engraving on wood for the cheap periodicals. My sisters are employed to help me by taking in a little needle-work. Our poor place of abode, our humble calling, our assumed relationship, and our assumed name, are all used alike as a means of hiding us in the house-forest of London. We are numbered no longer with the people whose lives are open and known. I am an obscure, unnoticed man, without patron or friend to help me. Marian Halcombe is nothing now but my eldest sister, who provides for our household wants by the toil of her own hands. We two are at once the dupes and the agents of a daring imposture. We are the accomplices of mad Anne Catherick, who claims the name, the place, and the living personality of dead Lady Glyde.

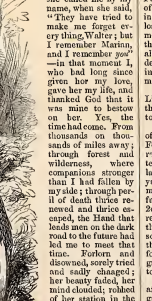
That is our situation. That is the changed aspect in which we three must appear, henceforth, in this narrative, for many sad many a page to come.

In the eye of reason and of law, in the estimation of relatives and friends, according to every received formality of civilized society, "Laura, Lady Glyde," lay buried in her mother in Limmeridge church-yard. Torn in her own lifetime from the list of the living, the daughter of Philip Fairlie and the wife of Percivel Glyde might still exist for her sister, might still exist for me, but to all the world besides she was dead. Dead to her father, who had renounced her; dead to the servants of the house, who had failed to recognize her; dead to the persons in authority, who had inherited her fortune to her husband and her aunt; dead to my mother and my sister, who believed me to be the dupe of an adventurer and the victim of a fraud; socially, morally, legally—dead.

And yet alive! Alive in poverty and in hiding. Alive, with the powerful law my master to fight her battle, and to win the way back for her to her place in the world of living beings.

Did no suspicion, confined by my knowledge of Anne Catherick's resemblance to her, cross my mind when I first saw the woman known to me? Not the shadow of a suspicion, from the moment when she lifted her veil by the side of the inscription which commemorates her death.

Before the sun of that day had set, before the last glimpse of the home which was closed against her had passed from my sight, the farewell words I spoke when we parted at Limmeridge House had been recalled by both of us, treasured by me, recognized by her. "If ever the time comes when the devotion of my whole heart and soul and strength will give you a moment's happiness, or spare you a moment's sorrow, will you try to remember the poor drawing-master who has taught you?" She, who never remembered the words, in joy and the terror of a later time, remembered those words, and laid her poor head innocently and trustingly on the bosom of the man who had spoken them. In the first moment, when she called me by my name, when she said, "They have tried to make me forget every thing, Walter; but I remember Marian, and I remember *you* in that moment I, who had long since given her my love, gave her my life, and thanked God that it was mine to bestow on her. Yes, the time had come. From thousands on thousands of miles away, through forest and wilderness, where companions stronger than I had fallen by my side; through perils of death thrice renewed and thrice escaped, the Hand that leads men on the dark road to the future had led me to meet this time. Forlorn and discowned, sorely tried and sadly changed; her beauty faded, her mind clouded; robbed of her station in the world, of her place among living creatures, the devotion I had promised, the devotion of my whole heart and soul and strength might be laid blamelessly now at those dear feet. In the right of her calamity, in the right of her friendlessness, she was mine at last! Mine to support, to protect, to cherish, to restore. Mine to love and honor as father and brother both. Mine to vindicate through all risks and all sacrifices—through the hopeless struggle against Rank and Power—through the long fight with armed Deceit and fortified Success—through the waste of opportunities—through the loss of my friends—through the hazard of my life.



"E QUICKLY AROUND THE CORNER OF THE DING LADY GLYDE BY THE ARM."

II.

My position is defined; my motives are acknowledged. The story of Marian and the story of Laura must come next.

I shall relate both narratives, not in the words of each immediate actor, but essentially confined to the speakers themselves, but in the words of the brief, plain, studiously simple abstract which I committed to writing for my own guidance, and for the guidance of my legal adviser. So the tangled web will be most speedily and most intelligibly unfolded.

The story of Marian begins where the narrative of the housekeeper at Blackwater Park left off.

On Lady Glyde's departure from her husband's house, the fact of that departure, and the necessary statement of the circumstances under which it had taken place, were communicated to Miss Halcombe by the housekeeper. It was not till some days afterward (how many days exactly Mrs. Michelson, in the absence of any written memorandum on the subject, could not undertake to say) that a letter arrived from Madame Fosco announcing Lady Glyde's sudden death in Count Fosco's house. The letter avoided mentioning dates, and left it to Mrs. Michelson's discretion to break the news at once to Miss Halcombe, or to defer doing so until that lady's health should be more firmly established.

Having consulted Mr. Dawson (who had been himself delayed, by ill health, in resuming his attendance at Blackwater Park), Mrs. Michelson, by the Doctor's advice and in the Doctor's presence, communicated the news, either on the day when the letter was received or on the day after. It is not necessary to dwell here upon the effect which the intelligence of Lady Glyde's sudden death produced on her sister. It is only useful to the present purpose to say that she was not able to travel for more than three weeks afterward. At the end of that time she proceeded to London, accompanied by the housekeeper. Mr. Fairlie (at Mrs. Michelson's previously informed Miss Halcombe of her address, in case they might wish to communicate at a future period).

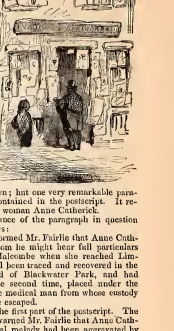
On parting with the housekeeper Miss Halcombe went at once to the office of Messrs. Gilmore and Kyrle to consult with the latter gentleman in Mr. Gilmore's absence. She mentioned to Mr. Kyrle what she had thought it desirable to conceal from every one else (Mrs. Michelson included)—her suspicion of the circumstances under which Lady Glyde was said to have met her death. Mr. Kyrle, who had previously given friendly proof of his anxiety to serve Miss Halcombe, at once undertook to make inquiries, to weigh the chance and dangerous nature of the investigation proposed to him would permit.

To exhaust this part of the subject before going farther, it may be here mentioned that Count Fosco offered every facility to Mr. Kyrle on that gentleman's visit to Paris. He sent for Miss Halcombe to collect such particulars as had not yet reached her of Lady Glyde's decease. He wrote to her placed in communication with the medical man, Mr. Goodricke, and with the two servants. In the absence of any means of ascertaining the exact date of Lady Glyde's departure from Blackwater Park, the result of the Doctor's and the servants' evidence, and of the volunteered statements of Count Fosco and his wife, was conclusive to the mind of Mr. Kyrle. He could only assume that the intensity of Miss Halcombe's suffering under the loss of her sister had misled her judgment in a matter deplorable enough, and he wrote her word that the shocking suspicion to which she had alluded in his presence, was, in his opinion, destitute of the smallest fragment of foundation in truth. Thus the investigation by Mr. Gilmore's partner began and ended.

Meanwhile, Miss Halcombe had returned to Limmeridge House, and had there collected all the additional information which she was able to obtain.

Mr. Fairlie had received his first intimation of his niece's death from his sister, Madame Fosco; this letter also not containing any exact reference to dates. He had sanctioned his sister's proposal that the deceased lady should be laid in her mother's grave in Limmeridge churchyard. Count Fosco had accompanied the remains to Cumberland, and had attended the funeral at Limmeridge, which took place on the 26 of August. It was followed, as a mark of respect, by all the inhabitants of the village and the neighborhood. On the next day the inscription (originally drawn out, it was said, by the aunt of the deceased lady) was submitted for approval to her brother, Mr. Fairlie; was engraved on one side of the monument over the tomb.

On the day of the funeral, and for one day after it, Count Fosco had been received as a guest at Limmeridge House; but no interview had taken place between Mr. Fairlie and himself by the former gentleman's desire. They had communicated by writing; and through this medium Count Fosco had made Mr. Fairlie acquainted with the details of his niece's last illness and death. The letter presenting this information added no new facts to the facts already known; but one very remarkable paragraph contained in the postscript. It referred to the woman Anne Catherick.



The substance of the paragraph in question was as follows:

It first informed Mr. Fairlie that Anne Catherick (of whom he might hear full particulars from Miss Halcombe when she reached Limmeridge) had been traced and recovered in the neighborhood of Blackwater Park, and had been, for the second time, placed under the charge of the medical man from whose custody she had once escaped.

This was the first part of the postscript. The second part warned Mr. Fairlie that Anne Catherick's mental malady had been aggravated by her long freedom from control, and that the intense hatred and distrust of Sir Percivel Glyde, which had been one of her most marked delusions in former times, still existed, under a newly-acquired form. The unfortunate woman's last idea in connection with Sir Percivel was the idea of annoying and distressing him, and of elevating herself, as she supposed, in the estimation of the patients and nurses, by assuming the character of his deceased wife; the scheme of this personation having evidently occurred to her after a sudden interview which she had succeeded in obtaining with Lady Glyde, and at which she had observed the extraordinary resemblance between herself and the deceased lady and herself. It was to the last degree improbable that she would succeed a second time in escaping from the Asylum; but it was just possible she might find some means of annoying the late Lady Glyde's relatives with letters; and, in that case, Mr. Fairlie was warned beforehand how to receive them.

The postscript, expressed in these terms, was shown to Miss Halcombe when she arrived at Limmeridge. There were also placed in her possession the clothes Lady Glyde had worn, and the other effects she had brought with her to her aunt's house. They had been carefully collected and sent to Cumberland by Madame Fosco.

Such was the posture of affairs when Miss Halcombe reached Limmeridge in the early part of September. Shortly afterward she was confined to her room by a relapse, her weakened physical energies giving way under the severe mental affliction from which she was now suffering. On getting stronger again, in a month's time, her suspicion of the circumstances described as attending her sister's death still remained unshaken. She had heard nothing in the interim of Sir Percival Glyde; but letters had reached her from Madame Fosco, making the most affectionate inquiries on the part of her husband and herself. Instead of answering these letters, Miss Halcombe caused the house in St. John's Wood, and the proceedings of its inmates, to be privately watched. Nothing doubtful was discovered. The same result attended the next investigation, which were subsequently instituted on the subject of Mrs. Rubelle. She had arrived in London, about six months before, with her husband. They had come from Lyons, and they had taken a house in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, to be fitted up as a boarding-house for foreigners, who were expected to visit England in large numbers to see the Exhibition of 1851. Nothing was known against husband or wife in the neighborhood. They were quiet people, and they had paid their way honestly up to the present time. The foreigners relatives of Sir Percival Glyde. Was settled in Paris, and living there quietly in a small circle of English and French friends.

Foiled at all points, but still not able to rest, Miss Halcombe next determined to visit the Asylum in which Anne Catherick was for the second time confined. She had felt a strong curiosity about the woman in former days, and she was now doubly interested—first, in ascertaining whether the report of Anne Catherick's attempted personation of Lady Glyde was true; and, secondly (if it proved to be true), in discovering for herself what the poor creature's real motives were for attempting the deceit.

Although Count Fosco's letter to Mr. Fairlie did not mention the address of the Asylum, that important omission cast no difficulties in Miss Halcombe's way. When Mr. Hartright had met Anne Catherick at Limmeridge, she had informed him of the locality in which the house was situated, and Miss Halcombe had noted down the direction in her diary, with all the other particulars of the interview, exactly as she heard them from Mr. Hartright's own lips. Accordingly she looked back at the entry, and extracted the address; furnished herself with the Count's letter to Mr. Fairlie, as a species of credential which might be useful to her; and started by herself for the Asylum on the eleventh of October.

She passed the night of the eleventh in London. It had been her intention to sleep at the house inhabited by Lady Glyde's old governess; but Mrs. Vesey's agitation at the sight of her lost pupil's nearest and dearest friend was so distressing that Miss Halcombe considerately refrained from remaining in her presence, and removed to a respectable boarding-house in the neighborhood, recommended by Mrs. Vesey's married sister. The next day she proceeded to the Asylum, which was situated not far from London, on the northern side of the metropolis.

She was immediately admitted to see the proprietor. At first he appeared to be decidedly unwilling to let her communicate with his patient. But on her showing him the postscript to Count Fosco's letter—on her reminding him that she was the "Miss Halcombe" there referred to; that she was a near relative of the deceased Lady Glyde; and that she was therefore naturally interested, for family reasons, in observing for herself the extent of Anne Catherick's delusion in relation to her late sister—the tone and manner of the owner of the Asylum altered, and he withdrew his objections. He probably felt that a continued refusal, under these circumstances, would not only be an act of discourtesy in itself, but would also imply that the proceedings in his establishment were not of a nature to bear investigation by respectable strangers.

Miss Halcombe's own impression was that the owner of the Asylum had not been received into the confidence of Sir Percival and the Count. His consenting at all to let her visit his patient seemed to afford one proof of this, and his readiness in making admissions which could scarcely have escaped the lips of an accomplice, certainly appeared to furnish another.

For example, in the course of the introductory conversation which took place, he informed Miss Halcombe that Anne Catherick had been brought back to him by Count Fosco on the thirtieth of July; the Count producing a letter of explanations and instructions, signed by Sir Percival Glyde. On receiving his inmate again, he (the proprietor of the Asylum) acknowledged that he had observed some curious personal changes in her. Such changes, no doubt, were not without precedent in his experience of persons mentally afflicted. Insane people were often at one time, outwardly as well as inwardly, unlike what they were at another; the change from better to worse, or from worse to better, in the madness, having a necessary tendency to produce alterations of appearance externally. He allowed for these; and he allowed also for the modification in the form of Anne Catherick's delusion, which was reflected, no doubt, in her manner and expression. But he was still perplexed, at times, by certain differences between his patient before she had escaped and his patient since she had been brought back. Those differences were too minute to be described. He could not say, of course, that she was absolutely altered in height or shape or complexion, or in the color of her hair and eyes, or in the general form of her face: the change was something that he felt more than something that he saw. In short, the case had been a puzzle from the first, and one more perplexity was added to it now.

It can not be said that this conversation led to the result of even partially preparing Miss Halcombe's mind for what was to come. But it produced, nevertheless, a very serious effect upon her. She was so completely unnerved by it, that some little time elapsed before she could summon composure enough to follow the proprietor of the Asylum to that part of the house in which the inmates were confined.

On inquiry, it turned out that Anne Catherick was then taking exercise in the grounds attached to the establishment. One of the nurses volunteered to conduct Miss Halcombe to the place; the proprietor of the Asylum remaining in the house for a few minutes to attend to a case which required his services, and then engaging to join his visitor in the grounds.

The nurse led Miss Halcombe to a distant part of the property which was prettily laid out, and after looking about her a little turned into a turf walk shaded by a shrubbery on either side. About half-way down this walk two women were slowly approaching. The nurse pointed to them, and said, "There is Anne Catherick, ma'am, with the attendant who waits on her. The attendant will answer any questions you wish to put." With those words the nurse left her to return to the duties of the house.

Miss Halcombe advanced on her side and the women advanced on theirs. When they were within a dozen paces of each other, one of the women stopped for an instant, looked eagerly at the strange lady, shook off the nurse's grasp on her, and, the next moment, rushed into Miss Halcombe's arms. In that moment Miss Halcombe recognized her sister—recognized the dead-alive.

Fortunately for the success of the measures taken subsequently, no one witnessed this recognition but the nurse. She was a young woman; and she was so startled by it that she was at first quite incapable of interfering. When she was able to do so, her whole services were required by Miss Halcombe, who had for the moment sunk altogether in the effort to keep her own senses under the shock of the discovery. After waiting a few minutes in the fresh air and the cool shade, her natural energy and courage helped her a little, and she became sufficiently mistress of herself to feel the necessity of recalling her presence of mind for her unfortunate sister's sake.

She obtained permission to speak alone with the patient on condition that they both remained well within the nurse's view. There was no time for questions—there was only time for Miss Halcombe to impress on the unhappy lady the necessity of controlling herself, and to assure her of immediate help and rescue if she did so. The prospect of escaping from the Asylum by obedience to her sister's directions was sufficient to quiet Lady Glyde, and to make her understand what was required of her. Miss Halcombe next returned to the nurse, placed all the gold she then had in her pocket (three sovereigns) in the nurse's hands, and asked when and where she could speak to her alone.

The woman was at first surprised and distrustful. But on Miss Halcombe's declaring that she only wanted to put some questions which she was too much agitated to ask at that moment, and that she had no intention of misleading the nurse into any dereliction of duty, the woman took the money, and proposed three o'clock on the next day as the time for the interview. She might then slip out for half an hour after the patients had dined; and she would meet the lady in a retired place, outside the high north wall which screened the grounds of the house. Miss Halcombe had only time to assent, and to whisper to her sister that she should hear from her on the next day, when the proprietor of the Asylum joined them. He noticed his visitor's agitation, which Miss Halcombe accounted for by saying that her interview with Anne Catherick had a little startled her at first. She took her leave as soon after as possible—that is to say, as soon as she could summon courage to force herself from the presence of her unfortunate sister.

A very little reflection, when the capacity to reflect returned, convinced her that any attempt to identify Lady Glyde and to rescue her by legal means, would, even if successful, involve a delay that might be fatal to her sister's intellects, which were shaken already by the horror of the situation to which she had been consigned. By the time Miss Halcombe had got back to London she had determined to effect Lady Glyde's escape privately by means of the nurse.

She went at once to her stockbroker, and sold out of the funds all the little property she possessed, amounting to rather less than seven hundred pounds. Determined, if necessary, to pay the price of her sister's liberty with every farthing she had in the world, she repaired the next day, having the whole sum about her, in bank-notes, to her appointment outside the Asylum wall.

The nurse was there. Miss Halcombe approached the subject cautiously by many preliminary questions. She discovered, among other particulars, that the nurse who had, in former times, attended on the true Anne Catherick, had been held responsible (although she was not to blame for it) for the patient's escape, and had lost her place in consequence. The same penalty, it was added, would attach to the person then speaking to her, if the supposed Anne Catherick was missing a second time; and, moreover, the nurse, in this case, had an especial interest in keeping her place. She was engaged to be married; and she and her future husband were waiting till they could save, together, between two and three hundred pounds to start in business. The nurse's wages were good; and she might succeed, by strict economy, in contributing her small share toward the sum required in two years' time,

On this hint Miss Halcombe spoke. She declared that the supposed Anne Catherick was nearly related to her; that she had been placed in the Asylum under a fatal mistake; and that the nurse would be doing a good and a Christian action in being the means of restoring them to one another. Before there was time to start a single objection Miss Halcombe took four bank-notes, of a hundred pounds each, from her pocket-book, and offered them to the woman, as a compensation for the risk she was to run, and for the loss of her place.

The nurse hesitated, through sheer incredulity and surprise. Miss Halcombe pressed the point on her firmly.

"You will be doing a good action," she repeated; "you will be helping the most injured and unhappy woman alive. There is your marriage-portion for a reward. Bring her safely to me here, and I will put these four bank-notes into your hand before I claim her."

"Will you give me a letter saying those words, which I can show to my sweet-heart, when he asks how I got the money?" inquired the woman.

"I will bring the letter with me, ready written and signed," answered Miss Halcombe.

"Then I'll risk it," said the nurse.

"When?"

"To-morrow."

It was hastily agreed between them that Miss Halcombe should return early the next morning, and wait out of sight, among the trees—always, however, keeping near the quiet spot of ground under the north wall. The nurse could fix no time for her appearance, caution requiring that she should wait and be guided by circumstances. On that understanding they separated.

Miss Halcombe was at her place with the promised letter and the promised bank-notes before ten the next morning. She waited more than an hour and a half. At the end of that time the nurse came quickly around the corner of the wall, holding Lady Glyde by the arm. The moment they met Miss Halcombe put the bank-notes and the letter into her hand, and the sisters were united again.

The nurse had dressed Lady Glyde, with excellent forethought, in a bonnet, vail, and shawl of her own. Miss Halcombe only detained her to suggest a means of turning the pursuit in a false direction, when the escape was discovered at the Asylum. She was to go back to the house; to mention in the hearing of the other nurses that Anne Catherick had been inquiring, latterly, about the distance from London to Hampshire; to wait till the last moment before discovery was inevitable, and then to give the alarm that Anne was missing. The supposed inquiries about Hampshire, when communicated to the owner of the Asylum, would lead him to imagine that his patient had returned to Blackwater Park, under the influence of the delusion which made her persist in asserting herself to be Lady Glyde; and the first pursuit would, in all probability, be turned in that direction.

The nurse consented to follow these suggestions—the more readily, as they offered her the means of securing herself against any worse consequences than the loss of her place, by remaining in the Asylum, and so maintaining the appearance of innocence, at least. She at once returned to the house, and Miss Halcombe lost no time in taking her sister back with her to London. They caught the afternoon train to Carlisle the same afternoon, and arrived at Limmeridge, without accident or difficulty of any kind, that night.

During the latter part of their journey they were alone in the carriage, and Miss Halcombe was able to collect such remembrances of the past as her sister's confused and weakened memory was able to recall. The terrible story of the conspiracy so obtained was presented in fragments, sadly incoherent in themselves, and widely detached from each other. Imperfect as the revelation was, it must nevertheless be recorded here before this explanatory narrative closes with the events of the next day at Limmeridge House.

The following particulars comprise all that Miss Halcombe was able to discover.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, May 14, both Houses adjourned, on meeting, in order to witness the reception of the Japanese.

On Tuesday, May 15, in the Senate, Senator Douglas commenced his great speech in defense of popular sovereignty. The Senate adjourned before he ended.——In the House, Mr. Howard was awarded a contested seat from Michigan.

On Wednesday, May 16, Senator Douglas concluded his speech, and Senator Davis commenced his reply.——In the House, an inquiry into the New York Post-office defalcation was moved and adopted. One or two minor matters were discussed before the adjournment.

On Thursday, May 17, in the Senate, Senator Davis concluded his speech, and was answered by Senator Douglas.——In the House, a correspondent of the New York *Express*, by name Walker, was expelled for receiving money from parties interested in measures before Congress. The House then passed the Post-office Deficiency Bill. After acting on the Senate's amendments to the Deficiency and Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bills, the House proceeded to the consideration of the legislative, executive, and judiciary expenses of the Government.

On Friday, May 18, the Senate ordered to be printed a bill carrying into effect treaties with Japan, Siam, China, and Persia; also a message from the President relative to the Mountain Meadows massacre. A bill was introduced providing for the examination and payment of claims of the citizens of Texas for Indian spoliations. Senator Davis's resolutions relative to the protection of slavery in the Territories were taken up, and Senator Mason, of Virginia, delivered a speech on the subject. Senator Toombs obtained the floor, but postponed his remarks till Monday. The Senate, after an executive session, adjourned.——The House passed the bill providing for the better protection of life on board steam vessels. A bill abolishing the Court of Claims, and providing for the adjudication of claims by the District Courts, was reported. The Nebraska contested election case was decided by the ousting of Mr. Eastabrooke, and the installation of Mr. Daily, the contestant.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican National Convention organized at Chicago on 16th by selecting George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, for permanent President, and a long list of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries. Committees on Credentials and Platform were appointed, who reported next day a long platform affirming the usual Republican doctrines, with a Protective Tariff plank, and an indorsement (which was moved as an amendment) of the Preamble to the Declaration of Independence, declaring all men free and equal, etc. The Platform charges the Administration with extravagance and misgovernment, and insists on the rights of States to determine their own institutions. The platform was adopted amidst great applause. It reads as follows:

THE PLATFORM.

Resolved, That we, the delegated representatives of the Republican Electors of the United States, in Convention assembled, in the discharge of the duty we owe to our constituents and our country, unite in the following declarations:

First, That the history of the nation during the last four years has fully established the propriety and necessity of the organization and perpetuation of the Republican party, and that the causes which called it into existence are permanent in their nature, and now more than ever before demand its peaceful and constitutional triumph. That we solemnly reassert the self-evident truths, that all men are endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are those of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that governments are intended among men to secure the enjoyment of these rights.

Second, That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence, and embodied in the Federal Constitution, is essential to the preservation of our Republican institutions, and that the Federal Constitution, the rights of the States, and the Union of the States, must and shall be preserved.

Third, That to the Union of the States this nation owes its unprecedented increase in population; its surprising development of material resources; its rapid augmentation of wealth; its happiness at home and its honor abroad; and we hold in abhorrence all schemes for disunion, come from whatever source they may; and we congratulate the country that no Republican member of Congress has uttered or countenanced a threat of disunion, so often made by Democratic members of Congress without rebuke and with applause from their political associates; and we denounce those threats of disunion, in case of a popular overthrow of their ascendency, as denying the vital principles of a free Government, and as an avowal of contemplated treason, which it is the imperative duty of an indignant people strongly to rebuke and forever silence.

Fourth, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions, according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political faith depends, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes.

Fifth, That the present Democratic Administration has far exceeded our worst apprehensions in its measureless subserviency to the exactions of a sectional interest, as is especially evident in its desperate exertions to force the infamous Lecompton Constitution upon the protesting people of Kansas—in construing the personal relation between master and servant to involve an unqualified property in persons—in its attempted enforcement every where, on land and sea, through the intervention of Congress and the Federal Courts, of the extreme pretensions of a purely local interest, and in its general and unvarying abuse of the power intrusted to it by a confiding people.

Sixth, That the people justly view with alarm the reckless extravagance which pervades every department of the Federal Government; that a return to rigid economy and accountability is indispensable to arrest the system of plunder of the public treasury by favored partisans; while the recent startling developments of fraud and corruption at the Federal metropolis show that an entire change of administration is imperatively demanded.

Seventh, That the new dogma that the Constitution of its own force carries Slavery into any or all the Territories of the United States, is a dangerous political heresy, at variance with the explicit provisions of that instrument itself, with contemporaneous exposition, and with legislative and judicial precedent, is revolutionary in its tendency and subversive of the peace and harmony of the country.

Eighth, That the normal condition of all the territory of the United States is that of Freedom; that as our republican fathers, when they had abolished Slavery in all our national territory, ordained that no person should be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, it becomes our duty, by legislation, whenever such legislation is necessary, to maintain this provision of the Constitution against all attempt to violate it; and we deny the authority of Congress, of a Territorial Legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to Slavery in any Territory of the United States.

Ninth, That we brand the recent reopening of the African slave-trade, under the cover of our national flag, aided by perversions of judicial power, as a crime against humanity, a burning shame to our country and age, and we call upon Congress to take prompt and efficient measures for the total and final suppression of that execrable traffic.

Tenth, That in the recent vetoes by their Federal Governors of the acts of the Legislatures of Kansas and Nebraska, prohibiting slavery in those Territories, we find a practical illustration of the boasted Democratic principle of non-intervention and Popular Sovereignty, embodied in the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, and a denunciation of the deception and fraud involved therein.

Eleventh, That Kansas should of right be immediately admitted as a State, under the Constitution recently formed and adopted by her people, and accepted by the House of Representatives.

Twelfth, That while providing revenue for the support of the General Government by duties upon imposts, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these imposts as to encourage the development of the industrial interest of the whole country, and we commend that policy of national exchanges which secures to the working men liberal wages, to agriculture remunerating prices, to mechanics and manufacturers an adequate reward for their skill, labor, and enterprise, and to the nation commercial prosperity and independence.

Thirteenth, That we protest against any sale or alienation to others of the public lands held by actual settlers, and against any view of the free Homestead policy which regards the settlers as paupers or suppliants for public bounty, and we demand the passage by Congress of the complete and satisfactory Homestead measure which has already passed the House.

Fourteenth, That the National Republican party is opposed to any change in our Naturalization laws, or any State legislation by which the rights of citizenship hitherto accorded to immigrants from foreign lands shall be abridged or impaired; and in favor of giving a full and efficient protection to the rights of all classes of citizens, whether native or naturalized, both at home or abroad.

Fifteenth, That appropriations by Congress for River and Harbor Improvements of a national character, required for the accommodation and security of an existing Commerce, are authorized by the Constitution and justified by an obligation of the Government to protect the lives and property of its citizens.

Sixteenth, That a railroad to the Pacific Ocean is imperatively demanded by the interests of the whole country; that the Federal Government ought to render immediate and efficient aid in its construction; and that as preliminary thereto a daily overland mail should be promptly established.

Seventeenth, Finally, having thus set forth our distinctive principles and views, we invite the co-operation of all citizens, however differing on other questions, who substantially agree with us in their affirmance and support.

THE NOMINATION.

On Friday 18, the Convention nominated Abram Lincoln, of Illinois, for President, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, for Vice-President.

The ballotings were as follows. For President:

FIRST BALLOT.

For Mr. Seward	173½	For Mr. M'Lean	12
For Mr. Lincoln	102	For Mr. Collamer	10
For Mr. Cameron	50½	For Mr. Wade	3
For Mr. Chase	49	For Mr. Sumner	1
For Mr. Bates	48	For Mr. Read	1
For Mr. Dayton	14	For Mr. Frémont	1

Whole number of votes, 465; necessary to a choice, 233.

SECOND BALLOT.

For Mr. Seward	184½	For Mr. Dayton	10
For Mr. Lincoln	181	For Mr. M'Lean	8
For Mr. Chase	42½	For Mr. Cameron	2
For Mr. Bates	35	For Mr. Clay	2

THIRD BALLOT.

For Mr. Lincoln	354	For Mr. Dayton	1
For Mr. Seward	110½	For Mr. M'Lean	½

For Vice-President, the following is the

FIRST BALLOT.

For Mr. Hamlin	194	For Mr. Davis	8
For Mr. Clay	101½	For Mr. Houston	6
For Mr. Hickman	58	For Mr. Dayton	3
For Mr. Reeder	51	For Mr. Read	1
For Mr. Banks	38½		

SECOND BALLOT.

For Mr. Hamlin	367	For Mr. Hickman	13
For Mr. Clay	86		

SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER MACDONALD.

About noon on 14th the attention of the physicians of the City Prison was called to the condition of Robert C. Macdonald, confined in a cell on the second corridor, on an indictment for the murder of Virginia Stewart, in Broadway, in August last, and for which he was shortly to be tried in the Court of Oyer and Terminer. When visited by the physician he was perfectly insensible, having taken a large quantity of Munn's Elixir, an opiate four times as strong as laudanum. The stomach-pump was freely used, and he was plentifully showered with water, but his death occurred at 5 o'clock P.M. He was only 20 years of age. A jury was summoned on the following day by Coroner Jackman, and was of opinion that his death had resulted from the effects of creosot[illegible] preparation of opium, which had been taken [illegible] pose of suicide. The body was handed[illegible]

who papers have just published, and, in accordance with the last request of the deceased, conveyed to Kentucky for interment.

DECAPITATION OF MR. POWLER.

The community was startled on 15th inst. by rumors, which subsequent events proved to be true, that Mr. Isaac V. Fowler, who has occupied the office of Postmaster of this City for seven years, had absconded a defaulter to the Government extent to a large amount. He has, it is credibly believed, fled to Europe, taking with him, as charged, fifteen to twenty thousand dollars of the Government's money. This defalcation has been accompanied by some other transactions, the various statements regarding the disposition which the parties have made of the money. The general opinion is that it has been advanced in the shape of loans to parties in Europe. The bondsmen of Mr. Fowler are Mr. George Law and G. A. Conover. The sureties are, we believe, responsible for some $75,000. It is said that they can not be held liable even in this amount, if it be proved to be a defalcation or embezzlement when they were not responsible for its conduct. Further particulars are expected to be known on the 1st, but his hotel at two o'clock Saturday afternoon, and the officials who had charge of the office, refuse to trade him since he fled to approbrium him. Hon. John A. Dix has been appointed his successor.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVER.

Letters from New West give particulars of the capture of the slave bark Erlinda by the United States cruiser Mohican, Lieutenant Crosser. The chaser had 500 slaves on board, recently having died on the trip from Africa. The *Wilkes* is a neat clipper of 537 tons, and was fitted up by a partial subscription between Lake Erie and New Cross, and was owned by Hargous Brothers. The first trip she made to that port was in August last.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

The Reform Bill had passed its second reading in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell had stated in the same branch of Parliament that the English proposition for the settlement of the San Juan difficulty had been rejected by the American Government, and that Great Britain depends upon Secretary Cass's reply to the last English dispatch.

FRANCE.

A SAD STORY.

A sad event, unfortunately not unique in the annals of science, has just occurred at Paris. Some time ago a lady, of superior education, residing in private lodgings, had confided to her care a little Russian boy, born deaf and dumb. The child was of gentle temper and pleasing manners, and the poor governess bent the whole energy of her mind to the difficulty of instructing him, in hope now with the other pupils. Soon, at eight of his quick comprehension of the various methods she invented for his instruction, she began to grow more ambitious that he should be crowned with the desire to utter him with the faculty which Nature herself had denied. Her fine progress it appears that Mademoiselle Clerot evinced while alone in study, and lavished her slender means upon the experiment. At length the light broke in upon her. She remained perfectly convinced that in sulphuric ether and prussic acid she possessed means to enable her child to a sense of hearing. She began by pouring into the ear a few drops of the latter, gradually increasing the quantity until it reached ten drops. The ears was complete. The child fell heard and sinking into a stupor. The artificialism was still imperfect for a little while longer, and the poor child underwent the surgical treatment. The fame of the cure spread far and wide. The remedy was tried again and again with equal success in all stages of deafness, and in every case accepted. A Swedish nobleman offered to pronounce upon the discovery made by Mademoiselle Clerot. The decision was made in her favor; but the Medical Jury was awarded to the fortunate lady, and various testimonials of favor were received from the first, both from public and private individuals. But the end of this sacrifice and devotion to the cause of humanity is not so. Poor Mademoiselle Clerot, unable to resist the change from a position of dependence and privation to one of fame and comparative opulence, has sunk beneath the weight of the unexpected honor bestowed upon her. Her mind, worn out with study and anxiety, exhausted with her long and arduous labors, has given way, and she has just been conveyed a hopeless maniac to a *maison de santé* at Montmartre.

ITALY.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

The King of Sardinia was at Bologna, and had received an enthusiastic reception. The Sardinists had provided him with five million francs, as a voluntary contribution from the people. There was rumors of renewed insurrections in the interior of Sicily, but nothing authentic. Advices from Messina, Maple and Palermo, to the 11th, but not gone to Sicily, Caveur having dissuaded him therefrom.

SPAIN.

A GENERAL AMNESTY.

A general amnesty is granted in Spain, the only condition being that the recipients take the oath of allegiance. Amnesty is granted to Prim and his brother would be installed as prince of the royal family.

THE JAPANESE AT WASHINGTON.

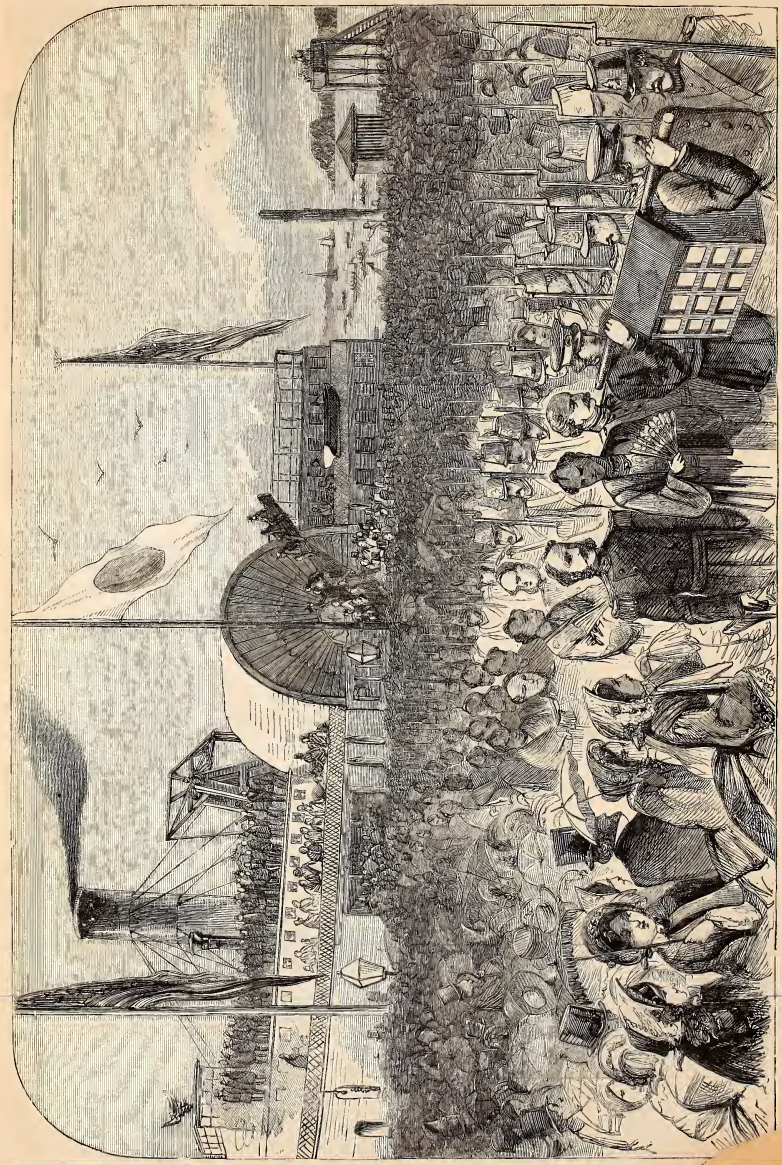
We devote most of our illustrated pages this week to illustrations of the Japanese embassy at Washington. The reader will find pictures of the Landing at the Washington Navy Yard, of the Reception by President Buchanan, the Dinner given in honor of the Japanese at Willard's, of the Japanese at dinner, and of the singular operation of head-dressing which the Embassadors said their suite undergo at regular intervals. We now proceed to give—from the daily papers—some description of these sketches individually.

THE LANDING AT WASHINGTON.

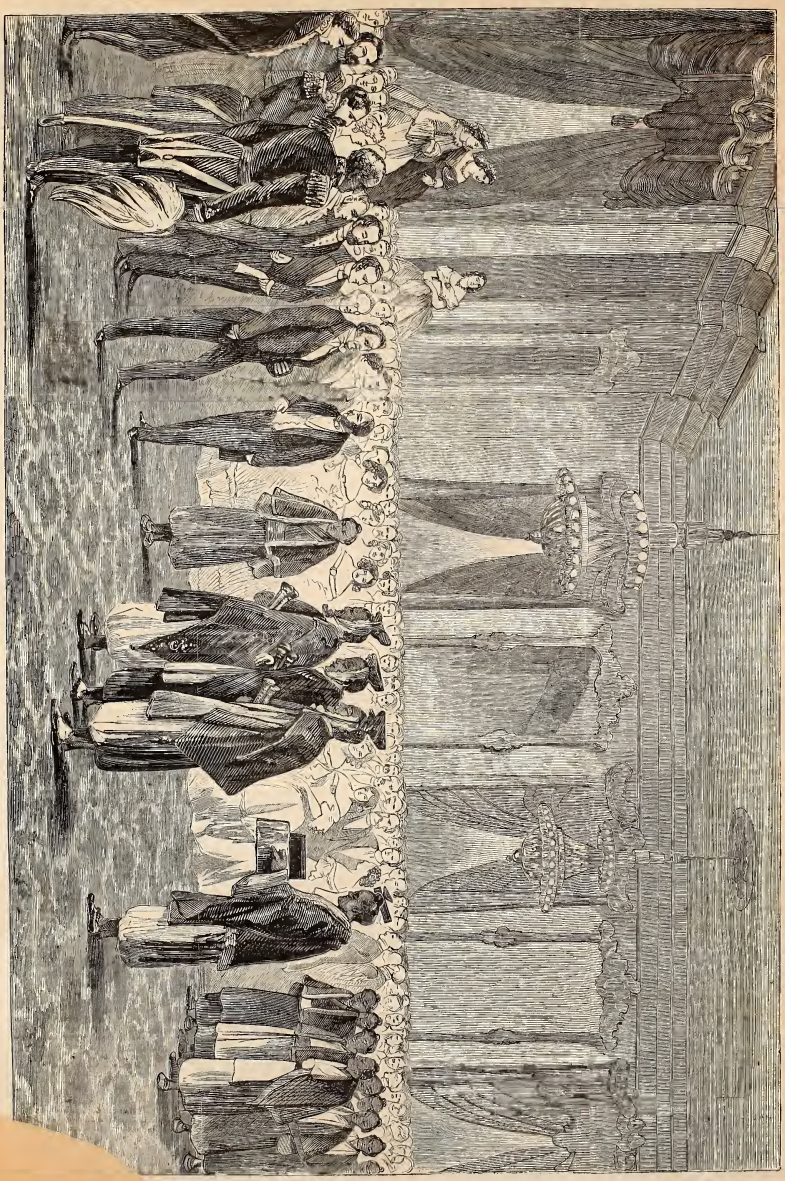
The *Herald* correspondent writes:

"Up to twenty-five minutes to twelve, at which time the procession passed through the yard, and the hour of the *Philadelphia* was to be seen turning from the Point, immediately below the arsenal, the crowd had gathered within the yard and had include a good deal more than the ordinary number of visitors to the Dining. As the steamer approached, the American and Japanese flags displaying gaily from each mast, the sitting character to her appearance, and as she came up to the wharf, to which she had been signaled by the small steep referred to, that had been drawn into the stream for the purpose, she presented a beautiful and highly effective appearance. As she turned in near the old ship-house the Marine Band, whose gay music had been discerned on the way, struck up the 'Star Spangled Banner,' which was immediately followed by the inspiring strains of 'Hail Columbia.' At twenty minutes to twelve she was made fast to the wharf.

"Of the Japanese were at this time standing on the deck, "they seemed great attention, and, as they stood on the upper deck of the vessel, the sheets of colored paper, which they had been throwing over the side



THE LANDING OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY, WITH THE TREATY IN A BOX, AT THE NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON.—[See Page 327.]



RECEPTION OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS BY THE PRESIDENT AT THE WHITE HOUSE, MAY 17, 1860.

THE THREE MISSES WAPSCOTT.

I AM a widower—a widower of a year's standing; it having been my misfortune to lose the late Anna Maria Potts, née Serawlens, after a short but happy union of two years, four months, and thirteen days. Having no pledges of our affection, it would perhaps be supposed by the unthinking that I would, as a consequence, go back upon my bachelor days, and, relinquishing my household gods, gratify my taste for sweets of freedom and bowing-houses. I was spared this heavy infliction by the promptness of the widowed mother of my late Anna, who instantly invited me to become her daughter announced her intention of continuing her domicile beneath my roof and ministering to my domestic ease. So that I made no objection; for whatever may be the little shortcomings of Mrs. Jabez Serawlens, she certainly understands the mysteries of the kitchen, and, I have no hesitation in declaring, is the most capable woman I ever did see on an Irish stew.

If in the course of this narrative I should, therefore, indulge in any strictures upon this amiable woman, let them be taken only as so called forth by special circumstances, not by the entirety of her conduct. During the lifetime of my late lamented Anna, Mrs. Jabez Serawlens only exercised so much supervision over my personality as kept my mind alive to the fact of her deep interest in every thing having even the most remote bearing on her beloved daughter; but of late I am forced to confess that this supervision has been relaxed, until I am utterly at a loss to account for her abiding and never-failing constancy to the memory of the late lamented and lost Anna Maria. That I possess the little better understanding, I will be necessary that I should go into some little explanation of my domestic position.

Should there be any who would enter upon the very grounds of the matter, they can be satisfied, by spending a few minutes at the Hall of Records,

crash awakened me from the wild, ecstatic bliss. I raised my eyes to behold before me Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, towering like a giant, and ejaculating only the one word, "Get out!"

Is it necessary to say that Miss Julia Wapscott and myself were both upon our feet in an instant, and that the room seemed at once lit up to a supernatural brilliancy by the flashes from the eyes of that young lady and of Mrs. Jabez? Is it necessary to say this and a hundred things more to show how terribly the shock fell? Shall I confess that, under the embarrassment of the position, I was speechless, but that Miss Julia was not?

It will hardly be necessary for me to chronicle the terrors of that evening. In fact, I believe that there is a point beyond which the chronicler has no power, and that point was reached on that identical evening. There was a terrible clash of voices —of two voices. A figure swelling into gigantic proportions, with its hands resting upon the hips, and the elbows extended, which, in the dismay of the moment, I felt looked much like Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, and then again it did not. Then there was a figure brought stern and sharp against the moonlight, with all the dress of Miss Julia, but with a celerity of motion which I felt never could have belonged to that young lady. Then there were loud words, hisses, wild mocking laughs, two or three sounds resembling the action of a person in expectoration, a rush of feet upon the stairs, the door thrown open without knocking, the dim figures of Helen and Miss Georgina, the wild rushing of the latter, and the sudden fall of Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens; and then all was void and darkness, every thing seeming to go away into the space, out of which came sounds in the voice of Miss Julia, much shattered, which shaped themselves into the words "Mamma," "Wretch," "dyed Fool," and "Beast," all of which I knew, even in my unconscious state, were intended for me.

When the outer world came back to me, the first sight that met my eyes, walking with hasty strides through the room, was the person of Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens—nothing else human was present. That lady fared her eyes upon my reviving form, and in a moment gave way to the pent-up agonies of her soul. There are some, perhaps, who would not have considered that her words or manner of delivery were exactly of the kind that would have awakened remorse in the guilty soul; but to such I can only say that we are not all alike. When I thought of Julia, faithful and devoted woman, who had given into my care the only child of her long widowhood, who had clung to my fortunes through two years days and thirteen days of matrimonial bliss, and one year of loneliness (except the Misses Wapscott), I could not but realize that I had acted the part of a villain. When I remembered the numberless instances of her practical affection, the delicious puddings, the incomparable pastry, the soft words she made coffee, and the manner of cooking a wild duck, I felt that in suffering my heart to go out groping into the darkness after the Misses Wapscott was an act unworthy of a gentleman, and only to be atoned for by a lifetime of devotion.

I shall not repeat what Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens said that evening, or what was my response. It will be sufficient to say that the moon went down upon us in peace, and that as I am now writing this history, the Misses Wapscott are moving away from Mr. Jay Twomp's second floor, as communication which was settled by Mrs. J. S. without my intervention.

To-morrow I am to be married to that young woman, Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens.

THE LAST CRUSADE OF THE EMPEROR FREDRICH BARBAROSSA.

"Uncover the misty Middle Ages, towering high above the rest,
Glitters Kaiser Barbarossa, with a bright and spotless vest.

Good in camp and great in council, he rises to our view,
Kingliest presence, mid the shadows that crowd the century through.

When the red hand of his manhood hung in ashen white and gray,
Through the hungry mountain passes Kaiser Fredrich took his way.

"The holy tomb, Jerusalem, is seized by Saladin,
Dogs of Christian profanation takes the place of prayer and hymn.

"With one clearly pious action let our life for this world end,
And Jerusalem the glorious from this pagan yoke rend!"

On the plain of Roncaglia, where his shield, seen high and far,
Shone upon his loyal soldiers as a changeless radiant star,

Shone upon the battered pennons, shone o'er plumed noble proud,
And selfish spirits trembled, and crushed once cried aloud

"To this bravest hero Kaiser, who for rule of judgment took
Nor thrust of sword, nor hide of gold, nor old Justin's book.

"To my Master I must answer. I am Kaiser over you;
But my God has made me powerful, and I owe him service true."

[illegible] sat down with him in his weather-[illegible]
[illegible] sacred city's [illegible]
[illegible] ustine.

"Oh, my son!" groaned Kaiser Fredrich: "Oh, my gallant knight in dead!"
And the agonies of the father bowed the man's lowly head.

"Woe is me, my son, has struggle for this dead! Oh, my son, my son is dead!
But Christ the Lord is living! Let us on, still on, my men!

"Still his sepulchre is sacred, still his cross is put to shame.
When his eager feet were planted on Calvary's mystic hill,
And gentle airs of Palestine his conquering banners fill,

As the crowning flush of triumph, as his own peculiar joy,
At the tomb of Christ the risen Fredrich found his living boy.

JOTTINGS ABOUT THE JAPANESE.

To Major Jack Downing, P.M., Downingville, State of Maine, in care of Mister Harper, who'll send it in print.

WASHINGTON, *May* 15, 1860.

HONORED UNCLE,—Here I be agin, large as life, and twice as nat'ral, and hope these *few* lines 'll find you enjoyin' the same blessin'. The fact is, that we got safe to Washington, and squabbled up down the Charleston that Gin'ral Cushing and I didn't know what on airth we were doin. One morin' the Gin'ral came aboard the scunner, and sez he,

"Corporal!"

"Gin'ral!" sez I, jumpin' rite inter my close.

Sez he, "Clear out the Bostling steamer, and tell talk along with Buchan."

And I went. But I'll get the train agin', and put you on wun track, and you can wheel off, and wot two dew they didn't know. All at wunce sez I,

"Decem tew Downinville, when Sargent Joel gits the compenny out, and trys the revolushun on the line, an' they gits awl mixed up, wot d've s'pose be dun?"

"Wot?" sez they.

"Why," sez I, "*a brakes wunn till next Saturday afternoon!*"

They tuk the hint, sjurn'd their Cunvenshuns, and we'rs awl alloke agin.

Meanwhile he said, "I must go tew Washington; and gittin' a chance tew kire out the schumer for Britin" we rip a little river, I can strate bear, jist as independent as the Kaiser of Germany, an' mounts alum, in spite ov Slydell and Cuther phellers that's so mussily agin Douglass.

Mr. Buckanan was mighty glad tew see me, I tell you. Sez he,

"I've not hi'rd Mr. Harper's paper heew yeon told your folks in Main bow their airyin' tew poke sharp sticks inter me in that Committy, set on by Cuthery and the very phellers that maid all this corruption."

Sez I, "The Downings is as true as steal, and Dimmocrat on the element grit."

Sez he, "I know'd it. And I've got an offs for yeou that'll keep you about hear a spell, tew help me kire."

Sez I, "What offs?"

Sez he, "Master ov Cerymonys tew the Jappy-kaes."

"Jappykaes!" sez I. "Cerymonys! Wot is it? Matrimony?"

Sez he, "No, sir! the President, a larfin' like fun. "That cerymony won't be purform'd here jist neow, wittnout Miss Lane takes it inter her bed tew kere yeou, but this is another matter. These Jappykaes, Corporal Downing, he a strange set ov phellers, that live over by Chiny, and we've made 'em open their doores."

"Now I know," sez I. "Didn't Squire Tensedes and Uncle Mark Jack three big books that Pom Pok, Doc. 'stablishment tew Washington, didn't I make a lecture about it for the Downinville Mutual Admirsshun and Improvement Society absent it?"

"You've jist the man for the rite place," sez Mr. Buchanan. And he give me a letter tew the Commishuners, and told me tew go aboard the scumar the next day. And I went, punctual as Aunt Nabby Greenleaf's Grandfather's Clock.

The Commishuners was awl navy officurs. Their was Captin Dupont, brother of the Dupont powder mill in Delawhair, and Captin Footin, nov'em barin' his tew Jappan; and Captin Porter, who'll been to the lands with a stemur a good many years. Then their wus Mr. Ludyard, who marry'd Gin'ral Cass's dartur, and represented the old gentleman; and Doctor M'Donald, who's Secretary tew the Commishun; and two sum-mun strappers from the Navy Department; and the Marcens Band, in red thunal cotes, a playin' like thun. Cerumony tuk place in Hampton Roads, where Yankee Doodle sew that it sounded like an opery.

Wi'ld, down the Potomoe we went, eatin' icecrem and sipp'ng Jim Crowsby havin' apprey prepared fifty thousand dollars, and more ov the same sort arrunged. There wos a masterly storu; but presently the Jappykaes tum'd tew sick, and we went about their stemur tew see them.

Lawd! I wish you'd a been tew Jack's Jack; and if you had, you'd have larfed fit tew split. Their wos we, awl in unerform, grate big men; and their wos they, little, peakin, slim sheps, dressed cheermust like wimmen folks, but as bright and chippun as a school-marm on examanasion morrin". They torked mickty glib, but we didn't no wot they sed no more than if they'd a bin so many blackbirds. They maid sout not tew no wot we sed, but if they doesn't my name isn't Downing. Jappykaes isn't no fules, I tell yeou.

Twas Sabbath-day, but the Jappykaes isn't converted yit, sew we hewt bew school and saw the forty-fiushuns, and they fired the grate guns, and made a reglar gun'ral trainin' ov it. Then we awl went up river agin tew Washington.

The bed nun kept sort on sigeyin' and I found cent, by a Dutcher gentleman along who'd bin out their, that their wos tew on 'em, and that in Jappan theirs tew of every thing, jest as we used tew fe Dimocrats or Whigs. Their's tew Emperors, and so we've got tew Embassadors, and each thing's got a duplicate, clear down tew the bate-hooks.

Yesterday morning we wos a stemin' up the Potomac, flags a flyin', drums a beatin', and the Jappykaes a greasin' up there here inter litteel kues on top ov their heds, a pintin' forrard. There wos wimmen in fine bonnuses, with great big trowsurs, and big sleves, from under which there kum a hand, like a fan. Each mun had a litteel white mark secd on his blue thunal-cotes, and sum had sords stuck in there belts.

Wi'ld, we drawed near the navy yard it looked like a bee-hive, chock full of people, awl dressed up. Flags wos a flyin', sogers was a marchin' abewt, officers wos a strutin' round like ravin' deestructed rooters, and 'tew-and-a-half fourth ov July. The Jappykaes wos dcited, and wun ov 'em sez tew me, sez he, "Very good; much pigeon." What on airth he ment I dun no.

While we wos a waitin' I spyd wun ov Mr. Harper's artists a skettchin' my like phun, makin' a pictur ov the yard, and ov the people, and ov the white-washed plank-walk for the Jappykaes to cum ashore and to dine togers, and the stemur, boat we wos on, Jappykaes and awl, inclusin' me. But awl at wunst he sed sumthin' on the sketch, and then he tore it up, and began to litt the phun. I looked tew see what on airth he was a larin' at, and their was a Jappykaes opesitioner a skettchin' my phun. I dun no what he ment Mr. Harper's artist was kicker knocked aback tew see this feller, and I would like tew see the tew pictures, side by side, tew see who thinks feller was best.

At last awl was reddy, and the crowd rent asshoar, the big guns what was took from the Britishers in the last war blunin' away like fun, and the music a playin' Hail Columbia, and the Jappykaes a bowin' and the people a cheerin', and the Jappykaes a lookin' around decitful tickled. It bete Gin'ral Jackson a smart tew see Bostling, when yeou was with him, awl tew peaces, as you will see by a lookin' at Mr. Harper's picture. That air pictur will save me a deal ov rumatiz, for I'm thair it awl in, as large as life and twice as nat'ral.

Then we got inter kerryges, and, escorted by the mileitary, marched up Pennsylvanny past the Cypreetal tew Willard's Hotel, the people a cheerin' like phun. It was a grate site, and I dun no which tew the grandest, the Jappykaes, or the Cypreetal, or the people a cheerin', and a grinnin', or me, Corporal Benjamin Downing, 3d. And judgin' from the looks of the Jappykaes, I dun no which tew guess, they wes pretty well satisphyed with their looks tew.

Willard's wun ov 'em—and a regular Vermonter at that—who knows how tew keep a tavern, he does. He had a Jappykaes fing a flyin', and a long entry, with room tew each side, till fed up in the nicest sort ov fashun. Sich sofys, and easyshaires, and carpets, and shandeleers, never wos seene.

No scunar wo we thair than a Jappykaes rushed round and then lotted off the rooms, rittin' the name of each one on a piece of paper, and stickin it on ev'ry dore, just like a sine; and when they wos located they went tew dnin' up and makin their twillies, and doing ev'ry thing in order. Then they began tew peek around; and if there's any thing Willard's wus tew their deed's see, I'd like tew know what 'tis, either "up stairs, down stairs, or in the Jappykaes' chamber." Their eyes is open, I tell yeou, and they don'tsee they makes a note on't, as Capting Kuttel used tew sa.

Arter a while we awl went in tew dinner—that is, the bed nun and the Jappykaes and awl ov us officers. The outlanders used there knives and forks right glib. Mete they wouln't tuch, but they ate chicken, and turkey, tropin' off with ice creme and sugur-plums, and taking as much Champane as they didnt hey, far each party wos a watchin' tew see how they destributed a temperyte band of self-watchin' brathers. Wot they didn't drink we did, for thair's fifty thousand dollers tew be spent, and we gotter help spend it.

Wa'al, dinner wos over, and the ambassordors went back inter thess parlur, wheir the ladies and gentlemen wos tew dine at the ball. Mr. Harper's artist was a sketchin' them, and so you'll see it just as plane as if you'd a bin thair.

The plun wos tew take the second-class Jappykaes, who wur in there rums a smokin' little pipes that are cost in know time, and a drinkin' strong tea and eatin' sweet pastebourd cupe, and a jabberin' awfully. Then there artists was a sketchin' ev'ry thing. The Instructed papers there ain't well supply'd with pictures, 'twant be the fault of the artists, I tell yeou.

Wa'al, all hands wos tew have a edgin' around, and a tryin' tew find out wot these Jappykaes want, wot they mene tew dew, and how long they mene stay. Sez Mr. Ludyard, sez he, sez he, sez Hetar Portman, who was cout their a interpretin' for Commodor Perry, dean't kun a word. A Dutchman, he sez, "they don't gee tew much Rumsass, and we're a goin' tew hav a grate time, I tell yeou. Gin'ral Scott's a goin' tew be their, and awl sorts of diffeers, and Congressmen, and senators, and perlite old veterans, and stuck-up new officers, and the Marcens Band, and awl ov us.

Wich I mene tew dew, and sum mu next. Meanwhile, why not invite the Jappykaes tew Downinguille? Why not? The Selectmen could entertane awl there freeds and nabors—the Downinguille Independent Cadets could parade, and hav their manic bills polee—the taverns would do a smashin' business—and if it did bare hard on the tax-payers, who cairs? We may git up a grate trade with the Jappykaes, Hetar varnish, and sassafrac' back dried apples, ax-handles, squash-seed, and other luxurys. Meanwhile, my tew Sarah Hide that they ain't no femal Jappykaes, and that wun of them has given me the purtyest fan fur her that ever she seed. Recommendin' yeou to look at Mr. Harper's picture, I am yours till death,

BENJAMIN DOWNING, 3d.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits.

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE REMOTE AND MEMORABLE WAR HE WAGED AGAINST THIS SITE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WILCOX.

(HARRY GRINGO,

AUTHOR OF "GRINGO" AND "TRIPS FOR THE MERRIES.")

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XVI.

NUPTIALS OF THE GIRL WITH DARK EYES.

THE Captain got up from his chair, stepped to the writer, and pulling the signal cord on the wall, held a short dialogue with the tube at the ceiling, then saying in a low, sharp whisper through the tube, "A bright look-out, Pedro!" he resumed his place at the table. The Doctor had in the meanwhile got up and gone to the veranda, where, straight as a Spanish grass blade, and shielded from the night wind, lay his little patient sleeping soundly. Carefully closing the curtain against the wind, he returned to his place. The Padre was now all awake again, with his thick lips open, waiting for the Captain to go on with his story. As for Don Pedro, he never stirred body or limb, but his eye traveled about perpetually, and he observed the movements of his companions, all at the same time. Still the honest roar of the pirates in their carouse arose from the covered sheds in the calm night, and the lamp burned dim in the musk-head of the tobacco and schooner twinkled above the basin of the inlet.

"And now, amigos," began again Captain Brand, after he had assured himself that all was fitting to go on with his wild written: "I shall inform you of the sequel of my adventure with the Senorita Lucia. The evening after the night of the fight, I was carried in passion we were seated at dinner in the after-cabin. Ah! well we were sitting over the dessert, and I was refusing to go into my passenger account of my early days, and of my lady mother and my old squire of a father—omitting, perhaps, some few unmentionable details."

Here the old commander of the fifteen cackled, and his black, beady eye glittered as he thought flashed through his head as to what details his villainous conqueror had omitted. How he forged his old father's name, which brought down his gray hairs in sorrow and disgrace to the grave; and how his poor mother, too, died of grief, together with other bitter memories, all of which Captain Brand the Pirate omitted to mention.

"We, I was saying, likewise some of my privateering adventures, when all the dread Atlantic was alive with the fleets of France, England, and Spain; how I was captured by a Spanish brigantine"—omitting again to state that he got up a mutiny with the crew of that brigantine, murdered the captain and mate in their sleep, and, assuming command of the vessel, changed her colors for a black flag, and began his career of piracy in the Caribbean Sea.

"and how I escaped. To all this she listened with great interest, her large eyes dilating, and her bosom swelling with pleasure as I proceeded, when suddenly the cabin door opened, and my ugly friend Pedillo put his head in and gave me a warning cough.

"'What is it?' I said, rather sharply, to Pedillo; 'and how dare you intrude inside my cabin?' I knew that I could make my near doing a mischief to my boatswain, for I am rather impulsive at times, and by the merest accident I happened to have a loaded pistol in my pocket."

Don Ignacio twitched his sleeve, and looked as if he believed such accidents as pistols being found in the nurses' pockets happened quite often.

"'Oh! Señor,' said Pedillo, 'there are two sails standing out from the lee of Culebra Island, and one of them appears to be a large—'

"I interrupted further particulars from the lips of my subordinate by a motion of my finger, and then kissing the hands of the girl—who was somewhat surprised at this abrupt termpiecd—I left the cabin and jumped on deck.

"The schooner was now running down through the Vieques Passage, between the Thomas and Porto Rico, with a fine breeze on the quarter, and the sun was just sinking behind the last massed island. I snatched a spy-glass from the rail and looked ahead. There, sure enough, was a sixteen-gun brig on the starboard tack heading across our track, and a large frigate under single-reefed topsails, stretching away over to the opposite shores of Culebra, while they were telegraphing banting one with another as fast as the bright-colored flags could talk. And as luck would have it, as I swept the glass round, what should I see but a long rakish corvette in company with a huge whale of a line-of-battle ship, with her double tier of ports glimmering away in the slanting rays of the sun; both on the wind and coming out from under the lee of

THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS AND SUITE AT DINNER AT WILLARD'S, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

Calobra Point, just a mile or two astern of us. By the blood of Barabbas, caballeros, we were in a trap for wolves, and the hounds were in full cry! Immediately, however, luffed the schooner up and steered boldly for the frigate; and as a puff of smoke spouted out from the lee bow of the Admiral to windward, and before the boom [illegible] of the gun [illegible] the American colors. Seeing this, the brig hove in stays, and perhaps, being ordered to board me, came staggering along on the other tack across our [illegible] the frigate [illegible] and too and held her wind toward her consorts to windward. Now this was just the disposition which I wanted of the vessels, and it could not have been done better for my plans had I been the Ad-

PRESENTATION OF AN AMERICAN LADY TO THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS AT WILLARD'S, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

THE JAPANESE BARBER SHAVING THE HEAD OF HIS MASTER, IN THE COURT-YARD OF WILLARD'S HOTEL.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

miral of the squadron. In less than a quarter of an hour the brig—and no great things she was, with a contemptible battery, as I could see, of short carronades—bore shark's little and bow of the schooner, and gave us a warning of a twenty-four pound shot across our fore foot to heave-to also, at the same time hoisting the English ensign.

"So! he!" ejaculated Captain Brand, as he twisted the point of his nose, accompanied by a malevolent scowl, "Senores, I at once hauled flat off the foresail, dropped the main peak, and put the helm up as if to round to under the brig's stern; whereupon my man-of-war friend dropped a starter into the water, and she had just shoved off in readiness to board me, when before you could light a paper cigar I run up the main peak, got a pull of the sheets, and the *Centipede* was off again like a shark with his fin above water, heading for the narrow passage between Culebra and Crab Islands. It was at least five minutes before that stupid brig could believe his eyes, and ten more before he got hold of the boat again, when she filled away and began to pop gun after gun at me as he could bring his battery to bear! There was only one shot that slipped on board us, and that only smashed off both legs of a negro, and then bopped off through the foresail to windward. Had I not had a good dinner that day and pleasant society on board"—how peculiarly the speaker smiled—"I should perhaps have taught that brig such a lesson that he would not have cared to report it to his Admiral. But as I knew I had the heels of him, and as the rest of the squadron were now crowding all sail and keeping off in chase of me, I ordered Pedillo just to touching my hat and saying 'Adios,' to clear away the long gun and return the brig's salute. The shot struck him just forward the night head by the bowsprit, and by the way the splinters flew and his jib and head sails came down, I knew I had crippled him for an hour at least. At the same time, to prevent any mistakes as to our quality, and to satisfy the Admiral's curiosity, we hauled down the Yankee colors and set our swallow-tailed flag."

"Rather dark bunting! no?" edged in Don Ignacio.

"Ay, amigo, as black as that eye of thine, though not half so murderous," retorted the Pirate as he continued his narrative.

"Bueno, there came the whole of the squadron down after us, spitting out from their bridle ports mouthfuls of cold iron, which all went to the bottom of the Virgin's Passage, for not one came within a mile of the schooner; and then I led them such a dance through that intricate cluster of reefs and islets, that soon after dark they gave up the game, and I said 'Buenas noches' to them all!"

Here Captain Brand paused, made a careful selection of a beautifully turned tobacco cigar from the box, shouted to Babette to produce some old Santa Cruz rum, sugar, lemons, and hot water—stretching her as he said—at which the Padre crossed himself; and then throwing his fine legs, encased in the lustrous silk stockings, on a chair beside him, and while his eyes gazed fondly on the brilliants sparkling in the buckles of his shoes, he resumed his tale.

"When I went below again, after every thing had become quiet on deck, I found my stage-eyed sweet-heart waiting to receive me. How superbly she looked, as she made a movement [illegible] cushions where she had been reclining

[illegible] has happened, and what [illegible] noise of guns, and [illegible] me?"

"I have been [illegible] unnatural have escaped, and the cries you heard were from one of my poor crew who got slightly wounded by a shot."

"*Ah, malditos piratos!* cursed pirates!" exclaimed the charming beauty, as she put both her hands in mine, 'and how thankful am I that you are not hurt! But, *querido mio!* dear one!" she went on, "when shall we get to Porto Rico and see dear father? We must be near, for I heard one of your sailors shout to you the name of the Island!"

In reply, I told her that we had been near Porto Rico, but that—a—circumstances were such, on account of the dangerous pirates who infested those seas, that I felt obliged, for her safety—you understand—to run along down by Hispaniola—she not having a very clear idea of the position and geography of those parts—and that our cruise might probably be prolonged for a few days more."

"And note regret, perhaps," said the Doctor, with a hollow voice, and a calm, cold eye.

"Oh no, my friends, certainly nothing so bad as that. Possibly to heaven! but, *quien sabe!* no one can tell!

"However, I pursued the Captain, "I soon succeeded in allaying her apprehensions, and then I threw myself at her feet, and implored her to risk her father's displeasure and to marry me at once; that she knew her father was cold, stern, and obdurate, and should he frown upon my suit, I should die of despair! I used these passionate appeals and many more, until at last the fond girl yielded her consent to my caresses.

"'But the priest, *querido mio!*' she exclaimed, as she rose and disengaged herself from my arms. I told her that I chanced to have one on board as a passenger, who would perform the ceremony.

"'And so I had," added Captain Brand, "or at least a very near approach to one, for my ugly boatswain, Pedillo, had been bred up—as his cookery—you comprehend—in the house of a rich old priest of San Pablo Cathedral in Trinidad, to whom Pedillo, one fine morning, gave about eight inches of his cutlillo!"

"Jesus! Maria!" exclaimed Padre Ricardo, turning back with horror, and telling his beads.

"Ay, mi Padre, Pedillo assassinated the Holy Father, and plundered his cash-box besides; and so you see Pedillo was just the man I wanted."

Don Ignacio nodded his wicked old head through a cloud of cigar smoke, as a sign of approval.

"Accordingly, Senores, the next day I made the trusty Pedillo cut off his bushy beard about his ugly face, and had the crown of his head shaved besides—quite like that round old spot there on top of good Ricardo's poll; and then he rigged himself out in a clerical gown, to which the tenth of my bride's old mother contributed, and, take my word for it, he was as proper and rascally a looking priest as could be found on the Island of Cuba. He performed the ceremony, too, by way of practice, on Lasser Joe and the second cook beforehand, with so much decorum and solemnity, and gave as pious a benediction, as his old Trinidad uncle the prelate ever did. Well, that evening we were married."

"How many times has the Capitano been married?" grunted out Don Ignacio.

"Why, let me reflect," as he threw his cold, icy look at the frame of miniatures on the opposite wall. "You mean, compadre, how often the ceremony has been performed. Ah! I think on eleven occasions. No; it was only ten. Madame Mathilde two hundred years living when I made love to her, and declined to take a third. But then, you know, I have an affectionate disposition, and I can not set my heart against the fascinations of the sex."

He gave vent to these moral sentiments, as if he really meant them to be believed and generally adopted by his audience.

"Well, that same evening I was married to the beautiful Señorita Lucia Lavenona; though I am sorry to say that Pedillo did not perform his part of the business so well as I had expected of him, from his practice in the morning. He stammered a good deal, and when he raised the crucifix to the lips of the young girl, her innocent looks and modesty majesty of deportment so struck my conductor with confusion that he let the crucifix fall to the deck at her dainty feet. This little incident caused me some displeasure; but, reflecting that the poets tell us that

"'A tiger, 'tis said, will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity,'

I said myself nothing to the abashed Pedillo as I gave him back the emblem; but I conferred him with a look, with my right hand in my pocket—this fashion."

Here the cold-blooded scoundrel dipped his thumb and forefinger into the flap of his waistcoat, while the commander of the Guards Costa waved his brown digit before him, as if he knew what was there all the time.

"Ah! that restored my new-made priest to his senses, and he then got through the ceremony entirely to my satisfaction.

"How cute!" said Captain Brand, turning with lazy indifference toward Padre Ricardo, "ever after this I resolved not to take the risk of such another chance of failure; and this is the reason why I first sought your services."

"Gracias a Dios! Thanks be to Heaven, my son, that you found me," said the sacrilegious wretch, as he bowed to his superior and sipped a glass of rum punch.

"At the conclusion of our nuptials, while I held my sweet Lucia to my heart and kissed her pale brow, and while tears of crystal drops, half in rapture and half in sorrow, dimmed her large, sparkling black eyes, she withdrew this royal sapphire from her slender finger, and gently placing the gem on mine—where you see it, amigos—she said:

"'My dear and only love, this is the talisman of my race. It has been for ages in my family, and it has been the guardian of our hope and honor. Receive it, friend of my heart, and be the protector of the young girl who yielded up to you her very soul!'"

The Doctor started as if he had been stung by a scorpion; but Captain Brand, heedless or inattentive to the movement, went on:

"Yes, caballeros, those were her very words; murmured, too, in her low contralto tones with a pure lisping Castilian accent, as she laid her shapely hand on my shoulder.

"Ay, those were rapturous moments; and it was in some degree—yes, I may say in truth—only her own fault that they did not last.

"Well, for some days—eight or ten, perhaps—with light baffling winds, we crept stealthily along the south side of the Dominica; but the weather was delightful, and the time passed on the wings of a zephyr. In the warm, soft evenings, with the moon or stars shedding their pearly gleams over the sea, she sat beside me on the deck of the schooner, watching with girlish interest the white sails above her head, or singing to me the sweet little senguidillas of her native land. And again, starting up from my arms, she would peep over the counter, trace the foam as it flashed and bubbled in our wake, or point to the track of a dolphin as he leapted above the luminous waves and went like a bullet to leeward.

"I flatter myself, caballeros, that there have been periods in my career on the high seas or on land, and may be again, for aught I know"—continued the elegant pirate, as he crossed his legs and threw back the lappels of his velvet coat, so as to expose the magnificence of his waistcoat, and the frills on his broad, muscular chest—"when men of high birth and breeding, and lonely women too of noble lineage, have not thought it beneath them to dine with, or to receive the homage of—a—Captain Brand.

"And, per Dios?" the narrator did not consider it unbecoming his cloth and profession to swear in a foreign language—"per Dios! Senores, I have known the time, too, when I have played whist with a French prince of the blood and two knights of the Golden Fleece.

"Yes," the Captain went on, "I have every reason to know that I wen the hearts, and purses too sometimes, of some of the fine people I just in refined society. But yet there have been occasions when the game has gone against me."

Don Ignacio's tenacious memory came into play, and he looked back to the time when he himself had cleaned his profuse friend out of all his gains at the card-table, even to the buttons of his coat, but he gave no sign of remembrance of those days, and only blew a dense cloud of smoke from his thin yellow nostrils as the Captain spoke.

"Though those occasions have not been a frequent recurrence.

"So passed the days, Caballeros; and when one morning the high mountain back of Port Guantanamo were reported to me, I felt a presentiment that my dream of bliss was drawing to a close. Indeed I might probably have remained at sea a week or two longer, but the men were getting a little impatient, and I thought it better to sacrifice my own pleasure to theirs. That day we caught a cracking breeze out of the windward passage, and toward midnight we came up with this little sandy island here.

"The preparations for going into port excited the anxiety of my bride, for, poor thing! she believed we were bound into Porto Rico, and I had some trouble in inducing her to go below before we crossed the reef. Bueno! the coast was clear, the signals were all right, and an hour later the schooner had her anchor down and sails furled pretty much in the spot where she now lies moored.

"While, however, we were sweeping up the inlet I sent a boat ahead, with directions for my tidy old housekeeper, Babette, to have every thing prepared to receive her new mistress. Just then one of those terrible thunder-storms came up; heavy masses of clouds obscured the sky, followed by such double-barrel shocks, and intensely vivid lightning as is only beheld in the tropics preceding the equinox. The rain too came along in horizontal sheets driven by a squall which burst in fury over the island, and it seemed to me that all the devils from hell were howling in the tempest, and I knew that I bore her into this fine saloon.

"I shall never forget the sweet words she whispered, and the loving caresses she gave me on that little journey, even while the tempest almost dashed me to the ground, and the sharp flashes of lightning nearly blinded me. They were the last she ever lavished upon me!"

No sigh escaped the lips of this cold-blooded monster as he uttered these words; no sign of feeling for the ruin of a gentle girl whom he had betrayed to his piratical den of infamy and crime; whose dream of life was destroyed like a crushed rose leaf, and all her hope gone from that moment.

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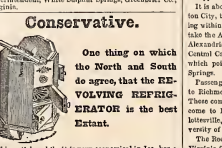

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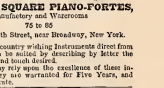

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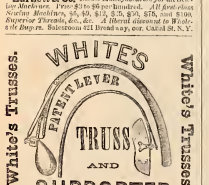

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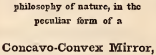

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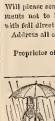

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THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS.

WE publish herewith portraits of the two Japanese ambassadors, Sim'mi Boojsen no-Kami, and Moeragaki Awajsi no-Kami. They are the chiefs of the embassy now at Washington, and have just concluded the ratification of our treaty with Japan.

We are, of course, unable to give any biographical sketch of these distinguished persons. They are both members of the Council of Six, who are understood to administer the Government of Japan, and to hold a rank corresponding to that of Prince in Europe. We glean from the daily papers some gossip about their movements at Washington.

Speaking of the ball at General Cass's, at which they were present, the *Tribune* correspondent writes:

AT A BALL.

The party visiting the Secretary of State was composed of three Princes, and the five officers next in rank, and the two interpreters. For nearly an hour these ten gentlemen sustained unflinchingly the concentrated gaze of as many score of people as could draw near to them. Their self-possession then, as it always is, was marvelous. The haughtiest stare, with intensest eye-glass concentration, could neither move them to embarrassment nor rouse them to the least defiant glance in return. Directly personal remarks—not always uttered, I am afraid, in the best taste, and sometimes unworthy the fair lips whence they proceeded—were listened to by those who perfectly understood them with no sign of discomposure, except perhaps a slight compression of the mouth, showing that impassibility was no cause of their immovable calmness. Toward 11 o'clock the ambassadors rose, and were again led through the apartments, passing before a refection table, the details of which no interpreter was needed to explain to them. The number of guests had now greatly increased. There were present the members of the Cabinet, the Vice-President and Speaker Pennington, a few members of Congress, many officers of the army and navy, and a very full representation of foreign legations. The number of ladies seemed greater than of gentlemen. The least unwary step liquified one in surging waves of muslin, silk, and those other hindered dangers which evade precise designation. Mrs. Douglas, Miss Lane, Mrs. Gwin, and Mrs. Slidell were the various centres around which, allowing to themselves countless satellites, seeking from them reflections of fashionable warmth and social light. On their way along the drawing-rooms the Japanese caught sight of Commodore Tatnall, who brought them in the *Powhatan* from Japan to Panama, and whom they instantly surrounded with every grateful expression of welcome. For the few minutes that Commodore Tatnall was near, all objects beyond him were forgotten by them, their recognition of him were abandoned. A [illegible] for the embassadors stepped into the drawing-[illegible] they gravely inspected the agile gyrations of brave men with an air of curious interest, as if anxious to be able to process so much at variance [illegible] same subject. After a [illegible] for more introductions the embassadors, at 11½ o'clock, took leave and returned home.

THEIR COSTUME.

Our picture represents the Japanese in the costume in which they appeared at the official audience. The same writer thus describes it:

SIM'MI BOOJSEN NO-KAMI, FIRST EMBASSADOR. MOORAGAKI AWAJSI NO-KAMI, SECOND EMBASSADOR.

THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS IN THEIR STATE COSTUME.

The dresses of the Japanese were much more gorgeous than any they had previously appeared in. The first embassador wore robes of blue and purple crape, with richly-embroidered trowsers of silk. The garments of the second and third were of different shades of green, crape and silk, all very curiously wrought. The secondary officers and interpreters were more simply attired. All had, by means of some artificial contrivance, an unusual expanse of shoulder, which gave them an air of rotundity they do not at ordinary times possess. The highest dignitaries had peculiar head-dresses, shaped like hollow boxes, and set upon the top of the head, where they were confined by long cords reaching down the sides of the face, and passing under the chin. These head-dresses were black, about five inches high and six long. They were not cubical, but were broad at the

Alluding to the Japanese, he said, "They never speak to me without calling me Emperor and his Majesty, and are the most particular people about what they should do. Every thing was written down for them, stating the course they were to take, the number of days they were to make, and all that, before they left Japan. They can't understand me at all. You know they were down in front to hear the head on Saturday. Well, I went down the steps to speak to some of my friends that I saw, and they couldn't understand that at all. To think that I—Emperor of the United States—should go down among and shake hands with the people, astonished them wonderfully. Oh! no, they couldn't understand that at all, so unlike any thing in their country." "How long, Sir, do you think they'll remain in this country?" "Well, I couldn't tell you; they are the queerest people to deal with possible: there's no getting any thing out of them, they're so close about every thing. Maybe they'll remain the hundred days, or perhaps only the sixty. At any rate, they'll have to wait till the *Niagara* reaches Panama, and she has to go round the Cape the worst season of the year, so that it will take her three months. Ah, these Japanese," he continued, "they're the most curious people I ever saw. They take notice of every thing. They've got down a long description of how I looked when they had the reception, and every thing they've seen—nothing escapes them. They're always sketching and taking notes of things. They're very proud, too, I can see; they have very low, but they won't do more than is prescribed for them in their instructions."

THEIR GALLANTRY.

A correspondent of the *Herald* writes:

I omitted to mention in my last letter referring to the visit of the embassador and suite to the President's grounds on Saturday, that Miss Lane, the President's niece, on that occasion was evidently curious to examine the blade of O'goori Bungo-no Kami's sword.—For the information of those who may not recognize this gentleman by sense, I will state his office to be that of sensor or special supervisor to the embassy, and the third highest in rank. O'goori Bungo-no Kami as sooner comprehended the desire of the lady to see the sheath his cutlass—such is the name of the larger weapon of the two—than he smiled most graciously, and said in Japanese, "Take it, my lady," at the same time handing it to her most gracefully. She, upon this, grew the glittering blade from its sombred dull wood, half leather, with an inlaying of silver, and cried in woman-like and cheerly, and then returning it to its sheath, handed it back to its owner, who took it with evident pleasure that the thing of his honor and defence should have excited interest on the part of one so fair.

THEIR RESERVE.

The *Times* correspondent says:

A good story is told of the peculiar reserve of the Japanese, as illustrated during the recent passage. Up to the time of their arrival at Norfolk, the officers who had them in their charge—the "armery and knavery men," as Mrs. Partington calls them—had been unable to determine their precise rank. It was impossible to determine from their papers whether they were Envoys or Ministers. This vexed question remained unsettled until

The President's opinion of them.

The President had a conversation with a letter-writer about them:

the arrival of Mr. Delagoa, the agent of the Secretary of State, when, let the ambassadors astonished every body by producing a beautifully-written English copy of the letter from the Emperor giving these full powers as ambassadors.

THE PRESENTS.

The Japanese Embassy has brought several presents of a valuable character to the President of the United States. These were brought to Washington fifteen large boxes, all well filled. Among the presents is the most magnificent and costly one ever made. It is of Japan ware, and definitely inlaid with pearls and fine gold. It was gilded. The other presents are said to be superior silk goods, and other articles for which the country is famous. All the articles are unequaled for beauty, cost, and exquisite workmanship.

THE OLDEST PAUPER ON THE TOWN.

And so old Betsey Green is dead!
The oldest pauper on the town!
She who has eaten pinkie bread—
Bread of the most unchanging brown—
For six-and-thirty years.

Old Betsey Green is under sod,
Mixed in with loads of human clay;
No surplice priest appealed to God,
And offered up in the light of day
A waiting crowd to tears.

They wrapped her lifeless, withered form
In the scant sheet whereon she lay;
And while her limbs were limbe and warm
They bore poor Betsey Green away,
Lest she recover breath.

They nailed the country coffin down,
With many jokes on her who died;
And one old pauper on the town,
And only one old pauper cried,
From selfish fear of death.

A gravel-wagon bore the load,
Unwashed, unsweet from mud and mire,
The driver jogging o'er the road,
Lest for the pittance of his hire
He gave it too much ride.

And then the three-foot pauper grave—
Unwilling digged by pauper hands—
Where one—half idiot, half knave—
With whimsical hair, in waiting stands
For Betsey Green who died.

He shovels in the frozen clods,
He chuckles as they rattle down,
And to himself he laughs and nods—
This oldest pauper on the town,
Since Betsey Green is dead.

"I can remember well," he croaks,
"That she was fair as any queen;
And well to do were all the folks
Who were of kin with Betsey Green
The day that she was wed.

"For all the maids in miles about
Had set their caps at Robert Green—
The comliest lad, without a doubt,
The country side had ever seen—
And she the greatest catch.

"And Betsey, she had babes as fair
As though she'd chosen gifts for each;
They had their mother's eyes and hair,
And Robert's wheedling, treacherous speech;
The selfish, greedy wretch!

"He spent the gold her father gave;
He mortgaged all her broad farm lands;
She toiled and watched, to earn and save;
He scorned her; called her skinny hands,
Or browned his handsome face.

"Twas well for her, the neighbors said,
When, on one cold, December day,
They found him, in a snow-wrapped bed,
Upon the ice-bound public way,
Fast locked in Death's embrace.

"For Robert loved the liquor cup,
Too well to have his face or life:
The bloated semblance of a man
Was all they brought the stricken wife
From where he lies had lain.

"Year after year, by day and night,
Her hands and head were never still.
Her girls were fair, her boys were bright—
Not one of all the six did ill,
In wedding or in gain.

"Still Betsey could not keep away
The spectre who will never wait;
And so, one stern and bitter day,
She stood before the work-house gate,
To beg for pauper fare.

"Time flies! time flies! and Betsey's dead!
And then, next comes my turn to die.
A hundred years were on her head—
Ten years the elder she than I—
How soon shall I be there?"

Again he stamped the frozen ground,
With feeble step and vacant stare;
Cast one long, idle look around,
And left old Betsey lying there,
To wait her God and crown.

Ah, well! poor Betsey's pauper blood
Runs proudly through some purple veins;
No base suspicion taints its flood,
Of this, the worst of earthly stains—
A pauper on the town!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860.

THE NOMINATION OF LINCOLN.

THE action of the Republican Convention at Chicago, in passing over Mr. Seward and choosing Mr. Lincoln as its standard-bearer for the ensuing campaign, is the subject of much comment and some controversy in the papers. On one side we hear that Mr. Seward was dropped because he could not carry Pennsylvania. Again, we are told that Mr. Seward was killed by Mr. Horace Greeley, who had conceived a bitter hostility to his former chief on account of certain alleged slights, and notably because Mr. Seward declined to further extend the ambitious projects of Mr. Greeley. A third authority affirms that Mr. Seward was passed over on account of the corruptions of the last Legislature at Albany, which was controlled by parties who, it was believed, would likewise control Mr. Seward's administration in the event of his election. A fourth opinion is, that the time confident and successful manner of the Seward managers at Chicago disgusted the Western delegates, who were not prepared to be ordered about by Eastern managers; and that when upon threats of withdrawing the supplies in the event of Seward's rejection were uttered in the Convention, the pride of the West could not brook the insult, and Mr. Seward's fate was sealed. Finally, many persons seem to think that the Convention could not resist the outside pressure in favor of the champion of Illinois; on the very day the platform was adopted the strength of the rival competitors was tested by a trial of lungs, and the Lincoln men, having backed by the spectators and outsiders) shouted so much longer and louder than the Seward men that the weak members at once discovered that Lincoln was the favorite, and made haste to rally to his support.

Among these reasons for the rejection of the natural head of the Republican party, we will at once strike the reader as being plausible. There seems to be no doubt that the influence of Mr. Greeley was, from first to last, actively employed against Mr. Seward, and such an opponent, with such power, prestige, and skill, must, in such a Convention, have been extremely formidable. Indeed, the paper, called The New York *Tribune* has been the creator of the Republican party, and is still its great central organ and censor. In respect to actual influence over the political opinions of the members of the Republican party, Mr. Greeley's power is, doubtless, even greater than Mr. Seward's. When that influence was brought to bear, earnestly and systematically, against the man who has been considered Mr. Greeley's best friend and patron, it must have been almost irresistible, and we need hardly seek any deeper for the cause of Mr. Seward's rejection. How Mr. Greeley came to turn upon his old friend is a matter for conjecture, which, by tacitly ventilated, and the public will probably know the whole truth before long. Hitherto Mr. Greeley has been generally considered by his friends an ardent and conscientious man, who rose above petty considerations of personal spite and personal aggrandizement; the true story of his desertion of Seward will doubtless confirm this impression, and will show that in his action at Chicago he rather played the part of Brutus than that of Judas.

The corrupt legislation at Albany must have had great weight with the Chicago Convention. That votes were openly bought and sold last winter at the Empire capital; that such grievous wrongs were done by the aid of money freely paid to members or their best friends, while other measures were defeated by the same corrupt means, is notorious. It is true that among the corrupt members there were Democrats as well as Republicans; but the latter held the majority in both Houses, and are therefore responsible for their acts. Had the Republicans been honest, no corruption on the part of Democrats could have done mischief. Furthermore, it is in evidence that the secret agents of last winter's corruption at Albany were also the most active friends of Mr. Seward at Chicago, and would presumably have been his most influential friends at Washington, in the event of his election. This consideration must have prevented many from giving him their support.

These causes appear to be primarily responsible for Mr. Seward's rejection. We may now mention a third. Among the candidates for the nomination Mr. Seward occupied indisputably the highest place. He towered a head and shoulders above all competitors—in experience, in statesmanship, in authority, in influence, in every quality which can fit a man for the Presidency. His rivals were fairly balanced among themselves; he stood alone. None of the minor candidates appeared formidable enough to alarm the others; but all were against Seward. Their insecurity protected them from hostility, but his eminence provoked them. It is the old story—our American ostracism—which killed Webster, and has now deposed Seward of the nomination.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

GARIBALDI, the soap-boiler of Staten Island, is evidently going to be the Washington of Italian independence. Characteristic policy has prevented our knowing exactly what part was his in the emancipation of Lombardy, Modena, Parma, Tuscany, and the Romagna; we may rest assured that his iron will and noble disinterestedness had not a little to do with the unanimity and lofty patriotism which have induced the citizens of those various Italian States to unite under one Government—and that a monarchy. And now we hear of him where the last battle must be fought—in the dominions of the King of the Two Sicilies. He left Genoa with 2200 men, in three steamers, on 6th May; touched at a friendly port in Tuscany; and before these lines are read our readers will probably be acquainted with the circumstances of his landing in Sicily.

There are now in Italy only two powers which resist the progressive tendency of the age and the cause of Italian unity—these are Rome and Naples. The Pope continues to claim sovereignty over his temporal subjects in the northern States of the Church; to assert his divine right to transfer and tyrannize the unhappy people who were given over to him by the treaties of 1815; to fulminate excommunications against each and every Christian who does not see the justice of Papal despotism, or the righteousness of the measures of Bergin. Happily for the cause of humanity, the Pope's days will bring about its own end. The people of the Romagna have emancipated itself and maintain their independence. By-and-by Napoleon will withdraw his troops from Rome, and then the Pope will have to choose between another indication of his impenitence to the spirit of the age as will satisfy his people. He has neither the means nor the men to resist the impending popular outbreak. The broken-down janissary, Lamoriciere, who has lately assumed command of his forces, will soon throw up the fruitless task in despair, and retire to his obscure retreat in Belgium. Without any foreign interference, the cause of Italy and independence will take care of itself in the States of the Church.

In Naples the case is different. There the King has a large and disciplined army, an numerous cavalcade, a navy not to be despised, the prestige of hereditary rule, and an enormous auxiliary force of lazaroni and banditti, who are opposed to any improvements in the existing feeble government. In 1849 Naples restored the Pope. In 1850 Naples crushed out liberalism. In 1851, and afterward, Naples filled its dungeons with its best and noblest citizens. Naples—we speak of the kingdom of that name—is the native country of wrongs of all kinds; of highway robbers, mutinous mobs, starving peasantry, abundant morals, paying taxes, and kisses, tortures, a spiritless *bon gesoisie*, a debauched aristocracy, a socialist *proletariat*, a military despotism, one-sided laws, venal judges, corrupt officials, a universal prostration of all that is noble, and a general upheaval of all that is base in humanity. Still Naples is alive, and may yet live; and if Italy is to be free and independent, Naples must admit the necessity of freedom and independence. Hence Naples is now the natural scene of the impendable conflict. In Naples it must be fought out. Hence it is that we hear of the great champion of Italian liberty setting sail for Sicily.

Time will reveal the result of his expedition; but no one can follow its progress without heartfelt prayers for its success. The defeat of Garibaldi and his companions would be a blow to the cause of popular liberty throughout Europe. May Providence befriend him!

THE FLOATING DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. SHERMAN, of Ohio, and Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, who appear to be the ruling spirits of the House of Representatives in Washington, have framed a new tariff bill, increasing the duties in a protective direction, and providing that the present Treasury Notes shall be funded by the issue of a new Federal stock having twenty years to run. It is not likely that the bill will become a law. Before the Republicans interpreted the protective plank into their platform at Chicago the prospect of the protectionists at Washington was slender enough; since the Lincoln men made that the sine qua non of the support of Pennsylvania the fate of the bill in the Senate has been certain. It will not pass. The tariff of 1857 will last, as all events, until the next Congress meets. The question remains—What is to be done with the outstanding Treasury Notes?

Some parties seem to have them funded. If they were, recent experience proves that the United States would not get over a premium of one to two per cent. for five per cents.; and should business and mercantile building again become active they would not get as much as this. If, afterward, the progress of the country proceed as rapid as it was before the crisis, the tariff of 1857 would, in 1863 and 1864, provide a surplus of several millions beyond the wants of Government; and, as was the case under Mr. Pierce, the Treasury Department would be witnessed buying in its bonds before their maturity, at 15 @ 20 per cent. premium.

If, on the other hand, the Treasury Notes be simply extended—as has been the case for a couple of years—in the event of an increase of income from duties they might be retired, without any loss of interest in the shape of premiums. We are inclined to think that when the Senate rejects the House tariff bill this alternative will be adopted as the most satisfactory under the circumstances.

THE STEAMSHIP "ADRIATIC."

NOW that the summer begins to Europe has commenced, we take pleasure in drawing attention to the magnificent steamship *Adriatic*, which is plying between New York and Liverpool. She is, as most of our readers will remember, the last of the Collins line, and must have cost over a million dollars. As to size, she is the largest passenger steamer afloat; and thus, notwithstanding her popularity, her passengers are not likely to be crowded together as they are in some smaller vessels. Her speed is proved by the last passage she made; though she was delayed several hours by a gale on the run from the Nantucket Shoals, Light Ship at Sandy Hook in 9 days and 17 minutes. Her comforts are unsurpassed; she is one of the steadiest ships afloat. Her commander, Captain Comstock, is deservedly popular. A passenger on her last voyage writes concerning her performance on that occasion:

"On leaving Southampton we encountered strong head-winds most of the time, and all of the time high and boisterous seas, until we reached Cape Race, since which time we have had but about thirty-four hours good weather. The weather was exceedingly boisterous; that the passengers from the first extinguished all hope of even a decently short passage. But after three or four days of continuous rolling, the motion of the ship was pronounced, by common consent of several old travellers, much the easiest ship that they had ever seen in bad weather. I am satisfied that, to those acquainted with the subject, and who will be interested in what we encountered, she has presented by her run evidence of the highest power, speed, and triumph over the roughest seas ever known in marine navigation. Without this very honored herself more than if she had made an eight day passage under passage.

"I have no particular favorites among steamers or ships, but when the *Baltic* makes a passage in ten days and a fraction on fifty-three tons of coal per day—when the *Vanderbilt*, about 600 tons less than the *Adriatic*, beats the *Baltic*, with the same engineering skill and capital of England into the bargain, trip by trip, and when the *Adriatic*, on her first trip, before her engines are smooth or her boxes rubbed down to a steady bearing, makes a boisterous passage in nine days and seventeen and a half hours, or, as she did yesterday, with twenty-two pounds of steam and fifteen revolutions, 300 miles on 110 tons of coal, I feel proud of the triumphs of my countrymen over haughty Britannia, and of the prospect of this new ship beating the *Persia* twenty or twenty-four hours before the summer is over."

We gave a magnificent engraving of the *Adriatic* in No. 39 of this *Weekly*, published September 22, 1859.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PEOPLE FOWLE.

EVER a Lounger can not but observe the universal Lounger's excitement. It reaches its prime intensity every four years, and often enough makes wise and timid men shake their heads and wonder what the millennium can ever be made of. But such men forget that the appeal to the people is the secret of our security, or else we are all wrong. It is jealousy of permanent tenure, despite governments which inspires our whole system; and as Antaeus constantly strengthened himself by touching the earth, so our government must purify itself by a periodical appeal to the people.

Every thing depends upon the character and intelligent of the people, and that they will resist the plausible falsebooks of politicians. For the instincts of great masses of people are generally just and generous. No man used to public speaking but has found that, in addressing an unprejudiced audience, their sympathy is quite sure to be upon the right side. It is only when they have been taught by representations of interest or selfishness that they err from the right. Make any generalization, if not always, Incited by intelligent but unscrupulous men, who use the crowd at tools to do what they themselves would and dare do. And hence so often if a speaker, who is both sincere and eloquent, can only gain the ear of a mob he can unquestionably mend, by a direct appeal to their sense of justice. The leaders know this, and their first effort, therefore, is to overwhelm the speaker's voice with a general uproar.

The suspicion against politicians is therefore well founded. The demagogue is the most dangerous man in the world, because he knows the power of popular prejudice, and does not hesitate to appeal to it. It is when we are called governments of the people it is always a few who really govern, and the mass merely follow. For intellectual force and the sway of genius are irresistible; and when a philosopher says that the many are wiser than the few, he can only mean that. the influence of men are generally just ment of many is less likely to be special selfish interest than t"

that the many, as a body, have a peculiar wisdom, is not true. For upon any possible point of politics, your knowledge the few are always wiser than the crowd.

Thus it happens that the mere appeal to the people against the exclusive control of the government is taken out of the hands of professional politicians. It has a chance to insemination of a principle. It is born into widely administered—that is, for the utmost general benefit—the general voice will confirm it, and the combination will have gained force from the fact of that appeal. If the true interest of the many have been disregarded, and they perceive it, they will effect a change. But it is possible for the adroit politician to conceal or obscure this fact, or so to influence public opinion that it is overbalanced; then the government, whatever it may be, will continue. But no people, instructed as we are, and with no among us one who is not ready for its purposes, can be always blinded; so that, however but the debate may be, we may confidently repose upon the popular verdict.

We are evidently to have a lively summer—much music, and of many kinds. But no man who has a practical knowledge of the parties and general wisdom of our system will be seriously troubled. There is but one thing that ought to create apprehension, wherever it exists, and that is, the conviction that the people are generally corrupt, or easily corrupted. Whatever believes that cause to tremble, for that is the end of our political life and mission.

PICKING PUBLIC FLOWERS.

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—As you seem to be a kind of general censor and critic, and as many things which are said to you are heard by those who are not present, without any risk of betraying who it is that says them, I want to call your attention to a nuisance which ought to be corrected, or rather to picking the flowers in the Central Park.

Last Sunday there were several streets made for this delicious park, and many offenders were unwhipped. I saw one party, in which were two or three children, who plucked as many flowers as they chose. In their passage they were reminded of the law and of the fine. "It's only the children!" they said, as if that made any difference. What frightful law the children of that woman in the frightful green bonnet with yellow bows and roses to pick the flowers that belong to every body and not to any one person? It is the most miserably selfish of all acts to destroy, for your personal and momentary gratification, a beauty which is intended for all. It is the act by which I growled about my cousin Boomly, with whom I was walking, as we passed the ridiculous green bonnet. "There! old, I say, "cousin Boomly, and what are the next children who come along to do? And how long are flowers supposed to last when every child that comes by has a pick them?

I hope, Mr. Lounger, that you will talk very plainly about this business, and let every body understand that, when he walks in the Park with or without the "poor children," he is narrowly watched by all of people who understand their rights and mean to maintain them. Last summer it was a matter of general congratulation that the visitors behaved well. They seemed to appreciate the fact that the Park was an enjoyment for all. Keep this before them. Make them remember it all the time, and I have no doubt we shall all behave as we ought.

Perhaps I spoke just now rather hastily of the green bonnet. I do think it was frightful, although, if it had been a thoughtful, gentle, considerate person who wore it, it might have seemed to us really beautiful. I sometimes think that the beauty of a person's dress depends upon that of the mind.

However, I see that I am growing sentimental; I believe that is what page calls me whenever I am not saying that twice two make four. So good-by. But please, all, let us keep their hands off the flowers in the Central Park. They are for every body—not for body.

TIMON, in full fully, MARY DONLEY.

A MODEST QUESTION.

The fight between Heenan and Sayers was as notorious that it took place as the Italian war between France and Austria last summer. The Government knew it—all the police knew it—the whole kingdom of red tape was aware of it, and the circumlocution office was unquestionably willing. The fight occurred, and had no power to quit except that Mr. Sayers's arm was disabled, and Mr. Heenan's eyes were closed. These gentlemen wish to take another turn at it, and modify themselves and the world which of the twain is the more enduring and skillful in the high debate. What reason can there possibly be that they should not fight now which was not valid against their fighting at all? Such a reason has been discovered, and all lovers of public decency would fully rally like to know what it is. The Government has informed Mr. Somebody, who was the referee in the first encounter, that there must not be another. Now the Lounger submits, upon the part of people who can see no profound difference between a brutality in the month of April and the same brutality in the month of June, that a Government, which was so fully aware of the intention to the first encounter as to let it be the last, seems itself by every reason that it alleges for preventing another meeting between these distinguished gentlemen.

TAKING THINGS AS THEY ARE.

There is certainly no more common advice than that we should take men and things as they are. If a man is impressed with the urgent necessity of reformation in public or private affairs

"I swell and his heart throb with some humane hope—full old Tom the shoulder: "Oh yes, my young friend, all very well; but you'd better take men as you find them."

Or a preacher appeals, in the spirit and words of his master, to people who profess to believe those words—he is uncompromising, instant, vehement. "Yes, yes, my good Sir," smiles prosperous Insincerity; "but it isn't the Millennium; things are going on in a deuced fine way; we'd perhaps better take the world as it is."

Of course, if we take it at all, we must take it as it is. And of course men are, in fact, long- and short-sighted; and of course it is always easy enough for us all to go to ——, the abode of the unpitied.

Shall we therefore all go there? Being weak and selfish, are we to do nothing to promote virtue and generosity? Are we to force the world as we find it? If a man would be, and ought to be, ashamed of himself, if he were yet a little more than half way over only bunkoed and Canada thistles, and lived there for ten years, and then left it growing narrow and bunkoed, shall he have enough a man to feel who is born into the splendors, and opportunities, and powers of the world and cultivated society, and leaved behind him without the sign of a single effort of his toward any thing nobler than his own ease? What is that terrible parade of the same taken in the napkin but an illustration of this very thing? Who is that wicked and unimprovem servant who wraps his talent in a napkin? He is a lazy, selfish, cowardly fool of all; he is the most active of men. He is up early and late. He sneers at repose; he prides himself, and spent his life in work. He is up and down the rear of his machinery just the air. Day and night ships sail for him; and his name is familiar in the remotest corners of the earth. He plans the schemes, intrigues, and conquers. Who is he? He is dull old Inflexity and prosperous Insincerity. He is a man of the world. He is a man of activity that shakes the world? He is putting his talent in a napkin.

The world, after all, is the Sphinx; and if you do not guess her riddle she will kill you. The streets and lanes are full of her victims and victims. The mark of the fatal claw is on them all. Yet she only asked, "Does your interest lie in being generous, hopeful, humane, self-sacrificing, loyal to love, to duty, to conscience, doing as you would be done by—or in selfishness?" It was a very simple question, and it is a very easy one to hard that few of us could solve it. What is selfishness, we said, but enlightened self-interest? Let us be generous and wrapped up our talent in a napkin.

"Let the world take care of itself; its its own affair; we must look after our own. Take men as you find them; and remember men are not angels," quoth dull old Inflexity; and an echo followed his words: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

IMPARTIALITY.

WHAT the Lounger lately said about living and Paulding reminds him that there is a very common and very false interpretation of the word impartiality, to the effect that it is the same thing as the absence of any fixed opinion.

But the word merely describes the state of mind in which only can we form an opinion which may be worthy of being called so. It is a mind which says, "Oh! there's a great deal to be said upon both sides," he hearer feels very sure either that the speaker does not know what he is talking, or that he doesn't want to make it up. Moreover, in the case of the most important questions there is not much to be said on the other side. There is very much to be said in favor of selfishness in whatever form it may present itself? The object of an impartial mind is simply to ascertain the truth whether it be selfishness. Then impartiality has done its duty. Then to hesitate and dally upon the plea that every thing has a good side, is simply to be a tray principle in the most cowardly manner.

People who dodge through the world endeavoring to be friends with every body, and thinking which expresses a strong conviction lest somebody else of an opposite conviction should be insulted, people who dip and slide quietly over all rough places are either those who have no honest, intensive thinking from all difference, or those who slide along, as snakes do on the banks of rivers, in the slime. Neither cities is impartial—one has an opinion from conviction and the necessary, the other has none from the lowest fear and selfishness. But the Judge who, having heard all sides, declares that the prisoner is guilty, is impartial he does though the heavens fall," he is impartial.

Hence in every country where public questions are decided by the people, the value of impartiality in opinion is often called an impartial one. In every important debate there can be, of course, but two sides; and people who are interested in the subject of difference will inevitably range themselves upon one side or the other. And this for the sufficient reason that one side will help and the other hinder the movement. To say that both sides are indifferent and foolish—that they do not always do the best that they can—is, it is necessary to complain that the cars in the train are not as perfect as you could wish. If the cars are going where you wish to go, you are only unfortunate if you remain behind for no better reason than that. Individuals are not always responsible for every action of the mass with which they move. Doubtless there was a great deal of questionable conduct in the Washington Revolution. The Tories and many blunders among the officers; but all who wanted American Independence fought with that army for all that. In this world we are all men; and we must always consider the necessary limitations and nature of the instruments we work with before we sneer at them and throw them aside as incompetents.

So it is with impartiality. A man who tries to be impartial by not taking a side, is like one who vainly endeavors to stand firmly by balancing now upon one foot, and now upon the other. He stands nowhere, he is foolishly unsteady; and when he eries self-complacently, "This is firmness!" the whole world of earnest workers merely laugh.

THE FINE ART OF ADVERTISING.

The art of advertising has been almost exhausted. When Coleridge delivered his Shakespeare lectures in London, what kind of audience could have assembled if he had been announced as the English Plato? "Go and hear the English Plato on Shakespeare! Go and hear the English Plato on Shakespeare! The English Plato speaks to-night on Shakespeare!" Of course, we would have gone? Who would not have echoed the first two words of the exhortation, and have given it a distinct ending?

The question naturally presents itself, why a scholar and orator, gravely discoursing upon some literary subject, should be regarded like a quack nostrum for corns, or a newly-found negro idiot called "What is it?" The people who wish to see and, as an inevitable consequence, to desire to hear scholars discourse. They would not be entertained.

The Reverend Dr. Scudder delivered some lectures upon India in the early part of the season. The Doctor and his lectures were advertised like a circus and menagerie. It was disagreeable to think of the lecturer's emotions when he saw the manner in which his lectures were announced. People did not believe that they were good because some purveyor or manager said so with a great rhetorical flourish. The lectures may had bored them and told their neighbors. And although, of course, they heard of them, in the first place, from the advertisement, they were repelled by the particular rhetoric. Murray could not have puffed Livingstone's travels into the enormous sale they have had if the book had not been liked. Thus, it might have hired every column in the London Times, and called the work, in the largest letters, the greatest book that was ever written. He would have had his expense for his pains.

Advertising is, of course, the first necessity of a prosperous trade. Men must know that you have something to sell, or they will not come to buy. But the thing is to remember that those people do not wish to hear you say that what you offer is the finest that ever was or could be. Of course the coldness of every man who has been to sell are but useless. Nobody cares the horse you are bargaining for is the none-such of the jockey who is selling him. Of course the shoes over the way are not such shoes as you are seeing upon this side of the street. Of course this novel is the greatest hit of the season. The publisher paid enormously for the privilege of saying so.

There are certain subjects and men entitled to decent treatment. The Lounger, for instance, may represent a clown grinning and standing on his head. But you have no right to treat a scholar in that way.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FEW is worth more than physic, and whoever invents or discovers a new source of supply deserves the name of a public benefactor.

Did the man who plowed the sea, and afterward planted his feet on his native soil, ever harvest the crops?

An Irish judge said, when addressing a prisoner, "I'm sorry to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

Sweetlippens thinks that instead of giving credit to wine merchants, it would be much better to pail.

In the window of a shop in an obscure part of London is this announcement: "Goods removed, messages taken, cocks boxed, and other business transacted as may subject."

"My dear doctor," said a lady, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes."

"Is the patient, madam," he replied, "you would probably suffer a great deal more without them."

CHARLES. "Clara, did poor little Carlo have a pink ribbon on his neck when you last saw him?"

CLARA. "Yes, yes, the little dear. Have you been fishing?"

CHARLES. "No, not exactly; but here's a piece of pink ribbon in the meantime."

The Duke de Duras, observing Descartes seated one day at a luxurious table, cried out,

"What! do philosophers dine like mortals?"

"Why not?" replied Descartes; "do you think that nature gives us good things for food?"

Johnson pressed upon old Judge Burwell, father of the illustrious Jonny, the question what good Cromwell had done for the cause of liberty. Burwell was amused by the doctor he spoke out at last: "Pore Gad, doctor, he made Hampden and Pym and Ireton to their seats."

The Mr. P.'s were one evening recently reeling down to the House of Commons discussing politics as well as their dinner, and a very well known politician. Oswald, entered the lobby.

"Europe's true balance must not be overthrown?" to which the other replied,

"Confound Europe's balance—try to keep your own."

An unfortunate murdered man was very ill used by his landlady—she was cruel, unjust, and altogether unendurably irritating. His friends rallied him upon this, and at last prevailed him to make a will in her favor, which was found to be master. One day, not long after, his better half was so irritated by his conduct that himself compelled to make shorter under the table. Just at this moment the velvet of his friends gave way, and he exclaimed, "Good gracious! come out!" cried the wife, fearful of all exposure. "No, my dear," cried the unfortunate, "I'm dead—I'm dead—not I. I'll stay for once that I am master."

Some years ago a party of Cambridge philosophers undertook, for a wager, to walk round the universe into the very depths of a Cornish mine. Professor Pumsh, who made one of the party, has published a work to dis guise the following startling incident of his: "I had the misfortune to be attacked by vertigo, because of the basin, and, with a minor for a fellow-passenger, he perceived, to be honest, certain unmistakable symptoms of giving in the rope. "How ellen do you change your rope, my good man?" he inquired, when the change there every three minutes Sir!" replied the man in the bucket; "and we shall change this one to morrow, if we get up safe."

WHEN IS JESUS?—"Who's that a pictur' on?" said a countryman the other day to an itinerant print-seller, who was hawking some cheap engravings. "That, Sir, is the Saviour, Jesus," is Jesus commanding the sea to stand still." "Well, I don't think it's Jesus, I tell ye sir!" said the countryman.

"HEAVY EXCHANGES AND BOTH DOWN."

"*Fast Boy! Sayers of a Fight (Fancies).*

This setting of purses, and cheering of cheers.

In London and Liverpool, nothing so strange is:
For not any fast boy is more in fond of Tom Sayers.
Could'ring how lines Sayers is of exchanges.

"Of what permission is Miss C——?" demanded one a sister,
"Why, a handbook that to see she scorns," said I, "as Eve—apple."

When we read the almost interminable sentences of Carlyle, we can not help thinking that their readers are in danger of being entangled in them.

Why should platoons grow better than any other way—Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

In a speech on behalf of a blind asylum the orator expressly remarked, "If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!"

An individual was arrested the other day while endeavoring to dispose of a counterfeit note. He was in wasn't used to the business, and was just trying to get rid of it.

They praise what they do not understand. A Dutchman says: "I will tell you such is the powers of de Shakespeare, did I know more de pipe tobacco Amsterdam, ghak, in Holland, where dee vane not van persons in all de house hab herself could understand it; yet dere was not a persons in all dat house but was in tears, dat is, all dat was, and, very many moreh, couldn't understand a word of de play, yet all weeping. Such was de power of de Shakespeare.

A REPRESENTATIVE BOY.—*Punch* says that the British Boy has always represented his countrymen in the Prize Ring. Perhaps the Prince of Wallingford will probably prove that he is equally well qualified to represent them in Congress.

Wigs may date to England from King Stephen's time; and it was probably at this period that polite sure were first shocked by the expression "Pass my wig!" That people made no scruple about owning that they wore wigs was a great point in the time of Stephen, if a bald-headed, wittish, to please the antiquarian, we may find room to quote:

"Gile avcunbe mp hebde ie bear a brunne wigge O!
Gil avcunbe ge hebde ie bear ye wite and bagge:
Sinp gil anp mde nobne sake of mee ge rnne
Ge ne ne ne ne ne ne ne ne ne ne
Ef il lanie tell ypm tlie because mp hatre
Is getinge thinne and gnage."

SCENE AT AN EATING-HOUSE.

OLD PARSY (*at dinning-table, very much excited*). "Why, waiter! what is this? You are trying to play with your beaufsteak!"

WAITER (*Meekly*). "It's of no consequence, Sir—it's only a dirty one!"

A NOTORIOUS CHARACTER IN THE CITY.—Broadway is an old offender, and invariably taking takes up.

A THOROUGH BREAD EATER.—The King of Sardinia has knighted the patriotic baker, Giuseppe Dolci. No doubt the worthy baker of the seven and twenty loaves, a doughty champion, his achievements will be recorded in the rolls of fame, and he will be acknowledged as the flour of chivalry.

THE REAL PARSY FRANCISCO.—London and Liverpool CHRONICLES.—Tom Sayers's "Fancies."

A GRAND FOR HUNGRY FOLKS.—*Brookeblina Bruiset.*

Two candles were, some time ago, taken before a Dublin magistrate charged with "disturbing the peace." The Justice, who was a shrewd and waggish man, had young counsel, who, in the crafty examination of either of the professed belligerents: so he dismissed them upon a promise "not to carry their quarrel further," adding, "Gentlemen, I let you off this time; but, upon my conscience, if you have brought against me, I'll fine you all I don't bind you both down to fight." They did and shook hands and parted.

Old Bachelor Secret would like to know what kind of a broom the young woman to the last now novel used when she swept the room into right angles in her chamber.

THE CHEMISTRY OF THE HAIR.—Trudgin, the West-end hair-dresser, says being asked what hair was the richest, replied, quite in an off-hand manner, "The pink golden. Sir; in every sense, Sir, there's sense so rich as the pink golden." His inquisitor seemed astonished, and said, "Perhaps you're right, Trudgin. It stands to reason, you know, that like attracts like, and pink must be richer than any hair which is simply gilded." Trudgin acquiesced, but was evidently nonplussed at the unexpected turn of proposition. He retired into his studio to ponder over it.

A young lady having asked a gentleman the size of his neck, he sent the following:

"The size of my neck I trade remarkably strange,
And admits of a very significant range:
As a tie, for a beau, it is small, I ween,
And there—enough to make a man fainter.
But for a bull-dog, it is quite big,
The length of your arm will just go round my neck."

It is a mean to say that your arm is long.

An exchange has the following, as an excellent system of gardening for ladies: Make up your beds early in the morning and water your flowers with perfumed water. Put rake up any grievances; prune the young and tender branches of your children, plant a smile of good temper in your face; and carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness.

FASHIONABLE CHARITY.

YOUNG LADY (*to*) "Sister, Sister, Mrs. Gaunt is below, and would like the money for the last concert—what shall I say? Mrs. Gaunt, I'm sorry, but it is so quite destitute."

Mrs. Ellen Jewett. "Oh, gracious, I can't be bothered now. Besides, I require all the money I have at present, and on Monday will be provided in this place a comedy, etc., for the benefit," etc.

A very fat man having taken a seat in an omnibus, already crowded to the great uneasiness of the passengers, several, with painful breathing and mutterings, hinted to the fat man that a little of his fat—the *par-excellence* kind—"I don't know," responded a man, "but, judging from the effect he produces, I should suppose him a nuisance of the Press."

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a harvest.

HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, OF ME., REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—SEE LAST WEEK'S NUMBER, PAGE 322.]

JAPANESE WHITTLINGS.

Ten Major Jack Downing, Downingville, Downing County, State on Maine, in care of Mister Harper, who'll print it.

WASHINGTONS, *May* 23, 1860.

I TOLD yeou last week, dear Uncle Jack, that I'd let yeou awl kno about the Jappyknees, the President having got me tew be his tin-hand man in coin' abeout with 'em. And as Mister Harper's hed his artists hear, a sketchin' and a drawin' awl thats hen dun, why yeou'll know jist as much abeout it tew Downing'ill as if yeou was hear, without eany bills tew pay. P'raps, as it's a long story, the printers will sort ov cut it up with little signs, sew thet yeou can pick out the part yeou like best first. Hear goes:

THE PRESENTATION.

A Thursday the sun roze brite and yeerly, and sew did we tew the White House, for the Jappyknees was a comin' in grate stait. Ev'ry thing wes in apple-pi ordur, and the Cabbynit wes awl reddy, and the members of Kongress begun tew cum. They brot their wives tew, and yeou say tew see that tepeits that air hill agin pollyglammy in this Deesert hes maid it a Salt Lake. Wey, ev'ry member had at lette three wives on an average—sum on 'em horeally as thumbur, and sum aint emf tew etc. Then cum the officurs, heded buy Gimeral Scott and eended by a West Pintur, and ahere the navy officurs, a-gilded on thair emfs and trowsurs sew that the members ov Congress thort they hadn't ought tew have emy more pay.

Jist then Michel cum and told me that the reporturs wes oust in the cold, and I met John Cochran, and he sed the same, and in we went tew the President, who wes a lyin' a-net in a white crayat. I tell yeou, the way that air Nu Yorker lade decwn the law wurn't dew, and the President sed I "let'em cum." Tide wes rile. The people pay the hills of this sho, and they wurnt tew kno jist wet is a goin' on, and Mister Harper sketchur is the wun tew sho them heow 'tis dun.

If yeou'd a seen the processhun in which they cum, a 'scorted buy the marsewn, with their grate band in red flannel a tootin' away like fun! The sogers marched in tew rows, kind ov spraddled oout, and between them wes the Jappyknees, in open-backs, wun in a hack with an naval officur. Hach side on 'em marched their staff-officurs, I s'pose, for each wun kerry'd a staff, jist like the wardens in St. Jubulo's Lodge ov Freemasons tew a dedderceshun. On wun staff wes a flag, on another a bowy-knife, on another an axe, and sew on.

Wen they get tew the White House, and in the entry, thes fellers formed in tew lines, inward face, opsis ranks, and wen the diplermatic wulk'd thew they maded deown and presented arms—I mean sh—.

Between yeou and eye, Uncle Jack, wot wouldn't Gimeral Jackson hav sed tew hav had humen beins a nealing deown in the White House? Awl this tyme the east room was a gittin' packed like figs with members of Kongress and members' wives. The army and the navy officurs hud jist as much as they could dew tew keep a place oppen in frunt ov the dore. The wives of the members stud up on chares, and wun or tew got clean up on the mantel-peeces, n displayin' dimnity orphanity.

THE INTERVIEW.

In cum the President, with his cabbynet, and stud facin' the dore—officurs on each side ov him—behind them lots and cords of members of Kongress and a grate meany more of their wives. Gimeral Cass went eout, and in he cum with the Jappyknees. Heow I wish yeou could hav seen 'em.

They looked for awl the world like little old lody's dressed up tew kill, with quee litetl things tide on there heds, and tew sords stuck in every feller's belt, which rared up when they bowed deown like the tale fethers ov a cockerill. They cum a sskin' in, demin'-eesle fashun, forward tew—how—forward tew—bow—forward tew—how! And each time they bow'd Mr. Buckennan he bowed, and awl looked serreus as mestin'-time, only wun gurl up on a chare hesk saw a fellur lookin' at her pantuletts, and giggled. "Shu!" sed ev'ry boddy, and the gurl look'd ashamd, and the fellur didn't look tuther weigh.

Then a little Jappyknee ov intermprete habits—a Prince ov Boozy thay calls him—takes a paper box, and keeps a opinin' heres out on it, and tuks eout of the innermost box a treety, and giv it tew the President. He giv it tew Gemeral Cass, and then the hed Jappyknee begun tew mumbul eout wet he had tew say. This wos translerated by the medium of Dutch, wich ain't equal tew spirit-rappin'. The grate mas of spectators, not bein' abel tew see, get imposhent.

When the President had herd it awl, and wos a clerin' his throte tew reply, out they sshed, stare first, a bowin'—a retreitt' tew step—a bowin'—and sew eout. We wundur'd wot in king was the mattur, and the navy officurs and sumthin' sheout eutropet, when in thay cum, a-kitein'. The Dutch 'turpreter sed thay warnted tyme tew let the President recover from the 'fect ov wot they had sed; but he didn't seem tew mind it a pin, and I thort he looked as tho' he wished 'twos over.

Wa'al, in they sayled agin, and then the President he had his say, wich wos strynged thru tew 'turpreters afore they understud a word. Folks thort 'twos orphul sollum, but I slipped out, and went deown stares, whair the kitchin cabbernet wos a entertainin' the millertery wile the President's cabbernet wos a bein' interdoced tew the Jappyknees, and the sho wos heln' happerly concluddi. The regiur trupes, that's fell on hemes and a little mete, thort a good dele more ov the esterkies deown stares than the peepul did up stares that cudn't see nor hear a thing. But it wes a grate event, tho' Count Von Videpoche, wun ov the Uropean dippelomatters, see it wos orful tew have wentatures thair, 'speshally the ladys. But I didn't think sew, no more did the feller who had a peep at the paintuletts.

DINNER WITH THE JAPANESE.

A Friday I wos asked tew dine with the Jappyknees, and you'd better believe I went. The fore big buggs ate buy themselves, but the other sixteen ate with the officurs, in a room Mr. Willard had fixed up apurpos. I wos disappointed in there weigh, for they used there nives and forks jist like we dew. Hice scream tew be thare favrit provinduir, and when fride chickin's hiled in it they likes it best. Then they etes eggs—in omelletts, fried, hiled, poched, or roosted. They don't say no tew champain, but sert ov keep watch on each other, like the Suns ov Temperance. They taiks long drinks, tew, wut they gits at chance.

Arter dinner I went tew the room of Squire Naurase Genisiero—wot a naim! He's a sort of Brignid-Major tew the Prince ov Boozy and the crowd, and speker English sort ov tollerble well. He sho'd me a little book in which a Jappyknee had pictur'd eout awl the Americans thay'd seen, and 'twos funny, I tell yeou, e'enmost beatin' the pictures on the last page of Mister Harper's paper.

GENERAL CASS'S BALL.

That nite Gemeral Cass gin a ball, and we awl went, dressed aweigh up, only the ladys' wos dressed aweigh down. Yeou couldn't move a step without a trellis' on sumbody's silk gowns, and nory greeun wa'nt up on the neck and shoulders—orjust sarsawy sum wos tew. Yeou'd ort tew hav seen the Jappyknees look; and wen thay begun tew wurlts thay look'd as tho' sum of the gals mite fly an' tew pieces, and tho'l this tew say 'em. Then wen purty gals cum and smyl'd, and sed tew the 'terpreturs, "Ask him tew dance with me?" an' look'd beseechin' like till 'twos sold. 'Twos orphul tanty-lisin', I tell yeou, and sum ev 'em look'd as tho' they'd like tew take off share baggy trowsurs (puttin' on others, ov course), and change thare clumsy shuse fur Congress buties, and take wun ov the purty gals who stud thare like lemmans tew go in and be squeez'd. Littel Count Videpoche wouldn't know where, and he sed, says he, "Sare, I stuk se Japannis be ven gra-ce-fu-and boombug!" I thet tew myself, but didn't say so, "You're a little humbug, and ellips'd, yung ferryman." But wen he got tew the chicken sallad and the champain he got better natur'd, and wen the Jappyknees went hum "early tew bed," he shone agin. I left hym in the German kotillun, abeout tew o'clock, a whirlin' areound like plum.

OPEN-AIR CONCERT AT THE PRESIDENT'S GROUNDS.

So far, the Jappyknees had seed me, and the President, and other dignitteries; but a Saturdy they seed the peepul. The President had the Marseen band cum tew his frunt yard behind the White House, and they and the founting phild tew hours putty steddy—the founting not spouting much water, and the band a tooting eout music mastarly slow. The Jappyknees was on the portico, and I and the President, Guy'nur Tonyer, Kurnul Hardee, and others, wes thare, with Miss Lane, who looked purty eauff tew ete, and wen dressed up nice as a nu pin, with a vale on top ov her hed.

BENJAMIN DOWNING, 3d.

P.S.—We'to a tryin' tew straten up things for Ballermere, but it's hard tew get the train that switched off the Demmercratic track tew Charleston fur Richmund, with Yancey for conductur, tew kick on agin, and cum into Ballermere with the rest. But General Cushin' ses he'll have a leadur a horseback, and that the "Gutlrie Grays" will fall into line with the "Giant Bowlers," the "Hunter Horse Guards," and the "Fire-eating Fusileers." They meaught; and then agin they meaughtent, as the darkies say.

B. D., 3d.

P.S. No. 2.—Say tew Sarah Hale that I'm tree as the kumpass, with a slite Washinton varyshun or tew.

B. D., 3d.

TOMMY.

We give below a portrait of the Japanese Tommy, who is such a favorite just now at Washington. Tommy is one of the attendants upon the Ambassadors—a sharp, active, intelligent little fellow, he has already picked up a good many English words. Tommy was at first a great pet of the ladies; but some one having persuaded him that hoops and their superstructure were "solid," he made an attempt to verify the matter the other day, and since then the ladies are rather shy of him.

OUR JAPANESE VISITOR "TOMMY" AMONG THE LADIES OF WASHINGTON.—[SKETCHED

THE TORNADO AT CINCINNATI—THE ROOF OF THE OFFICE OF THE "CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL" BLOWN OFF.—[FROM A SKETCH BY GEORGE M. FINCH, ESQ.]

THE TORNADO AT CINCINNATI.

WE engrave herewith, from a drawing by Mr. Finch, of Cincinnati, a picture of the unroofing of the *Commercial* building at Cincinnati by the gale of 21st ult. The *Gazette* of Cincinnati says:

"One of the most terrific tornadoes ever known visited our city yesterday afternoon between three and four o'clock, which resulted in the complete demolition of a large number of buildings, the partial destruction of churches and hundreds of dwelling-houses, the death of four men in the city and of two by drowning in the river, injury of several women and children, and miscellaneous destruction generally.

"The new *Commercial* Office Building, at the northeast corner of Ruce and Fourth streets, was one among the thousands which suffered. The cornice of the building was rent, and the roof shattered; but, like a piece of paper, they were ripped from their places, and scattered for a distance of one square. The compositors of the office were at work at the time, and the first intimation they had of the fury of the gale was the absence of the roof and the clattering of bricks and mortar about their heads.

"A large quantity of bricks and timbers, displaced from the *Commercial* Building, fell upon the skylight of the building adjoining, and passed through each story into the cellar, considering in its transit a large amount of damage. This building was occupied by Minnes Baird, milliners, Mrs. W. J. Johnston as an ice-cream saloon, and Bell & Thomas as a Daguerrean gallery. A lady of the name of Yonce, who had entered the refreshment department of Mrs. J., was quite severely injured by some of the falling rubbish. Several of the servants were also badly injured; they were taken to the Commercial Hospital, and an examination of their wounds showed that one of them was in a critical situation."

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

LADY GLYDE'S recollection of the events which followed her departure from Blackwater Park begin with her arrival at the London terminus of the Southwestern railway. She had omitted to make a memorandum beforehand of the day on which she took the journey. All hope of fixing that important date by any evidence of hers or Mrs. Michelson's must be given up for lost.

On the night of the train at the platform Lady Glyde found Count Fosco waiting for her. He was at the carriage door as soon as the porter could open it. The train was unusually crowded, and there was great confusion in getting the luggage. Some person whom Count Fosco brought with him procured the luggage which belonged to Lady Glyde. It was marked with her name. She drove away from the Count, in a vehicle which she did not particularly notice at the time.

Her first question on leaving the terminus referred to Miss Halcombe. The Count informed her that Miss Halcombe had not yet gone to Cumberland, after consideration having caused him to doubt the prudence of her taking so long a journey without some days' previous rest.

Lady Glyde next inquired whether her sister was then staying in the Count's house. Her question of the answer was confused, her [illegible] cinct impression in relation to it being [illegible] proved he was then taking her [illegible] Lady Glyde's experience [illegible] limited that she could [illegible] what streets they [illegible] left the street [illegible] and they never passed any gardens or trees. When the carriage stopped it stopped in a small street behind a spacious square in which there were shops and public buildings and many people. From these recollections (of which Lady Glyde was certain) it seems quite clear that Count Fosco did not take her to his own residence in the suburb of St. John's Wood.

They entered the house and went up stairs to a back room, either on the first or second floor. The luggage was carefully brought in. A female servant opened the door, and a man with a beard, apparently a foreigner, met them in the hall, and with great politeness showed them the way up stairs. In answer to Lady Glyde's inquiries the Count assured her that Miss Halcombe was in the house, and that she should be immediately informed of her sister's arrival. He and the foreigner then went away and left her by herself in the room. It was poorly furnished as a sitting-room, and it looked out on the backs of houses.

She was left here alone for a considerable time—for so long that she began to feel very uneasy. The house was remarkably quiet; no footsteps went up or down the stairs—she only heard in the room beneath her a dull, rumbling sound of men's voices talking. One of the voices might have been Count Fosco's. It was at least certain that the talking left off suddenly, and that the Count entered the room again, by himself, immediately afterward.

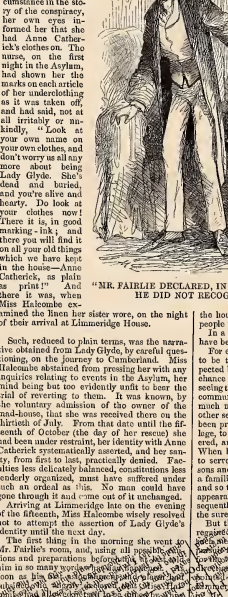
The moment he appeared she asked anxiously why the meeting between her sister and herself was so long delayed. At first he returned an evasive answer; but on being pressed he acknowledged, with great apparent reluctance, that Miss Halcombe was by no means so well as he had hitherto represented her to be. His tone and manner in making this reply so alarmed Lady Glyde, or rather so painfully increased the uneasiness which she had felt ever since entering the house, that a sudden sensation of faintness overcame her, and she was obliged to ask for a glass of water. The Count called from the door for water and for a bottle of smelling-salts. Both were brought in by the man with the beard. The water, when Lady Glyde attempted to drink it, had so strange a taste that it increased her faintness, and she hastily took the bottle of salts from Count Fosco and smelled at it. Her head became giddy on the instant. The Count caught the bottle as it dropped out of her hand, and the last impression of which she was conscious was that he held it to her nostrils again.

From this point her recollections were found to be confused, fragmentary, and difficult to reconcile with any reasonable probability.

Her own impression was that she recovered her senses later in the evening; that she then left the house; that she went (as she had previously arranged to go at Blackwater Park) to Mrs. Vesey's; that she drank tea there; and that she passed the night under Mrs. Vesey's roof. She was totally unable to say how, or when, or in what company she left the house to which Count Fosco had brought her. But she persisted in asserting that she had been to Mrs. Vesey's; and, still more extraordinary, that she had been helped to undress and get to bed by Mrs. Rubelle! She could not remember what the conversation was at Mrs. Vesey's, or whom she saw there besides that lady, or why Mrs. Rubelle should have been present in the house to help her.

Her recollection of what happened the next morning was still more vague and unreliable. She had some dim idea of driving out (at what hour she could not say) with Count Fosco, and with Mrs. Rubelle again for a female attendant. But when and why she left Mrs. Vesey she could not tell; neither did she know what direction the carriage drove in, or where it set her down, or whether the Count and Mrs. Rubelle did or did not remain with her all the time she was out. At this point in her sad story there was a total blank. She had no impressions of the faintest kind to communicate—no idea whether one day or more than one day had passed—until she came to herself suddenly in a strange place, surrounded by women who were all unknown to her.

This was the Asylum. Here she first heard herself called by Anne Catherick's name; and here, as a last remarkable circumstance in the story of the conspiracy, her own eyes informed her that she had Anne Catherick's clothes on. The nurse, on the first night in the Asylum, had shown her the marks on each article of her underclothing as it was taken off, and had said, not at all irritably or unkindly, "Look at your own name on your own clothes, and don't worry us all any more about being Lady Glyde. She's dead and buried, and you're alive and hearty. Do look at your clothes now! There it is, in good marking-ink; and there you will find it on all your old things which we have kept in the house—Anne Catherick, as plain as print!" And there it was, when Miss Halcombe examined the linen her sister wore, on the night of their arrival at Limmeridge House.



"MR. FAIRLIE DECLARED, IN THE MOST POSITIVE TERMS, THAT HE DID NOT RECOGNIZE THE WOMAN," ETC.

Such, reduced to plain terms, was the narrative obtained from Lady Glyde, by careful questioning, on the journey to Cumberland. Miss Halcombe abstained from pressing her with any inquiries relating to her life in the Asylum, her mind being but too evidently unfit to bear the trial of reverting to them. It was known, by the voluntary admission of the owner of the mad-house, that she was received there on the thirteenth of July. From that date until the fifteenth of October (the day of her rescue) she had been under restraint, her identity with Anne Catherick systematically asserted, and her sanity, from first to last, systematically denied. Faculties less delicately balanced, constitutions less tenderly organized, must have suffered under such an ordeal as this. Lady Glyde had not gone through it and come out of it unscathed.

Arriving at Limmeridge late on the evening of the fifteenth, Miss Halcombe wisely resolved not to attempt the assertion of Lady Glyde's identity until the next day.

The first thing in the morning she went to Mr. Fairlie's room, and, using all possible caution and preparations beforehand, broke the news to him in so many words as she thought [illegible] soon as his servant had quitted the room. [illegible] Mr. Fairlie declared, in the most positive terms, that he did not recognize the woman who had been brought into his room; that he saw nothing in her face and manner to make him doubt for a moment that his niece lay buried in Limmeridge church-yard; and that he would call on the law to protect him if before the day was over she was not removed from the house.

Taking the very worst view of Mr. Fairlie's selfishness, indolence, and habitual want of feeling, it was manifestly impossible to suppose that he was capable of such infamy as secretly conspiring and openly disowning his brother's child. Miss Halcombe humanely and sensibly allowed all due force to the influence of prejudice and alarm in preventing him from fairly exercising his perceptions, and accounted for what had happened in that way. But when she sent for the servants to the test, and found that they too were, in every case, uncertain, to say the least of it, whether the lady presented to them was their young mistress or Anne Catherick, of whose resemblance to her they had all heard, the sad conclusion was inevitable, that the change produced in Lady Glyde's face and manner by her long imprisonment in the Asylum was far more serious than Miss Halcombe had at first supposed. The vile deception which had asserted her death defied exposure even in the house where she was born, and among the people with whom she had lived.

In a less critical situation the effort need not have been given up as hopeless even yet.

For example, the maid Fanny, who happened to be then absent from Limmeridge, was expected back in two days; and there would be a chance of gaining her recognition to start with, seeing that she had been much more constant communication with her mistress, and had been much more heartily attached to her than the other servants. Again, Lady Glyde might have been privately kept in the house, or in the village, to wait until her health was little improved, and her mind was a little steadied again. When her memory could be once more trusted to serve her she would infallibly refer to persons and events in the past with a certainty and a familiarity which no impostor could simulate; and so the fact of her identity, which her own appearance had failed to establish, might subsequently be proved, with [illegible] the sure test of begin[illegible]

But the [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

of removing her at once from the place of all others that was now most dangerous to her—the neighborhood of her own home.

An immediate return to London was the first and wisest measure of security which suggested itself. In the great city all trees of them might be most speedily and most surely effaced. There were no preparations to make—no forewell words of kindness to exchange with any one. On the afternoon of that memorable day of the sixteenth Miss Halcombe roused her sister to a last exertion of courage; and, without a living soul to wish them well at parting, the two took their way into the world alone, and turned their backs forever on Limmeridge House.

They had passed the hill above the churchyard, when Lady Glyde hesitated on turning back to look her last at her mother's grave. Miss Halcombe tried to shake her resolution; but in this one instance tried in vain. She was immovable. Her dim eyes lit with a sudden fire, and finished through the veil that hung over them; her wasted fingers strengthened, moment by moment, round the friend's arm by which they had held so listlessly till this time. I believe in my soul that the Hand of God was pointing their way back to them, and that the most innocent and the most afflicted of His creatures was chosen, in that dread moment, to lead it.

They retraced their steps to the burial-ground, and by that act sealed the future of our three lives.

III.

This was the story of the past—the story so far as we knew it then.

Two obvious conclusions presented themselves to my mind after hearing it. In the first place, I saw darkly what the nature of the conspiracy had been; how chances had been watched, and how circumstances had been handled to insure impunity to a daring and an intricate crime. While all details were still a mystery to me, the vile manner in which the personal resemblance between the Woman in White and Lady Glyde had been turned to account was clear beyond a doubt. It was plain that Anne Catherick had been introduced into Count Fosco's house as Lady Glyde; it was plain that Lady Glyde had taken the dead woman's place in the Asylum—the substitution having been so managed as to make innocent people (the doctor and the two servants excepted, and the owner of the mad-house in all probability) accomplices in the crime.

The second conclusion came as the necessary consequence of the first. We three had no mercy to expect from Count Fosco and Sir Percival Glyde. The success of the conspiracy had brought with it a clear gain to these two men of thirty thousand pounds—twenty thousand to one, ten thousand to the other, through his wife. They had that interest, as well as other interests, in insuring their impunity from exposure; and they would leave no stone unturned, no sacrifice unattempted, no treachery untried, to discover the place in which their victim was concealed, and to part her from the only friends she had in the world—Marian Halcombe and myself.

The sense of this serious peril—a peril which every day and every hour might bring nearer and nearer to us—was the one influence that guided me in fixing the place of our retreat. I chose it in ' far East of London, where there were f' ' le people to lounge and look about ' streets. I chose it in a poor an ' ' '

lity—objects for which the Constitution was formed—and, by necessary consequence, serve to weaken and destroy the Union itself.

2. Resolved, That negro slavery, as it exists in fifteen States of this Union, composes an important portion of their domestic institutions, derived from their ancestry and existing at the adoption of the Constitution, which it is now sought to destroy, assuming an important element of apportionment of powers among the States, and that no change of opinion or feeling on the part of the non-slaveholding States of the Union can alter its rightful existence and status in the States in which it exists, or cause it to cease to exist where it does, without a violation of the mutual and solemn compact by which it exists and is held under and which pledge to protect it on entering into the confederacy by the States which formed the Union, and is a material compact which forbids and a violation of the most solemn obligations.

3. Resolved, That the Union of these States rests on the equality of rights and privileges among its members, and that it is contrary to the duty of the Senate, which represents in the States in their sovereign capacity, to legislate or attempt to discriminate in favor of, or against, any property, so as to the Territories, which can not come into possession of the United States—so give advantages to the citizens of one State which are not equally secured to those of every other States.

4. Resolved, That neither Congress nor a Territorial Legislature, whether derived from inflation or legislation or be indirect and unfriendly enactment, exercised any power to exclude or impair the constitutional right of any citizen of the United States to take his property into the territory of Territories, and that it is held under the same while the Territorial condition remains.

5. Resolved, That if any Territory should at any time prove that the judiciary and executive authority do not possess the means to insure adequate protection to constitutional rights in a Territory, and if the Territorial Government should fail or refuse to provide the necessary remedies for that purpose, it will be the duty of Congress to supply such deficiency.

6. Resolved, That the inhabitants of a Territory of the United States, when they fulfilled the right to form a country to be admitted as a State into the Union, may then, for the first time, in fact, be the people of a State, and in no one constitution, decide for themselves whether slavery, as a domestic institution, shall be maintained or prohibited within their jurisdiction; and if Congress admit them as a State, it is bound to accept the decision of the people, without slavery, as their constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission.

7. Resolved, That the provision of the Constitution for the admission of new States from time to time, and for the adoption of which the Union could not have been formed, and the laws of 1793 and 1850, which are enacted to secure its execution, and the main features of which, being adopted, have been the source of all the prosperity of section by the highest judicial authority, should be honestly and faithfully observed and administered, and that any the benefits of our compact of Union; and that all acts of legislation of the 34th and 35th Congresses, that the purpose or nullify the requirements of that provision, and the rights and obligations of a free State, in its character, subversive of the Constitution, and revolutionary in their effects.

MR. SEWARD ON THE NOMINATION OF LINCOLN.

The Central Republican Committee have received the following letter from Mr. William H. Seward, in reply to an invitation to attend a meeting to ratify the nomination of Abraham Lincoln and Hamlin:

"AUBURN, *May 19, 1860.*

"GENTLEMEN, I will not affect to conceal my inability with which I have received the letter in which you, and so many other respected friends, have tendered to me approval of renewed and unabating confidence. There letters will remain with me as assurances, in future years, that, if I have served I was not unwilling to serve the earlier age, the vindication of my political principles, and, if I have done anything, I have done generous support of many good, wise, and patriotic men of my own time.

"Such assurances, however made, under the circumstances now existing, derive lively consciousness from the fact that they stood upon me through the chance of political vicissitude, and disappointed ambition in the world. Yet will at once perceive that such expressions of confidence cannot be paid to me without reference to the community, if they should be allowed to take on any public or political form of manifestation. For this reason, if it were respectful and consistent with your and my delicacy, I would hesitate to reply to you until I could have had an opportunity of making it unduly, and of my duty to the State and Union, after completing the arrangements for the repairs upon my dwelling-house, rendered necessary by fire.

"The same reason determines me also to decline your kind invitation to attend the meeting in which you propose some expressions of respect to myself, and to party considering the nominations which have been made by the recent National Convention at Chicago. At the same time it is your right to have a frank and precise statement of my own opinions and sentiments that important subject.

"My friends, I am very well that, while there have never generously made my promotion to public trusts their aim and object, some have seen fit to serve me them faithfully, so as to be able, at the close of their assigned terms, to return them into the hands of the people without forfeiture of the public confidence. The consequence is, that I have to the Chicago nominees, as they are, not one. The disappointment, therefore, is that of myself, not, alas, I fear, of those who have been unpaid. On the other hand, I have no sentiment of disappointment or of disparagement, for who in any possible case could, without presumption, claim to be the party or party ought to desire for its candidate for the first office in the gift of the American people. I find in the candidates, whose selection I pronounce as satisfactory to me as if it had been planned with the purpose of me, and in the conduct of my friends and other Republicans, with whom I have cordially acted in the canvass, a spirit of liberality and fidelity in that respect. I cheerfully give them a sincere and earnest support.

"I trust, moreover, that there will within I have been so long and so constant service in a trade cause has created between them and myself relations of personal friendship, upon which the experience of sufficient men, will indulge me in a confident belief that no acts of disagreeable nature will be allowed to arise, or delay, or in any way to embarrass, the progress of that cause to the success which is demanded by a public regard to the safety and welfare of the country and the just interest of all mankind.

"I am, sincerely and respectfully,

"Your friend and obedient servant,

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

"*To Messrs. Charles C. Mott, William H. Wilkinson, C. S. Spencer, and P. W. Shepherd—for the Republican Central Committee.*"

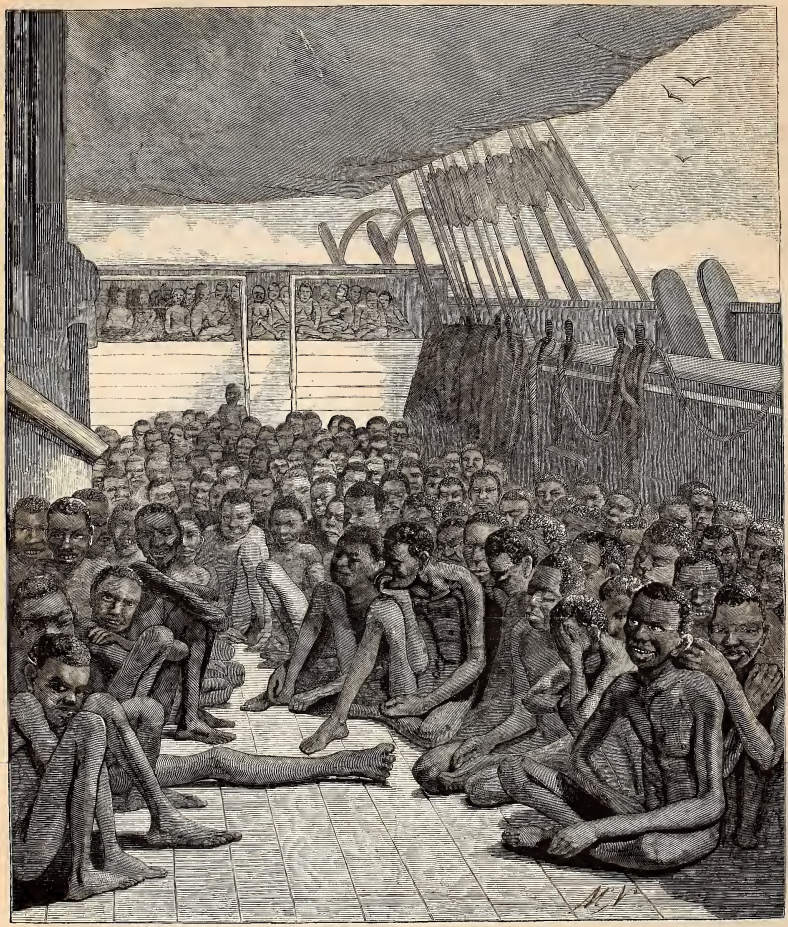
THE JAPANESE AT THE NAVY YARD.

The Japanese Embassy arrived at the navy-yard about three o'clock p. m. on Friday, in company with two of the Naval commission, and were received by Captain Dornin, who welcomed them in a hearty and delicious manner. The chief of the Embassy politely responded. Among the officers of the guard who were waiting to their endeavors to please the distinguished guests, were, Lieut. Commander William Mitchell, Lieutenant Dornin, Jr., Lieutenant Charles C. Simms, Commander John A. Dahlgren, Lieutenant H. H. Lewis, Lieutenant Somerville Nicholson, Lieutenant William Conlin, Lieutenant F. Ramsay, Purser S. T. Allison, and Dr. Vannest.

Such a list of interest visited was the forging day. "The Embassy were astonished at behold-

ing a fleet of a hundred and twenty-four sail, and a mounted battery of twenty-four guns, and a mounted battery of twenty-four guns, and a mounted battery of twenty-four guns

THE AFRICANS OF THE SLAVE BARK "WILDFIRE."—[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]



THE SLAVE DECK OF THE BARK "WILDFIRE," BROUGHT INTO KEY WEST ON APRIL 20, 1860.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.]

KEY WEST, FLORIDA, *May* 10, 1860.

On the morning of the 20th of April last, the United States steamer *Mohawk*, Lieutenant Craven commanding, came to anchor in the harbor of this place, having in tow a bark of the burden of about three hundred and thirty tons, supposed to be the bark *Wildfire*, lately owned in the city of New York. The bark had on board five hundred and ten native Africans, taken on board in the River Congo, on the west side of the continent of Africa. She had been captured a few days previously by Lieutenant Craven within sight of the northern coast of Cuba, as an American vessel employed in violating our laws against the slave-trade. She had left the Congo River thirty-six days before her capture.

Soon after the bark was anchored we repaired on board, and on passing over the side saw, on the deck of the vessel, about four hundred and fifty native Africans, in a state of entire nudity, in a sitting or squatting posture, the most of them having their knees elevated so as to form a resting-place for their heads and arms. They sat very close together, mostly on either side of the vessel, forward and aft, leaving a narrow open space along the line of the centre for the crew of the vessel to pass to and fro. About fifty of them were full-grown young men, and about four hundred were boys aged from ten to sixteen years. It is said by persons acquainted with the slave-trade and who saw them, that they were generally in a very good condition of health and flesh, as compared with other similar cargoes, owing to the fact that they had not been so much crowded together on board as is common in slave voyages, and had been better fed than usual. It is said that the bark is capable of carrying, and was prepared to carry, one thousand, but not being able without inconvenient delay to procure so many, she sailed with six hundred. Ninety and upward had died on the voyage. But this is considered as comparatively a small loss, showing that they had been better cared for than usual. Ten more have died since their arrival, and there are about forty more sick in the hospital. We saw on board about six or seven boys and men greatly emaciated, and diseased past recovery, and about a hundred that showed decided evidences of suffering from inanition, exhaustion, and disease. Dysentery was the principal disease. But notwithstanding their sufferings, we could not be otherwise than interested and amused at their strange looks, motions, and actions. The well ones looked happy and contented, and were ready at any moment to join in a song or a dance whenever they were directed to do so by "Jack"—a little fellow as black as ebony, about twelve years old, having a handsome and expressive face, an intelligent look, and a sparkling eye. The sailors on the voyage had dressed "Jack" in sailor costume, and had made him a great pet. When we were on board "Jack" carried about in his hand a short cord, not only as the emblem but also as the instrument of his brief delegated authority. He would make the men and boys stand up, sit down, sing, or dance just as he directed. When they sang "Jack" moved around among them as light as a cat, and beat the time by slapping his hands together, and if any refused to sing, or sang out of time, Jack's cord descended on their backs. Their singing was monotonous. The words we did not understand. We have rarely seen a more happy and merry-looking fellow than "Jack."

From the deck we descended into the cabin, where we saw sixty or seventy women and young girls, in Nature's dress, some sitting on the floor and others on the lockers, and some sick ones lying in the berths. Four or five of them were a good deal tattooed on the back and arms, and we noticed that three had an arm branded with the figure "7," which, we suppose, is the merchant's mark.

On the day of their arrival the sickest, about forty in all, were landed and carried to a building on the public grounds belonging to Fort Taylor and Doctors Whitehurst and Shrine comprising medical attendants. We visited them in the afternoon. The United States Marshal, for all of them shirts, and some benevolent ladies

THE PRINCESS MADIA.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.]

girls and women gowns. Six or eight were very sick; the others did not appear to be in any immediate danger of dying. We were very much amused by a young lad about fifteen years old, not much sick, who had got on, probably for the first time in his life, a whole shirt, and who seemed to be delighted with every body and every thing he saw. He evidently thought the speech of the white man was very funny. When a few words were spoken to him he immediately repeated them with great glee. Pointing to Dr. Skrine, we said "Doctor." He said "Doctor." And then pointing to Dr. Whitchurst, we said "Doctor too." He said "Doctor too." The doctors had selected from the bark a woman about twenty-four years of ago to assist the nurse in taking care of the sick. She had been dressed in a clean calico frock, and looked very respectably. About sundown they all lay down for the night upon a couched, and were covered over with blankets. And now a scene took place which interested us very much, but which we did not understand and can not explain. The woman standing up slapped her hands together once or twice, and as soon as all were silent she commenced a sort of recitation, song, or prayer, in tone and manner much like a chanting of the Litany in Catholic churches, and every few moments the voices of ten or fifteen others were heard in the same tone, as if responding. This exercise continued about a minute. Now what could this be? It looked and sounded to us very much like Christians chanting together an evening prayer on retiring to rest. And yet we feel quite assured that none of these persons had ever heard of Christ, or had learned Christian practices, or possessed much, if any, knowledge of God as a Creator or Preserver of the world. We suspect that it was not understood by them as a religious exercise at all, but as something which they had been trained to go through at the barracoons in Africa or on board the ship.

In two days after the arrival of the bark the Marshal had completed a large, airy building at Whitehead's Point, a little out of the town, for the reception and accommodation of these people; and after getting them clad as well as he could in so short a time, they were all landed on the fort wharf, and carried in carts to their quarters. On arriving there they all arranged themselves along the sides of the building, as they had been accustomed to do on the decks of the vessel, and squatted down in the same manner. It took the Marshal and his assistants some little time, and no small efforts, to give the Africans to understand that they were free to move about, to go out and come in at will. They learned this in the course of a few hours, however, and general merriment and hilarity prevailed. We visited them in the afternoon, and have done so several times since; and we confess that we have been struck, as many others have been, with the expression of intelligence displayed in their faces, the beauty of their physical conformation, and the beauty of their teeth. We have been accustomed to think that the civilized negroes of our own country were superior, in point of intelligence and physical development, to the native Africans; but judging only by the eye, we think it would be difficult to find, any where in our own country, four hundred finer and handsomer-looking boys and girls than these are. To be sure you often saw the elongated occiput, the protruded jaws, and the receding forehead; but you also often saw a head as round, with features as regular as any European's, except the universal flat nose. Little "Jack" has a head as round as an apple.

A number of these negroes—perhaps twelve or fifteen in all—have been more or less at and about Lounda, a Portuguese town on the coast, and have learned to speak a little Portuguese. Through an interpreter we learned from them that some four or five—perhaps more, but probably not many—had been baptized at the Roman Catholic missionary station at Lounda. Francisco, a young man, says he was baptized by a Franciscan friar in Lounda; that he was a slave in Africa, and does not wish to return there. He says he had rather be a slave to the white man in this country. Salvador, a bright-looking, smart lad, has been baptized. Constantia says she was baptized in Lounda. She does not remember her father; she was stolen away when she was young, and was sold by her brother. Antonia and Aniella are both fine-looking young women, aged about twenty, and were both baptized at Lounda. Madia, a pagan, unbaptized, aged about twenty, has obtained among the white people here who have visited the quarters the name of "The Princess," on account of her fine personal appearance and the deference that seemed to be paid to her by some of her companions. The persons we have here mentioned, including some eight or ten others, evidently do not belong to the same tribe that the rest do. Indeed the whole manner is evidently taken from different tribes living in the interior of Africa, but the greater number are "Congos." The women we have named have cut or shaved the hair off the back part of their head, from a point on the crown to the back part of either ear. It is the fashion of their tribe. None of the other women are thus shorn. Many of the men, women, boys, and girls have filed their front teeth—some by sharpening them to a point, and others by cutting down the two upper front teeth. The persons above named have their teeth in a natural state. Perhaps fifty in all are tattooed more or less.

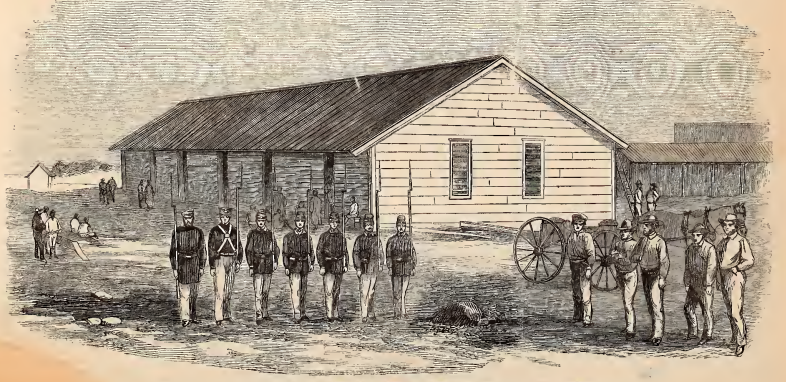
THE ONLY BABY AMONG THE AFRICANS.—[DAGUERREOTYPED.]

AN AFRICAN.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.]

Travelers describe the natives of Congo as being small of stature, cheerful, good-humored, unreflecting, and possessed of little energy either of mind or body. Negro indolence is carried with them to the utmost excess. The little cultivation that exists, entirely carried on by the females, is nearly limited to the manioc root, which they are not very skillful in preparing. Their houses are put together of mats made from the fibre of the palm-tree, and their clothes and bedding consist merely of matted grass.

The President, on receiving news of the capture of the *Wildfire*, sent a special message to Congress on the subject, from which we give an extract below. The subsequent capture of another slave ship with more Africans will probably lead to some enactment on the subject. The President says:

"The expenditure for the Africans captured on board the *Wildfire* will not be less than one hundred thousand dollars, and may considerably exceed that sum. But it will not be sufficient for Congress to limit the amount appropriated to the case of the *Wildfire*. It is probable, judging from the increased activity of the slave-trade and the vigilance of our cruisers, that several similar captures may be made before the end of the year. An appropriation ought, therefore, to be



THE B[illegible]COON AT KEY WEST, WHERE THE AFRICANS ARE CONFINED.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.]

granted large enough to cover such contingencies. The period has arrived when it is indispensable to provide some specific legislation for the guidance of the Executive on this subject. With this view, I would suggest that Congress might authorize the President to enter into a general agreement with the Colonization Society, binding them to receive, on the coast of Africa from our agent there, all the captured Africans which may be delivered to him, and to maintain them for a limited period, upon such terms and conditions as may combine humanity toward these unfortunate with a just regard to the rights of our citizens, the prevention of making a new bargain with every new capture, and would prevent delay and evil consequences in the disposition of the captured. The law might then provide that, in all cases where this may be practicable, the male adult emigrants (the negroes directly to Africa, and deliver them to the American agent there, afterward bringing the captured vessel to the United States for adjudication.

"The capturing officer, in case he should bring his prize directly to the United States, might be employed to land the negroes in some one or more ports to be designated by Congress, where the possible health therefor, and the year is good. At those ports cheap but permanent accommodations might be provided for the negroes until they could be sent off, without incurring the expense of creating such accommodations at every port where the capturing officer may think proper to land. On the present occasion these negroes have been brought to Key West, and consequently the estimate presented by the Marshal of the Southern District of Florida to the Secretary of the Interior, the cost of providing temporary quarters for them will be $2500, and the aggregate expense for the single month of May will amount to $13,600. In the case of the Wanderer, it was not so. Within a few weeks the yellow fever will most probably prevail at Key West; and consequently the Marshal prays their removal from their present quarters at an early day, which must be done in any event in a short time, as the Fall approaches. For these reasons I strongly commend this subject to the immediate attention of Congress."

THE

Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. IX.

BY CHARES DICKENS.

One of the pleasantest things I have lately met with, in a vagabond course of my metropolitan wanderings and small shops, is the fancy of an humble artist, as exemplified in two portraits representing Mr. Thomas Barnes, of Great Britain, and Mr. John Hermon, of the United States of America. These illustrious men are highly colored, in flaring tints, and fatuous attitudes. To suggest the pastoral and meditative nature of their peaceful calling, Mr. Hermon is represented on emerald sward, with pastures and other modest forests springing up under the heels of his half-boots; while Mr. Sayers is impaled in the administration of his favorite pastime, the Auctioneer, by the sheep eloquence of a village church. The humble homes of England, with their domestic virtues and honeysuckle porches, both herein to go in and wife and the lark and other singing-birds are observable in the upper air, ecstatically carolling their thanks to Heaven for all this. On the whole, the associations entwined with the pugilistic art by this artist are much in the manner of Isaak Walton.

But it is with the lower animals of back streets and by-ways that my present purpose rests. For human notes we may return to such neighborhoods when leisure and inclination serve.

Nothing is shy neighborhoods perplexes my mind more than the bad company birds keep. Birds which often get into good society, but British birds are inseparable from low associates. There is a whole street of them in St. Giles's, and I dwell there in poor and immoral neighborhoods, convenient to the public-house and the pawnbroker's. They seem to lead people into drinking, and the man who makes their cages usually gets into a chronic state of black eye. Why is it, I ask, that they will do things for people in short-skirted velveteen coats with bone buttons, or in sleeved waistcoats and fur caps, which they can not be induced by the respectable orders of society to undertake. In a dirty court in Spitalfields, one, I found a goldfinch drawing his own water, and drinking as much of it as if he were in a consuming fever. That goldfinch lived at a bird-shop, and offered in writing to barter himself against old clothes, empty bottles, or even kitchen-stuff. Surely a low thing and a depraved taste in my finch! I brought that goldfinch home with me one night, and hung upon a nail over against my table. He lived outside a counterfeit dwelling-house, and I argued that, if he had Dyer's effrontery, it would have been impossible to account for his perch sticking out of the garret window. Some time after, I happened to see him, either he left off being tabrisy—which was not in the fond—or he could not make up his mind to have his little bucked drop back into his well when he let it go: a shock which in the best of times had made him tremble, for he drew no water but fresh and sweet in the cloak of night. After an interval of futile and at length hopeless expectation, the merchant who had entrusted him to me regaled me. The merchant was a how-legged character, with a flat and cushiony nose, like the last new strawberry. He wore a fur cap and a coat and shoes of the velveteen race, velveteen. He sent word that he would "look round." He looked round, appeared in the back-parlor, and slightly cocked up his evil eye at the goldfinch. Instantly a raging thirst beset that bird; when it was appeased, he sat all drew across the sanitary buckets of water; and finally leaped about his perch and sharpened his bill as if he had access to the nearest bricks and grit drank.

Donkeys again. I know shy neighborhoods where the donkey goes in at the street door, and appears to live up stairs, for I have examined the back yard from over the palings, and have been unable to make him out. Gentility, nobility, royalty, would seem to that donkey in work, what he does for a costermonger. Feed him with oats at the highest price, put an inlaid pitten and pieces in a pair of pumpers on his back, adjust his delicate trappings to a nicety, take him to the softest slopes at Windsor, and try what pace you can get out of him. Then starve him, harness him anyhow to a truck with a flat tray on it, and see him bowed from Whitechapel to Bayswater. There appears to be no particular private understanding between birds and donkeys in a shy neighborhood. Ask the sky neighborhood state you shall see them always in the same bands, and always developing their very least energies for the common good. Ask the shy brown donkey—by sight; we were not on speaking terms—who lived over on the Surrey side of Lambeth Bridge, and he mentioned the Isle of Island and Dockhead. It was the habit of that animal, when his services were not in immediate requisition, to put his head, and his ears, sitting, him, a mile from his place of residence, letting about the streets; and the expression of his countenance at such times was most degraded. He was attached to the establishment of an elderly lady who lived in Paradise, and he used to carry on who sold periwinkles, and he used to carry on Saturday night to a careful of those delicacies outside a gin-shop, pricking up his ears when a customer came to the cart, and his countenance was a big satisfaction. He was knowledge that they got had measure. His mistress was sometimes overtaken by inebriety. I, in the Isle of Dogs, knew Mr. Richard Fry (years ago) he was in circumstances of difficulty, caused by his calling. Having been defrauded of the crust of periwinkles, and forgot left along with the cart of periwinkles, and forgot left, he was in a state. He prowled among his usual low haunts for some time, gratifying his depraved taste, until, one fine Saturday night, he was overtaken by a cart, and he was turned up a narrow alley, and became greatly involved. He was taken into custody by the Police, and the Coroner Yard of the district being near at hand, was backed into that place of durance. At that crisis I encountered him; the cousin seen a sight of his behalf—not to compromise the expression—a blackguard, I never saw exceeded in the human subject. He darling cuddle in a pair of corduroys, and an among his periwinkles, showed him, with his ragged hair, nose broken and his cart extensively damaged, twitching his ankles, and shaking his hanging head, a picture of disgrace and obdacacy. I have seen boys being taken to station-houses who were as like him as two peas in a pod.

The dogs of shy neighborhoods I observe to avoid play, and to be conscious of being in a low way of work too, if I may so express it, of the nature of all animals. I have the pleasure to know a dog in a back street in the neighborhood of Wellington Street, who is greatly distinguished himself in the minor drama, and who takes his portrait with him when he visits his acquaintance. I have the pleasure of the play-bill. His portrait (which is not at all like him) represents him in the act of dragging to the ground a Newfoundland dog, who appears to have tomahawked, or essayed to tomahawk, a British officer. The design is pure poetry, for there is not the slightest ground for such an association with the dramatic fiction I can not rate high. Indeed, he is too honest for the profession he has entered. I saw him in the Victoria Theatre last summer, and seeing him posted in the bill of the night, I attended the performance. He appeared in a representation of a dog, as it occupied a second in its representation (and live lines in the bill), it scarcely afforded ground for a cent and delicacy of his performance. He had merely to bark, run on, and jump through an inn window after a comic Fagin. The next scene of importance in the fable was a little marred in its interest by his overanxiety: forasmuch as while his master (a bedridden old man, who is the most contemptuous night) was feelingly lamenting the absence of his faithful dog, and hoping great stress on the fact that he was a good creature, and yet, the faithful dog was barking furiously in the prompter's box, and clearly choking himself against his collar, and evidently in great anxiety of all that his honesty got the better of him. He had to enter a dense and trackless forest on the side of the mountain, and to fall in with a murderer when he found him resting at the foot of a tree, with his victim bound ready for slaughter. He had to bark and growl, and to be torn from an altogether unexpected direction, in the sweetest temper, at a very deliberate rest, not to be disturbed, and to be finally dragged from his tongue out; and there sat down, panting, and amably surveying the audience, with his hind legs on the ground, like a Dutch clock. Meanwhile the murderer, impatient to receive his doom, was ineffably calling to him, "Come, Bow-wow!" upon his victim, who, sitting with his hands, assisted him with the most injurious expressions. It happened that the murderer was a tall man, he was, in consequence, forced to stoop and rend the murderer limb from limb, he made it (for dramatic purposes) little too short for the tall man, and he drew no end of applause by lifting his hind legs on his hind hands.

I, in a shy street behind Long-acre two honest dogs live who perform in Punch's shows. I may venture to say that I am on terms of intimacy with both, and that I never saw either of the dogs, the falsehood of falling to look down at the man inside the show during the whole performance. The old fellow either knows in a low-spirited way that about these dogs, appears to be never overcome by time. The same dogs must constantly have been hand over regretful, and pendee along in their off-minutes behind the legs of the show and beside the drum; but all dogs have some secret grief in their jackets, and to sniff at them as if they thought the secrets of private sorrow at an enquiry—is something in the nature of manners, perhaps. From the Covent Garden window of mine I noticed a country dog, only the other day, who had come up to Covent Garden with his master a cart, and had broken his cord, an end of which he still trailed along with him. He loitered about the corners of the Street, occasionally looking up at a window; and had London dogs came up, and told him lies that he didn't believe; and worse London dogs came up, and made fun of his coat, and tried to be rude and sarcastic, which his principles forbade him; and the ways of the town confused him, and he crept aside and lay down in a door-way. He had scarcely got a wink of sleep when up comes Punch with his wife. He was darting to Toby for consolation and advice, when he saw the frill, and stopped in the middle of his career, and, as he slow was pitched, Toby retired behind the drapery, the audience formed, the drum and pipes struck up. My country dog remained immovable, intently staring at these strange appearances, until Toby opened the drum by appearing on his ledge, and to him approached, with a gentle whisper into Toby's mouth. At this spectacle the country dog threw up his head, gave one terrible howl, and fell down dead.

We talk of men keeping dogs, but we might often talk more expressively of dogs keeping men. I knew a bulldog, a shy cross of Hammersmith who keeps a man. He keeps him up a yard, and makes him go to public-houses and lay wagers on him, and sleep on him, and lean against him and look at him, and force him to neglect work for him, and keeps him under rigid exercise. I also knew a fancy terrier that kept a gentleman—a gentleman who had been brought up at Oxford, too. The dog kept the gentleman entirely for his gentlefolks, and the gentleman never talked about any thing but the terrier. This, however, was not in a shy neighborhood, and is a digression, consequently.

There are a great many dogs in shy neighborhoods who have lost the power of my eye on a man's part. In Somers Town who keeps three boys. He feigns that he can bring down sparrows, and unscrews the lock of a trap door, and he takes the boys out on sporting pretences into all sorts of suburban fields. He has likewise made them believe that he possesses extensive theoretical knowledge of the art of fishing, and they consider themselves incompletely equipped for the Hampstead Ponds, unless they have a ginger-beer-bottled bottle, unless he is with them and barking tremendously. There is a dog residing in the Borough of Southwark who keeps a lady. He may be seen, most days, in Oxford Street, hauling the blind man away on expeditions wholly uncontemplated by his and consulted by the man: wholly of the dog's conception and execution. Contrariwise, when the man has projects, the dog will not go near them, and cannot be induced to mediate. I saw him yesterday, wearing the money-tray like an easy ding of cow for feeding, by the public, taking earnest of offering it, of his own will, on the invitation of a disreputable cur, apparently to visit a dog at Harrow—he was in a state of high excitement. In a good well of Burlington House Gardens, between the Arcade and the Albany, offers a shy spot for appointment to a blind man at about two o'clock in the afternoon. They sit (very uncomfortably) on a sloping board there, and compare notes. The dog is always in deep sorrow, at the same time, openly disparaging the men they keep, to one another, and settling where they shall respectively take leave when they begin to move again. At a small butcher's, in a shy neighborhood (there is no reason for suppressing the name; it is Cheese's, in Ely Place, given upon the district called the Potteries), I know a sharp black and white dog who keeps a drover. He is a dog of no fixed abode, and he frequently allows this drover to get drunk. On these occasions it is the dog's custom to sit outside the public-house, keeping a look-out on a few sheep, and thinking. Have seen him with six sheep, plunging continuously in his mind, and the drover, drunk in the Cattle market, and at what places he has left the rest. I have seen him perplexed by not being able to secure a shilling for certain purposes. A light has gradually broken on him, he has remembered at what butcher's he left them, and, in a state of severe satisfaction, has brought a fly off his nose, and shown himself much relieved. If I could at any time have doubted that that dog knew that he kept the drover, and not the drover who kept him, it would have been abundantly proved by his way of taking unlimited charge of the drover's property, when the drover came out beamered with red ochre and beer, and gave him wrong directions, which he calmly disregarded. He has been seen, sitting entirely into his own hands, his merely remarked, with respectful firmness, "That instruction would place you under great difficulties, sir, and I must confine your attention to yourself—you will want it all;" and has driven his charge away, with the loss of scores of cows and sheep. I know of no business, that has left his lost of a man very, very far behind.

As the dogs of shy neighborhoods usually betray a slinking consciousness of being in poor circumstances—for the most part—they are in a state of anxiety, and of extraordinariness in their play, and a mingling that somebody is going to harness them to something. Dogs of a living—as the cats of shy neighborhoods exhibit a strong tendency to regaze into barbarism. Not only are they made selfishness from their hunting on the surplus population around them, and on the densely crowded state of all the avenues to cat's meat, but only in the most remote and palaeozoic compound buggaloxes in them, traceable to these relections, but they evince a physical deterioration. Their lines is not clean, is unmechanically get up, their black tans rusty, like old mourning; they wear very indifferent fur, and take to the sawdust, to too velvet, instead of silk velvet. I am on terms of recognition with several small streets of cats, about the Obelisk in St. George's Fields, and also in the vicinity of Clerkenwell Green, and also in the back settlements of Drury Lane. In appearance they are very like the women among whom they live. They seem to turn out of their unwholesome lairs into the street without any properly-adjusted clothing, and they sneak, furtively, in and out the gutters, unassisted, while they frenzily snarled and swear and scratch and spit, at street-corners. In particular, I remark that when they are about to increase their families (on event of frequent occurrence) the resemblance is strongly expressed in a certain dusty dowdiness, down-at-heel self-neglect, and general giving up of things. I can not honestly report that I have ever seen a cat lick matters of this class washing her face when in an interesting condition.

Not to prolong these notes of uncommercial travel among the lower animals of shy neighborhoods, by dwelling at length upon the exasperated moodiness of the cat-tribe, and the misanthropy in many respects to a man and a brother, I will come to a close with a word on the fowls of the same localities.

That any thing born of an egg and invested with wings, should have got to the pass that it is, in shy neighborhoods, down a ladder into a cellar, and calls their going home, is a circumstance so amazing as to leave one nothing more in this connection to wonder at. Otherwise I might wonder at the complete-ness with which these fowls have become separated from all the birds of the air—have taken to growling in bricks and mortar and mud—have forgotten all about live trees, and make nestings-place of empty tobacco, barrows, eyeslashes, hollow heads, and door-scrapers. I wonder at nothing concerning them, and take them as they are. I accept as genuine of Nature and things of course, a reduced Bantam family of my acquaintance in the Hackney Road, who are incessantly at the pawnbroker's. I do not ask why they enjoy themselves, for they are of a melancholy temperament; but what enjoyment they are capable of they derive from constantly being in the pawnbroker's side-entry. Here they are always to be found in a feeble flutter, as if they were nearly exhausted by the world, and were afraid of being identified. I know a low fellow, originally of a good family from Dorking, who has his whole establishment of wives, in single file, in the door of the Jug Department of a disorderly tavern near the Hackney Road, and, unknowing the company's keys, emerges with them at the Bottle Entrance, and so passes his life; seldom, in the season, lifting his head before twelve in morning. Over Waterloo Bridge there is a shabby old speckled couple (they belong to the wooden French-boxed, weather-stained, and worn-out Punch-and-Judy trade), who are always trying to get in at the door of a chapel. Whether the old lady, under a delusion remembered one of Mrs. Sarah Siddons, has an idea of intruding an egg to that particular denomination, or merely understands that she has no business in the liturgy, and is consequently unable to enter it, I can not determine; but she is constantly endeavoring to undermine the principal door; while her partner, who is blind of one eye, leaps, walks up and down encouraging her and defying the Universe. But the family I have been best acquainted with, is one the remains of which lie ying sphere of a Chinese circle at Brentford, reside in the densest part of Bethnal Green. They attestation from the quarters among which they live, or rather their conviction that these objects have all come into existence in consequence of a certain fowls, has so impressed me that I have made them the subject of many journeys at divers hours.

ON BOARD A SLAVER.

BY ONE OF THE TRADE.

On a wet and cloudy morning in the month of April, 1859, I was standing before the fire of a boarding-house in New York, ruminating on what should be my future mode of life. I had returned some time from my last voyage, which had been to the East Indies, and my funds were rapidly decreasing, and compelled me to look out for another ship. While my mind was thus occupied with these thoughts, I became suddenly aware of voices conversing in a low tone outside my door, which on approaching it ceased, and I heard a knock. On my saying "Come in," there entered the landlord of the house, accompanied by a stranger, who he introduced to me as Captain Manwell, saying that the gentleman, if I was agreeable, had something to communicate; he then withdrew, leaving the stranger with me.

I begged him to be seated, and to commence what he had to say. He was a man rather below the middle height, with dark flashing eyes, and hair of the same hue, regular features, and a pale foreign-looking complexion; he altogether was a fine-looking man for a sailor. Having taken a chair, and drawn closer to the fire, he told me that he was commander of a vessel, and he proposed to the west coast of Africa on a trading voyage for palm-oil, and that he wanted some trustworthy mate to go out with him. He inquired of my landlord for old, he had strongly recommended me; he had therefore paid me this visit to offer me a vacancy. Now these proceedings seemed so strange and mysterious that I could plainly see there was something at the bottom of it, and looking hard at him, I said, to the face, I asked him if he meant by the trading voyage "the game." He replied yes, that it was right, I guessed, he was from my home that I spoke both Spanish and Portuguese fluently, he stared me a birth of trust, knowing that my knowledge as a linguist would prove of use to him. After some consideration I consented to gather my desire to make money and to be able to go down on the following morning to the docks, where I should find him on board the bark *Flora*, where we should make and the arrangements.

I accordingly went down the docks and finding he had not arrived I played my time in the forecastle found her to be a burden, built of Cuba and calculated

also, I found afterward, a "between-deck," which came in pieces like a Chinese puzzle, each piece being numbered and marked; but at that time it was lying about in the hold to all appearance lumber. I also noticed the way the cargo was being stowed. At the bottom of the hold, for the greater part, were bad bricks, and on the top of them a vast quantity of water-butts, some empty, and some full of that very common sort which goes by the name of sugar rum; also large quantities of rice, beans, etc., all intended not for eating, but for slave-stores; while, on the top of these, was closely stowed a general cargo of cotton-pieces, red flannel, beads, old muskets, and knives. The object in stowing the hold in this manner was to place the slave-stores, and all other suspicious-looking articles, out of sight—because, in the case of being boarded by any man-of-war, they have a right not only to demand the ship's papers, but to search the cargo—a precaution which we afterwards found to be well needed. When loaded, the *Florio* only drew six feet of water. Just as I had completed these remarks, I was suddenly hailed by the mate who told me the captain was asking for me. I accordingly went in and signed articles for the voyage. I agreed to ship as an able seaman, but was to be paid extra for interpreting. I received fifteen dollars a month as seaman. There were twelve others besides myself, the captain, two mates, and a steward.

Two days after this, the ship having completed her cargo, we all went on board and sailed. We then shaped our course for St. Paul de Loando, in latitude 8° 48 south, and longitude 13° 0 east, which is to windward of the entrance of the Congo—the Congo being in latitude 4° 30 north, and longitude 12° 0 east. We had a uninteresting voyage of seventy-one days. Nothing in particular occurred during the passage. I found, on inquiry, that I was the only seaman on board who really knew the motive of our voyage; and when I listened to them what it really was they quite laughed at the idea. We, of course, had to keep a sharp look-out for the *Florio*, lest we should run, on account of our present American man-of-war *Marion*; they sent a boat on board of us, with the second-lieutenant. He examined our papers, etc., which of course he could find no fault with, though it was very evident he smelled a rat. While the officer was in the cabin examining the papers, I looked over the side, and was startled to find that one of the crew in the man-of-war's cutter was an old chum of mine; he did not know me, on account of my foreign appearance, for I had allowed my beard to grow, but on my calling him by name, he recognized me. He came up, and we had a long talk over old times. Of course they all knew who we were by sight, but they could not seize us, as they had nothing on board to justify the act. The boat at last left, but the lieutenant's report not satisfying the commander, he came off himself, although to no purpose. Again, on making the Congo, we encountered the English man-of-war *Triton*, who also hoarded us. We, however, passed on, and, at a distance, we sailed and hedged for about forty miles up the river, where we found a village of the name Fort O'Lemia.

We made fast to a wharf alongside one of the stores to which we were consigned, where we landed our cargo, and then commenced getting ready for sea. Our cargo being landed, we now looked out for a cloudy night to slip down to sea, for we knew from our spies that the *Triton* was on the look-out for us, and was then stationed at the mouth of the river, to catch us we came out. But before leaving the captain called all hands aft, and made known to them the true purpose of our voyage. They had already begun to suspect it, in reality was. He said that if any man wanted to leave the ship he would give him all the wages that were due him, and also three extra months' pay as a present; but as nobody liked to be put out on the coast of Guinea alone, they all agreed to sail with him. We then slipped a number of contraband men that had been left at various times from the ships. One afternoon, after we had lain at Port O'Lemia, I got from all the houses (built of wood) for above ten days, we unmoored, and dropped down the river, till we came within ten miles of the *Triton*, where we arrived at 2 a.m. We then anchored, and lay there till 10 P.M. The moon was then set, so after extinguishing every light we stood, silently down. We found that the *Triton* was lying at the entrance and wide part of the river. We therefore dropped down with the tide, and setting sail as quietly as possible, managed successfully to elude the vigilance of the Tritons.

As soon as we were clear of the land we set all sail, and under a press of canvas stood right out to sea. The next morning we commenced getting the ship ready for her live cargo. We first tore up and destroyed the ship's papers, and then every thing with the name of the ship on; we painted over the ship's name on the stern, and every thing that looked like American, flags in particular. We all went by stars, and by one of us that a man could not tray any of the others by telling his name. The captain went by the name of Don Pedro, and every one she had his name to his fancy.

We then stowed all the stores in such a way that we could get at them easily. The cargo consisted of stowed all hands, with the bunge all out, and a hose leading out of each bel, for over the ends we stowed a platform [illegible] of planks; and upon of these hoses we [illegible] d pump the fresh water out; and when empty [illegible] put salt-water in the casks to ballast the ship, and then stowed the stores of sugar, rum, biscuit, etc., in rotation as we should want them. We then put our main-deck or lower-deck together, for, as I before told, when we left New York the deck was composed of pieces to be [illegible] when required, since, had we left with [illegible] would have loaded sum- [illegible] unline up, consisting of [illegible] stowed [illegible] mail-arms; so that [illegible] ny [illegible] since [illegible] are all propelled by steam, the slavers stand a bad chance, for steam has not been introduced in the slave-trade. Now that the interior of the ship was ready, we had to look after our gear aloft. We commenced by taking the wedges from between the masts and deck, so that the masts might give with the press of canvas; and then we cut the lanyards that go fore and aft, to the stays—necessarily, that the ship might go easier. During the time that these preparations were being made the ship had sailed within sight of the miles of the island of Ascension, and was now on the other tack, bearing up for a place a little above the Congo, about fifty miles from St. Paul de Loando, where we had agreed to touch for the slaves when they were ready. Ship sometimes lay so long as we were ready, and more for the slaves, while the agents are collecting them in the interior. We have lucky, having only two days' delay. One reason for going so far away from land, after leaving the Congo, was this: we knew that the *Triton*, as soon as found out we had escaped her, would coast along the shore, thinking that we should do the same as some other ships erroneously do—namely, sail along the coast and coaste themselves, or pick up detachments of slaves as they go along; but our captain, being an old hand, knew better, for by going right out to sea they would lose our scent. After making the shore about St. Paul de Loando, we sailed with the southeast trade-wind along the coast, till we came to a place called Ambriz, where we saw them ashore throwing out private signals; we accordingly anchored near the coast at 7 P.M.

The agents came off with the slaves in lighters, containing about 200 each. They were all lashed together with strings of hide. They were passed up, and sent into the hold. There were altogether 1,000, as soon as they were stowed we hoisted sail. Our men were armed, and appointed into watches, as we were obliged to keep a very strict eye on them, to see that they did not rise on the stores, or fight with each other—for among them there were many different tribes, all at variance with one another, it seemed, sometimes, as we were like a small hell, and the sentinel had frequently to jump down among them to separate the combatants.

The lighters came alongside at 7 P.M., and at 8 P.M. we loosened sail, and squaring the yards to the trade, let slip the anchor, and stood out to sea fathoms' water. We shaped our course for Ascension, which we soon sighted, having a strong southeast trade-wind. At 10 P.M. we hove-to, and then steered for 2022 miles right away to the westward. We did this to get out of the track of ships, like that we coasted along from Ambriz bound to the West Indies. After that we steered to the southward, and passed to the southward and eastward of Ascension, and then stood out in the distance, and then rounding the Isle of Pines.

Before leaving the Congo we had a double river, so that we had thirty-five between before the mast; but all our services were well needed, for what with seeds-carrying, fighting, and the slaves making alterations in her, and attending to the slaves, we all had our hands full. A certain number of our men could speak Portuguese, I being one of them. My department was to take charge of the women.

We kept the ship as clean as possible, for filth is the root of all evil on board a ship.

At sunrise, or no later than 5 A.M. every morning, the slaves were all brought up, and the sleeping tubs were produced. A gang of them were made to keep those tubs supplied with salt-water while they were in use. The tubs were of shaken-down rather a novel one; it reminded me of sheep-shearing—or, at least, the washing of sheep previous to shearing, in Devonshire and other counties. A circle of fifteen or twenty were made to squat on their hams round the tub, while one of us stood there with a bucket, and dipping it in, and then splashing it over them. After they were all well drenched, they would rub each other dry, when, another or two of the hands was stationed with a coarse cloth of canvas, who would rub them down after the manner of a groom rubbing down a horse.

He was also supplied with a bucket full of vinegar and salt-water. They then had to rinse their mouths with and rub their teeth; for if he does not keep his mouth clean a yellow substance appears on the teeth, which, if not cleaned, it turns to poison. He is subject to ulcers in his mouth from this; and if he bites you—a thing not at all uncommon—you will inevitably mortify. I know this to my cost; for once biting one of them with the back of my hand, I came in contact with his mouth, and it was in a few days ended and indented my hand, whereby I lost the use of it for some days.

These sanitary measures employed us till between 8 and 9 A.M., when we used to serve out to them some dry biscuit and boiled rice, with a little rum, was a very usual one, like Bay rum; none of us could drink it, but the slaves received it with great gusto. This was their breakfast; they had their 11 o'clock, when they used to have a hot breakfast, consisting of a kind of hodge-podge. The ingredients were Indian meal, beans, small beans, rice, barley, and salt pork—the whole thickened with flour and fat. This was boiled in two large caldrons in the galley, and then dipped out and served into tubs and buckets ranged along the deck. We always tried to keep each tribe by itself, for at mealtime, if they quarrelled, they, it was sure to end in a fight. So their meal, if not choice, was substantial and good, and plenty of it.

Of course we took every care of them, as it was our interest to do so. But in a crowded slave-ship disease is very rife; we lost only ninety-four, which we considered lucky. Closeness of the bowels and jaundice are the most frequent maladies. The first we treated with injections of sugar, and purgative drinks internally. Whether this is one of the treatments where I can not say, but we found it very successful on board.

After their breakfast they were sent down to clean out the ship. Most of them spoke only the Congo dialect, but some of them understood Portuguese and Spanish. These we picked out as leaders and interpreters of the rest, and supplied them with a shirt or pair of trowsers as a distinguishing mark of rank, which was greatly envied by the others. They were also instructed with a piece of rope, about a yard long, as an instrument of correction, which they very freely used. We also gave them what we wanted done, and they made the others do it. We also got up various amusements for the slaves, by making them dance to the sound of a kind of symbal, to the tune of which they danced.

At 8 P.M. another hot meal was served to them of the same description as at the first, and another at 8 P.M.; after which they were all packed below.

No lights were allowed at night in case of attracting attention. Even the compass or binnacle lights were well screened with canvas. After passing the Isle of Pines, and having been thirty-one days from Congo, we sighted Bocca Grande, on the coast of Cuba. About the coast of Cuba are to be noticed a quantity of small fishing-boats and pilot-boats; these are nearly all in the pay of slave-owners shore, who pay them to look out for the man-of-war, and also to mislead them, and erroneously report a slave-ship about the coast that is waiting for a chance to land her cargo. They take it in turn to look out. Their watch lasts for about ten days, when they are relieved by another boat, and receive a fresh supply of water. The boats we found on the look-out for us. They informed us that the *Danish* English man-of-war was cruising, and therefore we could not land. Our orders from the shore were, that we were to stretch out to sea for four days, which we did, and then stand in towards the land, and wait for a pilot to put again to sea. We obeyed accordingly, but nearly fell into a trap. We were standing on for a bluff in the morning, when we were hailed, and I thought I recognized it, for I had been frequently on the coast before surveying in a man-of-war, and this I remarked to the lieutenant. He reported this to the captain, Don Pedro, as we called him. He immediately changed the course; and at the hour of 8 A.M. we saw afterward found that H.M.S. *Cumberland* was anchored on the other side of the bluff. Here, then, was another escape. We had barely passed the spot, and had gone on, returned, when we received the same orders; but our late narrow escape had rather unnerved us, so we left the captain, and told him that, after we had escaped so many dangers, it was a pity to run any more. He said, in a good pilot among these grays that should, promised to take her in safety to one where we could lay off; and in case of any one being missing, we could land the boat. Nothing cryf for a man-of-war can do nothing to you if you have no slaves on board; so if they were crazy to be taken up, and you on the coast, all that the man-of-war could do would be to liberate them. We accordingly close Indian Cay for our pilot, and anchored in Fathoms' water. He afterward discovered that the boat which had been cruising us and bringing our orders out fell in with H.M.S. *Cumberland*, commander Captain Fox. He shipped on board as pilot, and promised Captain Fare to guide him to us—an engagement he performed by taking the *Danish* to the opposite direction.

After waiting for two days off the cays—for it takes them some time to get the hosts ready, which are all secreted in the rocks—we at least saw five boats approaching, which we rightly guessed were for us. We hoisted clothes, etc., for the slaves, and money for the seamen; for before one of the slaves left the ship we must all pitch in.

From the day we left New York till the landing of the slaves on the quay, only five months and three days, we had made a clear profit received $1000 for his services, and received $100 extra for my services as interpreter. The slaves were then distributed, and we received our money, and handed 717 slaves alive. It was then nearly dusk. The pilot-boat remained alongside for the night; and early the next morning we had seventeen fires in the ship's hold, and set fire to her, and burned her to the water's edge. We all felt sorry to do it, for she was as nice a craft as ever floated. Till then we never knew the ship's name, for the one we left New York with was a false one. But the captain, just before leaving us, said: "There she burns, lads, the craft in which we have made our money—the beautiful *Flying Rosario*!"

Then he and his pilot-boat passed we went on board the pilot-boat, and were landed at the Bloxa Grande. This I found was a "blind," ostensibly for the purpose of landing ships with sugar, and I believe a ship occasionally came there as a blind; but it was used really for the slaves. We were afterward conveyed by land to Havana, which we reached in nine days. It was only a little less than 200 miles; and we had frequently to hide ourselves to escape detection, for our dangers were not over. The inhabitants we met, knowing who we were, would not give us food, for fear of waiting half a dollar. But in Havana the slave-trade is so well managed that it is nearly detected.

The other day, while perusal the papers from home, I read in the *Times* of the capture of the *Orion* slave-ship by H.M.S. *Pluto*. I must confess, reader, it was with a feeling of sorrow I could not regress that I found that the captain who commanded the *Orion* was the same I had waited with in the *Flying Rosario*. You may blame me for this, reader, but old companionship, old fellowship, and old times have their ties in whatever society we move in.

P.S.—Our passage from New York to Congo was 71 days. The reader may be astonished at the length of voyage; but we went along the land, beating against the southeast trade, and quite a sufficient way to be safe, particularly men-of-war. We did not dare to return the same way, as we should pass the *Marion*, *Triton*, and *Cumberland*, our friends. I recollect on board of the very ship that chased us in the *Flying Rosario*,

BEWITCHED.

"PLEASE, Sir, there's a boy outside wants to see you."

"See me?" I asked, surprised.

"Yes, Sir; I think they want a doctor, Sir; mother told them you was one."

I hurried out, forgetting my breakfast, and found the boy standing at the door.

"What's your name?"

"Phil Wish, yer honor."

"What do you want?"

"Please, Sir, Ellen's far worse, and her mother don't think as how she'll live much longer, she's quite screamed, Sir."

I wondered who "Ellen" could be, and what "screamed" meant, but contented myself with digging to him to lead the way. We walked on in the bright early morning, every thing looking fair and beautiful. Presently we came to the brow of a hill, and looking down into the valley, behind the brightest sunlit, I saw a few white cottages dotted here and there. Phil informed me that "Ellen lived in one of these," pointing out the identical one with his finger.

"What's the matter with Ellen?" I asked.

"Dunno, Sir," in a tone which, if it failed to imply he didn't care, at least proved he was not disposed to be communicative. I wondered what the mystery could be, but thinking whatever it was it would soon be solved, walked on in silence. We at last arrived at a cottage very small and very low. An old woman appeared and beckoned me inside. I entered, stooping low as I did so. A small room, a very small room, but every thing scrupulously neat and clean. A little girl, apparently about three years old, was seated on the floor telling her doll, in an undertone, "not to be naughty, because mother was ill." A newly-ing-man's hat and coat hung in one corner, with a cheap photograph of their owner (I don't know why I felt certain it was an ass) suspended over them. The shutters of the latticed windows were half closed, producing a quiet subdued light. I walked toward the bed, and softly drew the curtain. The small face, half hidden in the pillow, seemed very young and pretty. She was flushed, the wanted short and hurried. The bird was literally shrieking—I signed to the woman, and she covered the cage. I was again alone. I lifted the pale hand from the coverlet and felt for the pulse—gone.

"How long has she been so?" I asked.

"Since daylight, Sir."

"Ah! she can't last long."

The professional phrase escaped involuntarily. I started as I uttered it, and dropped the hand. The movement roused her. The heavy eyelids unclosed; I drew back.

"Is Jack here, mother?"

"No, darling!"

"Ah! I forgot."

A moment's pause. Then, in a quick, hurried tone, as if the thought were first impressed upon her mind.

"Mother, am I dying?"

A sob was the only answer. Another pause, longer than the first; then the arm was raised under the pillow for a moment, and drawn forth again.

"Give this to Jack when you see him."

She tried to move her hand along the bed, and pass its hidden contents to the woman weeping by her side; but even this she could do, the will that directed it grew weaker still, and left it idle where it lay. I unclosed the almost rigid fingers, and opened the wrinkled one the objects—half a dozen—a wedding ring, and a lock of fair hair tied with a blue ribbon.

"Ellen, Ellen! would you like to see your child?"

"Not now!—Poor Jack!—How dark it is, mother!"

I knew by that that it was very near; but the woman, in her ignorance, walked across the room, and opened and closed the shutters—the window. The staring sunlight came rushing, streaming in.

"Mother—mother!"

A deadly shadow came over the countenance.

"I'm here, Ellen. Child—darling—speak!"

Another pause. The lips, long gone, were to be broken by the form lying below, pale and still. A distant shout of hurrest-home came strangely on the sickening silence. Ah! truly harvest home! Another drooping soul for the universal harvest. Another wearied heart for the world's great reaper—Death!

I turned hurriedly away. The child had fallen asleep with the doll by her side, still murmuring in her dreams that they must be quiet—as like the rosy face, but strangely like the dead one on the bed. I reclosed the window-shutters, thinking that of the light the child was most great eternal light that will one day down on all—covered the pale dead face, and left the woman weeping and in prayer.

I set off the next morning for the old woman's cottage. She was standing at the door, evidently expecting me.

"Oh, Sir, is it you? do walk in!"

I entered, clinging as I did so at the bed where the dead girl was still lying, and the woman, who had begun weeping afresh.

"Oh, Sir, my poor child!"

I spoke soothingly and calmly.

"Oh, Sir, life was so dear to her! It's not only losing her! it's the way—the way!"

"The way?" I said, inquiringly.

"Yes, Sir; but to be sure you don't know. She was bewitched, Sir."

"Bewitched!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Sir, this long time. She's been ailing since last year, and it's been the death of her at last."

Seeing my continued look of surprise, she "went on," as she expressed it, "to tell me all about it," still holding, as she did, the dead girl's hand in hers. The story, as nearly as I remember, ran as follows:

"SHE LOOKS DYING LIKE, MOTHER, AND CARES NOTHING FOR ME."

"You see, Sir, Ellen was my only child, and a good one she was. Many's the time I've told my old man she'd live to be a comfort to me, and so she truly did, nursing me and taking care of me, when he died, for many a long day." (Here she fondled the man hard closer still.) "Well, you see, Sir, she was still quite a child, when a young chap comes to work up at the Squire's where Ellen took the milk every morning. It wasn't long after he came that I thought I saw a change in her; she wasn't so light-hearted like, as if she had some secret. So, one morning, when she comes in from the Squire's with the odd look on her face, I turned short at her and says, 'What's the matter, Ellen?'

"She reddened, but answered quite boldly, for she was always as open as the day.

"'Why, mother, I think Jack's very fond of me.'

"'Fond of you?' says I; 'and pray who's Jack?'

"'Him that works up at the Squire's; but you'll soon see him, mother; he's coming up to night.'

"And sure enough he came. He was a handsome spoken young fellow enough. He told me he wanted Ellen, and would take great care of her. He seemed so honest and bright-looking, and Ellen so fond of him, that somehow I couldn't say 'No,' and the end of it was they went to the church, and the parson himself told me he'd never seen a prettier couple. They were just like two doves; he had plenty of work up at the Squire's—you see he was a bricklayer, Sir, and the Squire was having his place done up—and Ellen she took in mending, and come over every day to help me. They used to live there, Sir." (She pointed to a little cottage close by, now wearing a dreary deserted look.) "They lived there nigh upon two years, Sir, till long after the baby was born. Well, Sir, my Ellen—though the best-tempered girl in the world—was a bit spirited when any thing crossed her; and one morning Jack and her had a quarrel—the first they'd ever had—it was about her cousin Tom, poor fellow, who'd been her sweet-heart before she was married—and Jack went to work without bidding her good-by. She was mighty vexed at this, and when I went over I found her crying. I thought Jack was wrong, and was just telling her so, when I heard a knock at the door, which was open, and there was the witch standing looking."

"What witch?" I asked.

"Why, her that lives in the hut on the hill; there's only one witch, Sir."

Again the look of astonishment. I signified a satisfaction I was far from possessing, and she continued:

"Well, Sir, she was standing staring, and Ellen, thinking she'd heard what we'd been saying, told her sharply to go off, but she didn't move, so Ellen got up and pushed her out, but not before she had cast an evil look and muttered to herself.

"'Ellen,' I said, 'she's cast an evil eye on you.' She looked pale, but said, in her hasty way, 'I don't care if she has, mother.'

"I felt flurried like, and knew something would come of it; but didn't say any thing to any one.

"When Jack came home that night I talked to him a good deal. He didn't take much notice at first, but at last he promised to make it up with Ellen. I don't know, Sir, if it ever was made up; maybe, you see, the witch wouldn't let her bring her mind to do it, for Jack and her were never the same afterward, and Tom went to the cottage oftener than ever. I used to be quite frightened at Jack's look, when he'd come in and see him two a-talking together; but I knew poor Ellen was bewitched, and couldn't help teasing him. The neighbors knew it, too; for, you see, bewitched people have a queer look about the eyes, and grow thin and pale, like Ellen did, till they die quite away. I dreaded Jack finding it out, and it was a long time before he did; for the people didn't like to talk about it before him, and when he saw them whispering and looking at him, he'd think they were talking of Ellen and Tom, and feel jealous like, and angry. At last one night Ellen rushed in to me with her face all pale and trembling.

"'He's off, mother?' says she.

"'Who, Ellen?'

"She looked quite wild, and pointed to the cottage. I left her fainting-like in a chair, and ran over. He was standing with his white face near the door, putting his things together.

"'Jack,' says I, 'where are you off to?'

"'Going on the tramp, mother; there's no more work up at the Squire's.'

"'Jack,' says I, 'it's about Ellen—'

"'He never moved or answered.

"'Jack,' says I, putting my hand on his shoulder, for I began to get fierce, thinking of Ellen and the child, 'Jack, think of the little one.'

"'Mother,' says he, in such a quiet voice that I didn't feel frightened any longer at his pale face, 'mother,' says he, 'I've heard the neighbors a-talking about what has happened to Ellen, and I know it's true. Ellen can't help it; but what's the use of my staying here? She'll be better without me; she looks dying like, before my very eyes, and cares nothing for me, so what's the good, mother?'

"I let my hand drop from his shoulder; for you see, Sir, I knew it was all true, and I couldn't answer it, though I tried hard. And I said, 'Jack! won't you bid her good-by?' For I thought, when it came to kissing her and the child, maybe he wouldn't go through with it. He went to the window, where he could see her lying in the chair, as I left her, pale and still. A fierce look came over his face, and he muttered something about Tom.

"'It's not his fault, Jack!' says I.

"'No,' says he, 'not his fault—not here—it can't be helped. Good-by, mother!'

"'Jack!' I said, 'for God's sake, stop! speak to Ellen only one word.'

"He went out of the cottage. I was almost wild. 'Ellen! Ellen!' I called out; I rushed over; I shook her; I pointed to Jack in the distance going farther and farther away; but I couldn't rouse her, she was quite gone. I watched him go over the hill, without once looking back; and we've never seen him since."

"And Ellen?" I asked.

"Oh, Sir! when she came to she seemed quite mad. She said she'd go after him, and take the child with her. I couldn't quite hold her all. Then she was very ill for a long time, without any cause, talking about Jack all day and night. The doctor said it was fever, and maybe it was; but we knew who brought it on, though we didn't tell him. She got better at last, but her eyes looked so large and strange that it often frightened me. She just got up one morning, looked about the room, took Jack's picture, hung it up there with his cap and coat, and told me never to move them till he came back.

"'Mother,' says she, 'I've been a wicked girl not to be a better wife to him, and it serves me right. I was too fond of teasing him by talking to Tom. I must tell him all when he comes back.'

"I saw she didn't know the real reason of his going. It seemed she'd forgotten all about the witch, and didn't know that it is cross she's had to do just the same again. But she thought he'd surely come, and she used to sit for hours in the morning looking over the hill for him; but months passed, and he was still away. At last she took to her bed, and never rose again. That's the way they all do, Sir. She lay there for days quite quiet, and the little one nearly always with her. The doctor said it was 'consumption,' and when I told him about the witch he shook his head. She was often asleep, but then the cough woke her—the doctor said it had cough—she'd be sure to ask directly if Jack had come. Sometimes she'd think he was sitting by her, and she'd talk to him, and tell him how happy she was about it, and how she never cared for Tom, and how happy they were going to be now. And then she'd think they were walking in the fields, as they used to do on Sunday evenings, and she'd say how sweet the church bells sounded, and how pretty the little one was growing, and how happy we all four were living in those two little cottages. Then, when she got sensible, she'd lie for hours never speaking of him. At last even I began to watch for his call. I thought if he would only come, just to see her once before she went. I used to put the little one up at the window, and tell her to keep on looking over the hill, and praps she'd see her father coming, but my heart misgave me all the time—and I was right—he never came, he never came."

She stopped her story, weeping; then turning to the bed:

"She looks happy enough without him now, doesn't she, Sir?"

She drew aside the covering: I gazed long upon the face, so child-like in its sweet simplicity. It wore a look of perfect rest. The slight shade of anxiety I had noticed the day before had passed away, giving place to an expression of calm contentment like that of a tired child asleep. Hearing no sound the little one crept up noiselessly, and getting on the bed sat down close by her mother, the large living eyes bright with a mixed expression of pity, love, and wonder, the little hand stroking the dead face with a fond caressing movement inexpressibly touching. They looked strangely alike, and yet how fearfully different; their long hair mingling lovingly, stirred by the child's deep breath. I watched reverently, silently, till wearied with her grief, the young one fell into a light slumber. I left them lying there—both asleep—a strange solemn picture of Love and Death, full of the deepest poetry and beauty.

Two days after I gave Ellen was buried, and it was not long before I left the place. Jack had not then returned, and the little one was once more playing noisily with her doll, with no fear now of waking the child-mother at rest for ever. As I passed the cottage for the last time the bird was singing loudly, as though it had never left off. She told me it was father's bird: she fed it every morning against he came home: she wondered when that would be; and I, wondering the same—wondering when the erring heart, burning from the trammels of ignorance and superstition, would return to find its utter desolation—passed on, and left the spot, probably for ever.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES.

His Robes and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SECRETAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GHINGO,

AUTHOR OF "LEG GHINGO" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES.")

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XVII.

BOOM OF BOB LUCIA.

"THUS it ever is, cabalero, and ever will be," went on Captain Brand, in rather a reflecting strain. "There is a point to begin and stop, and an end to lay as well as grist. We should, however, take the world as it comes, and as it goes. I do, and so do you, compadre?"—pitching a cigar spirt fashion at Don Ignacio to attract his attention—"and, therefore, we should never look too far ahead, and live only for the present.

"Indulging then in this train of principle, as I set down my lovely burden here, and the cloak fell from her shoulders, I was prepared for any thing which might happen. I were a slightly different costume at the time then that she had been accustomed to see me in, as I always do when I think there might be a chance of a surprise or trap laid for us in entering the inlet. So instead of fine linen and silk I had on a red flannel shirt, dark trowsers, with a cutlass slung to my side and a pair of pistols in my belt. I don't think I appear handsome in that rig, but the fellows at my back somehow think it is becoming to me, especially when we are engaged in a hand-to-hand fight! What say you, compadre?"

The Don said nothing, and merely waved his forefinger, as if there was not a matter to which he devoted much attention. He thought, however, that sleeves should be cut loose when the pockets were not small for knives and pistols, but he uttered no word.

"Buena! There I stood"—pointing to the middle of the room as he spoke—"drenched with rain, and there stood my tall and lovely wife!

"The saloon was brilliantly lighted; a profusion of plants and flowers were clustered here, there, and every where, on cabinets and tables, in striking contrast to the display exhibited yonder in that armory, where pikes, muskets, and knives were gleaming through the open door.

"Quick as the lightning which was piercing deep into the inmost crevices of the rocks and the gray without, Lucia's dark eyes flashed around the apartment, from floor to ceiling, from flower to blade, resting in instant on the frame of minikins there—here were not among the collection *then*: it is the one in the middle, Doctor—

"There were no knives on the table, or else, from the deadly look the Doctor gave, he might have perhaps sprinkled the narrator's henry-blood on the floor.

"—Until at last her gaze of terror rested on me. No one, I fancy, can fill the power of a Spanish girl, who has never seen them when the whole passion of their soul—either in love or hate—comes pouring in a black blaze of jet from their gleaming eyes!

"Advancing a step toward me, with her white hands clasped together, she said in a hurried voice—and low as was the sound I heard it distinctly during the crushing thunder which shook the rocks of the crag to their foundations—

"'Senor! where am I? My father? Who—who, in the name of the Blessed Virgin, art thou?'

"Again giving a look of the music horror around the room, she pressed her hands to her eyes, and said, in the same low, distinct tone,

"'Speak, Senor! For the love of our Holy Saviour, speak!'

"I felt thus the girl had saved me, by her own instinctive intuition, a world of painful explanations, and I replied:

"'Lucia! I divine that all further connectments are useless; you are in the hand of the most noted pirate of these seas, and that man stands before you.'

"Caballero!" continued Captain Brand, "had my pretty prize swooned away, or fallen down in a fit, or gone into hysterics and torn her hair out by the roots, I should not have been greatly surprised, but she did none of those things. On the contrary, she became as calm as marble—frightfully so in fact—and pushing back the hands of her magnificent tresses from her pale forehead, she raised her round white arm aloft, with her slender forefinger quivering like the tongue of a viper in mid-air, and then poured forth a torrent of such wofully impressive words that I

"ADVANCING A STEP TOWARD ME, WITH HER WHITE HANDS"

"Yes, Señores, I am no coward, take me when you will; but on this occasion I must honestly admit that I stood powerless before the gaze and gesture of that slight, delicately formed woman.

"'Pirate—wretch—monster—may the curses of hell be heaped upon thee! Murderer—betrayer—may thy heart be burned, and thy soul blasted for ever!'

"I need not gain you, Señores, by recalling the cruel words that came hissing and surging through her closed teeth, nor yet further describe the terrible concentrated gaze of hate and fury which streamed from those gleaming eyes. Suffice it to say, that though often afterward I was treated in the same manner, yet, on the occasion alluded to, I cut short the interview by summoning Babette to see her mistress to her chamber; and then, glad to escape, I went out of the house and attended to the duties which required my presence."

The Padre, with his flat lips half open, eagerly drinking in—with his Santa Cruz punch—the words of his patron; the Doctor, calm, unmoved now, and thoughtful; the one-eyed old rascal, still puffing his cigarritos and allowing no rest to his uneasy, suspicious optic; all sat listening, with each an interest peculiarly his own, to the fate of Doña Lucia. The narrator leisurely stares and held his hearers spellbound with the man at the signal-station, and then returning to his place, proceeded with his discourse:

"I shall pass rapidly over, my friends, many little incidents of a rather unpleasant nature which occurred here, in this my rocky retreat, for some months after the interview which I have described. I tried every argument and persuasion I was master of to bring my proud bride to reason; but to all my entreaties she met a cold and chilling stare of obdurate hate. Day by day the density of her detestation grew stronger and stronger, and seemed to have become a part of her nature. Yet the gentle, yield-ing girl I had won on board the *Centipede* had now become as stern and unbending as a rock, and my controlling power over her mind and love were gone. I left her entirely to herself for some weeks, until one day I thought her passion might have subsided, and once more, attired in a rich and splendid suit, I came in here, as she sat like a marble statue at table. She never looked up at my entrance, but her eyes shone like stars as she sat mechanically going through the forms of the dinner laid before her.

"'Lucia!' I said, gayly. No answer by word or look. 'Lucia! querida mia!' I repeated, and sinking on one knee beside her, I attempted to take her hand.

"By all the saints, Señores, that came near—very near—leaving the last time that I ever should kneel to a woman; for with a movement so sudden that I had barely time to leap one side, she snatched a long pointed service knife from the table and lunged full at my throat! The blade just grazed my jugular artery, inflicting a slight wound. Had she never turned round to see the extent of her effort, and again sat calm and rigid at the table.

"That was my last visit save one. I abandoned these comfortable quarters entirely, and occupied the rooms you do, mi Padre, out there among the men. In fact, my stern young bride was in entire command of the island, and even my good Babette here stood in such awe of her that she always crossed herself when called to approach her mistress.

"Month by month matters went on in this way, until the winter had gone, and I was preparing for another cruise in the schooner; but hear ye, that the consuming passion which flamed in the veins of Lucia was doing its work. I sometimes beheld her standing out on the wooden, tall and stately as ever; and when the moon was at the full, it threw its light upon her wan and sunken cheeks and thin wasted frame. Ay! there she stood like an almost transparent statue of alabaster, with her dark eyes, shining with an unearthly light, turned in one long tender gaze upon the ledge and combing breakers to seaward. It was singular, too, the effect she produced even upon the hands of these brave fellows of mine, for no persuasion could induce a man of them to come within pistol-shot of that part of the house while she was [illegible] her nightly vigils. And as for [illegible] be acquired such a superstitious dread [illegible] had married, and lived in such a [illegible] for, that I had serious thoughts [illegible] avoid the contaminating [illegible] over his companions. One Saturday night, [illegible] ing and drinking this delicate lands were clasped around a silver and pearl crucifix which rested on her hollow breast. A single taper in a silver lamp threw a bird, flickering ray about the room, and beside it was Babette on her knees and quivering with terror, while from one of the loopholed windows a broad white hand of moonlight streamed distinctly across the pillow and face of the dying girl."

Captain Brand's face assumed a deathly pallor, and with his icy blue eyes fixed on vacancy, and his voice sunk to a hoarse whisper, he went on:

"As I appeared in the portals of the door Lucia slowly raised her forefinger and beckoned me to approach. I could no more have resisted the summons than if a chain-cable to a frigate's anchor had caught me in its iron coils and was dragging me to the bottom of the sea. I moved to the foot of the bed.

"'*Pirate!*' came from her slightly parted lips, in her old low and distinct tones, '*Pirate*, behold your cruel work! Destroyer of mother and child—of soul and body—may the curses of a dying woman hot her cahora child haunt you by day and by night!' I was dumb, and my pale stepped backing. 'Ave Maria Purissima!' were the last words that came in a sweet, pure whisper from her lips: she sleeped the crucifix tighter, and the spirit departed. I tore aside the gauze net to lay my hand on her heart, when, on my soul, her right hand slowly relaxed its death-grasp on the crucifix, and, rising to a vertical line, with the forefinger pointing upward, it quivered in the light of the waning moon like—as it was—a supernatural warning! Yes, that finger—"

"Mama! mama!" came in a weak, plaintive voice from the place, and the children, with hands before him as if to shut out a frightful vision, and eyeballs starting from their sockets, was hoarsely whispering to his horror-stricken audience the last warning of the dead Lucia.

As the low, moaning cry, in the stillness which reigned around the saloon, struck his ear he sprang with a bound to his feet, and quick as thought, with a pistol in each hand, he shouted, "Who's there?"

"It is the little sick boy, Señor! Do him no harm at your peril!" and the Doctor stood before the Pirate's leveled weapons.

"Maldito on the best! Pshaw!" said Captain Brand, quieting down, and returning the pistols to his pockets, "how nervous I am! Excuse me, caballeros. I was thinking of something else."

CHAPTER XVIII.

END OF THE BANQUET.

In the pause which followed the dreadful episode just recounted by Captain Brand the Padre was occupied in pattering a prayer, counting his beads, and elevating his crucifix as if he was manifolding high mass at the altar. Don Ignacio slowly waved his brown forefinger, and his single spark of glowing eye glared fiercely and fiercely at his host. A cheery sweat burst out on the pallid brow of the Doctor, and his hands were clutched before him on the table like the jaws of a steel vice. And still the drunken shrieks and cheers of the piratical crew at the shels arose wild and shrill in the calm night and made a gloomy dispason for the banquet. The Doctor was the first to break the awkward silence which pervaded the saloon.

"Capitano!" said he, in his habitual calm, deep voice, "with respect to what you said in the early part of the evening, of breaking up this establishment, what, may I ask, are your plans for the future?"

"Gracias! amigo Doctor! Thank you, my friend, for changing the conversation. My plans! eh! eh! Well, they are these—"

Here Captain Brand's face assumed its usual expression, and entirely himself again, he went on to state, in a precise, business-like way, the views he had resolved upon for future action.

"—To-morrow, gentlemen, is Sunday. Those lusterous fellows out there, after mass, will need rest all the day. On Monday, however, I shall begin to change the rig of the schooner, fill up with provisions for a long cruise, take on board all the loose odds and ends we have stowed here, of course," he added, as he remarked an inquiring and a rather alarmed mercenary look from the Tuerto's glim—"of course, after having squared up all claims of our compadre there?"

"Hum!" croaked that sharp rascal with a nod of satisfaction, quite like an old crow.

"Then, Señores, I shall burn or destroy the old sheds, and bury the cannon and heavy articles we can not find room for in the *Centipede*; when, if nothing happens, we shall trip anchor and spread our sails for sea!

"Babette! Babette! really I believe that dear old negress has fallen asleep. Babette! ah! there you are, my beauty! See if you can't prepare a bowl of okra gumbo before we break up here?"

Babette had not been asleep. Oh no! She had her ear to the door of the saloon, and was listening to the sad history of Doña Lucia, and when her master came to the final scene the old woman fell on her knees and shivered all over, where she remained until the sound of the Captain's voice aroused her to her duties.

"And when we have left these quiet waters, my son?" broke in the Padre, "what then?"

The fact was, that the carnivorous and vicious Father Ricardo knew that his stomach was not suited for high winds and rough oceans, and was hoping that some scheme might be devised to allow him to remain tranquilly on the island.

"Why, Holy Padre, I propose to steer clear of the West Indies by some subsequent track, and, striking the broad Atlantic, stretch down the coast of Brazil. Perhaps we may double Cape Horn, and visit our whilom miserable patriots are fighting for in Chili and Peru; then maybe across the Pacific, to the lovely islands and maidens of Polynesia; or to the China Seas, where we may fall in with an outward-bound Canton trader, or a gulleon with a ton or two of silver on board.—Indeed, gentlemen is plenty of blue water and fine ships every where: so we must be content."

Padre Ricardo made the sign of the cross, kissed his thumb and forefinger, and reaching his paw over to the Captain, shook hands with him.

"Ay, amigos," continued the leader, without minding the friendly interruption: "ay, my friends, we shall, I trust, give the hounds in search of us the slip, and even should they scent out this retired hole, they will have their trouble for their chase, and find nothing but a few stones and heaps of rubbish above ground."

"They may find some little matters below though," chimed in the commander of the fleucca.

"If they do," retorted the Pirate, with a meaning scowl, "I'll put the spy who betrays it to such a torture as that he will wish himself below ground when I come back here."

"Cierto, amigo! no fear of that!" muttered the Tuerto, with some little trepidation of manner. "My papers are white."

"Captain Brand," said the Doctor, "my contract with you is nearly up, and since I only agreed—as you know—to enlist my professional services here on shore, I presume you will have no objections to permit me to depart with Don Ignacio in the felucca."

It would be difficult to say what caused the flush of passion which overspread the leader's face at he listened to this simple request, but it was a full minute before he replied, and then, having weighed the matter carefully in his mind, he said, in a precise and determined tone, in French:

"Monsieur le Docteur! the compacts that I have made with all those that have taken service with me have never been broken except by death. I can not, therefore, consider your request, and I shall expect you to sail with me in the schooner."

Then he added quickly, as he noticed a certain haughty expression in his abordinate's face: "Pardon me, Monsieur, we had better not discuss this question now. Suppose you see me the morrow."

"Willingly, Señor, and you will find my resolution unchangeable!" with which he spoke he bowed to his companions at table, and saying *Buenas noches!* good-night!" he passed from the saloon to his chamber. He paused a moment, as if communing with himself, and then approaching the grass hammock where the sick boy was sleeping, he gently took the little fellow up in his arms. The child murmured, "Mama, mama!" and was lulled to sleep.

Captain Brand followed the Doctor with his searching, shark-like eyes until he had left the apartment, and there was something that denoted danger in the look; but he uttered no sound, and, placing a finger on his lip, he nodded meaningly to the Padre.

A moment after Babette brought in the steaming gumbo soup, and the Pirate's feast was nearly ended. Don Ignacio waited until his companions had swallowed a goodly portion of the grateful mess, when he too refreshed himself. Then muttering his salutations to the usual observant manner, he departed. He declined, however, the offer of his host another to his bowl, saying he had, he knew, half a dozen of the felucca's crew outside the building to guard the cannon, and he would not put the Capitano to the trouble.

When the Padre rose to give his benediction to his patron, the Captain took him impressively by the rope which girded his cassock about the loins, and giving it a sharp jerk or two, he said:

"My Holy Father, I think we shall have a sad duty to perform to-morrow. Our old friend Gibbs has behaved badly, and I shall punish him. He is now in the Capella dungeon. After early mass go and console him."

The Padre, without betraying any emotion, crossed himself, and slowly left the Pirate alone in his saloon.

"A SUPERNATURAL WARNING! YES, THAT FINGER—"

QUASHY QUANDO.

Let me say a disclaiming hand upon the skirts of the fascinating gaily, and chronicle a few of the sayings and doings of Quashy Quando.

Of my hero's parentage and ancestry I can say nothing, for they are involved in obscurity as black as his own skin; still in this connection his biographer can only vouch to two facts—viz., that his birthplace was the Guinea Coast of Africa, and that he had a mother; for in his rather memorable day Quashy would often tell of the last summer morning when his "mammy," playing a calabash in his hand, bade the little naked boy bring her some cool water from the spring; and how he, hastening upon his errand, reached the fountain, stooped, and was about to dip his gourd in the clear water, when he started at the sight of a fierce bearded face reflected on his left side, and turned to find himself in the grasp of a kidnapper.

"For de pretiest dame wuh long 'nough for dat yes an' bah o' water!" Quashy would add, with a sigh, as he finished the memorable story.

Brought across the ocean, the little fellow (who had been upon the passage treated more as a plaything than a slave) was sold to the head of a New England family (for this was while slavery was tolerated at the North), who bestowed upon him the name of Julius Cæsar; but whether from doubt of his own ability to support this illustrious cognomen, or from attachment to the name of his infancy, the will little barbarian would never reply to either command, summons, or request made in that name, but would sit or stand staring at vacancy with a stolid expression of indifference on his uncouth features, or at most with a sullen twitch of the shoulders, displeased alike with blame or flattery. But let the name be changed to "Quashy" and the perverse little creature would spring to life with pleased alacrity. The point was finally conceded; and although the experiment was unsuccessfully renewed during the course of his long life, it was always with the same result.

Quashy did not love work, and intensely preferred basking at full length in the July sun to hoeing corn. Very practically exactitude brought him into difficulty, and on one occasion was made the subject of severe comment by his master, who was a physician in good practice. Quashy listened patiently to the lecture, and when it was finished, quietly replied,

"Work no good for nigger; whatever why no good for white man? Why you no work, massa?"

"I! I do work, Quashy—I work hard."

"What work you do, massa? You no hoe corn."

"No, I don't hoe corn; but I work, Quashy—I do head-work," laughing the good-natured Doctor.

"Head-work—do you, I know him; he berry hard job," muttered the other, with a look of intelligence, and shouldering his hoe, marched off to his labors.

Later in the day my master, returning from his round of visits, passed his corn-field, and beheld Quashy seated on a great stump, his chin resting on his two paws, relaying in the full heat of the noontide sun.

"Hilloa, you lazy dog!" shouted the Doctor. "Why aint you at work?"

"I do work, I tell you; head-work."

"Head-work, you fool! What head-work are you doing?"

"Telfee, massa. See dem two blackbirds on big sycamore?"

"Yes. I see them, boy."

"Well, massa, I tinkin' 'spon I brow 'tone an' kill one bird, how many bird be left on tree. 'Pose massa can tell right off."

"Certainly, you simpleton. There would be one left. Couldn't you tell that for yourself?"

"Hi! hi! hi!" laughed Quashy, rolling on the ground in ecstasy, "I tink nigger de head-work better dan white gentleman! Bere be one left, massa, 'cause 'fodder fly away!"

Some years later, Quashy, returning from the field one evening, was informed by Venus, his black cook, that Miss Polly had got a beau, and that they were "sparkin'" in the "sitting-room."

"Pose you berry in die yer arsufol of word, Quash," continued the black cook, with a look at the personal.

Quashy accepted the errand, and, after a short absence returned to the kitchen with an approving expression on his broad black face.

"Well, Quash, what's the news?"

"What be name, Venus?"

"Name Jerd, who mam; come all de way from Boston."

"Jerd him? Jerd, Venus, dat nigger black—jet-black! mos' a dat to dink de Lord get one o' massa children, for swear I 'fraid de debbil get dat way too!"

Another of Quashy's villainous sins perpetrated upon a brother of his master's, one of those careless genial individuals, nobody's enemy but their own, who usually win more love than respect from their inferiors and dependents.

This gentleman standing in his door-way one day observed Quashy staggering by with a great bag upon his back, and evidently a little the worse for liquor.

"Hilloa, Quashy, what have you got in your bag that makes you reel about the street?" What's your load?"

"Load, Mass Billy?" repeated Quashy, without looking up or pausing, "load 'tough for sartin, but 'tinkin' mollen yet need bagritch to do 'ole nigger 'bout mebbe 'tink mamma ax' poverty, an you got hoeps of dem yer ready?"

Another of Quashy's repartees was at the expense of a certain Judge Payne, a gentleman more celebrated for his fortune than the number in each.

Standing on the steps of the court-house in company with some other lawyers, the judge was saluted by Quashy, who was passing, with the query,

"How you do, Massa Payne; tell an ole nigger what's de loat wuth, pole?"

"Never grovelled the judge, sarilly, "there is that the devil's done."

"Ah, hi! hi! ho! Bosh, poor fellow; well I know he been lib a long time, but I neber know he bosh," remarked Quashy, with an air of great concern, as he passed quietly on.

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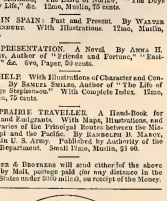

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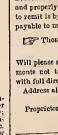
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 180.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

GENERAL GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.—[FROM A RECENT PICTURE.]

GENERAL GARIBALDI.

We publish on the preceding page a portrait of General Garibaldi, who is evidently going to be the hero of the new Italian war.

Joseph Garibaldi is the type of the gallant soldier of fortune, to whom the excitement of war is a necessity; but who, when his country's opportunity arrives, is never found wanting among her defenders. Of all the Italian patriots of 1848 he is, without doubt, the ablest, most sensible, and most impetuous.

He was born at Nice, fifty-two years ago, of a good family. While yet a lad, he entered the naval service of Sardinia, and distinguished himself by several acts of bravery; but having taken part in a military mutiny against his master in 1834, he was obliged to fly the country. He took refuge in France, and shortly afterward accepted a command in the fleet of the Bey of Tunis, in very few months' service disgusted him with the Moors, and he sailed from the Mediterranean to South America, where war was raging on the La Plata. He offered his services to the President of Uruguay, and obtained the command of the fleet which was dispatched against Buenos Ayres. His exception was destroyed shortly afterward by the Anglo-French intervention; but, nothing disconcerted, Garibaldi raised a partisan corps of 2000 men, and fought gallantly for a long period of time against Rosas.

Altogether he spent many years in South America, winning golden opinions, and acquiring a thoroughly knowledge of partisan warfare. He married a South American lady, whose beauty was as remarkable as her courage and devotion to her husband. She accompanied him in all his military movements, was by his side at the time of his greatest dangers, and died at last, of fatigue and distress of mind, during the disastrous retreat from Rome.

In 1848 the news of Italian liberty reached Garibaldi in South America, and in a few weeks he was on Italian soil. The champion of Italy, then as now, was King of Sardinia; to him Garibaldi offered his sword, and readily obtained the command of a *corps d'armée* to operate on those very same Alpine slopes where we hear of his victories now. He knows the ground, and the people know him. During the brief but disastrous war of 1848-49 Garibaldi achieved wonders; but Piedmont was overmatched, and the day came when the gallant patriot was compelled to lay down his arms. He settled in Piedmont, became a member of the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies, and took a leading part as a member of the Opposition.

The proclamation of the Roman Republic again roused him to action. He called his faithful legion together, and arrived at Rome in time to take the lead in the restoration of order. He had at this time with him Mazzini and all the other Italian patriots, very few of whom could compare with him in respect of experience or common sense, though not unfrequently their noisiness gave them an advantage over him with the Roman populace. The moment was critical. Rome was about to be attacked by the French. The French general Oudinot, who perhaps had never heard of Garibaldi, despised his preparations for defence. He set against him a corps of 2000 French troops, which Garibaldi very quickly defeated, and sent flying back in confusion. Another enemy—5000 Neapolitan—marching upon Palestrina, Garibaldi hastened to meet them too, and with his legion, 3000 strong, he utterly routed them. Within a day or two afterward, at Velletri, he was equally successful, and was badly wounded. So unequal a contest, however, could not last long. The French were steadily advancing on Rome, and all that could be done was to prepare the old city to stand a siege. This Garibaldi did so well, that, though his fortifications, as every one knows, are in a ruinous condition, he held the French at bay for a whole month, to the amazement of their generals, and the great indignation of the Emperor. When it became certain at last that the city must fall, he proposed to his colleagues to blow up the bridges, abandon the city, and take to the hills. This desperate counsel was not followed. He then resolved to do what he has begun. His speech on that occasion would have done no dishonor to Brutus or the Gracchi: "Soldiers," he said, "in recognizing of the love you may show your country! I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, war, and death; who accepts the terms let him follow me." The enthusiastic legion followed him to a man. The day before the surrender, Garibaldi, at the head of his faithful partisans, cut his way through the enemy's lines, and so baffled his escape to the little republic of San Marino. There he dismissed his comrades, and, with two hundred men, embarked for Genoa.

It was now evident to the practical mind of Garibaldi that the revolutionary movement was crushed, and that further resistance would be hopeless. He made up his mind resolutely to disarm political hatred by the high rank of his name, and to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. After a brief stay at Genoa he sailed for New York.

He spent some time here. A couple farmers, which he established on Staten Island in conjunction with the celebrated tenor singer, Lorenzo Salvi, defrayed his expenses for a while. But the silly singer was more than a match, in business matters, for the patriot, and the candle factory failed. Garibaldi then started off to California, which was then the "promised land" for all adventurers. Shortly after his arrival there an American vessel in the port of San Francisco lost her captain; the post was offered to Garibaldi, who accepted it, sailed to China, and thence to Peru. In the latter country he could not resist an offer which was made to him of the chief command of the Peruvian navy; but the Peruvian tactics it would seem, did not exactly please him. He took the first opportunity of returning to his early vocation—the sea. For several years he commanded trading vessels, which not unfrequently sailed to New York, where Garibaldi was always received as a hero by his fellow-countrymen.

When the war in Italy broke out, Garibaldi at once appeared on the scene as the leader of a partisan force, under the general direction of the King of Sardinia. He expiated in Northern Italy (as well known) he contributed not a little to the success of the campaign.

Since the conclusion of the peace Garibaldi has met with new troubles. His *éclat* as a member of the Sardinian Parliament was very unsatisfactory to his friends and very distasteful to himself. His marriage with a daughter of Count Roimondi proved still more unfortunate. Rumor accuses the lady of frailties both prior and subsequent to her marriage; and Garibaldi, it is said, not only threatened to be her after the marriage, but spent three months in utter despair on a desert island.

Let us hope that his career in Sicily will efface the recollection of these sorrows.

THE WOOD OF LIFE.

In the mortalie glare soft midnight gloom
A weaver is busily driving his loom:
And the wood of life is thrown off raw,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.
Strange figures are wrought for the world to view—
Over and over, for none are new.
The same old patterns are woven slow.
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

II.

Beautiful tresses and *shrew's* face,
The hands of the weaver carefully place;
Thy web and verdure, yellow and red,
Crossed, recrossed, and woven in;
The patterns come forth a scene of despair,
No hope of heaven is pictured there;
But a woman dying in wretchedness bow,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

III.

A brow that is furrowed by scenes of care
Is pushed by the weaver forward there,
And with greed of gain and love of gold
Is deftly woven: the tale is told
In the shuttle's flight, in the shuttle's stroke,
The miser grasps at his gold and hoards,
While death hears him off to an endless woe,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

IV.

A face blood-stained is now thrust in
With murder and theft, with lust and gin,
A broken heart and a ruined name,
That once glorious brightly in the path of fame!
This pattern is woven with little care,
For his conscience enough in the fabric there:
In the libertine's death he'll a torment glow,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

V.

A thoughtful face and a beaming eye,
With kisser of love and friendship's tie,
Faith and hope and charity are there,
Are hid in the pattern that now we see:
The life is ending, but promises shine
Upon mind crowned in the Saviour dear:
And the hopes through death in those promises show,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

VI.

In the mortalie glare and midnight gloom
The weaver is busily driving his loom:
The threads are fixed in a web of life;
The patterns are scenes that out the strife
Of lust and hatred, of love and war
The labors of sin or of peace and
The weaver is busily driving his loom
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

W. D.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 9, 1860.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END IN ITALY.

We make no apology for devoting so much of our space this week to illustrations of the impending war in Southern Italy. As compared with that conflict, the Japanese visit to the United States, the death of the Prince of Wales, the voyage of the *Great Eastern*, and such occurrences, are trivial in the extreme.

The contest between old human freedom depends, for a time, upon the success of Garibaldi. There are conjunctures in every age when the triumph or defeat of great principles hinges on the fortunes of individuals. Had Charles Martel been beaten at Tours, Europe might have been Mohammedan. Had Bonaparte been beaten at Waterloo, the world might have been French. Had Washington died at Valley Forge, we might have been in the condition of the Canadas, and historians would probably have now been discussing the question of the adaptability of democratic systems of governments. Just so, at the present time, if Garibaldi's invasion of Southern Italy be crushed out, millions of people will conclude that God is on the side of despotism.

This is not a mere question of good or bad government for ten or twelve millions of Italians. It matters very little, practically, to the world at large how these millions are governed, or whether they are happy or miserable. Wise men—of liberal instincts—have been so disgusted by their degradation as to denounce them as only fit to be trampled. They are, however, a mere secondary consideration. The question at issue is, whether tyrants like Francis of Naples and Pius of Rome can maintain their dirty throne to crush a hundred God's creatures, or whether there is and must be a divine retribution for such acts as theirs. The question is, whether men—living in Italy, or in Germany, or in France, or in Russia, or any where—have a right to their rational freedom, or not. This is the point to be decided. If Garibaldi and his movement be crushed out, statesmen, and preachers, and journalists will argue that it was unwise, and contrary to divine intention; if they be successful, the same authorities will pronounce that it was providential, and monarchs will tremble on their thrones. Democracy, in the abstract, hangs in the balance.

We believe, for our part, that we are witnessing the beginning of the end. Garibaldi may be killed; but if he can hold out a few weeks longer, we believe that he will have kindled a flame which all the powers of Rome and Naples will be insufficient to quench. We look hopefully forward to see that glorious country—Southern Italy—purged of the pests and crimes which have so long defiled it, and fulfilling the destiny for which it was created, by becoming one of the noblest, happiest, and richest portions of the world.

ETHICS.

The Dublin newspapers contain a proclamation warning Irishmen against enlisting in the service of the Pope. This became necessary in consequence of the enrollment of Irishmen—at the rate of twenty a day weekly—in a brigade which a Papal agent is now raising in the Emerald Isle. Similar demonstrations of sympathy with the cause of Pius the Ninth have been witnessed in this country; here, however, they have assumed a practical shape in donations of money—not men.

It is not fair to assume that the Irishmen who are willing to fight for the Pope or to hire others to fight for him, are ignorant of the nature of the impending contest. Irishmen are generally educated; Irishmen are, they can hardly be so abominably ignorant as not to know that the Papal cause is the cause of oppression, tyranny, bigotry, and despotism, and that the cause of the Roman people is the cause of liberty, truth, democracy, and toleration. No child mistakes the issue—and discouraging as the priests of Erin has been thus far in education, they can not be in error on the point.

It follows that the thousand odd Irishmen who abandoned work at Trieste to enroll themselves among the defenders of the Pope, and the hundreds who volunteered in Ireland, and the thousands who gave their money here, are deliberately taking the side of brutal despotism and blind oppression against rational liberty and popular freedom.

The fact will enlighten the world on the nature of the next contest in Ireland. Hitherto, many Americans have been in the habit of considering the Irish the most liberal people, and of wishing them success in their struggles against the dominant English. But if the Irish idea of good government be the Mahoney tyranny, enthralled at Rome civilization can be no gainer by their enlistment.

MEXICO AGAIN.

Some of the papers are talking about "the beginning of the end" in Mexico, on the strength of the breach between Zulooga and Miramon. Let us take care not to be hasty in coming to conclusions.

The readers of this journal do not require to be reminded that the pending conflict in Mexico is the old fight between Church and people which has been fought out in England, France, Sweden, Spain, and Germany, and which—under different forms—has been fought out in Italy; a fight inevitable in every country in which aristocrats on the one side, and ecclesiastical greed on the other, have built up a State Church and appropriated to it the wealth of the land. The Roman Catholic Church in Mexico owns the bulk of the productive lands in that country, and consequently assumes to rule it. It can afford to keep armies on foot and to hire generals to lead them. On the other hand, the people are conscious of the mischief which the Church has been doing, and seek to get rid of it. Hence the Conflict. The Church calls itself Conservative, and hires first one, then another—first Zulooga, then Miramon—to crush out its enemies. Its strength is in its money. The people call their party Liberals, and seek—with some incidental errors—to establish a Government on a popular basis, independently of ecclesiastical control. They are led by various chiefs—men of capacity being more plentiful on that side than on the other.

Now no careful student of history needs to be warned how this conflict must end. Wherever the people have been roused against blinded hierarchies they have prevailed, and the centuries of superstition have gone to the wall. It is about to be so in Italy; it will be so in Mexico. The Pope and the Archbishop of Guadalaxara will both need a refuge in some neutral country before our generation dies out. But we think we can foretell how the conflict will settle the affair, at least in Mexico. Such immense wealth as the Mexican Church possesses, and such immense power as it wields over the superstitious minds of the Mexican peasantry, are not to be conquered in a day. The Mexican Church will die hard.

Foreign interference has already delayed the inevitable consummation. A pig-headed Briton—Mr. Otway, whose sole theology is to embarrass the United States—succeeded for years in leading the support of England to the Church party. A hungry adventurer—M. Gabriac, the French Minister—did the same thing for other purposes. Our own representatives in Mexico have gravely injured the popular cause by indirect manifestations of sympathy, which have persuaded the priest party in accusing their adversaries of undue familiarity with foreigners. Altogether, thus far, foreign interference in Mexico has been pernicious.

What we and the rest of the civilized world have to do is very simple—it is simply to remain quiet and to look on. Conspiracies and armed interventions will only aggravate, can not cure the disease. The fight must be fought on till it is fought out. The Mexican Church must be stripped of its ill-gotten gain, and that by the Mexican people without foreign aid. If we and other foreigners let Mexico alone, this will come to pass before very long; and then Mexico will enjoy a stable and a safe Government, a respectable foreign commerce, and a large and profitable home industry. But we must not try to hasten events.

THE LOUNGER.

THACKERAY UPON THE FIGHT.

In the new number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, not yet published, Thackeray treats of the late fight, as in the ninth chapter of Dr. Wolfgang, "Travels," published in the *Weekly* of last week, Dickens has a sly little word about the combatants. Thackeray talks of it like a genuine Briton, as they all do, in fact, over the sea, except the Bens, and Rev. Baptist Noel, and as if there were much more of the Bull about him than is their view of the matter.

"I am not going to expatiate on the battle, have read in the correspondent's letter of a Northern newspaper, that in the midst of the company assembled for the fight a humble tenant was present, and is a very polite society, too, of clergymen, men of letters, and members of both Houses of Parliament. Had I so, I must have walked to the station in my sleep, paid three guineas in a profound fit of mental abstraction, and returned to bed unconscious, for I certainly would not be there the time when history relates that the fight was over. I do not know whose colors I wore—the Benicia's, or those of the Irish champion, I do not remember where the fight took place, which, indeed, no sanambulist is bound to recollect. Ought Mr. Sayers to be honored for being brave, or punished for being naughty? By the shade of Brutus the elder, I don't know.

"In Georgy II.'s time there was a turbulent navy lieutenant (Handsome Smith he was called—his picture is at Greenwich now, he brown velvet, and gold and scarlet, his handsome, his waist-coat exceedingly handsome; but his face by no means the beauty)—there was, I say, a turbulent young lieutenant, who was broke on a complaint of the French ambassador for obliging a French skipper were to have to carry his ship at Spithead. But, by the King's orders, Tom was next day made Captain Smith. Well, if I were absolute king, I would send Sayers to the mill for a month, and make him Sir Thomas on coming out of Clerkenwell. You are a naughty boy, Tom! but then, you know, we ought to love our brethren, though ever so naughty. We are moralists, and reprimand you; and you are hereby reprimanded accordingly. But Sir Thomas, I should over have need of a few score thousand champions, who laugh at danger; who cope with giants; who, strikes to the ground, jump up and gayly rally, and fall, and rise again, and strike, and die rather than yield—in case the country should need such men, and you should never have to be pleased to send lists of the misguided persons to the principal state stations, seaports many some day be found to utilize their wretched carcases, and give their deplorable energies a right direction. Sayers, Tom, that you and your friends are pitted against an immense invader—suppose you are bent on holding the ground, and dying there, if need be rather than yield. Life, freedom, honor, home, you are fighting for, and there is a death-dealing sword or rifle in your hand, with which you are going to cut some insolent foreign enemy who challenges your championship on your native shore? Tom, Sir Thomas, resist him to the death, and it is all right! Sayers, Tom, Sir Thomas bless you. Fetch him the sea, and there destroy, smash, and drown him; and let us sing, *Gaudeamus*. In these matters and cases, you are, we repeat, the indisputable first hero of morals. Loving your neighbor is very well, but loving your neighbor's wife is very well Judas and Beelzebub to rob you of your laws, your liberties, your newspapers, your parliament (all of which are your neighbor's and ours have given up in the most self-denying manner): suppose any neighbor were to cross the water and propose this kind of thing to us? Should we not be justified in humbly trying to pitch him into the water? If it were the King of Belgium himself we must do so. I mean that fighting, of course, is wrong; but that there are occasions when, etc.—I suppose I may that that one-handed fight of Sayers is most spirit-stirring little story with every love and respectspirit-stirring, but, Do, Madam, keep your t

and gentle remarks for another day. Have the great kindness to stand a *lentle* aside, and just let us see one or two more rounds between the men. That little man with the one hand powerless on his breast facing yonder giant for hours, and fellow him, no, every hour and then! It is the little *Jaco* and the *Constitution* over again.

I think it is most fortunate event for the brave Heenan, who has acted and written since the battle with a true warrior's courtesy, and with a great deal of good humor, that the little was a drawn one. The advantage was all on Mr. Sayers's side. Say a young lad of sixteen insults me in the street, and I try and thrash him, and do it. Well, I have thrashed a young lad. You great, big tyrant, couldn't you hit your own size? But say the lad thrashes me? In either case I walk away discomfited; but in the latter, I am positively put to shame. Now, when the ropes were cut from that desperate, and Mr. Tobinett released by the recognized, the Europe-and-Inwa—the gentleman of Benicia was confessedly thinked of one-eye, and possibly afterward was afraid of both. Could Mr. Sayers have held out for three minutes, for five minutes, for ten minutes more? He says he could. So we say he could have held out, and did, and had beaten off the enemy at Waterloo, even if the Prussians hadn't come up. The question differ pretty much according to the nature of the opinants. I say the Duke and Tom could have held out, that they meant to hold out, that they did hold out, and that they have been ratifying enough. That crowd which came in and stopped the fight ought to be considered like one of those divine chiefs which the gods send in Homer:

"'Apollo shroude
The godlike Trojan in a veil of clouds.'

It is the best way of getting the godlike Trojan out of the scrape, don't you see. The medize is out; Tom is safe and strong; the Benicia Boy not a bit the worse, nay, better than if he had beaten the little man. He has not the humiliation of conquest. He is grateful, will be loved more hereafter by the gentle sex. Suppose he had overcome the godlike Trojan? Suppose he had tied Tom's corpse to his cab-wheel, and driven to Farnham, smoking the pipe of triumph? Faugh! the great building conqueror! Why did you not hold your hand from yonder lady? Every body, I say, was wicked by that opportune appearance of the British gods, protectors of native valor, who interfered and 'withdrew' their chariots."

TOM BROWN.

MR. HUGHES, the author of "School-days at Rugby," and the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, in writing a serial continuation of his first novel. It is called "Tom Brown at Oxford," and appears here in monthly parts from Ticknor & Co. The novel is strictly of the Prize-Ring school. Its details of Rugbeian University life are vivid and interesting, and as an illustrative treatise upon muscular Christianity it is extremely amusing. It is the apotheosis of muscle. The action of the story for the six months now ended, and of the first three hundred pages of the book, is the training for a boat-race in which Tom's best friend, that of Sir Brose, wins. There he, too, fits, is not Tom, but Harly—no poor, proud, pious servitor of the most formidable Siren, a tremendous boaster, a tremendous rower, a tremendous scholar, and a tremendous Christian. In its details of boating and training, the book is necessarily amusing, but interesting; and the scenes are all sharply cut. But the delicate didactic effort is so apparent—the "good boy" is so apparent—that the book becomes what probably would profoundly appal the author, "a poem." The effort to show that a good scholar and a good athlete is not necessarily a milksop is timely and commendable, but it is overdone in Tom Brown at Oxford, as it is in several of the recent popular novels.

The book, so far, is thoroughly English; and it is curious to observe how like and very unlike we are to our cousins. The life described is no more like that of an American college town than that of a Paris student's life, and yet we are almost at home in it all the time. It is entirely realistic, and might be the diary of an Oxford man. The only heroine of whom, in three hundred pages, we have any glimpse is Miss Harly, who is just now introduced, and Fatty, a pretty bar-maid, with whom Tom flirtatious himself in love, but as yet she plays no other part in the story. Indeed, there is no plot at all. It is a description of University life at Oxford, with sketches of character there. It all lies in full daylight. There are no shades, no mysteries, no, I suppose, no romance of any kind, in the usual sense of the word. Neither has it the faintest touch of imagination. Theoretically is said to be destitute of imagination; but let the reader compare the University life of Pendennis with that of Tom Brown, and remark the singular difference of treatment. The foolishness of folly is just as apparent in Pendennis, and the values of pluck; but it is not preached at you any more than it is in life, and, without speaking, it is, a kind of poetic aura hangs around the whole narration, as if college and its life were felt by the reader as Pendennis himself felt it. It is not told to him by a head-master.

Mr. Hughes's story is the work of a clever man, and it is good, hearty reading. It has a very obvious and very wholesome purpose; and if young men at the English Universities do not hereafter prefer the path of honor, and industry, and gymnastics to that of self-indulgence and sin, it will be—Full of the historian of Tom Brown.

"W BOOK.

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MR.'s autobiography
the world was
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enthusiasm which marks every thing he does. For Mr. Hilliard not only speaks, but he writes, eloquently; and, moreover, his eloquent writing is delightful reading. His feeling for wild nature and adventure is so fresh and genuine and warm, that in his brain the stories of the old Spanish conquerors and explorers upon our southern shores acquire a new romance and interest. The search for the fountain of youth, the desperate march across the continent to the shores of the great river, and the wild and early life of Florida are pictured, and irresistibly appeal to the quick fancy of the fervid preacher; and the blind man showers color and richness upon his pages.

The substance of this work was thrown into the form of lectures before the Lowell Institute, in Boston, a few years since. The interest and attention they then excited will be more than renewed by the collected printed form. Himself a development of the Western and Southern spirit, although born upon the Atlantic border, profoundly loyal to the life, feelings, and traditions of the South, and among whom he has long lived, the author speaks and writes with a generous ardor which will be very rare in the North, and particularly made in the regions which it describes, while it is to all others an admirable illustration of their special genius.

THIS WILL BE THE REASON MAY

Trip would always be a Central Park toward completion will perhaps suggest to some wise man what a capital thing a convenient and cheap vehicle would be, in which, at a small cost, and without, those noble pleasure-grounds. It may be interesting intelligence to somebody that there is a fortune to be made by the man who first successfully sends to New York. He has only to provide clean and easy vehicles of this kind, put and keep the charge, "Expressly for the Central Park" on them, or a course, and lower if he dare, and the demand for them would be delightful and surprising to the brave man who first supplies them.

There are, perhaps, more than two objections to the public hacks. They are very dirty and incommodious, and are, moreover, a nuisance now in settling with the coachee. But if you and your friends could hire an open Hansom cab at Bailey's, drive up the Broadway, and out to the Park, bowl along its smooth hard roads, seeing every thing and every body, and return in your own wagon, and back again to any point you chose, and all for a little money, attended with the blissful consciousness that you need not to be insulted and cheated, what greater evidence of a triumphant civilization could you demand?

A Hansom cab is a single-horse square-topped gig with a seat for the driver behind. It is a good-looking affair. The lines pass over your head as you sit. The seat is very low, and the wide, wide world before you, and you direct Cabby through a little door in the gig top. It is just the thing for the Park, if it can be kept at just the price for the thing.

THE NEW NIAGARA.

MR. CURTIS's picture, followed by that of Mr. Cignous, seemed so fully to have done the work of representing the great cataract that, unless Mr. Church's picture of the Falls of Niagara, we have known how inexhaustible the subject is. That Mr. Thorpe's name, also, has been hitherto ranked with the artists who have made Niagara made the pleasure in his work also a surprise. He has selected, for his view, an imaginary point immediately in front of the whole Falls, and that every part can be seen, and yet distant enough for the harmonious combination of the whole. The great objects and characteristics are, of course, the old familiar ones; but he has so happily chosen and arranged them, that the general impression of the spectacle have a peculiar freshness and charm. Mr. Thorpe's picture is distinguished by simplicity and breadth. It gives the spectator at once the fullest impression which the traveler derives from studying the falls from many points and at lucky moments. It is the picture which we all bring away in our minds, even if we have not seen it with our eyes; for, strictly speaking, nobody has ever seen exactly the view represented in it.

As a work for engraving it is especially admirable. It is much too technically excellent to be considered as that of a mere artist. And hereforth we shall have a right to require and expect from Mr. Thorpe beautiful pictures.

DOG LAW.

SOUTHEND was recently bitten by a dog belonging to Mr. Nillo and brought a suit for damages. For some reason he lost the suit. But it is manifestly should not be able to recover against another who indulges himself in keeping wild beasts in a difficult question to determine. It seems to be only fair that people should keep animals of all kinds at their own risk and not at that of others. Dogs are universally pet; but they are also notoriously intended to serve as a kind of private police. In the country, for example, dogs are kept as sentinels and protectors. The intention is that they shall seize offenders by the legs—and a pleasit this is shelished that there will circulate between the rogue and the respectable citizen. But when this discrimination fails, who is to suffer? Of course you will be told that the animal never bites—that he is perfectly harmless—that he is as playful as a kitten—that he has a singular knack of telling who is who, etc., etc. But when all these things, which every body says of every dog, are said and done with, and then the dog lays hold and puts his teeth into your child's cheek or your own arm or leg, are you to pay all the consequent surgical expenses, and run the risk of lock-jaw or hydrophobia, with no other comfort than that you are a—— fool to be afraid of a dog?

A man has no right to set loaded guns and traps upon the highway because thieves abound. It not a thief, and I have a right to walk the roads without having my legs surreptitiously cut off. Neither has a man a right to keep savage dogs, which rush out and bark and bite at the innocent wayfarer under the pretense that he is only protecting his property. The innocent wayfarer doesn't endanger his property. A man who keeps a bulldog is a pest to society. His neighbor, if he be a man of common sense, will keep a gun and use it at sight.

The case of Mr. Veteran and Mr. Nillo merely serves to show that, in this particular instance the dog was, as he ought to have been, chained in a remote part of the building, which it was forbidden to enter. It was also in evidence that he was old and useless and could not bite a rat. But that seems too much evidence; for why, under such circumstances, was he chained at all? And if he could not bite a rat, how did he succeed in biting a man so that he must have recourse to a hospital and surgical treatment?

The Court charged the jury that every one might lawfully keep a dog. Gentlemen of the jury were asked to decide whether the dead dog was accustomed to bite men, and that the defendant knew it and yet let it remain on his premises, he should pay damages. Now Mr. Nillo is a public benefactor to all of us children—and no man is held in more grateful esteem; but it does seem that the fact that a dog bites a man without provocation should be sufficient proof that he is a biting dog, and the man so bitten, while engaged in his lawful avocations, ought not to suffer. A man may have a garden, and in it one particular shed which it is forbidden to enter. Suppose, in it, there is a royal Bengal tiger, old and loose or chained, and half-starved. But unless the fact of the forbidden entrance be made unavoidably evident, I really sees as if the heirs of the unwary stranger, who ventured within the shed in search of the proprietor, ought to be justified in an action for damages.

THE JEWEL CONSISTENCY.

I was listening the other day to an exciting harangue by a Methodist upon the praise of a man who died more than a hundred years ago. He was commended for his heroism and devotion, and his brilliant and successful career. He had all his prospects in life to a great principle. Especially he was extolled for a willingness to be misunderstood and reviled by his contemporaries in a good and a faithful cause. And certainly it does require some real courage to be misunderstood, and to be reviled in placidly while every body considers you a fool.

The point was well put, and the story of the man's life well told. But there is a sharper and more biting sarcasm upon those who could not or would not perceive and acknowledge the genuine worth of the man who died with an appeal and appeal to all who heard him not to be prejudiced by any traditional slander, but to look at the hero's life and treatment of soul, and never fail to honor it accordingly.

As I walked slowly home, reflecting upon what I had heard, I felt that I had my self deserved, during that the orator himself was one of the most striking examples of the very stupid spirit of the Pharisees, and that he was particularly delighted and so pointedly denounced. For while he was thus eloquently commending the deed of a hundred years ago, urging us to follow the moment to his prophet memory, and to the eternal confusion of his contemporaries, he was himself at least one of those very enemies—unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less unquestionably.

For the Man of Valor, I had read a public letter from the same speaker, in which he condemned as wicked and treasonable the course of one of his contemporaries, who was the identical course of the hero he praised so warmly within the following twenty-four hours. He held him up to contempt and ridicule for the deed. He was a demagogue, a fool, and a fanatic. Society was no more safe with such a man than a powder magazine with a spark among it. He was a impracticable extremist—a lunatic, but not harmless—a citizen whom all loyal people must condemn.

Yet, the hero of the day, the clearer and the more indicrous it seemed; for the orator himself represented in our own day precisely the persons whom he condemned in the past; and I knew that he had lived a hundred years before he would have written a letter or made a speech to show the man to be an utterly pestilential fellow, whom he now invited us to remember with the profoundest gratitude.

I suppose the moral is, that people who believe in the *status quo* at all hazards ought to be very careful how they denounce those who disturbed the *status quo* a thousand or a hundred years ago; because such praise, even while it is uttered, becomes criticism of themselves. And it is a great pity that an orator should speak so vividly of other times and men as to draw upon himself by the contrast the contempt and scorn which always wait upon cowards.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TUPPER'S SONNET CCCI.

TO MY EYE NEW SUTTON.

Sister Sutton, how pleasant you be
Snuggling and snoozing by your purring sire,
Rolled in your fleecy but somewhat rusty coat,
A shorter word, and boldly I defy
Any one would be half as pleasant proof.
O kittens, you're not thinking, I'll be bound,
Of what I do, or what I think, or how I dare
But that my little boy came home from school,
And begged your Pussy, though Cook remonstrance made,
Declaring we were overrun with cats,
That licked her cream-dish and her butter-pats!
But childhood's pleadings won me, and I said—
"O Cook, well keep the innocents alive!
They're five, consider, and you're fingers five."

"THE INVITATE."—A lady friend of ours, who, having small boys, is right to set down pickles against the fashed that, since the fashion of wide petticoats came in, her mass of hoop skirt has made her the unwilling host of used to do. In order, therefore, to convey a delicate invitation to more guests, she has lately hit upon the notable expedient of putting a cruet pickerlp in her front breadth, rendering modernism in circumference of dress. The pickerlps contain merely of the letters "P. C. L.," which being interpreted, mean simply: "Please Come Lunch Upon."

ADDITIONAL ANECDOTES OF QUASHY QUANDO.

In his letter years the habit of drinking to excess became fixed upon Uncle Quashy, and was a source of great sorrow to those who could him well. Upon an occasion he was found lying beside the road in a stupefied state by the Reverend Mr. Pompey Kelly, who, dismounting from his horse, helped the old fellow to his feet again, and administered a good deal of advice and exhortation respecting the drunkenness. The delinquent listened with considerable attention, and, when the clergyman concluded, stood on his scanes, when, all a pause in the discourse, Pompey inquired thus:

"Yes, Massa Kendall, dat all berry true, berry good precepts dat dese preacher's feelin, but I forgive Uncle Quashy dis time."

Under the act of manumission Quashy became a freeman, and was accumulated with the fact by his master, who was very willing to do so. Quashy received in consideration of Quashy's resigning the dictatorship of the domestic concerns, and he had probably increased much to the annoyance of his co-servitors.

The uncle and the nephew proceed upon the old man's mind, and he soon removed himself and effects to the hut of Pompey Kely, in a part of the place called New Guinea, and here the biographer feels impelled to pause for a moment to explain the singular subsequent Quashy's buddest.

Pompey Kelly's parents had been held to service by one of the rich men of the town of ——, but had either hired his time or received it as a gift some years before he became legally free, and holding himself but to the idea that he deserved the appellation of prodigal son, and feeling, finding a ready market for his fancy surplices in the neighborhood, he determined to try his luck in the world upon his own calculating the latter community, Pompey succeeded in a profitable manner, and he said:

"Good-morning, Pompy; get some eels to-day?"

"Yes, sah, plenty dat time, sah."

"Well, leave a bunch at my kitchen door, and mind the number is pen-and-a-shilling."

"Two shillin', massa; dat dese price to-day."

"Pen-and-a-shilling I said, and I mean it, my man by Jove! You never asked but one before."

"Ah, Lord! Lord! Lord! Dough, Massa Tompson—ketch sick mus eches; nubber would saw, dey for lectly bird tell me sun."

"Tell you to charge two shillings for eels, Pompy?"

"Ah, massa, mus' tell you dat, sah. Dese, he no bull, tale de read, jes' so I start from home fis' morn', an' perfect, sah, dat time dese eels, sah, dey berry lely, eels-as-eely-mos-shilling—ivery-shilling." So you see, massa Thomson, yourself ask dese price 'fo' dat eels' berry dese shillin' eny way."

"Well, Pompy, I'll give in to live with Pompey Kelly, and the two old men kept house together in great harmony for several years, when Quashy died, and Pompey Kelly made as merrily on Quashy Quando that he was no longer able to perform the duties of his office, and he died, leaving the little message, and he became a pensioner upon the bounty of his former master. "Tell massa Kendall, tell massa, I'm willing, and nabbers went on very comfortably for both parties, until one day, in the cotton garden, a short great house that Quashy wished very much to be a prize for the best specimen of the day. Pompey Kelly, the youngest daughter of the house and Uncle Quashy's prize cotton, was shown to the cotton garden, and

A pleasant walk brought her to the hut, when her low voice was heard singing within:

"Walk in, Miss Pracy, my dear. Berry glad you come, berry glad you come, Miss Pracy. I'm so you once more, for ole Quash seer his end, I'l love, for sartin."

"Oh no, uncle, don't say that."

"Ah, I sah dat, Pracy, my dear, 'cause it de trut', ah! trut' mus' be 'peken all sun time. But I wanted to see you, Miss Pracy, jes' 'ad' massa Kendall Billa a wrinkle, massa no I got wartin' lee' might.

"Wrinkle, Uncle Quashy?"

"Dunno, chile, 'cept de wort' comin' to an end; but ah! sah de hundred years ago, I 'member Billa a wyze winder, 'O Pilhus, Pilhus, Pilhus! O Pilhus, Pilhus, Pilhus! Ah! Pilhus, Pilhus, Pilhus! Dat wyze wrinkle, say words, chile, ah' take de warnin' in time, jes as I'm tell you, Miss Pracy."

And it is to be hoped that the warning, as he chose to call it, would have the effect of turning the lad's mind to matters of a more spiritual and heavenly nature, and, in immortal love beyond the grave, for that very night Uncle Old Quashy breathed his last in peace.

A CURIOUS CONSOLATION.—Some time ago a good wife, residing in the neighborhood of Perth, went to the house of a neighbor, to condole with her on the severe loss of her old acquaintance. In the course of her proceedings, she said, "Ye have lost a great deal, Jock. Referring home with a saddened heart, she encountered her husband, who, on being called out to hear the news, she communicated at great length all her transactions in Jock's behalf. "Ye have lost a great deal, Jock," quoth she, "yon mizzen goes wha's hebeen mo?"—Dead, I guess, guess." "Ye have lost a great deal, Jock," quoth he, "yon mizzen goes wha's hebeen mo?"—Dead, I guess, guess." "Ah, Jock," replied his helpmate, "I lost a mate; but ye have lost a great deal, Jock, and ye might be mair than thankful that we had nae to lose!"

The *Religious Intelligencer* says: "The question has been asked, why so many of the pulpits in the Western states have been converted during the present season. Some attribute it to the fact that they have been laid in south and earthly joys, and turn to the belief, which in his heavenly mansion may be had as cheap, because, in immortal love beyond the grave, for that very night

MAP OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES.

We publish on this page Colton's map of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which is about to be the scene of a new Italian war. The reader will remark, at the western extremity of Sicily, the town of Marsala, where Garibaldi landed, and which the Neapolitan frigates proceeded to bombard in consequence.

The kingdom of the Two Sicilies comprises all

MAP OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES.

the southern portion of the Italian peninsula, from the southern boundary of the States of the Church, and likewise the splendid Island of Sicily. The latter contains about 10,000 square miles, the peninsula about 31,900; so that, together, the area of the kingdom is about as large as that of the State of Louisiana. The population may be roughly stated at 9,000,000, of which Sicily contains over two—probably not more than a quarter of the population of the same region eighteen hundred years ago. This kingdom, and these nine millions of people, are ruled by Francesco Secondo, a Bourbon, son of that king who was known throughout the civilized world by the nickname of Bomba, in consequence of his fondness for bombarding his own cities. The occurrence at Marsala shows that, in this respect, the son treads dutifully in the steps of the father. No part of the globe has been more favored by Nature than the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Blessed with a splendid climate, a large area of very fertile land, a sea-coast even more extensive, in proportion to the interior, than that of the United States, a healthy air, and an abundant supply of water, the inhabitants enjoys every variety of climate; snowy summits on the Abruzzi look down upon delicious temperate regions in the mountain valleys and tropical plains in Southern Sicily.

There was a time when these advantages were appreciated by their possessors and turned to good account. Before Rome, Tarentum flourished and rivaled the great cities of Asia in splendor. Authentic European history dates from the great struggle between Rome and Carthage for the possession of Sicily. From the close of that war down and luxury—such is the picture of Southern Italy which we find in the historians of the palmy days of Rome.

What a change now! In the peninsular portion of the kingdom there is but one town of any size—Naples; in Sicily two—Messina and Palermo—both monuments of the past rather than actors in the movement of the present day. Of the 9,000,000 inhabitants about 40,000 are priests and monks, and probably 1,500,000 dependents, directly and indirectly, on the Church for support. The Church owns nearly one-third of all the land in Sicily. The foreign trade of the country has fallen away to mere nominal proportions, and would have been extinguished altogether but for the indignant remonstrances of foreign nations. For years the best men in the kingdom have been either driven into foreign countries or kept in dungeons. The Government, sustained by A[illegible] and Austrian influence, supp[illegible] itself exclusively to the [illegible] the Jesuits, and the o[illegible] The reports of the

Calabria after the late earthquake are fearfully suggestive. In most instances the only relief obtained by the sufferers came from foreigners. The English and Germans raised a large fund for the purpose, but refused to allow any portion of it to be disbursed by native officials. The absence of the English fund—a mass of great energy and courage, went through the devastated region in person with the money. In one place he was attacked by robbers; the man who tried to get rob him, while confederates clutched at his bag of ducats, was the village curate. This was in broad daylight. We published a portion of his report in the *Weekly* about a year ago.

Both in Sicily and in the Peninsula the priests display the same blind greed which characterizes their brethren in Mexico, and the government invariably supports them. Quite recently the people of a small town built a theatre; the Jesuits, jealous that money should be spent for any public building that was not a church, laid claim to the ground, obtained a judgment from Naples in their favor, seized the theatre, and, with a few changes, turned it into a church. A man of some wealth died in 1858, leaving a handsome property to the widow—in spite of the earnest endeavors of the priest who shrove him, and who urged the claims of the Church. The priests, not a whit baffled, contested the will, and the minor tribunals unhesitatingly gave judgment in their favor. The case was carried to Naples. The lady retained one of the most eminent counsel.

"Madam," said the lawyer, "how much money can you afford to spend to win your case?"

A large sum was mentioned and counted out in ducats; with this the lawyer called upon the minister of justice, and, after briefly explaining the case, laid the bag on the table and left, observing, "There are my client's strongest arguments." A few days afterward judgment was rendered in favor of the lady; and the Church was compensated by a grant of some property which was taken from a suspected Liberal.

This is the kingdom, and these the institutions which Garibaldi has gone to war to overthrow.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES.

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

BY LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO,

AUTHOR OF "LOG GRINGO" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES.")

ILLUSTRATED BY

O. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XIX.

FANDANGO ON ONE LEG.

HALF a mile, perhaps, inland from the sheds where the sailors lived, and beneath the steep face of the ridge-like crag which split the island in two parts, stood a low chapel, built of loose stones nicely fitted together and roofed with tiles. A rough iron cross was fastened over the doorless entrance, and at the other end was a rough balustrade, with a rude painting of the Virgin over the altar, on which stood four or five tall brass candlesticks and a lighted taper.

Within the chapel kneeled a dozen or more of the *Centipede's* crew, the coarse and sodden faces and uncombed locks, from their night's debauch, in striking contrast to the place and the apparent devoutness of manner in which they crossed themselves while the rites of the church were going on. Before the altar stood Padre Ricardo, with his breviary on the chancel beneath the taper, reading his last evening chanting forth from his deep lungs the services of the mass. In a few minutes the unholy hands and lips which performed the solemn ceremony ceased word and gesture; and with a sonorous benediction at the elevation of the Host, and a tinkle of a bell, the sinners arose from their knees and again staggered back to the sheds, to slumber through the day. When all had gone the Padre clasped his missal, tucked it into his bosom, and making the sign of the cross with a genuflexion before the Virgin, the sacrilegious wretch turned and left the chapel.

Pursuing the winding path which led to his own habitation for a certain distance, he then turned to the left, and carefully picking his way through the sharp cactus and Spanish bayonets along the face of the crag, he stopped at a yawning fissure which yaped open in the rock. Here, too, the same wiry vegetation had crept; and it was with great difficulty, and many an "Ave!" and "Santa Maria!" that the Padre succeeded in passing into the dark, ragged mouth of the tavern.

"By the ashes of San Lorenzo!" he muttered, "there are serpents and venomous insects in this pit of Purgatory. Oh, misericordia! what has pierced my leg? Why should my son drag me through this hole? Ah, blessed Saint Barnabas! a slimy reptile has crossed my instep!"

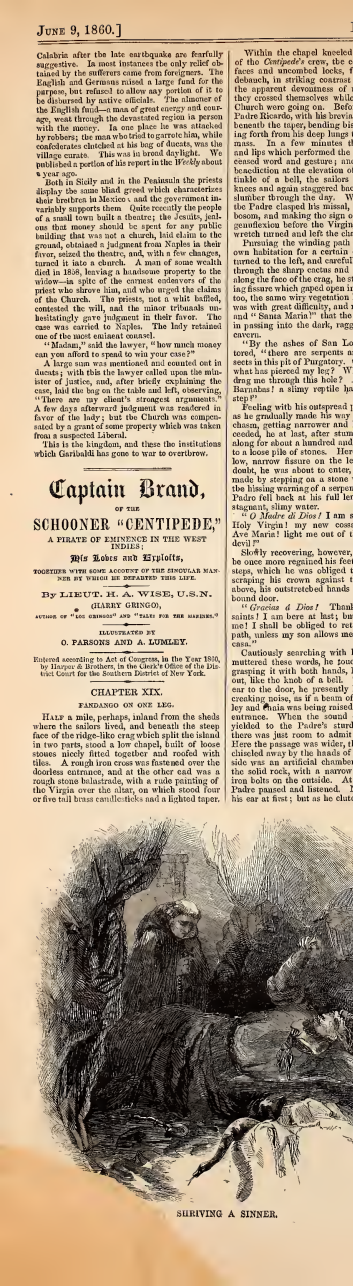
Feeling with his outspread paws in his bright, as he gradually made his way into the dripping chasm, getting narrower and lower as he proceeded, he at last, after stumbling preceptibly along for about a hundred and fifty yards, came to a loose pile of stones. Here opened another low, narrow fissure on the left; and, in some doubt, he was about to enter, but the noise he made by stepping on a stone was answered by the hissing warning of a serpent, and the scared Padre fell back at his full length in a pool of stagnant, slimy water.

"*O Madre di Dios!* I am stung by a cobra! Holy Virgin! my new cassock ruined too! Ave Maria! light me out of this abode of the devil!"

Slowly recovering, however, from his fright, he once more regained his feet, and, after a few steps, which he was obliged to accomplish by scraping his crown against the jagged rocks above, his outstretched hands touched an iron-bound door.

"*Gracias a Dios!* Thanks be to all the saints! I am here at last; but alas! curses on me! I shall be obliged to return by the same path, unless my son allows me to escape by the cave."

Cautiously searching with his fingers as he muttered these words, he touched a bolt, and, grasping it with both hands, he drew it partly out, like the knob of a bell. Then placing his ear to the door, he presently heard a rattling, creaking noise, as if a beam of timber with pulley and chain was being raised from behind the entrance. When the sound ceased the door yielded to the Padre's sturdy shoulder, and there was just room to admit his portly body. Here the passage was wider, the rock evidently chiseled away by the hands of men, and on one side was an artificial chamber, blasted out of the solid rock, with a narrow door with heavy iron bolts on the outside. At this opening the Padre paused and listened. No sound caught his ear at first; but as he clutched the bolt and



SHRIVING A SINNER.

THE END OF ENGLISH GIBBS.

it grated back in its bands, he was saluted by such a volley of frightful curses as to make him start back and cross himself in ample breast. It was the voice of Master Gibbs, lying there on a low iron settle in the noisome dungeon, with not a ray of light to cheer him, and only a jug of water and some weevily biscuit to save him from starvation. All through the day and during the long, long hours of the awful night, in pain and suffering from his lopped-off limb, had he lain on his hard bed with clenched hands, blaspheming and impotently raging in his agony and despair. No prayer, however, dawned in his ruthless heart, or was breathed from his brutal lips; his curses upon curses came thick and fast, till his tongue refused to give them utterance, and he fell back in utter exhaustion. As the noise, however, of the bolt struck his ear, he clutched the stone water-jug from the floor, and hurled it, with a yell of execration, toward the door, where the fragments fell with a clattering crash on the stone pavement.

Grinding his teeth in his frightful passion, he howled: "Let me but once put these hands on your blood-stained carcass, and if the mother that bore ye will know her spawn again my name's not Bill Gibbs! Ha! you miserable ewah, with your soft words and white hands! when I get out of this hole I'll blow you and your infernal hounds to ——! Give me fair play, and, even on one of my legs, I'll cut the cowardly heart out of you, Captain Brand! Come in, will ye, ye son of the devil? and I'll bite the tongue out of your mouth by the roots!"

Here the hoarse and puttiny wretch again ceased his roarings, and the Padre timidly opened the door.

"Ha! who's that?—Babette?"

"No, my son; it is your good Padre Ricardo, come to console you."

What the maimed villain replied to the Priest, and what means the holy Father took to allay the passion and assuage the sorrows of the man lying helpless in the dungeon, or whether successful in his mission, is not important to state in detail. An hour later, however, the Priest seemed relieved in body and spirit as he retired from the lonthsome hole, and shooting the bolt as he closed the door, cautiously felt his way along the dark and narrow passage. Presently, as he turned an angle, a ray of light from the loopholes of the great store vault beneath the Pirate's dwelling lighted his pathway; and a moment after, with a hearty sigh of satisfaction, he seized a cord above his head and gave it a jerk. A bell sounded above, and then a large square hinged trap-hatch fell down, and swung gently to and fro from the beams above. At the same time the Padre put his arms about a square wooden stanchion which supported the floor of the saloon, and then painfully sticking his toes in some deep-cut notches at the sides, he slowly began to mount upward. When, however, his oily shaved crown appeared nearly at the level of the floor a vigorous grasp was laid on his shoulders, and he was pulled up like a flapping lobster and rolled into the apartment. It was Captain Brand who kindly assisted the holy Father, and it was the Captain's hollow laugh which saluted him in his torn and soiled raiment, as, with difficulty, he regained his pendicular.

"Laugh not, *hijo mio*, at my sorrowful plight," said the bruised Ricardo, with some asperity; "I have met with dangers of venomous serpents, and been stabbed cruelly by those villainous cactus."

"But I raised the beam, my Padre, the moment you made the signal."

"You did, my son; but what I suffered in the cavern was as nothing to what I endured when I entered the dungeon of the English Gibbs, *Jesus Maria*, what an infidel he is!"

"You did not find his spirit subdued, then, by bread and water?"

"For him, I, my friend. He rages like a wild beast. He consigns your body and soul to everlasting torments! But what is more impious still," turn on the Padre, as he crossed himself, "he swore at your holy Father, and hoped I would roast in hell!"

"But he confessed, Ricardo, and you gave him absolution?"

"If calling me thief and assassin, and throwing his stone water-jug at my head be confession and forgiveness of sins, the ceremony has been performed. Ah! my son, he needs no more money in this world!"

"Of course not, my Padre; and we will give him a short shrift and a long rope. Babette," continued Captain Brand. "Ah, my Baba! you have not forgotten to feed our jolly Gibbs there below? *No!* I thought not. Well, then, it is Sunday, you know; give him a pure pint of rum for his morning's drought. And Baba, my beauty! slip a pair of steel ruffles over his wrists, and then pass a cloth over those blood-shot eyes of his, and lap him here beneath this hatch. Be quick, my Baba, as I wish my breakfast presently!"

All this was said in a cool, and rather an affectionate tone, as Captain Brand sipped a spoonful or two of chocolate from a cup of Dresden china. Then turning to the Padre, he said, "You would perhaps like a cordial, my Father, to take the chill off your stomach? Yes? You will find some capital curaçon in that stand of bottles there."

The Padre, forgetful of the dignity of his calling, shuffled with indecent haste to the spot indicated, and without going through the form of filling one of the diminutive thimble-shaped glasses in the stand, he boldly raised the flask to his lips and sucked away until it was nearly empty. Then seating himself on the settee he hugged out his illuminated missal and pored over its contents. Captain Brand occupied himself with opening the loop of the silk rope which fell from the ceiling and securing the end firmly on the stout cleat at the wall.

So passed the time until a noise beneath the room of a voice in anger, and a body bumped and dragged along, once more attracted the attention of those in the saloon.

"Oh ho! is that you, Master Gibbs?" exclaimed Captain Brand, in a cheerful voice. "You have risen early; but stop that profane language, my friend, or you will never see daylight again!"

The maimed ruffian only muttered, "Your friend, ch? blindfolded and manacled?" And then, apparently abashed by the cool, commanding tone of his superior, he held his peace.

"Well, you are quiet, my lad. Now we'll see if we can't hoist you up here in the saloon."

"Thank ye, Sir!" said Gibbs, aloud; and then he muttered to himself, "Let me jest get one grip of ye and I'll show ye how quick I'll be!"

"Do you think we shall need assistance, my son?" whispered the Padre into the ear of his patron.

"Diavolo! no! I never wanted help in these little affairs, except in the case of that villainous Yankee whaler, who gave us much trouble, you know, and we were obliged to call Pedillo," replied the Captain, in the same low tone. Then, raising his voice, he said,

"Hark ye, Master Gibbs! Babette will lift you off the stones, and the Padre and I will rouse you up to the room here. You don't weigh so much as you did since you had your leg hacked off with a hand-saw—ho! and I dare say you are light now as a dried cod-fish! Up with him, Baba! There—steady! all right—here you are!"

Saying this, Captain Brand, with the assistance of a stout negress and the Padre, raised the once burly ruffian, with a vigorous boist then made him groan, to the floor of the saloon, where they laid him out at full length on his back.

"Wait a moment, my hearty, till the hatch is raised, and then we will raise you. Uplifted our position, no doubt," continued Captain Brand, as the trap came up and was secured by a spring; "this, I know, may, you should have that pin of yours cut off, and somehow you have been so careless as to dispose of the nice lay you had the other day, made out of the square four topmast of the *Centipede*—a very tough bit of a spar it was."

Here Master Gibbs grated his teeth and grinned hideously.

The Captain smiled like a demon, and replied, "Not the prettiest cripple, said, cheerfully, —sy, in a frank and hearty tone—

"Now, my Padre, place a comfortable chair for Master Gibbs, and we will help him to a seat."

The considerate Ricardo stood a large, roomy Manilla chair on the fatal trap, and then aided his chief in lifting their victim to the position assigned him. As they performed this operation the Captain, with the gentleness of a tiger before he strikes his prey, and with a wink to the Padre, lightly passed the noose of the silk rope over the ruffian's hairy throat, where it lay like a snake with its black coil squirming at the back of their chair.

"Now, Master Gibbs, I am about to remove this bandage from your beautiful eyes," said Captain Brand, in his cold, chilling, deliberate manner, "and if you so much as move when daylight shines before you, I'll blow your brains out."

Here the Pirate leisurely cocked a pistol close to his unfortunate ear, removed the bandage, and laid the weapon on the table within reach.

"No noise either, Master Gibbs!" continued Captain Brand, "and be stirring up the minutes of his chocolate and gulped it down; "for it is Sunday morning, and we must respect the feelings of our Padre. You were saying to him, he tells me, just now, and even said some disrespectful things of me. What have I done to vex you?"

The manacled wretch tried to raise his heavy hands to his face when the cloth was removed, from his eyes, and rub those orbs, which he glared suspiciously around; but the Captain pointed with his white finger in a threatening way to the cocked pistol, and Master Gibbs let his hands fall again.

"Well, Captain Brand, I s'pose now you're going to treat me as a faithful man who has served under you ought to be treated, and I'm thinkin' I'm entitled to a little more."

There was no look of forgiveness, however, in those brutal blood-shot eyes, nor much signs of repentance in those grinding teeth and compressed lips.

"Why, no, my Gibbs, *I am* not going to treat you as a faithful man, but I will you what I will do"—here the Captain moved his chair nearer till his straw slipper touched the spring of the trap—"I will drink a glass of grog with you in forgetfulness of the past and forgiveness for the future."

"Thank ye, Captain Brand; I do feel dry. That stuff Babette gave me a while ago didn't touch the right spot, and I'll be glad to join you."

"Ah, buoy, my old friend! you *shall* drink something that will touch the right spot! What will it be? Pale ale or port wine only to-day?"

"I'll take a toss of that old brandy you gave me the other day, I think, because to you, Sir."

"Oh, Master Gibbs, it's all the same to me! Delighted I am to oblige you! Padre mio! a glass of old cognac for our friend—a tumblerful! a wine-glass will do for me."

The Padre poured out the brandy as he was desired, handed the lesser glass to the Captain, and the tumbler he placed in the locked hands of the victim. Slowly and painfully the sublime ruffian raised the glass to his mouth, emptied it to spill a drop; then before drinking it, he cleared his throat, while at the same time the Captain raised his left foot, his right foot resting a little on the heel, and held the wine-glass before him.

"Now then, Master Gibbs, for a toss that will touch the right spot."

"Ay, ay, Captain!" said Gibbs; "I and here's forgiveness for the future."

Scarcely had the words been uttered, and the liquor begun to empty down the hairy throat of the manacled wretch, than the Pirate before him pressed his foot with a quick nervous action on the spring.

Like a flash the trap fell, carrying chair and man with it. The hinges of the hatch creaked, the widowed chair fell with a hound on the stone floor below, the heavy beam overhead gave a jarring quiver as the strong silk rope bought up with a shuddering sound on the clew where it was belayed at the wall, and with a gasping, choking cry of pain mingled with the ring of the shattered tumbler on the pavement, the ruffian of a hundred crimes fell full five feet and hung struggling in the death agony. With almost superhuman force he raised his clenched hands and struck his forehead all the manacles were worth; but blow by the effort, spinning around too by the lopsided weight of his body, while the beam above yielded slightly to the strain, and the density cord, no longer squirming but taut as a bar of iron, held the wretch in its knotted embrace, clasped tight around the neck. In a minute or two the hands ceased beating the inflamed face and head, and fell with a clank before the body; the leg gave a few convulsive twitches, a last and violent spasm shook the frame, and there Master Gibbs hung, a warm dead lump of clay.

While this murderous business was going on, and the poor crippled wretch was struggling in the jaws of death, the Padre was chanting with his profane tongue from his open prayer book, *Sabre Domine*, and his patron coolly took down a telescope and swept it over the blue water to seaward. When, however, after the expiration of an hour had elapsed, the body of their victim gave no more signs of life, the Pirate closed his missal, and remarked quietly, while glancing critically at the suspended Gibbs:

"He did not go off so easy as I had anticipated; his hull neck is not broken, though the last was perfectly well adjusted. Padre, bring a stone dead, and we will lower him down. You, my Padre, will bury him."

Saying this, Captain Brand rounded up the chair, detached the silk rope, hung the loop in its accustomed place, and then waited the repugnance of his confederate. Not many minutes elapsed before the Padre, having performed the last rites, again ascended the stanchion and was assisting the Pirate to lower the dead. Then both together got hold of a ring-bolt in the trap, drew it up and secured the spring, placing square like of mahogany over the centre hatch apertures so as to prevent accidental falls or hangings of themselves.

LAMBDA HERCULIS.*

Ir was evening: two figures stood motionless upon a rocky height and gazed upon a vast ocean. Around them the hills were clad in snows which the pale glare of the sunlight had no power to dissolve. The air was of a bracing coldness, and often would a sharp blast come sweeping over the land, and scatter the fine snow-flakes like sands of the desert, to and fro, whirling and shrieking down the valleys and over the waste.

From the summit of the cliff a vast wilderness was seen, over which the eye of mortals could accept seward. No vegetation broke the blank whiteness of the view; only in a few rare spots where a sheltered valley had been protected by the color of the snow, which tossed their rattling arms and shook with hoarse laughter in the hurrying gale. The end was lost in the sky.

The sun, although two hours had barely passed since noon, was already sinking in the west; a few moments more and he would pass below the horizon. The two watchers his decent with troubled and anxious looks. "Will the sun never grow the days, O Orion!" said the one; "and brighter as they shorten yours our pilgrimage. Oh that we could arrest the sun! Oh that we could shake asunder by the earthquake! Then had we been spared the doom of calculating, moment by moment, the hour of our destruction!" Orion!

"Peace!" answered he who was called Orion; "murmur not rashly that the Maker of earth has yet prevent us, the lord of the universe. It is a solemn, it is a glorious lot to have outlived all other children of Adam, and now to stand face to face with the author of the universe! Oh! I feel as if I could not wrestle with the infinite: it is too much that he should bear to look upon the terrible vengeance of the Almighty. Yet lo! the sun sinks beneath the sea; the sun that has shone for so many ages upon our fathers, ere the next rising shall we, perchance, have passed beyond his light for ever?"

As he ceased to speak the dimmed orb set, and his cold beams struggled through a mass of rolled from the still, gray waters. At the moment a hurricane swept the earth; burst upon the plains of the Lybian, the desert Sahara, and sweep with his skirts the beaths, and stirred the feathery snow into dense, impenetrable clouds, which filled the air and obscured volume of the sky and for the land. Darkness prevailed; and through that darkness the awe-struck mortals seemed to hear the wild shrieking of the wind, and the roaring of the globe through space with speed inconceivable. Trembling, they fell upon their knees, and, with faces bowed to earth, waited the end.

Soon the fury of the blast was spent; the winds hulled, the snows subsided. Orion and his companion arose and were amazed at the change for their safety when, terror of terrors! from the very spot where lingered the traces of the sun so lately set a cross shone, a cross in appearance more glorious the former, and in hues unlike aught ever seen by man before. Oh, yes! it was the Decisive Bill were earth, but soft and beautiful as a summer moon yet brilliant as an archangel's halo, seared majestically forward. Yet, lo! the sun shone, the blue sky of heavens was oblique. "Great God! what portent can it be? Knowest thou, O Orion?" "I lo, it is a portent of glorious promise! Knowest thou, man have said it long ago: but the children of the world believed them not. Know thou, then, this is that and we are saved! Yonder is our country, and have been since the orbits of the universe were drawn by the finger of God. Into this star, dies so small and insignificant in the universe, which the suns and worlds, the myriad nebulæ of heaven, and all created things, sooner or later be absorbed. Who can with the great Will of the Creator? And the other answered him not, because of the sinking of his soul: so the two were mute.

And the earth passed on over through space. Hour succeeded to hour, and year to year; and yet the cross shone in the heavens, and shone no night; only the soft phosphoric brightness of the star in which the globe was ever bathed. And the two lived together on the earth, and their dwelling was amidst the snows. And fishes, and the wild sea-birds which came to them from beyond the great ocean, served them as food. Patiently they awaited the disposal of the supreme Will; until the companion of Orion sickened and laid him down in the wilderness and perished; for his spirit was overburdened with awe. And Orion made him a tomb in the snows, and mourned over him from night: and Orion remained alone upon all the face of the wide earth. Very lonely was Orion then, for he knew that he was the last of his race. Yet while he prayed he awaited patiently the appointed season.

And evermore the earth journeyed through space, and drew nearer and nearer to the brighter star, for her orbit was the same by time. And there came a time when the great sun ceased to traverse the sky in his wonted course; no longer he rose and set, but remained fixed in the verge of the horizon; while, as the earth passed on, from the beings of the air around came low sobs and wailing, like the murmurings of the Æolian harp.

And the angels breathed upon the face of the earth, and, lo! the snows melted, the snows dissolved. First from the complaining branchlets of the trees, then from the sharp gray cliffs of ocean, then from the sloping plains, then from the valleys beneath. Indeed the ermine mantle, and with it the biting coldness of the long, long winter yielded to the mildness of spring. After so many time there came, indeed, the warmth of spring, but without spring's flowers, without spring's budding leaves. Indeed those frosty overnight, year after year, the retrective power of the earth had slept, never to awaken. Orion stood upon the brow of the landscape; and before him, and far, far away on either hand, all was barren; barren as the unfathomable depths of the black waves phosphorescently behind. From the ground he turned his gaze upon the sky. No longer above the verge of the horizon stood the sun; now; in the lower limb tipped deep beneath the blue earth-line, its crest soared proudly, menacingly upward, as though it would assail the heavens. There were masses, rings upon its bright disc, and dusky shapes of unimagined beings wavered to and fro and held mysterious converse in the vast depths.

And again the angels breathed upon the earth, and spring heightened into the heat of summer. And of this heat the sun increased, but no shadow came. Over the dark, brown fields, over the harbor, over, over the tireless waters, brooded the spirit of heat. And the power—as it was foreordained of old—overcame all nature. For the moving globes sickened, they fell by no longer; and the sea-birds came rarely and wearily from across the water, and then ceased; even the untiring ocean yielded and grew cold; his billows wavered and were against the cliffs. In despair Orion also laid himself down upon the parching earth to perish. He prayed to God, he hopped no longer. But from out the throng of murmuring spirits a sweet voice cried, "Mortal! thou art immortal; fear not: where all creation is doomed, hope to be saved. The end is not distant; lo, even now the hour has come!" A blast as from a furnace swept the land; the trees bowed and groaned, the rocks rent and wide into the air; the earth glowed like whitehot iron, the sea like molten brass; one instant the lungs are glowed before them a cataract of flame; the next, it had engulfed them all; land, ocean, sky, one rocking fiery globe, melted into vapor and ceased to exist.

And angels and demons cried aloud in wild weird chorus as the Sheet of Destruction spud away—away, and vanished into space.

* The sketch is founded on the well-known fact that our sun, with its planets and their satellites, is traveling at the rate of 150,000,000 miles a year toward the star known to astronomers as Herculis.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, May 28, in the Senate, Senator Dixon offered a resolution that the Secretary of the Interior be directed to remove Theodore Hyatt from jail, and permit him to take possession of his office in the city of Washington. Objection being taken, it was laid over under the rule. The Post-office Appropriation bill was taken up and discussed, Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, enunciating a long speech against it. Speeches were made by Senators Grimes and others. Without taking the question the bill was laid aside, and the Pacific railroad and mormon debate occurred on the Pacific Railroad Bill. Many amendments were proposed to strike out the route through Salt Lake were rejected. Mr. Stevens, delegate from Washington Territory, presented petitions of three roads, Northern, Central, and Southern, and moved to insert the amendment, offered by Mr. Reagan, to the effect that the grantees, within three years, shall have made a road from Missouri to the mouth of capital necessary to complete the road, was rejected.

On Tuesday, May 29, in the Senate, the Homestead Bill, as amended by the House, came up, and the amendments were not concurred with. The Pacific Telegraph Bill and the Pacific Railroad Bill were successively and briefly considered, when Senators Shield, Hunter, and Toombs made speeches against the latter bill. Without action, the Senate adjourned. The Pacific Railroad Bill was the principal topic of the Thursday. Various objections having been made, the Bill, by a vote of 19 to 17, was recommitted. In the Senate of the Whole, Mr. Wathrow delivered a speech enveloping the account of Utah, Mormonism, and private morals, letter of Abram Lincoln, the Illinois candidate of the Republicans party for President.

On Wednesday, May 30, in the Senate, Senator Slidell reported back the Bill for the acquisition of Cuba, and gave notice that he should call it up at the next session. Senator Latham offered a resolution that the Homestead Mail bill. The House bill for admitting Kansas being taken up, Senator Hammond, of Vermont, spoke at length in favor of the admission of that Territory. On motion of Senator Latham, the Pacific Railroad Bill was taken. The Oregon war debt was taken up, and an amendment by Senator Hunter was adopted to pay the amount, was lost.—In the House, Mr. Hamlin, of New York, called up the matter of the contested seat, and no person shall be elected Printer, either to the Senate or House, who shall be a contractor printer of 4(1) and upwards; that he shall give bonds or security for $25,000; that the Printer shall be a citizen of the United States. Considerable debate ensued. The minority report, signed by Messrs. Hindman and Thomas, was read, declaring that the office of Printer to the House was vacant. Mr. Clopton, of Alabama, was opposed to a public printing-office. He defended the President. No question was taken on the subject when the House adjourned.

On Thursday, May 31, in the Senate, Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, from the Printing Investigation Committee, made a majority report, stating that the payments made were without the laws being at the commencement. The minority report was presented by Senator Hunter, of New York, condemning in general terms the practices and of the mode of public printing. The subject was postponed. In the Senate, in executive session, then rejected the Nicaran Treaty.—The House Committee on the Judiciary, to whom the Senate bill relative to the recaptured Africans was referred, reported the bill back, with amendment to the Senate. The bill was taken up and discussed at much length. Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, and Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, made considerable speeches. Mr. Barnett, of Kentucky, replied. The bill, which establishes Department of Public Printing, as reduced rates, was finally passed—110 to 66. In Committee of the Whole, Mr. Aldrich, of Massachusetts, from the Committee Ways and Means, reported the Post-office Appropriation bill was taken up and discussed without amendment.

On Friday, June 1, in the Senate, a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the disposition made of the land purchased for a Naval Depot in Brooklyn, was adopted. The Bill for Relinquishing the act relative to private land claims in California and New Mexico was passed. The Homestead Bill being under discussion, Senator Collamer moved an amendment, "Provided, that nothing shall be construed to judge of the propriety of restoring suspended entries; rejected. The amendment of Thomas Green Fitzhugh striking out the clause which restores certain public lands was rejected, by a vote of 19 to 18. After an Executive session the Senate adjourned. In the House, Mr. Hall, of Missouri, spoke in Hindsh and their deputies for permitting prisoners to escape was passed. Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, from the Committee, reported, upon a question of privilege, made a statement in regard to certain charges, which the majority of the Committee refused to have called. He was answered by Mr. Cowan, Mr. Smith, of Maryland, and Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, the subject, was interrupted by Mr. Hamlin, of Maine, who moved the House proceeding, notwithstanding a universal call to order; whereupon Mr. Train remarked that he had seen the House guilty of many of great impropriety, both as a member and as a gentleman, were to be continued speaking when he had no right to the floor." Mr. Houston inquired whether the remark was intended for him. Mr. Train said he was addressing the chair; and then Mr. President pronounced him a "disgraceful liar and scoundrel." A scene of great excitement ensued, in the midst of which Mr. Sherman demanded that Mr. Houston should be called to the Speaker's chair. After a sharp contest, in which the Republicans sustained the demand of Mr. Sherman, Mr. Houston made an apology, and the scene and session ended.

DEATH OF JUDGE DANIEL.

Hon. Judge Daniel, of the Richmond Hustings Court, died on 26th ult. at Richmond, Virginia, after a lingering illness.

Judge Peter V. Daniel was born in Stafford County, Virginia, in 1784. His ancestors had been resident in that State, and were noted, at the time of the Revolution, for the zeal with which they contributed themselves to the British Government. After receiving the rudiments of his education from a private tutor, he entered Princeton College, where he graduated in 1803. He then went to the University of Edinburgh, where he studied under Edmund Randolph, to whose daughter he was subsequently married. In 1836 he was appointed by Jackson and in the following year was elected a delegate to the Virginia Legislature, from Stafford County. In 1841 he was elected to that office in 1859. Two years after and he was elected a member of the Privy Council, and was successively re-elected until the adoption of the new Constitution, when he was appointed Judge of this State. He was Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and President of the Senate, ex officio. On adoption of the amended Constitution in 1850, when the number of members of the Legislature was increased, he was elected to fill the vacancy, and in 1855, when the Judge ship was made elective, he was elected, and was dismissed from office, together with his Democratic associates. The Judge was a Democrat, and was nearly only for a short period, and the next session, when the Democrats were in power, he was re-elected. Judge Daniel, since Tiney having been transferred, in 1854, from the Office of Attorney-General to the Supreme Court of Appeals. Judge Daniel was presented by President Jackson as one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, in 1836, and Buchanan was transferred from the bench of the United States District Court to the Supreme Court, and President Jackson appointed Judge Daniel to the vacancy. Judge Buchanan's death in 1854, left the Judge Daniel and Judge Campbell the only surviving members of the eight, or ten, that sat in the Supreme Court, when the Dred Scott decision of his friend Chief-Justice Taney.

A NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

A new Arctic Expedition called from New London, Connecticut, on Tuesday, 29th ult., on board of the bark *Arctic Fever*. The expedition is fitted out very successfully, consists only of Mr. R. F. Hall, of Cincinnati, and the Esquimaux guide, Code-Jack-Ah. Hall, who lately resided in Cincinnati, designs to leave the vessel in which he sailed at Frobisher Bay, sledging with him a large boat, which has been constructed expressly for him, and with which he designs to make excursions in the region lying between Cape Willoughby and the entrance to Fury and Hecla Strait. The boat, of five fathoms, which he will select at Sussex Island, will assist him in his excursions. The Arctic Fever has been the property of the party which went with Sir John Franklin. Mr. Frederick Grinnell, of 181 Clay, Mayor Brooklyn, of New London, and some of the prominent citizens of that place, were interested in the Arctic Fever, and returned on the top which towed the vessel to sea.

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The proceedings of the Methodist General Conference last week, at Buffalo, were interesting. On Thursday, May 31, the Committee on Slavery report having been taken up, Mr. Slicer, of Baltimore, and Dr. Bishop, of Boston, spoke against the report, Sewell, of Baltimore, made a most impressive speech, which was followed by Bishop Scott, in favor of the report. A resolution was adopted that the vote should be taken on the resolutions of the majority report after certain other members had spoken, without further debate. After the vote was taken, Mr. Hunter and Kingsley addressed the Conference for the minority. Dr. Durbin's resolution was then taken and the vote rejected. An amendment directing the Bishops to substitute a new report was then adopted, and the Conference and the Presiding Elders, to the Quarterly Conference, and then, by a vote Chapter was at length adopted by a vote of 154 to 81.

SENTENCE ON THE PIRATE HICKS.

The case of Nathan Hicks, charged with the crime of robbery on board of the ship *R. A. Johnson*, was finally disposed of on 1st inst. in the United States Circuit Court. Judge Sanford sentenced the prisoner to be hanged on the 24th of July next upon the gallows in Hicks' Island, whitever may be selected by the United States Marshal for the purpose. Hicks received the sentence with that stolidity which has characterized his conduct throughout the trial. Just before the Judge had delivered his sentence with Mr. Sayles, one of the counsel, in the Tombs, Hicks, in a subdued manner, addressed the Judge in his dear life, and, in some impromptu verses, blurted at a speed crime he had committed in his own privileged.

A JAPANESE OPINION OF THE PRESIDENT'S DINNER.

A correspondent of the *Boston Post* writes:

"Nanuma Gonkoro, whom I have on former letters spoken of, is a gentleman of a high caste and a high position, and together with his five brothers, left the hotel at 8 o'clock in the morning, taken their breakfast, which lasted two hours exactly by day, and as they strolled along they came to a square where a Chinese Mandarin, who was very anxious to "Here lives our friend" and he was anxious to see attracting a group of spectators, including the visitors of the house, in school one of them, "Is Master at home?" He was answered in the affirmative, and entered quickly I was at his side. He did not greet me with "Hiss," which is the Japanese for "Good-morning," but said in English, "Good-morning—how do you do? Following his example, I also replied in the same language, and the words, "Quite well, thank you—how are you?" "Very well," answered Nanuma, which being quite satisfactory so far as he was concerned, I addressed myself to his companion, and exchanged with it."

a shake of the hands, after which I invited them to walk up stairs, and led the way accordingly.

"I at first took them into the drawing-room; but the rude of ladies and others that followed almost alarmed my visitors, and Namura asked, 'Do all those people live in this house?' He evidently deemed them very intrusive.

"'Well, Namura,' I said, after he and his party had taken seats on the sofas and various chairs, 'how did you like the President's dinner on Friday?'

"'Very civil, and big,' he said, standing. I had to stand for one hour.'

"'What did the ambassadors eat: turtle soup?'

"'Yes, soup.'

"'Fish? I mean, suppose.'

"'Yes; fish about that,' (and he described the length and breadth with his hands.)

"'Chicken salad?'

"'Oh yes, chicken salad—very good.'

"'Ground chickens and pigeons?'

"'Yes; most delicious and pigeon—both very good.'

"'Ale?'

"'Oh yes, very good ale, Champagne, and sherry.'

"'Strawberries? I guessed. When there were first offered to them, he hastily said, 'Very good,' and helped them, saying that the fruit was too sour.

"'Ice cream? Suppose.'

"'Mustard, of course?'

"'Yes, much mustard.'

"'And cheese?'

"'Yes, cheese very good, and butter very good too.'

"'What would you like to drink now? I asked.

"Some ale,' answered Namura, and she was accordingly produced and drunk in the drawing-room, notwithstanding the unauthentic nature of the proceeding in such a place."

MARRIAGE OF MADAME BONIFACE.

A correspondent of the *Herald* writes:

"I have just returned from a spectacle of great interest, which has attracted the monarchs and statesmen of an old Jubilee of Washington more than any thing else that has occurred here for a long time. Twelve years in St. John's church, Lafayette Square, the Countess Boniface, widow of the late distinguished and popular minister from Bavaria, was married to Captain Douglas Gordon Scott, U. S. Navy. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Norwood, of Georgetown, to whose congregation the lady and her family belonged. The bride was given away by President Buchanan. There was a quiet simplicity about the whole ceremony which imparted the character rather of a religious than a festive occasion.

"As the parties approached the altar, most of the members of the diplomatic corps and their families arrived in single carriages, and mingled with the throng, without regard to place or precedence. A party from the executive mansion, including Miss Mackenzie, of Philadelphia, Miss Buchanan, and Mr. James Buchanan, Jun., came in a carriage, and passed around to the side door, at the door indicated that she who was to be 'the observed of all observers' should not be seen at all. Immediately the President entered with the Countess Boniface leaning on his arm, while the whole congregation rose. They passed down the aisle to their places on the left of the chancel, as they were met by Captain Scott, who shook hands cordially with the President, and the ceremony was then read, as seen by the officiating clergyman. There were neither bridesmaids nor groomsmen, and the whole affair had an air of unusual simplicity."

HER FIRST MARRIAGE.

He adds: "I remember the Countess when she was a school-girl in Georgetown—the sweet and lovely Pauline Williams, the favorite Queen of every May-day. Her father, a man of great merchant of that and other valuable bough, gave her every advantage of education; but she was of a delicate frame, and a multitude as the mother of an insuable children could be. Her personal loveliness was of a strange, rich, and rare kind, of a peculiar manner shone on her bright eyes. Her form was a model for a sculptor, so delicate and roundly rounded—a dream of beauty seldom realized on earth. The Count Boniface was a man of some her other admirers and was at once conquered. He was old, but in excellent preservation, and had long ago—he let slip—he was whenever he appeared before, not any company, had his name mentioned in the French—he made a great figure the most agreeable society, and was highly acceptable, not only in the social circle, but in the fashionable, in all the hired circles. His good-nature and intelligence commended him to eminent men of all political categories. One of his earliest and kindest friends was Henry Clay, for whom James monroe, Jr., he had an unbounded admiration. Indeed, he loved that great statesman and orator to a degree rather uncommon among men. But there was really a strong tinature of romantic sensibility about the character of Count. He was fond of simple pleasures and pure and innocent enjoyments. The attachment of children to him was extraordinary, and he could only have been conciliated by that genuine benevolence and sweetness of temper which beamed from his countenance and gushed out in his cordial voice. He wooed and won the affections of one of the most lovely that had ever been seen in metropolitan circles. His old diplomatic associates, who had known him long, and experienced—the beau monde wondered; but he had his own taste, and he made the sweet, young, blooming Harriet Williams his wife.

ANOTHER DUEL.

The Savannah *Republican* of Friday says: "We learn that a duel was fought yesterday, at Sorrowy's Ferry, between Lieut. C. W. Morton, formerly of the Texas Navy, and Mr. Charles A. L. Lamar, of this city. Lieutenant Morton was a witness in the case of the Government in the trial of J. Egbert Farnham, for piracy, and it is understood that the difficulty arose from an utterance of Mr. Lamar on his testimony, given in a few days ago. The challenge was accepted, and the parties met on the ground, with their respective friends, at daylight, on the Carolina side. Shots were exchanged with pistols without effect, when John Owens, Esq., second of Mr. Lamar, approached Mr. Hopkins, jr., Esq., the second of Commodore Moore, and stated that in behalf of his principal he was so ill it did not to say that the offence was given under excitement and misapprehension, and that Mr. Lamar regretted the use of the language that had given rise to the meeting. The retraction was accepted as satisfactory, and upon the parties exchanged friendly salutations, and returned to the city."

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

Henrietta Fuller, daughter of Willie Fuller, of South Reidsville, Massachusetts, employed in a cotton factory, at the factory, aged about eighteen years, went to a water-cock to obtain water for washing. This cock was very near an upright shaft and coupling-box, which was revolving at the rate of over one hundred revolutions per minute, and with which the dress of the unfortunate girl became entangled. With every revolution her head struck upon the strong iron frame-work which supported the shaft, revolving her forehead, and her hair was torn from their sockets, while her body and limbs were shockingly mangled and broken. The cask and the ceiling were covered with the marks of the catastrophe, and the body was so firmly bound to the shaft that heated efforts were cut with chisels before she could be liberated.

PERSONAL.

The Auburn *Advertiser* says a Committee of leading citizens of that place called on Mr. Seward, on Saturday morning last, and requested him to consent to deliver an address on the Fourth of July. Mr. Seward received the request very kindly, and said he must decline the "arduous" duty. He added however, that if July, 1861, he would then be an address to his fellow-citizens, that date he had in view would be

peace of the South and the Belgian ports. We learn that his plans have been entered into very heartily by the people of Mobile, and that a fine is about to be established between Mobile and Brazos. M. Blondel is an experienced diplomatist, in the service of the ex-king Leopold. He has been a great traveler in his time.

Mr. Everett has at last definitely accepted the honor of the Baltimore nomination, and will run on the canal data for the Vice-Presidency of the National Union party.

Bloodhounds were stretched across the gorges at Sinai, between the impenetrable rocks and the Mount Hebrew. The inclosures are also finished, giving accommodation for 50,000 pilgrims.

The Rev. Mr. Conlith, late the pastor of the Green Street M. E. Church, in this city, died on Saturday last. A number of the Friends entertained a cousin and succeeded him down for life.

It appears that the unsophisticated strangers from Europe have not yet comprehended the ability by the civil institutions of whom existence we affectionately advise them. Lord Lyons, they say, has not yet, but the aspectal pet of Washington ladies, has been invigilated into a conversation about the Prince of Wales, and having the fear of the Mikado before his eyes, said his gentleman wish for Old Lyons, and hoped that he might be expressed by a single samurai. It seems still the singular delicacy of the Japanese gentlemen, this Tommy should have allowed himself to be victimized.

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt said her farewell to her London for freedom in the early part of June. They will make a visit to the Continent for a few months in June.

The Right Reverend the Protestant Bishop (Potter) of this diocese is about to take a trip to Europe for the benefit of his health, which has been considerably impaired by his onerous duties during the winter. He will be absent until about before the assembling of the Diocesan Convention in the fall. Episcopal acts will be performed in his absence during the intervening period in Maine, New Hampshire, Wilmington, of Maryland, and Delaware, of Western Pennsylvania.

Died, on the 25th of April, at Chattahoochee, Florida, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, Mr. Elias P. Ross, wife of Dr. John D. Ross, of New York. Mr. Ross was Lieutenant Governor of Florida, and by her chief attention was the benevolence of her nature, which was the cause of her untimely death. For the past of New York, to numbers of whom she had been a personal and intimate friend, they have been her benefactress in public as well as private charities of the city, and was a lady of great and commanding talents. Her husband, who She established and maintained, for two years, a work-house for the relief of the poor of the city, and 1852 she opened a house of refuge for widowed mothers, and others, who were left destitute by the intemperate, improvident, and unfortunate. In the succeeding autumn, by means of the same generous and benevolent spirit was used necessary for the temporary home, she established, under the direction, the Ladies' Association for the Poor of New York. Juvenile Asylum, to which she contributed over a thousand dollars. Her benevolence was not confined to the condition of the parents of such children as were committed to the Asylum, and, while she was in health, she suffered from the effects of acute rheumatism, contributed to the service of the poor, until, worn down with pain, she fell asleep, calmly resting on a Saviour's love.

Mrs. Cynthia Ann Parker, the Texan Indian, brought a suit against Mr. J. L. Prosser for breach of the marriage contract. Mrs. Parker's assessed damages at $25,000. It is said that Mr. Prosser is worth about $100,000, and able to pay the claim if it is found to be worth the money. Mr. Prosser recently married.

Mr. A. A. Wilmarth, author of the Pemberton Mill, publishes a statement in the Boston papers, showing that the cause of the late disaster was the feeble operations in that establishment remains unpaid.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

F. A. PAGET, M. P.

In the House of Lords, on the 14th, the Marquis of Normanby moved the production of all the correspondence with Sardinia, relative to the Italian Question in Garibaldi's expedition.

The Government promised to produce the dispatches.

In the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone withdrew the motion for the production of papers, on the plea that Sir Roundel Hill's health was such as to require an immediate adjournment.

Mr. Cardwell stated that the attention of the Government had been called to the report that they were being made in Ireland for the use of the Pope, and to enlist Irishmen in the service of the Papal Government, contrary to law, and he would be taken to check them.

In the House of Commons, on the 15th, Lord John Russell stated that Lord Cowley had received no information from the Sardinian Government, that it would claim further territorial compensation if Sardinian territory was conquered by the Garibaldian party.

He also announced that Government had received no information from Mr. Dudley Stuart, the agent of Mazini in Turkey similar to what appeared under the head of "Russia and Turkey" in the Times, and that he would not to the concentration of a Russian army on the Pruth.

THE PRIZE-FIGHT AGAIN IN ENGLAND.

On same day, Lord Palmerston moved for the correspondence between the Home Secretary and the Sheriffs of London, in relation to the fight, and he stated town to the little fight for the championship. He seemed to be considerable difficulty and trouble.

Lord Palmerston protested against the exaggerated observations of the Home Secretary, and the gentleman who witnessed the fight. Such matters were certainly matters of taste. He had the greatest sympathy and sincerely apology on behalf of those who regarded prize-fighting as a legitimate amusement, and that the Sheriff's life of the British race.

Some other details, during which several members protested against the police being called upon to keep the peace, and the Home Secretary said he was encouraged those who violated it, the subject dropped.

THE DEPOSITION OF THE DISPUTE.

Bell's Life of the 15th announces that a meeting took place between Sayers and Heenan, at that office, yesterday, to discuss the terms of the battle, the place, time, and so to the possession of the champion belt. The terms were arranged, and the time is—exact counterpart of the one so much coveted—should the weather be favorable, the place is to be Farnborough, in Hampshire. Each of the candidates is to bend the stakes, in the sum of £200 each, and £100 a side, to be made in the possession of the proprietor of *Bell's Life*, who is to be the stakeholder, and to be the keeper of wearing it.

Sayers has engaged to retire from the Ring.

DEATH OF LADY BYRON.

Lady Byron is dead. She was born May 17, 1792, and was married to Lord Byron, January 2, 1815. Her married her engagement Lord Byron, in a letter, thus describes her: "Poetry, I know, they do not like in a woman, but I shall be an exception

NAPLES AND MESSINA.

We publish herewith views of the cities of Messina and Naples, from recent pictures. They are of peculiar interest at the present time, and will be still more valuable as the war which has commenced in Southern Italy progresses.

NAPLES.

The city of Naples needs no description. In a former number of this journal we said of it:

Fancy a city of some 450,000 inhabitants, of whom 18,000 are priests, 40,000 idlers, 4000 lawyers, and nearly 30,000 prisoners of state, looked up to some of the five hundred and thirty royal prisons! Fancy this city in a state of chronic siege, with the guns of its forts constantly pointed, not upon its enemies, but upon its people! Fancy a government consisting of a priest-ridden king, cruel, treacherous, and false; maintaining his power by the aid of Swiss and German guards, most of whom are kidnapped, contrary to law, in the southern German States and Switzerland; so miserable an administrator that no department of the government makes the least pretense to efficiency but the police, which has its spies every where, and is said to be as perfect as Fouché's; so blind to facts that he believes he is a blessing to his people, and calmly expects that God will scatter his enemies! Finally, fancy a people systematically trained in idleness, servility, and ignorance; denied the privileges of wholesome education and the use of books; forced to kneel at the feet of the Jesuits, and taught from their childhood that rebellion against their authority involves not only eternal damnation but present punishment; educated in contempt for the laws and indifference to every virtue that can exalt the race! Such is Naples.

Let us look at it in detail. The traveler who walks through Toledo or Chiaja for the first time, on a sunny day in the cooler months, is amazed at the evidence of life and happiness which he sees. Fifty thousand people, they say, throng Toledo (the Broadway of Naples) daily. Every trade under the sun is carried on in the open street. There are shoemakers and tailors at their benches; scribes indicting love-letters for amorous swains; begging monks proving clearly that all who do not give them a curline will be served up hot in another world; venders plucking poultry or cleaning vegetables: quack doctors forcing their panaceas down the throats of peasants from the Abruzzi; cooks roasting and frying at great fires on the sidewalk; mothers combing their children's hair, or turning them up and whipping them; old women on crutches singing the praises of Lucia, and old men reciting Ariosto with much fervor; water-sellers having iced water; pious minstrels playing doleful bagpipes and singing a lay of the Virgin; Sicilian girls dancing the tarantella with uncommon vigor; friars mumbling their prayers only when a gran mere to save a soul from hell; boys fighting for watermelons; exchange tables loaded with copper; lemonade-venders surmounted by triumphal arches, bedizened with gold paper and wreaths of flowers; macaroni-dealers hailing huge masses of the smoking delicacy with cries of coldness, and beseeching the crowd not to let it cool; more monks, tinkling little bells, and knocking Punch and the conjuror over as they hurry past with a dead man; ladies in Parisian dresses, peasant girls in scarlet rags; lazaroni in every corner, lying, crouching, squatting, running, sleeping, laughing, fighting, picking pockets; and an array of carriages, corricoli, omnibuses, cavaliers, tearing and dashing along at a furious rate, as though collisions were impossible and horses could not be broken.

MESSINA.

Messina, as every one knows, is one of the two large towns in Sicily. It is situated on the northeast coast, opposite to Calabria, from which it is separated by the channel of the Faro, here about four miles wide. The town of Messina is built partly on the slope of a steep hill, and partly along the sea-shore at the foot of it. The port is formed by a strip of sandy beach projecting into the sea at the south side of the city, and sweeping round in the form of a semicircle. On this narrow track of land are the citadel, the lazaretto, the light-house, and the Castle of Salvatore at the entrance of the harbor, which faces the north. The larger part of the town rises in the form of a crescent, on the west side of the harbor, which is more than two miles in circumference, and is one of the best in the Mediterranean. The view over the channel, the opposite coast of Calabria, with its towns and villages, and the lofty Apennines behind them, is one of the finest even in that classic sea, whose shores are so remarkable for the variety of beautiful scenery it presents.

THE INSURRECTIONS.

The signal for Garibaldi's interference was insurrections throughout Sicily. The following summary of news gives a fair picture of the state of affairs:

The Messinese, like the rest of the Sicilians, had borne their wretched treatment till they could bear it no longer, and on the 5th ultimo the inhabitants of the city rose, but were overpowered and driven into the country. A great number of soldiers, gens d'armes, and citizens were killed and wounded, but the numbers have not been correctly ascertained. A report having got abroad that the Piedmontese, in Palermo, which had taken place some days previously, had been quelled, the idea of a successful revolution was for the time abandoned, and the citizens gradually returned to their houses. On nights of the 6th and 7th ultimo attacks were made on the city by the troops, and many persons were killed in their houses. These were both unskilfully and unarmed fire, and the soldiers appear to have fired right and left, without any apparent object; indeed, the troops were to be dreaded even by peaceable citizens. The British and French Consuls, in the first place, made remonstrances against the bombardment, but the Commandant informed them that they were at liberty to take refuge in the arsenal, that he had no discretion to spare the town if any necessity arose, and, in fact, a proclamation was published to that effect. On the commander taking place the Consuls protested in very strong terms. To show with what empire the soldiers acted, it may be stated that a Swiss citizen was wounded as he was coming out of a monastery, where he had been paying a visit, and on being taken to the guard-house was shut up for three days. An officer was said to have been shot by one of his own men; in fact, the reign of terror had been established by the army itself.

The last intelligence from Messina says there was scarcely a person to be met with in the streets. There were, however, numbers of soldiers parading the town in all directions. Bills were posted on the houses and shops to the effect, "This is French property," "This is English property," etc., and many persons had sought refuge with the various Consuls, as being the safest place of abode. There can be no doubt that numerous armed and quiet people have been shot by the troops, and we conceive of the authorities has been rather to provoke a revolution than to quell one.

The insurrection at Palermo broke out on the 4th ult. It was announced to the people by a loud report of musketry. The police, with some thus in the church and in the street of Gaeta in convent at the east end of the capital) men, ammunition, and arms had been assembled, made an onset against the place, which they had previously encompassed all round. Cannon were reared in that part of the marine plain which looks in a straight line toward the main door of the church. The doors were thrown down on the first discharge, and a storming party of troops and policemen advanced. They were received by volleys of musketry; but the defenders lost no less than forty. A few of them fell dead; several others were wounded; some made their escape over the roof; others sought a refuge in the sepulchral vaults; thirteen were taken, and these, laden with chains, were led to prison, followed by thirty of the monks, who were dragged along with the prisoners. Arms, ammunition, and a wooden cannon with iron hoops were found in the church and sacristy. The soldiers then carried house and fire throughout the building; nothing was spared. A silver crucifix was broken to pieces by these Christian soldiers, who shared the fragments among them. They took the golden "pyx" from the tabernacle, strewing its contents—the consecrated wafers or hosts—on the ground. Some fighting was still going on at Furrazzi, and musket-shots were heard all along that line as far as the St. Antonino Gate. The fire ceased in a few hours, and the cry, "Viva il Re!" announced the complete victory of the troops. The soldiers had driven before them a few of the insurgents at Furrazzi, and had then fired at random all along that line as far as the abovementioned gate, either through fear or with a view to strike terror among the unoffending population. The Lady Abbess of the Basta del Monte, out of the Macqueda Gate, and a chaplain in his gown and surplice, were dragged in chains to prison, because, unaware of any guilt in the matter, they had suffered the bells of the church to summon the faithful to the usual service.

On the 5th ult. the soldiers again attacked Furrazzi, where not a living soul was left; they battered with cannon the villas of Fuesa and Montegan, which had been previously sacked; those tenements burned for three days. They slew on this occasion a woman who was flying before them with an infant in arms—they slew mother and child. They killed seven women in their houses, firing at them long after they had secured their easy victory.

The next day fifty of the insurgents hoisted three tricolor flags on a mound two miles west of Palermo, at a place called Bisda. A battalion of Chasseurs attacked them; the fire lasted about four hours without much harm on either side; for the troops, notwithstanding their numerical superiority, kept at a respectful distance from the insurgents. These latter removed their banners and retired, in good order, to the neighboring Convent of Monte Cuccio. The soldiers wreaked their wrath upon the luxurious monastery and hospital of Bisda, which they charged with having sheltered the insurgents in the night and supplied them with drink. Two of the monks were killed; and the patients in the hospital were thrown on the ground with the beds overturned upon them. The victorious troops encamped at Boeca di Falco.

The report that had reached the Messinese on the 8th, to the effect that the outbre[illegible] come, was a false one: fo[illegible] the 12th, when the insurg[illegible] and twenty-five of them sa[illegible]

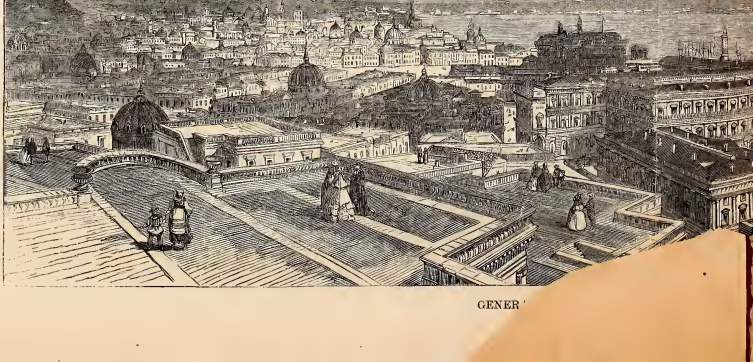
The massacres, fire, an[illegible] Royal troops have rent ge[illegible] subdued of. Whole towns [illegible] strewed and the populo[illegible] villas and the magnificent [illegible] all in ashes. Military ex[illegible] day, and no one knows wh[illegible] are yet shot in battles o[illegible] time.

GARIBALDI'S

We mentioned the le[illegible] expedition in our last [illegible] now coming to hand. [illegible] day and proclamation w[illegible]

MAY 20

ORDER OF THE DAY.—Sol[illegible] The mission of this corps [illegible] posed upon the most com[illegible] ject of regenerating our co[illegible]



THE CITY OF M[illegible]

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SSINA, IN SICILY.

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EXPEDITION.

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ntry. The brave Chasseurs have served and will serve their country with the devotion and discipline of the best troops in the world without hoping for any other reward than that of an unspotted conscience. They are attracted to the service by no offers of rank, honors, or rewards. When the danger is over they will retire to their simple private life; but now that the hour of combat has come, Italy beholds them in the front rank, joyous and determined, ready to shed their blood. The war cry of the Chasseur des Alpes is the same now as it was on the banks of the Ticino: "*Italia et Vittorio Emmanuele!*" and this cry mixed by us will strike terror into all the enemies of Italy.

THE LANDING AT MARSALA.

The *Times* has the following:

Malta correspondent, under date of the 12th of May, announces the arrival on that morning of her Majesty's steamer *Intrepid* from Marsala, with intelligence of the landing thereof on the 11th of a band of 2000 Italians, under Garibaldi, who immediately pushed on to Calata Fimi and Alcamo, where the insurgents are concentrated, and will, it is hoped, hold their ground. These Italians had no sooner landed than three Neapolitan steamers of war, and another private vessel chartered by Government, proceeded, without any previous notice or warning whatsoever, to bombard the unarmed and defenceless town of Marsala, and when the *Intrepid* left to communicate the fact to the British Admiral at Malta, shot and shell were falling over the English or war flotilla of Messrs. Wodehouse, Ingham, and other British subjects, to protect whom another English steamer of war supposed to be the *Scylla* had just arrived. On the 5th of May the Neapolitan gun-boat *Etoile* arrived at Malta in forty hours from Palermo, reported to have been dispatched to overtake and arrest some political fugitives, and to ascertain whether there be any truth in the reported filibustering expedition at Malta against Sicily. After communication with her consul she put to sea on the same night. The result, adds our correspondent, of this visit will scarcely be worth the fuel consumed. Only two individuals, and these of no note, have recently left Malta with a view of joining the insurgents; while the only fugitive who has reached these shores is an old lady, who landed clandestinely on the coast on the night of the 7th of May, from whom the Neapolitan Government can scarcely have had much cause of alarm. Accounts from Palermo to the 6th, and from Messina to the 8th of May, report the insurgents as concentrating near Marsala."

A private letter from Marsala says:

While on shore to-day, about 2.30 or 3 in the afternoon, we entered a caffè. In a few minutes several fellows entered—some in red, others in plain clothes, all armed with muskets and bayonets. Every one around seemed favorable to them. We at once asked what was the matter, and were told that it was a case of "Viva Italia," and Garibaldi had landed. We immediately took a walk round the town, and found the soldiers (gentrisho) had possession. We wanted to get out toward the country, but the officer in command—a fine-looking fellow—told us we could not pass without an order from General Garibaldi. We therefore returned to the mole for the purpose of getting an order, and met more soldiers coming in. At the mole gate we were again stopped, and there detained until a pass from the General was procured for us. On the mole we met fresh troops, who had disembarked with arms, ammunition, etc. We were informed that more than two thousand had been thrown into the town, and that more would soon follow—the only thing they wished for being that they might meet the Neapolitans. They all appeared due athletic fellows—just the sort to make short work of a dish of macaroni. They landed from two steamers close under the noses of the Neapolitans, who, with two steamers and a sailing frigate, had been constantly watching the coast. The smallest of these vessels could easily have prevented the landing, but she was too cautious to attempt it. After the soldiers, however, were safe on shore the Neapolitans shaved in and fired on the town, or rather at a few stragglers on the mole—a mere waste of powder, for many of the shots fell short, and those that did reach *terra firma* merely plowed up the earth that the enemy had passed over. There is no doubt whatever but that one at least of Garibaldi's vessels, particularly the treasure, could have been cut off; but no, they were afraid to try it on. After these had been abandoned by the Italians they were taken possession of at 6.30 p.m. by the Neapolitans, who, however, displayed much hesitation, evidently deeming "discretion the better part of valor." At this moment, as we are in the act of leaving for Malta, a steamer and frigate are opening on the town, but the fire receives no return. Whether they have artillery or not, we are unable to state. We can only remark that we saw none. The people in the town received Garibaldi and his followers with open arms, appearing as if they had been long expecting them. At the time of the General's arrival there were no Neapolitan troops in the town. Owing to the shallowness of the water their large ships could not approach.

STATE OF PALERMO AND NAPLES.

The Naples correspondent of the *Daily News* writes on the 6th instant:

A person who left Palermo tells me that on Friday, at four o'clock, the shops were opened, and the camps removed from the street; but on Saturday, at four o'clock, they had been replaced, as a new or two had taken place the night before outside the gates. The cavalry, he heard, had suffered much, and indeed beyond Palermo the state of things was awful. An order to open the shops was posted on the walls, and every thing was compulsory. When the insurrection broke out in Trapani the prisoners were liberated from Favignana, and joined the patriots. The Bagnio of Favignana is as notorious as the Bastille of Paris. Of the interior little that was precise was known; but the insurrection was far from having been put down. Dispatches just arrived from Messina announce that all was tranquil, and that the state of siege was taken off on the 2d instant. A most sanguinary proclamation, which owes its origin to Filangieri, had been published in both places. Arms were to be given up directly, and lists of the names of persons in arms, or supposed to be so, were to be affixed to all public places for fifteen days. If the persons whose names were therein entered did not appear and have their names struck out they would be liable to be tried by court-martial and shot. If a chief were to be brought in by any one, his capter would have 500 ducats reward; if a common man, the capter would have 50 ducats.

Letters from Naples to the 12th inst. state that on the previous Thursday a demonstration took place at Palermo. An immense crowd assembled, shouting "Viva l'Italia!" "Viva Emmanuele!" "Viva Napoleone!" Women of the highest rank excited the men and insulted the soldiers, who fired several shots. The garrison had been ordered to remain in their barracks. Fresh reinforcements are about to be dispatched. A proclamation had been published signed by the Governor of Sicily, Prince Castelcicala, stating that in view of the grave and sanguinary misdeeds and of the plundering which had taken place at Cemina, Petralia, Sottana, Caccamo, Vicari, and Portecilla, the carrying or detention of arms by any hand is prohibited.

Another letter of the 11th from Palermo is from a gentleman who writes thus:

On Sunday last there were two or three demonstrations in the churches. The steamer which was to have left yesterday (10th) was detained by the Government. She was sent off the night before last to cruise in search of Garibaldi, who has not yet been found. We have been worse off than ever during the last two days—some that demonstrations, and yesterday and the evening before the people, on being fired on, got fired of the shrew with knives, and wounded and killed several. Some of the people also were wounded, and we are approaching by degrees to a Sicilian Vespers. The people were never more united, and are beginning to get desperate. The squadri Elicesian had a row with the troops near Bisacquino, to the eastward of Palermo. We have this from a good source, as also that the 10th Regiment of the Line at the Mole showed symptoms of fraternization, and had cut "Albanese il Colonnello," etc. So that by degrees you will see things are beginning to be in the state described by Lord John Russell. The reports about Garibaldi have thrown the Government into confusion, and the evening before last all the steamers were again put into requisition, and sent off in every direction. The *Elettra* came back yesterday afternoon. The demonstrations are no longer in the Cassaro and the Toledo, but in the Marquada and the adjacents. Everything is greatly agitated here, and orders have been sent to Avellino to the 3d regiment (the foreign regiment) to hold itself ready for departure. A report prevails that a telegram from the Neapolitan Consul at Tunis had been received, announcing that the expedition of Garibaldi, consisting of 800 men, was there.

WHERE GARIBALDI LANDED.

Marsala, where Garibaldi has landed, is a port of Sicily, situated about twenty miles from Palermo. It belongs to the province of Trapani, which extends, as well as the province of Palermo, along the coast of Mesina, along the coast of the island. Marsala carries on a large business in the wine which bears its name. It also deals in corn, fruit, cotton, and salt. The population is about twenty thousand. It possesses a number of foreign consuls, and is the most important of which are English. It was a flourishing place under the Romans, and its prosperity was maintained until the close of the 15th century. In 1532 the port was filled up, by order of Charles V., to prevent the fleet of Soliman II. from getting possession of it. It has never completely recovered from that disaster, and vessels of large tonnage can not enter. The attack on Marsala indicates the plan conceived by Garibaldi. He carries the strategic on the north coast of the island, where all the strong places are situated, and approaches those positions which, if seized on by him, will give decisive results. On the other hand, the Neapolitan army appears to be prepared for an energetic defense. It had received information of the attack, and a good road had been formed to unite the twain on the coast, so that the concentration of troops might be readily and promptly effected.

As we go to press, a rumor is current that a battle has taken place between the invaders and the royal troops at a place about eight miles from Palermo. This, however, lacks confirmation. As soon as Garibaldi's force is ready, he will undoubtedly march on Palermo; but hardly enough time had elapsed, when the *Africa* sailed, for news to have arrived of his having done so. Our readers will find some further intelligence on the subject in the news pages, to which we refer.

E DISTANCE.

UNFORGOTTEN WORDS.

"Have you examined that bill, James?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Any thing wrong?"

"I find two errors."

"Ah! let me see."

The lad handed his employer a long bill that had been placed on his desk for examination.

"Here is an error in the calculation of ten dollars, which they have made against themselves; and another error of ten dollars in the footing."

"Against themselves?"

"Yes, Sir."

The merchant smiled in a way that struck the lad as peculiar.

"Twenty dollars against themselves!" he remarked, in a kind of pleasant surprise. "Trusty clerks they must be, I think."

"Shall I correct the figures?" asked the lad.

"No; let them correct their own mistakes. We don't examine bills for other people's benefit," replied the merchant. "It will be time enough for us to rectify their errors when they find them out. All so much gain, as it now stands."

The boy's delicate moral sense was shocked at so unexpected a proposal. He was the son of a poor widow, who had given him good instruction and taught him that to be just was the duty of all men. Mr. Carman, the merchant in whose employment he had been for only a few months, was an old friend of his father's, and a person in whom his mother expressed the highest confidence. In fact, James had always looked upon him as a kind of model man; and when Mr. Carman began to take him into his store, he felt that great good fortune was in the way.

"Let them correct their own mistakes." The words made a strong impression on the mind of James Lewis. When first spoken by Mr. Carman, and with his manner then involved, he did, as we have said, shocked; but as he turned them over and over again in his thoughts, and connected their utterance with a person who stood so high in his mother's estimation, he began to think that perhaps the thing was fair enough in business. Mr. Carman was hardly the man to do wrong.

In a few days after James examined the bill a clerk from the house by which it had been rendered called for the amount. The lad, who was present, waited with considerable interest to see whether Mr. Carman would speak of the error, which, he had reason to think, was not a check for the amount of the bill as rendered was filled up, and a receipt taken.

"Is this right?" James asked himself this question. His moral sense said No; but the fact that Mr. Carman had so acted bewildered his mind.

"It may be right in business" he at last thought within himself—"but it is don't look honest. Wouldn't I have believed it of him?"

Mr. Carman had a kind way with him that won upon the boy's heart, and naturally tended to make the judge whatever he might do in the most favorable manner.

"I wish he had corrected that error," he said to himself a period many times when thinking, in pleased way, of Mr. Carman and his own good fortune in having been received into his employment. "It don't look right; but maybe it's the way in business."

One day he went to bank and drew the money for a check. He was in company it over he found that the teller had paid him fifty dollars too much. So he went back to the counter and told him of the mistake. The teller thanked him, and he returned to the store with the pleasant consciousness in his mind of having done right.

"The teller must have made up his fifty dollars," he said to Mr. Carman, as he handed him the money.

"Indeed?" replied the latter, a light breaking over his countenance. And he hastily counted the bank-bills.

The light faded as the last bill left his fingers.

"There's no mistake, James." A tone of disappointment was in his voice.

"Oh! I gave back the fifty dollars. Wasn't that right?"

"You simpleton!" exclaimed Mr. Carman. "Don't you know that bank mistakes are always corrected? If the teller had paid you fifty dollars short he would not have made it right."

The warm blood stained the cheeks of James under this reproof. It is often the case that more shame is felt for a blunder than a crime. In this instance the lad felt a sense of mortification at having done what Mr. Carman was pleased to call a silly thing; and he made up his mind that if they should overpay him a thousand dollars at the bank he would bring the amount to his employer, and let him do as he pleased with the money.

"Let people look after their own mistakes," said Mr. Carman.

James Lewis pondered these things in his heart. The impression they made was too strong ever to be forgotten. "It may be right," he said to himself, but the act fail altogether unsatisfied.

A month or two after the occurrence of that bank mistake, as James counted over his weekly wages, just received from Mr. Carman, he discovered that he had been paid half a dollar too much. The first impulse of his mind was to return the amount to his employer, and it was on his lip to say, "You have given me too much, Sir," when the unforgotten words, "Let people look after their own mistakes," darted into his thoughts, and made him hesitate. To hold a parley with evil is, in most cases, to be overcome.

"I must think about this," said James, as he put the money into his pocket. "If it is true in one case, it is true in another. Mr. Carman does correct mistakes that people make in his favor; and he can't complain when the rule works against himself."

But the boy was very far from being in a comfortable state. He felt that to keep that half dollar would be a dishonest act. Still he could not make up his mind to return it; at least not then. He would retain it for the present, and think the matter over more carefully. He could, if the case did not prove clear on further reflection, make all right with himself and Mr. Carman.

To hold a parley with evil is, as we have just said, in most cases to be overcome; and it was unhappily so in the present case. James did not return the half dollar, but spent it for his own gratification. After he had done this it came suddenly into his thought that Mr. Carman might only be trying him, and he was filled with anxiety and alarm. How bitterly did he regret having spent the half dollar! For two or three days it was as much as he could do to keep from meeting when Mr. Carman spoke to him; or to look steadily into his face when receiving from him any direction. It was his first and experience in wrong-doing. But as no lack of confidence was exhibited James felt reassured in a few days.

Not long afterward Mr. Carman repeated the same mistake. This time James kept the half dollar with less hesitation.

"Let him correct his own mistakes," said he, resolutely; "that's the doctrine he acts on with other people, and he can't complain if he gets paid in the coin he puts in circulation. I just wanted half a dollar."

From this time the fine moral sense of James Lewis was blunted. He had taken an evil counselor into his heart, who not only darkened his inner perceptions of right, but made his spirit of covetousness—latent in almost every mind—and counsel him to desire the possession of things beyond his ability to pay.

James had good business qualities, and so pleased Mr. Carman by his intelligence, industry, and tact with customers, that he advanced him rapidly, and gave him before he was eighteen years of age the wages responsible position in his store. But James had formed associations during the past year that boded ill to his business well. He had learned to drink, and to gamble; and he had never forgotten the first lesson he received in this bad science; and he had acted upon it not only in true gamesters, but in the spirit of a great deal more than the injury of Mr. Carman. He had long since grieved up waiting for mistakes to be made in his favor, and was ready to take, in the most complicated transactions of a large business in which he was trusted implicitly; for, strangely enough, he had never lost his moral perception of the fact that he was false to the trust in the letter in dealing might prove a mere to this young man.

James grew rapidly in his business; and always on the alert; always bright; always prompt to meet any approaches toward a discovery of his peculiarities, and to please his employer, who held him in the highest regard.

Then it went on until James Lewis was in his twenty-first year, when he found that he had transactions around by a letter that spoke of the young man as not keeping the most respectable company, and as spending his money in a way that was a moderate salary. Before this time James had resigned his mother into a pleasant house, for which he paid a rent of forty dollars a month, and which was eight hundred dollars; but he deceived his mother by telling her that he paid only twenty dollars rent. Every comfort that she needed was fully supplied, and she was beginning to feel that after a long and painful struggle with the world her happier days had come.

James was at his desk when the letter just referred to was received by his employer. Still he always on the alert, and suspicious of every movement that may involve betrayal or exposure. He read letter, and saw the change in the tone of the letter, and observed him change countenance suddenly. He read it over twice, and James saw that the contents, whatever they were, gave him a disturbance. While he was yet observing him, Mr. Carman glanced toward his desk, and their eyes met; it was only for a moment, but he took James received made his heart stop beating.

There was something about the movement of Mr. Carman of the rest of the day that made the young man. It was plain to him that suspicion had been aroused by that letter. Oh, how bitterly now did he repent, in dread of discovery and punishment, the evil of which he had been guilty! He could not think of his father, his mother, and how the head of his mother, it might be, even to the grave.

"I am not well this evening," said Mrs. Lewis, as she looked at her son's changed face across the tea-table, and noticed that he did not eat.

"My head aches," he replied, as he turned partly away from his mother's direct gaze.

"Perhaps the tea will do you good better."

"I'll lie down on the sofa in the parlor for a short time," said the young man, rising from the table, "A little quiet may give relief." And he went from the dining-room.

Mrs. Lewis followed him into the parlor in a little while, and sitting down by the side of the sofa on which he was lying placed her hand upon his head. Ah, how much more than the living pressure of a mother's hand was upon his heart! How full of suffering. The touch of that pure hand increased the pain tenfold.

"Do you feel better?" asked Mrs. Lewis, after she had remained for some time with her hand on his forehead.

"Not much," he replied; and rising as he spoke, he added, "I think a walk in the open air will do me good."

"Don't go out, James," said Mrs. Lewis, a troubled feeling coming into her heart.

"I'll only walk a few squares." And James went from the parlor, and, taking up his hat, passed into the street without another word.

"There's something more than headache the matter with him," was the thought of Mrs. Lewis, and the slight feeling of trouble she had experienced began deepening into a strange concern that involved a dread of coming evil.

For half an hour James walked without any purpose in his mind beyond escape from the presence of his mother. Every phase of Mr. Carman's manner toward him after the receipt of that letter was reviewed and dwelt on, in order if possible to determine whether suspicion of wrong-doing was entertained. At last his aimless walk brought him into the neighborhood of Mr. Carman's store, and in passing he was surprised at seeing a light within.

"What can this mean?" he asked himself, a new fear creeping, with its shuddering impulses, into his heart.

He went near and listened by the door and window, but could hear no sound within.

"There must be something wrong," he said. "What can it be? If this thing is discovered, what will be the end of it? Ruin! ruin! My poor mother!"

The wretched young man passed on, and walked the streets for two hours, when he returned home. His mother met him as he entered, and inquired with unconscious anxiety, if he were better. He said Yes, but with a manner that only increased the trouble of her mind, and passed up hastily to his own room.

In the morning the strangely-altered face of James, as he met his mother at the breakfast table, struck alarm into her heart. He was silent, and avoided her glances. While they still sat at the table the door-bell rang loudly. The same startled James, and he turned his ear to listen in a nervous way, which did not escape the observation of his mother.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Lewis, as the servant came back from the door.

"A gentleman wishes to see Mr. James," replied the girl.

James rose instantly, and went out into the hall, shutting the dining-room door as he did so. Mrs. Lewis sat, in almost breathless expectation, waiting for the return of her son. She heard him coming back in a few moments; but he did not enter the dining-room. Then he returned along the hall to the street door, and she heard it shut. All was now silent. Starting up, she ran out into the passage, but James was not there. He had gone out without a word, and without leaving one word behind a word!

Ah, that was a sad going away! Mr. Carman had spent half the night in examining the accounts of James, and discovered frauds to the amount of over six thousand dollars. Blindly indignant, he had sent an officer to arrest him early in the morning; and it was with this officer that the unhappy lad yet unaware of the fate from the home of his mother, ere again to return.

"The young villain shall lie in the bed he has made for himself," said the indignant Mr. Carman, in his bitter indignation. And he did not hold back in any thing, but made the exposure of the young man's offence as public as the law would allow as anger desire to have him convicted, and presented such an array of evidence that the jury could not give any other verdict than "Guilty."

The poor mother was in court, and audible, in the silence that followed, some low convulsed sobs upon the air. The judge turned upon the pale, agitated young man, who arose with an effort, and leaned against the railing by which he stood, as if clinging for support.

"Will it please your honors," he said, "to direct Mr. Carman to come nearer, to come a little nearer, so that I can look at him and your honors at the same time?"

Mr. Carman was directed to come forward to where the boy stood. There was a breathless silence in the court-room as the prosecutor obeyed the request, whether from curiosity or as to be in the eye of all. James looked at him steadily for a few moments, and then turned to the judge.

"What I ask, may please your honors, is this"—he spoke calmly and distinctly—"and it may, in a degree, extenuate, though it can not excuse, my crime. I was but a boy when my sons store in innocent boy; and if he had been an honest man I would not have stood before you today as a criminal."

Mr. Carman turned upon the young man, and appealed to the court for protection against allegations of such an outrageous character; but he was peremptorily ordered to be still. James went on in a firm voice.

"Only a few weeks after I went into his employment I examined a bill by his direction, and discovered an error of twenty dollars."

The fine of Mr. Carman changed instantly.

"You remember it, I see," remarked James; "and I shall have cause to remember it while I live. The error was made in favor of Mr. Carman, and I asked if I should correct the figures, and he answered, 'No; let them correct their own mistakes. We don't examine bills for other people's benefit.' It was my first lesson in dishonesty, and I never forgot the words. I saw the bill settled, and Mr. Carman laid the money down on the table as if it felt shocked at first; it seemed such a wrong thing. But, soon after, he called me a simpleton for handing back the money of a bank fifty dollars overpaid on a check; and then—"

"May I ask the protection of the Court?" said Mr. Carman, addressing the judges.

"It is true what the lad says?" asked the presiding judge.

Mr. Carman hesitated, and looked confused. All eyes were on his face; and judges, jury, lawyers, and spectators were all aware that he was guilty of leading the unhappy young man astray.

"Not long afterward," resumed young Lewis, "I was receiving my wages. I found that Mr. Carman had paid me fifty cents too much. I was about giving it back to him when I remembered his remark about letting people correct their own mistakes, and said to myself, 'Let him correct his own errors,' and dishonestly kept the money. Again the same thing happened, and again I kept the money that did not, of right, belong to me. This was the beginning of evil, and I am! Mr. Carman has shown an eagerness to convict and have me punished, as the court has seen. If he had shown me any mercy I might have kept silent. But now I interpose the truth, and may it incline you to show some consideration for the unhappiest being that is alive to-day."

The young man covered his face with his hands, and sat down overpowered by his feelings. His mother, who was near him, sobbed out aloud, and bending over, laid her hands on his head, saying,

"My poor boy! My poor boy!"

There were few eyes in the court-room undimmed. In the silence that followed Mr. Carman spoke out:

"Is my character to be thus blasted on the word of a criminal, your honors? Is this right? Is this just? Is this the protection a citizen finds in the courtroom?"

"Your solemn oath that this charge is untrue," said the judge, "will place you all right. It was the unhappy lad's first opportunity, and the Court felt bound, in humanity, to have it be what he wished to say."

James Lewis stood up again instantly, and turned his white face and dark piercing eyes upon Mr. Carman.

"Let him take that oath if he dare!" he exclaimed.

The counsel for the prosecution now interfered, and called the proceeding an outrage on all justice, and unheard of before in a court-room. But the judge commanded order, and then said to Mr. Carman:

"The Court offers you the only way of reparation in its power. Your oath will scatter the allegation of the criminal to the winds. Will you swear?"

Mr. Carman turned with a distressed look toward his counsel, while James kept his eyes fixed upon him. There was a brief conference, and the lawyer said,

"The proceeding is irregular, and I have advised my client to make no response. At the same time, in protesting against all this as an outrage upon the rights of a citizen."

The judge bowed, and Mr. Carman withdrew. After a brief conference with his associates, the presiding judge said, addressing the criminal,

"In consideration of your youth, and the temptation to which, in a tender years, you were unhappily subjected, the Court gives you its lightest sentence, one year's imprisonment. At the same time, in pronouncing this sentence, let me solemnly warn you against any further steps in the way you have taken. Crime can have no valid excuse. It is evil in the sight of God and man, and leads only to suffering. When you come forth again, after your brief incarceration, may it be with the resolution to live a better than mere outward life."

And the curtain fell on that sad scene in the boy's life. When it lifted again, and he came forth from prison a year afterwards, his mother was dead. From the day her pale face faded from his vision to be passed from the court-room he never looked upon her again.

Ten years afterward a man sat reading a newspaper in a Western home. He was, at first, a calm, serious face, and looked like one who had known suffering and trial.

"Brought to justice at last!" he said to himself, as the blood came into his face. "Convicted on the charge of fraudulent insolvency, and sent to the State's Prison! Ah, Mr. Carman, the man who gave me in tender years the first lesson in wrongdoing! Too well, alas! did I remember his words, that, thank God, other words have been since remembered. 'When you come forth again,' said the judge, 'may it be with the resolution to die rather than commit a crime!' and I have kept this injunction in my heart when there seemed no way of escape except through crime; and, God helping me, I will keep it to the end."

TENANTS AT NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

It was number twenty-seven of a quiet London street, the street in which it is supposed to specify here. It had stood empty for a considerable time, and such of the neighbors as were of a speculative turn of mind had began to wonder among themselves how much longer it would remain without a tenant; and, with lively, misty autumn morning, shortly after daybreak, a cab drew up to the empty house, from which alighted a tall, gaunt, middle-aged gentleman, of sallow complexion, followed in a foraging cap and a long gray military cloak, whose face was half concealed by a thick tangle of beard and moustache, coal black, but now becoming wintry with age. Beneath the shaggy gloom of his eyebrows burned a strange, restless, fitful fire; and when he turned to look some prominently into view. He held in one hand a small, leather-bound box, on the top of which was a tiny brass plate, bearing a name and address thereon.

Having satisfied himself that no one was a witness of his arrival, Captain Laurel turned round, and assisted a tall, slender young lady to alight, ordinarily his daughter, from the likeness which, in spite of the difference in sex and age, existed between them; who was followed out of the cab by a tall, resolute-looking female of severe aspect, dressed in faded black bombazine. Captain Laurel, accompanied by his daughter, ascended the steps, unlocked the door, and entered the house. The female in black, whom the Captain addressed by the name of Parish, having paid the driver, at once followed her master; and the door was immediately closed, double locked, and bolted.

They passed on from one room to another, slowly, and without speaking; for there is something solemn in a large and empty house, especially if seen in the twilight of morning or evening. It was chill and damp outside; but without seemed as though they had pri-

moist atmosphere of a grave-yard, slipping the very marrow of those who entered, making prolonged and hollow echoes of their footsteps, and making the loudness of other conversation seem a profanation of the dim solitude.

"Surely a large house, papa?" whispered the young lady, when they had entered the room.

"Would not a smaller one have satisfied our wants? Our furniture will not fill half of these rooms."

"Not too large for the heiress to the Pinchbeck estates," said the Captain, with an extensive sweep of the arm and curl of his gray mustache. "Besides, Carry, I never could bear to live in those pottering little holes where common people contrive somehow or other to exist. Spacious and lofty rooms are one of the necessities of life to a gentleman. And then again, you know," he added, mysteriously, laying his hand on her arm, "they will never think of looking for me here. That's the great point—to throw them off the track till I've had time to complete my case and not them at defiance. For they will stickle for nothing—no, not—nothing, nothing! Not even my life will be safe from them if they discover my retreat!"

The sallow cheeks flushed as he spoke, and a wild wild-fire swim fire burned in his eyes. He turned and left the room, and tramped heavily, the sounding stairs, still carrying the leather-bound box, till he reached a small room at the very top of the house. Opening a little closet which was built in the wall, he placed the box within it, and having locked the door, proceeded to survey the rest of the rooms on joists.

The furniture arrived in the course of the morning. Captain Lurard was restless and uneasy, till it was all properly placed, and the men who brought it had departed. Seated on a large box, he then proceeded to give his instructions to his little household.

"You are both of you aware," he began, very gravely, "for what reason I have taken this house. It will enable me to present from the street the appearance of being empty and to let. The shutters of the lower rooms will remain closed; and the upper rooms will remain, as they are now, empty. You, Parish, will take up your quarters in the basement rooms; you, Carry, in the room to the back immediately over it; while one of the small rooms up stairs will serve me for a study. Once every one, Parish, after dark, you will be allowed to go out for the purpose of buying the needful supply of provisions, at which times I will let you out and myself, and I will be ready to knock so that I may recognize you. Oh! if we can only succeed in remaining concealed for a short time, all will go well. Time is all I want. A few short weeks—perhaps even a few short days—and every thing will be clear, and I shall triumph. The other day I was a little down-hearted (I almost forget) I had the whole case clearly mapped out in my head; but some one interrupted me, and it all slipped from me in a moment. But it must be found again; for it lies there—there, in my little box—waiting for me. To-morrow I shall try it."

The Captain kept his room for the remainder of the day, except when he came down stairs to let Parish out, and again to admit her when she returned with provisions. He retired to bed at an early hour, after seeing that all the doors and windows were carefully secured. Carry sat up for a short time after, keeping Parish company, for she did not care to sit alone after dark in that gloomy room up stairs. At length she, too, retired, and Parish was left alone. That exemplary female continued for some time her occupation of listening the Captain's socks, till catching yawns nodding over her work, she took off her spectacles and put it away.

"A grewsome, ghostly house this," she muttered, gently rubbing her elbows, and staring at the fire; "for to be alone of our little family, and I don't feel half comfortable in it. Why couldn't the Captain take a respectable room? Why, I'm afraid always the way with him—big ideas and ways, and little money to keep them up with. And now his poor wife are going well-nigh starving worse and worse every day. As for his chance of getting the Pinchbeck estates, I wouldn't give tuppence for all the paper he has in his box. A grewsome, lonely place, indeed! I declare I'm afraid afraid to go up stairs to bed."

Indeed the dark stairs she thought she would take another glance round the area, and see that the door of the coal-hole was properly secured; so, unfastening the door with as little noise as possible, she stepped out into the darkness, leaving the candle burning on the hall table. But hardly had she crossed the threshold when a hollow voice whispered suddenly:

"Jane Parish!"

It was all she could do to keep from screaming as she stepped back into the house and bolted the door. A momentary glance had revealed to her a dark figure standing with folded arms, looking down at her over the area railings. Her heart was still jumping with the fright when she was again startled by hearing herself called a second time.

"Who are you?" asked Parish through the keyhole, grasping the poker in one hand. "You are not known here. We are strangers, and know nobody. If you stay here another minute I'll call the police."

"Cry! fair one!" replied the voice outside. "Know that I am desperately in love with you. Oh, relieve my suspense, and say that you will be mine!"

Parish's brow grew dark, and her eyes flashed as she listened to these audacious words.

"Sir, or it will be worse for you! You

"Cruel words," the

"No desperate

"Why pa—

"Who are you, Sir?—who are you? What's your name?" screamed the irate Parish.

"My name is Peggins. I am a young man, and have a little money in the bank."

"You scamp!" said Parish, shaking the poker as though he could see her through the door. "Begone this instant, or I will call my master, and I warn you he'll shoot you like a dog!"

A low, peculiar laugh was the only reply, but Parish recognized it in an instant, and flung the door open the moment she heard it.

"Mr. Harry Welford, Sir, I mean!" she cried.

"I think you might have found some other way of letting us know of your return, without frightening an old lady like me."

"Parish, old girl, don't be angry with me," exclaimed a tall, sunburned young man, stringing jubilly over the railings, and leaping down, and grasping the housekeeper's hand.

"I'm not angry, Sir, I'm only slightly grateful, for when you next write home to your friends you may say with truth that you have had an advantageous offer of marriage, but that you didn't choose to accept it. And now tell me how the Captain and Carry both are. I have heard no news of them for ages."

"Before I answer your question," said Parish, "tell me how you found us out. The Captain thinks we are concealed from all the world."

"Oh, that's a very simple matter," replied Welford. "On landing from the vessel I found a note from Captain Lurard waiting for me, dated ages ago, informing me of his change of residence. I set off as soon as I could, found the street and the house, but seeing no light in the lower windows, was afraid of disturbing you, and was just about to return when you opened the door."

"And you have been away three years?" said Parish, interrogatively.

"Three years and nine days. But tell me how Carry and the Captain are."

Parish shook her head sadly; and, while she thought proper to answer his questions, opened to him a full budget of news concerning the family; how poor they were; how the Captain's property had dwindled away; how Carry was obliged to be constantly a hopeless suit, till but a mere trifle of it remained; of the Captain's present infatuation; and of the great difficulty he had in Carry's way of talking far into the night; after which Parish prepared a shakedown for Harry before the kitchen fire, and then left him to repose.

Welford's presence there was a glad surprise next morning both to Carry and her mother, for he was dear to both. He was the son of Captain Lurard's oldest friend, and when that friend died, years ago, the Captain had taken the orphan, educated him, and, when he was old enough, in accordance with Harry's own wish, obtained for him a situation in a mercantile establishment first abroad. Carry and he had grown up together like brother and sister; and when the time came for them to quit childhood and enter into the engagement, they separated without fear, confident that neither of them would forget the other. It seemed an unnatural thing to Carry, that they two should marry as soon as the proper time should come; and though the Captain had never said a word on the subject to her mother, he could hardly have been blind to the facts; and the two people most concerned in the matter never had dreamed of any other fate.

Carry and Welford went out after breakfast for a walk, and a very interesting one, doubtless, it proved, for they had much to talk about, and having so much to tell one another. Harry's love, bitterness, sorrows, and, in the winged words; and determined to take an early opportunity of speaking to the Captain on the subject of his marriage.

Captain Lurard invited Welford up into his study after dinner.

"Only a poor place this to receive you in, Harry, my boy," he said; "but the next time you come, I hope we shall have a better; in fact, there is no doubt of it. I have been very busy since you spend over the table. I am going through them myself. There is only one little point to lay hold of—the hidden property. I know it exists, of the machine; and then the whole affair will be as clear as daylight, and equity can not refuse to find a verdict in our favor; in fact, you may consider the whole matter as settled. Of course it will make a great change in Carry's prospects, as she will then be heiress to from £12,000 a year; and I think I am not going too far in saying that she will then be one of the most eligible young ladies in England; in fact, between ourselves, I intend her to marry into the aristocracy. But remember, Carry, my boy, that whatever fate you are in now, Oh, never fear that I shall forget your interests!"

Here was an end to all Harry's brilliant visions, for the Captain spoke with such seeming authority—with so much pretension and earnestness—that the young man could hardly hope but such vast expectations had no foundation in fact. Anyway, it would not do for him to stay there any longer, thinking over his hopeless disappointment in darkness. Let the cost and pain be what they might, he must go home. He was now constrained and silent for the remainder of the day, and though Carry perceived the change in his demeanor, she was at a loss to account for it. He parted from her that night with a tenderness which he tried in vain to conceal; but next morning, when they all expected him there to breakfast, they found a note on the table, addressed to Captain Lurard, in which Welford stated that sudden business had called him away to Liverpool, and that several weeks would probably elapse before his return. Carry felt hurt and grieved that he should go away so suddenly, without a parting word to her, but was too proud to show how deeply her feelings were wounded. Parish was out of temper all that day, and kept muttering to herself her breath something about the bad being a fool, and not knowing when he was well off.

Dull December passed away, and the last month of the year was come, when one evening Captain Lurard started his daughter and Parish by hurrying into the room where they were sitting—a wild flame of excitement burning in his eyes.

"I've seen him!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper. "I've found him! I've found him at last—over I might be! Something bade me go into the front room and look out of the window; and I saw him standing under the lamp-post, looking up at the house. There is no mere peace for us here."

"What man is it, papa?"

"The man with the green stacks."

"But you have been mistaken, papa. How could you distinguish his studs from the place where you were standing?"

"Mistaken, girl! A man is never mistaken in the person of his bitterest enemy. What nonsense you talk! I tell you that I saw him—nay, he is probably with us still. Come, let us go and look; but be careful that his sharp eyes do not find you out. Allons!"

They followed him up stairs, trembling a little, and hardly knowing what to think. He led them into one of the front rooms, which was faintly lighted by the light of a lamp in the opposite side of the street.

"Behold him!" he whispered, seizing Carry by the shoulders. "See, he is leaning with folded arms against the lamp-post. His green studs shine in the dark like serpents' eyes."

There was no one there.

Next morning Captain Lurard was so ill as to be unable to rise from his bed, and remained in bed. Jy shock his head when Parish took him on one side to ask his opinion, and said, "Wait a while; I can not pronounce yet awhile."

Day after day passed without much visible change in the Captain's condition. He remained in his room, and in his bed—a feeble wreck of a man—heedless, for the most part, of what was passing around; buried in his own sad reflections, and perhaps regretting the dark issue which, after he was tending. Still the old idea never left him—that some mysterious fee was endeavoring to track him his retreat; and it was a source of much anxiety to him that he could no longer look after the proper security of the house, and see that no strangers, or any thing suspicious, allowed to set foot across the threshold.

Wild, then, would have been his surprise and anger had he seen Parish enter the house, as she did one evening, accompanied by a woman whom she had encountered in the street. Unknowing, she followed her down the steps into the basement story, stepping lightly in the echo of the housekeeper's resounding footsteps.

Parish struck a light, and then turned round and confronted her companion with a stern, searching gaze, as though asking her by what right she had intruded there.

She was a woman who, years before, had probably been handsome, but now gaunt and a faint shadow of the beauty of former times still clung to her. But whatever of sweet bloom and radiance had once been hers, it was clear she was now choked up, overgrown, and all but lost to view, beneath the coarse growth of after-years—years of despair, and misery, and poverty, and disbelief in her better self.

"Thus, then, we meet again," said Parish, in a low, stern, concentrated voice.

"Thus again," replied the woman, "after seventeen weary years."

"It should have been seventeen more before we met. Why have you sought me?"

"Not to upbraid you, I swear! I have been the cause of your misery enough, perhaps, think yourself entitled to displease. I come to see him."

"Madman! what is he to you, or you to him? Nothing—less than nothing—less than if he had never seen you!"

"So you think, so you preach, as ignorance ever preaches till suffering brings knowledge. Nothing to me? O Heaven! can I ever forget that he once called me his wife, that the lips kissed my cheek, that his arms sheltered me; that his child called me mother; that he lived but to make me happy! Nothing to me!"

"You forget," said the stern, unmoved housekeeper, "that when you left his home of your own choice—that when in one day he lost both his wife and his friend—that wife and that friend became, in point of fact, one to him forever; as dead as if the green sod had been laid over them both; that he wore mourning for them as if such had been the case; and that he never spoke of the persons as Emily Lurard and Richard Marlect in existence."

"I forget nothing. I know every thing you would say—all the reproaches you would heap upon me, and how your wrath has been gathered up through seventeen long years. What! do I know things that you can never know; that if he has suffered, I have suffered too—oh! how bitterly—yet that I have never ceased to love him, and his own also. I make no claim on that score, either on your compassion or on his. What would it do for me to beg for forgiveness for the great wrong I did him? If he were to pardon me a thousand times, I could never pardon myself; and there lies the struggle. But let that pass. I came neither to talk about myself, nor to exchange idle words with you. I came to know if he, whom I once called my husband lies ill, perhaps dying, up stairs; and him once more I am determined to see."

"Madam, you shall not receive you."

"I do not want him to receive me. All I want is, to see him again, even though he be asleep."

Parish considered for a moment.

"Wait here," she said, "while I go up stairs and see how he is."

The woman bowed her head, and Parish took the candle and went up stairs. In a minute or two she returned.

"Come," she said; and the woman flitted up stairs, behind her, noiseless as a shadow.

"He is asleep," whispered Parish, when they reached the door of Captain Lurard's room. "Remember that you look only, and not be near, and would not for the world that he should awake and find you here."

"Fear not," replied the stranger. "Let me but see him, and I shall go on my way content."

Parish opened the door gently, and holding the candle aloft with one hand, shaded it with the other, so that the light should not fall too strongly on the sleeper's face. By her there stood the woman, one arm thrown over the coverlet, and the other coiled beneath his head, his thin and care-worn face looking more wan and ghastly still from its setting of beard and mustache.

"What a change!" "What a change!" muttered the women. "Lost to me forever!" It was all that she could say.

"Enough, Parish," said Lurard, in a low, tremulous voice, as the door was softly closed behind them. The woman had glided from her side, and, stooping over the sleeper, had imprinted a light kiss on his lips. Light as it was, it was sufficient to break his feverish slumber; and he called out, feebly,

"Parish, is that you? You should not have disturbed me. Give me something to drink."

Parish was very angry at what she had seen occurring in a room, and gave her master a drink without speaking. At that moment Caroline, who had been out to purchase some little delicacy for her father, entered the house. The woman had disappeared from the room, and Parish was in an agonized fear lest Caroline should encounter her on the stairs. No such meeting, however, took place; for Carry entered the room as quietly as usual, and sat down by her father's side.

The Captain again dispossed himself for sleep; so, leaning over the bed of her father, Parish bending down to see what had become of her strange guest.

She found her kneeling on the rug before the kitchen fire, her arms pressed tightly across her chest, rocking herself to and fro. She neither spoke nor wept, but as Parish looked down on her, there was such a wild, fury, fierce grief in her eyes, such inefficacious lines into her face, that the words of reproach with which the housekeeper had come prepared died away on her lips as she spoke. At length the woman roused herself like one trying to shake off an overwhelming dream; and stood up before the housekeeper with a terrible look.

"I crouched into a dark corner," she began, in a slow, measured voice, very different from her former vehemence, "and all the time my daughter, passed me, and knew not that I was there. Her cheek brushed across my face, and I kissed it as it passed; and for one moment I thought the sensation of her presence was about me; and this is all of her I have to carry with me. Sad, is it not? And yet she is my own—people may say what they will, but she is my own Carry, my own daughter. She used to call me her mamma, and go to sleep on my breast; and now I may neither touch her, nor kiss her, not even speak to her. Sad again, is it not? Oh, yes, I know I have forfeited my right

"TIME IS ALL I WANT."

"I ask your pardon for the mistake," said he.

The woman did not reply, but drew her shawl more closely round her; and Caroline, looking back at the turn of the walk, saw her still standing there, with, her eyes fixed earnestly on these. She did not stir till they were out of sight, and then she approached the grave they had just left, but with a more importunate grief than theirs—a grief that heeded neither darkness nor storm.

Meanwhile Caroline and Welford passed slowly on through the lighted streets of the great city; sorrowful, indeed, and mourning for their loss; but in their hearts young love sat brooding with folded wings, and all the future lay golden before them.

THE ENCAMPMENT AT ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA.

WE present our readers with a view of the encampment of the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, South Carolina. The point chosen was in the village of Orangeburg, about eighty miles from the city. This village is known as one of the most beautiful in the State. The residences are spacious, and the lots vary in size from four to twelve acres. The shade trees form a striking feature, and add much to the attractions of the place. In one of the most beautiful of these grounds the Infantry made their camp. As will be seen by a glance at the picture, the immense shade trees and luxuriant shrubbery cause the tents to appear quite small; the opening through the centre of the encampment is the main avenue—thirty feet wide—which leads to the family mansion. At the entrance of it stands the "grand tent," and near the house the "marquee" for the officers. On either side are the tents, arranged in the order of a battalion encampment, in all twenty-four—twelve on the right, and twelve on the left of the main street. The tents are arranged in rows of six each, which face each other on streets of convenient width.

The company carried with them the "Eutaw flag," the only standard of the Revolution which is known to exist in the State, and which was given to the corps by the widow of Col. William Washington.

The Washington Light Infantry was organized in 1807, during the excitement growing out of the "*Leopard* and *Chesapeake* affair," and is known as "the banner corps of South Carolina." It is at present commanded by Captain Charles H. Simonton, a prominent lawyer of the city.

IN THE GRAVE-YARD.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

IV.

No circumstance of the slightest importance happened on my way to the offices of Messrs. Gilmore and Kyrle, in Chancery Lane.

While my card was being taken in to Mr. Kyrle, a consideration occurred to me which I deeply regretted not having thought of before. The information derived from Marian's diary made it a matter of certainty that Count Fosco had opened her first letter from Blackwater Park to Mr. Kyrle, and had, by means of his wife, intercepted the second. He was, therefore, well aware of the address of the office, and he would naturally infer that if Marian wanted advice and assistance after Laura's escape from the Asylum she would apply once more to the experience of Mr. Kyrle. In this case, the office in Chancery Lane was the very first place which he and Sir Percival would cause to be watched; and if the same persons were chosen for the purpose who had been employed to follow me before my departure from England, the fact of my return would, in all probability, be ascertained on that very day. I had thought, generally, of the chances of my being recognized in the streets; but the special risk connected with the office had never occurred to me until the present moment. It was too late now to repair this unfortunate error in judgment—too late to wish that I had made arrangements for meeting the lawyer in some place privately appointed beforehand. I could only resolve to be cautious on leaving Chancery Lane, and not to go straight home again under any circumstances whatever.

After waiting a few minutes, I was shown into Mr. Kyrle's private room. He was a pale, thin, quiet, self-possessed man, with a very attentive eye, a very low voice, and a very undemonstrative manner; not (as I judged) ready with his sympathy where strangers were concerned, and not at all easy to disturb in his professional composure. A better man for my purpose could hardly have been found. If he committed himself to a decision at all, and if the decision was favorable, the strength of our case was as good as proved from that moment.

"Before I enter on the business which brings me here," I said, "I ought to warn you, Mr. Kyrle, that the shortest statement I can make of it may occupy some little time."

"My time is at Miss Halcombe's disposal," he replied. "Where any interests of hers are concerned, I represent my partner personally as well as professionally. It was his request that I should do so when he ceased to take an active part in business."

"May I inquire whether Mr. Gilmore is in England?"

"He is not; he is living with his relatives in Germany. His health has improved, but the period of his return is still uncertain."

While we were exchanging these few preliminary words he had been searching among the papers before him, and he now produced from them a sealed letter. I thought he was about to hand the letter to me; but, apparently changing his mind, he placed it by itself on the table, settled himself in his chair and silently waited to hear what I had to say.

Without wasting a moment in prefatory words of any sort I entered on my narrative, and put him in full possession of the events which have already been related in these pages.

Lawyer as he was to the very marrow of his bones, I startled him out of his professional composure. Expressions of incredulity and surprise which he could not repress interrupted me several times before I had done. I per-

ENCAMPMENT OF THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY, OF CHARLESTON, S. C., AT ORANGEBURG.

points of evidence, on both sides, to save time; and I ask you, if this case were to go now into a court of law—to go before a jury, bound to take facts as they reasonably appear—where are your proofs?"

I was obliged to wait and collect myself before I could answer him. It was the first time that Mrs. Grace Hadden and the story of Miss Ward had presented to me from a stranger's point of view—the first time the terrible obstacles that my sense on oath had been made to show themselves in their true character.

"There can be no doubt," I said, "that the facts, as you have stated them, appear to tell against us; but—"

"But you think these facts can be explained away," interposed Mr. Kyrle. "Let me tell you the result of my experience on that point. When an English jury has to choose between a plain fact, on the surface, and a long explanation under the surface, it always takes the fact in preference to the explanation. For example, Lady Glyde (I call the lady you represent by that name for argument's sake) declares she has slept at a certain house, and it is proved that she has not slept at that house. You explain this circumstance by entering into the state of her mind, and deducing from it a mere physical conclusion. I don't say the conclusion is wrong—I only say that the jury will take the fact of contradicting herself in preference to any reason for the contradiction that you can offer."

"But is it not possible," I urged, "by dint of patience and exertion, to discover additional evidence? Miss Halcombe and I have a few hundred pounds—"

He looked at me with a half-suppressed pity, and shook his head.

"Consider the subject, Mr. Hartright, from your own point of view," he said. "If you are right about Sir Percival Glyde's secret, and Fosco (which I don't admit, mind), every imaginable difficulty would be thrown in the way of your getting proofs enough. I say nothing about expenses, because my partner and myself would advance whatever was necessary where Miss Halcombe's interests were concerned. It is the difficulties and the delays that would be too much for us. Every obstacle of litigation would be put in your way; every point in the case would be systematically contested—and by the time we had spent our thousands, instead of our hundreds, the fact would stand, in all probability, against us. Questions of identity, where instances of personal resemblance are concerned, are, in themselves, the hardest of all questions to settle—the hardest, even when they are free from the complications which beset the case we are now discussing. I really see the prospect of throwing any light whatever on this extraordinary affair. Even if the secret of Anne Catherick's death—and the not Lady Glyde, she was, in life, on your own showing, so like her, that we should pass it off if we pleased—were in our necessary authority to have the body exhumed. In short, there is no case, Mr. Hartright—there is really no case."

I was determined to believe that there was a case, and, in that determination, shifted my ground and put my question once more.

"Are there not other proofs that we might produce besides the proof of identity?" I asked.

"Not at present, sir," he replied. "The simplest and surest of all proofs, the proof by comparison of dates, is, as I understand, altogether out of your reach. You could show a discrepancy between the date of the doctor's certificate and the date of Lady Glyde's journey to London, but you could never prove a totally different aspect; and I should be the first to say, Let us go on."

"That date may yet be recovered, Mr. Kyrle."

"On the day when it is recovered, Mr. Hartright, you will have a case. What have you prospect, at this moment, of getting at it—tell me, and we shall see if I can advise you."

I considered. Marian's prospects could not help us; Laura could not help us; Marian could not help us. In all probability the only persons in existence who knew the date were Sir Percival and the Count.

"I can think of no means of ascertaining the date at present," I said, "because I can think of no persons who are sure to know it but Count Fosco and Sir Percival Glyde."

Mr. Kyrle's calmly-attentive face relaxed, for the first time, into a smile.

"With your opinion of the conduct of those two gentlemen," he said, "you don't expect help in that quarter, I presume? If they have combined to gain large sums of money by a conspiracy, they are not likely to confess it at any rate."

"They may be forced to confess it, Mr. Kyrle."

"By whom?"

"By me."

We both rose. He looked me attentively in the face, with more appearance of interest than he had shown yet. I could see that I had perplexed him a little.

"You are very determined," he said. "You have, no doubt, a personal motive for proceeding, into which it is not my business to inquire. If a case can be produced in the future, I can only say my best assistance is at your service. At the same time I must warn you, as the money question always enters into the law question, that I see little hope, even if you ultimately established the fact of Lady Glyde's being alive, of recovering her fortune. The foreigner would probably leave the country before proceedings were commenced; and Sir Percival's embarrassments are numerous enough and pressing enough to transfer almost any sum of money he may possess from himself to his creditors. You are, of course, aware—"

I stopped him at that point.

"Let me beg that we may not discuss Lady Glyde's affairs," I said. "I have never known any thing about them in former times, and I know nothing of them now—except that her fortune is lost. You are right in assuming that I have personal motives for stirring in this matter. I wish those motives to be always as disinterested as they are at the present moment—"

He tried to interpose and explain. I was a little heated, I suppose, by feeling that he had doubted me; and I went on bluntly without waiting to hear him.

"I have said he no money-motive," I said, "no idea of personal advantage in the service I mean to render to Lady Glyde. She has been cast out as a stranger from the house in which she was born—a lie which records her death has been written on her mother's tomb—and there are two men, who are alone unpunished, who are responsible for it. That house shall open again to receive her in the presence of every man who followed the false funeral to the grave; that lie shall be publicly erased from the tombstone by the authority of the head of the family; and those two men shall answer for their crime to me, though the justice that sits in tribunals is powerless to pursue them. I have given my life to that purpose; and alone as I stand, if God spares me, I will accomplish it."

He drew back from his table and said nothing. His face showed plainly that he thought my delusion had got the better of my reason, and that he considered it totally useless to give me any more advice.

"We each keep our opinion, Mr. Kyrle," I said; "and we must wait till the events of the future decide between us. In the mean time I am much obliged to you for the attention you have shown to my statement. You have shown me that the legal remedy lies, in every sense of the word, beyond our means. We can not produce the law-proof; and we are not rich enough to pay the law expenses. It is something gained to know that."

I bowed and walked to the door. He called me back and gave me the letter which I had seen him put on the table by itself at the beginning of our interview.

"This came by post a few days ago," he said. "Perhaps you will not mind delivering it? Pray tell Miss Halcombe at the same time that I sincerely regret being thus far unable to help her—except by advice, which will not be more welcome, I am afraid, to her than to you."

I looked at the letter while he was speaking. It was addressed to "Miss Halcombe. Care of Messrs. Gilmore & Kyrle, Chancery Lane." The handwriting was quite unknown to me.

On leaving the office, I asked one last question.

"Do you happen to know," I said, "if Sir Percival Glyde is still in Paris?"

"He has returned to London," replied Mr. Kyrle. "At least I heard so from his solicitor, whom I met yesterday."

After that answer I went out.

On leaving the office the first precaution to be observed was to abstain from attracting attention by stopping to look about me. I walked round one of the angles of the large square on the north of Holborn—then suddenly stopped and turned round at a place where a long stretch of pavement was left behind me.

There were two men at the corner of the square who had stopped also, and who were talking together earnestly. After a moment's reflection I turned back so as to pass them. One moment after, I came near and turned the corner leading from the square into the street. The other remained stationary. I looked at them as I passed and instantly recognized one of the men who had watched me before I left England.

If I had been free to follow my own instincts I should probably have begun by speaking to the man, and have ended by knocking him down. But I was bound to consider consequences. If I once placed myself publicly in the wrong, I put the weapons at once into Sir Percival's hands. There was no choice but to oppose cunning by cunning. I turned down the street down which the second man had disappeared, and passed him waiting in a doorway. He was a stranger to me; and I was glad to make sure of his personal appearance in case of future annoyance. Having done this I again walked northward till I reached the New Road. There I turned aside to the west (leaving the men behind me all the time), and waited at a point where I knew I could see the man, if any, should happen to pass me. One passed in a few minutes. I jumped in and told the man to drive rapidly toward Hyde Park. There was no second fast cab for the spies behind me, to use them that across to the other side of the road to follow me by running until a cab or a cab-stand came in their way. But I had the start of them, and when I stopped the driver and got out they were nowhere in sight. I crossed Hyde Park and made sure on the open ground that I was free. When I at last turned my steps homeward it was not till many hours later—not till after dark.

I found Marian waiting for me alone in the little sitting-room. She had persuaded Laura to go to rest after first promising to show me her drawing the morning I came in. The poor little dim faint sketch—so trifling in itself, so touching in its associations—was propped up carefully on the table with two books, and was placed where the faint light of the one candle we allowed ourselves might fall on it to the best advantage. I sat down to look at the drawing, and to tell Marian in whispers what had happened. The partition which divided us from the next room was so thin that we could almost hear Laura's breathing, and we might have disturbed her if we had spoken aloud.

Marian preserved her composure while I described my interview with Mr. Kyrle. But her face became troubled when I spoke next of the men who had followed me from the lawyer's office, and when I told her of the discovery of Sir Percival's return.

"Bad news, Walter," she said; "the worst news you could bring. Have you nothing more to tell me?"

"I have something to give you," I replied, handing her the note which Mr. Kyrle had confided to my care.

She looked at the address and recognized the handwriting instantly.

"You know your correspondent?" I said.

"Too well," she answered. "My correspondent is Count Fosco."

With that reply she opened the note. Her face flushed deeply while she read it—her eyes brightened with anger, as she handed it to me to read in my turn.

The note contained these lines:

"Impelled by honorable admiration—honorable to myself, honorable to you—I write, magnificent Marian, in the interests of your tranquillity, to say two consoling words:

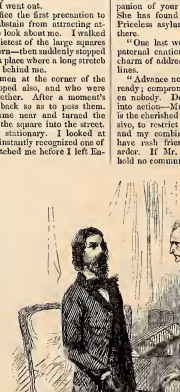
"Fear nothing!

"Exercise your fine natural sense and remain in retirement. Dear and admirable woman! invite no dangerous publicity. Resignation is sublime—adopt it. The modest repose of home is exceedingly fresh—enjoy it. The storms of life pass harmless over the valley of Seclusion—dwell, dear lady, in the valley.

"Do this; and I authorize you to fear nothing. No new calamity shall lacerate your sensibilities—nothing precious to me shall wrench from you. You shall not be molested; the fair companion of your retreat shall not be pursued. Men has found a new asylum in your heart. Priceless asylum!—I envy her, and leave her there.

"One last word of affectionate warning, of paternal caution, and I tear myself from the charm of addressing you; I close these fervent lines.

"Advance no farther than you have gone already; compromise no serious interests; threaten nobody. Do not, I implore you, force me into action—Me, the Man of Action—when it is the cherished object of my ambition to be passive, to remain the vast reach of my energies and my combinations for your sake. If you have such friends, moderate their deplorable ardor. If Mr. Hartright returns to England hold no communication with him. I walk on a



"HE LOOKED MR ATTENTIVELY IN THE FACE, WITH MORE APPEARANCE OF INTEREST THAN HE HAD SHOWN YET."

path of my own; and Percival follows at my heels. On the day when Mr. Burtright crosses that path he is a lost man."

The only signature to these lines was the initial letter F, surrounded by a circle of intricate flourishes. I threw the letter on the table with all the contempt that I felt for it.

"He is trying to frighten you—a sure sign that he is frightened himself," I said.

She was too genuine a woman to treat the letter as I treated it. The insolent familiarity of the language was too much for her self-control. As she looked at me across the table her hands clenched themselves in her lap, and the slight scarlet spots upon her flushed cheeks, brightly, in her cheeks and her eyes.

"Walker!" she said, "if ever these two men are your power and your ruin, you are allowed to spare one of them—don't let it be the Count."

"I will keep his letter, Marian, to help my memory when the time comes."

She looked at me attentively as I put the letter away in my pocket-book.

"When this time comes?" she repeated. "Can you speak of the future as if you were certain of it?—certain after what you have heard in Mr. Lyde's office, after what has happened to you to-day?"

"I don't count the time from to-day, Marian. All I have done to-day is to ask another man to act for me. I count from to-morrow—"

"Why from to-morrow?"

"Because to-morrow I must leave my self."

"How?"

"I shall go to Blackwater by the first train, and return, I hope, at night."

"To Blackwater?"

"Yes. I have had time to think since I left Mr. Kyrle. His opinion on one point confirms my own. We must persist to the last in keeping down the date of Laura's journey. The one weak point in the conspiracy, and probably the one chance of proving that she is a living woman, centre in the discovery of that date."

"You mean," said Marian, "the discovery that Laura did not leave Blackwater Lodge until after the date of her death on the doctor's certificate?"

"Certainly."

"What makes you think it might have been after? Laura can tell us nothing of the time she was in Lunacy."

"But the owner of the Asylum told you that she was received there on the thirteenth of April. I doubt Count Fosco's ability to keep her in London, and to keep her insensible to all that was passing around her, more than one night. In that case she must have started on the twenty-ninth, and must have come to London one day after the date of her own death on the doctor's certificate. If we can prove that date we prove our case against Sir Percival and the Count."

"Yes, yes—I see! But how is the proof to be obtained?"

"Mrs. Michelson's narrative has suggested to me two ways of trying to obtain it. One of them is, to question the doctor, Mr. Dawson—who must know when he resumed his attendance at Blackwater Park after Laura left the house. The other is, to make inquiries at the inn to which Sir Percival drove away by himself at night. We know that his departure followed Laura's, after the lapse of a few hours; and we may get at the date in that way. The attempt is at least worth making—and to-morrow I am determined it shall be made."

"And suppose it fails—I look at the worst now, Walter; but I will look at the best if disappointments come to try us—suppose no one can help you at Blackwater?"

"There are two men who can help me in London—Sir Percival and the Count. Innocent people may well forget the date—but *they* are guilty, and *they* know it. If I fail every where else, I mean to force a confession out of one or both of them on my own terms."

All the woman flushed up in Marian's face as I spoke.

"Begin with the Count!" she whispered, eagerly. "For my sake begin with the Count."

"Of course I begin, for Laura's sake, where there is the best chance of success," I replied.

The color faded from her face again, and she shook her head sadly.

"Yes," she said, "you are right—it was mean and unworthy of me to say that. I try to be patient, Walter, and succeed better now than I did in happier times. But I have a little of my old temper still left—and it will get the better of me when I think of the Count."

"His turn will come," I said. "But, remember, Marian, he is weak place in his life, we know of yet." I waited a little to let her recover her self-possession, and then spoke the decisive words: "Marian! There is a weak place we both know of in Sir Percival's life—"

"You mean the Secret?"

"Yes, the Secret. It is our only sure hold on him. I can force him from his position of security, I can drag him and his villainy into the fires of day, by no other means. Whatever the Count may have done, Sir Percival has concealed and conspiracy against Laura from another motive besides the motive of gain. You heard him tell the Count that he believed his wife knew enough to ruin him? You heard him say that he was a lost man if the secret of Anne Catherick was known?"

"Yes! yes! I did."

"Well, Marian, when our other resources have failed us I mean to know that secret. My old superstition clings to me even yet. I say again the Woman in White is a living instance in our humble lives. The fool is appointed; the End is drawing us on—and Anne Catherick, dead in her grave, points the way to it still!"

WHAT IS A SALAMANDER?

What does the world expect a Salamander to be like? What did the writer anticipate when he hurried off to inspect this creature? Did he imagine that he should find an enormous furnace roaring and blazing in a cage of red-hot bars, and that, standing aloof from this, and peering into the hottest and most central portion of the flame, he would there behold an enormous Red Monster distinctly resembling the grillon of heraldry lifting its spined and hot-like wings, and flapping them in burning joy over the head? If perfect candor is to characterize the communications of the writer, he must own that there was some such thing in his thoughts. The vile creature was to dwell in the fire. They have described a creature "that is bred from heat, that lives in the flames, and feeds upon fire as its proper nourishment."

Let us turn from them to the Salamander of the nineteenth century, and of the Zoological Gardens. A tank in a dark corner is substituted for the cage with the red-hot bars, while the furnace is represented by an obscured which, however satisfactory in itself, is something of a surprise when you have expected a fire—in a word, the tank is full of water!

It is full also of eels: of little eels and trumpery minnows, or small gudgeons, which are swimming about, apparently in discomfort, for they keep very near the surface, and some of them are turning up their little white stomachs in the agonies of death. Not a sign of a fire-proof creature was, except that in the darkest corner of the tank, and under a ledge, there appeared to be a sort of eft, or lizard, of enormous size, brown, blotched, and hideous; in other words, the Gigantic Salamander, the Siebeldian maximus of Japan.

"This animal," the descriptive notice goes on to say, "is the largest specimen of the true amphibian known to exist. . . . It is the nearest living analogue of the fossil salamander of the tertiary freshwater formation of Oeningen, described by Scheuchzer as a fossil man (Homo diluvii testis), and since called Andreas Scheuchzer!"

Against the earlier and more scientific portion of this description, your mind can hardly be easy. He has no objection to make to the announcement that this noisome animal is of "the tertiary freshwater formation of Oeningen," because he has not the remotest idea what that is. To all this sort of thing he is ready to agree; but against the notion of the "fossil man," as a term under any circumstances applicable to this huge and bloated eft, he desires to take instant and indignant exception.

The fossil man of the Oeningen is a creature about two feet in its extreme length from the end of its most appalling snout to the extremity of its hideous tail. It is a very ugly, and an exaggerated eft; a pestiferous and appalling lizard; a soft and clammy crocodile. What is it not like? It is unclean and fearful. Frogs and toads are in covered, and on its huge and flattened head especially, with blotchy mangings of a disease that morbidly order. And this is your nation, Andrew, of a fossil man, is it? Oh, Andrew, Andrew!

But Sir Salamander is the culminating point of all delusions, and of none more obviously than that which the Zoological Society seems to have entertained with regard to its appetite. In their lamentable yearning for the stranger, this body has filled his tank with little fishes, even to overloading, yet we read in Goldsmith of the voracity of this title which lived eight months without taking any nourishment whatever. "Indeed," the writer adds, "as many of this kind are reported, as during the winter, the loss of their appetite for so long a time is the less surprising."

There must be some one shot made than attributing any fiery properties to the Salamander. It appears to be one of the dumpest and—if the expression is allowable—most unsalamandrous of all "Salamanders," says Buffon, "are fond of *cold, damp places*, their shades, tuffed woods, or high mountains, and the sources of streams that run through meadows. . . . It is commonly only when rain is about to fall that it comes out of its secret asylum, as if by a kind of necessity to bathe itself, and to inhabe *on element to which it is analogous*. The undersay," Buffon continues, "have followed the ridiculous tales of the ancients, and as it is difficult to stop when once the bounds of probability are passed, some have gone so far as to think that the most violent fire could be extinguished by the land Salamander. Quacks sold this small lizard, affirming that it thereby rendered the great conflagration it would check its progress." The unhappy beast, too, has been in this respect the subject of many experiments, and it has been when it was thrown into the fire, it was sure to burst and to eject its mutrend fluid in doing so, the Philosophical Transactions—which, if anything, ought to would rather, by-the-by, after this specimen, have philosophical transactions than business cares—tell us that the lie is thrown back upon the animal to extinguish the flames.

So much for the Salamander, the largest and ugliest lizard that ever was seen; and in that capacity, and as a zoological curiosity, well worth going to see.

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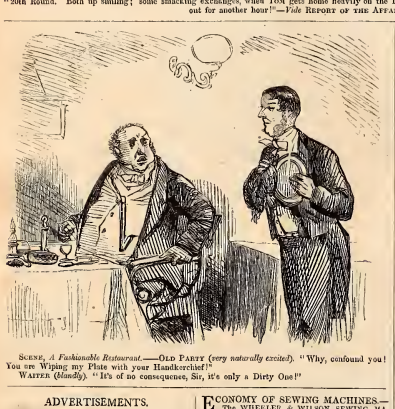

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INSURRECTION IN SICILY.

OUR readers are referred to last week's Number for a very accurate and valuable MAP OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES, for fine views of MESSINA and NAPLES, a splendid PORTRAIT OF GARIBALDI, etc.

LOST IN THE FOG.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of the summer months of the year 185-, application was made to a great London Insurance Company to insure the life of Mr. Andrew Macfarlane, of Raw Material Street, Manchester, for a very heavy sum. Mr. Macfarlane was not a young man, being described by himself as between forty and fifty, and the sum was of such an unusual amount that the Company thought it necessary to use more than ordinary caution; they therefore stipulated upon seeing the gentleman personally, and having him examined by two of their own medical men in their own office in London, in addition to the usual preliminary investigation. Mr. Macfarlane accordingly appeared one morning, looking a most robust and healthy middle-aged gentleman, with a fine, broad, ruddy, close-shaven face, and iron-gray hair; the examination was pronounced satisfactory in the extreme. Mr. Macfarlane was a more than usually healthy person, and the policy was granted without delay.

One morning in November, of the same year, London was shrouded in one of its densest fogs. That combination of smoke and vapor to be met with in its full perfection in no other part of the globe pervaded street and river. Fog had reigned supreme over the metropolis the whole of the previous day, and had become so thick at night that foot-passengers had great difficulty in finding their way along the streets; the crossing of a wide street or square looked like diving into some dark and unexplored expanse, all landmarks were swept away, the lamps were scarce visible one from another; experienced Londoners found themselves turning the wrong corners, and the cabs and other vehicles had no chance of reaching their destination save by adhering to the curbstone.

"GOOD GOD! IT'S POOR MACFARLANE!"

That November morning the newspapers bore witness to the dangers of the previous day in many a lengthy catalogue of accidents. As morning broke the fog seemed likely to rule another day, but as the sun gained strength he brought with him a fresh breeze, and the fog lifting, like a vast curtain, once more disclosed to the persecuted Londoners the features of their lost city.

Light was pretty well established, when a party of river-men were seen carrying the body of a drowned man up the steps of London Bridge. On coming to the top with their ghastly burden, a gentleman in a dark beard and mustaches, who had been watching their movements over the parapet, came up, and looking steadily at the dead man's face, exclaimed,

"Good God! it's poor Macfarlane!"

The men stopped; a crowd was present in an instant, as if by magic; and in scarcely less time the tall and unperturbed hat of a policeman was to be observed, calm and stationary above the swaying multitude.

"Do you identify this body, Sir?"

"I do."

"Your name and address, if you please, Sir?"

"I will go with you to the station, if you please."

"The body will go to the dead-house, Sir; perhaps you would have no objection to go there with me, first, and witness my removal of the valuables on the person of the deceased."

The gentleman accordingly accompanied the party, saw the contents of the pocket removed, and the body examined casually. There were no marks of violence upon it, and there was little doubt that it represented one of the victims of the fog, an opinion pretty freely expressed by the by-standers.

The pockets produced little or nothing leading

THE HAMBURG SWANS IN THE CENTRAL PARK.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

to identification; a watch, with a chain attached to it, a locket containing hair, and ornamented with a blue cross, a purse with money all in sovereigns, a pocket-handkerchief marked in cipher, and a bunch of keys told Hector.

The next proceeding was to the station-house; the sergeant on duty heard the facts, took possession of the property, put certain questions, took down the gentleman's name and address—"Mr. Woodley, of Liverpool, now at the Covent Garden Hotel"—and informed him that he would be required at the inquest.

"I shall consider it my duty to attend; but, in the mean time, I must communicate this painful news to my poor friend's wife; they came to town only the day before yesterday."

"Her attendance will be necessary, Sir."

"Very well; but first I must see how she bears this cruel shock."

At the inquest, after the evidence of the finding of the body, Mr. Woodley stepped forward and depicted that he was well acquainted with the deceased, Mr. Macfarlane, of Sheffield, that he and his wife had come to London on a visit only a few days previously; that he had seen his wife—who was so dreadfully affected by the shock her nervous system had sustained by this sad event that she was alarmingly ill, and totally incapable of giving evidence, of which fact he handed in a doctor's certificate; he held in his hand, he said, the marriage-certificate of the deceased, which he would produce if the jury desired to see it; that he had managed to procure from the distressed lady a list of the articles on Macfarlane's person when he left house yesterday on business, since which time he had not been heard of until witness brought the sad intelligence of his untimely fate.

The divisional surgeon deposed that there were marks of violence upon the body.

The coroner, in summing up, merely observed to the jury that it was evident this unfortunate person had been thrown into the Thames; that, for no reason to suppose that he had met his death by any foul play, nor was the supposition of suicide warranted, the unfortunate man had, it appeared, gone out yesterday in the full enjoyment of his usual health, strength, and intellect; they were all aware that in the dense and dangerous fog that has prevailed, accidents were extremely likely to happen, especially to persons unacquainted with London; it must therefore be presumed, if deceased had, by some means unknown to them, fallen into the river; the body had been satisfactorily identified by a most respectable witness, who had, moreover, brought from the widow a list of articles, which tallied exactly with those found on the body; they had heard the sad condition of the unhappy lady, and there appeared to him no necessity for adjourning the inquest for her presence, nothing therefore remained for them but to give their verdict according to the facts.

"Found drowned" was accordingly recorded.

The coroner observed that the body ought to be buried immediately, and ordered it to be given up to Woodley. The man made out and forwarded to the registrar the necessary information as to the cause of death and the finding of the jury.

As the fire in the insurance company received application, on the part of Helen Macfarlane, for payment of the sum insured; a regular assignment of the policy from her late husband was produced, and her claim was further supported by a copy of the entry of the registrar-general. The company felt some little hesitation at first, and postponed payment for further information. They desired to see Woodley, but on his being shown that that gentleman had quitted England, after due investigation they felt that they could not dispute the evidence, and paid the money.

CHAPTER II.

IN that wilderness which lies west of Brompton, at the time we speak of there existed a Lilliputian cottage, without Green's Storage Richardson, by managing and confidential clerk, now junior partner in a merchant's house in the city. One evening in November, 185-, home came George Richardson, and startled his little wife by announcing that he must start on a secret mission to Leghorn the next day; events of importance connected with the business had occurred there requiring the presence of one of the partners, and the lot had fallen on him as the junior in respect of age as well as of position in the firm. A steamer was to leave the river the next evening.

"Therefore," said George, "get my things ready, and I will take them with me to the office to-morrow morning, for I shall not have time to return here."

"Shall I not see you again after you leave home to-morrow morning?" asked Bessie Richardson, anxiously.

"No, darling! you must wish me good-by then."

Bessie's face put on a disappointed look.

"Why, you silly girl, the parting must come sooner or later, and why not in the morning as well as the evening?" said he, smoothing her hair soothingly.

Bessie did not see the force of this reasoning. To a woman a good-by is no good-by at all unless it occurs at the very last moment.

However, it could not be helped, it seemed; so the little woman hustled about and got his things to rights, and retired to the little dining-room with the tears welling up into her eyes. The next morning, when the cab drove up to the door, there was a sad face, and Bessie felt alarmed, as women do at a parting, with a vague, undefined dread of some calamity.

"How soon shall I hear from you, George?"

"In a month, I hope; but it may be six weeks, or even more, so don't be uneasy. I will write, you may be sure, the first opportunity, and I may be back myself before my letter."

"I wish you never had gone in this fog."

"Foolish girl!" kissing her. "The steamer won't start in a fog; don't alarm yourself about that. Besides, it's only the morning frost; when the sun gets up it will be bright and clear."

She knew the parting better than could have been expected; for, truth to tell, she did not mean that to be the final one. In her secret little heart she had determined to make an expedition to the City, and have the real good-by at the proper time, and she was looking forward joyfully to the surprise and pleasure it would be to him. So she put up a cheerful face to his, and returned his last and fond kiss on the cab with a smile.

But when, as the day advanced, the fog, instead of clearing, increased in density, and she perceived that her journey to the City was impracticable, then the reality of the parting first came full upon her. It was their first separation, and the misdemeanor of the dense fog, and the sad uncertainty of the post, and finally the breaking up of her little plan for a final and overwhelming good-by overcame her, and she fell into her room, and was no more seen for several hours.

By afternoon the fog was so thick in the City, and so far from Bessie's thoughts, that even the steamer would not start. "However," thought he, "I will have my trunk taken down, see the captain, and sleep on board, so as not to be ready directly he is able to get under way."

George had reached the City by way through the narrow lanes to the river; by-and-by he found the wharf gates, but all beyond was a blank, save where some dim lights of the Custom-house struggle high and distant, told him of lamps enveloped in the misty cloud. Confident, however, in his knowledge of the place, he felt his way through all its bearings, on he went, till, in a moment, his foot trod only on the empty air, and he fell headlong—a splash—and he was in the river below—an struggle to the surface—a desperate attempt to strike out in his thick great-coat and water-logged boots, and George Richardson was swept away by the remorseless tide only to be yielded up a corpse.

A month passed away. Bessie was daily expecting the promised letter; but the month passed the door, or only knocked to bring any other but the long-looked-for letter. George would surely be at home himself, and allay her anxiety by his presence in a day or two. Did he not say he might return sooner than he had seen her?

Six weeks, and no letter. Bessie became really anxious; away she went to the senior partner; he was somewhat surprised, but, fearing her from adding to her anxiety, he assured her there was yet no cause for alarm. They had expected to hear before this; George was a good writer, and it was quite possible his voyage might have been longer than they calculated. His letter might have miscarried, or he might be detained a few days. In short, the good old man almost reassured the poor little wife, and she went home more tranquil in her mind than she had been for many days.

Two months had now elapsed, and it could no longer be concealed that there was grave cause for apprehension; inquiries were made in Bessie on every trifling occasion—to wit, when George travelled by the Liverpool—to her mind the most awful accidents, or if he was half an hour late for dinner, felt a certain certainty that something had happened, as he was never late before. But nothing could be wrong, in proportion as real reasons for alarm increased, insomuch that as they became absent certainties they ceased to be apprehended, and so did they diminish to this unreasoning little woman. In fact, she dared not admit the idea into her mind, it was so overwhelming, and so absolutely clinging to that lightest bubble of hope in her soul, of doubt, and resolved that darling George would be restored to her arms safe and sound. It could not be in Nature or in Providence that one she loved so well should never look upon her face again. So her heart reasoned.

At length, however, arrived the steamer itself without Richardson. It was then ascertained that no one answering his description had landed in her. Its trunk, purposely left undirected in order to sustain the reality of his journey, was found unheard. The members of the Liverpool house were fully convinced that some fatal accident had happened to him. They wrote to his brother, and begged him to break the matter to his sister, expressing on their part to leave no stone unturned to clear up the mystery that hung upon her husband's disappearance.

We purposely pass over the horror, the incredulity, and the despair that succeeded the intelligence to poor Bessie's mind when the facts broke with full force upon her. The feelings of the bereaved wife must be sacred.

Meanwhile the partners set every engine at work to discover the truth. Detective officers came to and fro, examined and cross-examined with ceaseless activity, following up the scent like hounds. The facts by degrees unfolded themselves, and it became evident that Richardson must have been drowned that night of the fog on his way to the ship.

But what became of the body? More restlessness of detectives, and further circumstances were gathered of the fatal mystery. A drowned man had certainly been found the very morning after his disappearance. The body was traced to the mortuary, the mortuary was thoroughly looked up, and all doubt removed that the remains there represented as those of Macfarlane were in reality none other than those of poor Richardson. There was no possibility of direct identification at this distance of time, but a record of the articles found on the body (which had been taken off the body, and had been preserved at the police-office, and were identified by the wretched wife as the contents of her husband's pockets on the fatal day). But who and where was Woodley? What interest could he have in falsely swearing to the body? Was it a conspiracy or a mistake? More tracing of evidence; and now was found a memorandum in the registry that the insurance company had asked for information concerning the deceased, and received a copy of the entry. This was a fresh clew; a light broke upon the dark mystery, and the detective surrounded the inquiry. The insurance company was communicated with, and, after having investigated the facts, came to the irresistible conclusion that their client Macfarlane had undoubtedly given evidence of his own decease, and was, in the society of Mrs. Mac—who had completely recovered from her indisposition—enjoying a good slice of the company's capital in some foreign country.

FISHES IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

On May 20th arrived in this city, by the steamer *Bavaria*, twelve beautiful swans, presented by the city of Hamburg to the city of New York, for the adornment of the water in the Central Park. A more appropriate gift could not have been thought of than a flock of these beautiful birds, the admiration and most dignified of all the water birds, and the most admired of all living adornments for artificial water. On another page we have the pleasure of giving one of these recently arrived strangers from a sketch by Carpendale, an artist of superior merit in animal drawing.

By an unfortunate accident seven of the twelve swans died on the afternoon of Tuesday the 5th. It is supposed that they had swallowed some poison which they found in the water, under the rocks in the lake to kill the rats which infest the place. The matter is now undergoing investigation.

These unhappy deaths have made attention that it is to be hoped the remaining ones will survive. In our opinion, the interest their arrival has created is such that the Central Park lake and Park lake incomplete without these graceful tenants.

"The swan is described by naturalists as "a large handsome water-fowl of the order *Anseres*, family *Anatidæ*, and subdivision *Cygnine*, and is distinguished by the great length of its neck, its graceful movement on the water, and its close, thick, soft plumage, which covers all the spots in its snowy whiteness of the plumage, except when young." Australia has, however, furnished us with a species of black-necked Swan."

In England the swan has long been a royal bird; and in former times no one was allowed to keep "game of any description" unless he possessed a deed of the clear yearly value of five marks. When the privilege was granted the holder obtained also a "swan mark," which was a private mark set upon the bills of the young birds to designate their ownership. Even the Thames had its swans in those days, before factories blackened its waters, and made it death to fish and fowl. "What a great river is it," says Howell, an old author "for the Lord Mayor to have the conservation of the noble River Thames! How stately he is attended when he goes to take a view of the river, *or a swan-hopping!*"

It is as well to know that we must not say "flock, but a "herd" of swans. The male is called a "Cob," and the female a "Pen." The swan's nest is a great mass of reeds, rushes, flags, etc., pitched in the water's edge, and the eggs, "Pen" lays six or seven eggs before she sits. In six weeks the young birds are hatched out; and during this time the cob is most assiduous in fetching his mate, and, dignified as he is, sometimes condescends even to take the mother's place in the nest.

They eat the tender roots of aquatic plants and roots, water-insects, and occasionally small fishes.

The Rev. Mr. Morris relates an incident showing that the swan has sometimes something of that mysterious foreknowledge of the seasons which hunters and naturalists ascribe to squirrels, wolves, and, in fact, most wild animals. A female swan was observed by her owner to be very busy collecting weeds, grass—in fact, every bit of hay within reach, and a laborer was sent to her neighborhood with half a load of such stuff, with which she soon industriously built her nest at least 15 feet above its usual level. That very night there came a tremendous fall of rain which flooded all the neighborhood and did great harm. Men had made no preparation; but the bird had. God had given her an instinctive foresight. Her eggs were safe and dry—not a single one was lost.

Queen Victoria has a fine swannery at Windsor Castle, and is said to take great delight in the sight of them. It is to be hoped that her luck will attend the five survivors of our city's recently acquired "game;" and that they will multiply and increase abundantly.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1860.

POLITICAL GAG.

THE Democratic nomination will be made at Baltimore on the 18th instant, and the Presidential campaign of 1860 will then be fairly opened. Yet, a few days have already engaged in the contest, and the third will not be far behind. It is our province to survey the field with an impartial eye, and we venture to offer a bit of advice to the combatants which, in the heat of the battle, they will probably entirely forget, but which is nevertheless well worthy attention.

When the young lawyer began his argument with the creation of the world, the Judge interrupted him to say, "Sir, the Court may be presumed to know something." Bear in mind, therefore, gentlemen, that the people—the tribunal to which you all appeal—may be supposed to know something of their own affairs. The great questions are grave and momentous, doubtless, but they are so mainly because the people understand them, and have an opinion. They will not believe, for instance, that any slight shock will shiver the Union, because they know that it is always better to bear the ills we have than to fly to those we know nothing about. It is only when ills are perceived to be beyond redress that there is any hope of the sources of an appeal to violence. And so long as the dominant race in any country are generally contented with their own institutions and rights are not felt by them to be invaded—so long they will maintain the *status quo*. The secret of the enthusiastic success of Garibaldi in Sicily is the conviction of the great mass of the people that he comes to deliver them from an insufferable condition. On the other hand, the success of the Bulgarians in their late struggle against Turkey in England is the equally strong conviction of the mass of Englishmen that their troubles are remediable, by some process less doubtful in its operation than open revolution.

There never was a people who better understood what may be called "political gag" than the American. They go to great public meetings during the pleasant summer months of a campaign, as they go to theatres and other places of amusement during the year, to be entertained. The man who can tell the funniest stories in the funniest way is the favorite orator. Banners, torches, music, rallying cries, symbols of every kind increase the good-humored excitement. But the thinking, which really determines the voting, is not done in a mass meeting. The thinking which persuades is not a volley of rich jokes or fine rhetoric. The President is really elected not during the excitement of campaign," but during the administration of his predecessor. If that administration seem to the people favorable to their interests, his policy is confirmed by the election of a successor who will continue the same course. If the majority disapprove of that policy, it is changed by their will, despite the best jokes and the most eloquent rhetoric.

Let the orators but remember this; let them hear in mind that the people understand their own interests, and they may spare their threats, denunciations, prophecies, and "gag," and confine themselves to a reasonable statement of their case on whatever side it may be. Then they may plausibly congratulate themselves that they have really helped the cause in which they believe, by appealing not to the passions or prejudices but to the common sense of the people.

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

THE General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, held at Buffalo, closed its five weeks' session on the 6th. The Boston papers have given full reports of the proceedings of this body. We regret that we can not regard them as profitable reading. Party spirit ran high, the canvass for office was as eager, and the manœuvres of the leaders as dexterous as in any political convention. Nor were the proceedings throughout characterized by the dignified bearing a grave political convocation. In one case, at least, the Bishop was obliged to administer a sharp rebuke to the members for their disorderly conduct. Two subjects of general interest came before the Conference—the "Slavery" question and that of "Lay Representation." An attempt was made to abolish the Chapter in the Discipline, the "General Rule" so as to make it prohibit the "holding" as well as the "buying and selling of men, women, and children, with an intention to enslave them." This change failing to receive the votes of two-thirds of the delegates, was lost. The "Progressive party" then directed their efforts to an alteration of the "Chapter on Slavery," which is not held, in Methodist economy, to define the terms of communion. This chapter, as heretofore stands, forbids the holding of slaves by ministers and lay officers of the Church, and requires slaveholding members to grant certain privileges to their slaves. The plan of this new amendment the following answer to the question, "What shall be done for the extirpation of slavery?"

"We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery. We believe that the buying, selling, or holding of human beings, to be used as chattels, is inconsistent with the Golden Rule, and with that Rule in our Discipline which requires all who desire to be saved from sin to 'do no harm, and to avoid evil of every kind.' We therefore affectionately admonish all our preachers and people to keep themselves pure from this great evil, and to seek its extirpation by all prudent and Christian means."

"Prudent answer" was practically modified by a resolution declaring that it is merely "advisatory," and not statutory; so that there has been as yet no binding rule adopted prohibiting members of the Church from holding slaves.

The subject of "Lay Delegation" was in effect put off till the next Conference, by the adoption of a resolution requiring preachers in charge to submit it, in the first place, to the vote of the male members of the Church over twenty-one years of age; when, with this vote before them, the bishops are to submit the questions to the Annual Conferences of 1862; and these Conferences will inform the General Conference of 1864 of the majority vote

of the clergy, approve of it, then the General Conference of 1864 will consider whether the lay members of the Church shall be represented in its highest judicial body; or whether it shall be, as heretofore, a close corporation, electing its own members, and not amenable to the great body of the Church.

THE LOUNGER.

GARIBALDI.

SINCE the last issue of the *Weekly* we hear of Garibaldi arrived in Palermo; and the fall of Messina will hardly be long delayed. This famous Italian chieftain is one of the most romantic of the conspicuous actors of the time. Every thing he does is universally known. The bitterest mishaps and disappointments of his life are not concealed. He stalks upon the stage of affairs in the full view of the world, and shares, with Victor Emanuel, the enthusiasm of admiration which is lavished upon the Deliverers of Italy. While any part of his country is oppressed, however, the duty of the patriot is not done; and the hunter of the Alps is helping the Sicilians strike for the liberty of which the island has so long been ruthlessly despoiled.

When despots die it is a pity that their race does not die with them. For the taint of despotism is the blight of humanity, and you can never know where it will betray itself. Old Bombs died a mass of corruption, and the fact of youth placided for his succession. But the son is a Bourbon, and the child of his father: and already his reign is as black as his parents'. To relate tyrannies to serve the ends of despotism, no nation in this century is bound to endure the crimes of the Naples kings. Whoever has read Gladstone's statements of ten years ago—whoever by personal experience knows any thing, however slight, of the hopeless condition of despotism which blights Southern Italy—of the tortures and despair of men each one of whom was worth the whole race of Bourbons, will pray that the brave hero Garibaldi directs every day and deadly, and that the Bourbon boy of Naples may reach even a more sudden end of his power than is certainly in his Austrian cousin.

What can the people do? Are not the Neapolitans the most worthless of all nations? Will Garibaldi find other men to an army worse than the Bourbon despotism?

These are the questions which will naturally be asked by gentlemen who sit at home at ease."

Well, then, if the people are so wretched, so spiritless, so degraded, what, more than any thing else, has made them so? The Bourbons. What has ruined that loveliest of lands? The Bourbons. What has made Naples a synonym of tyranny? The Bourbons. What is worse than any conceivable anarchy? The Bourbons. For anarchy is a temporary and necessarily active. It is a sharp, acute disease, which will soon turn one way or the other. But the Bourbons are a chronic death. It is hard to see that distinctive nation should cease than that its present condition should continue. And if anarchy offer equal chances for another despotism—which it can not, in the nature of things, be so bad—it also gives the chance of a radical reformation of the government.

Garibaldi will need no other reason than that he destroyed the Bourbons. It is even a grander title than that of Liberator of Italy; for it is the creation of Freedom and of the world. The history of that House, could it be told in all its dreadful detail, would be probably the blackest story of any family in history, and that they are all personally wicked men, but the system of which they were sometimes the active, sometimes the passive agents, is the most corroding possible.

Of course the King of Sardinia can not officially commend the invasion, by one of his subjects, of the state of another king. But of course his heart applauds, dealing with that of the world. And of course his judgment approves, in common with that of Christendom. If our revolutionary war were righteous—which was a protest against a form of government which Englishmen in this reign of Stolly against the very consuming substances of oppression! And will Tittlebat Titmouse say, as he did in '98, that Americans are not ready for a change of government? Well, Tittlebat, how soon will the Bourbon make them so? If you take the disease of a man, and organize a plain residence to the cause of the disease, your argument is as conclusive as it is absurd. So in old days the drop-on's breath used to poison the neighborhood—and therefore the neighborhood ought not to try to slay the dragon. Or, to put it in another way—man has been crushed to the ground until his legs are withered and he can not walk; therefore he must not try to lift the mass that weighs him down. That is Bourbon logic, Tittlebat, not the common sense of human hearts.

THE "FAIR PLAY" JEWEL.

This celebrated gem has been lately lost in England, and all the light of the Koh-i-noor, another famous jewel, has been also to every mind. But the loss is periodical in quarters where its presence is most loudly and incessantly vaunted. The one great argument which is particularly urged for the whole sporting system is, that, at any rate, it promotes fair play. But the truth is, that there is just as little fair play in every department of the sporting world as there is of "honor" among the people who make the loudest claims to it, and who do not hesitate to get drunk, to swindle, to lie, and to defame men and women, yet who flame [illegible] white best of fairy at what they call the [illegible] such a person is no gentleman. [illegible] "sporting world" ought, in [illegible] Hell. He who exp[illegible] races, gaming-[illegible] if he does [illegible] papers and people are directly encouraging such resorts, under cover of favoring manly development, it is worth while to remind the ingenuous youth that the way to an honorable manliness can no more be shown by the prize-fighter, though he could throw an ox, than it can be by a jockey, a swindler, or a drunkard. These things are commonly accompanied by the old paternal objection: "Lad, lad, I'm sorry to see you a reader of these. You will recall in the case of his own father, was not that billiards was a demoralizing amusement, but that, in those days, billiards was a fine company and consequent dangerous temptations went with billiards.

How much has the Derby day helped English honor? It is great fun; it is great excitement. As Lord Palmerston is said to have said, and might well said truly, it is one of the attractions have of England that Parliament shall adjourn over Derby day. But because it is so rooted in the habits of a certain portion of English society, why try to squeeze any moral out of it? People want excitement, and they get it at the races. But there is a thousand other more desperate gambling there than there is any where in St. James's Street. The fall of the race is a hundred times more fatal than ever Crockford's was. It is a great national holiday, if you choose; and if you and I were in London doubtless you and I would pay money for a drug to go down and see the fun. But I do hope we should have too much sense to expect to find fair play there. We might reasonably believe the little joker to be under the thimble, where we saw it just now.

As Americans, of course, we go down to bet upon Umpire. We confidently believe him to be the equine Heaman. There are a million of pounds at stake—there are hundreds of thousands of noble people present—there is "no end," as Young England says, of pretty, rosy girls, in white muslin and blue ribbons—all hoping to see the course of Palmerston, of Derby, of Rothschild; above all, of Ten Brockes—all! Is there fair dealing, a cloud, a shoot, and the Benicia of horses is nowhere. Something is said about *eleneh*; but we honeyed, yes, "I'll bet" and, the cloud disappeared, and cleared out, we sit down to reduce our hamper to the same condition. If we happen to have more appetite than we have guinea left. Poor Ten Brocks! we mutter, in tones of sympathy muffled with sandwich. Why "poor Ten Brocks?" He has won sixty thousand sovereigns and cannot eat. He came here to make money, not to fatten the American eagle, and he has won it. You said I went in for the patriotic sentiment. We may keep them—we have them still—but Mr. Ten Brock has his golden guineas. It is all right, apparently. Who blames any body? If much money is bet upon a horse, he is sure to win; if against him, to lose. It is curious. Did you happen to find that celebrated jewel, Fair Play, at Epsom?

OUT OF TOWN.

THE lovely June days admonish the denizen of streets that there are such things as green lanes, and trees, and rural ramble. Summer has fully come, and we are happy with the fragrance of new meadows and woods and thickets the steps of splendor by which it advances. The change, so long expected and so ardently desired, from winter and early spring—its first cousin of the tender sex—to the heavy luxuriance of summer, is one of the most inspiring transitions of the year and which the citizen necessarily loses. For it must be watched day by day. The swelling of buds, the pale young green of the opening leaves, the first flowering shrubs—the gradual greening of the grass—the early notes of birds—the soft south wind—the lengthening days—the woodland all the delicate details of renewing life, different every morning and evening—every day—to observe, if you would keep step with the year.

Next to these is the ripeness of the season, as you may see it now. The flowers are in winter in March, the ringing shrilliness of the canary in the sun, have told you what was happening beyond the world of brick and mortar. Now, they bring to think of the summer tour. Where shall we go, Mary? What shall I do with my fortnight?

I think you should go where you think it is so attractive. Yet one thing might be wisely remembered from year to year; and that is, to avoid any place where you will be intolerably heat, dust, and discomfort should take the place of the inviting reading. Unparalleled speed, safety, and comfort, have made the railroads shorter of the great roads. Go by water, wherever you can. Go on horseback—as your own conveyance, if you can afford it. Above all, don't go at all if you are tolerably comfortable at home, except for a day or two, or three, and not for a day. Yet, when you don't be frightened by the talk about watering-places. There is a great deal of cant in such talk. A person who has been in the habit of every kind, who can not fail to amuse a shrewd observer—with music, flowers, fine equipages, and the constant flutter of a gay world, and cares and less life—where you can have your books, if you want, and amusements of every kind, and a varied society, and a good table, and a pleasant room, is superior to a hot room in a lonely farm-house, where you have no comfort, no society, no amusement. You don't want to be miserable for a day? Very well; then don't do it, and you will find that you are doing little harm to your constitution. Rural people are foolish at a watering-place, as they are every where else. But the clergy are at watering-places are quite good enough to wear at Saratoga or Newport.

If solitude be your object—or brook-fishing or shooting, or life in the woods—turn your back upon people, and may fortune favor you! But remember, while you are lugging yourself in the woods for being such a sensible fellow as to prefer a tent to a hotel, Tom in the hotel is laughing at you for not being with him. "It isn't the fashion to wear tails now," quoth the Fox, "I all sensible fellows wear them shaved close." "Not at all," responded Reynard; "all sensible fellows cut tails and please themselves."

A WORD WITH "MINDERUS."

"I HAVE seen some very absurd questions answered in your columns. I do not my query as deserving as the least of these?"

Undoubtedly: but they were asked first. If you have read the Lounger any body gets answered, and yet how many questions are asked of the Lounger, you would not suffer yourself to be annoyed. Every inquiry that has been sent to him he has answered, and the reply has been or will be printed. He has incessantly informed his correspondents that nothing could be more uncertain than the time when they would get a reply, and if they are hurried they should ask elsewhere, although the Lounger is perfectly willing and glad to gratify them as soon as possible. Nobody can have any kind of claim upon the notice of any person or to the blunt correction of some personal misrepresentation. "Minderus" may depend upon it that this paper is managed in the way which is supposed to be most conducive to its property and objects; and while his impatience is natural, the Lounger says so much to remind him of another view of the case.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

A FRIEND sends the following beautiful poem and asks the author of the author:

Over the river on the hill
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it village-bells rock and ring
Of souring bank and screaming crow,
And mountain passes, bare and snow,
Give to the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill
Another village lieth still;
Where I see in the stream of night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Pines that sing from the earth's door;
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the mists the ceaseless roar
For the whole that listen to and for.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of embitter or mill;
The humming bees and the birds greet and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The merks dust are always dark,
You can not enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep:
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sighs,
Silent, and still, and cold are they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul is awake
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that village from this below;
Longs to sleep in the forest cold,
Whisper and weep like a lonely child,
And length, praying, this answer fall,
"Patience! that village shall hold you all!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WOMEN OF ONE NIGHT.—An elderly maiden lady, who always reads the Lounger, and thinks the General Conference an invention of the Evil One, and quotes, in proof, *Pamela* or *Clarissa* every day, says:

"YOU POOR, POOR WOMEN!—Mister, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want to be nobody to do nothing, don't you?" The answer was, "Yes, I don't."

A physician, who lived in London, visited a boy who resided in Islington. The distance being little for some time the lady expressed an apprehension that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "Oh! by no means!" replied the doctor; "I have another patient in Islington, and I always set out hoping to kill two birds with one stone."

An Irish student was once asked what was meant by a commonest saying, "Two birds in one bush." Pat Fudge, "as a man writes after he is dead."

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the sun became red-hot? "Because," she replied, "it is so very singular that they don't get married."

We always admire the answer of the man, who, when asked if he was married, "Just forty years; but you count by the fun I've seen, I am at least eighty."

You can easily keep yourself throughout the winter from being a Justice—you can easily join not rater with your neighbors.

AN ARTIFICIAL BUSHMAN.—In the advertisement of a new hotel, it is said, "It embraces about sixty rooms."

A lady's home-dress ought to last a long while: she never wears it out.

The orator who deals largely in quotations speaks volumes.

There is a lady in New York so ignorant of all domestic work that she can not even knit her brows.

Boys should be very careful how they steer their lifeboats, if they would arrive without shipwreck at the Isle of Man.

"I believe, miss, that you think I am an old as Old Time in the Hour?"—"Yes, Sir, older: you haven't even a foretock."

If you undertake to flatter don't overdo the thing. If you offer too much incense to a sensible man he will be incensed.

Somebody says that the best way to keep food upon a sick stomach is to feed it down.

On a frosty day, what two fish ought we to be together? —*Shoes and soles.*

Justice is certainly an odd fish: she has only a single pair of scales.

It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.

The poor birds are not a very bold race, and yet a great many of them die game.

THE SCHOOL OF ADVERSITY.—A ragged school.

THE LITTLE FRENCH INFIDEL.—The *prestige* of military honor exercises its sway even over childhood. They say that when the Prince Imperial, having fallen down while running about the garden of the Tuileries, began to cry. "What, *monsieur*, are you crying?" said his tutor. "Yes; but don't tell my regiment," replied the baby-officer.

LANDLADY.—Well, Jemmy, Mr. Smith, do you not seem to have lost your stomach? I think surprise among the fish when it was first cooked?"

JEMMY coughs. "I can't say, madam, whether it did or not."

LANDLADY.—Oh! I thought from the way you spoke the fish before you that you might expect some information on that point."

Some *the assistance villainy.* "Very likely, mem—very likely. It's my opinion, mem, that this fish left its native element before steamboats were invented."

A youthful member of a rifle corps in a Scottish town on his return from the first evenings ago, joyfully told his governor that he had just got his arms. "Arms!" quoth the sensible parent. "I'm thinkin' gin the French some yell but make need of your legs."

A clerk having put some candles in a cellar one day the employer told him that he should have to be charged a piece for them, and that they would be likely to mould. "Lickers for mould?" replied the clerk; "if that is the case, we had better put our tallow there after, as it keeps it well until it becomes rancid."

A few nights since a young couple were married in Rochester. The bride was a very beautiful girl, and had married a gentleman of a quiet, but very wealthy family. After the two had been made one, the reverend writer of hearts was duly invoked, and the usual prayer fervently, entreated the richest blessings and mercies of Providence on the bride and groom, as well as upon the "surviving sister."

A doting mother of a snapper boy having bolted a lot of dry gingerbread, said to the urchin, "Put up by Mrs. Doo." Johnny having discovered the goodies, soon ate the contents of the bottle, and returned to the bottom of the label, "Put down by Johnny Doo."

A young lady, playing at cards, put down the ace of hearts, whereupon her lover, who was the only male gentleman with whom she was playing, trumped it, exclaiming, "You are the queen of hearts, my dear."

Why are the rifle volunteers like Nelson?—Because the last thing he did was to die for his country, and that is the last thing they intend to do.

A hungry man does right well to eat the egg, for he might starve before it got to be a pullet.

"William, I am fascinated with Miss Million."—"With her personal charms?"—"Yes, *pour soi ell charms.*"

A Scotchman visiting a church-yard with a friend, pointing to a tombstone, quoth quest, said, "This is the spot where I intend being laid, if I'm spared."

The following is said to be one of the longest puns on record:

An old gentleman, riding over Putney Bridge, turned round to his servant, and said,

"Do you like eggs, John?"

"Yes, sir."

Here the conversation ended. The same gentleman, riding over the Grampians in the Highlands, he return, turned round, and said,

"How?"

"Poached, Sir," was the answer.

A well-known city officer in Auld Reekie was celebrated for his cunning and his mother having died in Edinburgh, he hired a house and carried her in the dead body through the Highlands. He return, ed, it is said, with the bones full of smuggled whisky, and being asked how it is by a friend, he said, "Weel, man, there's one harm done. I only took awa the body and brought the whisky back."

Clerks have lately been playing fast and loose to such an enormous extent with their employers' money that it is extremely difficult to find a trustworthy man. We shall hear of the clerk of the weather having embezzled something. He will be taken up, probably, for having been in the habit of skimming the milky way, and appropriating the cream to his own use; or else he will be convicted of transferring some of the brightest rays from the sun, moon, and stars, and attaching them to a person, in order to be "a blaze of a week," as Esterkazy said of himself. If he proves guilty, we shall should count our rings every night, to see that none of them were missing.

Why is the first chicken of a brood like the foreman of a ship?—Because it's a little forward of the main-hatch.

A story goes that a party of riflemen, having gone so enthusiastically to work that in a hundred miles from Liverpool, clad in their new uniforms, the officiating minister, who said the Lord's Prayer, and sang, each exercise to quote a verse from one of the hymns:

"How great we are, how fond to show
Our desire, and call from the dust new,
When the poor sheep and silk warm were
The very lambs of the flock."

"First complexion Mrs. H. has got," said Brown to his friend Stubbs, the artist.

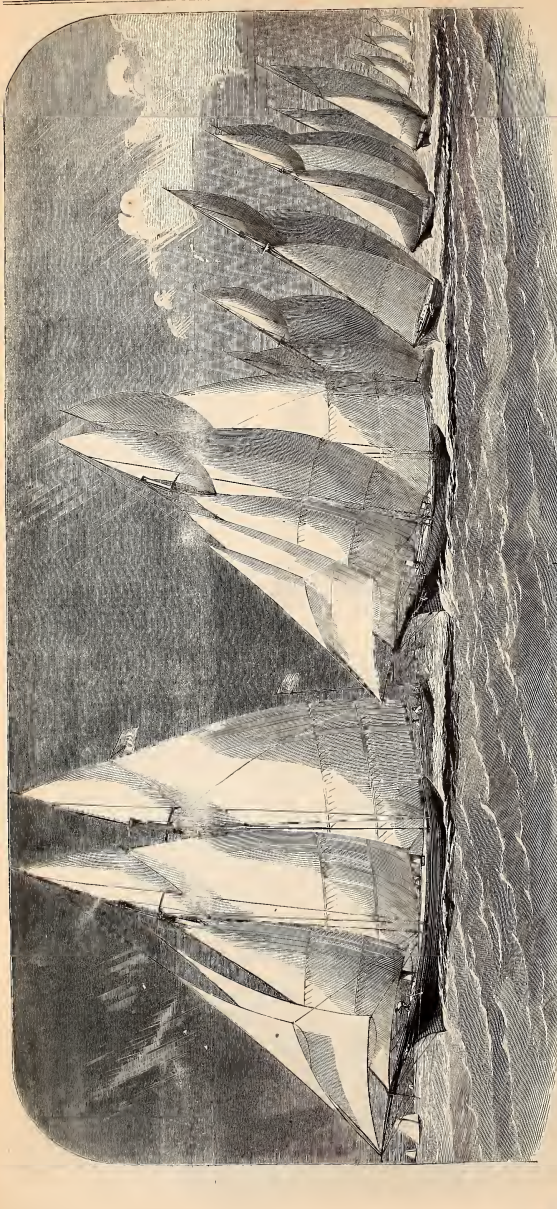
"I want it," replied Stubbs, "she and I may our colors at the same shop."

A fellow state Lord Chatham's county shows; his sovereign, not satisfied with the answer, "Sir, I'm a Scotchman," said his lordship, "all the horn I wish the reign to be the same."

A CLERGYMAN TAKEN IN.—A rather amusing scene occurred to a reverend gentleman who is a popular preacher. He went to have his photo taken at a photographer's, and put on his surplice in a side-room. When informed that the photographer was ready, he was a little discomfited on seeing a Circassian beauty in full costume, standing, and as her photographer explained, expressing the plendings of a broken-hearted girl on being dragged between the Russian grenadiers to a happy harem family. The rev. gentleman, as soon as he recovered from his surprise, took his place in the chair, and not proceeding, and ventured to suggest that the wife did not much resume the face. "Yes, Sir," said the operator, what you mean?" The rev. gentleman suggested that it is so. "The Bosh of discretion! you don't, my dear, do! for, to the horror of the photographer lose tears taken in amazed, that the photographer lose tears taken in dramatic attitude, with a Circassian slave appearing to plain to relinquish her cheekbones. This is a private studio joke, and will, doubtless, never go further.

An old woman received a letter from her son, and being anxious to know the contents, supposing it to be from one of his friends, she called on a person near to read the letter to her. He accordingly began, "Dear Mother, Tuesday, June 5th. Good Dear mother" but he was nothing a step the end what followed cut the writing was rather bad, the poor lady exclaimed, "Oh! tis my poor Jerry, he always suffered."

Some persons in conversation are forever telling you that "you know." At a party, one evening, a question arose between certain individuals as to whether a somewhat shabby person present had said "Yes" or "No" to an interrogatory. One of his particular friends, who knew, thus remarked to an "*He* knows, you know, that he knew, you know, that you know, you know, that he said "No," you know." A man who don't know better than "know" so much, deserves to have his knows breaked.



THE REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

The Annual Regatta of the New York Yacht Club took place on the regularly-appointed day, Thursday, June 7. We here give a spirited engraving of the scene. The time our artist has chosen for his sketch is the passing of the Owl's Head stake-boat.

The day opened gloomily for those whose hearts were in the sport. A dull rain and nearly a dead calm gave little promise of an exciting race, or indeed of a race of any kind. But about noon the rain cleared away, and a breeze sprung up, and the day proved to be one of the finest known in the annals of the Club.

The following yachts entered for the sport:

SLOOPS—THIRD CLASS—CONTAINING YACHTS MEASURING 900 SQUARE FEET AND UNDER THAT AREA.

Allowance of Time—One and seven-tenths Seconds per Square Foot.

	Name.	Entered by	Tonnage.	Measurement.	Areas.	Allowance.
1.	Narragansett	H. Bedlow	30 2	10	749 0	H. M. S. 0 24
2.	Ra	L. M. Rutherford	30 2	10	704 0	4 24
3.	Glengarry	G. Monkhouse, Jr.	29 4	6	644 2	2 13
4.	Alpha	R. R. Morris	23 8	3	593	—

SLOOPS—SECOND CLASS—MEASURING OVER 900 SQUARE FEET AND UNDER 1300 FEET.

Allowance of Time—One and thirty-five hundredths Seconds per Square Foot.

1.	Rowena	M. W. Bacon	42 2	13	935	2 20
2.	Maneuring	L. T. Cornwell	42 8	13	948 2	1 13
3.	Mallory	J. T. Backs	44 2	13	1312	1
4.	Fanny	E. H. White	35 2	13	832 4	—

SLOOPS—FIRST CLASS—MEASURING OVER 1300 SQUARE FEET.

Allowance of Time—One Second per Square Foot.

1.	Rebecca	J. G. Bennett, Jr.	77 4	19	1206 8	—

SCHOONERS—SECOND CLASS—MEASURING OVER 1500 SQUARE FEET AND UNDER THAT AREA.

Allowance of Time—One and thirty-five hundredths Seconds per Square Foot.

1.	Restless	G. W. Thatcher	56 6	24	1478 6	14 10
2.	Haze	W. B. Duncan	57 2	22	1393 6	14
3.	Stella	L. W. Pepper	49 2	19	1360 6	13 20
4.	Dawn	H. L. Fassit, etc.	43 6	12	811 2	1 49
5.	Bacita	S. W. Dereon	39 2	13	710	—

SCHOONERS—FIRST CLASS—MEASURING OVER 1500 SQUARE FEET.

Allowance of Time—One Second per Square Foot.

1.	Zings	W. H. Thomas	115 4	30	1837 6	38
2.	Favorita	C. E. Ringland	128 1	30	1850	—

The scene at Robbin's Reef was quite exciting. The appearance of the *Glengarry* leading the squadron called forth rounds of cheers, and a ship rounded flags were dipped, guns fired, steam-whistles blown, and great excitement prevailed. The other boats were complimented in turn, especially the *Favorita*, which, by a timely luff, avoided a tack, and perhaps going about, which might have lost her the race. The progress of the fleet from this point to the Southwest Spit was quite slow, with a light breeze from the S.S.W.

THE START.

SLOOPS OF THE THIRD CLASS.

YACHTS.	Time of Starting. H.	M.	Robbin's Reef Stake-Boat. H.	M.	Buoy of S.W. Spit. H.	M.	S.
Narragansett	10	25	12	24	2	41	00
Ray	10	35	1	07	00		—
Glengarry	10	35	12	39	00	2	31
Alpha	10	35	12	49	30		—

SLOOPS OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Rowena	10	43	12	55	30	2	39	30
Maneuring	10	43	12	45	00	2	35	00
Mallory	10	43	12	47	30	2	35	30
Fanny	10	43					—	

SLOOP OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Rebecca	10	50	12	53	00	2	36	00

SCHOONERS OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Restless	10	50	12	31	30	2	38	30
Haze	10	50	12	31	45	2	35	00
Stella	10	50					—	
Dawn	10	50	1	00	33	2	41	15
Bacita	10	50	1	03	30		—	

SCHOONERS OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Zings	10	55		—		2	43	00
Favorita	10	55	12	57	00	2	35	35

The homestretch was by far the most interesting part of the whole race, and one of the finest contests took place known in the annals of the Club. The wind was blowing what sailors would call a ten-knot breeze. Hand over hand the larger yachts had eventually their smaller competitors, and were now the cynosure of every eye. The *Haze*, *Favorita*, *Rebecca*, and *Restless* were ahead, plowing along like mudcaps, while the balance of the fleet, scattered about here and there, were following after like hounds after a deer.

From this time until the arrival at the stake-boat the excitement continued undiminished, and especially so during the last mile when the *Haze*, *Favorita*, *Zings*, and *Rebecca* lay in a line, almost buried in foam, engaged in one of the closest and most animating races that has ever taken place in our harbor. Cheer after cheer went up as each yacht would careen almost to her combings, shoot ahead under the impetus of the flaw, and then right up again to pursue her way along. This scene continued until the arrival of the yachts at the home-boat, which they rounded in the following order:

THE RETURN.

YACHTS.	System Fields Stake Boat. H.	M.	S.
Haze	4	39	31
Favorita	4	37	15
Zings	4	40	10
Rebecca	4	41	14
Restless	4	43	23
Maneuring	4	47	10
Mallory	5	00	04
Rowena	5	04	30
Dawn	5	13	34
Glengarry	5	18	37
Narragansett	5	29	12
Ray			
Alpha			
Fanny			
Bacita			
Stella			

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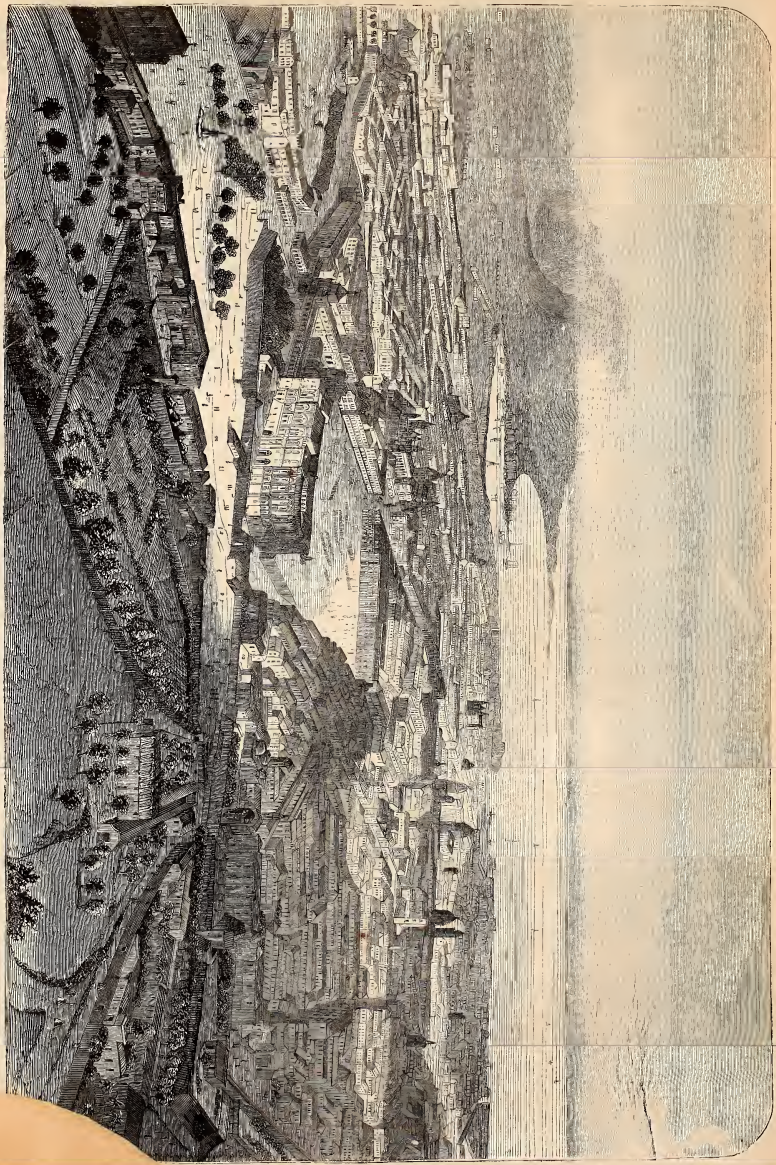

VIEW OF THE CITY OF PALERMO, SICILY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

classes, taking prizes of $150 each. No less than thirty yachts competed.

The following information, taken from the *Herald*, will prove of general interest just at this time:

"The total number of yachts at present belonging to the club is only forty-six; but if many had not been disposed of from time to time, to be used as pilot boats or coasters, or for other purposes, the aggregate would be much greater. The total number of yachts of over five tons measurement owned by gentlemen throughout the country, who can not the opportunity or disposition to join a club, is probably not less than five hundred; for there is hardly a river, harbor, or lake within the northern quarters that is not prolific with them

"The terms of admission to the club are, that each individual shall be proposed by a member of the club, and that on his election he shall pay the fee of $20. Each subsequent annual payment is $10. All yachts in service are required to wear a signal flag; and when joining the Commodore at an anchorage, or leaving the same, the captain must report to the senior officer in command of the squadron. The annual regatta always takes place on the first Thursday in June, when a dinner is gratuitously provided by the club for the exclusive use of the members and ladies accompanying them.

"No member can be interested in more than one yacht entered for a regatta, and every yacht contending for a prize must be the bona fide property of a member of the club. A true model of each yacht is required to be deposited with the secretary, which shall be the property of the club, and no person other than a United States citizen and commodore can enjoy the same without permission from the owner or builder of the yacht. This privilege is granted at an of Congress which entitles yachts to proceed from port to port of the United States without entering or clearing at the Custom-house.

"In a regatta the allowance of time to the classes above enumerated is as follows: First class, 1½ seconds per foot. Second class, 2½ do. do. Third class, 3½ do. do.; and the several yachts are allowed to compute the following measurement of First class, one for every four tons of her measurement; second class, one for every three and a half tons of her measurement; and the third class, one for every three tons of her measurement, besides which every yacht is required to carry a serviceable boat ten or twelve feet in length.

"When on a cruise the officers and members of the club are required to wear a uniform, not unlike that worn in the regular service of the United States."

PALERMO.

We give on page 373 a view of the city of Palermo, of which, according to the most recent advices, as we go to press, Garibaldi had taken triumphant possession, the garrison laying down their arms, and the royalists partisans assuming, this, the chief city of Sicily, the temporary Dictatorship of the Island.

Palermo is the capitale of the Two Sicilies, and a well-fortified city, the possession of which was of the great importance to Garibaldi. It is surrounded by battlemented walls, and strengthened by three forts and some minor works, besides a citadel and a strong castle. It has a population of 200,000; and has figured in revolts, in modern times, twice before this—viz., in 1820 and in 1848.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, June 4, in the Senate, Senator Wilson procured the adoption of a resolution of inquiry into the circumstances of the arrest of Thaddeus Hyatt, an Indian patriot, on board an American vessel at Palermo. The Hennepin Canal Bill was taken up, discussed briefly, slightly amended, and postponed. The Kansas bill being the order of the day, Senator Sumner delivered an oration on the "Barbarism of Slavery."—In the House, a bill appropriating $70,000 for a public building at Boston was favorably reported from the Senate, and referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. A bill authorizing a daily mail service island between San Francisco and Washington Territory, at a cost not exceeding $100,000 a year, was also reported and referred. Mr. Bingham introduced the joint resolution reducing the price of the public printing, and gave notice that he should call it up on Wednesday, with a view to making various minor economies calculated effectively to accomplish this.

On Tuesday, June 5, in the Senate, Senator Sumner presented a petition from Thaddeus Hyatt, now in this City, asking for the release of Thaddeus Hyatt. The Kansas bill was taken up. Senator Green, of Missouri, moved to change the boundary of that Territory, and then moved to add the Lecompton Constitution thereto of the people. The subject was postponed, and the consideration of the Homestead bill was resumed, when the amendment substituting the several States for aliens was adopted by the General Government in the form of a free grant. Without further action, the Senate adjourned. In the House, the Senate bill granting pay for the services from the First Congressional District of Minnesota, which passed the Senate at the last session, was taken up.

On Wednesday, June 6, in the Senate, the Hennepin Canal bill was read a third time and passed. The Army Appropriation bill was taken up, but no action was taken before adjournment.—In the House, the consideration of the Brown Contested Election case was resumed, but no action was taken on the subject. A resolution was adopted, giving the assent of Congress to the acts of the Legislatures of Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas, that part of the boundary of the Red River which, by living bills on boats navigating that river.

On Thursday, June 7, in the Senate, the effort to pass the bill appropriating the claim of Arthur Edwards over an hundred times was renewed, and finally defeated. Senator Bright, of Indiana, moved a resolution that the Senate adjourn at noon on the 16th inst. Senator Bigler moved to substitute June 27 for June 16. The resolution was adopted without amendment—28 to 27. Senator Wade desired to take up the bill for the admission of Kansas. By a close vote, 27 yeas and 28 nays, the Senate refused to consider the bill. The Army bill was again discussed and amended; the amendment with regard to reimbursing the States for interest upon advances made during the war of 1812 occupying the rest of the day, without action being had.—In the House nothing of importance was done.

On Friday, June 8, in the Senate, Mr. Green, of Missouri, rep and adversely to the admission of the Territory of Kansas. The bill to carry into effect the Dalles treaty was passed. The remainder of the session was occupied with private bills.—In the House, the Missouri contested election case was disposed of, by a vote of 2 against 88 against the claim of Mr. Darrell. Mr. Foster was sworn in, and took his seat. Mr. Hickman called up his resolution from the Judiciary Committee, reporting against the claim of the President, in impeachment of March 29, to be exempted from any liability. After some debate the resolution was adopted, on vote—yeas 82, nays 70.

HON. JOHN BELL ACCEPTS.

In his letter of acceptance, Mr. Bell says: "The Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of laws as judges from those whom they deem worthy of the highest trust, and the Government, are the great principles that the utmost guaranty of a man's future usefulness and fidelity to his country. I am conscious, in any official station to which he may be chosen, he to be bound in his conscience and honor to the support of these. The pledge implied in my acceptance of the nomination of the National Union Convention, I hold myself bound to redeem. I will not depart from the spirit and tenor of my post and duties, to please any party, or to secure a more favorable form from the consideration that none is required from me."

MR. EVERETT ACCEPTS.

The Hon. Edward Everett has written a letter accepting the place of the "Union" party for the Vice-Presidency. He says:

"In yielding, at length, to the earnest solicitations which have been made to me, I have in the most respectable sources in almost every part of the Union, I make a sacrifice of personal feeling and of ease, for which I have a public duty. It has been urged upon me, and I am not prepared to deny, that there are at this time a million upon those which call upon all good citizens, at whatever cost to personal feelings, to contribute, in the short, however humble, to the public service.

"I am aware that the duties of the association, without note or comment, the Convention, as it seems to me, has adopted the only course which, in the other course was thought of in the earlier days of the Republic.

"The candidates for the Presidency proposed by the Union Convention is every way worthy of confidence and respect. I regard the Constitution and the Union as the cohesion with him in the public service.

"I hardly perceive that the Vice-Presidency has not yet in my power to pay an equally cordial and emphatic tribute to the character of Mr. Bell. Nothing but the conviction that feeling it a duty to give the declared proof of sympathy with that great cause for which I have long spoken of brotherly concord between the different sections of our country.

"I remain, dear Sir, sincerely yours,

"EDWARD EVERETT."

SINGULAR SUICIDE.

A singular suicide was committed near Lawrenceburg, Indiana, last week. The deceased, Mary Ann Gray, the cause of which appears to have been depression produced by ill health. The deceased had been confined on her mother from a trance, believed to be death for a time by all who knew about her, but had not been in the house for some time, and had gone away, and was dead, and learned that all would go home to her mother. The deceased, upon coming from a dying, should a dead, brother, seems to have thought the same fate awaited her. She died straightly for several days afternoon, and finally disappeared on the morning of the 24th ult. Her friends fell the Saturday following, when two men in search of a stream found her body floating in the water, and she had to a pole which crossed a deep ravine. The sick brother died the same day she left home.

TOUGH TIMES AT WASHIN.

The silver should be abundant in the newly-discovered Washoe country, if the accounts be true. They offer fresh beef at 75 cents per pound; pork, 25 cents; sugar, 40 cents; candles, 75 cents; flour, 25 cents; beans, 30 per gallon; flour, $50 per 100 pounds; bacon, 65 cents per pound; potatoes, $1 per bushel, and poor at that price; hay is $60 per ton, and scarce.

A money-lender to doubt politics from experience, gives of following:

On the hills of Gravy Washoe,
Washoe, that is to say, Gravy;
Where it lays in chunks as big as lumps of chalk, and dirt thrown in;
On the hills and in the valleys,
In the flat and in the ravine,
Mong the sand-hills and in the sage brush,
In their sand and in their clay,
Are the men that couldn't well till
Spring had come and warmed the weather,
Round their free they sit and shiver,
Cursing, shake and shiver,
With their toes stuck in the ashes,
With their hands stuck in their pockets,
With their noses reddish and angry,
With their pipes out, and no tobacco to burn;
To the blaze their palms extending,
With the cold and damp within them,
Falling, falling on their hair and
On their shoulders and their jackets.
Thicker, faster falling, falling,
Off their jackets and their hair over,
Till their whiskers well are whitened.
They're not all Washoe men in the State of Utah.
Hope has fled, ditto their beans;
Sugar gone and ditto the coffee;
Smile is hungry, so is Magdine,
Provide everything, Mormon, Gentile,
For the fresh-pots left behind them,
For the pig-sties, for the hen roosts,
For the coffee, tea, and bacon,
Left behind in California.

Another fellow, no doubt less fortunate than the poet, says: If you can imagine a fool in hell, succeeded by a Jew-stamp, you have a fair idea of the character of the country.

FASTEST TIME RECORDED.

The grand trotting match between Flora Temple and George M. Patchen for $1000, best three in five, came off on the 5th inst. The Flora Temple was the favorite in favor of Flora Temple, who is still entitled to be called the "Queen of the Turf." The Patchen is a fine-looking horse, well-bred, and made the quickest time on record. In the fifth heat, Patchen was distanced by this mare last season, which was the second of her career, the fastest time ever made by a trotting horse, one heat at Kalamazoo, Michigan, where, upon a short course, she in 2:19 and 2:18 respectively. The following is the time made:

	1 mile	2 mile	3 mile	4 mile
	M. S.	M. S.	M. S.	M. S.
First heat	2:19	4:38	7:05	9:31
Second heat	2:20	4:44	7:10	9:32
Third heat	2:19	4:38	7:08	9:34

TRAGEDY AT VICKSBURG.

The Vicksburg *Sun* gives an account of a strike affair which occurred in that City on the 25th ult.

"A few years ago Mr. Lafayette Lee was married to Miss Sarah Ann Hicks, of Jackson, Tenn., and remained for some time at the residence of his wife's father. In a short time Lee grew uneasy, and finally his feelings distinguished, and treated his young wife unkindly. A temporary separation took place, and she returned home. Lee remained at her father's house until a reconciliation was effected. Lee, a few months ago, went to Texas, there for the purpose of purchase school. He was unsuccessful, and finally returned to this county, and relinted the assistance of Mr. Flowers (who was a relative). Mr. Flowers succeeded in bringing the hospitality of his house to Lee, but his wife, who accepted the Mr. F. Flowers, seeing Lee, quickly joined that Lee treated his wife unkindly, and remonstrated with him, and upon the occasion of Lee's leaving the adjoined his family, proffering to accompany him.

"On Thursday last Mr. Lee expressed her anxiety to go with him, and a few days after the attack was could obtain conveyance. Mr. Flowers informed her that his carriage was at her service for that purpose whenever she wished it. Lee remarked that she should not go, and threatened to kill her if she did so. Having been repeatedly threatened by him in a like manner, she did not go, and Lee left for Texas. Friday the subject was again alluded to, and Lee persisted in his threats. Shortly after, while Mr. and Mrs. Flowers and Mr. and Mrs. Lee were together in the drawing-room, the report of a pistol was heard, and Mrs. Lee immediately ran out, exclaiming that she was shot. Mr. F. immediately caught her in his arms, and she fell into his arms dying. Lee now drawned and fired again at his wife and once at Mr. Flowers. The first fire fired had taken her side, and must, supported by the left arm of Mr. Flowers, who was in the act of leading her out of the room. Lee fired three times more his shoulder pistol. Each ball fired three times more his shoulder pistol. Each ball fired the fire—one was the middle of the forehead, one was the left temple, and one was the left side of the abdomen. Lee fell, and died instantly.

"The deceased, Mrs. Lee, was of a most amiable character. She had married just above the age of sixteen, and was the eldest, and coming out near to the time. At last accounts she was in a most critical condition."

"The conduct of Mr. Flowers, in this matter, is the fullest commendation from the community."

THE CENSUS AMONG THE FACTORIES.

Mr. Jos. C. G. Kennedy has written a letter describing the tables which he has arranged for the use of the census-takers. The tables are to be used in the manufactories are set forth as follows:

The table of "Capital" includes capacity of law, has been prepared as a record of the operations of productive industry for the year ending on the last day of June, 1859, embrace fourteen columns, with the number and description of the capital employed of every variety of manufacture. The first column is designed to include the name of the firm, corporation, company, or other individual partnership, or the value of $500 per annum. In the second column is given the name of the business, manufacture, or product. The third column contains the number of hands employed in each and personal estate in the business." The various raw materials consumed, the quantity of each, the kind, and value, are represented in columns four, five, and six. The seventh column is designed for the value of steam, machinery, structure, or business. If the motive power is steam, the quantity of fuel used, the number of days in furnaces the number of days and the number of hours per day, the number of steam machines, or other eighth and nine are recorded the number of male and female hands employed, with the wages paid, are recorded, nearly are set down in column ten and eleven; in the eleventh column the value of the product, are entered the quantities, kinds, and values of all kinds of manufactures.

HICKS, THE PIRATE, CONFESSES.

Albert W. Hicks, the pirate, the murderer of the captain and crew of the sloop *E. A. Johnson*, has made a full confession, which we give from the City Prison.

He admissions were made in course of a conversation with a gentleman who has been attending in his sickness to the spiritual interests of the transgressor.

He quoted first offenders:

"Hicks, I understand that a thief of the manner in which Captain Burr and the Watts boys were murdered, and I believe it was you who killed them, and I pitied it, at night and 3 in the morning."

"Who? Captain Burr? I killed them between 9 and 10 o'clock at night."

"What do you mean by that?" replied his question, or. "There were but four men on board the sloop, and there was a fifth man, who was surprised and was forced to become one. Hicks, and shall have nothing for my pains, and I shall be hung for what I did not do."

"But there were five on board," said Hicks, with a strange look, "and I killed the sixth fellow myself. He promised me and urged me on to do it. You see, I was in the hold, and I had a pistol and I determined to do the job out, while Captain Burr and the other had were asleep below. I had conceived the idea of murdering them for some time, and the devil kept telling me now was the opportunity. I was sitting on the hatch, before the young man was aware of my intentions I dealt him a blow with a hatchet, and he fell down, but I had to repeat the blow several times before I could kill him. Meanwhile the other fellow was asleep, and as soon as he was sleeping in the hold, and just as he got on deck I struck him. He wasn't so hard to dispatch as the first one.

"Why, what did you do with the bodies, you say? Was it a murder-place or hard-spike?"

"Spike and hatchet, and I had to be induced to answer, merely replying that it was a heavy instrument. His manner and expression of countenance, and his disposition to the mind of his questioner that an axe was the weapon he had used.

CAPTAIN BURR.

Hicks resumed, "After I had finished the boys, I went to the cabin, and I found Captain Burr just coming upon deck. He asked what the matter was, and I struck at him. He ran down the cabin, and I attempted to compile me, and it was a long time before I could overpower him. He begged for his life, he asked, kindness, and so on.

"On the resistance of the Captain accounts for the marks of the terrible struggle in the cabin; the wood-work was cut and bruised, and there was a great quantity of blood shed."

"Why, Captain Burr's blade assented, and the gentleman went on.

"I had there more bloody finger-marks on the gunwale, and you must have thrown one of them overboard before he was dead, and I had to cut off the rest of the fingers, chopped his finger off."

"No, Sir, he was not all been dead more than an hour when I pitched them over," said Hicks. He then said: "I did not think that the blade has been found; is it true?"

"I believe so," was the reply.

"Well, I don't; you see, when all this happened we were off Long Island, and I thought I took every thing of grave should be deep—very deep.

"I was asked what his feelings could have been, alone as he was on the vessel, with nothing to be seen but the sea, and the sky, and the dark waters around, while his dismantled, murdered by his hand, lay matted in the cabin below, he said:

"Oh!" said he, "it makes me shudder now, but then I did not feel it. I felt as if I had acted right and was justified in the act, but now he has deserted me."

OTHER MURDERS.

Some further conversation ensued, and Hicks stated that he participated in the mutiny and murder on board the ship *Mount Vernon*, of Philadelphia, at the time, to know something also of the murder of the Captain and crew of the schooner *Mary Ann*, off the coast of Cuba, some years ago, and the sending of the vessel, for which the negro Wm. Brown was executed at White Plains.

HICKS'S PRIVES.

The following verse dictated by Hicks were written down by the reporter:

I shipped on board the *Salmon*,
As you may understand,
Bound to South America,
Captain Kotzin in command.

We arrived in that country
Without undue delay,
When Fielding came on board
And moved to that day!

He first persuaded us
To do the lawless crime;
We could then have prevented it,
If we'd begun in time.

I stained my hands in human blood,
Which I'd never done before,
I shed the blood of innocence,
For which I have to be sorry.

THE "SALADIN" MYSTERY.

The vessel of this name, here spoken of, was stranded, in the month of June, 1854, between with guns, and being on board a quantity of gold in bars, on the Southern coast of Nova Scotia, near the Grit of Canso. After some days, the small number of the crew (seven), and other circumstances, rendered it necessary for the party to return to the wreck, and all the hands being arrested by the authorities, and committed to Halifax, where they were subsequently tried before a special commission, when four of the crew were found guilty of one of the most atrocious deeds of robber and plunder ever recorded in the annals of crime. That Hicks was one of the guilty crew of this ill-fated ship seems more than probable, from the statement of the Reporter, and from one of the reported convicts, or one of the men who became witnesses for the Crown, in abuse can explain. It will be seen by the narrative that the master Fielding, who, in the absence of the Captain, was left in charge, blind discovered by the guilty men when he had assigned into the commission of the earlier murders.

THE STORY OF THE "SALADIN."

When the *Saladin* was about leaving Valparaiso, Captain Fielding, the master, was confinated for a breach of the revenue laws of the country, applied to Capt. John M'Kenzie, the property in England for himself and his son; and they were taken on board as cabin passengers. Shortly after getting to sea Fielding continually spoke to the men unfavorably of Captain M'Kenzie, told them of the valuable cargo there was on board, and questioned them as to their courage and resolution, if they would be willing to act in a desperate emergencies. All this disclosure with them was separately, he never mentioning to more than one man at a time.

He finally told them—still speaking in the same manner—that he was not one at a time—that the crew was about to destroy the officers and take the ship out of the hands of the owners, and he would be addressed had better join them, or his own life would be in danger. In this diabolical manner he succeeded in enlisting them, one after another, into a mutiny, before they were aware of the extent of the conspiracy, and in a comparatively short time after he first mentioned his fiendish plans he succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of the crew with him of a sufficient number to carry them into effect. The men were all, with the exception of three, and those who were in the pilot, being the prisoners, who were locked up in the forward and Galloway, and the one watch, and consequently, all being on deck together, they had no difficulty in carrying the mutiny into execution.

THE PLOT OF THE MUTINEERS.

The night of the 13th of April was first proposed for the tragedy, but one of the mutineers not being in the secret on deck, and perhaps the whole plot not being sufficient in that hatchlood which alone prepares the way for such a deed, the execution was put off for one day. Previous to the next night Fielding had got so intimately in the secret of the mutinous men, that he then, extend their fears, informed their capability, and got them only prepared for the deed of blood.

The master's watch, including all the mutineers, was on deck, and Fielding presumed that he was not irritated by an argument which he had with Captain M'Kenzie, concerning the management of the ship with the unsuspecting mate, who repeatedly asked him why he did not do, and what was the cause of his delay. The crowded, and still remained on deck. Finally, it now be, he said, I'd wished to have the mutineers go down to the hatch and told him to steer as well as he could, and, if he was not, he would be down in a spell on the hen coop. Here there was a favorable opportunity for them, and their conspiracy was ripe for execution. Fielding was and in fearless security to stable, that half of the crew was on deck, and the other below in the hatch, in secrecy, and the only object that was in their way had now left the deck, and was in a position to be overpowered.

This opportunity they had too well improved. The mate was first overpowered by shooting, as he was, and, in darkness and silence approaching the sleeping men below, he was shot in his bed. The crew, being immediately suspended, and, without the least noise, they threw the dead bodies into the sea.

THE WORK OF DEATH.

This plan was next to kill the Captain, and Jones and Anderson, the mutineers, who had been in the secret prepared his sleeping man's deg was keeping watch for his death, while the brother was preparing his fate. They stealth, animal, made them too fearful to proceed, and they proceeded to the cabin. Fielding, in the same geometry alterely, they proceeded aft, and called up the captain, and, as soon as he was awakened, he was in position he received a blow with hammer which caused him to fall to the ground, and then they seized his hands over his mouth, and two others drew his overboard. The contest with the ship's dog was desperate, and he was bolted out "Shoot!" This became the accidental cause of the discovery of the mutiny on deck. The dog evading man's crying "Murder," Fielding, then near the entrance of the cabin, was shot down by the lock-out, "Who is there?" when Captain M'Kenzie, with the benevolent intent of ascertaining the cause of the noise on the deck and no sooner had he got there than he was attacked with an axe, and, in the blow, he received, and not take effect, and the assailed man grappled with the man who had struck him, and, in the struggle, he received some distance from the cabin, where he was seized by, and, in the struggle, he received a blow on the head, and, in the blow, he received a blow on the head, and, in the blow, he received a blow on the head, and, in the blow

and he would get rid of Carr and Galloway when they got near the land, by giving them a dose of poison, and alleged that they must have the *ague* still further introduced. This John said did not approve of, and mentioned it to his comrades, which occasioned them all to feel exceedingly uneasy. The conspirators were incensed by their accidentally discovering that he had secreted two home-pistols, and ammunition, and a large carving-knife. This they immediately taxed him with, but he denied having any thing about them, and in a coarse manner intimated to said that he would shortly blow their brains out, if ever leaving the cabin proved only what they intended. They, however, took hold of him in strong manner, and by gouging the eyes kept him: and on threatening to shoot him, they signified to him, that unanimously came to the determination to do it, and put his body and face, and, unbeknown to any, the young boy, who had taken no part in the transaction, was laid also. In this state they proceeded to the cabin floor all night.

The next morning the man, it would appear, was liberated, for he was observed found on the forward part of the ship. As for the master Fielding mentioned, he had his foot mutilated, and was brought on deck, and made to hear the sentence of condemnation what was to be done with him, the result of which consultation was that they should kill him overboard, and that was accordingly done; and Carr and Galloway were unable to assist in doing it. The poor little boy was forwarded to the land, and notwithstanding his piteous prayers for mercy and his screams of affright, he was thrown into the sea.

We have had to omit many incidents in these hurried details, but we believe the foregoing will be found a faithful and accurate outline.

THE LAST LETTER OF CAPTAIN BURR TO HIS DAUGHTER.

As every thing connected with this mysterious and bloody affair must prove to be of public interest, we epitomize a letter from the last letter of Captain Burr, in which he speaks of William Johnson as a helmsman, written to his wife, from Cape Lopez, previous to the departure of the *St. J. Johnson* on her ill-fated voyage:

"The man William Johnson, who lives in New York, is a young man. He acted the most manly part I could wish when we were at Bonpart, without telling, while I was ashore. He is good hand; can turn his hand to any most any thing. He is a ship-carpenter, he says, and has got a set of tools. He shipped himself as a boatsman, but only is not a very good helmsman to steer the ship when blowing hard. He understands navigation, and is well enough other ways. It requires a man that has been very much used to sailing a ship to keep the vessel to steer foot. We either get in company with vessels that are smart, and have a good helmsman, or we are in equinox my skill more. Smith is a good boatsman; also by the way, I don't think Smith is quite a man to be relied upon; write the first chance after we get to Virginia. Should we have a safe passage we are going to Pinchinda to see if we can get a load there. Trial is about five miles short of Quillimane, Brazil, Africa, and we know where little. I have nothing more at present. Would like to see you very much.

"Your affectionate husband and

"GEORGE H. BURR."

THE JAPANESE TAKE LEAVE.

Our Japanese visitors have at length been lions of President Buchanan, and so on their way North. At the last concert given before the President's door-mat, quite unknown, the following words of farewell were sung by Dr. Dudgeon, in Dutch, to Mr. Portman, and repeated by Mr. Portman to the President:

"The exchange of the ratification of the treaty between both powers, and the day of our departure having arrived, we have come to take leave of your Excellency, and to wish you continued health and prosperity, and to be allowed to-day to assure your Excellency our heartfelt thanks for your kindness and friendship shown us. Of all men, we have to-day been the happiest, as full success will be attained by us our journey to the Tycoon, which will be greatly pleasing to us, and who will also, we hope, be satisfied with our mission, and thereby cause a happy and friendly intercourse to be happily established between the two countries.

The President replied thus:

"The arrival of three distinguished Commissioners from the Tycoon of Japan, is a prodigious and a great event in my administration. It is a blessed event when both will unite two nations together in the bond of friendship throughout all time. The members of the Commissioners have met with entire approbation and their behaviour could not be better, and I hope the Commissioners may report to their sovereign that we have established the friendship of the Government of United States, and that the Government of the Sovereign of Japan is a friend of peace and commerce—a letter from under my hand—to the Tycoon, stating my friendship for the nation in which they have performed their business; and my friendship for letter will be placed in their hands before their departure.

"It is a very agreeable one to me, that the member of your residence in the United States, and a safe and happy return to your own country, under the flag of the American Union."

"I have, myself, to present to each of the Commissioners a gold medal, struck at the Mint, in commemoration of their arrival and services in this country.

"They have been several presents received for the Imperial Majesty the Tycoon, which will be sent to your lodgings in the course of the day."

THE GOLD MEDALS.

The gold medals spoken of were then delivered to the Ambassadors. They were inclosed in red morocco boxes, which all bore this same inscription—"Presented by the President of the United States to the Embassadors from Japan." The medals were about three inches in diameter, and half an inch thick. Upon one side is the profile bust Mr. Buchanan in high relief; upon the other the following words are engraved.

COMMEMORATION
OF THE
FIRST EMBASSY FROM
JAPAN
TO THE
UNITED STATES,
1860.

Mr. Case then delivered to Naruoss Genosa a set of Audubon's works, inclosed in a morocco box, and addressed "To his Majesty the Tycoon of Japan," remarking that what he had said had been sent by the Government to the Queen of England, and by her received with gratification.

It mentioned that other presents of books and machinery, including a locomotive and tender, were intended for the Tycoon and some for the Commissioners themselves, as a token of sympathy, and that they were ready to put in their keeping. Last of all, he produced twenty silver and fifty bronze medals, and in the medal on those given by the President to the three Princes, which he explained were intended for the officers and servants of the Embassy, to be distributed on the superior medal details.

FIRE-WORKS EXPLOSION.

The pyrotechnic establishment of the Messrs. Hadfield, situated in East Williamsburgh, Newtown, Queens County, L. I., was blown up on June 8th. Two men, Charles Hadfield, one of the proprietors, and an ... Jacob Craig, were instantly killed. Mr. ... Craig, the proprietors, and a man ... Wycoulsell, and about ... men, seven of ... men, seven of ... men, seven of

ge 378.]

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CENTRAL PARK.

On pages 376 and 377 we present to our readers a fine view of the Park, which is now, and will be more and more, the chief pride and best comfort of all New York. It is already the resort of thousands of citizens, and a place which no stranger visiting the city will henceforth fail to see. Year by year new improvements are being made—new provisions for the comfort and pleasure of visitors. Of course the Park itself is the best feature of the place. Its design, by Mr. Olmsted, the superintendent, or architect-in-chief, whose singular ability and fitness for his position, are made daily more apparent, has recently made some suggestions in which we are all interested. Last year, during a rapid foreign tour for the recovery of his health, he saw with a wise eye the famous Continental parks, and he observed that in all of them proper provisions was made for eating and drinking.

It is clear enough that the Central Park is to be "the country," and the only "country" which many of our citizens will see during the summer. Mothers will go there with their families to pass the day, and already, before Mr. Olmsted's return, the great park-keepers have in the habit of coming to the Park bringing with them baskets of provisions. He proposes the erection of a cottage, or pavilion, or lodge-house, or hall, or restaurant, or whatever name may be most suitable, in which there shall be rooms of every kind and for every purpose—including, dining, smoking, dressing, bathing—rooms for the sale of newspapers, magazines, and other garden literature, surrounding which shall be a space of turf covered with tables under trees for the purposes of a café in the pleasant weather. Some other original hint he suggests the keeping of a few cows, as in St. James's Park in London, to furnish fresh milk.

Then for the sale of refreshments and beverages; some to ply from point to point like omnibuses, others to be upon call, with established rates of fare. And for the conveyance of baskets, strong, and convenient, to be drawn by one horse and to carry two or four persons; the boats and carriages to be served by the Park, and subject to the immediate supervision of its officers.

These suggestions are full of good sense, for they tend to make the Park available in every way for every body. They are entirely consonant with the spirit of the enterprise, and will, beyond doubt, be effectively adopted.

As the spectator stands upon a chiseled crag at the entrance to the lake he looks upon a wild valley, stream and lawn, of the great Central Park—The Ramble—he is reminded of the charming story in Lu" Anthony Rudge," where the wandering Irvine, entranced by the loveliness of the lake with the enchanted isles, reflectively inquires "If such magnificence can exist in the above vicinity of the great city and the inhabitants thereof remain in ignorance of its delights and splendor?"

What scene in the Eastern or Western world could chisel fine ground rock into such rugged graceful beauty, or compel the drooping softness of its breathing foliage?

See how that flinty mountain, horrent with massive crags and festooned with climbing forests, lifts its rebuked head into the warm mirror at its base, wrinkled by the rush of the foaming cataract! And how the smiling lake stands round that unsoiled wilderness and that tangled forest of mighty dwarfishness! What heathy cliffs and tumbling torrents lie beyond! Beneath that silver fountain the fascinating but lost spirit of the waters, Undine, might discover herself to her Christian husband, the gallant knight Huldbrand!

What awful solitudes and mystic fastnesses are mimicked there! Rip Van Winkle might dozz away a lifetime in those dreamy woods, or encounter gnomes might revel in their grim recesses. There they are gathered on the emerald sward beyond—the flowery parlor of this magic region—revelling in the gusts of that fairy music which floats through the enchanted atmosphere, the very Sylvi of its necromancy! The tumbling stream echoes from forest, fringing the golden waters beyond, and wimples by that fairy town, standing like the spectral giant of the Hartz mountains on the sunset peaks around it; the whispering melody glides along the unscathed dewy distances which hem the "mighty Hudson," until it expires in the purple remoteness of the heights of Harlem and the pearly-painted summits of hills beyond. It is a truly beautiful scene, wondrous in its delicate detail and splendid spread of glade and leafy woodland—a sylvan mirror, in which dwarfs and waves of romantic loveliness and dripping fountains of clearest crystal—a worthy jewel in the crown of the Queen of the Atlantic.

A STORY OF NIAGARA.

"Frost that rock a man was precipitated by his brother. He went over the falls, Sir."

It sounded terrible, with the thunder of cataract in our ears. "Was it never found the story?" I said.

"Very few have, but it's true for all that; and I know the particulars perhaps better than any man living. I heard them from the murderer himself, I tell you."

"He was a lunatic in Asylum, in New York, of which, as you know, I am head physician. I'll tell you all about it over a hot brandy-toddy at the International when you have had enough of this drenching. Shall we go?"

I agreed; and twenty minutes afterward, in the room which we jolly occupied, beside a cheery wood fire, rendered doubly acceptable by the hour and the dampness of the season, the stormy night vanished, the voice of the cataract forming an appropriate accompaniment to the narrative, the stimulant alluded to by the Doctor, and the sedative of a pipe of Havana, he imparted to me the particulars forming the ground-work of the following story:

There were resident in the city of New York two brothers, of wealthy family and Puritan ancestry, whom I shall designate by their biblical names of Mark and Silas, the first the elder-born. They had left their native State of Connecticut, where they had been brought up in retirement and comparative seclusion, when nearly arrived at manhood, to assume positions in the rich mercantile house of their maternal uncle, with the expectation of ultimately succeeding him in the control of it, for he was a bachelor and childless, and proved his intention by adopting the two boys. Probably nothing less would have induced their parents to part with them. They were, as said, wealthy, and of old New England stock; and their creed, one of the severest ever adopted by mortals, made them averse to exposing their sons to the pleasant temptations which lay outside the bounds of parental restraint. This reason had kept the young men from business until Mark was twenty, Silas eighteen.

Two brothers possessing a general resemblance in physiognomy and in character, yet differing so radically different in its essential components, could scarcely be imagined. Both fair-haired and gray-eyed, resembling in spite of the regularity of feature commonly observable in American faces, the elder was, in disposition as in appearance, the sunlight of every, calculating the affectionate good-nature; the younger, of sky, serious, almost feminine delicacy and sensitiveness. This complexion of character was in some measure by the peculiar training to which they had been subjected.

It was severely repressive and rigorously Puritan. Descended from that ancestry which is the pennifer of New England history; which has delivered and kept up, in spite of the levity and irreg

succeeded the keen anguish attendant on the wreck of her hopes, and she inclined, at first pityingly and then tenderly, to the brother who seemed to mourn him so, whose affection for her appeared to grow up out of his grave. For he loved her still with a guilty, morbid passion, craving possession of that which he had lost him.

His uncle's decease by apoplexy, while it increased the sympathy of his Louisiana friends, made him a wealthy man. Her father favored his suit, and by early summer she returned to New York his accepted wife. If the accepted wife from a tender regard rather than any warmer feeling, she gave him all the affection she had to bestow, and in time came to love him dearly. Graver in aspect, exquisitely kind and considerate to all about her, her nature ennobled and purified by trial, her energy passed into prominence as new duties and responsibilities opened upon her. She was all unconscious of the terrible tragedy in progress at her side.

Men thought her husband of singularly sombre, unhappy disposition that apparently possessed of all that is desirable in life, his consciousness and behavior should indicate so little appreciation of it. He was proprietor in Tennessee, honored and respected by his fellows, blessed with a fair and good woman to wife and obedient children, he had seemingly nothing to wish that his hopeless but the reflection of a calamitous accident which the lapse of years might be supposed to have eradicated; yet no one could have looked in his face and envied him. It was never cheerful, even when turned to those he loved most. For a tremendous retribution was gathering slowly upon him like a great and ever-increasing darkness—a darkness in which the light of reason waned and sank, and finally went out in utter ruin and horror. The terrible crisis, imperfectly derived from his subsequent ravings, can here be only briefly indicated.

It began in madness, ending in crime. The mental excitement and reaction of feeling succeeding the murder had prepared the way for the revery came remorse, affording him no rest or repission. He thought of the dead, in all its particulars of time and circumstance, with a morbid misery impossible to be shaken off or lightened. If the body of his drowned brother had been continually before his eyes—bearing the marks of his fatal wales, interpreting its ghastly presence at his board, laying its drenched face on his pillow, and staring at him from the dark corner of his bed at the night with that piteous, appealing look he remembered so well, he could not have been more constantly haunted by it than he was now troubled by the irrevocableness of the past. *It seemed of all things horrible that there should be no possibility of undoing what was done.*

Neither the cares of business nor the affection of his wife and children could divert him from more than temporary oblivion. At times he distracted their notice, and made wretched attempts at the appearance of cheerfulness, which only deepened his unspeakable and habitual gloom. During the first years of their union she attributed it to grief at his brother's loss, and strove to comfort him by his sympathy and tenderness. But as time elapsed without effecting any mitigation of his misery, her health and spirits suffered. She began to fear for his sanity.

If he had been of coarser organization he might have rushed into dissipation, but his nature revolted from gross indulgence, and it was rendered sublimely morbid and sensitive by guilt. Then, too, he had his children. That was why he hid his secret. The fear of losing her—though her presence never gave him a tranquil moment—affected him with more terror than the thought of the shameful death to which the confession of his crime might have exposed him. This withheld him also from the alternative of suicide—this, and a conviction that death would separate them forever; for he had no hope that he should succeed beneath the tremendous assaults of conscience, and he had returned to his *first fear*. He believed himself doomed.

How dreadfully that idea took possession of him, to the exclusion of what little hope had lurked latent within him, the narrative hereafter will receive but not depict. Hour after hour, day after day, and night after night he pondered on it, always starting with a conviction of his being his inevitable destiny. His remorse, he thought, was not repentance: that involved confession and the acceptation of punishment, which he could not bring himself to undergo. So there remained for him, in the records of Scripture, nothing but "a fearful looking forward to judgment." His brother would confront him at the Great Day; she would know all then, and be caught up into heaven; and he would go away into torment. No hope, no forgiveness through all eternity!

Thus his gloomy fancies culminated. He stood by the bedside of his dying father with no other thought than that he would shudderingly consign the fearful tidings to a deserved perdition to be aware of his crime. He heard of his mother's death without a tear. In his home, on the mart, at church, his isolation was complete and dreadful. He was tempted to proclaim his guilt aloud in crowded places, to run to a shrieking avoidance of his kind, even of his wife and children. One of the latter resembled his murdered uncle in countenance and manner. His heart was afraid of the boy; he would watch him secretly, slinking away when noticed. He almost dreaded that the child's face or words would indicate some preternatural knowledge of the deed.

Presently he began to mistake the fancies of his guilt-oppressed brain for realities. He would sit staring at the door as if he expected *something* to enter; would suppose he heard his brother's voice calling to him. Did he, at this time, impelled by [illegible] fascination, make a journey in the [illegible] scene of his crime? His [illegible] much, and he was [illegible] on a supposed [illegible] tragedy [illegible] and knew no more.

One night in mid-summer, when the rain beat heavily on the roof and the thunder rolled and crashed overhead, in overwhelming apprehension of the impending end of the world he told her all. The next he was a hopeless lunatic in — Asylum. There he survived ten years, suffering her, at once the cause and victim of a crime of which his children are to this hour ignorant.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

V.

THE story of my first inquiries in Hampshire is soon told.

My early departure from London enabled me to reach Mr. Dawson's house in the forenoon. Our interview, so far as the object of my visit was concerned, led to no satisfactory result. Mr. Dawson's housekeeper showed where he had resumed his attendance on Miss Halcombe at Blackwater Park; but it was not possible to calculate back from that date with any exactness, without such help from Mrs. Michelson as I knew she was willing to afford. She could not say from memory (why, the reader knows, eleven P) how many days had elapsed between the arrival of the Lady Glyde's attendant at the house and the previous departure of Lady Glyde. She was almost certain of having mentioned the circumstance of the departure to Mr. Hawkins on the day after it happened—but then she was no more able to fix the date of the day on which the conference took place than to fix the date of the day before, when Lady Glyde had left for London. Neither could she calculate, with any nearer approach to exactness, the time that had passed from the departure of her mistress to the period when the undated letter from Madame Fosco arrived. Her life, as if in compliance the series of difficulties, the Doctor himself, having been ill at the time, had omitted to make his usual entry of the visit in his journal, when the gardener from Blackwater Park had called on him to deliver Mrs. Michelson's message.

Hopeless of obtaining assistance from Mr. Dawson, I proceeded to my next object, to establish the date of Sir Percival's arrival at Knowlesbury. It seemed like a fatality! When I reached Knowlesbury, I found that my letters and bills were posted on the walls. The speculation had been a bad one, as I was informed, ever since the Great Exhibition, and the new hotel at the station had gradually absorbed the business; and the old inn (which we knew to be the inn at which Sir Percival had slept) had been closed about two months since. The proprietor had left the town with all his goods and chattels, and was not to be traced. I could not positively ascertain from any one. The four people of whom I inquired gave me four different accounts of his place of residence when he left Knowlesbury.

There were still some hours to spare before the last train left for London; and I drove back again in a fly from the Knowlesbury station to Blackwater Park, to question the people concerning the gardener and the person who kept the lodge. If they, too, proved unable to assist me, I determined to wait for the present were at an end, I might return to town.

I dismissed the fly a mile distant from the park, and, getting the footman, who was the driver, proceeded by myself to the house. As I turned into the lane from the high road I saw a man with a carpet-bag and knapsack on his shoulder, on the way to the lodge. He was a little man, dressed in shabby black, and wearing a remarkably large hat. I felt a little curious (for so far as possible this was to judge) for a lawyer's clerk, and stepped at once to widen the distance between us. He took no notice of me, but walked on out of sight without looking back. When I reached Blackwater Park, I found, a little while afterward, he was not visible—he had evidently gone on to the house.

There were two women in the lodge. One of them was old; the other I knew at once, by Marian's description of her, to be Margaret Porcher. I asked first if Sir Percival was at the Park; and receiving a reply in the negative, inquired next when he had left it. Neither of the women could tell me more than that he had gone away in the summer. I could extract nothing from Margaret Porcher but vacant smiles and shaking of the head. The old woman was a little more intelligent, and I managed to lead her into speaking of the manner of Sir Percival's departure, and of the alarm that it caused her. She remembered her master calling her out of bed, and ordering her to get his breakfast by swearing; but the date at which the occurrence happened was, as she honestly acknowledged, "quite beyond her."

On leaving the lodge I saw the gardener at work not far off. When I first addressed him he looked at me rather disturbedly; but on my using Mrs. Michelson's name, with a civil reference to himself, he entered into conversation readily enough. There he was not to be shaken what passed between us; it ended, as all my other attempts to discover the date had ended. The gardener knew that his master had driven away, at night, "some time in July, the last fortnight or the last ten days in the month"—and knew no more.

While we were speaking together I saw the man in black, with the large hat, come out from the house and stand at some little distance observing us.

Certain suspicions of his errand at Blackwater Park had already crossed my mind. They were now confirmed by the gardener's bidding (or unwillingness) to tell me who the man was; and I determined to clear the way before me, if possible, by speaking to him. The plausible question I could put, as a stranger, would be to inquire if the house was ready for the reception of visitors. I walked up to the man at once, and accosted him in those words.

His bold and manner unmistakably betrayed that he knew who I was, and that he wanted to irritate me into quarreling with him. His reply was insolent enough to have answered the purpose, if I had been less determined to control myself. As it was, I met him with the most respectable politeness; apologized for my unwarrantable intrusion (which he called a "trespass"), and left the grounds. It was exactly as I suspected. The resources of the office, when I left Mr. Kyrle's office, had been evidently communicated to Sir Percival Glyde, and the man in black had been sent to the Park, in anticipation of my making inquiries at the house or in the neighborhood. If I had given him the least chance of lodging any sort of legal complaint against me, the interference of the local magistrate would no doubt have immediately put a second, or a dozen, proceedings, and a means of separating me from Marian and Laura for some days at least.

I was greatly disturbed on my way back from Blackwater Park to the station, exactly as I had been watched in London the day before. But if I had given any clue to my object, I should have never found out since, whether I was really followed on this occasion or not. The man in black might have been sent on a mere idle or malicious spy of which I was not aware; but I certainly saw nothing of him, in his own person, either on the way to the station, or afterward on my arrival at the London terminus in the evening. I reached Mortlake on foot, taking the precaution before I approached our house, of walking round by the lonelies street in the neighborhood, and looking back and looking back more than once over the open space behind me. I had first learned to use this stratagem against suspected creatures of the wilds of Central America—and now I was practicing it again, with the same purpose and with even greater caution, in the heart of busy London!

Nothing had happened to alarm Marian during my absence. She asked eagerly what success I had had in Hampshire. I told her, she could not conceal her surprise at the indifference with which I spoke of the failure of my investigations at home.

The truth was that the ill success of my inquiries had in no sense daunted me. I had pursued them in the path of duty, and I had expected nothing from them. In the state of my mind at that time, it was almost a relief to me to know that the struggle was now narrowed to a trial of strength between myself and Sir Percival Glyde. The uncertainties which had misgled itself all along with my other and better motives; and I confess it was a satisfaction to me to feel that the same way—the only way left—of serving Laura's cause was to fasten my hold firmly on the villain who had married her. I acknowledge that I felt more and strange enough to keep my motives above the reach of this instinct of revenge. But I can honestly say that no hope entered into the future relations of Laura and myself, and on the private and personal connections which I might force from Sir Percival if I once had him at my mercy, ever entered my mind. I never said to myself, that I do confess, it shall be one result of my success that I put it out of his power ever to take her from me again." I could not look at her and think of the future with such thoughts as those. The sad sight of the change in her from her former self made the one interest of my life as unselfish and disinterested as compassion, which her father or her brother might have felt, and which I felt, God knows, in my inmost heart. All my hopes looked no farther on now than to the day of her recovery. There, till she was strong again and happy again—there, till she could look at me as she had once looked, and speak to me as she had once spoken—the future of my happiest thoughts and my dearest wishes ended.

These words are written under no prompting of idle sentimentalism. Passage in this narrative are soon to come which will set the minds of others in judgment on my conduct. It is right that the latter should be aware of me should be fairly balanced before that time.

On the morning after my return from Hampshire I took Marian up stairs into my workingroom, and there laid before her the plan that I had matured during my journey, as the most suitable point in the life of Sir Percival Glyde.

The way to the Secret lay through the mystery, hitherto impenetrable, of the fate of the Woman in White. The approach to that, in turn, might be gained by obtaining the assistance of Anne Catherick's mother; and the only ascertainable means of prevailing on Mrs. Catherick to do so lay in the secret, upon which depended on the chance of my discovering local particulars and family particulars, first of all, from Mrs. Clements. I had thought the subject over carefully, and I felt certain that the new inquiries could only begin, to any purpose, by my placing myself in communication with the faithful friend and protectress of Anne Catherick.

The first difficulty, then, was to find Mrs. Clements.

I was indebted to Marian's quick perception for meeting this necessity at once by the best and simplest means. She proposed to write to the farm near Limmeridge (Todd's Corner), to inquire whether Mrs. Clements had communicated with Mrs. Todd during the past few months. How Mrs. Clements had been separated from Anne it was impossible for us to say; but that separation once effected, it would certainly occur to Mrs. Clements to inquire after the missing woman in the neighborhood of all places to which she was known to be most attached—the neighborhood of Limmeridge. I saw directly that Marian's proposal offered us a prompt and safe way, and she wrote to Mrs. Todd accordingly by that day's post.

We were waiting for the reply I made myself master of all the information Marian could afford on the subject of Sir Percival's family, and of his early life. She could only speak on these topics from hearsay, but she was reasonably certain of the truth of what little she had to tell.

Sir Percival was an only child. His father, Sir Felix Glyde, had suffered, from his birth, under a painful and incurable deformity, and had shunned all society from his earliest years. His sole happiness was in the enjoyment of wealth, and he had married a lady with tastes similar to his own, who was said to be a most accomplished musician. He inherited the deformity of his father's family, and a strong mind. Neither he nor his wife, after taking possession, made advances of any sort toward the society of the neighborhood, and no one endeavored to tempt them into abandoning their reserve, with the slow dissensions exception of the rector of the parish.

The rector was the worst of all innocent misinterpreters of other persons minds. He had heard that Sir Felix had left College with the character of being little better than a revolutionist in politics and an infidel in religion; and he arrived consistently at the conclusion that it was his bounden duty to summon the lord of the manor to the assistance of Christianity in the parish church. Sir Felix fiercely resented the clergyman's well-meant but ill-directed interference, by bringing him so grossly and so publicly that the families in the neighborhood sent letters of indignant remonstrance to the Park; and the remarks on the Baronet's deformity were expressed their opinion as strongly as they dared. The baronet, who had no country tastes of any kind, and no attachment to the estate or to any one living on it, declared that society at Blackwater Park should never have a second chance of annoying him, and left the place from that moment. After a short residence in London he and his wife departed for the Continent, and never returned to England again. They lived part of the time in France and part in Germany—always keeping themselves to the strict retirement which the morbid sense of his own personal deformity had made a necessity to Sir Felix. Their only child, Percival, died a few years after her, either in 1820 or 1830. Sir Percival had been in England, as a young man, once or twice before that period; but his acquaintance with the late Mr. Fairlie did not begin till after the time of his father's death. They were between intimate, although Sir Percival was seldom, or never, at Limmeridge House in these days. Mr. Frederick Fairlie might have met him once or twice in Mr. Philip Fairlie's company, but he could have known little of him at that period of their time. Sir Percival was intimate friend in the Fairlie family had been Laura's father.

These were all the particulars that I could gain from Marian. They suggested nothing which was useful to my present purpose; but I noted them down carefully, in the event of their proving to be of importance at any future period.

Mrs. Todd's reply (addressed, by our own wish, to a post-office at some distance from us) had arrived at its destination when I went to reply for it. The chances, which had been all against us hitherto, turned, from this moment, in our favor. Mrs. Todd's letter contained the first item of information of which we were in search.

Mrs. Clements, it appeared, had (as we had conjectured) written to Todd's Corner, asking pardon, in the first place, for the abrupt manner in which she had left the farm, and then inquiring of the farm-house (on the morning after I had met the Woman in White in Limmeridge churchyard) and inquiring Mrs. Todd of Anne's disappearance, and entreating that she would cause inquiries to be made in the neighborhood, as the chance that Anne might have been strayed back to Limmeridge. In making this request Mrs. Clements had been careful to add to the address at which she might always be heard of, and that address Mrs. Todd now immediately obtained. It was Blackwater, and within half an hour's walk of our own lodging.

In the words of the proverb, I was resolved not to let the grass grow under my feet. The next morning I set forth to seek an interview with Mrs. Clements. This was my first step towards the investigation, which, in spite of the desperate attempt to which I now stood committed begins here.

VI.

The address communicated by Mrs. Todd took me to a lodging-house situated in a respectable street near the Gray's Inn Road.

When I knocked the door was opened by Mrs. Clements herself. She did not appear to remember me, and asked what my business was. I recalled to her our meeting in Limmeridge church-yard, at the close of my interview there with the Woman in White, taking special care to remind her that I was the person who assisted

Anne Catherick (as Anne had herself declared) to escape the pursuit from the Asylum. This was my only claim to the confidence of Mrs. Clements. She remembered the circumstance the moment I spoke of it, and asked me into the parlor in the greatest anxiety to know if I had brought her any news of Anne.

It was impossible for me to tell her the whole truth without at the same time entering into particulars on the subject of the conspiracy, which it would have been dangerous even to a stranger. I could only abstain most carefully from raising any false hopes, and then explain that the object of my visit was to discover the persons who were really responsible for Anne's disappearance. I even added, so as to exonerate myself from any charge of cruelty of my own conscience, that I entertained not the least hope of being able to trace her; that I believed we should never see her alive again; and that my main interest in the affair was to bring to punishment two men whom I suspected to be concerned in luring her away, and as whose hands I and some dear friends of mine had suffered a grievous wrong. With this explanation I left it to Mrs. Clements to say whether an interest in the matter (whatever difference there might be in the motives which actuated us) was not the same; and whether she felt any reluctance to forward my object by giving me such information as the subject of my inquiries no she happened to possess.

The poor woman was at first too much confused and agitated to understand thoroughly what I said to her. She could only reply that I was welcome to any thing she could tell me in return for the kindness I had shown to Anne. But as she was not very quick and ready, at the best of times, in talking to strangers, she would beg me to put her in the right way, and to say where I wished her to begin. Knowing by experience that the plainest narrative attainable from persons who are not accustomed to arrange their ideas in the narrative which goes far enough back at the beginning to avoid all impediments of retrospection in its course, I asked Mrs. Clements to tell me first what had happened after she had left Limmeridge; and so, by watchful questioning, carried her on from point to point till we reached the period of Anne's disappearance.

The substance of the information which I thus obtained was as follows:

On leaving the farm at Todd's Corner Mrs. Clements and Anne had traveled that day as far as Derby, and had remained there a week on Anne's account. They had then gone on to London, and had lived in the lodging occupied by Mrs. Clements at that time for a month or more, when circumstances connected with the house and the landlord had obliged them to change their quarters. Anne's terror of being discovered in London or its neighborhood, wherever they ventured to walk out, had gradually communicated itself to Mrs. Clements, and she had determined on removing to one of the most out-of-the-way places in England, to the town of Grimsby in Lincolnshire, where her deceased husband had passed all his early life. His relatives were respectable people settled in the town, they had always treated Mrs. Clements with great kindness; and she thought it impossible to do better than go there and take the advice of her husband's friends. Anne would not hear of returning to her mother at Welmingham, because she had been removed to the Asylum from that place, and because Sir Percival would be certain to go back there and find her again. There was serious weight in this objection, and Mrs. Clements felt that it was not to be easily removed.

At Grimsby the first serious symptoms of illness had shown themselves in Anne. They appeared on the second day after the news of Lady Glyde's marriage had been made public in the newspapers, and had reached her through that medium.

The medical man who was sent for to attend to her was shown discovered at once that she was suffering from a serious affection of the heart. The illness lasted long, left her very weak, and returned at intervals, though with mitigated severity, again and again. They remained at Grimsby in consequence all through the first half of the year; and then they might probably have staid much longer but for the sudden resolution which Anne took at this time to venture back to Hampshire for the purpose of obtaining a private interview with Lady Glyde.

Mrs. Clements did all in her power to oppose the execution of this most unnecessary and idle project. No explanation of her motives was offered by Anne, except that she believed the day of her death was not far off, and that she had something on her mind which must be communicated to Lady Glyde, at any risk, in secret. Her resolution to accomplish this purpose was so firmly settled that she declared her intention of going to Hampshire by herself if Mrs. Clements felt any unwillingness to go with her. The doctor, on being consulted, was of opinion that nothing was opposition to her wishes would, in all probability, produce another and perhaps a fatal fit of illness; and Mrs. Clements, under this alternative, yielded at necessity when they came to her, with sad forebodings of trouble and danger to come, allowed Anne Catherick to have her way.

On the journey from London to Hampshire Mrs. Clements discovered that one of their fellow-passengers was well acquainted with the neighborhood of Blackwater, and could give her all the information she needed on the subject of localities. In this way she found out that the only place they could go to which was not dangerously near to Anne's residence was a large village called Sandon. The distance here from Blackwater Park was between three and four miles; and Mrs. Clements came back again Anne had walked on each occasion when she had appeared in the neighborhood of the lake.

For the few days during which they were at Sandon without being discovered they had lived a little away from the village in a cottage of a decent widow woman who had a bedroom to let, and whose discreet silence Mrs. Clements had taken the best to secure for the first week at least. She had also tried hard to induce Anne to be content with writing to Lady Glyde in the first instance, on the subject of the warning contained in the anonymous letter sent to Limmeridge and made Anne resolute to speak this time, and nothing short of her resolution to go on her errand alone.

Mrs. Clements nevertheless followed her privately on each occasion when she went to the lake, without, however, venturing near enough to the house to be recognized by any one in place there. When Anne returned for the last time from the dangerous neighborhood, the fatigue of walking, day after day, in weather which were far too great for her strength, added to the exhausting effect of the agitation from which she had suffered during the time at which Mrs. Clements had dreaded all along. The old pain over the heart and the other symptoms of illness had returned upon her, and Anne was confined to her bed in the cottage.

In this emergency the first necessity, as Mrs. Clements knew by experience, was to endeavor to quiet Anne's anxiety at the end of which purpose the good woman went herself the next day to the lake to try if she could find Lady Glyde (who would be sure, she said, to be in her daily walk to the boat-house), and prevail on her to come back privately to the cottage.

Next Sunday morning, after reaching the outskirts of the plantations Mrs. Clements encountered not Lady Glyde, but a tall, stout, elderly gentleman with a book in his hand—in other words, Count Fosco.

The Count, after looking at her very attentively for a moment, asked if she expected to see any one in that place; and added, before she could reply, that he was waiting there with a message from Lady Glyde, but that he was not quite certain whether the person then before him answered the description of the person with whom he was desired to communicate. Upon this Mrs. Clements at once confided her errand to him, and entreated that he would help to allay Anne's anxiety by trusting his message to her. The Count most readily and kindly complied with her request. The message, he said, was a most important one. Lady Glyde entreated Anne and her good friend to return immediately to London, as she felt certain that Sir Percival would discover them if they remained any longer in the neighborhood of Blackwater. She was herself going to London in a short time, and if Mrs. Clements and Anne would go there first, and would let her know what their address was, they should hear from her and see her in a fortnight or less. The Count added that he had already attempted to give a friendly warning to Anne herself, but that she had been so much more startled by seeing that he was a stranger to let him approach and speak to her.

To this Mrs. Clements replied in the greatest alarm and distress, that she asked nothing better than to take Anne safely to London; but that Anne was so precisely the opposite of reasonable project. No explanation of her motives was offered by Anne, except that she believed the day of her death was not far off, and that she had something on her mind which must be communicated to Lady Glyde, at any risk, in secret. Her resolution to accomplish this purpose was so firmly settled that she declared her intention of going to Hampshire by herself if Mrs. Clements felt any unwillingness to go with her. The doctor, on being consulted, was of opinion that nothing opposition to her wishes would, in all probability, produce another and perhaps a fatal fit of illness; and Mrs. Clements, under this alternative, yielded at necessity when they came to her, with sad forebodings of trouble and danger to come, allowed Anne Catherick to have her way.

On the journey from London to Hampshire Mrs. Clements discovered that one of their fellow-passengers was well acquainted with the neighborhood of Blackwater, and could give her all the information she needed on the subject of localities. In this way she found out that the only place they could go to which was not dangerously near to Anne's residence was a large village called Sandon. The distance here from Blackwater Park was between three and four miles; and Mrs. Clements came back again Anne had walked on each occasion when she had appeared in the neighborhood of the lake.

For the few days during which they were at Sandon without being discovered they had lived a little away from the village in a cottage of a decent widow woman who had a bedroom to let, and whose discreet silence Mrs. Clements had taken the best to secure for the first week at least. She had also tried hard to induce Anne to be content with writing to Lady Glyde in the first instance, on the subject of the warning contained in the anonymous letter sent to Limmeridge and made Anne resolute to speak this time, and nothing short of her resolution to go on her errand alone.

Mrs. Clements nevertheless followed her privately on each occasion when she went to the lake, without, however, venturing near enough to the house to be recognized by any one in place there. When Anne returned for the last time from the dangerous neighborhood, the fatigue of walking, day after day, in weather which were far too great for her strength, added to the exhausting effect of the agitation from which she had suffered during the time at which Mrs. Clements had dreaded all along. The old pain over the heart and the other symptoms of illness had returned upon her, and Anne was confined to her bed in the cottage.

In this emergency the first necessity, as Mrs. Clements knew by experience, was to endeavor to quiet Anne's anxiety at the end of which purpose the good woman went herself the next day to the lake to try if she could find Lady Glyde (who would be sure, she said, to be in her daily walk to the boat-house), and prevail on her to come back privately to the cottage.

Next Sunday morning, after reaching the outskirts of the plantations Mrs. Clements encountered not Lady Glyde, but a tall, stout, elderly gentleman with a book in his hand—in other words, Count Fosco.

The Count, after looking at her very attentively for a moment, asked if she expected to see any one in that place; and added, before she could reply, that he was waiting there with a message from Lady Glyde, but that he was not quite certain whether the person then before him answered the description of the person with whom he was desired to communicate. Upon this Mrs. Clements at once confided her errand to him, and entreated that he would help to allay Anne's anxiety by trusting his message to her. The Count most readily and kindly complied with her request. The message, he said, was a most important one. Lady Glyde entreated Anne and her good friend to

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A SHARK! A SHARK!

It is rather better than fifteen years since I left Liverpool in the good ship *Wellington*. She was a poor tub of a thing, could neither "run" nor "beat," and the stock of mistress enough to wear you down, and swarmed with cockroaches into the bargain. She was, in short, "a sugar ship" bound to Jamaica.

We had six passengers on board: two young men of the name of Fordyce, going out as bookkeepers; Mrs. Bedford and a daughter just grown up; a young man of the name of Andrews, and myself.

Mrs. Bedford was the wife of a merchant in Kingston; Arthur Andrews was an ensign in the —th, at that time in Jamaica; and I was coming out here as book-keeper at Smiling Valley, where I have been ever since.

Ellen Bedford was a beautiful girl—tall, graceful, and lady-like. It is scarcely necessary to say that we four young men were all charmed with her the first day she made her appearance on deck, which was not till after the gale had subsided. In this she was quite right, I think; no amount of personal charms could stand their ground against the ravages of sea-sickness.

We were all ready to jump down each other's throats a dozen times a day, as to who should sit by her at dinner, at breakfast, at supper; who should accompany her to her walk on deck; who should fetch her work, her book, et cetera, et cetera. We could not all be continually with her, as we each wanted to be; and as for any one being in sight, or rather, what he considered his right, it wasn't thought of: we were all far too selfish for that.

So things went on for nearly a month—Mrs. Bedford always smiling, and civil to all of us. She was so much occupied by the care of her only daughter," she said; especially civil and polite she was to me, and to the two Perkins to Arthur Andrews she scarcely spoke, so little indeed that I quite felt for him sometimes; for he was as attentive to Ellen as we were, and deserved, I thought, quite as much praise from the old lady. He, however, did not seem to feel the neglect in the least. He had what a blind fool I was, to be sure!

We had made a capital passage, considering the old tub we were in, so far; but now the wind failed us altogether, and for six days we never had stern-way on the ship. Round and round on her keel she slowly swung, according to the currents, but never a foot did she forge ahead for six days. Have you ever been becalmed for a week in 6S° W. long., and between 16° and 20° N. lat.?—In short, off the Island of St. Domingo or Hayti? If you have, you can possibly remember how the sun (as all sunrings at defiance; how it beat through everything, and burned up every thing; how the pitch to your feet as you walked the deck, in a of "wet swabs" and buckets of water; how when you took

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"JUMP IN!" I SHOUTED, "JUMP!—A SHARK IS COMING AT YOU!"

long day, "darlnees" was as refreshing to the eyes as ever was draught of water to a thirsty soul.

It was on just such a night as I have faintly and most imperfectly attempted to describe that we were all assembled upon the deck of the *Wildfiretoo*. Mrs. Bedford was knitting: she could knit as well by moonlight as by candle-light, or, for the matter of that, without any light at all, I believe. Her usual smile of content was on her "take it easy" countenance. That term suits so exactly the expression of her placid face that I can not but use it. Ellen was talking and laughing with Robert and James Perkins. Arthur Andrews was leaning over the side, "whistling for a wind;" and I was looking at Ellen under the pleasing delusion that no one saw me. Presently I arose and strolled toward the spot where Andrews was standing, still whistling, apparently with an unoccupied mind and a heart at ease. Arthur Andrews was dark, tall, and handsome; he was also clever and agreeable. To none of these advantages could either of the Perkinses or myself lay the slightest claim. I was not the hard-grained chap in those days that I am now; ran and sorrow have burned and seamed my face since then; but I was never a beauty or a wit: and as to the two Perkinses, they were both of them thick-set, sanguinly fellows, and as stupid as owls—worse, for they were always giggling, which owls are not. It was, therefore, not surprising that at first startling Arthur should have distressed us all hollow. Ellen evidently and unmistakably liked him best: how could she help it? He had it all his own way: we three blockheads still fluttering about her like moths round a candle. It's an old, clumsy-headed simile, I know, but there is no better one invented that I ever heard of.

"What are you looking at, Arthur?" I said.

"Sharks," he replied. "Don't you see them?"

I saw there was something moving in the water close to the side of the vessel, but I could not see what it was: I said so.

"Look more attentively and you will see their fins and tails—there! there! there! can't you see them now?"

His exclamations brought the others to his side, all except Ellen—where was she? Ha! I sought sight of the skirt of her white dress as she disappeared below. My heart beat loud and fast; now was my time, when they were all watching the shark.

I hurried down the companion-ladder; I turned my head as I descended, hoping that I had managed to slip away unperceived. Ellen had gone to her cabin, no doubt; I must wait. Presently I heard her cabin door open, and footsteps approaching; it was too dark to distinguish features, but the figure was enough. She came quite close to me; she was going on deck again.

"Ellen," I whispered.

"Who's there? Is that you, Arthur?" she said, softly.

Oh, fool that I was, not even then to have my eyes opened.

I was preparing to follow her, when a hand was laid on my shoulder. I started violently.

"Who is that?" I cried.

"Gordon," said a voice in my ear which at once I knew was Arthur's, "I have seen your attention to Ellen, and it is only frank to tell you that she is engaged to me. For reasons unnecessary to explain to you, we thought it advisable to keep our [illegible] secret."

"my feelings on this [illegible]d, and all my [illegible] Arthur [illegible] any thing. But his generous spirit had attached me to him, and I felt that he had acted kindly as well as frankly in telling me how matters stood. I felt grateful to explain to him that if I had given him any uneasiness it was unconsciously on my part. The warm grasp of his hand hint me the more to him in true friendship.

I had no heart to go on deck again that night, so I turned in.

Early in the morning Arthur came, and, in his usual frank way, without taking any notice of what had passed the previous night, asked if I would come and have a bathe, as he had got leave to go out in the Captain's gig. Too glad to show that no ill-feeling toward him remained, I said, "All right; I will follow you on deck directly." When I reached the deck, towel in hand, I found Arthur trying to persuade the mate of the watch to let him have the Captain's gig. It seems that though the Captain had told Arthur he might take his gig, he had not spoken to the mate on the subject.

"Captain Parles has given strict orders to the men not to bathe on any account whatever; and right enough too, for the sea is alive with sharks," I heard the mate say.

"Well, well, we won't bathe, then," replied Arthur, impatiently; "but as we are up we might as well have a pull; perhaps we might turn a turtle." Oh! here is Gordon. Banks says we shall be devoured by sharks if we bathe, so we had best stick out up; but it's a splendid morning for a pull—what do you say?"

"I should like a pull, of all things."

"Leave your towels behind you, then," said Banks, who was a 'cute Yorkshireman; "you can turn a turtle without towels, I expect."

Arthur laughed, chucked his towel on to the capstan, and looking over the side and saying, "The oars are in the gig, I see; come along, Gordon," he lowered himself into the boat. I placed my towel alongside of his and followed him; but I could not joke and be merry as he could: I was sick at heart, and I suppose showed it by my countenance; for Banks observed, as he cast off the painter, "I don't think Mr. Gordon seems as fond of turtle-turning as you are, Mr. Andrews; he looks as solemn as a judge passing sentence of death." I don't suppose that remark improved my appearance. I did not speak; neither did Arthur, who was busily employed shipping the tiller, and perhaps did not hear it. "Will you steer, or shall I?" he said, without looking up. "You," I replied; "I never steer straight."

He shoved off from the ship; I drew a pair of sculls out from the bottom of the boat and pulled over the calm, placid surface of the sleeping sea.

We talk of "stillness" on land; but no one can realize the true meaning of the word who has not experienced the stillness of the sea. It was too early for any one to be stirring on board the *Wildfiretoo*: the watch was slumbering on the deck; the mate showed signs of vitality, though not very demonstrative signs; for he was standing motionless by the capstan with our towels in his hand. Only the deep wash of the sea, the sound of my sculls turning in the row-locks and dipping in the water, alone broke the silence which reigned above, beneath, around us. By this time the eastern board was ruddy with the approach of day—ruddy, ay, bloody was the more appropriate term: the whole eastern horizon glowed with a deep, red, sanguine hue, such as I had never seen before. And now the sun rises above the sea-line, blinding me with a flood of golden light.

When we were close to the ship, returning from an hour's pull, in stepping over the "thwart" I stumbled against a loose "stretcher," tried to recover my balance, stumbled still worse, caught my foot in the coils of the "painter," and was pitched head-foremost into the sea, clutching the gun'ale as I went over, and pretty nearly upsetting the boat. When I rose to the surface, and again caught hold of the gun'ale, I saw Arthur in the same predicament as myself, on the other side of the gig.

"A pretty mess you have made of it," he said, as he wiped the salt-water out of his eyes with the back of his hand.

"Come, climb back again while I steady her; as soon as you are in, do the like for me, and I'll follow you."

I soon managed to get back into the boat, Arthur hanging on the other side to keep her on an even keel: that accomplished, I sat upon the starboard gun'ale. "Now, then! in with you," I said; "remember there are sharks in these seas."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when I saw the fin of a shark above the water, not ten yards from the boat. It was not stationary, but darting with terrible swiftness straight at Arthur.

"Jump in!" I shouted, "jump!—a shark is coming at you!"

He raised himself instantly as high out of the water as he could; his body was already on a level with the gun'ale—another moment and he would be safe—but that moment was denied him. I saw his danger, but I could not help him. Had I quitted my place to pull him in, he would have fallen back into the sea, and I must have followed him. On came the shark like a flash of lightning. I saw his white belly, as he turned to seize his victim. I saw his open jaws. I saw his cruel gleaming teeth as he raised his terrible head out of the water. A cry of agony, a look of despair, and Arthur is torn from his hold; I start forward just in time to save myself from falling in on the other side. Never, never shall I forget that last despairing look on he was drawn down beneath the surface, grasping frantically at the air, struggling hard for life, but struggling in vain.

And now a scene was enacted, if possible still more dreadful than that of his death. The sea was suddenly alive with sharks; the water boiled and foamed as they darted hither and thither, fighting for their *food*. At the side of the ship stood Ellen, pale and motionless, while her beloved Arthur was being torn to pieces and devoured before her eyes. True, she could not see the actual tragedy which was going on beneath the waves; but she had beheld him torn from the boat, and the rushing of the ravenous animals to and fro in the enamoured water told its own hideous tale. Pale, motionless, and speechless she stood, till the horrible repast was over, and the sea ceased to be agitated by the fierce cannibals of its deep; then, without a word, or even a groan, she fell as though she were shot. We had all been so horrified and awe-struck by the dreadful scene we were witnessing, that no one had the presence of mind to remove her from the harrowing sight: she saw it all.

She died raving mad before sunset that day.

SHAH NOSHIRWAN, KING OF PERSIA.

In Persia, in olden time, lived a great king,
Whose name was Shah Noshirwan:
'Twas his custom, wherever he heard a good thing,
To say, "Zeh!" and his treasurer then would fling
A purse to the fortunate man.

This king, when out hunting on one fine day,
Saw an aged man planting trees:
He rode up, and said, "With your hair so gray,
Don't you think you are throwing your time away?
You'll never eat fruit from these!"

"For threescore years I have eaten sweet food
From trees that I did not sow;
And would it not be base ingratitude
If I took no thought of posterity's good,
And paid not the debt I owe?"

"Zeh, zeh!" said the king; and the treasurer straight
To the old man a purse hath thrown.
"See, see! for good works it is never too late;
God hath given me fruit without needing to wait,
Before all my trees are sown."

"Zeh, zeh!" once again; ere the word was said,
Another purse flew on its way.
"Till God placed the crown on your Majesty's head,
Was such a strange thing ever heard of, or read,
As to reap two crops in one day?"

"Zeh, zeh!" yet again, and a third full purse
To the old man's hand falls night;
But the king in his heart's think drives his spurs,
Nor waits for more answer in prose or in verse—
Lest the wit of that old man, so prompt, so terse,
Should drain his full treasury dry.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PECULIAR MANNER BY WHICH HE REPAYED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO,

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XX.

BUSINESS.

THE business which Captain Brand alluded to when he was about to partake of breakfast with his friend the Padre, was, in the first instance, to arrange some matters in the way of payment of debts to his compadre, Don Ignacio Sanchez, Commander of the Colonial Guarda Costa felucca *Panchito*.

Accordingly, when he rose from table, and after a whispered dialogue and reports as to the state of affairs in and around the Don and Island from the men at the signal-stations, he summoned Pedillo. When that worthy appeared below the verandah—for he is remembered that Captain Brand never permitted the inferior officials of his band to pollute his apartments, without perhaps, as in the case of his deceased subordinate, Master Gibbs, it was on urgent business—Captain Brand ordered his gig manned.

Pedillo threw up his hand in token of assent, and walked down to the brink of the brink to execute the command. Then, after a few minutes, Captain Brand lit a cigar, dismissed the Padre, put on his fine white Panama straw-hat, unlocked a strong cabinet with a secret drawer, glanced over a paper before him, and making a rapid calculation, he counted up a heavy bag of doubloons and left the house in charge of Barbette. The Captain always told his guests that

"HE CREPT FORWARD ON HANDS AND KNEES, THE BLAZING TORCH LIGHTING UP THE DAMP AND DRIPPING ROCKS."

his fellows had lost love and respect for him that he rarely looked up his property, and never placed a guard at his door. The truth was, that his fellow-smugglers, miscreants, and villains as they were—stood in such fear and dread of their leader that they were glad to keep out of his way. Moreover, he never boasted or made any display before them, living, on shipboard as on shore, by himself, but always ready and eager when the occasion came for action; leaving his crew, too, with the most rigid impartiality, adhering strictly to his promises and compacts with them, and never overlooking an offence.

So Captain Bemol left his dwelling in charge of his dumb housekeeper, Babette, and tripping down the rope ladder from the piazza, in a clean suit of linen, and stout shoes and stockings, his bronze face shaded by his broad-rimmed hat from the sun, and the bag of gold on his arm, he jauntily walked toward the cove.

"Ah! good-morning, my Doctor! Glad to meet you. How are the sick? Doing well, I hope?"

"Quite well, Sir; but I was about to call upon you in relation to the conversation we had last evening, and—"

"Pardon me, Monsieur le Docteur, but I have been very busy this morning, and am now going to see Don Ignacio on matters of importance—here the elegant Pirate took the cigar from his thin lips and held it daintily between his thumb and forefinger in the air—"I am quite ready, Monsieur, I am very sorry to miss your visit. But," he added, with one of his usual smiles, "I shall be at leisure this afternoon, and in the cool of the evening we can take a stroll. What say you?"

The Doctor nodded.

"Apropos, Doctour, suppose we have a little game of matrimony afterward at your quarters? I never permit gaming in mine, you know. The Padre will not object; and I am confident our companion, the Teuro, will be delighted."

"As you please, Captain," replied the medico, with a cold, indifferent air and averted face. "I will join you in the game, if you please, and I be ready to receive you in the evening."

"*Hasta luego, amigo!*" said Captain Brand, as he again made his cigar between his teeth, waved his hand in adieu, and walked to his boat.

"You don't love us, Doctor," thought the Pirate; "I don't fear you, Captain," thought the Doctor.

It was a touch of high art the way this notorious pirate pitched the bag of gold toward his coxswain, crying, "Catch that, Pedillo!" and then the sharp, quick glitch manner in which he turned about the beach and held up his trousers, so that he might not even get his slippers damp. Had that smoker been the cold blood he was not have cared if his feet had been soaked in it. And then, too, the little exclamation of joy when he finally entered into the pinnace and sat down beneath the awning, while he stretched his smooth brown-linen legs out on the cushions. Oh, it was certainly a touch of high painting!

"The old *Centipede* is looking a little rusty after her late cruise, Pedillo!" throwing his head back to evade a curl of smoke, and turning his cold eyes like a rattle of icy ball at the coxswain. "But I am glad Pedro took your place!—puff, puff—that knife-stab prevented you, of course!—puff—" and we shall have her all tight and trig again in a day or two."

"Si, Señor!" said Pedillo, respectfully; "and how goes Señor Gibbs, Capitano?"

"The Capitano rolled his eyes again at the coxswain, and replied, carelessly, "Why, Pedillo, our friend Gibbs came to see me when the *Centipede* anchored, but almost before"—puff—"he had given me an account of his unfortunate cruise he fell down in a fit. The fact is, forever"—puff, puff—"that, what with hard drinking and inflammation which set in on the stump of his lost leg, he has been in a very bad way"—puff—"he is in a dangerous condition indeed, requiring all my old Babette's care and attention"—puff—"but this morning the good Padre went to see him, and he told me a week ago that he left him without fever, and altogether tranquil."

Pedillo's wiry mustaches twirled of themselves.

Meanwhile the boat skimmed lightly over the basin, and as the Captain ceased speaking she ran alongside of the falucca. Don Ignacio, with his bright eyes eye in full burning power, and a cigarito between his wrinkled lips, was on the deck of that vessel to receive his visitor; and as he saw the cocoon-like form emerge from a weighty bag under his arm, his glimmering orb became brighter, if possible—as if it was piercing through the thick canvas of the bag, and counting, ounce by ounce, the contents—and rosting and fretting, if anything, it was grown coldly by the white hand of Captain Brand.

"*Como es vos?* How goes it with my camarado? Stamoch and head all clear after our long dinner of yesterday?"

The companion said that his head was particularly clear that morning, and as for his stomach he had not yet inquired; but if the Capitano had any doubts as to the former proposition, he had better step into cabin and decide for himself. In accordance with this ambiguous invitation the visitor and commander disappeared down a small cuddy to the after part of the falucca, where was a low, stifling hole of a cabin, dimly with stale tobacco smoke, and smelling awfully of rum and roaches. There was a little round table in the middle, and on one side was a single berth, with some dirty bedding, which had not been cleaned, apparently, since the vessel was built. Light was shed from a skylight above.

Captain Brand gave a sniff of disgust as he entered this floating sanctum of Don Ignacio; but without remark seated himself on a canvas stool, and waved a perfumed embroidered kerchief before his nose.

Commander Sanchez, catching the inspiration, merely observed that it was a little cool certainly, and not so specious as the superb cabin of the schooner, and that sometimes, when lying in a calm off the lee side of Cuba, it was bad enough to melt the tail off a brass monkey; but yet it was his duty, and he did not particularly mind it. Hereupon Captain Brand requested Don Ignacio to produce his papers, and they were promptly laid upon the table. For a few minutes the Pirate was engaged in reading his cold eyes over the accounts—making pencil-notes on the margins, and comparing them with a memorandum he took from his pocket; but at last he threw himself back and exclaimed,

"Camarado, the accounts of old Morenno, at the Havana, is correct to a real—three hundred and twelve doubloons and eight hard dollars. Yours, however, is not so. Some few occasions—double commissions charged here and there; all losses on sales charged to me, and all profits credited to you."

Don Ignacio spread out the palms of both his hands toward his companion, as if to exercise such unjust charges from his brain.

"*O si, si, compadre!* It is as I state, and you know it is true; but, nevertheless, a few dozens of cancer more or less will not ruin the base, and, to make short work, I am ready to pay. But," said Captain Brand, laying a hand on the heavy bag of money beside him, "I am quite ready to cancel my debts here at once, and, if you like, I am bound on a long cruise—Heaven only knows where—I would prefer to keep the gold and pay you in something else."

Don Ignacio threw his head back and forked his eye like a parrot on the Captain, waiting to hear further.

"What have I on hand besides gold? Well, there are a few bales of Mexican cochineal and some cases of French silks, which you can have at a fair market value, and, to be all that collection of silver table-service, which you can take by weight; and, besides, lots of rare furniture, which you may take in payment, and all together much more than enough to pay Morenno and you both. What say you, compadre? Is it a bargain? or shall I carry the gold with me, and run the chance of disposing of it on the Spanish Main?"

It was a long time before the greedy old Spaniard could make up his mind whether it would be any gain to him to exchange currency, or take more bulky matter, with the hope of making double the money by the operation. Finally, however, he concluded, from his prudence, and he accepted the last proposition, with the understanding that the articles should be transferred to his dwelling on the morrow.

"Ah!" said Captain Brand, with another sniff of disgust, as he spat on the dirty floor of his cabin, "I am glad to have done with it, for I wouldn't remain another hour in this filthy hole for all the money—you have cheated me out of, you old rascal."

He said the last portion of this sentence to himself, as he emerged from the cuddy.

"But listen, old Don Ignacio!" as they both reseated the deck. "You will give me duplicate receipts on the part of Señor Morenno, so that I can forward one to him from the next port I visit. And, by-the-way, suppose you come on shore this afternoon for a stroll, and in the evening we will have a little game of monte—eh?"

"Cierto! certainly!" returned the commander of the falucca; when Captain Brand, with his bag of gold intact under his arm, got into his boat, and was pulled to the shore.

CHAPTER XXI.

TREASURE.

It was long past noon when the Pirate returned to his island home, and the day was hot, for the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and the tropical sun was pouring down its burning rays until the sand was roasting as in a furnace; the very rocks throwing off a quivering mirage of heated air, and the lagoon almost boiling under the fiery influence. The sailors, with oching heads and peckered mouths, were sleeping in their grass hammocks beneath the sheds; and save the wonderful vigilance of the men at the lookouts and battery, the island was all wrapped in repose. Captain Brand, however, was as cool as a cucumber, and regardless of the heat, and unfastening the boat, took from the curtains of the saloon, and took some active exercise. First, however, he desired his faithful Babette to get out some refreshments and pack the contents of his splendid wardrobe. This operation was performed in the cool apartment of Captain Brand himself, to which he personally lent his aid by stowing away, here and there, his dressing-gowns, trinkets, and treasures—those which had been presented to him by the unfortunate people who had the ill luck to make his acquaintance, and who had been, or in mid-night forays on shore. Then the Captain opened and rummaged cabinets, bureaus, and bookcases—admiring, the while, the skill in truest housekeeper; and turning from that occupation, he had all of his table furniture spread before him, when he after part of the inventory of the value of the silver, and china, and glass. This concluded, Captain Brand desired Babette to furnish him a slight repast; and while he was eating prepared—the Captain taking the precaution to bolt his bandanaline in her hand—he went quietly into his bedroom, and when he came out he bore heavy burdens in his muscular arms, all of which he laid conveniently near the trap in the floor. Then letting the hatch swing softly down, he lowered the heavy articles by the silk ropes, as he had Mentor Gibbs, though not so suddenly; going down himself as nimbly as a rat after them. In the vault beneath, Captain Brand struck a light and set fire to a torch, which blazed out brilliantly, and illumined the dark excavation and passages like day. Going slowly on, with his burden in his arms, by the path by which we met the Padre, he came to the outer door, which opened into the floure in the crag; and after a vigorous push the heavy mass was made, and he passed out. Once outside, he felt his way carefully, stooping under the stagnant pools beneath, and guarding his head from the jagged rocks above; and then, lighting his way over the stones with the greater nimbleness of Don Ricardo, he crept slowly into an aperture on the right. No serpents or venomous reptiles disturbed the Pirate's progress; for though there were plenty of them coiled or crawling near, yet their instinct probably taught them that he was a monster of a more deadly poison than themselves, and whose fangs were sharper, though his tongue did not hiss a note of warning. Captain Brand put down his burden and crept forward on hands and knees, the blazing torch lighting up the damp and dripping rocks, all green and slimy, and the tracks of the snake and lizard. Where the narrow fissure seemed to end by a wall of natural rock, the Pirate rolling aside a heavy stone, and, with the base, and scrambling away the sand, a large copper lock was displayed, in which, after pushing aside the lock, Captain Brand touched a spring, and it opened. Then, exerting all the force of his powerful frame, a massive slab of unknown yielded to the effort, and rose like a vertical door slung by a massive hinge at the top. Placing the huge stone at the entrance, so as to prevent the door falling to its place, the Captain stood the torch within the opening, and went back for his burden; then, with great exertion, and squeezed himself with it into a small excavated, uneven chamber, where he sat down.

"Work," commanded the Pirate with himself, "I but a safe place to lay up a penny for a rainy day! Let me see. These two bags of doubloons are a small one my Gibbs brought me, with those three there of guineas, and those sacks of dollars, make about two thousand pounds. That will make me a nestegg when I retire from the profession and return to Sweet Home, which have forgotten all my boyish folkisy by that time."

Captain Brand alluded to forging his father's name, and other little peccadilloes of a similar nature.

"And I may be elected to Parliament—who knows? It is necessary to have of a risk, perhaps, to leave all this pretty coin here; but then it's a greater risk to carry it in the schooner"—he argued back with himself—"and, then, again, it does not decay pure metal. But," thought Captain Brand, "suppose somebody should discover this place, and roll the rock. Ah! I don't not probable, for no soul besides myself knows of it, and even the very man who made the door did not know for what it was intended; besides, he died and was buried long ago."

Captain Brand had forgotten, in his meditation, that another man who cut the stone chamber and door, and fashioned the hinge and lock, had perished with him in the cabin the morning the job was finished, and died in horrible convulsions before night. Oh yes, that incident had entirely escaped his memory.

Captain Brand having now thoroughly reasoned the matter out, gave each of the bags lying on the sand a kick, which caused a responsive echo from the coin; and then creeping out of the treasure chamber, he withdrew the torch, removed the stone, and the heavy door fell quietly into its place. Then clasping the lock, covering it over with sand, and rolling back the stone, he seized the torch, and quickly returned to the vault beneath his saloon. There, putting out the torch by rubbing it against the stone pavement until the light was left, by the sunlight, streaming through the loophole around, he proceeded to unfasten and begin removing the cases of cochineal, silks, and what not, near to the strongly-barred portcullis door, which opened toward the Pirate's sleeping dwelling. It was hard work, but Captain Brand seemed to enjoy it; and even after he had arranged the packages intended for his saloon, his companion's fortune he began again. Going to the farther corner of the vault, he stopped before a strong mahogany door, which, by a spring, he opened, and unlocked and threw it wide open. It was as black as night inside, floored and lined with bright and well-polished oak, smelling of charcoal and sulphur. Piled around the walls were some fifty or a hundred small boxes, all neatly arranged and branded on the heads with the word "Powder." Unminded of the odor and the rubbish and material around, however, Captain Brand again resumed his work, and rolled a large number of the little barrels toward the door, and, stowing the merchandise already there, saying to himself the while,

"I think that will about fill the *Centipede's* magazine, and we must make a proper disposition of the remainder."

Hereupon Captain Brand, actively bent upon the pleasure of the disposition of his treasure, rolled out a dozen or two more of the little barrels. Strange to say, among the very few articles of furniture and ornament in the dwelling-place of Señor Morenno, was this highly useful material of powder; and he therefore set much store by it. And it was with a sigh that the Pirate stood the little barrels on their ends in a line across the great vault of the building, beneath kitchen, bedrooms, and saloon, and especially beside the square upright stanchions on which the interior of the building rested. Not contented with this, he took a copper hammer and knocked in all the heads of the little barrels, and then, with a scoop of the same metal, he dipped out large quantities of the black material and poured thick trains of it from barrel to barrel, sometimes capsizing one, but always particularly cautious not to reap a grain of it beneath his grass slippers and the pavement. Then he took a piece of match-rope, and sticking one end into a barrel, he let it lie just poked in other end out of a loophole, to be in readiness whenever Captain Brand should deem proper to touch it with a lighted coal.

"There," said Captain Brand, "that piece of rope will burn about thirty or forty minutes, and then stand from under!"

Ascending the hatchway again with the agility of a cat, he closed and secured the trap, and in ten minutes afterward he was freshly attired in a nice pair of linen pajamaers, a grass cloth jacket and vest—silk, of course, the same nick-sacks in his pockets—and seated at table, where his busy housekeeper had placed a broiled chicken and a bottle of old Bordeaux before him.

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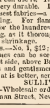

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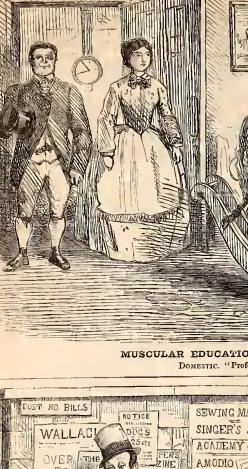

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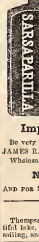

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 182.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

INSURRECTION IN SICILY.

OUR readers are referred to Nos. 180 and 181 for a very accurate and valuable MAP OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES, for fine views of MESSINA, NAPLES, and PALERMO, a splendid PORTRAIT of GARIBALDI, etc.

THE "DERBY DAY."

ON page 388 our readers will find a spirited sketch of the great race on Epsom Downs, whose annual recurrence gives all London a holiday.

Epsom, the town in whose vicinity the race takes place, lies fifteen miles southwest of London, and was once noted as a watering-place. From the waters of the springs found here were first manufactured the celebrated "Epsom salts," dear to costive humanity. The springs are no longer a fashionable centre, and the neighborhood is now noted only for its race-course.

The races take place during the week preceding Whitsuntide, and the "Derby" stakes are run for always on Wednesday. In this one race centres the main interest. The others draw but minor crowds; but to see "the Derby" nearly half a million of Londoners rush out in every kind of conveyance and in all imaginable styles. The grand stand on the race-course, erected some thirty years ago, holds nearly eight thousand persons.

The race for the Derby stakes was first instituted at Epsom, in the year 1780, and was won by Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed. This horse was subsequently imported into the United States, and from him have descended some of the best horses that ever trod the turf. Sir Archy, Timoleon, Boston, Lexington, and Lecompte all trace their blood back to Diomed; and now, after a lapse of eighty years, we see his lineal descendant, Umpire, contending for the same stake which he (Diomed) won in the first year of its establishment. But the value of the stake is immensely increased since that time; for in 1780 there were but thirty-six subscribers and nine starters for the race, while in 1860 there were 226 subscribers and thirty starters. The conditions of the race remain unchanged, with the exception of the weights carried; these were originally 112 pounds for colts, and 109 for fillies. The subscription to the stake is $250 each, half forfeit; for three-year old colts, 119 pounds, and fillies, 114 pounds; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovereigns out of the stakes; the winner to pay 100 sovereigns toward the police and regulations of the course, and 50 sovereigns to the judge; distance, one mile and a half.

The stake is worth £6300; but from that sum must be deducted the winner's own stake, 100 sovereigns for second horse, 100 sovereigns for police expenses, and £50 for the judge: thus reducing its clear value to £6050.

The pace this year was pretty good throughout, and three seconds quicker than last year. Thormanby, the winner, is a chestnut horse, of doubtful parentage, being by Melbourne, or Windhound, out of Alice Hawthorn, and the property of Mr. James Merry, a Scottish gentleman of immense fortune. He has been a stanch patron of the turf for upward of twenty years, but this is the first time he ever succeeded in his great object of winning the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf." He won the Great St. Leger in 1858 with Sunbeam, and has also carried off many other important races with his large stable of racers. Last year Thormanby started fourteen times, and won nine races, besting good horses. Exceedingly popular on the turf, it is no wonder that Mr. Merry's success was hailed with immense cheering by the assembled thousands who witnessed the race. He has steadily and pluckily supported his horse in the betting throughout the winter, and his winnings must consequently be enormous. His liberality to his trainers and jockeys is a matter of notoriety; and he

THE THREE-CARD TRICK.

TRY YOUR LUNGS, GENTLEMEN!

ROAD-SIDE REFRESHMENTS.

AUNT SALLY.

CRINOLINE ON STILTS.

has been known to make a present of 1000 guineas to one of the latter when he won the Doncaster St. Leger.

The Derby this year had a peculiar interest for Americans, in consequence of Mr. Ten Broeck having an American-bred horse, Umpire, engaged in it. Umpire is a chestnut colt by Lecouvreur out of Alice Carneal by imported Surpriso, out of Reversa by Sumpter, and was bred on the farm of A. Keene Richards, Esq., Georgetown, Kentucky. He was purchased by Mr. Ten Broeck as a yearling, and sent over to England last spring to be trained in his stable at Newmarket. His first appearance on the turf was at the Spring Meeting Craven meeting for a £50 plate, in which race he was not placed. He next ran in a match for 100 sovereigns with Sir Joseph Hawley's Twang, in which he was beaten by a head. At the Goodwood meeting in July he won the nursery stakes, one mile, beating a field of twenty-one horses, by seven lengths. He continued his victorious career by winning the Cleveland stakes and Zetland Handicap stakes, at Stockton-on-Tees, beating good fields. These performances, joined to his racing-like form, caused him to become the fav orite for the Derby. Indeed, such was his mature appearance, that, after winning at Goodwood, the owner of the second horse offered to his backer to withdraw stakes, on the ground of his being a three-year-old. This objection was referred to the Jockey Club, the tribunal of all racing disputes, and Mr. Ten Broeck produced such convincing evidence of its falsity, that the decision was in favor of Umpire being the age represented. By the trainers at Newmarket he was pronounced a "Derby horse all over," and none ideas may be formed of the high estimate entertained by racing sublimes, from the fact that he was backed to win the Derby for upward of a million of dollars. Americans bet freely and heavily on him, and a good deal of money was sent from New York to invest on him for the race. Mr. Ten Broeck, it is said, backed him before Goodwood at the odds of one hundred to one, for the sum of $5000, thus standing to win a million of dollars on his, in case of the success. But the golden rule of racing men is, always "to win and not lose," and this object is obtained by the process termed "hedging." Thus when Umpire became a favorite, and was freely backed by the public at five to one, Mr. Ten Broeck could, and doubtless did, hedge $100,000 to $20,000 against him, and thus be in the agreeable position of winning $400,000 if he was successful, and $80,000 if he was beaten. Had Umpire won this race, it is generally admitted that the betting-ring would have lost more money than was ever done at any previous occasion. In the winner, Thormanby, they also had a bad horse, as he was backed heavily, not only by the owners, but to an upward of £50,000—and also by the general public, with whom he has always been a great favorite.

The race, however, is only a part of the day's amusements. Every body "goes in for fun," and plenty of sharpe and flats come together in various ways. The "Ethiopian Serenaders" are seen on the preceding page. The "Three-Card Trick" is common to our own race-courses. The gentleman who holds the stake and "try your luck" may be seen in duplicate not a dozen steps from our New York City Hall, and in curious proximity to Hall of St. Tammany, where anxious candidates have so often "tried their luck." "Lager" takes the place of "Trebb X" with us; and so far as our experience goes, the market price of "shocks" (of the electric kind) is higher here than in the mother country. "Christian on Stilts" has not yet been imported, and we do not believe this part of the show would succeed with Americans, even though the inevitable bagpipes were appended. But why will not some one set up an American "Aunt Sally?" It seems, from our cast, a most innocent amusement. Its popularity in England—where staid parliament men, noble dukes and earls, grave judges, and stout elderly gentlemen take their sticks at the block, getting an occasion with school-boys and salmon—seems to prove that there is really pleasure and excitement in it.

"Aunt Sally" is the effigy of a black wench, set up on a stick, with a pipe in her mouth. The player pay a sixpence for the privilege of slying a given number of wooden billets at this pipe. If they miss they are laughed at. For every hit they are rewarded with a little wooden doll, which it seems to be the fashion to carry temporarily stuck in the hat ribbon, and to offer to your friends in the way home at night.

What degree of proficiency is needed to strike the pipe from Aunt Sally's mouth is not mentioned. But as even a young and short-sighted young duke could, by perseverance, fill his hat-ribbon with the wooden dolls, beginners may take courage.

THE JUNE MONTH.

The waning of the sweet May moon
Jun'ly hanging the distance,
Her apron filled with butter-cups,
Her bosom red with roses.

The blossom and the hursting bud
Are woven in her tresses,
And every breeze that fans her cheek
Comes laden with caresses.

The birdies leave the open plains
And seek the hazel covers—
Home nests are made for married life,
But June was meant for lovers!

Perhaps you've seen a little maid
With lips like rare-ripe cherries—
We're going down the meadow-path
This afternoon for berries.

I'll tell you more about the walk
Before the summer closes;
So fill a cup to laughing June,
And wreathe its brim with roses!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1860.

RAILROAD HOMICIDES.

TWO little children walking upon the railroad track near Newark, New Jersey, the other day, were run over by the train, and one of them at least was instantly killed. The train in question was made up of freight and passengers, and they acquitted the engineer of all blame. It appeared that the children suddenly emerged upon the road, and were struck before the train could be stopped, although the brakes were instantly applied, and so strongly that there was a perceptible shock in the cars. Who was to blame? There was no accident which, however mechanicly, are unavoidable. Was this one of them?

We grant that the engineer was not to blame. If a man and suddenly fallen across the track, under the same circumstances, it is clear that the train must have rushed on. The children appeared unexpectedly, and the train, too, and he could not help himself—or them. Were the children in fault? It can not be pretended, for they were mere children. Is the fault chargeable among those which should be made impossible, by legally compelling all railroad companies carefully to fence in their tracks. There is nothing clearer than that heavy damages ought to be awarded in such a case, except that they will not be. A man who has dug a deep pit in the middle of a public highway and thoughtlure, and leaves it at night without a lantern, is unquestionably guilty of homicide if another man falls in and is killed; and a railroad company, who leave it so little guarded that children can climb up and suddenly appear upon the embankment, directly before an express train, is guilty of a negligence equally criminal. Railroad companies in this country run for luck. Perhaps they do in other countries; but that our business is with our own fields, not those of other people. It has come to be an affair of calculation; and as it is found about as easy, and rather cheaper, to run the risk of damages, the company pay over the land are flagrantly careless of fencing and of road-crossings.

It is rather a melancholy result of some ninety years of national existence that human life, upon the whole, offers more in this country than in any other, and yet that it is cheaper here than elsewhere. And as the sacrifice is legally forbidden; and a bill introduced into our last Legislature to control the erection and occupation of tenement-houses was a measure demanded by decency and humanity, unfortunately, it failed to become a law. It is certainly proper to watch jealously any interference of the law with private property; but the due security of the original rights of the citizen, among which life is the first, is the paramount duty of the State. It is doubtless expensive to fence all railroad track throughout, but a company which can not afford to do it can not afford to have a track; and as no company will take the step voluntarily, it should be compelled to do it; and wherever the line of fence is broken, for whatever purpose, there should be a gate and a man. It is a simple arrangement and a common sense, and experience daily confirms its necessity.

THE LORDS AND COMMONS.

On all decent, dignified, and dull bodies the English House of Lords is probably chief, except when Lord Brougham finishes his broad sense in the eyes of the country, or Lord Derby turns a polished period. But the House of Lords is just now making itself heard, and no doubt that the people of England are beginning to listen, and even to reply. Mr. Gladstone, in his budget, proposed to abolish the excise duty on paper—a tax which fell heavily upon a certain class, and was of course injurious to cheap literature—and to replace it by a penny in the pound upon the income tax. The measure passed the Commons, but the Lords threaten to disagree. The Commons are indignant, because, by the English Constitution, they are the originators of all supplies, and although a bill of taxation must be sanctioned by the Lords, the Commons hold that the sanction is a matter of course. The feeling is increased by the fact that the Lords have already approved the increased income tax, which was only a substitute for the paper duty.

The consequence of this movement is indignation meetings in the large cities of England, at which, of course, the whole position, character, and necessity of the House of Lords will be vehemently discussed. A body of hereditary legislators is, in its very nature, a dangerous body; and when they are brought into direct collision with the immediate representatives of the great mass of the people, upon a question which involves every man's pocket, they will be criticised with all the rigor of modern political philosophy. As might be supposed, Mr. Bright leads the charge. He has already put himself upon the record in the question of Lords against Commons. He regards the Peers as a body sometimes ornamental, sometimes not, but always expensive and useless. The Upper House should certainly take care that it does not force the people of England to consider whether Mr. Bright's opinion may not be correct.

OUR VISITORS AND OURSELVES.

THERE are undoubtedly gentlemen and ladies in America, but what a pity that the Japanese should think so! They have seen some, probably, during their visit here, but they could not know them in the multitude. They know the gentleman who smashed his hat over their eyes in Baltimore; the lady who filled up the window in Philadelphia; the shouting, staring, insulting mob which has dogged them every where. Perhaps the Baltimore gentleman was drunk. But what right have we to allow drunken men to insult strangers and guests? Suppose Mr. Dallas in England, or Mr. Faulkener in France, or Mr. Appleton, who is going to Russia, to be treated in those countries as we have treated the Japanese. We might not go to war about it, but we should certainly say that Britain is not yet sufficiently civilized to have embassadors sent to them.

The unfortunate part of the whole thing is that we speak of the Japanese as if they were barbarians and savages. But we have yet to read of the accounts during these proceedings in which the Japanese gentlemen have not been quite as dignified, intelligent, and well-bred as any gentlemen in any country or time. The barbarism and savagery have been entirely upon our own part; and it is a fair question whether the princes will not return with a profound regret that Japan has so far foregone her ancient exclusiveness as to open her ports to the desolating influx of Western civilization.

The poor men have been carted about our metropolis, and have been shouting mid-summer sun. They have seen the Battery, the Park, Trinity Church, the St. Nicholas Hotel, Grace Church, Union Place, the Statue of Washington, the Copper Institute, and the Bowery. They have been blinded and deafened by a pageant utterly destitute of any thing which appeals to the imagination—and which is to a true pageant what the beating of a tom-tom is to music. It is to be hoped they will leave now before Mr. Hermann comes. It would be a pity to have two great ovations conflicting with each other.

"THE WORLD."

THE new daily morning newspaper of which so much has been said, and whose issue was awaited with general curiosity, has at last appeared. It is a quarto sheet, rather larger than the similar journals, and in typographical complexion closely resembling the *Tribune*.

To those who are familiar with the workings of the newspaper world, and some who are not, know what a large outlay of capital, and what incessant effort, tact, ability, and experience are required in the conduct of a daily metropolitan sheet of the claims and scope of the *World*. They also know that the profits of such a paper are derived from the sale of the copies, but from the advertisements. It is pleasant, therefore, to observe that the new enterprise claims to be a general advertising column; and if it shall pursue the policy of reasonable charges, we see no reason to apprehend that those columns will be soon stripped.

Of the financial side of a new morning paper, and of its ultimate success without materially injuring any paper now existing, we have little doubt; if it be only wisely managed. The field of such competition is an omnibus—there is always room for one more, provided he knows how to keep his seat. Of course it is an salaried concern, in these days, and in this country, a paper must understand what audience it means to address; and the sagacity of an editor is proved by the accuracy of his estimation of the number and power of that audience.

The *World* takes its ground fairly. It proposes to give the news as news, not as material for grotesque comment; to discuss all questions of public interest from the Christian point of view; and, in general, to seek rather to lead than to follow public opinion. Its price is very small. One cent for a copy of such a paper seems incredible, but it is the prerogative of the Justice to believe that they have not undertaken the matter without careful consideration of that and all other points.

We wish success to the *World* into the ranks, and wish it a long and prosperous career.

THE LOUNGER.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AT HOME.

THE other morning the Lounger made an "unconsecrated" journey. It was not in unknown countries, and yet it was a journey of exploration and discovery. His route lay through the Bowery and the Third Avenue to Thirteenth Street, where he left the car in which, with a friend bent upon the same purpose, he had accomplished so much of the distance; and turning into Thirteenth Street East they coasted along the area railings until they reached Number 137. The house looks like a thousand other houses in New York, just as San Salvador looked like a hundred other islands that Columbus had seen. A comely maid was sweeping the hot sidewalk in front, a strawberry woman calling out her wares in a voice that she had the fruit to sell, and a dust wagon jogged by jerking out petulant little rings from a string of bells that hung behind the driver's seat. No. 137 East Thirteenth Street is a pleasant, handsome house in a pleasant, handsome part of the street, and we rang the bell cheerfully, chatting of many things, but carefully saying very little of what we had come to see.

No, it was not a dentist's; it was not a celebrated surgeon's; it was not a fashionable "medicine" in the world's conventional chicanery. It was about to unite the Lounger and his friend (whose sex, it will be observed, has not yet been mentioned) in the bonds of matrimony. No, it was what in many guesses you would scarcely guess. Did you know that about one in every six hundred children is born imbecile? We had come to see a school for idiot children. You think it not a very pleasant business for the fresh June morning? But if the unclean metaphor of the divine coming be that it makes the wilderness blossom as the rose, how will you say of this? Advent of divine light which irradiates the hitherto black desert of a human soul with knowledge? We all know the sweet and very natural admiration of the heroic men who explore what seem inaccessible mountain heights, who pierce the polar mysteries, and who unlock seeres worn shrines. Whose attempts an apparently impossible victory over the impediments of outward nature is enthusiast on our wonder and respect. But will we say, then, of him who believes that he can throw a ray of light across the dense darkness of intellectual night? Perhaps we should be caught to say we don't say much. In all matters of moral and intellectual and physical progress we have complacently made up our minds that it is with its own reward. Edward Jenner was certainly one of the benefactors of human humanity. The saving of life since his discovery of vaccination has been immense. But when it was proposed to give him money in recognition of his discovery, there was a tremendous outcry, and with difficulty ten thousand were voted. Suppose he had been Hopkins Jenner, Esq., K.C.B., and had invented a few hundred natives in India: he would have returned to England in a whirlwind of glory—knighted by the King and Queen, and Hopkins Jenner of Jenner, or the most noble the Marquis of the Ganges, with estates and revenues without end.

Perhaps we think of these things as we stand upon the doorstep of No. 137, and our pleasant adoration. The interior of the house is light and airy and after waiting for a moment in a little reception-room, Mr. Richards, the Principal, enters, and then we all go up to the school-room.

For twelve years Mr. Richards has been devoted to this purpose. Lake Dexter Institute in Massachusetts, and men in Europe, whose names are illustrious among a very few as practical philanthropists, Mr. Richards early felicitous the leadings of his special capacity, and for four or five years was assistant Professor of the Idiotic Asylum of Massachusetts, for three years Principal of the Idiotic Asylum Training School for idiotic and feeble-minded children, and for about three years past has conducted a private school of the same kind in Harlem, New York. New Harlem is a very pleasant spot, and reasonably big Harlem is big enough, it is not very far off. But practically Harlem is six thousand miles from New York. Who has not been through Harlem? But who ever saw any body stop there? When Mr. Richards went to Harlem, therefore, he withdrew from the world. He has lately returned, and now conducts his school, which is private, at the number in the street already mentioned.

At present he has but eight pupils; the oldest is a girl about fourteen, the youngest a boy about five. They sat in a spacious room full of light, with a bagshow window looking out over gardens St. George's Church. It is, probably, the cheerfulest school-room in the city. As we entered they all looked at us from their seats a little dazed, and we looked somewhat at them. It was a sad sight—many as the room was. The children were perfectly neat in their clothes and manners, they made no noise—two or three had a restless motion of the head; but you felt precisely as Mr. Richards said, that he had seen human beings "arrested in their development." One boy, little George, about eight years old, sat perfectly motionless in his small chair, his amazed hands crossed in his lap, a kind of set half smile upon his face, and his eyes, generally fixed, had a dazzled look as if covered by film. They were half gentle and half, like the eyes of an animal—a gazelle, for instance, without the bright alertness. His difficulty is tendency to insanity. He has not spoken for a long time; but he seemed so refined and affectionate that my friend was sure he could make him speak after a short intercourse.

Charley, from Mississippi, is the latest comer and the most active of all. When he came he was quite ungovernable—tearing off his clothes, screaming, and, like most of them, personally filthy. He is about thirteen years old, and there is a winning, humorous twinkle in his eye which seems to be the gleam of the usual human intelligence through the cloud in which it is inscrutably enveloped. He picked out letters from the cards [illegible] spelling man, and dog, and [illegible] basket of colored wo[illegible] the cups and pur[illegible] separated a [illegible] ors. Be[illegible] bow o[illegible] lef

pealed to our sympathy for his loss, patting the place where it belonged and vaguely trying to say how. They are almost all and always dumb, making the sound which is produced by holding the tongues passive in the mouth. In every manner, therefore, Mr. Richards seeks to cultivate the muscles of the mouth and throat by direct vocal gymnastics, "barring" with the tongue and lips, thrusting the tongue out and moving it about, and by mastication. Most of these unfortunates are fed upon milk and liquid food to bring the mouth easily swallowed. It is a habit, of course, which only increases the difficulty.

One of the brightest boys in the little school is Johnny, and also one of the most hapless. He has a partial paralysis, and chorea, or St. Vitus's dance. He is almost thirteen. His mouth, which is large, is incessantly and spasmodically moving, and his chin is constantly slobbered, so that he wears a thick bib which is frequently changed. But his dark eyes are full of intelligence; and, if I may use such a word, he seemed to have more intellectual interest and coherency than any of the children. He spelled the words of one syllable nimbly, upon the board with the dialing blocks letters, although his poor little arms and hands twisted and struggled badly. When he had done his task he looked for approval, and laughed as if he enjoyed the success. He could make no articulate sound; but he pointed to the shirt collar of Mr. Richards, as if meaning something, and when Mr. R. asked him if his mamma would make him some collars when he stopped drooling, he pointed to his own neck, and laughed with brightest glee.

Addy, the oldest girl, took me about the room and showed me the pictures of animals in a book the children greatly delight. Then she read lines of one-syllabled words, "the cow is in the hay," which she pronounced slowly and with great effort. Mr. Richards told her to spell the line at the board. She went as far as "the cow," and could go no further. She smiled all the time she was doing it, but not idiotically, and occasionally, with an air of expression, said something that had a vague and shadowy resemblance to familiar words.

Half of these poor children are physically diseased, and I do not forget the thin, pale, and face and withered little hands of one girl, about eleven years old, who is weakened by a daily epileptic attack, and seems slowly aloof, best like a woman of ninety. But during the three hours that we remained with them they were as quiet as eight children as you can any where see. Charley, indeed, was continually doing something—looking into Johnny's bright, dark eyes and urging a more active sympathy in the low business—evidently wanting to do something all the time. But it was all gentle—there seemed to be no malice. There were no efforts at attack or defense, except once when Charley came too far within Johnny's limits, and Johnny instantly resisted. But a firm, loud word from Mr. Richards cleared the difficulty in a moment. Both children stopped, and Johnny laughed, and Charley bethought him of the bow. And when I remembered that these innocents, so defective, so helpless, so marred and unsightly, walkered in filth, shorted, screamed, raged, were a hundred-fold worse than little brutes but a few years ago, and would, if left to their own, have made it help feeling the justice of what Mr. Richards said, that he did not dare to set any limit to their possible improvement? The difficulty with them seems to be but a contest over the mind. They are intellectually blind. But as patience and tenderness and skill are brought to bear from the outer eye, and if it can not restore full sight, can yet give a glimmering sense of light, so the same treatment, infinitely patient, infinitely tender, infinitely faithful and skillful, may lift the shadow from these souls, so that, at the very least, they may catch some wavering sense of the divine love and beauty. And in all the exquisite detail of creation, where even the tips of leaves wings and feet have their kindly office to perform in fructifying the wild flower, is there any thing more beautiful than that some are called and fitted and anxious to gather the lambs which seemed mere senseless stocks and stones, and were utterly outcast and disregarded, into the warm and tender fold?

It is a journey which we shall make again, and report to the reader.

A STATESMAN.

K. asks what constitutes a statesman? Can we better define him than as a man who comprehends the great principles of national progress, and understands the methods by which the results of those principles may be wisely accomplished? The world, of course, may have very arbitrary notions of what is it. Talleyrand and Metternich may be called great statesmen; but if we do so, there are two classes of governors, each of which is superior to these men, for whom we have no word left—such, for instance, as Napoleon Bonaparte and Edmund Burke. Bonaparte had the perception and the executive power, and did something more than bold on, which was the peculiar work of Talleyrand and Metternich; and Burke had profound political instincts, but little practical administrative power.

To speak frankly, there is no entirely satisfactory statesman in history. The profoundest statesmanship must have all its policy upon human fraternity, not upon what is called patriotism, or exclusive devotion to a part of the world and its populace.

A true statesmanship regards other states only as good neighborhood contemplates neighbors—[illegible]—neral not to the individual—[illegible]—er, for instance, [illegible]—nance of his [illegible]—" spruce, [illegible]—iew it could the rest of the world. Thus, as a rule, from the North, or the manufacturing section, they have strongly favored protection; from the South, or the producing section, they have urged free trade. That is to say, statesmanship is generally understood to mean the sharpest look-out for Number One. Do you say, "Of course; so it has always been, and so it always will be?" Exactly; and therefore I say no historical statesman is altogether satisfactory. But you see at once, if we ask each other, "What is Number One? Where is One? Did Benedict Arnold do it when he made his bargain, or Nathan Hale, when he regretted he had but one life to lose for his country? Arnold von Winkelried, when he drew the sheaf of deadly spears into his own breast? Why, then, we find that it may be by loving by proxy alone, the most broad he gets the better; but if not, then he must discover what else it is that he lives by. Do you say that William Pitt was a great statesman because he preserved to England the trial of her system of constitutional government, which was attacked by despotism from without? I say, so far he was. But he could be truly great only as he was eliminating injurious from beneficial, so far and as far as he could, without risking the whole. Did he do that? If he did, he was a great statesman.

A DIFFERENCE.

APROPOS of Fred Grey's late speech upon American affairs, in which his lordship stated that we were about falling into anarchy, "an Englishman, who has lived a few years in America," writes the Leunger the following sensible and admirable remarks:

"An English statesman regards the English government as above or superior to the English people; existing as a fruit or result of the efforts of the whole country. And the English statesmen, as a body, have the same idea. Between them they put it and polish it and hold it up for admiration.

"It is admirable. We all know that there are no imperfections in it.

"An American citizen regards government as a necessary evil; entirely inferior to himself, and his servant; to be kept in subjection, and to be treated because it is necessary, and up to that point only.

"The American government does not require any fine-drawn statesmanship or political finesse; and here it differs entirely from all European powers. The country has no entangling alliances. It is not surrounded and crowded by other powers all envious of its growth. It has a continent to expand over. It has no temptation, and what is has, and what is doing its work, is man's strength and energy, called out by his own selfish will and not by the power of government."

DICKENS'S LAST.

THE reader of the *Weekly* may have observed a notice of papers by Dickens, entitled "Leaves and urns in advance from "All the Year Round," and called "The Uncommercial Traveler." They are full of very characteristic, humorous, and thoughtful—upon the little events of the author's daily experience; including such subjects as a visit to the scene of a famous shipwreck, and the journey tour through Europe, as he seats himself for a moment in a traveling carriage; a visit to a poorhouse for aged people, and a visit to a Pawnbroker's work-house, where the returned soldiers from the Crimea were treated; to some of the old parish churches of London; to the pantomime, and lectures upon the habits of animals and birds in the poorer quarters of London, etc., etc. The sketches are not long, but they are exceedingly graphic, showing the accuracy of observation, the quick sympathy, the feeling for the poor, the humanity which belong to Dickens. They do not spare the sharpest satire upon red tape and the Circumlocution Office; and when he speaks of a little tour because Dickens found something to laugh at and condemn even in our sacred selves, let us remember that he has been long and deeply severe upon nothing as upon what he considers the sins and absurdities of England. In his day there has been no one so fearless, radical, and severe as a former than he. For the first grand step in a reform is to show the real character of the thing you wish to alter. Dickens has shown the absurdities and crime convicts itself.

To a man like Dickens, London, of course, offers an endless variety of curious research. His mind and body are constantly on the alert. He goes to see and judge things by the eyes of the poor and peers into every venerable retreat, every dusty and cobwebbed building, or institution, or system, and tells us the interesting tale of what he sees. There is a peculiar charm in these journeys of an uncommercial traveler which every reader will be glad to share.

THE ABBOTT MUSEUM.

THE famous Egyptian collection of the late Dr. Abbott has at length been consigned to this city. The subscription was taken in hand by many of the wealthiest citizens, and the thirty thousand dollars has been raised under the auspices of the Historical Society. This museum was collected by Dr. Abbott during his residence of many years in Cairo. He went thither originally in the service of Mehemet Ali, and after retiring from his position under that Pasha, remained in Cairo, in which city the American visitor, at any time during the dozen years before his death, will not fail to recall his frank, genial friendliness and simplicity. Dr. Abbott adopted the Oriental costume, preferred Russian life, and married in Egypt. He was always there to hear of any new discoveries or interesting researches; he had friends among all the Grandees, and was generally constantly accumulating Indian treasures, among the most curious of the rise of Cheops, found in the great Sphinx.

The Abbott collection is a positive addition to the real wealth of New York. The sum of thirty thousand dollars has not lately been more wisely expended.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HELLICON has no overflowed into the Lounger's Letter-box that he wishes to say (if the melodious verse will allow) that he shall be sorry not to see mention of the verses which are sent to him and declined. Whatever seems to him good enough to be shared by the public he will print when he can. The Lounger kindly thanks the many unknown friends who have taken the trouble to address him before the public; and he regrets that he is obliged to decline to say even those few words which it is always pleasant to do an author to hear, although they may be words of refusal.

LOVE'S TENDERNESS.

THESE little verses recall the strain of Charles Lamb's "To Hester," without in the least imitating them:

She is not rich, she is not learned,
She is not known for beauty;
This, and this only is discerned—
She loves me.

She is her mother's staff and joy,
Her lap tame—a matron
Youthful and 100 years old—
And I her patron,

Sending her little gifts, of book
And flower and fruit, the while I only
Repays the courtesy by a look
Which seems less lonely.

These favors, of her life a part,
Because her heart is tenderness,
Already feels the mother's heart
Within her breast.

Above its rock aspires the vine,
Its youthful tendrils creeping
Yon neighboring oak—and these branches fine
Anpit its meeting.

And from its hold nor stern nor stroke
The vine can overthrow or sever:
It dies at last when falls the oak,
Faithful forever.

LENA.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NO MATTER NOW!—A party of belated gentlemen, about a certain hour, began to think of home and their wives' displeasure, and urge a departure. "Never mind," said one, who was evidently "fuddled," "never mind, it makes no difference; my wife is as mad now as she can be."

"John, I saw your cousin Dunn a few weeks ago, and he just laughed at me when I said you did a most horrible pun in his arms."—"Ah, poor fellow, what did he tell you?"—"Well, nearly a dozen years; but it rather reduces me to fell on Tuesday morning."

"Why, Jimmy," said one professional begger to another, "you look very well, considerably!" "It's only two o'clock."—"No, you mistake head," responded the man, who was evidently a professional joker. "You only going to put it on the other knee. You don't suppose I'm a fool, do you? Why, I've done so, lots of times."

A thing takes its character from the way in which we view it. Thus, when Dr. Spooner dined with a friend who had been ordered to take a walk and they got into a row of the table, resulting in throwing the soup in each other's faces, the Doctor remarked, "Sir, I prefer with the simple remark, "Boy! will be lively, Sir."

A schoolmaster was one day questioning a class, and asked how many years "Rome was Sacked." Sacked, quoth a little fellow, with great confidence, drawing himself up to his tremendous height, "Twice, sir!" said his master. "Well, state in one; feeling, two; smelling, three; tasting, four; and seeing, five—proceed!"

Buttons are sometimes made to do duty for which they were not originally intended when the contribution box is passed round, a recent clergyman was introduced into custom as follows: "My Christian friends, a collection will be made for the relief of the heathen in the South which Islands. And here I wish to warn those of you who are inclined to be troubled with a tendency to fluttering down the eyes, which, while it has no effect in deceiving the poor which it may have the use of these articles for coin, nevertheless renders them totally useless for buttons."

WHAT AILED HIM?

A late number of the *Albion* has a good anecdote of a man who pretended to be very hard of hearing, and also had his wife the whole night. Upon his being charged by a friend that he never seem to hear when he imagination, and gave the incidents of one particular night in proof:

"Pretty soon after I got into bed, my wife said,

"'I know that you can't hear, but is the matter with you? You act strangely!'

"'There's nothing the matter with me,' said I; 'nothing at all.'

"'You must have lie,' said she; 'you don't act natural at all. She wn't get up and get something for you?

"'And she got up, and I heard her go into the bedside to look at me, shaking the light with her hand,

"'I know that you are something strange about you,' said she; 'why, you are sober?

"'Now this is fact, sir, that my wife will never tell; or don't you shander me any more by saying that I haven't been to bed sober in the last twenty years, I have.'"

At the Church-farm of the Montgomery Circuit Court House, a prisoner by the name of Kenney was tried upon a charge of assault and had always been fully alive to the proceedings. The jury retired and subsequently to the important verdict, returned into court a "not guilty." Kenney looked around and as if something was expected of him, and rising up, he turned to the jury, bowed to the Judge, bowed to the bar, and remarked, "Gentlemen of the jury, I am much obliged to you for your very liberal verdict."

One day an Irishman was hanging down the High Street of Edinburgh, from the Court of Sessions, he overheard a remark, "why yer face looks rather pallid lately, "That is M. C——, the Home keeper." Upon which he turned round, and with his usual force of expression said, "No, mundam, I am a lame man, but not a hame hanger."

A NEW SPRING.—Buchanan officiated as Professor at the Teacher's Convention, and conveived the audience by relating an anecdote. He said that at the first district school he ever taught he announced one day that on the following Monday he would commence a parlaing class. A bright-eyed little girl, one of the pupils, ran home and asked her mother what a parlaing class was. Being society was in session, and, with pitiful hands, cried, "Oh, mother, mother, I'm going to have a sparking class!" The spring society was delighted to hear it.

REPLY TO A CHALLENGE.—Shortly after the battle of Princeton, a very testy farmer amused himself by writing a humorous ballad upon it, which so stung one of the officers, who had behaved very badly on that occasion, that he sent the poa a challenge to meet him of H——, for mortal combat. The second found the farmer here with his pitchfork, to whom he delivered the challenge of the redoubtable hero. The good-humored farmer, turning toward him, with his agricultural implement in his hand, coolly said, "Going away back to Mester Smith, and tell him I has no time to cause to H——— to give just do as he did—I'll run a-wa'!"

Some time since, while in the employ of a well-established newspaper, I witnessed a laughable incident. Mr. P., the senior partner of the firm, was a great smoker. He frequently left his sanctum, and returned—his keen perception, etc. But there still, the old gentleman of long a good and pleasant disposition. This none could deny, for the reason that none had ever seen a sample of his temper. Well, he had a young and unsovered letters himself. But it one day happened that Mr. P. received a message from a young gentleman that required an immediate answer, and being so busy that he could not answer it in person he sent twenty or a few lines and dispatched them. Soon the messenger returned, and handed Mr. P. a note. Supposing it to be an answer to his own, Mr. P. opened it; but with all his business tact he could not decipher three words, and handing it to one of his partners, he remarked, with a contemplative air:

"Pretty writing that! Was the dance does he suppose can read it? I could not read it, and I could not write at all."

"Dey gardon, Sir," said the messenger, "but that is the reason Mr. A. sent it back; he could not read it himself."

"Dead it! How the dence does he expect I can read it, then?"

"But, Sir, that is your own writing."

"Eh! what? My writing?" said Mr. P.'s face changed color as he grasped the missive from his partner's hand, and again bringing it to his eyes, he exclaimed, "Why, bless me, so it is! and just as plain as day!"

Mrs. Dr. Lydia Sayer Hasbrook advertises in her last *Ledger*:

WANTED.

An intended bride who is willing to begin housekeeping in the same style in which her parents begun.

Young bachelors, young ladies, who wish to be seen wielding a dusting brush or shaving their beards or stocking of a gentleman should happen to make an early morning call.

Fun independent boys of ragged jackets, who date to wear their father's beaver to church, who like Sunday.

Fourteen young ladies, "who are anybody," who dare to be seen in the street carrying shoes with soles thick enough to keep their feet warm.

Fifty young ladies of unfashionable figures, who dare confess they have never made a loaf of bread or a pudding.

It is said that Hobbs, the famous locksmith, has succeeded in picking one of Banque's gory locks; he did it by a little stratagem and succeeded so well, he has gone to work on a medlock.

"What a fine head your boy has!" said an admiring friend. "Yes, sir, he's the first fellow, I think, of the old block—isn't you, my boy?" "Yes, father, the first fellow I ever saw, I was a young blockhead."

One ought to have data at one's finger ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

A gentleman who spoke of having been struck by a lady's beauty was advised to kiss the rod.

"Tom, what do you mean by this bill? Dare to use the cast-iron bedstead, evidently had in his mind the resurrection of his bill of some so-called hotel.

"Tom, what do you mean by coming home and forgetten that bed. "Lo, mother, it was so greasy that it slipped my mind."

"That the battle is not allowed to whistle to keep his courage up, and the whistling of the bullets doesn't have that tendency.

"That we are a severe coughing-it," remarked a senior to an undertaker, when they were taking a place to-gether. "Yes, sir, nothing rows a little more difficult down the wrong way," replied the undertaker. "Ah, sir! that's just what I say," said the senior, "you always by the coffin on the liver."

"Is your nerve gentle, Mr. Doctor?" "Perfectly gentle, sir, I never hit a man when he is down, and I think it a playful habit of extending his kinder hands now and then." "Do you think that his kinder hands don't mean kicking, I hope?" "some people call it kicking, Mr. Green, but it is only a slight reaction of the muscles; a disease rather than a vice."

"Jim, how does the thermometer stand to-day?" "Cars stands on the mantle-piece, right agin the fireplace."

The following appears in the *Sikgl from one of the dailies*:

Hear long shall woman be oppressed
By man so strong, powerful lord?
Who will arise—her wrongs redress,
Grieve for her woes?
Men, turn the scales, step in our place,
Wear our long coats and dickers,
Stay in the house and sew or knit,
Let the world go to ruin.

From week to week—from year to year
Pursue these rounds of duty,
With what we get in compensation,
And see if it will suit you.
And if you face a pauper's doom,
And should a dollar save,
Just think of the relief of that
By stronger hands and brave.

Why is a fool like a needle?—He has an eye but no head.

Once in a minute, twice in a minute, and once in a minute life!—The letter M.

What thread is the best for a singer to reach high notes with?—Sol-dered.

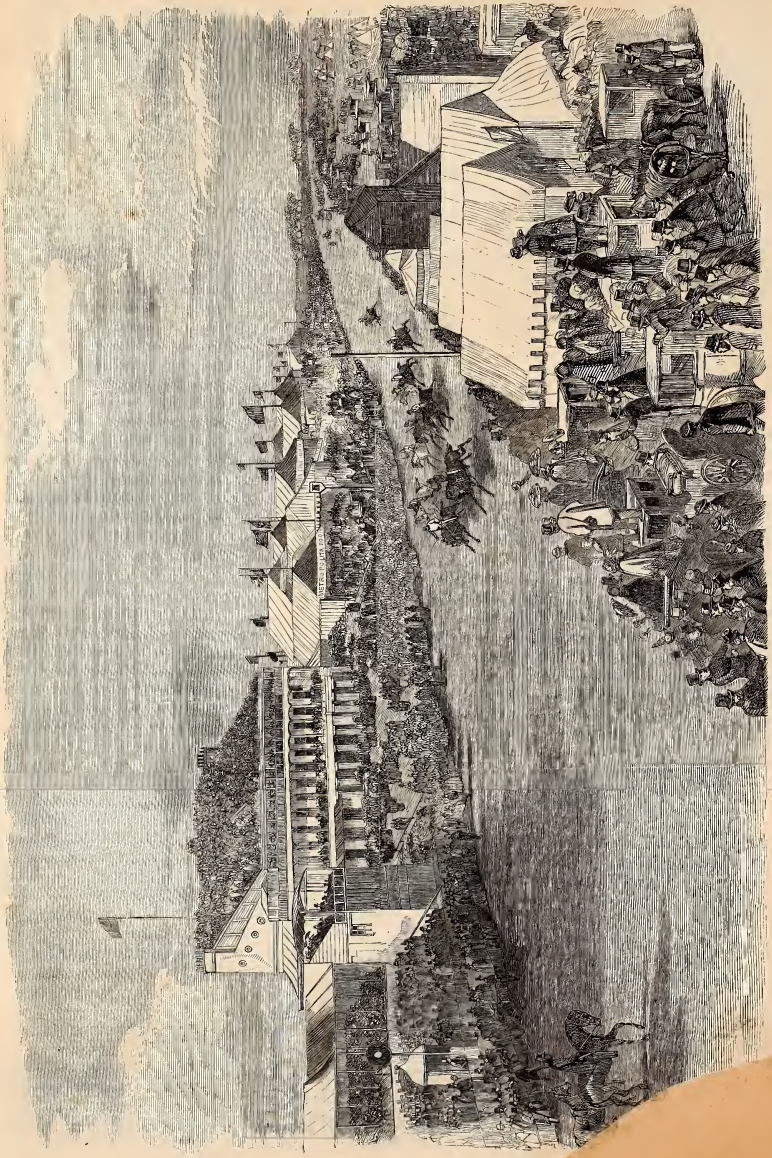
Why is a man who carries a watch invariably behind in his appointments?—Because he is always behind his time.

If a young lady has a pain in her side, can she relieve it by wearing a belt?

EPITAPH ON A BARBER.

What concert other folks never spoiled his repeat; "Then the same thing to him whether stocks fell or rose. For hair or for polish he cared not a pin—
His crops never failed, for they grew on the chin.

A FAIR CONNECTION.—Sitting by her Edwin, at breakfast, the other morning, Angelina read the following in the *Illustrated News*: "It is stated that a plan is on foot for the establishment of pepper-mills in the metropolis of breweries—Burton-on-Trent. "Spend-hops" are to be cooked up and supplied to the market for the relish of pepper. Samples of the manufacture are now on view." "Edwin, dear," said the fair one, who is fastidiously nice regardless of her grammar, "Edwin, dear, you must buy me some of this hop-pepper. You know, that you promised to let me have a dinner next month, and hoppepper will so nicely do to relish the notes on?"



EPSOM RACE-COURSE—THE COMING IN.—[See Page 385.]

"TOMMY," THE FAVORITE OF THE LADIES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BEADY.]

"TOMMY."

We give herewith an excellent likeness of "Tattooed Owajero," the youngest of the interpreters connected with the Japanese Embassy, who has become so general a favorite in Washington, and particularly with the ladies. "Tommy," as he is called by his American friends, is the son of the chief interpreter, and seems to be a young fellow of great good nature, considerable presence of mind, and a "way" of adapting himself to new scenes and strange company which delights all his visitors. The *Tribune* correspondent says of him:

"With 'Tommy' near, entirely dapper. This is the young interpreter (Tattooed Owajero), who, by virtue of absolute recklessness and a purely American spirit of destiny, has won the jolly nickname in which he must rejoice. Coming, now, in presence of higher officers, he reduces himself for a moment to preternatural lameness, but, his mission having ended with a pleuse or two, he darts away again in his usual frantic state. The humor of Tommy finds expression in the quaintest tricks. The other day he jumped a small boy into his room, did then and there boleck him with red silk trousers, and eres him forth into the hotel parlor, an object of public ridicule. Last night he got, by some means, a paper garrote collar, which, with infinite difficulty, he arranged about his own brown neck, American fashion, and pinned himself about, among his fellows, like a peacock with an entirely new feather in his tail.

"Tommy conforms to a passionate adoration of the feminine charms he finds surrounding him. The American ladies seem to have got into his head. He has confided to me an earnest desire to discover a suitable wife in this country, with whom he may peacefully live forever, without a thought of returning to Japan. When fans are handed to him for his autograph, he styles upon them, 'I like American lady very much;' 'I want to marry and live here with pluty lady'—plurality being an emendation of his own upon 'pretty'). Moreover, the sentiments of Tommy appear to be heartily reciprocated. He is a throughly good fellow. Revies of maidens gave hood, cruelly upon him all day, and until late in the evening, and extend to him unrelenting hands. Meiwon, too, prefer him attentions; but, with keen discrimination, he is generally taken with a fa of tumbleen when the results that great him are not smilies of youthful beauty. Whether Tommy will not be sadly spoiled by the favors that descend upon him, is a question that seriously agitates his older and more experienced companions, who accordingly strive, without much effect, to endeave his tasmeen mon hoopor.

"Tommy has already learned to sing and whistle—a great acquisition, since the Japanese are not a singing people, and have but few musical instruments. He has already mastered 'Hail Columbia' and 'Pop Goes the Weasel.' He persists in calling 'Poppy Goes the Weasel' 'Poppy Goes the Weasel,' and takes the extra syllable rather a good deal. He is extending his American accomplishments, when over-persuasive, from 'Hail Columbia' to 'Yankee Doodle.'"

We give herewith an excellent likeness of "Tattooed Owajero," the youngest of the interpreters connected with the Japanese Embassy, who has become so general a favorite in Washington, and particularly with the ladies. "Tommy," as he is called by his American friends, is the son of the chief interpreter, and seems to be a young fellow of great good nature, considerable presence of mind, and a "way" of adapting himself to new scenes and strange company which delights all his visitors. The *Tribune* correspondent says of him:

"With 'Tommy' near, entirely dapper. This is the young interpreter (Tattooed Owajero), who, by virtue of absolute recklessness and a purely American spirit of destiny, has won the jolly nickname in which he must rejoice. Coming, now, in presence of higher officers, he reduces himself for a moment to preternatural lameness, but, his mission having ended with a pleuse or two, he darts away again in his usual frantic state. The humor of Tommy finds expression in the quaintest tricks. The other day he jumped a small boy into his room, did then and there boleck him with red silk trousers, and eres him forth into the hotel parlor, an object of public ridicule. Last night he got, by some means, a paper garrote collar, which, with infinite difficulty, he arranged about his own brown neck, American fashion, and pinned himself about, among his fellows, like a peacock with an entirely new feather in his tail.

"Tommy conforms to a passionate adoration of the feminine charms he finds surrounding him. The American ladies seem to have got into his head. He has confided to me an earnest desire to discover a suitable wife in this country, with whom he may peacefully live forever, without a thought of returning to Japan. When fans are handed to him for his autograph, he styles upon them, 'I like American lady very much;' 'I want to marry and live here with pluty lady'—plurality being an emendation of his own upon 'pretty'). Moreover, the sentiments of Tommy appear to be heartily reciprocated. He is a throughly good fellow. Revies of maidens gave hood, cruelly upon him all day, and until late in the evening, and extend to him unrelenting hands. Meiwon, too, prefer him attentions; but, with keen discrimination, he is generally taken with a fa of tumbleen when the results that great him are not smilies of youthful beauty. Whether Tommy will not be sadly spoiled by the favors that descend upon him, is a question that seriously agitates his older and more experienced companions, who accordingly strive, without much effect, to endeave his tasmeen mon hoopor.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "ARTHUR DARK," ETC., ETC.

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

THUS far the information which I had received from Mrs. Clements—though it established facts of which I had not previously been aware—was of a preliminary character only. It, clear that the series of deceptions which had Anne Catherick to London and separated her from Mrs. Clements had been accomplished solely by Count Fosco and the Countess; and the question whether any part of the conduct of husband or wife had been of a kind to place either of them within reach of the law might be well worthy of future consideration. But the purpose I had now in view led me in another direction than this. The immediate object of my visit to Mrs. Clements was to make some approach at least to the discovery of Sir Percival's secret, and she had said nothing, as yet, which advanced me on my way to that important end. I felt the necessity of trying to awaken her recollections of other times, persons, and events, than those on which her memory had hitherto been employed; and when I next spoke, I spoke with that object indirectly in view.

"I wish I could be of my help to you in this sad calamity," I said. "Oh! I can do is to feel heartily for your distress. If Anne had been your own child, Mrs. Clements, you could have shown her no truer kindness—you could have made no redder sacrifices for her sake."

"There's no great merit in that, Sir," said Mrs. Clements, simply. "The poor thing was as good as my own child to me. I nursed her from a baby, Sir, bringing her up by hand; and a hard job it was to rear her. It wouldn't go to my heart so to lose her if I hadn't made her first short-clothes, and taught her to walk. I always said she was sent to console me for never having chick or child of my own. And now she's lost, like old times keep coming back to my mind, and, even at my age, I can't help crying about her—I can't, indeed, Sir."

I waited a little to give Mrs. Clements time to compose herself. Was the light that I had been looking for so long now glimmering on me—far off, as yet—in the good woman's recollections of Anne's early life?

"Did you know Mrs. Catherick before Anne was born?" I asked.

"Not very long, Sir—not above four months. We saw a great deal of each other in that time, but we were never very friendly together."

Her voice was steadier as she made that reply. Painful as many of her recollections might be, I observed that it was, unconsciously, a relief to her mind to revert to the dimly seen troubles of the past, after dwelling so long on the vivid sorrows of the present.

"Were you and Mrs. Catherick neighbors?" I inquired, bending her memory on as encouragingly as I could.

"Yes, Sir—neighbors at Old Welmingham."

"*Old* Welmingham? There are two places of that name, then, in Hampshire?"

"Well, Sir, there used to be in those days—better than three-and-twenty years ago. They built a new town about two miles off, convenient to the river; and call it Welmingham, which was never much more than a village, got in time to be deserted. The new town is the place they call Welmingham now; but the old parish church is the parish church still. It stands by itself, with the houses pulled down, or gone to ruin, all round it. I've lived to see sad changes. It was a pleasant, pretty place in my time."

"Did you live there before your marriage, Mrs. Clements?"

"No, Sir—I'm a Norfolk woman. It wasn't the place my husband belonged to either. He was from Grimsby, as I told you; and he served his apprenticeship there. But having friends living in town, and hearing of an opening, he got into business at Southampton. It was in a small way, but he made enough for a plain man to retire on, and settled at Old Welmingham. I went there with him when he married me. We were neither of us young; but we lived very happy together. Higher than our neighbor, Mr. Catherick, lived along with his wife when they came to Old Welmingham, a year or two afterward."

"Was your husband acquainted with them before that?"

"With Catherick, Sir—not with his wife. She was a stranger to both of us. Some gentlemen had made interest for Catherick, and he got the situation of clerk at Welmingham Church, which was the place he lived in. He brought his newly-married wife along with him; and we heard, in course of time, she had been lady's maid in a great family that lived at Varneck Hall, near Southampton. Catherick had found it a hard matter to get her to marry him, in consequence of her holding herself uncommonly high. He had asked and asked, and given the thing up at last, seeing she was so contrary about it. When he *had* given up, he turned contrary, just the other way, and came to him of her own accord, without rhyme or reason, seemingly. My poor husband always said that was the time to have given her a lesson. But Catherick was too fond of her to do any thing of the sort; he never checked her, either before they were married or after. He was a quiet man in his feelings, letting them carry him a deal too far—now in one way, and now in another—and he would have spoiled a better wife than Mrs. Catherick, if a better had married him.

"I don't like to speak ill of any one, Sir; but she was a headstrong woman, and a terrible will of her own; fond of foolish admiration and fine clothes, and not caring to show so much as he always treated her. My husband said he thought things would turn out badly, when they first came to live near us; and his words proved true. Before they had been quite four months in our neighborhood there was a dreadful scandal and a miserable break-up in their household. Both of them were in fault—I am afraid both of them were equally in fault."

"You mean both husband and wife?"

"Oh no, Sir! I don't mean Catherick—he was only to be pitied. I mean his wife and the person—"

"And the person who caused the scandal?"

"Yes, Sir. A gentleman she had brought up, who ought to have set a better example. You know him, Sir—and my poor, dear Anne knew him only too well."

"Sir Percival Glyde?"

"Yes. Sir Percival Glyde."

My heart beat fast—I thought I had my hand on the clew. How little I knew then of the windings of the labyrinth which were still to mislead me!

"I fill Sir Percival live in your neighborhood at that time?" I asked.

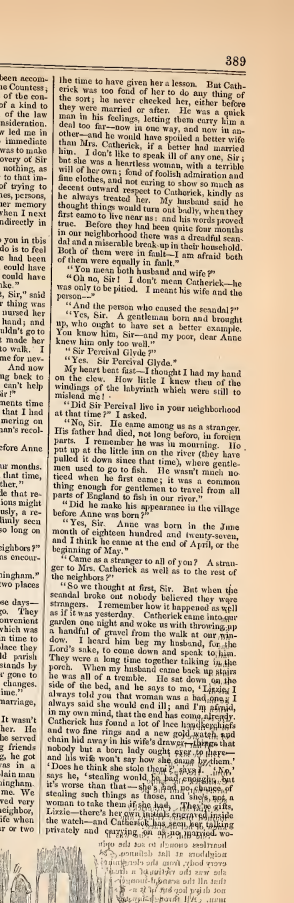
"No, Sir. He came among us as a stranger. His father had died, not long before, in foreign parts. I remember he was in mourning. He put up at the little inn on the river (they have pulled it down since that time), where gentlemen used to go to fish. He wasn't much noticed when he first came; it was a common thing enough for gentlemen to travel from all parts of England to fish in our river."

"Did he make his appearance in the village before time was born?"

"Yes, Sir. Anne was born in the June month of eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, and I think he came at the end of April, or the beginning of May."

"Came as a stranger to all of you? A stranger to Mrs. Catherick as well as to the rest of the neighbors?"

"So we thought at first, Sir. But when the scandal broke out nobody believed they were strangers. I remember how it happened as well as if it was yesterday. Catherick came into our garden one night and woke us up throwing up a handful of gravel from the walk at our window. I heard him beg my husband, for the Lord's sake, to come down and speak to him. They were a long time together talking in the porch. When my husband came back up stairs he was all of a tremble. He sat down on the side of the bed, and he says to me, 'Lizzie, I always told you that woman was a bad one; I always said she would end ill; and I'm afraid, in my own mind, that the end has come already.' Catherick has found a lot of her handkerchiefs and two fine rings and a new gold watch and chain hid away in his wife's drawer—things that nobody but a born lady ought ever to share—and his wife won't say how she came by them. Does he think she stole them? Well, Sir, he says he, 'stealing would be bad enough, but it's worse than that—she's hid, on purpose, a stealing such things as these, and she's a woman to take them if she had.' They've gotit, Lizzie—there's her own initials engraved inside the watch—and Catherick has sent my master privately and carrying on as she has, ever since, to know if he's to discharge her, or not. My poor husband is in a dreadful state about it, and he's gone to Varneck Hall to make inquiries. Mark my words, Lizzie, this will be a bad business for Catherick and his family.' Well, Sir, I was right in my words, for it was a bad business for Catherick and his family. Sir Percival Glyde was married to a young lady, and he had brought home his bride to live at Varneck Hall, and he was the talk of the country round about for his fine horses and his fine ways, and his good-looking face, and his free money, and his high spirit, and all the rest of it. Catherick had found it a hard matter to get her to marry him, in consequence of her holding herself uncommonly high. He had asked and asked, and given the thing up at last, seeing she was so contrary about it. When he *had* given up, she turned contrary, just the other way, and came to him of her own accord, without rhyme or reason, seemingly. My poor husband always said that was



"HE FELL INTO A KIND OF FRENZY AT HIS OWN DISGRACE, AND STRUCK SIR PERCIVAL."

man should with that gentleman in mourning —Sir Percival Glyde. Don't you say any thing about Fee's painted Catherick for to-night. I've told him to keep his tongue to himself and his eyes and his ears open, and to wait a day or two, till he can be quite certain.' 'I believe you are both of you wrong,' says I. 'It's not in nature, comfortable and respectable as she is here, that Mrs. Catherick should take up with a chance stranger like Sir Percival Glyde.' 'Ay, but in been stranger to her?' says my husband. 'You forget how Catherick's wife came to marry him. She went to him of her own accord, after saying No, over and over again, when he asked her. There have been wicked women before her time, Lizzie, who had been honest men who loved them as a means of saving their characters; and I'm sorely afraid this Mrs. Catherick is as wicked as the worst of them. We shall see,' says my husband, 'we shall soon see.' And only two days afterward we did see."

Mrs. Clements waited for a moment before she went on. Even in that moment I began to doubt whether the elew that I thought I had found was really leading me to the central mystery of the labyrinth after all. Was this common, too common, story of a man's treachery broke at last, really the key to a secret which had been the life-long terror of Sir Percival Glyde?

"Well, Sir, Catherick took my husband's advice, and waited," Mr. Clements continued. "And, as I told you, he hadn't long to wait. On the second day he found his wife and Sir Percival whispering together, quite familiar, close under the vestry of the church. I suppose they thought the neighborhood of the vestry was the last place in the world where any body would think of looking for mischief, but, however that may be, there they were. Sir Percival, being seemingly surprised and confounded, declared himself in a very silly way that poor Catherick (whose quick temper I have told you of already) fell into a kind of frenzy at his own disgrace and stabb Sir Percival. He was no match (and I am sorry to say it) for the man who had wronged him, and he was thrown by the coachman number before the neighbors, who had come to the place on hearing the disturbance, could run in to part them. All this happened toward evening; and before nightfall, when my husband went to Catherick's house, he was gone, nobody knew where. No living soul in the village ever saw him again. He knew too well by that time what his wife's vile tongue had been for marrying him; and he left his misery and disgrace—especially after what had happened to him with Sir Percival—to take care of the degree and of the pain put an advertisement in the paper, begging him to come back, and saying that he should not look in sadness on his friends. But Catherick had too much pride and spirit, as some people said—too much feeling, as I think, Sir—to do any thing here again, and try to live down the memory of his disgrace. My husband heard from him when he had left England, and heard a second time when he was settled and doing well in America. He is alive there now, as far as I know, but none of us in the old country—the wicked wife excepted—are ever likely to set eyes on him again."

"What became of Sir Percival?" I inquired. "Did he stay in the neighborhood?"

"Not he, Sir. The place was too hot to hold him. He was heard at high works with Mrs. Catherick the same night when the scandal broke out, and the next morning he took himself off."

"And Mrs. Catherick? Surely she never remained in the village among the people who knew of her disgrace?"

"She did, Sir. She was hard enough and heartless enough to set the opinions of all her neighbors at defiance. She declared to every body, from the clergyman downward, that she was the victim of a dreadful mistake, and that all the good-conscienced people in the place had drive her out of it as if she was a guilty woman. All through my time she lived at Old Welmingham, and after my time, when the new town was building, and the respectable neighbors began moving to it, she moved too, as if she was determined to live among those who scandalize them to the very last. There she is now, and there she will stop, in defiance of the best of them, to the dying day."

"But how has she lived through all these years?" I asked. "Was her husband able and willing to help her?"

"Both able and willing, Sir," said Mrs. Clements. "In the second letter he wrote to my good man he said she had borne his name, and lived in his home, and, wicked as she was, she must not leave like a beggar in the street. He could afford to make her some small allowance, and she might draw for it quarterly at a place in London."

"Did she accept the allowance?"

"Not a farthing of it, Sir. She said she would never be beholden to Catherick for bit or drop if she lived to be a hundred. And she has kept her word ever since. When my poor dear husband died, and left all to me, Catherick's letter was put in my possession with the other things, and I told her so let me know if she was ever in want. 'I'll let all England know I'm in want,' she said, 'before I tell Catherick, or any friend of Catherick's. Take that for your answer, and give it to *him* for an answer if he ever writes again.'"

"Do you suppose that she had money of her own?"

"Very little, if any, Sir. It was said, and said truly, I am afraid, that her means of living came privately from Sir Percival Glyde."

After that last reply I waited a little to reconsider what I had heard. If I unreservedly accepted the story so far, it was now plain that no approach, direct or indirect, to the Secret had yet been revealed to me, and that the pursuit of my object had ended again in leaving me face to face with the most palpable and the most disheartening failure.

But there was one point in the narrative which made me doubt the propriety of accepting it unreservedly, and which suggested the idea of something hidden below the surface. I could not account to myself for the circumstance of the clerk's guilty wife voluntarily living out all her after-existence on the scene of her disgrace. The woman's own protestation of innocence had taken this strange course as a practical assertion of her innocence did not satisfy me. It seemed to my mind more natural and more probable to assume that she was not so completely free from guilt in this matter as she had herself asserted. In that case who was the likeliest person to possess the power of compelling her to remainder at Welmingham? The person unquestionably from whom she derived the means of living. She had refused assistance from her husband, she had no adjudicate resources of her own, she was a friendless, disgraced woman: from what source should she derive help but from the source of which repeatedly Sir Percival Glyde?

Reasoning on these assumptions, and always starting in mind the one certain fact to guide me, that Mrs. Catherick was in possession of the Secret, I easily understood that the wife of Percival's secret was the last to leave Welmingham, because her character in that place was certain to isolate her from all communication with her fellow neighbors, and to allow her no opportunities of talking incautiously in moments of free intercourse with inquisitive neighbors. But what was the mystery to be concealed? Not Sir Percival's infamous connection with Mrs. Catherick's disgrace—for the neighbors were the very people who knew of it. Not the suspicion that he was Anne's father—for Welmingham was at the time in which I lived there and inevitably exist. If I accepted the guilty appearances described to me as unreservedly as Mrs. Clements had accepted them, I saw then the same superficial conclusion which Mr. Catherick and all his neighbors had drawn when was the inquiry made at Old Welmingham. A dangerous secret between Sir Percival and Mrs. Catherick which had lasted for years, and which at time in this? And yet in those stolen meetings, in those familiar whispers between the clerk's wife and Sir Percival, "something" the clew to discovery existed beyond a doubt.

Was it possible that appearances in this case had pointed one way, while the truth lay, all the while unsuspected, in another direction? Could Mrs. Catherick's association with Sir was the victim of a dreadful mistake, by any possibility be true? Or, assuming it to be false, could the conclusion of association with Sir Percival with her guilt have been founded in some inconceivable error? Had Sir Percival by any chance incurred the suspicion of his neighbors for the sake of diverting from himself some other secret? Was the clew to the secret, if I could pick it, here, in the approach to the Secret hidden deep under the surface of the apparently uproarising story which I had just heard.

My next questions were now directed to the one object of ascertaining whether Mrs. Catherick had or had not arrived truly at the conviction of his wife's infidelity. The answers I received from Mrs. Clements left me no doubt whatever on that point. Mrs. Catherick had, on the clearest evidence, compromised her reputation with a single woman and a single person unknown, and had married to save her character. It had been positively ascertained, by all the authorities of the time, that the wife enter particularly, that the daughter who bore her husband's name was not her husband's child.

The sole doubt left to me, whether it was equally certain that Sir Percival must have been the father of Anne, was lost by far greater difficulties. I was in no position to try the probabilities on one side or on the other, in this instance, by some better test than the test of personal resemblance.

"I suppose you often saw Sir Percival when he was in your neighborhood?"

"Yes, Sir, very often," replied Mrs. Clements.

"Did you ever observe that Anne was like him?"

"She was not at all like him, Sir."

"Was she like her mother, then?"

"Not like her mother either, Sir. Mrs. Catherick was dark and full in the face."

"Not like her mother, and not like her (supposed) father. I know that the test by personal resemblance was not to be implicitly trusted; but, on the other hand, it was not to be altogether rejected on that account. Was it possible to arrange between Sir Percival and Anne any conclusive facts in relation to the lives of Mrs. Catherick and Sir Percival before they came to the neighborhood of Old Welmingham? When I asked my next questions I put them with this view.

"Was Sir Percival first appeared in your neighborhood," I said, "did you hear where he had come from last?"

"No, Sir. Some said from Blackwater Park, and some said from Scotland, but nobody knew."

"Was Mrs. Catherick living in service at Yarnock Hall immediately before her marriage?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And had she been long in her place?"

"Three or four years, Sir; I am not quite certain which."

"Did you ever hear the name of the gentleman to whom Yarnock Hall belonged at that time?"

"Yes, Sir. His name was Major Donthorne."

"Did Mr. Catherick, or did any one else you knew, ever hear that Sir Percival was a friend of Major Donthorne's, or ever see Sir Percival in the neighborhood of Yarnock Hall?"

"Catherick never did, Sir, that I can remember—nor any one else, either, that I know of."

I noted down Major Donthorne's name and address, on the chance that he might still be living, and that it might be useful at some future time to apply to him. Meanwhile, the impression on my mind was now decidedly adverse to the opinion that Sir Percival was Anne's father, and decidedly favorable to the conclusion that the secret of his stolen interviews with Mrs. Catherick was therefore disconnected with the disgrace which the woman had inflicted on her husband's good name. I could think of no further inquiries which I might make to strengthen this impression—I could only encourage Mrs. Clements to speak next of Anne's early days, and wait for an opportune suggestion which might in this way offer itself to me.

"I have not heard yet," I said, "how the poor child, born in all this sin and misery, came to be trusted, Mrs. Clements, to your care."

"There was no help, Sir, but to take the little helpless creature in hand," replied Mrs. Clements. "The wicked mother seemed to hate it—as it was right she should, perhaps—from the day it was born. My heart was heavy for the child, and I made the offer to bring it up as tenderly as I was able to my own."

"Did Anne remain entirely under your care from that time?"

"Not quite entirely, Sir. Mrs. Catherick had her whims and fancies about it, at times; and used now and then to lay claim to the child, as if she wanted to make her feel the hardship. But these fits of hers never lasted for long. Poor little Anne was always returned to me, and was always glad to get back—though she led but a gloomy life in my house, having no playmates, like other children, to brighten her up."

Our longest separation was when her mother took her to Limmeridge. Just at that time I had a sickness in my house, and I felt it was so well, in that miserable affliction, that Anne should not be in the house. She was between ten and eleven years old, then, a mere at her lessons, poor soul, and not so cheerful as other children, but as pretty a little girl to look at as you would wish to see. Well, Sir, I sent her home if her mother brought her back; and then I made the offer to take her with me to London—the truth being, Sir, that I could not bear to be in my heart to stay at Old Welmingham after my husband's death, the place was so changed and so dismal to me."

"And did your husband consent to your proposal?"

"No, Sir. She came back from the north harder and bitterer than ever. Folks did say that she had been obliged to ask Sir Percival's leave to go to Limmeridge, for she had only leave to nurse her dying sister at Limmeridge, because the poor woman was reported to have turned mazed and crazy, and as she hardly left enough to hury her. These things may have soured Mrs. Catherick, likely enough; but however that may be, she couldn't bear of my taking the child away. She said, I remember, it distressing us both by parting us. All I could do was to give poor little Anne, and to tell her privately, if she was ever in trouble, to come to me. But years passed before she was free to come. I heard, at the time, poor soul, that the night she escaped from the mad-house."

"You know, Mrs. Clements, why Sir Percival Glyde sent for Anne?"

"I only know what Anne herself told me, Sir. The poor thing came to me in great wonder about it only. She said her mother had got some secret of Sir Percival's to keep, and had let it out to her, just after I left Hampshire; and when Sir Percival found she knew it he shut her up. But she never could say what it was, when I asked her, for fear she could tell more that her mother might be the ruin and destruction of Sir Percival if she chose. Mrs. Catherick may have said no more to Anne, Sir, than she so more. I'm next to certain I should have heard the whole truth from Anne if she had really known it, for she was a good, kind, and, as she very likely fancied she did, poor soul."

"This idea had more than once occurred to my own mind. I had already told Marian that I doubted whether Laura was really on the point of making any startling discovery when she and Anne Catherick were disturbed by Count Fosco at the boat-house. It was perfectly in character with the concealed affliction that she should assume an absolute knowledge of the Secret on no better grounds than vague suspicion, derived from the hints her mother had incautiously let drop in her presence. Sir Percival's guilty distrust would, in that case, infer, from the mere fact of the false idea that Anne knew all from her mother, just as it had afterward fixed in his mind the equally false suspicion that he had discovered it.

The time was passing; the morning was wearing away. I was anxious, if I said longer, lest Laura I should hear any thing more from Mrs. Clements than would be at all useful to my purpose. I had already exhausted those local and family particulars, in relation to Mrs. Catherick, of which I had been in search; and I had arrived at conclusions, entirely new to me, which might immensely assist in directing the course of my future proceedings. I rose to take my leave, and to thank Mrs. Clements for the friendly readiness she had shown in affording me information.

"I am afraid you must have thought me very inquisitive," I said. "I have troubled you with so many questions than many people would have cared to answer."

"You are heartily welcome, Sir, to any thing I can tell you," answered Mrs. Clements. Sir stopped, and looked at me wistfully. "But I do wish," said the poor woman, "you could have told me a little more about Anne, Sir. I thought I saw something in your face, when you came in, which looked as if you knew her. You can't think how hard it is not even to know whether she is living or dead. I could bear it better if I was only certain. You said you never expected we should see her alive again. Do you know, Sir—do you know, for truth—that it has pleased God to take her?"

I was not proof against this appeal; it would have been inexplicably mean and cruel of me if I had resisted it.

"I am afraid there is no doubt of the truth," I answered. "I have the certainty, in my own mind, that her troubles in this world are over."

The poor woman dropped into her chair, and hid her face from me. "Oh, Sir," she said, "how do you know it? Who can have told you?"

"No one has told me, Mrs. Clements. But I have reasons for forming some of my conclusions which I promise you shall know as soon as I can safely explain them. I am certain she was not neglected in her last moments; I am certain the heart-complaint, from which she suffered so badly, was the true cause of her death. You shall feel as sure of this as I do, when you shall know, before long, that she is buried in a quiet country church-yard; in a pretty, peaceful place, which you might have chosen for her yourself."

"Dead!" said Mrs. Clements, "dead so young—and I am left to bear it! I made her first short frocks. I taught her to walk. The first time she ever called Mother she did it to me; and I was her only friend Anne is taken! Did you say, Sir," said the poor woman, removing her handkerchief from her face, and looking up at me for the first time—"did you say that she had been nicely buried? Was it the sort of funeral she would have had if she had really been my own child?"

I assured her that it was. She seemed to take as important a pride in the answer—to find a comfort in it, which no other and higher considerations could afford. "I would have broken my heart," she said, simply, "if Anne had not been nicely buried; but how do you know it, Sir? who told you?" I once more entreated her to wait for the proof which I had promised, reservedly. "You are sure to see me again, I said, if I have a fever to ask, when you get a little more composed—perhaps in a day or two."

"Don't keep it waiting, Sir, on my account," said Mrs. Clements. "Never mind my crying, if I can be of use. If you have any thing on your mind to say to me, Sir, please to say it now."

"I only wished to ask you one last question," I said. "I wanted to know if Mrs. Catherick's address at Welmingham."

"My request so startled Mrs. Clements that for the moment even the tidings of Anne's death seemed to be driven from her mind. Her tears suddenly ceased to flow, and she sat looking at me with the amazement.

"For the Lord's sake, Sir!" she said, "what do you want with Mrs. Catherick?"

"I want this, Mrs. Clements," I replied: "I want to know the secret of those private meetings of hers with Sir Percival Glyde. There is something more, in what you have told me of that woman's past conduct and of that man's past relations with her, than you or any of your neighbors ever suspected. There is a Secret we none of us know of between those two, and I may go to Mrs. Catherick with the resolution to find it out."

"Think twice about it, Sir!" said Mrs. Clements, rising, and laying her hand on my arm. "She's an awful woman—you don't know her as I do. Think twice about it, Sir!"

"I am sure your warning is kindly meant, Mrs. Clements. But I am determined to see the woman, whatever consequences of it."

Mrs. Clements looked me anxiously in the face.

"I see your mind is made up, Sir," she said. "I will give you the address."

She went to her bureau in my parlor-book, and then took the good woman by the hand to say farewell.

"You shall hear from me soon," I said; "you shall know all that I have promised to tell you."

Mrs. Clements sighed and shook her head doubtfully.

"An old woman's advice is sometimes worth taking, Sir," she said. "Think twice before you go to Welmingham."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, June 11. In the Senate, on motion of Senator Douglas, the report of the Printing Investigating Committee was taken up. The alleged abuses growing out of the public printing were discussed. Resolutions recommending a change in the mode of executing the public printing were adopted. The Civil Appropriation Bill was taken up and discussed.—In the House, the Post-Office Appropriation Bill was taken up, and several amendments were agreed to: one authorizing the Postmaster-General to cause the mails to be transported between the United States and any foreign port, or place out of the United States and abroad; another allowing and paying for the carriage of letters and blank-

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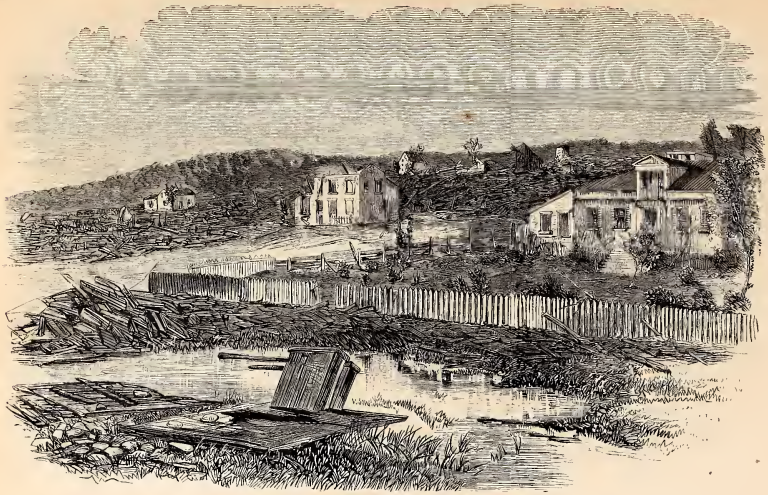
On Tuesday, June 12, in the Senate, an amendment to the Civil Appropriation Bill, appropriating $400,000 for arms to be distributed among the militia of the several States of the Union, was adopted.——In the House, the Senate's amendment to the Post-office Deficiency bill was agreed to. This restores nearly all the service discontinued or curtailed since March, 1859. The Navy Appropriation Bill was taken up; the amendments were concurred in, including one that not more than $500 shall be expended at any navy-yard on the hull and spars of any vessel, and not more than $250 on any one building, one more than $5000 on general repairs, without a specific appropriation and report of approval of Board. After some debate the bill passed.

On Wednesday, June 13, in the Senate, Senator Sumner presented a petition from Dr. Cleaver and others, for the return of Vladislaw Hay, of Massachusetts, who has a son referred to the Select Committee.——In the House, the committee reported back from the Committee on Expenditures in the Navy Department, declaring that the secretary of the Navy has, with the knowledge of the President, abused his discretionary power, and that the President and Secretary of the Navy therefore deserve the reprobation of the House, were taken up and adopted. The House, at 4 P.M., adjourned, out of respect to the President, he said, was independent of Congress, and Congress independent of the President. He was replied to by Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, and after further debate the several resolutions of censure were adopted, by the same majorities as votes.

On Thursday, June 14, in the Senate, the amendment of the House increasing the appropriation for the maintenance and relief of Africans of the captured Africa off Key West from $30,000 to $55,000 was rejected. The consideration of the Legislative bill was resumed, the amendment for paying the claims of the Choctaw Nation for the sum of $2,000,000 being rejected. The Civil Appropriation bill was passed without amendment.——In the House, the Committee of the Whole, into which, on motion to reduce the price of public printing forty per cent, was passed, the further consideration of the second grade for the School Public Ballots Committee was postponed and made special for Friday.——The Conference Committee on the House Homestead bill, reported that they were unable to agree on the amendment of the Senate Homestead bill, and the House resolved to insist on its disagreement, by a division. Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, moved the suspending of the Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain, and had the effect of giving the Canadians notice to the British North American Colonies without any specific notice. Mr. Pendleton, in support of the Senate's amendment to the Army bill were resumed, without acting further than the Indian Appropriation bill was passed without amendment.——In the House, the Committee of the Whole, into which, on motion to reduce the price of public printing forty per cent, was passed. The further consideration of the second grade for the School Public Ballots Committee was postponed and made special for Friday.——The Conference Committee on the House Homestead bill, reported that they were unable to agree on the amendment of the Senate Homestead bill, and the House resolved to insist on its disagreement, by a division. Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, moved the suspending of the Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain, and had the effect of giving



THE GREAT TORNADO.—RUINS OF ALBANY CITY, ILLINOIS.

THE GREAT TORNADO.

We present some sketches of the ruins of Albany City, Illinois, and Camanche, Iowa, the two places which suffered most severely from the tornado which swept over Western Illinois and Eastern Iowa on the evening of Sunday, June 3. Our engravings are from photographs taken for us on the ground by Messrs. William Field, of Fulton City, and G. H. Joslyn, of Camanche.

The Fulton *Courier* for June 8 contains an excellent report of the dreadful scene, in which two towns and an immense amount of property were in a few minutes utterly destroyed. To it we are indebted for the following facts:

The tornado commenced about five miles beyond Cedar Rapids, and moved in almost a direct easterly course. It was of the nature of a whirlwind, or, as some say, of two whirlwinds moving in the same direction, and near each other. In shape they resembled a funnel. The larger villages between Cedar Rapids and the Mississippi escaped a visit of this fearful destroyer; but much damage was done to property before reaching Camanche, and from *fifty to sixty* lives were lost.

CAMANCHE.

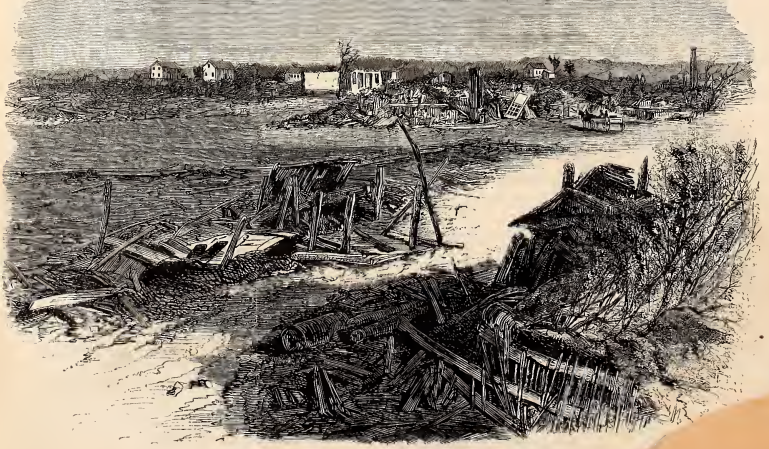
The storm reached Camanche at 7 30 P.M. It came with a hollow, rumbling noise heralding its approach, which sounded like a heavy train of cars passing over a bridge. Moving with the velocity of lightning, it struck the devoted town, and the fearful work of havoc commenced. The scene that followed, as given by eye-witnesses, can neither be imagined nor described. Amidst the roar of the tempest, the rustling of the wind, the reverberating peals of thunder, the vivid flashes of lightning, the pelting of the rain, the crash of falling buildings, the agonizing shrieks of terror-stricken women and children, the bewildered attempts to escape, and the moans of the dying, but little opportunity was left to observe the general appearance of the blow.

Parents caught their children in their arms and rushed frantic for *any* place that seemed to promise safety. Many found refuge in cellars, which to others proved graves. So sudden was the shock that many in the upper parts of buildings were left no time to flee to either parts.

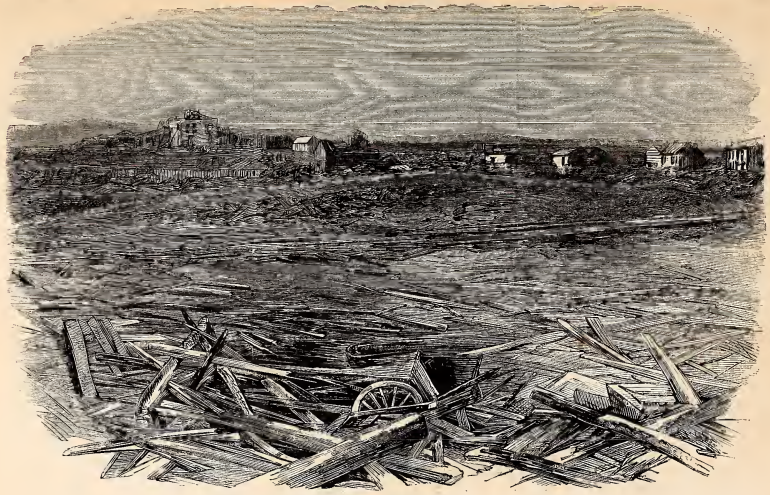
To go outside was as hazardous as to remain within. The turbulent air was filled with fragments of lumber, furniture, and trees, flying in every direction with the force of cannon-balls.

DURATION OF THE TORNADO.

Amidst such intense excitement, attended with such fatal consequences, moments seem years. But from statements that beyond doubt are correct, the storm did not rage less than two and a half nor more than five minutes. It would seem impossible, on looking at the de-



THE GREAT TORNADO.—RUINS OF CAMANCHE, IOWA.



THE GREAT TORNADO.—RUINS OF CAMANCHE (IOWA) FROM THE NORTHWEST.

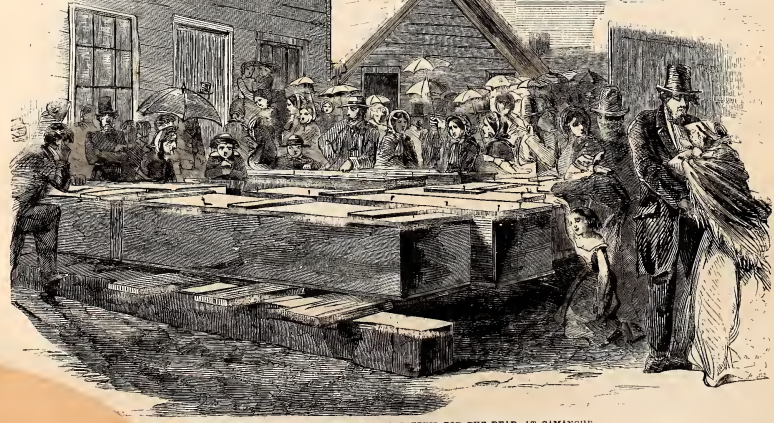
vastation, to suppose it the work of so short a time. Darkness immediately closed over the scene, and left a pall over the town only equaled by the darker gloom that draped the hearts of the survivors of the disaster.

THE SCENE, NEXT MORNING, AT ALBANY.

Heavy warehouses were lifted entire and removed some considerable distance, strong brick and stone buildings entirely demolished, while the lighter frame dwellinghouses were in most cases entirely swept away. We could not estimate the whole number of buildings injured, but could learn of not over three houses in the whole town that were not more or less damaged—most of them destroyed. The ground was strewed with fragments of boards. The hotel kept by Captain Barnes was not moved from its foundation, but part of the roof and inside partitions were carried away. The brick (Presbyterian) Church was leveled to the ground, and the Congregational much injured. The brick and stone houses seemed to afford but little more protection than the frame, and when they fell gave, of course, less chance of escape. But one place of business (Mr. Peaslee's) was left in a condition to use. The buildings, household furniture, provisions, and every thing in fact, in most instances, were swept beyond the reach of recovery. The ferry-boat was lifted from the water and laid upon the shore. Cattle, horses, and hogs were killed or driven away by the irresistible element. The loss of life, however, was far less than could have been expected. But five persons were killed, and perhaps fifty or sixty injured.

AT CAMANCHE.

The town was almost completely destroyed. A very few buildings were, as if by miracle, left standing, but even these were more or less injured. The ground was covered with splinters, boards, furniture, etc., completely shivered to pieces. Nothing perfect or whole was to be seen, but every thing looked as though it had been riven by lightning. The larger trees were blown down; while on the smaller ones that would yield to the wind, were to be seen tattered pieces of clothing, carpets, pillows, and even mattresses nearly torn to shreds. The river below was covered with marks of the storm, and much property was lost by being swept into the water. The general appearance of the ground was much like the traces left by a torrent where flood-wood is left lying in its path. Where buildings once stood is now a mass of unsightly ruins. It is with difficulty that the lines of former streets can be traced. Frame-houses were swept away or turned into every conceivable variety of positions. Dead animals were left floating in the river or lying among the ruins. The feathers on the poultry were even stripped from their bodies. Every thing was so completely scattered and destroyed that it was useless to attempt to recover any thing, and the citizens could only sit down in despair. Until 10 A. M. Monday the work of exhuming the bodies from the fallen ruins was still progressing. In one room that we visited the bodies of children and females were lying two or twelve in number, clothed in their white winding-sheets. It was a



THE GREAT TORNADO.—THE TWENTY-TWO COFFINS FOR THE DEAD, AT CAMANCHE.

sight that we pray may never again be ours to witness. The little children, in particular, had but few tears to justice, and by no if sleeping.

THE DEAD AND MISSING.

In all, thirty-eight persons were reported missing at Canandaiguas, and thirty-two bodies had been found. Above eighty were reported as wounded, some of whom have since died.

Information has been received that fatalities in with reliable accounts of 139 deaths caused by the tornado along the line of the Iowa and Nebraska road, including Canandaiguas. On the Illinois side of the river the loss of life has not been quite so large, but details are wanting in putting the total number of killed at 175. The wounded are by far more numerous, while the loss of property can not be distinctly estimated. We hear of 150 cattle in one town, 25 in a town that was all destroyed, 40 horses, fences, crops, railroad cars, and all property that fell in the path of the tornado, was left in fragments. There were hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property destroyed, much of which will never be replaced.

EXTENT OF THE STORM.

The tornado commenced in Linn County, Iowa, and stopped, as near as we can learn, in the vicinity of Elgin, in this State. Some uncertainty as to distance of life was carried in width from a half mile to two miles. If, of course, would carry objects immediately opposite the cities, moving as it did with the motion of a whirlwind. We saw one house that had been lifted from its foundation, and carried two hundred feet in a course directly contrary to the regular course of the tornado.

INCIDENTS.

The creeper in all the places where the storm passed were either very miraculous. In Allamakee, Mr. Stewart had repaired to the church for the purpose of singing the bell for worship, but entering the appearance of a pile approaching, concluded not to ring it. Had the congregation been called together it would have been certain death to all, as the walls of the church, being built of brick, fell on the inside. We saw a school house that had been carried several rods with three persons in it, and not even disturbed a hair of a single one. Another, a little daughter of Mr. Sweet was lying on a bed, and the barn with a little boy in it was blown away, from it came unharmed calling for its mother. An infant son of Mr. Gallagher, Elkay was blown from his cradle and it is thought that her own weight spoil it was the cause of its death. Nearly two hundred refugees in the school which fortunately, proved strong enough to protect them from a mass of rubbish which fell around them. Oliver McMahan fell in a place where the floor of the first story had been previously taken, leaving a gap of twelve. The joists fell over her, but were but enough to stretch over the bed head, and her body lifts. Mr. Kilbur had about time been safely seen in his cellar, but getting up for something to shield his face from the cold was killed instantly. We saw two children who were killed in the arms of their mothers. At Canandaiguas the first story of a hardware store, with its contents, was carried from the river and back, the upper part of the building dropped down square upon the foundation so that only since there properly fitted. Elgin was blown from fifteen miles west of Canandaiguas to that place and buried unscathed. One man in Iowa contains up 200 feet. A family on a farm took refuge in a "potato hole," where they remained safely, while their dwelling with was completely demolished. Pieces of boards were picked up at Galena, from the Iowa River, Albany, in Illinois and south directions. A wagon was lifted into the air, broken to pieces and the tire of one wheel was thrown out out of all shape. Nine freight cars standing on the track at Galena, were blown some distance from the place they were standing. The tornado raised immediately over the house of M. Mintz, in Garden Plain, and descended to strike the next house beyond. We noticed that those living in frame houses seemed with less fear than those in the tumble of brick or stone houses.

A peculiarity of the wind was that it was not a small boy was blown across Cedar River and his mangled body left in the bed of a tree.

In one family all that was left were three little girls, the father and mother and two children having been instantly killed. We saw where a house found had been carried from the side of a house, entirely, and hundreds of shingles had forced themselves clear through the slap-board of a house.

Another eye-witness says:

A chimney weighing about two tons was broken off at its junction with the roof, lifted into the air, and had fell down into the front yard, burying itself in the ground a depth of three feet without breaking or cracking a single brick. A light pine shingle was driven from the outside through the clap-board, lath, and plaster, and penetrated two inches from the inside wall of a dwelling house. No other house forced that we encountered had, in fact, been moved, such as is used by masons, was driven through a stone in the side of a house, penetrating half two inches. In one spot was found a large pile of books, covers, every leaf torn which was gone, and scattered over a thousand shapes. Leaves were stripped of their tissue, having the form alone and here and there a leaf which had nearly picked it off. Tree trunks were twisted several times round, and their tops broken off. The Mineral House, a three-story brick structure, fronting north, was lifted up from its foundation and turned completely round, so that the front door faced the south. It then collapsed, and took fire immediately as it was crushed, and, strange to relate, out of seventeen persons in the house only two were killed. One house upon Cedar Island was lifted from its foundation and whirled into the river, crushing as it fell and drowning three persons, in the mass.

A piano was taken out of a house in the centre of the town and carried some distance to the river bank without breaking.

The effects upon some of the houses near Canandaiguas, which were in the outer edge of the tornado, were curious. Upon some roofs the shingles were stripped off in parallel lines, as if they had been laid upon one roof assembling the figure 8. Some roofs were entirely unshingled, and in some cases every clapboard was gone. The sides of some houses were literally perforated with boards, clapboards, lathes, and sharp stakes. In some parts of Canandaiguas, where houses stood thickly clustered together, there is not a single vestige of one left. Another track of stout forts series is covered with splinters of about two feet in length. The lower stories of some houses were blown out entirely, leaving the upper story upon the ground. The lower is entirely rubbed, and we do not know how it can ever be rebuilt. There are whole blocks of houses swept entirely, with nothing but the cellars left to indicate that a house ever stood there.

The whole atmosphere around the place is sickening, and a stench is pervading the whole path of the storm that is almost impossible to endure.

THE NEW PYGMALION.

It was one of those warm and balmy days that scatter the snowy page of winter with summer parentheses. The dreamy sunshine slanted, like a golden mist, through the southwest window of Philip Amber's studio, and gilded bronze and marble with mellow lustre. A half dozen or so of tropid dim, partially reminiscent by the unusual warmth, crooned a monotonous roundelay on the sunny panes; and the old-fashioned time-piece that stood, grim and stately, in the corner, ticked sadly, like the voice of an accusing spirit, through the little apartment, where the patient sculptor worked steadily at a plaster model, whose dainty proportions were just beginning to rise from out the alabaster shapeless mass before him.

That little studio, with its high, oak-grained walls, and wide, deep-tented windows, was a miniature museum of the beautiful. Grand, old paintings, copies and originals of the ancient masters, invited the appreciative eye to feast upon their mellow beauty. A large engraving of Raphael's Sistine Madonna, hallowed with its divine features a shadowy niche, that only grew more shadowy taper to emulate its resemblance to those old-world shrines and oratories where the devout pay their devotion to the Virgin. Statuettes of the Venus di Medici and the Apollo Belvedere glanced at each other from opposite brackets, while a beautiful cast of Deaneiker's Ariadne adorned the mantle.

This last work was Philip's especial favorite. In his idealizing mind it was deeply suggestive; and he once remarked that humanity is borne away on the tide of its evil passions, as Ariadne is borne by the Ancestors, upon the tide of destiny the body, and passions the soul.

The afternoon deepened toward the twilight, as ashen cloud veiled the western sky, like a drop-curtain, leaving but a narrow strip of fiery orange crowning the mountains, which were barely visible from the studio windows. Long shadows glossed the corners of the room with dusky dragon-tints; and the sculptor, laying aside his work, withdrew a short distance to view the result of his long day's toil.

A smile of satisfaction hovered about his mobile lips, and touched their saddened expression with a quiet grace; when the door softly opened, and there entered a young lady, who combined in her sad face bore a faint resemblance to Raphael's Madonna di San Sistio.

"Is it you, Lillian?" asked the sculptor.

"Yes, father," the young girl answered in clear, soft tones, "it is me; and are you not ready to leave your work for a little while, that we have "o here?" she asked, with an air of surprise, and then raised the curtain of the window, that more distinctly the plaster model on which her father had been engaged.

"Beautiful, father, beautiful!" she exclaimed; "and this is Evangeline?"

Her blue eyes glowed with unusual warmth as she spoke, and her appreciative enthusiasm lent new emphasis to her video.

"Yes, it is my Evangeline," the sculptor answered, glancing from the model to her face, "but will till it completed, *then* see what you think of it."

"It is beautiful even now, father, and so very like some one I have seen; but come, tea is waiting."

And the two left the studio arm in arm for the adjoining room, which seemed the very abode of materials happiness, and comfort, and cheerful, fireless, home-like air. A bright coal fire glowed in the grate, the curtains shut out from sight the deepened shadows of twilight, and a dainty meal on the tea-table, screened by a salmon-tinted shade, diffused a mellow, subdued radiance throughout the little apartment.

When tea was nearly finished a servant entered and handed the sculptor a letter, which the poor man had just left the studio.

"Whom is it from?" asked Miriam, laying her hand on her father's shoulder as he folded the letter carefully, and, unfolding it, did full into a brown study.

"What did you say?" he asked, abstractedly.

"Where is it, read it for yourself."

Miriam took the letter from its envelope, and drawing nearer the lamp, she perused its contents, which ran thus:

"BOSTON, *January* 24, 18—.

"DEAR PHILIP,—After so long a silence, I hasten to write you concerning something which has caused me no slight anxiety; and I trust the longed well-tried friendship which has existed between us from childhood, will excuse for troubling you in the matter.

"My son Ralph, you remember, I know, has long desired to become a sculptor; he feels that his talent lies in that direction, and I have spared no expense to give him all such eccentric ideas, and to divert his mind from this strange desire. But all in vain, as this letter proves; and now, at his urgent request, I write you to know whether or not you can take him under your guidance and tuition. Ralph is now 18, and I have spared no pains; and hoping you will find it convenient to accede to his and my request, I am,

"Truly, your friend,

"PAUL FERDINAND."

"What shall you do, father?" asked Miriam, handing back the letter, and regarding the sculptor's expressive countenance.

"I hardly know," Philip answered. "And yet I can not well refuse," he added, musingly.

"Oh, take him, father," said Miriam, smiling. "You have often said that I need a brother, and now you need a Ferdinand to complete the comparison. Say 'Ralph, dear Prospero!'" And the young girl laughed in low, musical tones, as she half-awakened the sleeping canaries on their perches.

"Yes it so, then," replied the sculptor; "but guard well your heart, my little one, or

"'I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.'"

"Spare your admonitions, father. You have no 'rough magic to abjure,'" answered Miriam. "I shall always remain with you, and never hold you absent."

The sculptor smiled doubtingly; and drawing his daughter fondly toward him, whispered, gayly,

"I plunge in, Dora! Dora, not *Miriam!*"

Miriam blushed a dainty crimson, and darting away from his embrace opened the Alexandre organ that stood near by, and commenced playing an accompaniment to that plaintive old Scotch air, "Annie Laurie," which she sung in a soft, sopranic voice.

There are some songs which become to the heart as a sort of tonsor friend and confidant, to whom we intrust our dearest thoughts and emotions. So it was with this meaurful tune, and as the evening winds that bend the heather on the Highland moors, and which found a deep response in the young girl's soul, prominently audibered by suffering and affliction.

While Miriam sang the sculptor's mind was lapped in a tender melancholy, a twilight of joy and sorrow, as he recalled the happy past, plucked her as a flower from its fabled partners a few withered flowers that scented the present with the merest ghost of an odor. He was dwelling, in memory, on the sweet form of his wife, who had "gone before," and whose fair lineaments he was striving to reproduce in his statue of Evangeline.

But he soon aroused himself from his mournful reverie, and commenced a reply to his friend Fielding, offering to receive Raphael as a pupil.

Miriam looked forward to young Fielding's arrival with eager joy. She had always led a sober, secluded life, seldom seeing persons of her own age and station; and the prospect of a young gentleman to the quiet "Bermoothes" of the sculptor's home, formed a pleasant break in her life's dull monotony. Therefore it was soothing strange that between the two there should spring up a warm, devoted friendship. Young, enthusiastic, and gifted with artistic sympathies, each seemed formed for the other; and their acquaintance progressed from day to day till it finally deepened into fondness.

Some one has quaintly remarked that "Friendship with woman is love without sexuality." But with Miriam and Raphael Cupid soon gained himself pinions, and burst full-fledged upon their dazzled vision. Their friendship, concealed its warm sentiments from the other, and each half-assured, half-fearful, a strange timidity grew up between them, and the sculptor was no longer a friend of union.

Meanwhile the sculptor had completed his study of Evangeline—a thing of wondrous skill and beauty. He might have called it the statue of Judy, pensive and sad, yet with a strange expression was the air that breathed from every feature. In realizing his ideal the sculptor had chosen the moment, so beautifully described in the poem, when Evangeline, having journeyed to the Jesuit Mission, where she is informed by the priest that Gabriel "has gone, gone, gone, to the Ohio."

"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."

He represented her standing with bowed head and clasped hands, her rosary hanging from her waist, and her long wavy hair flowing over her shoulders, half-veiled with flowers of the prairie.

Adjoining Philip's studio was a large gallery, of which he was the superintendent, where artist were wont to meet for consultations, and there he placed his Evangeline, having invited a few intimate friends, with their wives and daughters, to spend an evening at his room in honor of its successful completion.

"Oh, you must have some tableaux from the young folk?" asked Philip, of Miriam and Raphael; "there is nearly a week to practice."

"Oh, yes," the young girls assented with the idea; leave them to me, and I will get them up. Will you help me, Raphael?" And so the tableaux were immediately arranged and arranged. Miriam chose the part of Evangeline. "I will rival your statue, father!" she said, gayly; "am I not pretty enough?"

"Rather," replied Philip; "but Heaven preserve you from a similar fate, *we been-mind!*"

The appointed evening had arrived; and Raphael, longing to make known his love to the sculptor's daughter, and uncertain of what response awaited him, strolled restlessly into the gallery, to view the wondrous statue, unconscious of its reputation for beauty. Miriam had stolen from them a few moments, and in the sombre twilight she practiced her attitude for Evangeline.

Raphael entered the room, and paused himself in a dark alcove. Miriam had just arranged her position, and stood in graceful beauty, her auburn hair in wavy tresses, and her unclaimed tiara streamed in at the dome—rippling negligently over her white-robed shoulders, and her hands clasped, as if in prayer for her absent lover.

"A glorious statue!" thought Raphael. "The counterpart of Miriam's mother, and of Miriam herself," he added, musingly. "If she only returned my affection!"

And he arose to approach the statue.

But it fell precipitately, and left the new Pygmalion confused and astonished. Gradually the mists dawned upon his bewildered mind, and he departed in search of Miriam; but the arrival of guests detained him.

A disharmony thought now occurred. When Love enters the soul he seldom falls to discover, with his keen, searching gaze, a legion of fears and distrusts lurking there, like so many ghosts, to frighten him away.

"If Miriam loves me, why did she not confess her feelings, instead of feeling so hastily, when I revealed her mine in such an open, though unintentional manner?"

Raphael could give himself no satisfactory answer; and turning round, he saw the pseudo-statue conversing with a well-known artist. Miriam's face was as pale as Carrara marble; agitation was visible in every feature and movement; and when the tiara for the tableaux arrived, she seated herself from representing Evangeline, on plea of indisposition. She avoided Raphael all the evening; and when the guests departed she withdrew to her chamber, giddy, confused, and racked with emotion.

The next morning she excused herself from breakfast. Her father went to her room, and found her ill with a low, nervous fever. Toward evening her mind grew delirious; her thoughts wandered; and she murmured in a confused manner of Evangeline, and Raphael, who watched beside her, stung with unutterable fears, and imploring God to restore her to health. Oh ye who have watched long days and longer nights by the bedside of one you loved with passionate affection, whose life trembled in the balance and threatened to expire, starting at each movement of the laws' sleeper, tracing the dusky shadows gathering about the eyes, feeling the fluttering pulse, and listening, ever and anon, to murmured words of delirium—ye alone can tell how lengthy seemed that week to him, and how deep was his anxiety, who loved the sculptor's daughter with all the affection that Gabriel cherished for Evangeline!

But Miriam at last grew better. It was a warm mid-April evening; the sun had just sunk behind the hills, and the curtains of the sick-chamber were hanged back to let the lingering light in. She had slept nearly all the afternoon, and now she stirred convulsively, her eyes opened, and she whispered, "Raphael!"

He was beside her in a moment; but nothing more was said, save what was uttered by their eyes mute eloquence.

The doctor soon entered, and bidding her be quiet, she slept again, while Raphael continued his faithful watch beside her, but now more calm and happy. That single word, "Raphael," had given to his soul visions of sunny sadness.

The next morning Miriam sat up in bed, propped by bolster and pillows. A young girl is beautiful in the full glow of health, giving the mental pleasures and dainty triumphs of her age; but she is never more beautiful than when convalescent. Sympathy, love's next-door neighbor, then joins herself to admiration, and a young man's heart is never either to be withstood such allied forces that raise gentle mastery and impel him his own domain.

"What book are you reading?" Miriam asked Raphael, as she inhaled the fragrance of a bouquet of wood-violets and anemones.

He closed the volume with a confused air, and answered, hesitatingly,

"Longfellow's 'Evangeline.'"

Miriam's pale cheeks flushed a delicate scarlet, and, in a faltering voice, she said,

"Read me the last canto, Raphael."

The young man commenced reading in a low, tremulous tone; but when he reached the touching passage descriptive of Evangeline's recognition of Gabriel in the Philadelphia hospital he faltered; but throwing the book aside, he grasped the invalid's emaciated hands, and raising them to his lips he stammered, brokenly,

"Oh, Miriam! let me be thy Gabriel, and thou be my Evangeline?"

Miriam closed her eyes dreamily, as if listening to music she had long been thirsting to hear.

"Nay, our love will terminate too soon, then," whispered the invalid, softly. "But I will be thy Miranda, and thou my Ferdinand?"

"Ah, yes," said Raphael, gratefully. "But here comes Prospero. Let us ask his consent."

"Which I grant," said the sculptor, seeing the happy looks of the lovers, and guessing the state of things. "In the words of my worthy prototype: 'Sit then and talk with her—she is mine own.' But, my dear Miranda, promise to hold my dearer than me."

Miriam was sunk in too blissful a reverie to reply; while Raphael was busy studying her features, which he reproduced a few months afterward in a statue of "Miranda confessing her love to Ferdinand" that gained him great applause.

ANCELLA.

BY A. BARRY.

When the sun comes through the windows,
And through the open door,
With a gray and golden carpet
Striping the kitchen floor,

He can not choose but kiss her,
As quiet and pale she stands
Wringing the coarse white garments
With her little reddened hands.

He follows her when she splashes
Her hands in the foamy tub,
Half encircles her waist so slender
As she leans o'er the board to rub.

When round her pale, wide forehead
His fingers have toying been,
I wonder if he hath listened
To the thoughts that sing within.

I know that her lips have murmured
Of Enid and Elaine,
Or some passionate words in German,
Matched with a mournful strain.

This pale-faced maid in the Kitchen
Hath dreams as sweet and rare
As ever in poesy
Had lady or princess fair.

And the sun, who in his journeys
All the maidens of earth sees,
Knows well there is not a princess
More pure and good than she.

Heroic as fair Godiva,
And gentle as sweet Fe
She bends to have
In a

If

THE BROKEN MERCHANT.

"You remember the fall of '57?"

"It would be singular if I did not."

Two merchants were in conversation. One, the first speaker, was a man past fifty, with a face that showed marks of care and anxious thought—not present care and thought, but only the signs of what had been. You saw at a glance that life's hard experience in the business world had not deadened the best of human sympathy in his heart. The other was a younger man, with a firm, confident mouth, and an eye that showed energy and purpose. There was nothing of the selfish hardness that we often see in countenances of his type.

"Have you not missed old familiar faces since then?" said the elder of the two men.

"Many," was answered. "Many. Yet no one seems to think of the wounded or maimed in life's battle."

"No; not of what they may yet be suffering."

"How quickly a man who is thrust by misfortune outside of our business circle is forgotten?"

"Yes. Or if remembered, it is with an unforgiving spirit for the loss that was suffered when he fell. You have not forgotten T. L——, leading partner in the firm of T. L——& Co?"

"No; of course not. Poor man! He struggled hard to keep up when that fearful storm raged; but it was too fierce and strong for him. Oh, yes, I remember L——."

"I saw him a few days ago."

"Ah! Is he in the city?"

"Yes, or, rather, in our vicinity."

"There was scarcely a day, for years before the 'panic,' that I did not meet him. Our houses had many transactions together. But since that time he has not once crossed my path. He vanished from among us like one who dies. Thus not thought of him for more than a year. And he is still in or near the city?"

"Yes."

"What is his doing?"

"You mean, I think, You remember what a fine presence he had. What a steady eye, and uplifted countenance?"

"Very well. He was one of the pleasantest men to do business with I ever knew. Prompt, gentlemanly, clear-headed, and highly honorable."

"You would hardly know him now."

"Indeed!"

"The change is painful. If any who lost by his failure remember him with unkindness, they need only to see him to dismiss the feeling."

"I thought," said the younger of the two men, "that L—— had naturally a great deal of reactive power—that if he went down in any disaster, he would struggle up again."

"Such was my opinion. But it seems that we were mistaken. He was proud and sensitive; and felt himself, in a certain sense, disgraced by his failure. Some merchants fail half a dozen times in their lives, scramble up on their feet again, look boldly or bravely into men's faces, and move onward as confidently as if nothing had happened. There are others of finer or weaker stuff, who are too cowardly, or too sensitive on the score of obligation, to face their old associates. Mr. L—— is one of these. Poor man! I feel sad when I think about him."

"When and where did you see him? I am interested in his case."

"I am glad to hear you use the word interest. It was in order to awaken in your mind a feeling of interest for Mr. L—— that I spoke of him. As a class we are too blame for want of sympathy with men who, after suffering misfortune in business, shrink away from among us into almost hopeless obscurity. Business honor is a sacred thing in the minds of all rightly thinking men. A true merchant is sensitive on this point in a high degree. Touch him here, and you touch him vitally. He may never recover from the wound. He goes out from among us, but comes not back. We neglect, perhaps forget him. It is stung to the quick. He feels disgraced. All his mind falls into morbid action. Alas! how many hundreds of such, whose faces we have not seen for years, are living from common observation in our city, suffering poverty as well as pain! We forget our business associates too soon. We let them pass from our memories and our sympathies as if they were only automatons.

"But I was speaking of Mr. L——. You have in your mind a pleasant picture of him in your mind. Look at it for a moment. Now I give you the reverse. I was over in Williamsburg a few days ago; and having occasion to make an inquiry, stepped into a little office where orders were taken for coal. It was not in size over six by eight feet. In one corner was an "8 cord-cooking pine desk, at which a man was sitting. His dress was in keeping with the place, and not exactly in keeping either; for I noticed "though worn, soiled, and mended in places "here, it was not of common material.

"answered in a polite, kind way;

"ered, and stirred my feel-

"My glance into his face

"ression of that kind-

"said I to my-

"Who

can he be?' And I tried hard to identify the voice and features. But no familiar personality came up in my mind. After transacting the business which took me to Williamsburg, I made my way to the ferry, and was stepping on board the boat to return to New York when my perplexity of mind in regard to the individuality of the man I had seen for only a moment became so intrusive that, I stood still, and said to myself:

"I must know who he is'

"Turning, I walked slowly along the street, questioning in my mind as to whether I should go back to the coal-office, or ask, in the neighborhood of its location, the merchant's name. I concluded to see the man himself, and so called once more at the office. I found him still sitting at his little desk, which took up nearly half the space inclosed by the office walls.

"'Did you find the place?' he asked, as I looked in at the door. There was a kind, generously manner about him, but not much life in his tones. I was more struck than at first with the familiar expression of his countenance. I he voice I had certainly heard before.

"I thanked him for the direction he had given me, and replied that I had found the place I was seeking. Then I said:

"'Haven't I met you before, Sir? I ought to know your face.'

"I was struck with his changed expression. The inquiry was plainly not wholly agreeable.

"'Pardon me,' I said, quickly, 'if my question is in any way obtrusive.' He had dropped his face for little, and turned it partly away.

"'No, Sir, it is not obtrusive,' he answered, still with his face slightly averted. There was a subdued tone in his voice, which was not sadness, yet so near it that it stirred in me a feeling of sympathy. 'You have met me before.'

"'Where?' I looked at him closely, but failed to make out his identity.

"'In New York.' Still I was at fault.

"'May I ask your name?'

"He raised his eyes, and looked at me steadily for a few moments—steadily, and I thought curiously.

"'And you have really forgotten me!' A faint sigh came to my ears. 'But no wonder,' he added, in a lower voice, 'I am not as I was when we met almost daily. Misfortune breaks a man down, and changes him rapidly. My name is L——.'

"'Not of the old firm of T. L—— & Co.?'

"'The same.' My tone and face did not seem to stir the dead level of his feelings.

"I took his hand and held it firmly, while I looked into his wasted countenance with all the kind interest I felt.

"'It can't be possible,' I said. 'T. L——!'

"'It is possible and actual,' he replied.

"'You know me?'

"'Certainly, the moment you came in.'

"'Why didn't you call me by name?' I asked.

"'You might not have cared to know me; and I have no desire to intrude myself upon old business acquaintances.'

"'This is not the place for you,' said I, glancing around the little office. 'My name was firm.

"'I have learned to be thankful for even a place like this,' he replied.

"'How the world touched me! For my thought went back to that neatly carpeted counting-room in which you and I have so often sat with him; to the large warehouse that had the entire floor of one called down to the elegant home in which he had surrounded his family with luxury. Thankful even for that narrow apartment, with a pine box with lid close walls as if it were a coffin! And surely the man had buried his hopes there. What a change for two short years!

"'Is this business your own?' I asked.

"'Oh no!' The answer was quick, as if the very question surprised him.

"'You are paid for attending the office and taking orders?'

"'Yes.'

"'It is not think me intrusive, but I would like to ask as to the salary you get.'

"His brows closed a little. 'Three hundred dollars,' he replied, after some hesitation.

"'Only three hundred? I did not attempt to conceal my surprise.

"He smiled faintly, repeating, in answer, what he had said before, 'I have learned to be thankful for even a place like this.'

"'But,' said I, 'you are competent to fill a better and higher place. This won't do. A man with your business capabilities must not be lost from his right sphere.'

"'I don't know that I have any business capabilities,' he answered, in a despairing tone.

"'Others know it if you do not,' said I, confidently. 'But why have you kept yourself so completely aloof from your old friends?'

"'Friends? I have no friends.'

"'Old business friends, I mean.'

"'There are no friendships in business,' he replied, contracting his brows.

"'Business is business, and friendship friendship,' I returned. 'Because a man is engaged in business, it isn't conclusive against him that he has no heart.'

"He said I have my heart for his own kith and kin, but the men with whom he does business come to be regarded as the tools and machinery by which he makes money. If they break, and can't be mended again, they are cast aside as useless, and no longer thought of or cared for.'

"He spoke with considerable bitterness. I felt the truth of what he said.

"'There are many exceptions to this,' was my answer. 'As you might have proved long ago had you not so wholly withdrawn yourself from old associations.'

"He shook his head doubtfully.

"'What of your family?' I ventured to ask. I remembered his wife and daughters. The former, a bright, intelligent, rather fashionable woman; the latter, two handsome, well-educated girls, who had only made their way into society a year before their father's failure.

"I half regretted the question, it moved him so strongly. His face, which had shown but very marked feeling, now fairly rippled with emotion.

"'I am not asking from idle curiosity,' said I. 'My interest is sincere. You have not sought me out, but I have discovered you. Will you not speak to me of your present condition as it is? I remember Mrs. L——, and I remember your daughters. Are they still living?'

"I was sincere, and he could not help feeling it.

"'Yes, thank God!' he replied, in a subdued way. 'They are living, and have been every thing to me.'

"'They are in Williamsburg?'

"'Yes. We live here. The girls are teaching.'

"'A school?' I asked.

"'No; Agnes teaches music, and Clara French and drawing.'

"'New York is a better place for them,' said I.

"'It might be; but we can not afford to live there.'

"He did not answer very freely. Misfortune and suffering had not, it was plain, crushed all the pride out of him. Our interview was embarrassed, at least on his side.

"'I will see you again, Mr. L——,' said I, in parting with him. 'There's something better for you than this.' I spoke cheerfully and confidently.

"He thanked me for the interest I had manifested, and went so far as to say that if I could help him into a better position I would lay him under a deep obligation.'

The young merchant to whom this relation was made sat silent for some time after his communication was ended.

"You have given me the heartache," he said, at length. "I remember Clara and Agnes very well. They were beautiful, attractive girls; the reigning belles for a season. But little over two years have gone by, and now they are humble teachers toiling in obscurity for bread. I have daughters, and I have thought that it may be so with them sends through me a throb of pain. And yet my position in business is not as good as the one that was held by Mr. L——. Will it be my turn next?"

"It is well," said the oldest of the two men, "to bring these matters home to ourselves. It will help us to feel for our fellow. Among business men there is too little sympathy for the unfortunate. They go down amidst the stormy waters, and no man thinks of grappling to save them."

"We must save L——," responded the other, resolutely.

"We must. Only three hundred dollars for such a man! Just think of it! Now I will tell you what we can do, if we go rightly to work. I have thousands out; but much will depend on you, as you are younger and more active than I am."

"Tell me what to do and the thing shall be done."

"There is to be an election for President of the A—— Insurance Company on next Monday. L——is just the man for it, and the salary is twenty-five hundred dollars. I own a few shares of stock, and so do you; and what is better, you are a Director."

"The very place for him!" And the younger of the two merchants struck his hands together. "But how is it to be managed? Cotton is talked about for the place."

"He isn't fit for it. L—— must get the election; and I think you and I can bring the right influences to bear. We will try at least."

"We will!" was the resolute answer.

Where there is a will there is usually the way. A week from the time our kind-hearted merchant met Mr. L——, in his humble position of clerk in a coal-office he saw him again in the same place, and handed him, without a word of comment, a letter announcing his election as President of the A—— Insurance Company. Mr. L——read it twice before making any response. There was a great change in his countenance when he looked up into the merchant's face.

"This is your good work," he said, quietly.

"I have taken part in it," replied the merchant.

L——grasped his hand, held it tightly for a few moments, and then, as tears fell over his cheeks, said, in a broken voice,

"God bless you!"

This merchant had his reward at that moment in full measure, shaken down and running over.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER IN WHICH HE TERMINATED THE LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO)

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. FERRANS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XXII.

PLEASURE.

"BABETTE," said Captain Brand, as he tapped a spoon against his coffee-cup and puffed his pipe—while the stout dandy negress was removing the remains of the light dinner—"Babette, old girl, you know that we are going to leave here in a few days, and I don't know yet whether you care to go with us or remain here on the island."

The negress made a guttural grunt of assent, and nodded her head till the ends of her Madras turban fluttered.

"Ha! you do, eh? Well, my Baba! I shall be sorry to leave you, for you will be very lonely here, and it may be a long, very long time before I come back."

Babette jerked her chin up this time and did not grunt.

"It's all the same, eh? old lady! Well; I shall leave enough to eat to last you a lifetime; but you will have to change your quarters, Baba, and live in the Padre's shed, for I—don't think this house will be inhabitable long after I am gone."

The negress gave another grunt and nod of assent.

"Yes. Well, old lady, the matter is decided, then; but in case you should have any visitors here after we have gone, you won't take my trouble to describe what you have seen here? No! That shake of your head convinces me—not if they roast you alive?"

The hideous sign of understanding that the woman expressed in her dumb way would have convinced any body without the trouble of uttering a word.

"Bueno," said Captain Brand, "that will do for to-day."

Rising as he spoke, he stepped to a cabinet, slipped a large handful of doubloons in his trowsers pocket, put on his hat, and walked out.

The sea-breeze swept over the island with its full strength, making the lofty cocoa-nuts bow their tufted tops, the palmetto-trees lift their broad flat leaves and clash the stems together. The mangroves hoot, too, before the wind, and the sand edified by in tiny whirls amidst the great expanse of cactus, while the vessels swung with taut chains to their anchors. Even Captain Brand felt his beard was blown off his dry light hair as he joined his compadre Don Ignacio on the landing; and the sandy dust blinded—though only for a moment—that one-eyed individual's optic, and put out his cigarrito as they straggled against the influence of the breeze. But they walked on in the direction of the sheds, and as they passed through the court-yard where the men were lounging about in yawning groups or sitting under the piazza, playing cards—getting up and touching their hats as their chief passed—Don Pedillo accosted him thus:

"Capitano, the people are thirsty, and desire a small barrel of wine."

"Not a drop, Señor Pedillo—not so much as would wet the bill of a mosquito! To-morrow at daylight let all hands be called, for we have work to do, and we must be quick to do it."

Pedillo shank away, abashed by the positive tone of his commander; and Captain Brand, with his companion, passed on to the domicile of the Padre and Doctor. Passing at the open door of the shed, they looked in. The Padre was lying flat on his back on his narrow bed, with his mouth wide open, and snoring like a bewitched much leaky sieve; while his beads and crucifix—misplaced emblems in contact with drunkenness and debauchery—were regaling on his mouldy chest. The Doctor was sitting beside his own couch, whispering words of childish comfort to the little boy, whose pale cheeks and brown curls repose on the pillow of the bed. The poor child's thin, limp fingers rested like the petals of a withered lily in the dark, bony hands of his friend, and his dim, hazel eyes were turned sadly toward him.

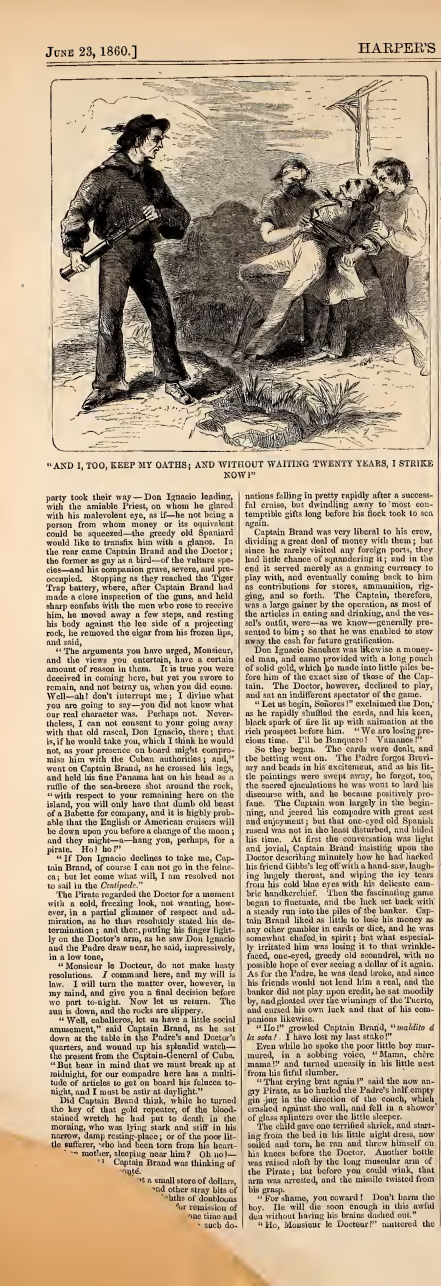
"Hola, amigo!" shouted Captain Brand, in a hearty voice. "We are losing the glorious sea-breeze! Vamonos! let us take a stroll to the Tiger's Trap."

Hereupon Captain Brand entered the room, and gave the Padre a violent twunk of the nose, as the astonished man was volume of cigar-smoke into his beastly mouth; which combined effect brought the Holy Father to life in a trice, choking, and sputtering, as he arose, in jargon of paternosters, which an indifferent hearer might have mistaken for a volley of execrations, so savagely were they uttered.

"Take a sip of Cenera, my Padre? There it is, on the table. Ah! do you call half a bottle a sip? Well! Come, Doctor, let us be moving."

Down by the narrow gorge of the inlet, and over the smooth rocks and shelly shore, the

THE JAPANESE EMBASSY AND THEIR ATTENDANTS.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]



"AND I, TOO, KEEP MY OATHS; AND WITHOUT WAITING TWENTY YEARS, I STRIKE NOW!"

party took their way—Don Ignacio leading, with the amiable Priest, on whom he glared with his malevolent eye, as if—he not being a person from whom money or its equivalent could be squeezed—the greedy old Spaniard would like to transfix him with a glance. In the rear came Captain Brand and the Doctor; the former as gay as a bird—of the vulture species—and his companion grave, severe, and preoccupied. Stopping as they reached the Tiger Trap battery, where, after Captain Brand had made a close inspection of the guns, and held sharp confabs with the men who rose to receive him, he moved away a few steps, and resting his body against the lee side of a projecting rock, he removed the cigar from his frozen lips, and said,

"The arguments you have urged, Monsieur, and the views you entertain, have a certain amount of reason in them. It is true you were deceived in coming here, but yet you swore to remain, and not betray us, when you did come. Well—ah! don't interrupt me; I divine what you are going to say—you did not know what our real character was. Perhaps not. Nevertheless, I can not consent to your going away with that old rascal, Don Ignacio, there; that is, if he would take you, which I think he would not, as your presence on board might compromise him with the Cuban authorities; and," went on Captain Brand, as he crossed his legs, and held his fine Panama hat on his head as a ruffle of the sea-breeze shot around the rock, "with respect to your remaining here on the island, you will only have that dumb old beast of a Babette for company, and it is highly probable that the English or American cruisers will be down upon you before a change of the moon; and they might—hang you, perhaps, for a pirate. Ho! ho!"

"If Don Ignacio declines to take me, Captain Brand, of course I can not go in the felucca; but come what will, I am resolved not to sail in the *Centipede*."

The Pirate regarded the Doctor for a moment with a cold, freezing look, not wanting, however, in a partial glimmer of respect and admiration, as he then resolutely stated his determination; and then, putting his finger lightly on the Doctor's arm, as he saw Don Ignacio and the Padre draw near, he said, impressively, in a low tone,

"Monsieur le Docteur, do not make hasty resolutions. I command here, and my will is law. I will turn the matter over, however, in my mind, and give you a final decision, when we part to-night. Now let us return. The sun is down, and the rocks are slippery.

"Well, caballeros, let us have a little social amusement," said Captain Brand, as he sat down at the table in the Padre's and Doctor's quarters, and wound up his splendid watch the present from the Captain-General of Cuba. "But hear in mind that we must break up at midnight, for our companero here has a multitude of articles to get on board his felucca tonight, and I must be astir at daylight."

Did Captain Brand think, while he turned the key of that gold repeater, of the bloodstained wretch he had put to death in the morning, who was lying stark and stiff in his narrow, damp resting-place; or of the poor little sufferer, who had been torn from his bosom—"mother, sleeping near him? Oh no!—Captain Brand was thinking of gold.

"A small store of dollars, and other stray bits of value of doubloons, for remission of one crime and such do-

nations falling in pretty rapidly after a successful cruise, but dwindling away to most contemptible gifts long before his fock took to sea again.

Captain Brand was very liberal to his crew, dividing a great deal of money with them; but since he rarely visited any foreign port, they had little chance of squandering it; and in the end it served merely as a gaming currency to play with, and eventually coming back to him as contributions for stores, ammunition, rigging, and so forth. The Captain, therefore, was a large gainer by the operation, as most of the articles in eating and drinking, and the vessel's outfit, were—as we know—generally presented to him; so that he was enabled to stow away the cash for future gratification.

Don Ignacio Sanchez was likewise a moneyed man, and came provided with a long pouch of solid gold, which he made into little piles before him of the exact size of those of the Captain. The Doctor, however, declined to play, and sat an indifferent spectator of the game.

"Let us begin, Senores!" exclaimed the Don, as he rapidly shuffled the cards, and his keen, black spark of eye lit up with animation at the rich prospect before him. "We are losing precious time. I'll be Banquero! Vamanos!"

So they began. The cards were dealt, and the betting went on. The Padre forgot, literally and beads in his excitement, and as his little paintings were swept away, he forgot, too, the sacred ejaculations he was wont to lard his discourse with, and he became positively profane. The Captain was largely in the beginning, and jeered his companeros with great zest and enjoyment; but that one-eyed old Spanish rascal was not in the least disturbed, and bided his time. At first the conversation was light and jovial, Captain Brand insisting upon the Doctor describing minutely how he had hacked his friend Gibbs's leg off with a hand-saw, laughing hugely thereat, and wiping the ivy tears from his cold blue eyes with his delicate cambric handkerchief. Then the fascinating game began to fluctuate, and the luck set back with a steady run into the piles of the banker. Captain Brand liked as little to lose his money as any other gambler in cards or dice, and he was somewhat chafed in spirit; but what especially irritated him was losing it to that wrinkle-faced, one-eyed, greedy old scoundrel, with no possible hope of ever seeing it back again. As for the Padre, he was dead broke, and since his friends would not lend him a real, and the banker did not pay upon credit, he sat moodily by, and glanced over the winnings of the Tuerto, and cursed his own luck and that of his companeros likewise.

"Ho!" growled Captain Brand, "*maldito de la sota!* I have lost my last stake!"

Even while he spoke the words, or little by murmured, in a sobbing voice, "Mama, chère mama!" and turned uneasily in his little nest over his fitful slumber.

"That crying brat again!" said the now angry Pirate, as he barked the Padre's half empty gin jug in the direction of the couch, which crashed against the wall, and fell in a shower of glass splinters over the little sleeper.

The child gave one terrified shriek, and starting from the bed in his little night dress, now soaked and torn, he ran and threw himself on his knees before the Doctor. Another bottle was raised aloft by the long muscular arm of the Pirate; but before you could wink, that arm was arrested, and the missile twisted from his grasp.

"For shame, you coward! Don't harm the boy. He will do soon enough in this awful den without having his brains dashed out."

"Ho, Monsieur le Docteur!" muttered the villain, looking as if he would like to taste the heart's-blood of the speaker who stood before him, "do you presume to call names and oppose my will?"

But, controlling his passion with a violent contortion of face that would have made one's blood run cold to see it, he changed his tone, and said:

"Nonsense, Doctor; you seem to take rather a strong interest in the brat—possibly an injudicious one; but as he is my prize, you know, by law, come, what will you give for him? Ah, happy thought, we will play for him! There, dead away, compadre. Sota and caballo! I take the sota again, and you ten doubloons against the boy on the cuvallo."

The Doctor said not a word, but nodded assent, and seemed absorbed in the game.

"Presto! Turn the cards, you old sinner. Quick! For diez! horse has kicked me, and the knave loses! Monsieur, the brat is yours."

Then, starting up, Captain Brand hastily pulled out his watch, and said: "Hola, caballeros, the time is up! I must say good-night."

Don Ignacio's brown skin fingers, like a dentist's steel nippers, laid down the cards and carefully picked up his winnings, even to the smallest bit of the precious metal, and dropped it piece by piece into his long pouch, following them each with his glittering eye, and smiling with his wrinkled old lips as the dull chink of the coin fell upon his ear. When he had performed this operation he tied up the mouth of the bag as if he was choking somebody to death; and then, twitching something which was partly hidden in his sleeve, he arose in readiness to go out.

As, however, Captain Brand turned to follow his companero, he looked carelessly toward the Doctor, and said:

"By-the-way, Monsieur, I have made up my mind with respect to our conversation to-day, and you *shall* remain on the Island. No thanks. Adieu. Now, Don Ignacio, if your men and boats are at the cove we will make sharp work with your business. Vamanos!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

WORK.

WHEN the Pirate stood in his saloon on the morning subsequent to the pleasurable events of the Sunday previous, he, as well as his saloon, presented altogether a different aspect. The apartment had been stripped of all its rare and costly furniture, cabinets, candelabra, plate, chairs, and glass; and nothing of value was left save the camphor trunks on the floor, the cane-bottomed settee, a few chairs, and a table. All the beautiful things, ornamental as well as useful, had disappeared, even to the rich packages of merchandise in the great vault beneath. The late possessor, however, of all that worldly wealth did not appear to be at all disconsoled, or to cherish the faintest pang of regret at his loss. In truth he seemed to be relieved from an uncomfortable load of responsibility, and feeling assured, perhaps, that in roaming about the world he could select a still more valuable collection; only give him time, and he would exercise his critical taste with every pleasing variety. It was thus he consoled himself as he stood there in his now denuded room, attired in a pair of coarse canvas trowsers, and flannel shirt, with a short shag jumper on his hip and a double-barreled pistol in his belt—quite the costume in which he so singularly shocked Doña Lucia, whose lovely miniature once hung there on the wall in company with the other miserable victims of his hist.

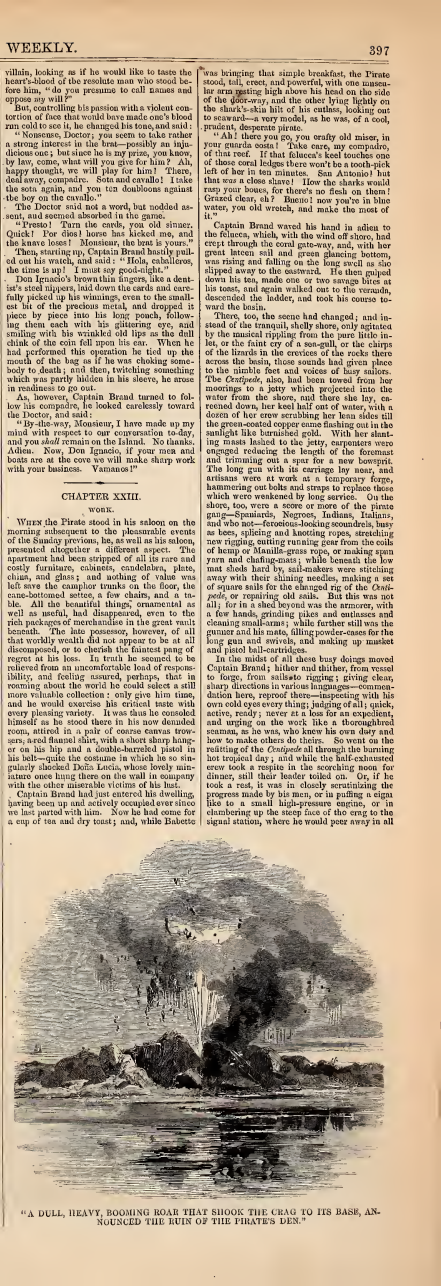
Captain Brand had just entered his dwelling, having been up and actively occupied ever since we last parted with him. Now he had come for a cup of tea and dry toast; and, while Babette was bringing that simple breakfast, the Pirate stood, tall, erect, and powerful, with one massive arm resting high above his head on the side of the door-way, and the other lying lightly on the shark's-skin hilt of his cutlass, looking out to seaward—a very model, as he was, of a cool, prudent, desperate pirate.

"Ah! there you go, you crafty old miser, in your guarda costa! Take care, my compadre, of that reef. If that felucca's keel touches one of those coral ledges there won't be a whole pick left of her in ten minutes. San Antonio! but that was a close shave! How the sharks would rasp your bones, for there's no fear of them! Grazed clear, eh? Bueno! now you're in blue water, you old wretch, and make the most of it."

Captain Brand waved his hand in adieu to the felucca, which, with the wind of shore, had crept through the coral gate-way, and, with her great lateen sail and green glancing bottom, was rising and falling on the long swell as she slipped away to the eastward. He then quipped down his tea, made one or two savage bites at his toast, and again walked out to the veranda, descended the ladder, and took his course toward the beach.

There, too, the scene had changed; and instead of the tranquil, shelly shore, only agitated by the musical ripples from the pure little inlet, or the faint cry of a sea-gull, or the chirps of the lizards in the crevices of the rocks there across the basin, those sounds had given place to the nimble feet and voices of busy sailors. The *Centipede*, also, had been towed from her moorings to a jetty which projected into the water from the shore, and there she lay, enveloped down, her keel half out of water, with a dozen of her crew scraping her hull sides till the green-coated copper came flashing out in the sunlight like burnished gold. With her slanting masts lashed to the jetty, carpenters were engaged reducing the length of the foremast and trimming out a spar for a new bowsprit. The long gun with its carriage lay near, and artisans were at work as a temporary forge, hammering out bolts and straps to replace those which were weakened by long service. On the shore, too, were a score or more of the pirate crew—Spaniards, Negroes, Indians, Italians, and who not—ferocious-looking scoundrels, busy as bees, splicing and knotting ropes, stretching new rigging, cutting running gear from the coils of hemp or Manilla-grass rope, or making spun yarn and chafing-mats; while beneath the low mat shade hard by, sail-makers were stitching away with their shining needles, making a set of square sails for the changed rig of the *Centipede*, or repairing old sails. But this was not all, for in a shed beyond was the armorer, with a few hands, grinding pikes and cutlasses and cleaning small-arms; while farther still was the gunner and his mate, filling powder-cases for the long gun and swivels, and making up musket and pistol ball-cartridges.

In the midst of all these busy doings moved Captain Brand; hither and thither, from vessel to forge, from sailsaio rigging; giving clear, sharp directions in various languages—commendation here, reproof there—inspecting with his own cold eyes every thing; judging of all; quick, active, ready; never at a loss for an expedient, and urging on the work like a thoroughbred seaman, as he was, who knew his own duty and how to make others do theirs. So went on the refitting of the *Centipede* all through the burning hot tropical day; and while the half-exhausted crew took a few hours in the scorching noon for dinner, still their leader toiled on. Or, if he took a rest, it was in closely scrutinizing the progress made by his men, or in puffing a cigar like to a small high-pressure engine, or in clambering up the steep face of the crag to the signal station, where he would pore away in all



"A DULL, HEAVY, BOOMING ROAR THAT SHOOK THE CRAG TO ITS BASE, ANNOUNCED THE RUIN OF THE PIRATE'S DEN."

directions around the island—never missing the glance of a pelican's pinion or the leap of a fish out of water. Then he would return to the cove, and begin anew the work. It was no longer the elegant Captain Brand, in knee-breeches, point-lace sleeves, and velvet doublet, seated at his luxurious table greaning under splendid plate, fine wines, and brilliant wax lights, and dispensing princely hospitality; but Captain Brand, the Pirate, in tarry rig, amidst sailors, sails, and cordage, munching a bit of hard biscuit or an e ndse of salt junk out of a mess kid; but ever ready, never weary, and always up to the professional mark.

At the first grey blush of dawn on the following day Captain Brand was astir again, and before the sun went down behind the waves the *Schooner Centipede* had been transformed into a brigantine, her foremast reduced, new standing rigging fitted for it, with a new bowsprit and head-booms, her rail raised four or five feet by shifting bulwarks, and a temporary house built on deck over the hatch gratings. She was also painted afresh, with a white streak; and, with false head-boards on her bows to hide her snake-like sneed of a entrance, no one, unless in the secret, could have known that the chunky box of a merchantman lying there was once the lew, swift, piratical schooner which had made so notorious a name in the West Indies. Still the work was driven on with scarcely any intermission—few hours' repose for the crew at night, and an hour for dinner in the day; but as for Captain Brand, he never slept at all—a doze for an hour or two, perhaps, on his settee in the saloon, and a cup of tea in the morning, with cigars-smoke, satisfied his frugal requirements. The next day by noon the water and stores were got on board the brigantine, her magazine stowed, the guns of the cove transferred from the sheds, the Captain's camphor trunks on board, and cabin in order, the sails bent, anchors on the bows, and, swinging to a hawser made fast to the rocks, the vessel was ready to put to sea at any moment.

"Pedillo," said Captain Brand, as his vigilant gaze took in all around him and then rested on the *Centipede*—"Pedillo, you may warp the vessel down to the mouth of the Tiger's Trap as soon as you've stowed some fagots ready for lighting in the sheds. When you get to the Trap fill the gunner, Gomez, to take a gang of hands and give that battery a good coat of coal tar, plug the vents of the guns, and lay cross-ringes and all in the sand beside the magazine. Tell him to destroy the powder, and pitch overboard all he can't conceal; and let him bear a hand about it, for we shall sail with the last of the sea-breeze toward sunset.

"And Pedillo"—here the Pirate's voice dropped to a whisper—"come back after the vessel is secured, and bring that Maltese fellow without a nose with you. It will be as well, perhaps, for you to provide yourself with a few fathoms of rawhide strips, as we may have occasion to use it on board."

Señor Pedillo's black eyey beard fairly bristled as he grinned intelligently at his superior, and, getting into a bit of a canoe at the jetty, he paddled off to the brigantine to execute his orders.

Meanwhile Captain Brand slowly bent his steps toward the house under the crag, and entered his spacious saloon for the last time. On the bare table, too, was his last dinner, served on a few odd dishes and cracked plates.

"Bravo, old girl!" said he, as he sat down to this repast, "you have a bottle of old Madeira, and a flask of hock left. No?"

The negress shook her head violently, made the sign of the cross, and by other telegraphic motions gave her master to understand that Padre Ricardo had dropped in, drained both bottles, and then had reeled off on board the brigantine.

"The drunken, selfish beast!" muttered Captain Brand; "it will be the last taste of wine he will swallow for a long time."

The Pirate was quite correct in his scheme for the Padre's reform; for the next copious draught the holy Father imbibed was the briny salt-water from the Caribbean sea.

"Well, my Babe, a drop of water then! Thank you, old lady. Here's to your health while I am gone. There—you need not blubber so over my bandy-legs!" And as he passed away from Captain Brand's sight the only creature in the wide world who loved him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAUTIOUS.

Captain Brand did not linger long over his frugal dinner, and when he had finished, as if he had not had enough exercise for the last three days, he took to walk with long nervous strides across the saloon.

"He called me coward, did he? and dared by his hand to do it? By my right arm, my Creole Doctor, I'll teach you not to call hard names again, and I'll paralyze your hands for all time to come!

The Pirate's pave grated like a rusty bolt as he hissed out these wanderous threats; but as his eye caught the squirming green silk rope, as he swung round on his heel in his walk, he paused and muttered,

"That bit of stuff may be of use. I'll take it by way of precaution."

Hereupon he rapidly narrow the cord and coiled it away in the bosom of his shirt. Then, looking at his watch, he said, "Ho! the time approaches, and here comes Pedillo."

Lighting a cigar, he left his dwelling for the last time; and, after pausing to hear a report from Pedillo that his orders had been executed and the vessel all ready for sea, and whispering a few precise directions in return, Captain Brand mounted up the steep face of the crag again and accosted the signal-man at the station.

"Ay ay thing in sight?"

"Nothing to the eastward, Capitano; but it has been a little hazy here away to the southward since meridian, and I can hardly see through it."

"Bueno, my man! give me the glass. You can go to board the brigantine. I'll take a last look myself."

While the signal-man scrambled down the crag Captain Brand rested the spy-glass on the trunk of the single cocoa-nut tree, whose sheltoa-like fingers of green rattled above his head like a gibbeted pirate in chains; and then he searched long and steadily along the hazy horizon. As he swept slowly, hours from time, with his eye from the tube, something—a mere dim speck—arrested his attention. Quickly dropping the glass, and so rapidly rubbing his bleareas and carefully adjusting the joints, he raised it again, as a backwoodsman does his rifle with an Indian for a mark. For full five minutes the Pirate stood as motionless as the crag beneath him, intently glaring through the tube at the speck in the distance. At last he let the glass fall at his side, and pulling out his watch with a jerk, he muttered to himself,

"It is a large and lefty ship; but should she be a cruiser after me, she will find the bird flown and the nest empty. He, he, my fortune!"

Springing down the precipitous declivity as he spoke, he passed a moment at a loophole of the vault beneath the dwelling, and lighting his cigar into a bright coal, he carefully twitched the match-rope which led to the train, opened the door and closed it after him as he went. While, by an instant till he saw the mire sparkle as it ignited, he moved away with long, swinging strides toward the cove. Hurrying, glancing through the now deserted halls the crew had occupied, where spare mattresses of fagots and dry wood and barrels of pitch were standing, he continued on till he came to the quarters of the Doctor. The Doctor was standing in the open door on the thatched piazza, looking quietly at the brigantine, whose sails were loosed, and the vessel hauled up for a cable-length, with her head just abreast the Tiger's Trap.

"Ah! Monsieur le Docteur, I have merely called he bid you a final adieu before I go on board; and as I have a few moments left, and a few words to say, suppose you walk with me toward the chapel. And if there is a suspicious sail off there," waving his glass in the direction, "and I wish to take a good look at her

"Doctor," continued Captain Brand as they reached the little esplanade facing the gravel path, "you will have no one left here on our island save our dumb Babette, and the chances are rather remote for your getting away, perhaps, yet, some of these fine days the fleet should happen to drop in here, which I do not think probable. I rely, however, upon your keeping your secret, even if they do come and—not bearraying the secrets you are acquainted with."

The Pirate said this in an off-hand, friendly way, as he had his glass fixed on the sail he saw in the offing.

"Captain Brand," replied the Doctor, "I was deceived in coming here, as you well know; but I shall religiously keep my oath for the twenty years, as I swore to do. After that, if we both live so long, my tongue and arm shall speak and strike."

The Pirate stepped back a little as he shut up the joints of the spy-glass with a crash; and, with a scowl of hate and vengeance combined, he said, in a loud whisper, while his cold eye gleamed like a ray of sunlight on an iceberg:

"And I, too, keep my oaths; and without waiting twenty years, I strike now!

Even while the treacherous villain spoke, two swarthy, sinewy scoundrels crept stealthily from within the shadow, and, with the soft, slimy movements of serpents, as their leader uttered the last word they sprang at the back of the Doctor and wound their coils around him, twining strong strands of rawhide rope about his trunk, legs, and body. Bound as a friend of chaste steel from which there was no escape, their victim was thrown, face downward, upon the sand.

"Be quick, Pedillo! the time is flying. Gomez, bring the corpse treetie from the chapel."

In a moment a wooden bier with legs, and stretched across with a bed of light wire, which had been used to carry the mortal remains of the pirates—and the poor women, too, beside them—to their last resting-places, was brought out from the little church. Then the bound victim was laid on it, face upward; again the hide thongs were passed in numerous plaits until the body was lashed firmly to the trestle.

"Place it on the edge of that rock there, with his head toward the ocean-mat tree. Take this silk rope, Gomez, and check it well up the trunk. There, that will do. I myself will perform the last act of politeness."

Saying this, the Pirate knotted the noose of the cord, and slipping it over the Doctor's head, he placed the knot carefully under his left ear. The victim gave no groan or sigh, and his dark luminous eyes were fixed on the blue sky above him in heaven.

"Monsieur le Docteur," said Captain Brand, as he hurriedly looked at his watch and raised his hat, "I have but one word of caution to give you: If you struggle, you will have your neck broken before you are stung to death! Talk as much as you like; but as Babette is a long way off and hard of hearing, I doubt if she comes to your assistance. Adieu!"

The retreating figures went leaping toward the inlet, and, as they rushed through the shels, they applied a torch to the combustible material deposited there, and then sprang on toward the Tiger's Trap. A few minutes afterward the Doctor turned his eyes in that direction, and saw the sails of the brigantine sheeted home and run up like magic; and taking the last breath of the sea-breeze on her quarter, the stern-fast was cast off, and she slipped easily out of the gorge-like channel. Still as those dark, stern eyes watched the receding hull of the *Centipede*, a sudden jar shook the island, a heavy column of white smoke rose from below the crag like a water-spout, and, crumbling out like a pillar, came down in a deluge of timber, stones, and dust, which rolled and tumbled down toward the gloom, and an awful peal, in a dull, heavy, booming roar that shook the crag to its base, announced the destruction of the Pirate's Den. At the same time the red fires gleamed in fitful flashes from the sheds, and rapidly making headway, the fire spread from one to the wild conflagration, till the whole nest was wrapped in flames. The shock of the explosion and the fires killed the wounded, and a brief pall of smoke and cinders hung like a gloomy canopy over the island.

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Under this title a late number of the New York *Christian Advocate and Journal* discusses the subject of Sewing Machines—setting forth the peculiar merits of the Grover and Baker, in contradistinction with the lockstitch machines so generally in use. A Grover & Baker has been in use in the family of one of our firm, rendering perfect satisfaction, developing the merits claimed for it by the *Advocate*, as follows:

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3. It is unnecessary to fasten the ends of seams made by this machine. This is done by the machine itself, without the use of the hand needle.

4. The Grover & Baker stitch is the only one formed by two threads, and consequently strengthening from the spool into a shuttle from three to five times for the under thread.

5. A seam thus formed is more elastic than any other made by a sewing machine, and is consequently very valuable in all goods that are to be washed and stretched under the iron.

6. The machine is adapted to all varieties of fabrics, sewing each equally well, and requiring no adjustment for any kind of sewing other than the adjustment of needles and thread.

7. It is more easily kept in order than any other machine, and need not be taken apart to be oiled.

8. The machine uses common spool cotton, silk, and linen thread with equal facility.

9. The machine is so simple that an intelligent child of ten years can easily learn to operate and keep it in order.

10. By reason of its simplicity of construction and ease of management, it is best adapted to all the wants of the family.

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	BY MACHINE Hours.	Min.	BY HAND Hours.	Min.
Gentlemen's Shirts	1	16	14	36
Frock Coats	3	33	16	25
Satin Vests	1	14	7	19
Linen Vests	0	45	5	14
Cloth Pants	0	51	5	10
Summer Pants	0	33	9	0
Silk Dress	1	13	10	22
Merino Dress	1	4	8	37
Calico Dress	0	57	6	27
Chemise	1	10	6	23
Misses Skirt	0	25	7	38
Hemlin Skirt	0	39	6	1
Drawers	0	28	5	1
Night Dress	1	1	10	3
Silk Apron	0	15	4	16
Plain Apron	0	9	1	36

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HARPER'S A JOURNAL OF CIVIL

Vol. IV.—No. 183.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

INSURRECTION IN SICILY.

Our readers are referred to Nos. 180 and 181 for a very accurate and valuable Map of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, for fine views of Messina, Naples, and Palermo, a splendid Portrait of Garibaldi, etc.

THE LAKE AT YSSBROOKE.

My parents were kept by the times in India: I was put to school at Harrow. At sixteen I spent my holidays at Yssbrooke. Yssbrooke belonged to my mother's brother; at least he occupied it, and his executors at his death disposed of it. There was a story about a trust, but that is neither here nor there. My vacations were, in most cases, passed there. It was a dull, odd, proddless sort of place, with gables of any age, that never seemed to grow older; large unthinned woods, and farmyards that never appeared either to thrive or to fall into decay; cattle grazing with a hopeless aspect on cold-looking pasture land, and thin crops of grain, which would have driven a farmer of these go-ahead times to suicide or the bottle. The whole establishment seemed but an abortive display of prosperity, which left its cold shade upon every person and thing brought within its compass; not that we were any of us habitually miserable, that I remember. The society at Yssbrooke was undoubtedly of a grave kind, but I do not think that it was distasteful to me on that account. I carried with me such school-boy elasticity as was consistent with my temperament. It was not much, perhaps, for I was ordinarily a dreamy and may have been more in my element in my uncle's domain than would most of my school-fellows; but, on the whole, I was happy there. For was it not home to me, and at home who is not happy? My uncle had a daughter. She was some six years my senior; which circumstance, combined with a certain native superiority which made me feel myself immeasurably her inferior, probably checked my development of an attachment that I have since thought was waiting to break out on my side. Tall, lithesome, with earnest hazel eyes, and soft silken brown hair, she could not have been more fascinating had she been an angel of beauty.

DISCOVERY OF THE BODY.

One could never look in her face without seeming to read the depth and fervor of her simple heart. A winning though retiring candor pervaded her whole person. Quiet and subdued in manner, she was perfectly open and frank in all she said and did. She inspired confidence with the first glance of her eye, and alas, as I have reason to know, she yielded it but too readily and fearlessly when it was sought by others. Well, I was not myself in love with her. In her eyes I was but as a boy. "Cecil, remember," she would say to me, "that you are baby, you goose;" and I never had the hardihood to dispute that truth, nor could I make up my mind to be offended at its enunciation. For she was so taking—the tones of her voice were so soft and true, and her hair—well I may be excused for referring to it again, for have I not a small piece of it before me now?

But there was another reason for my not presuming upon hopes, against which my youth was itself a sufficient impediment.

Edith Gerson, as years drew on, yielded her

"THE VERY IMAGE OF PAT."

[illegible] and at [illegible] mistress of [illegible] Edith, in anger, and [illegible] him in a passion of [illegible] right before my arrival. [illegible] had left the country. [illegible] a news with apparent sadness, and nothing to his relation of Edith, on the contrary, heard [illegible] terror for more striking than one could have expressed, but for days one but her nurse. Grim and reserved as the Lord of Yesbrooke himself, he probably thought that confidence would only make her distress, and for the days that succeeded she preserved a heroic apathy, which at times bore the aspect of lassitude, and a vague dread of approaching inevitable horror. One afternoon she disappeared. Her nurse had gone to her room to tell her the house in her ordinary walking-apparel, without any reliable trace of her being forthcoming. She was in a place of danger, and consequently frantic, and her last act was the destruction of every letter or writing she had received from her lover, as well as of many trays which could betray her hands to memory. She was gone and so was he, and up to the present moment they were, in fact, as if sunk in the earth, or blown away.

And what said my uncle to all this? I was mad to know what his hopes of her recovery were, and he promised to let me know the result of I have enlightened that evening. He returned to Yesbrooke with the idea impressed upon his mind that his child was hiding from him, and had been to a distant market-town on the high road to Liverpool. The country people had given him a clue, or a fanciful clew furnished by a post-chaise and a dark night. That the clew stopped there only proved to be was in failing. The departure of Edford from the country he regarded only as a feint. Her long depression during a fortnight a fatal sleep; and her sympathetic distraction of her prayers at the last moment as proof of a scheme having a definite living purpose as its end. Nobody tried to undermine him, for nobody had any considerable action to offer, and as long as there was a grain of hope it would be cruel to suggest the reverse. But the letter of our parents, I felt, was written, though differently: he felt that either Edith was close by or further of than human aid could reach. Having some influence with the Edfords, I returned to suggest, on the night of my arrival, that the woods, the farm cottages, and even the outlying hamlets should be searched. "Why, Ned, do you not, "should she have left home without clothing or money, she seems to go a journey? Why, your refusal of Mr. Edford was not contingent, would she go at all? Of what good would the interference of the neighbors be, when, by simply marrying her at once clandestinely, he could take her with him? You say he refused your conditions?—they slightly modified, I guess accepts them, unless—what you will not believe." No—the Colonel will not believe my thing like that: he was satisfied it was a mere pretense; and perhaps the rector thought he had some better reasons for the supposition than he cared to mention, and did not press his question.

The next day had gone and no tidings, and the next, and my uncle seemed at last to be giving in. The whole neighborhood had been ransacked, every friend and acquaintance that Edith had ever possessed had been applied to—magisterial aid had been evoked—but there was no tidings, no existence of the missing girl. The fifth day from her loss was a Sunday. Early in the forenoon the friends of Colonel Gerson anxiously thronged the dining-room for intelligence. I was there, terribly sick at heart, for I had been the more my arrival, and having contributed my exertions also for intelligence over the country, I was exhausted body as well as mental. The Colonel, as I have mentioned that the Colonel was ill, and the body of persons present diminished, from motives of delicacy, to some half dozen. I waited, however, mechanically, I think, for I had nowhere else to go, and I felt an irresistible attraction in remaining in the company of a man whose mind was riveted on the same subject as my own. I conversed, however, with none. With my hand leaned lightly on my hand, I sat in a corner of the room, my eyes resting on a large bowl, or rather glass trough of water, containing gold-fish, which stood in a recess hard by a window. I was before the days of "Aquaria," and the one before me would in these times have been thought insignificant. It was a curiosity, however, then, and the rare fish within it had been especial pets of poor lost Edith. I had seen them fed and caressed before me so much that I was turning my eyes away from my sad reflections to watch the antics of one or two friends in a weary manner, meant, however, to be grateful, and begged the rector who had conducted the service to pray in that spot in behalf of the one sole hope left him on earth. He could not leave the house, but it would be comfort to him to feel that they had in his company offered their united supplications to the Being of all mercy for help in his present visitation. There was a murmur of assent. The rector spoke one other save by murmurs—earnestly and affectingly did he touch on the blow that had fallen on the house, and according to the mode of faith then in vogue, he not only prayed, but asked for some direct token of the lost girl's fate. The speaker's words were from the heart, and they went to my heart, and when we rose to our feet my face, at least, was bathed in tears. Still I felt calmer and more trusting, and sure that I could not keep my eyes from the fish in the glass tank, I certainly was more composed. It is then from an excited mind of such I came to behold that which I was vouchsafed to the astonished eyes of all that little party.

When the persons present rose from prayer, they were grouped in a sort of semicircle, looking toward the vase of water, the rector and my uncle being alone with the Colonel toward it. On a sudden one of the party raised a cry, and the eyes of all, the two persons last mentioned included, turned in the direction of his gaze. Standing by the vase stood Edith—so pale that I, for one, could have mistaken her being there in life. She wore the dress in which she left home, but it seemed drenched as if by exposure to the weather. On her head was nothing but her hair cut one side, dripping and disheveled, hung unkempt upon her shoulder, on the other it seemed matted, and held in its place by a comb of coral, which I had not discern. Her face and look were stretched toward my uncle, and were for him alone. The countenance fearful, and seemed unconscious of despair, his attention, as if to some action she was about to perform. I just remember his giving a groan, having his head turned, and, I think, more rapid than it had been a moment before, and raising it with outstretched hand respectfully again, as if in obedience to the call of his child. I remember literally before us all dip her small hand into the vase, and raise it high, while the water fell palpably sparkling from her fingers. Again she dipped, and again repeated the action, and this time a sail, sweeping back disarranged her features—again the water fell—the fish sprang round at the sound, and, covering her features madly with her hands, she disappeared.

I had no time to think, or cry, or breathe. My uncle, with arm uplifted to heaven, cried out at once, "The lake!"

* * *

Beneath that and sheet of water where I in my youth had passed many hours of happy heart by the sedge, the sight of which but a few days before had spread such terror in my breast, the lifeless form of Edith Gerson was found. Dank, wet, and limp was her dress, for she had been there many days, and tangled and disheveled one side of her silken hair, as if the green weeds she betokened to us all her and fate; while the locks on the other side, still close fixed to their place, told how closely her young head had pillowed the muddy sedge pillow of its choice. Hand upon heart, and smile upon lip, weary half-closed eyelid, told even then the history of her life. It was all love, and trust, and betrayal, and despair.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860.

THE PROSPECT IN THE FUTURE.

THE prosperity of the United States—as of every other country—depends exclusively upon the proportion maintained between production and consumption. In the language of Mr Massey (which applies equally to nations or to individuals), where the income is twenty shillings and the expenditure twenty shillings and sixpence, the result will be misery; but let the income be twenty shillings and the expenditure nineteen and sixpence, and the result will be happiness. It is not uncommon to mistake financial crises for commercial disasters. This is an error. Merchants and bankers are more middle-men, whose profits depend upon necessary circumstances which may grow rich or become bankrupt without affecting the country in which they live: their prosperity or their insolvency has no more effect upon the nation than the wealth or poverty of a lawyer has upon the fortunes of his clients. Nations prosper when they produce largely, and consume a little less than they produce; they decline when their production falls off and their consumption of foreign goods exceeds their means of paying for them.

The financial crisis of 1857 never could have proved generally disastrous had the Western crops of cereals and the Southern crop of cotton in 1857 been equally generally bountiful. It was the rust and the fly and the drought of 1857 and 1858 which rendered the financial congratulations so premature.

We are now entering upon a new era. Nearly three years have elapsed since the great bubble—first inflated by the California gold discoveries—burst, with a report which re-echoed throughout the commercial world. Since then the United States have gone through a period of almost unparalleled prosperity. By a strange coincidence, simultaneously with our domestic troubles, immigration fell off, good harvests in Europe depressed the farmers of a marked for their grain, and political disturbances indispossed capitalists to adventure money in new adventures, or to purchase cotton at the price which it ought to have commanded. Productive regions were smitten as cruelly as financial centres, and the result was universal poverty.

In the year 1859, in the months of June and July, it was believed by persons not over-sanguine that the worst was over, and that the tide had turned. "The crops looked well throughout the country; it was fairly presumed that our income would exceed our expenditure. That hope was not realized. In the South, the cotton crop fulfilled the most sanguine expectations—a yield of 4,600,000 bales satisfied every one. But the West was disappointed. That fatal night of the 10th June, 1859, destroyed millions upon millions of bushels of corn and wheat in Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, and Minnesota. And to complicate the misfortune, excessive importations of foreign goods stripped the mercantile community of their profits, and absorbed them from affording that aid to the rural districts which was fairly expected.

Another year has elapsed. We are delighted to say that the promise of the future is more brilliant and more certain than it was a year since. The final result is still in the hands of Providence; no one doubt may still largely diminish the product of cotton; and the rust and the fly may play havoc with the wheat. But present appearances fully justify sanguine hopes. Throughout the Territory of Kansas and the State of Missouri the crops must be very poor; in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and most of the Southern States, crops will be below an average; but in the great food-yielding States—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan, and Minnesota—the yield of both corn and wheat will be very largely in excess of the greatest previous yield known. We fail to describe the luxuriant appearance of the Western wheat. Hundreds and thousands of square miles are covered with the loudscent grain that a former world will be the wonder forthwight or three weeks and every wheat-grower of the West will be in easy circumstances again. The corn looks equally promising. An early spring and genial weather enabled the farmers to plant a larger area than usual, and to plant it well. If the autumn frost be no earlier than usual the corn crop of the Northwest will be largely in excess of the average. It is plain, too, as well from the drought which has prevailed in Kansas and several Southern States as from the unfavorable crop-reports from Europe, that there will be a fine market for all the food that can be grown in the West.

It is yet too early to speak confidently of the cotton crop. Its amount mainly depends on the date of the first frill frost. Still, assuming that we have no early autumn, the reports from the cotton plantations justify the hope that we may have, this year, a crop of not less than five million bales. Many more acres of land than the average has been planted, and the weather has, thus far, been favorable. Nor is it unnatural to presume that the cotton-planters will enjoy this fall and this spring the market they must ever had. Never did cotton-spinners do so well as they have done since last September. The Manchester cotton-spinners, whose cotton-spun mills have been unceasingly active, yet have failed to supply the home demand and the inquiry for export to South America and Asia. In France the manufacturers have been equally fortunate. All over the world, in fact, the manufacture of cotton goods has been so very profitable that there must be an increased demand for the raw material this fall.

Simultaneously with this increase of production, we note with pleasure a decrease in the general consumption of foreign, and a revival of immigration. The imports are largely below the immigration largely in excess, of that of last year. We have less to pay for, and more hands to work with, than we had a year ago. Add to this that our banks are in a very sound condition, that no speculative schemes are absorbing capital, and that the mercantile community are trading on a safe basis and on their own means, and it can not be denied that the prospect in the future is one upon which every man may fairly congratulate his neighbor.

THE PROGRESS OF BUSINESS IN ITALY.

THE work goes bravely on! At the time we write we know that at least half of Palermo is in Garibaldi's hands, and that the imbecile tyrant of the Two Sicilies has fled for help from his brother sovereigns. It is agreeable to know that, with the exception of Austria—which does not matter, just now—the rulers of Europe have unanimously declined to lend their aid to the maintenance of Neapolitan oppression in Sicily. Probably there is only another Power can not mediate between the poor a monarch and his subjects, but only between two hostile Powers; if, therefore, the King of Naples wishes to keep the right of mediating at his proper time in the interest of humanity. Similar answers, we are assured, were forwarded from Berlin and St. Petersburg. Young Bomba is left to his own resources, and may feel pretty certain that nobody sympathizes with him in his day of trouble.

Thus, the world moves, after all. Time was, within the lifetime of men not very old, when Bomba's cry of distress would have roused bristling bayonets in every capital in Europe,

and Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, and Russians would have flown to Sicily, to crush out the insolent assailants of the divine right of kings. Austria put down the Italians over and over again. France sent an army to crush out liberty in Spain. Russia lent soldiers to help the German princes trample their people. Throughout Europe, thirty and forty years ago, sovereigns were banded together in a Holy Alliance, based upon the principle that the safety of all monarchs required the protection of each one of them against revolution. England was not a member of the Alliance; but in the private league which overthrew Napoleon, and of which the Alliance was the natural sequel, England took the leading part, and in good society in England some one sympathized with the allied sovereigns. Nearly forty years have passed since the last of the meetings of the Holy Alliance: what a change in public feeling!

Let no man suppose, however, that the work is over in Italy. The Bourbons and the Jesuits and the soldiery fighting for them life. They know perfectly well that if they are beaten that will be the end of them. They are desperate. They have money, arms, a well-disciplined army, and the advantage of position; while Garibaldi has but a slender force, the peasantry are not armed, the revolution has no money, and nothing and can hardly be granted to rebels. In the end, it stands to reason that the cause of right must prevail; but the final triumph may not be reached as soon as many people expect. You may look for a long swimmer's work. Napoleon, it seems, has again yielded to the entreaties of the Pope, who, after courtesy phrasing the Emperor in a public rescript, has now begged the favor of his protection a little longer. So Rome is safe for a few more weeks or months, and the Pope has something more to do and to rely upon than the arbor of Lamoricière and the constancy of his Irish recruits. Here, again, the struggle promises to be very tedious. Revolutions like the Papacy can not be overthrown in a day, however hard the Pope and his ministers may try to provoke a catastrophe.

But God is just, and the end must come at last. We who watch and hope shall yet see a free, united, liberal Italy.

THE LOUNGER.

ON A CERTAIN LATE NOVEL.

THAT any person, man or woman, who has the talent to write a good book, should write it, is natural and pleasant. That any clever person trying to help himself in the world, and believing that he can do it by writing a story, should write it, is still natural and pleasant. A good story-teller is a benefactor. We can spare as any people before him. How shall we estimate Defoe, Cervantes, Scott? But if this good person be better than the story, ought the critic to say that the story is good because the author is pursuing a laudable purpose in the endeavor to help himself? You think that the critic may hold his tongue? So will, doubtless, if any harm is to follow from opening his mouth. But critics don't always do. Even the newspapers can not confer genius. They may excite a curiosity, and sell many editions of a book; but if it be not good, they can merely invite a crowd to witness the author's failure. You may be induced to buy a book because you see it highly praised; but when you have discovered that the book does not commend itself, no applause will persuade you to the purchase of that author's next production.

I remember that a MS. was once sent to me. I told the author yesterday that I had better not have sent; that if I liked it, the public might not; and if I disliked it, the author was sure to dislike me. But nothing would prevent it. "Twas impossible that any such consideration, etc. I read the MS.—it was a novel—and did not like it. I said as to the author, "Why, sir, you might wander down and separated us for many months. One day I received a small package, which I opened, and discovered a fresh, new book. Of course it was the novel I had not liked; and under the cover a note: "M——presents compliments and a copy of ——Mr. ——will convey that the eminent publishers, ——— & Co., take a different view from his own of the merits and delicacies of romance in the book."

There was no reply possible but Phoebus.

"Mr. L. presents his compliments and thanks for the book. He is delighted that the eminent publishers differ with him about it. But he can only remind M—— that Phocion remained of the same opinion although the Greeks did with the hemlock."

The difference was that the novel did not. There was an immense advertising, and what is called puffing. The author was a person of "singular power," of "rare genius," and he novel "stands among the literary fields," etc., etc. This was five years ago. There has never been another work by the same author. Probably not a copy of that has been sold in four years; and it is doubtful if a single reader recalls either the name or the story.

Often and often since that day new novels have been published. They have marched by the public eye in full-dress parade. The drums and trumpets sounded, the banners waved; but the sound grew gradually fainter, until it was heard no more. A good book is not a military company, pay thundering by with a clash of blind music. It is a thinker or a sketch-maker; it sets out, and every day renewing its charms, like the sun and the rose. Do children get tired of Robinson Crusoe? Does the "Arabian Nights" sell by puffing? Young author, the papers may choose to say all they think. They may be so that you are poor, and be pitiful; they may not wish to alienate the publisher's advertising; they may be very good and very proud of praise; or, on the other hand, they may really like your book. But do not be elated; wait a little, until the next novel is published, and then read their page by say of that. You will find that genius has been lavishly bestowed upon your generation, and that you are one of the favored recipients of "rare powers" and "very remarkable talents."

JOHN AND MATRIMONY.

THE spirit of our law asserts absolute religious freedom. Their letter allows to convert and estimate it. But if a man say that his religious views constrain him to pick pockets, he can not plead probable religious toleration as a reason why he should not be sent up. There are several other instances in which we carry our religious belief. You may believe what you choose, or what you can not help; but if you believe it right to cut your neighbor's throat, you are punished, consequences because he has the same right to keep his throat whole that you have to your beliefs; and when rights conflict, some, overpowerful common sense, steps in and regulates the difficulty.

Clergymen are both religious and civil officers. When the civil and religious offices are joined, they be unlen by a religious blessing, and they localize it by authority of the Statue. In the great of that authority, the State may, of course, impose such reasonable conditions as it chooses for the purpose of accomplishing the end it has in view. In the eyes of society marriage is a sacred contract, and hence his Honor, Mayor Wood, who is not a religious officer, and Justices of the Peace, and various magistrates, are empowered to perform the ceremony.

Now the people of the State of New York, in view of the great interests of property which depend upon legitimate birth, desire as far as possible to remove illegitimacy, and for that purpose have ordained that every officer who marries a couple shall keep a register of the names and surnamies of the parties, their ages, sex, and condition, whether single or widowed, as near as can be ascertained. Nothing could be more simple and reasonable. There is nothing in it which such a law to which any good citizen could possibly object. But there is an objector, and a most extraordinary objection he makes.

The Archbishop of the Romish Church has written a letter in which he says that if the State paid for the clergyman for marrying people he would understand that he would be responsible to its laws. But then the Archbishop knows that his authority to perform a legal marriage ceremony in this State is derived from the law of the State, and that the same power imposes the duty of registry. Does he intend to say that the citizens are not responsible to the laws except when they are paid for doing what they do? The Archbishop pleads that a clergyman is often called upon "to remedy privately the evils which the corruption of society has produced, and that for any assistant of private conscience is concerned on the part of the delinquents." It is a dark saying. But the only meaning that appears in it is this, that people who have been long living together illicitly as husband and wife sometimes repent, and wish to be legally married. Very well. Is the sufficient reason why a clergyman should be unwilling to state in his register the fact that they were single although supposed to be married? Is there any reason why concealing should be wicked at because it has been committed? Or, if it be right to conceal it, can a clergyman justify his revelation of it by the mere fact that the State pays him for the service?

The letter of the Archbishop which has excited so much remark is a triumph of obscurity. Learned divines are congratulated on their loyal zeal to cloud their ideas, and the meaning of the Archbishop is certainly obscure. He professes that he is ready for the payment of fees, but he is not ready to violate his conscience—meaning, of course, that he is not willing to make the registry. But then he has just said that if the agent were paid by the State he would be responsible to the laws. His logic says, therefore—though, of course, the prelate himself does not intend it—that a law compelling a man to violate his conscience may be obeyed if he is paid for the violation. Perhaps he think it would be better to marry people quickly, according to law, than to attempt a justification of marriage by a plea that the State had offered no bribe for obedience.

THE SPANISH MAIN.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, who is one of the cleverest of the English novelists, has written a little book of travel among the West India Islands and along parts of the shores of Mexico. He is one of the most readable, agreeable, instructive volumes that you are likely to put your hand upon in all the seasons of the year.

Mr. Trollope (son of our old friend who made such fun of us some years ago, and with whom we shall be glad to shake hands if he comes to the English Post-office, and crossed the ocean upon some pitching steamer. But he did quite right, and will dit the humor of a private gentleman. He is not troubled with a morbid conscience—he means to be a lay rule of the cross—his conviction is apparently good—his health uniform—his temperament, as Professor Fowler would probably say, bilious lymphatic—he is calm, perceptive—intelligent—prompt—impartial—able to see fun and to make it—a man upon whom a good bottle, a good cigar, and a good cover will not be a thousand way.

During a cruise of several weeks he drops in upon all the West India Islands, and falls in love with the Spanish Main. He looks at every thing the most appreciative and retentive eye. He tells you the incidents of travel with a fresh spirit, and

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Anthony Trollope's "West India
Main."

ACT FIFTH, SCENE THE LAST.

JOHN BULL can never laugh at an equal for absurd extravagance. The solemn editorials of the *Saturday Review* or other leading English papers upon the transit fight of Heenan and Sayers were droll enough; but the grave description in the *Times* of "the interesting ceremony which so auspiciously closes this novel Anglo-American 'difficulty' is beyond Rabelais. We have had some signal successes in the achievement of absurdity. When, for instance, the obsequies of a bully killed in a duel were carried in a procession were celebrated as those of Washington might have been, decent Americans felt their fingers tingle, and the newspapers were still enough to be ashamed. But there was this explanation of that display; that Poole was idealized as the representative of a portion, and the significance of his funeral was really political.

But the P. R. represents nothing. To confound that rare excellence, heroism, with the ability to endure a fearing is simply laughable; and when it is declared that the due muscular proportion prevents any real suffering from the "punishment" it becomes contemptible. The courage that held Thermopylæ and retreated at Valley Forge was not of the muscular kind. The point of pluck is in the mind, not in the knuckles; and many a man, because he is such a coward that he can not resist the foolishness of "the code," passes for a brave fellow because he stands up before a pistol. How it is possible that any one to insult you if you do not permit him? If you want brave men, don't go to race-courses, prize-rings, cock-fights, and bullfights; but find them in the daily lives walk in a shoal of popular dishwat, because they love truth and are loyal to principle. Mr. Benjamin Caunt, Tomlinson and Mr. Sayers are good fellows, and fine, is no share have, for those reasons, than Hopsy-Cow-Dumb-gory. He may be a hero, but his fists and mind are not genius don't prove it.

John Bull thinks otherwise. The description of what we quote is exquisite. The amiable fighters are introduced as "the two bravest men who had honored the world since the days of Wellington and Napoleon." John Bull then announces that the account of the bruising "is a history which will be read by future generations with admiration," and that the reader is "overawed." Brother Jonathan then takes up the wondrous tale, and addresses Mr. Sayers upon "the termination of your fight with the champion of Old Bailey." and "the fitting finish of a great career." The bruising at Farnborough, especially. Probably the part when Mr. Heenan was unequal to struggling Mr. Sayers was "chivalry revived; and it was not only courteous but knightly." After this it seems rather tame to mention that Heenan, as he is, is remind Mr. Sayers that he is receiving "a sound expression of the admiration of two nations such as a man of your humble standing never had the proud fortune to receive before." In a gentleman who, by accidentally knocking out another, has revived chivalry, and by planting his mawleys upon an opposing nozzle proved himself not only courteous but knightly, to be talked to of "humble standing?" Do people of humble standing fifty finish great careers, and terminate long and honorable public lives?

With such a flourish of eloquence the actors in the late great comedy low themselves off the scene. Mr. Heenan is left to retire on his laurels and on the set gain to decency, honesty, and heroism of the whole business?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MODERATION IN CRINOLINE.

A lady who styles herself *Artiste en Corsets, Fournisseur de la Reine de la Grande Victoria, Adventure a "Jardin Mediun."* This thing called "Jupon" has for its basis some, very, very, very, large hoops to the ruffle which declares that there is a nation in every thing. Nothing is so fashionable in nation in the dress—loss of that article of female apparel, which have indeed caused all manner of disasters. However, a man may hope to be enabled to sit at dinner between two ladies without being in danger from their clothes, which now generally spread out on each side so as to meet in front of him, and, superadded to the pleasure of being in harem, are unmodestly worn in summer. In sitting down, a man must, of course, be gentleman in future, thanks to the "Jupon Mediun," old ever, perhaps, the hoops, and, in order to avoid dislodging the hoopers of one of his fair neighbors instead of his table-napkin. If the hoopers be of a size, the chances of the gallant success to it. Hoy is to be patronized by the aristocracy, and, hence, the fashionable Republic, will the vilest you may call an example of the happy medium!

OUR POET AND OUR FOOTS.—"The cause of grayness in the hair, in many instances, may be traced to a too copious indulgence in porterine. When we consider the congeniality of the substance ordinarily used under the name, we may readily understand how the practice of imbibing it is calculated to give one who is not old the appearance of an elderly gentleman.

SPEAK AND SHOULDER-KNOTS.—"What is an equipage? pique? impudence? No, it is charity. Not a few thousands of time hand has been promoted to the colonelcy of a crack regiment, by a very, very, very, very, very, very, very, "in a horse-footman."

We have heard of an economical man, who always takes his meals in front of a saloon. He does this to double the dollar.

left-ten.

A cockney at a tea-party, overhearing one lady say to another, "I have knowledge for your pigeon." immediately exclaimed, "I present against that, for there is no pigeon in the pie!"

An editor says that he hopes to be able to present a marriage and a death as original matter for his columns; but a lazy fellow backs up the wedding, and the doctor got sick, so the patient recovered.

A lawyer said to a medical friend: "My family, surely, is little more ancient; for the killing of Abel by Cain was the first criminal case."

"Sure enough," said the doctor; "but before that happened a rib was taken out of Adam's side; and that was the first case of a rib-bone."

A SUFFERING FIG.—Dr. Mosler, of Gilsum, relates the case of a girl, who, suffering from an affection of the ear, consequent upon an attack of typhoid fever, was unable to attend with a sneezing, which lasted for eighty hours. Reclaiming her sneezing per minute, he makes out that the girl must have sneezed 48,000 times.

Once at the breakfast-table at the Tuileries, Mr. Anderson death was intent on the sculpture. He was seriously he entered an expression of horror, and his countenance exhibited the most poignant sorrow. The ladies present, supposing that some great European calamity had occurred, hastily asked him what was the matter, and were told by the old gentleman, looking over his spectacles, "By Jove, a fox has been bound to death in a horse!" The enthusiastic votary of the chase, the man who hunted all day in a week old through the arrows, the high-priest who had immolated innumerable foxes, and made above his friends, was quite sick which he had cut off no less than 1500 tails, was bowed down with sorrow over the effect of hoyman being destroyed without the usual ceremonies.

HOW TO AVOID DROWNING.—Always keep your head above water.

"NO NOT ON THAT HEAD!"—Why is a hoy better like a telegraphic wire?—Because he runs *from* poll to pole.

THE BEST PROMOTER OF DIGESTION.—Laughing after dinner is a better "dissecoagh" to promote digestion than cheese, Champagne, or gilts.

"Mister," said an old Scotch servant, "whether ye remember hoosing in Sunday morning given you a glass of whisky, to take a drop or drink off the hold it's?" The master hoosing, in honest Scotch phrase, replied to this poser that the country constituted in liberty the whole, he must exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, "Then, Guide be thankit, I was unanimity!"

A PROVERB OF SOME SOLDIER'ING.—It is better that a woman should exist than to swear. Better for us to endure the present life than fly to others that we know not of. We do not relish the noise of soldiers. We never did. Soldiering seems to be a poor use to make of a country. But then soldiering has its advantages. Some do not like the noise of a bullet blowing off steam; but if it saves the boiler from bursting, we should be content to endure it.

THE TAYLOR THAT MADE THE BREECHES.—The Duke of Wellington was invaluable for the soldiers with which he gave his directions. Even in the heat of an engagement he has been known to give vent to a humorous observation, especially when it seemed to raise the spirits of his men. That, when the British were storming Badajoz, his Grace rode up while the balls were falling, and, observing an artilleryman particularly active, inquired the man's name. He was answered, "Taylor." A very good name, too," remarked Wellington. "Cheer up, my men; our Taylor will soon make a pair of breeches in the wall!" At this while the new forget the danger of their situation, a burst of laughter broke from them, and the next charge carried the fortress.

What sales on a railroad train are most likely to be broken.—The refreshments.

A peaceful joker ought to be the best of auctioneers—judging by his scenes in selling his friends.

The boy who was caught bathing in the future has been arrested for trying to see the time without paying.

A sentimental chap intends to petition Parliament for a grant to compensate the disunited in Ireland, that he accordeth the "course of true love may run smooth."

"And so you have married a Mr. Penny?" said a gentleman to a lady just returned.

"Nil; Mr. Pence."

"Ah, just the reverse better than I thought."

"Sere," said a Frenchman, wishing to display his knowledge of the English language, "did it rain to-morrow?"

"Yes, Sare," was the equally humbastic reply; "yes, Sare, it was."

A six-year elder, going into the village without leave, was shouted after by one of the seniors, who inquired where he was going.

"I am going to buy a ha'porth of nails, Sir."

"What for?"

"For a ha'penny, Sir," was the reply.

Unsuccessful things are dear travelers," said Mr. Tinselman; "the doctor has given Flick's boy a new lip and Flick's boy a new hat."

"Ah!" said his wife, "money's the thing I have known a pair taken from taken, and no very painful operation either!"

"I don't like to give forfeits," said Jenkins, "and have all the laughing at Hickory nut; it seems so common property."

"Nothing in common which is dear," meekly responded Charley; "and dear are all private property according to law."

A sailor, a gleam of known bravery, who was in a boat at the siege of Copenhagen, kept down his head while a shot was flying over the boat.

"For shame, hold up your head!" thundered the officer to the coward.

"I will, Sir, when there's room for it," was the hopeless response.

The cost of a house is the gift of nature. That of an ass is often the work of a hoke.

DEPARTURE OF GARIBALDI AND HIS FOLLOWERS FROM GENOA ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 5, 1860.

DEPARTURE OF GARIBALDI FROM GENOA.

THE engraving on the previous page depicts the departure of the Italian chief Garibaldi from Genoa for Sicily on the 5th May last. Orders had been given to the captains of his force to meet on the night of 5-6th May, at the Villa Spinola. Their consultations were necessarily brief; time was precious. The next day broke the embarkation was effected, and the *Piemont* and *Ligria* were under full steam with their gallant crews.

General Garibaldi was the last man to embark. Our picture represents him consenting to the earnest request of his wife of one of his officers to allow him to be allowed to embark as a hospital nurse. This lady's name is Crespi.

The results of the expedition are well known.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

VII.

WHEN I reached home again, after my interview with Mrs. Clements, I was struck by the appearance of a change in Laura.

The unvarying gentleness and patience which long misfortune had tried so cruelly, and had never conquered yet, seemed now to have suddenly failed her. Insensible to all Marian's new tempts to soothe and amuse her, she sat, with her neglected drawing pushed away on the table; her eyes resolutely cast down, her fingers twining and untwining themselves restlessly in her lap. Marian rose when I came in, with a silent distress in her face; waited for a moment to see if Laura would look up at my approach; whispered to me, "Try if you can rouse her," and left the room.

I sat down in the vacant chair; gently unclasped the poor, worn, restless fingers; and took both her hands in mine.

"What are you thinking of, Laura? Tell me, my darling—try and tell me what it is.

She struggled with herself, and raised her eyes to mine. "I can't feel happy," she said; "I can't help thinking—" She stopped, bent forward a little, and laid her head on my shoulder, with a terrible mute helplessness that struck me to the heart.

"Try to tell me," I repeated, gently; "try to tell me why you are not happy."

"I am so useless—I am such a burden on both of you," she answered, with a weary, hopeless sigh. "You work and get money, Walter; and Marian helps you. What is there nothing I can do? You will end in liking Marian better than you like me—you will, because I am so helpless! Oh don't, don't, don't treat me like a child!"

I raised her hand, and smoothed away the tangled hair that fell over her face, and kissed her—my poor, faded flower! my lost, afflicted sister! You shall help us, Laura," I said; "you shall begin, my darling, to-day!"

She looked at me with a feverish eagerness, with a breathless interest, that made me tremble for the new life of hope which I had called into being by these few words.

Rose, and set her drawing materials in order, and placed them near her again.

"You know that I work and get money by drawing," I said. "Now you have taken such pains, now you are so much improved, you shall begin to work and get money too. Try to finish the little sketch as nicely and prettily as you can. When it is done I will take it away with me; and the same person will buy it who buys all that I do. You shall keep your own earnings in your own purse; and Marian shall go to you to help her as often as she comes. Think how useful you are going to make yourself to both of us, and you will soon be as happy, Laura, as the day is long."

Her face grew eager, and brightened into a smile. In the moment while it lasted, in the moment when she again took up the pencils that had been laid aside, she almost looked like the Laura of past days. I had not misinterpreted the first signs of a new growth and strength in her mind, unconsciously exaggerating themselves in the notice she had taken of the occupations which filled her sister's life and mine, and in the influence that she had truly drawn from them for herself. Marian (when I told her what had passed) saw as I saw, that she was longing to assume her own little position of importance, to raise herself in her own estimation and in ours; and from that day we tenderly helped the new ambition which gave promise of the hopeful, happier future that might now not be far off. Her drawings, as she finished them, or tried to finish them, were placed in my hands; Marian took them from me and hid them carefully; and I set aside a little weekly tribute from my earnings, to be offered to her as the price paid by strangers for the poor, faint, valueless sketches of which I was the only purchaser. It was hard sometimes to maintain our innocent deception, when she proudly brought out her purse to contribute her share toward the expenses, and wondered, with serious interest, whether I or she had earned the most that week. I have all those hidden drawings in my possession still: they are my treasures beyond price—the dear remembrances that I love to keep alive—the friends, in past adversity, that my heart will never part from, my tenderness never forget.

Am I trifling here with the necessities of my task? am I looking forward to the happier time which my narrative has not yet reached? Yes. Back again—back to the days of doubt and dread, when the spirit within me struggled hard for its life, in the lovely stillness of perpetual suspense. I have paused and rested for a while on the course which is leading me to the End. Is it time wasted if the friends who read these pages have paused and rested too?

I took the first opportunity I could find of speaking to Marian in private, and of communicating to her the result of the inquiries which I had made that morning. She seemed to share the opinion on the subject of my proposed journey to Welmingham, which Mrs. Clements had already expressed to me.

"Surely, Walter," she said, "you hardly know enough yet to give you any hope of claiming Mrs. Catherick's confidence? Is it wise to proceed to these extremities before you have really exhausted all safer and simpler means of attaining your object? When you told me that Sir Percival and the Count were the only two people in existence who knew the exact date of Laura's journey, you forgot and I forgot that there was a third person who must surely know it—I mean Mrs. Michelson. Would it not be far easier, and far less dangerous, to insist on a confession from her than to force it from Sir Percival?"

"It might be easier," I replied; "but we are not aware of the whole extent of Mrs. Michelson's connivance and interest in the conspiracy; and we are therefore not certain that the date has been impressed on her memory, as it has been assuredly impressed on the minds of Sir Percival and the Count. It is too late now to waste the time in Mrs. Michelson's hands may be all-important to the discovery of the one available point in Sir Percival's life. Are you thinking a little too seriously, Marian, of the risk I may run in returning to Hampshire? Are you beginning to doubt whether Sir Percival Glyde may not, in such a case, be more than a match for me?"

"He will not be more than your match," she replied, decidedly, "because he will not be helped in resisting you by the impenetrable wickedness of the Count."

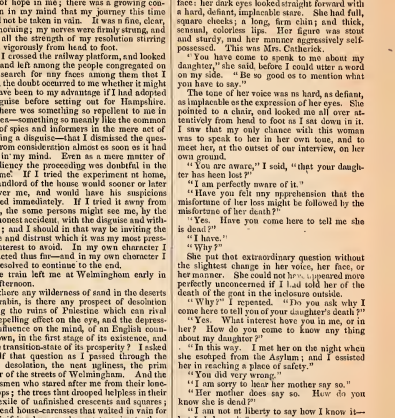
"What has led you to that conclusion?" I asked, in some surprise.

"My own knowledge of Sir Percival's obstinacy and impatience of the Count's control," she answered. "I believe he will insist on meeting you single-handed—just as he insisted, at first, on acting for himself at Blackwater Park. The time for suspecting the Count's interference will be the time when you have Sir Percival at your mercy. His own interests will then be directly threatened—and he will act, Walter, to terrible purpose in his own defence.

"We may deprive him of his weapons beforehand," I said. "Some of the particulars I have heard from Mrs. Clements may yet be turned to account against him; and other means of strengthening the case may be at our disposal. There are passages in Mrs. Michelson's narrative which show that the Count found it necessary to place himself in communication with Mr. Fairlie; and there may be circumstances which compromise him in that proceeding. While I am away, Marian, write to Mr. Fairlie, and say that you want an answer describing exactly what passed between the Count and himself, and informing you also of any particulars that may have come to his knowledge at the same time in connection with his niece. Tell him, in case he hesitates to comply, that the statement you request will, sooner or later, be insisted on if he shows any reluctance to furnish you with it of his own accord."

"The letter shall be written, Walter. But are you really determined to go to Welmingham?"

"Absolutely determined. I will devote the next two days to earning what we want for the week to come; and on the third day I go to Hampshire."



HARTWRIGHT AND LAURA.

of
[illegible] in going
[illegible] inhabitants
[illegible] and perform
[illegible] one morsel
[illegible] ing. Go to the
[illegible]gyman's Wednesday
[illegible] Faith and
[illegible]scription: I'm down on
[illegible]'s wife only put a shilling
[illegible] our last charity sermon—I put
Mr. Churchwarden Soward left
[illegible] ad bowed to me. Ten years ago he
[illegible]ram, the chemist, I ought to be whipped
[illegible] of the town at the cart's tail. Is your mo-
ther alive? How she got a better Bible on her
table than I have put on mine? Does she stand
better with her tradespeople than I do with
mine? Has she always lived within her in-
come? Have she lived within mine.—Ah!
there is the clergyman coming along the square.
Look, Mr. What's-your-name — look, if you
please!

She started up with the activity of a young
woman, went to the window, waited till the
clergyman passed, and bowed to him solemnly.
The clergyman ceremoniously raised his hat,
and walked on. Mrs. Catherick returned to her
chair, and looked at me with a grimmer scrutiny
than ever.

"Pleasant?" she said. "What do you think of
that for a woman with a lost character? How
does your speculation look now?"

The slightness of the manner in which she chose
to assert herself, the extraordinary practical
vindication of her position in the town which
she had just so deeply and so positively denied
I listened to her in silent surprise. I was not
the less resolved, however, to make another ef-
fort to throw her off her guard. If the woman's
fierce temper once got beyond her control, and
once found out on me, she might yet say the
words which would put the clue in my hands.

"How does your speculation look now?" she
repeated.

"Exactly as it looked when I first came in,"
I answered. "I don't doubt the position you
have gained in the town, and I shall not as-
sault it, even if I could. I came here because
Sir Percival Glyde is, to my certain knowledge,
your enemy as well as mine. I have a grudge
against him, you have a grudge against him too.
You may deny it, if you like; you may distrust
me as much as you please; but you are as en-
gry as you will—but, of all the women in En-
gland, you, if you have any sense of injury, are
the woman who ought to help me to crush that
man."

"Crush him for yourself," she said, "and
come back here and tell me I say so you."

She spoke those words as she had not spoken
yet—quickly, fiercely, vindictively. I had stirred
the lees in her cup, and they rose—but only
for a moment. Like a barking reptile it leaped
up at me, as she eagerly leant forward toward
the place in which I was sitting. Like it, the
ing reptile it dropped out of sight again, as she
instantly resumed her former position in the
chair.

"You won't trust me?" I said.

"No."

"You are afraid?"

"Do I look as if I was?"

"You are afraid of Sir Percival Glyde."

"Am I?"

Her color was rising, and her hands were on
work again, mechanically grown I pressed
the point further and further home—I went on,
without allowing her a moment of delay.

"Sir Percival has a high position in the
world," I said; "it would be no wonder if you
were afraid of him. Sir Percival is a powerful
man—I remember the position of the sitter
—the descendant of a great family—"

She stopped her work, and looked at me,
dently burning out laughing.

"Yes," she repeated, in tones of the bitterest,
scornfulest contempt, "he is descendant of
of a fine estate—the descendant of a great fam-
ily. Yes, indeed. A great family—especially
by the mother's side."

There was no time to reflect on the words
that had just escaped her; there was only time
to see that they were well worth thinking over
the moment I left the house.

"I am not here to dispute with you about
family questions," I said, "I know nothing of
Sir Percival's mother—"

"And you know as little of Sir Percival him-
self," she interrupted, sharply.

"I advise you not to be too sure of that,"
I replied. "I have some things about him—
and I suspect many more."

"What do you suspect?"

"Will you tell me what I don't suspect. I don't
suspect him of being Anne's father."

She started to her feet, and came close up to
me with a look of fury.

"How dare you talk to me about Anne's
father! How dare you say who was her father,
or who wasn't?" she broke out, her face quiv-
ering, her voice trembling with passion.

"The secret between you and Sir Percival is
not *that* secret, I repeated. "The mystery
which darkens Sir Percival's life was not born
with your daughter's birth, and has not died
with your daughter's death."

She drew back a step. "Go!" she said, and
pointed towards the door.

"There was no thought of the child in your
heart or in his." I went on, determined to press
her back to her last defence. "There was no
bond of guilty love between you and him when
you held those stolen meetings—when your hus-
band was away in shipping together under the
verry of the church."

Her pointing hand instantly dropped to her
side, and the deep flush of anger faded from her
face while I spoke. I saw the change pass over
her; I saw that hard, firm, fearless, self-pos-
sessed woman quail under a terror which her
utmost resolution was not strong enough to re-
sist, when I said those five last words—"the ve-
rry of the church."

For a minute or more we stood looking at
each other in silence. I spoke first.

"Do you still refuse to trust me?" I asked.

She could not roll the color that had left
it back to her face; but she had stendied her
voice, and her manner recovered the defiant self-pos-
sion of her manner, when she answered me.

"I do refuse," she said.

"Do you still refuse to go?"

"Yes. Go—and never come back."

I walked to the door, waited a moment before
I opened it, and spoke to her for the last time
again.

"I may have news to bring you of Sir Per-
cival which you don't expect," I said; "and,
in that case, I shall come back."

"There is no news of Sir Percival that I
don't expect, except—"

She stopped; her pale face darkened; and
she stood, for a moment, with a quiet, stealthy, cat-like
step, to her chair.

"Except the news of his death," she said,
sitting down again, with a mockery of a smile
just hovering on her cruel lips, and the furtive
light of hatred lurking deep in her steady eyes.

As I opened the door to go out, I saw that
she looked round at me quickly. The cruel
smile slowly widened her lips—she eyed me
with a steady, searching scrutiny, from head to
foot—an unutterable expectation showed itself
wickedly all over her face. Was she speculat-
ing, in the madness of her malice, on my
youth and strength, on the force of my sense of
injury and the limits of my self-control; and
was she considering how far I could go, and
might carry me if Sir Percival and I ever
clustered together? I do not doubt that it might
be so drove me from her presence, and silenced
even the common forms of farewell on my lips.
Without a word more, on my side or on hers, I
left the room.

As I opened the outer door I saw the some
clergyman whom Mrs. Catherick passed in house
once, about to pass it again on his way back
through the square. I waited on the door-step
to let him pass, and looked round, as I did so,
at the parlor window.

Mrs. Catherick had heard his footsteps ap-
proaching—she was in her chair, to nearly place,
and she was on her feet at the window again,
waiting for him. Not all the strength of all the
terrible passions, which I roused in that woman's
heart could loosen her desperate hold on the
one fragment of social consideration which years
of resistance to the world had dragged within her
grasp. There she was again, not a minute after
I had left her, placed purposely in a position
that would be seen by the clergyman contrary on
the part of the clergyman to bow to her for a
second time. My guess at his last once more. I
saw the hard, ghastly face behind the window
soften and light up with gratified pride; I saw
the head with the grim black cap bend ceremo-
niously in return. The clergyman had bowed
to her—and in my presence—twice in one day
!

The new direction which my inquiries must
now take was plainly presented to my mind as
I left the house. Mrs. Catherick had helped
me a step forward in spite of herself. The next
step to be reached in the investigation was,
beyond all doubt, the vestry of Old Welmingham
Iam Church.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, June 18, in the Senate, Senator Wilson's amendment to the Navy Appropriation Bill, proposing to provide for the construction of the steam frigate and three steam-vessels, was debated by Senators Collamer, Mason, Wilson, Hunter, and others. After further debate a vote was taken on the amendment, and it was lost by a vote of 28 to 25. The Navy Appropriation Bill was passed.—In the House the business done was not of much importance. The Senate Appropriation Bill was amended by the appropriation of $250,000 for the extension of the Treasury building, $50,000 for the prosecution of the Capitol extension, with $700,000 for labor and materials, and $7,000 for the construction of a water-pipe for the Capitol.

On Tuesday, June 19, in the Senate, the Appropriation Bill was taken up, the House report agreed to, and the Senate's amendments thereto. The Bill was then considered. Senator Pugh was in favor of the Butterfield contract, and Senator Wilson was for economy—would be willing to take $20,000 and give up the contract, which he was sure, was a job. The Senate adjourned at 5 o'clock the time the contract had to run.—In the House, Mr. Davis, of Maryland, from the Ways and Means Committee of Conference, on the disagreeing amendments to the Army Bill, to be either $100,000 for the purchase of manufactories of $250,000 for fortifications. The Senate's amendment, appropriating $50,000 for coal and navy depôts at the Delaware of Chesapeak, was concurred in.

On Wednesday, June 20, in the Senate, the Committee of Conference was ordered on the Navy Appropriation Bill. A motion to take up the Pacific Railroad Bill for the Bill to assert emission caused considerable debate, but was lost. A motion to take up the Conference Report was opposed on the Post-office Deficiency Bill.—In the House, the Senate amendments to the Civil Appropriation Bill were agreed to except that one of the Senate, providing $200,000 for the Capitol Extension Commission. The bill for the final adjustment of private land claims in California was passed. The Army Appropriation was passed. A partial report from the Committee of Conference on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill, including the salaries of Representatives, seven, including the famous $24,000,000 item amendment, was first reported, but, on motion of Mr. Stanton, recommitted. On Thursday, June 21, in the Senate, the House bill to establish a mint at Denver was taken up, and, after some debate, was agreed to, and the bill passed. The Conference on the Navy Appropriation Bill agreed to restore Castle Mouroe to the appropriation, and the Senate concurred. A message was received from the House announcing the death of Mr. Schwartz, Representative from Pennsylvania. Senator Cameron offered the customary resolutions of condolence and sympathy, and was followed by Senators Sewand and Sumner. The Senate then adjourned.—The House concurred in the Senate's amendment providing for the pension of United States Marshals and their deputies who pursuit the escape of prisoners in their custody, the punishment being a fine of $7000 or imprisonment not exceeding two years. Various other amendments from the 3 were concurred in, when the bill for Mr. Stewart's sons assessed, and the usual resolutions adopted. A Committee was appointed to accompany the remains to the place of interment.

On Friday, June 15, in the Senate, a resolution, providing that the Secretary of the Interior shall contract for the erection of premises of a Government Printing Bureau, was reported, and caused some debate. The bill authorizing a loan of $20,000,000 was received from the House, and passed. The Legislative Appropriation bill was also passed. The Post Route bill was then taken up, and an amendment offered, allowing the Postmaster-General to provide for the overland transportation of the Californian mails. This gave rise to considerable debate. The bill provides for three overland routes, a fortnightly weekly route, at a cost of $300,000; a tri-weekly middle route, and Salt Lake, at a cost of $200,000, or daily at $8,000; and a tri-weekly from New Orleans, via San Antonio, to Stockton with the Butterfield route at $1 Pass, for $200,000. In the evening session, after several hours' debate, it was informally laid aside, and the Post-office Deficiency bill taken up.—In the House, the usual morning business was transacted, the next session. The Committee of Conference on the Post-office Deficiency Bill, being unable to agree, were discharged from further service, and the House insisted on its amendment, providing the inland mail contractors in 1859. The Loan and Treasury Bill was passed, as was a bill for the relief of Jeffries Jolly. An important bill was reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, providing for the entry free of duty of raw materials with China, Japan, Siam, Turkey, Tripoli, Tunis, Morocco, Muscat, and Zanzibar, and the importation of our products there.

On Saturday, June 23, in the Senate, the President rent in a Message, vetoing the Homestead bill. After considerable debate on the President's objection, a vote was taken on the question of the passage of the bill notwithstanding the veto, and it failed for want of a two-thirds vote. The Post-office Deficiency bill was then considered, the principal point being a clause, which is in addition to receive the mail service discontinued by the Postmaster-General last year. This the Senate refused to do, and will ask for a Conference Committee. The Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and the House amendments rejected—23 against 11. The Senate passed the House resolution fixing the price of the public printing thirty per cent.—The House reported the President to forward the mint service, and the information was referred to the disposition made by the British Government of the Alabama, captured by the British cruiser from slave vessels, and of the officers and crews of those vessels. A bill was reported from the Committee on Commerce, for the alleviation of the present loss, to that the Postmaster-General be authorized to pay the transportation of the Indian mails on steamship routes. The Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a resolution, to be answer the desired purpose, but the proposition was defeated. Mr. Morris, of New York, reported the action of the House in Committee of the Whole, in answer to a resolution of the Senate, relative to the Indians of Tennessee.

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

The adjourned Democratic Convention met at Baltimore on Monday, 18th June, to select a successor to Hon. Mr. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts. The first question was the question of the admission of delegates. A resolution was offered by Mr. Church, of New York, that the Chairman of the Committee on Credentials be asked to support the minutes of the Convention. The previous question was put and was not carried by a New York delegation voting against it—12 to 14. A resolution offered by Mr. Wyatt, of Virginia, that the rules of the terms of the several States of the Union have an equal right to be heard in matters in the Convention, and that immediately there their slaves "and other property," was amended and lost by a vote of 15 to 13.

Tuesday and most of Wednesday were consumed by the Committee on Credentials before the Convention on Credentials, the point at issue being whether certain Douglas delegations should be admitted, or whether the Convention or not.—On Wednesday two reports were made from the Committee, a majority report recommending the admission of the Douglas delegates from Louisiana and Alabama, and the rejection of those from other States; and a minority report against the admission of the Douglas delegations. Wednesday and Thursday were devoted to a discussion of these reports. Much heat and bitterness was shown, and considerable heat took place.

On Friday the Convention completed its labors upon the reports of the Committee on Credentials. The majority report was adopted, and the Douglas delegates admitted in place of the Seceders from the Southern States, except the delegation of Georgia, where both delegations were admitted with power to cast jointly the vote of the State. A resolution of nearly all the Southern delegations, followed by those of California and Oregon, immediately adopted. There was a good deal of confusion and excitement throughout the proceedings.

On Saturday the nominations were perfected on the commencement of balloting in the regular Convention. Jonathan Chapman, the Chairman, gave the vote of the Massachusetts Delegation, joining to the stampede. The result of the balloting was, Douglas, 152 on the first trial, to 173 votes being cast for Mr. Douglas, the whole number of votes cast. A resolution was introduced declaring Mr. Douglas duly nominated by a two-third vote, and was lost by a vote of 150 to 151. Upon the Southern section of the Convention, it was accordingly resolved, that, as resulted in 1844 when the vote for Mr. Douglas, the rest being scattering. Mr. Douglas was duly nominated, and the Convention adjourned sine die. Governor Stoughton, Senator Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, and Mr. Cushing were unanimously nominated as the candidate for Vice-President.

THE SECESSION CONVENTION.

The secession convention at Charleston, presided by the choice of Mr. Russell, of Virginia, as temporary Chairman. A committee of one from each State, to report a permanent organization was appointed by the choice of Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts. After considerable debate, Mr. Cushing first ballot for a candidate for President was taken and resulted in 303 for Mr. Cushing, 47 for Mr. Hunter, 1 for Mr. Dickinson, of New York. Those voting for Dickinson, Hunter, and their candidate, Mr. Cushing, the

MOVE.

On Saturday in left Philadelphia with carrying other them on them. They arrived in city received by the special Common Council, on board the Chesapeake, and from what they a delightful sail up Delaware, Grand Union Hotel, where they dined at Delmonico's, Broadway to the Mem. by the nature first division New York State mustering of about seven thousand men. The process, copied above of the leaves to passing a given point, with gaudy buildings all along the route were cross-walk provided, yet the merchant police arrangements at Sub-treasurer Kennedy received a speedy and uninterrupted passage for the procession—a relation from every time and hands that must have planned the process after their passing in other cities. On Tuesday evening, the Metropolitan Hotel, where the Embassy is located, in magnificent operation, was illuminated in every window, and decorated with a thousand Japanese and American flags. Brass were also erected in the Broadway Band. The entire arrangements were conducted in a manner that is said to have given satisfaction to the Embassy and Naval Commission who have them in charge.

On Monday, 18th, the Embassy, in company with the Naval Commission and the Common Council, visited the Mayor and Governor at the City Hall, and were formally welcomed. The Seventh Regiment National Guards, armed and unhorsed escort of about 600 men to guard the visitors on the route. Addresses of welcome were made by Mayor Wood and Governor Morgan, and replied to by the Prince, who, after viewing the Governor's Room, were escorted back to the Metropolitan, the Embassy was called upon in the morning by the Consul and Vice-Consul of the Netherlands, C. C. Duncan, and J. E. Zimmerman.

On Tuesday the Embassy did not participate in any public ceremonies, in consequence of the rain.

On Wednesday the Embassy received, with great cordiality, a committee of twenty-four gentlemen from the Chamber of Commerce, and listened to an appropriate address from Philemon Pratt on behalf of the delegation. They replied that they hoped for some substantial commercial intercourse between Japan and the United States, and encouraging had instructed the committee to call, in conversation informed the Embassy more fully of the desires and designs of American commerce. National parties of the Japanese visited the museum at the Academy of Music, the steam-dispatch *Niagara* at the Navy yard, and the Broadway stores.

On Thursday the Embassy visited the Central Park, and witnessed the planting of a Japanese tree. They also visited Washington Heights, the residence of Mr. J. G. Bennett. About thirty lies of the embassies of Rome contained their shipping commodities.

On Friday, 27th, the Embassy left for Boston. The following is a translation of an interesting interview which the delegation from the Mikado's Secretary with the delegation on the occasion, visited the Yoshiwara quarter, which, Captain Kellogg, Assay-office, Trinity Church, Cortlandt Street, Barnum's Museum, and other places of interest.

TRIBULATE ACCIDENT AT SEA.

A dispatch from Cape Island, New Jersey, reported that the United States steamer Walker was run into at three o'clock on Thursday morning, off Absecon, by an unknown schooner. The steamer sank in half an hour. The engine and forty of the crew escaped in the boats, but about twenty of the crew are missing.

On Friday the steamer *Kennebeck*, Captain Johnson, arrived at this port, and brought from Cape May 45 of the crew of the steamer. They were rescued by the schooner *R. G. Parker*, Captain Dimmer, who happened to be near the scene of the disaster, and who afterward landed them at Cape May. Twenty of the crew are reported missing; but there is a hope that a portion of them were rescued by another vessel which was seen near the scene. The rescued persons had all they had on board, and were in great destitution.

PERSONAL.

The Court of Portland *New Jersey* have referred the application for a commutation of the death sentence of Rev. James B. Hendricks, convicted of murder of his wife by poison.

Prince de Joinville visited the Brooklyn Navy-yard on Monday. The visit was a strictly private one, between man and man. The only attendant, Lieut. Dulling the Commander, he presented his card, and expressed a wish to visit the different departments. He was shown through the various work-shops and other places of interest, and expressed himself highly pleased with the arrangements of the yard. On his retiring the Marine guard, Lieutenant Reynolds, was called and and gave him a salute.

It is reported that Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, one of the leaders of the secession movement in the South, and Democratic representative in Congress from Mississippi, will retire from Congress to accept the Professorship of Public Law in the University of the State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "GREAT EASTERN."

It is announced that the steamship *Great Eastern* would sail from Southampton for New York on Saturday, the 28th. The ship started on a trial trip on the 9th, running twelve hours out to sea, and twelve hours back. The speed was regarded as satisfactory, although the rate of speed attained did not at any time exceed thirteen and three-fourths knots, the average being twelve and a half knots. The very fond state of the vessel's machinery, and the fact that her trim was found to be favorable for speed, accounted in a measure for the disappointing rate of speed obtained last year. The trial was also differently, however, in getting the full amount of steam, and the revolutions of the paddles and screw never exceeded ten and a half and thirty-nine respectively, which is considered to be not sufficiently rapid to give the best results. The ship performed her evolutions very satisfactorily, and steered as much as that Mr. Murphy, the Scotch engineer, assured the attendant gentlemen that he believed the vessel could go any where where there was water. Rather unfavorable weather prevailed, but the trial would be continued by the 19th, in order to give three days for the repairs of a concentrator and the other stations. It is confidently expected that the ship will reach New York within ten days, where it is intended to moor her close to the city.

ITALY.

THE CAPTURE OF PALERMO.

The correspondent of the London Times has written a graphic account of Garibaldi's attack on Palermo, from which we make several extracts. He describes the Dictator:

"Garibaldi, Sunday, May 27, 1860.

"It is 7 p.m. and I am writing to you with the bullets whizzing about my head literally in my hair. We had the landing of Garibaldi produced the first fit of terror at Naples, the rumbles Bourbon owl in his lairs was concentrated in the Bay of Palermo, the order to immediate his Royal Polemical and Bourbon Highness to the action, if they should dare to give against his paternal authority. The Bourbonists had been treated so cruelly in this patriot manner by the Illustrious father of the present Sovereign, that, as you remember, figures in history as being a tyrant, by having given their sovereign a dose of castor oil, and a good thrashing. Whenever his loss in a town which a bombardment will tell you that it is very unpleasant, especially if you have not got the means of answering in a complete manner, and yet Palermo has form this morning. Yesterday an official bulletin of the Government announced to the Palermitans that Garibaldi's defeated bands were flying in the direction of Corleone, followed by the victorious troops of the King; that the bands which had joined him in Sicily were entirely broken and dispersed, and that in a short time all would be over. This morning, II.

readers.

the dress.

"Having

great pretension

He told them that

he was the man

on upon the speculation

to, and perhaps if Italy

to be done—either to lay and

to stage or make, or time, or to wither,

who organization in the interior, and for

the Sicilians, yes, for the cards go in the

once settle the fate of the Island. He told them

Italy, in Piedmont, and not deliberating long,

were utterly astonished at the boldness of this plan, and

they made remarks about the want of consideration for

their men. They were told, for the hundredth time,

that the cause of the success which imposed on the wide

armed Neapolitans, but a determined rash in advance;

that the people of the Island would rise and come out

off their guns for spoil, and were promised whatever

could be spoken. This objection being waved, all expected, more or less loudly, their approbation of the

plan, and were dismissed. All the information to estimate

their people and keep up their courage."

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

The attack was begun at dusk, and some of the troops twice got into confusion and gave the alarm. The same thing happened to the Garibaldi.

"Instead, therefore, of surprising the rest of the brigade, the assaulted were received in front, although, yet, not only in front, but from the house in their rear. At the first sound of the musketry most of the *Picciotti* were across the garden walls, but not with a view of firing from behind them, leveled with the walls, or forty men of the *mezzo-parte* all rushed to the huge stone stairs which lead to the bridge. The First Brigadiers of the Carabineri was sent up, and as it did not carry the position, he was shot down, the second was sent, it soon after. While these were driving back the Neapolitans, a second attack was made on the Garibaldi flank. It was not so easy, in the beginning especially, when the sound of musketry was heard in front, although its effects were scarcely visible. However, the *Picciotti*, who rushed out of the garden walls, and, as I remarked, can be led so after the first unpleasant sensation has passed away, proved, as they have proved that it not all has to do that fall or wounds—not even the cannon shots, which are so formidable to a new troop, are so much in the position this morning; for although the Neapolitan riflemen are scarcely inferior to the best Jaeger, I never saw a little damage done by so much shooting. Every one who has been under fire knows that the shots go the *Picciotti*, driving them out of the sheltered places by all the chances of war, and often by them and kills them. After some trouble most of them were safely ensconced in the sheltered place, and then, when the general tendency was to go under either the walls or the bridge, the Garibaldi and the Garibaldi brigade was in this instance exposed to a heavy cross-fire, the Piana di Romeo, the Garibaldi brigade, and a few hundred well armed guns and bayonets, which had been placed there. The Garibaldi, the General himself and many of his staff did their light, and the Garibaldi, the Garibaldi, the Garibaldi, the *Picciotti* and the Garibaldi, the Neapolitans, the Garibaldi, the Porta di Termini. The Neapolitan fire at this point was comparatively harmless, for it was which swept down the long avenue of houses, and the Garibaldi, the Garibaldi, the Garibaldi, the troops, and the troops, pushed at the Porta Sant' Antonino brought the Garibaldi to bear on the attackers. The Garibaldi was so obstinate to the brave fellows who led the way, and did not lose one will change, but pushed on with the bayonet. The commander of the *comit-parte*, Major Tabella, I distinguish, and many of the guns were the first across the sand-bag barricade in the town, but the Garibaldi was wounded by a bullet, and many his left knee. Other in the loss had been trifling. While the Garibaldi was the Garibaldi, the Garibaldi, the Garibaldi, from spot to spot, the Palermitans began likewise to talk, but, being unarmed, no one to say, only in the parts which the troops had left.

CROSSING THE STRAMONE.

"The same good luck in the Garibaldi repeated at the crossing of the *stradone* by the *Picciotti*, who followed in a straggling movement. And yet, it was important to get into the town, in order not to be outflanked or taken in the rear by the Neapolitan Cavalry, in the Piana di Romeo. In order to avert this danger, the order was given to some of the men to go into the garden walls which line the road by which the Neapolitan might have come down on our left. Those men had probably the dislike to fight in the open, were sufficient to parry the attack of the cavalry, and to drive straight back upon the Garibaldi, the same time a barricade was thrown up in the road, and the Garibaldi, the Garibaldi, the Garibaldi, the work placed the *Picciotti* so well that they began throwing down the stones in the Garibaldi, the Garibaldi, the Garibaldi,

BALL GIVEN BY THE CITY OF NEW YORK TO THE JAPA

SE EMBASSY AT THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, JUNE 25, 1860.

[illegible] whole theatre and [illegible] [illegible] person, with a canopy and sides of red and white damask, festooned with wreaths of flowers and bunches of lady silks. Three immense chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling, and side lights and candelabras were prodent from the columns. Upon each of the upper-tier boxes were swathes of every-thing, including the coats of arms of the different States of the Union, and the old decorations were conceived to mostly features of red, white, and blue. The columns were swathed with drapery, and upon each column was hung a basement of silk, with appropriate inscriptions and devices. The lower tier was richly laden with draperies of silk and festoons of flowers, including fanciful designs in glazier gilt; and upon the columns, in lieu of the basement, as in the upper tier, were suspended the flags of the different regiments of our city, gracefully festooned and draped with ribbons. Between the columns supporting this tier were arranged arches of evergreens and flowers, forming a semicircle, and carrying the garden, into which the entire establishment was transformed, down to space for dancing. The floor in front of the theatre was seventy feet wide by one hundred and fifty feet long, with accommodation for two thousand dancers. The band was placed upon an elevated dais, and the music for the entire reception was provided by Dodworth, one hundred and sixty of whose musicians were engaged. The floor was chalked in Byzantine style. The upper private boxes were extended by the large standards of the city companies, and the lower boxes were arranged into niches of boxes, containing statues of dancing nymphs supporting bouquets and garlands of flowers. The promenades were draped with large American and Japanese flags, surmounted by trophies of Fame, sounding their trumpets, and surrounding a large gilded American eagle, perched from the dove of which was a medallion wreath, with a device of clasped hands in the centre.

"The stage was erected back to the walls, and the entire stage was covered with a beautiful garden scene, lit up with bracket side-lights and candelabras. At the rear of the stage was erected a gorgeous Japanese pavilion, from designs furnished by one of the artists attached to the Exchange, represented as if standing in the midst of a garden. A private entrance, reserved exclusively for the Embassadors, communicated with this pavilion from the hotel, so that the Princes would retire to their rooms or be present among the distinguished throng, as they wished. The apartments was illuminated with the candelabras, supported by gold statues, from the establishment of the Messrs. Haughwout."

THE
Uncommercial Traveler.
NO. X.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THE chance sec of the word "Tramp" in my last paper has revived that numerous fraternity so vividly before my mind's eye that I find no sooner laid down my pen than a compulsion was upon me to take it up again, and make some of the Tramps whom I perceived on all the summer roads in all directions.

Whenever a tramp sits down to rest by the way side he sits with his legs in a dry ditch; and whenever he goes to sleep (which is very often indeed), he goes to sleep on his back. Yesterday, by the high road, glaring white in the bright sunshine, lies, on the dusty list of turf under the bramble-bush that fences the cottage from the highway, the tramp of the outer savage, fast asleep. He lies on the broad of his back, with his face turned up to the sky, and one of his ragged arms loosely thrown across his face. His bundle (what can be the contents of that mysterious bundle, to make it worth his while to carry it about?) is thrown down beside him, and the working women with him sits with her legs in the dry ditch and her back to the road. She wears her bonnet relatively perched on the front of her head, to shade her face from the sun in walking, and she ties her skirts round her in conventionally tight tramp fashion with a sort of sprout. You can seldom catch Vagrit of her sex tramping without seeing her, in a despondently defiant manner, doing something to her hair or her bonnet, and glancing at you from between her fingers. She does not often go to sleep herself in the daytime, but will sit for any length of time beside the man. And his slumberous propensities would not seem to be referable to the fatigue of carrying the bundle, for she carries it much oftener and further than he. When they are afoot, you will mostly find him slouching on ahead, in a gruff temper, while she lags heavily behind with the bundle. He is given to personally correcting her, tooth which phase of his character develops itself oftener on beetle-browed arable sh-boue districts, she appears to become strongly attached to him for

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

fifteen has
the accumul-
sions are half
tunes.

Lina loved him—yes,
and it is equally certain th-
thing, made her hopeful and
"Alice," said Lina, bending
her, who looked as beautiful to-
all the evening that any body could wish—
and I doubt whether they could, you little
And Lina touched the white neck playfully, lea-
ing the print of the thumb and finger in a deeper
whiteness, to be more than overcome by a crim-
soning after.

Alice looked up quietly, and fixing her clear
blue eyes on her sister, replied, "Oh, Lina, I wish
I were brilliant and beautiful and attractive like
you. Instead of that, I am only a little noiseless
thing, to be put in a corner and looked at from
distance."

Lina whipped the pretty little arm with a rose-
bud by way of reply; and the rosebud being big,
a little blush spot followed the infliction.

"At a distance! Pshaw, my little lily-bud,
who did you dance with to-night?"

"Dance with? Mr. Norton, for one."

"Yes, the handsomest man in the room. But
who else?"

"Mr. Jenks, Dr. Andrews, and Mr. Burke."

"Yes, each of them the very first in his line,
and yet my little Alice is not attractive!" And
Lina smiled very archly, and patted her under the
chin.

"But who else, sis; you've not mentioned the
greatest and best yet."

"Who do you mean?"

"Max Grey."

"Oh yes! But he danced with me for your
sake, I suppose, Lina!" and Alice laughed a little.

Lina laid her flushed cheek upon the white shoul-
der, let the long tresses fall over her form, and was
quiet. Alice had not quite meant what she said,
and so, feeling almost guilty, she was quiet. Then
her thoughts darkened about a certain something
in his tone and manner, and she went through it
all again, wondering if he only thought of her as
little sister. These thoughts made her sad in spite
of all her strength, and she seemed to herself very
wicked.

After the candle was extinguished the young girl
slipped a white ruached between the leaves of the
Bible and closed the book, thinking of the white
of a deep dark eye, and a heavy though musical
voice.

When the fair sisters, with clasped fingers, fell
into dreaminess, each had a love and a hope in her
heart.

Max Grey came to the home of the sisters often.
The three formed a curious picture. Max, full of
life and abounding energy, with a prominent brow
a dignified self-control, but evidently playing under
the crust of his manner, and bursting out now and
then; Alice, frail, slight, gentle, though really brilli-
ant in her quiet, unthinking way; Lina, buoyant,
sparkling, assured, dashing, with a rich blood-tint
in her face, and black passionate eyes.

Max had a great deal to say to Lina, with only
now and then a word, and it seemed sometimes but
a glance or two, for Alice. And yet Alice never
felt herself slighted or alone. There was a "some-
thing," and her little heart fluttered about that some-
thing. And this in spite of a deep sense of selfish-
ness which made her feel that never, in all her life,
was she so wicked before. Oh, the bitter self-con-
sciousness! The child came out from these deep
in-turnings satisfied that in her inmost soul was
never the shadow of a wish to steal a love that she
longed to Lina; and yet, when Max was with
them and she felt that "something," her little
heart would flutter as the thought would spring
into it that possibly Max Grey hadn't loved at all
—before. He had never said to Lina that he loved
her, she was sure.

These thoughts were very troublesome. They
were very bitter, very wicked. Alice prayed, in
whispers, with her hand on her restless little heart,
for strength to conquer this wild longing. And
then she would let her thoughts so carefully, was
very strict with her eyes even—wouldn't look at
Max. Indeed, the little creature held herself very
tight; and when she thought of Max and Lina—
so like in temperament, her earnest life-full nature
so matching her deep passionateness and strength
so good to fit and natural that two so simply
should be together that Alice felt herself very
strange, and half-frightened that Lina would be the
noble Max. She was quite willing—she knew she
was. Indeed, she was very, very strong, and
wouldn't be wicked any more.

By-and-by Max called, and Lina was out. From
the moment of his entrance Alice felt the pressure
of a weight. She opened the window—she was
so heavy. She touched the piano-keys; but the
sound was slow and dull. She tried to laugh at a
witticism, but it ended in only a smile. Max came
across the room and sat beside her. She longed
to fly—to do any, any thing; but the air had
grown heavier and heavier, and she couldn't move.

Max Grey—the great and strong Max Grey—
bent, trembling over little delicate flower, and
whispered in her ear. Alice wept as though her
heart would break; but Max went away with a
kiss on his lips.

That night Alice was crying herself to sleep
when Lina—who was her pleasure by day—
Lina begged to know what it was, coaxed, pleaded,
promised any thing, every thing, if she would only
tell.

"Max Grey loves me."

"And you love him."

The little sister only flung her arms about the
neck of the stronger, and sobbed in perfect abun-
dance of grief.

The blood left the cheek of the elder sister—left
the neck, the fingers, and lips, while the veins
rouched out in unnatural fullness, thus through
the thin white skin.

Strong nature conquer or die. Lina conquered.

THE

At the extremity o-
great distance from Tours,
from Poris to Bordeaux, there-
stands a pretty way-side inn wi-
and a swinging sign bearing the effigy of
Zoi, otherwise Henry IV.

It was during a December evening, in the year
1818, when the wind was sighing and surging
without, and the rain plashing down with uncom-
promising resolution, that the worthy landlord of
Le Grand Roi, "the honest but somewhat imperious
Le Blanc, his fat wife, Madame, and one of his nieces,
were all gathered in the comfortable hearth, were
seated round the blazing fire, and were talking over the local gossip, and enjoying themselves as those only can do who feel a sensation of security from the inclemency of the weather.

"Marie," said Mr. Ebrard, addressing a young girl who was seated near him, "go and fetch two candles of my best wine. You know how to treat it: on the left hand, at the farthest of the cellar."

At these words, uttered in a harsh and imperious tone, the young girl started as if awakened out of a dream, and, as it seemed, instinctively threw back upon the speaker a haughty and indignant glance; but she recovered herself in an instant, and lighting a small hand-lamp, she left the room without response or remark.

Whoever could have looked on that young girl as she lighted her lamp, and then returned from the cellar with the wine in her hand, must have been struck by the immobility of her features and the excessive pallor of her complexion; for no marble statue could have been colder and more impassive in appearance. Beautiful she was in no ordinary degree, and both her face and figure were perfect, but it was a beauty and a perfection which were unearthly in character, and altogether incompatible with the sensations and passions with which she was associated. She was not the daughter of M. Ebrard. Nature could not so far have belied herself. She was the only child of one who had been a merchant of great wealth and high standing, but who, having ruined himself by injudicious speculation, and not being possessed of sufficient moral courage to face his reverses, had terminated his own existence, leaving his beautiful child an orphan to battle with a world by which he, the strong man, had been worsted. The former child, the latter was a servant in the inn.

* * * * * *

Still the wind roared in the wide chimney, and the rain plashed against the windows, as unremittingly as though the storm had only just commenced, and had, as yet, had no time to exhaust itself.

Suddenly two distinct blows were heard on the house-door, given apparently with the handle of a dog-whip, and the men removed their pipes from their mouths and listened; Marie started like a person suddenly awakened from a heavy sleep.

The door opened; a fine-looking young man threw off his large wrapping-cloak, dripping with mud and rain, made one bound toward the blazing fire, and seated himself upon the bench opposite to Marie, saying, in a clear, joyous voice, "This is charming, this is delicious, mine host! Had you expected me, I could not have wished a pleasanter welcome. And now I must ask you to hasten my supper, for I want to go—if by the patoiche to-morrow at daybreak; I should like to go to bed as early as I can."

During the little speech the eyes of Marie and the stranger met more than once; and while he examined her with undisguised admiration and astonishment, she, on her side, was for the first time aroused into something like interest in what was passing around her; the pale cheek flushed to the tint of a bodge-rose, and the curved and fickle lips quivered with a nervous movement; while her head drooped upon her bosom, moved down by a new and vague emotion, to which she could have given no name. A ray of light had mysteriously penetrated the darkness and desolation of her spirit; for the first time since her mother's death she felt as though she were no longer alone.

The supper was served, and in less than twenty minutes had disappeared; and then M. Ebrard once more assumed the duty of entertaining the young well light a candle, and conduct Monsieur to his chamber.

The poor girl passively obeyed, and led the way to a large and cheerful room on the first story.

"You are not the daughter of the landlord?" said Adolphe de Eneval, as she placed the light upon a table.

"I am not, Monsieur," replied Marie; and a vivid blush overspread her cheeks.

"I thought so. Those white and delicate hands, and that crimson brow, are evidence to the contrary at this moment. Have you many travelers in the house to-night?"

"You are the only one."

"I am glad of it, for your sake. What is your name, Mademoiselle?"

"Marie, Monsieur."

"The sweetest of all names! It becomes you well."

"Does Monsieur require any thing more?" asked the girl, timidly.

weather was-
under their own
"Pardon me, Monsieur,
room next to your own is already occu-
young man who arrived little more than an hour
ago; but there is no fear that he will disturb you,
for he appears to be a perfect gentleman, and is
moreover so tired, and so anxious to get on, that
he leaves us at daybreak to-morrow."

The brow of the stranger darkened, and he made
no reply.

"He careful," he said a few minutes afterward,
"to call me in the morning at seven o'clock, for I
must be at Tours by midday. Ah! by-the-by, I
shall require a saddle-horse—let one be ready for
me, as my time is precious."

"My master, Monsieur Joseph Carnac," responded
the landlord, "has the best roadster in the district;
he can be here by half-past six."

"Good!" said the guest; "then I will follow
the example of your other inmate, and betake my-
self to rest."

"Marie, a light!" cried Ebrard; and the young
girl once more ascended the stairs to marshal the
benighted traveler.

Adolphe was, as we have stated, already in bed,
with the candle still burning upon his table. He
had as yet been unable to sleep; his brain was too
busy. His newly-acquired rank; the anticipated
meeting with his parents and his sisters; and, min-
gled with these proud and happy thoughts, the
mystery attached to Marie, had made him wake-
ful, so that when he heard the heavy tread of a
man's foot traversing the passage, and passing the
door of his room, he was conscious of every sound.
Suddenly a thought struck him; and, springing to
the floor, he took a key from his waistcoat pocket,
opened his trunk, and seizing his uniform sword,
which lay upon the top, placed it under his pil-
low.

Midnight struck from the old clock in the kitch-
en, and all was profoundly silent in the house, but
still Adolphe remained sleepless; when suddenly
he was aroused by a sound which appeared to him
like that of a key slowly turned in the lock. He
listened attentively; but as it was not repeated he
concluded that he had been the sport of his own
over-excited nerves, and drawing the bed-clothes
closer about him, he determined to profit by the
few hours which were left, and to endeavor to ob-
tain some rest. He had scarcely begun to sleep,
however, when he was a second time disturbed,
and on this occasion he at once convinced himself
he had made no mistake. Some one was endeav-
oring to enter his room. The candle had burned
out; but grasping his sword, he noiselessly groped
his way to the door, and stood motionless beside it.
About five minutes afterwards the noise ceased, and
he began to hope that the would-be intruder had
abandoned all hope of invading his privacy, what-
ever might have been his motive for seeking to do
so. He had carefully locked the door of his room,
and had little fear that the fastening could be
forced; but mentally cursing his eyes on the
door, he saw by the light of the moon which
streamed full upon the window of his room, and
which, rendered more vivid by its contrast from
the unlolsted storm, was pouring out its chastened
radiance from a new cloudless sky, that a hand
had been introduced between the boards of his
chamber and the bottom of the door, and was seek-
ing to fill it from its hinges. This was too much
and steadily raising his sword above his head, he
struck downward with all his force upon the hand
thus reinforced by a sword. A smothered groan
fell upon his ear, and then a half-articulated curse.
There was succeeded by a sound of stealthy steps
retreating along the passage, and on long all was
still—but two bleeding fingers remained lying upon
the floor!

Adolphe rushed to the fire-place; a few warm
fragments of wood enabled him to light a second
candle which was placed in a chamber-piece, and he
then proceeded to examine the hideous trophy of
his victory. For a moment he shrank from touch-
ing the first "definitely his manhood-sword, but he
rapidly overcame the weakness, and picking up the
severed fingers he carefully wiped away the blood,
and folded them up in his handkerchief.

"On the honor of a *sous-lieutenant*," he mur-
mured to himself, "this is a lucky stroke, and
really, for a robber, the fingers are passably slen-
der and the nails tolerably clean. Well, I suppose
that all is over for tonight; so, as I am shivering
with cold, I had better go to my bed again."

Adolphe was young and fearless; and in a quar-
ter of an hour he was sound asleep.

Day was breaking when the landlord awoke our
hero, who accepted, with considerable satisfaction,
a cup of excellent coffee, prepared by the delicate
hands of Marie. As he did so he instinctively
cast a glance at the sword Ebrard, and had no
sooner ascertained that they were intact than he
began to relate to him his nocturnal adventure,

him with mingled
"Only think, mamma; he is an officer already!
Is it not charming? What will papa say?"

"But where is my father?" asked the young
man; "his welcome is still wanting."

"Max seems to be often from home," said Ma-
dame de Eneval; "and we are as little as ever in
his confidence. He left us three days ago; but we
expect him home to-day."

"And is he still as low-spirited and as silent as
when I saw him last?" inquired Adolphe.

"Unfortunately, yes," replied the young matron.
"I fear that he has involved himself in specula-
tions beyond our means; and that the idea of having
compromised the future welfare of his children
presses heavily upon him. But your unlooked-for
return, Adolphe, and your happy feelings, will, I
trust, restore him to cheerfulness."

As soon as the family circle had become some-
what more composed, and that one person was at
length permitted to speak at a time, Adolphe was
overwhelmed with questions, every member of the
party being anxious to learn all that he had done
since their last parting.

"It is, at all events, a blessing," said his mo-
ther, as she fondly pressed her hand over his hair,
"that you have performed your journey without
any accident; my son, however monotonous you
may have found it."

"Nay, my fonne mère," smiled Adolphe, "it was
not altogether unmonotonous in any way imagine;
for I at least met with one adventure strange
enough to hear telling."

"An adventure, and a strange one!" exclaimed
his sisters, simultaneously. "Oh, Adolphe, let us
hear it."

He complied with their request; and no check
around him grew paler than his own as he recalled
the extraordinary event of the previous night.

"And, by-the-by," he added, when he had
brought his narrative to a close, "I must not for-
get to tell you that I carried away with me the
undeniable proofs of my victory. Here they are."
And as he spoke he drew a handkerchief from his
pocket, in which something was evidently folded.

At that very instant the door of the room opened,
and a man entered, large in stature, but pale
and weak, and with his clothes saturated with rain.
He could scarcely stagger to a chair before he sank
down like one whose vital powers were utterly ex-
hausted; and in a moment the whole family were
crowded about him.

"My father! my dear father!" exclaimed
Adolphe. "Weary as you evidently are, how
thankful I am that you have returned! I have
guessed for you that will, I know, be welcome."

As he spoke the young man extended his hand,
but the action met with no response; and as he
glanced toward that which was so strangely with-
held he remarked that it was enveloped in a blood-
stained linen.

"What!" he asked, anxiously, "are you suffer-
ing from more than fatigue? Have you been
wounded?"

"Yes," was the faint reply. "As I was com-
ing through the forest, four leagues from this, I
was attacked by brigands. I had heard that they
were in the neighborhood; but I believed it to be
an idle rumor. I endeavored to defend myself;
and in the fray one of the ruffians struck off two of
my fingers. I am faint from loss of blood. Give
me some wine, and I shall soon be better."

Madame de Eneval hurried to the sideboard,
and with a trembling hand and swimming eyes
brought the required refreshment; while the two
older girls wound their arms about their father's
neck, and wept piteously. Adolphe stood motion-
less, like one in a doleful dream. But little
Rosalie, the pet and plaything of the family, too
young to comprehend the mirror on which she
looked, full of curiosity to see what her sol-
dier-brother had really brought home, buried her-
self in unlocking the handkerchief which had fall-
en from his hand on the entrance of his father, and
she had no sooner succeeded than, clapping her
dimpled hands in childish delight, she rolled out,
almost breathlessly,

"Mamma! mamma! Adolphe has cut the two
fingers he cut at the inn. Give them to your
papa, and then he will be quite well again."

In another hour M. de Eneval was in the hands
of justice. The landlord of *Le Grand Roi* had been
active in his exertions to redeem the honor of
his house that the *gens d'armes* had tracked the vil-
lain by the traces of his blood; and in the extreme-
ly of their anguish his family had forgotten to
urge upon him a second flight.

On the 20th of December the assize court of

... *infame*, on which his wretched father was seated between two *gens d'armes*; and the President, touched by the painfulness of his position, gave him permission to withdraw.

Jean Antoine Ebrard was the next witness called. He had been dead three weeks.

As the third name rang through the hall a young girl, dressed in deep mourning, and wearing a long black veil which concealed her face, was led to the witness-chair. As she took the oath she trembled violently; but when desired to say if she recognized the prisoner, she answered, firmly, "No."

Poor Marie! She had perjured herself to save the father of the youth to whom, in one short hour, she had given away her heart. Adolphe had been, as we have already said, the solitary ray of brightness which had pierced through the darkness of her lot; and in seeking to save him one bitter pang she had peiiled her own soul.

The circumstantial evidence against M. de Rosval was overwhelming, but still failed to establish the identity of the culprit. The evidence of the landlord or his step-daughter must have condemned him; but the one was dead, and the other had positively sworn that she had never seen him before.

After the counsel for the prosecution (*procureur de roi*) had addressed the court, the counsel for the prisoner made an able speech, in which he strenuously endeavored to prove an *alibi*. He stated that it was impossible to prove that the prisoner at the hour had slept at the auberge of *Le Grand Roi* on the night of the mysterious event which had led to the present trial, since the only witness now alive, who must have seen him had such been the case, had solemnly assured the court that she did not recognize him. "No, gentlemen of the jury," he concluded, "the accused has been a victim, not an assassin. That he has been mutilated by violence is certain; but he has explained, in the clearest manner, the cause of this unfortunate coincidence; and the sword of the son is sanctioned by the father's blood."

"To prove which fact," exclaimed a hollow and almost inarticulate voice from amidst the crowd in the body of the court, "there are the fingers which I cut off under the door of my room." And as Adolphe ceased speaking an officer of the court held them upon the desk of the President.

THE MYSTERIOUS FINGERS.

Having silently examined them, an expression of astonishment was visible upon the countenance of the learned judge, who handed them to the *procureur*, by whom they were in turn transferred to the jury-box. It was at once perceived that the severed fingers thus produced in evidence had belonged to the left hand, while M. de Rosval was mutilated in the right!

Three days subsequently Adolphe had ceased to live. Mortification had supervened upon the frightful wound which he had inflicted upon himself, in order to save the life of his father, and to preserve the honor of his family.

The young soldier's career was over; his dream of fame had gone down with him to the grave. He met Marie once more: they had been self-sacrificed in a common cause. Each appreciated the devotion of the other—each felt that thenceforward they had done with the world, and the world with them. Adolphe de Rosval lies in the cemetery of his native town; and Marie Delfour, after performing a penance of many years as a Sister of Charity, has found a grave in one of the West Indian Islands.

THE PALACE AT PALERMO.

Our readers will be glad to see the accompanying picture of the royal palace at Palermo, which figures so prominently in the stirring news from Europe. This palace, which is one of the great attractions of Palermo, was first built near a thousand years ago, by the Saracens, and was afterward considerably altered by the Normans. Its architecture bears many marks of both styles. The apartments are handsome; the roofs are arched, the floors marble, and the furniture classic and suitable. On a pillar in front of the palace stands the "last raun" of Syracuse. Once there were four of them, which used to stand at the four corners of the town, with gaping mouths: the wind rushing through their hollow bodies sounded sonorously, and enabled the mariners of these days to say whence it blew. The palace is seldom occupied by any of the royal family of Naples. It is the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, whose functions consist in receiving the citizens; while *sbirri* and military despots carry on the business of government.

By this time, doubtless, the palace is in the hands of Garibaldi, and the Bourbon stamp is effaced from its front. It is high time. This palace was the spot where the famous massacre known as the Sicilian Vespers was planned and commenced. God grant that the victorious revolutionists may not have stained their triumph by deeds of retribution which may recall that terrible event!

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Robes and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.,

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TEARS FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MOUSE THAT GNAWED THE NET.

As the powder vomited forth its dreadful thunder, and as the stones and timbers from the blasted den were hurled high in air and were scattered by the explosive whirlwind far and near, some of the splinters and fragments came down in dropping hail upon the red-tiled sheds and the Doctor's dwelling. At the first shock the lonely child started up in his little bed, and while the earth rocked and the stones came pelting and crashing on the roof, he screamed, "Maman! maman!" No loving echo came back to those innocent lips, and naught was heard save the crackling of the flame beyond, licking its tongue along the dry timber and roaring joyously as it was fed. "Maman! ehere maman!"

Yet no answer, and still the savage flames came careering wildly on till the very stones of the court-yard cracked like slates, while the burning flakes and cinders loaded the air, and the ...onds ... into the ...rying. ... and the little ...h ... ae open door- ...ssed ...ag with the de- ... him, he staggered for- ...ds. Yet again a flurry of ... ed up the forked and vivid ...hased the child before it.

... mother! in your poignant grief for ... of your poor drowned boy you were ... the agony of seeing him, even in imag- ...ation, struggling faintly before that tempest ... fire and smoke, calling piteously for her on whose tender bosom his head had rested, while his naked feet were cut and bruised by the sharp coral shingle beneath them. But onward and onward the boy wandered, and fortunately his footsteps took the path into a purer atmosphere which led toward the chapel. Here he looked timidly around at the lurid glare behind him, and then opened the church and sank down exhausted, his feverish, smarting eyes closing in slumber on the hard pavement beneath the image of the Virgin Mary.

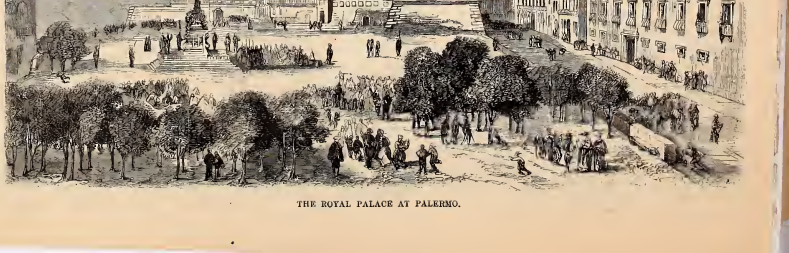
Then came the close and sultry night—no murmur of a land wind to drive the smoky canopy away—the black cinders falling in burning rain on basin, thicket, and lagoon, till even the lizards and scorpions hid themselves deep within the holes and crevices of the rocks. Midnight came. The dim and silent stars were obscured by a veil of heavy clouds, and with a low muttering sound of thunder the vapory masses unclosed their portals and the rain fell in torrents. The flames, now nearly satisfied with their work, leaped out occasionally from the fallen ruins, but were quenched by the tropical deluge and smoldered away amidst the charred and saturated timbers. Then the thunder ceased, the lizards and scorpions came from their retreats, the teal fluttered over the lagoon, and the noise of the waves bursting over the reef came again to the ear. Still there was a stench of air—the atmosphere was thick and damp, and out from the mangrove thickets and wide expanse of cactus swarms of insects, mosquitoes and sand-flies in myriads went buzzing and singing in the sultry, murky night.

So dragged on the weary hours until day broke again, and the sea-birds floated off seaward for their morning's meal, and the flying-fish skipped with their silvery wings from wave to wave, as the dolphins glittered in gold and purple after them below the blue water. No bright and blazing sun came over the hills of Cuba to light up this picture, but all was blight and gloom, with murky masses of dead, still cloude hanging low down over the island.

The little suffering boy by his there on the coral pavement, with his head resting on the thin delicate arm, with pale sweet face turned half upward toward the Virgin, gave a feeble cry and opened his eyes. He rose to a sitting posture, with his little hands resting on his lap and little ragged shirt. Then, with his dim hazed eyes fixed upon the painting, while the tears coursed slowly down his pallid cheeks, he put forth his hands in a childish movement of supplication and murmured again his tearful prayer, "Maman! maman!"

Presently rising, he turned his feeble footsteps toward the door-way, and as his eye caught the stone bowl of holy water standing on its coral pedestal near the portal, he bent down his feverish head and slaked his parched lips. Revived by this, he timidly looked out from the chapel, and shuddering as he beheld the gloomy wilderness around, he once more screamed in a thin piercing cry, "Maman! oh, ma chère maman!"

That was the last sad wail for help for many and many a long year that those infant lips



THE ROYAL PALACE AT PALERMO.

"AH, HENRI, SEE IF YOU CAN NOT SLIP THAT PRETTY SILK ROPE OVER MY HEAD."

were destined to utter; and when he again called upon that dear name his manly arms would clasp a joyful mother to his swelling heart.

"Henri!" came back like an echo in a clear shout to the shriek of the boy. "Henri! Henri!" was reiterated again and again, each time in a voice that seemed to split asunder the canopy of clouds above.

The boy starred and listened; "Henri! Henri! this way to your good friend the Doctor! Quick, my little boy!"

Now with the step of a fawn the child ran out upon the sharp sandy esplanade, and following the voice as he tripped lightly through the narrow pathway of the needle-pointed cactus, in a moment he stopped, with a look of horror, beside the trestle on which the bound and nearly naked man was stretched.

Ay, it was a sight to make a strong and stalwart man turn pale with sickness and horror, much less a baby boy of three or four years old. Ay, there lay the man, all through the dreadful night, with swarms on swarms and myriads upon myriads of stinging insects biting, and sipping, and sucking his life-blood with distracting agony. Ah, thank of the hellish torture often practiced by those bloody pirates upon their victims in the West Indies! The bound man's eyes swollen, the lips and cheeks were puffed and swollen out of all human proportions, and the inflamed body was one glowing, red, and angry surface. No needle could have been stuck where the venomous stings of a thousand sand-flies or mosquitoes had not already sucked blood. Ay, well might the child start back with horror!

"It is your friend the Doctor, Henri," he said in French, still in a strong but kindly voice. "I can not see you, but get me a knife! No, my child, never mind, you can not find one; don't leave me!"

Here the child timidly put his little hands out and brushed away the poisonous insects, and then touched the Doctor's face.

"Ah, Henri, see if you can not slip that pretty silk rope over my head; yes, that is the way—*doucement*—easily, my child! Well, now, my Henri, you are weak and sick, my poor little boy; but listen to me! yes, I feel your little hands on my eyes. Well, bite upon that cord that goes across my throat. Bite till it snaps asunder! I am nearly choking, little one, but don't cry."

True! the strips of rawhide, which had partially slackened in the rain that had washed the body of the victim, now began to tanten again in the sultry heat of the morning, and lay half hidden in the swollen throat, stomach, and limbs of the tortured sufferer.

Henri's sharp little teeth fastened upon the strand, biting and gnawing, until finally it was severed, and the Doctor gave a great sigh of relief.

"Blessings on you, my poor boy!" he murmured, painfully. "Now bite away on the strands which bind the arm. There! Don't! don't hurry! Rest a little, my child! Ah, it is well!"

Again those sharp little teeth of a mouse had gnawed through the net which bound the lion-hearted man; the ends of the rawhide drew back and twisted into spiral curls, and the right arm, though numb and four times its original size, was free.

"Thanks be to God for all His mercies!"—exclaimed the Doctor, as with difficulty he raised his released arm to his face and pushed back the swollen lids from his closed eyes—"and to you, my little friend, for saving this wretched life!"

Waiting a few moments to recover his strength, the Doctor made a mighty effort, and some of the coils whose strands had been cut by those little teeth yielded and gradually unrove, so as to leave the upper part of his body free. Then while the child was once more cutting the lashings of his feet he found unfastened the knots of his left arm, and by a vigorous effort he tore the net from off him and sat upright. Clasping his numbed and swollen hands together, he turned his face and almost sightless eyes to Heaven.

"May this awful trial serve as a partial forgiveness of my sins and make me a better man!"

He paused and laid his heavy arms around the child, while warm and grateful tears trickled down his cheeks. Slowly, and like a drunken man, his feet sought the sand, and then, weak, trembling, and faint, he staggered along the path—the boy tripping lightly before him—till he fell exhausted on the floor of the chapel.

"Water, my Henri! water!"

The child scooped it out from the stone bowl with his tiny hands and sprinkled it on his friend's face.

"There, that will suffice, my brave boy! Lay your cheek to mine!"

What a sight it was! That dark, swollen, powerful frame lying on the cool pavement, and the innocent child, like a dew-drop on the leaf of a red tropical flower, nestling close beside him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HURRICANE.

PAST a September noon. The great canopy of dark, murky clouds fell lower and lower, until they nearly touched the earth, wrapping as in a blanket the single cocoa-nut tree on the cay, and shutting out the light and air of heaven as they settled over the noxious lagoon, the mangrove thickets, and pure inlet. The sea-birds came screaming in from seaward, fluttering their wide-spread wings in the sultry atmosphere and alighting on the smooth rocks, where they folded their pinions and put their heads together. The flying-fish no longer skimmed over the waves, and the dolphin and shark sank deep down in the blue water, or lay still and quiet beside the coral groves. The rolling, swelling ocean of the tropic, with its glassy, green surface unruffled by the faintest air, rolled heavily on until it struck the coral ledge, when, with a dull, heavy roar, it broke over in creamy foam and came sluggishly in to the sandy beach. There the tiny waves lashed the shelly strand, and all was still again. No sun, no sky; and even the birds and serpents and insects gasped for breath. The fish below the sea, the animated nature above, and the very leaves and vines of the forests and thickets knew what was brewing in the great vacuum around.

Slowly and painfully the man in the chapel regained his feet, and, with the child by the hand, moved out to the furthest corner by the rude altar, where he sank down again, and, clasping the boy to his breast, waited in breathless awe. As if the power and flames had not done their destructive work, the wrath of Heaven was to be poured out over the devoted den of the pirates.

Then came a bellowing roar as a current of wind swept over the sea, cutting a pathway in the blue water and scooping it up in an impalpable mist, hurrying on the low beach of the island, and tearing the sand and shells up in heaps—and then a lull. Now, as if all the demons of winds had let loose their cavernous lungs from the four quarters of the earth, and, like the shocks of artillery, volley upon volley, came the furnace. The sea became one boiling, seething, hissing surface of foam, pressed as flat as marble by the weight of the tempest, which laid the black rocks bare on the ledge, and drove the water into both mouths of the quake, flat to the... mightier, and ... masses of nevermelting ... down like dark midnight, as if heaven had come together. All through the gloomy day and through the night this elemental war, with its legions of careering demons, continued to lash the sea and smite the land; and then, as if satiated with vengeance, the clouds belched forth in red lightning, vomiting out peal upon peal of awful thunder as in parting salute, and then moderating down to a hard gale from another quarter, broke away. The blue sky appeared, and the glorious sun once more came up in his majesty over the distant hills of Cuba.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

WITH the boy clasped to his heart the Doctor sat beside the altar of the chapel during all the direful strife without; shielding his little charge from the clouds of fine sand and rubbish that every few minutes came swirling within the sacred temple; dashing the Padre's emblesticks into battered lumps of brass on the pavement, and tearing to atoms the votive offerings hung around the walls by the pirates. But as if in mercy to the trustful souls lying there, the Virgin Mary still looked down in sweet pity upon them, and the little chapel stood unharmed.

When at last, however, the hurricane's back had been broken, and Æolus had reined back his maddened chargers and curbed their flying wings, and when all the demons of the winds had gone moaningly back to their caverns in the clouds, the Doctor arose, and with the boy beside him, knelt devoutly before the altar while he uttered a fervent prayer of thanksgiving.

"Come, my Henri! now we may go out and see if we can find something to eat and drink! You are weak and hungry, my poor little boy! But you shall not suffer much longer!"

That strong man, with the heart of a gentle woman, had no thought of how ill, and famished, and thirsty he himself was from the terrible torture he had endured! No, he only thought of the child who had saved him.

In front of the chapel the sand and bushes had been piled up in ridge heaps, the coral wall around the cemetery had been thrown down, while the flat head-stones over the pirates' graves had disappeared entirely. Not so, however, with the white slabs near by where those poor ter in which he slaken the ... his own, and afterward poured water over their bodies. There, from a still smoldering beam which puffed out at intervals a thin curl of smoke from beneath one of the sheds, he lit a fire in the court-yard; and then from the wreck of the store-room he succeeded in rescuing some hard biscuit and a ham. This last he tore in shreds, and placing them on sticks before the fire, they were thus enabled to make a hearty meal, first providing for the wants of the child, however, soaking the biscuit for him, as if it were his first duty on earth. Again raising the boy in his arms, he passed from the ruined sheds and beat his steps toward Captain Brand's former dwelling. The road was heaped with shells and sand, strewed with shoals of dead fish and wounded or dying birds, while the wreck of a boat, mingled with the timbers and planks of the jetty to the basin, were lying pell-mell on the beach of the little cove. Casting his eyes around in search of the once spacious dwelling, with its vaults, veranda, and saloon, he could hardly at first trace a vestige of the structure. The powder, more destructive even than the hurricane, had tossed walls and building into a confused heap of rubbish; then came the wind and sand on top of the rocks which had tumbled down by the concussion of the first explosion, and then the water, packing all together as if no habitation had ever existed there. The Doctor walked slowly around until he came to the angle where the kitchen once was, and there, three-fourths hidden beneath a mass of blackened stones and charred timber, peered forth the white skeleton of a human being. The flesh had been seared and turned from the face and skull by the instantaneous flash of the powder, and there lay the remains of Babette, whitely bleached, as if she had been thrown a lifeless corpse on the sea-beach. A few yards below this frightful spectacle lay a number of shattered boxes and trunks, now a confused bundle of clothes, and a sandy saturated collection of kitchen utensils and crockery. Yes, the poor dumb woman, the creature and witness of many a cruel scene, ignorant or uncertain of the warning given her by the master she loved, had fallen another tribute to his long list of victims.

BUILDING THE BOAT.

the [illegible] of repentance and innocence. With the early morning the man and the boy arose and took their way to the cove. The little fellow was clean and tidy now, dressed in a little loose calico frock and a queer contrivance of an old bonnet fashioned out of Babette's gear, and on his feet were a pair of little canvas slippers stitched for him by his protector. After a bath in the basin of the inlet the five was kindled and the simple breakfast prepared. Then, while the strong man hewed and sawed and hammered beneath a temporary awning which he had rigged upon work-shop, the boy would pick up shells along the cove, or, with a little rod and line, seated on a flat rock near by, pull out fish from the basin to serve for dinner. Sometimes he would wander about in search of a nail or spikes for the hull, or gather sticks for the fire—but never out of hail, and never beyond the watchful eyes of his friend. Yes! those wonderful, kind eyes followed his slightest movements; and while the hammer was going in vigorous blows on the planks, or the saw chopping away a timber, his pleasant voice sang Creole songs to the child or encouraged his innocent prattle. A hooded musket which, with some ammunition, he had dug out from the wreck of his old quarters, stood leaning against an upright post under the shade, and was to the man or beast that might have dared to approach the boy! In the burning heat of the tropical day the labor ceased; and the child either lay on his back on the soft sand beneath the awning, kicking up his little legs, watching the small gulls as they skimmed across the basin, or, with his brown, curly head resting on the Doctor's knees, slept sweetly. Happy and contented he was, too, with the return of health and strength; and if his budding memory looked back to her he had lost and the recollection of a faithful friend, it was only for a moment, and, like a childish dream, it passed away.

Every evening at sunset, when the work was done for the day, the Doctor, with Henri in his arms and the musket on his shoulder, would climb the crag and peer all around the island; but never a sail did he see from the hour the *Centipede* spread her canvas, while he lay helplessly bound on the trestle with the green moss around his neck. As the twilight faded the sole human occupants of the island returned to the chapel, and when they had said a simple prayer, kneeling before the Virgin, they had themselves down on their canvas bed to repeatedly the dawn. Many a silent hour in the watch [illegible] of the tedious night did the Doctor lie awake, while the cool, sweet breath of the child fanned his cheek as he lay nestling beside him, pondering and wondering on the fate of his charge. He knew absolutely nothing about his history, save that he had been pitched overboard from the brig the pirates were robbing; but what was the name or nation of the vessel, where from, or whither bound, he was in utter ignorance. He had questioned the hooded, Gibbs, on that occasion after the chase by the corvette, after he had lopped off the brute's leg; but what with suffering and drink the ruffian had either forgotten the brig's name or feigned to, and all he could impart was the belief that she was an English vessel. Even from the boy, the Doctor could elicit nothing of importance, though day by day he tried every means of leading the child's mind back to the past; but always with the same result.

"*God, mes chère maman! Dan Zamen!*" and "*Mes petite comme Rosalie!*" These were the only words the little fellow had to link his fate with the future; and even they became fainter and fainter on his mind and tongue as the time passed on. With this delicate web around the destiny of the child, and that he spoke French, and had evidently been tenderly nurtured, the Doctor was forced to be content.

Well, so the days and nights went by, and so the rock went on, and this little ark began to assume a wholesome look, and to be capable of plowing the distant main. Then, when she was planked up, with a gunwale on, and half-decked over forward, she was calked and the seams payed with pitch. When all ready for launch—one one who had passed a lifetime on the ocean, from the China seas to the broad Atlantic, under the suns of the tropics as well as in the dim gloom of high latitudes—the Doctor studied the clouds and watched their course, noting the flight of the birds in the air and the track of fish in the sea. At last the trade-breezes began to blow regularly and steadily; the land winds, too, in the gray of the morning, fattened timidly away out to sea, and the round yearly moon shone bright and mellow over rock and water.

"To-morrow, my brave boy, we shall sail away from this island. Ah! you clap your hands, eh? Yes, we shall go to find home!" This was said as man and child stood for the last time on the lofty crag, while the former ranged his dark eyes scrutinizingly around the horizon. Nothing in sight!

Once more to their chapel of refuge, where, for the first time in all their association, putting the child to sleep by himself, the Doctor sat down on the trestle by the entrance, and, lighted by the brilliant moon, he caught up the unpaid mazes of the hole net which had bound him, and sedulously applied himself to a task before him.

Any one who has seen the effect produced by a violent gale upon the tattered shreds of a shivered main-topsail, bound up into the most torturous knots that it is possible to conceive of, and so hard and solid that you might saw the canvas balls, like beards, in slices, may form some idea of the task the Doctor had imposed upon himself to loosen the hide strands tied together by the furious fingers of the barnacles. Patiently and quietly, with no sign of temper, he applied himself to the work, and with nothing but a sharp-pointed spike to aid his hands, he began to unravel, bit by bit, the laced knots and bunches of rawhide—without ever cutting a strand—until, as the moon sank glimmering down, the tangled mass lay in clear coils beside him—though in several pieces, where it had been severed by the teeth of that little mouse purring behind the altar—and the task was done. Then raising the trestle he bore it within the chapel, and with the new unravelled coil of hide, and the softer silk rope for a pillow, he again stretched himself upon what once had been his bed of torture.

For what possible object all this labor had been undertaken, or for what future purpose—unless they must have been—no one but the perseverring man who did it can tell; and there he lay—no sound emerge from his compressed lips—till the day dawned. Then he arose, and, kneeling over the sleeping child, he again solemnly repeated the oath he had taken in his hut:

"Sleeping or waking, on land or sea, I devote the remainder of my wretched life to returning this lost child to his mother. So help me God!"

The little boy stirred, as if the angels and the sweet Virgin were whispering their protecting power over him, and, with a smile dawning upon his rosy, dimpled cheeks, he raised the lids from his bright hazel eyes, and put his fat round arms around the Doctor's neck. If two great drops fell upon that upturned innocent little face from the dark full eyes bending over him, they were not cast of sorrow! Ah, no! It was the dew of hope and trustfulness falling from the soul of a repentant sinner relying upon an all-wise Providence.

"Come, my Henri, say your little prayer of the morning, and we will go!" The man had taught the child that little prayer which he himself had learned at his mother's knee.

Up and to the crag and down to the shelly margin of the shore; and a long look the man gave at the ruin of shed and dea as he gently placed the child on a sand-bag in the stern sheets of the ark. Then he cast off the rope which held the vessel to the hated strand, hoisted the sail, and, as she bubbled along the inlet with the first sigh of the land-wind, he stood at the helm with his bare head lighted up by the beams of the rising sun, and his lips moved in prayer.

Ah, noiselessly, through the Tiger's Trap sailed the little pinnace till she bowed her

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 184.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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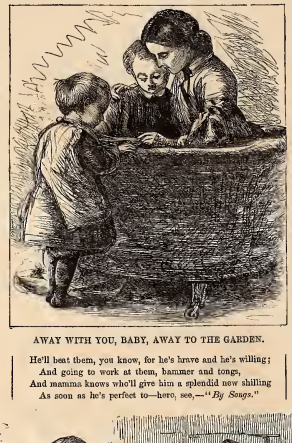
THE SICILIAN INSURRECTION.

WE continue in this number our series of illustrations of the INSURRECTION IN SICILY. Besides the graphic picture below, the reader will find on page 420 two fine engravings of GARIBALDI'S CAMP and the ENTRY INTO PALERMO. Our last number contained splendid engravings of the DEPARTURE OF GARIBALDI'S FORCE FROM GENOA, and of the ROYAL PALACE AT PALERMO. In Nos. 180 and 181 will be found fine views of PALERMO, MESSINA, and NAPLES, a splendid PORTRAIT OF GARIBALDI, and a very accurate and valuable MAP OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES, etc.



AWAY WITH YOU, BABY, AWAY TO THE GARDEN.

MUSA.

AWAY with you, baby, away to the garden,
And leave ugly Latin to Algernon, do:
He *must* learn the lesson, although it's a hard one,
But, darling, there's plenty of time before you.

Oh, if you but knew, dear, you'd run like the kitten,
And scamper away from a future that waits:—
If you knew the dry nonsense the big folks have written
On purpose to pester the little folks' pates.

We want all poor Algernon's deepest attention,
You see his sad case by the way that he frowns;
He's fighting a thing that they call a declension—
A sort of a regiment of soldiers called nouns.

He'll beat them, you know, for he's brave and he's willing;
And going to work at them, hammer and tongs,
And mamma knows who'll give him a splendid new shilling
As soon as he's perfect to—hero, see,—"*By Sangs.*"

So don't interrupt him, my darling, with chatter,
He stops in his lesson to look up and laugh:
His fragile conception of datives you scatter,
And cut his poor ablative plural in half.

What, blue eyes wide open at hearing such tidings,
At being accused in such very long words,
And looking as wistful as if they were childings?
No, darling, run off to the flowers and the birds.

Eh? you want a lesson? Well! count all those roses,
For each you leave out you must pay me a kiss:
And Al shall be free, too, the moment he knows his
Musæ, musarum, mu—what, Al?—*muris.*

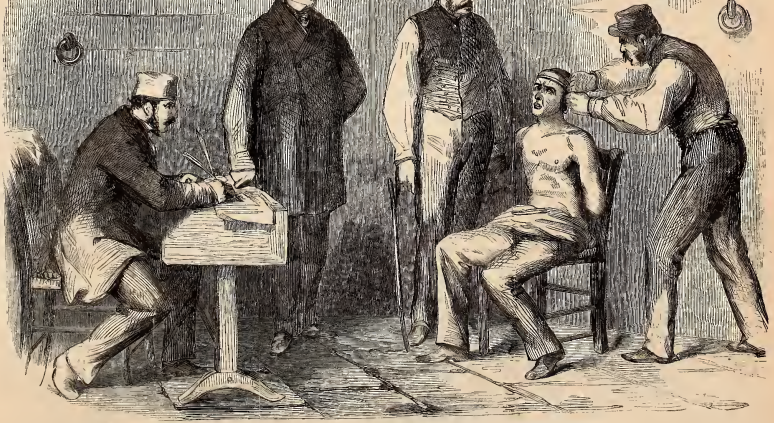
So off with you, baby, and O! be contented
That you've got no lesson to cloud that white brow,
Some day you'll wish Latin had not been invented;
Perhaps, in her heart, mamma wishes so now.

TORTURE IN SICILY.

THE papers are full of accounts of the fiendish cruelties practiced by the Neapolitan jailers upon political prisoners: we now engrave a scene of torture which will make the blood of many a reader run cold. The engraving represents the application of the tourniquet to a prisoner who is suspected of sympathy with Garibaldi. The tourniquet is a cord passed round the head, and tightened by means of a stick inserted in it till the skin cracks and the eyes start from their sockets. In the instance depicted in our engraving the torture is inflicted in the presence of the head of the police, Maniscalco, who stands at the table watching its effects and hoping to extort a confession from the writhing victim, who, previous to the application of the tourniquet, had been lashlashed on the soles of the feet.

M. Charles de la Varenne has lately published a detailed account of the tortures practiced on prisoners in Sicily. Many of the cases he describes are too horrible for publication.

"Every commissary, every jailer," says M. de la Varenne,



THE TORTURE OF THE TOURNIQUET, AS PRACTICED IN THE PRISONS IN SICILY, A.D. 1860.

"has his own method of applying torture. It is revolting to come to details, but they are unhappily exact, and confirmed by official authority. The famous Pontillo owes his reputation to the species of torture which he applies in his own seminaries, making the victim sit down in a rolled semi-chair set with razor-blades, under which is placed a pan of burning coals. The inspector, Louis Manicolo, the nunnesake of the General, inspector, applies to the second little iron hands provided with a closing screw. This is called, in the language of the police, "the angelic instrument." The jailer, Drieu, belonging to the police constabulary of the odious Carrega (there is a prison in each commissaria), torures by stripping the victim of his clothes and binding his head between his legs. Others employ the torture of the tourniquet, which consists of a stick inserted in it tight round the head of the accused till the skin cracks and the eyes start from their sockets. Some have recourse to starvation, to blows, to the deprivation of light and breathable air. But the aristocrite of the Director-General who outstrips all others is the notorious Captain Chiavone, known as a peasant in the village of Belmonte, a robber by profession, and now an officer of police and a rich proprietor."

There can be very little question of the ultimate fate of a régime which sustains itself by such atrocities as these.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river!

II.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river.
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

III.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hoofs hard steel at the pebbly reeds
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

IV.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How still it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes as he sate by the river.

V.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sate by the river!)
"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

VI.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan?
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

VII.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a pest out of a man.
The world is wide for the cost and pain—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860.

THE IRISH AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IT seems that the Pope has not, after all, got such a bargain in his Irish recruits. By the latest advices from Rome Lamoricière is chafing whether the sympathy of his Irish friends does not cost more than it is worth. At Ancona and some other places, it appears, the Irish are not only quarrelled so freely among themselves as almost to demoralize the garrison, but insisted upon quarters, rations, and subsidies far beyond the capacity of the poor Papal treasury. Indeed, from the accounts which reach us, it would seem that these new champions of Papal despotism are likely to prove even a greater nuisance to his Holiness than the Transteverini themselves. Unhappily for the Pope, they can not be got rid of without some trouble and expense. One regiment, after leaving their home against the protest of their Government, no sooner landed in the Papal States than they quarreled with the authorities, and finally appealed to the British Consul for protection!

If it were possible to regard these volunteers as isolated individuals their conduct would hardly justify comment. Every country contains a certain number of reckless ne'er-do-wells, who are ready to seek excitement in warfare as soldiers of fortune, caring nothing about the justice of the cause for which they fight. But the course of the Irish press, and the attitude of Irish leaders abroad all go to some forbid the assumption that the Pope's Irish mercenaries belong to this class. Irish prelates bless the recruits as they leave their country in defiance of the law; Irish journals praise the enterprise, and invoke blessings on its issue. Irish gentlemen subscribe money, and proclaim their sympathy with the Pope's cause and with his new defenders. Even here, in New York, Archbishop Hughes invests the course of divine service to inform the assembled one-half of the Pope's temporal sovereignty, and to denounce, with characteristic bitterness, the Republican party who have the audacity to seek freedom for themselves and their children. Surely it is not unjust, in view of these indications, to assume that the Irish people are largely responsible for the conduct of the Pope's Irish mercenaries.

To a philosopher mind these considerations are unimportant. He very well knows that the Irish in the world can not prevent the accomplishment of God's purposes in Italy. If the sons of Saint Patrick were twice as numerous as they are, and twice as valuable allies as they are proving, they could not long uphold the rotten, loathsome, hideous despotism which now represents Central Italy in Christendom. The right must prevail in spite of man's wrong, heedlessness and priests' appeals to ignorance and superstition.

But the Irish demonstrations in favor of Papal tyranny should not be thrown away upon us. We, too, have our battle with the Pope, not only in this city, but in this country at large. The Irish races in the United States is very powerful, far more so than its mere numbers would justify. Concentrated in most of the large cities, not only on the sea-board, but in the interior also. Our native population, and the bulk of our German, English, and Scotch settlers generally become preachers and tillers of the earth; the Irish cling to the cities, and while generally remaining in a position of pecuniary dependence themselves, they, with the aid of universal suffrage and loose electoral laws, by usurping political predominance. Irishmen fill a large proportion of the prominent municipal offices: they elect mayors, aldermen, and councilmen: they are inspectors of election, commissioners of streets, contractors, whatever of lucrative or influential office is violence or fraud, you will generally find that the evil-doers are Terrences or Paddies or Mickeys. In this city, we numerically are the United States; their influence is great enough to have honest school-teachers dismissed for the crime of reading the Bible to their scholars.

It is this Irish predominance, which is steadily on the increase, which renders the Irish sympathy with the Pope so instructive. For, as things tend at present, the political classes in this country will soon be mainly Irish, and the power of Archbishop Hughes (who already declares himself above the law) in the United States will become not far little less than that of the Pope in Central Italy. It is well that we should see betimes what sort of men these coming rulers of ours are likely to prove. This is a very uncertain world, and full of dramatic surprises: who shall say that the peculiarities of the Papal Government, and those of the old Irish government in Ireland may not be reproduced in this country? Things stranger far have been seen in past times. We should not let such a contingency find us unprepared.

THE JAPANESE BALL.

Now that the Japanese are gone, perhaps it may do us no harm to look back on the truth about their reception here, and especially about the great ball on the 25th. We have all blushed for the brutality which characterized the reception of our guests at Boston and Baltimore; nothing, certainly, could have been better calculated to give intelligent foreigners a poor idea of civilization. But the rowdy conduct of the populace of these two cities on the occasion of their visit. But, after all, in New York the conduct of the east the most stupid

It was understood, long before, that New York was to give a grand ball in honor of the Japanese. A very large sum of money was appropriated for the purpose. Arrangements were made for an entertainment worthy of the city: no expense was spared to combine scenic effect with gorgeous splendor and perfect hospitality. The ball is over, and what is the public verdict? Decent people are all agreed that it was a monstrous failure.

There was a prodigious crowd there; but who were the guests? From all that we can learn the bulk of the persons present had no right to be there, and the men and women who should have represented New York on such an occasion were not there—many because they were not invited, others because they were afraid to trust their pocket-books in the society of the Aldermen, Councilmen, and their friends. The business of inviting guests was left to a joint Committee of Aldermen and Councilmen. They invited their friends, in the first place, and we need not describe the class of society to which friends of New York Aldermen and Councilmen belong; these supplied with tickets, the others were sold, and the money pocketed by some one. One man, a brother of an Alderman, sold tickets openly at a leading hotel; he testifies that the business was extensively pressed upon him. Tickets were freely offered by Jews in Wall Street at $20 and upward. One man—of course a city official—is said to have received $1000 for the sale of tickets. Having sold this much, need we add that gamblers, and other persons fully as objectionable, found their way into the hall; and that of the few respectable people who were invited, many, from avoiding chemsemen of the invitation to appear in such company?

The following was sent to the press in the shape of the following letter:

"SIR,—In order to prevent unauthorized parties to represent the TIMES, the committee of the Common Council have agreed upon issuing a note to each editor of their respective papers, to read a reporter with this note to be sent, with the reporter, to the office of the same Robinson, this date, the same to be countersigned by the editor." &c., &c.

It is rather a pity some one had not "prevented" the Committee "to write" this letter, for it will convey to foreigners a singular impression of the mode in which the working of our common-school system. "Each editor of their respective papers" is vague, to say the least; and "Robinson" is a little too "a reporter" to perfectly bewildering. The last clause of this Delphic missive is still more puzzling. Was it the Embassy or not? Was the reporter who was to be "countersigned by the editor?" We have heard of soldiers giving the counter-sign; bank-notes, we know, are countersigned by the cashier; but we never heard of counter-signing an embassy or a reporter? If common report be true, the counter-signs which are most familiar to the Common Council are the signs which hang over counters in liquor stores. Could any allusion to these have been intended?

Altogether, the Japanese ball places us pretty fairly on a par with our Philadelphia and Baltimore neighbors.

Henceforth, let pity's sake, let us have no more entertainments at the cost of the city. Let the Bowles entertain people, if they want, at their own expense. But it is time a stop were put to public entertainments at the city's cost which are managed by vulgarians and rogues, for the benefit of gamblers, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen, and to the sorrow and shame of all decent people.

OUR COLLEGES.

WE are in the season of College Commencements. Fond mothers and proud fathers are marking the days with a white stone, for their sons are graduating. The boys themselves are realizing a dream of years, than they have ever known in their young experience. Now, for the first time, they are wearing manly hearts, and are learning to shake off from college authentic evidence of scholarship and learning.

How many of the graduates of 1860 have learned any thing that will be of use to them hereafter?

Men are such creatures of routine that he would confess himself a green-horn who would question the propriety of dealing with our collegiate institutions clung to old traditions and mouldy examples. Our boys go on, year after year, learning Latin from Ovid and Tacitus, Virgil and Terence, Horace and Cicero, and Homer, and Pindar and Tyrtæus, boating their brains to mere pulp, and muddling their poor intellects over metaphysics and prosody—all because boys did the same thing in Oxford and Cambridge in the days of George the Third, and before that. And, after all, perhaps, nothing is more natural. Even in business matters to which experience is preferred to theory and reason; much more so in the matter of education, which is generally consigned to dark, dusty recesses, carefully secluded from the light of civilization, and the tide of progress. Of the heroes of the day some are college graduates; it is respectable to graduate from Yale or Harvard, or Cotton Hall. Eg., can it be pretended that a college education is not the right thing?

Of course, if a boy is to be a lawyer, or a doctor, or an editor, or a merchant, or a broker, or an engineer, it will not avail him much to be able to write Greek, to be familiar with the Dessarte theory of the verb, or to have read Zachyles in the original. It would be of use to him to be familiar with geography and the modern languages, and with the dead languages; it would be agreeable, and could not be hurtful for him, to be versed in the great writers of his own tongue. But as there is not time in the college course for a boy to learn all these things—geography and German, Dessartes and chemistry, Zachyles and the laws of trade—the collegiate law requires that the preference shall be given to those branches of study which young men in Europe and one hundred years ago were taught to consider the elements of polite education.

If you say to Cotton Park—and every honest college graduate will say so—that the farrago of monastic learning and classic trash which is pumped into boys' heads at college is absolutely worse than useless: that it is of no more benefit to them in real life than the Andiscan Majora, and that it occupies a place in their minds which should be filled with sensible knowledge, that worthy citizen and parent will be shocked, and will consider you a monster, a techist, and an infidel. For he remembers that while he was the son of a poor man—was obliged to be content with a common school education, his contemporaries of gentler birth went to colleges, and dumfoundered over him on the strength of it. He remembers that that his sons should go to college, and dominoer over their humble acquaintances in like manner. And so, year after year, the ball, and turn out, year after year, some as pretty ignoramuses as even Oxford or Cambridge.

The chevalier Bunsen in England has defended the University of Cambridge on the ground that boys are taught to row a good oar there. "Tis a merit which is shared by Yale and Harvard: given them the benefit of it. But, after all, is life nothing but a boat-race? and should the plastic years of youth be devoted to nothing but Cambridge nonsense and the pulling stroke-oar? When will our teachers of youth take a lesson from Germany and Switzerland, and teach their scholars that which may serve them in after-life, and make them men? Who will vindicate outraged common sense by discarding metaphysics and prosody from our colleges? Will the Professor with nerve enough to denounce Greek?

THE LOUNGER.

THE ORATION.

EIGHTY-FOUR years have passed. It has come again. It has reached our country, as the sound of the Japanese reception was seen; if every where we can see the bright eyes opening, the happy hearts beating, the glad faces smiling; if we could hear the multitudinous peal of bells sweetly jangling in all the country, the busy hay of commerce between, as of national watch dogs, the loud bursts of music, the louder shouting, and beneath the exterior gaiety of delight and festive excitement we could mark the heart-throbs of hope and faith, how our pride would swell! how our resolution would strengthen! how we should feel the mass American to be the title of the highest human purpose! How we should all, following our reverend fathers, judge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honors to the cause in which they led the world!

At the end of the month of June, 1776, the heartquake of General Washington were felt in the city of New York. The colonial expedition against Canada had failed. The Indians were rising upon the border. The British army from New England, under Lord Howe, with reinforcements from beyond the seas, was daily expected. The city and neighborhood swarmed with Tories, who had formed a plot to seize Washington, and the whole service-able force of Americans at his disposal was about eight thousand men, scarcely more than paraded the other day to receive the Japanese, with this difference, that the troops of Washington were illtrained, provided, and officered, while the term of enlistment was constantly expiring. But the leadership, zeal, and energy, of the chief, the soul and the heart of the army; and on the afternoon of the 20th of June, 1776, news was brought to him that forty sail were seen from the Narrows sailing in from sea. Joining the ships of Governor Tryon in the harbor, and reinforced by the foreign troops, a fleet of one hundred and thirty men of war and transports anchored off the shore and landed their troops unmolested in the sunset along the green slopes of the island.

On the 20 of July Washington called upon the troops to prepare for a momentous conflict, which was to decide their liberties and fortunes; and on the same day the Congress of the Colonies was discussing what Lincoln Adams called "the ancient question ever debated in America, and as great as ever was or ever will be debated among men." It was the question whether the United States, the united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; and on the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence, drafted by Thomas Jefferson, was adopted.

This is the simple story. But to ripen and round the single golden grain of harvest how all the forces of the elements have combined! If any American would know the lesson of the day, let him read the history of the war. It is so easy for malice to misinterpret, and meanness to misrepresent, the history. Half of the public expenses incurred by pensioning upon popular journals. Read, then, the history of your country and of this war—either in the compact work of Hildreth or the more copious pages of Bancroft. But resolve, at any rate, to do it, and to teach it to your children; and although you may not have sent up a single rocket, or fired a solitary cracker, you will not have lost the Fourth of July.

THE PARK INQUISITION.

It is a pity that so great a public work as the Central Park should be hampered at every step by the most petty impediments. The Legislature by

painted a Commission to investigate charges against the management. Where was the Commission will seat has yet to appear. But the proceedings thus far have developed only the fact that one of the original Commissioners of the Park attempted to make some bargain, by which he should succeed to the Commissionership upon resigning his post; that he did resign, after, as he supposed, the plan was perfect; that he publicly stated that his only reason for resigning was, that, as a very wealthy man, he thought he could be relected from his labors; that when the bargain (as he understood it) was not fulfilled, he was greatly ingly angry, and now prefers various charges of extravagance, inconsistency, and dishonesty against the Commission, which he said he sustained.

This is the net result of the investigation to the present hour. Nothing and nobody have been passed by it, except the gentleman who prefers the charges, and his motives for doing so. When it has openly passed during the inquiry, that he wrote a letter containing sentiments which he did not hold—a letter "for the eye of the public, and to hide the real motive of the resignation," why should he suppose that the public will believe him to be any more truthful or earnest now? It is a very business, the complaints, and have leave to withdraw, and the Commission should dissolve upon the instant. The Central Park will be indeed a public, it is a real name, if the State is to pay for the charges of individual jealousy and feeling.

That so great and costly a work as the Park should be carefully watched is true. But when a commission of gentlemen, who are unpaid for the service, and who are fit for it, is appointed; when the Architect-in-chief has established his position and proved himself thoroughly fitted to the visible results are such as may be seen already, certainly no damaging inquisition should be lightly made; and, when a personal feeling is chosen to have prompted it, the matter should end there.

Suppose the work is arrested, or is interrupted; other hands from those which have so well conducted it hitherto. Undoubtedly it may be completed cheaper, and wretchedly. But what pages that is objection to its cost imply any real desire of economy? Solid, enduring, magnificent work in a noble, beautiful, and handsome place, being you can not have cheaply. The best thing command the best prices. The question is, whether we will have the one of the best things; whether it shall be worthy New York and America; or whether it shall be the apparently inexhaustible limit of public money, wasted among set, of being poorly done and profusely paid for?

A city which pays twenty thousand dollars for wine at a ball, and a Commission which not feel parsimonious about a Park; and if it say it does, will the people believe it?

ROGER WILLIAMS.

WHILE the land rings with the pean of the Fourth of July it is right to remember the earlier day which begins the 4th foundation upon which the goodly structure stands. Among those probably the least understood is Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island. He deserved in the Puritan colony of Massachusetts Bay the doctrine that the civil power had no rightful cognizance of religious faith, and Massachusetts twabbed his out, neck and heels, for daring to say it. Old Cotton Mather said he had "a windmill in his head;" and the old New England Hudibras declared that he had "a fly-blown imagination!" But neither Mather nor Hudibras could see that in authority upon Roger Williams. The Plymouth settlers in the colon of the *Mayflower* had founded a free commonwealth, and maintained for many years an actual democracy, or direct government by the people. But Roger Williams made the first great statement of one of our cardinal Democratic principles in saying "Kings and magistrates must be considered invested with no more power than the people invest them with." He was very thing but a visionary. No statesman has ever more practical idea of the business of civil government than he. Yet he claimed toleration of opinion rather than absolute freedom of thought, and was almost a furious with George Fox as with the Boston Council.

The grave of Williams was lately opened in Providence, and the remains of an aplomb were found to have struck directly through his dust. His grave is upon the brow of the hill that overlooks the city upon the east. A committee of some sixteen well-known Rhode Islanders has been appointed as a late meeting to procure the erection of a monument to this most illustrious man. Could they do better than engrave upon it the words of Williams in his letter to the town of Providence, in which, under the figure of a ship's company, he sets forth so admirably the true doctrine of men in states?

BLONDIN.

BLONDIN, a nimble Frenchman, is walking in sacks, and blindfolded, and rolling wheel-barrows amidst fire-works, and standing on his head, and hanging by his feet, all upon a tightrope suspended over the chasm below Niagara Falls. There is a very general public conviction that there must be a point where a man can not walk, either on foot or on a tight-rope—as, for instance, when he has both feet dead on his neck. But M. Blondin has not yet reached the point. He is still approaching it. Possibly he will yet cross holding himself in his right hand.

It is the conviction that when he reaches that point he will inevitably tumble into the gulf below and be drowned, which brings many people in the condition of the gentleman who solemnly and persistently traveled from town to town with the menagerie in which the heroic Sulla put his head in the lion's mouth. Some day he will snap it off, reasoned the gentleman. If it is inevitable, said he, he packed his trunk, and finally could be snapped off. So it is with Blondin. Some day, many, how soon they will read in the morning paper a telegram from Niagara: "Blondin fell from the rope this afternoon into the river. His body has not yet been recovered."

M. Blondin's philosophy is probably this: "I can walk any rope any where with a perfectly steady head. Walking across the Niagara gulf is illustrious walking. It pays. In the course of the summer I can cross twenty times. I can make the money I need, and then retire to my cave. Monsieur Pinkerton, can I make money more easily in any other way? I rather think I can. Suppose one year's money in a few hours, than drudge all the year obscure."

So he idly takes the risk and the walk, and puts up his little pile. It is a pursuit involving danger, but it is perhaps as reputable as a great many other pursuits we see every day in our cities. There is no swindle; nothing unfair. Everything is upon the line. If he falls, his obituary will read: "Blondin fell from the rope." But it should make a million of dollars by it, I have no doubt his fortune would have no honest a foundation as a good many others.

HUMBUG.

IT is amusing to observe the respect paid to a moral sense which is supposed to be somewhere in the community, although those who appeal to it are not much in the habit of paying much to it in practice in individuals. It is this respect which leads newspapers which first make a scandal, presently protest against it in the name of a virtuous indignant public. The moral health of the public being the particular care of the newspapers—the newspapers are never wrong, and have an immense tendency or a depraved taste in the public mind—it is proper that they should be the first to make use of the public expressions which they have cast upon it.

Who, for instance, would ever think of holding the women of American responsible for the absurdities of an occasional sentimental boarding-school Miss? Who would ever seriously consider publishing of notes to Mr. Tommy, of the Japanese persuasion, by some enthusiastic, or even designing ladies, implicated in the scandal of Miss Miss? Mr. Tommy is fancy, for a moment, that the delight of the same Mr. Tommy in the performance of a pretty actress here or there would ever induce the lady to publish to the public itself. Public morality doesn't take cold upon such a slight exposure as that.

But while the public morality is thus very well, it thank you, for all little Mr. Tommy's frowns or fancies, the public common sense, which seems to have lost its nerve, is very sensitive to such things. It knows, for instance, that many portraits and albums belong to the "public" worship delights in fancy, and gleats over luscious beauties. It knows that such reporters and editors use every opportunity to make a sensation that supposed taste short of offending that Albstreet and Severe Public Moral Sense which relives as a tender mother the sins of her boy. It knows perfectly well that the papers which follow the lead of that taste as skillfully as they can, so the true journalistic method of reaching the public and swifest in their denunciations of the offenses which they print in one column and "pitch into" in another—the offense being just as good, but the method in which the reporter presents the news. That Public Common Sense, also, often sees that the indignation of the editor is in reality not so much profound sympathy with outraged decency as a sly which in a purely private battle. If a newspaper has the reputation of its moral power, the appeal to public morality is effective. But otherwise, it is good for the public to know whose price is well known, alluding to his honesty. Public Common Sense is painfully aware that there is a thing being called humbug.

In a certain year of this present century it befell that the sunny month of June overtook the Longer in Rome. The festival of Corpus Christi was celebrated in the famous square of St. Peter's, and he beheld with all the world. The spectacle was splendid: the sky was cloudless, and the sun high above: the colonnade: the pile of the Vatican and the massive front of St. Peter's around; and midway upon the sides of the square the spacious fountains playing in the sun. The procession came with chanting priests in gorgeous robes, with banners, and shouts of incense; and at last, with Rabella horse beside, and robed with magnificent embroidery, and with the tiara on his head, kneeling in sight of the world and for the world, the Pope of Rome passed by. The people fell upon their knees, and crossed themselves, and shed tears to their eyes. "Amico," whispered a friend, "what a house of humility for the world, the father of the faithful, the Pontiffe Maximus, prostrate upon his knees!" Then the train swept by, the singing priests, the perfumes, the Pope upon his knees.

—Only he was not upon his knees. The festival is not weather. When? When would you have a Pope actually kneel? So long as he wore the tiara, and by a skillful arrangement of sensitive kneeling drapes Pontifical legs, the Pope could sit at ease and seem to be kneeling.

AT COURT.

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to see the Queen:
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what saw you there?
I saw a little mouse under her chair."

THE London *Telegraph* has been trying to assure train who has the right to be presented to the Queen, or upon what the right rests, as it can hardly rank with one of the self-evident rights of which the Declaration of Independence speaks, but which are not formally acknowledged over the sea. It says:

"In common with hundreds of other English institutions, presentations at Court have hitherto been governed by a strange, and apparently, at first sight, absurd, or something like absurdity, or the license of the law, or the usages of the Court. We know what it is or what it isn't, how far its powers and attributes extend, or where its limits are actually fixed. There are certain old families whose descendants claim the queerest of privileges, and some claim to be the fons fons. The representatives of one ancient race assert the liberty of entering the royal presence without hats on. Another patrician family have a right to the fore dish from the Queen's table; another to the goblet from which the most drinks at a state banquet; and we have heard, although we do not place entire credence in the legend, that the present head of an old honorable, who had fallen, somehow, under the cool shadow of the displeasure, claimed the privilege of being the last person to shake his sneezer by Henry V. for his tenancy during a war with France—but of coming to Court without any pantaloons, or with a pair of Hessian boots, or, in Scottish dress, without serious to the crown without those necessary accessories to the kilts of Scotland. There is a popular notion also among the subalterns of the army and navy, that every officer in her Majesty's service has a right to go to Court; but it would be productive, we are afraid, of a slight inconvenience if every ensign in the marching regiment, and every lieutenant in a man of war, who could get leave from his corps or his ship, were to present himself at the Court of St. James's on Friday.

Theoretically "trades-people" are not to be admitted to the august presence. But if a tailor becomes Lord Mayor, or even a shoemaker, deputy lieutenant of a county?—or a baker carries up an address? It is profoundly perplexing, because all this has been the right to be presented. Lord Melbourne, it appears, was condemned because he introduced Robert Owen; and no reader of the late Times can forget the outrageous indignity with which treated by name as having been presented through "inadvertence." This, again, is profoundly perplexing. Because a "inadvertence" was selected to mean that the lady was an "improper character." If Lord Carlington, where entree is "inadvertence," it "proved" that the lady is only female improperly which can taint the atmosphere of the Drawing-room.

But the climax of perplexity, in the mind of the *Telegraph*, is who shall be introduced from the Court of Queen Victoria. We have never dared to the solution of this difficulty, however it may be with the others.

It is an established country that all who are admitted to "the presence" at home may properly be introduced at all friendly courts, provided he will the expense to the Court. He must not be present upon going in his drawers, or in a black coat, if the local etiquette prescribes something else. If he is stripped to his shirt, he is considered, he properly supply to have it waved; and if his respectful respect is respectfully declined, and he proceed to appear in the costume, or lack of costume by his government not to do so, then let him stay away. We have seen, for instance, a Lord Mayor's lady who can go to a President's levee may claim, upon due local conformity, to be "presented to the Queen." Her Majesty, we presume, would have no objection; for there is no question of receiving the envoy, and he is very likely to have been a gentleman. Suppose, however, he is a tailor, and made a very tolerable embassador to the most exclusive and sumptuous court. Then all

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?"

The truth is, that the theory of "a court" did not provide for the presence of a republic like ours. And it is foolish to speak of "the error fallen into by Mr. Dallas" in presuming any of his countrymen to be entitled to presentation. Our ministers, who are not, and who ought to be the local etiquette.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE FUTURE OF THE FASHIONS.

THERE was a time when girls were hoops of steel, and Nature, and Art, and Fashion, and the thing that was bedecked their cheeks with rouge: white-lead, or water, and Art, to wonder and admiration.

Whereof by contrast to enhance the grace, Nature of courtesy and Fashion of the human face.

That fashion passed away, and then were worn Dresses with long trains and sweeping to the floor, With waists girt round the shoulder-blades, and Scorn Upon the face of Fashion, and Fury, When here and there some antiquated dame Wears it, in the Year of Grace, 1860.

Short waists departed: Taste a while prevailed: "Till only Folly's reign retained one more, And Fashion, shamefaced, hung her head, disconsolate! And now they wore hoops also, as before, Folly, pitying, and Fashion, ashamed, and shy, They's wear as well, if Fashion but spoke the word.

Young backs and heathen, ye who now deride The remnant of Folly's reign, Know, Time your forms shall have pinched out or dried, Your features blurred, your eyes bedimmed with age, And say what devilish, frighten, and gaps you were, With their hoops and their dresses to compete.

Think, if you live till you are lean or fat, Your features blurred, your eyes bedimmed with age, Your lips have shrunk, and your teeth have fallen out, "You may see other garments all the rage, Proportions, and what, and what, Which you in full-length mirrors now admire.

CLERK OF THE WEATHER OFFICE.—Notice is hereby given that the publication of the weather is being taken up for repairs, there will be no Senator or Admiral Dallas for a few days, pending made on the understanding that the Sennna would go on as usual, listings of country, and the publication of the weather, in murry and the like, are null and void. The Winter weather begins on the 3d of July, and continues now time next year. (Signed) THOMAS ADDLE.

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER REDIVIVUS.—To think of finding the old giant in the old years! Well, we hear the Napoleon Pelleterrarum in that island here for some time, it seems, been taking the "cup of darkness." Gorbiddi has now come down upon them with the "sword of sharpness;" and the *ultrel* of Bonaparte have found the "shoes of swiftness" to run away with.

A MAN having bundle's sharp bend, had been in a friend for a direction to drive it. As he was retaining, repeating the method, and holding the pressure under a sense, a day and unwell, he said, "Well, my dear boy," said the man, "what a fool you make of yourself! Don't you know it? It is to you, so you don't know how it is to be dressed?"

LEAP YEAR.

Come, let us move our bashful hearts,
And gaul our fair, the lovely,
And rouse our drooping hopes, and smooth
Our crooked features;
And when these have been taken place,
That the maiden may cried—
"Proposed! Immediately received
Till eighteen sixty-one."

A special will gentleman, speaking of the different allotments of men, by which some become useful citizens and others worthless members, by way of illustration remarked, "So one sale of marble becomes a useful decorator, while another becomes a lying tombstone."

A cockney sportsman gave a big figure for a well-bred pointer, but the poor cockney did not know what pointer was. He knew the cockney was a point, lifting a leg as small, and standing motionless, our cockney friend declared he had the stump, and took him up in his arms and carried him home.

When Sir Humphrey Davy was in Sicily, he was studying geology, and had collected a fine specimen among the rocks assimilated the Catanian peasants, who accompanied him. They told him that he was in danger from the mainne, but Davy had seen the priest before them, he recovered quickly intimated to the peasants that it was a foreign gentleman from a foreign land, who was prattling a pleasant Davy was then regarded by the Catanians as a saint.

After Pope had written some bitter verses on Lady M. Montagu, he told a friend of his that he wished he could have ample revenge upon her, for that he had set her down in his Dunciad, and that it would be a pity which he had written, "it be as good as to tell the little pouting, spiteful" was the reply. "Had I not said all that I have for if he sets me down in black and white, as he tells it, most assuredly I will have him cut down in black and blue."

The late Mr. Murrell, whose death recently figured in the Dublin papers, was a man who had chosen England more than a quarter of a century. In the early part of his life, when employed in the bar in London, he became acquainted with an actress of exceeding beauty, named Mary, and falling in love with her, and her with him, resolved to venture upon her as a wife. They married, and in their adventure were not unhappy, but they were not superfluously happy. One morning on return from a ride, he found his wife in bed, and as she was then performing, she addressed her somewhat indeed thus: "Murrell, I believe you are heartily tired of me, as I am heartily tired of you; so, that if you will retire to Dublin, I will join you in a few days, by way of dissolving our marriage." The proposal was made by her lady and Murrell, to make their marriage. The husband quietly embraced the offer, and gave her his address in Dublin, and left the room, and while she produced a certificate of her previous marriage to a gentleman of rank, the same therefore, who lived in London. This point being ascertained, Mr. Murrell refused to pay the money, and the lady was left to be the drawing up which would put it out of her power to repeat the offer. Murrell, therefore had then the choice of a new and least agreement she would take a lady which would be a good deal more than this perfectly valid. He laughed at her, but she performed her promise by Murrell, and as evidence and protestant, a right, by which it appeared that the performer, previous to the marriage of the lady, had married a lady, and was then alive. This disconcerted the gentleman, who was compelled to pay to get quit of the imprisonment by giving her £2000 in hard cash, on condition of her going to America, where he soon after died, in the most abject state, and obtained great notoriety as a fine artist.

"I am an unlucky man, gentlemen," exclaimed a poor fellow of our acquaintance, "if I try to take a pair of stockings and rates Time by his forelock, I do believe it would not come right to me and leave me as bald as a barber's block."

A gentleman well known in a celebrated sporting circle, once drew cash-honor than straight riding, arrived at home, a short time since, in a plight which would lead the conclusion that he had encountered the "last good thing."

"What ailed you?" inquired a friend.

"Co-ac-ched!" replied our friend, emphatically. "Never, I tell you, was I so in the course of my life! Was thrown into the first ditch, and took me three hours to get back to the town."

LORD MANSFIELD AND HIS COACHMAN.

The following is an anecdote of the late Lord Mansfield, which has never before been published in the Times.

He had turned off his coachman for certain acts of peculation not amounting to a legal indictment. The fellow begged his lordship to give him a character.

"What shall I write, Jack? A character I give you?" says his lordship.

"Oh, my lord, say character your lordship pleases to give me I shall most thank fully receive."

"Very considerably and shortly" said and wrote as follows:

"To the bearer, John ——, has served me three years in the capacity of a coachman. He is an able driver, and a very sober man. I discharged him because he cheated me." MANSFIELD.

John thanked his lordship, and went off. A few evenings afterwards, his lordship was getting through his toilet, to step into his coach for Westminster Hall, when a very respectable looking gentleman a low bow. To his surprise he recognized his late coachman.

"Why, John," says his lordship, "you seem to have had no occasion to make use of the character with this character I gave you?"

"Oh! my lord," says John, "it was an exceeding good character, and I come to return you thanks for it. By new master I showed it to, he said it proved your lordship recommended me as an able driver and a sober man. "Pshaw!" says he, "are you this gentleman? I was in a coachman. I observe his lordship adds he discharged you for cheating him!" "Cheat! Pshaw, you ass!" says, "I'm a Yorkshireman, and I'll defy you to cheat me!"

The Scandinavians had a god, Kvasir, who was sufficiated by the multitude of ideas clashing in his thoroughfare, and could not find any in the small question him fast enough to get them out of him.

A country doctor being disturbed one night by a burglar, and having loaded and set shot for pills, determined to load the weapon with dry, hard pills, and give the intruder a "Prescription" which he thought will go far toward curing the rascal of a very bad habit.

A writer in the London *Examiner* lately saw a "blind man" with a "deaf and dumb" boy, selling matches in a Cheapside window.

"What, my lad," said we, "it seems you are not blind?"

"Yes, sir, thank God, your honor," replied the man, "I have my blessed sight as well as another."

"Then, why, in the name of wonder, why do you sell matches?"

"Why? because I believe dogs for blind men."

A merchant passenger, missing his handkerchief, asked an Irishman if he had seen it, and insinuated a charge of theft. But afterward finding his pocket companion in his hat, he began to apologize. "Oh! don't be after making any apology! It was a mere mistake, and no harm done, I assure you. I am look me for a thief, and I took you for a gentleman."

A disappointed candidate for office was speaking of men who would sell their votes, when Mrs. Partington exclaimed, "Why, Ike, I'd like to see a man so *flimsy* of old, who sold his birth-right for a mess of potash."

GARIBALDI IN SICILY.

WE publish herewith two more illustrations of the events in Sicily. One of them represents the encampment of Garibaldi previous to the attack upon Palermo. It does not resemble the well-provided and regular camps of the French and Austrian armies in Italy, or those of the contending powers in the Crimea; there is a wonder order, a want of tents, a want of every thing but ardor and patriotism. It reminds one of Garibaldi's speech to his followers. "If you are ready to march thirty miles a day regularly without stopping, except to fire at the enemy—to sleep any where, often without a meal—to start again before your night's rest is half over, march thirty fresh miles, and to fight bravely without stopping to rest—then follow me, and we shall be victorious."

The other picture will convey some idea of the scenes in the streets of Palermo before and at the entry of Garibaldi. Correspondents tell us that the streets were full of boys and young men, who, crazy with delight at the prospect of liberty, ran about the streets shouting *Viva Garibaldi! Viva Vittore Emanuele! Viva Italia!* without the least regard to the feelings of the Neapolitan troops, or the least concern for their own safety. Hundreds and thousands of these poor creatures were slaughtered in the bombardment; but the day of reckoning is now not very far distant.

The correspondent of the London *Times* thus describes the excitement prevailing at Palermo:

"Any one in search of violent emotions can not do better than set off at once for Palermo. However *blasé* he may be, or however milk-and-water his blood, I p emise it will be stirred up. He will be cuuked away by the tide of popular feeling, or else the impetuosity and variation of this torrent will produce in him a sensation such as he rarely felt.

"The popular proverb has it that no day resembles its predecessor; here almost every hour changes the state of affairs, and with the state of affairs the feelings of 200,000 people change from one extreme to another almost without the slightest transition. One moment all is triumph and hope, and the next all is terror and dejection. One instant the town resounds with cheers, the next you see numbers prostrated before the shrines of Madonnas and saints which are to be found in almost every corner. Now and then, between the two fits, there is a short lull—a kind of exhaustion—which is soon followed by another attack of hope or fear.

* * * *

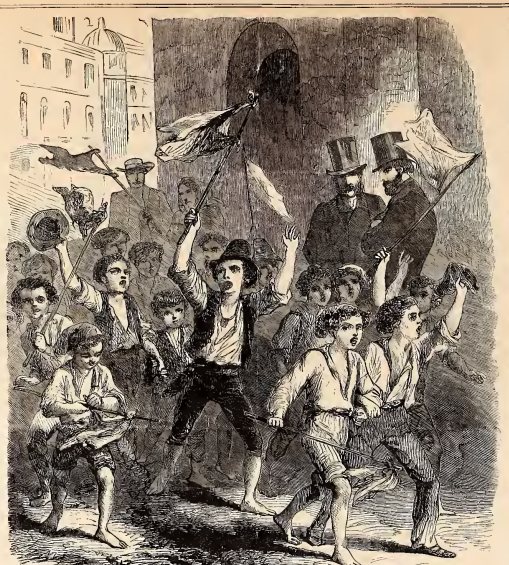
"In the afternoon Garibaldi made a tour of inspection round the town. I was there, but find it really impossible to give you even a faint idea of the manner in which he was received every where. It was one of those triumphs which seem to be almost too much for a man. The most wonderful thing I ever saw in this way was the reception of Napoleon and Victor Emanuel at Milan, just about a year ago; and I am almost inclined to think that the one yesterday was more extraordinary. The entry of the Sovereigns was something more formal, which prevented the full expression of popular enthusiasm. They were on horseback, and surrounded by their guards; while the popular idol, Garibaldi, in his red flannel shirt, with a loose colored handkerchief round his neck, and his worn wide-awake, was walking on foot among those cheering, laughing, crying, mad thousands: and all his few followers could do was to prevent him from being bodily carried off the ground. The people threw themselves forward to kiss his hands, or, at least, to touch the hem of his garment, as if it contained the panacea for all their past and perhaps coming sufferings. Children were brought up, and mothers asked on their knees for his blessing; and all this while the object of this idolatry was as calm and smiling as when in the deadliest fire, taking up the children and kissing them, trying to quiet the crowd, stopping at every moment to hear a long complaint of houses burned and property sacked by the retreating soldiery, giving good advice, comforting, and promising that all damages should be paid for."

Of the horrors of the bombardment the same writer says:

"One might write volumes of horrors, on the Vandalism already committed, for every one of the hundred ruins has its and story of brutality and inhumanity.

* * * *

"All about the neighborhood of the Albergeria the air is charged with the exhalations of the corpses imperfectly covered by the ruins, and with that greasy smell occasioned by the burning of an animal body. If you can stand the exhalation, try and go inside the ruins, for it is only there that you will see what the thing means. You will not have to search long before you stumble over the charred remains of a human body—a leg sticking out here, an arm there, a black face staring at you a little further on."



THE BOYS OF PALERMO WELCOMING GARIBALDI.

GARIBALDI'S CAMP NEAR PALERMO, IN SICILY.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER PARK," ETC. ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

VIII.

BEFORE I had reached the turning which led out of the square, my attention was aroused by the sound of a closing door in the row of houses behind me. I looked round and saw an undersized man in black on the doorstep of the house, which, as well as I could judge, stood next to Mrs. Catherick's place of abode, on the side nearest to me. The man advanced rapidly toward the turning at which I had stopped. I recognized him as the lawyer's clerk who had preached me in my visit to Blackwater Park and who had tried to pick a quarrel with me when I asked him if I could see the house.

I waited where I was to ascertain whether his object was to come to close quarters and speak on this occasion. To my surprise, he passed on rapidly without saying a word, without even looking up in my face as he went by. This was such a complete inversion of the course of proceeding which I had every reason to expect on his part, that my curiosity, or rather my suspicion, was aroused, and I determined, on my side, to keep him cautiously in view, and to discover what the business might be on which he was now employed. Without caring whether he saw me or not, I walked after him. He never once looked back, and he led me straight through the streets to the railway station.

The train was on the point of starting, and two or three passengers who were late were chuttering down the small opening in the wall which the tickets were issued. I joined them, and distinctly heard the lawyer's clerk demand a ticket for the Blackwater station. I satisfied myself that he had actually left by the train before I came away.

There was only one interpretation that I could place on what I had just seen and heard. I had unquestionably discovered the main leaving a house which closely adjoined Mrs. Catherick's residence. He had been probably placed there, by Sir Percival's instructions, as a lodger, in anticipation of my inquiries leading me, sooner or later, to communicate with Mrs. Catherick. He had, doubtless, seen me go in and come out; and he had hurried away by the first train to make his report at Blackwater Park—to which place Sir Percival would naturally betake himself (knowing what he evidently knew of my movements), in order to be ready on the spot if I returned to Hampshire. I saw this clearly; and I felt for the first time that the apprehensions which Marian had expressed to me at parting might be realized. Before many days were over there seemed every likelihood now that Sir Percival and I might meet.

Whatever result events might be destined to produce, I resolved to pursue my own course straight to the end in view, without stopping or turning aside for Sir Percival or for any one. The great responsibility which weighed on me heavily in London—the responsibility of so guiding my slightest actions as to prevent them from leading accidentally to the discovery of Laura's place of refuge—was removed, now that I was in Hampshire. I could go and come as I pleased at Welmingham; and if I succeeded in foil in observing any necessary precautions, the immediate results, at least, would affect no one but myself.

When I left the station the winter evening was beginning to close in. There was little hope of continuing my inquiries after dark for any useful purpose in a neighborhood that was strange to me. Accordingly, I made my way to the nearest hotel and ordered my dinner and my bed. This done, I wrote to Marian, to tell her that I was safe and well, and that I had fair prospects of success. I had directed her, on leaving home, to address the first letter she wrote to me (the letter I expected to receive the next morning) to "The Post-office, Welmingham;" and I now begged her to send her second day's letter to the same address. I could easily receive it by writing to the postmaster if I happened to be away from the town when it arrived.

The coffee-room of the hotel, as it grew late in the evening, became a perfect solitude. I was left to reflect on what I had accomplished that afternoon as uninterruptedly as if the house had been my own. Before I retired to rest I had attentively thought over my extraordinary interview with Mrs. Catherick, from beginning to end; and had recorded, at my desire, the conclusions which I had hastily drawn in the earlier part of the day.

The town of Old Welmingham church was the starting-point from which my mind slowly worked its way back through all that I had heard Mrs. Catherick say, and through all that I had seen Mrs. Catherick do. At the time when the neighborhood of the vestry was first referred to in my presence by Mrs. Catherick, I thought it the strangest and most unaccountable of all places for Sir Percival to select for a clandestine meeting with the clerk's wife. Influenced by this impression, and by no other, I had mentioned "the vestry of the church," before Mrs. Catherick, on pure speculation—it represented one of the minor peculiarities of the story, which occurred to me while I was speaking. I was prepared for her answering me confusedly or angrily, but the blank terror that seized her when I said the words took me completely by surprise. I had long before associated Sir Percival's Secret with the concealment of a serious crime, which the clerk's wife knew of—but I had gone no further than this. Now, the woman's paroxysm of terror associated the crime, either directly or indirectly, with the vestry, and convinced me that she had been more than the mere witness of it—she was also the accomplice, beyond a doubt.

What had been the nature of the crime? Surely there was a criminality on her side in as well as a dangerous side—or Mrs. Catherick would not have repeated my own words, referring to Sir Percival's rank and fortune, with such marked disdain as she had certainly displayed. It was a contemptible crime, then, and a dangerous crime, too, if it was connected with a man who associated with the vestry of the church.

The next consideration to be disposed of led me a step further in the dark.

Mrs. Catherick's undisguised contempt for Sir Percival was referred to his mother as well. She had referred, with the same sort of scornfulness, to the great family he had descended from—"especially on his mother's side." What did this mean? There appeared to be only two explanations of it. Either his mother's birth had been low, or her family reputation was damaged by some hidden flaw with which Mrs. Catherick and Sir Percival were both privately acquainted. I could see no way of ascertaining the truth by looking at the register of her marriage, and so ascertaining her maiden name and her parentage, without encountering further inquiries. On the other hand, if the second case supposed were the true one, what had been the flaw in her family? I remembering the account which Marian had given me of Sir Percival's father and mother, and of the unsuciously unsocial, secluded life they had led, I now asked myself whether it might not be possible that his mother had been married at all. Here again the register might, by offering written evidence of the marriage, prove a trap, or at any rate, lead to some fresh information in truth. But where was the register to be found? At this point I took up the conclusion which I had previously rejected, and some mental process which had discovered the locality of the concealed crime now lodged the register also in the vestry of Old Welmingham church.

These were the results of my interview with Mrs. Catherick—these were the various conjectures, all steadily converging to one point, which decided the course of my proceedings on the next day.

The morning was cloudy and lowering, but no rain fell. I left my bag at the hotel, to wait there till I called for it; and after inquiring the way, set forth on foot for Old Welmingham church.

It was a walk of rather more than two miles, the ground rising slowly all the way. The highest point stood the church—an ancient, earthen beaten building, with heavy buttresses at its sides, and a clumsy square tower in front. The vestry, at the back, was built out from the church, and seemed to be of the same age. Round the building, at intervals, appeared the remains of the village which Mrs. Clemeats had described to me as her husband's place of abode in former years, and which the principal inhabitants had long since deserted for the new town. Some of the empty houses had been dismantled by their outer walls; some had been left to decay with time; and some were still inhabited by poverty-evidenced by the dense dust. It was a dreary scene; and yet, in the worst aspect of it, it was not so dreary as the modern town that I had just left. Here, the ivy covered the brown, breezy sweep of surrounding fields for the eye to repose on; here the trees, leafless as they were, still varied the monotony of the prospect, and helped the mind to look forward to summer time and shade.

As I moved away from the back of the church and passed some of the dismantled cottages in search of the sexton, I thought more of the clerk, I saw two men sunnier out after me, from behind a wall. The tallest of the two—a stout muscular man, in the dress of a gamekeeper—was a stranger to me. The other was one of the men who had followed me in London on the day when I left Mr. Kyrle's office. I had taken particular notice of him at the time, and I felt sure that I was not mistaken in identifying the fellow on this occasion. Neither he nor his companion attempted to speak to me, and both kept themselves at a respectful distance, but the motive of their presence in the neighborhood of the church was plainly apparent. I was satisfied, as I had supposed—Sir Percival was already prepared for me. My visit to Mrs. Catherick had been reported to him the evening before, and these two men at my heels had been placed on the look-out near the church in anticipation of my appearance at Old Welmingham. If I had wanted any further proof that my investigations had taken the right direction at last, the plan now adopted for watching me would have supplied it.

I walked on, away from the church, till I reached one of the inhabited houses, with a patch of kitchen garden attached to it, on which a laborer was at work. He directed me to the clerk's abode—a cottage of some little distance off, standing by itself on the outskirts of the forsaken village. The clerk was in-doors, and was just putting on his great-coat. He was a cheerful, familiar, loudly-talkative old man, with a very poor opinion (as I soon discovered) of the place in which he lived, and a happy sense of superiority to his neighbors in virtue of the great personal distinction of having once been in London.

"It's well you came so early, Sir," said the old man, when I had mentioned the object of my visit. "I should have been near in ten minutes more. Parish business, Sir, and a good-ish long time it will take, too, for a man at my age. But, bless you, I'm strong on my legs still! As long as a man don't give at his legs, there's a deal of work left in him. Don't you think so yourself, Sir?"

He took his keys down while he was talking from a hook behind the fire-place, and locked his cottage door behind us.

"Nobody at home to keep house for me," said the clerk, with a cheerful sense of perfect freedom from all family encumbrances. "My wife's in the churchyard there; and my children are all married. A wretched place this, isn't it, Sir? But the parish is a large one—very much more to get through the business in I do. It's learning does it; and I've had my share, and a little more. I can talk the Queen's English (God bless the Queen!)—and that's more than most of the people about here can do. You're from London, I suppose, Sir? I lived in London in my first of five-and-twenty years ago. What's the news here now, if you please?"

Chattering on in this way he led me back to the vestry. He was about to see if the two spies were still in sight. They were not visible any where. After having discovered my application to the boy had probably concealed themselves where they could watch my next proceeding in the parish church.

The vestry door was of stout old oak, studded with nails; and the clerk put his heavy key in the lock with the air of a man who knew that he had a difficulty to encounter, and who was not quite certain of ultimately conquering it.

"I'm afraid I shall have to plague you, Sir," he said, "because the door from the vestry to the church is hoked on the vestry side. We might have got in through the church otherwise. This is a perverse lock, if ever there was one yet. It's big enough for a prison door; it's been hammered over and over again; and it ought to be changed for a new one. I've mentioned that to the churchwardens fifty times over at least: he's always saying 'I'll see about it'—and he never does see. Ah, it's a sort of lost corner, this place, Sir! Not like London—is it, Sir? Bless you, we are all asleep here! We don't march with the times."

After some twisting and turning of the key the heavy lock yielded, and he opened the door.

The vestry was larger than I should have supposed it to be, judging from the outside only. It was a dim, mouldy, melancholy old room, with a low, vaulted ceiling. Round two sides of it, the sides nearest to the interior of the church, ran heavy wooden presses with gates and paging with age. Hooked to the inner corner of one of these presses hung several surplices, all bulging out at their lower ends in an irreverent-looking bundle of limp drapery, and wanting nothing but legs under them to suggest the idea of a cluster of neglected curates who had some, mitted suicide by compunctiously hanging themselves all together. Below the surplices, on the floor, stood three packing-cases, with the lids half off, and a person who might be profusely bursting out of their cracks and crevices in every direction. Behind them, in a corner, was a litter of dusty papers; some large and rolled up like architects' plans; some loosely strung together on files, like bills or letters. The room had once been lighted by a small side window; but this had been bricked up, and a lamp or other light was now substituted for it. The smell of the place was heavy and mouldy; being rendered additionally oppressive by the closing of the door which led into the church. This door also was composed of solid oak, and was bolted at top and bottom as the vestry door.

"We might be tidier, might n't we, Sir?" said the clerk, cheerfully. "But when you're in a hot corner of a place like this, what are you to do? Why, look here now—just look at these packing-cases. Empty they're here for a year or more ready to go to London—there they are, littering the place, and there they'll stop as long as the nails hold them together. I'll tell you what, Sir, as I said before, this is not London. We are all asleep here. Bless you, we don't march with the times."

"What is there in the packing-cases?" I asked.

"Bits of old wood carvings from the pulpit and panels from the chancel, and images from the organ-loft," said the clerk. "Portraits of the twelve apostles in wood—and not a whole nose among 'em. All broken, and worm-eaten, and crumbling to dust at the edges—as brittle as crockery, Sir, and as old as the church, if not older."

"And why were they going to London?" I he repeated.

"That's it, Sir. To be repaired; and where they were just repair, to be copied in sound wood, like these, to last another fifty years—and there they are, waiting for new subscriptions, and nobody to subscribe. It was all done a year ago, Sir. Six gentlemen dined together about it at the hotel in the new town. They made speeches, and passed resolutions, and put their names down, and printed off thousands of prospectuses. Beautiful prospectuses, Sir, all illustrated over with Gothic devices in red ink, saying it was a disgrace not to restore the church and repair the famous carvings, and so on. There are the prospectuses that nobody ever distributed, and the architect's plans and estimates, and the whole correspondence which set every body at loggerheads and ended in a dispute, all down together in that corner behind the packing-cases. The money dribbled in a little at first—but what can you expect out of London? There was just enough, you know, to pack the broken carvings, and get the estimates, and pay the printer's bill, and find that there wasn't halfpenny left. There the things are, as I said before. We have nowhere else to put them—nobody in the town cares about accommodating us—we're in a lost corner—and this is an untidy vestry—and who's to help it?—that's what I want to know."

My anxiety to examine the register did not dispose me to offer much encouragement to the old man's talkativeness. I agreed with him that nobody could help the untidiness of the vestry—and thus suggested that we should proceed to our business without more delay.

"Ay, ay, the marriage register, to be sure," said the clerk, taking a little bunch of keys from his pocket. "How far do you want to look back, Sir?"

Marian had informed me of Sir Percival's age at the time when we had spoken together of his marriage arrangements with Laura. She had then described him as being forty-five years old. Calculating back from this, and making due allowance for the time that had passed since I had gained my information, I found that he must have been born in eighteen hundred and four, and that I might safely carry his age back through the register from that date.

"I want to begin with the year eighteen hundred and four," I said.

"Which way after that, Sir?" asked the clerk. "Forward to our time, or backward from you?"

"Backward from eighteen hundred and four."

He opened the door of one of the presses—the press from the side of which the surplices were hanging—and produced a large volume bound in greasy brown leather. I was struck by the ingenuity of the place in which the register was kept. The door of the press was opened and cracked with ease, and the lock was of the smallest and commonest kind. Nothing forced it easily with the walking-stick I carried in my hand.

"Is there considered a sufficiently secure place for the register?" I inquired. "Surely a book of such importance as this ought to be protected by a better lock, and kept carefully in an iron safe?"

"Well, now, that's curious!" said the clerk, shutting the book back into its place he had opened it, and smacking his hand cheerfully on the cover. "Those were the very words my old master was always saying, year and year, when I was a lad. 'Why isn't the register kept in an iron safe?' I've heard him say that twenty times! Why, I've heard him say that once, for one! Why, I've heard him say that once, for one! If I've heard him say that once, I've heard him say it a hundred times. He was the solicitor, Sir, Sir, and he had the appointment of vestry clerk to this church. A fine hearty old gentleman, and the most particular man in the world. As long as he lived he kept a copy of this book in his office at Knowlesbury, and had it posted up regularly, from time to time, for comparison with the fresh entries here. You would hardly think it, but he had his own appointed days, once or twice in every quarter, for coming down to this church on his old white pony to check the copy, by the register, with his own eyes and hands. Why, how do I know? (he may say—how do I know that the register is not safe? I may not be stolen or destroyed? Why isn't it kept in my safe?) Why, he'd make other people as careful as I am myself? Some of these days there will be an accident happened and when the register's lost, then the parish will find out the value of my copy! He used to take his pinch of snuff after that, and talk about him as bold as a lord. Ah! the like of him for doing business isn't easy to find now. I've been up in London, and my nephew is in even *there*. Which year did you say, Sir? Eighteen hundred and what?"

"Eighteen hundred and four," I replied; mentally resolving to give the old man no more opportunities of talking until my examination of the register was over.

The clerk put on his spectacles and turned over the leaves of the register, carefully wetting his finger and thumb at every fifth page. "There it is, Sir," he said, with another cheerful smack on the open volume. "There's the year you want."

As I was ignorant of the month in which Sir Percival was born, I began my business with the year of my own birth. The register-book was of the old-fashioned kind; the entries being all set down in black ink, and separated from the divisions which separated them being indicated by ink lines drawn across the page at the close of each entry.

I reached the beginning of the year eighteen hundred and four without encountering the marriage; and then traveled through the December, eighteen hundred and three; through November and October; through—No! not through October also. Under the last entry of that month in the year I found the marriage!

I looked carefully at the entry. It was at the bottom of a page, and was, by no means, compressed into a smaller space than that occupied by the marriages which had preceded it. Immediately before it was impressed on my attention by the circumstance of the bridegroom's Christian name being the same as my own. The entry immediately following it (on the top of the next page) was noticeable, in another way, by the large space which it filled in the record, in this case, registering the marriages of two brothers at the same time. The register of the marriage of Sir Felix Clifford, was no respect remarkable, except for the narrowness of the space into which it was compressed in the last of the lines. The information about his wife was the usual information given in such cases. She was described as "Cecilia Catherick, daughter of Ex-Vicar, Knowlesbury; only daughter of the late Patrick Kistor, Esq., formerly of Bath."

I noted down these particulars in my pocket-book, feeling, as I did so, both doubtful and disheartened about my next proceeding. Secret, which I had believed, until this moment, to be within my grasp, seemed now farther from my reach than ever. What suspicions of the mystery unexplained had arisen out of my visit to the vestry? I saw no suggestions any where. What progress had I made toward discovering the suspected stain on the reputation of Sir Percival's mother? The one fact I had secured—individual and positive. Fresh doubts, fresh difficulties, fresh delays, began to open before me in the terrible prospect. What was I to do next? The one immediate resource left to me appeared to be this: I might institute inquiries about "Miss Eliza, of Blackburry," on the chance of advancing toward the main object of my investigation, by first discovering the secret of Mrs. Catherick's contempt for Sir Percival's mother.

"Have you found what you wanted, Sir?" said the clerk, as I closed the register-book.

"Yes," I replied; "but I have some inquiries still to make. I suppose the clergyman who officiated here in the year eighteen hundred and three is no longer alive?"

"No, no, Sir; he was dead three good years before I came here—and that was so long ago as the year twenty-seven. I got this place, Sir," pursued my talkative old friend, "through the clerk before me leaving it. They say he was driven out of home and family by his wife—and she's living still, down in the new town there. I don't know the rights of the matter myself; all I know is, I got the place. Mr. Wansborough got it for me—the son of my old master. I was twenty-one when I got it. He's a frisky, pert gentleman as ever lived; rides to the hounds, keeps his pointers, and all that. He's twenty-clerk here now, as his father was before him."

"Did you not tell me your former master lived at Knowlesbury?" I asked, calling to mind the long story about the precious gentleman of the old school with which my talkative friend had wearied me before he came to the marriage-entry.

"Yes, to be sure, Sir," replied the clerk. "Old Mr. Wansborough lived at Knowlesbury; and rode, Sir, to Mass, twenty miles there too."

"You said just now he was vestry-clerk, like his father before him. I am not quite sure that I know what a vestry-clerk is."

"Don't you indeed, Sir?—and you come from London, too! Every parish church in London has a vestry-clerk and a parish-clerk. The parish-clerk is a man like me (except that I've got a deed appointing me, and none of them—though I don't boast of it). The vestry-clerk is a son of an appointment that the lawyers get; and if there's any business to be done in the vestry, why there they are to do it. It's just the same in London. Every parish church there has got its vestry-clerk, and you may take my word for it, he's sure to be a lawyer."

"Then young Mr. Wansborough is a lawyer, I suppose?"

"Of course he is, Sir! A lawyer in High Pavement, Knowlesbury—the old firm that his father had before him. The number of times I've swept those offices out, and seen the old gentleman come trotting up to them on his white pony, looking right and left all down the street, and nodding to every body! Bless you, he was a popular character!—he'd have done in London!"

"How far is it to Knowlesbury from this place?"

"A long stretch, Sir," said the clerk, with that exaggerated idea of distances and that vivid prejudice in favor of the importance of his place to place which is peculiar to all country people. "High on five miles, I can tell you! I was at Knowlesbury, Sir, yesterday. There was plenty of time for a walk to Knowlesbury and back again in Wednesday's time. There was no person probably in the town who was fitter to assist my inquiries about the character and position of Sir Percival's mother, before her marriage, than the local solicitor. Resolving to go at once to Knowlesbury on foot, I led the way out of the vestry.

"Thank you kindly, Sir," said the clerk, as I slipped my little present into his hand. "Are you really going to walk back to Knowlesbury and back? Well! you're strong on your legs, too—and what a blessing that is, isn't it? Have to walk back myself, I suppose. I wish I was going your way—it's pleasant to meet with gentlemen from London in a lost corner like this! Good morning, Sir! Good morning, Sir! Good morning, Sir! and thank you kindly, once more."

We parted. As I left the church behind me I looked back at the clerk, who was there once again, on the road below, with a third in their company; that third being the young man dressed in black whom I had traced to the railway the evening before.

The time stood taking together for a little while—then separated. The man in black went away by himself toward Welmingham; the clerk remained loitering, with frequently waiting to follow me as soon as I walked on.

I proceeded on my way, without letting the fellows see that I was aware of being watched by them. They caused me no conscious irritation of feeling at that moment; on the contrary, they rather revived my spirits by their sight. In surprise of discovering the evidence of the marriage I had forgotten the inference I had drawn at first respecting the object of the watching of the vestry. Their reappearance reminded me that Sir Percival had anticipated my visit to Old Welmingham, when he made a remark of my interview with Mr. Catherick—otherwise he would never have planted a spies-glass to watch my movements. Smoothly and fairly as appearances looked in the vestry, there was something wrong beneath the surface, when Sir Percival was the letter-book, for night I knew, that I had not discovered yet.

"I shall come back," I thought to myself, as I turned for a farewell look at the tower of the old church. "I shall trouble the cheerful clerk a second time for information about the perverse lock, and to open the vestry door."

THE RACER "NICHOLAS."

We publish on page 428, from a drawing by Mr. T. C. Corpe, a portrait of the famous race-horse "Nicholas," who won the Jockey Club race on Friday. Nicholas has been so long before the public, and has won so many races, that he is well known to all lovers of sport. He is a bay horse, five years old, and though, in the language of the turf, he classes as "aged," will probably win many a race yet. He has been beaten by Tirespeed, a weak previous, in the 2l-mile dash, who odds were rather against him before the 4-mile race began; but he vindicated his ancient fame. The following account of the race we take from the daily press:

First-mile post stake.

John Hunter entered ch. c. Tirespeed.....2 1 1
T. Morris entered ga. h. Thoroughbreed.....1 2 2
Time, 0.1f—1.54½—3.6.

First Heat—Thoroughbreed was the favorite at $200 to $75, odds which were eagerly taken by the admirers of the once great four-miler, Nicholas, for they remembered his glorious victories in previous years over this track. Nicholas had the inside, and allowed Thoroughbreed to take the lead. The latter made the running all the way round, and passed the stand on the first mile in 2.05. The second mile was done in 1.58, and the third in 2.00, the horses still in the same position. In going along for the side the last time round, Nicholas improved his position, and came to the front at the stand. In coming up the straight run in, Thoroughbreed shook Nicholas off, and the latter was evidently winded. The grey horse won by half a dozen lengths. Time, 3.06.

Second Heat—Very little odds were offered against Nicholas, and some offers of $100 to $40 on the grey horse were snapped up eagerly. Thoroughbreed spoiled the break, and on the first mile led by a length; time, 1.59. The second mile was done in 1.58, the grey still leading. On the third mile Nicholas went up, but could not quite reach him, and on passing the stand on the half mile had taken the lead by a length. In this position they ran to the Mansion House, when Nicholas made his effort, and soon passed, leaving the grey horse at every stride, and won the heat by six lengths, in 7.54½.

Third Heat—The last heat caused another change in the betting market, and Nicholas was backed to win at $100 to $75. Thoroughbreed had his inside for the back, and walked rather home; but the did not alarm the favorite much, for Nicholas, "Jim Jet off will be up," sliding beat, the grey going on with the lead, and taking the inside on passing the quarter pole. The first mile was done in 1.59, and the second in 2.00. In the third mile Nicholas had at Thoroughbreed's quarters to the Mansion House, when he collared and passed him, leading two clear lengths on the third mile when passing the straight course. The distance of the grey horse was now evidently extinguished, as Nicholas went on with the lead, and won the heat and race by twenty lengths, in 3.46.

Nicholas is by "Glencoe," out of "Nancy Rhodes," by Wagoner, and is at the present moment perhaps the best four-mile horse in the country.

MR. THORPE'S "NIAGARA."

On Wednesday evening, June 20, Col. Thorpe's picture of "Niagara" (of which we gave an engraving on page 428) was fitted up in the lower dining-hall of the Metropolitan Hotel, the Japanese Embassy has expressed a desire to visit it. Our readers should perhaps be informed that, with the invitation to view the picture, Mr. Warren Leland sent a number of his books descriptive of the Falls, and illustrated by numerous engravings. To Tommy specially was intrusted the distribution of these "Guides."

The painting was lit up at eight o'clock, and after it was announced that it was ready for exhibition the Embassy carriages commenced dropping in. First came eight or ten of the subordinates, who examined the picture a while, made their comments in a low tone, and departed, to be succeeded by other groups. Finally, Mr. Warren Leland came in with the "two Governors," the imperial interpreter, and the two superior officers of the imperial interpreter, Nimosuro Gokajiro, who was third interpreter at Kanagawa, when Perry was of Japan, commenced asking questions regarding the Falls; and, speaking English fluently, he soon became acquainted with their peculiarities and magnitude.

We should perhaps have remarked that the church incumbent had made a number of conversation between the ambassadors and their American friends in diplomatic or official matters. After the Governors had satisfied their curiosity they retired; and the three Princes—the first, second, and third ambassadors—were ushered in, and seated themselves quietly fixed for their use, and favorable for a sight of the picture. Upon the appearance of these distinguished personages the attendants of the Embassy (of course, the imperial interpreter taking his place at the right side, and in the rear of the first Prince. Nimosuro Gokajiro then proceeded to describe the picture in detail, and was listened to with the most quiet interest. The Princes then desired the interpreter to rise to the artist, and desired him a description of the details. The Prince inquired about the depth of the Falls, and of the Lake of Lake Ontario, the quantity of water that came over them, *if the water ran all the year round*, the height of the Falls, and the depth of the water below the Falls. This latter query was several times repeated. He then asked if the ship they were to go down in was moored at the foot of the Falls. Finally, the Prince desired to know if the picture was for sale? Upon being informed it was not, he asked if a copy could be made; upon which the interpreter replied in the affirmative. He then expressed a desire for a copy exactly like the one before him, which he said he wished to take, "as a great curiosity," to Japan. After some further conversation between the officials regarding the pictures the three Princes rose, and made a minute examination through their opera-glasses, pointed out particular parts, and, smiling their satisfaction, then left the room, the Japanese attendants quietly retiring out of the way. We understand that the copy of the picture will be completed at the Embassy at the earliest, and forwarded to Japan, care of our Consul-General, Townsend Harris.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" AND HER CAPTAIN.

We publish on pages 424 and 425 a splendid engraving of the *Great Eastern* entering the Bay of New York, on the afternoon of June 28. The great ship itself has been so fully illustrated in the pages of the *Weekly* that we need do no more at present than refer the public to our back numbers for pictures.

We may repeat here, briefly, that the *Great Eastern* is the largest ship in the world, being 20,000 tons burden, and 680 feet long. She is a side-wheel steamer, with two oscillating engines of 1000 nominal horse-power, and four 84-inch cylinders; and a screw, with two engines of 1000 nominal horse-power, and four 84-inch cylinders; and a ship with the enormous area of 6000 square yards of canvas. She is built wholly of iron. Ten thousand tons of iron, in 30,000 plates and 200,000 rivets, were employed in the construction of her hull. Her masts (with the exception of the yards, or arch masts) are also of iron, and their rigging of iron wire. She can carry 10,000 soldiers, or 4000 passengers. Her crew is 600 men.

The commander of the ship is Jean Vine Hall, whose portrait we publish on page 429.

Most of Captain Hall's life has been spent in the service of the East India and Peninsular and Orient Steamship Company; he commanded successively their ships the *Cressus* and the *Golden Fleece*. His commanding presence, the crowning glory of a ship of 2700 tons, which, upon arrival at Sydney, was found to be frightfully leaky, many of the places having rotted, gifted him with the opprobrious nickname of the Isle Mr. Brunel. There was no dock into which he could go for repairs, and with great perseverance he succeeded in stopping a leak by covering two rows of plates around the vessel, filling up the space between, then pumping the water out, and by this means he was enabled to repair and bring home the ship with a most valuable cargo. Upon his return, he was brought and sent for by the Crimea, was destroyed by fire off Genoa, his conduct received the highest approbation from the Commander-in-chief of the Crimea, and from the troops for India, he made the quickest voyage on record between England and Calcutta.

Of late years Captain Hall has been superintendent of the Company's affairs, first at Southampton and afterward at London. He is a man of great intelligence and energy; a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society; and the author of the unrivaled service who took a chronometer certificate in the steam examination under the "Mercantile Marine Act." Captain Hall is a brother of the Rev. Newman Hall, one of the ministers of London, whose church on Blackfriar's Road, formerly belonging to the late Rev. Rowland Hill, is crowded to suffocation every Sunday.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, June 25, in the Senate, Senator Sumner presented a petition of the Massachusetts Legislature, praying for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, the abolishing of slavery in the District of Columbia, and the prohibition of the inter-State Slave-trade. At his request it was laid on the table. The Pacific Railroad Bill was then taken up, and, after considerable debate and the adoption of several amendments, it was passed by a vote of 33 to 10. The House bill to amend the Consular act was reported from the Committee of Commerce, and laid over. Various other measures were proposed, but they were laid over. The House bill received from the House of Representatives the Senate that they recited from their amendments to the Post-office Appropriation Bill, and asked a conference. The customary committee was appointed to act in conjunction with the House. The Senate then resolved that Congress was ready to adjourn; and after a vote of thanks to the President pro tem. for the fair Executive session, the Senate was declared adjourned.—In the House, another resolution was received from the President against the proceedings of the Cowde Investigating Committee. The House then resolved itself into the House as violative of the rights of a co-ordinate branch of the Government. The Committee of Ways and Means reported the Committee be continued, the Constitution of the Committee be so amended as to make it a select committee, and its consideration was postponed until the next Friday. The House then agreed to the Senate's amendments to the Post-route Bill, and a was authorized to confer with the Senate on the same business, and the usual preliminary ceremonies, the House adjourned sine die.

EXTRA SESSION OF THE SENATE.

At noon on 25th the Senate met in extraordinary session in compliance with the proclamation of the President. A large number of appointments were sent in, and the nominations of Mr. Dallas, Minister to Russia, and Vasquez, were ratified.

On 27th the treaty with Spain was rejected, and the Mexican treaty was postponed till December next. Mr. W. E. Russell was confirmed as Minister to New York, and Colonel Wright as Superintendent of the Mexican Boundary.

On 28th Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph E. Johnston was confirmed as Quartermaster-General of the Army, and Mr. Churchill as Minister to Guatemala. The Senate then adjourned sine die.

HOW THE SPANISH TREATY WAS REJECTED.

A motion was made in the executive session of the Senate, on Wednesday, to strike out the words "United States and Spain, for the settlement of claims, the claims to pay for the spoliations committed by the entire it out, it is understood, was made by Mr. Sumner, but discussed by Mr. Seward. The original amendment offered voted in the affirmative and eighteen in the negative—not two thirds in the affirmative.

SENATOR FITZPATRICK DECLINES.

A special dispatch to the Philadelphia *Press*, dated Washington, June 26, says: "Senator Fitzpatrick was waited on to-day by a Committee, which eliminate informed him of his nomination. The Committee has that his letter of acceptance would be prepared in a day or two, and would be published in the morning. In reply to a question whether he would accept or not, he replied that he would hold no commitment. The Committee said they wanted an immediate answer, on account of the time of the Convention, and he replied that it was not answer now, he would be forced to decline. "Why, you are accepted unanimously. The Southern delegates to the Indianapolis National Convention assembled at the Capitol, and unanimously recommended the name of Governor Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia, to the National Convention, for the first ballot, and which was empowered by the Convention to fill any vacancies. This recommendation was made by a number of delegates, who, at a meeting this evening, unanimously recommended Governor Johnson, in place of Senator Fitzpatrick."

THE PRESIDENT FOR BRECKINRIDGE AND LANE.

The National Democratic Committee, favoring the nomination of Breckinridge and Lane, arrived at Washington on Wednesday, and paid a visit to the President. Mr. Colonel Wright, chairman of the Committee, addressed the President, and said that they had called before intending to conclude their business, and desired to parting to inform the President of their intention, and of their Committee, and of regard for his character and public services. The President made a brief and happy reply, thanking them for the honor of the visit, and declaring the entire approval of the principles which had been proclaimed and the nominations which had been made by the National Democratic Convention. The whole interview was of a most cordial character, and the Committee, after shortly congratulating themselves with the members of the committee, and by many democratic journals, pleased with the President's hearty concurrence in their action.

THE BRECKENRIDGE AND LANE COMMITTEE.

The Breckenridge and Lane National Democratic committee is composed of the following members:

Isaac J. Stevens, of Oregon; George W. Hughes, of Maryland; John W. Stephenson, of Kentucky; Wm. Bliss, Jas. G. Berrett, Walter Lenox, and Geo. W. Rigg, of Washington, D.C.; Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi; Thomas B. Florence, of Pennsylvania; J. R. Thompson, of New Jersey; Augustus Schell, of New York; A. B. Meek, of Alabama; J. D. Bright, of Indiana; Robert Johnson, of Arkansas.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The *Great Eastern* arrived at this port on 29th, reaching the Hight-ship at 7.30 a.m. There she anchored at 9 a.m. Majesty, the steamer that had been sent down to the city, arriving at her dock at 6 P.M. The event excited the greatest interest throughout the city. Business was generally neglected, and thousands of people thronged the wharves and roofs to obtain a glimpse at the great ship.

THE VOYAGE.

She left the Needles at ten A.M. on the 17th. With the exception of two days she experienced fine weather, and crossed the entire passage, ranging from 254 to 335 miles in twenty-four hours. The engines were not required until the way off George's Shoal, for soundings. She came in in the afternoon, direct for the Hightower, which she was boarded by the pilot were collector and Mr. John Bowen, of Messrs. Bowen & Hawkins, is a business partner of Admiral Murphy, who went out to Scotland for the purpose of the first dense trading voyage of the ship, but was detained to an even kind before crossing the bar. The following is the number of miles made per day:

Date	Miles
June 17	254
18	335
19	317
20	276
21	289
22	290
23	289
24	279
25	253
26	253
27	253

The highest speed attained was fourteen and a half knots. The ship's motion is very fast, and an allowance of at least two knots should be made for the current. The distance from Southampton is 3190 miles, but to avoid the sea she went further south.

CROSSING THE BAR.

A person who was on board then describes the delicate operation of crossing the bar:

"The order is finally given by Mr. Murphy, under whose management the ship has been so ably, to "Go ahead." The engineer waves his hand, the silent bellow repeats the order to their left hand, and the ship, as if in mockery of their wheels encounter their revolution. The tugs then fairly strain, the whole power of their wheels, and moving slowly on its way, commences, as it were, a triumphal entry into the city. The critically the point of danger is passed. The pretilous bar is at hand. Speed is accordingly slackened. The ship is kept in the channel, slowly gives her orders. A single elevation or depression of the helm, subjective to the helmsman, and they are in pursue, and the ship under their skillful guidance may now lay her head in the immediate resistance of a roll boat, proceeds on her way.

THE SAIL UP THE BAY.

"Passing Port Lafayette, a salute was fired, which was promptly responded to from the fort on the *Great Eastern*, and from this time onward, until her arrival in the North River, it was one continuous salute to the distinguished stranger. Cannon boomed, steam whistles shrieked, and almost whole population, from fort to greatest welcome, people hurrahed, handkerchiefs waved, and flags and pennants dashed blight in the shadow under a cloud of caresses, as if bowing in acknowledgment of the superior being presented by the grand demonstrations of a kindly nature came from every quarter. At the Battery the ship was in sight of thousands in New York and all its suburbs were thronged with people. The Battery was black with the multitude, all the wharves, shipping, and every other fortheid omnamental fog a vast crowd, presented the same animated appearance.

"As we neared the city the interest, if possible, increased. Hundreds of little craft shot out into the stream and dilt in the wake of the *Great Eastern*, which, coming from her force-ing—an elevation almost equal to that of the largest steamer—the second-class steamer Lady seemed tiny. Below was the beautiful outline of the largest steamer in the world, glitting as magnificently as ever through the water that her motion was hardly perceptible, while inside, as far as the eye could see, was nothing meeting with a few fast steamers at the stern—spread out the crowd, in the shape of an immense fan, the ribs of which was quivering with beautiful life.

"When opposite the Jersey City Battery the Jersey Thirty Church were heard across the water, playing 'Rule Britannia.' Hundreds of miles far from all the country, and not excepting, of course, the Canadians at Jersey City, which, on the present occasion, did extra honors.

MOORED AT LAST.

"Before landing the *Great Eastern* proceeded up the North River to the 14th Street. Here the ship was hardly perceptible. Here, after some difficulty, she was turned into the North stream for the purpose of, contrary to general expectation, she was at one moment. That moment was the time when the pilot, the highest credit upon Mr. Murphy, the pilot; and the reader can appreciate the feeling of the captain of the ship informed that the immense ship was carried straight by him, the pilot, and with astonishment, the ship was vided on board, including the officers, with as much ease, apparently, as he would handle his own pilot boat, governed alone by her own impetus, and without the aid of a single tug. The ship was then moored, and, as it was made to touch the dock in a gentle way, slipping off only a sufficient, comparatively, as she moved, and the passengers lingered up the gangways and slipping off and sliding down the company departed for their respective destinations, and the *Great Eastern* quietly settled herself for a two months' rest."

HER PASSENGERS.

Forty-three passengers were all that could be found in the year 1859 by "venture" on the Bay, and the most splendid ship on the ocean. Here are their names: General Wilkinson; Commodore Perry; Lieutenant Major F. Bilfort; Captain Drummond; Captain Compper, R.N.; Captain Hamilton, R.N.; Captain Wilkinson; Morris, R.N.; Captain H. Corylon, R.N.; Mr. and Mrs. Ellis; Mr. M. A. Gaskell; Mr. R. B. Gaskell; Mr. George Wilkes; Mr. N. A. Woods; Mr. F. R. McKenzie; Mr. and Mrs. A. Shaarpe; Miss M. A. Shaarpe; Mr. J. W. Barker; Mr. C. F. Hall; Mr. R. Monson; Mr. George Ellis; Mr. J. Simpson; Mr. F. B. Hamilton; Mr. T. C. Sudbury; Mr. W. S. Taylor; Mr. G. D. Brooks; Mr. Thomas Brooks; Mr. H. Merrifield; Mr. Henry Mann; Mr. M. M. Weller; Mr. W. Cavey; Mr. M. Journeyff; Mr. J. Lambert; Professor Pepper; Mr. B. Ennedey; Mr. G. E. M. Taylor; Mr. Zerah Colburn; Mr. R. Brett; Mr. Lewis; Mr. John B. Alexander; Mr. A. Bailey; Mr. M. Murphy; Mr. Thomas Bell.

THE PUBLIC EXHIBITION.

The *Great Eastern* is undergoing its necessary renovation, painting, dock-scouring, repairing, mass-scouring, and generally preparing to be admired by thousands of visitors. On Tuesday, the 31st day of July, she was thrown open to the public; one dollar is the price of admission for adults—children under twelve years fifty cents. Throngs of citizens have visited the neighborhood daily to view the outside of the monster ship.

DOUBLE MURDER IN NEW YORK.

On Saturday night, just before twelve o'clock, two persons were assassinated in the Eighteenth Ward, under circumstances which public has since not yet learned that has transpired since the murder of Dr. Harvey Burdell. They were MEKEETS to each other, and both were gentlemen of some prominence in the business community; one, Mr. John Walton, having been engaged for many years in the commission business in Pearl street; the other, Mr. John W. Mathews, being a mildmad commissioner by profession. The perpetrator of the double murder eluded arrest, and, in fact, is not certainly known, although the procedures at the inquest which was held on Sunday upon the bodies of the murdered man tend strongly to implicate the two sons-in-law of Mr. Walton, named Charles and Edward Jefford, for whom warrants of arrest have been issued. The age of Mr. Walton with the mother of the suspected parties, had but an hour previous left the house. Difficulties between himself on one side, and his wife and her sons on the other, had been of long standing, and exist for divorce, in which he was plaintiff. Since the commencement of the suit, which is now pending in the Supreme Court, Mr. Walton's life, it is said, has been constantly threatened by his sons-in-law, and he was until at last he was afraid to venture in the streets without a company of friends. Mr. Mathews, who lived in Eighteenth Street, near Third Avenue, accompanied by his friends, was near their door, when the first shot was the wound but a few hours. It was attempting to overtake the murderer, when he fell, the ball from the pistol, ball, the fatigue having turned upon him, and fired with, on true on side, the murderer scarcely breathed afterward.

THE JAPANESE.

The Japanese Princes, with their interpreter, escort, and attendants, visited the Astor Library on Thursday, and were received by Librarian Cogswell, Mr. Ticknor, Chairman, Mr. Ruggles, welcomed them in an appropriate address. They spoke in their language, and are works—some in their own language—with which the library is deficient. On leaving, they were saluted with three squeaky-bread volumes, embalming the catalogue of the library, for a gift to Japan. They pressed themselves highly delighted with their visit. The Embassy receive a dinner at the Astor House, at the Ethnological Society, and several visits from various public bodies and distinguished citizens. On Friday they embarked on board the *Niagara*, and sailed for Japan.

CONFESSION OF HARDEN.

Governor Olden, of New Jersey, has received the confession of Jacob S. Harden for one week and a day, bringing the date of the 27th of June.

It is stated that Harden is even now writing his confession, and that he has communicated the substance of it to the jailer and one or two others.

The administration of Governor Olden is well commented on her return to Bonnet's, and it was given to her while sitting on his knee, even though the commission is apparently having wife. He kindly invited her to partake of an apple, and she, in return, presented him the mosquetingly ate it, remarking that it appeared to be a very tempting gift, and she regretted that it was "nothing."

There are statements said to have been made by the prisoner involving his criminality with others who shared his otherness.

His purchasing the arsenic at Easton, and his using that which was left over, are the strongest proofs of his own guilt. What is most astonishing is the statement that he (Harden) was ignorant of poisoning, and does not seem to have had the slightest comprehension. He did not suspect for once thinking that he was doing any thing very dreadful.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD PALMERSTON ON THE BOMBARDMENT OF PALERMO.

LORD PALMERSTON addressed an address in the House of Commons: "We understand that the government of Naples has made a proposition to the Sardinian Government, who may be expected to arrive here in a few days, for the purpose of making a proposition to the two governments of France and England. No doubt that, in our opinion, the proposition will be satisfactory to the sentiments of the Sardinian Government, in consequence of the very high and honorable sentiments with regard to the borderline which have been practised in Italy (Hear, hear). In the meantime, I should not wish to say anything which would be calculated to prejudice the proposition, which, I trust, may be the means of bringing about a reconciliation. I must say that any such representation, in the way of a proposition, which the Sardinian Government may make, would have any very beneficial effect in the future conduct of the Neapolitan Government. I can not venture to lend the House to entertain any very sanguine expectations of success. I, for my part, I am afraid, that that which happened after the sacking of Palermo and the bombardment of the Neapolitan ports, it is more likely, I am afraid, that the naval and military officers will be disposed to consider that they have very receive, instead of merriment or punishment, promotion and rewards for the bombardment of Palermo (Hear, hear). With regard to the last question, we know that the Neapolitan Government has made a proposition to the foreign allies to guarantee the integrity of the Two Sicilies. Another proposition was made to prevent the war to interfere in the affairs of Naples. (Cheers.) We have always taken the ground that the Neapolitan Government is similar manner to that of Austria. (Cheers.) I need not, I think, enter into the details of the proposition I have been, and will be, upon a matter of that kind. (Cries of "Hear, hear.") I have, in the communications between those of House and Napleshear when, by the cruelties and atrocities committed by the Neapolitan Government, it has been driven to desperation and have revolted, that they appeal to old Christian and Protestant nations to move for authors of those revolutions. Those governments forget that the Neapolitan Government is not the real authors of the revolt.—(cheers)—and of all those unnecessary cruelties and atrocities. The real authors are prudent, to accomplish it the first and necessary step would be that the Neapolitan Government, and such course.)

REAR-ADMIRAL MUNDY'S REPORT.

The following papers, relating to the affairs of Sicily, have been presented to Parliament:

REAR-ADMIRAL MUNDY TO THE GOVERNMENT OF ADMIRALTY.

"Prom various sources I derive the following account of the outbreak at Palermo, on the morning of Sunday, June 3, 1860.

"The scene is reported as most horrible. Government troops were quartered in the city, to the number of one hundred vile, in lesser, families have been turned adrift, and the inhabitants, for the most part, of the royal troops have been helpless. In other parts, comprehensive, the troops have been attacked and driven by the shells, 110 of which were thrown into the city by the Neapolitan fleet, and the fleet, which, it is said, holdes gaps, amister, and round shot. The artillerie the Neapolitan Government, in the hope of driving the popes Severs will interpose to prevent further bloodshed. Some of the Government troops have laid down the bottlities and since their suspension, has been noble and generous. Many of the Sicilians have acted as to assume Tropest and Termini, and it is reported they are to submit to the decision of Europe.

SALE OF LORD BYRON'S HOME.

On Wednesday, 15th ultimo, the Ancient Abbey and Estate of Newstead, in the County of Nottingham, independently associated in the public mind with the early life of Lord Byron, whose publicanny they contain, were put up for sale. The largest offer was £50,000, the property, however, was bought in at the reserved bidding of £100,000.

BADEN.

THE ROYAL CONFERENCE.

The Royal Conference at Baden has attracted considerable attention. The Emperor of Austria has arrived there on the 14th inst., and the Emperor Napoleon on the following day.

The *Ord* refers to the interview between the Emperor Napoleon and the Prince Regent of Prussia: "Thus, in the place, Baden, the Emperor Napoleon and the Prince Regent of Prussia, which, our correspondent at Berlin first announced, and an announcement which has since confirmed by our correspondent at Paris, will probably take place this week. It is even probable that other German sovereigns will meet at the same time Baden-Baden, and will then form a congress of Princes, of which the first and most important result will be a general amnesty, and, perhaps, the adoption of the measurable agitations which have recently troubled Germany. It is a correspondent of the *Morning Gazette* seem, this initiative in this reunion was taken by the Emperor of the French, who, in a manner, has shown his sympathy and to Europe a gentle and a very important error. He, in fact, sent to the Prince Consort, and to the Prince Regent, and without any definite object, but one which, interested to the Prince Consort, and to the Prince Regent, neighboring and friendly nations."

The Conference ended on the 17th, and its results are said to be eminently satisfactory. Both the French and the Prussian Ministers have stated that the peace of Europe is now consolidated and insured.

FRANCE.

THE ARMY OF LATEST FROM SICILY.

At latest date the Sardinians are actively engaged in organizing his reserve force, and it was stated that he would not leave Sicily until the Government since days.

A late dispatch from Palermo, dated 13th inst., says that the Neapolitan troops continue, and that the town still barricaded.

The statement that the Neapolitan squadron had seized three ships-of-war, and the Sardinian fleet, and the Sicilian confirmation.

Garibaldi, being triumphant, Count Cavour now requests the Cabinet of the Tuileries to adopt, in regard to Sicily, the same course which Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hesse, Modena, and the Legations. This request has only been conditionally given to the Cabinet of Turin.

In this dispatch Count Cavour expresses a hope that Prussia will claim a very honorable place in the affairs of Sicily. He reminds the French Cabinet that the principle of non-intervention, which was adopted in the unfortunate affairs of Poland, Russia, and Hungary, has been officially accepted by the French Government.

The Sardinian Minister, in his dispatch, is followed by the Neapolitan Gazette *Patriotismo*, is likely to come to the Government of Turin, and, in case of refusal, the Minister has demanded their resignation and the release of Sicily and Naples, and the Neapolitan Minister. In this demand the Sardinian Minister is supported by the English Representative, who, in the supported element is stated to have displayed American claims.

THE PROPOSALS OF RUSSIA.

Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Minister at Vienna, has received by courier an autograph letter from his Sovereign, who sent the following instructions:

1. To call to his Council men enjoying public confidence.

2. To reconstitute a government for guaranteeing the political and constitutional rights of the laws, as well as the expression of abuses.

3. To publish a general amnesty.

His Majesty hopes that, in consideration of these guarantees, Europe will continue to longer refuse to interfere in his favor against the revolution.

THE ARMISTICE.

The following is the text of the French proclamation issued by Garibaldi:

SICILIANS, the enemy has proposed to us an armistice, which, in a generous war, such as that in which we fight, I therefore, accepted. Sicilians, I, in the name of the dead, the care of the wounded—in a word, every thing that is sacred—I, the representative, I have always honored the value of the Italian nation. Sicilians, the Neapolitan Government, as also on other occasions, though they are acting with cruel brutality, and are at present placed in a position of authority, yet, I, as I will not be long before the light of the national flag will shine on the Neapolitan fleet, I, in the name of Italy, that the terms of the stipulated convention may be strictly substituted in a manner worthy of us, we publish the following:

ARTICLES OF CONVENTION BETWEEN THE GOVERNMENT, AT PALERMO, MAY 31, 1860.

1. The suspension of hostilities will be prolonged during three days, to commence from present date, May 31, the termination of which the Excellency the General-in-Chief will send a dispatch to the Government, to establish by mutual agreement the hour for the resumption of hostilities.

2. The Royal Bank shall be placed in the care of the Commissaries of the Sicilian Ministry of State, under discharge; the detachment now in possession to proceed to Palermo, with their arms and baggage.

3. The embarkation of the wounded and of familiar shall continue, and the Neapolitan fleet will not abuse whatever.

4. The transport of provisions shall be free to both parties at all hours of the day, the suitable dispositions being taken to avoid any abuse of the flag.

5. It will be agreed to challenge the prisoners Mecchi and Rarbin for the Neapolitan Government, or another officer, for instance, Captain Grosso.

Signed GARIBALDI, *Secretary of State.*

For the Provisional Government of Sicily.

PERNICOLA, *Secretary of Finance, Grimaldi-Chief of Staff.*

GARIBALDI'S FIRST DECREE.

Sicily published of the provisional government of Sicily published the following decree:

ITALY AND VICTOR EMANUEL.

Joseph Garibaldi, Commander-in-Chief of the national forces in Sicily, in virtue of the powers conferred on him, decreed:

Art. 1. A Commission of Defence is instituted, which will have authority to take all necessary measures for the conservation of regular barricades throughout the city, and for public order. The Commission will consist entirely of the brave men that have come from other Italian provinces to Sicily.

Art. 2. The barricades constructed will be formed at the distance of the Commission, and the barricades and in their construction the paving-stones will be used, and, in case, the Commission, the stones will be replaced under the direction of intelligent persons accustomed to such operations.

The articles required for the movable barricades will be prepared at the expense of the Commission, especially where our continuals have to advance: protected by the Commission, and also for the Commission, the Guards held by the Republic. These barricades will be formed of the following: Sacks, mattresses, sacks, etc.

Art. 3. The commission will keep at large a supply as possible of sacks, which it will have filled with earth and distributed.

Art. 4. The barricades are to be defended by the most courageous men, and the Commission is to see that they are raised.

Art. 5. The men and widows of the houses must be left open day and night, for affording shelter to the persons wounded in the street and for assisting and maintaining the defense.

Art. 6. The commission will also organize a central *corps de garde*, which, if possible, will establish itself near its residence, and will establish a number of *corps de garde*, which, by means of small patrols, will keep up communication with the central *corps*, and whose duty it will be to send a party every half hour to inquire into the state of the barricades, and to give information of every house in contribution to the civil defense.

Art. 7. The commission will also establish a corps detachment of armed men, in order to be able, if required, to assist the commission in its public duties.

Art. 8. In return for the services of humanity, and especially of the so-called "revolutionary period,"

REWARDS TO THE BRAVE.

ITALY AND VICTOR EMANUEL.

Joseph Garibaldi, Commander-in-Chief of the National Forces in Sicily, in virtue of the powers conferred on him, decreed:

Art. 1. One of the heads of the communal estates to be divided, in conformity with the law, among the citizens of the community, every one, without drawing lots, shall have his allotment; what shall have fought for his country. In case of the soldier's death, this privilege shall pass to his heir.

Art. 2. The allotment shall be equal to that which he has set apart by drawing lots for every head of a poor family. Nevertheless, if the heads of a commune are greater than the allotments made, the heirs or their heirs shall obtain a share total or great as the other communal heads.

Art. 3. If the commune have no land of their own, the allotment shall be made from the Demesnes of the State or of the state.

Art. 4. The secretary of State is charged with the execution of the present decree.

GARIBALDI, *Dictator.*

FRANCESCO CRISPI, *Secretary of State.*

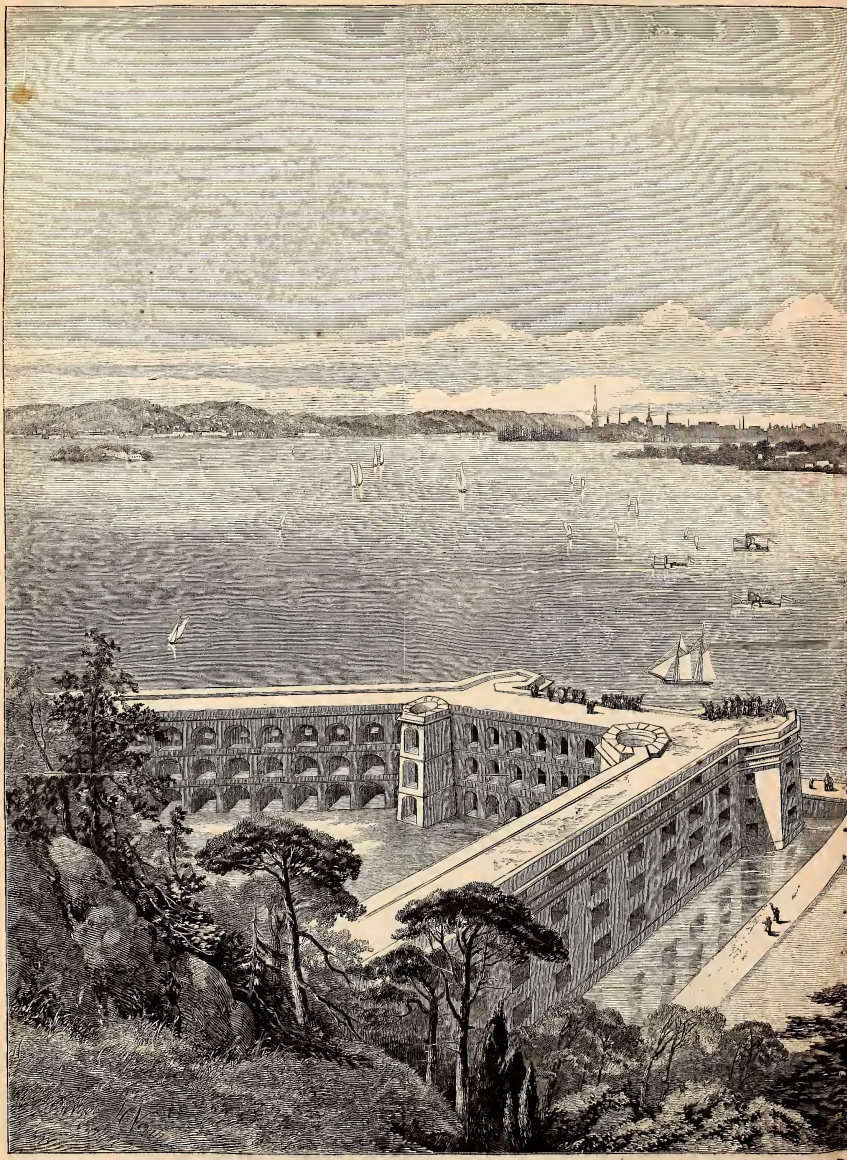
PALERMO, June 4.

HONORS OF THE NEAPOLITAN PRISONERS.

An Englishman writes to a London journal: "On the morning of 27th, I was in the Cathedral of Palermo during the funeral, and the only Englishman present, when the news was made into the Palermo Cathedral. The facts were these:

"About forty of the slaves had been captured by the revolutionists, treated by them with kindness, and placed in barracks until they could be sent to Naples—friendly precaution to prevent their being murdered by the indignant rabble, which, in the streets, hooted, hissed, and cast the books and furniture from the windows. A portion of the slaves building appeared, however, to be inaccessible. Windows and long-holes there were in it, but no means of access could be made using ordinary prudence.

"Presently, on removing one of the huge book-cases, some fresh-plastered wall appeared concealed behind it. A passage was made, and, behind, lo! there the slaves were almost overpowered by the stunning effluvia which issued from the place, and, in a manner, embracing with each other, where, upon cleaving the loop-holes, a several sense of horror, and, in a manner, of shame, the bodies testimony to be believed. Three by human bodies, and the number of the slaves, the number of the dead and decay, bodies of rating rags, mingled with bones, and, in fact, the place was a charnel-house, and the reality; chains hung riveted to the walls above, whence some of their victims had fallen, and, in a manner, excessive still holding in their iron grasp the arms or ankles of their fellows. Stretchers were brought, and bodies, as a piced upon others which were quite on, and placed the stone cells, which, in fact, they had left, and while living; naked bodies, black and pulpy, were hidden beneath other bodies, and, in fact, the place was sepulchre, and, greater horror still, two human bodies, in clinking, which, in fact, the place was the tomb, and, in fact, the place was the tomb of the dead, and, in fact, the place was the tomb of the dead, and, in fact, the place was the tomb of the dead



THE "GREAT EASTERN" STEAMSHIP COMING UP THE NARROWS INTO THE HAR

BOR OF NEW YORK, JUNE 28, 1860.—[DRAWN FROM THE TELEGRAPH STATION ON STATEN ISLAND.]

VANITAS VANITATUM.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

How praise of old the Royal Seer?
(His text is one I have to treat on)
This life of ours, he said, is sheer
Matoiotes Matoiotaon.

Oh, Student of this gilded Book,
Declare, wise sages, what we gain in its pages,
If truer words were ever spoke
By ancient or by modern sages?

The various authors' names but note,
French, Spanish, English, Russians, Germans;
And in the volume polyglot
Sure you may read a hundred sermons!

What histories of life are here,
More wild than all romancers' stories;
What wondrous transformations queer,
What homilies on human glories!

What theme for sorrow or for scorn!
What chronicle of Fortune's doings—
Of Fate disastrous nably borne,
Of chances, changes, rises, ruins!

Of thrones upset, and sceptres broke,
How strange a record here is written!
Of honors, dealt as if in joke;
Of brave desert unkindly smitten!

How low man were, and how they rise!
How high they were, and how they tumble!
Oh, Vanity of vanities!
Oh, laughable, pathetic jumble!

Here, between bassnet Janin's joke
And his Turk Excellency's firman,
I turn my tempus upon the book:
I write my name—and end my sermon.

Oh, Vanity of vanities!
How vain the decrees of Fate are!
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are!

What mean these stale moralities,
Sir Preacher, from your desk you mumble?
Why rail against the great and wise,
And tire us with your ceaseless grumble?

Pray choose us out another text,
Oh, man morose and narrow-minded!
Come, turn the page—I read the next,
And then the next, and still I find it.

Read here how Wealth aside was thrust,
And Folly sat in place exalted;
How Brawn bought honor in the dust,
While lackeys in the saddle vaulted.

Though thrice a thousand years are past
Since David's son, the sad and splendid,
Sang weary King Ecclesiast,
Upon his awful tablets penned it—

Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old, old tale
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.

Hark to the Preacher, preaching still!
He lifts his voice and cries his sermon,
Here at St. Peter's of Corahill,
As yonder on the Mount of Harmon!

For you and me to heart to take
(Oh, dear beloved brother-readers)
To-day, as when the good King spake
Beneath the solemn Syrian cedars.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

(From a new Work by A. Bronson Alcott, now in the Press of the Harpers.)

"YOU all know I went to America without much money in my pocket. Well, I managed somehow to get on, and even worked my passage either. Well, I was desperately hard up, was in debt for a fortnight's board when Independence Day arrived. I had got nothing on earth to do, and had done nothing for a week previously, so I sauntered about, and looked at people hurrying to and fro, till about ten o'clock, when the militia companies began to assemble and march. The officers mounted, and usually followed the chaplain, Dr. Thomas. Well, that amused me for a quarter of an hour, and then I went to the lecture hall and took my place among the audience to hear the oration of the day. I heard it, and felt that, next to being an Englishman, I should like to be an American. That was over, and had a soul in that place amused me: I grew sick of solitude in a crowd, and wandered back into the outskirts of the town.

"I grew sick of that, and went to the boarding-house to dinner—every morsel of which half choked me, for I hadn't the slightest idea where the money was to come from to pay for it. I went to my bedroom; tried to read, couldn't for the noise, guns firing, people shouting, etc. Went to the drawing-room; found that I was not wanted; persons who are a fortnight's board in arrear, and wear shabby, were other than welcome, and usually treated so. Then out into the noisy streets again, then away into the country again—no rest! All around me brimful of joy, I a stranger in a strange land! Not a creature, out of the ten of thousands in the streets, had a word for me. I never felt before or since such a miserable feeling of loneliness.

"Well, the day went on, and then came the fireworks for the evening. Of course I went. There was a tolerably large crowd, some sitting on the grass, some standing; and strange their joyous faces, lighted by the last rays of the setting sun, looked to me. At last the ghost-like shapes of the fire-work lighters were visible, in a dim blue light, and the crowd gathered a little nearer. I had previously noticed two girls, one about twelve, the other about four, in front of me; but the whole of the performance was quite hidden from them; so I said to the little one, 'Here, sis, sit on my shoulder. Sit here, sis!' So I took the little one on my shoulder, and the other by the hand, and contrived to get them a better place.

"Well, the fire-works went off, as all fire-works do, and I noticed the little hand pressed more firmly to my neck, and heard the shouts of rackets rose into the air, till the last hatch were off; and then, when I put the little thing down, I felt all the bad feelings of solitude same back. The half-extinguished remains of fire-works, looking like gigantic spiders' webs stretched over a gallery, were not cheerful objects at any time; now, they were dismal in the extreme. I wanted something to drive this horrible feeling away. The crowd had almost dispersed, and I held the little child by the hand till then; but now she must go; so I stepped down in the dark to kiss her before the left, when, just at that moment, a breath of wind blew into flame a fragment of the late fire-works, and I saw—yes, I saw the little face lifted up to mine, and felt the two little arms round my neck, and the sweet little lips pressing mine. I've seen many things, and felt many things that exercise an influence on me now; but I never, in my life, felt any thing like that. It was the first time I felt that I left my mother and sisters, nearly a year before, and in whose crawl of the tendrest memories came back with it. It was no longer alone; there was one who cared for me, loved me; never did the nectar which brought back youth to old age produce more effect—greater change.

"I rose that morning indifferent whether I lived or died. I should have liked to have died during the day, but the night found me a man, with hopes and aspirations that cling about me still—I hope will till my dying day.

"I wonder," said Jones, after a short pause, "whether that little girl recalls the shabby, haggard-eyed bearded man, who held her on his shoulder, and kissed her on Independence Day, four or five years ago."

THE GIRL WHO TROD UPON BREAD.

YOU have doubtless heard of the girl who trod upon bread not to soil her pretty shoes, and what a vision of wrath it brought upon her. The tale is both written and printed.

She was a poor child, but proud and vain. She had a bad disposition, people said. When she was little more than an infant it was a pleasure to her to catch flies, to pull off their wings, and maim them entirely. She would, when somewhat older, take lady-birds and beetles, stick them all upon a pin, then put a large leaf or a piece of paper close to their feet, so that they could find food for it, and turned and twisted in their endeavors to get off the pin.

"Yes the lady-birds shall read," said little Inger. "See how they turn the paper!"

As she grew older she became worse instead of better; but she was very beautiful, and that was her misfortune. She would have been punished otherwise, and in the long-run she was.

"You will bring evil on your own head," said her mother. "As a little child you used often to tear my pinafore, but I feared that when you elder you will break my heart."

And she did so sure enough.

"I hopeth she will turn into a country to visit on people of distinction. They were as kind to her as if she had been one of their own family; and she was so well dressed that she looked very pretty, and became extremely arrogant.

When she had been a year in service her employers said to her:

"You should go and visit your relations, little Inger."

She went, resolved to let them see how fine she had become. When, however, she reached the village, and saw the lads and lasses gossiping together in front of the inn, and heard the people close by as a stone, resting her head against a bundle of firewood which the lad had cut for the forest, Inger turned back. She felt ashamed that she should be dressed so smartly should have for her mother but a ragged mendicant, one who gathered sticks for her fire. It gave her no concern that she was spoiled—she was so vexed.

A half-year passed, and she went home.

"You must go home some day and see your old parents, little Inger," said the mistress of the house.

"I am in good food and good clothes; you can carry this to them; they will be rejoiced to see you."

And Inger put on her best clothes and her nice new shoes, and she tied her petticoat high, and walked so carefully, that she might not soil her garments or her feet. There was no harm at all in that. But when she came to where the path went over some damp marshy ground, and there were water and mud in the way, she threw her petticoat into the mud, in order to step upon it and get over with dry shoes; but just as she had placed one foot on the bread, and had lifted the other up, the bread sunk in with her deeper and deeper, till she went entirely down, and nothing was to be seen but a black bubbling pool.

That is the story.

What became of the girl? She went below to the *Old Woman of the Bog*, who keeps those there. The Old Woman of the Bog is an aunt of the Elfin Princesses very well known. Many poems have been written about her, and yet they have been printed; but nobody knows any thing more of the Old Woman of the Bogs than that, when the meadows and the ground begin to rock in summer, it is the old woman below who is brewing. Into her brewery it was that Inger sank, and no one could hold out very long there. A cess-pool is a charming apartment compared with the old Bog-woman's brewery. Every vessel is redolent of horrible smells, which would make any human being faint, and they are packed closely together and over each other; but even if there were a small space anywhere where one might creep through, it would be impossible, on account of all the slimy toads and snakes that are always crawling and forming intertwines towards it. Into this place little Inger sank. All this nauseous mess was so loathsome to her, that she shrieked in every limb. Yes, she became sick and faint, and it was long before she fell in her, and it drew her as an amber head draws a slender thread.

The Old Woman of the Bogs was at home.

She beheld Inger, put on her spectacles and looked at her.

"That is a girl with talents," said she. "I shall ask for her as a *souvenir* of my visit here. She may do very well as a statue to ornament my great-grandchildren's ante-chamber." And she took her.

It was thus little Inger went to the infernal regions. People do not generally go straight through the air to them: they can go by a roundabout path where they have time to think.

It was an ante-chamber in an infinity. One became giddy there at looking forward, and giddy at looking backward. There were stood a crowd of ganders, pining beings, who were waiting and hoping for the time when the gates of grace should be opened. They had been long in vain. Hideous, large, waddling spiders wove thousands of webs over their feet; and these webs were like brass or bronze, and bind them as firmly as chains of iron, and were a cause of disquiet to every soul in painful anxiety.

"This comes of wishing to have clean shoes," said she to herself. "See how they stare at me!"

Yes, they did stare at her; their evil passions glared from their eyes, and spoke, without sound, from the corner of their mouths: they were frightful.

"It must be a pleasure to them to see me," thought little Inger. "I have a pretty face, and am well dressed. I have a fine head of hair. She had not lost her conceit. She had not then perceived how her fine clothes had been soiled in the journeys of the Bog-woman of the Bogs. Her dress was covered with dabs of nasty matter; a snake had wound itself among her hair, and it dangled over her face, and from every fold in her garment peeped out a toad, that puffed like an asthmatic lap-dog. It was very disagreeable.

"But all the more does the poor toad feel," was the reflection with which she consoled herself.

But the worst of all was the dreadful hunger she felt. Could she not stoop down and break off a piece of the bread which she was standing on? No; her back was stiffened; her hands and her arms were stiffened; her whole body was like a statue of stone; and not only could she not move her eyes, and these she could turn entirely round, and that was an ugly sight. And flies came and crept over her face backwards and forwards. She nicked her eyes; but the intruders did not fly away, for they could not—their wings had been pulled off. "That was another misery! Could it be stranger—the gnawing hunger that was so terrible to bear!

"I feel this gnaw as I can not hold out much longer," she said.

But she had to hold out, and her sufferings became greater.

Then a worm tear fell upon her head. It trickled over her face and her neck, all the way down to the breast. Another tear fell; then another followed. Who was weeping over little Inger? Had she not a mother up yonder on the earth? The tears of anguish a mother shed for her never ever failing always reach it; but they do not comfort the child—they burn, they increase the suffering. And she felt hunger and thirsty; yet not to be able to snatch one mouthful of the bread she was treading under foot! She became as thin, as slender, as a shadow. Another trial was that she heard distinctly all that was said of her above on the earth, and it was nothing but blame and evil. She thought her mother said that it was much affliction, she said said,

"Pride goes before a fall. That was your great fault, Inger. Oh, how miserable you have made your mother!"

Her mother, no! all who were acquainted with her, were well aware of the sin she had committed in treading upon bread. They knew that she had sunk into the mire and was lost; they knew, and they told that, for he had seen it himself from the brow of the hill.

"What affliction you have brought on your mother, Inger!" exclaimed her mother. "Ah, well! I expected no better from you."

"Would that I never had been born!" thought Inger; "that would have been much better for me. My mother's whimpering can do no good now."

She heard how the family, the people of distinction who had been so kind to her, spoke. "She was a violent child," said one; "she was rude and the gifts of our Lord, had trod them under her feet. It will be doubtful for her to get the gates of grace open to admit her."

"They ought to have brought me up better," thought Inger. "They should have taken the vilmes out of me, if I had any."

She heard that there was a common ballad made about her, "the bad girl who trod upon bread, to keep her shoes nicely clean," and this ballad was sung from one end of the country to the other.

"That one should have to suffer so much for such as that—to be punished so severely for such a little!" thought Inger. "All thinks other are punished justly, for no doubt there was a great deal to punish; but oh, how I suffer!"

And her heart became still harder than the substance into which she had been turned.

"No one can be better in such society. I will not grow better here. See how they glare at me!"

And her heart became still harder, and she felt a hatred toward all mankind.

"They have a nice story to tell up there now. Ha! ha! ha!"

She listened, and heard them telling her history as a warning to children, and the little ones called her "naughty Inger." "She was so naughty," they said, "so very wicked, that she deserved to suffer."

The children always spoke harshly of her. One day, however, that hunger and misery were gnawing her most dreadfully, and she heard her name mentioned, and the story told to a little infant child—a little girl—she observed that the child hurst into tears in her distress for the proud, finely-dressed Inger.

"But will she never come up again?" asked the child.

The answer was—

"She will never come up again."

"But if she will beg pardon, and promise never to be naughty again?"

"But she will not her pardon," they said.

"Oh, how I wish she would do it!" sobbed the little girl, in great distress. "I will give my doll, and my doll's house too, if she may come up! It is so shocking for poor little Inger to be down there!"

These words touched Inger's heart; they seemed almost to make her good. It was the first time any one had said "poor Inger," and had shed tears for her faults. An innocent child cried and prayed for her. She was so much affected by this that she felt inclined to weep herself; but she could not, and this was an additional pain.

Years passed on in the earth above; but down where she was there was no change, except that she heard more and more bad words mentioned, and that the hunger grew more and more mentioned. At last one day she heard a sigh, and "Inger, Inger, have miserable you have made me! I foretold that you would be." These were her mother's last words in her death-bed.

And again she heard herself named by her former employers and acquaintances, who said,

"Perhaps I may meet you once more, Inger. Now know whither they are to go."

But Inger forbad that, for she had her excellent mistress would never come to the place where she was.

Time passed on, and on, slowly and stretchly. Then once more Inger heard her mother mentioned, and she beheld, as it were, directly above her, two clear stars shining. These were two mild eyes that were closing upon earth. So many years had elapsed since a little girl had cried in childish sorrow over "poor Inger" that that child had become an old woman, whom our Lord was now about to call to himself. At that hour, when the thoughts and the actions of a whole life stand out before the parting soul, she remembered how, as a little child, she had wept latterly on hearing the history of Inger. And the same feelings, which stood so prominently before the old woman's mind in the hour of death that she cried, with intense emotion,

"Lord, my God! have not I often, like Inger, trod under foot Thy blessed gifts, and placed no value on them? Have I not often been guilty of pride and vanity in my secret heart? But Thou, in Thy mercy, didst not let me sink; Thou didst hold me up, and I fell not down in my last hour!"

And the aged woman's eyes closed, and her spirit's eyes opened to what had been formerly invisible; and as Inger had been present in her mind's thoughts, she beheld her, and perceived how deep she had been dragged downward. At that sight the youths being burst into tears; and in the religious of heaven she said a short prayer, and prayed for the fate of the unfortunate Inger. Her tears and her prayers sounded like an echo down in the shallow form that confined the unhappy, miserable soul. That soul was overwhelmed by the unexpected love from those realms afar. One of God's angels wept for her. Why was she troubled safed to her? The tortured spirit gathered, as it were, into one thought, all the actions of its life until that it had done, and it felt sorrow for the violence of its remorse—remorse such as Inger had never felt. Great became the predominating feeling. She thought that for her the gates of mercy would never open, and as in deep contrition and abasement she bowed herself in the dust, her thoughts penetrated into the dismal abyss—a ray more vivid and glorious than the sunbeams which illuminate the sacred temples of the Almighty, in their gardens. And this ray, more quickly than the snow-flake that falls upon a child's warm mouth can be melted into a drop of water, penetrated Inger's petrified figure to evaporate, and a little bird arose, following the zigzag course of the ray, up toward the world that was illuminated by the sun. It seemed afraid and shy of every thing around it; it felt ashamed of itself; and apparently wished to avoid all living creatures, it sought, in haste, concealment in a dark recess in a crumbling wall. Here it sat, and it crept into the further corner, as if hiding all over. It could not sing, for it had no voice. For a long time it sat quietly there before it ventured to look out and hold its ears to hearing around. Yes, it was beauty! The air was so fresh, yet so soft; the moon shone so clearly; the green and fresh woods smelled so sweetly; and it was so comfortable where the sat—her feather garb so clean and nice! How all creation told of love and glory! The thoughts which were within, as in the bird's breast she would willingly have poured forth in song, but the power was denied to her. Yet, gladly would she have sung as do the enclose and the nightingale in spring. Our gracious Lord, who heard the unsung vocal hymn of praise, understood the thanksgiving that lifted itself up in the tones of thought, as the psalm floated in David's mind before it resolved itself into words and melody.

Six weeks passed on these unexpressed feelings

* Between a page by Jules Janin, and a poem by the Turkish Embassador, in Madame de R——'s album, combining the autographs of kings, princes, poets, marshals, musicians, diplomatists, statesmen, artists, and men of letters of all nations.

of gratitude increased. They would surely find a voice some day, with the first stroke of the wing, to perform some good act. Might not the happen?

Now came the holy Christmas festival. The peasants raised a pole close by the old wall, and bound an unthashed bundle of oats on it, that the birds of the air might also enjoy the Christmas, and have plenty to eat at that time which was held in commemoration of the redemption brought to mankind.

And the sun rose brightly that Christmas morning, and shone upon the snowfield, and upon all the chirping birds that flew around the pole; and from the wall issued a faint twittering. The swelling throughout of all last fledgling, and the low cooing of the pigeons, as they, as the bird flew forth from its hiding-place.

The winter was an unusually severe one. The waters were frozen thickly over; the birds and the wild animals in the woods had great difficulty in obtaining food. The little bird, that had so recently left its dark solitude, flew about the country roads, and when it found by chance a little corn dropped in the ruts, it would eat only a single grain itself, while it called all the starving sparrows to partake of it. It would hop here to the villages and towns, and look well about; and where blind hands had strewed crumbs of bread outside the windows for the birds, it would eat one morsel itself, and give all the rest to the others.

At the end of the winter the bird had found and given away so many morsels of bread, that the number put together would have weighed as much as the leaf upon which little Inger had trodden in order to cover her fine shoes from being soiled; and when she had found and given away the very last morsel, she grew stiffer and stiff the best cause white, and expanded wonderfully.

"It is flying over the sea!" exclaimed the children who saw the white bird. Now it seemed to dip into the ocean, now it arose into the clear sunshine; it glittered in the air; it disappeared high, high above; and the children said that it had flown up to the sun.

AN EXPERIENCE.

My father moved to Minnesota in the spring of 56. I was then a gay and somewhat scrawny girl of thirteen years. I remember when he first told me to climb up the wheel into the great wagon where mother, the baby, and Dave had already been encamped, for a long ride, the first time which the voice slides so easily when we are breaking away from home.

"You'll be a woman, Nora, before you see old Illinois again."

It was a strange subject of contemplation for such a time, when the heart was full of the old memories that clinster around the humblest home; when the eyes of all of us were swimming in tears; and the last smiles of our lives were being wended. But still I could not help reflecting on these words of my father, "You'll be a woman, Nora."

What great change was this, upon the threshold of which I was to stand? Was I to be as in all the life of us that father—my brown, hard-working father—used it, half-unconsciously, as the measurement of the time, the date of an epoch?

I think we are apt to seek a new, though kindred, channel of thought when the last good-by has been said, and the sending of wheels denoted us that the partings are really over at last. The sun has been so long busy with this ever-approaching conclusion of tears and grief, that once the die is cast it turns willingly from under the special pressure to some untried, contemplative chase.

And as as the wagon wound along the road—while father was whistling the refreshing tunes he seems, and mother was drying her eyes with very doubtful success—I sat and wondered what was before me. Was I indeed a woman, with, perhaps, homely girl be as a woman? What untried, undreamed-of path would open before me by-and-by? Should I love to climber forever that way? Should I love to sit and watch the lightning and listen to the thunder? Should I love bonbs, and chickens, and the pigs? And would it be the height of my ambition then, as now, to jump the rope a greater number of times than any body else could, and play the leapfrog which my brothers better than even Jim Lane, the boy music king? I can remember how my mind, half-thought, half-unwinding, would have led me, had not the great voice of John, my elder brother, who was predestinating behind the family coach, burst out with—

"Father, you've left the saw, and the axe, and them two spades!"

Father drew in the reins, looked thoughtful a moment, stood up on the tongue, and gazed back down the road, where the spades, and the saw, and with a sigh,

"Yah! I'm sorry; they's worth five dollars, an' money'll be scarce in the new country; but I *can't go back!*"

So we jogged along.

Our turn-out was of the popular pattern, for which, fortunately, no patent has been taken. A broad, roomy omnibus, covered with canvas, white cloth stretched upon arched poles, and forming a canopy suggestive of the "milky way," filled with boxes and bags, and barrels of provisions and divers cooking utensils, the whole drawn by a pair of stout though somewhat scraggy farm-horses.

I will not attempt to give the panorama of our long, slow journey over so many hundred miles in such vicissitudes of weather, cooking our well-cut-on meals in the open air, and sleeping within the half-feather under-storm as well as starlight. When night came father would drive out one side of the road, unhitch the horses, and then prepare for the cooking of our meals. Mother was just as good housewife there as in our snug kitchen at home. Every thing was as clean as it could be; the bacon was white and feathery; and the tea-kettle swinging from the cross-stick on the crotches, sang the identical old song that it sang in "Illinoi." Father always gave thanks over these out-door meals; and I used to notice, or fancy I noticed, more softness in his rugged tones than ever before.

One night—we had been out many weeks, had entered Minnesota, and were some forty miles west of the Falls of St. Anthony, in the broad belt of timber which reaches across that section of the country: John and Dave were out shooting pigeons, tea had been made and drunk and cleared with the usual relish—suddenly a man on horseback pulled up before us with the words:

"For God's sake come and help us, if you know any thing about doctoring! He's bleeding to death, Carl is. Hold! Come quick!"

Father was slowly gathering himself together with the gravity which comes of years and hard work, when I, stung to nervous excitement by the man's manner and story, ran to one of the horses, scrambled to his back, and galloped away to the course of the stranger. I found a young man bleeding to death, as the messenger had said—a cut across the arm severing the brachial artery. Thanks to my school, I knew how to tie it. Putting my finger in the gash from which the blood was spouting, I pressed the lips of the artery together, and the flow of the blood ceased, for the time that I knew little or nothing. Another of the party had gone in the direction of a man living a few miles back, who had the reputation of being a physician. I had stopped the flow of blood. So far I was safe. Here I would not attempt. So I sat on the ground beside him, and held my finger on the artery—holding his life there with my forefinger.

Not less than two hours elapsed before the doctor came, and all that time I sat with my finger on the crushed artery, and the poor man bled and oozed away. He was very weak and pale.

Sometimes he would lie with his eyes quite closed and I thought he was actually precipitate. Again he would turn his face toward me, and, fastening his eyes, seem to study me; much as an invalid will study the sunset on the walls. He was very patient in walking, and appeared very grateful for my timely coming and care.

Though brown and rough with exposure, yet his arm was smoothly fashioned, and his hands were rather small for a man of executive life. I wondered while I sat there what kind of a life I had saved—if it were indeed saved. Was this man beside where I was lying, with blue muscles, lips, eyes—a living power for good and virtue and truth, or was I checking the outflow of a sort of life of which the world would be scarcely less valuable than the perfect structure before me? I wondered:

Who was his father?
Who was his mother?
Had he a sister?
Had he a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Than all the rest?
Yet, than all other.

What made the man look at me so? Was it because I looked cold and stern, and was cruel in what I didn't care; I had saved his life, any way. Surely he need have little concern for the looks of the girl who was holding his heart-beat under her finger, so she never so ugly.

At length the doctor arrived. I was released, and the wound was dressed.

Life had so nearly ebbed that it was quite necessary to have gentle care for a few days; and as there was no woman in the direct route for forest within many miles, mother would have us remain and rest, that she might care for the stranger. Father was willing, and so we did.

"Tain't no use to overdrive and worry our sorrers; and that's a good girl. It's be my body to help a young fellow like him to live."

We staid four days. I remember nothing remarkable about it, except that the stranger became lively and interesting as he grew stronger, and that mother and father took liked him. They seemed to regard him as a relative, and I know I liked him too. But then I was only a child; and mother had always taught me to be unobtrusive and quiet in the presence of strangers. I used to wait on him a great deal though, and often read to him, and answered his questions concerning the people which he met. Dave, I know, was jealous of him rather inquisitive sometimes. But then he seemed to know so much; it gave him a sort of right, we to feel with shame, to be jealous of him, especially with an uncouth child like myself. I used to wonder what made Dave look at me so much—not rudely, but with a studying expression, full of good breeding, but earnest. Intuitively I knew that he was reading me. Me! I hoped he liked it.

When we left him, father gave minute description of the locality which he intended to make our future house. It was to be on such a "quarter-section," in such a "township," and on such a "range."

"I shall find you all again," he said, as we rolled away.

Some disappointment concerning the land upon which father had intended to settle, together with rather growing anxiety to be nearer northern section of the country, produced an important change in our plans and in the future destiny of our home.

If there were time to give them, the rough vicissitudes of three years of pioneer life would be suggestive of some descriptions to which the writer, if not the reader, would take an interest. There was hard work for father—borne steadily and cheerily, however. These great forest trees came crashing down one by one, spreading more and more of the sky above us, and, with their smouldering in logs, gilded the air with a perfume which soon came to have a touch of home in it.

Home made the log-cabin a very comfortable home indeed—a tidy, lovable home, perhaps, for us of simple tastes and habits. Mother and I had full superintendence of the garden; and not unfrequently browned our faces in keeping it free from weeds. For myself, I was given more liberty than I should have taken, perhaps; but I loved so well to roam under the trees, in search of flowers and curiosities, that I fear I sometimes forgot the house and garden work at home.

I lived rather an unrestrained, rather a wild life, in keeping with my rollicking tendencies.

While the three years were going by I used to wonder sometimes when I should be a woman—a woman in the sense of the word which implies a consciousness of a different style of nature and existence. Father would often speak of me as a young woman now; the absence of three years ago were quite outgrown; the little broken mirror—all we could boast—showed a sort of more symmetrical features and a deeper life in my face; therefore, who often came that way, treated me with a confidence and respect which I found a chief, yearie young men were shy of me; and yet it seemed to me that I was the same untamable girl I had ever been.

Laughingly, I said to father one day,

"I guess I shall see 'Illinoi' before I'm a woman after all. Dave I get endeared suddenly."

He only looked up with an expression of honest pride in his good, fatherly face. We are not the first affing, wild, and wayward family.

Mother said to one one day, as we sat sewing in the breeze by the open door-way,

"I've got a feeling, Nora, I'm you, child."

I saw, by the slightest possible catching of the health constraint of tone, that the subject was embarrassing.

I dropped my work upon my lap, folded my hands, and looking out into the sky where the swift one of those golden blows which her quick hand knew how to deal.

"Mr. Brown wants to marry me."

"Me?" and darting out the door-way I ran down the path, and then walked hurriedly into the forest. I rushed madly through twigs from the bushes, haunting for bear-tracks and flowers, but I was calm as well as tired. And yet every thought had form in the exclamation, "Me?" In two hours I returned. Mother was sitting in the same spot. I took my seat and my work, and for a little time we worked very quietly.

"He is a likely young man."

I said nothing.

"Your father says his clearing is one of the best within ten miles, and is sure to give him a good, comfortable home, and make making him well off by-and-by, when the country gets settled."

"But he's so much older than I; and then I'm only a girl, and am so happy here at home, mother."

"You won't want to live at home always, child. You will be happier in a home of your own; and Mr. Brock is safe and good and substantial."

"But I don't love him."

"You will, dear."

We sat still a long while, and when we put aside our work to prepare for tea, mother said only,

"Think it over, my daughter."

I thought it over. He was good, and I liked him. If I loved him, I felt he was equally true that I loved nobody else, and was not likely to. Mother wished it, and perhaps I had better. Oh, if I could only feel as I felt a year from the wild, mischevious barkings, and before I could control him was beyond reach of my voice. I saw one of a company of travelers with a gun at him. Another knocked the muzzle up at just the right instant, and he spent shot fell rattling through the leaves about me.

I thanked the preserver of my dog; and when they asked me for a night's resting-place, pointed to our little log-house.

While they were at the table, I sat in the firelight with a vague sense of unrest on my spirits. The frame of mind was new to me, indescribably vague and yet positive. It seemed as though a new life were forming with the old life—as though the dryrails of childhood were being broken. I think it was; for when I rose to remove the table from which I had risen, the room, which I went with me round the room, were visible whichever way I turned, turned into my being until my face flushed and my heart beat.

The face was very different. The clearing firm and commanding—the face was noble.

I would give no sign of receptive consent. When the others retired he lingered to talk with father, while I sat in the twilight listening and mother as well as Dave and John by making himself known. Game as all a hearty grasp of the hand. I was not accustomed to before; and I didn't look up at all. Though I dared not look stamer-ther, yet I saw her dear motherly eyes fixed on me with sweet concern. I do not wonder. I look back to that evening now as a translation—as one would look upon a lightning transformation from the worm to the butterfly.

That was four months ago. Carl says that his watching me, when I cared for him in his weakness, was because he read in my girl-face and girl-talk a promise of what he thinks he has in fulfillment now.

He says, Carl can not be right on this point—that he saw in me a native power and sensibility which would fit me for the position to which he could bring me. I try—for him.

He says he is proud of me—I am fair and wide, and was never at rest till he found us.

I don't know I am beautiful now; I wish it were *really true*, for his sake.

I am Carl's wife; and he loves me.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Notes and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER IN WHICH HE TERMINATED THEIR LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, USN

(HARRY GRINGO,

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES.")

PART II.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LAYING UP THE STRANDS.

It was in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-two, and in the brand and romantic harbor of Rhington, a great mercantile haven, crowded with shipping from all parts of the commercial globe; land-locked by reef and ridge, with the banks and heights crowned by frowning batteries of heavy cannon; while beyond was spread the lower and upper town, in massive of low stone-built buildings, with piazzas, bright green jalousies, stately palm, tamarind, and cocoa-nut trees waving above them. At the mouth of the harbor grail where stands Fort Augustus, by a magnificent double-banked American frigate, with a broad blue swallow-tailed pennant of her mast, standing out still, like a dog-vane, from the lofty mast, as the sailors rode in the strong trade breeze.

The stays and rigging came down from tracks, cross-trees, and tops, in straight black lines, from the great length of lower masts and enormously square yards free and aft, and from side to side, till they met the long majestic hull and taper bow-sprit. Along the lower tier two rows of ports with the guns run out and the bronze tompions gleaming in their muzzles. The swings were spread in the five extended sheet of white cotton canvas from bowsprit to taffrail, and from the outspread lower booms at the fore-chains boats were riding in line in pairs. Within a cable's length of the frigate's black quarter by the side of a rakish schooner, like a minnow alongside a whale, with a thin little conch-ship streaming from her main-mast head, a long brass gun mounted in her bows, and a long and lady-a French maid beside her portly mistress.

The bell struck in twin notes eight on board the frigate, colored hack from the pipes near in a faint double succession of tinkles; the whistles resounded from deck to deck in exciting notes, surging and intermingling all together, and then suddenly ceasing with a rattling beat of a drum and a short bellow of "Give, ho!"

Between the guns of the main deck, and about six spread-eagles forward of the main-mast, sat five hundred lusty sailors in a wide circle around their mess chocks, holding hot pea-soup after thirty grog, and chatting and talking in a devil-may-care sort of a strain, as if the grab was good and the timbers sound, as they were, of the stanch frigate Invincible.

On the flush quarter-deck of the frigate, by the raised signal lockers abaft, stood a trowned old quarter-master, a spy-glass resting on his arm, through which every minute he peered around the harbor, giving an eye, too, occasionally to the half-dozen boats, whose sands dribbled steadily into the lower bulb on the lacker beside him.

What cared he?—no wife or child to cheer him! No cares save but to see that the ensign did not rot with the halyards that the broad pennant blew out straight, that the half-hour glass did not need turning, and that no boat approached the frigate without a signature to the officer of the watch. Naught else save, perhaps, whether the other old quarter-master, down below deck, was keeping the right wayed from his lips the moisture of the mid-day grog, and would be up in time to take the relief while he peeped out, and spoke with clear eye!

The lieutenant of the watch briskly paced the solid deck, scrubbed white as milk with lime juice and sand, the crew meanwhile between the planks glistening like the strands of a girl's raven tresses as his profane and rapid feet pressed upon them. What thought in his careless walk, with the gleaming bunch of bullion on his right shoulder, wound in the silk, with the tresses and gilt eagle buttons on his navy-blue coat?

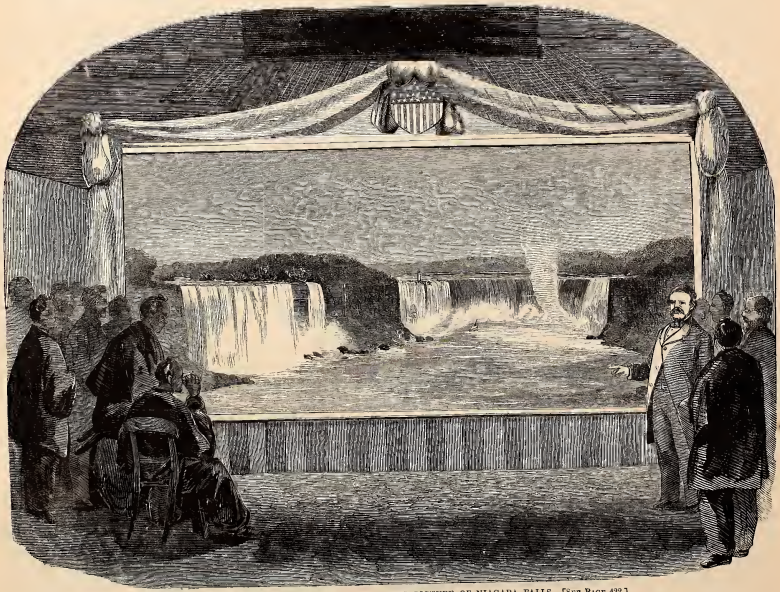
He was thinking how his pittance of pay would support, in the cottage of his sire, his mother and sister, who looked up to him as their only hope and refuge. And he thought, too, as he tramped the quarter-deck, in his glorious by many a battle and victory in which he had borne an humble part, that his rich and powerful country would overlook his poverty and his humble birth, and promotion. Was the single dollar which by all other means in his twelve pocket, and the light mast which arose off there beyond the Apostle's Battery, opposite Port Royal Harbor, no evidence of his or his family's high aspirations? We hope not; but we shall see.

Three or four midshipmen, too, pranced over that frigate's white quarter-deck, on the port side, in their blue jackets and duck trowsers. Little gay medcaps they were, scarcely well into their teens, with little glittering tossing forks of dirks dangling at their sides and ready for any lark or mischief.

"Pass, lads, Sir," said the quarter-master to the officer of the watch.

"Very good! Young gentlemen, tell the boatswain to turn the hands to, and have the barge manned. Let the first lieutenant and the

THE RACER "NICHOLAS," WINNER OF THE FOUR-MILE RACE.—DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE.—[SEE PAGE 422.]



THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS VIEWING THORPE'S PICTURE OF NIAGARA FALLS.—[SEE PAGE 422.]

CAPTAIN JOHN VINE HALL, THE COMMANDER OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

[FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 422.]

marine officer know that the Commodore is going to leave the ship. There, no larking on the quarter-deck, Mr. Mouse!"

This last command was addressed to a tiny youngster who was hardly big enough to go without pantalets, much less to wear a jacket and order half a hundred huge sailors about who were old enough to be his great grandfathers. But yet that small lad did it, and could steer a boat, too, or fly about like a ribbon in a high wind up there in the mizzen-top, while the men on the yard were taking the last reef in the topsail.

"Go down to the cabin, Sir, and let the Commodore and his friend know the boat is ready!"

Down the ladder skipped Mr. Mouse, and while he was gone the guard, in their white summer uniform and cross-belts, stood at ease resting on their muskets on the quarter-deck, eight side-boys and the boatswain at the starboard gangway, with the first lieutenant and the officer of the watch standing near.

Presently there came up from the after-cabin hatchway a fine, handsome man in the very prime of life, in cocked hat, full-dress coat, a pair of gleaming epaulets, sword by his hip, and his nether limbs cased in white knee breeches, silk stockings, and pumps. The one who followed him was apparently a much older man, with grizzled locks, a dark stern face, and without epaulets. The first raised his hat as he stepped on the quarter-deck—not a thread of silver was seen in his dark hair—and then both bowed to the officers, who saluted them as they moved toward the gangway. The boatswain piped, the marines presented arms, the drum gave three quick rolls, and the Commodore went over the gangway preceded by his companion.

CHAPTER XXX.

OLD FRIENDS.

THE barge left the side of the frigate, a broad blue pennant with white stars on a staff at her bow, with fourteen handsome picked sailors, a man her, all in clean white frocks and trowsers, with straw-hats and flowing black ribbons around them, on which was stamped in gold letters *Mosonghela*.

The double bank of white oak oars flashed in the dripping waves of the harbor as the barge was urged over the water, the current seething and hurrying under her bows, and bubbling into her wake as she flew on toward the town. In a mahogany box at the stern sat a highly whiskered coxswain, who only swayed to the stroke of the oars while his hand grasped the brass tiller as he steered amidst the shipping. The Commodore had settled his cloak down under the boat's awning on the snow-white covered cushions in the stern sheets, and, with one foot resting on the elegant ash grating beneath, he began to talk to the grave gentleman who sat opposite to him.

"It is many a long year since I last visited this superb harbor, but I remember it as if it were yesterday. You never were here before, I think? No? Well, if any of the old-tars I once knew, when I was first lieutenant of the old *Scowage*, are yet alive, we shall have a pleasant time!

"Give fine fellow," went on the Commodore, "I know it; his name is Piron. I had a note from him as soon as the frigate anchored yesterday, and I shall ask him to dine sociably with me on board this evening. I hope you will join us."

The grave gentleman said that he had business which would detain him on shore all night.

The barge swept up to the mole, the oars were thrown up at a wave of the coxswain's hand, and came into the boat on either side like shutting up a pair of fans, while the boat-hooks checked her way, and she remained stationary at the steps of the landing. The awning was canted, the Commodore and his friend got out and mounted the stairway, while the boat's crew stood up with their hats off. On the mole were four or five people in light West India rig of brown and white and broad Guayaquil sombreros.

"Cleveland!" exclaimed a tall handsome man, as he seized the Commodore by both hands, "how glad we are to see you! Here is Tom Stewart, and Paddy Burns, and little Don Stiango, attorneys, factors, and sugar boilers; all of us delighted to welcome you back once more to Jamaica!"

Crowding about the Commodore, shaking hands and slapping one another on the back, standing off a step or two to see the effect of time on each other's appearance, laughing heartily with many a happy allusion to days gone by, those old friends and former companions, unmindful of the hot sun, stood there with their faces lighted up and talking all together.

"And you are a Commodore, eh? Cleveland, with a broad pennant and a squadron? Ah! we have kept the run of you, though. Read all about that action you were in in the *Experior* and *President*, and that bloody battle in the *Essex* at Valparaiso with Porter. And here you are again, safe and sound and hearty!"

"And you too, Piron! The same as ever! Not tired of cane-planting yet? But how is Madame?"

"Lovely a girl as ever, Cleveland, but never entirely got over that loss of the little boy, you know. However, she will be overjoyed to see you. She's been talking of you ever since we saw your appointment to the station fifteen months ago. Apropos, we have her widowed sister with us, whose husband was killed at Waterloo, and our little niece who came from France. All out there at the old place of Escondido, where you must come and pass a week with us. Nay, man, no excuse! The thing is arranged, and it would be the death of Stiango, Tom Stewart, and Paddy Burns if you disappoint us."

"Well, Piron, I am your man, but not for a day or two, until I have made some official calls here on the authorities. Meanwhile, gentlemen, you all dine with me this evening on board my flagship, even my mother's son of you! Coxswain, go on board and tell my steward to have dinner for six. Stop! the wherry! Can you go off, and say to Mr. Darcantel that I shall expect him to join us. Now, my friends, that matter is arranged, and we will all go off in the barge at sunset."

"Dry talking, isn't it, Stingo?" said Piron; "so Commodore, come, and we'll have a sip of sangaree and a devilled biscuit to keep our mouths in order. But, hallo! where is your friend, Cleveland? that tall man in black? Parson or chaplain, eh?"

"No," replied the officer, "an old friend of mine, my brother-in-law, who takes a cruise with me occasionally; but he never goes in society, and has taken himself off, as he always does, when we get in port. He is a glorious fellow though, and I hope to present him to you yet! Never mind him now."

Arm in arm went the blue coat and hollow, locked in white grass sleeves, along the busy quays, crowded with mule-carts and drays for stores or shipping. Spanish Dons, dapper Frenchmen, burly John Bulls, standing at warehouse and posadas, all with cigars in their teeth, which they puffed so hastily that the smoke scarcely found its way beyond the brims of their wide sombreros. Negroes, too, with scanty leg gear, and still scantier gingham shirts, having bales or boxes or baskets of fruit on their heads, never any thing in their hands, chattering and laughing one with another, they danced and jostled along the busy mart. Then through the hot, sandy ruts of streets, pausing now and then to shake hands with some old acquaintance beneath the overhanging piazzas; sedan-chairs moving about with a negro in a glazed hat and red cockade at either end of the poles, in a long easy trot, as they bore their burdens of Spanish matron or English damsel, or maybe a portly old Judge or grey Admiral, on a shopping or business excursion to the port. So on to the upper town, where the dwellings stand in detachments by themselves—single or in pairs, with spacious balconies and bright green Venetian blinds, all surrounded by gardens and vines; with noble tamarind-trees and cocoa-nuts swaying their lofty tresses and rattling their bunches and leaves over the negro huts and offices below. Here the party stopped, and entering a house, were ushered into a cool, lofty room where there were a lot of mahogany desks and a single old clerk, who resembled a last year's dried lemon with some few drops of acid juice for blood, perched up on a hard seat of a high stool, with four or five quill pens, like so many thorns, sticking out above his yellow leaky ears.

"All by myself here, Cleveland, as I told you. All my people are living out there at Escondido. Very little business being just now, and Paddy Burns and Tom Stewart haven't had a suit or a fight for the last six months. Instands dry, and my old clerk, Clinker, there, has forgotten how to use the English.

"However," went on Piron, as the party threw themselves back on the wicker arm-chairs and enjoyed the breeze which fluttered lazily through the blinds, "the cellar isn't quite dry yet; and I say, Clinker, suppose you tell Nimble Jack, or Ring Finger Bill, to spread a little luncheon here, with a bottle or two of Bordeaux, or something of that sort?" The dried, fruity old gentleman dropped off his branch at the desk like a withered nut, and then, with a husky kind of shuffle, hessed himself off.

"Queer old stick that!" said the Commodore, as he unbuckled his sword and laid it on the table.

"Ah! he grew here, and will blow away one of these days. My father used to tell me that he looked just the same when he first sprouted as he does now. But he is a dear, faithful old stump; and you must remember bearing, Cleveland, of that frightful earthquake here in seventeen hundred and eighty-three, which killed so many people? Yes! Well, it was old Clinker who saved my sweet wife—that is now—and her sister, though he was nearly squeezed—dryer, if any thing, than he is now—in doing it. He lay, you know, Stingo, supporting the whole second story of the house for seven hours, pressed as flat as a tamarind-leaf while they were getting those twin babies out of their cradle. Yes, God bless him! But what is more, he threw himself precisely where he did, as he saw the walls giving way, so that not a hair of those children should be injured when the beams came down. My father has told me since, that when they got a lever under the timber and moved old Clinker out, he gave a kind of crackle; but in my opinion he has not drawn a breath from that day to this. And, generally, he is a very taciturn old root, and rarely opens his rind; but latterly he talks a good deal about the earthquake; says he's sure there'll be another awful one, before an interval of forty years has passed, and wants us to go away. No objection, however, to coming back when the thing is over, and then visiting forty years for another. Don't laugh, you Paddy Burns, for if ever the *Tremblor* gives you one little shake, you'll jump higher than you did when that ugly Frenchman ran you through your waistcoat-pocket, and you thought it was your midriff. Now, Tom Stewart and Don Stiango, what are you grinning about? Your teeth will chatter so first in the next quake that you won't, either of you, be able to deliver a charge to the jury over a false invoice, or suck another drop of old Antiguanum."

"But really, Piron," broke in the Commodore upon this voluble harangue, "do you give heed to these barkings of that old clerk?"

"Why, yes, Cleveland," replied Piron, with rather a grave manner, "I do; and, moreover, my sweet wife Rosalie out yonder, who has never got over her grief for the loss of our boy, regards every word old Clinker says as so much prophecy; and the upshot of the business is, I have made up my mind to leave the island."

"For where, my friend?—back to France?"

"No. Since the war and the peace, with Bonaparte at St. Helena, France is no place for an Englishman, even with a French father, and I am going to try America."

"Truly, Piron, I am charmed to hear it. But what part of America?"

"Why, I've bought a fine sugar estate at a bargain in Louisiana, and there we shall pass the remainder of our days."

"Ha! ha!" sniggled Tom Stewart, while Don Stingo and Paddy Burns cackled incredulously; but at the same moment Ring Finger Bill and Nimble Jack, two jet-black persons, in loose striped gingham shirts and bare feet, with an attempt at a grave expression of black-dipped coffee coolers, the whites of their eyes turned up with becoming decorum, and preceded by the old twig of a clerk, who seemed to exhale in the sea breeze as he again hung himself, stern on, to his stool of a trunk, entered the cool counting-house, bearing trays, fruits, and bottles, which they methodically arranged on the large table.

"Massa! him want small, red, plump snapper, make mizzible brile?" said Nimble Jack. "S'pose Massa Cuffin him pick shell of land crab, wid crisp pepper for salad?"

"No, no! Put those cool water monkeys on the table and begone! Come, Clinker, take a bite with us!"

Leaving this pleasant party to sip their claret and water, and nibble their mild day food, while they rambled back to the past or schemed into the future, we will return to the frigate.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE COMMANDER OF THE "ROSALIE."

"THE *Rosalie's* gig coming alongside, Sir," reported the quarter-master to the officer of the watch.

"QUEER OLD STICK THAT!" SAID THE COMMODORE.

"Very well. A boatswain's mate and two side-boys. Mr Rat, have the barge manned and send her on shore for the Commodore. Mr. Martin, tell the boatswain to call all hands fort awnings."

While these orders were being executed, the whistles ringing through the ship, the sailors lining the white hammocks, stowed in a double line, fore and aft, around the nettings of the frigate, in readiness to cast off the stops and lacings and hoist up the awnings, the officer on deck stood near the gangway. At the same time there tripped up the accommodation ladder, lightly ascending the snowy steps, a young fellow of about one-and-twenty, dressed in student frock-coat, one epaulet, smooth white trowsers, and shoes. Catching up his sword in his left hand as he reached the upper grating of the ladder, he took off his blue, gold-laced cap, and half bowded, with a springy step, on to the frigate's deck.

Observe him well, young ladies, as he stands there; for of all the scarlet or blue jackets, on whose arm you have leaned and looked up at with your soft violet, blue, or dark eyes, you never saw a young fellow that you would sooner give those eyes, or those warm hearts too, throbbing under your bodices, or who would dare you wilder to possess him, than that gallant young sailor standing on the *Mensquaded's* deck. Ah, dearest, if you well that tall, graceful form, with a waist you might span with one of your short jimmy rings; those slim patrician feet that might wear your own little satin slippers; then that swelling chest and those elegantly-turned shoulders—which will take back the arm, one of these days, to entwine and clasp around them! Ah, but the round throat and chin, the smiling mouth, half hiding a double row of pearl teeth, with the merest moonshine of a mustache darkening the short upper lip, and then those large, fearless hazel eyes, sparkling with health and fun, shaded by a mass of chestnut curls which clusters about his clear, open forehead! Ay, there he stands, "a king and a king's son for the girl who wins him!

"Well, Harry, give us your fist, my boy! How do you get on aboard your prize? Not so roomy as the old frigate, eh? And a little more work than you were used to when playing midshipmen, eh? Well, glad to see you, but can't stop to talk. So jump down below there in the gunroom, the mess are just through dinner, and yours won't be ready for an hour yet. Come, bear a hand, or I'll let these awnings fall on your good epaulet."

The new-comer tripped as lightly down the ladder to the gun-deck as Mr. Mouse, and making another dive down to the berth-deck, exchanging a rapid volley of pleasantry with the midshipmen in the steerage, he opened the wardroom door and entered. There, in a large open space transversely dividing the stern of the ship, with rows of lattice-decored state-rooms on either side, lighted by open sky-lights from above, with a barrel of a wind-sail coming down between the sashes, and every thing, from beams to hulk-heads, painted a glistening white, and the deck so clean that you might have rubbed your handkerchief on it without leaving a stain on the sambric, around a large extension mahogany table stretching from side to side, the cloth removed, decanters and wine-glasses here and there, and water monkeys in flannel jackets hanging like criminals from a gallows from the beams above, sat the gun-room officers of the frigate.

"By all that's handsome, here's Dacrestail! Why, Harry, we are delighted to see you!" exclaimed half a dozen voices; "come, sit down here and take a glass of wine with us!"

As the handsome young fellow entered the wind-room all faces lighted up as they saw him. The old midshipman, who seldom indulged in more than a sowl since he lost his right eye by the stroke of a cutlass in capturing the tender to the *Mensquaded*, seventy-four, off the Hills of Navesisk; the rigid old major of marines, who pipe-clayed his very knuckles and wore a still silver-mounted pipeclay to his stock to occupy discipline in the guard; the dear, kind old surgeon, who swallowed calomel pills by the pint, out of pure principle, and who lopped off the head and felt yellow-fever pishes all through the still weather he had spent with never a sign or look of encouragement; and the staid old chaplain, who had often assisted the surgeon and helped to the pill-boxes, contributing his own cotton hose for the purpose when those government stores gave out in battle, and who never smiled, even when committing a mortise to the bray deep; the purser, too, prim and business-like, looking as if he were a complicated key with an iron lock of his own strong chest, calculating perpetually the amount of dollars deposited in his charge, the total of pay to be deducted therefrom, and never making a mistake save when he overcharged the dead men for chewing tobacco; and the gay, young, sporting lieutenants, who never did any thing else but laugh, unmindful of navigation, pipe-clay, pills, perfume, or purser, though standing somewhat in awe of the sharpish, exacting executive officer at the head of the table, all welcomed, each in his peculiar way, the bright, generous young blade who dawned upon them. And not only the mess were cheered by his presence, but also a troop of clean-dressed sailor attendants, whose wide jaws stretched wider, while the whites of their eyes seemed unfeelingly like splashes of white-wash on the outsides of the grilly corpses, as they nudged one another and yaw-yaw'd quietly away off there in the region of the pantry.

"Here, my salt-water pet, come and sit down by me where all those old fellows can see you! Steward, a wine glass for Mr. Dacrestail. What! you won't take a sip of Tinta, and you can only stop a minute because you are to dine with your uncle the Commodore, eh? Well, I'll drink your uncle's health even if you don't!" said the first lieutenant, as he familiarly laid his hand on the young fellow's shoulder and drained his glass.

"Why, Harry, what the deuce did you come down here for?" squeaked out the purser, as he uncrewed his lips into a pleasant smile. "You've put an end to that interesting account the master was giving us of how he lay inside Sandy Hook for six months with a glass to his—"

"Month!—hush! Go on, Mr. Martin."

"It was Sam Jones the fisherman,
Who was bound to Sandy Hook;
But first upon Long Abraham
A solemn oath he took—
That he would catch a load of clams!"

"Silence there, you roarer!" said the surgeon, as he popped a filbert into the wide mouth of the singing fourth lieutenant, which cut his song short off. "Yes, Harry, that's what you have done in coming here for a minute. But stay a week with us and the master will tell it you again. We've heard it once or twice before."

The old grizzled sea veteran scratched the remains of his ear, and growled jocosely while nodding to young Dacrestail.

"Ah, my dear boy! and I'll tell you how the surgeon and nip-cheese there were entertained by a one-eyed old Spaniard at St. Jago."

"Let's hear it!" roared every body, except the medico and purser. "Out with it, master!"

"Well, gentlemen, mess, when we were in the old *Scourge*, a long time ago, one day we anchored in St. Jago de Cuba."

Here the surgeon and purser smiled horribly, and implored the grizzled old navigator not to go on; every body had heard that old story; he had got it full in the mainsail, and they would require pills; or else there might be found a mistake in his pay account, and he would like, perhaps, to draw for the imaginary balance not due him, and to drink his grog and scratch the remains of his old ear, or turn his attention to the blind of one eye of his left side of Sandy Hook! But, for mercy's sake, don't repeat that silly, long-winded story!

"Well, mess-mates, in less than an hour after we had anchored in St. Jago they went on shore in a boat with a crew of a little more than a dozen old villains, with one eye, who invited them to make him a visit, and pass the evening on a fine cotton-wood tree, near the bottom of the Copper Hills, some distance—about four leagues, I believe—from the town. He was a most respectable person, very rich, and commanded a Cuban guarda costa to boot. The Capitano Don Ignacio Sanchez—mon't that his name, Doctor? Did you drink? Well! Of dry stuff started with a guide, on hired mules; but when they pulled up at their destination they found the Don not there, but his wife and three handsomely entertained by the Senora—a comely, fat, and waspish lady, with very fine clothes on—who turned her Don for sending people to see her, and the visitors too for coming. However, as her guests were hungry, she fed them plentifully on a supper of the ancientest jerked beef and garlic they had ever smelled. You told me so, Purser."

Both Pills and Purser had forgotten all about it, and thought it would be better to talk of something else; that there was plenty of good wine to drink, in place of drying his lips on such dusty old rubbish.

"Well, mess-mates, after the supper the old lady demanded a little game of monte, and she insisted, too, on making herself banker, though she had no money on the table to back up the case she lost—which she had no intention of doing. So she won every ounce, dollar, real, and centavo they had in their pockets! The Doctor and Purser told me they saw her chuckle, but yet she not only begged all the money, but she won their notes into the bargain!"

Here those individuals confessed roundly standing on the defensive; for the Don and Senora had a false pack of cards always ready in her ample bosom, and had cheated them in the latest manner conceivable; but they had no appeal, and were inclined, out of gallantry for the sex, to behave like gentlemen, and pay the money without a wry face.

"Well, mess-mates, toward midnight that hospitable wife of the Don began to abuse our friends for not bringing each with them when they visited ladies—and then fairly kicked them out of her house! It was a little odd too so when I lent you the money to pay the boatmen, after being obliged to tramp all the way back to the town, nearly missing their billets in the old *Scourge*."

"Go on, master! Tell us all about it; don't stop!"

"Well, mess-mates, I was on deck while beating out of the channel, and just abreast the Star Castle I saw a boat with two gaudy men in the stern, stripped to a girt line, and howling at rather than hailing the ship. Bear in mind, Doctor, that you refused to take of you and your pay, you gave them your coats and trowsers before shoving off. And don't you remember, Hardy, how they yelled at us, and we thought they were deserters from that English gun-boat in St. Jago? And how the officer pulled out the pair of them when they got on board for going out of signal distance? This is the first time I ever told this yarn, for I promised the navigator, tugging away at the lobe of his lost ear.

"The young lieutenants shouted, and the old major of marines, forgetful of his iron-stiffed stock, laughed till he nearly sawed his chin off, rubbing his chilly knuckles into his eyes the while.

"But first upon the Alnansas
A return we made;
That he would catch a load of clams—"

"The barge is coming off, Mr. Hardy, with the pennant flying, Sir!" reported a reefer, in the midst of the conversation, to the first lieutenant, as he shoved his bright face through the ward-room door.

"Very good, Mr. Beaver; but hark ye, Sir! the next time you go ashore in the market-boat look sharp that the men don't suck the monkey. Three of them came off drunk this morning. And inform Mr. Rat and Mr. Beaver that if I see their heels on the stern sheets of the cutter's cushions again I'll take a better look at them from the main-yard-arm! Do you understand, Sir? Steward, a glass of wine for Mr. Beaver!" Saying this, the executive officer, with Harry Dacrestail, arose and went on deck to receive the Commodore.

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ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON THE EIGHTEENTH JULY.

On 18th July inst. an eclipse of the sun will take place, which will be more or less visible throughout the United States and Canada. We publish below a diagram of the eclipse. The reader must bear in mind that it represents the degree of observation at New York; hence at all places north of this parallel the eclipse will be greater, while at all places south of New York it will be less than is represented in the diagram.

It is hardly necessary to observe that an eclipse of the sun is caused by the passage of the moon between the earth and the sun. The motions of the heavenly bodies being governed by fixed mathematical laws, each eclipse can be predicted with certainty. The first appearance of the eclipse of 18th inst. since the creation of the world (according to sacred chronology) was in the year A.D. 958, December 8, old style, at 10 o'clock 50 minutes forenoon, when the moon's penumbra just came in contact with the earth at the south pole; it has appeared every nineteenth year since, and at each return the moon's shadow passed across the earth from west to east a little further to the north at each return, until the year 1644, March 8, old style, when the centre of the moon's shadow passed a little to the north of the earth's centre (the moon being 14 minutes 46 seconds from her descending node, which was its 38th periodical return). It has continued to appear every nineteenth year since 1644, until this eclipse, which is its sixty-first periodical return. Its next appearance will be in 1878, July 29, at 3 o'clock 23 minutes in the morning, invisible in the United States. It will also appear again in 1896, August 9. It will continue to appear every nineteenth year until the year 2274, April 25, when the moon's shadow will just touch the earth at the north pole, which will be its seventy-sixth periodical and last appearance; until the expiration of 12,692 years, when it will come on again at the south pole, and go through a similar course. The velocity of the moon's shadow across the earth during the eclipse will be about 1850 miles an hour, or four times the velocity of a *cannon-ball*.

DIAGRAM OF THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON JULY 18, 1860.

THE PATH OF THE ECLIPSE.

The penumbra, or partial shadow of the moon, will first come in contact with the earth at the rising of the sun in the northern part of Texas, between the Indian Territory and New Mexico; it will then take a northeasterly and then a southeasterly course over the earth. The umbra, or total dark shadow of the moon, will first come in contact with the earth in the Pacific Ocean, one hundred miles west of the coast of Oregon, directly west of Oregon city, and a little to the southwest of the mouth of the Columbia River. It will then pass in a northeasterly direction over British America to Hudson's Bay, near Fort York, at the mouth of Nelson's River, crossing Hudson's Bay and Labrador to Cape Chidley, which will be the most favorable position on the Continent for observing the total eclipse. It will then enter the Atlantic Ocean, passing due east until nearly south of Cape Farewell, the southern cape of Greenland, where the sun will be totally eclipsed at noon of that place; it will then take a curved line toward the southeast, passing over the north of Spain, the Mediterranean Sea, Algiers, Tripoli, Fezzan, the southwestern corner of Egypt, into Nubia, where it will leave the earth near the Red Sea, a little before the setting of the sun at that place. The path of the umbra, in which the sun will be totally eclipsed, will be only about seventy miles in width, whereas the penumbra, in which the sun will appear more or less eclipsed, will extend from the Gulf of Mexico to 20 degrees upon the opposite side of the north pole, a distance of over six thousand miles. The umbra, in its passage over the earth, makes a curved line; this is caused by the spherical form of the earth. If the earth were a flat surface, the path of the umbra would then be a straight line from northwest to southeast, making an angle with the equator of 17 degrees. At all places south of the line of total eclipse the sun's northern limb will be eclipsed; but in Europe, England, Ireland, Greenland, Iceland, and the northern part of British America, the southern limb will be eclipsed.

HOW TO USE THE DIAGRAM.

The dark circular disk on the hemisphere represents the moon passing between the earth and sun; the shaded disk represents the sun partially eclipsed by the moon. To view this eclipse, as it will appear in the heavens, July 18, at 8 o'clock 10 minutes in the morning (New York time), face the east, take hold of the top of the diagram with your left hand, and the bottom with your right, with the back of the diagram toward the eye—incline the top of the diagram toward the north at an angle of about 45°, so that the north pole of the hemisphere will point as near as possible to the *North Star*; with the diagram in this position look through the back toward the sun at the time of the eclipse, and you will then have a true representation of the eclipse, and the exact position of the earth, moon, and sun at the time of the greatest obscuration, and the appearance it will present viewed through a smoked

glass—as the moon is continually passing to the east, it will first come in contact with the upper limb of the sun, passing down over the sun's disk toward the bottom in the direction of the line of the moon's orbit.

HOUR AT WHICH THE ECLIPSE WILL BE VISIBLE.

The following table will show the hour at which the eclipse will be visible at the various cities on this continent:

NAME OF PLACE.	Ecliptic begins.	Middle Eclipse.	Eclipse ends.
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
Quebec, Canada East	7 12	8 42	9 35
Montreal, Canada East	7 15	8 45	9 41
Toronto, Canada West	7 18	8 48	9 44
Halifax, Nova Scotia	7 16	8 57	10 3
St. John, New Brunswick	7 44	9 25	10 6
Eastport, Maine	7 40	8 42	9 47
Bangor, Maine	7 35	8 37	9 39
Augusta, Maine	7 30	8 32	9 36
Portland, Maine	7 27	8 29	9 32
Concord, New Hampshire	7 17	8 21	9 25
Montpelier, Vermont	7 17	8 21	9 25
Boston, Massachusetts	7 22	8 26	9 29
Lowell, Massachusetts	7 20	8 24	9 27
Springfield, Massachusetts	7 12	8 21	9 33
Northampton, Massachusetts	7 10	8 21	9 38
Providence, Rhode Island	7 16	8 21	9 26
Hartford, Connecticut	7 12	8 21	9 31
New Haven, Connecticut	7 10	8 19	9 30
New York, New York	7 05	8 16	9 30
Albany, New York	6 55	7 54	8 55
Rochester, New York	6 47	7 46	8 45
Buffalo, New York	6 42	8 6	9 5
Trenton, New Jersey	7 02	8 12	9 22
Dey Mouse, Iowa	5 50	6 54	8 52
Dubuque, Iowa	5 54	7 04	8 14
St. Paul, Minnesota	5 36	7 0	7 08
Madison, Wisconsin	5 44	7 0	7 48
Milwaukie, Wisconsin	5 48	7 8	8 27
Detroit, Michigan	6 03	7 28	8 51
Ann Arbor, Michigan	6 8	7 7	8 6
Chicago, Illinois	5 48	7 0	8 12
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	6 56	7 54	8 55
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania	6 47	7 44	8 42
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania	7 4	8 2	9 0
Wilmington, Delaware	7 0	8 12	9 22
Baltimore, Maryland	6 56	7 53	8 51
Washington, City of, Col.	6 54	7 50	8 47
Charleston, Virginia	6 36	7 50	8 25
Richmond, Virginia	6 54	7 50	8 47
Raleigh, North Carolina	6 50	7 41	8 33
Wilmington, North Carolina	6 50	7 33	8 17
Columbia, South Carolina	6 49	7 29	8 17
Charleston, South Carolina	6 46	7 27	8 12
Savannah, Georgia	6 41	7 27	8 12
Augusta, Georgia	6 36	7 17	8 0
Milledgeville, Florida	6 29	7 17	8 4
Tallahassee, Florida	6 17	7 8	7 59
Tuscaloosa, Alabama	6 8	6 59	7 41
Mobile, Alabama	6 4	6 57	7 37
Montgomery, Alabama	6 16	7 2	7 48
Jackson, Mississippi	5 57	6 49	7 41
New Orleans, Louisiana	6 0	6 42	7 20
Galveston, Texas	5 36	6 29	7 22
San Antonio, Texas	5 31	6 6	6 59
Little Rock, Arkansas	5 44	6 44	7 33
St. Louis, Missouri	5 41	6 45	7 50
Jefferson City, Missouri	5 36	6 39	7 37
Lawrence, Kansas Ter.	5 35	6 29	7 22
Columbus, Ohio	6 52	7 46	8 39
Columbus, Ohio	7 18	7 36	8 23
Indianapolis, Indiana	6 14	7 14	8 12
Springfield, Illinois	5 59	6 55	8 52
Cairo, Illinois	5 47	6 44	7 48
Louisville, Kentucky	6 17	7 12	8 6
Frankfort, Kentucky	6 17	7 12	8 10
Shelbyville, Kentucky	6 18	7 12	8 8
Nashville, Tennessee	6 8	7 0	7 52
Knoxville, Tennessee	6 25	7 17	8 9

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1860.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE SECURED AGAIN.

ACCORDING to the German and French papers, the peace of Europe is once more secured. The interview between Napoleon and a number of German princes at Baden on 14th June settled the matter. Henceforth, armies may be disbanded, ships of war dismantled, and swords converted into pruning-hooks; for the *Moniteur* and the *Prussian Gazette* both aver that war is impossible, and fraternal amity a fixed fact.

If all this be true—if, by dining with the Prince of Prussia, taking tea with the Grand-Duchess of Baden, and spending a thousand francs in the carved woodwork for which the Baden mechanics are so justly famed, the Emperor Napoleon can preserve Europe from the horrors of war, it is amazing that the expedient has not been tried before, and Napoleon's responsibility for having neglected it is enormous and appalling. He must be as great a wretch as that Satan in the Arabic tale who, having the power to stay the pestilence by raising his little finger, refused to raise it from pure laziness and indifference.

It may, however, be fairly doubted whether the German and French politicians are not expecting too much from the Baden meeting. Civil speeches between rival sovereigns are generally things to hear on 'Change and to rend of in history; but have they ever averted wars? No potentate was so fond of royal conferences as Napoleon the First; but the more loving conversations between him and his brother sovereigns availed little to stay his career. Nor will it now be different. If a cause of war arises between France and Germany, all the tender assurances given at Baden will float down the wind with other idle words.

The problem of the peace of Europe involves questions which no royal Conferences can determine. It is the fashion in England and in Germany to regard Napoleon as the natural disturber of the world's peace, and to assume that wars will last as long as he is on the throne of France. The same opinion prevailed with regard to his uncle, and, sure enough, there was no peace while he reigned; though whether he or his bended foes were the real promoters of the strife is still an open question. By-and-by, when the history of the Napoleonic era comes to be written philosophically, it will probable be discovered that the wars of the first, as the wars of the second Napoleon, were undertaken more from necessity than from choice; that the Emperors never were Providential instruments in the great rebellion of democracy against established thrones and divine-right dynasties. So long as the spirit of the age can be maintained, it is the interest of Napoleon to maintain it; but when war becomes inevitable, it is vital to him to take it and win it. If the people of Europe were one and all satisfied with their governments; if no hideous wrongs were being perpetrated by despotic authority; if revolutionary ideas were obsolete, and the art of raising barricades lost, we may rest assured that Napoleon would revent national prejudices from breeding war. For good commercial and dynasty, strengthen his throne, enrich his people, develop his country, and enable his fame. But as the people of Europe are not content with their governments; as atrocious despotisms still flourish, and revolutionary clubs still smoulder, it is contrary to Divine justice and human expediency to believe that the Millennium break one sooner or later, and it would be fatal to Napoleon to remain a passive spectator of the broil.

It is quite probable that Napoleon may have touched upon this point in his conference with the German Princes, as he did in his communications with the Pope and the King of Naples. If he did, the German Princes have some enough to act upon his advice, the final conflict may be postponed indefinitely. But historical experience proves that despotic sovereigns are rarely willing to relinquish peaceably that which they are educated to consider their own by divine right; it is, at all events, improbable that these German Kings and Princes and Grand-Dukes will be self-sacrificing enough to avert the peril which menaces. They are too to consider constitutional rights, every which they are bound to crush out; and in parts of Germany revolution means freedom of speech and the peaceful national gatherings of individuals—any thing, in fact, which the Prince don't like.

When the hour comes for an uprising in Germany similar to that which we are now witnessing in Italy, the Baden Conference will no more save the German Princes than Napoleon's loving messages to the Bourbon Princes saved at the time of the Crimean war saved Austria in Northern Italy.

THE JUDGMENT IN THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD CASE.

SEVEN years ago this summer Robert Schuyler absconded from New York, having overissued some 14,000 shares of the Stamm of the New Haven Railroad stock, for which he had obtained the money from innocent parties. He was Treasurer of the Company, and could, *ex officio* stock by merely affixing his name to the foot of a certificate. Shortly after the fraud became known the Company (whose property would have now vastly appreciated by the recognition of nearly $2,000,000 of additional stock) adopted some system of classification, by which it was said they could distinguish the frauds from the spurious stock, and refused to recognise the latter in any way. The holders of the genuine stock, in order to distinguish it from the stock they held, and who had no means of distinguishing it from the old stock, took the matter into Court, and last week Judge Ingersoll rendered a decision, decreeing the Company liable in damages for the overissue.

If this decision should be confirmed by the Court of Appeal, it will be a terrible blow not only to all American securities. Whatever may be said about the hardship of making the widows and orphans who inherited Schuyler's stock from New York and New Haven Company responsible for the frauds of Schuyler, there is no safety for the public outside of the doctrine that the acts of a properly-constituted agent bind his principal. Once establish the doctrine that the acts of a properly-constituted agent may be repudiated by the principal, and all trust and confidence will be at an end, and trade and enterprise will die out. On the other hand, establish the doctrine that companies or individuals are responsible for the acts of their properly-constituted agents, and confidence will be general and trade and enterprise thrive.

There is something appalling to the mind of a capitalist in the word repudiation. There are so many ways of cheating a creditor that, if once the debtor intervenes, the creditor is more than will give him a chance. In Mississippi, the State pleaded that she had never received the money for her bonds; in Wisconsin, the farmers pleaded that their farm mortgages were illegal, the railroads having no power to take mortgages; in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, towns and counties pleaded that they had no legal right to borrow the money they had raised and spent; in Indiana, the plea was more poverty. But whatever the plea was, the result was the same—the creditor lost his money, at least for a time. Tenacious, persevering men, in such cases, sue their debtor, and patiently await the result. But how long? Seven years have elapsed since Schuyler's flight, and we are only at the first stage in the lawsuit! With such a prospect, what sensible man would think of lending any more money to such localities? And how are the people who live there to have their railroads and their other great public works built without public credit?

There are parts of this country where, it seems, nothing short of confiscation and starvation will satisfy the people that honesty is the best policy.

THE LOUNGER.

VICTOR HUGO UPON SCIENCE.

IN Dickens's novel of "Hearsiens Temple, when Ferdinand Armine meets Henrietta in the conservatory, the conversation falls upon Sickly, and probably Mr. Armine falls into such exquisite complimenting that Miss Temple is obliged to tell him that the strain of his conversation is exceedingly Sickly.

We may all say the same of Victor Hugo's late speech at Jersey. It finishes like Eina. It blossoms like the Rose of Sharon. It is sweet and stimulating like the wine of Marsala. It is a lyric of liberty; and it is not difficult to imagine the effect of such an address upon such a subject. The such a speaker, upon such an audience. No Fourth of July oration in this country ever was surpassed, and it is farther to be more doubtful whether the presentation of the doctrine of liberty to an American audience ever produced as fine effects as the European patriots inflame the republicans. In fact, this speech of Victor Hugo's, and the tenor of the speech, it is to be hoped, we hear, rise more profoundly the differences of "peoples"—a word of which Victor Hugo is very fond, and which seems to be gradually taking the place of nations.

The fundamental doctrine of this speech at Guernsey is the same as that of the Declaration of Independence—as the struggle of the Sicilians for independence, and the Italian revolution, with the difference that it was insisted by a leader not a native of the island, but of the same national blood. We are Italians, and we are Sicilians, and the Revolution was justified, how doubly, how infinitely so is this Sicilian insurrection! Victor Hugo leaves the indictment against the Neapolitan Bourbon.

"No words: here are the facts. Pity attention. Pity, pity, pity. Gallery—bleeding Sicily. The kingdom of Naples—that kingdom which now occupies our thoughts—has but a single institution. The Bourbon Princes have left its codgelling commission. Two *shirri*, Ajossa and Manicalco, reign under the King. Ajossa codgels Naples; Manicalco codgels Sicily. But the codgel is merely a Turkish weapon. This Government has, in addition, the instrument of Inquisition—torture. Pity, torture. Listen. A *shirri*, Bruno, binds the accused with the head between the legs until the bones cracks. Another, Pontillo, lies down upon an iron grating, beneath which he lights a fire. This is called the burning chair. Another ties the accused to a column, and chains of the chief, his invented an instrument into which the arm or the leg of the victim is introduced; a screw is turned, and the victim is bled. This is called the 'Angelic Instrument.' Another suspends a man by the hands and feet between two walls, and with hammer and pincers knocks his body. There are also thumb-screws for crushing the fingers; a tourniquet to press upon the head—an iron ring with a screw, which almost forces the eyes out of the head. Sometimes a victim escapes. A man, named Gualtieri, escaped. Meanwhile his wife, his sons, and his daughters were seized and placed upon the burning chair. The Cape Zafferana tumbled on and died. To this torture the *shirri* bring sacks. Each sack contains a man; it is plunged into the water, and kept there till the man no longer struggles. In this taken out and he is commanded to confess. If he refuses he is plunged in again. Giovanni Vienna, of Messina, expired in this manner. At Monreale an old man and his daughter were suspected of petroleum. The father died beneath the sack; the daughter was taken out, and was stripped naked and dragged to death."

These are the things that drive men and nations mad, and that justify the terrible penalties they exact. Are there people who think the Sicilians and Neapolitans capable of an adequate revenge? that, making allowance for the imperfections of all government, Bourbon's does pretty well—that the Sicilians are not fit for liberty? Are there Americans who have made a leg at Bombin's court, and who hobob this dreary twaddle in 1860, as they used to in 1848, when the younger was born, and heard them? Hear, then, what the wise Alexander Hamilton said, eighty-six years ago, and learn that political wisdom, thoughtful men, always and every where, are of one mind on questions of humanity. The nations of Turkey, Italy, France, Spain, and all other despotic kingdoms in the world, have an inherent right, whenever they please, to throw off the yoke of servitude (though sanctioned by the immemorial usage of their ancestors), and to model their governments upon the principles of civil liberty."

THE DOLLAR ADMISSION.

It is a very high price, certainly; but any one who saw the *Great Eastern* coming up the harbor will not grudge it, if for no other reason than that his imagination had not deceived him. That grove of masts in the mists of the lower bay, was that the ship? Those peaks so towering above that they seemed unlike other masts in kind as well as degree? She looked vast and phantom-like in the hazy air. Did the *Santa Maria* of Columbus appall those other natives with the same silent majesty? Where was Mr. Whitman as we stood staring at the *Great Eastern*? Was he "inviting his soul" in the multitude of forms that paved the Battery in air?

There was something sublime in the necessary silence of the reception of the Great Eastern. Ten thousand people crying hurrah on the Battery, what were they in the distance and the space? Nothing but the man-of-war bands could make an adequate sound. The city bells would have been too small. To be sure Trinity Church chimed "God save the King"—Eint as a strain of memory to those Englishmen. But when the tops and summers of every high-pitched roof and the great ship rang bells and whistled and shrieked, and the stately mass moved by with a few sixty legs upon the bell, as it were, and a few, a few, then the spectator felt the thrill which marked the moment for an epoch in his experience.

Mr. Bunning, an experienced showman, thinks that curiosity will be killed unless the price of admission is soon lowered; and he is of opinion that "the public shall ev'ryhide the admiralty sum" of a dood curiosity. But the high price is understood to be the wish of the English management of the ship, which thought that mere money could be made with less trouble in that way. And we have supposed the price was to be stopped to a cheaper one, of course, by-and-by. The truth is, that there are a great many people who really wish to see the ship, and to see her comfortably. Such persons would willingly pay a dollar and enjoy the greater space. To scheme about the ship with thousands of others would be doubtless entertaining, but not very pleasant. In this country we wish for comfort as much as any people, even if we don't very well know what it means. And there will be more serious objection to charging a high admission, or different rates of admission for different days, than in charging different prices for passage in the same ship. If there be one thing that our system forces upon us, it is that it is purely democratic to get the highest price you can.

ABOUT GENIUS.

If a man have great physical strength, does it make no difference whether he use it to help other men or to harm them? If he his so squarely and straight from the shoulder as to crush another man's skull, as a trip-hammer smashes an eggshell, or to lift a man or other object with a flow of delight in the tremendous power? Is it all the same whether steam drives the splendid ship safely across the water, or explodes and blows the ship and all its passengers are lost? Is the making of a thumb-screw or a "foot," however exquisitely wrought and ornamented, just as good as the less criminal because it is Benvenuto Cellini who makes it?

Why is the same judgment not true of genius, of any kind of intellectual power? However symmetrically it may body forth creations of its own art or literature, however lofty the aspiration and admiration contemplate, yet if the influence be morbid or demoralizing, what is the difference between utterly misapplied power without which the world would be really richer? If a man die who has had great talent, great opportunity, and great pecuniary rewards, and he has been only glittering, accomplished, eloquent, and learned, and has exhausted no moral life, has panded no young man's ideal, has confused and tortured the simple law of right until the sunbeam become only a luminous shadow, why tell all this? Is it genius an excuse? Does it not make his failure as a man all the more glaring? If this is the result of genius, a doubtful pecuniary reward, and not a warm place in the heart of youth and age and a purifying touch in social life, why should any pray that the race might be spared any more men of genius?

FEDERAL ART.

The end of a session of Congress is like the sinking of a great ship, which sinks down into its vortex, not alone boilers, engines, ships, and all kinds of light floating material. The late adjournment was not effected without leaving behind, and among the successes lost in the final disappearance to be counted the Art Commission. The taste which makes the Capitol a great bronze museum and a restaurant in the style of its decoration, and which fills General Jackson's bronze horse upon its hind legs, carries the day, and Messrs. Barnett, Brown, and Lambden are sent about their business, and, as we learn, without compensation for all their time and exertion. The offices of any duty implied in the Commission.

Their report was admirable. It showed what ought to be done; and what they said commended itself to the good sense of every body who understands and enjoys art. In Washington there is a great chance and a great deal of money for purposes of art. The results, hitherto, are dreary. Bronze monuments, bad, gaudy, costly, and ineffective. It was a just instinct which prompted the President to recommend the Commission. Since it has chosen to do nothing, it was well it not possible to do something at least tolerably good? That was the inevitable question of every spectator to whom made the taste for what is excellent in art was even slightly developed.

Congress has dissolved the Commission unpaid; and good and stocco will continue to be purchased at extravagant rates, and dashed all over the public buildings. Why should the country complain? Why should we require of a Congress, changing every year and composed of a multitude gathered from all over the land, that it should have esthetic taste? A bronze horse that stands balanced on his hind legs—does it not add a touch of wonder to the thrill of delight? How many private gentlemen who have the desire of collecting a gallery of pictures have also the taste to guide them correctly in the choice? How many such galleries are not full of wretched works?

Do you say that, at any rate, such gentlemen have the good sense to rely upon the judgment of

friends who do know, and that the Art Commission was to stand for those friends to the Government? Yes—but how seldom is it, after all, that you find a sailor who is not sure that he can rule a horse perfectly; or a clown who is not confident that he would make a consummate statesman.

The difficulty is not that the Government pays so enormously for structures "works of art," but that it does not quietly renounce having any. Should we not be the people, not save money?

Perhaps—but what would become of the jobbers?

VICTORIA UPON VIRTUE.

THE Queen has issued a special proclamation enforcing all and sundry English subjects to refrain from sinning—at least in so open and scandalous manner. There is something in the solemn document not unlike the throned Canute bidding the sea to retire; for the tides of vice are hardly less sure than those of the ocean, and the restraints which are efficacious are not of the official and ceremonious kind.

Queen Victoria, whose oldest son we shall soon have among us, is a woman above reproach. She is also the chief personage in the English system of government, and in that capacity has a great many things to do which must be personally profoundly distasteful. If for instance, it could be hardly supposed pleasant for her to salute Louis Napoleon upon the grand staircase at Windsor Castle. Her Court has been somewhat celebrated for its deference to propriety. It was not very long after the accession that Lady Flora Hastings was exiled from her presence under circumstances which apparently involved her character, and the hopless, innocent lady soon after died. We fear was dead it appeared that she had been ill-nothing worse. But Texas pity that queen's lady of honor should have been made to suffer so!

Now the Queen, having issued this exhortation, having commanded "all our judges, mayors, sheriffs, justices of the peace, and all other our officers and ministers, both ecclesiastical and civil, and all other our subjects whom it may concern, to be very vigilant and strict in the discovery and effectual prosecution and punishment of all persons who shall be guilty of disolute, immoral, or disorderly practices," the question is, whether gentlemen as the geyer noblemen, well known to our presence, are still to be admitted to the royal presence?

And there is another question for whose solution we look within; very few months, we hope, the young Bemian is buried out of Naples by the hatred of his people and the execrations of humanity—and it is not to be pleaded that he is personally responsible for the iniquities of which we gave some illustrations last week, for he must know them, and if he knew, he could stop them. Is he to London, will he be received at Court? And if he be, will the loyal papers that were lately so profoundly indignant at the presentation of some Americans be troubled? And if he be, will the "Proclamation" be a sufficient encouragement of piety and virtue? hangs upon the wall of the reception room?

CHURCH'S NEW PICTURE.

MR. CHURCH has just completed another picture of about the size of the "Niagara," representing "Twilight in the Wilderness of Mexico." The composition is very simple and impressive. A lake, one of a series, such as are common in Mexico, stretches back between wooded hilly ridges, and the primeval forest—hemlock, oak, and larch—to another lake, beyond which the line of purple mountains closes in, and seems to wall in the world. The evening sky—of low-hanging, thick-drifting vapors, ribbed with gorgeous light from the sun, which has sunk out of sight upon the water and shores, leaving a calm brightness along the horizon—is full of solemn splendor. Indeed the sentiment of the scene is perfect. It is a scene of absolute solitude, with the stern aspect of the northern climate, and with no forms of conscious life but a few birds winging away, dropping hurried homeward notes, if you could hear as well as see, and an eagle on a spray, with a tree-top at his feet. It is a scene entirely unhistoric, with no other interest than that of a wilderness, without human association of any kind, and without that poetic charm which belongs to the Tropics and the Equator. But the almost oppressive gloom of gathering evening, in such a scene is rendered more powerful still in the picture, while all the details are elaborated with wonderful fidelity.

This latest work of Mr. Church has been exhibited at a room in Gaspell's building. Every artist ought to take pleasure in this as those with a very important picture he paints. His capital, like an author's, is his reputation; but if the picture passes from his sight into private gallery or parlor the purchaser, nobody but the personal friends of the owner is the wiser. Moreover, works of the character should be given alone, and not in parlaying and perplexing contrast with a multitude of others. Some of the artists have undoubtedly felt that any one of their number who sends in his works separately convicted himself of conceit. But the contrary, he merely proves his common-sense. For if the picture be good, the corrate exhibition reveals its value most adequately; and if it be bad, the unlucky painter pays the penalty of inviting the public to see what is not worth seeing. He properly takes the risk and the reward. Mr. Kew Work artists, by the same correct appeal to attention and criticism of the separate exhibition, have really served the cause dear to them, and have helped to place their individual reputations upon an intelligible basis.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—WHERTON. "Like Orient pearls at random strung," is from a translation of a Persian song of Hafiz, by Sir William Jones.

—H. A. The poem, "The Death," would not be undeserved. *Herd.*

—X. Y. The poem called "Last Words of Juggling Jerry" was written by George Meredith.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ANECDOTE OF SCHWARTZ.—Smerset relates the following anecdote of Christopher Schwartz, a famous German painter, which, if true, redounds more to his ingenuity than credit. Having been engaged to paint the ceiling of the Town Hall at Munich by the day, his love of dissipation induced him to neglect his work, so that the magistrates and overseers of the work were frequently obliged to hunt him out in the tavern. As he could no longer drink in quiet he stuffed an image of himself, left the key behind him, and hurried to the singing where he was accustomed to work, and scat one of his boon companions to move the image a little every three hours a day, and to take it away at noon and night. By means of this deception the drunkard escaped all disturbance, or which forthright together, the ale keeper being aware of the plot. The officers came round twice a day for luck after him, and seeing the well-known stockings which he wore and recognizing the image, they thought he was busy at work, and went their way, greatly exhilling their own conceit at the most industrious and conscientious painter in the world.

A lady was told the other day, by a travelling gentleman that every lady who had a marriage ring was provided with a husband by Government. "Is it political?" said the lady, with some surprise and a little as she could. The rectlemen added, "That if she had a large mouth she was provided with a big husband." The lady was not ameliorated the laffy, at the same time throwing her mouth open to be of the size of a large Government husband, made his escape, and has not been heard of since.

"Why do you always beat me down in my prices?" "Because you are a Yankee." "Why should you think I am a vulgar fraction should be reduced to its lowest terms?"

Sydney Smith's letters are very pretty, sometimes remarks, in his usual spicy "letter." "Country life is very good—in fact, the best—for nettles; but as for me, I prefer society."

A witty man can make a jest; a wise man can take one.

Why are authors who treat about physiognomy called soldiers?—Because they write about face.

Would a botanist classify the Cloak in "Hamlet" as a species of Hamlet? Or a Hamlet?

Michelet, the French author, asserts that "every doll of woman is born of the stupidity of man."

"Do you see any thing ridiculous in this wig?" asked Brictous. "Nothing but the head," was the reply.

A modern tourist calls the Niagara River "the pride of Niagara." Is it not the pride of Niagara Falls?

A man once asked a company of little boys what they were good for? One little fellow promptly answered: "We are good to make men of."

The Bishop of Beje thanked the Bishop of Lisieux for having consecrated him. "It is for me," said the latter, "to thank you." "Yes, for the highest bishop in France until you were elected."

AN IRISHMAN'S CHOICE.—The Indian sage Aurva, a great authority in the matter of marriage, has pronounced the time for the choice of a wife. The girl, he tells us, must be only a third of the husband's age, and must have no yellow complexioned, not vicious, nor unhealthy, nor of the religious sect of Jains. Nor must she be a relative, nor who speaks with propriety. She must not inherit a family malady, nor possess a masculine appearance, nor neither speak their hair on her, nor cook like a raven; must not have a big head, nor have hairy nipples, nor must not have dimples in her cheeks, nor gnore skin, nor will hair grow upon her, nor must she have a little foot. She must neither be short nor tall, nor fat nor thin, but very upright. Her hair must be the color, and, her eyebrows wide apart. Finally, and most important of all, her gait must resemble that of a young elephant!

The late Judge Pease was a noted wag. A young lawyer was once trying a case before him, and had had thrown himself on the wings of imagination into the revelation and ecstasy of a peroration. The lawyer was in the Judge struck his rule on the desk two or three times, and exclaimed in the emphatic tone of a Stentor, "Young man, my dear sir; don't go my higher, for you are already out of the jurisdiction of this court!"

Mellere was asked the reason why, in certain countries, the king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age, and the queen at twelve years of age. "Well, said Mellere, "because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."

The poorest are not unfrequently the happiest. A Sailor, who, as a cure for low spirits, was directed by his physician to go to sea, and who, in a storm,

UNIFORMS OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

THE LONDON FIRE-ESCAPE.

The recent terrible accidents in tenement houses have directed public attention to the want of fire-escapes in this city; and we now engrave a fire-escape just imported from London. The machine is thus described:

"When not in use it has very much the appearance of a hook and ladder apparatus, its pair of wheels, the prominent wheels and hooked ladders being the prominent visible features. Only one pair of wheels is attached to their end in London, the body of the escape assuming a perpendicular position when drawn through the streets. The presence of telegraph wires and trees has compelled the adding of the extra wheels, so as to put it in a horizontal position when not in use. The length of the present apparatus, as it stands on the ground, is thirty-two feet. It is got up, however, on the telescopic principle, and is capable of being elongated seventy-four feet, or less, on occasion requires. On the end of the ladder designed to go upperstairs are small pulleys to aid in adjusting it in place. Underneath the ladder is a canvas bag, with a wire guage covering, to prevent it from taking fire. Through this bag invalids, decrepit persons, nervous women and children, can be let down with safety to the pavement from the upper stories of any dwelling, while others can walk down the ladder. Its entire weight is 750 pounds, and cost about $100."

THE LONDON FIRE-ESCAPE, JUST IMPORTED TO NEW YORK.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

IX

Once out of sight of the church I pressed forward briskly on my way to Knowlesbury.

The road was for the most part straight and level. Whenever I looked back over it I saw the two spies steadily following me. For the greater part of the way they kept at a safe distance behind. But once or twice they quickened their pace, as if with the purpose of overtaking me—then stopped—consulted together—and fell back again to their former distance. They had some special object evidently in view, and they seemed to be hesitating or differing about the best means of accomplishing it. I could not guess exactly what their design might be; but I felt serious doubts of reaching Knowlesbury without some mischance happening to me on the way. Those doubts were realized.

I had just entered on a lonely part of the road, with a sharp turn at some distance ahead, and had just concluded (calculating by time) that I must now be getting near to the town, when I suddenly heard the steps of the men close behind me.

Before I could look round one of them (the man by whom I had been followed in London) passed rapidly on my left side, and hustled me with his shoulder. I had been more startled by the manner in which he and his companion had dogged my steps all the way from Old Welmingham than I was myself aware of, and I unfortunately pushed the fellow away smartly with my open hand. He instantly shouted for help. His companion—the tall man in the gamekeeper's clothes—sprang to my right side, and the next moment the two scoundrels held me pinioned between them in the middle of the road.

The conviction that a trap had been laid for me, and the vexation of knowing that I had fallen into it, fortunately restrained me from making my position still worse by an unavailing struggle with two men—one of whom would in all probability have been more than a match for me single-handed. I repressed the first natural movement by which I had attempted to shake them off, and looked about to see if there was any person near to whom I could appeal.

A laborer was at work in an adjoining field who must have witnessed all that had passed. I called to him to follow us to the town. He shook his head with stolid obstinacy, and while, at every in the direction of a cottage which stood back from the high road. At the same time the man who held me between them declared their intention of charging me with an assault. I was cool enough and wise enough now to make no opposition. "Give your hold of my arms," I said, "and I will go with you to the town." The man in the gamekeeper's dress roughly refused. But the shorter man was sharp enough to look to consequences, and not to let his companion commit himself by unnecessary violence. He made a sign to the other, and I walked on between them with my arms free.

We reached the turning in the road, and there, close before us, were the suburbs of Knowlesbury. One of the local policemen was walking along the path by the roadside. The man at once appealed to him. He replied that the magistrate was then sitting at the town-hall, and recommended that we should appear before him immediately.

We went on to the town-hall. The clerk made out a formal summons, and the charge was preferred against me with the customary exaggeration and the customary perversion of the truth on such occasions. The magistrate (an ill-tempered man, with a sour enjoyment in the exercise of his own) inquired if any one one on or near the road had witnessed the assault; and, greatly to my surprise, the complainant admitted the presence of the laborer in the field. I was enlightened, however, as to the object of the admission by the magistrate's next words. He remanded me at once for the production of the witness, expressing at the same time his willingness to take bail for my appearance if I could produce one responsible surety to offer it. If I had been known in the town he would have liberated me on my own recognizances; but, as I was a total stranger, it was necessary that I should find responsible bail.

The whole object of the stratagem was now disclosed to me. It had been so managed as to make a remand necessary in a town where I was a perfect stranger, and where I could not hope to get my liberty on bail. The remand merely extended over three days until the next sitting of the magistrate. But in that time, while I was in confinement, Sir Percival might use any means he pleased to embarrass my future proceedings—perhaps to screen himself from detection altogether—without the slightest fear of my hindrance on my part. At the end of the three days the charge would, no doubt, be withdrawn, and the attendance of the witness would be perfectly useless.

My indignation, I may almost say my despair, at this mischievous check to all further progress—and that, too, in a matter which was so disheartening and so serious in its probable results—quite unfitted me at first to reflect on the best means of extricating myself from the dilemma in which I now stood. I had the folly to call for writing materials and to think of privately communicating my real position to the magistrate. The hopelessness and the impudence of this proceeding failed to strike me before I had actually written the opening lines of the letter. It was not till I had pushed the paper away—not till, I am ashamed to say, I had almost allowed the vexation of my helpless position to conquer me—that a course of action suddenly occurred to my mind, which Sir Percival had probably not anticipated, and which might set me free again in a few hours. I determined to communicate the situation in which I was placed to Mr. Dawson, of Oak Lodge.

I had visited this gentleman's house, it may be remembered, at the time of my first inquiries in the Blackwater Park neighborhood; and I had presented to him a letter of introduction from Miss Halcombe, in which she recommended me to his friendly attention in the strongest terms. I now wrote, referring to this letter, and to what I had previously told Mr. Dawson of the delicate and dangerous nature of my inquiries. I had not revealed to him the truth about Laura, having merely described my errand as being of the utmost importance to private family interests with which Miss Halcombe was concerned. Using the same caution still, I now accounted for my presence at Knowlesbury in the same manner—and I put it to the doctor to say whether the trust reposed in me by a lady whom he well knew, and the hospitality I had myself received in his house, justified me or not in asking him to come to my assistance in a place where I was quite friendless.

I obtained permission to hire a messenger to drive away at once with my letter in a conveyance which might be used to bring the doctor back immediately. Oak Lodge was on the Knowlesbury side of Blackwater. The man declared he could drive there in forty minutes, and could bring Mr. Dawson back in forty more. I directed him to follow the doctor wherever he might happen to be, if he was not at home—and then sat down to wait for the result with all the patience and all the hope that I could summon to help me.

It was not quite half past one when the messenger departed. Before half past three he returned and brought the doctor with him. Mr. Dawson's kindness, and the delicacy with which he treated his prompt assistance quite as a matter of course, almost overpowered me. The bail required was offered and accepted immediately. Before four o'clock, on that afternoon, I was shaking hands warmly with the good old doctor—free man again—in the streets of Knowlesbury.

Mr. Dawson hospitably invited me to go back with him to Oak Lodge and take up my quarters there for the night. I could only reply that my time was not my own. I could only ask him to let me pay my visit to a few days, when I might repeat my thanks, and offer to him all the explanations which I felt to be only his due, but which I was not then in a position to make. We parted with friendly assurances on both sides; and I turned my steps at once to Mr. Wansborough's office in the High Street.

Time was now of the last importance. The news of my being free on bail would reach Sir Percival to an absolute certainty before night. If the secret for which I had not put me in a position to justify his worst fears, and to hold him helpless at my mercy, I might lose every inch of the ground I had gained never to recover it again. The unscrupulous nature of the man, the local influence he possessed, the desperate peril of exposure with which my blindfold inquiries threatened him—all warned me to press on to positive discovery without the useless waste of a single minute. I had found time to think while I was waiting for Mr. Dawson's arrival; and I had well employed it. Certain portions of the conversation of the tall, fair old clerk, which had wearied me at the time, now recurred to my memory with a new significance; and a suspicion crossed my mind darkly, which had not occurred to me while I was in the vestry. On my way to Knowlesbury I had only proposed to apply to Mr. Wansborough for information on the subject of Sir Percival's mother. My object now was to examine the duplicate register of Old Welmingham Church.

Mr. Wansborough was in his office when I inquired for him.

He was a jovial, red-faced, easy-looking man—more like a country squire than a lawyer—and he seemed to be both surprised and amused by my application. He had heard of his father's copy of the register; but had not even seen it himself. It had never been inquired after—and it was no doubt in the strong-room among other old papers that had not been disturbed since his father's death. It was a pity (Mr. Wansborough said) that the old gentleman was not alive to hear his precious copy asked for at last. He would have ridden his favorite hobby harder than ever now. How had I come to hear of the copy? was it through any body in the town?

I parried the question as well as I could. It was impossible at this stage of the investigation to be too cautious; and it was just as well not to let Mr. Wansborough know prematurely that I had already examined the original register. I described myself, therefore, as pursuing a family inquiry, to the object of which every possible saving of time was of great importance. I was anxious to send certain particulars to London by that day's post; and one look at the duplicate register (paying, of course, the necessary fees) might supply what I required, and save me a further journey to Old Welmingham. I added, that in the event of any subsequent inquiring a copy of the original register I should make application to Mr. Wansborough's office to furnish me with the document.

After this explanation no objection was made to producing the copy. A clerk was sent to the strong-room and after some delay returned with the volume. It was of exactly the same size as the volume in the vestry; the only difference being that the copy was more smartly bound. I took it with me to an unoccupied desk. My hands were trembling—my head was burning hot—I felt the necessity of concealing my agitation as well as I could from the persons about me in the room before I ventured on opening the book.

On the blank page at the beginning, to which I first turned, were traced some lines in faded ink. They contained these words:

"Copy of the Marriage Register of Welmingham Parish Church. Executed under my orders; and afterward compared, entry by entry, with the original by myself. [Signed] Robert Wansborough, Vestry-clerk." Below that note there was a line added in another handwriting, as follows: "Extending from the first of January, 1800, to the thirteenth of June, 1816."

I turned to the month of September, eighteen hundred and three. I found the marriage of the man whose Christian name was the same as my own. I found the double register of the marriage of the two brothers. And between these entries at the bottom of the page—!

Nothing! Not a vestige of the entry which recorded the marriage of Sir Felix Glyde and Cecilia Jane Fletcher, in the register of the church!

AT THE VESTRY DOOR

My heart gave a great bound, and throbbed as if it would stifle me. I looked again—I was afraid to believe the evidence of my own eyes. No! not a doubt. The marriage was not there. The entries on the copy occupied exactly the same places on the page as the entries in the original. The last entry on one page recorded the marriage of the man with my Christian name. Below it there was a blank space—a space evidently left because it was too narrow to contain the entry of the marriages of the next column, which in the copy, as in the original, occupied the top of the next page. That space told the whole story! There it must have remained, in the church register, from eighteen hundred and three (when the marriages had been solemnized, and the copy had been made) to eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, when Sir Percival appeared at Old Welningham. Then, at that period, was the chance of transmitting the forgery, shown to me in the copy—and there, at Old Welningham, was the forgery nominally, in the register of the church!

My head turned giddy; I held by the desk to keep myself from falling. Of all the suspicions which had struck me, in relation to that desperate man, not one had been near the truth. The idea that he was not Sir Percival's child, the idea that he had no more claim to the baronetcy and to Blackwater Park than the poorest laborer who worked on the estate, had never once occurred to my mind. At one time I had thought he might be Anne Catherick's father; at another time, I had thought he might have been, from his child, erick's husband—of the offense of which he was really guilty had been, from first to last, beyond the widest reach of my imagination. Any other means by which the fraud had been effected, the magnitude and daring of the crime that it represented, the power of the consciences it solved in its discovery, overwhelmed me. Who could wonder that I, in the bewildered state of the wretch's life; at his desperate alternations between abject duplicity and reckless violence; at his unknown and fully distrusted wife, who had him imprison Anne Catherick in the Asylum, and had given him over to the vile conspiracy against her, on the base suspicion that she was one and the other knew his terrible secret? The disclosure of that secret might, in past years, have made him—might yet make him—my father. The disclosure of that secret, even if the sufferers by his deception spared him the penalties of the law, would deprive him of the blow of the name, the rank, the estate, the whole social existence that he had usurped. This was the Secret, and it was mine! A word from me, and house, lands, baronetcy, were gone from him forever—and I was free from me, who had driven out into the world a nameless, penniless, friendless outcast! The man's whole future living on my hands! he knew it by this time as certainly as I did!

That last thought steadied me. Interests far more precious than my own depended on the caution which must now guide my slightest actions. There was no possible treachery which Sir Percival might not attempt against me, if the danger and desperation of his position he would be staggered by no risks, he would recoil at no crime—we had literally laid his life in my hand! I considered for a minute. My first necessity was to secure positive evidence, in writing, of the discovery that I had just made, and, in the event of personal misadventure happening to me, to place that evidence beyond Sir Percival's reach. The copy of the register was sure to be safe in Mr. Vanborough's possession. But the position of the original, in the vestry, was, as I had seen with my own eyes, my thing but secure.

In this emergency I resolved to return to the church, to apply again to the clerk, and to take the necessary extract from the register which I slept that night. I was not then aware that a legally-certified copy was necessary, and that no document drawn out by myself could exhibit the proper importance, as a proof. I was not aware of it, and my determination to keep my present proceedings a secret prevented me from asking my questions which might have procured the necessary information. In my anxiety was the anxiety to get back to Old Welningham. I made the best excuses I could for the disconcerting sight my face and manner, that Mr. Wansborough had already noticed; laid the necessary fee on his table; arranged that I should write to him in a day or two; and left the office, with my head in a whirl, and my blood throbbing through my veins at fever heat.

It was just past clock. The idea occurred to me that I might be followed again, and attempted on my way home.

My walking-stick was a light one, of little or no use for purposes of defense. I stopped, before leaving Knowlesbury, and bought a thick country cudgel, short, and heavy at the head. With this homely weapon, if any one man tried to stop me, I was a match for him. I had no time and attached me, I could trust to my heels. In my school-days I had been a noted runner—and I had not wanted for practice during the later time of my experience in Central America.

I started from the town at a brisk pace, and kept the middle of the road. A small moon was falling; and it was impossible, for the first half of the way, to make sure whether I was followed or not. But at the last half of my journey, when I supposed myself to be about two miles from the church, I saw a man run by me in the rain, and then heard the gate of a field by the roadside shut to, sharply. I kept straight on, with my cudgel ready in my hand, my ears on the alert, and my eyes straining to see through the mist and the darkness. Before I had advanced a hundred yards, I heard rustling in the hedge on my right hand, and three men sprang out into the road.

I drew aside on the instant to the foot-path. The two foremost men were carried beyond me before they could check themselves. The third was as quick as lightning. He stopped—half turned—and sprang at me with his stick. The blow was aimed at hazard, and was not a severe one. It fell on my left shoulder. I returned it heavily on his head. He staggered back, and jostled his two companions, just as they were both rushing at me. This circumstance gave me a momentary advantage over them, and took to the middle of the road again, at the top of my speed.

The two valiant men pursued me. They were both good runners, the road was smooth and level, and for the first five minutes or more I was conscious that I did not gain on them. It was perilous work to run for long in the darkness. I could barely see the dim black line of the hedges on either side, and the occasional stacks in the road would have thrown me down at a serious rate. Even here, I was not changing: it descended from the level, at a turn, and then rose again beyond. Down-hill the men rather gained on me, but up-hill I gained distance them. The rapid, regular thump of their feet grew fainter on my ear, and I calculated by the sound that I was at least a hundred yards ahead of them, with a good chance of their passing me in the darkness. Diverging to the foot-path, I meant to double back on them, if I could guess at, rather than see, in the hedge. It proved to be a closed gate. I vaulted over, and finding myself in a field, I ran straight, diagonally, with my back to the road. I heard the men pass the gate, still running—then, in a minute or two, heard one of them call to the rest to come back. It was no matter what they did now; I was safe, I was right and out of their hearing. I kept straight across the field, and, when I had reached the further extremity of it, I waited there a minute to recover my wind and rest.

It was impossible to venture back to the road; but I was determined, nevertheless, to get to Old Welningham that night.

Neither moon nor stars appeared to guide me. I only knew that I had kept the wind and rain at my back on Knowlesbury Market-day. If I now kept them at my back still, I might at least be certain of not advancing altogether in the wrong direction. Proceeding, on this plan, I crossed the country—meeting with no worse obstacles than hedges, ditches, and thickets, which every now and then, I suppose, due to this my course for a little while—until I found myself on a hill-side, with the ground sloping away steeply before me. I descended to the bottom of the hollow, squeezed my way through a hedge, and found, on the other side, a road. Having turned to the right on leaving the road, I turned to the left on the chance of returning to the line from which I had deviated. By following the muddy windings of the lane for ten minutes or more, I saw a cottage with a light in one of its windows. I knew where I was open to the lane, and I went in at once to inquire my way.

Before I could knock at the door it was suddenly opened, and a man came running out with a lighted lantern in his hand. He stopped and held it up to the light of my face. We both started as we saw each other. My wanderings had led me round behind the outskirts of the village, and had brought me out at the lower end of it. I was back at Old Welningham; and the man with the lantern was the clerk of my acquaintance of the morning, the parish clerk.

His manner appeared to have altered strangely in the interval since I had left the church. He looked suspicious and confused; his ruddy cheeks were deeply flushed; and his first words, when I spoke, were quite unintelligible to me.

"Where are the keys?" he said. "Have you taken them?"

"What keys?" I asked. "I have only this moment come from Knowlesbury. What keys do you mean?"

"The keys of the vestry. Lord save us and help us! what shall I do? The keys are gone! Do you hear?" cried the old man, shaking the lantern at me in his agitation. "The keys are gone!"

"How? When? Who can have taken them?"

"I don't know," said the clerk, staring about him wildly in the darkness. "I've only just got back. I could not get my supper early—and this morning—I locked the door and shut the window down—it's open now, the window's open. Look! somebody has got in there and taken the keys."

He turned to the casement-window to show me that it was wide open. The light of the lantern came loose from its fastening as he swayed it round, and the wind blew the candle out instantly.

"Got another light," I said, "and let us both go to the vestry together. Quick! quick!"

I hurried him into the house. He told me that I had every reason to expect, the treachery that might have met me in my absence. I had joined, was at that moment present, in the process of accomplishment. My impatience to reach the church was gone, and I was now as anxious and inactive in the cottage while the clerk lit the lantern again. I walked out, down the garden path, after the man.

Before I had advanced ten paces a man approached me from the direction leading to the church. He spoke vaguely to me at first. I could not see his face; but judging by his voice only, he was a perfect stranger to me.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Percival—" he began.

I stopped him before he could say more.

"The darkness mistends you," I said, "I am not Sir Percival."

The man stopped directly.

"I thought it was my master," he muttered, in a confused, doubtful way.

"You expected to meet your master here?"

"I was told to wait in the lane."

With that answer he retraced his steps. I looked back at the cottage and saw the clerk coming out with the lantern lighted once more. I held the old man's arm to help him on the more quickly. We hastened along the lane and passed the person who had accosted me. As well as I could see by the light of the lantern he was a servant out of livery.

"Who is that?" I asked the clerk. "Does he know any thing about the keys?"

"We won't wait to ask him," I replied. "We will go to the vestry first."

The church was not visible, even by daytime, until the end of the lane was reached. As we mounted the winding ground which led to the building from that point, one of the village children—a boy—came close up to us, attracted by the light—and we instantly recognized the clerk.

"I say, mester," said the boy, rolling officiously at the clerk's coat, "there be summun up yander in the church. I heerd an lock the door on hisself—I heerd un strike a light wi' a match."

The clerk trembled and leaned against me heavily.

"Come! come!" I said, encouragingly. "We are not too late. We will catch the man, whoever he is. Keep the lantern and follow me as fast as you can."

I mounted the hill rapidly. The dark mass of the church rose before us, for the first time, I discerned dimly against the night sky. As I turned aside to get round to the vestry I heard heavy footsteps behind me. The servant had accosted us at the church after us. "I don't mean any harm," he said, when I turned round on him; "I'm only curious, like, about the matter." The tones in which he spoke betrayed unmistakable fear. I took no notice of him, and went on.

The instant I turned the corner and came in view of the vestry I saw the lantern-skylight on the roof brilliantly lighted from within. It flew out with dazzling brightness against the murky, starless sky.

I hurried through the church-yard to the door.

As I got near there was a strange smell steaming out of the vestry—like the smell of a burning noise inside—I saw the light above grow brighter and brighter—a pane of the glass cracked—I ran up the porch and put my hand on it. The vestry was on fire!

Before I could move—before I could draw my breath after this discovery—I heard a horse-shriek by a heavy thump against the door from the inside. I heard the key worked violently in the lock—I heard a second shriek, behind the door, raised to a dreadful shrillness, screaming for help.

The servant, who had followed me, staggered back shuddering, and dropped on his knees. "Oh, my God! my God! it's Sir Percival!"

As the words passed his lips the clerk joined us, and at the same moment there was another, and a last, grating turn of the key in the lock.

"The Lord have mercy on his soul!" said the old man. "He's doomed and dead. He has bamepered the lock."

I rushed to the door. The one absorbing purpose which had kept my thoughts, and had controlled all my actions, for weeks and weeks past, vanished in an instant from my mind. All remembrance of the heartless injury the man's crimes had inflicted, of the love, the tenderness, that he had pitilessly laid waste; of the truth I had proven in my own heart to summon him to the terrible reckoning that he deserved—all passed from my memory, as a dream. I remembered nothing but the horror of his situation. I felt nothing but the supernatural human impulse to save him from a frightful death.

"Try the other door!" I shouted. "Try the door into the lane! Is the lock's bampered? You're a dead man if you waste another moment on it?"

There had been no renewed cry for help when the key was turned for the last time. There was no sound now of any kind to give token where he was, or what he was doing, behind the quickening crackle of the flames and the sharp tongue of the glass in the skylight above.

I looked round for the servant. The servant had risen to his feet: he had taken the lantern out of the clerk's hand, and opened the door. Terror seemed to have struck him with downright idiocy—he waited at my heels, he followed me when I opened the door, like a dog. The clerk sat crouched up on one of the tombstones, shivering and moaning to himself. The one moment we had lost at door was enough to show me that they were both helpless.

Hardly knowing what I did, acting desperately on the first impulse that occurred to me, I seized the servant and pushed him against the door. "Stand there!" I said, "and keep it with the stones. I am going to climb over you to the roof. I am going to break the skylight and give him some air. Do you understand? Lean your back to foot, but be hold firm. I got on his back with my outside shoulder, crossed the porch with both hands, and was instantly on the roof. In the frantic hurry and agitation of the moment it never struck me that I might let out the flame instead of letting in the air. I struck at the skylight, and battered in the cracked, loosened glass at a blow. The fire leaped out like a wild beast from its lair. If the wind had not changed, in the position I occupied, to set it away from me, my exertions might have ended then and there. I crouched on the roof as the smoke passed over me, with the blind flame. The gleams and dashes of the light showed me the servant's face staring up vacantly under the wall; the clerk risen to his feet on the tombstone, wringing his hands in despair; and the greasy population of the village, haggard and terrified women, clustered beyond in the church-yard—all appearing and disappearing, in the red of the dreadful place, in the black of the choking smoke. And the man beneath my feet—the man, suffocating, burning, dying so near us all, so utterly beyond our reach!

The thought half maddened me. I lowered myself from the roof by my hands and dropped to the ground.

"The key of the church!" I shouted to the clerk. "Give me the key it that way—we may save him yet if we can get open the inner door."

"No, no, no!" cried the old man. "No, no! the key's gone! and the vestry key are on the same ring—both inside there! Oh, Sir, he's gone anyhow! he's gone! he's gone! he's gone!"

"They'll see the fire from the town," said a voice from among the men behind me. "There's a engine in the town. They'll save the church."

I called to that man—he had his wits about him—I called to him to come and speak to me. It would be a quarter of an hour at least before the town engine could reach us. The horror of remaining inactive all that time was more than I could face. In defiance of my own reason I pretended myself that the doomed and lost wretch in the vestry was still by living sensation on the floor, might not be dead yet. If we broke open the door might we save him? I knew the strength of the heavy oak—I knew the hopelessness of the nailed oak—I knew the hopelessness of assailing the one and the other by ordinary means. But there were tools—there were axes in the dismantled cottages near the church! What if we got one and used it as a battering-ram against the door?

The thought leaped through me like the fire leaping out of the shattered skylight. I appealed to the men who had spoken last of the fire-engine in the town. "Have you got your pickaxes here? Yes, they have. And a hatchet, and a saw, and a bit of rope? Yes! yes! yes! I run down among the villagers with the hatchet in my hand. "Five shillings apiece to every man who helps me!" They started into life at the words. That ravenous second hunger of money—the hunger for money—roused them into tumult and activity in a moment. "Two of you for more lanterns if you have them! Two of you for the pickaxes and the tools! The rest after me to find the beam!" They cheered—with shrill shrieking voices they cheered. Some ran into the cottages—fled back on either side. We rushed in a body down the church-yard path to the first empty cottage. A man was lifting the latch of the clerk—the poor old clerk standing on the flat tombstone sobbing and wailing over the church. The servant was still at my heels, his white, helpless, panic-stricken face was close over my shoulder as we pushed into the cottage. There were rafters from the torn-down floor above lying loose on the ground, but they were too light. I ran into an adjacent cottage, and had not out of reach of our arms and our pickaxes—a beam fast at each end in the ruined wall, with cellar and flooring and ripped away, and a great gap in the roof above open to the sky. We attacked the beam at both ends at once. Could how it bulged—how the crack and corner of the wall resisted us! We struck, and tugged, and tore. The beam gave at one end—it came down with a crash of brickwork after it. There was a scream from the women all huddled in the doorway to look at us—a shout from the men—to them down, but not hurt. Another tug all together, and the beam was loose at both ends. We lifted it, and gave the words to clear the door-way. Now for the work! now for the rush at the door! There is the fire streaming into the dark, stretching higher from over to light us! Steady along the church-yard path—steady with the beam for a rush at the door. Down, two, three! Back off. One man fainting again, irrepressibly. We have shaken it already; the hinges must give if the lock won't, another rush with the beam! One, two, three—and off. It's loose! The stealthy fire darts at us through the crevice all round it. Another rush—and it is down! The door falls in with a crash. A great hush of awe, a stillness of breathless suspense, succeeds the last living sound of us. We look for the body. The scorching heat on our faces drives us back: we see flashing—we see, below, all through the room, we see nothing but a sheet of living fire.

"Where is he?" whispered the servant, starting vacantly at the flames.

"He's dust and ashes," cried the clerk. "And he looks as dust and ashes looked on, Sir, the church will be dust and ashes soon!"

Those were the only two who spoke. When they were spoken the crowd sprang startled in the stillness but the bubble and the crackle of the flames.

Hark!

A harsh rattling sound in the distance—then the hollow thunder of the hoofs of a horse—then the low roar, the all-predominant tumult of hundreds of human voices clamoring and shouting together. We turned at last!

The people about me all turned from the fire and ran eagerly to the brow of the hill. The old clerk tried to go with the rest; but his strength was exhausted. I saw him holding by one of the tombstones. "Save the church!" he cried out, faintly, as if the firemen could hear him already. "Save the church!"

The only man who never moved was the servant. There he stood, his eyes still fastened on the flames, in a changeless, vacant stare. I came to him, I shook him by the arm. He was past rousing. He only whispered once more, "Where is he?"

In ten minutes the engine was in position; the well at the back of the church was feeding it, and the hose was carted to the door-way of the vestry. If help had been wanted from me I could not have afforded it now. My energy of will was gone—my strength was exhausted—the turmoil of my thoughts was fearfully and suddenly stilled, now I knew that he was dead. I stood useless and helpless—looking, looking, looking into the burning room.

I saw the fire slowly conquered. The brightness of the place faded—the steam rose in white clouds, and the smouldering heaps of embers showed red and black through it on the floor. There was a pause—then an advance altogether, of the fire-men and the police, which blocked up the door-way—then a consultation in low voices—and then two men were detached from the rest, and went out of the churchyard through the crowd. The crowd drew back on either side, in dead silence, to let them pass.

After a while a great shudder ran through the people, and the living line widened slowly. The men came back leading, by with a door from one of the empty houses. They carried it to the vestry, and were in. The police closed again round the door-way; and men talked in low tones among the crowd by twos and threes, and stood behind them, to be the first to see. Others waited only, to be the first to hear. Others were among these last—women with children in their arms.

The figure from the vestry began to flow out among the crowd—they dropped slowly from mouth to mouth, till they reached the place where I was standing. I heard the questions and answers repeated again and again, in low, eager tones, all round me. "Have they found him?" "Alive?" "Alive?" "Where?" "At the door—on his face." "Which door?" "The door that opens into the vestry." "Has he been against it. He was down on his face." "Is his face burned?" "No." "Yes, it is." "No—scorched, but not burned." "Is he hurt?" "I tell you." "Who was he? A lord, they say." "No, not a lord. Sir Something; Sir means Knight." "And Parliament?" "Yes." "Yes, it does." "What did he want in there?" "No good, you may depend on it." "Did he die in an opening?" "Leaning himself on opening?" "I don't mean himself, I mean the vestry." "Is he dreadful to look at?" "Dreadful!" "Not about the face, I tell you." "No, not so much about the face." "Don't any body know him?" "There's a man says he does." "Who?" "A gentleman they say. But he's struck stupid-like, and the police don't believe him." "Don't any body else know who it is?" "Hush—!"

The loud, clear voice of a man in authority silenced the low hum of talking all round me in an instant.

"Where is the gentleman who tried to save him?" he asked, in a loud voice.

"Here, Sir—here he is!" Dozens of eager faces pressed about me—dozens of eager arms parted the way for me, and in authority came up to me with a lantern in his hand.

"This way, Sir, if you please," he said, quietly.

I was unable to speak to him; I was unable to resist him. He took my arm. I tried to say that I had never seen the dead man in my lifetime—that there was no hope of identifying him by means of my knowledge of him—but the words failed on my lips. I was faint and silent and helpless.

"Do you know him, Sir?"

I was standing inside a circle of men. Three of them, opposite to me, were holding lanterns low down to the ground. Their eyes, and the eyes of all the rest, were fixed silently and expectantly on my face. I knew what was at my feet—I knew why they were holding the lanterns so low to the ground.

"Can you identify him, Sir?"

My eyes dropped slowly. At first I saw nothing under them but a coarse canvas cloth. The dripping of the rain on it was audible in the dreadful silence. I looked up, along the cloth, and there, at the end, stark and grim and black, in the yellow light—there was his face and form.

So, for the first and last time, I saw him. So the Visitation of God ruled it that he and I should meet.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FOURTH.

The eighty-fourth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was celebrated generally, and, but for a very severe rain-storm which occurred in the afternoon, universally observed in the United States. Unusually fine fireworks and counterminerings there were the main features of the day. The steam ice-cream and soda-water fountains were in great demand, and only one or two disturbances occurred. The Great Eastern was one of the features of celebration; and, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, she was visited by thousands, who crowded around the vessel during the morning and afternoon, and, from the floating bar-room, on the Battery, in various boats, or, consuming the reading of the "Declaration," followed by an oration, or simply taking a sail in the harbor, or, as usual in the park, the various squares, and on other places about the city, they made a large consumption of the use of gunpowder. Some few fires occurred, unexpected, but not of any great importance. The sailors, as usual, made a great noise, and, in some instances, manifested a very large and increasing boldness and insolence. A party of riotous characters attempted to burn a wooden house kept by William J. Gillespie, at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Tenth Avenue; and in defending himself from a threatened assault, Gillespie fired upon the crowd, and shot a youth named Edward M. Brown, who was wounded in another seriously. Several fires happened from the explosion of gunpowder, but no fatal accidents occurred.

RECEPTION OF THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER.

The new French Minister, M. Merolez, was on Thursday last presented to the President by acting Secretary of State Jno. Appleton.

The Minister, in offering his credentials, took occasion to express his satisfaction in being accredited to this Government, and stated his belief, coupled with an expression the sincere sympathy of his august master, the Emperor, for the Government and people of this country.

The President, in reply, stated the pleasure it afforded him in receiving the new envoy and in the course of his remarks made felicitous use of the fact that the French Minister should present his credentials on the anniversary of American independence, which could not fail to remind the Minister of the mutual ties and obligations the people of this country owed to France in their struggle for emancipation from British tyranny, which would ever call without the slightest reluctance of gratitude.

The interview was throughout of the most cordial character, and of the most complimentary character.

THE TREATY WITH CHINA.

S. W. Williams, the Secretary of Legation in China, has arrived at Washington, direct from the Emperor, bearing the ratification of the treaty with that country, and an autograph letter from his Highness to the President of the United States, which he presented in person, on his return to the Department of State last week. He brings the pleasant information that the "Celestial" in office was not altogether unencouraging. Considerable depression existed in commercial circles, which, however, growing out of the troubles with England and France.

EXECUTION OF HADDEN.

Jacob S. Hadden, for the murder of his wife by poison, was executed at Belvidere, New Jersey, on 6th inst. Great interest, in attendance, was manifested, some children vied with each other in the vain attempt to catch a gibbet-piece as a valuable relic. The execution was conducted himself with great coolness, manifesting, in fact, nothing but an unpleasant sense of criminality. His pardons with his father, his spiritual advisers, his attendants, and the crowd, he spoke with great feeling and a disregard of even conventional decency. He died easy. His counsel, Mr. Stockton, of Trenton, who conducted them to their final resting place, on his father's farm at Belvidere, New Jersey, on the 6th inst.

ARREST OF A SLAVER.

The United States steamer *Dacotah* enter *Harvest Lane* Captain Eunice, sailed on Tuesday afternoon, outside of Sandy Hook, for Key West, Florida, on the mission of being about to engage in the slave-trade. The Key West Gazette of the 2d inst. says: "Captain Charles Mott, bound to Cape Palmas, West Coast of Africa, and sailed on Tuesday, was arrested by the U. S. Marshal and released off the Bahrs. He ever are compared prisoner of the Government and bonded himself that the offender should be joined. He engaged in such an eleven gun crew, consisting of twenty-five men, and, it is believed, he has been observed some continuous movements of a steamship, then at the harbor off, and a boat pulling from the shore to the *Magnolia*, leaving on board a number of men of whom no reliable account could be given. We have no doubt but that they were to be put on board the *Arie*, to be transported to the Government of Liberia, and we have brought her to the city, and detained her passengers for examination.

THE MURDERS IN THE EIGHTEENTH WARD.

The mystery attendant on the double murder in the eighteenth ward, on Friday last, still continues, continues to increase in interest. On Monday night, after the brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Hughes, left for the house of a friend, proceeded to the house of Justice Osborne to be sworn to the information, which he has seized of the law for examination, but that magistrate told him he go away, and he left the house of Justice Osborne on the following morning. Accordingly, on Tuesday, at the opening of the office, application was made to the same magistrate to present to attend the result of the coroner's inquest. Mr. Hughes was called upon, and denies all knowledge whatever of the murder, protesting that he can prove an alibi. The coroner's jury, of course, is in the case, but nothing has yet been discovered which tends to fasten suspicion on any person.

BACK AT PHILADELPHIA.

A dispatch from Philadelphia, July 9, says: "Tiny Temple was brought back to the Philadelphia, on the 8th fole Park track, on the Fourth, in three straight heats (time, 2.32, 2.31, 2.31). Fashion was second in the last heat. The betting was one hundred to ninety on Patchen. Over four thousand persons were present."

PERSONAL.

Charles Goodyear, the inventor of the art of vulcanizing India rubber, died on the 1st inst., at the Eagle Avenue Hotel, on the 1st inst., after an illness of four weeks. Mr. Goodyear was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1800. The disease which terminated his life had its origin in the cares and anxiety attendant on the patent suits which he suffered. Some of the most important uses and applications of vulcanized India rubber were perfected by Mr. Goodyear only very recently. He has thus been enabled to reap the fruits of his labors.

Some German, taking breakfast in their house at Philadelphia, left their adventurous daughter to spend the entry. Going thither, they found their mother hanging by the neck to the rail of the stairs, committed suicide. Instead of cutting her down at once, and thus nearly strangling, all the time, the poor woman, a physician. When they returned with one, of course the old lady was dead.

At Oxford University, England, on the 29th ult., the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred on Mr. John L. Lothrop Motley, the historian. Among those to be similarly honored were Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Henry Ewry Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the Kingdom of Sardinia, Count Cavour, Count Sylvestre Lord Brougham and Vaux; Count P. de Stoeckl, Sir E. Ed. Lytton Bulwer, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Sir Alex. Attorney-General.

The Sessions whose terms expire in 1861, and whose places are to be filled by the next Legislature of their Senate, are Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Arkansas, Gov. of California, Governor of Connecticut, Vermont, Florida, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, Trumbull, Illinois, Fitch of Indiana, Hastus of Iowa, Cottingham of Kentucky, Hubbard of Maryland, Gov. Gardner of Missouri, Clark of New Hampshire, Seward of New York, Chapman of North Carolina, Ashley of Ohio, Lane of Oregon, Bigler of Pennsylvania, Hammond of South Carolina, Chilcutt of Vermont, Hunter of Virginia, Sim—Southern Democrats, seven Republicans, and one American.

A man—a Captain, in fact—was arrested, the other day, in Cincinnati, for the murder of his wife. He was tried before a full bench, rather grandiloquently, in Hamilton, Ohio, on the 2d inst., and sentenced to the gallows. On the same day another citizen of this city was arrested for the murder of his wife, in another village, resulted a fellow-creature not his wife. He, with his family, were found dead, and the murder, the wives are at a Wesleyan in North Stonington.

The Rev. Dr. Cummings, of Boston, has lost the murder of Miss Marie, at Moundsville, Virginia, on Thursday, the 5th inst. The Rev. Dr. Cummings, a man of strong, so much business, and so eager for the cause, that it was not a difficult matter to persuade him to the mission.

A patriotic lunatic man, named Charles Berry, became a lunatic on the Fourth, and, in his delirium, set up the tocsin on the roof of the house of Mr. Gilbert, by tolling an American flag about his neck.

Mr. Gilbert, of Boston, has purchased a house at Newport and Stephen A. Douglas, General Jo. Leon, Colonel Orr of Charleston, Mr. Wm. Bonham, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Quitman, Haymonger of New York, Mayor Denning of Hartford, and others.

Mr. John Phillips, of Sturbridge, Massachusetts, was one hundred years old on the 29th ult. He is still in good health, and hold in festival in memory of his birth. He was in the Revolutionary War, and was a member of the Baptist Church for eighty-eight years.

A dispatch from Cincinnati, dated the arrest of Frederick Hollinshead, the missing Secretary of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. He was arrested in Cincinnati, on Saturday, Crosby, Charge. There is a charge against him of forging two notes of $1500 each, and of fraudulently disposing of the over-issue of the stock of the Company by which he was engaged.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

The proceedings in Parliament have been generally unimportant.

In the House of Lords Earl Granville, in reply to the Marquis of Normanby, intimated that Government had received no information confirming the report in recent disputes that the Russian Government had territory had been occupied by British forces.

The Lord Chancellor, after considerable debate, leave had been given to bring in a bill providing for the amalgamation of the Bank of Ireland, the Government has one imperial army.

Lord John Russell, in reply to an inquiry as to whether the Neapolitan frigate had captured her two prizes by the Sardinian fleet, said it was unknown to any one, up to the truth of this report; but if it was true it would be a violation of neutrality, and would be taken up at once.

Sir Robert Peel denounced the conduct of the French Government in the affair of the Sardinian fleet, and attacked the English Ministry for its humiliating policy.

Lord John Russell defended himself, and stated the terms of the note just received from France relative to the sanitary regulations of Syria. France proposed that the neutrality of those districts be renewed, either through the intermediary of an European Congress or by an exchange of notes. France assuming all the obligations of the treaty; in lieu, that the sanitary be arranged between France and Switzerland. Lord John Russell complained of the delay in the reply to the Sardinian proposition, and said it could not be regarded as satisfactory by England.

THE VOLENTEER MANIA.

On the day that the Queen of Liverpool a grand review of volunteer riflemen, in the presence of the Queen, took place in Hyde Park, there were 20,000 volunteers, there were under arms. Business was suspended for the day on the Stock Exchange, and in many business houses a general holiday was observed. It was announced that the Queen would be present, and the Prince Consort must be personally inaugurating the great prize meeting at Wimbledon, on Saturday, the 14th inst. The competition was to commence by her Majesty firing a rifle from a Scott mechanism.

FRANCE

DEATH OF JEROME BONAPARTE.

The death of Prince Jerome Bonaparte is announced by the Paris papers of the 2d inst. He was the youngest brother of Napoleon, and was born at Ajaccio, December 15, 1784. He was created King of Westphalia on the 18th of August, 1807, by Napoleon; and upon the dissolution of that kingdom, he was for some time occupied in the quiet retiring finally at Vienna, as Prince de Montfort—a title which he assumed in 1815. In 1847 he was created a peer and a member of the King of Wurtemberg after his alliance from Napoleon, and was made a Marshal of the Empire, and Governor of the Invalides. He was driven by Mme Patterson have vainly attempted to obtain recognition as the legitimate heir.

A NEW KIND OF WAR STEAMER.

Great preparations are being made at Toulon for a new steamer, the *Ardent*, which is to be steel-plated, on the *Gloire*. This vessel is to be impelled by all the power of steam, and is to be armed with a ram and sharp-edged or to cut her into with her bronze prow.

The plates of the *Gloire* are overlapped with mattresses to protect them from being too much shaken by the concussion of the ram. The experiment is to be made against the ship-of-the-line *Mondebello*, which is now old, and which, if sunk, the ship of the meantime will be held on the plan of the *Gloire*.

THE FIRST OF A CENTENARIAN.

A gentleman named De la Berge, who has just died at Paris of the advanced age of ninety-seven, was one of the first victims of the Revolution, and one of the earliest victims. When a child, seven years of age, he was in the Champs Elysées on the occasion of the meeting of the Constituent Assembly, and, in the midst of the Marie Antoinette. It is known that, a sudden panic having arisen, the crowd was in great confusion and panic, and that thirty persons were killed. One of them was young lad, who, in the confusion, had gone in trying to save the child when knocked down. The boy was trodden on by the crowd, and dragged him on behind them and carried him from the crowd. The De la Berge family, who were at the time in a very embarrassed business on his own account, in the end made a large fortune, and, in consequence, made a rule of giving every year a certain sum, in the name of the child, to the poor of the parish, and, when he died, he left the rest of his estate, he made the donation himself, and continued it religiously every 30th May with his death.

THE RHINE.

THE BADEN CONFERENCES

"The Baden-Baden correspondent of the *Independance Belge* writes as follows:

"BADEN-BADEN, *June 27, 1860.*

"Among the motives which seem to have induced the Emperor of the French to seek for an interview with the Prince Regent of Prussia, the most important, perhaps, despite the policy, more or less revolutionary, which seems to exist between the Court of Berlin and that of Italy, that Napoleon III. had not devised from the beginning of the Italian war, and, in fact, the conduct which he followed in German political circles, I have to-day received information.

"During the meeting the most strict etiquette has been observed. The Emperor of the French has returned from his visit to the Prince Regent. The Emperor was on foot. The Prince Regent, on Wednesday yesterday was for the Princess of Prussia.

THE ETIQUETTE OBSERVED.

"It is said that a serious discussion took place between Saxony and Bavaria as to who should have precedence. It was finally agreed that the Prince Regent, as the well precedence of the kings. Yesterday, at dinner, the Prince Regent of Prussia, who could not take the place down, asked the King of Hanover, the Grand Duke of Weimar, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, the Duke of Holsteinstein and the Grand Duke of Baden, and, lastly, the Princes of Prussia.

"At the dinner table the Grand Duchess of Baden sat between the Emperor of Russia and the Prince Regent, opposite to her the Princess of Prussia, between the kings of Saxony and Hanover. The other kings and princes sat according to seniority.

"At the dinner, the last evening different members of the Baden diplomacy were present, including the French Minister, who, by the way, is a relative of one of the three distinguished foreigners.

"The wine served at dinner was seven o'clock, the King of Saxony attended mass. The Emperor attended mass at Rastatt, and, after the conference, at the Palace, and, accompanied by great crowds, went to church on foot. The Emperor was accompanied by the Prince Regent and with cries of "Vive l'Empereur," and, on his return, the great foreign imperial circles. The Prussian sovereign attended divine service in the Lutheran church.

"The Grand Duke of Darmstadt arrived at Baden on Friday, and alighted at the Hotel d'Europe, which brings the number of sovereigns who have up to date, the Grand Duke of Darmstadt, who touched at the old castle between Baden and Rastatt, the number of sovereigns represented to day in uniform, wearing his helmet. The Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, has assumed his plain clothes.

"The Princess and four-to-day (Sunday) a Conference was held at the Hotel d'Angleterre, in the King of Prussia's rooms, at which were present the four kings, the Grand Duke of Darmstadt, and the Duke of Nassau; that is to say, the sovereigns of the states who were represented at the famous Worthing Conference in November last.

"When the Emperor paid his visit to the three kings' lodgings at the Hotel d'Angleterre, the King of Hanover was absent. At four a. m. he drove up to the hotel in a phaeton, and, and, without announcing himself, was conducted by a waiter to the King of Hanover's apartments. As the Emperor entered, the King, leaning on his valet, was, with great difficulty, shaving aggressive. The King of Hanover, naturally. The latter, not recognizing the Emperor, asked the Emperor to wait for a few minutes, and, on the Emperor's refusal, the waiter then announced 'The Emperor of the French,' and retired.

"The Emperor was brought with him the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, and, when the King was ready, he presented it to him, saying:

"On behalf the King of Hanover the Emperor presented on first the Grand Cordon of the Duke of Nassau, lodged in a house belonging to the Duke of Nassau.

"The Emperor then visited the King of Hanover. He arrived suddenly at Baden, on the 2d inst., and, immediately after the Prince Regent left, it would allow him to attend the Conference at Baden. The Emperor of Austria, the King of Saxony, and the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, the Conference was a fine one. The Emperor of Austria, the King of Saxony, the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, the Regent then thought it right to communicate the fact to the King of Saxony.

SWITZERLAND.

THE LAST SWISS NOTICE.

A telegraphic dispatch from BERNE says: "In view of an approaching Conference on the subject of Savoy, the Federal Council has confidently proposed to the great powers to have proposed to be submitted for the stipulations of article ninety-two of the final act of Vienna, the consideration of the Government, by stating that after the annexation of Savoy to France, the neutralization of Savoy, the Swiss Cantons would be of no practical use whatever for the maintenance of the neutrality of Switzerland. In order to prevent this objection, Switzerland claims such a portion of territory as might be necessary for the defense of the Swiss valley, surrounding the lake of Geneva, would form a bulwark between the Swiss Cantons and France. The Swiss Cantons agents almost are charged to recommend a similar demonstration in favor of the Swiss Cantons, and, more especially by England, who has already taken the initiative in a similar proposition, which demands a far more considerable territorial caution."

ITALY

CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN SICILY.

At latest dates quiet prevailed in Sicily. Garibaldi had organized an expedition against Messina, the strongest fortress in Sicily, and, it was expected that the expedition would march on the 25th ult. The Neapolitan Government, it is said, has made overtures for political concessions to the people. These include a general amnesty, a constitution, a free press, and also an alliance with Piedmont; but the King would not assent to these joint proposals, and, in fact, the Neapolitan Ministry resigned, but determined to surrender the two captured Sardinian vessels, and to offer our Minister demand reparation for the insult offered to the American flag.

The Neapolitan Government, however, continued to tribulate from Turkish ancient the Sardinian Government, and, in fact, to the Sardinian expeditions against Sicily. Rumor asserts that Napoleon will not suffer the annexation of Sicily to Sardinia.

GARIBALDI REFUSES A STATUE.

The municipality of Palermo, a town near Palermo, voted unanimously a statue of Garibaldi, with a monument to bear the inscription, "Garibaldi, Liberator of Sicily." The municipality of Palermo, also, also, also, to be placed in the Piazza del Carmine, which is to be called the Piazza Garibaldi. Garibaldi, in a short communication from the municipality announcing to him the vote of the Council, Garibaldi, Garibaldi, that the following characteristic response:

"GARIBALDI'S OFFICE, PALERMO, *June 4, 1860.*

"I have read the deliberations of the Civic Council of Palermo, and, in the name of the Sicilians, I thank, and have learned therein that the Municipality of Palermo, and, in the name of the Sicilians, I thank, I am grateful for so much courtesy, I believe it right to refuse the honor, and I hope I have come this fatty take away. Every expenditure thus is not directed to that object, I am ready to do. Cause, then, the Sicilians, I thank, and expend the money in the purchase of arms and munitions, and, I hope, I have come this fatty take away, for which I am fighting, and you will have laid your cause on the Sicilian Government.

"GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI, *Dictator.*"

THE INSURRECTION IN CATANIA.

The following account of the insurrection in Catania is dated July 6:

"On the morning of the 31st of May, to the cry of 'Italy and Victor Emanuel' a small body of armed men attacked the Royal Palace of Catania, nearly 2500 strong, consisting of infantry, horse, and artillery. For nearly two hours the insurgents were repulsed, with a loss of guns from the Royalists; but wanting ammunition, and reinforcements, and the 2000 men, the insurgents, to support the Royalists, the insurgents were obliged to skirmish with the Royalists with a loss of 300 killed and wounded, the loss on the part of the Royalists exceeding that of the insurgents. The Royalists, seeing that the troops set fire to various buildings, whether they had been fired by the troops, Many houses were pillaged; the troops shot down every one they met in the street indiscriminately, and, in many cases, they entered the house or woman—sabbing them afterward. The library of the Prince of Paternò was pillaged, and, many valuable books being destroyed. Many houses and shops were pillaged, and, in some cases, the inhabitants pillaged. The city having been placed in a state of siege, a military commission was constituted, and, a determined order; when, to the administration of every one, on the pillaged the 31st of May, and, the inhabitants of the city, carrying off, assisted by hired ships, all the portable utilities and ammunition."

MEXICO.

DEFEAT OF THE CHURCH FORCES.

Private letters from Mexico of the 23d, and Matamoras to the 8th ult., state that the Church forces had been defeated by the Liberal Government forces. The Mission himself was taken prisoner. A division of the Church forces had also been defeated near Mount Orizaba. Civil war was raging throughout Northern Mexico, and the partisans of Comonfort were making efforts for his return.

JAPAN.

THE LATE INSURRECTION.

Recent correspondence from Japan gives a definite idea of the manner in which the late attempt to kill the Prince of Satsuma has been which have been excited by the recent treaties with foreigners. The Prince of Satsuma was seen undoubtedly instigated by the Prince of Mito, who, with his followers, and who, with his followers, was published from Jeddo to his own Principality, for having made a treaty with the Foreigners without the Prince. The assassination of the two Dutch sea-captains was attributed to the Prince of Satsuma, who was on the Prince Regent, when the native which prompted that deed was moderate aggress. The intention probably was to involve the Government in a difficulty with the foreigners, during which Mito could make an attempt to obtain possession of the throne. Circumstances, however, prevented the Prince of Satsuma from intending to be excepted from assassination by his emissaries. The Prince of Satsuma, and, it is said, the Government, seem to have died from the effects of his wounds; and another Prince of Satsuma, who, it is said, has assumed his friendly to foreigns. No further apprehensions were felt, if the death of the Prince of Satsuma would undoubtedly, it was thought, result in his death.

THE FOURTH OF JULY—EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

THE FOURTH OF JULY—NOWADAYS.

WITHERED.

On, there was one I used to know,
A tiny babe, whose witching smiles
Set sweet affection all a-glow;
Who won me with her simple wiles.

And there was one I used to know,
A little maid with sunny hair;
And with a laugh as white as snow,
And with a heart as light as air.

And there was one I used to know,
A damsel, full of life and grace;
Who walk'd the great world to and fro
With angel-light upon her face.

And there was one I used to know,
Who bore the loss the old and poor;
And once I saw with bitter woe
That Death was standing at her door.

There is a tomb that now I know,
'Tis dark'd with flow'rets fair and frail;
And to that tomb in vain I go,
In hope to per "behind the rail."

KITTY DEAN'S OFFER.

"AUNT LIZZIE, Aunt Lizzie, he says I may go!" These words burst in at the front door of my quiet house one morning, accompanied by a trim little figure, a pretty face with laughing eyes and cheeks flushed with excitement, and a shower of brown curls escaped from the comb, "a dress of pink and white lawn, etc.

"I didn't mean to shock you, really, auntie, but it's so provoking, and I was so afraid he would never let me; and just think, next week!" And this exceedingly intelligible and satisfactory speech closed with a vigorous hug, which was really all I understood of the matter.

"Now stop, Kitty Dean!" I said, "Look me in the face one minute without laughing, and then tell me soberly and slowly all about it."

In an instant the blue eyes were looking into mine as gravely as they had never looked; but before the minute was up Kitty began again:

"Why, this is, Aunt Lizzie: I have been ingoing father for a week to let me go to Fort Hampton with Mrs. Wood, and now he says I may. And we are going to stay a month, and I shall bathe in the surf every single day, and spend every evening on the beach in the moonlight."

"But Fort Hampton is not a remarkable place is it, Kitty? Mrs. Wood told me it was very stupid, but a good place to fatten babies."

"Now stop, dear, Aunt Lizzie. I never went to the sea-side in my life, and I want to go, and it won't be stupid—I!" And the spoiled child looked pouting! pretty too. Then laughing again, she said, "And I'll tell you a secret: I have set my heart upon one thing. Now won't you laugh if I tell you about it?"

"Perhaps not," I said, musingly, my mind reverting to the sewing Kitty's advent had interrupted.

"Well, I must tell you, at all events. I am going to an offer!"

"What are you talking about, child?" I said impatiently.

"I am going to have an offer! I am, auntie. Helen Parker had one at the sea-side last summer, and she says almost all the girls there had them—all the pretty ones. And I think I shall have one. Kitty gave a sly glance at the mirror, then withdrawing her eyes quickly, said,

"But you must not tell father, and I'll give you an account of the whole affair when I come home."

I will spare the reader what I did not think it my duty to spare Kitty, viz. a long lecture, dissquisition, or homily on the sins of flirting, vanity, and levity.

The evening of Kitty's departure for East Hampton at length arrived, and I went to the depôt with her as her guardian off and whether for more words of sage advice to be thought of in the cars, she needed all the advice I could give her, for she had so cleverly taken into her silly little head the idea of that offer that she would talk of little else. And the child's amusement at my horror of the idea made her dwell upon it all the more.

Mrs. Wood, with her three children, was keeping watch over her luggage and wondering if the cars would never come, when Kitty and I arrived. "I am afraid you will be disappointed, old, Miss Kitty," she said, as she saw the happy face of my lively niece; "for East Hampton is a very quiet place."

"Disappointed! Oh, I don't expect any thing remarkable, Mrs. Wood."

And Kitty tried to look as if she had been to the sea-side several dozen of her eighteen summers, and considered it somewhat of a bore to go through the annual performance. Then, having concealed her rapturous face as long as was possible, she grew vent to them again by snatching Mrs. Wood's youngest from the arms of its nurse, and transforming herself into a baby-jumper, for the amusement and edification. As she danced lightly along the platform, tossing the baby aloft, and laughing her low, musical laugh at the comical expression of bewilderment and delight on its tiny features, her grandeur of brown locks, and soft brown hair blown back from her bright face, I thought my Kitty very pleasant to look upon; and as I was thinking so the cars came crashing by, and from their windows I saw many a pleasant look sent at my little niece, and among the faces turned toward her was one I recognized at once as that of a dear friend. He saw me, and, leaving his seat, was soon grasping my hand and speaking warm words of greeting. Kitty danced by as, scarcely designing a glance at the grave, quiet man in black, looking after her.

"What a pretty little creature! Who is she, Mrs. Wood?"

"My niece, Kitty Dean," I said, with a little pardonable pride; adding, "The child is very happy to-day, for she is going, for the first time in her life, to the sea-side. Mrs. Wood (you remember Mrs. Wood?) is to take her under her wing to East Hampton, down on Long Island."

"To East Hampton! Why I, too, am on my way to that quaint little village. It is so long since I indulged in a vacation of the sea-side that I feel almost like joining your pretty niece in that very original dance of hers. I do long so for the sea."

And his face lighted up with almost the same boyish smile peculiar to it years before, when he was not the man of care he now is.

"Let me introduce you to Kitty," I said.

"Stay one instant, Mrs. H——. Is she a child or a young lady? Excuse me, but she looks so very childlike just now; and yet—"

"Oh, you need not be afraid, young lady, John, or she will never smile on you. She is eighteen, and fully conscious of her weight of years. Kitty, this is my friend, Mr. Barnes."

Kitty drew herself up, and honored Mr. Murray with an exceedingly stately bow—the stateliness being somewhat marred by her dance with the baby, which she knew he must have witnessed.

"Mr. Murray is going to East Hampton, Kitty; and as he has been there before, he can tell you whether it's all your fancy painted it."

"Oh, does you know Fort Hampton? and will you tell me all about the surf, and the beach, and the moonlight?—for Mrs. Wood does not seem to regard any thing about Fort Hampton but the bathing cured Johnny's whooping-cough."

"Yes, Miss Dean, all my knowledge and experience are at your service; and if you will let me have a seat by your side in the cars, I will paint Fort Hampton in glowing colors for your benefit."

The bell rang, and all hurried to their seats in the cars. Kitty finding time, however, to whisper, as she kissed me, "Do not let Mr. Barnes die for; thinking thus to destroy my peace of mind for the next hour.

But I was thinking too busily of her seat-mate; and as I walked slowly homeward, I said, again and again, to myself, "I be happy? Will he ever forget?"

John Murray had always been a favorite of mine. His mother and I were dear friends, and I had watched him from a boy, and had loved him for his own. From his earliest boyhood he was frank and honest, and, though he was proud, possessed much less sense of honor which seemed natural to him, and which so few have. He was very fond of his mother—boyish in this, even after he was a man in years.

He used to talk to me so freely of all his plans, his aspirations, his disappointments, looking into my face with his clear gray eyes, through which I could look right down into his true heart. And I was the best of friends with his mother, which grieved me so now, since his disappointment.

For John Murray was a "disappointed man," as the world has it. But more than that, he was a deceived, bitterly-wronged man.

He had loved, as such true earnest men alone can love, a young Southern girl, so little and heiress. Others thought her weak and vain, but he loved her with a blind, unreasoning love. I shall never forget the day he came to me with his face glowing radiantly, and his eyes all full of tears, and told me that he had asked her to be his wife, and how his voice trembled as he said in low, reverent tone:

"I do thank God for it, Mrs. H——I am not good enough to thank Him, but I will be now."

Ah, how happy he was, poor boy! He went away with his lady-love to introduce her friends to travel through the summer. A few weeks passed, and I heard a vague rumor that his engagement was broken. Then he came home, and John Murray did not come home. In two months I read in a newspaper the notice of the lady's marriage to a wealthy Englishman.

How my heart bled for my boy then! but I could hear nothing of him. It was four months before he came home, and I was so changed, I could no longer call him a boy. He looked years older, and was so changed, I could hardly hint bitter and cynical as such troubles often do, he had lost that honest frankness which was one his greatest charms. He was because quiet and reserved, though more kindly and gentle than ever before, even to women—unlike those men who continue the whole sex because one has proved false to them.

It was now five years since this happened, and John Murray was thirty-five. He was in the prime of advanced age, yet every one looked upon him as an old bachelor, and few dreamed that he would ever change.

Well, the days of Kitty's absence went by, and the time of her return drew near. I had had two or three letters from her, which I have spoken of as rather unsatisfactory, all agreeing upon one point, viz. that East Hampton was stupid, and that Johnny the little damsel sadly, and was very glad when, one afternoon, a note was brought me from her, saying: "Dear Auntie, I'm coming home to-night. Father is going out this evening, and I shall be alone. Please come over right after tea, for I want to see you directly."

Of course I went, for I wanted to see Kitty "directfully" too. As I walked up the pleasant path, lined with rose-bushes, leading to Kitty's abode, I looked up toward the house, thinking she would come to meet me, but I saw nothing of her. Going into the house, and not seeing her down stairs, I went up to her room. I opened the door softly, and came upon Kitty sitting silly looking out of the window. She did not hear the door open, and, as her face was turned from me, did not see me till I came close to her, and drawing back her head said, laughingly:

"Well, Kitty, where's the offer?"

In a minute she had thrown her arms in my bosom, and she was crying bitterly; sobbing till her little form shook convulsively, and I was fairly frightened. "Kitty, pet, what is it?" I asked, anxiously. "Do look up, Kitty and speak."

Then she lifted her head and looked into my face. Instead of the bright, plump, rosy face she had worn a month before, she was pale, heavy-eyed, and thin. Sitting down I drew her into my lap and said, while the tears trembled in my own eye,

"Why, Kitty, you have been ill. Why did you not let me know? I would have gone and nursed you if you had only sent for me. But never mind now, dear, now I have you safe, and you will soon be well and strong. So don't cry."

Kitty smiled faintly, and said:

"I'm not ill, Aunt Lizzie, very ill, auntie? Father thinks so, too, and has gone to see Mrs. Wood about me; but I feel well, and have been ever since I've been sick! Why, what then is the matter? Not been sick?"

"Why, Kitty, you have not been sick an hour. I wish I were sick; I wish I were dead!" And with another passionate burst of tears, Kitty laid her head down on my lap and sobbed and moaned her, stroking her hair, kissing her forehead, and singing scraps of lullaby music, just as I had comforted her years before to her sister's little ones, before, and she, a little sobbing child, lay in my arms as now.

"Present! she grew calmer, the sobs ceased, and at last she lifted the little wet face from my shoulder, and said,

"I am sorry to frighten you so, auntie; but I have kept it in so long, and I knew you would let me cry. I am very miserable, Aunt Lizzie."

This was said very quietly, and with such a piteous look on her pale face, that I broke through my resolution not to question her as to her trouble, and said, quickly,

"What is it, Kitty? What has happened?"

Drawing a long breath, she began, slowly,

"I think I had better tell you all about it, auntie, though I could not tell any one else in the world I did not love as well as my own. But I have quite finished the story, or I shall break down, and I want you to know it all."

So she laid her head down again, falling her eyes on my shoulder, and began:

"You know, Aunt Lizzie, the silly speeches made about me, and I never cared having one of them. Well, though I knew it was silly, I could not help hoping that I might have one to tell the girls about when I came home. But I thought it would be best to be blunt to on the beach in the moonlight, and very some one, I thought, would be in my misery, and all that; and then I had made up what I thought the prettiest speech in reply, telling him that he was very nice, but I could never love him; would always think of him as a friend, and closing by asking if I had ever led him to think I would have a different reply. But I thought of this so much, that, when I reached East Hampton, I looked eagerly around the table when the first come to breakfast at 8, as I'd to be what young gentlemen there were. But there was not one—not a single one. So at last I began to think—of—of Mr. Murray.

"John Murray, child! Why—"

"Auntie, auntie, please wait; I can't hear it now. I did not know Mr. Murray till he began to be with me a good deal, to walk with me, and to sit under the trees with me after dinner. And he was so pleasant and agreeable, and there wasn't any one else, and I liked him; so it was very easy to think that he was the best man there I did. So I never declined any of his attentions; and I used to talk and sing and walk with him till at last we were always together all the time. He was so pleasant to have him like me so much, prefer me to all the other ladies, that I really forgot all about the other gentlemen, and thought only of him on to make it. But at last it came. Oh, Aunt Lizzie, I had never dreamed it would be like that. We had been out in the moonlight, and the tide rose so high we had to walk with me, and that under the trees while we were

plied, absently, that he saw Miss Dean frequently in East Hanover, and that she seemed in good health while there. His manner, while saying this, was not at all lover-like; but then I did not expect it to be. John Harney was no boy, to blush and stammer when in love.

The day after his arrival John went out to walk. I was sitting in my little sewing-room at a window Kitty came in. She was pale, and quiet as usual, and, after kissing me "Good-morning," she sat down silently at the open window. Suddenly I was startled by her exclaiming.

"Aunt Lucy!"

I turned, and seeing her crimsoned face, her half-frightened, half-reproachful look, I knew she had seen John Harney coming in. She started toward the door, but I laid my hand on her arm.

"You shall not go, Kitty," I said, decidedly. "You shall stay and see John again. Stay!"

She stood, timid, irresolute, and she remained. The man, as his eye fell upon her, he started, and a faint color tinged his cheek; but he moved courtously, and held out his hand to her (that was for my benefit, who was supposed to be ignorant of the affair). Kitty took his offered hand without looking at him. But now the blushes had left her face, and it was very pale. As John glanced at her he exclaimed, involuntarily,

"You have been ill, Miss Dean!

She looked up at him, but the anxious gaze, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears. Poor child, she had become a perfect Niobe of late. Aunt Harney (who, I thought, should rather would not let him submit to be asked by the woman who had robbed his child. His face flushed, and holding his hand fast, he spoke in a proud and handsome, he said,

"I am sorry my presence distresses you, Miss Dean. Let me assure you, in these tears are shed from compassion for me, I do not require them. I need no one's pity!" and he turned to leave the room.

Here was a situation! What should I do? I was in despair. Poor Kitty growing anxious as he opened the door, I interposed hastily unseen by Kitty, "You foolish boy—she loves you!"

He hesitated, and I continued, hurriedly, as she, then glanced at Kitty, whose face was still covered with the little hands which had grown so thin since he held them in his own, and I saw the tears flowing from his expression softened, and I rushed from the room, leaving them alone together. So sure was I now of a happy termination to my success, trying that I went coolly off to market, and staid away an hour. When I came home I spy Kitty's straw-hat still hung in the hall, and from my sewing room I heard the murmurs issue, which convinced me that the lovers were yet there. Before opening the door I thoughtfully made a great deal of unnecessary noise with the handle, as if the time singing in the outer apartment ceased.

But when I did open it! There was John—the grave, sad old bachelor—sitting on the sofa with his arm around Kitty, and her head upon his shoulder. Dean, who, as I entered, looked up with a beaming, blushing face, and changing at that audacious man, with a quiet smile,

"He won't take it away."

I "would not" indeed, I cried I, as, like a silly old woman, I put my arms about both of them, and fell to crying and laughing.

Kitty had written to Mr. Dean, Mr. Sr.—, to make up for that first one which was so unlike what she expected," said John, laughing.

"Oh! don't talk about it, Kitty dear. Mr. Well—John!" murmured Kitty

And "John," delighted with the sound of his name from those lips, would not allow Kitty to release her; and as he had no little to kiss, to prove the sincerity of his vow, he had to substitute for the volume what happened to be nearest. So he did!

THE LOTS UPON THE RAFT.

SOME years ago I happened to be sailing round in the port of Lerwick. A furious westerly gale had set in at the full of the moon, and raged with violence which can be appreciated only by those "who go down to the sea in ships," and "behold the wonders of the deep."

The hurricane whistled wildly through the rigging; great sheets of surge, broken into foam-froth over the rough bulwarks, and dashed "aloft where shelter we lay, were whirled about, through the spars, showing against the black sky, and scattered above, like clouds of snow-drift flying through the lines on a dark mountain side.

"Sail ho! a wreck, Mistress Mortarty. A sail, Murtagh jewel!" exclaimed two or three fishermen to our weather-beaten pilot.

We peered anxiously in seaward, and in the intervals of the drift and mist, just under the lofty cliffs, and almost within the broad belt of heavy breakers that lashed the rocky shore, saw a gallant ship under close-reefed capsails and courses, staggering under the pressure of the heavy sea of gale, riled on with a terrible rolling motion, as if, in order to extricate herself from the fearful position into which she had fallen, or at the thick bars of rain and surge had bewildered her.

"God be merciful! Half by the living—" Whatever the rest of the sentence would have said died upon his lips; a mighty wall of water came rolling down upon the hapless bark just as she was about to clear the point, and, greatest danger, the moment she was forced on her course, as though her helmsman was paralyzed at the appalling peril. It was, however, for a moment only; again she flew over to the hurricane squall, until all her broad decks were visible. There was a great sheet of hissing surge boiling out from under her lee bow, which showed the tremendous velocity with which her desperate over were forcing her through the broken water; gallantly, coolly, and with stern resolve she was held on that fearful course, and gathering up her power for the last strength for the last struggle to escape destruction. Already was the towering mass upon her; another moment, and she would be rolled immediate in into that seething caldron, a mass of riven planks and timbers—the chaos of despair, of death! Wa held our breaths in intensity anticipation of what was to follow. Already the cry of the strong swimmers in their agony seemed resounding in our ears; no mortal hand could help, no human aid could reach them. Suddenly her helm was put down; as she came up in the wind, the thunder of her shivering canvas sounded like the knell of doom; the lifted heavy-antly to the giant sea, rose upon its advancing wave, as if rejoicing in the great strength and exhaustion, and burst through the curling ridge of white foam, and, falling off on the other tack, disappeared from our fevered gaze in a column of spray, smoke and mist.

"Bravely done! Bravely and well done!" shouted old Mortarty, in a tremulous voice.

"Ay—ay—by my soul, the child that sails her is no chicken! He knows every shtick in her timber ye, or he'd never shtand a chance! Bravely and well done, Murtagh jewel! Ye have fairly sailed him, his spirit is on the road to glory now. The Lord be praised for his mercy in preserving them! Do ye know the man? Ye ought to be his blood mind?"

"Where are he and his ship, Murtagh?"

"Thrue for you, Billy Duncan, alanna, ay, indeed, that thr'not; here he comes now, squared away adown the point, and the sea-bird's wing dewed wid the say drift, that I can't make out what she is at all?"

"Where, boy, where?" Spake aisy, can't you? I'll know! what she is now. Don't ye see who's comin' along the pier?"

All eyes were directed to the rapidly approaching vessel in the direction indicated by the speaker. A tall and stately looking female was striding along the rugged sidewalk, regardless alike of the furious tempest or the pitiless pelting of rain and spray. She was dressed in a garment of rusty black, which barely sufficed to cover her poor weak frame, much less to protect her from the inclemency of the elements. In her pinched features and sunken eyes care-worn features could be traced the vestiges of early and wondrous beauty—the wreck of one of earth's fairest flowers. The expression of her features strangely contrasted with the expression of her bright dark eyes, from which a baleful, almost frenzied, fire was kindled. Her lips were tightly closed with feverish energy, as if in earnest, conscious supplication: her gaze wandered not: it was fixed upon approaching vessel, as if looking through pointed rocks, and across yawning chasms, like a being of another world. Ever and anon her lips moved, as if in prayer, and a shudder at times seemed to be aware of the presence of a human being. Suddenly she gained the light-house platform she knelt at its margin, lonely, and, with wind-locking, swaying her body backward and forward, her lips moving, her eyes, the pupils now rose in incoherent murmurings, and soon fixed away; but the same intensely vengeful light remained over her features.

"Lady Blair, God help her!" exclaimed old Murtagh. "If I was Black Will Gardiner, I'd never lay down my head upon my pillow, for fear than face such a welkim as this after every voy'age!"

"I'm Heaven's sake, Murtagh! what is the meaning of all this? Surely the poor creature must be mad to be out from such a exposure. Let us remove her to shelter and comfort."

"Hist, yer honor, hist! it's poor Lety Blair. She's gold to meet Black Will Gardiner, the skipper of the *Gipsy Bride*."

Meanwhile the vessel which had caused all this excitement was rapidly nearing the point, sprit now appeared as she rounded the pier end in such close proximity that a man might have stepped on her bow sprit. Black Will, on his arrival returns to her port after a voyage, there are those at hand to give the tempest-tossed mariner a cheery welcome home. Some few minutes had passed in, but, save an odd cry of recognition, her dripping and startled-looking crew were grouped forward in sullen silence to a spectator, and seemed the wanderers of the deep; no triumphant shouting greeted the gallant battle for life that had been fought and won. No! a deep and ominous gloom appeared to hang over the ship and her crew. At this moment the unfortunate incidents of the captain of the *Gipsy Bride* arrested our attention. He was a man in the prime of life, of manlike stature, powerful and well-knit, with the wilful of a stern, gloomy, and forbidding aspect; and if ever the face of man gave index of the mind, yet, from the bad whitness of his face, the stern features were convulsed in a manner fearful to behold; hatred, rage, fear, despair, all the evil passions of which mortals are subject, seemed blended in turn; the veins upon his forehead stood out like knotted rope-yarns; his powerful grasp clutched at every thing within his reach, as if he meant he caught sight of that kneeling woman. He stood planted his same frenzied eyes about in spring upon his prey. A howl of torture—the pent-up cry of rankling mental agony—burst from his lips. It seemed to be a bellowing, half-human. His hand shook like a man's with ague, as, pointing to the form which hence ever him from the rocky platform, his lips of an accent which spoke of a burst of fearful impressions, he thundered forth:

"Blessed Jesus! will no one strike that old hag from my sight!"

It was a solemn sight, accompanied by fearful sound. The ship and her crew were pitching into the sale and sheltered haven, escaped as by a marvel of Providence from a horrible death, and instead of voices uprising in glad thanksgiving for mercy vouchsafed, to hear that awful shout of rebel blasphemy rising high above the roaring of the wind and the hissing of the waters. And the weird-looking, kneeling woman, wrapped in her grave-yard garments of woe, muttering forth incoherent ejaculations, in which invocations of Heaven's wrath were strangely mingled with supplications for mercy! The visitation that destroyed the body and the soul was prayed for in the same breath as the exemption of the innocent from the doom of the guilty! By the night or by the day, in the calm or in the storm, by the land or by the sea, sleeping or waking, in health or in sickness, that "the worm which dieth not, and the fire which is never quenched," might prey upon the spirit, blight the hope, wither the strong frame, and dry up the life-blood of William Gardiner—the outcast of God and of man!

"I'm thinkin," said the pilot, "ever honer is alger to hear the prayers of poor Lety Lerimore? and, as I mentend, the old man commenced:

"It's not seven years ago ever since could Clement Lerimor was a big man, a thriving shipowner in this same port of Lerwick. He owned ships that ran to a greater many places beyond the sea, as his word was as good as another man's hand. Well, Clement had a daughter, the poor wake creature ever honer mentend, and a son, who was only a little myself that remembers poor Lety Lerimer, the purtiest Colleen Dhas that ever tossed a spiderwebs from a grass-blade on a May morning, an' be coorse all the gay young chaps about these parts used to be cocking their cauberns at her; but Lety had never none of them, for she was grand-like to her betyers, an' was given to realim' about great men that wind across the says, an' mel great fellins. Well, there comes the young gentleman sent to call Clement—the sons of merchants he used to have dalinn' wid—an' was a fine dashin' young Scotsman, none wy yer hard-lined, skin-the-cat sort of chap, but a great, big-hearted, jovial chap; cut! shure, they said he was a relation to the great King Robert the Bruce; anyhow, no matther who he was at the beginning of him, he was a made man, handsome, dashin' and free wy yer money, an' fellin' yer coather fellow, they said, was a side-wind from Spain; but he'd an English name at all events, an' was a good-hearted, dark-dashin' gentleman—morose and sel-given like—nobody finnind him; but hemp Donald Blair was in every body's mouth. William Gardiner was Lerimor's favorite at all events; whether his people had more money nor Donald Blair, I can't say rightly; but people said that Lety was to be married to him when he was out wy his time. There's always two voices to a bargain, and although Lerimor wasn't much consulted at first, bedad she was daytermined she'd have her own way; so the very day Donald Blair was out on his first voy'age wy them sets of aul' gets married hirn' an' fast, an' maybe there wasn't the devil's own rockum about it; however, Clement, sinnifiin' he was a big man, an' the bangin his daughter got, an' had them home, an' daycently married, an' a powerful jollification then' was every body' put out of the house, for Donald was such a favorite that nobody envied him but one, that one was Will Gardiner; next or near the wedin' he went off on his first voy'age, and he's a changed bear. I'm told 'twas threadful to hear the oaths he swore about the revenge he'd take on Donald Blair.

"Clement Lerimor, to make up wid him blue, chin blue Gardiner, gave him his best ship, an' to show that there was no ill-will betwixt one between them, he sent Donald Blair out as chief mate; she was a fine boat, and as ever yer honer clapped eyes on—oh, a nal beauty!—called the *Carlo Zeno*; that was a woful vy'age for Donald, poor, light-hearted, jovial Donald Blair—he never knew luck; he was logged as washed overboard in a squall off the Great Fiton Rocks, near he island of Saint Lucia; leastways he never fell wy Lety; but Will Gardiner challenged 'em all, an' as the poor lady said, square, an' the crew spoke up, why there the thing ended.

"Not wid poor Lety, though—the poor cruthur—she never heard a word about hirn that day; an' the poor cold mather too, wid poor Lety, wid wilys, was fond wy him, for who wouldn't the poor lad treated wy good spee-hacted as the light uv day, only fond uv his joke an' his divertsion—small blame to him!—dis a sorry wol that goes through the world without rubbing a few bright spots in it.

"In the course of time the widow Blair became a mother; and, as the poor child came to life, poor the father did in that boy, only he had the mother's beauty an' all her winnin' ways to the back of all poor Donald's fine ways; he grew fast, an' the aul' Clement began to regard him as the apple uv his eye, couldn't hear him out uv his sight for a minit; but the dark cloud was at hand, thing began to go cross wid the poor child—the poor little ship was wrecked, and he was left, at last, the only one he had left was the *Carlo Zeno*.

"Well, the time kem when something must be done wid yerer poor child's fortune; he was his father to look to, so he tooked the heritage uv his poor drowned father was bestowed upon him—and his aul' uncle wanted him to Will Gardiner—but, but that was a sorry partin', for Clement Lerimor had parted wid his last ship to him, an' in sending the lady daughter to Scotland he thought he had hope that he'd bring back the fortune that was gone. Many, many was the requests he made uy Lety that he'd marry the poor boy, an' be happy him what he had done for Will Gardiner to make him a honest man and a Christian man. That same night Black Will, as we called him, he had a long talk with Mrs. Blair, an' he asked her to be partiner for life, and that the aim an' object of his life—he asked her to be his wife, an' to forget all the bad over loved as only a woman can love—an' he had promised that she was dead all parties of the man with whom he'd broken the same bread and drunk the same cup, as a nev-do-well that deserved to be forgotten, little knowin'—the black-hearted villain!—the woman he had to dale with. Oh, my jewel! it was Lety that up an' gave him her mind; and he left her that night wid the bowl upon his brow and the curse upon his lips.

"More nor half the crew, every, and still no news uv the *Carlo Zeno*. The poor mother was wall-nigh distracted, and as for auld Clement he wha fairly beside himself. At last, one fine day, who should come back, as if the finger uv Fate was on him, but Black Will himself, and nobody else, wid the exception of Art Sullivan, a very auld man, who was carpenter of the ship. She had foundered at sea—the crew escaped on a raft, but, after days of awful suffering, the only ones that were picked off that fatal raft was himself and the carpenter.

"The mention of poor Clement Lerimer's hitterness was now full. He had seen ships, and money, and everything pass away from him; and now the only being that bound him to earth—what his poor old wretched heart clung to—the fair, gold-enshrined, laughin' lady, where perence was his sunshine to him, and where life was wrapped up in his own—he was gone, too, and all the world was dark and desolate to him. He lingered for ten-teen days in'place, an' all that remained of the once great high-spirited man a narrow grave and a plain little head-stone; and poor Lety was left to the solitary widowhood to mourn the days that war past—too happy to be lastin', and too fleetin' to be true.

"The little that was left her she spent in charity and prepariin' herself for the home where there she knew best had gone before her.

"Well, yer honer, one night Lety was tooled that a dyin' man wanted to make his peace wid the world, and that he desired to see her.

"'Do you know me?' says he to her, when she went into the wretched cabin where he was lyin on a bed of straw.

"'You're Art Sullivan!' says she, 'a faithfun servant of my poor father's.'

"'Yes, yer honer, yes, Miss Lety!' says he; 'I was once honest, an' had a clear conscience, but the bad luck—Black Will Gardiner' says he.

"'What about him? What of him? Speak, Oh! Art Sullivan, shorten mackree! if you know any thing of poor lost Will, yer honer, you are now about to appear before your Judge, tell me?'

"'Listen, my poor Colleen!' says he. 'Listen—'twas for your sake I did it. I was an accomplice on the raft young Donald was safe and sound, and so war all the crew; but we had drys and nights of awful danger and suffering, and Will the bile in' heat by day soon sent most of them mad, and they jumped into the say, where the sharks made short work of them, and the men died of fair starvation. At last none were left but Will Gardiner, myself, and poor young Donald Blair. Oh! but he was a brave, fine boy! He had a pretty good day by day, and bid us cheer up, although the poor darlin' was suffering as much through his skin. That terrible man had a little stew of raw and biscuit, for I kept my eye on him night an' day; and when he thought I had disappointed him he gave me a taste now and then, but never a morsel or a sup would he give the brave child that was dyin' before his face. I'm sure, if I had a child like the little Donald swallow some; but no, he had the spirit of a lion. 'No!' he used to whisper, and his little eyes would flash, 'I'm the chief, and could not give to the poor men that's going that never pass my lips!' It was a just rebuke to myself, poor man, to have thrown the life of a child; but I was wake and feeble, and the great black thirst was burning through me, and even sweetly selfishness—so what could I do? When a man is driven to death by inches he craves for life more than ever—human or dumb creatures, even; it binds in him; but that boy was a hero, if ever there was one born. At last the day came that all was gone, another and another fellow followed, and Black Will Gardiner stooped over me and whispered a hurrid temptation; for, says he, 'If we can only prolong life a couple of days more, we'll save; I'm sure the aul' wind some of the homeward-bounders!' My blood curdled at his words; but as the day wore on, and no sign uv a sail, he spoke to me again. But I swore at him, and he swore at and cursed me, and called me a coward for not wishin' to cast about money to a worthless brut. I wouldn't now be at all not throw me overboard, but the coward was afraid of his consciousness of the crime. At last he spoke out bold, and said the time was come we should draw lots for life; one must die to keep the others alive. I was too weak to speak, I could only give him and me! *the lots were drawn falsely*, and poor little Donald—oh! God shield that sight from my memory—the poor little boy—fainting, struggling wild that poor small child. I screamed; I tried to rise and help and save him; but no, I was feebler than the poor child, and at last he was struck. Ay, God forgive him, that man-devil! he murdered poor little Donald—he drank of his blood and ha eat of his flesh! I was left alone for a time too, and found an by fearful oaths never to reveal what I do now; but I could not the sky. Oh! mercy, mercy, Miss Lety! I am guilty! I am! The wild cry alone answered; the spirit of the old man had fled, and with it the senses of poor Lety Blair."

"And is it possible, Murtagh," I exclaimed, "that matters like this can ever been mated?"

"God bless yer honer!" said the old man, "what could we do? Lety told me the story herself in a fit of wild despair—poor thing—the last after the first shock passed away, but then she got worse than ever. Our only witness was dead, and we could take a man's life on the word of a poor crazed woman? Bad his day will come, yer honer, sure enough! Bad his day will come, yer sure an' good! He tried sailin' from other ports, had he always comes back to this. Bad tell me, yer honer, when he was down beside old Clement's grave, and whispers to him to be of good cheer—that little child is come to him, and that she is comin' too, but that she must wait for Will Gardiner; and, sure enough, when we see her dai' tais, we know he is not far off; and let it be by

day or by night that he comes back, there she kneels upon that platform of rock—the first that he sees when he comes, and the last when he goes away. God forgive her poor wandering, broken spirit, it's not Christian-like, but sure she knows no better—she asks for her poor lost son—save the pride of the heart that shall never bloom again—the light of the eyes that shall never sparkle more but in madness. Terrible will be the fate of the man that wrongs the widowed and the fatherless!"

The old pilot ceased, and I shall do the same, good reader. I tell you the tale as it was told to me; and, for aught I know, the poor maniac mother may still frequent the little pier of L——, and Black Will Gardiner may still be prosperous; but, as sure as the old pilot said it, his day will come.

I need hardly say that the names I have introduced are not the real ones.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Rows and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINISTER MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO,

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

A SPLICE PARTED.

The drum rolled, the marines presented arms, the boatswain piped, the side boys and officers took off their caps; and as the colors dropped with the last ray of sunset from the peak, and the broad blue day pennant came fluttering down from the lofty main truck, Commodore Cleveland and his friends stood on the splendid deck of the flag-ship *Mosonghela*.

It must have been with conscious pride that that brave and loyal commander gazed around him on the noble frigate and her gallant crew. The white decks, the tiers of cannon polished like varnished leather, with the breechings and tackles laid fair and even over and around them; the bright lashying pins, holding their never-ending coils of running gear—the burnished brass capstan—the great boom board to the boats amidships with a gleaming star of cutlasses, reflecting a glitter on the ring of long pikes stuck around the mainmast near; all enclosed by the high and solid bulwarks; while towering above, like mighty leafless columns of forest pines, stood the lofty masts running up almost out of sight to the trucks in the fading light; supported by stays and shrouds, singly and in pairs, and braided masses—black and straight and taut—never a thread loose on rigging or ratlin—and spreading out as they came down in a heavy hempen net, till they disappeared over the rail and were clenched and spliced, or seized and clamped to the bolts and dead-eyes of the chain-plates outside.

"Gentlemen, let me make you acquainted with the first lieutenant, Mr. Hardy, and permit me also to present my nephew, Mr. Darcantel, captain—if you please, my friends—of the oen-gun schooner *Rosalie*, formerly the slaver *Pleiades*, cut out of a river on the Gold Coast by the young gentleman who stands before you."

THE LOTS UPON THE RAFT.

"Rosalie! why that's the name of my niece," exclaimed Piron, "and she is prettier and whiter than your trim little craft, Sir. But you must come with the Commodore to Escondido and judge for yourself. But, bless my soul! you resemble our Rosalie, even if your schooner don't. Why, look at him, Paddy Burns!"

Don Stingo, and Tom Stewart, and the Paddy did look at him, and all shook hands with him, laughing the while at Piron, and asking when old Chinker looked for another earthquake.

"Come, Piron, come, gentlemen, don't let us keep the soup waiting! By-the-way, Mr. Hardy, will you do me the favor to take a glass of wine with us after gun-fire? Thank you. Suppose you bring little Mouse with you—I like children; and perhaps you will excuse the younker from keeping his watch to-night? A little extra sleep in his hammock won't hurt him, you know."

And so Commodore Cleveland raised his hat—followed by the eyes of respect and devotion from officer and sailor—as he passed down the ladder and entered his spacious cabin.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BLUE PENNANT IN THE CABIN.

"Now, gentlemen, let me get off this heavy coat and epaulets. There! all right, Domino! put the sword in its case, and give me a white jacket. Choose your own places, my friends. Piron, sit here on my right; Henri, take the foot of the table."

These last words were said in French; whereupon Piron started and whispered to the Commodore, "By George, Cleveland! is that youth's name Henri, and does he speak French?"

"Hush, Piron! he may hear you! His mother was French, and he speaks the language like a native. She died when he was a baby, and he doesn't like to allude to it. Come, steward, we are all ready! Serve the gumbo!"

"So, my friends," exclaimed the Commodore, "you wish to hear what became of me after I had parted with you?"

"By all means, Cleveland! we are all dying to hear, and—" Here Piron's appeal was interrupted by the heavy report of a hoe gun, which gave a slight, though almost imperceptible jar to the frigate.

"Smithereens! Stingo! what noise is that?" exclaimed Burns.

"Only the nine o'clock gun, Sir," replied Darcantel.

"Hech, mon!" said Stewart; "ye needna upset ma glass of auld Madeira in yer mickle fright! for I've seen the time when ye ha' laughed at the music in the report of a peestol and the ping of a bullet! But your nervous seesteem seems to be unstrung ever since the sma' French dancing Count untied the string o' your waistcoat with his repeer."

"You don't think, Paddy, the Commodore here is going to hang a forty-two pound shot into our stomachs after all the good prog he's filled them with?" added Stingo, *sotto voce*, while the rotund Milesian threw his head back and twinkled careless defiance at them all.

Just then the orderly swung the port cabin door open, and standing up as rigid as a pump-bolt, with a finger to the visor of his stovepipe hat, in cross-belts and bayonet, he announced "Lieutenant Hardy and Midshipman Mouse!"

"Ah, Hardy, glad to see you!" rising as he spoke; "squeeze in there between Stewart and Burns or Darcantel! Here, gentlemen, let me exhibit to you Mr. Tiny Mouse! Don't move, Piron, I'll make a place for him near me."

Saying this, the Commodore took the lad af-

CAPTURE OF A SBIRRO AT PALERMO BY THE SICILIAN INSURGENTS.—[SEE PAGE 446.]

THE ROOF OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, IN BROOKLYN, BLOWN OFF BY THE GALE, JUNE 29, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 446.]

fectionately by the hand, and as he sat him down on a chair at his elbow, and while the conversation went on with his guests, he said, in a kindly tone,

"Tuy, my dear, the first lieutenant tells me you are a good boy and attend to your duty. I hope you pay attention to your studies also, and write often to your dear mother. Ah! you do? That is right; for you know you are her only hope since your brave father was killed. There, Sir, you may swig a little chaser, but don't touch those cigars."

"Come, Cleveland! Cleveland! you are forgetting your adventures, my boy!"

"Well, my friends, you shall hear them."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.

"THE best dinner I had in Jamaica, and a very jolly one it was, as you all know, out at Eccendido, where we kept it up so late that I only got on board the *Scourge* at daylight, in time to get her under way with the land wind. Well, we were bound to windward, and for a week afterward we rolled about in a calm off Morant Bay, maybe twenty leagues off the island, and one morning we discovered a sail. She was a large merchant brig, heading any way and lobbing about, as we were, in the calm. Toward noon, however, a light air sprung up and we got within hail, and I went on board to say a word or two to the skipper, for we had news before leaving Kingston that that infamous pirate Brand, in his long-legged schooner *Confiyede*, had been seen off Guadaloupe; and, in fact, we had actually chased him off Matanzas three months before; and so I was ordered to give the brig a warning, particularly as she had reported a suspicious craft in sight that same morning at sunrise. When I got on board of her I saw—"

Here Piron placed both hands to his face as he leaned his elbows on the table, and the Commodore checking himself, hurried on,

"Ah well! we kept the brig in sight all day and ran round her once or twice in the evening, but toward midnight the trade-wind freshened, and as the coast seemed clear, and we were anxious to make up for lost time in the calm, we gradually came up to our course and went bowling away to windward.

"I remember going below at the time, and just as I was about to turn in I heard a quartermaster sing out to Hardy there, who was junior lieutenant of the ship and who had the middle watch, that he saw a light going up to the brig's gaff. In five seconds I was on the poop, where I met the Captain.

"This is his only son, gentlemen, and a braver or more skillful seaman never trod a ship's deck," said the Commodore, as he passed his hand affectionately over the boy's head who was sitting beside him.

But he forgot, perhaps, to say that he, Cleveland, had stood by the father when he was struck dead by a cannon-shot, and that afterward he had the boy appointed a reefer, and out of his own means helped the widow to eke out her pittance of a pension. Yes, Cleveland forgot all that as he smoothed the youngster's soft hair, while, with the men around him, he drained his glass in silence to the memory of his departed friend and chief. Then resuming, he went on.

"In less than no time after the light was seen—for you must know, gentlemen, that it was an understood signal between us—the *Scourge* was flying off with a stiff breeze abaft the beam, the crew at quarters, and the boats ready to be lowered from the davits. When we ranged up alongside the brig, and even before, we felt certain that our misgivings would prove true, and so they did; and merely slamming a shot over her and dropping a couple of armed boats into the water, we hulled round her bows, and there we saw that cursed schooner—venomous snake as she was—just hoisting her sails and creeping away to windward.

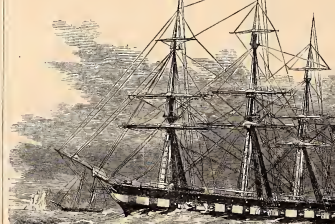
"We let her have two or three divisions of grape, and followed the dose up with round shot. I am sure we hit her, and that pretty hard, for we knocked away her fore-topmast, and we saw the splinters fly in showers from her hull. However, she was well handled and lying nearer the wind than the *Scourge*; when day dawned she was clear out of range and leaving us every minute. So we up helm and ran down again to the brig to see what mischief had been done and to pick up our boats.

"Ah, yes! you all know what had taken place, so I won't go over the details; but the same affernoon, after seeing the brig pointed straight for Port Royal, and while we were once more on our course, we fell in with a water-logged boat in which were half a dozen dead and dying men. One, a mongrel Indian from Yucatan, who was frightfully torn by two or three grape-shot, before he died on board—as did all the others—gave us, in his uncouth dialect, some account of the Pirate he had served under, and the haunt he frequented. As near as we could learn, the haunt was situated somewhere on the south side of Cuba, on a rocky island having a safe and secure inlet; but as he did not know the latitude or longitude, we were left somewhat in the dark. The last words, however, the mangled wretch uttered as the gasping breath was leaving his body, were that the spot could be distinguished by a tall cocoa-nut tree which grew from a craggy eminence in the middle of the island. We buried them all, pirates as they were, decently, and then we clapped on all sail on our course.

"Accordingly, the very morning we anchored I went ashore with the Captain of the Customhouse, where we met the Deputy Administrator and a little withered, one-eyed old rascal, who was in the Colonial service, and who professed to know the haunt, or at least he said he thought he did, of that notorious villain Brand.

"I remember distinctly spreading a chart before him, and while he traced with the end of his cigarrito a course for the Captain to steer by, I stood near watching him narrowly. But the fact was, that he had the very sharpest spark of an eye set, or rather standing out, beside his nose that any body ever saw in a human being's head; and instead of me watching him he seemed to be looking straight through me and divining my thoughts and suspicions. However, the spot he pointed out, and the way he described it, with a cocoa-nut tree on top of a rock and the passage through the reef, so nearly corresponded with the confused account the Yucatanese gave us before he died, that the Captain was entirely convinced we were on the scent, though I, myself, was not more than half satisfied. The place indicated was near the Isle of Pines, three hundred miles off; but to make the thing more plausible, that one-eyed old scoundrel was detailed to run along the Doce Léguas keys, see what information he could pick up there, and then follow down after us.

"That night, or early the next morning, we were off again, and ran down the coast, with a good offing to keep the wind, until we got to the ground and passed in by Cape St. Francis and doubled round into the Bight of Pines. There we fell in with a whole fleet of English and American cruisers and schooner craft, who informed us that they had searched every accessible spot where a man could walk dry shod



THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "MONONGAHELA."

"Steward, another bottle of the old Southside that Mr. Marsh sent me from Madeira! Here, Domino, take Mr. Mouse up gently and lay him down on my cot in the after cabin. Dear little fellow! he is sound asleep, and mind you draw the curtains around him lest he take cold from the draft of the stern windows!"

Rather a striking contrast this to the way Captain Brand the Pirate treated the little Henri in the den there in the Doce Léguas.

"Well, gentlemen, for some weeks after these occurrences we sailed about the islands, touching here and there, until at last we arrived at the Havana, took in stores and water, and then continued the cruise. The orders were to beat up the south side of Cuba, where we expected to fall in with the musquito fleet and some English vessels, especially detailed to destroy two or three nests of pirates who had for some years swarmed in those seas and infested that coast. In the course of time we beat all around the south side of Cuba, and at last dropped anchor in St. Jago, where we learned from the English Consulor Agent that five or six fellows, who had been wrecked on the Caribe reef were identified as having been part of a piratical crew who had plundered an English vessel with a free passport bound to Havana, and had been sent there in irons for trial.

"The truth was, that the Spanish Colonial authorities had so long connived, winked at, or been indifferent to what was going on during the wars of the Continent that they allowed these piratical hordes to exist and thrive at their very doors. The matter had already been brought to the notice of the Administrator of the port, and all other ports as far along the coast as Cienfuegos, and in such a threatening manner too, that the Governor at St. Jago, fearful of having his town blown down, exerted himself in the arrest of the wretches I have alluded to, and likewise in procuring information by dispatching Guarda Costas along the south side of the Island.

"Accordingly, the very morning we anchored I went ashore with the Captain of the Customhouse, where we met the Deputy Administrator and a little withered, one-eyed old rascal, who was in the Colonial service, and who professed to know the haunt, or at least he said he thought he did, of that notorious villain Brand.

"I remember distinctly spreading a chart before him, and while he traced with the end of his cigarrito a course for the Captain to steer by, I stood near watching him narrowly. But the fact was, that he had the very sharpest spark of an eye set, or rather standing out, beside his nose that any body ever saw in a human being's head; and instead of me watching him he seemed to be looking straight through me and divining my thoughts and suspicions. However, the spot he pointed out, and the way he described it, with a cocoa-nut tree on top of a rock and the passage through the reef, so nearly corresponded with the confused account the Yucatanese gave us before he died, that the Captain was entirely convinced we were on the scent, though I, myself, was not more than half satisfied. The place indicated was near the Isle of Pines, three hundred miles off; but to make the thing more plausible, that one-eyed old scoundrel was detailed to run along the Doce Léguas keys, see what information he could pick up there, and then follow down after us.

"That night, or early the next morning, we were off again, and ran down the coast, with a good offing to keep the wind, until we got to the ground and passed in by Cape St. Francis and doubled round into the Bight of Pines. There we fell in with a whole fleet of English and American cruisers and schooner craft, who informed us that they had searched every accessible spot where a man could walk dry shod upon, from Guayabos to the Isle of Mangles: that they had destroyed several old and deserted piratical nests, and hung two or three outcaste fishermen by way of wholesome warning to their mates the pirates; but that was all; and from what they had learned, there did not seem to have been an established retreat in that maze of keys and reefs for four or five years.

"So you see we had our cruise for nothing, and then the Captain agreed with me that we had both been most egregiously deceived by the Spanish commander of the Guarda Costa. Well, we hauled our wind once more, standing well out to sea, and after a tedious beat of some days, we again edged in toward the coast, somewhere near the Boca Grande of the Twelve League keys on the westernmost side. It was in the morning when we made the land, and steering close in, we got a good sheet of the shore and kept the glasses going from the topmost cross-trees down, all through the day. For my part, as Hardy may perhaps remember, I scarcely took the glass from my eye for eight hours, and from the mizzen-top I feel quite sure that there were not many objects, from the size of a blade of grass to a mangrove bush, that I did not examine, from the coral reefs up to the rocky heights, let alone the cocoa-nut tree that we were in search of.

"Toward afternoon, however, the weather came up hazy, the wind begin to fall off, and the barometer began to exhibit very queer pranks indeed; rising with a sort of jerk at first, and then dropping down the tenth of an inch at a clip, with the atmosphere becoming close and sultry, and the men gasping about the decks as if we were about to choke at the next breath. It was during the hurricane months, and the indications certainly should have led us as far as our legs could carry us to open water, instead of being caught unawares perhaps with half a thousand reefs around us on what might prove a lee-shore; but nevertheless the Captain decided to hold on till sunset and then make an

AT THE COMMODORE'S TABLE.

offing. The breeze still held in the upper sails, and so we slipped on in smooth water till about five o'clock, when I heard a fellow sing out from the main royal yard.

"Oh deck there! I can see a tall cocoanut tree on an island here on the port bow!"

"Before the words were well out of his mouth I too caught the object, and I knew at the first glance that it was the spot we were looking for. At the same time the haze lighted up a little, and we saw the tops of rocks and coral reefs; as the haunt of that pirate Brand had been described to us. So, my friends, we were all alive once more on board the *Scourge*, and the Captain resolved to dash in upon the scoundrel's nest before he could have time to know of us.

"The engine was rigged and water spurted over the sails from the tracks down, to make the canvas wet. The wind, and in and before we were within two leagues of the island, and just as the sun fell below the horizon we caught sight of the firmament of a heavy vessel sailing up over some bluff rocks near the bold shore. Not five minutes later the hull of the craft came slowly out from the point, after all sail, and we discovered her to be a long and rather lumbering-looking brigantine, painted lead color, and bearing no resemblance to the schooner we had twice chased before. Simultaneously, however, with her coming out into full view, we sin rounded in her head yards and got a puff of the main sheet with the breeze abeam and heading for the southern side. We beheld a great volume of white smoke spouts up over the rock near the ocean-nut tree, with a vivid sheet of flame at the base, and before the vast column had arisen, like the crown of a palm-tree, in its descent, we were greeted by a dull, heavy roar, the concussion of which fairly made the *Scourge* tremble. Then, as the white smoke partially broke away, an avalanche of rocks and timber was scattered far and near, and nothing visible but a vast of dust and masses of heavy smoke. Nearly at the same moment of this explosion revealed a heavy, black smoke arose from another spot nearer to the gap, lit up as the falling, hazy twilight with a vivid red fire, and about after a great conflagration burst forth, swirling flakes of burning cinders all over the island, and casting a lurid glare upon the water around us."

CHAPTER XXXV.

AND THE PITCH HOT.

SAIR the Commodore, with a knowing shake of his head, "Ah, gentlemen, if the fellow, who ever he was, who was creeping around in shadow in that lazy-looking brigantine, with English colors at the peak, had written down in detail what he had been doing on that accidental nook of an island, and sent the information off to us in a letter, we could have read it without breaking the seal! He could have told him that this little scoundrel with one eye had purposely misled us, and that Brand, with his warning, gain his stronghold; and that he had hastily got his plunder and people on board his vessel, blown up the rocks in his rear, and that the big engineer he was now on board of was once upon a time the notorious schooner *Chitipede!* You, we know all that instinct; and now I'll tell you how we acted upon it."

Piron sat with his eyes fixed upon the speaker, taking in every word as it fell from his lips, the teeth set closetogether and the hand clenched which supported his head on the table. Paddy Burns and Tiernan Carroll, too, looked eagerly that way, as did Harry Darcastel; while Hardy sipped his wine and puffed his cigar leisurely, as if he knew the tale by heart.

"It had fallen nearly calm. A light air perhaps in the royals, though nothing even below. But as we hauled down our colors at sunset, which had been hoisted to let the fellow know who we were, down came his also! Then there we both lay looking at each other. He knew by instinctive experience that we were the American corvette *Scourge*, mounting eighteen twenty-four pounder carronades and two long pieces in the bow ports; for the brigantine had once or twice determined that we could follow, and that we were the fastest cruiser, with the best and most powerful crew, that had been seen in the West Indies for twenty years.

"Yes, he knew all about us, but he was still a little in doubt whether we knew all about *Him*. He lay—unfortunately, perhaps, for him—a little beyond the range of our long guns, or she he might have been spared a good deal of time and uneasiness, and we a long chase and considerable risk. All as the night came, the very first that kindled in his den on shore perceived his escape; for while the calm lasted the bright flames spouted from him with the force of hail! There they lay all that night without moving a muscle or a mile until day dawned; and such a day as it dawned!

"Meanwhile the barometer had fallen an inch and a half, until the master began to believe the bulb broke and the mercury was dropping into the case. Then through the murky gloom of daylight, with the sea one flat greasy surface with never the ripple of a fish to disturb it, while the lowest whisper of the topmen aloft could be distinctly heard on deck—as if we were hung in the vacuum of an exhausted receiver where a feather would drop like a bullet—suddenly there came a sound from the direction of the keys. Suppose, Burns, you saw a forty-two pound shot coming toward you, and without you dodged quick your head would be flying off with it in the same direction?"

"Wahs, sure!" said Stewart, with a groan, "dinna be calling up sic peecturs in my brain, Cleveland. Paddy there wuler thinks of my noonda brain cuse a peecul bullet!"

"Well, my friends, we ran precisely a similar risk, though the closely embrasures over the hill and had not quite enough thunder to reach us. However, the brigantine knew what would follow as well as we did—better, perhaps—and before you could swallow that glass of wine, she was stripped as bare as a lone; and down came her yards, too, but keeping the sticks up and spreading a patch of storm-stay-sail forward that you might, apparently, have put in your pocket. Her decks and rigging were crowded with men while she was doing all this; for the moment I saw decks, and will tell you too, they ran into their holes below like so many rats, and we could only see a man or two left on deck near the helm.

"All hands had been called on board the *Scourge* at four o'clock, and with the exception of a few, who were the battery, everything was ready to make a skeleton of the ship the moment we saw the brigantine begin; for she was a very fine, big, and well-built craft, and we knew we in the ship third time. I had the trumpet, however, and with the Captain at my elbow, the instant he saw that the brigantine was once more rigged nearly in her old way he gave me the word, 'Now, Cleveland, now, sharp!'

"With a hundred and twenty men aloft, jumping about like cats, the light sails, studding-sail booms, fore and aft, topsail yards came down, the top-gallant masts after them, and the flying jib-boom rigged in. Then the topsails came rolled up and furled with lightning speed, and so with the courses; preventer braces clapped on, rolling tackles hooked, and the spare parts secured by the lower pennants. Meanwhile, the divisions on deck had got hawsers over the launch amidships, the chains unbolted, the anchor lashed down on the forecastle, and the quarter boats triced well inboard and secured with the davits. At the same time the spare stuff from aloft was got below, the hammocks piped down, and the carpenters slapped the gratings on the hatches and secured all the tarpaulins to batten them down. I never beheld a smarter piece of work done afloat—not even, Harry, in the Alabama!

"As I turned round an instant a hearse, howling bellow struck my ear from the island, and I just caught a glimpse of the coal-black cone rising round and round in the air like an inverted umbrella with a broken stick; while at the same time the men from aloft came down on the deck, and jumping to the battery, the guns were run in and housed, and breechings and extra lashings passed, and life-lines were fore and aft. After that, gentlemen, there was no further need of a trumpet!

"You all know pretty well what sort of a thing a hurricane is, and the one I speak of must, I think, have given you a touch of its quality here in Jamaica."

"Ay, by the holy Moses! we remember it well, Ed. Look to it! and we know, Cleveland and Piron there; for it didn't have a stick of sugar-cane standing from Montego Bay to Cape Morant!"

"Yes," said Stewart, "and to show ye what a pile of wind can do, the whirl of it caught up the eighteen-foot Honduras plank and laid it crosswise, like an axe, full seven inches into an old Tamarind tree standing in my garden, and then twisted off the ends like a hickle broomstick! Hoch, moon! yer nays see it there now aay da?"

Piron was thinking of the hands that were driving before that hurricane, with no thought of the damage done to his own plantations.

"Well, I shall never forget the whole description of it; and you need only fancy a ship blown every where and every how except out of water—now with the lower yard arms cutting deep into the sea like rakes, the lee hammock netting under water, the stern boat torn away with its splinters, the main-topsail picked, bit by bit, from the yard until there was not a thread left, and the lee anchor twisted bodily out of its lashings and swept overboard!

"Then a lull, while the sea got up and the ship dashed down on the other side to be now then staggering back and making a stern-board till the water was plunged up in a deluge over the poop. Recovering herself again and almost quivering on her beam ends, the guns groaning and creaking as the terrible strain came upon the breechings, with the shot from the racks bounding about the decks, dinting holes in the solid oak waterways big enough to wash your face in, and then hopping out of the waists half-pots to leeward. The spar-deck up to your arm-pits in water, and every man clinging on to the life-lines or standing rigging like grim death, while all the time the roaring, thundering roll of the hurricane rushed on her powerless we were, by hand or voice, to cope with the winds when they were let loose in all their might and fury!

"Nor need I relate to you the scene presented below: mess-chests, bags, tables, crockery, flying from deck and beam, knocking about, smashing about in the most dangerous way, pell-mell, while the worst of the tempest howled. But, gentlemen, she *Scourge* had a fortune of luck, by say nothing of two or three acres of tough yellow-pine timber, a good deal of fibre, hemp to hold the masts up; and, moreover, she was well manned, and, though I say it myself, she had a skillful captain and discharged-hand officers, in whose sagacity the crew could rely, to manage that old *Scourge*."

"Not she, hey!" exclaimed Hardy; "and the most skillful and the coolest of them all was the first lieutenant!" The *Mosquitoes* executive officer here bounced off his chair as if he was prepared to fight any man breathing who did not subscribe to that opinion.

"Well, my friends, that awful hurricane continued for about twenty hours, from late one morning till late the next, and, as I said, for the day, there was none; for the sun and black clouds made one long night of it. Fortunately, you we had fewer and fewer sticks to carry, the murky gloom broke away and we were able to look around, our first anxiety was to see what had become of the brigantine.

"Yes, and I truly believe, in all that turmoil of the elements, while we were on the brink of foundering and going down to old Davy's locker, that there was not an officer or man, from the Captain to the cook, who was not thinking of that Pirate and hoping that he might go down first. I myself, however, felt a sort of confidence, as I was held lashed on the poop to the mizzen rigging, that the brigantine might be caught and whirled about—so long as she was above water—by the same blows of the hurricane that beat upon the *Scourge*; and when the tornado broke and some one sang out, 'Sail ho!' I know by instinct it must be the *Chitipede*."

CAPTURE OF A SHIRO AT PALERMO.

EVERY one has heard of the shirt—the pies of Italy—who are hired by the governments to betray their political enemies, and who are the chief instruments of the Bourbons and Austrians and creatures of the Bombas and the Popes. For centuries the *shiro* has been an Italian institution, and for just as long the people have had to live with a hated not less blood-thirsty than his own feelings. Our engraving will show how the people of Palermo are rattled with the unfortunate creature of that class who have the mischance to fall into their hands. Their ire is, that the Neapolitan soldiers may be spared but the *shiro* must die. The artist who drew the picture which we publish herewith, saw the poor wretch—whose carrion it depicts dragged from his hiding-place, hustled through the streets, and hung with as little ceremony as if he had been a dog.

UNROOFING OF THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

WE publish on page 455 a picture of the unroofing of the Academy of Music in Brooklyn by a sudden gust of wind on 29th June last. The occurrence took place at 5.30 P.M., when about 60 men were at work on the building. Of these about twenty were injured by the accident, two or three, it is feared, mortally.

The portion of the roof which fell was all that covering the main part of the building, immediately over the auditorium—182 feet long by 92 feet wide, and nearly 80 feet from the ground. The main cross-pieces, made of timbers 8 by 12 inches, doubled; the rafters and girders, about 4 by 6 inches, were up, and workmen were engaged in putting up the walls at the time of the accident. The rafters, with girder or base piece attached, at the westerly end of the building, toward Clinton street, had been placed on the second, and so on in turn the whole roll "like a row of bricks," as described by a man who witnessed the accident. The wind, blowing fair upon the girders, of which there were eight, caused them to break and fall.

HER BRIDAL.

The clanging steeple dins the air
The banners flutter gay,
The maidens are decked in their fair
Along their homeward way;

And courtly bends the gallant, proud
To lead so sweet a bride;
She turns upon the greeting crowd
No gentle look aside;

No tender glance of love apart
To her high lord the while,
For memory on the chosen trusting heart
That thrill'd 'neath such a smile,

He who first dared to seek her love—
To seek it? ay, to win—
Whom now (O pain all pain above!)
To think of is to sin.

He turns away, too stern for tears,
With lips compressed and cold,
A simple boy, it seems, in years,
In grief an aged man.

Long life may yet be his, to give
The wreck of faith full scope,
Long years of suffering to live
And nurse the widow'd hope:

Long, long unsolac'd vigils yet,
Visions of sadden'd eyes
To mock the mourner's mad regret
With guilty sympathies.

Not falling on some foreign strand,
In battle reddened glow,
With dinted brand in fainting hand,
And face toward the foe;

Not sinking with some shatter'd ship,
Were it so hard to part
From her who has some were on the lip
Whose image on the heart:

Not bending o'er the hopeless bed,
Watching the dear one die—
Kneeling beside the dear one dead,
Were half the agony

That tears the soul, and burns the brow,
At consummated ruin,
That lay once his are shrinking now
Beneath a barter'd kiss!

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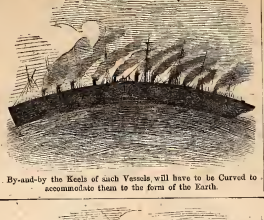
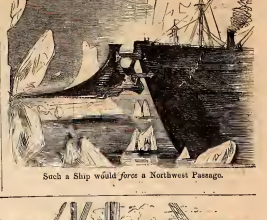
WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED AFTER THE GREAT EASTERN.

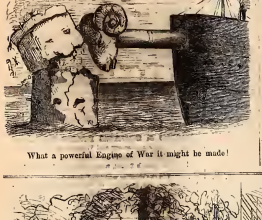
Ultimately the Ships will be of such length that their Bows will arrive at Port before their Sterns are in Sight.



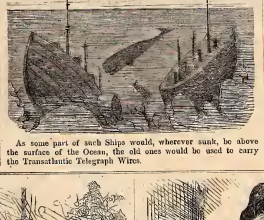
By-and-by the Keels of such Vessels will have to be Curved to accommodate them to the form of the Earth.



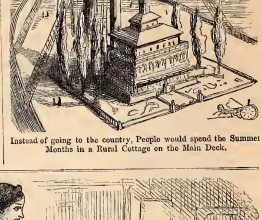
Such a Ship would *force* a Northwest Passage.



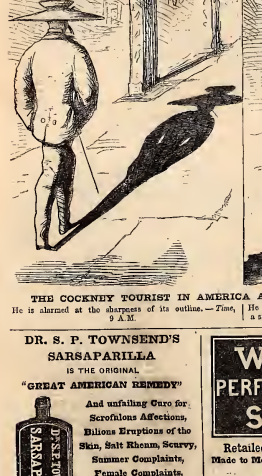
What a powerful Engine of War it might be made!



As some part of such Ships would, wherever sunk, be above the surface of the Ocean, the old ones would be used to carry the Transatlantic Telegraph Wires.



Instead of going to the country, People would spend the Summer Months in a Rural Cottage on the Main Deck.



THE COCKNEY TOURIST IN AMERICA AND HIS SHADOW.

He is alarmed at the sharpness of its outline.—*Time*, 9 A.M.

He is horrified at its contraction to a small round spot.—*Time*, mid-day.

COMPLIMENTARY TO PATERFAMILIAS.

SISTER ANN. "My Dear Rose! What *are* you doing?—Mamma will be very angry!"
ROSE. "Why, Walter wants to be like Papa. So I'm just Thinning his Hair at the top!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 186.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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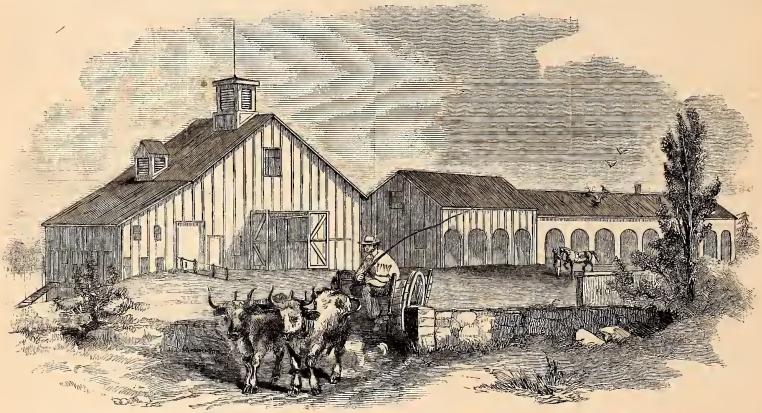


MR. CHENERY'S STABLES AT BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS, WHERE THE CATTLE DISEASE—PLEURO-PNEUMONIA—FIRST APPEARED.

FROM A SKETCH BY T. MARSDEN, ESQ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

PART OF MR. CHENERY'S HERD.

FROM A SKETCH BY T. MARSDEN, ESQ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE CATTLE DISEASE.

We publish on the preceding page an engraving of the stables of Mr. Chenery, of Manchester, the gentleman among whose stock the pleuro-pneumonia—the new cattle disease—first broke out; also an engraving of some of Mr. Chenery's cattle; both from sketches furnished by Mr. Theodore Marsden, of Boston.

It seems that the first deaths from pleuro-pneumonia occurred among some Dutch cattle of Mr. Chenery's, at Belmont, Manchester, in June, 1859. The disease spread, and Mr. Chenery lost half his herd, one animal dying after another, until the 5th January last, when the last death took place on his estate. Meanwhile the disease spread to North Brookfield, and one or two other places, and proved destructive in some half-dozen herds. A panic ensued: the Cattle Commissioners and Board of Agriculture took the matter up, and a wholesale massacre of cattle was for some time under contemplation. Legislative interference was loudly called for, and all New England was in a state of fearful alarm. During the past few weeks this feverish state of *mind* has given way to calmer disposition. It proves, on inquiry, that not more than half a dozen herds have been infected, and though the mortality among them has been large, it has not been so general as to justify a panic.

Opinions differ as to the origin of the disease. Mr. Chenery and others hold that it was contagious, and was imported in Mr. C.'s Dutch cattle from Holland, in May, 1859; that every herd which has been since infected caught it from those cattle, or from others to which it had been communicated by them. On the other hand, some authorities deny the contagious theory altogether, and assert that the disease arose from bad ventilation and unsuitable feeding. Mr. Chenery once held this opinion, but has recently abandoned it, being actually attacked by the facts.

A scientific writer thus describes the disease:

"Pleuro-pneumonia is defined as an inflammatory disease of the pleura and the lungs. The pleura is a thin membrane which covers the inside of the thorax, or chest, and invests the lungs. Pneumonia signifies the inflammation of the lungs. Hence it will be observed that the difference between pneumonia and pleuro-pneumonia is, that the former relates to the lungs alone, and the latter to both the lungs and the pleura. Epizootic—pronounced as divided epi-zo-ot-ic—is a term applied to diseases that are prevalent among animals, corresponding to epidemic among men. Epizootic, a pestilential or infectious disease—a term that may be applied to contagious or other contagious diseases."

It seems that the disease is well known in Europe. It is said to have been introduced into England, Scotland, and Ireland, in 1841, by an Irish cattle. It is not much dreaded there. In Holland it formerly prevailed very generally, and was nearly destroyed cattle.

The dates of its appearance in various European countries are thus given by Dr. Willems, of Hasselt: In Holland, in 1836; in Holland, in 1837, in England in 1840, in Sweden in 1847, in Denmark in 1848, in Finland in 1850, and since then in Russia and Poland. The average mortality among the herds attacked is said to have been from 30 to 40 per cent. Dr. Willems, who is a practitioner, has, nothingut himself of inoculating the cattle for the disease. He made various experiments, and states, as their final conclusion, that by inoculating the animal with the virus at the extremity of the tail it can, in 39 cases out of 100, be saved. Of 100 animals so inoculated not one was attacked, while out of 20 animals not inoculated, and subject to the same influences, 17 took it and died. Of 539 cattle the inoculated, under Government supervision, 66 died from the inoculation, and 473 were injured; but only 66 took the disease, and all recovered.

As may be anticipated, the progress of the disease is a subject of much anxiety to our farmers. The Philadelphia Agricultural Society made a deputation of medical men to Massachusetts to see what they could make of it: they do not seem to have discovered it, or be satisfied. In Massachusetts cattle-breeders are equally at fault. In New York it is reported that several cattle have lately died very mysteriously in the Central Park and in Yorkville. The City Inspectors are holding an inquiry on the subject, and will shortly report.

Mr. Chenery has written an interesting letter on the subject, which we subjoin.

"DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your request, I take pleasure in forwarding you with a statement of my last importation of cattle from Holland, and, also, of the disease that accidentally prevailed in my herd of Holland Farm in Belmont, as it was generally supposed, in consequence of my importation.

"It may be remarked that I had previously made two importations of cattle from Holland, and the extraordinary mortality which followed each of those, was, in comparison either with our native or any of the foreign breeds then previously imported, infinitely less than my stock of Dutch cattle by further importations, returned safe with the natural increase from those already imported.

"Accordingly, in December, 1858, I transmitted, in order to my agent Cornelius Schlosser, Esq., instructing them to employ a competent person expressly to proceed to the market of Holland and select a number of the best animals that could be obtained, without regard to the expense. The proceedings in purchasing, four cows were procured from Purmerend and the Beemster and were duly shipped at Rotterdam, on board the ship *J. C. Blumbergen*, which vessel sailed from that port early in April, and arrived here on the 23d of May, 1859.

"Upon arrival, the cows were found to be in an extremely bad condition—very much bruised and emaciated, some of the ribs, as the phrase of the trade is, having been on her feet during the twenty days proceeding her arrival; another one was totally unable to walk; and there two animals were accordingly carried to the farm in wagons: the remaining two were driven out.

"Dreading it impossible for the five—mentioned cow to recover, she was, on the 31st of May, slaughtered; and on the 2d of the following month, the second died. At that time, in common with every one knowing the fact in the case, I was so fully persuaded that the last mentioned of these animals was caused by neglect on the voyage, that I blotted the vessel, and went through a course of $150 worth of labor in my endeavors to obtain indemnity for the loss; but the law is uncertain, and the luck went on hitherto. My mind, however, remains unchangeable with regard to the treatment the animals received on the voyage.

"The third cow of this importation seemed to be doing well until about the 20th of June, when she became sick, and died in two days after. I, with my family, left Brooster, has down to this time, shown no indication of sickness, but is, on the contrary, in a thriving condition.

"Early in the month of August following, symptoms of disease were observable in the Dutch cow, Lady Jane (imported in 1857). She died on the 20th of the same month. About this time several other animals were taken sick in rapid succession, and there it was that the idea was first entertained that the disease was identical with that known in Europe as 'Epizootic Pleuro-pneumonia.' From that date every possible precaution was taken to prevent the spread of the supposed distempers, strict orders having been given that no animals should be allowed to leave the farm, nor strangers entitle to come upon the premises. A temporary building was erected in a pasture at considerable distance from the farm-barn, to which the animals not infected were removed, and disinfecting agents were used about the premises.

"The following extracts from a letter book, in answer to an application for stock during the prevalence of the disease, will serve to show my views with regard to it at that time: 'I am, at present, obliged to decline any application for stock, owing to the fatal sickness among my herd. The disease is that known as "Pleuro-pneumonia," and I have already lost seventeen head, and have ten more very sick. I am using every exertion to prevent the disease from spreading, and you will oblige me by not mentioning the fact to any other person, for it would be the first until the infection has ceased.'

"It is manifest that the means used to prevent the spread of the distemper have so far proved entirely successful, inasmuch as, notwithstanding I have lost nearly one-third of my herd of cows, whole herd there has not been a single case of the disease elsewhere, and it is thought it will not.

"As there seems to be an impression abroad that the disease in my cows was communicated to the Dutch stock, I would remark that such is not the fact: that on the contrary, my cows have uniformly shown less contempt from it than any other breed. It is not, however, confined to any particular breed, or to any age or sex, as the full-grown cow, the young cow, and the young calf have been affected by it; and of the animals that, five years ago, were brought from Holland, one Ayrshire, one Guernsey, two Jerseys, five Devons, and one Durham, the Ayrshire and the Durham only escaped were grade Dutch.

"There has been no case of sickness in my herd since the last of the nineteenth cow, Lady Washington, which succumbed on the 8th of January; and I am therefore inclined to believe that, so far as my stock and premises are concerned, the disease has run its course.

"From the foregoing statement it will be perceived that some months ago, when the disease was raging, I believed it to be contagious, and entertained, but subsequently more recently the conviction that I derived from one that it was of an entirely local character; that the lungs of the cattle had become diseased from bad water and bad gas, generated in the cow-barns in consequence of insufficient ventilation. I have, however, no positive with regard to the spread of the disease in North Brookfield and vicinity, starting the contagion, I understand, that it came from my farm in June last—together with the information that I have just received in a letter from Holland upon the subject, viz., that it was thought to be the belief that it is the epidemic European scourge.

"Hoping that this letter may be of some use, I can only say that several of our most eminent veterinarians have recently undertaken a special experiment to study the disease by post-mortem examinations and otherwise, and are, doubtless, competent to give valuable information on the subject. I, for one, am very anxious, based upon costly experiences, to, that whenever an outbreak occurs, every step shall be taken, with the best treatment is to slaughter and bury forthwith. In Holland the practice of inoculation with virulent matter supplied in the letter referred to above, and which has been given to the public, has been attended with the extremely gratifying results, for 'where the peasants formerly lost from 20 to 40 per cent. of their cattle, they now lose only one per cent.'

"In concluding this long letter, I beg to say that if it shall prove that the disease is not due to improper treatment of neat cattle, I have been the means of introducing into this country a disease which, in its nature, is one possibly regret it more sincerely than myself. At the same time I find some consolation in believing that, provided the disease should prove to be, as I say in the present feeble—the benefits conferred by the importation of the Dutch cattle will more than outweigh the losses incurred by the introduction of the disease.

"WESTBROOK W. CHENERY."

Summer Resorts.

Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.
Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
International Hotel, Niagara Falls.
Branch Hill Water Cure, Northampton, Mass.
Mansion House, Long Branch, N. J.
Union Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1860.

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE Prince of Wales left England, we presume, last Thursday, and is now nearing the shores of Nova Scotia. Our next number will probably contain a full account of his reception upon this continent, and in succeeding numbers he and his progress through the British Provinces will be recorded with the conspicuous place. In August he will probably cross the border, and make a hasty tour through the Northern States, and a longer stay in the Capital at Washington; and, unless Providence should intervene to prevent the calamity, will be cajoled, *nolens volens*, to grind the political and social axe of "His Excellency" Fernando Wood at New York.

The correspondence between the Queen and the Prince is highly creditable to both parties. It is curious. Why should a lady and a gentleman omit the usual formulas of polite society in addressing each other, because they both happen to be sovereigns? Why should the President address the Queen "To her Majesty Queen Victoria," without "Madam," or "Dear Madam," or any similar phrase? If he wrote to a private lady would he begin his letter—

"MRS. JONES SMITH.—YOUR YOU is on his trunks," etc.?

And why should the Queen call Mr. Buchanan "My good friend?" We say "My good friend" to Pat when we want to know what he will charge for carrying our trunk; and to Jonas, when we intend to intimate that he is overcharging us on our cabbages. In France a wife calls her husband "My good friend," and another soldier addresses each other by the same phrase; but with us it is almost equivalent to "My good fellow," and implies, in the person using it, superiority of station to the person to whom it is used.

The fact is, we suppose, both the President and the Queen were puzzled what phraseology to use in addressing each other. According to court usage, sovereigns are brethren. When Louis of France wrote to Charles of Spain or George of England, he began his letter with "My dear Brother," and the reply was similarly fraternal. Mr. Buchanan apparently did not fancy calling Queen Victoria "My dear Sister," and of course, in a letter to her, and addressed, for some extent, monarchical prejudice prevented her correcting the error.

However, these are trifles. Both letters evince kindly feeling and the proper respect which the sovereigns of Great Britain and the United States entertain for each other. Both, we are sure, fairly reflect the sentiments of the people from whose chiefs they emanate. The Prince will be heartily welcomed here by all respectable people, and we believe we do wish him, when sovereign of England, to have a pleasant recollection of this country, but because he is the heir of an excellent mother, not himself a youth against whom even the most reckless scandal-mongers have never breathed the faintest whisper. For a young man in his rank this is high praise.

ITALIAN ASSASSINS.

YOUNG AMERICA was scoutmoted to regard Italian blood assassins as creatures of half forgotten past, when the news that Bomba, Junior, had engaged a battalion of them to rid the Sicilies of the hated Bourbon tyrant, arrived. The rear rushes, it seems, and on royal pay. Some are poisoners, and deal in aromatic vinegars, perfumed gloves, numerous colognes, and doubly drugged liqueurs; otherwise, these are the more numerous—true to the old-fashioned knife, point held downward, and the pistol with the muzzle pointed. They are gentlemen of acute perceptions, and quick in action; ready to earn their wage fairly, be it for king or mob. Bomba, Junior, thinks perhaps Young America proved that he was not posted.

A French gentleman, who lived much in Italy half a century since—Paul Louis Courier—knew these quite intimately, and described their manners and customs with the gusto of a naturalist. An Italian assassin—says he, somewhere—when employed by a customer, inquires, with courtly suavity, whether the victim is to be sent to heaven or hell? "In a matter of importance—suppose it may be imaginary—for fifty scudi he will dispatch the Signor to the realms above, but it will cost full two hundred, in hard coin, to send him to the other place. If the customer hesitates, the assassin adds, that *the shiver* can thus dispose of the future destiny as well as the present life of his victim, the cost be readily reduced.

"If the Signor has no malice against his enemy," says the business-like *shiver*, "and only wishes to get rid of the way, I will take him home in some lonely spot, bid him say a hasty prayer, and slay him while he is commending his soul to God and his patron saint; in which event it stands to reason that he goes straight to heaven. But if the Signor desires his enemy's soul to be ruined, I will watch for him till I find him in a deadly sin, and then, at the instant; then, of course, his soul is beyond redemption. But the lowest rate for this is two hundred scudi."

It need hardly be doubted, though we have no information on the point, but the corps of *shiver* whom the King of Naples has set on the track of the Bourbon of Italy have been instructed to earn the weighier fee. Garibaldi in the torments of hell is a spectacle which, we are assured, his Sicilian friends are fond of picturing to the mind of their amiable sovereign.

After all, how pitiable are baffled cruelty, and spite, and tyranny! As the *shiver* said from Naples for Sicily gentlemen attached to the Republican Court are selling their furniture for whatever it will command; and real silver spoons, worth four to five dollars apiece, are privately disposed of at a dollar. Even the Jesuits are leaving by clothes made, and realizing up their treasures. Every body feels that the end is approaching, and wants to turn what he can into a form of paper money. The soldiers, or the fleet, or the assassins; every body—to the King himself—believes in Garibaldi. Any thing more humiliating than the altered tone of the official *Gazette* of Naples toward the sometime "bandit and robber, Garibaldi," now "his Excellency, General Commanding," etc.—the disgrace of the four generals who could not make head against the insurrection—the frantic appeal of the King to the Western Powers for protection, backed by promises to repeat his father's treachery—is not to be found in ancient or modern history.

Young men may discover a fine moral in the destruction which now impends over the Bourbon family at Naples. They will remember that Continental Europe—as written in the stereotyped fashion of the old-fashioned annalists—is little less than a biographical history of the Bourbon race. Time was, not long since, when the three finest countries of Continental Europe—France, Spain, and Northern Italy—were ruled despotically by Bourbons. Now, on the aim—it was almost the boast—of the great chiefs of the House that Europe was controlled by their interest. Through the blood of blood, what mazes of deceit, and what scenes of unholy popular suffering, the House wended to attain that pre-eminence every school history relates. It only now remains for the coming historian to depict, with the truth and the bitterness befitting the subject, how all the monstrous wrong-doing led to its punishment: how the Bourbons, driven out of France, returned to be again and finally chased away; how the same process was repeated in Spain, and now, in Spain, the last scion of the great House, in some complication yet unknown, went the way of its kindred fell, and faded out of men's sight as completely as the Pharaohs, or the Merovingians, or the Stuarts. Well will be a grand theme for a competent writer.

THE LOUNGER.

IN THE STREET.

"PLEASE, Sir, give me a penny?"

What was I to do? I was hurrying along the street, and as I looked at the vessel I knew her perfectly, although I had never seen her before. The dirty, limp dress; the dirty kerchief around the neck; the dirty hood upon the head; the unusual distinctness, and vague unclean odor; the dirty face—and, most of all, the dirty hands, carry where—many, yet one.—"Please, Sir, give me a penny!"

I was extremely comfortable. The day was warm, and I was coolly clad. I had risen from a delicious breakfast—I was in strawberry and cream time—and the world and life seemed to be the best possible contrivances for happiness. Tra-la-la. I hummed a tune. I felt airy like Mercury. I felt light, from mere exuberance of health, I felt rich, from mere exuberance of spirits. I skipped. I ran. I—"Please, Sir, give me a penny?"

There was plenty of them in my pocket. I had just bought two or three papers, and paid two cents apiece for them. I was passing by the way was over, that I should spend several more for a cool drink—for cigars; that I should cheerfully pay three times the value for a ride. Twelve cent. The thought flashed across my mind: Women, if you were only a very fat boy, or a very man, we should be very happy to give you a cent. If you were only five inches high, instead of five feet, would rain dollars in your lap. But I am a tall gentleman, and, as sick at pauper, in Heaven's name, continued my petulant mind, why should you not? Why don't you paste your husband's hair on your chin, and be a celebrated bearded woman? Why don't you be a Want is it, and coin money?

The hand was long and dirty, and tremblingly embraced, as if it was held out with the consciousness that nothing would be put into it. In that what lovers kiss and posts green by? Has that grated children hair upon their kisses, and smoothed the hot brow of a husband? Is that wrinkled, grimy, shapeless—"Please, Sir, give me a penny?"

Woman, take care! You are a vagrant. You are a nuisance. Why don't you take up the passengers upon the highway? Do you see that policeman in a glazed cap, and blue coat, and bright buttons? Do you see the magnificent majesty of what my duty as a citizen, my profound regard for the honor, dignity, and peace of the commonwealth, compels me to call upon the public servant of the law, and hand you over to the sad, serene justice which sits in the City Hall, that you may be a nuisance no longer? Do you see that policeman? Yes, woman, this is no place for sentimentality. Do you walk, and wonder, You are breaking the law. Vagrant, avaunt! Ellen?

"Please, Sir, give me a penny?"

Give you a penny? Why, woman, do you operate upon my moral character? Do I not know—do not all these, my fellow-citizens, who are hurrying down the great thoroughfare—know perfectly well that you will slink away to the next corner and hide yourself in the dark, and wait for the coin, and die in the gutter, where you seem to have slept last night? Do you wish to cause me to be a hypocrite and a dissembler, and my mind polluted whisky to make you a little more tipsy than you are now? Why don't you go and work? Why don't you earn money honestly? Why don't you give me a penny?

I had kept my great battery in reserve. You are probably an inspector, woman. As I said it I looked at the green and the blue and the bandkerchief. Yes, you are unmistakably an inspector, and where should we be if indiscriminate street-giving were tolerated? No, no, madame, mis-

criminate street giving is the death of true charity. You are aware that there are several associations for the relief of the poor, I suppose? You have heard of the ticket system? Exactly; where is your ticket, please? I'll trouble you for your properly authenticated credentials of poverty. (I scanned her face, hands, figure. You can not expect me to wrong the honest poor (I looked immensely virtuous and spoke with lofty severity)—and poverty, I repeat, of course you do not expect me to wrong them. (Not at all, not at all. If, therefore, you will call at my office day between three and four I will give you a ticket which will entitle you to have your case looked into as soon as the proper persons can spare time. Between three and four. Hem!—"Please, Sir, give us a penny!"

I do not think she understood me. Her face was very gaunt and sallow. I wondered in what cellar she lived. I thought of the long, long days that dragged her through life, starving and whining; of the slow death she died all the time; of the utter absence of hope, decency, comfort, cheerfulness in her existence. I thought how cruelly she should be refused a penny lest she might get drunk upon it, or the crime, and how unlikely we all go out to dine, and how familiarly we and with people who only get high at black walnut tables.

Look here, I ask thyself if you mean to go with this woman and ascertain all about her, and help her, and show her how to help herself, good, and may God go with you! But if you don't mean to give her any thing, don't blarney. If you are going by, don't let her starve because she might get drunk. Don't let her starve because she tells lies. Don't let her starve because she won't go to work. How do you know she can? How do you know that she is a liar and a drunkard? Did you ever see her there? How do you know she can? Do you know any thing about her except that she is entirely wretched and forlorn? You think that you can tell the tale of thing at sight. "Please, Sir, give me a penny!"

Yes, woman, yes; and all the more shame to me that I give only a penny, and that I make not a moment, an effort, not a kind word or look, not a thought really to help you.—"Think you, Sir."

I hurried by, and met Sidney Sulkem Gunny-bags at the head of Wall Street. "It's awful bad," said he, "that poor thing in Dishonesty and have something to drink." As we sat smoking very choice Havanas and sipping admirably mixed julops, Mr. Gunnybags said to me: "I wish the poor lice would look after these informal street beggars a little. If people would only agree not to give 'em any thing for a year or two, they'd quit off pretty fast enough. For my part, I never give a cent in the street, Sir; not a cent; upon principle, Sir, principle. Have another julep? Here, *percong!*"

CONFERRING THE DEGREES.

THE heat ripens Bachelors of Arts, and, in fact, conditions of ripeness, the sun being so very influential; so abundant that it is ceasing to be valuable in the estimation of many. But why so? The whole matter is very simple. Degrees, formerly stood, it obsolete; but it has a new and intelligible modern significance. It is very useful as a register and mark.

When, for instance, the clustering graduates, in rustling gowns, surround the venerable President, cowed like a school-boy, and Dr. Bailey is fond of sentencing pirates to death, and receiving from him the mystic parchment rolled with ribbon blue, have lamented that "Jack" is not to take his degree A.B., it does not mean only that they have achieved the alphabet, but that, for four consecutive years, they have smoked, played billiards, rowed, boxed, drove horses, gamed, drunk, and studied Latin, Greek, and mathematics. A.B. stands for a degree of these performances, and for some others not enumerated.

When the mystic A.M. is conferred, it means surely that the recipient is a friend of some member of the government of the college, who likes to offer a pretty and public compliment. Or, now it is "conferred in course," it means that the recipient graduated three years before, and spent five or six dollars into the treasury of his alma mater.

D.D., again, indicates that the individual so designated is a prominent, or, if not prominent, then a somewhat elderly clergyman of the persuasion to which the college belongs. That he is probably learned in Divinity is neither assumed by the college nor understood by the public.

The LL.D. is a more catholic decree. To revive this it is required only that the person be a very distinguished jurisprudence, or a prelate lean-faster of the college, or a private person of no known claims. Every body is in danger of catching the LL.D.

When Major-General Andrew Jackson went to Cambridge College, in Massachusetts, they made him a Latin speech and LL.D. He was, perhaps, the spectator of Erasmus going into Italy and receiving the Doctorate at Turin. Only, of course, in the latter case, the honor of the degree was owing that Erasmus was a learned man; and in the former, that Jackson was the President of the United States. But when you understand it, it is all right, for words and letters are intended to convey ideas. The Latin Grammarians say this clearly enough, and take care that the American people shall do the same.

And Bagdad, which is very far behind in the modern improvements and the luxuries of the summer resorts, Oxford has just made Captain M'Clintock Doctor of Civil Law. He is one of the gallantest of English seamen, there is no doubt; and it was quite as sensible to make him a D.C.L. because he found the remains of Captain Franklin's expedition as it would be to make Lord Brougham an F.R.C. because he is a learned scholar.

To our own, our native colleges, a little laughed-at, but for exaltation, the I cannot would humbly suggest the eminent Dr. Herman, as properly entitled to the honorary degree of LL.D.—or will it be more in rule to wait until he shall have been made President?

IDIOTS AND CRETINS.

In the Weekly of 23d June the Lounger described the little Jeanette at Hemsa," as a private school for idiots of Mr. Richards. A gentleman who has been long familiar with Mr. Richards and with the subject of Idiots, has written to the same and the Lounger a letter, too long for insertion here, but full of interest.

He states that St. Vincent de Paul established the first asylum for foundlings, two centuries ago, in France; and it is about one hundred and fifty years since the Abbé de l'Epée founded the first school for the deaf and dumb at Versailles. In 1818 Dr. Guggenbuhl organized the first asylum for idiotic children at Abendberg, in Switzerland. In 1848 the Lounger's correspondent and Mr. Richards were opening the first "Ragged Schools." As he could not speak French, I went with him to Bicêtre, and introduced him to M. Vallée, the principal of the Idiots' Asylum. There we found only idiotic boys. We saw them in the work-room, where some did carpenter's work, others made shoes, and others were at work in the dye house or trade for which they received most disposition. We also witnessed their gymnastics; and visited the schoolroom, where they are taught to read, write, cipher, and draw. All of these exercises and studies were performed with an almost military precision. M. Vallée told us that he had sent some of his pupils to houses in Paris, where they were employed as shoe-blacks and sweepers. Seeing the enthusiasm of the young American, M. Vallée consented to have Mr. Richards board with him at Bicêtre, so as to enable him to participate at all the exercises, and become familiar with all the details of the school. Now our young philanthropist was in ecstacy! He thought that he had acquired a knowledge of the management of such an institution, and returned to America. He has since established similar schools in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; he has been the means of having them founded in other cities of America; and the day is not far off when every State in this Union will have a school for idiots.

He asks, and justly, Why should not New York, among her numerous charities, count a school for idiot children? He has "seen our idiotic children as Bagdad's Idiots, generally speaking, have toys and fourteen girls; they have, thus far, been kept together without any systematic instruction. There their physical development is entirely stagnant but retrograde in the scale of humanity. What a blot in this opulent metropolis!"

The Lounger does not forget his promise of another journey to Mr. Richards's school, and a further account of it.

THE HEROICS OF HANGING.

BEFORE this is read Hicks the pirate will have been hung upon Bedloe's Island. The crop is now event are already regarded as a festival; and there can be very little doubt that much more harm than good will come of this particular execution. A man like Hicks, to almost all murderers like him, where the crime is a malicious, and not a sudden, passionate act, is a hero. Without the slightest heroic attribute, is a thousand-fold more agreeable than a life-long confinement in obscurity. Therefore, the moment of the execution of crime, which is looked for in the horror of a hanging, is detested in the association of ideas. In the place, the hanging place upon an island, is seen from the water, and of course at such a distance, for the most part, that the horror is lost in the distance. The crowd of men, man at a great distance full from a balloon. All experience shows, also, that a man about to be hung is invested with a sacredness of interest in the minds of those who are to be especially affected by his death, so that the object is again defeated.

The certainty of adequate punishment, with no glamour of the heroic, is what should be sought by the criminal law. If a man commits a capital crime, he knows that the intolerable repugnance to hanging fills by many persons, and arising from many reasons, is a great chance of escape. This appeal to executive clemency, under which many a kind-hearted man must give way, is another. At worst, the murderer knows that there will be a few mouth, and a spurious sympathy will console him.

If it were once a part of the penalty of a murder that the murderer should be hung in a cage, he knew that when he was convicted his communication with the world, for the chance of escape, was ended, something, at least, of the terrors of a great crime, which is undoubtedly alarming to a certain class of men, would be preserved. The cage must be hanging, let it be solitary and dreadful, not a public pastime; and if by every possible means all account of it except the official report could be prevented, public morality as well as decency would be the gainer. That the culprit were a fine chief and civilized, and dressed in black and mahogany, or black walnut, or rosewood; that his house was engraved upon a silver plate, and that the Lounger knew many of the best people, who are fond of no value to any thing but a practical and moral question, and, at least, of no value to the heroics of criminal hanging.

NORTHWARD HO!

THE exposition of Dr. Hayes has sailed from Boston, in a steamer, with provisions for twenty four thousand dollars, which were subscribed for it in New York, were not paid because the Doctor did not sail from that port. There is something so supremely ludicrous in such a statement that one hopes, for the sake of content country, that it may be so. Meanwhile, let us not believe it. It is too good to be true.

But if it is said, the story illustrates the motive of a great deal of public subscription. When you read the long list of names appended to some enterprise, which is quite sure to reflect renown upon all who are more or less concerned, is there not a secret feeling that without the prospect of the reputation the subscription would be small? No fame, no pay. Dear Doctor, we will severally pay a hundred dollars for your great and generous and heroic and so forth project, provided that your expedition sails from our harbor, and that our names shall be identified with the whole affair. For our caring a straw whether there is or is not a new Northwest Passage, Geographers and Doctors, pure gammon. We want New York to be the commercial emporium. We want this charming city to have the credit of your enterprise. We want, best of medical men, to cut our name and fame in it.

I do not believe the story! But if it were true, it would serve also to show the gentle jealousy of Philadelphia, which is a great virtue. If it for the honor of New York or Massachusetts—for Wall Street or State Street—that this expedition goes to explore the pulses of the North Pole? If it not first for science, then for America, and then for the world? From what part did M'Clintock sail? Was he carried? Or was what part called Mungo Park? Who cares? The glory is Englishmen's, and all its cities share it. And if, as all honest hearts will pray, the Doctor sails and triumphantly returns after his three years' cruise, the glory will be New York's and Dr Hayes's, but the country's. And due notice will be taken of it on the Fourth of July, 1864.

POPULAR PRICES.

"DEAR MR. LONDON,—Am I to suppose, from what you say about the number of admissions to the *Great Eastern*, that you approve of charging concessions for entrance to popular exhibitions?

GENTLEMANLY."

Certainly not, unless you wish to. It is a simple question of economy—much more to realized by an exhibition at a dollar than at twenty-five cents? For the object of the exhibition, you will understand, is not to gratify a public curiosity, etc., it is to try what can be done to make the enormous loss already sustained in the construction of the ship. Now, Mr. Gentlemanly, it is undoubtedly true that a low price of admission to popular exhibitions is more profitable than a high one; but is this particular exhibition perfectly fair to pretense that there were enough persons who wished to see and study the great ship without the inconvenience of a crowd, to pay a dollar for the privilege. If this were an erroneous opinion, nothing was easier than to change the price.

As for the "popular" exclusiveness," and so forth, it is merely absurd. Probably it is demonstrable to you the highest price you can for your wares; and as the Lounger wanted only dollars, they were not likely to be very fastidious in the choice of the people who paid them. If they had supposed more money could be made by putting the price at five dollars, they would wisely have charged that sum.

There is another view, of course. Upon the supposition that the object of the exhibition was to give pleasure to the greatest number of people, it was foolish to charge a dollar for admission. But there is an entirely distinct point; and it is a principle as applicable to the sale of bonnets. If the object of the tailor be to clothe the largest number of people at the cheapest rate, he does very foolishly in charging a hundred per cent. profit. But if he wish to realize a fortune for himself in the shortest time, he does very wisely if very wise fellow in doing it. You may view the matter, therefore, gentle Gentlemen, either as a broker or a philanthropist; but you must take care not to confound the two. As traders, people try to help themselves—as philanthropists, they try to help other people.

HUMORS OF THE DAY

THE Roman Catholic priests of Ireland boast themselves to be Fishers of Men. Not content, however, with catching fish, they also enjoy them.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What do you think of Louis Napoleon's last move? Decidedly a Boden (a bind'un).

A NEW CRYSTAL.—When the Sicilian population which is free to the country for the sake of Garibaldi, Letitia in embarking the gardens of Palermo, Garibaldi exclaimed "Ecco! Ecco! Ecco! Pigliamo Mare from Horse:

"Nulla in mare Letitia sopiva
Pugnare, Thomasius est."

Anglice: "It would be barbarous to attack the ships sent for the use of Letitia."

In addressing a jury upon one occasion, the celebrated Lord Erskine said, "Gentlemen of the jury, I stand his character of a military officer who was present. Upon the occasion, the commander-in-chief addressed him as "the nobleman," the son of Mars, holding with bulldogs, and Bacchus, the nobleman." Dost thy, said the Sergeant, Sir? Pin an silence." Lord Jeffery immediately spoke of a Welsh gentleman, who, as he said, was a man, was the sole cause of all the mischief that had occurred."

The health of an agricultural farmer in one of the rural districts of Ireland, has been so long and so excellent, he called in a medical man, who at once put him on a course of Medicine. After a few days treatment he, thinks so far improved as to warrant his taking something stronger than Medicine. The medical man accordingly ordered the man's spouse to furnish her husband with a little whisky and water occasionally. The wife, however, thought not so sooner had the doctor departed than she locked out of the house, and addressed to a neighbor, "What is the bitter thing's ye ordered for our John to get now? Sarvant! Sure I don't know what it is, but I'll tell you," said the neighbor. In a minute the former exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Mullins, I know what that is. It is a very fine drink and very fine and strong, and mark this draft of physic, he has to take." The wife, with the receipt of prescribed relief, and the wife, not containing the highest opinion of the liberality of the note paper, suspected that there had been some suspicion on their part, particularly as the medical gentleman was the parish surgeon.

The *Memorial Diplomatique* says, that near St. Sever there lives an old soldier with a false leg, a false arm, a false eye, a false tooth, and a false wife. He is generally covered with a substitute including flesh, and is after the Napoleon pattern, and is said to have served under Napoleon, and there can be no mistake. He has a splendid specimen of composite architecture.

SCENE—A RESTAURANT.

COURTNEY WAITER. "Ain, Sir? Yessir! Don't take any thing with your ale, do you, Sir?"

GENTLEMAN. "Yes, I do; I take the letter H!"

A funeral had been appointed to take place at half past two o'clock, and the clergyman appointed received, in the course of the forenoon, a request from the bereaved party to the effect that they hoped he would make the funeral an hour earlier than that proposed, as they wished to go to the circus in the afternoon.

Two newly-made justices of the peace met a Boy. Mr. Thus, as he was riding home, and accosted the Boy with "Ah," said one of them, "you are not like your Master, you do not seem to ride on an ass."—"An ass!" exclaimed the musician; "there's no such a beast to be found in Ireland."—"Ah! Ireland!" said the other "Hibernia," replied Mr. Thus, "they now make them in galleys of Malta."

A THRILLING SCENE.—A noise was heard on deck, the day-watch sprung from his cabinet, extract the slip-slop, the boatswain ordered the third-mates of the long boat, kick up the boatswain, catch hold of the sky-scraper, which he had just been reading, and throw it into the hold of the ship of the anchor, which was caught by the cat harpings, who encountered the anchor with the bolt, which slip bind through the stays, cutting the topsail tiers, grabbed the mainsail by the bulwarks, which was the cause of the Turk's head, caught the slip round the waist with one hand, bared the cutlasses with the other, fell on the deck asleep, and the captain applied the leaches of the frenzied man to the bilious part of the forehead and neck.

The man who "dropped a remark" had better alter the tune.

What every butcher of mutie necessarily a good tenor?—Because he is a manly baritone.

Why is a horse the most miserable of animals?—Because his thoughts are always on the track.

Why is a cow a musical instrument?

Because she is always thinking about leap year, the hollow *fungo* at every offer of marriage—*pizzicato*.

Elderly unmarried ladies are considered by some persons the best musical instruments of kinds of wedding-marks.

"We don't like pounding young men," said an Oxford tender the other day: "we don't mind being pounded."

Give us what you think the finest specimen of gold in the world, and we will wager its value that it can be beaten.

Dr. Johnson felt it so vexed, that as he was preaching by the clergyman of the parish, "Sir, you eat, he heard him cure it because it would not lie still!

One of the latest interpretations of the character of Hamlet is that he was a gambler, for he says, "How an ass shall I the best properties of my grief?"

A little boy, returning from the Sunday-school, said to his master, "Sir, ain't there a little Bible for little boys? This one is too big for me."

"Sure," said Patrick, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a present from his employer, "I ought to be thankful to your honor."

"I believe you," replied his employer; "and there, Patrick, I'll give you a present of a pair of my boots from me during the year."

"Thank your honor," replied Pat; "and may all your friends and acquaintances write you an liberality!"

A lady of fashion, upon being told one of her sisters, married an hostler, exclaimed "Impossible! Jane by her body's nailed at the aristocratic church near Hanover Square, and married, moreover, to a gentleman of fashion, her English, her phrenology, and all the other properties of a lady, and moreover, Jane is a lady, I tell you. I do not, to turn St. George's in this way into a low-menial affair."

A good story is told of Lord Bath. He owed a trades-man £500, and would never pay him the man determined to prevent him till he did, and one morning followed him to Lord Pomfret's house, where he knew he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down, and said, "Pomfret, what do you want with me?" "Why, money!" said the man, as hard as ever he could bawl, before all the company, who were just sitting down to breakfast. "Money, and you would not see him. The next Sunday the man followed him to church, and sat in the front seat; he kneel over and said, "My money! give me my money!" The sermon was over, and he was next. "Cursed are they which heap up riches." The man pressed, and, "Lord Bath, give me my money!" Lord Bath, in shock, he persisted so much, and drew the eyes of all the congregation, that Lord Bath went out and paid it directly.

"Come here, my little man," said a gentleman to a youngster of five years, while sitting in a parlor where a large company was assembled. "Do you know me?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Who am I, then? Let me hear."

"Why, Sir, I am sure that called mamma when papa was in Thurlow."

A HOSTILOUS CONFUSION.—The Lord Chancellor has introduced a bill into the House of Lords, to Amend the Law of Libel and Equity. What a mixture! It seems like a combination of prudence with practice.

We pity the family that sit down to a broil three times a day.

If a lady marries a man against your advice, take care, and don't say, "I told you so." Silence is better.

We fear that some great man now lie in Westminster Abbey, who, in their lives, lied in Westminster Hall.

LEGISLATION FOR LITTLE FOLKS.—The House of Commons has given its sanction to the Bleaching and Dyeing Works act, designed to prevent the overworking of helpless children. The Lounger has received a copy of the Bleaching and Dyeing Works, it is to be hoped, will cease to be Bleaching.

The question is often discussed whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do, as they always seem intoxicated with what they call a bowl.

A sheep churchwarden, who sometimes engages in popular games, hearing the minister use the words, "Let us pray," and the earth reply, "Let us pray," opened his eyes, and exclaimed, "Stop, stop! It's my deal."

A gentleman having a horse that run away and broke his chaise to pieces, he was asked what he intended to purchase if he did wish to ride upon. "No," said the owner, "I shall purchase a horse and chaise."

A country paper, in an obituary notice, speaks of the deceased as being "a most amiable young man and deeply regretted by all who knew him." Why, the poor young man had not died sooner, to save his reputation.

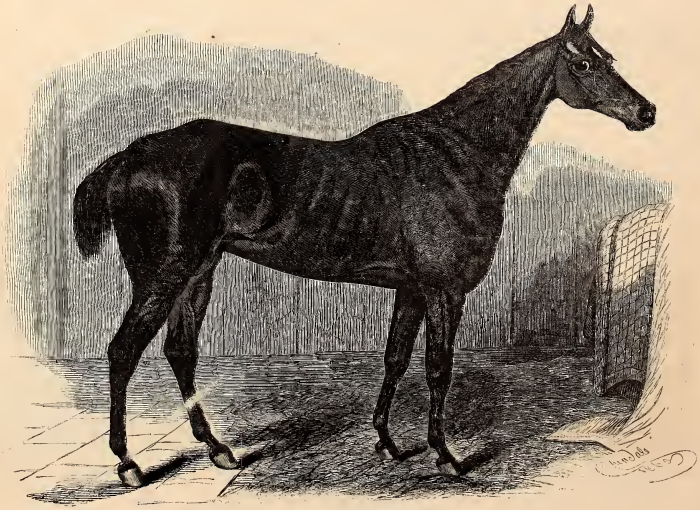
A drunken man, in trying to walk by a lamp-post last night, made a decided hit.

Mallby was one of the most absent of men. While in Paris teacher Bacon dined at a party, where a lady who sat next him did not know him at first, but after leaving his hat to the gentleman's surprise, she said to Mallby was not at this dinner, and Regent telling him of this lady's mistake, the gentleman was not Regent." "And was it?" inquired Mallby.

The prettiest trimming for a woman's bonnet is a good-humored face.

OUR AMERICAN TROTTING HORSES.

THE FAMOUS TROTTING HORSE "GEORGE M. PATCHEN."
DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE, ESQ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE FAMOUS TROTTING MARE "FLORA TEMPLE."
DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE, ESQ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

PATCHEN.

THE deceptive form and qualities of Patchen (of whom we publish a portrait opposite) have been the theme of discussion among thousands of his admirers. His tremendous speed and undoubted bottom have placed him in an enviable position, whence, we presume, it will be no easy matter to dislodge him. His defeat of the "Queen of the Turf," on the Union Course, Long Island, June, 1860, was as clear as it was unexpected. If we study his formation, we shall find him to be a horse possessing very rare qualities, and unites the several points of the thoroughbred with those of the cart-horse in an extraordinary degree. While the head, neck, and body are evidently those of the well-bred, or even thorough-bred racehorse, the legs, as far as the hocks, possess the muscular dimensions of the ordinary drayhorse, which exhibit, especially in the fore-arm, a symmetry and power truly astounding. The circumference of the arm of Patchen is four times that of the leg below the knee; hence the tremendous action and speed. This same peculiarity exists in the celebrated "Toronto Chief"—a horse, at first sight, appearing heavy, and even clumsy, but upon close examination of his frame it will be found that the greatest similarity exists between the form of Patchen and Toronto Chief. Both appear heavy, but appear of first sight; but this heavy appearance, in both cases, is the consequence of a more than ordinary development of muscular power.

Patchen possesses much kindness of disposition, a sound and hardy constitution, and a frame of more than ordinary beauty.

He was sired by Cassius M. Clay, by Henry Clay, by Andrew Jackson, dam by Bishop, etc., etc.; proving that the descendant of a race of heroes of the turf.

His color is a rich, glossy bay; with legs, mane, and tail black.

The back is straight; loins strong; quarters very large and muscular; tail well set on, and falling to the ground; hand and neck of faultless symmetry; legs strong, and feet good.

Our illustration, drawn from the life, will serve to show how deceptive is the form of this wonderful horse; but how perfect are his points, and what a study do they present to the horseman!

FLORA TEMPLE.

THE portrait of this little trot or on the opposite page will be hailed with delight by our readers. Our space is too limited to admit of a lengthy description of her matchless performances. We will, therefore, notice her chief characteristics of form, and refer our readers to the portrait from life.

Flora Temple is a light bay, with black mane, tail, and legs. Her outline is peculiarly striking, particularly that of the head, neck, and ear, which bear a close resemblance to the female of the American deer in delicacy of formation and vivacity of expression. The legs are remarkable for their great sinew and solidity, though clean and finely set. The neck is long, neatly very graceful, yet with much elevated, shoulder large and muscular, loin and quarters compact and very strong-looking. But the wonderful distinguishers from mere pretenders is the prominence of her eye, which is large, fiery, and projecting; and this has given rise to the popular belief that she can see what is behind as well as before—a very great advantage to her in a race.

But though her points as a first-class trotter are perfection in themselves, she does not convey the idea of a well-bred horse; neither does she evince striking indications of great strength, speed, or endurance; being, as they used to say at the Derby, "a ram 'um to look at, but a good 'un to go."

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC. ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

THE Inquest was hurried for certain local reasons which weighed with the coroner and the jury, to commence at two in the afternoon of the next day. I was, necessarily, one among the witnesses summoned to assist the objects of the inquiry.

My first proceeding in the morning was to go to the post-office and look for the letter which I expected from Marian. No change of circumstances, however extraordinary, could affect the one great anxiety which weighed on my mind while I was away from London. The morning's letter, which was the only assurance I could receive that my misfortune had lingered in my absence, was still the absorbing interest with which my day began.

To my great regret, the letter from Marian was at the office waiting for me. Nothing had happened—they were both as safe and as well as when I had left them. Laura was still ill, and begged that I would let her know of my return a day beforehand. Her sister added, in explanation of this message, that she had sent "nearly a sovereign" out of her own private purse, and that she had obtained the privilege of ordering the dinner and giving the dinner which was to celebrate the day of my return. I read these little domestic confidences in the bright morning, with the terrible recollection of what had happened the evening before vivid in my memory. The second sparing Laura, in no way sudden knowledge of the truth was the first consideration which the letter suggested to me. I wrote at once to Marian to tell her what I have told in the pages preceding the tidings as gradually and gently as I could, and warning her not to let any such thing as a newspaper fall in Laura's way while I was absent. In the case of any other correspondent, less courageous and less reliable, I might have hesitated before I ventured on unreservedly disclosing the whole truth. But I could not do Marian the faithful to my past experience of her, and to trust her as I trusted myself.

My letter was necessarily a long one. It occupied me until the time came for proceeding to the Inquest.

The objects of the legal inquiry were necessarily beset by peculiar complications and difficulties. Besides the terrified exclamation of the nurse in which the deceased had met his death, there were serious questions to be settled relating to the cause of the fire, to the disappearance of the keys, and to the presence of a stranger in the vestry at the time when the flames broke out. On the identification of the dead man there had not yet been accomplished. The helpless condition of the servant had made the police distrustful of his asserted connection with the vestry. They had sent to Knowlesbury overnight to secure the attendance of witnesses who were well acquainted with the personal appearance of Sir Percival Glyde, and they had communicated, the first thing in the morning, with Blackwater Park. These precautions enabled the coroner and jury to settle the question of identity, and to confirm the correctness of the servant's assertion; the evidence offered by competent witnesses, and by the discovery of certain facts being subsequently strengthened by an examination of the dead man's watch. The crest and the name of Sir Percival Glyde were engraved inside it.

The next inquiries related to the fire.

The servant and I, and the boy who had heard the light struck in the vestry, were the first witnesses called. The boy gave his evidence clearly enough, but the servant's mind had not yet recovered the shock inflicted on it—he was plainly incapable of assisting the objects of the inquiry, and he was dismissed. To my own relief, my examination was not a long one. I had not known the deceased; I had never seen him; I was not aware of his presence at Old Welningham; and I had not been in the vestry at the finding of the body. All I could swear was that I had stopped at the clerk's cottage to ask my way; that I had heard from him of the loss of the keys; that I had accompanied him to the church to render what help I could; that I had seen the fire; that I had heard the man say, "I know, inside the vestry, trying vainly to unlock the door; and that I had done what I could, from motives of humanity, to save the man. Other witnesses, who had been acquainted with the deceased, were asked if they could explain the mystery of his presumed abstraction of the keys, and his presence in the burning room. But the coroner seemed to take it for granted, naturally enough, that I, as a total stranger in the neighborhood, was a total stranger to Sir Percival Glyde, could not be in a position to offer any evidence on these two points.

The coroner, that I was myself bound to take, when my formal examination had closed, seemed clear to me. I did not feel called on to volunteer any statement of my own private convictions; in the first place, because my doing so could serve no practical purpose, now that all I had in support of my surmises of mine was learned with the burned register; in the second place, because I could not have intelligibly stated my opinion—my unsupported opinion—without disclosing the whole story of the conspiracy, and a proceeding, beyond a doubt, would not satisfactory effect on the minds of the coroner and the jury which I had already produced on the mind of Mr. Gorle.

In these pages, however, and after the time that has now elapsed, no such cautions and restraints as we have described need fetter the free expression of my opinion. I will state briefly, before my pen accepts itself with other matters, how my own convictions lead me to account for the abstraction of the keys, for the outbreak of the fire, and for the death of the man.

The motive by my being unsuspectedly from bail drew Sir Percival, as I believe, to his last resources. The attempted attack on the road was one of those resources; and the suppression of all practical proof of his crime, by destroying the lives of those who could have witnessed it, had been committed, was the other, and the truest of the two. If I could produce no extract from the original register, and compare the certified copy at Knowlesbury, I could prove the position in evidence, and could threaten him with no fatal exposure. All that was necessary to the attainment of his end was, that he should get into the vestry himself, and that he should tear out the page in the register, and that he should leave the vestry again as privately as he had entered it.

On this supposition it is easy to understand why he waited until nightfall before he made the attempt, and why he took advantage of the clerk's absence to possess himself of the keys. Necessity would oblige him to strike a light to find his way to the burned register; and common caution would suggest his locking the door on the inside in case of intrusion on the part of any inquisitive stranger, or on my part, if I happened to be in the neighborhood at the time.

I can not believe that it was any part of his intention to make the destruction of the register appear to be the effect of accident by purposely setting the vestry on fire. The bare chance that prompt assistance might arrive, and that I might be the person to come to his assistance, he saved, would have been enough, on a moment's consideration, to dismiss any idea of this sort from his mind. Accustomed to the presence of combustible objects in the vestry—the straw, the papers, the packing cases, the dry wood, the old worm-eaten presses—all the prohibitions, in my estimation, point to the fire as the result of an accident with the matches or his light.

His first impulse, under these circumstances, was doubtless to try to extinguish the flames—and failing in this, his second impulse (supposing as he was of the state of the lock) had been to attempt to escape by the door which had given him admittance. If he had called to him the flames must have extended across the door leading into the church, on either side of which the presses extended, and close to which the other combustible objects were placed. In all probability the smoke and flame (confined as they were to the vestry) would have made him blind when he tried to escape by the inner door. He must have dropped in his death-swoon—he must have sunk to the place where he was found—just as I got on the stone steps of the skylight window. Even if he had been able afterward to get into the church, and to burst open the door from that side, the delay must have been fatal. He would have been past saving long past saving, by that time. We should only have given the flames free ingress into the church; the church, which we now preserved, but which, in that event, would have shared the fate of the vestry. There is no doubt in my mind—there can be no doubt in the mind of any one—that he was a dead man before ever we got to the empty cottage and worked with might and main to tear down the beam.

This is the nearest approach that any theory of mine can make toward accounting for a result which was visible matter of fact. As I have described them, so events passed to us outside. As I have related it, so his body was found.

The Inquest was adjourned over one day; no explanation that the eye of the law could recognize having been discovered, thus far, to account for the mysterious circumstances of the case.

It was arranged that more witnesses should be summoned, and that the London solicitor of the deceased should be invited to attend. A medical man was also charged with the duty of reporting on the mental condition of the servant, which appeared at present to debar him from giving any evidence of the least importance. He could only declare, in a dazed way, that he had been ordered, on the night of the fire, to wait in the lane, and that he knew nothing else, except that he had been told, on his return, that his own impression was, that he had been first used (without any guilty knowledge on his own part) to ascertain the fact of the clerk's absence from home on that previous day; and that he had been afterward ordered to wait near the church (but out of sight of the vestry) to assist his master, in the event of my escaping the attack on the road, and of a collision occurring between Sir Percival and myself. It is necessary to add, that the man's own testimony was never obtained to confirm this view. The medical report of him declared that while little mental faculty he possessed was seriously shaken, nothing satisfactory was extracted from him at the adjourned Inquest; and, for aught I know to the contrary, he may never have recovered to this day.

I returned to the hotel at Welmingham, so jaded in body and mind, so weakened and depressed by all that I had gone through, as to be quite unfit to endure the local gossip about the Inquest, and to answer the trivial questions that the talkers addressed to me in the coffee-room. I withdrew from my scanty dinner to my cheap garret-chamber, to secure myself a little quiet, and to think, undisturbed, of Laura and Marian.

If I had been a richer man, I would have gone back to London, and would have comforted myself with a sight of the two dear faces again that night. But I was bound to return to the dulled on at the adjourned Inquest, and doubly bound to answer my call beforehand in Knowlesbury. Our slender resources had suffered already; and the doubtful future—more doubtful than ever now—made me dread decreasing our means unnecessarily, by allowing myself an indulgence, even at the small cost of a double railway journey, in the carriages of the second class.

The next day—the day immediately following the Inquest—was left at my own disposal. I began the morning by again applying at the post-office for my regular report from Marian. It was waiting for me, as before, and I was written throughout in good spirits. I read the letter thankfully; and then set forth, with my mind at ease for the day, to walk to Old Welningham, and to view the scene of the fire by the morning light.

Truly has the great poet said, "There is nothing serious in mortality." Through all the days of our unintelligible world the tragical and the terrible walk hand in hand together. The irony of circumstances holds no mortal entirely free in respect. When I reached the church the trampled condition of the burial-ground was the only serious trace left of the fire and the outbreak. A rough hoarding of boards had been knocked up before the vestry door-way. Rude spectators were scrawled in already; and the village children were fighting and chasing for the possession of the best peep-holes to see through. On the spot where I had heard the cry for help from the burning room, on the spot where the panic-stricken servant had dropped to his knees, a fussy-look of poultry was now scrambling for the first choice of worms after the rain—and on the ground at my feet, where the door and the cinders had fallen in, lay a workman's dinner was waiting for him, tied up in a yellow basin, and his faithful cur in charge was yelping at me for coming near the food. The old clerk, looking idly at the slow commencement of the repairs, had only one interest that he could talk about now—the interest of escaping all blame, for his own part, on account of the accident that had happened. One of the village women whose white, wild face I remembered, the picture of terror, when we pulled down the beam, was gossiping with another woman, the picture of inanity, over an old washing-tub. Nothing serious in mortality! Solomon in all his glory was Solomon with the elements of the contemptible lurking in every fold of his robes and in every corner of his palace.

As I left the place my thoughts turned, not for the first time, to the complete overthrow that all present hope of establishing Laura's identity had now suffered through Sir Percival's death. If he had lived—well! if he had, would that total change of circumstances really have altered

"THE SMOKE AND FLAME, CONFINED AS THEY WERE TO THE ROOM, HAD BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIM."

the result? Could I have made my discovery a marketable commodity, even for Louis's side, after I had found out that robbery of the rights of others was the essence of Sir Percival's crime? Could I have offered the price of my silence for his confession of the conspiracy, when the effect of that silence must have been to keep the right heir from the estates, and the right owner from the name? Impossible! If Sir Percival had lived, the chance, from which the Secret (in reliance of the true nature of the Secret) I had hoped so much, could not have been mine to express or make publicly available, even for the vindication of Laura's rights. In common honesty and common honor I must have gone at once to the owner whose birthright had been usurped—I must have renounced the victory as the moment when it was mine, by physical force, I could have gained in that unexpected hands—and I must have faced afresh all the difficulties which stood between me and the one purpose of my life, exactly as I was resolved, in my heart of hearts, to face them now!

Returned to Wellingham with my mind composed, feeling more sure of myself and my resolution than I had felt yet.

On my way to the hotel I passed the end of the square in which Mrs. Catherick lived. Should I go back to the house and make another attempt to see her? No. This new at Sir Percival's death, which was the last news she ever expected to hear, must have reached her long since. All the precautions I took to the quest had been reported in the local paper that morning! there was nothing I could tell her which she did not know already. My interest in making her speak had slackened. I remembered the bitterness of her hatred of her daughter, said, "There is no news of Sir Percival that I don't expect—except the news of his death." I remembered the steadily intent look in her eyes when they settled on me at parting, after she had spoken those words. Some instinct, deep in my breast, which I felt to be true one, made the prospect of again entering her presence repulsive to me. I turned away from the square, and went straight back to the hotel.

Some hours later, while I was resting in the coffee-room, a letter was placed in my hand by the waiter. It was addressed to me, by name and I found, on inquiry, that it had been left at the bar a week, just as it was now at dusk, and just before the gas was lighted. She had said nothing; and she had gone away again before there was time to speak to her, or even to notice who she was.

I opened the letter. It was neither dated nor signed, and the handwriting was grossly disguised. Before I had read the first sentence, I knew it. I knew who my correspondent was—Mrs. Catherick.

The letter ran as follows—I copy it exactly, word for word:—

"SIR,—You have not come back, as you said you would, to see your mother; I know the cause, and I write to tell you so. Did you see any thing particular in my face when you left me? I was wondering in my mind, whether the day of his downfall had come at last, and whether you were the chosen instrument for working it. You were—and you knew it. I knew it, sure enough, as I have heard, to try and save his life. If you succeeded, I should have looked upon you as my enemy. Now you have failed, I hold you as my friend. Your inquiries frightened him into the venture by night; your inquiries without your privity and against your will, have served the hatred and wreaked the vengeance of three-and-twenty years. Thank you, Sir, in spite of yourself.

"I owe something to the man who has done this. How can I pay my debt? If I was a young woman still, I might say, 'Come! put your arm round my waist, and kiss me, if you like.' I might have been fond enough of you even to go that length; and you would have accepted my intimacy, you would, Sir, twenty years ago! But I am an old woman now. Well! I can satisfy your curiosity, and pay my debt in that way. You had a great curiosity to know certain private affairs of mine when you came to see me—private affairs, which all your inquiries failed to find out, both without my help—private affairs, which you have not discovered even now. You *shall* discover them; your curiosity shall be satisfied. I will take any trouble to please you, my estimable young friend!

"You were a little boy, I suppose, in the year twenty-seven? I was a handsome young woman at that time, living in Old Wellingham, I had a contemptible fool for a husband, I had also the honor of being acquainted (never mind how) with a certain gentleman (never mind whom). I shall not call him by his name. Why should I? I was not his own. He never had a name: you know that, by this time, as well as I do.

"It will be more to the purpose to tell you how he wrecked himself into my peace. I was born with the tastes of a lady, and he gratified them. In other words, he admired me, and he made me presents. No woman can resist admiration and presents—especially presents, when she happens to be just the things she wants. He was sharp enough to know that most men are. Naturally, he wanted something (Circumstances, poor dear, dead and gone, thinks was the something? The merest trifle. Nothing but the key of the vestry, and the key of the press inside it, when my husband's back was turned. Of course he lied when I asked him why he wished me to get him the keys in that private way. He might have saved himself the trouble—I didn't believe him. But I liked my presents, and I wanted more, so I got him the keys without my husband's knowledge; and I watched him without his own knowledge. Once, twice, four times I watched him—and then I found the opportunity I sought.

"I was never overscrupulous where other people's affairs were concerned; and I was not overscrupulous about his adding one to the marriages in the register on his own account. Of course I knew it was wrong, but it did no harm to me—which was one good reason for not making a fuss about it. And I had not got a child worth calling a child—which was another better. And he had promised me one from London only the day before—which was a lie, I knew well enough, but I liked to seem what he low considered the crime to be, and how the law punished it, I should have taken proper care of myself, and have concealed then and there. But I knew nothing—and I longed for the gold watch. All the conditions I insisted on were that he should not put into his confidence, and tell my every thing. I was as careful about his affairs from you as about mine now. He promised my conditions—why, you will see presently.

"This, you see, is what I heard from him. He did not willingly tell me all that I tell you here. I drew some of it from him by persuasion, and some of it by threats. I was determined to have all the truth—and I believe I got it.

"He knew no more than any one else of what the state of things really was between his father and mother till after his mother's death. Then he little expected to see the woman he had married the could for his son. He died having done nothing but hiring even made a will. The son (who can blame him?) inherited the fruits of his selfishness. He had no relations to dispute the possession of his property. There was no one to suspect him, and no one to tell tales. His father and mother had always lived as man and wife—good or bad, they had lived so—and he acquainted with them ever supposed them to be any thing else. The right person to claim the property (if it had been claimed) was out of instant relation, who had no idea of ever getting it, and who was away at sea when his father died. He had no difficulty in the fact—it was a matter of course. But he could not have succeeded on the property as a matter of course. There was a person living who would have claimed it, if he had tried to do this. One was a certificate of his father's marriage—two a certificate of his parents' marriage. The certificate of his birth was easily got—he was born abroad, and his mother was not named in the form. The other matter was a difficulty—and that difficulty brought him to Old Wellingham.

"But the consideration of this matter has gone to Knowlesbury instead. His mother had been living there just before she met with his father—living in a lonely cottage, and in the truth being that she was really a married woman, married in Ireland, where her husband had deserted her, and had married another and with another woman. I give you this fact on good authority. Mr. Fell's mentioned it to his son as the reason why he had sent the register of that church, where it might have been finally required, and where it was proved to be married. The reason was that the clergyman who did duty at Knowlesbury church in the place where the woman was married was acting, in his birth-certificate, his father and mother their equal to have been married) was after this wife. The possession of the register in the New Year of eighteen hundred and twenty-seven. Two unfavorable circumstances forced him to extend his inquiries to Old Wellingham. There no such danger existed: the former clergyman at our church having been dead for some years.

"Old Wellingham suited his purpose so well as Knowlesbury, that he brought home his mother from Knowlesbury, and had lived with her at a cottage on the river, a little distance from our village. Some of the neighbors in solitary ways in former times did not wonder at his solitary ways now. If he had been an honest man, he would have confessed to her at, his retired life with the lady might have raised some suspicions; but as things were, he hiding his legitimacy and bastardy in the strictest privacy surprised nobody. He was a rich gentleman living at the extension of the Park. After three or four and twenty years had passed who was to say (the clergyman being dead) that marriages in Ireland were as private as the rest of his life, and that it had not taken place at Old Wellingham Church?

"So, I said, I'm a married woman. My neighborhood the secret place he could choose to set things right secretly in his own interests. I may surprise you to have my share in the fell did to the marriage-register was done on the spur of the moment—done on second thoughts.

"His first notion was to burn the leaf out (in the right year and month), to destroy it privately, go back to London, and tell the lawyers to get him the necessary evidence of his father's marriage, innocently referring them of course to the date and the leaf that was gone. Nobody could say his father and mother had not been married after that, and whether, in the circumstances, he should stretch a point or not, about lending him the money (he knew they would), he had his answer ready, at all events, if a question was ever raised about his right to the name and the estate.

"But when he came to look privately at the register for himself, he found at the bottom of one of the pages for the year eighteen hundred and three a blank space left, seemingly through there being no room to make a long entry there, which was made instead at the top of the next page. The thought of making altered all his plans. It was an opportunity he had never hoped for or thought of; and he took it, you know how, to heart. I suppose, to have exactly tallied with his birth-certificate, ought to have occurred in the February part of the register. It occurred in the April part instead. However, in this case, if suspicious questions were asked, the answer was not hard to find. He had only to describe himself as a seven months' child.

"I was no fool enough, when he told me his story, to feel ashamed of my share in it—I think, which was just what he calculated on, as he will see. I thought him hardly used. It was not his fault that his father and mother were not married; and it was not his father's and mother's fault either. A more scrupulous woman than I was—a woman who had not set her heart on a gold watch and chain—would have found no fault with it. As for the events, I held my tongue, and helped to screen what he was about. He was some time getting the ink (he had brought a bottle of paper and every again in pots and bottles of mine), and some time afterward in practicing the handwriting. But he succeeded, and he made a good, honest woman of his mother after she was dead and buried, and I was sorry I should be the first to be hard honorably enough to myself. He gave me my watch and chain, and spared no expense to have them made in the finest of superior workmanship and very expensive. I have them still; the watch goes beautifully.

"You asked, the day that Mrs. Clement had told you every thing she knew. In that case there is no need for me to write about the marriage-register of Old Wellingham. I was the innocent sufferer, I positively assert. You must know as well as I do what the notion was which my husband had of my share in it. He found me and my fine-gentleman acquaintance together, and he drove privately, and talking secrets together. But you don't know, I dare say, how it ended between that same gentleman and myself. You shall read, and see how he behaved to me.

"The first words I said to him, when I saw the turn things were taking, were: 'Give me justice—clear my character of a stain on it which you know I don't deserve.' I don't want you to make a clean breast of it to my husband—only tell him, on your word of honor as a gentleman, that he is wrong, and that I am not to blame in this matter.' He said, 'I will do more than justice at least, after all I have done for you.' He finally agreed, in so many words. He told me plainly that it was for his own sake, and not my husband and my neighbors believe the falsehood; because as long as that story was true we were quite certain never to suspect the truth. I had a right of my own, and I told him they should know the truth some day, if he did not make good his word to the point. If I spoke, I was a lost woman as certainly as he was a lost man.

"Yes! it did come to that. He had deceived me about the risk I ran in helping him. He had practiced on my ignorance; he had tempted me with his money, and I had interested myself in his story; and the result of it was that he had made me his accomplice. He owned this coolly: I was as cool as he, for the first time. Then, what the frightful punishment really was for his deceits, and for my share in helping him to commit it. In those days the Law was not so very hard-hearted as I hear it is now. Murderers men and women, I hear, are hanged for it; and women convicts were not treated like ladies in undeserved distress. I confess he frightened me—he made me tremble, and cry like a coward. Do you understand now how I hated him? Do you understand why I am taking all this trouble to make him suffer, for the frightful cowardice of my meritorious young gentleman who helped him down?

"Well, it was not in me to be hardly fool enough to drive me to downright desperation. I was not the only woman in the world whom it was quite safe to hunt into a corner: he knew that, and he acted quieted me with proposals for the future. I deserved nothing better, I was kind enough to say, for the service I had done him, and some compensation (he was to oblige us to add) for what I had suffered. Was I the only village-generous scoundrel?—to make me a handsome yearly allowance, payable quarterly, on two conditions. The first was, that I should say nothing in our own interests as well as in his. Secondly, I was not to stir away from Wellingham without first letting him know, and waiting till he had obtained his permission. In my own neighborhood he was interested in my good name, and might run into dangerous gossiping at the ten-tables, if my own neighborhood he would always know where to find me. And moreover, he was second one, but I accepted it. What else was I to do? I was left helpless, with the prospect of a comfortable income for the shape of a child. What else was I to do? Cast myself on the mercy of my runaway idiot of a husband, who had cursed the day he married me? I would have died first. Besides, the allowance was a handsome one. I had a better income, a better home, and better clothes than ever on my floors, than half the women who turned up the whites of their eyes at the sight of me. The dress of Virtue in our parts was cotton print. I had silk.

"So I accepted the conditions he offered me and made the best of them, and fought my battle with my respectable neighbors on their own ground, and won it in course of time—as you saw yourself. How I kept his Secret (and mine) through all the years that have passed from that time to this; and whether my late daughter, Anne, ever really crept into my confidence, and got the keeping of the Secret too, are questions I dare say, to which you are curious to find an answer. Will my gratitude refuse you nothing, I will put you in a fresh page and give you the answer presently.

LITERARY.

THE INSTITUTES OF INTERNATIONAL LAW, by D. Gardner, Esq., is an excellent work, of great labor, diligence, and care, conservative in tone, sustained by authorities which he has learnedly and has compiled with excellent judgment. Such works as this should be not only on the shelves of our lawyers' libraries, but in the hands of every merchant and every citizen of the country. Mr. Gardner is a sound reasoner, and by this work has shown himself to be a good lawyer.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT AND THE QUEEN.

The following is the correspondence between the President and Queen Victoria relative to the visit of the Prince of Wales:

"*To Her Majesty, Queen Victoria:*

"I have learned from the public journals that the Prince of Wales is about to visit your Majesty's North American dominions. Should it be the intention of his Royal Highness to extend his visit to the United States, I need not say to your Majesty I should be its joy to him a dial welcome to Washington.

"You may be well assured that every where in this country he will be greeted by the American people in such manner as will be in perfect consistency with your Majesty. In this they will manifest their deep sense of your amiable character, as well as their appreciation of your merits as a wise, patriotic, and constitutional sovereign.

"Your Majesty's most obedient servant,

"JAMES BUCHANAN.

"WASHINGTON, *June 6, 1860.*"

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *June 21, 1860.*

"MY GOOD FRIEND:—I thank you most sincerely for the feelings which prompted you to write to me, invite me, the Prince of Wales to your Dominions. He intends to return from Canada through the United States, and it will give me the greatest pleasure to be the opportunity of testifying to you in person that these feelings are fully reciprocated by me. He will then be able, at the same time, to mark the respect which he entertains for the Chief Magistrate of a great and powerful and friendly nation.

"The Prince of Wales will drop all royal state on leaving my dominions, and travel under the name of Lord Renfrew, so that he will come here incognito, if desired by the President.

"The Prince Consort wishes to be kindly remembered to you. I remain ever, your good friend,

"VICTORIA R."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL ON THE SAME POINT.

The following letter has been published: "The undersigned, at the request of Sir Frederick Bruce, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United Kingdom, conveying a resolution passed by the Board of Aldermen of the city of New York, and of its important and influential citizens, to invite the Prince of Wales, Heir to the Highness the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his visit to Canada, to extend his visit to the United States of America. The undersigned, having into these documents, has the honor to inform Sir Frederick Bruce, that he is commanded by them to express to Mr. Dallas the high sensibility of the members of the Imperial Government, by every means, the residence of Friendship and Good Will, which the Prince of Wales, Heir to the Throne of Great Britain, whose, therefore, the public duties, for the performance of his duties, the Prince of Wales, on the present occasion, has the honor of Her Majesty's North American colonies, shall be concluded, and the Prince of Wales will have reference to the Prince of Wales on the point of the Prince to visit some of the individual States of the United States, and principally the Queen in the United States, will promote his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, the Prince Consort, and the Queen, to direct his route through a portion of their great country, and to give the Prince of Wales, the Prince Consort, and the Queen, the time allowed for the journey will, however, be very limited, and the Prince of Wales, the Prince Consort, and the Queen, will be consequently out of the power of his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, to prolong his stay.

"His Royal Highness will, on leaving the British soil, say aside all royal state, and travel under the name of Lord Renfrew, in order to avoid any foreign countries, for that of the Prince of Wales, which has distinguished the Prince of Wales, may which might be inconvenient to the communities of the United States, and the Prince of Wales, and the Queen, to the Prince of Wales, therefore, the public duties, the Prince of Wales, the Prince Consort, and the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Prince Consort, and the Queen, the United States, will promote his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, the Prince Consort, and the Queen, to direct his route through a portion of their great country, and to give the Prince of Wales, the Prince Consort, and the Queen, the time allowed for the journey will, however, be very limited, and the Prince of Wales, the Prince Consort, and the Queen, will be consequently out of the power of his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, to prolong his stay.

"His Royal Highness will, on leaving the British soil, say aside all royal state, and travel under the name of Lord Renfrew, in order to avoid any foreign countries, for that of the Prince of Wales, which has distinguished the Prince of Wales, may which might be inconvenient to the communities of the United States, and the Prince of Wales, and the Queen, to

is to be carried out under the supervision of Captain Walter M. Gibson, who will be remembered as Lieutenant Commander of the Pawnee from 1862 to 1864. Also one of the islands in question, and who has recently identified himself with the Mormon colony—being at his suggestion that Brigham Young prepared to the Government to take the Mormons to Oneneho. If an arrangement could be made by which they could be paid by Government for their improvements in Utah.

MORE AFRICAN LANDED.

A telegraphic dispatch from New Orleans announces the arrival off the city of a crew of 114 Africans, on Monday. They were immediately taken upon Abbeau, Dr. Gaillard, Commissioner, stationed, and by this time are judiciously distributed among the planters.

They were brought from the Gabonese Gulfs.

EXECUTION OF HICKS.

Albert W. Hicks, the murderer of Captain Hart and crew of the opera-boat *E. A. Johnson*, suffered the extreme penalty of the law on Friday 15th, on Bellevue Island. He was hanged in the presence of 1,500 people, quietly and firmly resigned himself to his fate. He was attended by a priest, assisted by Rabbi Lilienthal. He was cheerful and resigned, and made a long full confession to a gentleman, which he read to the crowd.

The execution was witnessed, and were there, about 10,000 persons, who surrounded the island in steamboats, rowboats, and small boats. The drop fell at 1. After 20 minutes, on board of which the murders were committed, was also attended, and the Hangman Hicks was cut down and thrown. She was anchored a few hundred feet from shore, and surrounded with sentinels. Every thing passed off in an orderly manner, considering the character of the assemblage and the excitement attending the event.

FROM THE GALLOWS TO A PALACE.

Our readers will all remember the Chicago Inferno, Head Janney, who was tried for having murdered a mistress. Spencer Warner, packed her body in a barrel and cast it in the Lake; but in spite of an array of the most elementarily evidence, he obtained an acquittal on a technicality. He was arrested in Canada, and, in this interesting individual opened a barber's shop in Chicago, Mr. Warner's brother, was with very great pittsburgs, and was obliged to seek some other locality. Cincinnati, Mr. Warner opened a shop in Cincinnati, and, it appears, said that this Janneyite, with his brother Warner, has fallen heir to a large estate in Germany, and offers are now being made to acquitted in Cincinnati.

PERILS OF AN AERONAUT.

We read in the Detroit *Advertiser*, New York *Herald*, *Milwaukie*, of the Detroit and Milwaukie Railway, which is called from Grand Haven to Lake Michigan, at night, had on board Professor Steiner, with his balloon. The flight of the balloon, Professor was perilous in a storm. After leaving the city, he floated out fairly through the air in a course to the south of east, and was in the air about forty-five minutes, when he encountered a violent thunderstorm. The balloon was observed to be in distress, and it was at time that the spectators lost sight of him. The storm carried the balloon, and he was obliged to descend. The aeronaut threw out all the ballast, and, in the excitement, every thing he had, even to some of his clothing, but all was of no avail, and the balloon came down into Lake Michigan, *about two miles from the cedars shore!* As a *dernier resort*, he cut away his ascent and again was carried up to a second time at 7 o'clock, in the Kalamazoo River, right or nine miles west of Grand Haven. He was now obliged to cut away his balloon in order to save himself, and, after remaining and a half hours in the water, from drowning, he succeeded in gaining the shore minus nearly all his clothing. The greatest difficulty encountered by the Professor was 12,000 feet, which height was reached by the aeronaut. Immediately after his fall, he recovered his balloon and the car, but experienced much difficulty in getting a conveyance to Grand Haven. He arrived last night, arrayed in a farmer's coat, his feet covered with a pair of pantaloons, and hatless, and he had endured an untold amount of suffering and danger."

ANOTHER HORRIBLE MURDER.

One day last week the wife of Mr. Schumacher and her father had been left by the victims of a man, Thomas Fowler, employer of the family, named Francis Hoffman. The parties were at work in the field, and the fiend had permitted to Schumacher's house, near the corner of Seventy-fourth Street and Eleventh Avenue, but not even from the evidence that Hoffman had lately been in charge from arrival, and the Schumachers, he had not learned, previously, the place where about $200, with some other property of value, was hid in the house, and that he watched his opportunity, before daylight, when Schumacher, who is a cripple, was gone to the market with his produce to break in and commit the act of murder. Mr. Schumacher returned home at a later time to of course succeeded, but it is certain that he stilled a human being, and that the murderer had made her head and that he did think that the latter was in daylight, and, though the fiend was caught within the day, at a perfectly inconscious state, we hopes from the effects of the blow, and for her recovery. Her skull was so shattered that it could not be cured. The criminals was arrested in Fifty-second Street, and, it is said, he was accompanied by a young man, who was also fully identified by Mr. Schumacher and his wife, who, in the excitement, had escaped unknown. The affair, when, been intimacy was taken which completely ruined the guilty young man, who was connected with Fifty Prince; but the officers experienced much difficulty in escaping from the vengeance to the excitement of the crowd who had assembled in the neighborhood of the Twenty-second Precinct Station-house, and threatened to lynch him.

A PROLIFIC VIEW.

To the Editor of Spirit's Weekly:

"EDITOR BARNARD, CALEDONIA, June 8, 1870.

"In your issue of April 5, under head of 'Domestic Intelligence,' there is a notice of twins born at Lockport by an exchange, of a woman and a large pipe vine in the shape of a human form. The pipe vine is 3 feet 6 inches long, and the number of branches of grapes the vine yields annually.

"Perhaps it may be given a correct idea of this unusual vine, as it is, I believe, the largest in the Genesee Valley, and I have been in Lockport.

"It is thirty years old, three feet in circumference, and one foot in diameter for about 6 feet from the ground. It then gives off branches and covers an area of twenty-five feet square. It is trained on a trellis, the ground, as it naturally supports about one foot apart. Last season I propagated the owner, who is a German woman, to keep an account of the number of branches of grapes and the number of the vine. Her bill was a large bulking about three quarts, nearly full of beans; for every bunch gathered she dropped a bean in the bottle, and sold what remained on the vine for twenty-five dollars—the bottle contained a little over two bushels. Perhaps any from one vine may appear to your numerous readers almost fabulous, but it is nevertheless true.

"If you think the above worth publishing you are at liberty to do so.

"One of your subscribers,

"J. L. GEO. M.D."

PERSONAL.

On the occasion of the recent commencement of Wittenberg and Kenyon Colleges, Ohio, which, it is said, has been the most brilliant known for many years, the Board of Visitors elected John Tyler, as long regret, as chancellor. Mr. Tyler is the first chancellor elected since Washington. The Faculty of Law was also referred, Charles Sterling being appointed professor.

Mr. Brewbridge is said to be the youngest candidate ever nominated for the Presidency. He is but thirty-eight years of age, and lacks three years from the age at which a man becomes eligible to that office.

The Hillsboro (Ohio) Gazette circulates the decease of a colored man named Thomas Thomas, who seems to have been famous during his long and useful life for his gastronomic performance. Six large loaves of bread with more than a quart of coffee or tea, generally constituted his regular meals. He was never known to drink a gooss or a turkey, and has been known to eat a moderate-sized hoss at a meal. This latter fact very clearly indicates that Thomas Thomas was indeed a liberal descendant of Ham. An immense quantity of bacon, which he was ingredient enough to devour, disappeared at the rate of nine metal coil in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

The recent prorogation of Parliament have been unimportant. Notice has been given of a resolution in the Commons relating to the Bill for the abolition of the system of privileges raised by the House of Lords in rejecting the bill abolishing the purchase of commissions.

The report of the Committee on this subject is published. It unanimously, as we understand, quotes the principle, and makes no recommendations.

THE GREAT REVIEW OF VOLUNTEERS.

A leading article of the Manchester Guardian says: "The review of the volunteers in Hyde Park on the 23d was a great success, and exceeded all hopes. The Prince of Wales, who had to Hyde Park was estimated at about 20,000, and was by forty odd thousand spectators, and of the population. The Queen, accompanied by the Prince Princess, Prince of Wales, the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Cambridge, and several foreign princes, and attended by a brilliant cavalcade, reached the ground at o'clock. The inspection was at once proceeded with, and was of the deepest interest. The Queen, accompanied along the whole of the line, after which the volunteers marched past her Majesty. The sight was one well worthy of showing what they were capable of in the way of field movements; but it was, perhaps, still more to see the force called upon to do they did it strongly well. Their the martial bearing and perfect steadiness and precision in marching elicited from experienced officers of the regular service the highest commendation and surprise. The Duke of Cambridge stated to the commanding officer of the volunteers that he was delighted with the review in his life men movements carried out by a large force of men with a greater precision. The Prince Wales entire admiration of the route in the Park. The review was all called a great success, and it understanding the well-known diction of the Duke of Cambridge, the volunteers were got safely and expeditiously out of Hyde Park."

FRANCE

THE SWISS BOUNDARY.

A dispatch from Berne, on June 23, says:

The treaty to arrange the boundaries between France and Switzerland has been signed.

The French government has communicated to the Federal Council a note in which it declares that it is making modes for settling its differences with Switzerland.

The Federal Council has replied to the French Government.

2. To submit to this negotiation the Powers who signed the Final act of Vienna.

3. To assemble in conference.

If a conference is not determined on it will very probably take place at Paris.

It is quite certain that France will make no cession whatever of territory.

A ROMANTIC TALE.

A trial is coming on in Paris, concerning which will give publicity to a sad affair. An English lady, the widow of a gentleman who had lived in Paris, married a French, a large fortune, had become attached to and married to a young musical composer, who had dedicated himself to harmony. Nothing, however, has occurred during the period of twelve the seven years of married life to disturb the step she has taken, although the gentleman did turn out to be the lover of the lady, a Mademoiselle Dudevant, and the most him first of all by accident of course) dressed in the male attire of a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and one evening executed by the students, who had had her attention to be the lady's husband, and, in the excitement, jealous, and that no harm could possibly be thought of any thing but the good intention of the husband, the lady's daughter (by her first marriage) had grown—since the beginning of the story—to be a young lady, and, coming from a time child of twelve into a lovely girl of sixteen. The young lady, who had been brought up in Paris, was to his daughter-in-law; it seems that the manager of the theatre, who had been a lover of the mother, in Mazen not, came a tremendous shock to its tranquillity, and, in a fit of jealousy, the young lady, who had been from a traveling commission spent, who had supplied the place for the lady, who had left the theatre, shot the unfortunate lover in consequence of the cultivation of his mustache, which, it appears, resembled that of the husband was, of course, treated with contempt—the young lady, who had been in the habit of calling the husband, instead to a large footman—and the dismissed lover, hidden behind a door, gave the husband a blow with a stick, the height particular size he had dared to use, was dismissed, in the pain of the unfortunate lover, and, finally, in a demonstration of contempt. The next day, however, the young lady was missing, and, on inquiry, it was ascertained that she had chosen to act for herself, and had eloped with the unfortunate lover to marriage lady, therefore, become a necessary conclusion, and the young people were consequently married.

The commission agent, whose manners are above his station, and to be an insolent fellow, and, as he has been restored to his place in the theatre at Toulon, whence he had been sent just before the elopement, has been recognized at Bordeaux, in the cutaway, whether he had accompanied the lady and her husband to the Bordeaux of the *Fete Dieu*. The mother insists upon a divorce, and he will not consent, so, it is thought, early this month (July).

ITALY.

THE CONCEPTION OF ROME.

It is confirmed that the King of Naples has granted a Constitution to his subjects. The Neapolitan Gazette of the 12th ult. contains the text of the constitutional and representative, and the following is the preamble: "Ferdinand, by the grace of God to the Kingdom of Naples; a general amnesty granted to all political offenders. The Constitution is to be made with the King of Sardinia for the adoption of the Constitution, and the Constitution is to be given to Sicily, with a Royal Prince as Viceroy. These proclamations have produced a great effect, and, from the terror, it was every where believed came too late. The Parliament at Palermo, which had been dissolved, was forced by General Sipioni, Commander Spinelli, President of the Council, Commander Scrofani, Finance, Fogo Affairs; Signor del Re, Interior; Signor Ferrigno, Grace and Justice; Commander Scrofani, Signor Morelli, Public Works; Marshal Lestucci, War; Admiral Scrofani, Marine.

A dispatch from Naples states that the conception of the electoral system has been adopted by the Chamber. The decree containing the list of the members of the Senate will be promulgated on the 15th of July. The Senate, it is said, will be chosen from among the highest ranks of the nobility, the administration, the ecclesiastics, the navy, and the army.

WHAT HE WANTS TO DO AT PALERMO.

A letter from Messina, in the *Opinione Nazionale* says:

"We give you an idea of what the Neapolitan Government received for us, I send you the copy of an electric dispatch, addressed to the Governor of the place by Cabinet Secretary, private secretary of Francis II. Pontelli, for, as you know, the rebels of Palermo have not carried into execution. It run then: 'As soon as the rebels of Palermo are in your hands, you will shut city with sufficient force, and prevent any one whatever from either going out or entering. Collect all the troops in the citadel, and if there is any movement, bombard Messina and burn some remains on another. Terrify and prevent the spirit of insurrection. Use the grape at the insurgents. The fleet will pass from Palermo to Messina. I guarantee to you the authenticity of this dispatch. The Governor, being questioned by one of the foreign consuls as to what he intended to do, admitted the existence of the orders above mentioned, but added that he should have occasion to carry them out he would first give notice to the inoffensive portion of the population and foreigners.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi continued his preparations for a new movement.

"The Turin correspondent of the London *News* writes: "A Pilot arrived at Genoa from the Island of Caprera. The *Washington*, the *Franklin*, and the *Oregon*, which carried Medici to Sicily, have left Genoa on the 15th, and the 20th, after stopping there a day, left for the Ligurian Sea. Medici was, from the very military point, to have gone to Sicily on hearing that there was a great event in the neighborhood of Palermo.

Garibaldi is said to have sent one of his agents to London, in order to obtain, if possible, a loan of five lines of frames, the revenues of Sicily being offered as a guarantee.

SPREAD OF THE REVOLUTION.

At later dates the agitation at Naples had increased, and Garibaldi's movements had been watched with great interest. Revolutionary Committee, calling on the people to rise.

The Commissioner of the twelve districts of Naples were simultaneously attacked and pillaged on the 20th, the archives burned, and the agents murdered.

Naples was quiet on the 21st, but the arms, and street assemblages prohibited.

ATTACK OF THE FRENCH EMBASSADOR.

The French Embassador had been seriously maltreated in the streets of Naples, and was supposed by members of the anti-reform party. We have received the following:

A later dispatch from Naples states that it is stated in the French papers that Baron Brenier, resident at Naples, and Count de Chaudordy, in the Foreign Office, at Paris, on the 15th ult. also has instructed the Marquis d'Antonini to convey to the Prussian Government the thanks of the Emperor on account of the courtesy shown by Baron Brenier, and to express to the Prussian Government the sense of the Emperor of the Prussian Government, in escaping unscathed, and consulting the ex-souls."

THE AMERICAN SHIPS.

The Government had yielded to the energetic demands of the American and Sardinian ministers, and ordered the release of the American vessels, bring the mail messengers.

The American sloop of war *Iroquois* went to Naples specially to assist the American Minister in his representations.

THE ASSASSINS AT PATUL.

A letter from Naples, of the 12th ult. says: "Garibaldi does not appear destined to perish by the poniard, as we feared he would. The Prefect of Palermo, it is said, has stated that the Baron Brenier, who accepted the mission to Palermo, and who, it is said, has left Naples, is not willing to commit the crime, but has, on the contrary, had a sentiment of the General, to whom he made important revelations."

PRACTICAL DEMOCRACY.

Garibaldi has issued the following decree:

"Considering that a free people should abolish every vestige of slavery, we decree as follows:

"Art. 1. The title of 'Excellency' is abolished without exception.

"Art. 2. Doing homage by kissing hands is prohibited.

This decree, if acted upon, is in itself a social revolution. In Sicily it will be more difficult than in Naples, dressed man "The Excellency," and kissing the hand is a common courtesy, and, in Sicily, it is his handbook.

IS SICILY TO BE ANNEXED?

It is stated that the Municipality of Palermo had sent an address to the Government of Florence, requesting the annexation of Sicily to the Italian kingdom. The Ministry replied that the Government was in favor of it, but was a great admirer of King Victor Emmanuel, and that he believed his Majesty would be unwilling to part with him and with him; but that at present the annexation of Sicily would be premature. Sicily would, in the event of immediate annexation, he would then be under the necessity of a Viceroy.

THE POPE'S IRISH LEVIES.

A letter from Rome, received June 23, says a bulletin of Irish has been issued to the Irish Brigade, the Pope of Saint Patrick.

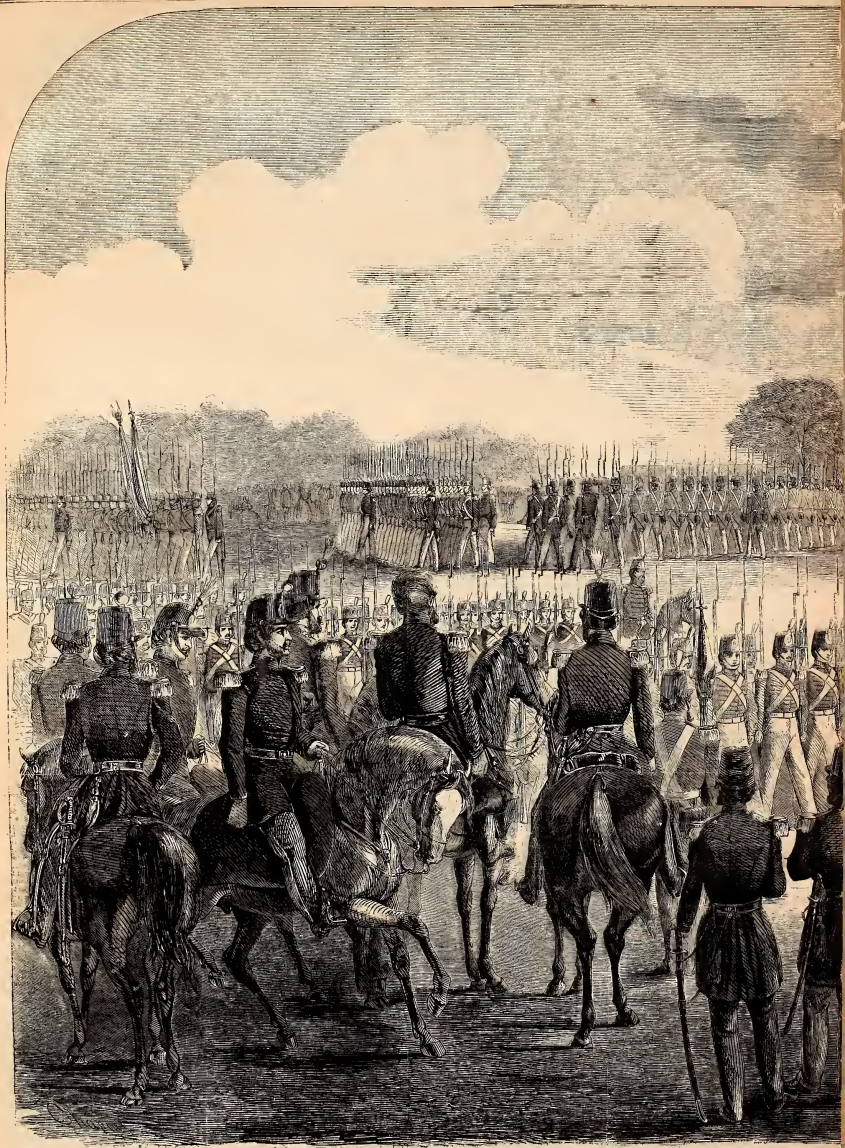
The Vienna letter in the *Times*, says a great number of Irishmen continue to pass through Vienna on their way to Rome. Some of them have lost their way, and, in them which return to their homes, but they are obliged to pay the cost of their return, or be money rifle which to say their expenses back to England.

SYRIA.

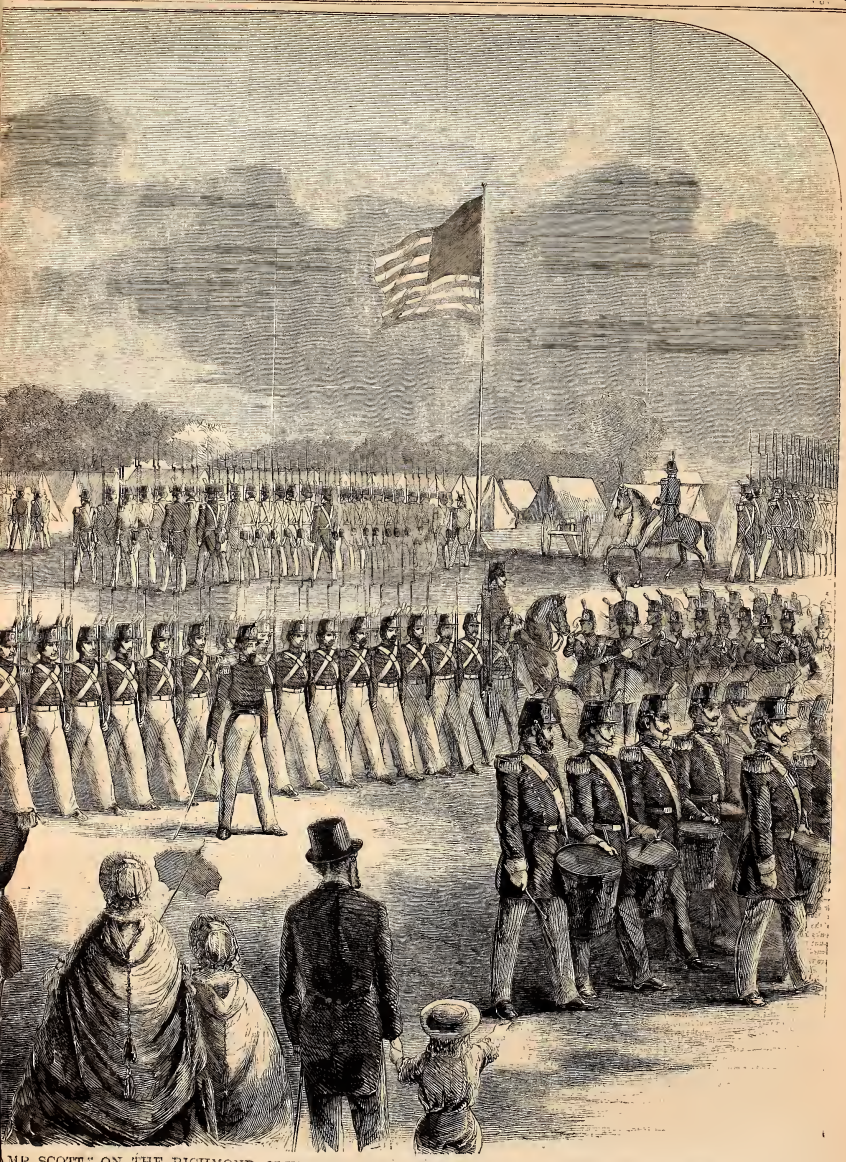
MASSACRE AT BEYROUT.

Letters from Beyrout give terrible accounts of the bloody disturbances in Syria, already briefly alluded to. The scene of the massacre was the village of Mouhi, two hours' journey by land, and three by sea, from Beyrout. Letter from the Beyrout correspondent of the *Times*:

"On the evening of Saturday, the 16 inst., letters from Mouhi reached the English consul at Beyrout, stating that a number of Christians, who had fled to that town for refuge, were being fired on by the Moslems, and been killed in cold blood by the Moslems and their neighbors, the Greeks. The consul, Mr. Wood, sent an authentic source, and the arrival of a Russian frigate off the Beyrout roadstead, the Moslems, and the consul-general of once dispatched her Majesty's steamer *Firefly*, (English) and the Russian frigate (Russian flag daily), down the coast. On his arrival at Sidon, the Russian frigate left the *Firefly* off Sidon, and, with a hundred more evidence—men, women, and children, in dying condition—proceeded to Mouhi, and, arriving on the morning and making of their own villages on Lebanon Mount



REVIEW OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. STATE MILITIA BY BRIGADIER GENERAL HALL, AT



AMP SCOTT," ON THE RICHMOND CLUB GROUNDS, STATEN ISLAND, ON JULY 11, 1860—SEE PAGE 455]

PEPS INTO THE HAREM.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

I HAVE enjoyed some privileges, as a traveler, under the auspices of a doctoral degree, and though I am not dignified with an M.D. title, the LL.D., for all practical and useful purposes, did just as well in the Levant. In fact, having an official position during my progress, I was known among the Arabs as El Hakim El Kebir, the great doctor—the doctor par excellence—and was not only frequently consulted on medical matters, but permitted and invited to penetrate into some of the mysteries of that domestic life which is in general carefully screened from foreign observation. Much fun was done to convey accurate notions as the family and social interest among Mohammedan races.

I once dined with an Aga in a village of Palestine. No Mahommedans, except his own family, were among the guests, and, by the aid of his race, did not hesitate in allowing himself more than his luxury demanded as a sinful to the Koran, especially when he could screen himself from the observations of more severe and more censorious followers of Islam.

The dinner of the Aga over, conversation became more and more lively, and the colloquies ran from serious to gay, from unbridled, upon the lowlier parties of creation. Under ordinary circumstances it is a great affront to talk to a Mohammedan of the ladies of his harem, or, indeed, to even suppose or imply the existence of a female sex. You may remove your shoes, you may not enquire, by or as to the well-being or well-doing of a family, but it would be ill-bred and impertinent to show any interest about the health of a mother, wife, or daughter, even though you may have heard rumors of sickness, or even of impending death.

But wine, which, I suppose, is not in Aqly [parody], throws the frozen reserve, and opens the locked lips of conversation to the most forbidden topics, and we are prepared to talk of the location of his harem, and to describe to us some of the many handmaidens who basked up to him as their lord and master. We could not but experience great interest in communications so eloquent; and considerable fun in the proposals of an many pearls of great price. At last his enthusiasm mounted to its full height, and his proud satisfaction broke out into an ejaculatory interrogatory:

"Would you like to see the damsels?"

"Above all things," was the natural reply.

"Come along, gentlemen."

And he himself led the way to an upper apartment.

It was a large room, surrounded by a cushioned divan, and female shawls and robes of silk were scattered over the carpets and rugs on the floor. There were many mirrors on the walls, and hung hung from the ceiling, and the moment we entered the door, following the Aga, a great footfest of Aga, clamors and shrieks broke forth from voices more or less melodious or discordant:

"Yes Giaour! Are you infidel? you Christian dogs! what brings you here? Begone! begone!"

The Aga laughed aloud at the reception we experienced, but "the Christian dogs" were a little perplexed and confounded; it was easy to perceive, though every one of the women drew her veil more over her face and more over her shoulders, that the noisiest and loudest were the eldest of the ladies; so addressing myself to one whose accents were most commanding and thundering, I said,

"Sa ysset a voice must belong to a pretty face."

Upon which the damsel suddenly uncovered her countenance, looked pensatingly upon me with her black and brilliant eyes, and exclaiming,

"You Giaour! you infidel!" laughed aloud and drew the veil over her blushing cheeks. Again and again the same exclaiming scandalously performed by other ladies, with a readiness or a backward uess which might be measured by the presence or absence of political chaos; there were several who remained veiled through the whole of our visit with the most stubborn and stolid obstinacy. The Aga and Mufty were the old and ugly one of the harem. Woman is every where woman, proud—and well she may be—of her attractiveness.

"Now, then, let us withdraw," said the Aga. We bowed to the fair community, and retired, for the visit lasted only a few minutes, during, many voices not altogether so boisterous or so impetuous as at our advance, but still they cried, "Infidels, infidels!"

I was not quite so fortunate on another occasion, when I was the guest of the Pacha of Nablous—the Shechem of the Old Testament, the Sychar of the New. To me Samaria has always appeared, and is Galilee—the most interesting part of the Holy Land, for the lies and hypocrisy of the monks have less intruded themselves, or they the hands the traveler with their contradictions and absurdities; and the whole region represents, for more than does Judea, the unchanged characteristics of Eastern life. Jews and Christian sects less traditions crowd themselves into every part of Jerusalem, and even the sites of the most memorable events are subjects of doubtful disputation; but Samaria has the charm of being now what it was nineteen centuries ago; and the Samaritans, though reduced to a very small number of families, have retained the language, the religion, the prejudices of their ancestors; and they love the Jews as little as their ancestors did. To the Jews I owed a friendly introduction to the Samaritan Sheiks, one of whom was a physician and one I received from them many courtesies and kindnesses. In answer to some inquiries, my host offered to show me the female apartments of the palace; but this was not after dinner; and he had not accommodated his conscience to his tastes, nor found arguments for surrendering his temperance to temptation, nor in wresting both the letter and spirit of the Koran to a very free interpretation. A messenger was dispatched to the harem, soon after I accompanied the Pacha up stairs. We heard much bustle and confusion; and as the doors were opened we saw women scampering away in all directions along the balconies, and toward the inner apartments, in obvious haste and apprehension. They were all veiled, and the noise in which their garments hung about them showed that they had been unprepared for so sudden an entrance. We found the rooms in most disorderly disorder, and every thing looked as if the sudden alarm had been occasioned by the Aga fleeing from fire and sword, earthquake, or other convulsion. There were on the carpets and the divan Cashmere shawls, and other embroidered stuffs, and decorated slippers, and musical instruments, and broken nargeeys; but absolute silence reigned. Beyond those last apartments I neither penetrated nor sought to penetrate; any such attempt would have been alike a great discourtesy to the rules of the country, and an affronting to the Pacha. Besides were not unaware of the presence of foreign guests, and the most morning banquet of foreign wines and liquors, which, I suppose, they dare, fair fingers, were brought to us for acceptance. The most distinguished of the ladies, and the most of the ladies of the harem is, however, a fairly-woven kerchief, or napkin, on which the receiver's name, or a verse from the Koran, or a verse of the Koran, is wrought in Arabic letters of gold.

There is a little hidden coquetry in all women, nature will conceal it in the cradle, it will break out in the presence of admiring man, and ordinarily the coquetry will be in the proportion of the beauty and the consciousness of beauty, or, at least, to the charms of her own beauty, and she will seldom fail to attract the admiration of her coquetry. It is not an unusual thing among Mussulmans of wealth, when they invite strangers, to bring out their wives and their concubines and show their meals, which the women of the harem honor with their presence; but they are concealed behind gratings and curtains, and it is a great and distinguish their faces, even when their voices are heard; but I have remarked that the *prettiest* feet are invariably put out under the veil to be observed and admired, and that through every opening of the damask the prettiest eyes seem to be seen, and one might always be certain that the loudest little-talk was from the younger and finest of the women. The Arab of the Desert, which represents an exhibition from his birds of paradise when fierly and solely caged. If the chances are few which the Arab of the Desert have to exhibit her graces, she has the ready ingenuity to avail herself of them. There is no doubt a charm in winning the admiration of the opposite sex, charm which, in the Levant, sometimes tempts a lady beyond the limits of modesty, modesty and Western decorum. In the harem of the Pacha I was overstretched bow.

The first resting-place on the principal road from Damascus to Jerusalem is a very ancient city, and was known by the name of Khan Shechem. It has been, from the earliest recollections of the great antiquity of the place. The government is administered by a native Syrian, an old man, to whom, as to the Pacha, I had a general recommendatory firman signed by the Sultan. On our way thither we heard much of the extraordinary beauty of the Aga's young wife, who had the fame of being the most lovely woman that had ever been spoken of in those regions, and the most accomplished, dutiful as Oriental husbands frequently are—the object of special jealousy, but, at the same time, of the most affectionate admiration, on the part of her husband. Concealed and secluded, though she lived in the palace of the harem, yet the kindness of her fair countenance shone by the reflection of its fame like a remote star in the heavens, and the old Sheik spoke of her as one of those whose youths lies privileged than be in their domestic treasures. It was sunset when we reached the Sheik's abode, he came to meet us, with the most urbane and perfect courtesy, and the usual pleasure that his house was honored by our presence.

We observed evidences of much disquietude on the good Sheik's visage, and it was obvious he was wrestling with some secret sorrow, and we feared that he desired to get rid of a burden which pressed heavily on his mind. At last he told that his wife was sorrow in the harem, that the child of his old age was sick, and, as he feared, at the point of death. "Doctor, will you heal my child?" was his inquiry.

Now the infidel boy had been born to the beautiful bride, and I was in a pretty plight, which I concealed in my thoughts, that I might possibly, through the desire of the father to save the suffering child, get a great deal of information. I accepted fame of whose loveliness was still sounding in my ears, and, let me own it, much sharpened by curiosity.

"Well, then," I answered, "take me to the harem, and I will see what I can do for you."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, "it can not be."

"If the child is not relieved, he will die."

"Alas! but you can not be permitted to enter the harem. Shall the infidel be brought out?"

"By no means; I must see the child in the room. Besides, men know nothing about the complaints of children. We Western physicians have only one kind of prescription. We give a little medicine that is invariably our practice. We hear from her mother and female attendants, and we prescribe only after getting all possible information—information which the mother alone is able to give."

"I can not let it come out!" he repeated with new emphasis.

"I am sorry for it," was all my reply.

He hung down his head, sighed, and quickly left the apartment.

It was some hours after this interlude that the Sheik again made his appearance and approached me.

"Doctor, I will do what you desire. He could not run the risk of losing his child. Would I do him the favor to follow him?"

I moved, of course, with great complacency, inwardly rejoicing on the success of my admirable arrangement, but giving no outward sign of self-congratulation or triumph.

He preceded me with a slow and seemingly heartfelt sigh, unlocked, he opened the doors of several apartments, through which we advanced to the sanctum sanctorum of the women. Upon a cushioned divan, with her head reclined on an infant, which seemed two or three months old. It was encumbered with garments; it had the Mahommedan amulet round its neck, and its body was covered with amulets, charms, and verses from the Koran, to whose miraculous influence, aided by prayers and alms, the Aga had ventured to look for the recovery of the patient. Other hope there was none, and that hope had failed, as the child appeared sinking into the last recovery.

Hanging over the child, looking like a statue of grief, a veiled woman was seated.

To her I addressed myself, but not a word did she reply. She seemed abandoned to sorrow and absorbed in contemplation of the little sufferer on the Persian rug. A sigh escaped her, and my sympathy was strongly excited. I pressed my importunities on the conscience of the Sheik. What was its age? How long had it been ill? What had been done for its recovery? Who had been consulted? Is the boy so ill that it cannot be brought any longer? and so forth; but only indistinct responses were made to my interrogatories. I said,

"You must speak more plainly. If I, our language were English, I should have difficulty in understanding the dialect of Palestine, but I can comprehend your Syrian-Arabic very imperfectly. You must remove your veil, and you may then be intelligible, and I will listen to you when you describe for your boy." She shook her head; it seemed as if I made no impression. I inclined my head towards her, and I saw that her eyes were fully accustomed to the practice of English methods. We talked in our eyes with unveiled faces; they said to all we wished to know; they gave every particular of their children's indisposition; and we were able to understand clearly what another could be done. Moved by my increasing urgency, she raised her hands, threw off her veil, stared me in the face—as, I will say, a woman, when she is drinking. "I am the old wife," were the only words she uttered.

"Sad, sad!" I exclaimed to the Sheik; and I could not check an outburst of laughter as we left the harem together. I did, however, give my medicine to the child, and learned after that it had got well.

I have avoided myself of such opportunities as I have had to learn from intelligent Orientals themselves their views as to the comparative influences of Christian and Mahommedan domestic happiness; and the results has been most favorable to that policy concerted by Christian laws and Christian manners, which, if not carried to excess, man are exclusively bound together by the marital link, and the children only of such marriages are found to be the legitimate descendants of their parents.

VILLAGE ROSES AND WITCHES.

THE village of Auray-le-Cluche was stationed on the side of a hill, basking in sunshine. At the entrance of the single, rough-paved village street, pallisses of trellis, covered with a gutter in the side, stood the church, and inclosed with it, the cemetery, which was inhabited only by the cure, his single maid-servant, and a little boy of nine or ten years old, the orphan nephew of the latter.

The good dame, Jeanne, was the cure's cook, ruling in his bravery one of the portions allotted for daily perusal.

Lounging about in sabots, on the pavement in front of the house, was little Claude, the nephew of Jeanne, the curé's servant.

"Ho, Claude!" said the good man, "tell thy aunt to make haste with dinner. I'm as hungry as a wolf, rue, or I shall eat thee."

The child laughed, and stumped into the kitchen with his message, while M. Leroy proceeded up stairs to his sitting-room, and deliberately opened, drew the table into its place, and out of the corner-cupboard extracted his bottle of vin ordinaire; wrapped it in a napkin, and placed it, of course, upon the table-cloth, and a napkin to match, rolled within its ivory ring, on which an inscription baptismal yclped into the ear of the Christian."

While occupied in these arrangements, a tuck door, leading to the other rooms, above and below, was opened, and a little old woman appeared to lay the cloth.

"Par example, M. le Curé!" was her exclamation, when she saw how her master was employed; and taking the things from his hands, she began to complain that such work was a good-looking man, man of silent four or five and twenty, but, like nearly all French peasants, appeared some years older. Her features were regular, with the exception of a somewhat coarse mouth; her dark eyes were fine, and surmounted by well-marked brows, and her complexion was of a rich, warm brown, with a good deal of color. Altogether, a handsome specimen of her class, but with a taciturn gravity of expression and decorum somewhat unusual.

The cure sat down in his arm-chair, with a book, while Jeanne continued laying the table and dusting the room. It was evident his reading occupied little of his attention; for, whenever he could direct it unobserved to the servant to did so, and finally, when she left the room, he flung down the volume, murmuring, with an expression of profound concern,

"The poor girl! the unhappy!" and remaining absorbed in evidently painful reflections till the sound of her by no means light step on the stairs aroused him.

But it must have been no common grief that could materially affect the curé's appetite, and when Jeanne had produced, in one course, the whole of the dinner, consisting of the usual soup and bouilli, a salad, dish of pulse-cooked in butter, and a dish of the light-red pine-cupple strawberries, of which whole fields are grown wherever the vicinity of a town of any size allows a market for them, M. Leroy fell-to with hearty good-will and made very short work of the repast. Then he sat down in the arm-chair, and quietly commenced his to his post-prandial nap, while the tasses nodded cattle the window-sill, and, a black-lettered, on the grove below, sang thanks to him for the ruddy cherries to which he and his young family were now welcoming.

Jeanne's and Claude's dinner followed that of the master, and, the meal concluded, the former filled a little basket with eggs, and gave it to the boy.

"Go, my child," she said, "with this to Madame Marel; say Monsieur le Curé makes them with many compliments. Then go on to the Croix-Rouge, and, tell Madame Lebaux, the Curé, how Madame Ledaux and her daughter are, and, on your back, you may call at Uncle Jacques's, and ask Fleurette I wish she would come down the first day this week she can get out. Go, and don't break the eggs, and bring back the basket. Blind," Jeanne would add, if the child had the boy had passed through and latched the garden gate. Then she returned to the kitchen, took a large key down from a nail, and, taking a lamp beside the grinding chimney, and once more locking out and all round, re-entered and proceeded through long, dark, tortuous passages to the room that former lost of a straggling series, unlocked the door, and entered.

It was a small, gloomy lumber-room. In one corner the long-collected dust had been swept from a little space, and was spread round with hay, and on it, rolled up, a mattress and some bedding. After Bursting intently for a minute, Jeanne, satisfied by the glimmer, stooped down a block-legged chair and a nugged rug that were placed on the top of a box in the obscurest part of the room, and from which the rolled-up bundle tied up in an old colored handkerchief. Opening this carefully, several articles of baby linen, the mother's, and, in the progress, all of the commonest description, but carefully made and clean, were disclosed, and Jeanne, having unrolled the bundle and laid the bright, bargain stitching away at an unfinished frock with feverish rapidity, still passing now and then, with that look of intense anxiety, to listen.

For more than an hour she worked undisturbed; then, as if fearing to remain longer away from her charge, she folded up the frock, put into it a half-finished cap, which might be worked at in any stray moment, tied up the bundle, restored it to the box, and again returned to the room with the rug and chair, as before. Then carefully locking the door behind her, she returned to the kitchen.

She did so just in time; for, while she was putting together the brands that, during her absence, had burned through in the chimney-place, Claude, ultra-yward, become scattered and nearly extinguished, an old crone, half-beggar, half-peasant, and enormously repulsive, hobbled, tottered into the kitchen. Standing just within the threshold, her hunched, clawlike hands crossed on the top of her staff, she leaned forward, her long jaw, and then remained, contemplating the girl, with a grin intolerable to be borne.

"Sit down, Mère Gaunet," Jeanne said, crossing herself in secret, as she turned to place a chair for the unwelcome visitor. "Sit down, for warm weather's come at last; you don't need to sit upon your rheumatism."

"Eh, eh, well enough, well enough. How is Monsieur le Curé?—and yourself? ought to agree, and with a scrutinizing look.

"Monsieur is well, and I, I'm always well."

"So much the better, so much the better, my girl; ready to dance at the wedding on Thursday? Eh, eh! is it not Thursday?"

So deadly a whiteness overspread the girl's face that she turned from the hag to conceal it as she replied,

"So I hear."

"Well, you will see it, no doubt, that'll be better. Eugène Landry and you were great friends last year, I remember; every body said you were going to be married. But, eh! what a pity! great nothing, lover's are shy, and they say Mélie Prunier has not only a good dowry, but will have all M. Louis Prunier's savings. Oh, it's a fine marriage for Eugène."

"A fine marriage," Jeanne repeated mechanically. Eugène! Mélie! at that moment, her voice, calling her, released her for the instant from her torture and when she had performed the errand for which she had been summoned she lingered about upon stairs till the old woman, tired of waiting, made her departure.

At night, Jeanne went solitary and sad to her bed: in the morning, when she went about her work, she did so with a heavy heart. At the last she had gone through that night none but God and her own poor heart could tell.

"Jeanne, is anything painfully ill you look, my girl?" the curé said, as he entered the kitchen. "What is the matter?"

"I am not very well," she replied. "I was ill in the night, and had bad dreams; but I am much better now, monsieur; it's nothing—it will all pass away."

M. Leroy paused, hesitated, sighed; he would fain ought her condition, and, perceiving a troubled him as to the suspicions that, never occurring to himself, had latterly been suggested by village gossip. But Jeanne went to and fro, lestirring herself in a way to make any such opportunity difficult, and, with a slow step and anxious mind, the curé went out to tend his roses.

Through the next three and four days the subject still recurred, but, but by degrees less painfully and at longer intervals, Jeanne resisted getting well again, and was, he fancied, less preoccupied; less oppressed with some hidden care than, despite

all her efforts to conceal the fact, she had lately been. He had had some knowledge of Eugène Landry's frantic attachment to her, and he was begun to think that it was Eugène's faithlessness alone that had so weighed upon her mind.

Yet, if she had given the wedding Jeanine came to him with a troubled face. Her mother was alarmingly ill; she had had a letter from a neighbor, entreating that, if the case could spare her, she would lose no time in coming to her. M. Leroy scanned the face before him—the face pinched or wont and worn, and where set mouth and desperately beseeching eye told all that hung on his reply. He could not keep her in that agony of suspense; he could not, by the hint, even, at perhaps unmerited suspicion, further torture her; so he consented.

It was distance of nearly five leagues to Montrouge, the village where Jeanine's mother resided, and there was only one diligence running between Paris and Bourg-le-Chocher, she had no means of getting there except on foot. She was yet far from strong, and the weather was hot; but, as the mission on which she was going, solitude was wholly indispensable, and this she could only secure by walking.

She had arranged with her cousin Pierrette to take her place in the curé's household during her absence; and now all things were prepared for her departure, which was to take place before even the early June dawn, that she might get beyond the risk of recognition while Auvay and its neighborhood was yet buried in sleep.

Strange, terrible, was she to be crossed with gleams of stormy sunshine, had been the experience of those last five days to Jeanine. Happily her child was a healthy little creature, and, spared most of the horrors of its first days in sleep. Still what agonies of wrighing had its poor mother endured to hear, lest the frequency of her visits to its lilliput place should be noticed, lest Claude should, at any time, travel to her place unseen! Yet, with all this, the passionate love she had for the infant—the ecstasies of maternal pride and tenderness that not all the anxiety, not all the sorrow, not all the situation could smother—gave her moments she would have purchased at almost any price; and though the child's presence would put an end to the perpetual state of anxious terror, she yet doubted the separation almost as much as she desired the relief.

She had not confided her secret to any one; though she had her heart ached for relief in the truth to her cousin Pierrette, who suspected it, but who, after a few leading questions, had, in pity, forbeared to inquire further, and who did not come to take her place till some hours after her departure.

Before daylight, Jeanine, with her precious burden sleeping in her arms, and a basket containing the child's clothes and some little provisions for the journey, stole out of the presbytery, and through the garden wicket, into the sleeping village, whose length she had to traverse before gaining the road to Montrouge.

The moon had set, and though some stars still twinkled, they were too faint to dispel darkness, blinding, listening, seeking to penetrate the obscurity, she passed an instant before the church to assure herself she was unseen, and then she fairly started on her way. At first all was dead silence; then she fancied she heard—fancied the saw—something, that had been crouching by the white wall of the garden, near the gate, stir and rise slowly. Like a dream the nightmare events in pursuers, she heard and fled, finding her way through the dark street and over the rough, sharp stones rather by instinct than sight, stopping and still the impulse of her course had so exhausted her breath that she was forced to pause to regain it.

By this time she was well out in the open country, and the dim line of the white road just sufficiently visible to her eyes, accustomed to the darkness, to enable her to guide herself by keeping her way. Then she began to feel a little reassured, and to try to reason away her late panic; it might have been fancy altogether, the effect of an over-tired brain; or, as the impression had been so strong, and she had not quite succeeded in her any attempts to refuse the evidence of her senses, she persuaded herself that what she could not deny had been some stray dog, or other harmless animal, that her footsteps had disturbed. So probable, indeed, did this solution appear, that—her reason having nothing to oppose to it—she was fain to reassure herself with such explanation, and turning her thoughts as well as steps homeward, she set herself once more to ponder the dreaded scene of confession to her mother, who was utterly ignorant of the events that were so suddenly to be brought before her, and whose alleged illness had been, of course, merely a pretext to make this excuse.

By the time that the June morning was in its waking flush Jeanine had got so far on her way, without interruption or encountering any one, that she now began to feel there was comparatively little risk of detection. Still, she said to herself, she must, yet, and did not think of resting a moment of the so precious morning hours. But ere she had got much further on her way, she began to feel that she was not in condition to travel either very fast or very far; and she reflected that it would be better to hasten her journey before fatigue overcame it, than to put it all forth at once, and perhaps until herself for the completion of her task.

There was, she knew, not much further on, a little wood, and she now resolved that there should end her first stage. She could find shelter, rest, and concealment among the trees, without going far from the road; and this repose, with some food, would, she hoped, quite restore her to continue her journey by two or three easy stages, if she found she could not make the rest of it in one. So she walked on bravely, keeping a look-out for the little wood.

Suddenly a turn of the road brought her on a party of men, women, and children, half gipsies, half strollers, seated in a green spot by the highway, round their fire. One or two of them looked at her as she passed, but took no further notice, and she continued her way till some hundred yards further on she perceived, sitting at the foot of a tree, a woman whose general appearance seemed to mark her as one of the party she had just left behind, but whose attitude of grief—her body crouched together, her head bowed down as her hands—might sufficiently account for her thus isolating herself from the rest.

Hearing a footstep she looked up, and showed a dark face, still young, but marked with an expression of despair and fear. Jeanine had at the same time so sullen, that Jeanine's quiet sense of compassion for her was tinged with a touch of fear, and she hesitated a moment from the long fixed gaze with which the woman followed her. Then she passed on her way, but, not quite precisely she was still the object of the same unexamination, scrutiny, a thousand vague anxieties assailed her.

She tried to recall the face, to remember where and how she could ever have seen it before; but her memory completely failed her, and, in spite of her previous association with it; and fancying that the woman must have been deceived by some mistaken identity, she tried to persuade herself relieved from her mind. Shortly after, coming within sight of the wood where she proposed to rest, she sense of approaching voices, and she thought turn another channel.

Turning from the road, she soon found a spot it seemed perfectly suited to her purpose; a such of thick moss, hidden from the highway, not a one by the intervening trees. Then she lay down overshadowed by a great gnarled and hollow oak, and further cooled and freshened by the flow of a little brook, that ran close by, bathed her hot and dusty face and hands, and having eaten some of the food she had brought with her, and mixed her child, she fell into a deep sleep. With the murmur of the brook and the faint, regular recitation of her lullaby in her ears, she felt great, light, and happy, and there a little spot of earth heaven, or a white sailing cloud passing before her captured her by some fancied resemblance, and things became confounded, and she fell into the first really profound and dreamless sleep she had known for many weeks.

Then there came, stealing along with cat-like footfall and suspended breath, portions, with strong but cautious hands, the fleeting moments, stopping by moments to look and listen, then creeping on again, the woman with the terrible face; for once terrible now for the first time, and with a greedy purpose stamped in every line of it. A few more long, lithe, crawling steps brought her beside the sleeper and child.

Noiselessly she stooped over them, pausing and peering, now for an instant to gaze on the face, then, but studying the best means to execute it. The child lay clasped in the fold of the mother's arm, and so well was the sleeper undisturbed, her was at once the woman's desire and difficulty. Plucking a stem of feather-grass, she, with its fringed tip, tickled the child's face with hand, ready to drop and crouch behind her, so that, should the sleeper be so far disturbed as to open her eyes, the woman should be out of her sight. But, as the latter guessed, her sleep was too profound for this, and she merely twitched her hand, and then, on a repetition of the stimulation, threw out the arm on the ground beside her, leaving the infant exposed.

In a second it was in the dark woman's grasp, and she was up and away, one arm clasping it close to her bosom, the other pressing the other to its mouth and still its cries, if it should attempt to utter any; but it only started and murmured in its sleep, and was quiet again.

The woman sped on, without pausing an instant, till she came to a spot in the wood removed a considerable distance from the sleeper's lair, but still only on the border, her course having been nearly parallel to the high road, though not visible from it. In a few minutes she was crouching by a little spot where the ground had been newly disturbed, though the grass had grown up and dead leaves almost concealed the part, she hunt, and kissing the cold, murmured,

"Adieu, little! I pray to be Dieu has given me one to replace thee!" Then, rising, she once more sped onward, and was seen out of sight.

It was just half an hour after Jeanine awoke, with a terrible dream of the dark woman.

She knew, the instant she found her child gone, what had become of it; but, in her agony of guilty, her greater comfort. Wild and desperate, all thought but that of recovering the baby left her; the cursed—"be punish'd—be punish'd!" she might know her disgrace; could proclaiming it in the streets of Bourg, then, would not, she knew, but she lost, willingly would she have paid such a price for its restoration. But what to do now? how to secure the recovery? In the confusion and confusion or her senses no definite plan at first presented itself; but when, by a violent and determined effort, she collected herself, it was the only chance for her was to retrace her steps to where the strollers had been assembled, and endeavor to learn some clew.

Turning backward, then, she rapidly traversed the ground she had so wearily trodden some hours before. A few minutes brought her to the dell, passed to look after the distracted woman, and a little her pace quite to the wayside crossed himself with mingled fear and pity.

She came at last to the spot she sought; but it was vacant. The trampled grass, the ashes, the burned turf, scraps of rags, and dirty paper, and straw litered the ground, the grass still lay crushed and trampled by the dusty feet. But the wanderers were gone, and Jeanine recollected with a feeling of agony that a little further on three roads branched off in different directions, and that unless she could fall on some accidental trace of their course, the chances were two to one against her taking the right one. She remembered the road to where the roads separated. The probabilities seemed altogether in favor of their keeping the main road, which led to Auvay. In that despair she had just decided on retracing her steps even thither, when the figure of a man in the distance, coming from that direction, raised a gleam of hope. Hastily joining him, she asked him if he had met the party she described. The man stared at her, took off his hat, deliberately wiped his face with the dirty colored handkerchief it contained, restored the handkerchief to the hat, and put the to the head, and then replied in the negative.

"Where had he come from? From far? From beyond Auvay-le-Clocher?"

He nodded.

"Then he must have seen them if they passed?"

"Probably."

"But there were so many of them, and they looked as different to ordinary travelers; and they had a van, with a white horse! He could not be mistaken if he saw them and her."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Savair! he had rested by the way, he might have slept, they might have passed him, he might have seen them."

Jeanine could get nothing more out of him, but still, maddening as was his stability, she was disposed to pardon him for the fact that the minutes were against the travelers having taken that route. She resolved to let chance guide her steps, and then—the man still shrugging through from the glare of the sun, chose the more shady.

On, on! she had gone, but four days before, and her knees trembled, and her head throbbed. On and on till sunset. On and on till nightfall. No trace, no sign, no hope. Then she lay down under a bank by the wayside, and felt so utterly broken that she longed for death. The moon came up, and she could see the beasts to make no easy a prey, and sheer exhaustion plunged her into a sleep that lasted till the chill of the coming dawn roused her, and she shivered with cold, damp with dew, but having no thought beyond that of continuing her search.

Thus for two days and two nights more she wandered, and wondered in vain. Then, with what little hope of what she still left her, she decided to return to Auvay, and rather with the instinct that directs a dog on his homeward way than by any more reasonable process, she turned her road back to the presbytery by the evening of the fourth day.

In vain Pierrette questioned her; in vain Claude crept to her side and timidly looked up in her haggard face. She had no answer to give, but shook her head and crept back to her chair, or stood blankly into the fire. The curé had gone for a game of billiards to the Mairie, and Pierrette could only go to the presbytery to beg and entreat temptes to induce her to touch food were vain—and all by her left to get rid of the well-intentioned cares of her cousin, Jeanine turned her face to the wall and pretended to sleep.

Some weeks passed, and Jeanine had fallen into her usual course of duties; but quite mechanically, and as one to whom nothing in life could give a second interest or a second pleasure. Her state of mind was a sort of dull, listless fatalism, that accepted all things as parts of a crushing, relentless destiny, which she felt herself neither comprehend nor resist, and which she could only bear under so long as her strength lasted. But it was felt that she should be taken from this condition, and in startling manner.

She was arrested on a charge of infanticide.

At the trial the chain of evidence was painfully conclusive. Her attachment to Eugène Landry had been known, her condition was had, for many weeks back, been more than suspected in the village.

The widow Gausset was the principal witness against her. This woman happened to be about the house more than once at night during the evening work; she had seen Jeanine, lately, in the darkness and in the silence, the cries of a new-born infant proceeding from the house; she happened again, on the night of the same strange change, to be in the street, near the presbytery, and long after midnight on the same night, after Jeanine's return, she had been surprised and startled by hearing some one come out of the curé's garden; she had watched to see who it might be, and, though the night was dark, she had been able to distinguish a woman, carrying something in her arms, who fled on seeing her. Madame Gausset, much surprised at this circumstance, had gone the next day to the presbytery to relate what she had witnessed, fearing it was a thief. She had found Jeanine gone, to see her dying mother, as she was told. She had not much believed the story, but she had every inquiry in the neighborhood of her; she did not wish to compromise the girl, so she had said no more about the matter to her.

But since then she had reflected a good deal on the matter, and several circumstances (the last and most important of which she stated her to be the necessity of revealing all she herself knew on the subject) had, strangely enough, been brought before her. She could not, she felt, be guilty of a living by going about to the neighboring farms and villages, insisting on the chastity of all good souls, or by pointing out an entire that were sinned or affected by the evil eye, or other charms—she had visited Jeanine's mother, and, on speaking to her of her daughter's illness, Madame's child, had been amazed to learn that the old woman had never seen ill, and was ignorant of her daughter. Finding this, her suspicions had been so much excited that she—always as a matter of duty—had made every inquiry in the neighborhood and on the road between Montrouge and Auvay, and had learned that several persons had seen a young woman whose description precisely answered Jeanine's appearance. For instance, a wayfaring man, who had found a pile of warm at Montrouge, which had kept him there for some time, and a little goat-herd, especially, had seen her come out of a wood by the roadside, in the direction of Montrouge, that had fancied her mad. These persons being called, their evidence wholly corroborated the Mère Gausset's testimony. Lastly, came the circumstance which, as she had volunteer, had made her feel it was imperative on her to bring to light all she had learned respecting the affair.

Returning from Montrouge, she was accompanied by a dog that she had cured of the distemper, and that she had taken back to his owner at Auvay. Arrived at the wood described by the last witnesses, the dog had run in among the trees, and being unable to bring him back by calling, and fearing to lose him, she had followed a certain spot, where she found him tearing up the ground with his paws. Finding all efforts to get him away impossible, she had, in same curiosity, further excited by the fact that the ground had evidently been lately disturbed, which had caused her mistakenly to be the object of his search, and, thereby, to her horror and amazement, she was revealed the body of an infant.

Here the mayor of Auvay deposed to the old woman's horror, and well known to him, her discovery of his having, accompanied by her and the other witnesses, gone to the spot and found the body (she had covered it up hastily again, and, by tying a handkerchief round the dog's neck, had dragged him away from it by force); and of his having entered (in her examination) to Dr. Lenaumier whose testimony followed.

The doctor declared that, in consequence of the state of decomposition in which the child was found, it was impossible to say exactly how old the infant might have been, probably a week or ten days, possibly a fortnight. There was marks of external violence on it, but, as far as he could judge, from its extreme decomposition, there was reason to suspect that it might have been smothered. He had seen one or two cases of infants that had been smothered, and had observed marks very much presented appearances to which those in the case in question seemed to bear a strong analogy.

Pierrette, the cousin, and all of Jeanine's mother were called in to bear evidence, and what they had to say could in no way invalidate the testimony of the previous witnesses.

So Jeanine Deanine was declared guilty of child-murder, and, in spite, sad, sad, of her pleading for life of the culprit is at stake (except in cases of the most exaggerated atrocity), of extenuating circumstances. She was sentenced to the travaux forcés for life.

Jeanine was carried from the court in a state of insensibility. Her mother, meeting, at dawn, the jailor entered her cell, he found her crouched in a heap in the remoter corner. He spoke to her, but when, obtained no answer, he had his hand on her shoulder, she sprang at him, demanding her child; and such was the violence that it required three men to hold her down and bind her. From this state, which lasted, with little intermission, for some weeks, she sank into a state of dull, apathetic inactivity, and, in that condition, as she was generally harmless, though occasionally, and at long intervals, violent, she lived for years, but when they was permitted to take her to her own home, where she remained till the period of the old woman's death, when she was sent twelve or thirteen years later. Then Claude, who, thanks to his own steadiness and intelligence, and to the good offices of his father, had got an appointment as gardener at the neighboring Château de Planey, took on himself the charge of the afflicted woman.

Sixteen years had slipped away, bringing their changes to Auvay-le-Clocher.

The child, as aforesaid, was still a hale and hearty man, and went about his duties with little diminished activity. His eye and his hand at his trade were as good as they used to be, and, on the other hand, his skill in the cultivation of his roses had so much increased, that one of them gained the prize at the horticultural show of the chief town of the department, and became known all over France as the Beauty of Auvay. The Mère Gausset had, in consideration of whatever, had been dread and dislike that belonged to it, had become quite good-natured, and, spared from her husband's rigorous paralytic and half-crazed, and not even the strongest-minded of the inhabitants of the village could pass the house without a shudder, or shrug in some sunny corner, a hideous spectacle, mumbling and mowing, or at intervals bursting into impotent shrieks and curses, and fancied affront, without shuddering and crossing themselves.

Great preparations were made, as usual, for the Fête of Auvay. The curé, Monsieur Sarzeau, the patroness of the village, was newly decorated, and adorned with fresh flowers, among which shone conspicuously the Beauty of Auvay's best roses, and one specimen of young Claude's handiwork in horticulture. Next came the procession with all its accustomed pomp of music (so called), banners, and priestly vestments, rich with silk, gold, and embroidery; and then the fair, which, in booths, stores collected enough had gingerbread to sicken the youth of both sexes of Auvay for the next ten days. Besides these, there were amusements of all sorts, dolls, toys, baskets, brooms, mats, watering-pots, farm, garden, and household implements of every description, and so on and so on, and, gaily painted, sweetmeat-coated fruits, closely related to pumpkins, it seemed as if all the land about Auvay must have been exclusively devoted to their culture. You saw them piled in heaps, you saw them separately, you saw them whole, you saw them divided; the air was redolent of melons, the ground was encumbered with melon-rinds; women carried them under their cloaks, and cut them up with the clasp-knife that answers to every unclassical need of the French peasant, and children gnawed every catable particle from the rinds. Then there were swings and merry-go-rounds, with wooden horses, and boards for a game distinctly related to bagatelle, and there was shooting at a plaster figure with the arbalete or cross-bow, and there were a few shows of an humble character.

But the great attraction was reserved for the evening, when, in an interval of the dancing, some wonderful performance, dealt of a dramatic character, though the acrobatic, pyrotechnic, and pres-

"ONLY LOOK AT GAFFER GREY
CREEPING SLOWLY ON HIS WAY."

"'TWAS JUST YESTERDAY I FOUND
A SCORE OF LETTERS, CLOSELY BOUND."

tidigitatory elements of entertainment were not wanting, were to take place, executed by a strolling company.

The public, on the payment of one sou for those who were content to stand, of three for such as desired the luxury of seats, were admitted into a temporary inclosure formed of mats, canvas, and old tarpaulins stretched on posts planted in the sward, and the entertainment commenced by a short, wiry individual, with a swarthy face, keen black eyes, and fabulous head of frizzly black hair, performing a frenzied dance, blindfold, in a space of about two square yards, where were laid six eggs, without breaking one of them. This feat completed, amidst the applause of the spectators, the gentleman, tearing the bandage from his eyes, made a sweeping bow to the company, and retreated with a short backward run behind the canvas screen, which formed the green-room.

In a few seconds issued from the same retreat a dark, hard-featured woman, looking considerably past fifty, though she had probably hardly reached that age, accompanied by a slight girl of from fifteen to seventeen, who, though thin and worn - looking, had some beauty in a pair of large soft blue eyes, and a profusion of rich waved brown hair.

Having sung one or two songs, to the woman's accompaniment on a cracked guitar, the girl, taking from her hand a tambourine, began to dance to the same music, and the spectators were in the height of their enjoyment, when there came a movement from behind, attended with a cry that sent a shudder through the assembly, and Jeanne, clearing the way before her, as the course of some furious animal divides the dense crowd, plunged forward, and seizing the left hand of the dancer, turned upward the under side of the wrist. There, traversed by blue veins, and agitated by the throbbing of the pulse, was a rose-colored mark, in size and shape not unlike a rose leaf.

"My child!" the poor soul shrieked, and clasped the dancer in an embrace in which seemed to be concentrated all the love so long cheated of its object; but the girl shrank from her in terror, and it was to the dark woman that she appealed with cries of "Mother!" for protection. Then came a struggle, a whirl, a heavy fall, the crash and smell and smoke of extinguished lights, a confusion from which the girl with difficulty extricated herself, and when the terrified tumblers at last succeeded in separating the women, the gipsy's lifeless head dropped forward—she was dead.

Jeanne lingered two days between life and death, between reason and insanity. At the last she recovered sufficiently to establish beyond doubt the identity of the little dancer with her stolen child. Assisted in her last moments by the curé, and attended by Claude and Rose, her daughter, she passed out of her troubled life quietly and in peace.

Claude took Rose to his own home, and married her as soon as it was possible, together through the brief preliminaries necessary. They lived, and died, and were buried peacefully at Auray, where, as has been said, many of their descendants are still settled, and where this chain of circumstances is still preserved.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

BY ELIZA COOK.

ONLY look at Gaffer Grey
Creeping slowly on his way,
With a staff to help him stand,
Leant on with a shaking hand;
With a step that fears to meet
The pebbles of the village street;
With a cheek that falleth in,
And a very peaked chin;
With a forehead made of wrinkles
Carved in grooves, cranks, and crinkles,
And a voice so thin and mumbling
That his gles might pass for grumbling.
See his eyes so bleer and dim,
And his beard so gray and grim;
See his legs, all lean and lank,
Dwindled down to skin and shank.
Poor old Gaffer Grey is labeled
With the words that tune my rhyme:
Read him over—you'll discover
Naught but "Once upon a time."
I wander'd to a spot of earth,
Where Fame has crowned the ruin-crage,
Where ravens in their shrieking mirth
Flapp'd their black wings like conquerors' flags
Waving above a battle-field;
Where bat and lizard had allied,
With mole and owlet by their side,

THE PUTNAM PHALANX AT THE TOMB OF GENERAL PUTNAM, BROOKLYN, CONNECTICUT, JUNE 13, 1860.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HEAD & ROBINSON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

And forced the bulwark fee to yield.
Some phantasy beguiled my sight
With vision of a gorgeous story—
Of jewel'd roof, of halls of light,
Of purple wood, of walls of moight,
Of pillar'd temples, thrones of state,
Of pomp and palace, grand and great,
Of people's shouts, of feasting kings,
And all the myriad dazzling things
That human life has dreamt of faded glory.
—I started, for a frighten'd thrush
Flew from a tuft of sedgy rush,
Then, gaining down, I steep'd aside
To let the toad crawl back and hide;
A squirrel broad ran up the larch
That swayed within the cold arch,
And then my tread disturb'd the rest
Of a wild rabbit in its nest.
I trampled through the dank thick grass,
To catch the bindweed's trailing flowers,
That trail themselves in tangled masts
Across the cracking turret towers.
The topmost battlement was lying
Covered with the battered pile;
And dolefully the wind was sighing
Through festive court and priestly aisle.
Time's relic of grey was flung about
The mammoth skeleton of strength;
And scatter'd bones of gramite stones
Told of its giant breadth and length.
I stood upon a scatter'd heap
Of fragments of the walls—over Keep
I wandered on, and could'd across
The banquet-hall, laid down with moss;
I climbed some steps that out from day,
Till dust and nettles choked my way;
I saw a mushroom springing up
Where royal feet had led the dance;
I saw the foxglove's swinging cup
Where knights had hung their banner'd lance;
And as I gazed I saw a hand—
A wither'd hand—stretch forth and write
A short text fraught with holy thought,
Easy to read by dullest sight.
'Twas plain and terse, but sacred page
Given straight more simple and sublime,
It soften'd youth, it solaced age,
It made I the hero and the sage
In these words—"Once upon a time."

Year but yesterday I found
A score of letters, closely bound:
Some were torn in treasured pieces,
Some were worn in careful creases,
Ink had faded, seals had crumbled,
And my heart felt sad and humbled;
For I knew the thoughts, the hopes,
The earnest wish, the brilliant tropes
Those letters hasten'd to reveal
Were symbol'd by the ink and seal.
I opened one—my pulse grew quicker,
My cerebal full, my breath came thicker;
I traced its lines, clear, firm, and clear,
Telling how deeply, fondly dear,
The being was for whom loved rake
That letter come, with *seek* a cake.
It gave report of Pinchee's health,
Told of Maff's increase of wealth
In five young rabbits, all milk-white,
That Gyp and Dobbin were "all right,"
That Midsummer would quickly come,
And then for holidays and home.
I gave a gasp, half sob, half sigh,
While Mamsy's fond-wave filled my eye,
And folded from my misty gaze
My mother and my school-girl days.
I look'd upon another hand,
Bold, free, and dashing in its form;
And then I saw the tree-bent strand,
And heard the passion of the storm
That tore the night arm from its hold,
And flung it nerveless, still and cold,
Upon the rocks, no more to seal
Its tidings full of life and joy,
And where his childhood's playmate-friend
With letters from the sailor boy,
Another and another scroll
I opened—one by one I read,
I gazed as they who may unroll
A shroud to look upon the dead.
Love, with its ardent vows, was there,
Friendship, that promised to be true,
Words that like summer light and air
Fill'd my heart's world with gold and blue.
Where was the lover? Where the friend?
The bond that was to know no end?
Where was the promise and the vow?
Alas, a yawning gulf of gloom,
Rifled only by the dark grey tomb,
Had open'd wide 'twixt *then* and *now*.
A mufflied sound seem'd breathing round,
A mingled tone of misery chime
And funeral knells, but all the bells
Gave echoes of the theme which tells
Sad tales of "Once upon a time."

Come, I will write my epitaph
In letters shadowy and dim,
And though the young strange man may laugh,
'Twill shortly cease to affright for him.
Just keep the clay where frost and sun
May help the ivy leaf to climb,
And all I've said, and all I've done,
And all I've lost, and all I've won,
The strivings—the hopes—that I have run
Shall find full record on the stone
In these few words of solemn tone—
"Once upon a time."

THE PUTNAM PHALANX AT THE GRAVE OF PUTNAM.

We engrave on the opposite page one of the most interesting ceremonies that ever took place in New England—the gathering of the Putnam Phalanx at the grave of Putnam on 19th ult.

Two years ago, in the City of Hartford, Connecticut, the Putnam Phalanx was organized—a corps consisting of two companies, numbering together some two hundred and fifty, and composed, for the most part, of the intellectually, physically, and pecuniarily "solid men" of that city and its neighborhood. Judged by their stalwart forms, they might be considered the lineal descendants of "Old Pat." They have done much, during the two years which have elapsed since their organization, to revive the remembrance of the hero whose name they bear. Some six years ago the Connecticut Legislature appropriated the sum of three thousand dollars for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory, on condition that a like sum should be raised by subscription. One thousand dollars have already been contributed, principally by the descendants of the General; and it was with the design of directing public attention to this matter that the Phalanx made a pilgrimage to his tomb on the 19th ult., the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, in which he was so prominent an actor.

The tomb, a rough structure of granite, surmounted by a horizontal slab of marble, upon which is inscribed the epitaph written by Dr. Dwight,* is in the grave-yard, a short distance south of the village of Brooklyn, Connecticut. In that town (then a part of Pomfret) the General passed the greater part of his life, occupied with the quiet pursuit of agriculture, varied, in his earlier days, by an occasional episode like that of his famous encounter with the wolf—by which he is, perhaps, better known to many than by his more important exploits in after years. In the French war he found the Indians more formidable foes than the wolf. They, having captured him during a sanguinary engagement, bound him to a tree, and were preparing to burn him, when he was rescued by the gallantry and humanity of a French officer. At Bunker Hill, and the siege of Boston, he reappeared—the master-spirit in the former terrible conflict; and afterward, when during the siege of the city, the ammunition of the besiegers failed, chafing with impatience energy at the postponement of the assault, and crying, "Powder, powder, ye gods, give me powder!"

A "right-hand man" of Washington through more than three years of the struggle that followed, he was disabled by disease before the close of the war, and returned to his rural home to complete rest. He lived, however, to see seven years of his country's freedom—long enough to know that the ship of state, with Washington at the helm, had commenced her 15-voyage.

The Phalanx, approaching his humble tomb with slow step and reversed arms, entered the hollow square formed around it by their corps, and an impressive prayer was offered by the chaplain of the corps, followed by a short and eloquent eulogy of Putnam by the Judge-Advocate, Hon. J. W. Stewart, the orator, concluded by reading a spirited poem, written for the occasion by Mrs. Sigourney.

At the close of these ceremonies the Phalanx were grouped together, as our engraving shows them, and photographed. They then returned to the village to enjoy the elegant and generous hospitality of the Brooklyn ladies, and to listen, with the assembled multitude, to a glowing and enthusiastic address, by Hon. H. C. Deming, of Hartford, on the life and services of Putnam. The character of the General could hardly have been intrusted to abler hands; and we may hope that, as one result of this pilgrimage, a monument will soon rise, not so much to perpetuate the memory of the hero as the gratitude of the people.

* The epitaph is as follows:

"This monument is erected to the memory of the Honorable Israel Putnam, Esq., Major-General in the armies of the United States of America, who was born at Salem, in the province of Massachusetts, on the 7th day of January, 1718, and died at Brooklyn, in the State of Connecticut, on the 29th day of May, A. D. 1790.

"Perseverer, if thou art a soldier, go not away till thou hast dropped a tear over the dust of a hero, who, ever tendently attentive to the lives and happiness of his men, stood in lieu of them wherever they were called to act. If thou art a patriot, remember with gratitude how much thou and thy country owe to the disinterested and patriot exertions of the patriot who slept beneath this marble. If thou art an honest, generous, and worthy man, remember a sincere and cheerful tribute of respect to a man whose generosity was singular, whose honesty was proverbial, and who, with a strong constitution, with small advantages, and without powerful friends, raised himself to universal esteem, and to offices of eminent distinction, by personal worth, and by the diligent services of a useful life."

THE STEER CHASE.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

Mis Rakes and Hyphalts,

TOGETHER WITH SOME OTHER PARTICULARS OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO,

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES.")

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE CHASE.

"I'm was all hands again, gentlemen. The barrages had settled down into a moderate gale from northeast, though it was some time before the awfully confused sea got to roll regularly. Then we judged ourselves—for reckoning and observation had been out of the question—to be a long way south of Jamaica, and even to the southward of the great Pedro Bank. We did not wait this time for the Pirate to lend us in getting ready for a race, but we got up a brand-new suit of topsails and course out of the sail-room, and so soon as the men could go aloft safely, they were ordered out to unloose the few tattered rags still clinging to the yards, but to cut away at once. Up went the topsails and courses, and they were soon brought to the yards and set close-reefed, with a storm-jib to steady the ship forward. Presently we pass her the whole foresail and mainsail, and I think that even then, for some hours, but one-half the corvette's upper works could have been visible as she plunged through the angry heaving seas.

"It left us dry enough, however, to pay some heed to the brigantine ahead of us. She was about four miles off, a little on our weather-bow, and at the same up—splendid sea-boat that she was—like a gull on the back of a mighty roller, we could see that her bulwarks—mere board, and very insignificant—had been washed away, the house between her masts gone too, and, no doubt, her crew swept overboard, or else had been lying hid under it. And now, we saw for once the schooner *Centipede*, long and sharp and without any rail to speak of, so that we could see her deck from the stem to her taffrail as every lurch she made. The only difference in her appearance was a slight forecast with cross-yard and topmast for square sails. Almost as soon as our topsail sheets were hauled home her own topsail went up, and the sail was spread, while with the bonnet off her foresail, the whole jib and a close-reefed mainsail, we both went flying ahead, literally, to speak of, so that we could see the beam.

"So we went on, the sea getting more and more heavy hour, so that we could send up the topgallant masts, get the yards across, shake a reef or two out, and put the *Scourge* in order. The schooner needed no encouragement from us, but crocked on more sail until her long mainmast cracked and bent over as she scooped up the breaking ridge of a wave, like a whip-stalk. By noon the clouds had gone and left us a clear sky with the pale grey down into a full top-gallant breeze, sending the corvette along good clean knots. We got an observation for latitude, and five hours later we determined the longitude and our position to be a few leagues to leeward of the Serranna Keys, with that bird of a schooner before us heading for the Mosquito coast.

"If we had caught a cataract of water as it rolled in our wave in the morning, the schooner was taking her bath in the afternoon, for occasionally, for five minutes at a time, there was nothing seen of her deck and only the mast and broad white canvas above, like jury-sticks out of a raft. But when she did slide up with her low, long hull shooting clean out of water till nearly half her keel, with the copper sheathing flashing in the sun, we visible, she looked like a dolphin making a spring after a shoal of flying fish. And then on her narrow deck we could see a few fellows lashed about the foremast and a couple more abaft steering her like a thread through a needle.

"We began to gain upon her now, and whenever she kept more away before the wind the gap between us closed more rapidly; for the ship could evidently outcurry the schooner, and had the breeze freshened and the sea kept up we could have run her under if her masts didn't go out of her, as we hoped and expected every minute they would. Gradually, however, she watched her chance and hauled up till she brought the wind barely abeam and steered true for the Musketeers—a bad cluster of low keys nearly surrounded by an terrible ledges and reefs as my to be found in the Caribbean sea.

"He was evidently bent upon playing a desperate game, but if he thought he would get find another ready to lay down the same stake, he was greatly mistaken! It was about sunset when we made the keys, and when we came—the schooner leading us about a mile—at a rate which would have made both vessels leap clear over the first ledge they struck, and perhaps have thrown somesnaults of us into the bargain. I asked the Captain, who had never left my side on the poop, if we should keep on.

"'Yes, Sir,' he replied, 'so long as we have a gun and a plank to float it!'

"And, by Saint Paul! we kept on. And there was not a soul on board the *Scourge*, from the drummer-boy up, who did not agree with the Captain. How those villains on board the Pirate relished this decision we could only surmise; but at all risks he held his course with a nerve that might have made the devil himself shudder.

"By this time the sun was down, and a brilliant moon was riding high in the heavens; but as bright as it was, the fellow who commanded that schooner required no eye as keen as an albatross and a hand as steady as an iron bar to guide his craft in the direction he was going—no little for either of us to think of hauling—

"He must, too, have had a thorough knowledge of the reefs and keys, and trusted, perhaps, if he got clear, that the men who had the ropes stretched along the decks and the battery clear for action, as he, to be ready to fire, wear, or tack, or fire, as our pilot ahead might require.

"The reefs were to leeward of the string of low keys, which, outside the water comparatively smooth, though the wind still swept strongly over us and sang through the rigging; and it was here the Centipede steered, going like wild pigeons the pair of us. The outer reef had a fair, broad channel through it, and beyond it the inner one presented but one narrow gate-way, scarcely wide enough for a ship to scrape through, with the whole reef one uninterrupted fringe of black, pointed rocks and roaring white breakers, which toppled over and boiled and eddied like a thousand whirlpools into the smoother water inshore.

"As the *Centipede's* stern gave a sharp pitching jerk when she entered this boiling gorge, we saw, in the moonlight, her head yards laid square, the fore and aft sails flowing in the breeze as she fell off with wide wings and the wind low dar quarter, and flew down inside the reef.

"Five minutes after we too entered this small stream channel, and, though the helm was have hard up, and the river-side shivered, yet before the *Scourge's* bows, going at the rate she was, could turn the sharp angle of that water-gate, her port bilge grated against a coral ledge and groowed and bounced the planks and copper away like so much sea-weed! But yet that slight graze never stopped us a hair's weight, and with additional sail, we rushed after our pilot, mile after mile, through reef, ledge, bank, rin, inlets, and keys, now broad shore up, and again going free, until at last the fellow, having in a line of full sail ten miles, once more emerged into the open water, close jammed on the wind, steering nearly due east.

"Then, Hardy," exclaimed the Commodore, "I am tired of talking; suppose you take up the thread of the yarn. Domine, another bottle of Tinto!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE WRECK OF THE "CRUTPENNE."

Pacco turned his gaze toward the first lieutenant, moved away the full glasses of wine which he had never raised to his lips since the Commodore began, and, nodding his bleoline cheek on his other hand, listened.

"It's very interesting indeed." "Tear an'ages, boy! Fire away!" quoth the Scourge and his Milesian crony in a breath.

Hardy threw his arm over the shoulder of Harry Darcaste as if it was a pleasant Corinthian column to lean upon, and breaking off the sense of his talk for a time, he began where which he had speedily devoted to that purpose, he forthwith began:

"I am sure, gentlemen, that I can not describe what afterward took place so well as Commodore Cleveland; but, at all events, I'll do my best. Now, I remember perfectly that the events of the night after we got out of the Mustiteers Keys; for I was pretty well fogged up by that time, and it was but the wind now low turned in to take the first wink of sleep we could catch for forty hours.

"The next morning, however, when I took the deck, I found the corvette under royals and flying-jib, with a fresh breeze, cloud blowing, about east-northeast, and a smooth sea; though close-hauled as we were, and going ten knots, the spray was well up the weather side of the foresail. The *Centipede* was about a mile and a half ahead, jammed on the wind, and trying all she could to get the wind out of us; but, as the Commodore there said at the time, he had thrown that trick away when he cut off eight or ten hours of his forenoon watch in brigantine of the craft, so that he could not brace his head yards sharper or he nearer the wind than we.

"I remember, also, that two or three of the officers and a hundred and a hundred of the sailors very anxious to pitch shot at the chase from the long eighteen in the weather bridle port; but the Commodore said and said we ought to be cable's length or two in yawing off to fire, and it would be better to save the powder until we could shin a broadside into him. But I remember that *Centipede* was handled and steered in such a thorough seamanlike manner, and proved herself such a beautiful sea-boat, that I found if there was a man on board the *Scourge* who would not have given a year's pay to know how he handled, and only expended a spare topmast-studding-sail halliards for the necks of her crew.

"From the upper-hand forecastle we could see every thing that took place on the schooner's deck: sometimes a lot of fellows forward rearing some fresh and spearing about in high spirit, or putting on a seizing to a traveler on the jib-stay; with a chap or two aloft stitching a chafing-mat on the lee backstays; and then a man shinning up the main shrouds with a tin pot hung around his neck, pressing the jaws of the main gaff, and twitching a little out of the gaff-topsail, so that it would lie as flat as this table, when we should set on it.

"But always, from the very first moment we descried her—before the hurricane and afterwards—there were two fellows aboard the schooner. One a large fat man, in a long dark dress, who appeared at times to be leaning over the rail as if he was sea-sick; and the other a little sail-built fellow, who sat there with a gondolier in his hands and smoking cigars, measuring the distance between the two vessels as if he was government surveyor and especially appointed to make a hydrographical chart of the Caribbean Sea. Occasionally, too, we could see him approach the binnacle, spread a chart on the deck at his feet, examine it closely with a pair of dividers in his hands, and then he would return to his seat on the taffrail, cigar in his mouth and gondolier in his hand as before.

"Nor were we idle on board the *Scourge*; for when the breeze lulled we slacked up the lower rigging and yards, put down fifteen weight and longer from the tops, sent the watch below to the berth-deck with a round shot apiece in their hammocks, prepared a couple of carronades about the spar-deck till we got the ship in the best military trim, and then we turned to and began springing through the water with the elasticity of an Indian-rubber ball.

"At noon the sailing-master reported the position of the ship to be two hundred and eighty miles from the nearest land, which was the Dominica Coast. So all that day and all that night, with a moon to make a lower weep to see, we went how long after our wretch convoy to hopes before long of taking the ship out of her. No kite ever pulled its agony with a keener eye than we did. We knew exactly how it felt well with the fresh streaming from its jaws and blood-red, thirsty eyes, than did the *Scourge* chase that infamous Pirate. The Chase! it made our eyes sparkle and our teeth sharper in expectation; for we knew we would have our prey sooner or later, and it was only a late and a pleasure deferred.

"The next morning and all the day there was no change to speak of in our respective positions. The *Centipede* went skimming on over the water with every thread of canvas she could spread, reeling over as her side at times when the breeze freshened, while the spray flashed up joyously and sparkled in the sun, leaving a bubbling current for her wake. We, on board, before it had been entirely lost in the regular waves of the sea, the corvette's sharp bows would plunge down, and again make it flash up to her fore-yard, and then go scathing and blazing and hissing her black hull down, till the pled around her rudder and was lost again in the wake astern.

"And all the time that man sat with a cigar in his mouth on the Pirate's taffrail; while Commodore Cleveland leaning on the sail-springs he his eye on the poop of the *Scourge*.

"You may imagine, gentlemen," continued Hardy, as he again knocked the ashes off his cigar, "that we going to such a pace for two few discomforts, such as battening down the hatches in a sirocco in the Mediterranean off Tripoli; a stream in the Chinese seas; a bitter northwest gale off Barnegat, with the rigging and sails frozen as hard as an iron-bar; I, for a one, can cite you a dozen very winks of sleep one a while—whether in a hammock or on an oak cannon-ball side with the breeze in the lee of a pillow—he may manage to weather through it. But from the moment we first saw that Pirate and we saw that the Commodore and the lieutenant of the *Scourge* commence the pursuit of the *Centipede* once closed their eyes, unless, well, I was interested.

"Piron reached over his hand and shook that of his friend Cleveland convulsively.

"Ven we ketch, man? ven we ketch?" "He's the son to do it!" said Stewart and Burns to Stanton, nodding backward at the Commodore.

"Gentlemen," resumed Hardy, as he shook the ashes level in his wine-glass, as if he wished to preserve their form, "I'm sorry I left off smoking," I will not detain you much longer. Both vessels were making great speed, and long before sunset we had left the Mustiteers Keys out for the land. At last it was reported, trending all round both bows, low and with a tremblingly white line of pines and cypresses upon top, and a multitude of rocky keys dead ahead. We were steering directly for Los Mahtre. Ha! ha! ha! Gentlemen, I can tell you the ravages save, perhaps, the Buccaneers of the Gulf of Columbus, and Portobelo, ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! Running as just such another dance as our pilot had a night or so before. However, we were ready and prepared for all the unknown reefs, and, moreover, we got the starboard anchor off the bow and bent the cables to it and the cutter and launch hanging at the stern ready to be lowered in case our pilot required us to do so. And likewise the cutters were hanging clear from the davit-outer stern boats which had once before paid a complimentary visit to some of his friends—supposing he would like to entertain us in Pensacola.

"The sun went down again in a fiery blaze, and we had left the land far astern, and the main track of the Pirate a swallow-tailed black flag, with a white skull and cross-bones in the field, and, I believe, a dagger, or a bloody-straight and clear, and then twisted itself around the thin mast never more to be released by hands or halliards. I know that he had pillaged those pirates ever caught of the murderous system they had so often fought and sailed under; and it was the last sun that any living man or eyes ever looked upon who were sailing there in that half league of blue water. The moon, however, was shining, and streaming, as clear as a bell, overhead, and that was all the light we cared for. The *Centipede* I, I'm sure, would have preferred no moon at all, with a cloudy sky and a bit of a rain squall, to pursue the intricate navigation before us. But Heaven arranged the atmospheric scenery otherwise.

"'D'ye deep eight?' sung out the leadsman to the pilot-boat, as we had left off some fathoms the opposite side. 'Another cast, lads, quick!' 'And a half four!' 'Six fathoms, Sir!'

"'We must anchor!' said the Commodore, 'and the Captain!' but even as he spoke the man in the starboard-chains sung out, 'Five fathoms!' and while each instant we expected the ship to bring up all standing and the masts to go by the board, the pilot-boat sheered, sung out, *joyfully*, 'No bottom with the line, Sir!'

"Well, we were safely through that bed of coral, doing, no doubt, some trifling damage to the tender shoots and branches as we flew through a mass of coral, and, by the sweep-lines, ing and mounting on the sandy shores over the keys, out into deep water again.

"Four or five hours we stood out a bluff rock, looking in the moonlight like a dozen lion heads, and, the breeze freshening, we then bend upon any who should approach his lair in the dense jungle of pines and tangled thickets which stood up like a bristling mass of spears in the blind.

"The *Centipede* was now but a short half mile ahead of us, and we could see with man, and manifestly ready for some desperate development. On her after rail, low, stood Mars, tall and gaunt, his fist steadied by the evil of the main-boom, a spy-glass to his eye, and looking at the rocky lion now close aboard him. Still with a cigar in his mouth, and we thought we could even see the thin pulse of smoke curling around his face. Suddenly, he was seen to wave his clenched ground his head, and at the instant the vessel fell dead off before the wind, the great mainsail flew over with a shudder, and a cloud of blocks and sheets as the wind caught it on the other quarter, making the long switch of a mast to spring like a bow, while the main-throwsh shocked up for a moment in lights and then come back taut with a twang you might have heard a mile! We could now see, as the space opened behind the reef, another frightful jagged ledge, on which the rollers were heving in liquid masses high up a precipitous rock, and where the channel was not a cable's length wide, leading to a coming gloomy inlet where not even the beams of the moon could penetrate! I heard the Captain say, in his old decided very,

"'Now for it, Cleveland! You take the battery, and I'll look out for the ship!'

"Then, gentlemen," said Hardy, with unusual animation, and, as he spoke, right arm aloft with an imaginary cutlass swinging over his head, "came the word 'Fire!'

"Yes, the entire starboard broadside, round shot, grape, and canister, all pointed toward a centre, were delivered with one simultaneous sob—like the expiring gasp of the cute-pare in comparison—which shook the corvette as if she had struck a rock, while the smoke and sheets of flame spurted out from the cannon, half hiding the black torrent which gushed forth from so many broad mouths, and as the roar of the concession was taken up in terrible echoes from the lion on the rock, a yapping volley of musketoffs from the Centipede's quarter-deck forecastle made a barking tenor to the music.

"Meanwhile the helm of the *Scourge* was hard down, and, as she put swirling, by a miracle, clear of the ledge under our lee, and came up to the wind with the sails shaming and banging about, ready to send the masts out of the bolt ropes, the courses were clewed up, every thing aloft ready to the run, the anchor after anchor went plunging to the bottom, and before the cables had fairly begun to be out of the ship's bottom with their infernal jig and rattle, high above the sounds of flapping sails, snapping blocks, running chains, and what not, came above the roar, cool, clear, 'Fire!'

"Then pealed out the port broadside at a helpless, dismasted hulk within two hundred yards of our lee—the hulk of a seventy-gun hog on the top of a ruffled broad roller, going to break, in sea seconds, on the ledge, whose pointed rocks seemed to the black hoofed demons to grind its prey to atoms! But before the fangs closed upon it there was seen gone a shaft, and as the breath of our ball-dogs was swept aft by the fresh breeze, we could see the shipgirl spring almost from the crest of water as it was torn and split by the round iron wedges, the fragments flying up in dark, ragged strips and matters with the rigging, ropes around them, hooking, in the moonlight, like skeletons of gibbeted pirates tossed gallows and chains into the air, and then sinking down in dips and splashes into the unforgiving water.

"A minute later, all that was left of the shattered hull of the corvette was the open fangs of the ledge, which ground it with its mercilessness into splinters. But in all the lively menace and destruction going on around us—which takes longer to tell than to act—we heard no human voice save one, and that came in a loud terrified yell amidst the crunching roar of the ledge.

"'O Modre! Madre Dolorosa!'

"This, gentlemen, was the last sound that came from the piratical schooner *Centipede*."

"COME FORWARD AND BE WHIPPED!"

"CROSS, September 8, 1856.

"James Corruthers, Esq.:

"DEAR SIR—I will take the situation you offer me on the terms proposed. As you know, it will be my first experience in a public school, I hope you will be good enough to aid me.

"YOUR, ETC.,
"FRANK HAGDEN."

THE letter would have gone to the long home of business-epistles many a month ago but for a remonstrance from Hagden in the course of the fourth week. An event having no bearing upon the letter, as such, but upon the engagement of the boy, it was the cause.

The school proved to be a turbulent one. The district formed part of a rough country town in Western Pennsylvania, where the Dutch population were being perpetuated in genuine Dutch boors and jail-birds.

At first Mr. Hagden tried the milder methods. Carrying himself with composure and dignity, he overlooked a number of offences which he was possible to ignore, substituting remonstrance for correction, and trusting to his own equanimity, and the better sense of his pupils, to bring about a gradual change in the temper of the school.

At the end of the second week he became convinced of a rather a brief supply of patience. The fact is, the fellows received will ran dry at length, under necessity of a change.

"I think I shall have to take some of the big boys down a notch or two before long."

This was said at the dinner table.

"You don't look much like doin' it," said the head of the family.

"Why not?"

"I should say you didn't weigh more'n a hundred and twenty-five pounds, and there's Bill and Tom Crosby hundred'n an' sixty," rejoined the statistical host.

Mr. Hagden expressed the opinion that some things were better than weight.

"What?"

"Why, science and stimulus."

"Science is a good thing, I'll bear; but as for stimulus, the less of that you drink the better. Why, it makes a man think he can whip all creation; but he can't do half so much as he can with out it. I don't drink, and I don't smoke, either."

"I mean the stimulus of determination—the stimulus a man's brain puts into his muscles."

Mr. Carruthers shook his head dubiously. "Don't know any thing about that; but you'd better look out for them boys. They's desp'rate fellers." Afterward Mr. C., happening to look up, noticed a certain something in Hagden's eye and about his mouth that made him think he might have underrated the prowess of the young master. The fact is, Hagden had forgotten his breakfast for the instant and was going through the fight in imagination.

The third week went by without any decided rupture. One thing was becoming clear, however. The milder methods were failing in their effect upon a certain portion of the school. While the majority were catching the spirit of self-respect, and becoming made better and self-governing, a few were left upon whom these influences were quite powerless. They must be met with other weapons.

It was now the fourth week. In the middle of the forenoon, when the top of the bell had suggested for the first movement of the day, and the practical arithmetic, Bill Stokes sat doggedly in his seat, looking as under his eyebrows with a pair of eyes containing a large quantity of devil.

"Take your place in the order, William."

"I won't."

The master saw that this was the point of conflict between himself and two or three rather desperate and powerful characters. The usual boys began to wink and nudge each other. The girls turned pale. The smaller scholars began to cry.

A wave of his hand started the class which had risen to advance.

"Come forward, William."

The stout fellow came into the floor.

"Did you intend to disobey me?"

"Yes."

"Will you not be governed by the rules of the school?"

"Not by a darned sight." The other boys laughed at this specimen of brilliant insolence.

"There is the door, Sir."

"No, you don't. I'm polite to pound you into a jelly fust;" and Bill Stokes turned up his sleeves about his brawny wrists.

The young master remembered where he was; and so turning to the big boys of the school he asked, "Will some of you?"

"Fair play," said the chorus.

Thereupon Bill Stokes drew himself back and rolled a heavy table, which, being dragged by the master, only cut the air. The next moment he was flat on the floor. The contest was not very unequal between the two, the master being taller and lighter.

It is slightly difficult to carry one's self with perfect self-possession through a contest of this nature; for it is trying to the temper to be forced quiescent of the will, adding not a little to the species of "stimulus" to which Hagden had referred in the morning. He was have carried the war too far. Perhaps he pursued his advantage, after having apparently conquered. At any rate, a young girl sprang from her seat and rushed between them, clasping the master's arms, and hurrying into some adjoining room. Hagden relaxed, and, rising from his prostrate antagonist, he lifted the girl to her feet, and became calm again.

This contest settled the question of supremacy. The young master thought it best, however, to follow it up with a benificent and generous ruled rules. Hence, the next morning, he quietly announced that whipping was thereforth forbidden, and that the period of the fellows would be a breaking upon the hand.

"You have proved a great quietude.

"Burst-as" from a corner of the room.

The master looked up. All was still.

"Who whispered?"

No answer.

The master became stern.

"The scholars that whispered then will come forward and be punished."

Sweeping his eye across that portion of the school-room, he could not positively detect the culprit. A pale, half-sickly face looked paler than usual, but it could not be her. Looks were guilty and anxious, but it might be fear for a friend. One little girl began to cry; and one—the peacemaker of the previous day—sat and looked into his eyes with a very strange expression, but it couldn't be him; and the master felt a sinking at the heart at the possibility that upon him.

The poor sickly child lifted her face upon the desk and wept.

"The pupil who broke the rule will come forward and be punished," he repeated.

"Don't know any thing about the trouble now; for Mirs, looking like any thing but a culpit—pale, but with a sort of redness in her sweet face, rose to her seat, and walked down the aisle.

Poor Mr. Hagden! When Bill Stokes stalked out into the floor on the previous day the master had half-suffered the impressive conflict. But here was Mirs, the light and life of that village school—Mirs!—unchasing the pale girl's arm from her desk and walking with coming easily down the aisle, the little pale-spotted lawn rising under her dress with the heave of emotion, and her eyes fixed on the master with a look which went to his soul. Mirs!

Mr. Hagden drew a deep breath, felt the blood throbbing his face, and rushing and eddying about his heart. He looked around the school-room. Every eye was on the little girl.

Mirs held out her hand, and the drapery sleeve of the pink lawn fell away from an arm with its artist's curve fit. It was a little hand, white, light, velvety. The master held the tips of the taper fingers, and lifted the female. While he poised the instrument in the breathless hush the little hand twitched once with the least possible nervousness. His eye fastened the hand and followed along the wrist, down to the arm to the elbow. He now glanced at its hale and weight, and then back the eye to the face. Mirs looked up, for these eyes of his. The female came down from its eyrie without touching the hand.

"Take your seat, Mira."

The matter stepped to his desk, and tapped the bell. The books were put in their places. Another tap, and the pupils defiled from the room. The pale girl lingered by the desk, and while they were marching out, murmured through her sobs:

"It was me who whispered."

"You?"

"Yes, me; and Mira didn't whisper a bit."

Bingden sat at his desk when the school-room was empty and still, and wrote Mr. Carruthers another letter.

"DEAR SIR.—I resign my situation to-day.

"Yours truly, FRANK BLADDER."

And then he wrote another:

"Mira, my good and noble pupil, I am going away. I shall not teach any more any where. I shall come and see you by-and-by, if you will and forget your teacher while he is gone.

"FRANK BLADDER."

Mira did not forget him while he was gone, or he knew very well, when he came back, the moment he saw her face and felt the flutter of her little hand.

When he asked Mira to give him that little hand she was trying, long time, but at last looked up with an arch smile and tears, and said:

"Won't you forbid it?"

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THE LATE JEROME BONAPARTE.

"MISS PATTERSON'S" HUSBAND.

The death of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, President of the French Senate, severs the last link between the first and the second French Empires; and we have, accordingly, pinned his portrait on record for our column.

At the time of his death he stood alone among "the veterans;" no one then living had seen, enjoyed, and suffered as much as he.

He was born the year after the peace with England, 1784, nearly seventy-six years ago; his native place was that of his brother, Ajaccio, in Corsica. When the family removed to France he was a baby; we hear of him first at a girls' school directed by Madame Campan; next at a military academy; then, when he was fifteen, as a midshipman on board a French man-of-war. His brother had commenced his autocratic career; under his auspices, had young Jerome possessed a fair share of ability, the world would have heard of him before he had attained his majority. Like the Prince of Wales, who commanded a British regiment at the age of sixteen, young Jerome was placed in command of a fine corvette at eighteen, and was bidden by his brother to "die or serve his country." Unhappily for his biographer, the young man had no inclination to do either the one or the other. He sailed to St. Domingo with the ill-fated General Leclerc, and then sailed back again, none the more famous for the voyage. He likewise sailed to the United States, and saved his ship from capture and himself from a long imprisonment by a judicious run into New York Bay. Sailoring, he said, was not his forte—and, so far as the event proved, he certainly was right.

He was more successful in the drawing-room. At Baltimore, just fifty-seven years ago, he met Miss Elizabeth Patterson, a lady who was universally conceded to be the belle of her day. She was beautiful, she was rich, she was highly accomplished, high-minded, and of distinguished family. The young Captain, like many others, fell in love with her; she was equally charmed by her admirer; and without waiting for the consent of any one save the bride's family, the young couple were married by the Bishop of Baltimore, a Carroll. We need not stop here to notice the rashness of the proceeding on the lady's part. Jerome was twenty years and nine days old—a minor, to all intents and purposes. He was, as all who knew him must have detected, a young man of feeble will, and not brilliant intellect. He belonged to a family second to none in the world. The lady, though beautiful and accomplished and good and rich and adorable in every way, was, after all, only a Patterson; and she married him without waiting for a line of consent from his mother or his all-powerful brother, the despot of France. These circumstances must be well weighed when we come to judge Napoleon's subsequent proceedings.

When the news of the marriage reached France, the Emperor simply pooh-poohed the affair. Young men will be young men, he said, in substance; that rascal Jerome is sowing his wild oats in America. As for marriage, the idea is a good joke. I intend, said he to his friends, to marry Jerome, some of these days, into a good old royal family. As for "the Patterson," we must pension her.

Needless to remark that these oracular intimations found their way across the ocean, and greatly disturbed the honey-moon of the child-couple. Jerome himself had been lured in wholesome terror of his wilful brother; his young wife was frightened by so weak a mortal as Jerome. In the relief of a long and delightful nuptial tour the order of recall reached him, and he obeyed. "I was the last of "Miss Patterson's" happiness.

Chased by British cruisers, racked by anxiety about the future, the young couple made land at Lisbon in the spring of 1805. If Jerome had been a man of pluck he would have taken his pretty young wife with him to plead at his brother's feet for her rights as a wife. He was a coward; and he left her at Lisbon, under a plea of ill-health, and posted to Paris alone.

He had been of more consequence there since his marriage than he had ever been before. The Emperor had been heard to swear that "the Patterson" should never be one of his family. When Jerome arrived, hot and anxious, Napoleon laughed at him bitterly, notified him that his marriage had been annulled on the petition of his mother, and bade him make a decent disposal of "Miss Patterson." If Jerome had had any energy he would have resisted. As it was, he only whined feebly; cried, too, 'tis said, a good deal, when his fair wife, far gone in pregnancy, was absolutely refused permission to set her foot on shore at Amsterdam—the port to which she sailed from Lisbon. She went to England, poor girl, and there gave birth to her son; but the boy's father was lost to her forever.

The Emperor knew enough of men to judge his brother rightly. A few energetic measures were sure to cool his boy-love. In March, 1805, express orders were given that no registrar in France should register "a pretended marriage" of Jerome Bonaparte with "a foreigner." In May following, this letter was written by Napoleon to the Pope:

"I have frequently spoken to your Holiness of a young brother, nineteen years of age, whom I sent in a frigate to America, and who, after a sojourn of a month, although a minor, married a Protestant, the daughter of a merchant of the United States. He has just returned. He is fully conscious of his fault. I have sent for to America Miss Patterson, who calls herself his wife. By our laws the marriage is null. A Spanish priest so far forgot his duties as to pronounce the benediction. I desire from your Holiness a bull annulling the marriage. I could easily have this marriage broken in Paris, since the Gallican Church pronounces such marriages null. *But it appears better to me to have it done in Rome, on account of the example to unveiling Families marrying Protestants. It is important for France that there should not be a Protestant young woman as near my person.* It is dangerous that a minor and distinguished youth should be exposed to such seduction against the civil laws and all sorts of propriety."

The Pope, however, did not take the bait. He was about to wink at Jerome himself, but he saw an opportunity of thwarting his great oppressor, and he seized it. He declined to annul the marriage. It is not likely that the Emperor was greatly chagrined by the event, though it did not positively improve his opinion of the Pope. He quietly annulled the marriage by civil decree, and offered Jerome a fine embassy to Algiers in exchange for his wife. The mean-spirited creature accepted the offer, and his beautiful Elizabeth became Miss Patterson once more, returning home to this country with her son.

THE LATE JEROME BONAPARTE, HUSBAND OF "MISS PATTERSON," OF BALTIMORE.

Historians have been fond of alluding to this transaction as an evidence of the selfishness and bad faith of the Emperor Napoleon. But there is another side to the question. It is using a mild term to say that the lady's friends acted imprudently in the matter. It was clearly their duty, in view of Jerome's age and rank and character, to have obtained Napoleon's consent before the celebration of the marriage. No careful father would allow his daughter to marry a foreigner and a minor without some evidence of the willingness of the imperial head. If any New York merchant suffered his daughter to marry the minor son of an English duke, without ascertaining how the duke felt on the subject, the public would not be surprised to hear that the boy's father had taken steps to have the marriage annulled. Unfortunately for Jerome's wife, there is evidence to show that her friends did not overlook the possible and probable contingency of the displeasure of the monarch, but actually tricked upon it. The marriage contract was drawn by Mr. Dudley, one of the first lawyers of the time, who was afterward Secretary of the Treasury, and father of our present minister to England. It contains the following clauses:

"*Article 1.* In case of any difficulty being raised relative to the validity of the said marriage, either in the State of Maryland or in French Spanish, the said Jerome Bonaparte, at the request of the said Elizabeth Patterson and the said William Patterson, or either of them, is under no deed necessary to remove the difficulty, and to confer on the said union all the character of a valid and perfect marriage according to the respective laws of the State of Maryland and of the French Republic.

"*Article 4.* That if the marriage should be annulled either on the demand of the said Jerome Bonaparte or that of any member of his family, the said Elizabeth Patterson shall have a right, in any case, to one-third of the real, personal, and mixed property of her future husband."

Both of these clauses, we are sorry to say, look to pecuniary results. The latter particularly shows the former could only have given rise to an action against Jerome for money damages for non-fulfilment of contract. It is pleasant to know that the lady has never availed herself of the privilege.

No one could be more gracious than Napoleon when people gave his body and soul to him. He made Jerome captain of a line-of-battle ship, put him in the way of exploring a few British traders, and though, in his usual hack, he was not willing to run his ship ashore to prevent her being taken by the first English man-of-war she met, he forwarded his letters through it had been a success. Jerome lost his wife; but he was made an Admiral, a Prince, and a General of Brigade in the army. Thus laden with incongruous honors and titles, the weak-headed youth was easily persuaded to assent to the nullification of his marriage, and he wed a German Princess, Frederica Catarina of Wurtemberg. The particular bribe he got for this condescension was the crown of Wurtemberg, which he assumed at the age of twenty-two, three weeks after his second marriage.

Jerome's palace career was so uneventful that it may be dismissed in a very few words, and the reader's attention resolved to the more interesting details of his wife's life. As king, he was a free person—a good fellow, played leap-frog in his courtyard, had a little rebellion, and then accepted the welcomed the Jews to his capital. In 1812, he led a division of the Grand Army, and behaved so badly at Brunswick that he was deposed by his brother. Next year, he ran away from his capital, and a few days afterward, he ran out of Germany altogether. Two years after, he ran out of Paris. By-and-by, Napoleon escaped from Elba, and Jerome loomed up again, very respectable, but alarmingly feeble, in the House of Peers; a few days more, and he was running away again—this time from Waterloo. Then he started a business on his fathers-law, whom he had previously dispossessed of his throne; the old man consented, provided Jerome would have no one near him who spoke French. The Germans, you see, had already acquired that touching affection for their *French-Jacobin* ruler which is one of their most amiable characteristics to-day.

For a time Jerome existed in this condition of dependence, but the Wurtemberg man is too hot for him at last, and he ran away once more—this time to Austria, where he lived some thirty years in peace. In 1848, the old man was permitted to France by his nephew, then President of the French Republic, and Jerome Napoleon became. He presided him on all occasions and in all weathers before the Parisians as "the last surviving brother of the Emperor;" he made him a Marshal; he made him President of the Senate; he gave him "dotations" to enormous amounts; he presented him with the Palais Royal as a residence, he appointed him heir to the throne, falling direct issue. The old man bore all meekly, and did as he was bid; it must have been pleasant for the princess that he was, at last, of some use in this world.

Satirists will always, of course, in life the man, new argument against female sagacity; for feeble and cowardly and inept as he was, he was beloved by and respected by two of the strongest women of his day. His first wife, "Miss Patterson," still lives at Baltimore, universally beloved and respected. Over half a century has elapsed since she parted forever from her husband; all those years she has lived alone, a graceful and noble lady, full of the love of her children and friends, and her neighbors, and maintaining so high a social stand that, in Baltimore, it is she and not Jerome who is said to have been a *nullificator*. Whatever may be said of the friends who suffered her, in bitter giddiness, to be contrast an impudent marriage, even the foulest scandal-monger has hushed her tongue when the name of "Miss Elizabeth Patterson" has been mentioned.

Nor was Frederica of Wurtemberg an ordinary woman. Like her sister-in-law, Hortensia, she married from sordid motives of state policy to a man whom she hardly knew, and whose poor affections had already been given to another. But she loved him as a peasant's wife loves her husband, followed him in his exiles; accompanied him to the camp, guided him in his hour of trouble, and stood by him honorably and faithfully when her own kith and kin had no insult too keen or too brutal to inflict upon him.

Who was good and strong men have the good fortune to marry one woman as excellent as either of the two wives of this poor simpleton!

The race of Jerome Bonaparte survives in the persons of Captain Patterson, a West Pointer, now of the French navy, and the daughter of "Miss Patterson;" Prince Napoleon, who succeeds his father as President of the French Senate, and the Princess Mathilde, the children of Frederica of Wurtemberg.

Captain Patterson inherits his grandmother's vigor of character, and is a fine soldier. He has valiantly endeavored to have the decree annulling his grandfather's marriage with Miss Patterson cancelled. The present Emperor declines to reverse his uncle's decision.

Of "Prince Napoleon" and Mathilde it is difficult to speak seriously. They are the common butts of the Parisian wits. Rumor assumes the honor of being a coward and a fool; the latter relegates a very dashy reputation. An industrious Yankee collector has gathered in a book no less than six hundred jokes against the Prince, all of which have been current in Parisian salons; and his sister has been equally victimized. The last two may serve as specimens. The Prince's last illness he was attended by Doctor Royer.

The story runs as follows: "One day the Prince Napoleon had visited his sister Mathilde, and, speaking of his father; he was stopped in the auto-dame by Dr. Royer, who thought it his duty to tell the poor soul gently and wondering, and that it might be an indirect attention to admit him in the Princess's bedroom. The Prince fainted; he was sure his father would be again alive, and therefore there could be no harm in admitting him. The Prince was admitted, when he, after turning his eyes to the door, exclaimed: '*Le voilà, mon frère!*' 'Tiens, c'est moi, Mathilde,' the doctor, respectfully. The same story is turned to another scene in which the Princess Mathilde. The Princess fainted upon seeing her father when in this condition, and the doctor remonstrated as he did with her brother, saying that it was unusual, but that it was inexpedient for anything but. The Princess, however, was admitted, and the doctor asked the sick man if he knew his wife, who stood by his bed-side. 'Oh, oui,' he answered, '*c'est Mathilde, la seiner pressa!*' 'Ther,' said separately, 'I told you he was demented.' So numerous are these jokes that the famous Professor of the Faculty threatens to leave town till the excitement is over."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1860.

DECAY OF MUNICIPAL INDEPENDENCE.

WE have noticed from time to time various attempts which have been made by the Legislature at Albany to encroach upon the municipal rights of this city. Intelligent as both of these bodies are, a reference to their history proves that nothing is more fatal to liberty than the practice of which they are examples. France, we all know, has been enslaved simply through the destruction of her municipal franchises.

A fresh danger now menaces our municipality; this time the Legislature, not at Albany but from the Mayor's office at New York.

Fernando Wood, elected Mayor of New York through the agency of the New York *Tribune* and the Republicans, has now discovered that the power of "removal for cause" which the charter confers upon him, enables him to dismiss at will any Police Commissioner who does not like or whom he can not control. All that he requires to exercise this power is the consent of a majority of the Aldermen—which, the courts ruling that the Mayor and Aldermen are the sole judges of what constitutes "cause for removal." He has thus removed the City Chamberlain and the Engineer of the Croton Bond; he would have removed the City Inspector had not that functionary at the last moment contracted to build a bridge, and so put it in the patronage of his office. So far as matters have gone, perhaps, little harm has been done. Thus, we are bound to believe, it will be shown that the new Chamberlain and the other new officials will be less efficient than the old ones. But it needs very little foresight to perceive that the new mode of dealing with the appointing removals for cause gives the death-blow to our municipal liberties. For instance:

By law the Mayor has the right of removing the Mayor of New York "for cause." This State is Republican; this city is Democratic. By-and-by we may, we probably shall have a Democratic and Republican Governor's chair. The Senate will be Republican. It may, it probably will cost to the Republican Governor and Senate the trouble that the enormous patronage and spoils of the city of New York would be a good thing for their party. The Senate will not vote for the Democratic Mayor: "Mr. Mayor, be so kind as to appoint none but sound Republicans to office in your city." If the Democratic Mayor hesitates or declines, presto, he is removed "for cause," whereof, under the new reading of the law, the Governor and the Senate are judges without appeal; and this the city passes under Albany domination. The result would be the same, of course, if the Mayor yielded to the Governor's demand. In either event, the new doctrine demolishes utterly and forever our municipal independence, and lays the corner-stone of a centralized despotism.

Mayor Wood's friends should stay his hand in time, or they may be the first victims of the guillotine he has invented.

WATERING-PLACES.

THE city is being deserted. Houses with closed blinds and dusty doorsteps meet the eye at every turn in the upper ward. For all the world and his wife have gone to Saratoga, and Trenton Falls, and Niagara. Moralists have discoursed and editors have declaimed against the discomfort and the high charges of fashionable hotels; but the public is not much affected by the diatribes, and goes to its old haunts just as usual. The rich and prudent family, with more wit than cash, are sending their families to farm-houses in rural villages, where ladies and gentlemen and their boys and girls may make dirt-pies without disgrace; where milk, and eggs, and bracing air abound, and fashionable society, and flirting, and Champagne are rare. But the mass of mankind is at the time-honored resorts.

Saratoga is as full of guests as ever. "Congress Hall" opens its hospitable doors to its old friends; the "Union" has been enlarged and renovated, and will doubtless be the place this season for visitors to the Springs. For those who wish to combine romantic scenery with real leisure the Trenton Falls House, and the International at Niagara, offer pleasant and cool breezes blows, and the ever-varying roar of waters soothes the mind to serenity. Denizens of the interior will probably seek a summer resort in the sea-shore; for the Mansion House at Long Branch has been convertised. Situate on the lip of the broad Atlantic, with sea-bathing, and fish and Africa but a few infinitesimal sea-serafs, this caravansarai is the best place we know of to give an idea of the ocean—whether calm and gently heaving like a mother's breast, or lashed into fierce waves with impetuous onslaught upon the sandy beach. Finally, invalids will find quiet, and air, and skill attendance at the various medical retreats—among which we may mention the Round Hill Water Cure at Northampton, Massachusetts, as deserving attention. It will thus be seen that all tastes can be readily gratified by a judicious outlay of cash. Of course every body can not go to Coriath.

ARE OUR CADETS STARVED AT WEST POINT?

OF all our educational institutions the one of which our people are proudest is the West Point Academy. We are prepared to concede the inferiority of most of our schools to those of Europe. Our colleges can not compare, we know, with Oxford, and Paris, and Göttingen; our grammar schools produce few brilliant scholars; but it is an article of faith with our people to believe that nothing can surpass the West Point Academy. Nor does that faith rest on a doubtful basis. The course of study at West Point is agreeable to the standard philosophical theories and the newest fashes of the age. Boys are there taught the best things which they can learn; they are fitted to excel, not only in a military, but in any civil career; and while their minds are filled with the whole some knowledge, their bodies are strengthened and hardened by judicious exercises, and their tempers are so much under control by incessant life discipline. So far as the mental, moral, and physical systems in vogue at West Point are concerned, there is absolutely no room for criticism, and very substantial ground for congratulation.

Of late, however, rumors have been gaining general credence in the City of the Capital and the Government to notice. It is reported, on authority worthy of *prima-facie* attention, that the food of the cadets is not what it ought to be. It is said that the beef, which forms the staple article of their dinners, consists of the poorest cuts; that the potatoes would be unsuitable to any other use than that for which they are intended, and unwholesome; that the butter is frequently, if not generally, stale and unwholesome; that the butter is mixed; and that the coffee generally is not as generous and as nutritious as growing lads need, especially when they are working hard with body and mind. We cannot credit the authenticity of these rumors.

No father would suffer his son to remain at a school where the food was reported to be unwholesome. Growing boys need the very best food. If the rumors were true of the baking at any private school as is currently reported of the West Point diet, it would be decreed in a party. The Government is bound to be careful of its children than individual fathers are of theirs?

It must be remembered that the hundred and odd cadets at West Point are the flower of our American youth, and the best hope of the country. West Pointers are the best educated men we have in civil life; it is on them that the country relies for guidance in the hour of danger. If any young man should be cared for, it is they. And if it should prove that they are deprived of proper food in order to enrich contractors, what shame would devolve upon the Government and the officers, who stand in the light of parents to these boys!

The subject certainly deserves investigation. It is due to Colonel Delafield and the Board of Inspectors that the current rumors should be silenced, if they are false; it is due to the cadets and to the country that they should be verified, and the abuses corrected, if they are true.

OUR CIVILIZATION.

MARSHAL RYNDERS, standing upon the shore of Bedloe's Island, and gazing proudly upon the hundreds of boats and the thousands of eager spectators who had come down to Hicks the pirate hanged; wiping from his forehead the perspiration which had accumulated during the pleasant excursion with which he gracefully perfuced the drama of the day; elbowing his way between the prince-fighters and the Common Council; more to take his last glance of the man he was about to hang—Marshal Ryndersdes, we say, under these circumstances, with a touching delicacy worthy of the man and the office, turned to the spectators, and observed: "Gentlemen, the prisoner declines to address his fellow-citizens." And so Hicks died, the poor wretch, catching with his last convulsions the eager cry from the boats, "Down in front there!" "Let's have a fair look at him!"

Marshal Ryndersdes, if he had stated for the benefit of country readers, is the chief executive officer of the United States in New York.

"THE METHODIST"

Is a new religious weekly in the interest of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It bears the names of Rev. DR. CROOKS and M'CLINTOCK as principal editors. Besides these a number of distinguished names are mentioned as regular and occasional contributors. Under such auspices, it will doubtless be among the very best of religious family newspapers. It is gotten up by the enterprising liberality of a number of lay Methodists in and around New York, who have felt for some time that some when the religious press of the Church will do better under less ecclesiastical control. Doubtless the laity, and especially the vast conservative lay force of the Church, will see that the paper obtains, as it deserves, a splendid success. It is published by MR. LEWICE BANGS, 7 Beekman Street, New York, at $2 per annum.

THE LOUNGER.

THE SHIP.

HE would not be a faithful Lounger who did not go to the foot of Hammond Street and see the "Japanese Embassy" whenever residence may come again—even a Tycoon is not impossible—Bantel Boys grow on every soil—Princes of Wales are not rare in the Old World—Bantel Boys are the most common kind of Princes; but another ship of ships—another *Great Eastern*—will hardly ever float. She is disproportioned to the average size of continents, and to the depth of ocean avenues.

Pity the Bantel Boys. Their show has disappointed Notwithstanding the vast excitement of expectation—notwithstanding the endless descriptions and flaming advertisements, the Bantel Boys cannot look like cock-beats by her side, and *Tarnian* and *Adriatica* barely escape invisibility, the *Great Eastern* is so big ship, and the closer you look the more surprising is her size.

If you take a car in the shadow of St. Paul's, after you have made an extensive inspection of Barnum's opposite, you will find it instantly filled, and after a moment, you will roll smoothly along, turning and twisting until at length you find that you are at Hammond Street. The Journey is not very long, and is probably shorter than the journey you can make. Other cities small offensive by; but they have some kind of redeeming association, Philadelphia, for instance, is made to be tolerably hold of every thing but a bad smell—at least in the region which you traverse to reach the *Great Eastern*.

There she lies, her great black hole beyond the high brick blocks. Down the descending street you go toward the river, and there she lies before. Here it is high holiday. Here the incomparable soap for every purpose under heaven—the unequaled tobacco—the prize of which will be awarded if it be proved not to be superior—here the sugar-loaf holiday among children—here the celebrated Hollow point, whose portrait reveals a gentleman nineteen feet high, of a benign and melancholy expression the fat boy, the two-headed calf, the grizzly bears, the fresh oysters, cakes, hand organs, pop-guns, and "Black your boots, Sir—Black-and-gold your adornment." The simple visitor is perplexed. Might he not while away the summer upon this ship?

Still the Lounger pants on. They walk along the large bulk of the ship. They see that she lays her hull length along the space of four blocks. They think of Lucifer and "many a road," and then they have reached the ticket office; they pay her half length along the space of four blocks. They think of Lucifer and "many a road," and then they have reached the ticket office; they pay fifty cents, and pass on under the shadow of the wharf, by an officer of the ship in a gold-laced cap (how much comfort some people take in a gold-laced cap!), and so enter by some mysterious way the interiors of a port-hole has on. But it is so vast that you can not fancy it a port-hole until you remember that it is the port-hole of a steamship which everything becomes possible again, however large.

Passing through you emerge upon the third deck, and look around. You are in a section of the ship. At the sides there is what seems to you a rather thin shell of iron. You stand upon a rough deck, and there is another over you; but the space seems too spacious to be upon shipboard, and that impression follows you throughout. There is nothing more to see in that place; for it is only the interval between decks of an iron ship, with nothing there. Ascending broad, rough steps in company with other people, who are arriving all the time, you reach the second deck, where you have the same impression and emotions as upon the third; and passing on and up more steps, and you stand upon the principal deck of the ship, from which from the point of the bow to the wheels at the stern. This is covered by a rather low, hanging awning, and seems to you as a vast hall or gallery. I confess my first feeling was, that nothing could persuade me to go to sea in such a ship, for it seemed like embarking in the largest Lowell cotton factory. What or who could guide such a tremendous mass? Why should it not founder, "rolls, indigestique moles" (see the Latin Grammar) in the furious arms of the sea?

Upon this immense deck, dwelling down the perspective toward the bow, there were probably a thousand persons moving about. "There are forty feeling like you!" I say. They did not seem as much as the ordinary company of a summer steamer to England; and I thought of the other four thousand swarming in the other parts of the ship, and of I walked forward to the bows; and as I sauntered slowly along, passing other promenaders, a Broadway lady and a fashionable Elliot Warburton's joke about the passengers upon the Mediterranean steamer *Corsica* in their *Cocoanuts* came into burning off toward the bows, as if they feared not to arrive in time. The *Great Eastern* is only three or four times larger than the largest ship, and she seems twenty times larger—as if she dithered in bind as well as in degree.

I stepped on the wheel-house, whence you overlook every thing, and then descended to the deck between the paddle-boxes, and leaning over a railing, looked down into an abyss of machinery. It is all brightly polished—massive, simple, strong; it was the brain of the machine, and I bottomed it. Then down into the ladies' or chief saloon or cabin—which is not like a cabin at all, but like a public apartment in a palace, and there is many a serene beneficiary German Grandduke of Schlotzinghaugenhinging who would be glad of as fine a room in his serene habitat as offers as this saloon of the great ship. It is finished in Moresque, with mirrors, and lounges, and sofas. Upon both sides, and not counting those that are close closely engaged in the sweetest maternal duty—some gravely turning over the leaves of a book of illustrated sentiments—some reading a needful toilet before the mirrors—some reclined in the corners, and giving the nursery maids passed to care for them. The saloon is so high, so light, so spacious, that you have no suggestion of the ship; you are very grace of the bow being greased by a railing which runs round the sides, and over which you look down upon the lower deck, which is fitted up for second more people.

The state-rooms are entered across a little bridge which extends over this open space, and they are in nests of about a room. Some nests have two berths, some four, and some open into each other for parties of six. The berths are the old-fashioned berths, which are good for half the patient in; and I should think there was about the usual allowance of space to each patient—the grief over the old ships being in the height and light of the room. The rooms of four berths are very large and spacious, and they are all furnished very prettily. But the patient can easily spare the crimson and yellow satin damask bed-curtains when he is assured that a little shelter of rooms has its own bathing convenience, et cetera.

The chief saloon is the only really handsome or finished part of the ship. The main decks are spacious, and light, and plain; but there is a nerve-ness about them which is not comfortable. They need a little more of the elegant arrangement before the proud Inaitman could be readily tempted to become a lodger upon them for a voyage of a night. In fact, while the English phaloanx is every where apparent, the equally celebrated British comfort is not nearly found upon the main deck. She is very shabby, although clean; and produces, in the housekeeping department, the impression of a second-hand hotel. The patient might force peace to and feather-beds in the berths! But he would not. And he might take boat-cloth in the saloon—but he would not. There is a whole sector of Champagne lying down upon the ice in perfect order, and British Goods knit in bales of wool are hard at Waterloo. As the long row of spectators stood gazing at the fine sight—for the nobles, shouldn't we say, British Goods knit in bales—it look—how ardently we wished the very very general in a white apron had given the stern word to begin!—"Up, ye dogs, and at them!" "Up yes!" said an enthusiast at my side, to whom I suggested this possibility; "there'd be no sham fight then, however much the engine might be!" And I looked to see if some one of the bottles had not had a private shot at him.

But, I merely heard "Refreshments below, Sir," and turned sadly away to return to the upper deck. There were the same crowds promenading about the deck, wide-eyed and happy, staring at each other, and occasionally looking at the ship, made in strictness, more, more, and less, and resisted my curiosity—for all the statistics and instruction are to be found in the *Great Eastern* Extra of *Harper's Weekly*—descended the steps which conducted the visitors out. Here, upon the third deck, I met Jerry Sneaks—"A cute lo inquiredst. You may have see-rumes, and pay fifty-cents for them. You may have beccomes at an inlaw, who may have and the Jonas in a Jonas, who may have one and the Jonas in a Jonas, and the Jonas in a Jonas, and fifty-cents for all the stuff." Jerry Sneaks "up yet." And I looked at the ship, and I looked at Jerry Sneaks, and I looked at the ship, and I looked at Jerry Sneaks, and I looked at the ship, and I looked at Jerry Sneaks, and

THE CHICAGO ZOUAVES EXECUTING THEIR DRILL IN NEW YORK, JULY, 1860.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GURNEY.]

THE CHICAGO ZOUAVES.

THE event of the week has been the arrival of the Chicago Zouaves—otherwise called United States Cadets—the fine military company hailing from Chicago, Illinois, and commanded by Colonel E. E. Ellsworth. The number 150 amounts; only 40 rank and file, however, came here. They have been reviewed here several times before enormous crowds, and all are agreed that no company in the First Division is as perfect in drill as they. The peculiarity of their Zouave tactics has attracted attention. They are bound by the rules of their organization not to drink spirituous liquors, and not to enter improper houses or bar-rooms as any priests. They live very plainly, and generally sleep on bare floors with a blanket round them. The full-dress uniform of the Zouaves consists of a dark blue coat, with buff trimmings, and pantaloons and caps of blue, with similar trimmings to those on the coat. The full Zouave uniform worn on the occasion of their reception consists of loose scarlet trowsers, with a gold cord over a blue stripe, high gaiters and leggings, blue vest, with crimson braid, and a peculiar pattern of more antique fashion; a jacket of blue, with red and orange trimmings, and bell buttons; and a jaunty little red cap, with black band and orange trimmings. In addition to the above, they also have fatigue uniforms and a chasseur uniform, consisting of red pants and blue coats, beautifully fringed and trimmed. Most of their maneuvers are derived from Hardee's tactics; but their drill, their evolutions, their dash and élan are peculiarly their own, and have aroused the admiration of all our military men.

On the opposite page the reader will find a fine picture of the Zouaves. We subjoin a poem written for this paper:

THE ZOUAVES.

To bugle note and beat of drum
They come—the gallant Zouaves come!
With glittering of blue and glints of red;
With airy, light, elastic trend;
With dashing, wild, insouciant air;
With figures sinewy, lithe, and spare;
With gait regular without stride
Save where the Ossis uplifts
Its green plumes mid the sandy drifts—
Scorches before my dazzled sight,
While rising o'er a distant height,
On lean, swift steeds, with slender spears,
The sallow Arab troop appears

To charge the French Zouaves!

They slope along the gold-red sand;
Their keen eyes sweep the sky and land;
The lean steeds snuff the desert wind;
The watchful vultures soars behind,
But neither move upon the plain;
The keen eyes search the sands in vain.
Before, behind, and left and right,
A single ripple meets the sight,
Nor even these black-eyed devils know
That nigh yon sand-hill, lying low,
Are crouched the brave Zouaves!

Four puffs of smoke that seem to float
From out the earth—a crackling note
Four saddles emptied in the troop—
Then wild and shrill the Arab whoop,
And upspring from the sinuous feet,
And dashing of the coursers fleet,
And then—four puffs of smoke once more,
Four saddles emptied as before.
Is vain that Allah they invoke,
With pertinacious puffs of smoke

Reply the brave Zouaves!

Out of the earth, like Genii, rise
The red Zouaves with dashing eyes,
And on the Arab troop
Like hawks upon a bird they swoop.
With bayonet keen, with murderous gun,
With enormous bound, erratic run,
With sudden fall upon the sand,
With quick deploy, with gun in hand:
Thus like a meteor of the skies,
Vivid with red and blue, arise

The dauntless French Zouaves!

Over the tawny sands they fly,
Now seem they far, now seem they nigh.
They live and fall, they fall and live,
They send on limbs of sinewy wire,
In each manœuvre seeming wild,
Each soldier's docile as a child;
And even the fleetest Arab finds
A foe that's fleeter than the winds.
Thus outmanœuvred and outsped,
De turns and hides his haughty head

Before the French Zouaves!

Your Zouave scorps, O haughty France!
We looked on as a wild romance,
And many a one was heard to scoff
At Algiers and at Mahdeff;
Nor did we Yankees credit quite
Their evolutions in the fight.
But now we're very sure what they
Have done can here be done to-day,
When thus before our sight deploys
The gallant corps from Illinois—

American Zouaves!

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "ANTIE PARKE," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

MRS. CATHERICK'S LETTER CONCLUDED.

"I DURST begin this fresh page, Mr. Hartright, by expressing my surprise at the interest which you appear to feel in my late daughter—it is quite unaccountable to me. If that interest makes you anxious for any particulars of her early life, I must refer you to Mrs. Clements, who knows more of the subject than I do. Pray understand that I do not profess to have been at all overfond of my late daughter. She was a worry and an encumbrance to me from first to last, with the additional disadvantage of being always weak in the head.

"There is no need to trouble you with many personal particulars relating to those past times. It will be enough to say that I obeyed the terms of the bargain on my side, and that I enjoyed my suitable income, in return, until I quarrelled. Now and then I got away, and changed the scene for a short time; always asking leave of my lord and master first, and generally getting it. He was not, as I have already told you, fool enough to drive me too hard; and he could reasonably rely on my looking my tongue, for my own sake, if not for his. One of my longest trips away from home was the trip I took to Limmeridge, to nurse a half-sister there, who was dying. She was reported to have saved money; and I thought it as well (as once an accident happened to stop my allowance) to look after my own interests in that direction. As things turned out, however, my pains were all thrown away; and I got nothing, because nothing was to be had.

"I had taken Anne with me north with me; having my whims and fancies occasionally about my child, and getting, at such times, jealous of Mrs. Clements's influence over her. I never liked Mrs. Clements. She was a poor, empty-headed, spiritless woman—what you call a born drudge—and I was, now and then, not averse to plaguing her by taking Anne away. Not knowing what else to do with my girl while I was nursing in Cumberland, I put her to school at Limmeridge. The lady of the manor, Mrs. Fairlie (a remarkably pious lady, by-the-way, who had entrapped one of the handsomest men in England into marrying her), amused me wonderfully by taking a violent fancy to my girl. The consequence was, she learned nothing at school, and was petted and spoiled at Limmeridge House. Among other whims and fancies which they taught her there, they put some nonsense into her head about always wearing white. Hating white and liking colors myself, I determined to take the nonsense out of her head as soon as we got home again.

"Strange to say, my daughter resolutely resisted me. When she *had* got a notion once fixed in her mind she was, on other half-witted people, as obstinate as a mule in keeping it. We quarreled finely; and Mrs. Clements, not liking to see it, I suppose, offered to take Anne away to live in London with her. I should have said Yes, if Mrs. Clements had not sided with my daughter against me, by dressing herself in white. But being determined she should not dress herself in white, and disliking Mrs. Clements more than ever for taking part against me, I said No, and meant No, and stuck to No. The consequence was, my daughter remained with me; and the consequence of that, in its turn, was the first serious quarrel that happened about the Secret.

"The circumstance took place long after the time I have just been writing of. I had been settled for years in the new home; and was steadily living down my bad character, and slowly gaining ground among the respectable inhabitants. It helped me forward greatly toward this object to have my daughter with me. Her harmlessness, and her fancy for dressing in white, excited a certain amount of sympathy. I left off opposing her favorite whim on that account, because some of the sympathy was sure, in course of time, to fall to my share, if I gave it did fall. I date my getting a choice of the two best sittings to let in the church from that time; and I date the clergyman's first bow from my getting the sittings.

"Well, being settled in this way, I received a letter one morning from that blackguard gentleman (now deceased), whom you and I know of, in answer to one of my letters, warning him, according to agreement, of my intending to leave the town, for a little change of air and scene. The ruffian had sent him much less than usual; most, I suppose, when he got my letter, for he wrote back, refusing me, in such abominably insolent language, that I lost all command over myself, and abused him, in my daughter's presence, as a low impostor, whom I could ruin for life, if I chose to tell many lips and let out his secret." I said no more about him than that; being brought to my senses, as soon as those words had escaped me, by the sight of my daughter's face looking eagerly and curiously at mine. I instantly ordered her out of the room until I had composed myself again.

"My sensations were not pleasant, I can tell you, when I came to reflect on my own folly. Anne had been more than usually crazy and queer that year; and when I thought of the chance there might be of her repeating my words in the town, and mentioning *his* name in connection with them, if inquisitive people got hold of her, I was fairly terrified at the possible consequences. My worst fears for myself, my worst dread of what he might do, led me no further than this. I was quite unprepared for what really did happen, only the next day.

"On that next day, without any warning to me to expect him, he came to the house.

"His first words, and the tone in which he spoke them, showed me, that he was plainly enough that he had repented already of his insolent answer to my application, and that he had come (in a single fit of bad temper) to try and set matters right again before it was too late. Seeing my daughter in the room with me (I had been afraid to let her out of my sight after what had happened the day before), he ordered her away. They talked of them liked each other; and he vented the ill-temper on *her* which he was afraid to show to *me*.

"Leave us, Anne," said, looking at her over his shoulder. She looked back over *her* shoulder, and waited as if she didn't care to go. "Do you hear? I'm sorry to say, I have the room." "Speak to me civilly," says she, getting red in the face. "Turn the idiot out," says he, looking my way. She had always called my misfortune of her own about her dignity; and that word, 'idiot,' upset me in a moment. Before I could interfere she stepped up to him in a fine passion. "Beg my pardon, directly," says she, 'or I'll make it the worse for you.' I'll tell out your Secret! I can ruin you for life, if I choose to open my lips." My own words!—repeated exactly from what I had said the day before—repeated in his presence as if they had come from herself. He sat speechless, as white as the paper I am writing on, while I pushed her out of the room. When he recovered himself—

"No! I am too respectable a woman to mention what he said when he recovered himself. My pen is the pen of a member of the rector's congregation, and a subscriber to the 'Wednesday Lectures on Justification by Faith'—how can you expect me to employ it in writing bad language? Swearing, for yourself, the raging, swearing frenzy of the lowest ruffian in England; and let us get on together as fast as may be to the way in which it all ended.

"It ended, as you probably guess by this time, in his insisting on scenting his own safety by marching my girl off to London with him. I tried to set things right. I told him that she had merely repeated, like a parrot, the words she had heard me say, and that she knew no particulars whatever, because I had mentioned none. I explained that she had affected, out of crazy spite against him, to know what she really did know; that she only wanted to threaten him and aggravate him for speaking to her as he had just spoken; and that my unlucky words gave her just the chance of doing mischief of which she was in search. I referred him to other queer ways of hers, and to his own experience of the vagaries of half-witted people—it was all to no purpose—he would not believe me on my oath—he was absolutely certain I had betrayed the whole Secret. In short, he would hear of nothing but shutting her up.

"BEG MY PARDON, DIRECTLY."

"Under these circumstances I did my duty as a mother. 'No jumper-Asylum,' I said; 'I won't have her put in a pauper Asylum. A Private Establishment, if you please. I have my feelings, as a mother, and my character to preserve in the town; and I will submit to nothing but a Private Establishment, of the sort which my genteel neighbors usually choose for afflicted relatives of their own.' Those were my words. It is gratifying to me to reflect that I did my duty. Though never convinced of my late daughter, I had a proper pride about her. My pauper stint—thanks to my firmness and resolution—ever rested on my child.

"Having carried my point (which I did the more easily in consequence of the facilities offered by private Asylums), I could not refuse to admit that there were certain advantages gained by sending her up. In the first place, she was taken excellent care of—being treated (as I took care to mention in the town) on the footing of a Lady. In the second place, she was kept away from Welmingham, where she might have set people suspecting and inquiring by repeating my own incautious words.

"The only drawback of putting her under restraint was a very slight one. We never turned her empty boast about knowing the Secret into a fixed delusion. Having first spoken in sheer crazy spitefulness against the man who had offended her, she was cunning enough to see that she had seriously frightened him, and sharp enough afterward to discover that *he* was concerned in shutting her up. The consequence was she flamed out into a perfect frenzy of passion against him, going to the Asylum; and the first words she said to the nurses, after they had quieted her, were, that she was put in confinement for knowing his secret, and that she meant to open her lips and ruin him when the right time came.

"She may have said the same thing to you when you (knowing nothing) assisted her escape. She certainly said it (as I heard last summer) to the unfortunate woman who married our sweet-tempered, nameless gentleman, lately deceased. If either you, or that mulucky lady, had questioned my daughter closely, and had insisted on her explaining what she really meant, you would have found her lose all her self-importance suddenly, and get vacant and restless and confused; you would have discovered that I am writing nothing here but the plain truth. She knew that there was a Secret—she knew who was connected with it—she knew who would suffer by its being known—and beyond that, whatever airs of importance she may have given herself, whatever crazy boasting she may have indulged in with strangers, she never to her dying day knew more.

"Have I satisfied your curiosity? I have taken pains enough to satisfy it, at any rate. There is really nothing else I have to tell you about myself or my daughter. My worst responsibilities, so far as she was concerned, were all over when she was secured in the Asylum. I had a form of letter relating to the circumstances under which she was shut up given me to write, in answer to one Miss Halcombe, who was curious in the matter, and who must have heard plenty of lies about me from a certain tongue well accustomed to the telling of the same. And I did what I could afterward to trace my runaway daughter, and prevent her from doing mischief, by making inquiries myself in the neighborhood where she was falsely reported to have been seen. But these are trifles, of little or no interest to you after what you have heard already.

"So far, I have written in the friendliest possible spirit. But I can not close this letter without adding a word here of serious remonstrance and reproof, addressed to yourself. In the

coarse of your personal interview with me, you audaciously referred to my late daughter's parentage on the father's side, as if that parentage was a matter of doubt. This was highly improper, and very ungentlemanlike on your part! If we see each other again, remember, if you please, that I will allow no liberties to be taken with my reputation, and that the moral atmosphere of Wellingtonia (to use the forcible expression of my friend the rector's) must not be tainted by loose conversation of any kind. If you allow yourself to doubt (in my presence) Miss Anne's father, you personally insult me in the gravest manner. If you have felt, and if you still continue to feel, an unhallowed curiosity on this subject, I recommend you, in your own interests, to check it at once and for ever. On this side of the grave, Mr. Hartright, whatever may happen on the other, *that* curiosity will never be satisfied."

"Perhaps, after what I have just said, you will see the necessity of writing me an apology. If so, pray (and I will cordially receive it). Unfortunately, if your wishes point to a second interview with me, go a step further, and receive you. My circumstances only permit me to invite you to—not that they are at all shared for the worse by what has happened. I have always lived up to my income, and I shall live up to my income; and I have always done, in the last twenty years, to make me quite comfortable for the rest of my life. It is not my intention to leave Wellingtonia. There are one or two little adventures which I have still to engage in the town. The clergyman bows to me, as you saw. He is married; and his wife is not quite so civil. I propose to join the Dancing Class, and I mean to make the clergyman's wife bow to me next.

"If you favor me with your company, pray understand that the conversation must be entirely on general subjects. Any attempted reference to this affair will be quite sufficient to determined not to acknowledge having written it. The evidence has been destroyed, in the fire, I have; but I think it desirable to err on the side of caution, nevertheless. On this account no memorandum of mine, not even a signature attached to these lines: the handwriting is disguised throughout, and I mean to deliver the letter myself without a messenger, which will prevent all fear of its being traced to my house. You can have no possible cause to complain of these precautions, seeing that I do not affect the information I here communicate, in consideration of the special indulgence which you have reserved at my house, for an hour for tea is half past five, and my buttered toast waits for nobody."

XI.

My first impulse, after reading this extraordinary letter, was to destroy it. The hardened, shameless depravity of the whole composition, from beginning to end—the abominable mystery of mind which persistently associated me with a calumny for which I was in no sense answerable, and with a death which I never linked my own life in trying to avert—so disgusted me, that I was on the point of tearing the letter, when a consideration suggested itself, which warned me to wait a little before I destroyed it.

This consideration was entirely unconnected with Sir Percival. The information communicated to me, so far as it concerned him, was little more than confirm the conclusions at which I had already arrived. He had committed bad actions in his life; he had repented of them; and the absence of all reference, on Mrs. Catherick's part, to the duplicate register, unhesitatingly strengthened the previous conviction that the existence of the book, and the fact of its contents which it contained, must have been necessarily unknown to Sir Percival. My interest in the question of the forgery was now at an end; and my thoughts in reject in keeping the letter was to make it of some future service in clearing up the last mystery that still remained to hinder me from the marriage of Anne Catherick, on the father's side. There were one or two sentences dropped in her mother's narrative, which it might be worthwhile to refer to again, when matters of more immediate importance allowed me leisure to search for the missing evidence. I did not know, and still finding that evidence; and I had lost none of my anxiety to discover it, for I had lost none of my interest in tracing the father of the poor creature who now lay at rest in Mrs. Fairlie's grave.

Accordingly, I sealed up the letter and put it away carefully in my pocket-book, to be referred to again when the time came.

The next day was my last in Hampshire. When I had appeared again before the magistrate at Knowlesbury, and when I had attended at the adjourned inquest, I should be free to return to London by the afternoon or the evening train.

My first errand in the morning was, as usual, to the post-office. The letter from Marian was there; but I thought, when it was handed to me, that it looked unusually light. I immediately opened the envelope. There was nothing inside but a small strip of paper folded in two. The few lines, hurriedly written in lines which were traced on it contained these words:

"Come back as soon as you can. I have been obliged to move. Cross to Gower's Walk, Fulham (number five). I will be on the look-out for you. Don't be alarmed about us; we are both safe and well. But come back.—MARIAN."

The news which those lines contained—news which I instantly associated with some attempted treachery on the part of Count Fosco—fairly overwhelmed me. I stood breathless, with the paper crumpled up in my hand. What had happened? What subtle wickedness had the Count planned and executed in my absence? A night and passed since Marian's note was written—hours must elapse still before I could get back to them—some new disaster might have happened already of which I was ignorant. And here, miles and miles away from home, I here remained—held, doubly held, at the disposal of the law!

I hardly know to what forgetfulness of my obligation to remain in Hampshire I might have tempted me, but for the quieting influence of my faith in Marian. Nothing composed me, when I began to remember her, half lady, half tormentress of her energy, fidelity, and adhesiveness to her purpose. I had full and entire reliance on her was the one earthly consideration which helped me to restrain myself, and remain my control. I had left her, in my last, the first of the impediments in the way of my freedom of action. I attended it at the appointed time; the legal formalities were drawn to a close in the room, but, as it turned out, not ending on me to repeat my evidence. This useless delay was a matter of small, although very little to quiet my impatience by following, the course of the proceedings in which I took no heed.

The London solicitor of the deceased (Mr. Merriman) was among the persons present. But he was not called upon to give his evidence at the inquiry. He could only say that he was unexpectedly shocked and astonished, and that he was ignorant of the circumstances and pecuniary circumstances of the case. At intervals during the adjourned investigation, he suggested questions which the coroner and the Jury for the inquiry, and to the results. After a patient inquiry, which lasted nearly three hours, and which exhausted everything which was connected with the, the jury announced the customary verdict in cases of sudden death by accident. They added to the formal decision a statement that there had been no evidence to show how the keys had been abstracted, and how the forgery had been, or what the purpose was for which the deceased had entered the vestry. This act closed the proceedings. The coroner announced that the inquiry was left to provide for the necessities of the interment; and the witnesses were free to retire.

Resolved not to lose a minute in getting to Knowlesbury, I paid my bill at the hotel, and hired a chaise to take me to the station. A gentleman who heard me give the order, and who saw that I was going alone, informed me that he lived in the neighborhood of Knowlesbury, and asked if I would have any objection to his getting home by my side. I said, "No." I accepted his proposal as a matter of course.

Our conversation during the drive was naturally occupied by the inquiry which concerned local interest. My new acquaintance had some knowledge of the late Sir Percival's solicitor; and he said Mr. Merriman was now managing the state of the deceased gentleman's affairs, and the succession to the property. Sir Percival's successor was known to be a person all over the country that his solicitor could only make a virtue of necessity and gladly acknowledge them. He had died without leaving a will, and he had no personal property to bequeath, even if he had wished to do the whole fortune which he had derived from his wife having been swallowed up by his creditors. The heir to the estate (Sir Percival's half brother, I was sure) was a son of Sir Felix Clyde's first cousin—an officer in command of an East Indiaman. He would shortly be expected in England, and would then succeed to the property would recover with time, and, if "the captain" was careful, he might find himself, at the end of ten years, a landed man.

I absorbed as I was in the one idea of getting to London, this information (which events proved to be perfectly correct) had an interest of its own to interest my attention. I thought I profited me in keeping secret my discovery of Sir Percival's fraud. The heir whose rights he had usurped were the rightful owners of the estate. The income from it, for the last three-and-twenty years, which should properly have been his, and which the dead man had squandered to the last farthing, was gone beyond recall. If I spoke, my speaking would confer advantage on no one. If I kept the secret, my silence concealed the character of the man who had cheated Anne into marrying him. For her sake, I wished to conceal the fraud; for her, still, I tell this story under feigned names.

I parted with my chance companion at Knowlesbury, and went at once to the town-hall. As I had anticipated, no one was present to prosecute the case in question, the necessary formalities were observed, and I was discharged. On leaving the court, a letter from Mr. Dawson was put into my hand, I informed me that he was absent on professional duty, and it relieved the office I had already received from him of any obligation which I was required at his hands. I wrote back, warmly acknowledging the obligations for his kindness, and apologizing for not expressing my thanks personally, in consequence of my immediate recall, on pressing business to town.

Half an hour later I was speeding back to London by the express train.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

It is generally known, we believe, that the ladies have taken up the much vexed question of the completion of the Washington Monument, and have organized a "Ladies' Washington National Monument Society," for the purpose of collecting the funds required for the purpose. The President of the Society is Mrs. Finlay M. King, of Port Byron, New York; the Secretary, Mrs. Anna W. Cobby, of Washington. At a Convention held at Chicago Last September the work was fairly set on foot, and the ladies resolved to "stand firmly forward to the future. The following extract from an address by Mrs. King, which, together with the constitution, was adopted at Chicago, will explain the aims and method of the Society:

"The expense of the obelisk was originally estimated at $250,000, and the pinnacle at a little over the amount of ten thousand. The pinnacle was finished and placed on the obelisk, have been created at an expense of but $100,000. There yet remain $250,000 to be raised, in order to complete the Monument. It is not at all certain that these estimates are correct, yet, for the most of estimates upon which estimates relative may be placed, on the ground, we think, we have the base at our calculations; and I think, with entire confidence in the ability, energy, gratitude, and patriotism the male portion of American citizens, that the undertaking by the Washington National Monument Society, we may hand over to them the sum of $100,000 of this sum, if the ladies upon ourselves the labor of raising the balance, $250,000.

"The plan for the organization of the Society, which I submit herewith, is in the form of a Constitution for the Ladies' Washington National Monument Society. Could be perpetual, as contained, that it constitutes the wife or, the Mother of every Manmie ledge in the United States a subsidiary, and where no lodge exists, it authorizes the appointment of an agent by the County Treasurer, which latter officer is equivalent to the Vice President of the State, District, or Territory in which she may reside. The only exception to the principle of subsidiary for the ladies is the limit of the National Treasurer, and this exception is made only because it is practical that it may be deemed necessary the officer to exercise the legal authority vested in them by the charter of the Washington National Monument Society, granted by Congress.

"I have not deemed it necessary to require any further security in the hands of the Society for the faithful discharge of their duties than that afforded in the general and special laws of the women of America, which all will be vigilant to observe.

"The reproach and obloquy of the whole nation, which would follow the neglect of our work, would prevent any attempt at dishonesty on the part of the ladies.

"The officers of the Society will have only fidelity to live up to the Constitution in order that the whole system shall be carried into operation, the requisite amount be raised, and the Monument completed.

"I commend the project submitted herewith to the favorable consideration of the gentlemen associated at Chicago, and respectfully suggest such revision and amendment of the plan as the gentlemen may deem that it be not claim it to be perfect, and I ask that the Society may be organized at once, in order that we may proceed to the work thus undertaken.

"It is also respectfully suggested that the officers of the *society* should not feel themselves restricted, in the collection of funds, to the single mode pointed out by the Constitution, but that they have their husbands, brothers, and friends, and the gentlemen associated at Chicago, at the expiring of each, at the polls of popular decision, and single handed, to collect the money. I accepted his proposal as a matter of course.

Our conversation during the drive was naturally occupied by the inquiry which concerned local interest. My new acquaintance had some knowledge of the late Sir Percival's solicitor; and he said Mr. Merriman was now managing the state of the deceased gentleman's affairs, and the succession to the property. Sir Percival's successor was known to be a person all over the country that his solicitor could only make a virtue of necessity and gladly acknowledge them. He had died without leaving a will, and he had no personal property to bequeath, even if he had wished to do the whole fortune which he had derived from his wife having been swallowed up by his creditors. The heir to the estate (Sir Percival's half brother, I was sure) was a son of Sir Felix Clyde's first cousin—an officer in command of an East Indiaman. He would shortly be expected in England, and would then succeed to the property would recover with time, and, if "the captain" was careful, he might find himself, at the end of ten years, a landed man.

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THE POLICEMAN'S MISTAKE.

SIR.—" *Lost Tree of Summer.*"

'Twas the last hour of daylight—
The twilight had come—
When a weary policeman
Was thinking of home;
But he still kept his beat, lightly
On Broadway's wide pave,
For his sid to the ladies
He cheerfully gave.

'Twas the last hour of daylight—
Night's shadows were falling
When close at his elbow
He heard a soft sigh.
At his side stood a lady,
Young, graceful, and small,
In the tip-top of fashion—
Hoops, flounces, and all.

Only one thing displeased him
(Just like all the men!)—
A thick veil was drawn
Was fastened just then.
That her fair face was hidden,
Provoking it was!
But he ventured to say, "Dear madam,
Are you wishing to cross?"

And she bowed, but was silent,
As round her he threw
His brave arm to protect her,
And stepped off the pave.
The sweet *demoiselle* closer
And closer, till they
Had successfully threaded
The maze of Broadway.

When her foot touched the curb-stone
She turned to him, and
And—oh! oh! consternation!
Policeman grew pale!
Then out spoke the fair lady,
"*Lay, man! lea me go!*
Golly! massa perlease, you
Stop a-hangin' me so!"

Then a gaspin' tableau,
Rich, racy, and pure!
How he stood, blank—confounded—
His eyes all a-stare,
Thus to find he'd been hugging
A *darky*—oh yes!
How he started and *put*, then,
I leave you to guess.

D. VERNON.

NEW UTRECHT, LONG ISLAND.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN INTERVENTION IN MEXICO.

The *Herald* says: "Recent advices received by the Steam Ship mission from Europe, show that the governments of England and France have determined to intervene in Mexico, and enforce the Allied Powers demands for redress on principles for future security, and call a crisis in the affairs of Mexico, which promises to change the position of affairs there. Mr. Wyke, the new British Minister to Mexico, will go out in a short time from England with full instructions on the subject.

"Strong representations have been made to our Government by English and French Cabinets, to induce us to unite in the intervention, and to share in the enjoyment of the fruits of it. But our policy is recognizable to these contiguous nations, and it is likely that these governments, and the Mexicans, will be likely to involve so many others and such distant interests, that the policy of our Government will be the line of conduct we have pursued in our relations with the public. Trade with Mexico, and the Mexican ports by France and England are very doubtful, and may lead to complications of a difficult character, and involve thousands of our thousand miles distant from the scene of action.

A SPEECH BY SENATOR DOUGLAS.

Senator Douglas addressed the people of Boston last week, among other things he said:

"The Democratic party of this country are now in peril by sectional parties, appealing to sectional passion, sectional hatred, and sectional ambition, against the peace and harmony of the whole country. [Voices—"That's so!"] On the other hand, you find a great Northern sectional party appealing to the North against the South. [Voices—"That's so!" and cheers.] "Society" is, on the other hand, you find a sectional party Southward, appealing to the interest of the South against the North. The Republican party demand possession of the Federal Government in order that it may have power to carry out the prohibition of slavery where the people want it. [Voices—"That's right!" "That's the idea!" "That's the way!" "Give it right!] The Southern sectional party demand possession of the Federal Government in order that the whole power of the government may be wielded for the defense of slavery where it is in the Territories, if the people want it. (Long-loud and cheers.) The two sectional parties join in direct opposition to each other, and in declaring that irrepressible conflict which can never be reconciled. The Democratic party, on the contrary, demand that we interfere with the domestic institutions of the people any where. [Voices—"Never!"]

WHY CONGRESS NEGLECTS ITS DUTY.

"For the last few years the whole time of Congress has been occupied in the discussion of the slavery question, to the exclusion of the important business affecting the interests of the country. "Pa! Pa!" "Pa! Pa!" "Pa!" "Pa!" Whenever you ask your representatives why they did not do the business, they point to the slavery question as the excuse of the Government without borrowing twenty millions of dollars a year. [Yes! yes! yes! yes! and time. [Laughter.] The whole time was occupied in the discussion of slavery, and I ask you that it be now assassy to pay your bonest debts. [Good," Good," and cheers.] "Pa! Pa!" "Pa!" "Pa!" "

"Some new valleys have been recently opened to estimate—the Indian and some of the Lake valleys are greatly Eard. They of course lie higher than the Lake Valley, and have steeper climates; but they have also more wood, more water, better grass, and other advantages. They are rapidly filling with settlers.

"The rumor of a purposed new for reader of relief their present possessions in the Federal Government had probably just this foundation: There are now reserves in the Gulch of the Salmon, on lands in Idaho, Clarke, Jefferson, and Lewis and Clarke counties, by the Twelfth and Indian treaties. There is no reason to doubt that the Lewis and Clarke reserve is very rich, and that the valleys of ridge shall be found or made for them. This is a high place to be found on New Gulmon in a lake in the of the South Sum. We presume Captain Gilbert—who has been with us in adventures in the Indian Ocean are well known—has been conferring with the Apaches and Apaches to make the Gulch the mine or any not be. We believe he expects to return to the Mormon Sion next fall."

THE "GREAT EASTERN."

On Monday afternoon, July 30, the *Great Eastern* will go to Deep Water, with one hundred and fifty passengers, mechanics, and a few thousand ton-dollar passengers, leaving at 8 o'clock to pass the large Philadelphia bridge, into a new ground of Philadelphia on board, steam down to Lazaretto and Delaware, exchange passengers and return to New York on Wednesday. After that date she will be anchored in the channel, and no more visitors will be received on board till she sails for England on the 15th of August. On Wednesday, accompanied by the Connors and the fine weather, nearly 800 people and their half-dollars to transport her internal arrangements. On her way home she will touch at Halifax, to land the passengers, and may decide to make a trip here to see the enormous steamboat upon the reception of the last to the Gulch Sion.

THE WALTON MURDER.

Charles Jefford, the son of Mrs. Walton, has been charged by the Coroner's verdict with the murder of Mr. Walton. When the verdict was brought in the following conversation took place:

THE CORONER *(to the prisoner)*. "You are at liberty to answer or not the questions I put to you, as you please."

The prisoner, in a calm and measured tone, free from the least agitation or excitement, responded: "Charles Jefford."

THE CORONER. "How old are you?"

THE SON. "I am twenty-one years of age."

THE CORONER. "Where were you born?"

THE PRISONER. "City of Washington, District of Columbia."

Q. "Where do you live?"

A. "In the city of New York."

Q. "What is your occupation?"

A. "Clerk."

Q. "Have you any thing to say, and if so, what, in relation to the charges preferred against you?"

A. "I am a perfectly innocent man of the charge, and I am advised by my counsel to retain my witnesses for my defense before the tribunal of the Court of the county. Therefore, at this time, and before this jurisdiction, I have nothing to say."

The prisoner then offered his name to the statement just made.

THE CORONER *(to the prisoner Jefford)*. "Edwin, you are charged by the Coroner's verdict with the murder of your prisoner, Charles Jefford, and take him to the Tombs."

He was removed in custody.

THE PRESIDENTIAL TOUR CONTINUED.

The examination of Frederick Hollmann, the alleged defaulting Secretary of the Public Schools Commissioners' Board, held before Justice Connolly, at the Jefferson Market Police Court, was concluded on Friday, and the prisoner was committed to await trial on four distinct and separate charges of the Illegal issue of Bonds, for bribery. The amount of bail was fixed at $12,000, in default which an application will be made to the Supreme Court.

ANOTHER STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

The *Pennsylvania* left port of Philadelphia and Richmond Ho, caught fire by spontaneous combustion, as is supposed, on Tuesday morning, in the James River, near Jamestown, and was entirely destroyed, involving the loss of about twelve children. The house arrived very rapidly, and the survivors had barely time to save themselves on rafts, the fire preventing access to the boats. The children were lost from the upsetting of one of the rafts, by being found impossible to keep them from the stream. A storm also prevailed at the time, which rendered the rescue still more hazardous. The survivors were finally taken from the rafts by another steamer, which providentially came to the rescue of the disaster before it was too late.

A MURDEROUS LYNCHING.

The Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye* of the 7th gives the following account of the last occurrence in the life of Kephart, the murderer of Mr. Wills and his family:

"At an early hour of July 5, the people began to assemble in this place from all quarters, according to what had would be bring. The place chosen was on the left side of Gulch Creek, about the road leading from Mt. Pleasant to Abingdon, about a hundred yards or more from the Bridge that spans the creek. The ground rises from the ground about 30 o. and already a hundred or more were there, making the place appear like in a state of excitation, while two men were busy digging the grave. The news was soon spread and people gathered to witness the execution, which was a novelty, perhaps, to many, and on the public road, on the creek, fronting the scaffold, and the place where the bodies of the murdered woman and children were found, the women, who numbered three or four hundred, were seated, and the men, who were present, stood, they had been invited to a bridal scene.

"At 11 o'clock the commissioner arrived with the intelligence that the mob had broken into the jail at Fairfield, and taken the prisoner away, the power of the law, despite the eloquent speeches that had been spoken in behalf of the prisoner, and were he is supposed to be. A, a distinguished citizen of Agency stepped upon the scaffold, and in a few eloquent and impressive words, the tribute, a while he represented the proceedings thoroughly, and which, he remarked that he would be glad to be a God-fearing man and an obedient citizen, but been deeply sorry for the crime of which he had been guilty, and possible the few remaining moments of his life. At 12 o'clock, he was formed upon the trap-door, and, a broad, hatchet having been fled around his head to his shoulders, the signal for the cause operation. The rope was numerous voices, the handkerchief was removed for the spectators, the trap-door was thrown, and the prisoner was suspended between and earth.

MORE AFFRAYS AT NEW ORLEANS.

We read in the *Picayune Zeitte* of 12th: "A few days ago, within about twenty-four hours of each other, two affrays occurred, one in Mobile Bay, twenty-five miles, remarkably fine 6 feet, and heads, were placed on board of the Mobile steamer for the city, and having safely arrived, are to be sold on Friday, at the St. Charles Hotel, by Julian Neville. There is much discussion and inquiry as to the character of these affrays, whether they are of the secret, or whether they are a portion of the one hundred and ninety-five which grown out of the 7th and 8th, unfortunately, the affrays, which, in the comfortable quarters of our river plantations, are of very uncommon occurrence, and, in fact, quite a novelty then. One of the 1st, a boy of seventeen, was hundred and seventy, and is over six feet high. It is supposed he is of the Dorsh tribe, and that his father was a concerned warrior of that a settle name.

"The other affray, which occurred the night after the loss of Judge Campbell, the most frequent of all the foes of the traffic, is curiously a very unfavorable. Sailor, too, selected for the landing side to the gravity of the offense. The Judge's recent position exchanges in the Grand Jury, and eloquent exhibition of the horrors of the middle passage, has just been delivered, and, and just been given to the United States Marshal to pass on to the Grand Jury, and, unfortunately, it is to be doubted that it was on the date of the Act of Congress to be prosecuted, to be one of all the jury and responsible, under the law, to be one of the jury and responsible, under the law, to be found in time for the piking season, which will be a valuable service to the cause of the complete force of agricultural laborers. Can such things be?"

BAD END OF A CHILD.

The Newark Advertiser of Friday publishes the following: "Several notices have recently been published concerning a child, named Mary Ann Gaskill, aged 6 years, who disappeared on July 6, having followed her mother to the house of the Jersey City, in a phaeton that day. He died early from an Saturday morning, and, in the afternoon, was found in the Jersey City, in a phaeton, was gaming. The barking of his dog in the house, and the barking of his dog in the house, and found the body almost imbedded in mud. The child had disappeared from the house, and was wandering, and having started to return to his home on the hill, over the meadows, and, unfortunately, he fell into a pool and died from exposure and hunger. During the night of the 6th, the child, the child, the child, wandered and tempested, and so search was undertaken. The eyes and mouth of the child were filled with mud, and, in the body, by muscles, and, the body was otherwise mutilated. Some thinks the child was murdered, but, in the age, by of starvation the boy had attempted to relieve himself. He had probably wandered in the meadows for two or three days, under a breathing sun by day, and, at night, in an early hour, and, in the morning, he died. The case is one of the most affecting that has occurred for a long time. Children are constantly lost in the Meadows to the increased protests, and the scene that followed was very affecting."

PERSONAL.

Lieutenant Tatnall, U. S. Navy, of the United States Navy, died on board the *Cumberland*, in the Bay of Naples, on the 5th inst. Lieutenant Tatnall has been ill of the consumption for some time, and, during the passage from Gaeta, Lieutenant Tatnall it was found impossible to remove him to the shore, and, on the 5th, he died, and, the body was carried on shore as an apartment in the hospital to a number of our sick, it was found that the Lieutenant was too ill to be removed. He was a son of John H. Hennion, Rev. Washington Hennion.

One of the recent *ex-officio* of London is that Sir Edward Cathcart, Bart., Commander-in-Chief of Malta, has, that they are about to live together again.

The young Prince of Prussia, Frederick, is, consumed with a priest, many many babies, on Friday evening, at the Palace of Berlin, in the Prussian Capital. He is the rival of the body of her husband, at which she desired to take a long leave, and, in the Palace of Berlin and revive; and she formed, when too late, that it had been conveyed to the Palace of Berlin, and, and, and, and tears relieved by attitude.

The Prince of Prussia, and announced the death in that city of the Hon. John Molson, whose name was from the first connected with Canadian Commerce, and, in fact, a

A correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* at Sing Sing says that "the Senate department is one of the most important departments of the state, and, and, and, and

THE SPIRITS ABROAD—THE SPIRIT OF DISUNION.

THE SPIRITS ABROAD—THE SPIRIT OF UNION.

THE Uncommercial Traveller.

NO. XI.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

SOME years ago a temporary inability to sleep, referable to a distressing impression, caused me to walk about the streets all night, in the series of several nights. The disorder might have taken a longer time to conquer if it had been family experienced on in bed; but it was soon defeated by the treatment of walking briskly after lying down, and going out, and coming home tired at sunrise.

In the course of those nights I finished my education in a fair amount of experience of houselessness. My principal object being to get through the night, I as pursued it I brought me into sympathetic relations with people who have no other object every night in the year.

The month was March, and the weather damp, cloudy, and cold. The sun not rising before half past five, the night perspective looked sufficiently long in that past twelve: which set me upon my time for confronting it.

The restlessness of a great city, and the way in which it keeps its worst losses before it can get to sleep, formed one of the first entertainments offered to the contemplation of an houseless people. It lasted about two hours. We lost a great deal of companionship when the late public-houses turned their lamps out, and when the pensioners thrust the last brawling drunkards into the street but stray vehicles and stray people going home were left, as other lost, to be conveyed by a policeman's rattle sprang and a fray turned up, but, in general, surprisingly little of this diversion was produced. The space in the Haymarket, which is the worst kept part of London, and about Regent Street in the Night, and about a portion of the line of the Old East Road, the pears was seldom violently broken. But it was always the case that London, as it is therefore of individual interest to longing to it, had expiring fits and starts of restlessness. After all seemed quiet, if one sat motionless by half a decent would surely follow; and houselessness even observed that intoxicated people appeared to be magnetically attracted toward each other, so that two, when two or one drunken object staggering against the shutters of a shop, that another drunken object would probably stagger up by twenty minutes were out, in a direction or fight with it. When we made a divergence from the regular beat, the chance of drunkenness, armed, pulledced, beaten-lipped gin-drinker—not encountered a rarer spectacle of a more decent appearance, fitter to one but that spectacle decrease'd in sailed mourning. As the street experience in the night, so the street experience in the day, remained the same, and was unexpectedly little. I little property, come unexpectedly into a deal of linger.

At length these flickering sparks would die away, some in the last twelfth part of a wink, leaving life trailed from some late pieman or hot-potato man—and London would sink to rest. And then the yearning for home would make itself felt by any sign of company, my lightest place, any moment, any thing suggestive of care and protection, may, so much as a smoke, for the houseless eye looked out for lights in windows.

Walking the streets under the pattering rain, Houselessness would walk and walk and walk, seeing nothing but the interminable tangle of streets, were at a corner, here and there, two policemen in conversation, or the sergeant or inspector looking after his men. Now and then in the night—but rarely—Houselessness would become aware of a furtive beast peering out of a door-way a few yards before him, and, coming up with the beast, would find a man standing half upright to keep within the door-way's shadow, and evidently intent upon no particular service to society. Under a kind of fascination, and in a ghostly silence suitable to the time, Houselessness and this gentleman would move one another's beat by foot, and so, without exchange of speech, part mutually suspicious. Drip, drip, drip, from eaves and gutters, from lamps and scaffoldings, and by-and-by the houseless shadow would fall upon the stones that pave the way to Waterloo Bridge; it would be the hundredth time by now a half-pence-worth of excuse for saying "Good-night" to the toll-keeper, and catching a glimpse of his fire, the only fire and a good-conduct one and a good weden-sock-shawl, were comfortable things to see in contrast with the toll-keeper; also his brisk wakefulness was excellent company when he rattled the change of halfpence down upon the metal table of his, like a man who defied the night, with all its sorrowful thoughts, and didn't care for the coming of dawn. There was need of encouragement at the threshold of the Bridge, for the bridge was dreary. The chopped-up murderer man had not been lowered with a rope over the parapet another night when it was a man, and slept then quietly enough, most likely, and undisturbed by any dream of what he had done. But the River had an awful look, the buildings on the banks were muffled in black shrouds, and the reddened lights seemed quivering, deep in the water, as if the spectres of suicides were holding them to show where they went down. The wild moon and clouds were as restless as the evil conscience in a tumbled bed, and the very shadow of the immensity of London seemed to be oppressed by upon his eyes.

Between the bridge and the two great theatres there was but the distance of a few hundred paces, so the theatres came next. Grim and black without, at night, these great dry Wells, and lonesome to imagine, with the rows of faces faded out, the lights extinguished, and the seats all empty. One would think that nothing in them knew itself at such a time but Torfe's skull. In one of my night walks, as the church-steeples were shaking the March wind and rain with the strokes of Four, I passed the outer boundary of one of these great deserts, and entered it. With a dim lantern in my hand I groped my well-known way to the stage, and looked over the orchestra—which is like a great grave dug for a time of pestilence—into the void beyond. A dismal cavern of an immense aspect, with the chandelier cased and like every thing else, and nothing visible through mist and fog and space but tiers of unlike-she-ts. The great stage, full of dark, dim, cold, lurk, I had once the pleasure of Naples dancing among the vines, reckless of the burning mountain, which threatened to overwhelm them. I was now in possession of a strong serpent of coolness, which yet was not quite the death of cold. It was a thing to fly at if it shoved its forked tongue. A ghost of a watchman, carrying a faint corpse-candle, haunted the distant perspective, and flitted away. Retiring within the proscenium, and holding my light above my head toward the rolled-up curtain representing the Temple of Apollo, a vast sight set itself in a gloomy vault, showing faint indications in it of a shipwreck of canvas and cordage. Methought I felt much as I should sit at the bottom of the sea.

In these small hours when there was no movement in the streets, it afforded matter for reflection to take Newgate in the way, and, troubling its rough stone, to think of the prisoners in their wards, and then to glance in at the lodge over the spiked turnkey, and see the fire and light of the watching turnkeys on the other side of the iron inspection-lattice either to linger by that wicked little Debtor's Door—shutting tighter than any other door one ever saw—which has let out so many, and so few in many. In the days of the uttering of forged twenty-pound notes by people tempted up from the country, how many times, in the agonized faces of both sexes—many quite innocent—swung out of a window not inconsiderable world, with the tower of a parish Church! Some of the Short Street's mournfully before their eyes! Is there any hunting of the Rats in the Sewers underneath, and of the directors, in the nights of these later days, I wonder, or is it so quiet as this degenerate Aceldama of old Bailey?

To walk on to the Bank, lamenting the good old times and bemoaning the present evil period, would be to company and to be cheered. To walk on to make my business circuit of the Bank, and give a thought to the treasure within; likewise to the guard of soldiers passing from the Guard-house lying over the fire. Next I went to Billingsgate, to some hope of market-people; but it proving so early for any, I resolved to betake myself to Covent by the water-side on the Surrey shore among the buildings of Lambeth Marsh. There I saw the gas going on at the brewery; and the reek, and the smell of grains, and the rattling of the plump-ing horses in their warm stables, and the company. Quite refreshed by having mingled with this good society, I made a new start with a new heart, setting the Old King's Bedstead Hospital in my next object, and resolving, when I should come to the wall, to think of poor Horace Kinch, and the Dry Rot in one.

A very curious disease, the Dry Rot in men, and difficult to detect the beginning of. It had arrived at Horace Kinch through the medium of the old King's Bench prison, and it had carried him out with its fast growing, and left him lying dead in the dark, in the prime of life, well to do, as clever as he needed to be, and popular among many friends. He was suddenly cut off, and left nothing behind but children. But, like some fair-looking houses, or fair-looking ships, he took the Dry Rot. The first strong, cool-looking man I met, I felt, in my heart, is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street-corners without intelligible reason; to be going nowhere when asked, and to be going somewhere rather than at any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a variety of things that shall never come to pass. Perhaps, when this manifestation of the disease is observed, the sufferer is unfairly considered to be under the impression once formed or received, that the patient was living a little too hard. He will scarcely have the heart to turn round and say, I am a patient from the terrible suspicion "Dry Rot," when he will notice a change for the worse in the patient's appearance; a certain shortness of the breath exertion, which is not poverty, nor dirt, nor intoxication, nor ill-health, but simply Dry Rot. To this secret disease, I fear, is to be attributed a great deal of evil, a lessness respecting money; to that, a crooked, a lessness respecting money; to that, a stronger smell as of strong waters at all times; a lessness respecting money; to that, a lessness respecting of the limits, consistency, misery, and hopelessness of life and of life and of life. Dry Rot advances at a compound usury quite incalculable. A plank is found in decay, and it has been a hundred years in decay. It has had been with the unhappy Horace Kinch, lately buried by a small subscription. Those who knew him had not sight enough to see. So well off, so comfortably established, with such hope before him and yet, it is found, with a slight touch of Dry Rot? Where lie the secrets of the Dry Rot?

From the dead wall associated on those homeless nights with this too common story, I chose next to walk to Bethlehem Hospital, and to pass round it by way my road round to Westminster; partly because that hospital is right on the road, and partly because the best pursuit within sight of its walls and dome. And the fancy was this: Are not the sane and the insane equal at night as at noon? Are not the wise and the fool, as well as the fool, in the hospital, who dreams, more or less in the condition of those inside it, or the night of our lives? Are not our minds, as our bodies, as they daily are, that we associate propertously with kings and queens, emperors and empresses, and notabilities of all sorts? Do we not nightly jumble events, and personages, and times, and places, as those do consciousness in respect of their waking delusions? Said an allieted man to me, when I was last in a hospital like this, "Sir, I can frequently fly." I was half ashamed to confess that so could I—by night. Said a woman to me on the same occasion, "Queen Victoria frequently come to dine with me, and Mr Napoleon and I dine off peaches and macaroni in our nightgowns, and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort is the same to me as to make a third on horseback in a Field-Marshal's uniform." Could I refrain from reddening with consciousness when I remembered the amazing very plausible story I had told (at call night), the uncommonness of which I had put on me, and my experience of the number of children upon myself on those disinguished occasions? I wonder that the great master who knew every thing, and who knew that the whole world of evil lay in it, did not call Dreams the disorder of each day's sanity.

AN OLD MAN'S MEMORIES.

It seemed to me to-day, as I sat listening in Magdalene Chapel to the grand old organ, and the boys' clear, fresh voices singing some anthem that has been heard for two or three hundred years, and watching the soft evening light as it came mellowed through the pointed windows, just falling on the altare over the altar, and bringing out clear the quaint carving of the oak stalls, that only had changed through the long, long years since I first sat there a feeble child, weeping from very fullness of heart—it all seemed to me so beautiful. How well I remember that day (it was the last one) when I first went to the chapel. The last notes of the organ had died away, the young men had all rushed out to their freedom, and I was left forsaken, but I still sat in a corner of the dark Anti-Chapel, quietly crying; I could hardly have tell why, a very little child, with scarce a thought beyond my thoughts and expressing my feelings as I could not have done to words. I used not say my prayers, but I knew that I was not long dead—my father had passed another world, and I was an orphan—and both cared for her hand-some boy more than they could do for me. They were never unkind, only indifferent, leaving me to wonder at I little. I knew all their love was for Hugh, a bright, winning child, as unlike me as they could wish; and I thought that no one could care for me as they were tyrier sometimes.

I was suddenly startled by a light hand being placed on my shoulder, and a gentle voice asking what ailed me? I raised my eyes and saw a tall, gray-haired man, looking down on me as I thought, I could not feel frightened. He left out of the chapel, and made me sit by him in the sunshine, and I told him all. "Tell him about it," and I did open all my childish heart to him, for there was an earnest simplicity and gentle kindness about him that made me forget he was a stranger. He listened very patiently, asking no questions as I went on. When I told him how I loved the organ, he seemed to see it too, for he smiled and told me it was he who played the organ and taught the boys to sing, and asked me if I would like to hear it. I said "Yes," for I seemed as much a dream that I should ever do so as any of the bright, joyful dreams I sometimes had. He soon returned; I had put Martin Flemming did not forget me (or never did forget me) from time to time, and came to be dear. I found I had some capacity for music; and soon, through his influence, I was one of the boys he taught to sing and play the organ.

My father failed in his business soon after this, and left Oxford, with my mother and little brother, for a distant village, willingly accepting of Martin's offer of adopting me as his own son—an offer generously made when he saw how it would delight my mother, who was fearful of my leaving me. I lived on at the old gray house a tranquil, peaceful life, being my own master and my friend's pupil. We were quite companions, notwithstanding the difference in our age. I was too little to be his friend, or any admiration, perhaps, and much preferred wandering about with him in the lovely college gardens, hearing all the many legends of the place, and hearing, perhaps, from him the old books he loved and I learned to love too, and helping him to pet and play with his dog Jess, a beautiful, gentle, little dog, which he loved better than any thing on earth, for her young master had died when she was born, some four years past.

She was always fond of me, awkward boy though I was; and I, ever grateful for affection, was fond of her, willing, and, I think, in kind bondage, for she was gentle and tender-hearted as her Master, and, like him, full of life and fun. Dear little Jessie! how she used to flit along the cloisters to meet me when I came from school, her bright, curly head, with her long ears, and her dark, innocent face, and her blue eyes sparkling with pleasure because "Stephen had come back to play with and love her!" Dear little Jessie! how happy days we had together by the river-side! Then, when she was tired, I would sit on the roots of one of the old elm trees, and read, while she was quiet, if impossible not to look at the little fairy figure, half-hidden in the tall buttercups and grass, or not to hear the low, sweet, musical voice, pausing or relaxing some wonderful discovery of hidden fairy-land. Sight, sound, and thought, all blended in light, she would be half-frightened under the archlet of the long avenue of the elm-trees, though we both thought the cool, green, twilight shade, with their thick foliage; but when the wind sighed through the branches mournfully her little hand would slide gently into mine, and we would feel the innocent prattle for a time. Those were very happy days, and year after year went by all too quickly. I received a good education at the chorister's school; I liked my studies, and they said I learned well and remembered well. Master Flemming (as he did as boys call him) had no ambition for himself, but often said he would like to see me a scholar of the college before he died; and I felt I must not only longer be dependent on his charity. So I toiled hard, and was successful. I was elected a scholar of it—and at the end of my college graduate's course, having obtained to me) unexpected honors, I remained on at the old college as tutor and I current.

Jessie had grown up to womanhood now, though as child-like in her simplicity and trusting innocence as when I first knew her. She was very lovely, and her frankness and delicacy made her even more so. I used to fancy, as she hung about me with cheering, his cup, with a little coaxing intuitivity, that she was like the delicate flower-bell, so simple and beautiful, so delicate, so full of visions of the coming, so unlike those around, younger than she was by him. I always loved her; and I felt as if it was my duty to protect her, as of an elder brother changed to the deep, passionate love of the man for one infinitely better and purer than himself, and to be so changed. I never betrayed this by look or word; it was only in my most sanguine day-dreams that I hoped to win her to be my wife in time. Her mind was so young, so far, dream of linking her fate to such a I was? It was bliss enough for the present to be with her daily—to hear her voice, to be protected and trusted in me. I would not for worlds disturb her innocent confidence in "Brother Stephen," as she still called me, but I inwardly vowed that the object of my life should be to guard her from sorrow, and, if possible, to keep her happy and poised, as she was then, in my presumption and kindness forgetting that others might place my cherished dream before me.

My father had never returned to England. He had prospered greatly, and was a rich man now. His letters were not always full of praise of his little brother Hugh; his beauty, his wit, his popularity were a never-failing theme. I often longed to see the boy, who, I fancied, was a fine, handsome, yet winning little fellow, and now my wishes were to be gratified. I was to go coming to England before finally settling in the colony, and intend to spend some time in Oxford, picking up what information he could from his old schoolmaster. This news caused great excitement in our quiet household. Martin Flemming insisted upon his becoming my guest, and, when I was first told of the coming drew near, Jessie was quite in a flutter of shy expectation. Her life had been so very quiet, with none to sympathize with her, or her only companions, the arrival of an unknown guest was to great event to her. I have heard she looked as if it was nothing for him that bright morning—sing in her simple white dress and blue ribbons, the cross-shaped, I had particularly had her wear because they matched the color of her eyes) placed in her sunny hair!. How timidly she shrank behind her father when Hugh came, and how fast she first to greet and bring him in, and how prettily she forgot her shyness and came forward to welcome him as an old friend and brother, as my brother! I could hardly believe he was my brother, he was so unlike me in every way. He was tall and fair, with a fine face, which was honored by the sun and long vengeance, would have been almost stern in its regularity had it not been for his bright, laughing eyes and ready smile. His manners were frank and winning. Altogether there was a pleasant satisfaction in being his elder brother and the man who has seen something of the world. We were all soon like old friends together, and in a few days Jessie was quite at her ease, and the man was her own gay, simple self again. I could hardly believe I was only a few years older than Hugh. I never knew what it was to be so gay and happy as about me till I compared myself with him. I was very proud of him, yet almost envious sometimes; he was active, handsome, fun, his manly courage, his very idle mirth, and dislike to dry books, had a charm about them, and he soon was a favorite with every one—except Master Flemming, who listened with the eager pleasure of a child to his description of foreign cities and people, to the books he had beside had received from some cruel boys and brought home to nurse and pet, and who listened, delighted, to the adventures of his dog, which was the only one who could see any fault in him; and I thought I discovered the old selfishness and impetuousness, which so delighted my mother, to be chose to please, I did not wonder they remained undiscovered.

During the ensuing winter and early spring I saw very little of them. I was young and inexperienced in my various offices, and it was only by dint of hard work and a little more than I could worship. It was very difficult to leave the pleasant little home, and, when I was there, to be a muddy glow on the carved oak book-cases and cherished books, Martin Flemming in his eyes-light, Jessie sweet and fair as the lily of Hugh, his hand playing with her curls, while her little fingers busied themselves over some bit of work, or sat in drop idle in her lap. Dear to Hugh, whose light figure looked taller in the fire-light as he leaned against the mantle-piece, amused with Jessie's grave attention to his adventures in the cause of such spirit, seeming quite content to pass his evenings in their quiet society, unbroken by the noisy and inevitable of his young companions. I used to hear their merry singing voices as I sat poring over my books and paper, my little desk close by, a barrier to resist Jessie's fresh young voice singing the grand old music her father loved, or some song taught to her by Hugh; then Martin would move to the instrument and play fragments of Handel, Beethoven, or Mozart, linking altogether in an wonderful way, the music he had taught the day; and though I could not see them, I knew how Jessie and Hugh would be sitting, the one in the light, the fire-light, subdued, not saddened, by the thrilling chords and plaintive melodies, and the music seemed still a friend to me, as it had been long ago and is still; and now it spoke of building hopes and happy dreams, till the bell in the old tower, telling the rapidly passing hours, recalled me to my books and prosaic life again.

Spring was returning again, the tall elms were budding, the meadows daily growing greener, the ivy on the gray buildings putting forth fresh growth. Master Flemming had been ailing all the winter, and it grieved me that he did not im-

prove with the spring. He had given up his post of organist! It was sometimes too much for him now to mount the steep stairs to the organ-loft. It may have been fancy, but he never seemed the same afterward; and now his strength gradually declined Jessie was not uneasy, she never doubted his perfect recovery, and often talked cheerfully of the world he would be when he was quite well again. He never contradicted her; but he would lie for hours, sighing, and would often speak to me in his simple, trust-ful way of death and heaven. "I think his heart had been there ever since the time when he loved so well Ellen; he was only when he talked of Jessie that he seemed unwilling to leave this world. He reproached himself bitterly for having thought of providing for her. He never had saved; what he did not absolutely need he gave away, "and now my little one will be left a helpless orphan with none but you to care for her," and as he said this tears ran down the old man's cheeks. I should not bear this—I told him all I felt, and hoped, and feared—but my love for Jessie had strengthened with my strength and power with my growth, till now it seemed a part of my nature. He was much moved. I believe he loved me more than any other human being has loved me since I was what I saw how relieved he was, I was glad to have spoken so simply. He promised me faithfully not to reveal to anyone, even to Jessie—he had never ceased to regard her as a little child, and thought it far better so. He said he hoped to live years yet a while," but he felt so sure all would be as I wished it—he perfectly sanguine of my success—I could not but be cheerfully influenced by his words, and hoped more and feared less than I had hitherto done.

March and April glided away, the first of May had come. On that day the choristers of the college always assemble on the top of the chapel tower at daybreak, to sing certain anthems. It has been the custom for hundreds and hundreds of years, and I hope will be so for many years to come. It is the effect is very touching and beautiful. Jessie and I had never missed going since the time we were children together—and it was so proud to sing with the other boys. Master Flemming used to carry Jessie (then a tiny little thing) up the tower, and I remember how wistfully she used to cling to me as the high tower, and while we sang she would stand by his side with that look of rapt happy delight, which I used to see in childhood. Dear as she was to me then, and fair as I had thought her, she was still dearer now, and still more fair. She had grown stout and good looking over the same book; her blue eyes were clear down, their long lashes resting on her cheek, and an ineffable air of peace and perfect happiness had did not wonder at Hugh's undisguised look of admiration, as we came in sight of her. She was standing in some happy dreaming of her own, which harmonized with the soft yet joyful music.

It was a lovely morning, warmer and brighter than May days often are. I lingered after the singing was ended to hear my eyes on the view. The sunlight was pouring full on the numerous spires and towers of the city, showing their exquisite proportions and tracery; the gardens, with their profusion of green and light flowers, and the sombre gray of the colleges and halls, and the river flowed silv and clear, fringed with its green willows, and the little cathedral city with the Stillbury and other early towers beyond lay green fields and woodlands, and the sea like a line in the distance. I thought I had never seen it look so beautiful before, it has never looked so beautiful since my last Author (or so my life day which has never quite passed away.

I had gone behind one of the buttresses to see better some place, I forgot, when I was carried by hearing voices near me, for I thought I had been left alone there. I listened, idly at first, but soon with eager attention as I heard Hugh Lyle speak, and he was telling of fervent love, utter devotion, pleading earnest entreaties, and passionate misery! It was Jessie's voice that answered him. I could not hear the broken words at first; but soon, the unmistakable tones of that sweet voice I love. Why did I not die at that moment? Words are faint to express what I felt—grief, shame, anger, despair. I could not move, I could not speak, I could not listen; I could only feel that the hope of my life was gone, my Jessie lost to me forever! I heard her bitterly blind and remorseful, yet proud, and yet, he could not love her as I loved her. And then came burning indignation against Hugh, why was he ever to thwart and triumph over me? what had I done that I was not as dear to Jessie as other men were? was a mere idle boy indeed more worthy of her than I who had worked and waited so many years? They had spent years together—they had overcome, and the rain and wind were beating against his cover; but I still stood there leaning over my weapon, my memory still held fast to my ring for morning prayers. Even then habit prevailed, and I recited two mechanically through the chapel, and prayed for the chapel. I felt as though I were in a hateful dream, but knew that from this dream there would be no waking, and my heart was full of dark, evil thoughts, but when the organ began a low, plaintive voluntary, I tried to harden myself against the music, but it softened me even against my will, seeming to my excited fancy as if an angel pleaded with me, and as the voluntary continued, my prayer, which I recited, at shame lessened, my heart was melted, and I could pray—pray for help, for strength, for comfort—pray to me only can pray when my heart's idols are breaking, what we have clung to escaping our grasp, and we find our utter inability to stand alone. At last tears relieved me, and I took up strengthened if not comforted. It was her happiness I had always desired, should I repine because hers was not mine too? I could bear all if Hugh proved worthy, and I would not doubt him, but love for me would make him worthy, perfect him from his faults; but for me! O God! how could I bear the long bleak life from which it seemed to have gone!

I went to my usual duties that morning, doing all mechanically, seeing through every thing the fair, downcast face; hearing the broken voice murmur to another words I had madly dreamed of hearing, addressed to myself. I went home at night so sad and weary; it was hard to hear Hugh's earliest gladness, and almost a relief that Jessie looked pale and troubled, and was preoccupied to notice any change then might be in my looks or manner. She was with her father most of the evening, I was unnoticed by him, and had kept his room for some days. I saw she had not told him any thing, for he talked cheerfully of indifferent subjects, and he never could keep any thing from me. Dear, guileless Martin Flemming! he never could deceive, he never could see either could; in innocence, and faith, and charity, his heart was like a little child.

I could not bear to think that first miserable night; wretched dreams and waking thoughts haunted me. I rose early, and went into the little garden beside the cathedral. It was a lovely morning, the sun shone, the birds sang; the flowers Let loiterly delighted in opportunity for a walk their of color—every thing was in such contrast to myself. I was sitting listlessly on the rude stone bench I had put up there in happier days, when Hugh footstepe startled me, and Jessie seated herself on the grass at my feet; she put her hand in mine, as she always used to do childhood, very, she was too shy to look up in my face with the old wistful glance, as she said, "Stephen, dear, I wish you could tell me what is the matter with Hugh, I know what she would ask me; I had seen in her anxious gaze at her father and then at Hugh, the whole tale. Her love was dearer to me than I ever love to them both. For a moment I felt as if I could not answer her truthfully, I felt as if I could not endure to see, if I told hidden face was agitated, I was thought only of nothing and hoping, but, at last, I could not bear to see her pain. I told her (God heard the anguished prayer I offered up for help and courage, or I never could have done it) that Hugh had loved and told me; that she and Hugh loved one another, but that she could not bear to leave her old father even to go with him; I spoke of her father, of her duty, of her love, of her anxiety, of her fear that she had thought of it"—the fast falling tears and silent pressure of my hand told me I had guessed right—"but that she must see him, and that he loving Hugh as she did it was no sin." Here Jessie raised her eyes to mine with a look of happy gratitude, and I went on, and said, "Did I not wonder Hugh could care for such a childish little thing as she was? I was never conscious of her as a child, she thought I never understood such things; and now I would make every thing straight and easy." As I drew to a close, I felt that my generous heart would have grieved had you known the pain your innocent words gave me. We talked long together. She said that I was her father's friend, would consent to his bringing out an English wife, but that he never would be induced to let him see her, or to bring her home, that he was very fond of captaining him." Jessie, poor child, was not the first to be deceived by such a supposition in this question, but I had not the heart to tell her how fine I thought Master Flemming was sinking. I knew that generous, high-minded, high-principled gentleman days if he knew how things stood; so I advised Jessie not to speak, or let Hugh speak to him, till my father answered my letter, which I had written, asking for his consent to their marriage. Letter were answered but slowly in those days; "and to that time," Jessie promised, "I will be quiet, especially, "lest may be so much better there will be no fear of captaining him." And then, poor child, she kissed me, and sprinkled her cheeks with water from the quaint old fountain, that Hugh might not think her looks had betrayed her. Jessie flitted like a butterfly among her flowers, gathering a nosegay for her father's room. She told me before I left her that I was to consider Hugh as a brother, "and when I talked to her," and it lightened my heavy heart to find that I could still do so, and made it easier for me to talk to Jessie about Hugh, whom I met coming in the garden-gate, and with him joy. I sometimes think he must have guessed my feeling, for he was so confused, and muttered something about my great kindness; and he always avoided being alone with me, and was silent and reserved when I was. He had never liked me, and I could not wonder at it. I had never liked him, I thought him very cold, and it natural enough that he was often ashamed of his shy, awkward, book-worm of a brother.

I could not bear to see Jessie, or writing a book, interesting only to scholars, more to form my thoughts from myself, and to please Martin Flemming, the Bishop and the Dean, and the rest of the choristers. He hardly seemed to care for any thing now but a tuneless tune of a little child' Jessie and the Bible and Milton. He had unloosed his soul from earthly cares, and would talk of another life as if he had always partly entered into its peace and joy. We were sitting together in the garden one bright Sunday morning; it was very calm and still, the sunlight was so glad, and to us more distinctly than I had ever heard it before. Martin's eye glistened as he sat listening; when it ceased, he told me one of the voices had sounded like his dear young wife's. "How I have pined to hear that sweet voice again! and in one of my blessed thoughts that I shall soon hear it in heaven, never to have it taken from me. I am glad the Bible says so much about music; it seems to make it right to love it so dearly and feel it a holy thing. She made me promise before she died that I would never indulge in any grief for her, but always love it for her sake—she knew how it would comfort me."

The organ began again, and he sat up to listen even more eagerly than before, when quite suddenly he fell back fainting. I was much alarmed, at his sudden pallor, and hoped and feared to be taken into the house. He was much better when Jessie and Hugh came in, but we all saw that a change had come over him, and felt that it meant. I was quite conscious, but did not speak, except a few soothing words to Jessie, who sat by his bed, holding his hand with a little quiet, tearless grief. I must stunned, poor child, by the suddenness of the blow, for the tears never have flown. I passed the evening in solitary grief, and when the chapel bell rang begged to be allowed to go and pray by myself, for a few words recalled him to himself, and he smiled joyfully, saying "He would hear music no more till he heard the heavenly choir, and he was sure he should sing among the angels." He then lay quite still, and we thought he slept, for the bright smile was still on his face, but it was only the light of heaven, he was now in this world—his guileless spirit passed away to heaven that calm, starry night.

I shall not dwell on the mournful days that followed; it was Jessie's first real sorrow, and her grief was terrible for a time. God forgive me that even then it made mine so much more unbearable that it was Hugh who comforted her, Hugh who then was a comfort to him, Hugh who had to come; of a love stronger, deeper than that of a father's, and her cheek became less pale, and her eye flowed more frequently, and she listened.

How, at that time, I envied my dear master's quiet rest in the grave! He needed me no more; there was one who could minister to him, and I was one who had ever really prized my love was gone, and my life seemed darker than ever.

The day were drawing on, the days stop regaining its lightness, and her voice its gay tone. It vexed me to see that, after Jessie's tears grew independent of her grief, and hardly concealed that he was so and she, woman-like, would meekly conceal as long as she could, that it was time to be patient she was when she first was his love. It sometimes frightened me to see the intensity of her other devotion to him. I felt sure that there was the old imperiousness in his very love. His father's willing consent to his marriage came all too soon, and Hugh's impatience was all too ready to welcome. A ship was soon going out; they were to be married immediately, and sail in her. The letter was written to Hugh's father, not for her sake, for he trusted they would receive his wife kindly. As my time drew nigh, I needed all my powers of sympathy and consolation to soothe her mingled hopes and fears; and I would not fail her when she needed me most, though I felt with what agony was in my heart to part with her—my little, tender, gentle Jessie—to part with her too probably forever, and at a time when I could bear it. It was well the last days were hurried; had that wretched time lasted longer I should have broken down altogether. I felt I went through it all calm, unflinching, even that most miserable day of all which made her Hugh's wife, and on which I had to see her leave her home. I felt my strength when we parted, and asked out that no one could see her or speak to her, and I left her in her room, and that she would never, never forget me. And though he spoke to her gently, I saw a dark shade on Hugh's face, a spasm of pain, her pale cheek like face turned toward me, her loving eyes uplifted to mine, but even before she pressed the door she tried to smile on her old friend, and I felt that "not think she repented going any where, leaving any thing, with him."

I never saw her again, and never may in this world; but her every look and tone still dwells in my memory, never to be effaced from it, till I see her in heaven.

I had a long illness after this; the excitement I had made was too much for my weak frame could bear. I hoped and prayed that I might die; but God in His mercy spared me, to learn resignation and submission to His will, and in the long days and nights of pain and weary loneliness that followed, I trust I learned to submit my will to His, and know and trust that all was for good.

I recovered, though slowly. I had to leave the familiar house, where all my happiest days were spent, for my health was broken, my nerves were still with me, and after a time I found interest in them and in my duties, and every day my pain became more bearable, and my sorrow more less acute.

In due time a letter came from Jessie. What a strange thrill the writing gave me! and I thought of the time when I taught her little hand to trace the letters, and how I laughed when her curls would fall on the paper and blot out the strange, mischievous characters. It was a very happy letter, full of Hugh's goodness, "and how he was popular he was, and how proud she felt to be his wife, and how unworthy" and there were affectionate wishes, hopes and promises never to forget my brotherly love and counsels, all written in her simple, childlike, loving way. I was recovering more and more. "She was not so strong as she had been, and Hugh was often away, and when he was at home she was much alone, because she was not able to be as gay as he was, and he would grow dull staying in alone with only her;"—then that word of pain, and I heard nothing more, when a letter did come in the dear hand, it was so unusually and different from the usual cheery tone of Jessie's letters, that I felt sure something was wrong, and Hugh would not let her write letters, because he said it tired her; he did not know how she liked to write to me, and think and talk of the dear old home, or he would not have prevented her; she did so long to see it again, and thought she might yet get strong again if Hugh could spare time and money to bring her back there for a little time. Hugh was very good, and he said she was getting quite well again, but she did not think so herself." Then she went on to say "she feared she had not prized her old, peaceful, happy home, as she deserved and ought to have; she had met there, as she ought to have done, and prayed me to forgive her seeming ingratitude; she understood better now how precious and rare such contentment and love was." Poor Jessie, her aches weeds showed not too plainly that the sorrow and trials which I would gladly have given my life to save her from had come upon her—perhaps to be borne for her short time; and when I thought what misery every neglect or unkindness would be to her gentle, sensitive heart, I thought it right that I should be, as I had to be, lonely for life, and pondered over what was and what might have been, and thought how happy cheerfulness would have taken from me to the heavy burden of my lonely lot. What would I give to be near her, to help and comfort my child? But God's ways are not as our ways, and He was preparing joy and peace for such as I could not give; for it was the perfect joy and perfect love we may only find in heaven. I watched and waited wearily through that long, dark winter for tidings from Cuba—but my heart sickened at the delay. The wished-for letter came, for it was from Hugh. I knew what he had to tell me before I read, for as I hastily opened the letter a tress of golden hair dropped on my feet. That fond memento turned round that sunny world—the little hopeless, helpless thing to meet me, her blue streaming in the wind—the fair girl resting her head on her father's knee, his hand fondly pouring the blessing on her—the wavering sunlight, her hair hung in disordered over her black dress—the proud young wife, smilingly bidding her husband notice her gift—the old man sway all her long locks under her bonnet, because it made her look less like a child!—all her winning looks and ways came back to me, and then, the cold, cheerless darkening, was thought to be the end of all! Bitter tears dropped on the precious lock of hair, and for a time I could find no comfort.

I see Hugh! if his affection for her had ever known less, he would have loved her, and her letter was written in great grief, and letter self-reproach that he had never seen how ill she was, and had to show left her lonely. I felt sure that there was much patience through all her sufferings, and gentleness to all. She spoke of me nearly at the last, and of them with a look of deep, still, with her dear love. She seemed quite happy and peaceful from the time they told her that she must die, only anxious for Hugh's sake, and delighting in his tender cares for her, though they come too late to save. He said he felt how she had unworthily he had proved himself of the treasure that had been given to his keeping, and that he felt I never could forgive.

When my sorrow had grown more calm, I wrote to him words words of comfort and brotherly sympathy, and I hoped and believed he forgot; but the answer (which was long of coming) was constrained and short—the repentant mood had evidently left him, and I felt that I had written to a cold, cruel, hard man. I did not often hear of him after this; he married again, and has grown up sons and daughters, and forgotten his wife.

Since that mournful winter my life has glided on happily and peacefully, and it has been a happy one. All the sadness has faded from the old memories, and they have made many a solitary hour seem not lonely. I have also been blessed poor and weak; but I have been enabled to be of use to those poorer than myself, freely giving the instruction that could not yield me pay for, and the gratitude (if not the affection) of many has cheered my path. I am old and failing now, and I humbly hope that soon this worn-out frame will rest under the stones of the cloister where in life I so often lingered—and my spirit join those I loved so dearly and lost so long, in that bright world where parting and sorrow are unknown.

THE CITY OF MESSINA.

We engrave on the following page the city of Messina, which is now the centre of interest in Italy. "Its a town of about 85,000 inhabitants, situate on the north side of a magnificent harbor; flat, or used to have, a fine trade, and an active fishery. The view from the hills is very fine. It was from these hills that Garibaldi in our picture that Garibaldi looked down on the plain, and wrote the famous bulletin—

"Ecrasez du sen Land wo die Citronen blühen."

A late traveler thus writes of Messina:

"Messina is a lovely town, founded by Orion of the Bolt, and more called Zancle, from the sickle which he carried, and which Neptune, Minerva and other pulite gave its precincts of lovely dwellings, so bright they make the Neapolitan streets appear rather white towards them: behind, the stern heights of the Aucusanus, or Eagle Mount, try to soften the rigid, Roman outline of the Cathedral, and of our countrymen having been nearly robbed there by peasants they took for guides, I can only feel it is a place to be visited by rounds a wondrous view, though Etna is for the present veiled by scarce fleecy clouds.

"Within, Messina, for a Sicilian town, is clean and handsome; chiefly having given the inhabitants wealth and taste, and the dignity of their former fifty cities. The Grande Ferdinando runs spectacularly through the town, and contains the Cathedral and other public buildings; midway is a new marble statue of the prince, which gives the spectacle whenever a fashionable had been wrecked by the Messinese in the last revolution, and which, I hear, is now to be set up in the original place. Fortunately, the lava pavement was dry, as it is usually covered with sharp flinters, and handsomely placed in fabled triangles, and numberless tricks, which we have christened enchantress, ready to be bought for Christmas presents. The other streets were built much in the same style on a smaller scale, quite new in appearance, and hardly worn. The houses more than three stories high, in case of being shaken down all any moment. The Victoria, a good hotel, with fine places and little d'hôte, kept by Germans (of which there are numerous) and a good restaurant there is also a good hotel of Sicilly, is on the Marina or sea-side of Messina, where the palaces of the rich merchants stand, overlooking the sea."

THE CITY OF MESSINA, SICILY.—[See preceding Page.]

THE BAIT FOR SHARKS.

THE NEGRO'S REVENGE.

[ANTONIO, *surnamed El Matador, a sea-captain, and in reality a pirate from the Spanish Main, having excited the admiration of a company of actors and actresses, in Sydney, by a sudden passionate outburst, is requested by them to narrate it, in order to elicit from him a specimen of his natural aptitude for the stage.*]

Antonio. The bark had followed us for a week. Night and day, day and night, his black fin steered in our wake—fifty fathom astern, it was always there. We had nose skin on board; but we had been too long cruising in the tropics not to know that at least one of us would lose the number of his mess ere the creature parted company with the ship.

The weather being very sultry, the sailors became irritable, until if a man had chanced to look at another it gave offence, as if each thought his neighbor wished him to glut the monster's ravenous maw, and so solve the doom which threatened all alike. At length, on the seventh day, the third mate, a scowling Portingallo, quarreled with the black cook, *Zanga*, who, he swore, put cockroaches purposely in the dishes that underwent the sable preparation of his most greasy hands. Now this Zanga was a tall Ashantee, who had been a king in his native land—a laughing, merry-hearted fellow, but proud as the Prince of Darkness after his own fashion. I did not hear all that was said between them; but the negro turned the laugh against the Portingallo, who was forced at for his unsavory complaint. That evening Zanga's son, a boy about twelve years old, a child in arms when his father was taken captive, was seen on the forecastle playing, as was his wont, with the captain's favorite blood-hound, which it was his sole charge to feed. It had fallen a dead calm, and the shark had come some twenty fathoms nearer, and its huge sides gleamed ghastly with phosphoric light. We had some thought of shooting at it with a falconet; but the captain was in a surly mood, and would brook no waste of powder to gratify our desire. The next day the boy was missing, and when we looked astern for the shark it was no longer there (*pause*).

An Actress. Nay, continue, I pray you. Had the poor child fallen overboard?

Antonio. I kiss your fingers, Señorita. During the morning the dog became furious, and twice flew at the Portingallo's throat; so that we were forced to chain the animal to the capstan, being alarmed at his sudden frenzy. Had the Portingallo dared to brave the captain's wrath, he would have slain the hound with a boarding-pike as he lay there securely fastened, by turns growling and whining, his head couched motionless between his paws, his tail over and anon beating the deck with quick, impatient knocks, and the fiery glitter of his deep-sunk, bloodshot eyes following every movement of him whom he had so strangely assailed. During the evening there was a hot and noisy alteration forward as to whether or not the dog had exploited the boy overboard in anger or boisterous sport. Some, among whom the Portingallo was most vehement, swore, with oaths and curses, that it was so. Two or three declared that the dog had been shut up in the sunkroom a full hour before they last saw the missing lad busy with his fishing-lines close to the open port-hole of a culverin. As for Zanga, he spoke to none, answered none, and none cared to question his grief. Have any of you ever chanced to see a negro's face turn ashen pale—all the villainous ink of his complexion precipitated from the dry parchment of his skin by the deep inward chemistry of an agonizing breast? That night, about eight bells, being toward the end of the Portingallo's watch on deck, a cry from the still surface of the ocean, and a little way off, which seemed to vibrate through the ship's timbers, roused us from sleep. We tumbled up from our hammocks and looked anxiously around. Scarce a stone's throw distant, on the starboard side, in the very track of the moonlight, we saw the jolly-boat adrift, and in it the gigantic figure of the negro stooping to over something which by proxy trots at his feet. It was the Portingallo, naked to the waist, gagged, and bound hand and foot. As we gazed the negro attached a rope and rope to one of those which the Portingallo was already fastened. In the thrilling light of the moonbeams every detail shone distinct and clear, as in the picture of a martyrdom lighted by a thousand tapers at high noon. (*Stands himself.*) We shuddered as we saw the negro make this rope well secure. While the Portingallo lay writhing in the boat before him. We saw his white teeth glisten again as he grinned in his revenge, and the mention time of agony on the Portingallo's face, and the sweat pouring down him, and the wrinkled anguish of his brow, and the brightling of his hair in the extremity of his terror; and then, last of all, we heard the gentle plashing of the water as the boat swayed with their movement, and the fretting of the rope, and the touch of their naked limbs, and the gurgle in the victim's throat, and the breathing of the negro and the doomed. Your stage-lamps, ladies, do not cast so fair and true a light as that beautiful tropic moonshine on the face. Then the negro carefully lifted his victim over the boat's side, payed out his rope, and paddled a little distance off. His purpose flushed simultaneously upon us. He was fishing with a human live-bait for sharks.

An Actor. Saints of mercy! And did none of you interfere?

Antonio. An Imperial lady at a ball-fight could not be more entranced than we were. Presently a dark shadow rose from the water near the boat, and then another, and another, until a dozen sharks, small and large, slowly moving their rude jer-like tails, were poised in full eight beneath. When the Portingallo saw them he leaped half out of the water with a convulsive effort that nearly bent him double, as ye may have seen a fish on dry land jerk itself spasmodically toward ocean. The large shark quickly turned over underneath; but Zanga twitched his line, and then a second and a third essayed to seize that lively bait. Then the gag got loose, and the doomed man yelled to Heaven and to the ship for aid, and shrieked a brief and piteous shriek, as he was overbalanced, fell into the sea, and how but for the shark he would himself have saved him. But Zanga yelled with triumph, and they both yelled together, until you could scarcely distinguish between their cries, and untwist the sacred harmony of revenge from the howling discord of despair. Oh! revenge, I tell you, is the gift of the gods—the only joy that the grudging immortals freely share! As the black cried in his fury, and the white man in his agony, until the ship's crew suddenly found their sweet voices, and raised a chorus to them both; and the dog, who had got loose, bayed in fierce answer to all; and the sharks made a babbling and commotion, that you would have thought hell itself had risen from the deep. But Zanga pulled his line no longer; and, like hounds in at the death, the sharks closed upon their prey, and the boat rocked to and fro, and the black danced, screeching and howling; and by the time we had lowered the gig and lowered—both of which we found staved full of holes, as a malignant expiration when handled by a score of her own sex—we saw nothing save a few shivered planks, and a dark-red stain on the placid water, to tell us of the scene that had been there. Within an hour a breeze sprung up, within two it had freshened to a gale, within three we were scudding under bare poles. During four days the hurricane raged; on the fifth the ship struck, and foundered, and I alone escaped to tell the story of the Negro's Revenge. Me thinks, fair ladies; there is nothing for the complexion, believe me, like sea-air.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE SIR M. A. SHEE.

THE life of the late Sir Martin A. Shee, President of the Royal Academy, has just been written by his son; it contains many anecdotes.

Sir Martin's father was under medical treatment, in consequence of what appeared to be an ordinary inflammation of the eyes; his sight, however, had not been visibly impaired. On a certain day he had read the newspaper, had attended to his usual avocations, and was well enough to receive some intimate friends at dinner. While he sat at the head of his table, engaged in cheerful conversation with his guests, all around him became suddenly dark; the external world had vanished from his eyes instantaneously, and forever! His friends, surprised to see sharply start up from his chair, and leave the room with uncertain steps, remained for some minutes in perplexity as to the cause of his departure. At length, alarmed by the delay, one of the company ventured up stairs to inquire after him, and, on entering the drawing-room, discovered his unfortunate host on his knees, audibly engaged in fervent prayer, and expressing his Christian resignation to the Divine will, and the infliction of so severe a chastisement for the sins of his past life.

Among famous persons whose acquaintance Mr. Shee made in the height of his fame, he became intimate with a certain Mr. A——, ostensibly a wine-merchant, but in reality a money-lender to the Prince Regent, and keeper of a gambling-house, whose magnificent hospitality was only a blind for the more effective pursuit of his victims.

As a curious illustration of what the King's highway was like, even in the suburbs of the metropolis, in 1793, we may mention, too, his acquaintance with Mr. (afterward Sir William) Addington, chief magistrate of police in London. "One morning, while Mr. Addington was enthroned in the 'great chair,' and Mr. Shee was busy with his pencil, the servant entered and informed the sitter that a person, whose name he mentioned, was in the outer room, and wished to see Mr. Addington immediately, on important business. The magistrate, evidently somewhat excited by the announcement, asked leave of Mr. Shee to have the visitor ushered into the painting-room; observing that it was one of his officers, who came to him by appointment, and who had a communication to make to him, which need not interrupt the sitting. The request being of course granted, the functionary in question was at once admitted, and, anticipating the magistrate's eager inquiry, exclaimed in a tone of great excitation, and rubbing his hands: 'I have done it, Sir!—shot him—shot him dead!—at four o'clock this morning?—an announcement which was received by his chief with an exclamation of delight, and every appearance of the most lively satisfaction. After this little outburst of official hilarity, Mr. Addington, turning to Mr. Shee, who had witnessed the scene with some amazement, informed him that the individual who had been so summarily disposed of by the triumphant police constable was a certain notorious highwayman, whose depredations the magistrate had set his heart on effectually stopping, and whom he had recently taken measures to secure, dead or alive. It appeared that the unfortunate knight of the road had been, for several months past, infesting the localities of Wimbledon Common and Hounslow Heath, and levying abundant contributions upon sundry of his Majesty's lieges, who were adventurous enough to indulge in the dangerous practice of traveling post after nightfall. For a long time the police authorities had been on his track; but he had succeeded in eluding their vigilance. At length it was resolved to resort to stratagem for the purpose of securing him; and with the sanction of his chief, the intelligent official had, on the previous night—accompanied by another Bow Street officer of approved skill and nerve like himself, armed to the teeth—driven out in a post-chaise and four to the scene of the highwayman's most frequent exploits. After traversing in all directions the district which seemed most likely to attract his watchful attention, they were at length so fortunate as to fall in with him, while proceeding at a rapid pace across Wimbledon Common. Deceived by the style of the equipage, which he no doubt supposed to be conveying some traveler of import-

THE PRIEST AND HIS LAST SHIPMATES.

ance, supplied with a well-filled purse, he boldly rode up to the carriage, as it approached, and called to the postilions to stop. As previously instructed, they promptly obeyed the peremptory order; and the robber presenting himself, pistol in hand, at the carriage window, encountered the muzzle of another pistol, pointed at his breast, and the next instant fell dead from his horse."

The celebrated Dean Kirwan, also, although, to use the characteristic language of the Irish newspaper which chronicled the event, he had "returned the crosses of the Church of Rome to embrace those of the Church of England," was a friend of Mr. Shee's, himself a Catholic. This reverend gentleman, while in the zenith of his fame as a Protestant preacher, was one day walking in Dublin, "when an old apple-woman, with a basket on her head, who was advancing toward him in the opposite direction, suddenly stepped right in front of him, and staring at him full in the face, while she stood with arms akimbo before him, so as to obstruct his direct progress, exclaimed, with a strong brogue, and in a tone of much compassion, "'Och, thin, it's a great pity!'

"'What is it pity, my good woman?' asked the Dean, rather amazed at the exclamation.

"'Sure it's a mighty great pity, jew'l!' reiterated the mysterious *prophetess*.

"'What do you mean?' again inquired Dr. Kirwan. 'What is a pity, I say?'

"The woman looked at him stoutfastly for a few seconds, and then slowly replied:

"'That you'll be damned, and *you know you'll be damned!*' and so saying she stepped aside and passed on."

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

VULTURES AND SHARKS.

WINE Harry had concluded his part of the tale he stuck the stump of his cigar into the wine-glass of ashes, as if he had no further use for either, moistened his throat with a bumper of *tinto*, and almost unconsciously passed his left arm around Harry Darcantel's neck.

Stings drank two bumpers, as if he had a particularly parched throat; but Paddy Burns and Tom Stewart, strange to relate! never wet their lips, and passed their bands in a careless way across their eyes, as if there were no dizzes enough there—as, indeed, there was; feeling, as they did, in the fonts of their own generous natures for their dear friends the sad apostle.

Piron's head rested, face downward, on his outspread hands, and a few drops trickled through his close-pressed fingers, but they were not wine. And as he raised his face and looked around the board, where glowing, sympathizing eyes met his, he said, in a low, subdued voice,

"I trust I may think Heaven for avenging the murder of our child!"

Even as he uttered these words his gaze rested on the face of Durcanet; and striking the table with a blow that made the glasses jingle, he starred back, as he had done on the frigate's quarter-deck, and exclaimed.

"Great God! can it be possible that that boy was saved from the clutches of the damned Pirate?"

Not so fast, good Monsieur Pirou! Not so fast.

"You shall hear more if you are not tired, gentlemen," resumed the Commodore, "though I have very little to add to what I have already related of the *Coutipede*. Steward, let the servants turn in; and brew us, yourself, a light jorum of Jamaica punch! Now, then," said Commodore Cleveland, "I'm your man."

"After we had sealed the guns on both sides of the vessel," as Hardy has told you, the Captain thought it an unnecessary trouble to lower the boats to pick up the ships floating about the mouth of the channel; and besides, it would have been a bit dangerous, since the sea was coming in savagely, holding about the ship, with a very uncertain depth of water underneath and under us; and, moreover, we had our hands full the best part of the night in receiving new running-gear, bending a new sail or two that had flapped to pieces when every thing was let go by the run in coming to anchor. Therefore, before morning we were in cruising trim once more, and ready to cut and run in case it was expedient to bolt our ground-tackle, and get out of what we afterward learned was the Sutter Gorge. But by sunrise the wind fell away into a flat calm, and with the exception of the long, triple row of rollers hearing in occasionally from seaward, we lay as smooth and quiet as a pond.

"After breakfast the quarter-boats were lowered, and Hardy took one and I got in the other, and we pulled in toward the mouth of the channel, between the Lion rock and the ledge on the opposite side.

"There were still a good many fragments of the wreck, which had escaped the reacting current and gone out to sea, floating about on the water, some of the timbers, with the bolts were jammed in the black gums of the ledge, shrouded in sea-weed and kelp, as if all had grown together together. Farther out towards the foremast and topsail swimming nearly in the channel, and tossed about as it were in the shrouds—twisted, perhaps, around a sharp rock below. The topsail was still fast to the yards, hoisted and wheeled home, and held in the letter transversely to the masts, just as it fell under the raking fire of our first broadside, jerking over the main-topsail with it.

"A myriad of sea-birds, from Mother Carey's chickens to gulls and cormorants, and even vultures and eagles from the shore, were perched on the wreck as thick as bees—screaming, croaking, and snapping at each other with their hard beaks and bills; while thousands were always hurrying in from seaward, and either swooped down over the ledge or tried to find a place on the floating spars.

"The gorge, too, was alive with barracouts and sharks, lounging out of water, or with their still, triangular fins cutting just above the surface, and sometimes even grasping the blades of the oaters' oars. I pulled slowly up to the wreck of the foremast, and hooked on to the reef-earings of the fore-topsail. The birds did not move at our approach, and one gull, a beady eyed vulture snapped on the polished bill of the boat-hook, and left the marks of his beak in the metal rim. Down in the clear green depths, too, the water was alive with ravenous fish; and we could see, as boat-hooks, hundreds of them with their heads fastened on to some dark object, rolling it, and biting it, and pulling every way; now here and then, the flash of a clean-picked bone shining white in the limpid water as the mass was jerked out of our sight.

"The bones, however, attracted no attention, and one of them sung out, as he pointed with his finger, 'I say, Mr. Cleveland, here's the captain, and his priest lying in the belly of the topsail!'

"I walked forward, while the men fired a few pistols to scare away the birds, and looked in. There, about a foot below the water, lay one drowned man, and half the body of another, who had evidently been cut in twain, by a twenty-four-pound shot, at the stomach, leaving only a few revolting shreds of entrails dangling beneath the carcass. The other corpse was a large, burly, fat man, wrapped in a black cassock, with a tonsured tops to one side of his midriff, and around his thick bare neck was a string of black beads, holding a gold cross or crucifix, pendent in the water. The eyes of the one with half a body had been picked out by the gulls, but he still possessed his full beard, sticking through a hare-lip under a fringe of wiry mustache, which gave me a tolerably correct idea of his temper even without seeing the eyes. The truck and shivered stump of the main-topmast, too, with the pirate-ring still twisted around it, by every thing we could see, we approached an eagle seized it in his beak, and turning its tattered shroud-lines, made off the remains of the parted halliards streaming below his talons.

"The large jump rolling slowly over beside him had the crown of the head shaved, and the mouth and eyes were wide staring open, as if it was chanting forth a miserichordia for his own blasted soul. As I stood gazing at these revolting objects, and while the men were hiring pistols and shaking the oars and boat-hooks around to drive away the greedy birds, a large pelican, unmindful of people, came to a floating group into the sail, and—as I was standing forward in the bow—he had in his pouch, a fish from the Pirate's neck, and as he slowly flapped his great wings and sailed away, with the heads dropping pit-a-pat-pat on the glassy surface of the water, a cloud of cormorants, gulls, and vultures took after him to steal his plunder.

"At the same time the sharks—many of them reaching their solid, sharp noses out of the very beech of the topsail—waiting like hungry dogs for a bone, with a thousand more diving and rising in the water beneath, and cut out through the canvas belly of the sail, and before you could think the floating corpses were within their sentrated jaws. In another moment the bodies rose again to the surface outside the sail and wreck, then another bite from the monsters and a greedy dive and peck from the birds; and then a few bubbles and shreds of black threads, and that was the end of those wretches until the sea shall give up its dead.

"As for Hardy, he pulled higher up the gorge, and examined the rocks and pools on both sides, but saw nothing living or dead, and we both returned to the ship.

"Had Hardy landed at the flat rock where the eddy swept in under the Lion's paws, he might have seen the footprint of a man, with a very strong step in it, and following the track a few yards further, he would have passed his wound through a large blood-stain in a sandy grove thicket; and found too in his belt, snugly stowed away, a lot of gleaming jewels, with a pinpoint gem of great brilliancy, on the finger of his bloody hand. But never mind, Hardy! You will hear more of that man one of these days, and you will see, if you are spared to remember the will, perhaps; and, meanwhile, let him murder in quiet of fresh villainies over Spanish Jewels and Spanish Gold.

"Well, gentlemen," resumed Commodore Cleveland, "I'm sorry I can't tell you whether the mangled carcass we saw in the sail was the captain of that notorious *Coutipede*, yet I felt considerable in the dark about it, for it was scarcely possible for him or a man of his crew to have escaped our fire and the water and cocks combined, when the Coutipede, when the land-wind made, we tripped anchor and sailed away from the Coast of Darien."

"Come, my friend," said Pirou, in a low, tremulous voice, rising as he spoke, "we must not push Cleveland too far to-night, for it is getting late, and we have had enough for a few hours on board men-of-war."

"No Pirou, I'm not done. I'll talk to you all night, if you have the patience to listen to me. No! Then I'll have the best manned." He touched a bell-crop under the table, and the bell and the cabin door opened. "Orderly, my compliments to the officer of the watch, and desire him to call every man to barge."

While some of the gentlemen in the forward cabin left the table, and stood about in groups smoking, all the boats were lowered down to the port side, and the Commodore's bell, and they moved off into the starboard state-room. Little Chase was lying sound asleep on the elegant cot, with all his clothes on, but with a smile on his lips, and dimpled cheeks, as if a dear wife, owed another he would one of those days make proud of him.

"Cleveland, my old friend, tell me more of that young Durcanet!"

"Hist! Pirou! don't wake little Tiny! There's another little sleeper there. Jim is adopted nephew and the son of the gentleman who occupies that state-room opposite. But I'll now go out to Executive Bay, and I'll tell you how the Commodore's guests got in the barge and pulled toward the shore.

At the same time a light gig with handsome Harry Durcanet went alongside the *Rosalie*, and Commodore Cleveland came into his friend's cot opposite, leaving small Mr. Mouse to sleep his dream out till morning; while, as the barge came up to the landing, a dozen lanterns and a gold ounce was slipped into the old coxswain's instant grasp, when they cast off think about? Good-night!

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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IV.—No. 188.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE METEOR.

WE engrave herewith three fine pictures of the METEOR which was witnessed in this section of country on Friday, 20th, from sketches by Mr. J. A. ADAMS at Saratoga Springs, by Mr. AVERY at Brooklyn, and Mr. M'NEVIN on Long Island.

The phenomenon is stated on all sides to have been one of the most wonderful of the kind ever witnessed. It was seen at Washington, District of Columbia, and in Virginia; at Buffalo, on Lake Erie, and at Detroit, Michigan; in the mountains of Pennsylvania; throughout New England; and at sea, 200 miles east of the Bay of New York.

By this time several volumes have been written and printed in the newspapers on the subject. Astronomers professional and astronomers *dilettanti* have all had their say; and now that we have heard it, what do we know about the meteor?

First, as to its shape. We have before us the reports of some forty observers, who declare that they saw it from various points, ranging from the Great Lakes to Norfolk, and from Pennsylvania to Boston. Most of them describe it as "two large balls of fire." But observers at Buffalo, Syracuse, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Newburgh, and Long Island say that there was but "one ball." An observer at Washington and others say that there were two balls connected; another at Norfolk describes it as "two dumb-bells tied together;" and another at Poughkeepsie says that it was in the shape of a "bar." A sharp amateur at Brooklyn says that it was composed of five balls; or, as an observer in Orange County puts it, "five distinct *ovoids*," while another at New Haven is not disposed to admit that there were more than three, but allows that each had a distinct tail. At Philadelphia a leading authority saw "several distinct bodies."

Had it a tail? Several observers state that the meteor had a tail. Some, however, distinctly state that it had no tail, and was thus distinguishable from a comet. At Tarrytown a careful observer noticed a train of sparks following it, but separated from it; and most of the reports from this city confirm this view, though several do not. Those who deny the tail and say nothing about sparks, declare that it was followed by a train of smaller balls; which are variously stated at 3, 3, 5, and "several." At Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Albany, in Connecticut, and in Pennsylvania, observers declare that the meteor threw off pieces, which were luminous—some say with a loud report, others say noiselessly.

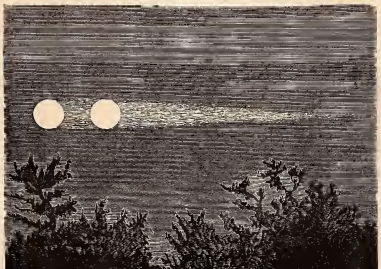
As to the size of the meteor proper, and the length of the train, tail, or series of satellites, opinions are vastly divided. Many observers thought it was the moon, as it was about that size; a sapient watchman in Albany remarked naively that the moon was traveling more quickly than usual that night. Others report that it was the size of the planet Venus; at Newburgh it was found to measure three feet in diameter; several observers say that it was "as big as a man's head;" while two declare that it was "the size of a man's fist;" and in Westchester that it was only three inches in diameter. The length of the tail was reported at Boston to be ten feet lineal measure; on Long Island the tail measured 200 feet; at Albany, it extended "several degrees in length."

The color is as uncertain as the rest. On Staten Island it appeared red; red is also the color which met the eye of observers at New York, Buffalo, Hartford, and generally on the Hudson. But at Washington, District of Columbia, it was white; at Syracuse, New York, it was blue; in Jersey it was green; in Philadelphia, greenish; in Orange County, New York, bluish-white; on the Sound, silver and orange mixed.

It will thus be seen that, so far as the cause of astronomical science is concerned, but little advantage can be expected from the popular observations of the meteor. This will not surprise scientific students. The power of accurate observation of physical phenomena is an art only acquired by study and practice. Despite the proverb, very few men can afford to trust their own eyes. To say nothing of color blindness, which is more common than is supposed, there are but few persons in the world whose eye sight is so quick, and whose memory of perceptions so sure as to enable them to report accurately, even after a brief lapse of time, an image which has been impressed upon and then suddenly withdrawn from the retina. We do not suppose that any one of the forty observers whose reports are before us desired to mislead the public; yet, as the body seen by them all was the same (for all agree as to time and the direction taken by the meteor), it is evident that not much more than half a dozen of them saw and remembered it correctly. We are fortunate in being able to lay before the public the report of some whose profession it is to observe such phenomena, and to record them for future study. The astronomer Mitchell writes to the *Herald*:

"ALBANY, July 21, 1860.

"The brilliant meteor seen by your correspondent at Brooklyn was seen at this place by several persons. One



THE METEOR OF JULY 20, AS SEEN BY J. A. ADAMS, ESQ., AT SARATOGA SPRINGS.

THE METEOR AS SEEN BY S. P. AVERY, ESQ., AT BROOKLYN.

THE METEOR AS SEEN BY J. M'NEVIN, ESQ., NEAR BEDFORD, LONG ISLAND.

number of my family are to rise from behind a bank of low clouds, near the spot where the moon had risen. It thought it the fire of a balloon at first, but soon the light grew intense, and when nearly due south it suddenly burst, and presented a most splendid display. Two principal fragments, each followed by a train of light, and not more than two degrees apart, pursued an easterly course, while at the distance of about eight or ten degrees several smaller fragments, but brilliant ones the first from followed in a straight line east, with a faint trail of light. I was sitting in the middle of my door, facing south from the east. My attention was attracted by flashes, like faint lightning, which were visible for about three weeks, in the direction of the north end of the portico, to look at the cause of these flashes. Astonishing enough, northeast for the second time I saw the same quite deep shadows were cast by objects near me in the yard, falling toward the north. I at once perceived the cause to be light of the meteor, as above described. I first saw it just under the meridian, in the zenith, or about 12 degrees south of the meridian, and gaining a little by nearly horizontal it passed under the place of the moon, which it greatly eclipsed for a length, and continuing its course toward the east, it finally disappeared, while yet some eight or ten degrees above the horizon.

"As persons in Brooklyn, looking north, saw this object in the west and passed in an easterly direction, and as in Albany it was seen to the south, we can conclude that the object really passed between Albany and New York, and we shall doubtless find accounts from those who saw it directly overhead, or passing from the west through the zenith to the east.

"I had time to note the hour and minutes, and found that it was further ahead of me fifty minutes gone.

"I saw during the evening several small meteors, and the number seen has been very great, so we were united to pass the field of the comet-seeker in the course of some twenty minutes.

"In one case I shall the meteor to have passed, as is probably did, about sixty miles south of Albany. Its intervals were about twenty-seven seconds, and in case it was set on fire by entering the earth's atmosphere, at such an altitude, it must have passed through about 576 miles of atmosphere, and, as I estimate, with a velocity of about ten miles in one second of time. Should any person have seen this in the zenith, the length where it was thus seen will enable my one to compute roughly the elevation above the earth."

"Mr. Lucien A. Keadall, late of the United States schooner *Fenimore Cooper*, on board of which vessel he was charged with the duty of making and recording meteorological observations, thus writes concerning the meteor, from Reading, Pennsylvania:

"9 45 P.M., July 30, 1860.—Wind west, and very light. No clouds to be seen, but nicely to the northwest.

"Four minutes before seven were seen suddenly to rise from an angle of about thirty-five degrees, about west northwest, and ascending about ten degrees. They pursued a parallel course, and seemed exactly directed.

"The first two were of a brilliant and pale olive, leaving a white star behind, and to rival a star. The other two, a little distance astern, were of a purplish color, and without the wake.

"The whole thing lasted one and a half minute, and formed a beautiful appearance, creeping in the minds of one of our good people here the impression that the hands were about to be 'piped up' in a very short time."

Mr. J. A. Adams, whose sketch appears on the preceding page, writes:

"The double comet or meteor, as it appeared at Saratoga Springs on the 30th inst., moved apparently about as fast as a shooting star, and seemed to be only about a quarter of a mile distant. It traveled from west to east, and was seen looking directly south. I perceived no trail, only a little way above the tops of the trees. There were two balls, each about as large as a common star, or as large as a full moon, and as bright or brighter than the moon. The outlines of it were remarkably distinct and clear. Saratoga appeared to shoot off to the rear of the balls, follow in a train of considerable length; but I think it was not so, but the fragments of it followed in a train, or masses. I saw no change of color, or any explosion."

Mr. M'Nevin, who supplied us with another of the sketches given on the preceding page, writes:

"From my point of observation (Dense Street, near Bedford, Brooklyn, New York) a brown, luminous, oval-like space slopes gently toward Pacific Avenue—between Smith and Atlantic Avenue; the top of the space slit towards. The avenue run from west to east, and the appearance the meteor of the sailing ship, in the proportioned altitude you perceive in the drawing.

"The ship sailed by slowly and heavily, apparently against the wind, which was blowing then pretty freely from the east. This circumstance displayed my first idea, that it was effect of fire-works. But no amount of fire could ever imitate the wonder of the heavens. The light was indescribably superior to any fire-work imitation, light each moving glint; and they actually seemed intelligent—alive! And in the reflected light upon the sailing ship one was like that wonderful description of Fairy Heaven of Spirits, in his tones of Donny Kimmery, in the 'Queen's Wake.' A startling, dazzling effect, and yet upon breathless as it passed by; and a painful sigh followed its departure, as if the behold has not yet finally gile intelligence pursuing its eternal messenger mission through the sailing ship appears.

"It was so long in passing—so stately, silently, and steady—that it had time to contain thoughts; and hop up out to the grave, I followed it with my eyes, and instead of vanishing in a moderate flash, it actually assumed the appearance of being foreshortened; it sailed all the trailing glints into one reddish ball of distant flame, and by its diminishing distance from me, it seemed entrance into a cloud; and I believe that it passed in this manner to the zenith. And this descriptive, revolving accounts for the appearance, at first, of only one globe, and its seeming separation into many."

Much has been written about meteors, but very little indeed is known on the subject. The popular theory, at present, among astronomers is that they are indicated cosmical bodies, whose origin is unknown, and which revolve in space in obedience to the laws of gravity. Their number is supposed to be illimitable. The law of gravity is undiscovered; we only know or believe that some 400 or 700 of them approach every year so near the earth of the detach portions of their substance, which fall, and are called "meteoric stones." Their size must of course be various; Olbers thought a mile in diameter a fair average. From the meteoric stones which have fallen from them, their substance is supposed to be chiefly iron, nickel, and silvia. It is conjectured that their rapid passage through the atmosphere, when they approach the earth, lessen their velocity, and gives them the fiery appearance which we have observed. According to these theories, the meteor of 20th July is supposed by some astronomers to have passed within twenty-five or thirty miles of the earth. To lay observers it did not appear to be over 200 feet from the ground.

It is rather disheartening to think that, after all our study, and all our observations, we know so little of such common phenomena as meteors; but when we reflect that, only a couple of hundred years ago, the appearance of the meteor of July 20th would have been followed by general alarm, and that people throughout the country would have regarded it as the forerunner of pestilence, war, or famine, it will be perceived that the world has moved after all.

Summer Resorts.

TRENTON FALLS HOTEL, Trenton Falls, N. Y.
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INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, Niagara Falls.
SPOUTS HILL WATER CURE, Northampton, Mass.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1860.

THE CROPS OF 1860.

THE farmers are harvesting their wheat as far north as the southern counties of Wisconsin. From Southern Illinois to Southern Wisconsin, and throughout Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, and New York, the crop is the largest ever harvested. Little or no mischief has been done by the fly in this and the adjoining States; and in the West, for the first time for many years, there has been no rust in the wheat. In Illinois, we are informed by the authority that lands which have yielded, of late years, seven or eight bushels to the acre, have this year given eighteen to twenty. Land which, in Ohio, the increase is reported in the yield of wheat lands in New York and Ohio. Altogether, we presume that the amount of wheat, harvested this fall in the North and Northwest will be very considerably more than was ever garnered in any previous year. And in Missouri, Kansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Texas, the yield, the want of rain has operated unfavorably on the wheat crop, and the harvest will be short. Happily, the country does not rely on those States for its wheat.

With regard to corn. Corn is a crop which does not need as much rain as wheat. What it requires is a genial, fair season for planting in the spring, and a late frost for ripening in the fall. The former requisite has been vouchsafed; never since corn was first planted in the Northwest had the farmers so fine a spring as in 1860. Hence the area of land planted was largely in excess of the average, and the crop is now fully one month in advance of last year. In Illinois and Iowa farmers count upon fifty bushels to the acre, and say that they will have nearly twice as much corn to spare and to market; in other words, they will be able to supply all the Southern States with corn, will have enough to make it distillery, and will have, besides, a handsome surplus for export.

Cotton has looked uncommonly well till lately. The hand planted would, under favorable circumstances, have justified the planters in expecting a crop of five million bales. Unfortunately, the cotton has suffered from some damage on the high lands, and a corresponding reduction must be made from the estimate. What extent of damage has been inflicted by the dry weather nothing but the actual receipts at the ports can prove. The planters can afford to lose ten per cent. of their crop without falling much below the average crop of 1859. Should the fall frost be early, the picking season will be abridged, and a further reduction from the estimate will have to be made. Should it be late, as late as it was last year, the cotton crop of 1860 will yield more money to the Southern planter than even the crop of 1859.

Altogether, the prospects of the people of the United States, both North and South, is going to astonish the world this year. There are those who complain that their staples of corn will not realize the profit they should, because the foreign demand is not as active as it was last and the years ago. Those who argue thus forget the first principle of political economy, which is, that the development of commerce and industry are in exact ratio to the cheapness of food. Where food is dear, commerce thrives, industry expands, prosperity becomes general; where food is dear, trade languishes, manufactures decline, and the country at large suffers. An advance in breadstuffs in Europe implies a crop failure there, and involves an advance in the cost of food here, and also an increase of want and a diminution of commercial and industrial activity among the nations which are our commercial partners, and whose well-being is indissolubly linked with ours. A decline in breadstuffs secures cheap food not only to our own people, but to foreigners, and is the natural precursor of increased commercial energy and enlarged industrial enterprises.

Let no man dare to hope for higher prices for food. What the country wants is cheap food. When the crop of 1860 is struck God, we shall have this fall and next spring.

THE OUTBREAK IN SYRIA.

WE devote a good deal of space this week to illustrations of the recent anti-Christian outburst in Syria, which has cost the lives of several thousand men, women, and children professing the Christian faith, and laid waste the fairest valleys of Lebanon. The aggressors are that peculiar race called Druses, whose faith is a mystery, whose origin is doubtful, whose mission is to kill Christians; in fact, all that is certain about them is that they are lawless, fatalists, and blood-thirsty. The victims have been Maronites—a sect of Christians peculiar to that region—Members of the Greek Church, Catholics, and Protestants. The only sect assailed has been the Christians; but all branches of the Christian Church have suffered this, and, for the time, the various anti-Christian sects seem to have forgotten their mutual hatreds to find their common enemy in Christianity.

It is impossible to read the accounts of the affair without recalling to mind the preministory symptoms of the outbreak of 1857 in India. There, as in Syria, the Brahmins and the Moslems forgot their mutual strife to engage in a crusade against the Christians; there, as in Lebanon, the Christians made amongst the Christian sects, but all were assailed alike. From what has been written on the subject of the Indian mutiny, it would seem that the prevailing idea was, that, before the outbreak, was that they were going to be presyelized by force. In Syria, two adverse opinions are said to prevail, one that the great European nations are indifferent to the fate of the Christians of the East; the other, that those nations are ready to interfere immediately on Turkey. The former notion rests on the basis of the Crimean war, in which, according to Asiatic notions, England and France helped Turkey, a Moslem power, to beat Russia, a Christian power, and thus took the side of Russia against Christianity. The latter rests on the *Hatti-Humayun*, or charter of toleration, which was extorted from the Sultan shortly after the Peace of Paris. It is well known that the edict is very unpopular among the Turks. A clear-headed missionary wrote some time since that they regard it as the beginning of the downfall of the Mussulman faith, and predicted that they would not submit to its enforcement quietly. Further, more, it is rather curious that, according to the most authentic accounts, the first idea of the Indian mutiny originated in Syria and Arabia. It was from thence, we are assured, that those messengers started who traveled throughout Hindostan in the early months of 1857, calling upon the Mohammedans to rise and slay the infidel.

We are inclined to think that the Druse massacres will tend to have a common origin with the Indian mutiny. The worn-out religions of the Asiatic races are yielding on every side to the advancing march of civilization and Christianity; and the violent outbreaks of bloody rage are the natural precursors of the end.

In the mean time it may be hoped that France and England—which are mainly responsible for the defenseless position of the Christians in Syria—will now go to work with energy and vigor to protect those who are left. A few more weeks of inaction, and Beyrout and Damascus will share the fate of Zeyleh and Barbaiya, and there will be hardly be a handful of Christians alive in Syria.

THE AGONIES OF THE JAPANESE COMMITTEE.

It is reported that Aldermen Boole is going to perform the "Happy Dispatch." The cause of the catastrophe is an application lately made by Mr. Chatfield for an injunction to restrain the Controller from paying $105,000 for the entertainments given to the Japanese, in which so many rowdies and shoulder-hitters are said to have participated. It is stated that Mr. Chatfield is an impertinent person, and that the memory of Boole should be kept fresh in our grateful recollection.

Why should not the shoulder-hitters be fleted at the public expense? They hear the weight of our municipal government. They elect Aldermen, Assistant Aldermen, and Congressmen. While Gamyhags and Cotton Pork, Esq., are longing in their drawing-rooms, or footing up accounts in their counting-rooms, the shoulder-hitters are busy with the affairs of the city. You find them at primary meetings, at ward committees, at ratification meetings, and, rather trice or thrice than once, at the polls. If any man have the public interest at heart it is they. Who, then, has a better right to the public money?

But our friends and fire thousand dollars!

"Tis a large sum, doubtless; but then think of the number of shoulder-hitters who rely upon the city for support! Why, the whole sum will hardly pay for a coat and a week's drinks for each of them.

This Chatfield says that the Aldermen not only sold tickets for the Japanese Ball, but bargained for a commission of thirty-three per cent. on their expenses here. Are there no good left to stop this outrageous fraud? It is to be endured that such scandals as these shall go abroad in an official form? Why should not the Committee hand out tickets? They owed them, and every body knows that they wanted money. It is all very fine for Gamyhags and Cotton Pork to growl now, but where was their growl when Boole and his fellow-commissioners wanted votes on the day of election? Was Gamyhags at the polls that day? The Cotton Pork register his vote like a man? No—they were both "too busy." Gamyhags never votes; he considers that sort of thing beneath the notice of a bank director, and a man whose paper sells at six per cent. Let them eat the leek.

We hope, for our part, that the Committee will continue the entertainments, as it has bill and that the shoulder-hitters will get the reward of their labors. We are sorry for Boole; but we can promise him a handsome attorney, and some tax-payers, at all events, will drop a tear on his tomb.

WEST POINT STARVATION.

We have heard of no inquiry into the rumors mentioned in our last number with regard to the diet of the West Point cadets. We regret exceedingly to report that it is currently reported that food supplied to the West Point cadets—the flower of our youth—is not nutritious, and often not wholesome; that the business of supplying to them is one of those contracts which require incessant supervision. Is any one going to look into the matter? Or are the authorities at West Point so lazy or politic that they have no time to inquire into a matter involving nothing more important than the health and life of the flower of the young men assembled in the country? Has Colonel Delafield nothing to say?

THE STEAM PLOW.

On a recent tour through the Western prairies we were rather surprised to find that the steam plow was comparatively unknown. The farmers had heard of such an implement; but they believed it was a mere ingenious toy, and broke their heads at old with the horse plow.

There must be some mistake somewhere in this matter. Several dozen steam plows are, we believe, patented here and abroad. It sounds a reason that, on the extensive prairies of the West, steam ought to be a much better servant for the farmer than horses. Either the plows which are patented are some shams incapable of doing real work, or the Western farmers are neglecting an invention which they would save money by using. Where is the flaw? In the farmers or in the plows? We hope some agricultural authority will take up the subject and let the public know the facts of the case.

THE LOUNGER.

THE SEASON.

THE pleasant part of the year is pleasantest everywhere. Even the city is never so really agreeable as it is in summer. Of course I do not mean the actual pavements and bricks, but the city as head-quarters—the city as residence—the city as a point of departure for the sea-side and the hills—and also the city as a place to stay in at summer evenings, when the people sit at their doors, and there is a murmur in the streets—a scuffling of young urchins, a distant piano—perhaps a hand-organ in a distant street—the cry of the ice-cream merchant—and little a way down town and a little the way up the Bowery and Broadway, the Winter Garden—and the bright shops and loitering people.

The great point of the city in summer is comfort. You have your spacious room with the draught blowing from the front to the back of the house—you have the well-known sofas and lounges and bureaus—every thing is in its place, and there is every of it. You know of it as in comfortable drawers; they are not jammed and folded into a trunk or bag; and the state of your shirts is every of it all that heart can wish. Every thing is still and at ease. There are no calls. The bell rarely rings. The porters are dim and cool, and stand if distant against the door of the straw matting. The candle-blazes—the chandelier—the picture frames, are all softly obscured by cool-colored muslins. The sofas invite to sofa at full length, actually sinking in the sacred drawing-room, and thereby lifting the whole body in lover of ease. Yet, you look around at the pretty masquerade, and the events of "society," the ball, the dress dinner, the "few friends." All find way into a dreamy distance, and you can smile at the good but deluded people who have carried all these things with them out of town, and are hastily repeating a New York January in a Newport August. As you lie, lost in your own cloud, little over the way, who has not left the city since this summer, sweet herself at the piano. The windows are all open. Music

In New York, indeed, we have no proper "season" in the summer as they have in London—a season charmingly described in a late number of *Dora Week* by the gay humorist who signs himself Gamma. In London the reason of "society" is at midsummer. Then Parliament is met, and Gladstone makes speeches—then the opera usually doubleheaded, opens its sixteen mouth and sings—then fashion gives its greatest *fêtes* by daylight upon English lawns ("Sir Walter Vivian, all a summer's day"—then Rotten Row is crowded with fair horsewomen and brave men—then the great concerts call to you, and at Chiswick and Kensington and Sydenham's Park the throng revels amid their gorgeous faces—then the pictures, including Mr. Holman Hunt's last, for which forty thousand dollars have been paid, take the field and the town—then that wonderful, delightful London "life" rises to its topmost sparkling point, and he who can stands upon it or city in the world is half so intoxicating and agreeable. "Oh me!" exclaims of a famous Englishman to the Lounger, as they sat dining at the Century one perfect May-day at the end of the month—"oh me! it is the end of May, and I am not in London!"

No; we are out of season when London is deepest in it. And in our climate, which has something of the *frenzy* of the Tropics, it is towards that it should be so. The city is given over to comfort and coolness. The streets swarm by day, indeed, and we can laugh to hear how the everybody was out of town. But at nightfall so many depart by steamer and rail that the happy fellows who stay at home have a sense of relief which is itself a refreshment. You others, you poor fellows who are active duty at Saratoga and other watering-port—you have the sympathy of those who stand at ease. We are in undress here—and hope your dress-coats fit comfortably. We lounge about in slippers, and hope you find the snug boots pleasant. Yes, Tam sneaks redfaced at length in the cool shade, Bagot drives to Edith playing croquet in street, and hopes that Dick and Harry are satisfied as they pranced with the lovely Aurora down the disingenuous "Avenue of Trees."

Doubtless they are. Certainly they ought to be. Let them be thankful for it. But we are agreeing that *all* pleasant places are pleasanter in the summer.

SHORT SHEETS.

WALKING up Broadway the other morning I met a very pretty modest-looking young woman who wore a "Bloomer." She was accompanied by a young man who was carried on unhappily, he held over her head. As they passed every body turned and laughed. The young clerks in the doors and the young ladies at work either and smiled good-humorously. The whole street was attentive and amused; but the pretty young man passed along—it was in the very shadow of Trinity—not without blushing, but undoubtedly with the profound conviction that she was a bad God service, and that, if she were martyred by the light look and laughter that followed her, she was at least sacrificed in a noble cause.

Nobody knows, who has not tried it, how hard it is to do what that young woman was doing; to make yourself the occasion of universal violation of appearance or conduct that the whole street stops to stare and smile. But what has a young woman gained who wears a short skirt and long trousers in a day and country where every body wears long dresses? Is there any thing really heroic in practically practicing against a fashion which is not seriously involve principle or health? Granting that the dude Harry says—"is not the pretty little smile of the street hearer? Granting that there may be a little more comfort of body in short skirts, does not the inevitable mental discomfort of such a public attention entirely outweigh it? There is something which may justly be called ridiculous in wearing these things. It is the point when a protest becomes disproportional. A man may gravely think that, as a matter of grace, the old Roman toga or the Greek tunic is preferable to our body-coats, and he may hold that grace is a subject of more importance than fashion, that if he should, for that reason, go to Wall Street to draw his July dividends, clad in a toga and wearing sandals in place of shoes, the effect of grace and refinement which he had in view would be entirely lost in the extreme indecorousness of an unusual no of dress. The abstract grace would not avoid a moment against the hearty laugh of common health.

In a word—certainly, uniformity is the golden rule of wisdom and charity. A man who considers the cut of a coat as sufficiently important so as to call he deem a false faith may be a very good and honest man, but he is certainly not a very sensible man. A man who would steal all day long in pillary rather than wear a blue felt hat, when he wanted to wear a brown felt, may be a very christian, but he is not a very wise man. That a man indicates a want of common sense which would weaken his whole moral character and vitiate his influence.

Of course the case would be changed the moment the cube of a hat or the shape of a coat became symbolic. If in Naples the friends of the little Bombs wore blue felt hats, and those of Garibaldi brown hats, and the distinction was generally understood, then the color of a hat is no more non-essential—is of the first importance; and the Garibaldian who should wear a blue hat would be guilty of falsehood and treason to liberty. He would be precisely as guilty as if he advocated the cause of Bombetta, and gave it his moral support. By encouraging the Garibaldi movement he indicates that he is not a Bombetta, and he is so far guilty of their death by wearing a blue felt hat.

But, oh pretty young woman in the short skirt and the long trousers! walking, as politely as scissors, under the umbrella, there is nothing of all this in your case. Do you not observe the immense disproportion between what you are doing and what you wish to do? Do you think hoops ugly? Yes, but remember that fashion or habit is as potent as any other law, and you must withstand it by fun and ridicule or by serious argument. It is not enough for you to wear skirts without hoops, because that does not make hoops seem ugly, but it makes you seem supremely ludicrous. Observe, dear young lady, that long or short skirts, hoops or no hoops, are equally fashions, and a person who deliberately outrages a fashion does not hurt that but burns himself.

SICILIAN MATINS.

GARIBALDI has a hard task. To rouse an oppressed people to recover their liberty, and to lead the way, is and hard but glorious and noble work nature. But to teach a passionate people, who have been degraded by that long oppression, to govern themselves, or to maintain a patient waiting, without exasperating jealousies, is a work for the choicest and wisest of men.

Our own revolution was comparatively successful because, by a happy combination of conditions, the government which was thrown off had not been, when the time came, ripe for it. It was the effort to make it so that precipitated the movement against it. It was the fatal blunder of another Wellington himself could have extricated us safely from the bonds of Britain and set us upon our own feet, if it had not been for the habit of relying on them, and kicked only when Britain tried to lift us off.

Moreover, to complicate the difficulty for Garibaldi, the great Powers are jealous. France wants Naples to be content with the Constitution of 1812. Austria has concentrated a force of 50,000 on the marches again to the Mincio she will not march Bleno. Prussia sends consent to this threat. While Prussian is so jealously watched that she does must be done secretly. To help him, Garibaldi has nothing but the people's right. The philosophy of Sardinia, and Lord John Russell, who recently said in Parliament that England would not desert from the great principle that the people had a right to choose their own government without interference. This, of course, is the true principle; and Louis Napoleon's principle, "Italy for Italy," when it gives him Savoy and Nice. But when it may give Sardinia Naples, he is not fond of it.

Yet why not Naples not go to Sardinia, if it wishes, as much as Savoy to France? The Emperor is stringent upon the point of natural boundaries. Can there be any question of the natural boundary of Italy? Russia complains of a new first-rate state, and the disturbance of the balance of power. But the Vienna doctrine of the balance of power can not be maintained in a new world. The balance was overthrown. The people, with the same language and traditions; and if they choose to bury sectional differences and unite the same government, there is no right reason for any other nation to interfere.

Garibaldi's action agrees with Kossuth's principle. "Let the nation determine its own nationality as the basis of states. Their idea of the natural boundaries is truer than Louis Napoleon's, if it is not arbitrary." Yet, if it be true, the world more distinctly defined than the Italian. The effort of Garibaldi's, upon which the world hangs with such concern, anxiety and kindling hope, is only an act in the great drama of the revolution of liberty in Europe. It is the opening of big in Italy for many years; but with every successive effort it reaches further forward. Each successive effort is a step, and it is the wisdom of steps before the breash; but his body is the helping stepping-stone of the one who follows, and at length the breach will be forced.

THE GEORGES.

THE reader of the August *Harper* will find the first of Thackeray's lectures upon the Georges, which he delivered in New York in the winter of 1855, and which he is now publishing in his magazine. The lectures are delivered in the course upon the English Humorists, in which he touched up the fading portraits of writers who were the most popular and fashionable in their day, with kindly and fresh a color, there was great curiosity to hear the new lectures. The delivery of the first was followed by some slight disappointment. But when the necessary scope of the subject was remembered, there was greater pleasure, because there was a new Thackeray appeared.

The Georges were not heroes, nor were they saints or great heroes. In his lectures Thackeray had treated of some of the most eminent men who adorned the Georgian era, and in his second the great was nearer to us, and he felt so at the full title he now gives to them explains, "Sketches of manners, morals, court, and town life." As such they are to be read. The Georges are not to be sure to read about the Georgian morals and manners, very well. But it is marvelous good reading for all that. The Georges are not the great heroes and demigods feed because you have no stomach for it. The lives of saints are by no means the most useful reading. Cotton Mather's Church of a Wife to be closed in that category. In pictures of the times the lectures upon the Georges are delightful; and the clear, home-thrusts of subtle humor are most rare, as in the supposed case of the Georges, the Hanoverian family, and stand of George. A few touches, a few facts picked out of that extraordinary pile of rubbish and riches, the remains of the Georgian morals, and half a dozen lamps judiciously disposed in a dark room, they light it up, and every thing becomes visible.

Lectures like these are invaluable in destroying any foolish prestige that may cling to surround royalty. As a rule, kings are undoubtedly worse than other men. But they have great excuses. I remember when Thackeray, in his second course of lectures in New York, it was said that he would not dare to read them in England; that it was an everyday trick for any one who wanted to make the Yankees of English kings, and some Canadian papers were especially furious. Now, not only did he return to England and deliver them at home with a success which no lecturer has ever rivaled, except Albert Smith; but long before he came to this country he had put upon record his estimates of the Four Georges; and I will quote three of them here, omitting the Third George, which is too long. They appeared in *Punch*, as follows:

"THE GEORGES. As the statues of these beloved monarchs are to be put up in the Parliament palace, we have to propose, by a vote of the (connected with the court) with copies of the inscriptions which are to be engraven under the images of these stars of Brunswick:

GEORGE THE FIRST, STAR OF BRUNSWICK.

He preferred Hanover to England;
He preferred German Mistresses
To a beautiful and innocent Wife:
He hated Arts and despised Literature;
But He liked trade and money in his sabots,
And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters:
And He died with a Will in his pocket
Consistent in his Preference for every kind of Corruption.

GEORGE II.

In most things I did as my father had done:
I was false to my wife as he had been to mine.
My spending was small and my avarice much;
My kingdom was English, my heart was High-Dutch.

At Dettingen fight I was known not to blench:
I detested the Scots, and I hated the French.

I neither had morals, nor manners, nor wit;
I won't much missed when I died in a fit.

Here set up my statue, and make it complete,
With Pitt on my knee, and a Bill in my feet.

Thackeray was kinder to the Third George in his inscription, as he is in his lecture. Here is

GEORGIUS ULTIMUS.

He left on example for age and for youth
How to live
He never acted well by Man or Woman,
And was as false to his Mistress as to his Wife.
He drank, he gambled, he lied, he intrigued,
He was as ignorant that he could scarcely Spell:
But he had Honor, Truth, Courage, Generosity
And an unshakable Taste for Cookery.
He built the Palaces of Buckingham and of Buckingham:
And for these qualities and Proofs of Genius
An admiring Country
Christened him the "First Gentleman in Europe."
Friends, respect the King whose Statue is here,
And the poorest of Pensioners the admired Queen.

A man who had talked paving stones was not very likely to be afraid of talking pebbles. When he came to lecture upon the history of the family as Thackeray writes these of the Georges we may call him to account. Who will dare to tell the whole truth about Dr. Franklin in the style of the lecture upon the First George?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A "DANDY."—A "cute Yankee lawyer, pleading for a burglar against whom the case was clear, contended that the prisoner was not responsible for his actions, as he was his person than the upper part the house in question, and, of course, he could not be held more responsible for the left of his body is in and the other half out!" Jesse? I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and the facts as proved."

The jury "retired" and "agreed" that "as the one half of the body from the waist up, and "not guilty" as the other half of the body from the waist down, had to two years' imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's friends to have the other half of his sentence served along with him."

Speaking, in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," tells us of an old lady who lived a party of a quadrille, and who "used to invite every morning to invite the ladies required to make up the game, and her directions were invariably these—'Nicky, you'll give to Lady Cutteryp, and ask my compliments, and ask the Misses Gorrie to come and make up the game.' Mr. Tom Gorrie, to tea this evening; and if they cannot come, ye'll ring to Miss Mary Ann and ask the pleasure of her company; and if they cannot come, you may give to Miss Jessie, and ask her if she can come, and if she cannot come, ring to Lucky Spell, and bid *her* come."

A little girl, showing her little cousin, about four years old, the pictures in a book, "Now, can you tell me who that is?" "No, it ain't," said he. "Yes, it is." "Who is it, then?" "Why, it's me!"

I once heard Lord Brougham, who was a fast man, ask dear old Mr. Justice Bellew, of convivial memory, if he ever knew any one who could sing, "a judge and a judge." It was a good hit, and we all laughed heartily at it. Mr. Justice Bellew, however, said, "I know of three odd sayes one. They are characteristic, at least; I don't know if they are of a judge, or lawyer, or a nobleman. Thus we say, 'As after as a judge,' and 'as drunk as a lord.'"

A dentist at work in his vocation always looks down in the mouth.

A harangue in Parliament or Congress is fever of declamation, and a fever of eloquence.

We are told that in making a fashionable lady's dress the needle of the seamstress must travel a thousand feet.

The bolter need not take it for granted that he who is always trying to bolt successfully to throw cause the street is always a "right bower."

A wag, being asked the name of the inventor of bathing-tubs, replied that it was probably Cotinus, as he first brought letters into Greece.

A man of Wisdom, the other day, purchased a large stock, and, on being asked what he did with the remaining box of "instant Congreve matches, narrated to ignite in any climate."

A tailor being represented by a silly fellow as only a ninth part of a man, retorted by saying, "Still, I am the tailor of the ninth part of a man, and the part is a man."

When Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, made his first speech in the House of Commons, Charles Townshend asked, with an affected surprise, who he was? He had never seen him before.

"Ah! you must at least have heard of him," was the reply. "That's the celebrated Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, who has written a very ingenious book on geometry, and another on virtue."

"What, then, he brings him here?" said Mr. Townshend. "I am sure he will neither find the one nor the other in the House of Commons."

Thackeray has changed this opinion, as he shows in his first lecture.

NOW HE KNOW!—Hayman, a famous artist one hundred years ago, was a wit. One of his associates was always complaining of ill-health and low spirits, without being able to assign any particular cause for the case. One evening at Hayman's club it was mentioned that this melancholy gentleman had been married the day before. "In bed—and he begged to be said Hayman. "Now he'll know what ails him."

"Why do you always walk with a stick?" said a gentleman the other day to a friend, as meeting him in the street. "Except the old and infirm, I see not why engaging them was made use of nothing sticks or idlers, or persons having nothing to do."

"Now I think quite the reverse," replied his friend; "I think it is the sign of an industrious man of the active and industrious character, who, you see, always like to have something in hand."

A friend of ours says that he has been without money so long that his hand aches, "ready to split," when he tries to pronounce the word "dollars." He says the notion that "we live in a world of change" is a great delusion.

We find sel-made men very often, but self-mended ones a good deal oftener.

We like a spirit of enterprise; but no man should experimentize his friend or family.

What comes next to an oyster?—The shell. (A hard case that!)

How does a row become a landed estate?—By turning into a lake.

Why does a dog wag his tail when he is pleased?—Because he has got a tail to wag.

"Hurry, take the arrows half the 'zero, put the 'older down, and 'ave 'em 'ot!" cries the "ot" man.

The press most popular with printers.—A press of business.

"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had slipped from his side in the dry portmanteau. "Going to get up," was the blunt reply.

If we exhaust our income in rekernes of ambition, we shall experience disappointment; if in love, vexation; if in luxury, disease.

If a man attacked my opinions in print would I reply? Not I. In print I should be silent. But if I met one friend, the Professor, long ago called the hydrostatic paradox of Philosophy? Yes! I should meet that man. Well, I'll tell you. You know that if you had a boat into one of the deepest parts of the sea, and if you let the other big enough to hold the ocean, under would come to the same height in one as in the other. Suppose the small hole one wise men in the same way, and the fools know it.

Dr. Buckland rode a favorite old black mare, who was frequently exquisitated all year with heavy bags of fossil and geological specimens. The old mare was learned her duty, and seemed to take an interest in her master's pursuits; for she would remain quiet without her rein to hold her, while he was examining sections and strata, and would contrive to be found at the right time, bringing her weighty specimens. Ultimately she became so accustomed to be left to herself, that she invariably set a full stop at a stone quarry, and nothing would persuade her to proceed until her master had got and secured her, or, if a stranger to her, pretended to examine the quarry, or to measure the distance to the nearest milestone from the falling stones so he was enabling up the side of one of these quarries. He was left alone, and he gave up the tie to students. "Never mind," said he; "the mares know it."

Wellock has been compared to bird-cages; the birds without pock to get to, and those within sometimes peck to get out.

"I do not wish to insult you, gentlemen, but I must take the liberty of telling you that there has been a good deal of loose talk about Jonathan Wide."

"Yes, Sir; and it has pretty much set been done under the rose of secrecy even now."

At a railway station an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman, who was talking about steam communication, "Pray, Sir, what is steam?"

"Steam, ma'am, is—ah—steam is—ah—steam is—steam, ma'am."

"I knew that ship couldn't tell ye," replied the old lady, with a disappointed look. "Steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration!"

HARD LAPS.—A lecturer on the capabilities of Australia, remarked that have and that there are hills and ranges of marble, some of it as pure as that of which the statues of Parnassus are made.

"There has been a slight accident committed here," said the house surgeon, "of no great moment, though, as you see, we have had to amputate the left leg of one of us. We can easily cure the other; come to the same thing."

A sailor once went to a watchmaker, and presenting a watch to him, inquired, "Mr. watchmaker, I know how much the repair of it would cost to one. The watchmaker, astonished at the question, replied:

"It will be more expense repairing that its original cost."

"I don't mind that," said the tar, "I will even give double the original cost, for I know a remarkable fine watch."

"What might you have given for it?" said the watchmaker.

"Why," replied the tar, "I gave a fellow a blow on the head for it; and if you repair it, I will give you two!"

Typographical errors come in odd sometimes. The editor of a very rural paper, reviewing a description of extensive demonstrations of a political gathering, when the type printed it—"The air was rent with thousands of three thousand people!"

A young Scotch girl inquired of a gentleman, in broad Scotch, "Is ye a Tinker?" "No, I am a Tinker," said he, pulling his cap and bowing to her. "Ye ken, I'm a Tinker, but ye allow for a tinker, and I'm tired to get 'em for a tinker, and I'm tired to get 'em for a tinker."

A traveling tinker lately put up at a country inn where a number of rustics were assembled setting tinkers to work. Finding some time, and attentively listening to their conversation, he quietly turned and asked how long it would be supposed he had been offered for his dog, which was lying at his feet. Some guessed at a shilling, and one thought he knew. One guessed five shillings, another guessed half a crown, another guessed, until they had ascended their guidance, when one of them seriously asked how much he had been offered. "Not a half-penny," he replied.

SCENE.—A cheap tailor's shop.

Customer. Shilling's a cash.

Tailor. Shilling's a cash. "Here's a sweet, pretty thing, say. I can assure you it's very much worth, Sir."

Customer. Shilling's a cash. "Don't you think it's a thing very much worth? I wont something that's quite Sir."

As a man drinks he generally grows reckless. In his case, the more drunk the fewer struples.

A TELEGRAPH LINE ROUND THE WORLD.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH ROUND THE WORLD.

WHILE the Atlantic Telegraph Company are working slowly to ascertain why their line won't work, other proprietors are developing new schemes for telegraphic communication between the Old World and the New. Col. Tel. P. Shaffner, an engineer of experience, who has spent several years in Russia and Denmark, obtained, in 1854, a concession from the Danish Government of the right to lay a submarine wire between the Danish islands on the north of Europe and the adjacent continents. He has lately formed a company to carry his scheme into execution; and we publish herewith a map which shows the line on which his wire will be laid.

He connects with the telegraphic system of Europe in the north of Scotland. Thence he proposes to lay a submarine wire to Thorshaven, in the Faroe Islands—a distance of 225 miles, with a maximum depth of water of 1000 fathoms; from the Faroe Islands the wire will be laid to Reykiavik, Iceland—a distance of 300 miles, with a maximum depth of water of 1000 fathoms; from Iceland the wire again traverses the ocean to Greenland—a distance of 600 miles, with a maximum depth of 1540 fathoms; it travels across Greenland in the usual way on poles, and from the western shore crosses to Hamilton's Inlet, on the coast of Labrador—a distance of 600 miles, with a maximum depth of 2090 fathoms; from Labrador the line would connect with the Canadian system of wires.

COL. SHAFFNER'S TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The chief advantage of Mr. Shaffner's project is that the longest circuit operated continuously would be 600 miles. It will be remembered that, three years ago, grave doubts were entertained by scientific men whether the magnets used by the Atlantic Telegraph Company could send a spark through the whole length of the wire—nay 2000 miles. Before the wire was laid experiments were stated to have been made which proved that the spark could be sent swiftly and surely through more than 2000 miles of wire. But since the actual laying of the cable its performance has revived the old doubts. It is certain that the current were from the very first quite feeble, and soon became imperceptible altogether. Mr. Shaffner's scheme obviates this difficulty. The longest stretch on his line would be 600 miles—a distance which opposes no serious obstacle to the transmission of the electric spark. The chief obstacle in his way is the prevalence of icebergs on the shores where he will land his wire. Many fear that the bergs, in grounding, would infallibly injure the wire. Mr. Shaffner states that he does not apprehend any danger from this source. He intends to run his wire into inlets where no icebergs penetrate.

The British Government have granted a steam vessel to the promoters of this enterprise for the purpose of re-exploring the soundings. Another vessel, owned by Mr. Schaffner, has also been dispatched on the same errand; and we may shortly expect to hear of the result of the expedition.

Meanwhile an enterprising German has gone still farther than Cyrus W. Field or Shaffner, and proposes to girdle the earth with a net-work of telegraphic wires. He suggests that wires for this purpose may connect

COL. SHAFFNER'S TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION COMPANY CAMPING IN LABRADOR.

COL. SHAFFNER'S EXPEDITION ARRIVING AT KAKSIMIUT, GREENLAND.

Europe, by way of Siberia and Behring's Straits, (with North America;) and that a line from the African coast to St. Paul and Fernando Po, and thence to Pernambuco, would connect Europe and South America. A vast line would connect Tunis with the Cape of Good Hope. Study would connect with Tunis. South America would be connected with the United States by way of a ramification of lines running through and connecting in one circuit the principal West India islands. From the Siberian and West American line branches would reach China and the isles of Japan. The lines already established by the British through out Hindostan need only a trifling subterranean extension to reach Aden, Suez, and Europe. On the other hand, they would be led by way of Mirzapoor through the Malayan Archipelago, and by a connected chain of isles, of growing commercial importance, to a point which would make an easy connection with Australia.

He calculates that all overland lines should have five wires. His estimate sums up the construction at 37,344 English geographical miles of land telegraph, and 18,972 miles of sea lines. The total cost of construction is estimated at $23,490,000; to which must be added the expense of constructing stations, general observatories, and two steamers necessary for repairs, etc., which make the total outlay equal to $28,890,000. The yearly expenses of management, interest, account, repairs, etc., are estimated at $7,500,000. At this rate, and with the exactitude of the various lines, it is estimated that 20 words can be forwarded in any direction, or to any part of the world, to the distance of 3000 miles, for the charge of $7 50. He considers it quite possible, counting in the delays of relays, to get a message from London to Rio Janeiro, Lima, Paris to the Cape of Good Hope, from New York to Yeddo or Canton, or from Constantinople to Calcutta, and a reply back, in twelve hours.

TOO LATE.

BY C. H. WEBB.

Too late thy honeyed words—
Too late thy tears:
A life is ended by grief,
And not by years.

And I have lived the woe,
In one brief day,
Of twice twelve score and ten—
My heart is gray!

You can not thrill its pulse
With hope nor fear:
The Day is well-nigh done;
And Night is near.

Thou, in thy selfish thought,
Wouldst have me live,
When Life were worse than naught,
But—I forgive.

Go! lathe no more the brow
Once prince pressed;
For I am weary now,
And fain would rest!

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TOMB OF PUTNAM.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

GENTLEMEN: Connecticut, *July* 30, 1860.

DEAR SIR,—In your account of the visit of the Putnam Phalanx to the grave of Putnam you give a version of the epitaph on the tomb which differs greatly from the original. Mr. Stuart, in his address, repeated the inscription as it appears in Barber's Historical Collection of Connecticut, and the newspapers published the same. The Hartford Courant afterward printed a version, correct as to the wording, but not as to the spelling. How Barber accounts for his rendering of the epitaph I do not know; but here is a literal copy, *verbatim, spellatim, et punctuatim.*

Yours respectfully,

W. H. COLEMAN.

Sacred be this Monument
To the memory
Of
ISRAEL PUTNAM ESQUIRE,
Senior* Major General in the Armies
Of
The United States of America;
Who
Was born at Salem,
In the Province of Massachusetts,
On the twenty ninth day of January,
A.D. 1718:
And died
On the twenty ninth day of May,
A.D. 1790:
Passenger,
If thou art a Soldier,
Drop a Tear over the dust of a Hero
Who,
Ever attentive
To the lives and happiness of his Men,
Dared to lead,
Where Any Dared to follow:
If a Patriot,
Remember, the distinguished and gallant services
Rendered by Country
By the Patriots sleeping beneath this Marble!
If thou art Honest, generous, and worthy,
Render a cheerful tribute of respect
To a Man,
Whose generosity was singular,
Whose honesty was proverbial;
Who
Raised himself to universal esteem,
And officers of Eminent distinction,
By personal worth
And a
Useful Life.

* The first letter of the word Senior is in C sliered to an S.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC. ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased in the country exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

XII.

It was between nine and ten o'clock before I reached Fulham, and found my way to Gower's Walk.

Both Laura and Marian came to the door to let me in. I think we had hardly known how close that tie was which bound us three together until the evening came which united us again. We met as if we had been parted for months, instead of for a few days only. Marian's face was sadly worn and anxious. I saw who had known all the danger, and borne all the trouble in my absence, the moment I looked at her. Laura's brighter looks and better spirits told me how carefully she had been spared all knowledge of the dreadful death at Welmingham, and of the true reason for our change of abode.

The first two minutes seemed to have cheered and interested her. She only spoke of it as a happy thought of Marian's to surprise me, on my return, with a change from the close, noisy street, to the pleasant neighborhood of trees and fields and the river. She was full of prospects for the future—of the drawings she was to finish; of the purchasers I had found in the country, who were to buy them; of the shillings and sixpences she had saved till her purse was so heavy that she proudly asked me to weigh it in my own hand. The change for the better which had been wrought in her during the few days of my absence was a surprise to me for which I was quite unprepared, and for all the unspeakable happiness of seeing it I was indebted to Marian's courage and to Marian's love.

When Laura had left us, Marian and I could speak to one another without restraint, I tried to give some expression to the gratitude and the admiration which filled my heart. But the generous creature would not wait to hear me. I had sublime self-forgetfulness of women, which yields so much and asks so little, turned all her thoughts from herself to me, and made her first interest the interest of knowing what I had felt on receiving her note that morning, and what difficulties I might have encountered in hastening my return to London.

"I had only a moment left before post-time," she said, "or I should have written less abruptly. You look worn and weary, Walter; I am afraid my letter must have seriously alarmed you?"

"Only at first," I replied. "My mind was quieted, Marian, by my trust in you. Was I right in attributing this sudden change of place to some threatened annoyance on the part of Count Fosco?"

"Perfectly right," she said. "I saw him yesterday; and, worse than that, Walter, I spoke to him."

"Spoke to him! Did he know where we lived? Did he come to the house?"

"He did. To the house, but not up stairs. Laura never saw him; Laura suspects nothing. I will tell you how it happened: the danger, I believe, was in my own eyes. Yesterday, I was in the sitting-room at our old lodgings. Laura was drawing at the table, and I was walking about and setting things to rights. I passed the window, and, as I passed it, looked out into the street. There, on the opposite side of the way, I saw the Count, with a man talking to him—"

"Did he notice you at the window?"

"No—at least I thought not. I was too violently startled to be quite sure."

"Who was the other man? A stranger?"

"Not a stranger, Walter. As soon as I could draw my breath again I recognized him. He was the owner of the Lunatic Asylum."

"Was the Count pointing out the house to him?"

"No; they were talking together as if they had accidentally met in the street. I remained at the window looking at them from behind the curtain. If I had turned round, and if Laura had seen my face at that moment—Think God, she was absorbed over her drawing! They soon parted. The man from the Asylum went one way, and the Count the other. I began to hope they were in the street by chance, till I saw the Count come back, stop opposite to us again, take his cane and pencil, write something, and then cross the road to the shop below us. I ran past Laura before she could see me, and said I had forgotten something up stairs. As soon as I was out of the room I went down to the first landing and waited: I was determined to stop him if he tried to come up stairs. He made no such attempt. The girl from the shop came through the door into the passage, with his card in her hand—a large gilt card, with his name, and a coronet above it, and a number underneath in pencil: 'Dear lady' (yes! the villain could address me in that way still)—'dear lady, one word, I implore you, on a matter serious to us both.' If one can think at all in serious difficulties one thinks quick. I felt directly that it might be a fatal mistake to keep myself out of sight, and to let the dark where such a man as the Count was concerned. I felt that the doubt of what he might do in your absence would be ten times more trying to me if I declined to see him than if I consented. I told the gentleman to wait in the shop, 'I said. 'I will be with him in a moment.' I ran up stairs for my bonnet, being determined not to let Laura see me in doubt. I knew his deep ringing voice, and I was afraid Laura might hear it, even in the shop. In less than a minute I was down again in the passage, and had opened the door into the street. He came round to meet me from the shop. There he was, in deep mourning, with his smooth bow and his deadly smile, and some idle boys and women near him staring at his great size, his fine black clothes, and his large cane with the gold knob to it. All the horrible time at Blackwater came back to me the moment I set eyes on him. All the old loathing crept and crawled through me, when he took off his hat with a flourish, and spoke to me as if we had parted on the friendliest terms hardly a day since."

"You remember what he said?"

"I can't repeat it, Walter. You shall know directly what he said about you, but I can't repeat the first words he said to me. It was worse than the polite insolence of his letter. My hands tingled to strike him, as if I had been a man! I felt ready to spit in his face for having his card to pieces under my shawl. Without saying a word on my side I walked away from the house (for fear of Laura seeing us) and he followed, protesting softly all the way. In the first by-street I turned, and asked him what he wanted with me. He answered two things. First, if I had no objection, to express his sentiments. I declined to hear them. Secondly, to repeat the warning in his letter. I asked what occasion there was for repeating it. He bowed and smiled and politely begged to explain. The explanation exactly confirmed the fears I expressed before you left us. I told you, if you remember, that Sir Percival would be too headstrong to take his friend's advice where you were concerned, and that there was no danger to be dreaded from the Count while you were anywhere interested, and he was roused into acting for himself."

"I recollect, Marian."

"Well, so it has really turned out. The Count repeated his advice; but it was refused. Sir Percival would only take counsel of his own violence, his own obstinacy, and his own hatred of you. The Count let him have his way; first privately ascertaining, in case of his own interests being threatened, where we lived. You were followed, Walter, on returning here, after your first journey to Hampshire. The lawyer's men for some distance from the railway, and by the Count himself to the door of the house. You he contrived to escape being seen by you he did not tell me; but he found us out on that occasion, and in this way. Having made the discovery, he took no advantage of it till the news reached him of Sir Percival's death; and then, as I told you, he acted for himself, because he believed you would next proceed against the dead man's partner in the conspiracy. He at once made his arrangements to meet the owner of the Asylum in London, and to take him to the place where his runaway patient was hidden; believing that the result, whichever way they ended, would be to involve you in interminable legal disputes and difficulties, and to tie your hands for the purpose of others, and not for his own concerned. That was his purpose on his own confession to me. The only consideration which made him hesitate at the last moment—"

"Yes?"

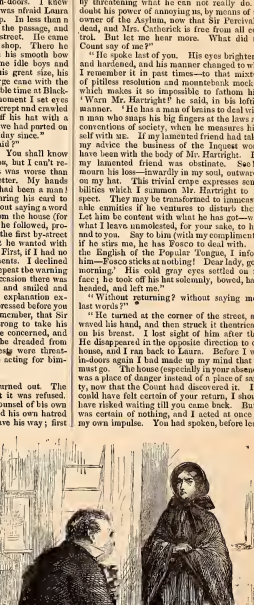
"It is hard to acknowledge it, Walter, and yet I must! I was the only consideration. No words can say how degraded I feel in my own estimation when I think of it; but the one weak point in that man's iron character is the horrible admiration he feels for me. I have tried, for the sake of my own self-respect, to disbelieve it as long as I could; but his looks, his actions, force on me the shameful conviction of the truth. The eyes of that monster of wickedness melted while he was speaking to me—they did, Walter! He declared that, at the moment of leaving the house in the Asylum, he felt the weight of my misery, if I was separated from Laura—of my responsibility, if I was called on to answer for effecting her escape; and he ended the worst that you could do to him, the second time, for my sake. All he asked was that I would remember the sacrifice, and restrain your violence, in my own interests—interests which he might never be able to consult again. I made no such bargain with him; I would have died first. But believe him or not—whether it is true or false that he sent the doctor away with an excuse—one thing is certain, I saw the man leave him without so much as a glance at our window or at the other side of the way."

"I believe it, Marian. The less man we not consistent in good, why should the worse man be consistent in evil? At the same time, I suspect him of merely attempting to frighten you, by threatening what he can not really do. I doubt his power of annoying us, by means of the owner of the Asylum, now that Sir Percival is dead, and Mrs. Catherick is free from all control. But let me hear more. What did the Count say of me?"

"I will speak last of you. His eyes brightened and hardened, and his manner changed to what I remember it in past times—to that mixture of pitiless resolution and unctuous mockery which makes it so impossible to fathom him. 'Worry Mr. Hartright? he said, in his loftiest manner. 'He has a man of brains to deal with, a man who snaps his fingers at the laws and conventions of society, when he measures himself with us. If my lamented friend had taken my advice the business of the Inquest would have been with the body of Mr. Hartright. But my lamented friend was obstinate. See! I mourn his loss—inwardly in my soul, outwardly in my hat. This trivial crape expresses sensibilities which I summon Mr. Hartright to respect. They may be transformed to immoderate, inhuman emotions if he ventures to distain them! Let him be content with what he has got—with what I have unmolested, for your sake, to him and to you. Say to him (with my compliments), if he stirs me, he has Fosco to deal with. In the English of the Popular Drama, I inform him—Fosco sticks at nothing! Dear lady, good morning.' His cold gray eyes settled on my face; he took off his hat solemnly, bowed, hareheaded, and left me."

"Without returning? without saying more last words?"

"He turned at the corner of the street, and waved his hand, and then struck it theatrically on his breast. I lost sight of him after that. He disappeared in the opposite direction to our house, and I ran back to Laura. Before I was in-doors again I had made up my mind that we must go. The house (especially in your absence) was a place of danger instead of a place of safety, now that the Count had discovered it. If I could have felt certain of your return, I should have risked waiting till you came back. But I was certain of nothing, and I acted at once on my own impulse. You had spoken, before leaving



"WHEN HE TOOK OFF HIS HAT WITH A FLOURISH," ETC.

ing us, of moving into a quieter neighborhood and purer air, for the sake of Laura's health. I had only to remind her of that, and to suggest surprising you and saving you trouble by managing the move in your absence, to make her quite as anxious for the change as I was. She helped me to pack up your things, and she has arranged them all for you in your new workingroom here."

"What made you think of coming to this place?"

"My ignorance of other localities in the neighborhood of London. I felt the necessity of getting as far away as possible from our old lodgings; and I knew something of Fulham, because I had once been at school there. I distinctly remembered seeing a note, on the chance that the school might still be in existence. It was in existence; the daughters of my old mistress were carrying it on for her, and I was engaged the same day on the terms mentioned. I had cent. It was just post-time when the messenger returned to me with the address and the hansom. We moved after dark; we came here quite unobserved. Have I done right, Walter? Have I justified your trust in me?"

I answered her warmly and gratefully, as I really felt. But the anxious look still remained on her face while I was speaking, and the first question she asked, when I had done, related to Count Fosco. I saw that she was thinking of him, now with a changed mind. No longer afraid of anger against him, no new appeal to me to hasten the day of reckoning, escaped her. Her concern for the man's life had grown so intense that my security was scarcely secure enough to have increased a hundred-fold her gratitude for his unmanageable cunning, her inborn dread of the wicked agency and vigilance of all his faculties. Her mind left her, her memory left her, her sitting, her eyes searched into mine with an eager fear, when she asked me what I thought of his message, and what I meant to do next, after hearing it.

"Not many weeks have passed, Marian," I answered, "since we were in conference with Mr. Kyrle. When he and I parted, the last words I said to him about Laura were these: 'If anyone's life shall quite be spared, in the process of every soul who followed the false fascinations of the grave; the life that records her death shall be publicly erased from the tomb-stone by the authority of the head of the family; and the two men who have wronged her shall be made, by their crime to me, though the justice that sits in tribunals is powerless to pursue them.' One of those men is now in mortal peril. The other remains—and my resolution remains."

Her eyes lit up; her color rose. She said nothing; but I saw, in her sympathetic gathering to mine in her face.

"I don't direction from myself or from you, I went on, "that the project before us is more than doubtful. The risks we have run already are, it may be, trifles, compared with the risks that threaten us in the future; but the venture shall be tried, Marian, for all that. I am not rash enough to measure myself against the Count as the Count before I am well prepared for him. I have learned patience, I can wait my time. I am not ashamed of the patience my produced its effect; let him know nothing of us, and hear nothing of us; let us give him full time to feel security in his own location—unless I seriously mistake him, will hasten that result. This is one reason for waiting; but there is another reason, important also. Your position, Marian, toward you and toward Laura, ought to be a stronger one than it is now, before I lay out the venture."

She leaned near to me, with a look of surprise.

"How can it be stronger?" she asked.

"I will tell you," I replied, "when the time comes. It has not come yet: it may never come at all. Many be silent about it to Laura for ever—I must be silent now, even to you, till I see for myself. Had I my husband and brother only speak. Let us leave that subject. There is another which has more pressing claims on our attention. Let us, Marian, speak plainly, fully kept her, in ignorance of her husband's death—"

"Oh, Walter, surely it must be long yet before we tell her of it?"

"No, Marian. Rather that you should reveal it to her now than that accident, which no one can guard against, should reveal it to her at some future time. Suppose her at this moment break it to her very tenderly—but tell her that he is dead."

"You have a reason, Walter, for wishing her to know of her husband's death besides the reason you have just mentioned?"

"I have."

"A reason connected with that subject which must not be mentioned between us yet—which may never be mentioned to Laura at all?"

She dwelt on the last words meaningly. When I answered her, in the affirmative, I dwelt on them too.

Her face grew pale. For a while she looked at me with a sad, bewildered interest. Her accustomed tenderness trembled in her dark eyes and softened her firm lips as she glanced inside at the empty chair in which I had been companion of all our joys and sorrows had been sitting.

"I think I understand," she said. "I think I love it to her and to you, Walter, to tell her of her husband's death."

His name was mentioned among us no more. Unconferred we shrank from the slightest approach to the subject of his death, and in the same scrupulous manner Marian and I avoided all further reference to what other subject, which, by her consent and mine, was not to be mentioned between us yet. It was not the less present to our minds—we rather kept active in them by the restraint which we had imposed on ourselves. We both watched Laura anxiously than ever, sometimes waiting and hoping, sometimes waiting and fearing, till the time came.

My decision, we returned to our accustomed way of life: it was the best, the only means in our power of helping Laura to look more again into the past sorrow or suffering which the inevitable disclosure had recalled to her mind. We all wanted the quiet and retirement which we had found, we all wanted the daily work which had been suspended during my absence in Hampshire. Our new residence was more than the smaller and less convenient rooms which we had left, and the claim thus implied on my increased exertions was strengthened by the doubtfulness of our future prospects. Emergencies might yet happen which would demand all our resources, and I was glad that the work of my hands might be, ultimately, all we had to look to for support. More permanent and more lucrative employment than that I had been offered to me was a necessity of our position—a necessity for which I now diligently set myself to provide.

It must not be supposed that the interval of my second seclusion in the house was entirely unspended, on my part, all pursuit of the one absorbing purpose with which my thoughts and feelings were now in unison again. That purpose was, for months and months yet, never to relax its claims on me, the slow progress of which, in the two departments of preparation to take, an obligation of gratitude to perform, and a doubtful question to solve.

The nature of my gratitude, I need, necessarily, to the Count. It was of the last importance to ascertain, if possible, what had been transmitted to his employers in England—or, in other words, to remaining within my reach. I contrived to get this discovery by the simple means. His address in St. John's Wood being known to me, I inquired in the neighborhood; and I learned that he was still there and the disposal of the furnished house in which he lived, I asked if Number five Forest Road was likely to be let, and at what present time. The reply was in the negative. I was informed that the foreign gentleman the residing in the house had taken it for the occupation for another six months, and would remain in possession until the end of June in the following year, if he should not, in the meantime, of December only. I left the agent with my mind relieved from all present fear of the Count's intercepting me.

The obligation I had to perform took me once more into the presence of Mr. Fairlie. I had promised to return, and to confide to her those particulars relating to the death and burial of my uncle which I had then, for her sake, been withheld at our first interview. Changed as circumstances now were, there was no hindrance to my fulfilling the promise of one half of the story of the conspiracy as it was necessary to tell. I had every reason that sympathy and friendly feeling could suggest to me on the speedy performance of my promise, and did conscientiously and gratefully perform it.

There is no need to burden these pages with any statement of what passed at the interview. It will be sufficient to state that it was the interview itself necessarily brought to my mind the one doubtful question still remaining to be solved—the question of Anne Catherick's parentage on the father's side.

A multitude of small considerations in connexion with this question presented itself to me unsolicited, but strikingly important when massed together—had latterly led my mind to a conclusion which I had not, at first, thought of—Marian's permission to write to my mother-in-law, of Laura's marriage, and to request her to be entrusted to matters of personal interest in her family, which might explain and excuse my application. I felt, I knew, that, if I had no certain knowledge that Major Donthorne was still alive, I dispatched it on the chance that he might be living, and alive and willing to reply.

After the lapse of many days (year even, in the figure of a letter, that the Major was living, and that he was ready to help us.

The date in my mind when I wrote to him, and the nature of my inquiries, will be easily inferred from his reply. His letter answered my questions by communicating these important facts:

In the first place, "the late Sir Percival Glyde, of Blackwater Park, had been set foot in Varnock Hall. The deceased gentleman was a total stranger to Major Donthorne and to all his family.

In the second place, "the late Mr. Philip Fairlie, of Limmeridge House," had been, in his younger days, the intimate friend and occasional guest of Major Donthorne. Having refreshed his memory by looking back to his letters and other papers, the Major was in a position to say positively that Mr. Philip Fairlie was staying at Varnock Hall in the month of August, eighteen hundred and twenty-six, and that he remained there, for the shooting, during the month of September and part of October following. He then left, to the best of the Major's belief, for Scotland, and did not return to Varnock Hall till after a lapse of time, which he recalled as the character of a newly-married man.

Taken by itself this statement was, perhaps, of little positive value; but taken in connection with certain facts, every other one which either Marian or I knew to be true, it suggested one plain conclusion that was, to our minds, irresistible.

Knowing now that Mr. Philip Fairlie had been at Varnock Hall in the autumn of eighteen hundred and twenty-six, and that Mrs. Catherick had been living there in service at the same time, we knew also—first, that Anne had been born in June, eighteen hundred and twenty-seven; and, secondly, that she had inherited an extraordinary personal resemblance to Laura. Thirdly, that Laura herself was strikingly like her father. Fourthly, that he had been one of the notoriously handsome men of his time. Fifthly, a disposition entirely unlike his brother Frederick, he was the spoiled darling of society, especially of the women—an easy, light-hearted, pleasure-loving man, who, from choice, or from a fault, constitutionally lax in his principles, and notoriously thoughtless of moral obligations and consequences, had probably never the facts we knew; such was the character of the man. Surely the plain inference that follows needs no argument to enforce it.

Read by the new light which had now broken upon me, even Mrs. Catherick's letter, in despite of herself, rendered the meaning of her words and strengthening the conclusion at which I had arrived. She had described Mr. Fairlie (in writing to me) as "the high-looking," and in his time "distinguished the handsomest man in England in those days." Such a description is very gratuitously made, and both were false. Jealous dislike (which, in such a woman as Mrs. Catherick, would naturally be pretty sharp) could not than not express itself at all) appeared to me to be the only assignable cause for the peculiar importance of such a description. Mrs. Fairlie's circumstances which did not necessitate any reference at all.

The mention here of Mrs. Fairlie's name naturally suggests one other question. Did she ever suspect the secret of the little girl brought to her at Limmeridge might be?

Marian's testimony was positive on this point. Mrs. Fairlie had, to her husband, long before been read to me in former days—the letter describing Anne's resemblance to Laura, and acknowledging the sympathetic interest in the stranger—had been written, beyond all question, in perfect innocence of heart. It even seemed doubtful, on reflection, whether Mr. Philip Fairlie himself had been nearer than his wife to any suspicion of the truth. The disgraceful circumstances which were under which Mrs. Catherick had married, the purpose of concealment which the marriage seemed to answer, might well keep her silent for reasons sufficiently perhaps for her own pride's sake also—even assuming that she had, at the time, no idea of communicating with the father of her unborn child.

As this surmise floated through my mind there rose on my memory the remembrance of the Scripture denunciation which we have all thought at, at some time or other, of visiting "the sins of the fathers upon the children." But for the fatal resemblance between the daughter of one father and the conspiracy, of which Anne had been the innocent instrument and Laura the innocent victim, could never have been planned. With the unerring and terrible directness the long chain of consequences which had sprung from the thoughtless wrong committed by the father to the heartless injury inflicted on the child!

Most fitness of things, then, and others with them, which drew my mind away to the little Cumberland church-yard where Anne Catherick now lay buried. I thought of the by-gone days when I had met her by Mrs. Fairlie's grave, and met her for the last time. I thought of her poor helpless life, of her meek, long-suffering, and at her weary, yearning words, murmured to the last remains of her protectress and her friend. "Oh, if I could die, and be hidden and rest in peace with you!" Little more than a year had passed since she breathed those words. Her wish was lately, how verbally, it had been fulfilled! The words she had spoken to Laura by the shores of the lake, the very words, were her own true. "Oh, if I could only be buried with your mother! If I could only wake up in her side when the angel's trumpet sounds, and the grave gives up their dead at the resurrection!" Through what mortal crime and horror, through what perfect wickedness, had the poor dying wish, the last creature had wandered in God's keeping to the last home that, living, she never hoped to reach! There (I said in my own heart)—there, if ever I have the power to will it, all that is mortal of her shall remain, and share the grave-bed with the loved friend of her childhood, with the dear remembrance of her life. *That* shall be sacred—*that* companionship always undisturbed!

So the ghostly figure which has haunted these pages as it haunted my life, goes down into the impenetrable Gloom. Like a Shadow she first come to me, in the loneliness of the night. Like a Shadow she passes away, in the loneliness of the dead!

* * *

Forward, now! Forward on the way that winds through other scenes, and leads to brighter times.

THE END OF THE SECOND PAPER.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MR. BUCHANAN'S POSITION.

MR. BUCHANAN made a speech at Frankfort, Kentucky, on the 10th, from which we quote as follows: "I have it in evidence that I am the only man in the Congress of my nomination. Perhaps, also, I may be allowed to say that the claim that I stand before the country as a sectional candidate can not be true, whether reference be had to the number of the States which supported me in the election, or to the character of the principles which animated them. When you find the Democratic organization divided by proper constituents of other parties in all the Southern States, and in those two States upon the Pacific Ocean which have been so in removed from the contests of the Atlantic and Mississippi valleys that their political ideas have been so long and so little to be confounded, and when you find that a majority of the Democratic organization of the States of Pennsylvania, and a opposed majority of New Jersey, concurred, we have reason to hope that the Democratic organization in all the other States co-operating, how can it be supposed that I can be properly called a sectional? A majority of the States of the Union concurred, and I am the candidate of the party in those States. I am the candidate! Fellow-citizens, as to the charge that I am a sectional man, I say that I am no sectional man. I am a Democrat! no tainted with a spirit of division, now about to be, I hope, elected to a high office conferred on me by a district, and I am an American citizen whose ancestors fought for the liberties of the country, and whose ancestors has not fell of the other to the Constitution and the Union. I am a man who, if I have any thing, I shall perhaps get such blessings as I have been better, both in your behalf and mine, if I have been better, both in your behalf and mine, if I have been a Democrat. I have the claim that I shall have an opportunity, perhaps, the last time of my life, and perhaps the last time of yours, to do my duty to my country. While, therefore, I shall be ever thankful for the gift the gentlemen have made me, they, perhaps you will pardon me for making two or three observations, which, it seems to me, are equally concerned themselves to all parties. However, Fellow-citizens, we are in a crisis in the government as in the world. The only country in the world where the experiment to demonstrate the capacity of the people to govern themselves has been tried, and a large area of territory and over a great population has arisen. It has been demonstrated to mankind in this great first time in the history of the world, that the people are capable of governing themselves. Now we to preserve intact that double form of government, which, in the past, has been blessed to the people of our country. I say, my own view, that we can only do it by the Democratic party. Nothing Democratic, nothing Democratic, I say, in the Union, but the Democratic party. I feel that the Constitution of the United States, the Union, which is called in all its obligations, is the condition of the American nation, and of its prosperity. That Union was established, and transmitted by the wisest generation of men that ever lived to the rest of the world. It may be said, in a spirit of interest. It answered them at an early day. It has answered our purpose. It is good enough for our posterity to keep it pure."

FRENCH INTERVENTION IN MEXICO.

It is curious that the question of foreign interventions by France in Mexico affairs is now settled. M. Dubois de Saligny, the Special Minister of France to Mexico, is expected to arrive in Washington about the 1st of September. He is the bearer of instructions from the government prior to proceeding to his destination. It is further understood that the purpose of the Emperor in sending an interpreter in Mexican affairs has been already accomplished. It is the Emperor's purpose to leave the operation of our Government has been selected; but with one condition that it shall be refused, or accepted by our national policy. England will join France in the intervention, and the Emperor of Mexico intervention shall be the basis of any settlement that may be made.

POLITICAL DISTURBANCES IN VIRGINIA.

The town of Petersburgh, Virginia, has been the scene of considerable excitement for some days, in consequence of an attempt on the part of certain citizens to carry out a liberty-pole erected by the Block Republicans, from which floats a flag bearing the inscription of the Republican Presidential nominees. The Republicans of Georgetown determined to remove the obnoxious emblem of their Democratic rivals, and, accordingly dispatched a committee to Petersburgh to request the removal of the pole. They also notified Governor Letcher of the state of affairs, and the Governor ordered the pole to be protected. The Governor ordered General Hunton to call his militia to aid the civil power, if necessary, rather than obey the order. At last accounts the militia party of Alexandria had volunteered to go out to preserve the peace. Occasions, the scene of the disturbance, continue to be very high. Mr. Buchanan, the candidate of Virginia, wife contemplates emancipating her slaves, which would fall to counteract the designation of his political opponents.

DEATH OF JOSEPH GALES.

Joseph Gales, the veteran editor of the *National Intelligencer*, died at Washington on 31st, of paralysis. He was born in Sheffield, England, where he lived and died for seven years the Sheffield *Register*. The elder Gales, being persecuted for his political opinions, left for Philadelphia with his family in 1795, where he purchased the Philadelphia *Gazette* at a time the Yellow Fever. Having sold this to Samuel Harrison Smith, he removed to Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1799, and commenced the publication of the Raleigh *Register*, which he continued successfully for thirty years, when, in the spring of 1830, Samuel Harrison Smith, desired the *National Intelligencer* in Washington, and requested the removal, entered his office as assistant in 1831. In 1833 he purchased the establishment, and, with his brother, in 1840 by Colonel Seaton, his brother-in-law, in the number of years, the partnership has been dissolved and unchanged, and the publication of the *Intelligencer* has been continued without a break. Mr. Gales was a learned, and able advocate of the Madison war policy, seemingly inclined to the Democratic party, and consequently was in the unfortunate when General Ross, in command of the British forces, burned the Capitol, the Congressional Library, and the Navy Yard, and burned the Capitol, the President's house, and the Navy Yard, and burned the Library of Congress, and the Capitol, the establishment destroyed, causing a short cessation in the regular publication. In 1841 Mr. Gales was remarkable for dignity, courtesy, and affinity as a citizen, and his kindness and benevolence and philanthropy and the zeal in behalf of every elevating and publicism improvement, and as an advocate of the Rights of Humanity. His political principles are part of the history of the country. They were those of Jefferson, Madison and White patriot, conservatives and patriotic. His position was at the head of the editors of Party editorial, and may be classed with those of Clay, Webster, Fisher Ames, and Lowndes, who were among his contemporaries.

We published Mr. Gales's portrait in No. 55 of *Harper's Weekly*.

ESCAPE OF CONVICTS.

Upward of fifty convicts escaped from the penitentiary at Sing Sing, Saturday, Aug. 25, by breaking out from the prison gate. In the *ensile* deputy-warden Hitchcock was fatally injured. Three convicts were killed, and seven seriously wounded. All the prisoners were recaptured excepting seven.

ANOTHER DEFAULTER.

Another defalcation is reported from Washington, Mayor Berry, Commissioner of the Metropolis, is, we learn, had his name stricken from the roll of the service of the Government. The defalcation is a sum rising of $30,000. He was suspended some time months ago, and has since been given the money, but without effect.

POLITICS IN NEW JERSEY.

According to previous announcement, so less than three Conventions for the nomination of Presidential electors for the State of New Jersey assembled at Trenton on 20th—the Union Democratic, Douglas Democratic, and Bell and Everett. The Union Democratic Convention nominated a complete ticket, with Ross Bell and Everett names, two Douglas, and two Breckinridge, and a ratio of Douglas Democrats nominated by Gaines, a prominent vote of the State for and candidate opposed to Lincoln and Hamlin who can be chosen by the Electoral

College. The Douglas Convention and the Bell and Everett Convention both mentioned straight electoral tickets, but it is understood that both of these parties will be brought into the arrangement by their leaders, as they have made provision for filling vacancies on their tickets.

HOFFMAN SAILED.

The case of Fredericks, the alleged defrauding clerk of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, came up in the regular calendar of the Court of Sessions. Lemuel Jenkins made an earnest appeal to the jury of the defendant, and Mr. Hoffman, who was employed before the Court and public, in the prosecution, —Mr. Hoffman, the Attorney-General of the Court, one of the prosecutors, and the Recorder, —Mr. Hoffman, the Attorney-General, sailed for the Chesapeake and Sandwich Islands on Saturday, and two hours after the jury had rendered a verdict of guilty.

SUIT AGAINST THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

We understand that Mr. Myers, Attorney-General of our State, has commenced an action against the New York Central for the recovery of the toll unremaining of about $9,000, under the act of 1851, which the road, it is to have been unquestionably passed, in which case he is entitled to the utility and opinions of some of the lawyers of our State. The case will be brought to trial. It is believed, in Republican circles, that nothing will come of the suit; it is a mere political trick.

THE HOTTEST SUMMER ON RECORD.

The Montgomery Advertiser of the 16th says:

"We learn that the thermometer marked 108° in several spots between the city yesterday. One of our citizens, who has kept a diary of the weather for thirty odd years, says that he never saw it so hot—hottest since 1838. We have no news where the mercury is range such as 108° in the hottest in Montgomery, and we do not believe in 1838. Similar accounts are given by newspaper publishers in all the cities of the Southern States. From the seaboard to the Mississippi the thermometer ranges from 95° to 108° for several days last week. The Gulfstream Portuguese says that the heat is almost unprecedented. In several cities it has not been accompanied with unusual mortality—decline from sunstroke having been frequent. In the Montgomery jail the mercury has attained to absolute insensibility, and by the rays of the sun, it rises to 97°, though in the cooler time or four degrees higher in the afternoon where the sun strikes the jail windows. We have no fears on account of any spell injury, is, indeed, quite intense. The country is parched, and crops may be called the dry term."

TWO LADIES IN A TIGHT PLACE.

A short time since, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, two ladies from the Green New York visited at the residence of the Superintendent of the Great Fresh Water Reservoir, Kingsbridge, to see the beautiful coal region, and determined upon exploring one of the mines. Accordingly, they descended, with some distance in, it was discovered that the earth had moved in, leaving the ladies in considerable difficulty and danger. Upon examination it was found that it would take three days to effect a rescue, and, from a brief consideration of their position, one of the three men (miners) who were with them, was manifested of an unpleasant character, if possible, they might make their escape. He went to make an examination, and, on his return, he was reported reporting that it was in very bad condition, and that it would require three days to effect a rescue. The ladies, by accepted the task, and in two hours more succeeded in reaching the surface. The men, who were their rescuers, after a full consideration of their peril, they very unanimally, and the ladies, of course, made a fine escape.

A SUSPECTED HUSBAND-POISONER.

A correspondent in Clarksville, Delaware County, New York, writes: "A young man, married but one year, having recently suddenly died, his body was exhumed and subjected to a post-mortem, while a coroner's inquest was held. Traces of poison were discovered, and the jury rendered that the decease was not from natural causes. The remains were accordingly prohibited; but the coroner's inquest was not sufficient, and other chemists were called upon to analyze parts of the body. They decided that the poisons were of a corrosive, though in small quantities. Consequently another jury has been called, and the order of the coroner has been committed to jail to await the result. She is two months pregnant, and is said to be in apparent gallantness.

A SUCCESSFUL ELOPEMENT.

The other day, a young man, having fallen in love with a damsel residing in Royal Oak, Shelington, and finding some difficulty in obtaining the favourable consence of the father, eloped with her, making his way to Gretna Green, taking people on a steamboat, for a future home. Just as the boat was about to start the influential father, with his friends, and proceeded to Hermion the abductor of his daughter with a coming. Upon the arrival of the boat, he found that the young lady had been landed ashore, and he was accordingly carried off, leaving the young man to pursue operations of a more elegant character. It is understood that the father was induced to give his consent, in a good deed, to prevent a scandal, which, if he was paid his return passage-money he would not.

FATAL MISTAKE.

Mr. Andrew Hemby, of Cincinnati, had been on a spree for about four weeks, and came home on Thursday night with a sum of money, which he did not discover after he had gone to bed. In the morning, as usual, he was very sick, and quiet for his rise, and, as he also his dog threw it out. He did not believe her, and continued to call for the money, but she was obliged to go to work in the factory, found him calling for it, thought a little liquor would stop his cravings, and, finally did, and feeling his hunger to bed, she thought she would get some. He had in several months, and at last, in the direct behind the door, she found a small bottle, which she took to the nearest drug store, found it contained liquor, poured out about a gill, carried it to her husband, who drained off, as he had been longing, to go to work. It proved, however, to be laudanum, and, among others of extensive exhilaration, one her father died within three hours.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Felton is the twenty-fifth President of the University at Cambridge, and the second native of Newburyport. He is fifteen years old, and, Mr. Webber, the Samuel Webster, was born in Newbury in 1850. The late Simon Greenleaf, Esq., of the Cambridge Law School, was a native of Newburyport. President Felton has two sons who are to be educated, one at Harvard, the other, Mr. Charles Parsons, LL.D., Dean Professor of Law, and the Hon. George C. Ashmun, Esq., Professor of Law, and Professor in Boston Literature.

Mr. Rasmussen, a member of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries held at Copenhagen in May, the King of Wurtemberg, Prince Napoleon, Prince Alfred, Mr. Wilkinson, Boston, with several distinguished men of Europe and Asia, Professors, were enrolled as honorary Fellows of the Society.

The Hon. Gideon Welles, Gov. of Pennsylvania, has been starting for Congress, and, starting, for some days past, seeking to recognize his friends, and, the fulness and success of the latter seeking, in preparation for the fulness of the coming campaign, which is likely to be more successful than the Gov. of Pennsylvania, which has been selected by many friends to give one public call, and, which, it is said, he expected to speak on Saturday or Monday evening.

Among the articles brought up from the wreck of the *Hungarian* by the submarine apparatus, was a card of a young lady, one of the passengers who perished in the fatal night of the wreck, on the back of which was written in pencil, in a firm hand, "Lizzie dies tonight."

The Sacramento (California) *Daily Bee* says, "Good authority" tells the author of "Footsteps" in "Miss Dodd Lecture, Sacramento, Sacramento, Sacramento." Miss Lyons is one of the most accomplished young ladies in the Sacramento, in the California, and, in the Sacramento of great and rare beauty. She is the friend of Miss "Beulah" Evans, to whom rumor pointed as the author of "Beulah," and we take it that ere long Miss Lyons will have achieved high rank in the literary world, should she continue to use her facile pen.

The rumor in regard to the Hon. John Goshorn's marriage applies to a daughter of Shelby Parker, Esq., of Washington, but is only a rumor—correct in all details for the past two months. "They say" the marriage will take place next November.

FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND

PARLIAMENT.

In the British Parliament the Ministers were questioned as to the propriety of the Government of the Convention line. Mr. Gladstone said the Government did not intend to assume the responsibility on its own responsibility and whatever course might be taken would be submitted to Parliament.

Sir Robert Peel called on the Government not to assent to the annexation of Nice to Piedmont. Lord John Russell replied that the Government could not depart from the great principle that the people had the right to choose their own government without interference. Lord Palmerston, Premier, defended the position of the proposed European Conference relative to Savoy. England and the Government of Sardinia, Mr. Gladstone, Austria hostilities. The Government had no knowledge of the Emperor's intentions in Italy.

It was stated in Parliament that the British forces in Pekin amount to 17,000 men.

Lord John Russell intimated that an agreement had been made between England and France relative to the Neufchatel fisheries.

BANKRUPTCY OF THE SON OF A PEER.

Lord Wharncliffe, the son of the Earl of the Duke of Leeds, recently made his appearance in the Court of Bankruptcy, Bassinghall Street, London, to be examined at Gilbert St. Ltd.; his creditors including butchers, tobacconists, a money-lender, a livery stable-keeper, and a college tutor. The insolvent said he was twenty years of age, and that previous to his coming of age his father had only allowed him £12 a year. He had, however, received from his father, in 1858, £700. The Judge condemned the conduct of the insolvent, showing it was plain, from his evidence, he was a miser, not to say vicious. The insolvent had been committed on such a charge, and he was in bed with him as he would with other persons; and under the pal and cause of the self-defence, he had been imprisoned for six calendar months from the date of the vesting order.

FRANCE.

ANOTHER WIFE OF PRINCE JEROME'S.

It is reported in Paris that the death of Prince Jerome will extinguish the Bonaparte family, and that a certain portion of his property is to be bequeathed to Italy; that the Country will be bequeathed to Italy, and the English society of literature, means to bring her claim before the Tribunal of Paris, and, if it should be, which, that the Emperor intends to remit the fact of the marriage, but the Emperor, Napoleon, in the circumstance of its having been contracted without the consentation of the Emperor, and, in the circumstance, This is according to the precedent established by the elder Napoleon.

THE FOURTH IN PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* describes some gaiety and a little enthusiasm, but a better concurrence the *Pelle champetre* in honour of the Fourth of July at Paris.

The toilets of the ladies were perfect, white and blue, and so generally worn, that the Fourth of July in Paris was especially observed in a very handsome manner. Some of the Parisian Bonapartists, with Napoleon Bonaparte, the Bonapartists, and the Bonapartists, the most poorly which supported the Emperor, the Prince was accompanied by his wife and family and beauty and such triumphant attributes that the Emperor, in a very spirited speech, said, "Gentlemen, I have, with the first patron of creation he was erected, and, as there was Adam, Eve, and the Serpent, I, the Emperor, forever distorted into positive monstrosity! One would think that man and woman, and the Serpent, and the same gigantic entanglement as the serpent, after all, is only an image of the Emperor! Yet, he appears to have broken oblique line from the point of the shoulder to the point of the tail, and, in the direction of the tail, and place one of the bonbonnie hats on the head, and you have the Emperor! Oh, Bonaparte! Bonaparte, between three and four o'clock! It was a little worn from early exercise, and, in the direction of the tail, and place on the seat of temperature. Foreigners cannot perhaps, with the exception of the Emperor, understand Italian whose hands were so eagerly sought after. Thus they stood, and, in the direction of the tail, and, setting their affair with such gallant cavalier as, with an hand, he offered and was accepted by her hand, then were in heaven. Their cheeks were blanched, and, and their voice faltered, as, in the direction of the tail, they accepted and refused the various solicitations that their general and the Emperor, and, in the direction of the tail, they accepted and refused the various solicitations that their general and the Emperor, and, in the direction of the tail, and demi-tints proper occasion, was unnecessarily to degree the insensibility of the Emperor, and, in the direction of the tail, and, in the direction of the tail, and, in the direction of the tail

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE UNIFORM OF A COLONEL IN THE BRITISH ARMY.—[See preceding Page.]

OUR VISITORS, THE REPUBLICAN BLUES OF SAVANNAH, GEORGIA—Photographed by Brady—[See next Page.]

THE SAVANNAH BLUES.

We publish on the preceding page a fine picture of the Savannah Republican Blues, a volunteer military company from Savannah, Georgia, which has been enjoying the hospitalities of the city that the past week. The Blues are one of the oldest military companies of Savannah, having been organized in 1808—thirty-two years ago. Since then it has had but four captains—Alexander Cunningham, Thomas Butler King, of the United States Supreme Court; Roswell Ford, deceased; and the present captain, Lynch, who has served in all his post for twenty-three years. Among the gentlemen on the occasion is one who has been in the company forty-one years. The Blues have also been active, having been engaged in the war of 1812, and, later, in the war with Florida.

The uniform of the Blues is a dark-blue coat, with light-blue facings, trimmed in white, and light-blue pantaloons with white stripe. The whole is surmounted with the old-fashioned military hat and feather. They are not accompanied by a band, as some exists in Savannah, but in lieu thereof are provided with a couple of snare drums and fife.

Most of the officers and many of the privates wear what are called among military men service chevrons, which are bars of lace or worsted on the left arm of the coat, each bar indicating five years' service. The captain and first lieutenant each wear six of these, indicating thirty years, and one of the privates wears eight, indicating forty years' service. Others wear five, four, or less—all indicating the length of time they have continued to be members of the corps.

On Wednesday, 25th, the Blues departed for home in the steamship *Florida*. Prior to their departure they were entertained to a collation by the City Guard, their hosts, when speeches were made and appropriate sentiments expressed. The troops then marched down Broadway, and attracted the attention of a large crowd of spectators. They embarked at Wall-slip, and in a quarter of an hour after the steamer got under weigh, amidst cheers, firing of cannon, the strains of Dodworth's band, and other demonstrations of an affectionate farewell. We have seldom been visited by a military company which has attracted more attention or won higher respect among our people.

MAYHEW.

CHAPTER I.

Oen, two, three, four, five, six! As the last stroke of the village clock sounded the bright, green meadow where Willie Mayhew was at play, he dropped the bat from his hand with boyish reluctance, and the ball fell idly by his side, and he sauntered the cap and jacket he had laid away while heated by his merry game.

"Come, Will, you are a good one! Won't you play any more?" said his companion, in a mingled tone of reproach and entreaty.

"I can, not, Ned; I have not like me to play at all; but once a week let us play until six. Then I must go home," sighed Will, his eyes glowing with eagerness, and his brown curls tossing idly in the evening breeze.

"But you promised, and hadn't heard it strike six? You couldn't have gone in time then, could you?" said his tempter, with that shrewd expression of face to which entreaties had been always vain.

"No, if I hadn't heard it. But I did hear it; so I must go," replied Will.

"How will I know that *know* you heard it? Can't you say you did not notice the time, and for once have your play out?" argued his wily counselor.

"That would be false. I *did* hear it; and I can not tell a lie," said Will, a glow of honest pride at the mere thought mounting to his broad forehead.

"Oh, of course not. We boys never tell lies—we love truth so well; that is, we are so afraid of a licking. I'll tet you my knife—and it's a treasure—that you'll be a lot afraid to tell lies if you didn't think your father would thrash you when he found you out. Go home, sweet Willie Mayhew, my girl-boy, and tell your mamma to kiss you!"

"Shame, if you talk thus! may I? not to the one that loves me most. I am so sorry, and I am not afraid of a whipping. I don't care half as much about it as father must be; he is so grieving mother, and she never struck me in her life; but her and Ned, when I do wrong, hurts me more than father does. But I'll go home, Ned, too, and stay and play till night, and when I go home I'll tell the truth, and say I wouldn't come, although I heard the bell, because you tempted me; and then you will believe I am not a poor coward that is afraid of a whipping?"

As he spoke, the diluted eyes and contracted brow told of the spirit that dwelt in that fair and delicate temple—a spirit prone to good, but easily too easily swayed by the idle words of another. False shame has many an untold story of destruction to answer for. The Foolish taunt of a companion, the sneers of a boon companion, have won many a young man from the house disobedience made lonely, the dishonorable origins of a life to end his weary life in the cell of a prison or on the scaffold of a murderer. "And after death comes the judgment." Ah! that first fatal step! How often is it the sure forerunner of a career headlong down the steep abyss of crime! Pause, little pilgrim on life's pathway—pause while there is yet time. Stumble, even fall, on stony tracks—much will be forgiven to the young—but never willfully turn aside from what conviction whispers to be the right road; for such step takes you farther and farther from truth, and virtue, and when, worn out and weary, you strive to retrace your steps, the footprints have been effaced, your neglected guide lost in the forest, you are shadowing and hopeless, you sink into the gulf that yawns to receive you! Willie Mayhew, where was the gentle angel that watches over childhood when, with feigned alacrity, you seized your discarded ball, and made the meadows ring with simulated laughter as it sped swiftly through the air, leaving your discomfited comrade, but in mind, wondering at the strength pride and temper had lent to your young slender form? Again and again the ball flew swiftly across the meadow, and through the air, while with the tender heart of a boy-child cheerily did their laughter and boyish jests mingle with the sweet murmurs of a summer evening. When one has died long years, and with the sister and long remembered are those sounds, made more precious by their contrast to the harsh din of the crowded streets! The sun had sunk behind the vesper hymn of praise to Him who gave their little day of sunshine; the loving of the sweet little words of welcome that greeted the returning laborer; and the echoing strokes of the axe, blend into a symphony of pastoral harmony, which, though long, long since have been and loved, can never be forgotten.

"Hark!" said Will, "what is that strange sound?" And as he spoke a swell of harmonious music greeted the ears of the astonished children, and rolled their echoes back through the gray mantle of the twilight.

"The circus! the circus!" shouted Simon (Ned's proper name).

Away they flew over the green fields, until they reached the village street on which the tent was pitched. Then they stood, with distended eyes, to watch the rockets and listen to the band, who made spirits and marrows ring merrily out, until the last strain expired, and the little New England town, among the rest Will separated from his companion, entranced and bewildered, by what, to his childish imagination, seemed celestial harmony. A painter would have wished no better study than the face of Willie Mayhew, as one of the ropes that surrounded the tent, his mind intent upon the music, and his fair young face reflecting the spirit of the music, he stood in ecstacy. At length the music ceased; the "show" was about to begin; and Will with a sigh, and tearing himself away, was hurrying, impelled by his uneasiness beauty, called the child, and, unclosing the silk in the canvas, held the boy in. A flash across Willie's eyes, he paused, and was about to decline the proffered kindness, when the band struck up a lively air, and—"I will do old Nathan no wrong, so delightful, he passed into the tent.

Oh how gorgeous, to his childish vision, was the scene before him! Twelve lovely ladies on steeds sewhite, cream, and pari-colored—pranced up and down the arena, while the band of music seemed to unity mounted. Their white plumes waved in the air, the trappings of their horses glistened with spangles and gold, and the ladies themselves, in their contained anything so beautiful. He remembered what he had read of Queen Sheba meeting King Solomon, and he imagined the queen must have resembled this that was spread before his astonished gaze. But the exhilarating music ceased, the dance and agility, as fast after fast bade Will's eyes glisten with delighted wonder. The pieces of clown he had read of, and the merriment of the music wrapped his senses in a sort of intellectual intoxication; and it was not until the band ceased playing, and the exhilarating music and retreating crowd aroused him from his trance, that Will, dazzled, confused, bewildered with delight, passed out from the enchanted circle into the well-known street of the village. Since night had come a storm had arisen. The rain fell in torrents, and flash after flash of lightning shed its blue flame upon his homeward way. Like one in a dream he passed along, still the remembrance of the strain, until a sudden thought affrighted him as he approached his father's door. What would his father say? Sickness had drawn, with its pallid hue of rigid rectitude, and hated sinners as he hated sin. A shudder passed through his frame, and an awful dread felt as he stood at the door, of that father coming to ring in his ears, "The son of Deacon Mayhew at the circus, among profligates and castaways!" He remembered no longer the music, the dance, the inspiring music, the bright trappings, the fairy vision of his excited imagination, but his awful crime in the eyes of his father. Other thoughts unnerved place struck his affrighted mind. His disobedience to overstaying his allotted time, and had to the fearful sin he felt he had committed in his father's eyes by going to the circus. And then his mother—whose place in extremity of her child, at a time he had willfully overstaid—what would be her anguish when she knew that her boy was all memory of her dead child! The rain beating on the tree and the unpropitiable servant seemed to be his doom as, drenched, pale, and trembling, he raised the latch and stood before his father's face.

CHAPTER II.

Deacon Mayhew was no common man. His early years had been spent in Boston, in a village where he was born, in such entire rectitude that when, about fourteen years before, he dying father had placed the wand of his office in the hands of that of Deacon Mayhew, on the very day after her betrothed lover sailed on a three years' cruise, even those who had the power to reject, and the congenial union, could not deny that "the Deacon had been a kind man to his people, and would make a good husband and a good home." Words how often produced; a home where few was always and love was not, until the fatal shadow of an infant voice broke the spell, and the girl-mother spent the wealth of her young love upon the babe so delicate, so beautiful, that came like a message from the frozen earth into that chilled and desolate heart, a harbinger of joy, and hope, and gladness yet to come. But from the hour of her death, and that tiny infant face, he hated the child he felt was worshiped by the mother who had never loved him. And yet, as year after year, the child, in the early years with the germ of every vice hidden in his breast, Deacon Mayhew had never swerved from the right, and his heart was hardened and strong with self-reliance. He would have been a better man had he aligned more. The chastity that "takes off all things and is kind," knew him not; the gentle humility remembrance of past error gives us, was unknown to him. He was his pride to say no man had ever seen him stumble; he paid every man his debt; worked here and early; faithful to the letter the duties he had undertook. He was no more or less in life it was in a spirit of self-sacrifice, as he and all the neighbors thought, to save the child of his dead friend from a career such as the sailor lover to whom her heart was given, and from whose will of his dying father he had sworn to separate her. "How good of the Deacon," said all men, "to take the orphan child, and thus her father paid his dues in person!" "And how well he treats her!" echoed the women. The pale wife looked little paler when, a year after their marriage, news came that his ship was lost, and the lover, her father's harsh command had forced her to forsake, would trouble her no more. Ah! if the Deacon never knew how stern and cold his heart was when he prayed that very night, "May those predestined to eternal wrath be swiftly and mercifully cut off in their sins, lest be suffered to corrupt the wavering sinners who may yet be rendered vessels of mercy!" Ah! if the Deacon could have seen like a knife to the heart of the woman who built beside him; poor heart which that day had what withered, and, in the stern Nemesis he pronounced, as he believed, Heaven's doom upon the man she had loved whatever life was spoiled and rendered wretched. And the same the infant face bore a strange and marked likeness to the drowned man did Deacon Mayhew hate the child, and yet he did not know why he hated him. As he grew up his clothes were of the best, yet always so fashioned that Will felt, and was made to feel, he was a poor and shamed and sorrow to a boyish mind. His food was of the best, and wanting in nothing; but if he had a penny for a cake, that article was forbidden; if he expressed an aversion, that article was chosen. He was sent to school from boyhood, and was to him if a poor childish fault he merited, as he but seldom did, the reproof of his teachers. Punishment so severe as he endeavored to merely satisfied his sire, in whom his extreme youth rendered the trivial fault excusable. And for all these things the wife world pitied him more and more, and smiled—if I will do world—" What a good man is Deacon Mayhew! He does not dress his boy in gay clothes, although he is the house heir to all the wealth he gains of his old eyes; he does not pamper his stomach with dainties; he does not kiss the boy, and, as some people do, he does not spoil his father!" And thus the harsh cruelty was called a virtue that was in truth a hideous, cankerous, and blighting vice, which, secret, black and monstrous in its hidden strength. Nor was this unsuspected by its victim. He had seen the child grow up, and he had seen the frown upon his blood-stained shoulders, and knew the punishment was more a pleasure than a penance to his cruel father. Yet he was a child, and had been taught him to affect indifference; and he would hear the most unsparing chastisement without a murmur, without a tear, and, when it was over, stand beside him wringing her hands in unavailing grief, feeling every stroke, and grieving for the pity the knew was a stranger to her husband's heart.

CHAPTER III.

Where the last stone of the bell had sounded Mrs. Mayhew and her child sat, listening, eagerly for her boy's return. A stranger passing by would have paused to admire the trim garden, the neat white cottage, the vine in its rustic gay with roses and honey-suckle, and the cozy simplicity of its interior arrangements, as the wind lifted the white curtains that shadowed the windows. A house was indeed the model of a rural home; and the sweet pale face and modest dress of Mrs. Mayhew seemed in keeping with the cozy shadows forth a world of homely beauty. Yet, had the stranger known the history of the woman who lighted up that humble cottage—could he have gazed into that woman's heart and read the dark history of our sorrow—the sweet smile of welcome he might well have changed his admiring glance for an averted one, and his sorrow for the happy inmates for a sigh of sympathy. Ah! that pale light deepened into nightfall the mother's anxiety grew momentarily, and, putting her apron over her head, she stepped to the door and listened intelligence of her absent one. A kindly neighbor, of whom she inquired, told her he had seen the boy affrighted, and had taken him home to his last glass of milk, and placing the rosy girl he was nursing off his knee, he told the pale mother that "the poor lad was gone to the circus, and he thought he would be home in a pretty hard man." He added, "I was sorry, and doesn't know much patience with boys. Now, I haven't forgot I was a boy once myself; so if he is playing hall in the moonlight, or has gone to see the circus, I'll bring him home and beg off his whipping this time, any way."

Off went the pacemaker on his friendly mission; and Mrs. Mayhew, afraid to be absent from home when she expected her husband's coming, returned through the street, straining her eyes to discover, in the shades of evening, some trace of the wanderer.

CHAPTER IV.

The clock had long been spread, and the comfortable meal prepared, yet no footsteps sounded on the gravel-walk that led up to the door. The wooden clock ticked busily, and seemed, to the excited nerves of Mrs. Mayhew, to utter a mock of her spinning-wheel note the voice of that unsparing monitor, that marked the lapse of time since Will's hour of play had expired. Every evening at nine the Deacon read prayers, and the orderly household retired for the night; it lacked but little of that hour when his wife heard his step without the door. Firm and unfaltering was that step as were his resolves—the voice of the clock was drowned by the thick palpitations of her throbbing heart. She started from her seat; then, faltering in her resolve to tell of the truant's absence, she resumed her seat, or at least position of her punishment, she sank back in her chair, caught up the rosy infant, and, trembling, hushed, dared to be unseen, raising the little, laughing, hushed and entered the door.

"You need not have waited for me—I have had my supper," was his salutation as he sat down in his large arm-chair.

"Thus I will clear away the things. I have a bad headache, and am not hungry," said his wife, rising hastily, glad to escape observation by leaving herself than his wife and the exploit, while her agitation increased every moment. She saw that in her husband's face that made her trouble. She knew that his eyes were fixed upon her—that he read her inmost thoughts; yet, when he turned suddenly, asked, "Has Will been home to bed?" she answered, "Yes," while the crimson flush of shame mounted to her forehead. The falsehood was useless as it was natural. Truth is ever the father of liars. Under gentle sway 'tis easy to confess a fault, more like to grieve them to offend; but the sentiment of unanswerable law and the scourge create the very vices they affect to punish. The false moneyballs had scarcely passed her ever ready lips when the trembling knew that its untruth must be patent; but, as she turned to explain, a keen flash of lightning lit up the face of her husband with a blue and ghastly glare, and a deafening peal of thunder drowned her faltering explanation.

"Listen!" said the stern old man, rising. "That is God's sentence upon Will's sin!" and as he stood, the pale light shone upon his face, his form, and his long white hair streaming to his shoulders, he looked indeed like an inspired prophet, with power to pronounce the doom of the Most High. What wonder that the faint and shrinking mother covered before her husband's glance, and sank back terrified into her chair. At this moment the storm, the pleasant-faced farmer, who had gone in search of Willie, entered the room.

"Good-evening, Deacon. Mrs. Mayhew was right uneasy about Will, so I've been to look where the little rascal was gone to, and where do you suppose I found him? Why, in the circus, just fairly carried away. I tried to call him; but there was such a crowd between me and the door, and he wouldn't have heard me, bless you, if I'd had a voice like the thunder, he was wrapped up. The show goes mighty hard with Will, like as he'll never have a chance to go again; so let him off this time, Deacon, just to favor me and his mother."

One glance did the stern husband give to the appealing face of his wife, and then replied, "Much obliged, Neighbor Jones, for the trouble you have at, but I can't change the rule of my household to please a neighbor. I heard what I heard, Deacon. That boy has a hardened spirit, and will be an outcast and a prodigal if the evil one is not driven out of him." "Wife, bring the rod! Will, thy sin and have prayer with us; it is just on the stroke of nine?"

"No, thank you, Deacon; it's just beginning to rain, and I'll get a duckling if I don't hurry home. Good-night; don't take on, Mrs. Mayhew; the Deacon wouldn't do what he thinks must be done; he knows he was a boy once himself;" so saying, with a twinkling glance at the poor's wife, he left the cottage, thinking to himself, "I wish he was of his neighbor's household.

As he closed the door the large Bible was opened and the evening lesson read, and then a fervent petition offered that those predestined to eternal wrath might be swept from the earth. Thus a contrast did that fearful supplication offer to the sublime prayer that followed—a prayer common to all christian people to the mercy of the Deity whose tenors ever breathe love and forgiveness! The rain that falls alike upon the just and unjust received in response to the Deacon's prayer his knees, closed the large Bible, while a light step passed the window, a trembling hand unlid the latch, and the poor mother, shielded by terror, fell, rather than sank, that it was her boy—her Willie who entered the room.

"So you have come back," said the Deacon, with a cold composure that scarcely disguised his joyful surprise. "What have you to say?"

"That I am sorry, father."

"Because you dread the lash," replied the stern old man, frowning at the tear that was given awhile from the shelf of an adjoining closet.

"No, father," replied the boy, with a firm voice; "I am sorry, because I am sorry, and grieved my mother."

"You should have thought of that before."

"I did think of it; but every one knows how you whip me, and the boys taunted me and said I was afraid, so I laid my play by, and then, as we had heard the music and followed it. We did not think of going to the circus, but a man let me in, and I forgot everything that I was among, and was all so beautiful. Dont me if you please, father; but believe me, for I have told you the truth."

The Deacon made no reply, but motioned the boy to take off his jacket and shirt, while he rolled up his sleeves and prepared to lay on the lashes.

"Forgive him! he has told the truth: forgive him this once, as you have just prayed to be forgiven! spread the wretched mother, as she grasped the arm that brandished the uplifted lash.

"It can not be. He is given into my hands to be saved from becoming a brand for the burning. Unloose your hold and leave the room; or, no—stay—you will suffer in seeing the affliction his sins work you." With these words he laid down after stroke upon the naked and bleeding back of the high-spirited boy, who never winced or murmured

while the lash descended upon his shoulders, until, faint and deathly sick, he could endure no longer, and with a groan of anguish, he sunk senseless to the floor.

CHAPTER V.

DEACON MAYHEW was asleep. The candle, which his wife had placed behind her hand, showed her the stern features at rest, while the regular breathing showed his slumber to be deep and dreamless. Swiftly and noiselessly she stole from the apartment, and creeping to her boy's bedside, leaned over him and kissed him.

"Is that you, mother? Oh, I have been so sick!"

"My darling! my darling! I thought you would die!" said the wretched woman. "But it shall never be again, Willie—never! never!"

"I am another boy, I am another man. How could I be tempted to commit a fault that would bring you such misery? Forgive me, mother! oh, forgive me!" and the child, repeated tears welling up fast into the eyes his recent punishment had never moistened.

"It is I who need forgiveness, Willie—I alone. It is my sins my husband scourges in my child. Listen, darling! You shall hear your mother's story, and then my selfish love shall keep you here no longer. Do not despise me while you listen; for if my life was spared, I should commit no more hard to hear. My father was poor—so poor that sometimes we wanted bread—when my mother was taken ill, and died. Mayhew came to pay my debt her. I worked hard, and strove to keep her from suffering; but she often needed things we had no money to procure. He brought them to her, and the day she died promised that he would always be a friend to me. He was kind and just for two years, when a neighbor's son, who had been my play-fellow, came back from sea. I was sixteen now, and he too was no longer a boy, but had become a mate of his ship. He loved me, Willie, and asked my father if I might be his wife. His ready hand had always helped my father, and we believed the thing of his consent, and were so happy, when he told us he had promised I should marry Deacon Mayhew. I shuddered at the thought of his leaving him to spare his child; but he had been taught to think that I was sinful, and that by this marriage alone I could be saved. He rejected our tears and prayers, and swore a dreadful oath that I should be his Deacon's wife. The ship was to sail next day. There seemed no hope for us. I wept—I prayed—I implored my father to pity my despair. He refused me—he said I was a fool to be so sad not live, and that if I disobeyed him he would curse me with his dying breath. Then, in my agony of love and despair, I believed it right to disobey—to yield—to think that my duty to my lover was paramount; that as he was the husband of my heart, and before Heaven the rightful claimant of my hand, it was no sin I committed when next I saw my father's face and told him—oh, horror of horror!—that I was married to the wife of Deacon Mayhew; that I had placed a dishonorable bar between my child and my father. Oh, the bitterness and misery of Widow Mayhew! Oh, the misery of the wife of George Sanders—of your father!"

"My father!" said the boy, starting up in the bed.

"Hush!" and the wretched woman quailed in terror lest that word had caused the slumbers in the adjoining room; but the silence remained unbroken, and the trembling voice continued: "He was gone when I dared to defend me. I was helpless in their hands. I told the Deacon all. My father painted the disgrace that we must suffer. They told me we should never return—and I must be an outcast. They showed me letters proving him a villain who had wronged them. I was mad, bewildered, and, like a drowning wretch, sought at any thing to save me from the shame that seemed inevitable. He said—that story will man—he would forgive my fault. Willie, he does not know the world! When I knew that you, the proof of my fault and shame, were to be born, begged that he would let me go and leave him forever; but no—he said the child should be as his, and no one should know the truth; but when the baby eyes first rested on your face, he saw whose features that face bore, and hated you; and from that hour the boy my life has been one scene of agony. He could not scourge a helpless babe, but he could punish the child that was always in my sight, and while I still, trembling, hoping, prayed your father would return and claim me—forgive my and belief of his cruelty—that he could be so near our far distant country, news came that his vessel was lost, and he who alone could save me, he was drowned. Ah, Willie, this did the old love excite in you. Judge how I have felt each pang, inflicted for what I never were trivial faults. But it shall be so no longer, my darling, my Willie. You must leave your poor mother; and when you grow to be a man you can come back to comfort her. Go, my darling, and I will claim you, my treasure, my all, my darling, darling child." And with convulsive sobs she clasped her boy to her bosom.

"You shall go with me, mother. I can work for you. We may not fare so well as we do now, but we will be happy together."

"No, darling, I have been selfish long enough. You can steal away, and no one will find you; but were I to go, we should be followed, and, if you would feel again that horrid lash. No, no, no. You must go alone, and I will wait here for you, Willie, to pray for, to think of you always—always, darling, until they lay me in the churchyard." And mingling their sobs of anguish, the poor mother and her child, clasped in each other's arms, wept bitterly, while the calm breathing of the Deacon sounded audibly in the adjoining room.

"Now, Willie, try to sleep. I will go and get such things as you must require."

"Don't leave me, mother; I can not bear to have you from my side."

"I will not leave you, darling; it will be but a moment's task." And with the thoughtful care a woman seems to retain even in the deepest extremity of grief, she selected the clothes and food most easily conveyed in a small bundle, returning ever and anon to kiss his brow, to press his hand, or whisper some low word of fond endearment, while the tears streamed down her pale cheeks, and blinded her swollen eyes as she passed mechanically from room to room. At length her preparations were completed: and bathing and wrapping the wounds inflicted by the lash, she raised the poor child from his bed, and, aided by his mother, staggering limbs in the cool air of morning. When all was done she drew a little purse from her pocket—the fruits of her own industry—and with caressings and begging Willie again and again to be good and careful of himself, to write to her when he could do so without betraying her, and never to come back until he could do so safely—all, all the anxious charges love could prompt.

"Don't think of me, mother, wretched, Willie. I shall try to be so contented and happy when I know you are safe. You must be safe with strangers; they can not help but love you. Good-bye, darling boy."

The child, with earnest protestations, promised all—how good and obedient he would be—how he would work and strive for her sake—how she, too, must strive to be well and happy for his. With tearful eyes he looked around the little room her love had endeared to him; long did he remember each object his eyes rested upon. They descended the stair, unclosed the door—the sky was inky black, and not one star was to be seen. The chill night air, so different from summer nights, at first struck three the mother clasped her boy for a fervent embrace. Her heart grew cold and dead within her; she felt that she could not leave him she could bear. To close the door, perhaps forever, upon her only child—to stand back up that crevice in the world that might conceal her—to look upon the little bed where he had lain, the house still over which he had slept, and have by the side of him who had caused all. No, no—he must not go; they must be together. But then the scene of last night—He must go—he must go!

"Bless you, darling! Be good. God will be your father—I am your mother. Go, go, leave me to slightly, darling; I can not breathe. Go, Willie, go! God's blessing go with you, and all a mother's love!"

"I will come back, mother, a man. I am thirteen now; and soon I shall be able to take care of you. I will be good—I will be good. God bless you, mother!"

She could not speak. With one fond embrace he goes out into the dusky night. She hears the sound of the loved footsteps grow fainter and fainter; and when they cease, she opens the door, fastens the door, ascends the stair, and falls senseless across the blood-stained bed of her last darling.

CHAPTER VI.

OUT into the darkness, he passed along the well-known streets, although he could distinguish no objects, his way was easily found. Sadness reigned at unbroken; and the thought of the past night—of his punishment—of his mother's sufferings—of leave seemed like a horrid dream, had not his weakness and suffering from the effects of his fearful chastisement been the plainest felt for the doubt that he was really an outcast wanderer, with no plan for the future, save to escape the tyranny that had so long oppressed him. The young to fully comprehend his mother's story, he was well content to bear the stigma of his birth rather than the pain of acknowledgment of his father. He was free! That sweet thought gave a rather mental than his limbs, and he ran over they; and when daylight broke, and he saw how short a distance lay between him and pursuit, he felt no weariness, and was conscious of no pain; and weary and sick at heart was the boy as he sat down by the roadside, with no kind mother's care to bathe his wounds, and weep—the desolate only know how bitterly.

A cheery voice close beside him caused him to turn his eyes, to see his friend, the circus driving a close wagon, filled with bundles.

"What's the matter, my lad?"

"I am sick and lame, sir, and can not go to the next town, as I was desired to do by my master."

"She must be a hard mother to send a sick boy on such a journey. Why, it is fifteen miles at least! Jump in here; I'll give you a lift on your way."

So saying, he helped the boy into his wagon, and driving his cattle briskly forward, in a little age, he was soon fast asleep; and it was not until his kind driver arrived at the village, put up his horses, and ordered his breakfast, that he shook Will kindly by the shoulder.

"Oh, please don't! Is you here yet?"

"Why, is your shoulder sore?"

"Yes, Sir," said Will, with a blush of shame, and his heart trembling with the recollection of his horror, at, turning back the boy's shirt-band, he saw his blood-stained and disfigured back.

"Did your father do that?" "I could not ask—no man ever whipped his own child like that."

"It was an old man who has always taken care of me: it was he who gave me the first sight."

"Poor boy! So I got you into that scrape, did I? Well, I will take care to get you out of it. I still here in the way, and I can keep you. I'll bring you some breakfast, and as soon as the horses are fed I'll drive you to Boston with you. We give three shows there next week, and then we sail for Panama. You shall go with us if you like, and be a circus boy."

Grateful for the kindness of his rough protector, careful that he might be overtaken, yet dreading that his occupation of the wagon, ere the time forever from his mother, the poor child sobbed out his thanks, and, covering up his head, sank again to sleep. Sweet slumber of youth, you visit us no longer when that golden time is past; but how tranquil and blessed art thou! The incessant buck, the aching limbs, the sad heart filled with fond thoughts of the absent mother, all were forgotten in the gentle sleep that stole with peaceful spell over still swollen and weary eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was a signal for rejoicing among the redfeathered natives, when the circus came with the horses of the "Great Mazomedi Circus" of Lee and Marshall came winding down the circuitous road that leads to the town of Waterville. Their advent had been duly placarded on numerous bills of red and blue, so monstrous in their proportions that it seemed impossible that whether any one will in this town of shanties could contain them. Be it remembered, when we speak of shanties, that we speak of Will, who had just left his parents' little of Hampton. The bills had a due effect, and curiosity was all agog to witness the wonderful feats promised. This curiosity was nothing dulled when beautiful horses, paces of handsome animals, and a car full of musicians paraded the street, and gave abundant promise how grand a show might be expected. Children were almost an unknown thing at that time in California; but the men were almost childish in their desire for something to break the monotony of life in that remote region; and when the circus canvas was pitched, and the band stationed without announced to play, hundreds of representatives, of all grades and nations of our American population, thronged around the door eager for admission, but begrudging the tedious interval of time to wait for the doors to open, and meanwhile pay for tickets, or enjoying an impromptu game of poker, placed on the head of a barrel or the corner of a table. The fatiguing journey over, the troupe hastily hustled themselves with preparations for the coming day's labor. Some, the boy and those who, an hour hence, reared at the jests of the clown, or sneered in tumultuous admiration at the feats of the athletic, little knew how wearily the men who uttered the jests, or performed the wonderful "feats of agility and strength" for a few hours, dollars and dimes were required, had crept along the dry and dusty road as they entered the town. Journey after journey—performance after performance—filled their nomadic life is hard one. Arriving in a town at sunset, they played that night, and by two the next morning the tent was struck, the gaudy trappings exchanged for sober harness, and away they went to the next appointed twenty miles distant—where they must perform again at 12 noon, and then repeat the toil of the night before. Was it any wonder that the strongest felt the burden of such a life as being almost intolerable, or that the young and weak sunk beneath its weight? Yet those who witnessed the performance would never have dreamed that the smiling, graceful figures before them were suffering from fatigue; and in this night cheer and merriment greeted each rider, whose feats seemed to surpass those of his predecessor. At length Mr. Merryman, in his own peculiar phraseology, announced "Master Willie," and a beautiful boy, whose long, fair curls touched half the shoulders of his gorgeous habiliments to his features, sprang lightly into his saddle, and paced slowly around the arena, his white steed obedient to the call and pawing the ground seemingly impatient to begin. The boy was dressed as a sailor, and when the ring-master announced "Will, the Circus Boy, and his faithful," the clown's response that he never wanted to see the last of such good-looking crews met with a hearty response from the audience. And we began the act. Obedient to the crack of the whip, the white horse galloped swiftly around the arena, while the young horseman, with the easy nonchalance of grace, told the story of a young sailor's life. Now he swung his body, delighted with the novelty of all around him; anon it was the home-sick child, yearning for the mother he might never see again. Now the horse seemed to rise, as if he could imagine him mounting the shrouds, and swaying on the tall mast, backward and forward, over the heaving billows. Then the tempest struck the ship with redoubled fury—she was lost—and the form of the brave boy seemed battling with the black waves, now out and overwhelmed, he addressed a last prayer for pardon, and lay upon his back a floating corpse.

So truly was the act depicted—so engaging was the air of the little rider—that many of the people in the audience were mistaken between their sight, and a storm of applause, and a tumultuous recall, announced the hero of the night back to his scene of danger. The moment appeared when he returned, but no longer as the sailor boy. A suit of fashioned silk developed the fine proportions of the boy, and a slight, confined corset, the waist by a blue scarf, completed his attire; and again the voice of the master announced him as "The Peruvian." The boy now his position, ones most wonderful in its graphic power, portraying to the life the scene he endeavored to depict. Now he seemed to swim through the blue waters; now to gain a prize, secrete it in his girdle; now search for another. At length his strength seemed to give way. He struggled to return—it was too late—and, tossing his arms wildly, he fell across the back of his horse. So naturally was this done that no one dreamed it to be a real exhibition of suffering until, as he sunken strain of music, he was lifted to an upright position. A hoop was seen issuing from the mouth of the boy. In an instant the audience sprang to their feet, and a murmur of voices proffering help, or demanding what was the matter, filled the place of the music. Nor was their tranquillity restored when it was announced that the boy had had a fit, to which, they added, he was subject. Many left the tent, and the remainder of the performance was miserably given; and the dispersing crowd hastened to their homes saddened and depressed, they scarce knew why.

Poor Willie Mayhew—for the youthful rider was no other than the little half-player of the New England village—had been placed upon a shutter and carried over to the "Saint Charles," where his boy on a settee in the barroom, one of his own rooms holding his head, another holding his brow, on which the death-lamp had settled, and another chafing his hands; while even the radest of the rough throng seemed him subdued the hardy, hard tones of their voices, and stepped softly, lest they should disturb the faint moans of the dying child.

"Make way for the doctor!" cried a dozen voices, and the tall form of the only medical practitioner the place could boast might be seen towering above the crowd who surrounded the boy. Of this child he had been long and deeply interested, and a long term of service in the Mexican war had taught him how to compel the prompt obedience of his patients. Yet this chief impulse in the case for that wild state of society where intemperance was the chief cause of disease. No word of his was disregarded or slighted; and when he said, "A room where this boy can be quiet," the hallured unclosed the adjoining parlor, and in a moment four stout fellows had borne the little fellow within, and, in accordance with the doctor's instructions, had left him alone with his patient.

Drawing a small phial from his pocket, the physician introduced it between the clenched lips of the child, and in a few moments the half-closed eyes closed, the jaws relaxed their stiffness, and the right limbs grew plump, while a long sigh told of returning consciousness.

"Well, my little man, are you better?"

"Much better, thank you, Sir."

The doctor felt the fluttering pulse, went to the barroom door, gave some instructions, and returned.

"You have worked too hard—travelled too much."

"Yes, Sir."

"Are you very tired?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, my poor boy, you are going to have a long, long, quiet rest now." The child did not quite catch the meaning of the words, but smiled faintly, and thought how very good the kind little too long he would not be able to make any money.

"Bah! money already! How old are you?"

"Fourteen next June, Sir."

"Where is your mother?"

"In New England, Sir."

"That's bad—too far off by half for a job like this. Have you any friends near?"

"A mother, Sir," and tears filled the large blue eyes. "I was to her I wanted to make money."

"Ah, well! I'm sorry for your mother, but it is a pity you had no one to advise you to take care of yourself. My poor boy, you are very ill."

"I have been sick and lame before, Sir. I don't mind it. You can tell our people I will be ready to start with them when they are fixed for starting."

"Yes, my child; you will be ready, I hope, for an easier journey. Think of any thing you would like written to your mother. You are not live, my boy, more than an hour."

"My mother! Oh, my poor, poor mother!" gasped the boy; and seizing the doctor's arm, he said, "can nothing be done so that I might live to reach home?"

The doctor shook his head.

"See, I have diamonds here sewn in my clothes. I have heard they are very great to buy them to take them home to her. Will you send them to her?"

"That I will, my poor child, safely and surely." And with the diamonds he wrote some name, address, and transferred them, with the valuables, to his side-pocket. "What shall I tell your mother?"

"That I was not afraid to die, Sir; that I trust my sins will be forgiven. I forgive her and the sailor will know, Sir, what I mean. Tell her I never forget her last words—that I have tried hard to be good." The boy sank back exhausted, and the ticket-seller, pale and haggard, his eyes filled with tears, entered hastily and knelt by the side of the dying child.

"Don't mind me, Sampson. You have been very kind to me always. I have told the doctor what to do about my mother—and the sailor will take troubled. "Perhaps you may go to our village, Sampson, sometime. Go to see her, tell her, please, I was a good boy, and tried to do what would make her able to come and live with me. I was well I tried to tell her I was only sorry to die for her sake, and that I had no hard thoughts about the past."

A broken sob was the only answer.

"Don't be unhappy about me; it is better so. Tell her, please, I did not grow much; she will know one can not be more than I was."

With a smile upon his lips, and the feeble hand pointing upward, the boy sank into a wandering reverie, they returned to Him who gave it.

Letter and package were duly sent, and a number grave dug under one of the pine-trees that grow by the Sierra Nevada, where the little form was laid to rest. The doctor read the service, and there were few present who did not shed tears over the lonely grave by the hillside, with its simple inscription—only had words of the dying child—"Tell mother I did not grow much; she will know one can not be more than I was."

On a Sunday afternoon, while Deacon Mayhew is exhorting, many a rough-bearded, red-shirted miner forsakes the festivities of the farro bank, the reel-pit, or the bar-room, and sits silently by that little grave, while the wind moans sadly through the pines and hemlocks, and, with his face buried in his hands, recalls the image of the dead boy, and wishes that his life may hereafter be so blameless, that he will not be obliged to dread lest any corrupt his soul, that he, too, may not hope to be remembered by the loved one of his youth.

"In the land of the hereafter."

THE MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS IN SYRIA.

We have given from time to time, of late, in the news department, accounts of the recent massacres of the Christians of the Lebanon. We now publish on this page pictures of the three principal cities which figure in these accounts—to wit: Tyre, Sidon, and Beyrout.

Lebanon, which forms part of Syria, and is under the Turkish dominion, contains about 400,000 inhabitants, gathered into nearly like 600 towns and villages. Of these the largest are Zayleh, with a population of 11,000; Dheir-el-Kamar, with 7000; Hasbeiya, with 6000; and Rasheiya, with 2500—all foes of which have been scenes of frightful massacres within a few weeks. The inhabitants of Lebanon are Druses, Maronite Christians, Jews, Greeks, Moslems, Arabs, etc.—a heterogeneous assemblage of opposite races, professing hostile creeds, and, as a general rule, all hating their neighbors bitterly, and only restrained from making war upon each other by the strong arm of Government. Ten and twenty years ago the Arabs and Druses used not unfrequently to molest the Maronites and Greek Christians; but the laws of that day were so strict that the evil-doers seldom escaped punishment. The very individual to whom treachery the present outrage is ascribed—Saied Bey—was formerly made prisoners of all the Arabs in a whole district, because one of them had robbed the house of a Maronite priest. The Christian war altered all this. The object of Russia in making war upon Turkey was to compel the Sultan to adhere to his treaty stipulations with regard to the protection of the Christians in Syria, in Asia Minor; France and England, by espousing the cause of Turkey, and wresting the Russians, defeated that object, and left matters, so far as the Christians are concerned, in a worse condition than they were before. True, the Sultan has issued a *Hatti-Humayun*, or proclamation, commanding all his officers to protect Christians against molestation; but the Beys and Pashas pay very little attention to the document, and practically it is understood throughout Asiatic Turkey that the Christians were beaten in the war, and that the other creeds are at liberty to maltreat them. The outbreak at Jeddah, some months since, and the recent massacres in Lebanon, may be regarded as the natural consequences of the victories of the allied army in the Crimea.

The Druses, who have been the authors of the recent massacres, are a race of robbers, of Arab origin, who inhabit Southern Lebanon: they are said to number 100,000 souls. For some months they have been on bad terms with the Christians; in the end of May last they took the field openly, and attacked the principal Christian villages. One of the first places assailed was Dheir-el-Kamar, a place (as above mentioned) of 7000 inhabitants, most of whom are Christians, and containing a convent of Maronite nuns. This place could not be defended, and when the Druses attacked it, the inhabitants surrendered on condition that their lives should be spared and no outrage committed. The Druses were no sooner in the place than they commenced their fiendish work; the women (including the nuns) were violated, the men murdered, and the town laid desolate. A few survivors fled toward Lebanon, were butchered on the way by a band of Moslems and Druses. Similar scenes took place at Hasbeiya, Rasheiya, and elsewhere.

Of the massacre at Hasbeiya, a correspondent of the London *News* says:

"The village was attacked by an overwhelming body of Druses on Saturday, June 9. The Christians armed to repel them, and for two days held their own, on the third driving back their enemy. Hitherto the commander of the Turkish troops had stood aloof, although—as was the case at Sidon, at Dheir-el-Kumar, and at Rasheiya—he had troops enough at his command to repel and defeat the Druses, had he so wished. When he saw that the Christians were gaining the day he called them back, and in the name of the Sultan ordered them to retire within the seraglio (a large building covering nearly an acre of ground, and containing the residence of the commander as well as the barracks), and to give up their arms, so he, the local representative of the Government, would conduct them all safe to Damascus, where they would be better than in the Hasbeiya, while the civil war lasted. The Christians obeyed him, returned, gave up their arms, which were immediately picked up and sent toward Damascus, but with so shamefully small an escort that the Druses took possession of both the muskets and the mules that carried them within an hour of their leaving the place. The Christians asked again to be sent with their families, as promised, to Damascus. For nearly a week they were put off with some pretext or other, until, on the sixth day after their being disarmed (during which time the Turkish soldiers had prevented any of them from leaving the precincts of the seraglio), two Druse sheiks of great influence arrived, and had a conference of several hours with the Turkish commander of the troops. No sooner was this conference ended than the Christians observed that the harem (wives, women, and children), as well as the property of the commander, was removed from the seraglio, and that the Turkish soldiers also removed their baggage outside. Suspecting treachery, many of the Christians tried to escape from the place, but were prevented by the bayonets of the troops, while parts of the Turkish soldiers (regular troops, not Bashi Bazouks), and the Druses had their revel of blood unhindered—mothers, wives, daughters, and young children witnessing from above the massacre of their relatives. I could enter into more details, but sicken at the task. Would to Heaven that it were a fable or a dream. In the daughter some few hid in out-of-the-way chambers; others escaped notice from being heaped over by the dead, and these, by God's mercy, managed in the night to escape, wandered down to the coast, where one Ali Bey, a Metaili chief, protected them, and so to Tyre, where they took ship to Beyrout, and arrived here on Saturday evening, the 16th inst. Of the fate of the women and children nothing is yet certain, but from what I know of Turkish soldiers it is feared that the fate of the former will be one worse than death. Of the Protestant community not a man escaped."

At Dheir-el-Makhallis the Druses attacked the celebrated Greek monastery which has made the place dear to all travelers; tricked the monks into a surrender, murdered most of them, destroyed their inestimable library, which contained priceless manuscripts, stole their plate, and in a few hours gutted the richest religious establishment in Syria. Those who have read Dr. Thomson's description of this monastery (in "The Land and the Book") can realize the extent of the mischief done.

On 1st June Sidon was attacked. Fugitive Christians from Scutlaqa Zalmoun were there thither for refuge; the Druses, joined by some equally savage Moslems, attacked them near and in the city, and butchered most of them in sight of the Turkish garrison, which (relying upon the lessons taught by the Crimean war) carefully abstained from interference. But for the appearance of a French and a British vessel of war in the harbor, it is probable that no Christians would have been left to tell the tale. Tyre, it is said, was saved by an Englishman, who sailed his yacht into the harbor, landed his guns, and made preparations for fighting; this project did not suit the Druses, and Tyre escaped.

Last of all we hear of the fall of Zayleh, which was besieged by the Druses early in June. The besieging army consisted of Druses, Arabs, and Moslems—all robbers, greedy for booty, bloodshed, and sensual license. The little town resisted several days, fighting a battle each day, and defending their homes bravely; but on 17th June the Druses were reinforced by a number of fugitive Africans and Bedouins, and succeeded in storming the place. Every one was given up to the sword, and from the reports it appears that neither age nor sex were spared. The town was burned, after which the brutal conquerors made their way back to Dheir-el-Kamar. Some noble deeds were done by the garrison. A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* writes:

"The defense of Zayleh, the most warlike town in Lebanon, was conducted with much spirit. As an illustration of the manner in which the desperate fathers hope of the Christians behaved in this last battle, in which about seven thousand Druses and Arabs were engaged in the siege, we will refer to one case only at present.

"The Druses had gained the suburbs of the town, and had succeeded in setting fire to about a score of houses, when the Christians rallied and drove them out upon the plain. The Druses were led by a most ferocious and bloodthirsty chief, Kaage el Amad. In the Christian army was a lad of fourteen years of age, who determined to die in defense of his home. He rushed into the ranks of the enemy, and, shooting the chief, fell, pierced by spears and bullets.

"The chief was killed, and the little hero shared his grave."

What readers these outrages more pitiable is that the towns and villages laid desolate were prosperous and happy; their Christian inhabitants produced wine, oil, silk, and corn in abundance; they were the nucleus of a thriving community. All is now destroyed; the work of a generation has been swept away. Hasbeiya, which is mentioned above, contained a Protestant community of two hundred souls—only two of whom survive. They had been energetic and prosperous enough to build them a church.

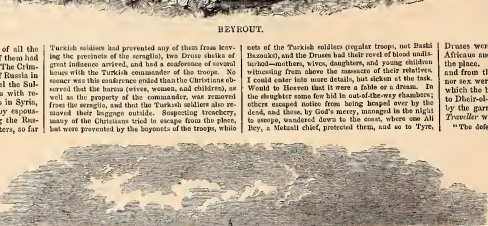
Beyrout is the present refuge of the Christian fugitives. The town is full of starving men, women, and children from Southern Lebanon. Trade is suspended; there is no demand for labor, and the fugitives are supported by the foreign consuls. One writer says it is like a deserted town, the leader crowded with men of every nation, and making preparations for active service as if in a state of war. Some residents write that Beyrout is soon to be attacked, and assert that the Druse army numbers twenty thousand men. Others look to Damascus as probable point which Beyrout will be attacked.

We hear that England and France are about to interfere actively on behalf of the Christians of Lebanon. It is to be hoped that they may do so soon. Would have been perhaps better, however, to have thought a little sooner of them, and a little less of the "balance of power," five and six years ago.

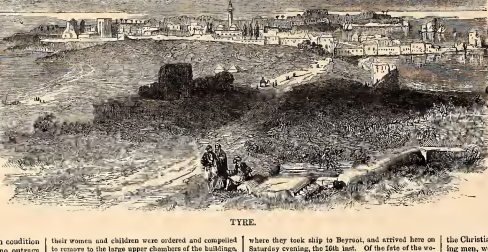
At latest dates we hear that Fuad Pasha had been sent as a special envoy to Syria to stop the massacres, and that, in view of this, France and England had agreed to abstain from interference. This news will hardly be regarded as satisfactory by those who sympathize with the Christians of Syria. The Druses have now ascertained their superiority to the Christians, and their power to massacre them when they choose. With this knowledge it is not likely that they will remain quiet for any length of time. The bitterest hatred animates all the rival sects, and Turkey has not the power to keep them in control.

We mentioned above that the Maronites, like the Greek Catholics and the members of the Greek Church, "are Christians, though professing many doctrines unknown to Christianity as we understand

BEYROUT.



TYRE.



SIDON.

BETTEDIN, MOUNT LEBANON, THE RESIDENCE OF THE DRUSE EMIR.

it: the Druses profess a form of religion known only to themselves, and apparently involving heathenish rites and doctrines.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Robes and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH THE ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.
(HARRY GRINGO),
AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

ESCONDIDO.

THERE were pleasant sounds—the low, sweet tones of women's voices—inside the villa of Escondido. Two lovely matrons were sitting within that lofty saloon, hand clasped in hand, and gazing with glowing pride upon a lovely girl, who waved lithe as a lily on its stem before them.

It is about seventeen years since we last saw this charming trio. And now look at them, old bachelors, and tell me if, while old Time has been scraping the hair off your own selfish heads, and pinching the noses, too, of the ancient maids beside you, the scything old wretch has not spared these lovely matrons? Look at their rounded forms, those soft dimpled cheeks, and those bands of brown tresses, kissing the pearl-tipped ears before they are looped up in one magnificent knot of satin at the back of the head. Look at them, you miserable old procrastinators, and then kneel down before the ancient damsels you have sneered at, even if they have the pelican gout and a crow's-foot at the corners of their eyes! They are better than you are, say day; so bear a hand, send for the parson—and now stand back.

But come here, my young gallants, and take a peep at that Bordelaise damoiselle standing before those fair matrons. Strange to say, she is nearly a blonde, with large blue eyes, so very blue that—fringed with lashes that cast a shade over the cheek—they seem almost black. Then, too, that low, pure forehead, with great plaits of hair going round and round her elegant head, like a golden turban, and that hoops of rings quivering in the pearl-tipped ears. Tall and waving in figure, the maidens are; with slim, arched feet, dimpled at the ankle; and round, dimpled, tapering fingers, too; with a wrist so plump and soft that no manacles of bracelets could press it without slipping off the ivory hand. Dressed she was in a light mousseline, coyly covering in loose folds around her budding bosom to the slender waist, where, clasped by a simple buckle of mother-of-pearl, it fell flowing in gauzy, floating waves to her feet. Look at her, my gallants, for she is Rosalie!

"They are coming to-day, my aunt; and Uncle Jules says that our dear old Captain Blunt has just arrived at Kingston, and is coming with them."

"What else, my daughter?"

The girl held a letter before her face, maybe to hide a little blush which suffused her cheeks.

"Why, maman, he writes that the spring-cart, with Bonou, was to start overnight with the 'trape'—that means trunks, I suppose—and that—"

"What, Rosalie?"

"That there is a handsome young officer, the nephew of Commodore Cleveland—merci, maman! some of Uncle Jules's nonsense!"

No such great nonsense, after all, mademoiselle, when your Uncle Piron tells you to keep that fluttering little heart safe within your bodice, for there are thieves in blue jackets in the island of Jamaica. Strange, too, as she spoke—with her animated face, large blue eyes, and graceful, wavy figure—how much she resembled both those lovely women, with their darker coloring, who sat smiling sweetly upon her.

"Oh! here comes Uncle Bonou. Well, my good Bonou, what news of your master?" said Madame Piron, as she put out her hand to the black, who raised it respectfully to his lips.

"He will be here with his friends at sunset, eh! And Mademoiselle Rosalie must place the gentlemen's things in their rooms, and see that the billiard-house has some cots made ready in it."

"Nothing more?"

"No, Madame."

Through the brilliant vegetation, along the uneven road, came the sound of horses' feet, with hearty shouts and laughter; and presently appeared a cavalcade, mounted on mules and horses, all making the forest ring with merriment.

Ahead came Tom Stewart, on a small, sure-footed pony; and beside him Mr. Tiny Mouse, reefer, on a bitch mule, with a scrubbing-brush mane, looking like a fly pennant at the masthead of the frigate—kicking his little heels into the old mule, as if that mule minded it even so much as to shake his long ears! Then, struggling in the centre, were Decorum, Bingo, and Paddy Burns; and behind them came a tall, muscular man, on a mettled bay, which he controlled by a touch of his little finger. And at his side, on the most diminutive of the donkey breed, with feet touching the ground, clung stout Jacob Blunt, the sailor, in a more dreadful trepidation than he had ever known on board his old teak-built brig, lying there in the roads of Kingston; while the rear was brought up by Piron and Commodore Cleveland.

"Now, you little mad-cap, look sharp when we turn the curve of the mountain, and you'll catch a peep at Escondido; and don't you pinch that old mule again on her rump, or she'll pitch you up into that silk cotton-tree."

"If it pleases Providence to restore me safely to my dear old *Martha Blunt*, I'll take my davy never to sit astride of any darn brute on four legs again!" This mild vow came from the lips of Jacob Blunt, and he honestly meant every word he said.

"Give us another jolly song, Stingo! it will keep your throat clear for the claret. A Creole one, my lad, it will make the cattle move faster."

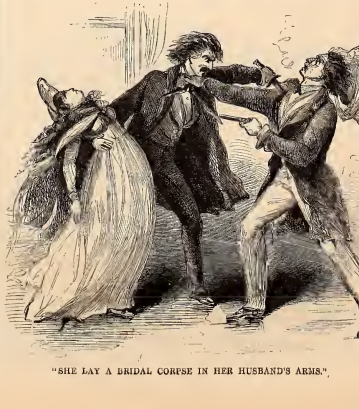
"For the sake of my old timbers, Sir, and as you vally my wife's blessing, don't sing! There, you infernal beast, you've yawed sharp up into this eye bush, and put my starboard glim out forever! I say, Don Spanisher, don't sing—I'm going fast enough!" shouted the poor skipper, as he passed his paws around the little brute's neck, with his hat over his eyes.

"Colonel"—said Burns, as he reined up, and gave the perverse little donkey a cut with his whip, which elicited another hoarse roar from the old sinner as the animal half doubled himself up, and then ambled away like a yawl in a short sea, until he came up to the people ahead, when he stood stock-still and brayed maliciously—"have you another cigar, Colonel? Thanks! Fine scenery this about here—never visited Jamaica before? Ye have been off the island, eh? It's a nice little spot Piron has there—that it is; and the whole of us will be mighty sorry to lose him. Is he going to live? Yes, he is; and what is worse, he is going to take his newer wife and her sister. Is the sister handsome? Begorra! handsome! Why, man, she's a beauty! And didn't I crack the elbow-joint of that ugly, abusive divil, Peter Growler, for saying he had seen a gray hair in her head, when I knew it was only a loose thread from her lace cap—and me in love with her all the time. Bad luck to him! He's never fired a pistol since."

Here Paddy Burns's small eyes twinkled as he slowly raised the stock of his riding-whip at a slender lance-wood tree about twelve yards off, and gave the lash a sharp crack.

The person on the spirited bay blush almost unconciously put his right hand in his pocket.

Take care, Paddy Burns; the Colonel has a cool hand and a colder eye, and has made a study of pistols—cannon nad swivels too, perhaps. Knows the cutlass exercise as well, and has had considerable experience in bullet, knives, and ropes. Has murdered women—lots of them. Wouldn't stick at killing a child with a junk bottle. And as for men—phaw!



"SHE LAY A BRIDAL CORPSE IN HER HUSBAND'S ARMS."

Keep a bright look-out, Paddy. Why, he'd drown your mother if you had a sister to love. For didn't he drag his own old father and mother down to a dishonored grave? and do you think—you brave, honest little Irishman—that he would sleep a wink the less sound for putting you to death? Bah! man. Shoot all the game you spring, but don't waste powder on a tiger or a shark. You would like to take a mutual shot with him though? Of course you would—who doubts it? But then, gentlemen fight gentlemen; and this Colonel of your fellow is a scoundrel, miscreant, villain, assassin, and—Pirate! So you can't take a crack at him, Paddy Burns.

CHAPTER XI.

PAUL DARCANTEL.

"WELL, Piron, as I have told you, after the peace was made in 1815 I had command of a brig, and took a cruise on the coast of Brazil. After that I was appointed to a thirty-six gun frigate—the old *Blazer*—and went, for three years, to the Indian Ocean, round Africa, and the Pacific. When we were paid off I made a tour in Europe with that boy's father, Doctor Darcantel, and—"

"But you promised to tell me, Cleveland, something about him."

"Nothing easier; and if we have half an hour before we get to Escondido I will give you all I know, in a general way, of his history. You? Well, then, Darcantel is descended from one of the oldest and best Creole families in our State of Louisiana—and the plantations of my family and his father were contiguous to each other on the Mississippi, some leagues up the coast above New Orleans. My father was twice or thrice my elder, and we grew up from infancy to boyhood together. He was passionate and irascible, and, even as a child; but as he was the heir to a large estate, and his father dead, his weak mother humored and allowed him to do as he pleased. I, myself, one of a numerous family, was put in the navy, and I went away on cruise after cruise and did not come home again for the full space allotted for full seven years. I was a man then, and seen some active service, and I held a commission as lieutenant in the navy.

"In the mean while, Paul Darcantel, who had taken at the time I left a strong fancy for medicine and surgery, had been sent to Paris to begin his studies. He have he applied himself we do not know; but what he did learn he seemed to spent a great deal of money; and we heard that, with great talents and wonderful skill in his profession, he was very unfitted for their enjoyment and plunged madly into the vortex of dissipation around him. I heard, too—or at least my brothers told me—that his extraordinary talents seemed to impaired his fortune, and that his deals had been so numerous and desperate as to make his name dreaded in Paris. In the meantime, he had detected a French count cheating him at cards, he shot his antagonist in a duel. With this unreliable reputation, and the urgent solicitations of his agent, after years of absence he returned to his ancestral home. We met at the grave, and was Paul and Henry—and though still the same restless, hot-headed spirit as he had ever been, he yet always had assumed politeness to me, and I could, in a manner, control him. He paid very little attention to his property, however, and when he did go to the city to consult with the factor or trustee, he got in some wild frolic, duel, and scrape, and came back worn out with fatigue and dissipation. He was a fine, stern-looking youth in those days, with great muscular power, which, even with the excesses put upon it by gaming and drinking, seemed not to be lessened.

"After one of these visits to New Orleans, where his long-forbearing agents had at last weakened him to a bitter sense of his delinquencies, and where mortgages upon his estate were had with all their shocking truth before him, he returned and came to me. With all his vices and faults he was truthful and generous. He told me all, and how he would try to do better and how, despite the declining years of his too indulgent mother.

"I always had great faith in the composition element of my nature, and I hoped that he was better than my own brothers. Well, he spread all his affairs before me, and in my little den of an outhouse on the plantation we bent over them frenetically over the papers. We were two days and nights at the business, and when, at last, he shoved them that he would still, with a little patient economy, have a fair income, and eventually, paying off sufficient his heavy mortgages, he burst out in a wild yell of delight and hugged me in his arms. When he had put away the papers, I said, quietly,

"'Paul, you know I am engaged to be married, and I have not seen my sweet-heart for two whole days; she has sent, too, pretty frequently for Pline, whom you have never seen since we were boys together. Come, will you go with me? we can pull ourselves across the river.'

"He hesitated; and it would have been, perhaps, better had he refused to accompany me, for dreadful misery came of it."

The Commodore gave a deep sigh, and touched his lips with the spine.

"I don't know, though, Piron: there is a fate marked out for us all, and we should not exclaim against the decrees of Providence. Paul went with me across the river. There, on the bank, was a little bower of an old French-built stone house, where dwelt the last of a line of French nobility who dated back to the days of Charlemagne. It was an impoverished family, consisting of a reckless brother and two sisters, who, with a few acres of sugar-cane and some old faithful servants, managed to make both ends meet, and to support the establishment in a certain air of elegance and comfort to which they had been accustomed. They were of a proud and haughty race; the brother a dashing fellow and imperious gentleman, smarting and brooding over the reverses of his family, and rarely visiting his neighbors. His sisters—and they were twins—were fearful, happy girls, and Josephine had been my childhood love.

"Here Cleveland paused for a little while, and if the quiet old horse he bestrode believed the large drops which fell upon his slack neck came from the shade of drooping foliage of the forest, that animal was never more deceived in his guaranteed life. We know that fact, for it stands upon the mugale record.

"Well, my dear Piron, as we entered the little cabinet where Pline was seated at the piano playing the sweet airs she had sung to me when a little bit of a girl, and her beautiful sister bending over a table near adjoining in a book, while the candles under the glass shades lighted up her dark passionate eyes and brunette complexion, Paul approached her. It was love at first sight, because they had played together when children, but it was said in a love as only begins and dies with man or woman. The brother came in soon afterward, but there was no love exchanged between him and Paul, and they met in a manner which seemed to revive the early dislike they had entertained one toward the other in boyhood.

"So the time passed, and in the course of a few months Josephine and I were married, and our homes were made on my own and plantation. Still, might by night, in storm or freshet, Paul pulled himself in a skiff across that mighty river, and we could see the lights shining in the house of the little lower. He had changed a great deal, for he lived with the brother, who was a rash and impetuous nature. Pauline loved, too, though still she feared him. The brother, however, bitterly opposed their loves, and stormy scenes arose. Josephine and I did all we could to put matters on a happy footing; but despites, the brother, grew more violent, and his sister refused to cast off her lover, till at last his feeling against him broke out into open scornful insult, and though Paul was a gentleman in seeing Pauline, yet we feared that the impetuous spirits of the two men would, at any moment, burst out into open violence.

"Darcantel, however, controlled himself, and, upon the receipt of a letter from a correspondent with Jacques, applied himself to the duties of his plantation, and always promised me that he would visit me and my wife when he had indeed the brother to give his consent to the marriage. Meanwhile, Paul's mother died. A year passed. Pline grew more and more attached to her and me, and then I went again to sea. Nearly three years later I returned, and the very night before I reached the plantation the terrible tragedy had occurred. I might, perhaps, have prevented it had I been there, but it was ordered otherwise.

"It seems that two days previously Jacques wrote to Paul—I saw the letter—and it was remarking upon the fact that the young man had capitulated his vices and follies, but he taxed him with being a ruined gambler, who had brought his mother to the grave, and was ended by swearing, in the most solemn manner, that if he dared again to speak to his sister or darken their doors he would shoot him like a dog!

"That evening, as usual, the skiff pursued its way across the river, and late at night when it returned there was a fluttering white dress in the stern. Darcantel, Pline, and I had left the bank then a boat shoved out from the other side, manned by four negroes, and cross swiftly over in pursuit. The boatmen afterwards gave heard from an old married couple of servants who had passed their lives with the family. It appears that Paul, with Pauline in his arms, had barely reached the hull of the great house, and was giving orders to close the doors when a negro rushed out and told him to run for his hand and a pistol in the other. Paul adjured him, by all he held sacred, not to attack him, but his blood was up, and, unarmed as he was, would do him a mischief. Pauline, too, implored him by a sister's love to fly, and, seeing him still advance, as she partially shielded Paul, she told him that the man she loved was her husband.

"Blinded with haughty rage, this last admission rendered him ungovernable, and he lunged with all his force at Paul, who, still persuaded his rapid passes, though receiving some sharp cuts in his face and shoulders, and still supporting his drooping, terrified wife on his left arm till, by a quick spring, he got within Jacques' guard, and, thrusting his left hand, snatched the weapon from his grasp. This was enough to make the brother totally insane by passion into bestial revenge, and he drew a pistol from his and fired. There was a faint cry with the report, and a groan from Jacques as the sword point through his left side, and the blood gushed attack hard against his ribs as he fell, a dead man, on the marble pavement. But the bullet from his pistol had pierced the fair forehead of his sister, and she lay a bloid corpse in her husband's arms, with a smile on her face.

"I spare you all the afflicting details, Piron, and will only add that Paul left the plantation that night, and when I got home I found an envelope post-marked New Orleans, inclosing a paper, which constituted me his sole executor, and leaving our little boy his heir. I had but a short leave of a month, and duty called me again away.

It was on the anniversary of the day the tragedy occurred, that I arrived home from one of years in the *Scorpy*, that I again returned, and this time was waiting a sad morning in my own dwelling. My good Josephine had recovered from the shock; she dropped away like a lily, her little boy by her side, and both died during my absence."

What makes the strong man's eyelids quiver and voice tremble? Those eyes that have looked calmly on death and carnage in every shape, with his deep, calm voice cheering on the men to battle as his side? Ah!

"It was about sunset I walked out to the little grove-yard where my fathers had been buried, and bending my steps to a cluster of magnolias on a little knoll by itself, I—I—we—knelelled down beside the sod where reposed all I had loved on earth! I do not know how long I remained there, but presently I heard a groan near by, and a tall man rose up from where his head had been bowed, bare, downward, on the ground, and I beheld Paul Darcantel! I could hardly recognize him at first, for he seemed fifty years older than when we had last parted.

"'Cleveland,' he said, in a hollow, choking voice, 'forgive me! I am a changed, and, I trust, a better man. I have been down to this holy spot by the same errand which brought you hither, and though I did not expect to meet you, yet I am glad to see you. Speak, and say you forgive me, and you will shed a ray of hope and salvation into the heart of one who will suffer unto the end! Speak!'

"Old memories crowded around me, and I saw before me the child in the cradle, and with our arms round each other's necks as we played together. I forgot, for the moment, the sisters lying there—his mother, and lifelong love. The magnolias bowed their white flowers in the light of the waning moon, and we fell again into each other's arms.

"After a time, he said, 'My only friend, I have brought home with me a little helpless boy; he is sensible of my danger for you, and is at the place of the last little one lying here. Whoever of us survives will inherit the estate. Come with me and look at him!'

"He led me to the other mound, and there, beside the tree, I beheld child lying calmly sleeping, wrapped in a sailor's jacket, with his curls escaping from a straw-hat, and the head resting on one of the grave boards of my lost brother.

"'Be good to him'—Paul went on—'for the sake of those we have lost ourselves!' His mother's name, I knew, was Pline.

"He stooped down as he said this, and raising the boy in his arms he kissed him passionately, and then, frightened at his cry, 'Let him kneel somewhere at this grave, my friend, and pray for us!'

"In another moment Paul Darcantel had gone. The little fellow partly woke, and put his arms affectionately round my neck, and murmured, 'Mamma, mamma!' That dashing, brave young fellow ahead then was once that boy.

"'Well, I said, I will try to do the work where my good mother and sisters went wild over him, and there he passed a happy boyhood. Years went by, and the little boy grew the pride and delight of us all; and as he evinced the greatest fondness for me and the accounts I gave him of my life at sea, I was then appointed a cadet in the navy. Since that he has seen a great deal of service; has distinguished himself, and, on shipboard as well as on shore, liked and respected by all who know him.

"In the meantime his father went away—nobody knew whither—for years and years. He wrote to me, however, and to his son, from all parts of the world, and when I made the tour in Europe I spoke about, Darcantel was my companion. But while there he passed a revived life, never seeming cheerfully, but insisted every hospital in every sea-port from the Mediterranean to Aberdeen in Scotland—for he is not only a surgeon, a I have reason to know, of wonderful skill, but a thorough-bred seaman too; and there he has spent his time in the belief that there is no one whose opinion of the weather, or other nautical matters, he I place greater reliance on. I could tell you, if I had a dozen times when his advice to me has saved serious damage. And during all these years Darcantel's estates, under the careful management of my eldest brother, have been redeemed from their load of debt, and now he enjoys a noble income; or rather, he spends nothing on himself, but devotes it to widows and orphans, and sick or worn-out sailors.

"In the meantime, Paul, I have gone by since he brought his child to me he has made several visits, of a month or two's duration, to his plantation, but only when Pline was out of leave from duty. That it was a pleasant sight to see them both together, and the touching air of affection with which the youth in his father. Henry, from a child, often went and prayed beside the grave under the magnolias; and to this day he believes that his own mother lies buried there. Perhaps it is as well that he should cherish this early belief; for I may tell you in confidence, Piron, that I believe there at home that he is the illegitimate offspring of some erring passion of his father's, and that he has never yet learned it positively from his father's lips. He is not a person to be questioned by any one, not even by his wife, and he seems anxious to throw a thick veil over the past, we never venture to draw it aside.

"When, Piron, I was appointed to my present command, Darcantel desired to sail with me, and see the West Indie islands, which he had not visited for years. I was glad to pay hospitality to him, especially as Harry there—Pline I love like a father—was named to the little schooner he had cut out in Africa on his last cruise, and ordered to join my squadron. But I believe we get into port his father goes quietly on shore; passes his time, I think, among the sailors of the foreign shipping, spending money freely among the poor, and again coming back in his cabin, warm way. He told me, however, yesterday, that perhaps he might accept your kind invitation to come up here, though not for some days. By George!" said the Commodore, "that must be Escondido?"

Piron sighed, as if a pleasant dream had vanished.

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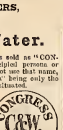

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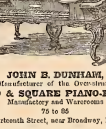

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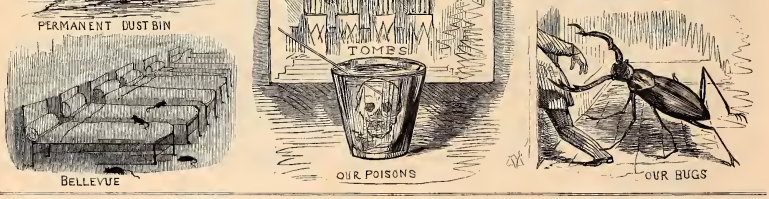

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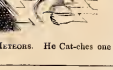

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VOL. IV.—No. 189.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"MASTER OLAF TAKETH THE SHOE IN HAND."

MASTER OLAF.

MASTER OLAF, the smith of Heligoland,
At midnight layeth his hammer by;
Along the sea-shore the tempest howls,
When a knock at the door comes heavily.

"Come out, come out, and shoe me my horse!
I must yet far, and the day is at hand!"
Master Olaf opens the door, and sees
A stately Ritter before him stand.

Black is his mail shirt, helm, and shield,
A broadsword hangeth upon his thigh,
His black horse tosses his mane so wild,
And paws the ground impatiently.

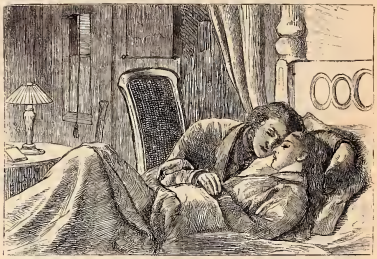
"Whence so late? Whither so fast?"
"I yesterday lighted in Nordernie;
My steed is swift, the night is clear,
Ere sunrise I must in Norway be."

"Haddest thou wings, that might I believe."
"My horse with the wind right well hath raced,
Yet already a star pales here and there,
So the iron bring hither, and make thou haste."

Master Olaf taketh the shoe in hand,
It is too small, but it spread and spread:
And as it grew to the edge of the hoof,
There seized the master fear and dread.

The Ritter mounts, and his broadsword clangs:
"Master Olaf, I bid thee now good-night!
Know, thou hast the horse of Odin shod;
I hasten across to the bloody fight."

The black horse shoots forward o'er land and sea,
Round Odin's head a splendor shone;
Twelve eagles are straining in flight behind,
Swiftly they fly—he rides foremost on.



"FATHER, INTO THY HANDS!"

AT NIGHT.

"DYING? You do but jest!
You smile in the dark, I know!
Surely I should know best
How the quick pulses go.
Lay your hand on my cheek:
Feel, though you see not, the red.
Why, in another week
I shall have left my bed!

"It was being so long alone—
So sick of the world's vain strife,
Unsared for, and unknown,
That sapp'd the springs of life!
You have given a world of love:
Nay, soften that anxious brow;
Is not *our* God above?
He *will* not summon me *now*.

"The summer is coming fast;
I can scent the rich perfume
Of the lilac by the door,
And the delicate apple-bloom.

Where shall our year be spent?
I long for the hills of Spain—
We will go to Rome, for Lent,
Then back to our home again.

"O, what is this sudden pang?
Is it growing darker, Will?
Heavily goes my heart—
It is almost standing still!
Raise me—I can not breathe—
Pray for me, love," she said.
"Father, into *Thy* hands!"
And my young wife was dead!

CONTRASTS.

GUESTS, at a nobleman's board,
Drink to the bridal morrow;
While, at the breast of the lord
Rankles a barb of sorrow.

Hark to the pitiful wail!
"That woman, my lord, without;

Pearl wearers and Pearl winners.

PEARL WEARERS AND PEARL WINNERS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"THEY ARE TAKING HER OFF TO THE JAIL."

They are thinking her off to the jail."
"Merely a beggar, no doubt."

"What a singular sighing sound?"
Says one of the great, at the table.
"John, have you looked to the hound?
Make him a bed in the stable."

Over those steps, again,
Entered a bride on the morn,
Follow'd by powder'd men,
Stiff, and stately, and shorn.

Out of a prison den
Issued a wretched thot morn,
Follow'd by brutal men,
Eager to see end scorn.

"Quick! or we'll miss the marriage,
Yonder, in Hanover Square.
They are off in a splendid carriage
Faith, they're a splendid pair!"

A birth in a chamber great;
A birth in a hospital ward:
One in sorrow; one in state;
Both the sous of a bird.

Doctors around her bed;
Nurses and friends beside.
Lightly and softly tread—
This is a titled bride.

Cover *that* face in a shroud:
Mention her name no more;
Though she was silent and proud,
She was plebeian and poor.

The chority brat she bore,
Yes! let him grow up in the crowd,
Cringe at the nobleman's door
Cover her face with the shroud:
Mention her name no more!

Send the young heir to college,
To swim with the wealthy tide;
Probing the depths of knowledge,
Skimming the shoals of pride.

It may be his natural brother
Will hold his honors for a crust;
And neither can tell the other
Their kinship in common dust.

PEARL WINNERS.

PEARLS are costly. Yet they are merely the calcareous production of the class Mollusca. Diamonds, as a certain pun has elsewhere noted, have been shown to be merely charcoal; the pearl is little else but concentric layers of membranes and carbonate of lime. All the class Mollusca in instances of that beneficent law of nature, that the hard parts accommodate themselves to the soft. The common mussel, the mussel, cockle, oyster, garden bellis, etcmbus, and nautilus, elegant or rough, rude or common, each illustrates this grand law. The body of a soft consistence is inclosed in an elastic skin. From this skin calcareous matter is continually exuded. This protects the animal, and forms the shell. Where the waves are rough, and rocks superabundant, then the shell is rough, hard, stony; it is weather say than, where only smooth water and halcyon days are to be looked for, Nature, who never works in vain, provides lack of perfect sides and symmetrical hull, such as the little nautilus navigates and tacks and steers in.

Besides forming the rough outside, the calcareous exuvium, the mucus of the oyster and other mollusca, forms that beautiful substance, enamelled and polished, and dyed with rainbow tints, and a glorious opalescence, which, be it as common as luxury from which it takes its rise. This is the lining of the shell, the mother-of-pearl, nacre. "The inside of the shell," said old Dampier, that old sailor of the seventh rank, "is more glorious even than the pearl itself."

It is glorious, it has the look of the morning, and the tint of the evening sky; the colour of the prism, chastened, softened, relaxed, and made perpetual in it: this is mother-of-pearl.

To relate the uses of this soft and cozy, to its warm, packed as one night at Malvern in wet sheets, sense of the oyster's physique. This singular exuvium, this mucus, not only creates pleasure but alleviates pain. Some irritating substance, sand, sand very sharp and angular, is may be a dead embryo, or a grain of sand insinuates itself, and, lo! the creature covers it with this substance to ease off its unkind tooth, and converts it into a pearl.

That is the way they are made, these wondrous beauties!

"If," said Sir Everard Home, "if I can prove that this, the richest jewel in a monarch's crown, that was imitated by any art of man" (he is rather wrong there; it can be imitated, and wonderfully imitated too), "either by beauty of form or brilliancy of hues, is the obortive egg of an oyster enveloped in its own sacre, who will not be struck with wonder and astonishment? Wonder and astonishment are words which scarcely exist now. Science has shown so many wonders that we are hardly astonished at any thing; but Sir Everard's version admits of proof. A pearl out in two exhibits the concentric layers like an onion, as may be seen through a strong glass; and in the centre is a round hole, very minute it may be, but wherein the worm has been deposited.

Sometimes the oyster, or snail, or inclosed animal has attached itself to the shell, and has then been covered with mucus, forming a pearl which can not be separated from the shell. There are several specimens of such pearls in the British Museum.

The great beauty in pearls is their opalescence, and a lustre which, however clever men are, they have never yet given to artificial pearls. Sir Everard Home supposes that this lustre arises from the blightly polished coat of the centre cell, the pearl itself being diaphanous. Sir David Brewster accounts for it by the pearl and mother-of-pearl having a general substance on its surface resembling the minute corrugations often seen on substances covered with oil, paint, or varnish. Philosophers are sometimes not very complimentary. Sir David means to say that beneath the immediate polish of the pearl there are certain wavelets and dimples from which the light is reflected. "The dimples of the grooves," again to quote Sir David, "is in every case at right angles to the line joining the colored lines, and, in fact, the mother-of-pearl, mother-of-pearl, where the grooves are often circular, and have every possible direction, the colored lines appear irregularly scattered round the ordinary image."

In the regular pearl these are crowded, from its spherical form, into a small space; hence its marvelous appearance of white unformed light; and hence its beauty and value.

To prove the translucency of the pearl, we have only to hold a split pearl to a candle, where, by interposing the coloured substance or light, we shall have the color transmitted through the pearl. Curious as is the formation of the pearl, we have yet a organic substance to it. What is old *Lecuer*, and the Hindoos *fabiq*, is a concretion of a despicable green color found in the stomach of goats, dogs, cows, or other animals. Dog, hog, beaver, the bovine bezoar, and the camel bezoar; this last the Hindoos turn into a yellow paint; but the harder substances the Hindoos jewelers polish and thread, and use as jewels, so that from the stomach of the lower animals, and from the secretion of a shellfish, the still grasping, prying, worrying, proud, vain-glorious, busy man gets his ornament for her vanity to be most loves; for him whom he most honors.

The question of obtaining pearls and of diving divers; of hungry sharks with human limbs; of the eyeballs starting and the tympanum of the ear bursting; of the pains, perils, and penalties of the pearl-divers, must be touched incidentally in any true account of this precious gem.

Vanity demands the sin and cruelty, and for her gratification human sacrifices are still made.

At the Persian Gulf, at Ceylon, and in the Red Sea, the early sources of the Greeks and Romans, we yet find our supply. Pearls are also found in the Indian Ocean along the Coromandel coast and elsewhere; but the chief pearl-fisheries are in Bahrein Island, in the Persian Gulf, and in the Bay of Condalchy, in the Gulf of Manaar of the Island of Ceylon. In these our pearl oyster dredgers bring up their natives.

The fishery at Ceylon is a monopoly of the British Government; but, like many Government monopolies, it is said to cost a great deal more than it produces. In 1804, Government leased it for £120,000 per annum; in 1828 it only yielded £28,000. It is a desert and barren spot; no one can fall in love with it; nothing is there which are not picture-que; yet, in its season, it attracts more to its shores than one of our best watering-places. Divers, merchants, adventurers, jobbers, jewelers, and talkers; fish-sellers, butchers, boat-sellers, and Hindoo Robinsons and Walkers are all found there. The pearl-fishery lasts six weeks, or two months at most, from February to April; and while they are making money these people are indeed very busy. The Arab, the Persian merchant, victims of cruelty as they are, are also victims to their own superstition and credulity. The Hindoo or Parsee knows the water to drive away the sharks; a diver may be frightened or ill, and the holidays are so numerous that the actual working days amount only to thirty in the season.

The boats occupied sail at ten at night, a signal gun being fired at half. They then sail, reach the banks before day-break, and at sunrise the divers begin to take their "leaders." They continue at this work all day, when the boats return to their ports. The corpses are taken out before the night sets in, and the divers are refreshed.

Each boat carries twenty-four Arab rowers and ten divers—besides a chief, or pilot. The divers work five at a time alternately, having the others time to recruit. To go down quickly they use a large stone of red granite, which they catch hold of with their feet. Each diver has a sort of weak bag in his right hand, closes his nostrils with his left, or with a piece of bent horn, and descends to the bottom. The stone descends very quickly as he can, picking up with toes and fingers, and putting the oysters into his net-work bag. When this is full, or he is exhausted, he pulls the rope and is drawn up, leaving the stone to be pulled up after him. When the oysters are very plentiful the divers may bring up as many as 400 at a dip.

After this violent exertion blood flows from ears, eyes, eyes. The divers can not exceed generally one minute's immersion. One and a half, and even two, have been attempted by extraordinary efforts. Those who can endure four and five minutes are spoken of. One also we are told of, an apocryphal Indian, who, in the Dutch war coming in 1797 from Arjungo, staid under water six minutes.

The divers live not to a great age. Heart diseases, aneurists, sores, blood-shot eyes, staggering limbs, and bent backs—these are part of their wages. Sometimes the diver is overtaken by a fit, suddenly, as if struck by a shot.

At Bahrein, the annual amount produced by the pearl fishery may be reckoned at from £200,000 to £220,000; and to this purchases made by the merchants of Aleppo, and we have £200,000 to include the whole pearl trade of the Gulf, since, through their agents at Bahrein, merchants from Constantinople, Bagdad, Bassora, Bombay, Tripoli, New York, Calcutta, Paris, St. Petersburg, Holy Mentown, of London make their purchases.

The true shape of the pearl should be a perfect sphere. In India and elsewhere there of the largest size find the smallest sale, and realize immense prices. The very finest pearls are sent to Europe, and of these the very finest of the fine are sent to London and Paris. Thence the great people of the land procure their choice specimens. The late Emperor of Russia used to purchase for his wife, of whom he was exceedingly fond, the very finest pearl he could procure; a virgin pearl and a perfect sphere was what he sought, for he would not have pearls that others were before. After five-and-twenty years' search he presented to the Empress such a necklace as had never before been seen.

Immense prices have been given and are still given for pearls. Pliny says that Lolia Paula, the mother of Marcus Brutus, is said to have denoted her with a pearl worth £48,417 10s., which we believe, if we accordingly, the celebrated intimate Antony, as all the world has read, drank, dissolved in vinegar, a pearl which cost £80,729 of our money. Cleopatra (lovely a pearl, indeed, not a gourmand) swallowed one worth £8073 18s. One of the modern pearls was bought by Tavernier at Cutifa, and sold by him to the Shah of Persia for £110,000; another was obtained by Philip II. of Spain, of the Columbian coast, which weighed 200 carats, and was valued at £150,000.

Summer Resorts.

TRENTON FALLS HOTEL, TRENTON FALLS, N. Y.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1860.

A NEW SERIAL.

WE commence in this number a new Serial Tale by CHARLES LEVEN, author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," etc., entitled

A Ride for a Day: the Romance of a Life.

We have reason to believe that it will be unusually brilliant and interesting. It succeeds the Wonder in the hay of New York. She has been visited by several hundred thousand people, who have paid their money to see her. Her enormous size, her wonderful structure, her extraordinary power, her huge cargo, her marvelous internal arrangements, have each and all elicited the admiration, not only of the crowd, but of those who are best fitted to judge of such matters. At the same time it would not be correct to say that she has been a success, or that we port from her with much regret.

For the fact is that, from first to last, the great ship has been mismanaged—most unnatural mismanagement, those who had her in charge. From the hour she crossed the bar at Sandy Hook, and received on board the visitors who went to meet her at Hell Gate, in recognition, to the present moment, the aim of her managers seems to have been to endeavor to disgust our people with the ship, her owners, directors, and officers. We don't whatever they have done in other respects, in that purpose they have succeeded admirably.

Of the thousands of visitors who boarded her in the lower bay, on the 28th June last, we do not care to say any thing; a time may come, perhaps, when something may be said on the subject, but that something must be said by the American consignees. At the time, not a word of complaint was uttered, even by those who had the hard lot to feel unwary for every body wanted the big ship to have a fair chance, and to achieve the object for which she came here—namely, to make money by exhibiting herself. But a week had not elapsed before the kindly feeling of her friends was again damped. Judicious suggestions, from experienced persons, were rejected in the rudeliest, were met by cool replies that the directors knew their business, and did not need American advice. The ship, in fact, was opened, and the system followed being, in every particular diametrically English, it was, and deserved to be, a failure. There were silly features about it, and there were disgraceful features. No body could go on board without a sacrifice of modesty, which appeared to have been ingeniously contrived, and which was heartily relished by men in the employ of the ship. The shameful incoherence has never been thoroughly removed. Though attention has been called to it more than once, and the proper remedy suggested. The ship was as dirty as vessels are in the Thames, and many a indignant visitor paid for her visit with the loss of her dress. Placards of almost an insulting character to the visitors hung in various places; the demeanor of the officers and crew was that of potentates suffering outcasts to approach their foot-stool, while they were in reality mere menials of British speculators who were the glad recipients of American dollars. To all friendly remonstrances the Englishmen's answer was the same: "We managed matters so in England, and do you expect us to come here to be taught?" It was mere waste of breath to try to convince them that American ladies did not like either to be spit upon, or to be forced into indelicate positions before the eyes of a parcel of grinning satyrs, and that when American gentlemen paid their money to see a show they considered themselves entitled to ordinary civility on the part of the showmen.

After a time, the obvious failure of the exhibition compelled the managers to adopt a suggestion which had been urged upon them from the first by their American friends; the price of admission was reduced, and, in consequence, the show began to draw. In the course of a few days more tickets were sold in a day than had been sold in England in a week. Still the show was rendered as inconvenient as possible. Visitors were passed one by one through a turnstile which it required some dexterity to turn: it seems that the Englishman had no one whom they could trust to take the tickets without a mechanical check. The inconvenience of this arrangement when ten and fifteen thousand persons were crowding on board in the course of a few hours, can be conceived. Children were charged half price: every half hour the throng was arrested and delayed several minutes by an angry discussion about ages between the Briton who kept the stile and the parent of some well-grown child. On board, the officers continued to illustrate the well-known politeness of John Bull; as our artist says, Albions' bears were fools to them. Still, the directors made money; which was what they wanted.

Last of all came the Cape May expedition. This was widely advertised, and the price—10 —loudly proclaimed. It was not till the day of sailing that it became generally known that the 10 did not include food, or bedding, or the use of a wash-room, or any thing but a mere steerage passage. If an American ship had perpetrated such an act, the British papers would have rung with abuse of "Yankee swindling." When the ship sailed, matters were far worse. Not only were the passengers not provided with food at the expense of the ship, but they couldn't obtain any by paying for it. There was nothing to eat, and hardly any water to drink and the passengers paid 25c. for a glass of water, without ice, were freely paid by gentlemen who had had the misfortune to take ladies with them. Not only were berths not provided by the directors, but money could not buy them. Most of the passengers slept on the decks, on the cabin floors, in hen-coops, any where. It rained in the night, and women—and men women—were drenched as they lay helpless. The managers could not be found; the stewards are said to have been drunk; the waiters were saucy and independent, and openly declared that they would wait on no one till they had been paid in advance. In one word, no sooner had these Englishmen commenced exercising control than dred of our unhappy countrymen into their clutches on board their ship, than, from the highest to the lowest, they all fell to plundering and outraging them like very Arabs or Druses.

One is almost inclined to wonder that some of these fellows have not been sent to the crew of tar and feathers.

So the story ends for the present. It is time. It is time, we think, that the *Great Eastern*—or, at all events, her directors, officers, and crew—went back to their own country. They are chemmers, and they have made money, them, and paid our money, and we need say no more about it. In England, perhaps, they are the right men in the right place; if we had a ship like the *Great Eastern*, we would try to put at least one or two people on board who had the manners of gentlemen and the civility of Christian men. But let them pass. "Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Russians, and Orientals say—as they all do—that they hate Englishmen because Englishmen are rude, coarse, boorish, mean, and pig-headed, we Americans are apt, for consistsip's sake, to stand up for poor old John, and put in a word for him. But we don't think it likely that any of the Americans who have experienced the tender mercies of the *Great Eastern* will have much to say in John's behalf hereafter.

WHAT DO THE ENGLISH MEAN?

WE read with some surprise that, at a meeting of the International Statistical Society, held in London on 16th July, in the presence of the delegates from all the nations of the world, Lord Brougham had made a speech, introducing proceedings by calling Mr. Dallas's attention to the fact that a negro was present as a member

of the body." Mr. Dallas of course took no notice of so gross a piece of rudeness; but the audience cheered and laughed heartily; and when, a few moments afterward, the negro—whose name, it appears, is Delaney—rose and assured the audience that he, too, was a man and a brother, the applause and sneering laughter at the attitude of the American Minister was almost overwhelming.

The same spirit is developed simultaneously in both Houses of Parliament. Sir Samuel Osnaud, the principal owner and manager of the Cunard line of steamers, lately justified the action of his Boston agent in refusing to allow a colored woman to share the table of his first-class passengers. For this Lord Brougham called Sir Samuel to account, and inquired in the House of Lords whether the conduct enjoyed by the British Government over the Cunard line was not extensive enough to enable them to prevent such occurrences in future. A member of the Government replied, evidently with regret, that the Administration could not control the private passenger business of the line. Probably when the mail contract is renewed, a clause will be inserted to cover the "rights" of colored persons to first-class passages in the steamers.

To cap the whole, somebody in the House of Commons wants a resolution introduced requesting the Queen to hold no further diplomatic intercourse with slaveholding powers, and to admit no slaveholder to her receptions.

If it be the design of Great Britain to provoke a quarrel with this country on a trifling issue, these measures are well calculated to bring about the result. If it be the intention of Great Britain to remain on terms of friendship with the United States, we can, in all sincerity, assure the English that nets of this kind are quite certain to render the fulfilment of that intention a matter of great difficulty.

There are points concerning slavery and the negro race about which we Americans differ among ourselves, but there are points on which we are agreed. We are all agreed that it does not suit our tastes to sit at table with colored persons, or to mix with them in society on equal terms. This sentiment is so universally marked at Niagara, Nahant, and Newport than it is at Charleston, Savannah, or New Orleans; and if any British line of steamers attempts to contravene it, it will simply do so at the expense of its American business. We no likewise all agreed that it does not become us to tolerate foreign interference or foreign dictation in our domestic concerns. British intermeddling, in any way or shape, with our domestic slavery question can do no good on this side, least of all to the side which it purports to aid; but it can and it must create a bitter spirit of hostility toward Great Britain, and leave memories which should have been long ago buried.

There is another point on which all men on this side the water will agree; and that is, that it was not only in bad taste, but positively outrageous, for Lord Brougham, at a public meeting, to insult the Minister of his reference to the negro Delaney, knowing as he did the responsibilities Mr. Dallas bore, and the susceptibilities he was in duty to guard. The phrase and sneers which followed the insult will, we fear, convey to the minds of all classes an idea of British feeling toward this country which may stand in the way of the most concession that is asked of us on the ground of "common brotherhood."

More especially will the insult and its reception unfortunate, as, at the very moment the news of them reached us, the Prince of Wales was setting foot on our American soil to be the guest of the President.

THE LOUNGER.

AN OLD AND A NEW FRIEND.

Two very celebrated English personages have arrived among us. Western Continents, as always travel in company, and are inseparable; although the feeling on one side is merely passive. But it is more compensated by the laborious and detailed activity of the other. Of course it is understood that these illustrious people are Jenkins and His Royal Highness. The Prince Albert Edward, future King of England, appears to be in fine health and spirits, and Jenkins was never so eloquent and triumphant. He has had the present in informing an expectant continent that his Friend the Royal Highness is the most amiable of men—combining with the sweetness of manly gallantry, yet leaping into the saddle with the alacrity of the practiced equestrian. He has been leaping in plain clothes, leaving the potential crown, sceptre, and ball behind—probably in the care of the loyal Jenkins. A shower comes and the heir of Britain gets wet; but with a heroism worthy the future lord of the throne of Alfred, he rides on a cobby in a damp saddle as if it were as dry as Jenkins's mind, and as warm as his pen. Other young men run races and climb ground poles for his amusement, and the Prince of Wales graciously laughs heartily from his superior heights of Sense; while the good Jenkins is overwhelmed by the affable condescension of the royal youth. Jenkins regards the advent of Albert Edward in America as the Indian Islander looked upon the Sun, Dumbas and his crew. They were gods come down.

His Highness perpetually receives addresses, and replies to them. The circumstances are not propitious to spontaneity, for the draft of the addresses to be presented is handed in before it is delivered by the orator, and a response is prepared, which the future Defender of the Faith reads aloud when the proper time arrives. The trips among the consonants, the watchful Jenkins perceives that he colors and does recover. Since his arrival the Prince has delivered about a dozen. Each dinner and ball is an ovation. Jenkins assures us, in rapturous detail, that the ball and upper rooms are magnificent, and the lights very brilliant. The royal dancing is beyond description. In military evolutions the Heir-Apparent, like his revered grand-uncle, George the Fourth, when blessed memory Mr. W. M. Thackeray (who is not related to Jenkins) will write about for us in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, is unique and unsurpassed. He is a capital waltzer (see Jenkins, passim), a very good quadrille dancer (see Jenkins passim), *par excellence* (*sic* Jenkins), and fills up the interval with cheerful conversation and remarks upon the company (Jenkins, *passim*, *ad nauseam*). Jenkins hears the fair murmur ecstatic admiration of the princely polka, and with the delightful irrelevancy of a mind overfull, he whispers that his Highness's finest feature is his nose, which is beautifully prominent, and Roman Catholic. Perhaps, Jenkins, a Puseyite nose, or on the way to Rome.

Jenkins went down to meet the Prince as he came up the bay. Jenkins is always going down. Prostration is his favorite attitude. Jenkins cheered the Prince with all the loyal company, and the polite youth lifted his cap in response. Then his Highness was received, and the worthy Jenkins stood near enough to see his pallet, let us rather say, with much color and tangible texture. The Prince elicited general admiration (see Jenkins). Yes, Jenkins thinks dal a Prince otherwise in the eyes of his faithful J. P. In his complicated mind, Prince, Newport, sylphs of Saratoga, attend! he has a complexion—*sequel to that of a gentl.* Then best Jenkins! And looks very healthy. His hair is brown, and cut so as to show the lobes of his ears. But is it bilonged, Jenkins? Is it parted at the right side? Why! Why! Jenkins hesitates to grope in perplexity? And reflect, Jenkins, that you have not told us whether he has a ring upon his finger—but may infer upon one of his fingers. Not the number of his gloves, good Marquis Jenkins; nor the quantity of them he weekly sends to the laundress, nor the number of times he cues for the doing up of royal shirts: nor whether he lisps; nor—O Jenkins! Jenkins, you have done only shows us what you have yet to do.

When the three young English gentlemen, Lord Cavendish, Lord Ashley, and another, were here, a year or two since, Jenkins used to look into their hats and try to peep into their bedrooms: except Mr. Ashley—who he gently confided Jenkins, when Jenkins discovered that he was not a Lord, but only Mr. Ashley, Jenkins regarded him with a pity-dislodin as an impostor. The world was anxious to learn if the dressing-gown of Lord Cavendish was velvet wrought with silk—or silk embroidered with velvet; but the dressing-gown of Mister Ashley! why, Jenkins had a dressing-gown himself.

—It is possible, therefore, that it was not quite accurate to say that two illustrious personages had just arrived among us. Jenkins is of high birth never been here before. The young Prince, whom as an English gentleman and the royal representative of our ally in civilization, every American is glad to honor, comes, indeed, for the first time. May his journey be happy and interesting, and his life long and useful! But and Jenkins! what, old mole, work'st thou I? the earth so fast? Jenkins is no chicken—he is noyeuth. He has with Constantine the great. He told Alexander that his neck was all right (not wry-t). He assured Charles First that Hampden was an ass. And he murmurs to Albert Edward the blissful truth that his complexion is equal to that of a peach.

Did Jenkins come at all? Is he not indigenous? Is not a rich pulpy seed, for a great nancy of us, "equal to" a lark nestle among the Jenkins? Jenkins and the Prince reach Newport, and then let us see.

THE FATED SHIP.

At length we all know what ship it was that was built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark. The Atlantic Ocean, more monster seems to be persuade as all to believe in fate, and luck, and stars of fortune. And surely here is a phony of fate, and luck, and stars of fortune. Every thing she has done, or that has been done to her or with her, has been a huge mistake, except the exclusion. And that was a mistake, a fatal mistake, because it was closed at the very time it should have been continued. She had not disappointed people by her speed. She had not disappointed. She had reduced the price of admission, and thousands were gladly paying half a dollar to ramble through the mazes of her. The people flocking respecting her was clearly improving, and the prospect of a excursion was received with favor. It was a doubtful excursion, it was a speculation—since it seemed wiser to stay quiet at the feet of Immaculate Conception, than to risk the life of a thousand dollars a day. But still it was enterprising. It was yielding to a natural desire to see her in motion as well as to grim regice expecting her prey.

And now of all failures and shocking mistakes and disastrous adventurements the exclusion seems to have been chief. It was of the last importance that nobody should blunder, and every body appears to have blundered. It was most desirable, upon every possible account, that the public favor should be attracted to the Great Eastern safety, safe ship. Suppose that the two thousand passengers had been taken up in circular (they always do upon the least possible excuse) that there never was such a cure for sea-sickness, for instance, as going to sea in the *Great Eastern*. Suppose they had unanimously agreed that the management was of a paternal character which made a voyage in her actually pathetic. Suppose that of all affirmations the unanimously harkespers the steward of the *Great Eastern* had been pronounced *facile princeps*. Suppose that we had heard how beds so soft—and shores so distant—and pillows so adorable in the night watches—and such general comfort, care, and convenience had never been heard of as had been found upon the Great Eastern—what a prejudice would it would have thenceforth been! How the shy Titania of public esteem would have embraced they lovely Bottom!

It ought to have been made absolute high treason to the Great Eastern to have returned to have taken any bribe, or to have attempted to sell any thing to eat, or drink, or lie upon, for any price higher than that of the printed bills which should have been pasted all over the ship, and every article so lightly charged that nobody should ever complain. Nobody should have been so strictly certainly that every passenger had a good bed and an abundance of water and of all ordinary conveniences.

All this could not have been done without extraordinary efforts and some expense. But it was essential. If it were not done, the excursion was a foregone failure and a curse to the ship. It was not done, and the excursion has fallen. The ship went out of its way—there was no regulation or accommodation for baggage—no understanding about state-rooms—no politeness and gentlemen were forced to camp out upon mattresses upon the dirty damp decks, and were ruined upon before morning; only twenty dollars could procure water for washing, and for drinking-water from ten cents to two shillings a glass was the charge; the water was wasted to excrescence, the unclean water shillings, "the beds of the cat-block" broke, a cigar set a mattress on fire in the middle of the night, the band wouldn't play for dancing without extra payment; it was a night of horrors, and the officers disclaimed all responsibility.

The passengers held a mass-indignation meeting and resolved that the excursion was a swindle. Of course we shall have the revenge of the officers. It will appear that it was Nobody's fault—that Nobody is to blame—that that arch scoundrel Nobody took possession of the ship and managed the whole excursion, and Nobody will suffer, when he is caught. This fatal excursion has blighted the Great Eastern in the public regard for the *Great Eastern* in the public mind. Before, she might be regarded with melancholy pity, with tender sympathy. Now, she has inspired contempt and indignation.

Yet that is a melancholy pity, too.

HUMORS OF THE DAY

PUNCH'S ODE ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Auxerrois blow, ye gales,
And speed the Royal sails
That wait the Prince of Wales
In a vessel of the line.
Away to Canada
Across the ocean brine;
As the sun of his Maunus,
His westward course will be shine.

What transports the Canadians will evince
When they behold our youthful Prince!
Not our sister, in his duty,
Each colony with England shares
In Prince-Albert-Edward's heirs
How all the bells will ring, the cannons roar!
And they will see more than a Prince before.
Go, wert they fight him and caress him!
Yankee Doodle, and Madam Sam,
His Royal Highness—bless him!—
Their demonstrations greeting have.

They'll make, no doubt, a greater fuss
Than what is usual when Princes go
In some of our rougher parts,
Where country Congressmen are,
For the first time, for Majesty—
(Mr. Ashley's Lordship, we hear tell)
When by her Parliament set free,
She travels in Canada, or Texas,
Britannia's trump the Queen of Hearts.
But still prince-worship will make
The Prince in the United States;
What wonder, then, in Canada?
A sight of him is hope to gal!

When multitudes demand
To shake hand to the hand
Hosts of reporters will the footsteps dog
As Baron Stanley Dunbar he goes dough,
Take down his every word,
Describe his every gesture,
And eyes, and hair, and clothes,
With a enthusiasm quite absurd.

Ye free and easy citizens, be not rude,
Disturb not our young Prince's rest;
Upon his morning walk, he don't intrude
Wait till he's dress.
Oh! let the Prince not be blest
To whom the son of England's Queen shall say
"Out of the way"?

And, oh—to touch a tender theme—
How will the fair around him throng,
And try, high-bred, to hide their dismay,
To salute his Royal Highness,
The coldness of a foreign grandeur
The force of loveliness is strong,
Yet Jack's a good fellow under blunder,
And certain things in Heaven are written;
Not a doubtful matter, I reckon
The Prince of Wales from being smitten!
Remembered Jack, in the even moments Dunlin,
A German Prince must be many!
And who may to a man not every
One of Canada's fascinating daughters
Over the Atlantic?

Truth many a one might force to own.
Hopes that to her the bewitched may be found,
To the intimate exaltation of a young
American lady to the British throne.

When is a gentlemen like a surrowful man?—When he's sick to heart (sick o' hart).

Why are the eyes of a pleasant nice like an infant-school? Because they are pupils (pupils).

Under what effect would an author write to marshal his pages?—The general reader.

HIGHFALUTIN.—The following is taken from the last number of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*: "Let anti-slavery revolutions gather new power from every mercenary obstacle, and rather like a planet in its orbital path to the resistless consummation of its divine destiny!"

Why is a cherry-seller like a necromancer?—Because he is a dealer in the Black Hearts.

MIDDLE-AGE.—Spectral season explained—The air has been *Ferrighed*.

CARDS.—*Fools-mate!*: to become husband and wife on finding a Pair.

CAN TOADS LIVE WITHOUT AIR?—This problem is now occupying the scientific. A party of officials "highly placed at the Tuileries," invited by the Emperor will from Boulogne to Paris, smoked, and kept the windows shut, to see if they could. It is to be hoped that, whether toads can or can not live without air, those who eat them can.

A low-art critic, who has recently visited Rosa Bonheur's cattle pictures, describes them as being very beautiful pictures.

CONSTITUTIONS.

ALL A-BOARDING!—(Continued)

Our argos in weather lace knowing,
Look blank at the dance of the crops,
And declare this wet summer is going
To ruin our wheat, hay, and hops;
Nor alone on our right little island
Has Phoebus—from ice to sirius,
In all climes, North or South, low or high land,
This year he seems out of his line.

But while seeking Sirius, Phoebus, and Sol
Short harvests, high prices, and dearth,
There's one crop, at least, that seems growing
Just where you'd look least look for its birth.
That's the Hydra of Constitutions, which, alas!
Sprouts try to plant out revolution,
And to force back Democracy's progress
By state gardeners called "Constitution."

Of all soils, it must be admitted,
That the soil of Italy is the worst
Seems about the most strangely ill fitted
For such exotics—the Hydra's home first!
Yet now Pio Nono, the restored,
Has a short Constitution in hand,
In hopes Rome will grow better-manured
If the soil where he lives is cultivated.

There's the Austrian Reichsrath preparing
The ground for this seeding to grow;
And young Bomba's Constitution
Has sprouts in Naples to show.
Rome, Naples, and Austria, where
Are the soils most fertile and dirty-tight?
Remembering the fruit that they bear
Can we wonder they matter "The Late

What have the plants, we grow fair,
When the roots that should nourish it seed
Are struck in a Prince's dungeon?
Whose tools fell his hand at his seed?
Even so poisoned and fettered a soil
What but poison and fetter can grow?
Such a soil—ill and cramped—is Italy!
Though too likely to come to a fear.

SCENE—AN ARISTOCRATIC DINING-ROOM.

SCENE.—NOTHING LIFE HAVING A GOOD REASON.

OLD JOKER. "Sodgrlie! What induced you to put such wine on the table?"

BUTLER. "Well, you see, Sir, as somebody must drink it, and there ain't none of us in the Hall as can stand it!"

A SLIGHT DRAWBACK.

Beholding girl! the sight of thee
Is pleasing dreams around me dances;
Thou hast no bright, no dark, no gray
Thy dimpled cheek, thy jet-black hair,
My heart entrances.

But oh! these eyes, those lovely eyes,
With joy and innocence still gleaming;
They make my light easier than thine
Than do the glances from those eyes,
Will pleasure beaming.

I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not
That every thing thou sight, I've bewildered
I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not
For this one failing—I'm short-sighted
And six small children!

It is no uncommon thing for hot words to produce a coolness.

With hotter metals the workmanship is every thing; but when it is a question of gold, we do not much care whether it be 18 or 22 carat, the quality, the sovereign, so, too, the greatest practical ideas are independent of civil wrongs.

A generous mind identifies itself with all around it; a selfish one identifies all things with itself. The generous man sees the happiness in promoting that of others; the selfish man reduces all things to his own interest.

He is a fool who seeks that which he can not find; he is a fool who seeks that which, if found, will do him more harm than good; he is a fool who, having many ways to his journey's end, takes the worst.

You may find it very difficult to get away from bad company, but you needn't on that account *throw yourself away*.

A clergyman having preached several times in a small town, in which he had not once been invited to dinner, said, in conversation, that he was somewhat surprised, on quoted by the parishioner who of the age, "I have preached twenty times to you, and yet he has never asked me to dinner!" "Why, Sir, I have had no opportunity of observing to what extent it was carried in this town."

Whoever shall marry some of our metal-hunting young woman, and place them in domestic establishments, will ——give to airy nothings

A heart habituation and a hard place.

A paper lately gave an account of a duel, and announced the result of the meeting in these words: "The one paid the other a hundred dollars for his life, and the other fired in the air." Query—who wounded the sufferer?

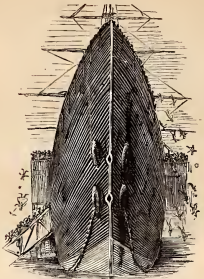
Jones had been out to a Champagne party, and returned home at a late hour. He had hardly got into bed when he called out to his wife, "Oh! Caroline, I have some!" Incongruod Jones. "I say, Mrs. Jones, this sick is sick of wine! I think I have had one dose."

"Papa," said a little boy to his father the other day, "what not believe very, very small men?"—No, my dear!" answered his father. "Why what leads you to suppose that they are so small?"—Because," replied the young idea, sagaciously, "I read the other day of a soldier going to sleep in his watch."

WATER ON THE BRAIN.—Little Willie's mother told him to check his head under the water, the other day, when she was bathing him. "Oh, I'm afraid!" said Willie. "Why? afraid his head gets wet?" "Oh, no!" "Don't be afraid, you won't get drowned, if you are careful to hold your head in the water!" "Oh, I'm afraid, only!" "Oh! but I might die from water on the brain?"

REMINISCENCES OF A VISIT TO THE "GREAT EASTERN," BY OUR ARTIST, JULY 28, 1860.

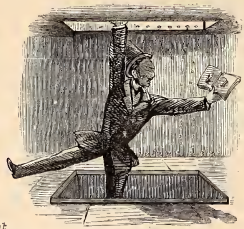
The rush during its visit Week at N. York



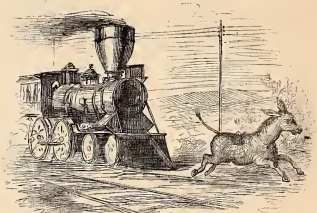
An overflow visit might have been

Buy a Guide! Sir

You make sure of having the right one



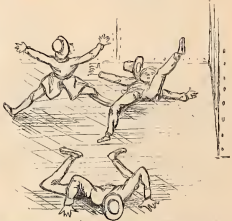
And then go ahead !?



Popular (but erroneous) Idea of An After Donkey Engine

The real thing
(from a photograph taken while in motion.)

Sick a gilding up stairs



Some persons object that the Under-decks are a lit the slippery.

A proper regulation

The Urbanity of its Officers has been frequently mentioned, but

having seen Old Adam's Beare previously we were disappointed

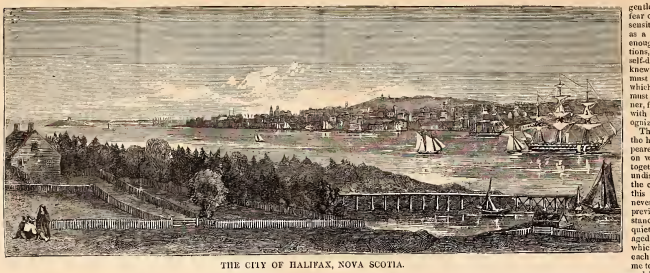
One way of doing the Big Ship

View of N. York from the G. Eastern

Part of Big Ship in a shower.

The Upper Deck after a shower of rain.

"The Way out."



THE CITY OF HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO AMERICA.

[From a Correspondent.]

Halifax—where the Prince of Wales landed on 26th ult.—the capital of the British-American province of Nova Scotia, and the principal naval and military station of the British in their North American possessions, is a mean-looking country town of some 30,000 inhabitants. Nature has done every thing for Halifax and enterprise nothing. Situate on the slope of a hill, on the west side of a harbor perhaps without exception the finest and most capacious in the world, its few wharves are but piles of weed-grown lumber, and the amount of shipping in its land-locked bay scarcely even equals the tonnage of a fifth-rate coasting barque. The city itself has an old and decrepid look, as if a blight had fallen upon its energies somewhere about the close of the last American war. Altogether it seems a dull place to dwell in.

Halifax harbor, or, as it is called, Chebucto Bay, is entered from the south, and, from Sambro Light, extends northward about fifteen miles, terminating in a basin of area and depth enough to float the whole British fleet of a thousand warships. A bold, wooded island of some extent, called M'Nab's Island (private property), lies directly in the chops of the harbor, and divides it into two passages—one suited for small craft only, the other with water in the channel for ships of the largest size. Directly within M'Nab's Island stands George's, or St. George's Island, so islet surmounted by a redoubt, and otherwise weightily armed. Indeed, the whole harbor, at every point commanding the channel, bristles with batteries. Overlooking the town is the citadel, a fortress of strength, commanding the harbor and country for miles, and so placed that the guns of hostile ships would have little avail against its walls. To the north of the city is the dock-yard, the station of the ships of war. At present the fleet lying there is under the command of Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, whose flag-ship is the *Nile*. Near by the station is anchored the *Pyramus*, an old frigate taken in some former war, and now used as a receiving-ship. Close by the dock-yard are the powder-magazines, one of which blew up, a few years since, in a mysterious manner; and overlooking the water are a noble range of buildings, which the visitor will learn with surprise are merely barracks for 1000 men. Visitors who wish to learn how the British soldier is treated should endeavor, by permission of the military authorities, to inspect these quarters. Northward from this spot the harbor, under the name of Bedford Basin, extends some eight or nine miles inland, forming the fine sheet of water already described. On the shores of the basin the Duke of Kent, grandfather of the present Prince of Wales, had his residence while commanded the troops in North America. Nothing now remains of "the Prince's lodge" but a few scattered stones. Up this basin, in 1746, sailed one ship, the storm-shattered remains of a French fleet, sent for the proud Duke of Anville, sent to recover Nova Scotia. Broken-hearted at the failure of his enterprise, the Duke died by poison; the Vice-Admiral, like an old Roman, ran himself through with a sword; and the survivors, sinking some of their ships, came ashore into the woods at a spot still called the "French landing." Here 2500 men, with a large number of Indian auxiliaries, perished of pestilence and famine. The writer of this detected a day to explore the site, but found no relic of the disaster of which the spot was the scene. The locality is a little under three miles from Halifax, on the highway, near the "Three-Mile House."

There are many other historic spots near the city, most of them associated with events of the French wars, and not a few relating to incidents of Indian hostility. At Dartmouth, a small village on the opposite side of the harbor—which ought to be what Brooklyn is to New York, if Halifax was but New York—and half a Indian from the Basin of Minas fell on the infant settlement, and left not a fire burning on its hearths. For five-and-twenty years the place was deserted; and it was not till 1754 that a band of Nantucketers resettled it. The village is now attached to Halifax by two ferry steamers, which run during the day at five cents per passenger, and not at all at night.

The public buildings of Halifax are few and shabby. The Province Building is an exception. It is of brown freestone, and presents a magnificent frontage of 140 feet on Granville and Hollis streets—two of the leading thoroughfares of the city. It contains the public offices and legislative chambers. At present the proportions of the edifice are disfigured by two wooden shanties, stuck on by way of wings, and intended to accommodate the guests of the so-called Ball. Fronting on the Grand Parade (a small plot of ground with nothing grand about it) stands Dalhousie College, a squat, heavy institution, of no particular use excepting that in one corner is located the Post-office. Temperance Hall, a neat structure of wood, wherein most of the concerts and shows are held; the Merchants' Exchange, a suit of rented offices; the City Market, and the Mason Hall, apparently well adapted to their respective uses; the Lunatic Asylum, overlooking the water on the Dartmouth side, and the Provincial Penitentiary and the French Prison, a military post, on the fine stretch of sea known as the North West Arm, are almost the only other public edifices worth notice. A handsome new court-house is nearly completed. Government House, the residence of the Earl of Mulgrave, is a substantial stone house, of no pretension to beauty, badly placed, and having a cheerful view into a grave-yard, where has been recently erected a handsome monument to the memory of Welsford and Parker, two Nova Scotian officers who fought and fell with distinction in the Crimea. Besides the buildings named, Halifax contains several handsome churches.

[The details of the Prince's reception will be found in our news columns.]

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

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PART III.

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

I.

Four months passed. April came—the month of spring, the month of change.

The course of Time had flowed through the interval since the winter, peacefully and happily in our new home. I had turned my leisure to good account; had largely increased my sources of employment; and had placed our means of subsistence on surer grounds. Freed from the suspense and the anxiety which had tried her so sorely, and hung over her so long, Marian's spirits rallied, and her natural energy of character began to assert itself again with something, if not all, of the freedom and the vigor of former times.

More pliable under change than her sister, Laura showed more plainly the progress made by the healing influences of her new life. The worn and wasted look which had prematurely aged her face was fast leaving it, and the expression which had been the first of its charms in past days was the first of its beauties that now returned. My closest observation of her detected but one serious result of the conspiracy which had once threatened her reason and her life. Her memory of events, from the period of her leaving Blackwater Park to the period of our meeting in the burial-ground of Limmeridge Church, was lost beyond all hope of recovery. At the slightest reference to that time, she changed and trembled still; her words became confused; her memory wandered and lost itself as helplessly as ever. Here, and here only, the traces of the past lay deep—too deep to be effaced.

In all else she was none so far on the way to recovery that, on her best and brightest days, she sometimes looked and spoke like the Laura of old times. The happy change wrought its natural result in us both. From their long slumber, on her side and on mine, those imperishable memories of our past life in Cumberland were awoke which were one and all alike, the memories of our love.

Gradually and insensibly, our daily relations toward each other became constrained. The fond words which I had spoken to her so naturally in the days of her sorrow and her suffering, faltered strangely on my lips. In the time when my friend of losing her was most present to my mind, I had always looked at her when she left me at night and when she met me in the morning. The kiss seemed now to have dropped between us—to be lost out of our lives. Our hands began to tremble again when they met. We hardly ever looked long at one another out of Marian's presence. The talk often flagged between us when we were alone. When I touched her by accident, I felt my heart beating fast, as it used to beat at Limmeridge House—I saw the lovely answering flush glowing again in her cheeks, as if we were back among the Cumberland Hills in our past characters of master and pupil once more. She had long intervals of silence and thoughtfulness, and denied she had been thinking when Marian asked her the question. I surprised myself one day neglecting my work to dream over the little water-color portrait of her which I had taken in the summer-house where we first met—just as I used to neglect Mr. Fairlie's drawings to dream over the same likeness when it was newly finished, in the by-gone time. Changed as all the circumstances now were, our position toward each other in the golden days of our first companionship seemed to be revived with the revival of our love. It was as if Time had drifted us back, on the wreck of our early hopes, to the old familiar shore!

To any other woman I could have spoken the desolate words which I still hesitated to speak to her. Her helplessness of her position; her friendless dependence on all the forbearing gentleness that I could show her; my fear of touching too soon some secret sensitiveness in her, which my instinct as a man might not have been fine enough to discover—these considerations, and others like them, kept me self-distrustfully silent. And yet I knew that the restraint on both sides must be ended; that the relations in which we stood toward one another must be altered, in some settled manner, for the future; and that it rested with me, in the first instance, to recognize the necessity for a change.

The more I thought of our position, the harder the attempt to alter it appeared while the domestic conditions on which we three had been living together since the winter remained undisturbed. I can not account for the capricious state of mind in which this feeling originated—but the idea nevertheless possessed me that some previous change of place and circumstances, some sudden break in the quiet monotony of our lives, so managed as to vary the house aspect under which we had been accustomed to see each other, might prepare the way for me to speak, and might make it easier and less embarrassing for Laura and Marian to hear.

With this purpose in view, I said one morning that I thought we had all earned a little holiday and a change of scene. After some consideration, it was decided that we should go for a fortnight to the sea-side. On the next day we left Fulham for a quiet town on the south coast. At that early season of the year we were the only visitors in the place. The cliffs, the beach, and the walks inland were all in the solitary condition which we most welcome to us. The air was mild; the prospects over hill and wood and down were beautifully varied by the shifting April light and shade; and the restless sea leaped under our windows as if it felt, like the hard, the glow and freshness of spring.

I owed it to Marian to consult her before I spoke to Laura, and to be guided afterward by her advise.

On the third day from our arrival I found a fit opportunity of speaking to her alone. The moment we looked at one another her quick in-

"MY POOR LITTLE MAN!" HE SAID, ETC.

stinct detected the thought in my mind before I could give it expression. With her customary energy and directness she spoke at once, and spoke first.

"You are thinking of that subject which was mentioned between us on the evening of our return from Hampshire," she said. "I have been expecting you to allude to it for some time past. There must be a change in our little household, Walter; we can not go on much longer as we are now. I see it as plainly as you do—as plainly as Laura sees it, though she says nothing. How strangely the old times in Cumberland seem to have come back! You and I are together again, and the one subject of interest between us is Laura once more. I could almost fancy that the room in the summer-house at Limmeridge, and that those waves beyond us are beating on *our* sea-shore."

"I was guided by your advice in those past days," I said; "and now, Marian, with reliance ten-fold greater, I will be guided by it again."

She answered by pressing my hand. I saw that the generous, impulsive nature of the woman was deeply touched by my reference to the past. We sat together near the window; and, while I spoke and she listened, we looked at the glory of the sunlight shining on the majesty of the sea.

"Whatever comes of this confidence between us," I said, "whether it ends happily or sorrowfully for me, Laura's interests will still be the interests of my life. When we leave this place, on whatever terms we leave it, my determination to wrest from Count Fosco the confession which I failed to obtain from his accomplice, goes back with me to London as certainly as I go back myself. Neither you nor Laura tell her that man my name, or the use I'll bring his boy we only know, by his own words and actions, that he is capable of striking at me, through Laura, without a moment's hesitation, or a moment's remorse. In our present position, I have no claim on her which society countenances, which the law allows, to strengthen me in resisting him, and in protecting her. This places me in a serious disadvantage. If I can be alone enough with the Count, strong in the conscious sense of Laura's safety, I must fight it for my life. Do you begin to think, Marian, you'll be?"

"To every word of it," she answered.

"I will not plead out of my own heart," I went on; "I will not appeal to the love which has survived all changes and all shocks—I will rest my only vindication of myself for thinking of her and loving her in my wife, on what I have just said. If the chance of forcing a confession from the Count is, as I believe it is, the last chance left of publicly establishing the fact of Laura's existence, the least selfish reason that I can assume for our marriage is recognized by us both. But I may be wrong in my conviction; other means of achieving our purpose may be in our power, which are less uncertain and less dangerous. I have searched anxiously, in my own mind, for those means—and I have not found them. Have you?"

"No. I have thought about it too, and thought in vain."

"In all likelihood," I continued, "the same questions have occurred to you, in considering this difficult subject, which have occurred to me. Ought we to return with her to Limmeridge, now that she is like herself again, and trust to the recognition of her by the people of the village or by the children at the school? Ought we to appeal to the practical test of her handwriting? Ought we, did we, suppose the opinion of her shipmates, and the identity of the handwriting established. Would money, in both these cases, do more than supply an excellent foundation for a trial in a court of law? Would the recognition of the handwriting prove her identity to Mr. Fairlie, and take her back to Limmeridge House, against the evidence of her aunt, against the evidence of the medical certificate, against the fact of the funeral and the fact of the inscription on the tomb? No! We could only have succeeded in throwing a serious doubt on the assertion of her death—a doubt which nothing short of a legal inquiry can settle. I will assume, for the moment, that we have certainly not got money enough to carry this inquiry on through all its stages. I will assume that Mr. Fairlie's prejudices might be removed away; that the false testimony of the Count and his, might be set at rest; that the false witnesses might be confuted; that the recognition could not possibly be ascribed to a mistake between Laura and Madame Catherick, or the handwriting be declared by our enemies to be a clever fraud—all these are assumptions which, more or less, are plausible and defensible, but I will let them pass—and let us ask ourselves what would be the first consequence of the first questions put to Laura herself on the subject of the conspiracy. We know only too well what the consequence would be—for we know that she has not even mastered her memory of what happened to her in London. Examine her privately, or examine her publicly, and she is utterly incapable of assisting the assertion of her own case. If you don't see this, Marian, as plainly as I see it, we will go to Limmeridge and try the experiment to-morrow."

"I do see it, Walter. Even if we had the means of paying all the law expenses, even if we succeeded in the end, the delays would be unendurable; the perpetual suspense, after what we have suffered, would be heart-breaking. You are right about the hopelessness of going to Limmeridge. I think I could feel sure that we are right also in determining to try that last chance with the Count. Is it a chance at all?"

"Beyond a doubt, Yes. It is the chance of recovering the lost date of Laura's journey to London. Without returning to the reasons I gave you some time since, I am still as firmly persuaded as ever that there is a discrepancy between the date of that journey and the date of the marriage of her aunt. There lies the weak point of the whole conspiracy—it crumbles to pieces if we attack it in the proper way, and the way of attacking it is in possession of the Count. If I succeed in wresting them from him, the object of your life and mine is fulfilled. If I fail, the wrong that Laura has suffered will, in this world, never be redressed."

"Do you fear failure yourself, Walter?"

"I dare not anticipate success; and, for that very reason, Marian, I speak openly and plainly as I have spoken to you. In my heart and my conscience I can say it—Laura's hopes for the future are in safer keeping than mine. I know that her fortune is gone; I know that the best chance of restoring her to her place in the world lies in the marriage of her aunt's enemy, of a man who is now absolutely unassailable, and who may remain unassailable to the end. With every worldly advantage gone from her, with all prospect of recovering her rank and station more than doubtful, with no dearer future before her than the future which her husband can provide—the poor drawing-master may honestly open his lips to her, and say, in the days of poverty, Marian, I was only the teacher who guided her hand—I ask for it, in her adversity, as the hand of my wife!"

Marian's eyes met mine affectionately—I could say no more. My heart was full, my lips were trembling. In spite of myself, I was in danger of appealing to her pity. I got up to leave the room. She rose at the same moment, laid her hand gently on my shoulder, and stepped before me.

"Walter!" she said, "I once parted you both, from your good and from your wife's sake, my Brother!—wait, my dearest, best friend, till Laura comes, and tells you what I have done since then!"

For the first time since the farewell morning at Limmeridge she touched my forehead with her lips. A new light shone in her face as she kissed me. She turned quickly, pointed to the chair from which I had risen, and left the room.

I sat down alone at the window to wait through the crisis of my life. My mind, in that breathless interval, felt like a blank land. I was conscious of nothing but a painful intensity of all familiar perceptions. The sun grew blinding bright; the white scallops on the town other far beyond me, seemed to be flitting before my face; the mellow murmur of the waves on the beach was like thunder in my ears.

The door opened, and Laura came in alone. So she had entered the breakfast-room at Limmeridge House, on the morning of our loves. Slowly and faltering, in sorrow and in hesitation, she had once approached me. Now she came with the haste of happiness in her feet, with the light of happiness radiant in her face. Of their own accord, the words of her love-song of Limmeridge rose, of their own accord, the sweet lips came to meet mine. "My darling! I am whole again, my love, my love, as much other now!" Her head nestled with a tender contentedness on my bosom. "Oh," she said, tenderly, "I am so happy at last!"

Ten days later we were happier still. We were married.

II.

The course of this narrative, steadily flowing on, bears me away from the morning-time of our married life, and carries me forward to the End.

In a fortnight more we three were back in London, and the shadow was sterling over us at the straight line of fate.

Marian and I were careful to keep Laura in ignorance of the cause that had hurried us back to the metropolis, and of the task that lay before us. It was now the beginning of May, and his term of occupation at the house in Forest Road expired in June. If he could, for one of the I had reasons, shortly to be mentioned, for anticipating that he would, I might be certain of his not occupying it. But if by any chance he disappointed my expectations and left the country before the end of June, I was in arming myself to meet him at I best might.

In the first fullness of my new happiness there had been moments when my resolutions faltered—moments when I was tempted to be coldly content, now that the dearest aspiration of my life had been fulfilled, to remain in Laura's love. For the first time, I thought faintly heartedly of the greatness of the risk; of the adverse chances arrayed against me; of the hard promise of our new lives, and of the peril in which I might place the happiness which I had so hardly won. Yes! I felt all this even in honesty. For a brief time I wondered, in the sweet pulsing of love, for the life I had escaped, in which I had been for some tender sterling days. Indeed, Laura had tempted me aside from the path of duty, when she had dedicated to lead me back again. At times, dreams of the terrible past still disconnectedly recalled, to her, in the morning, the dreams of terrors of which her waking memory had lost all trace. One night darkly two weeks after our marriage, when I was watching her as she lay asleep, she came slowly through her closed eyelids, I heard the faint murmuring words escape her which told me that I was still her guide, again on the fatal journey from Blackwater Park. That unconscious appeal, so true to the secret of her waking heart, so true to her sleep, ran through me like fire. The next day was the day we came back to London. Thenceforward my resolution returned to me with ten-fold strength.

The first necessity was to know something of the house to be free, for, in the past life, it had was an impenetrable mystery to me.

I began with such scanty sources of information as were at my command. The important narrative written by Mr. Frederick Fairlie (which Marian had obtained for me, according to directions I had given to her in the winter) proved to be of no service to the special object with which I had looked at it. Of the house in London, and which had there devoted her to the interests of the conspiracy. Here, again, the Count had acted with premeditated caution, or, again, he was, to all practical purpose, out of my reach.

I next returned to Marian's journal at Blackwater Park. In one place, I found a hint, I thought a passage which referred to her past curiosity about the house in Forest Road, and particularly she had discovered relating to him.

The passage to which I allude occurs in the part of the journal which relates to Marian's sister and his personal appearance. She describes him as "not having crossed the frontiers of his native country for years past"—as "anxious to know if any Italian gentlemen were settled in the nearest town to Blackwater Park"—as "receiving letters with all sorts of odd stamps on them, and one with a large, official-looking seal on it." She is indeed to consider that his long absence from his native country may be accounted for by assuming that he is a political exile. But she is, on the other hand, unable to reconcile this idea with his reception of the letter from abroad, bearing "the large, official-looking seal"—letters from the Continent addressed to political exiles being usually the last to court attention from foreign post-offices in that way.

The contradictions thus presented to me in the diary, joined to certain surmises of my own that grew out of them, suggested a conclusion which I wondered I had not arrived at before. I now said to myself—what Laura had once said to Marian at Blackwater Park; what Madame Fosco had once hinted at in the diary—that the Count is a Spy!

Laura had applied the word to him at hazard, in ignorance of all his proceedings toward herself. Supplied it to him, with the deliberate conviction that his occupation of the house was the station of a Spy. On this assumption, the reason for his extraordinary stay in England, so long after the objects of his conspiracy had been attained, became, to my mind, quite intelligible.

The year of which I am now writing was the year of the Italian Exposition, held at Kensington in Hyde Park. Foreigners, in unusually large numbers, had arrived already and were still arriving in London. Spies were sent by the thousands, whom the ceaseless distrustfulness of their governments had followed privately, by means of secret agents, into every land. The surmises did not for a moment close a man of the Count's abilities and social position with the ordinary rank and file of foreign spies. I suspected him of holding a position of authority, but secondary only, by the government which he secretly served, with the organization and management of agents specially employed in this country. Such, in my memory, was the position Mrs. Rubelle, who had been so opportunely found to act as nurse at Blackwater Park, to be, in all probability, to the Count, at home.

Assuming that this line of mine had a foundation in truth, the position of the Count might prove to be more formidable than I had hitherto ventured to hope. To whom could I apply to know anything about him, or his history, and of the man himself, than I knew now?

In this emergency, it naturally occurred to my mind that the Countess of his own, on whom I could rely, might be the fittest person to help me. The first man whom I thought of, under these circumstances, was the poor old Italian with whom I was intimately acquainted—my quaint little friend, Professor Pesca.

The Professor has been so long absent from these pages, that he has run the risk of being forgotten altogether. It is the necessary law of such a story as mine, that the persons concerned in the catastrophe should come to the centre of events them up—they come and go, not by favor of my personal partiality, but by right of their direct connection with the circumstances to be detailed. For this reason, not Pesca only, but my mother and sister as well, have been left for in the background of the narrative. My visits to the Elmsdale cottage, my mother's lamentable belief in the devotion of Laura's identity which the conspiracy had succeeded in, my vain efforts to overcome the prejudice, on her part and on my sister's, to which, in their jealous affection for me, they both cordially adhered; the painful necessity which that prejudice imposed on me of concealing my marriage from my mother, and learned to do justice to my wife—all these little domestic occurrences have been left unrecorded, because they were not essential to the main interest of the story. It is nothing that they added to my anxieties and embittered my secret mortification at the harsh march of events has inexorably passed them by.

For the same reason, I have left out nothing here of our marriage, which found in Pesca a brotherly affection for me when I saw him again after the sudden cessation of my residence in Cumberland, at Mrs. Rubelle. I have recorded the fidelity with which my warm-hearted little friend followed me to the place of embarkation when I sailed for Central America, or the noisy transport of joy with which he received me when we met next in London. I had felt justified in accepting the offers of service which he made to me on my return, he would have expressed again long ere this, if I had not felt that my honor and his courage were to be implicitly relied on, I was not so sure that his discretion was to be trusted; and, for that reason only, I followed the course of all my inquiries alone. It will now be sufficiently understood why I was not separated from all connection with me and my interests, although, he has hitherto been mentioned in the narrative, only on occasions of this narrative. He was as true and as ready a friend of mine still as ever he had been in his life.

Before I summoned Pesca to my assistance, it was necessary that he should know what we meant I had to deal with. Up to this time I had never once set eyes on Count Fosco.

Three days after my return with Laura and Marian to London, I set forth alone for Forest Road, St. John's Wood, between tea and eleven o'clock in the morning. It was a fine day—I had some hours to spare—and I thought it likely, if I waited long, that the Count, in the interim, might be tempted out. I had no great reason to fear the chance of his recognizing me in the neighborhood of his residence when I had left Pesca by him was the occasion on which he had followed my home at night.

No one appeared at the windows in the front of the house. I walked down a turning which ran past the side of it, and looked over the low garden wall. One of the back windows on the lower floor was thrown up, and a net was attached across it. I saw nothing, however, but I heard in the room, first, a shrill whistling and singing of birds—then the deep ringing voice which Marian's description had made familiar to me. "Come out on my little finger, my pret-pret-pretties!" cried the voice. "Come out, and hop up stairs! One, two, three—and up! Three, two, one—and down! One, two, three—twit-twit-twit-twee!" The Count was exercising his canaries, as he used to exercise them in Marian's time at Blackwater Park.

I waited a little while, and the singing and the whistling ceased. "Come, kiss me, my pretties!" said the deep voice. There was a responsive twittering and chirping—a low, oily laugh—silence of a minute or two—and then I heard the opening of the house door. I turned and retraced my steps. The magnificent medly of the Prison Chorus in Fidelio, "Hence! hang in a sonorous bass voice, rose grandly through the unbroken stillness of the place. The front garden gate opened and closed. The Count had come out.

He crossed the road, and walked toward the western boundary of the Regent's Park. I kept on my own side of the way, a little behind him, and walked in that direction also.

Marian had prepared me for his high stature, his monstrous corpulence, and his ostentatious overmastering gentleness—but for the Herculean freshness and cheerfulness and vitality of the man. He carried his sixty years as if they had been fewer than forty. He seemed to bring covering his hat a little on one side, with a jaunty coquetry, a swinging his big stick; humming to himself; looking up from time to time at the houses and gardens on either side of him with a simple, unsuspicious pleasure. If a stranger had been told that the whole neighborhood belonged to him, that stranger would not have thought of doubting it. The very little school-boy he paid no apparent attention to me, no apparent attention to any one who passed him by—but he took every opportunity, now and then, when he smiled and smirked, with an easy, paternal good-humor, at the unmerciful ugly face of a monkey on the top of a hurdy-gurdy. In his way he led me on till we reached a colony of shops outside the western terraces of the Park.

Here he stopped at a pastry-cook's, went in (probably to give an order), and came out again immediately with a tart in his hand. A Italian was grinding an organ before the shop, and a miserable little shrivelled monkey was sitting on the instrument. The Count approached, laid a piece for himself out of the tart, and gravely handed the rest to the monkey. "My poor little man!" he said, with grotesque compassion, "you look hungry. In the sacred name of humanity, I offer you something!" The organ-grinder, grinning from ear to ear, ran to the tart from the benevolent stranger. The Count shrugged his shoulders commiseratingly, and passed on.

We reached the streets and the better class of shops between the New Road and Oxford Street. The Count stopped at a fashionable second hand clothes shop, with an inscription in the window announcing that repairs were neatly executed by the proprietor, and went again, with an open-glass in his hand; walked a few paces up, and stopped to look at a bill of the Opera placed outside a tobacco shop. He read the bill attentively, considered a moment, and then hailed an empty cab as it passed him. "Opera-house!" he said to the man, and was driven away.

I crossed the road, and looked at the bill in my turn. The performance announced was "Lucrezia Borgia," and it was to take place that evening. In this opera-glass in the Count's hand, his careful reading of the bill, and his direction to the coachman, all suggested that he proposed another one of his adventures. I had the means of getting an admission for myself and a friend to the pit, by applying to one of my street-acquaintances, a man of fashion, with whom I had been well acquainted in past times. Pesca was a man, I knew, who, if he liked, might be easily visible among the audience to me, and to my one with me; and, in this case, I felt a strong desire to secure the Count's Secret knew his countryman or not that very night.

This consideration at once decided the disposal of my evening. I procured the tickets, leaving a note at the Professor's lodgings on the way. At a quarter to eight I called to take him with me to the theatre. My little friend was in a state of the highest excitement, with a festive flower in his button-hole, and the largest opera-glass I ever saw hugged up under his arm.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

"Right-all-right," said Pesca.

We started for the theatre.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATEST FROM UTAH.

DEPATIS of news from Utah to the 6th inst. are given by correspondents. The Nebraska Territory is in a state of ferment, and is in flames in that place—Governor Cumming, Brigham Young, and all the Mormons are in arms against the Government, and are in the greatest excitement. Courts have been adjourned for the present. The prospect for the grasshoppers is good, though the hay crop is believed to be light. The crop of bee trees, in Salt Lake, is reported to be very large. The work on the Temple, which was stopped at the time of the celestial rebellion between the Mormons and the army, has been recommenced—at that

carry the path, when prolonged, quite clear of contact with the earth. If the velocity, relative to the earth's surface, of the balloon is assumed, it will be found that the greater part of the apparent motion of the motor was due to our motion in the solar system, and that the motor acts of the orbit of this little asteroid, and the period of describing its complete circuit about the sun, must have been less than those of the earth. A telescopic view of this meteor was projected by Mr. C. A. Dumont of Boston, who had the singular good fortune to catch sight of it in full course, with a magnifying power of five hundred spectators.

PERSONAL.

Among the recent arrivals from Havana is that of Señor Don Antonio Gonzalez, the Civil Governor of the city, and formerly Civil Governor of the Province of Cuba. He appointed to the first situation was not the only business for many years where a civilian has been selected for the post, and the association by the Captain-General, and confirmation by the Home Government, is, in consequence, considered a promotion in the civil office filled by civilians. Señor Montillo comes to the United States for the benefit of his health, and to make himself familiar with our principal institutions. He is accompanied by his lady and daughter, and his son, the Navy and the Major-General of the Army.

A note to the Morning Chronicle informs the world of the whereabouts and present occupation of Miss Pentelow, formerly the 16th Queen of the Bean. Miss Pentelow, the full survey of the most interesting parts of Palestine, having lived in economy, and spent her time devoted to the distinguished traveller. She undertook the most adventurous excursions on horseback into the desert, with a single Arab as her guide and servant, not fearing the wild Bedouins of the Desert. She has visited the Holy Land from Mount Libanus to the Dead Sea; visited the most remote places; passed the Constantinople, Smyrna, and the great places in the East; and then reached Athens by rest and water. She has arranged and cooled her notes on Switzerland. Her travels in the East and Greece will take two years more. She will spend this summer among the Greek Islands, and return to her own native country, to enjoy the popularity she gives to the world's creation on Paxos, which is already completed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD BROUGHAM'S APOLOGY.

At the adjourned meeting of the International Congress on the 1st, Lord Brougham, in acknowledgment to Mr. Dallas for the insult offered on the previous day in the following manner:

"I accordingly regret that the observations I made on the first day have given offence to the gentleman who represented to the United States. No one who has known me will accuse me of such an intention. I represent the Queen of the United States, even when I differ from them. When I called attention to the presence of the gentleman Mr. Dallas, to the, in my opinion, important statistical tables, I meant to do honor to the Government of Canada, was a member of the Congress, I only called his attention to the fact that he had contributed the excellent friend the representative of the Danish, who is here to-day, God knows, I am sure, I do not mean a slightest disrespect for the Danish. I ought also to have called the attention of the Congress to Belgium the Spanish representative to the same subject; they have excellent, and I have passed over various others, which I ought to mention. I call his attention to it hereby." (Applause.)

THE SECOND QUESTION IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the House of Lords, Lord Brougham, has published the notes lord who had just sent down Lord Granville that he had a short speech prepared or three years taken occasion to complain of the course pursued by Mr. S. Cunard, who was in the receipt of a subsidy from the Government for the conveyance of the mails across the Atlantic—in refusing to accept the reasonable terms of one with first-class passages in his vessels, observed that he had contributed the sum of 4 guineas towards the expenses, to whom such accommodation had been refused, and who had been the first man to make the voyage from America to this country in another part of the vessel as a steerage-passenger. At the time when he made that statement it was supposed that it could hardly be correct, but it has been ascertained, certainly, may, he found that the lady in question had been obliged to return as a steerage-passenger to America. He wished to know from the noble lord the nature of the contract with Sir S. Cunard, and whether it was contained in the carriage of the mails, or included mails and passengers.

Earl Granville thought the noble lord, feeling so great interest in the case, had been perfectly justified in calling the attention to the matter. At the same time, the question being one of contract between the parties, it was impossible for the Government to interfere.

Lord Brougham said an action setting out of a case of the same sort would be brought years ago, and damages would certainly have been awarded against the defendant a common carrier if the matter had not been compromised.

FRANCE.

IMPERIAL SCANDAL.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "A great deal of Imperial scandal is in the air just now. It is said that the Emperor made it a point that he should be present at the opening of his uncle Jerome's party, and that Prince Napoleon's reply was they had already been requested for self-exile, and that he would not go. It is stated that among them are letters from Louis, ex-King of Holland, and Prince Jerome, intimating that the Emperor and himself are never consummated, and that consequently—and this is the Emperor's grievance—that, more, that he was from the first conversant with the intrigue that had existed between Napoleon I. and his wife, and that as for Louis Napoleon, he was as much the son of the Emperor as of Louis Bonaparte, or than of Count Flahaut. If all this be true, it is possible that Prince Napoleon may be tempted to hold back from the throne over the head of the Emperor, not that I should think the man so foolish, but his friends may have strong head has risen to his present lofty height would take one jot of his position from the hoary beginner of that kind."

A BRITISH PARALLEL.

He adds: "But quiet things happen in all families. Which reminds me of my well-rehearsed story of Wellington's. There was—in fact, I believe he is still living—a nobleman of the Duke's intimate Tower Hill, who whispered that he was the son of one of George the Third's daughters by Lord Barnard Gordon. One day, however, the General believed himself to be in *extremis*, and, calling to his bedside the nobleman, he acknowledged him, after his death, to target a certain cousin, of which he gave him the name. The nobleman left the room in a fit of great importance to him. The General got well, but Tommy Gordon's excitement was so excited that he was sent to get hold of the papers, not withstanding. They found the Duke's daughter of George the Third, Lord General Gordon for saving the honor of his family, and of the Duke of the Duke of Kent, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cumberland, and the Princess Sophia, expecting his Tower Hill. Tommy was a better to the Princess and was to say—in very familiar language—that Sophy was with child by Gordon, and that there was no money to pay; and there was letters from the Princess Sophia and Duke of Cumberland addressed to Gordon, and the Princess Sophia, who was troubled with little delicacy, both poet and indicted to Pregnancy, where the Princess Sophia was telling the lady to making that he wanted to see his 'mother.' Of course he was denied this third request. But the following day Sir Herbert Taylor paid him a visit, and having learn his story, and, in fact, seen the documents, demanded the price of silence. 'You demand a year and a pension,' was the reply. He retired a day or two after, and offered £6000 a year and a place. Still the Princess Sophia was ready for signature, when, at the eleventh hour, it was discovered that Gordon had had an attested copy of the documents taken, which, of course, entirely neutralized the value of the originals. The negotiation, however, ended in a pension of £1000 a year, which to this day is supported, I am told, by the Court. He is always in prison; but when things come to the worst, and he is about to take the benefit of the insolvent Act, an angel comes to him unknown, pays his liabilities, and sends all square.

"Some years ago he ran away with the beautiful wife of Sir Jacob Astley, and daughter of Sir Henry Dashwood. The upper Ten Thousand cut him dead. He got to share poverty and imprisonment with little fat Jack Bee. She died about a year after having borne him a daughter."

ITALY.

STATE OF AFFAIRS AT NAPLES.

Telegraphic dispatches state that the Neapolitan Government had sent a strong force of troops to Palermo from Naples. The other troops were to be confined to the Fortresses, and their posts intrusted to the National Guard.

Garibaldi's position in Palermo had been considered, and the Prefect of Police had issued an ordinance designed to keep the peace between the rival factions.

The Neapolitan Envoys at Turin had had several interviews with Count Cavour. The Envoy to Greece, the Envoy from Naples to Paris, had been received by M. Thouvenel.

Advices from Naples say that as soon as the erection of batteries on the Island of Nisida had been completed in a body to the King and insisted upon resigning unless the troops left the city, and proceeded to a constitutional. The King at once went to all the barracks, and ordered the troops to march out of the city, and to realize take an oath to be faithful to the Constitution. The Ministers have resigned, and the Ministers and the members of the Corps Diplomatique called upon the King and congratulated him.

THE LATEST FROM SICILY.

"There is little or no news from Sicily. The Malin Prince of the 1st of July publishes the following intelligence from Sicily:

"Very little of importance has taken place here during the week. The Twenty-fourth Regiment of Bersaglieri passed through the Studion Sicily up to Trieste. They had on leave the Regiment, and left for Sicily, besides about thirty of the Court attached to the Bersaglieri.

"A large number of Piedmontese left Palermo for Turin. The *Indrapil*, which came in on Saturday, the 7th inst., brought 1000 Piedmontese, and Garibaldi's Regiment, coming between Genoa and Palermo, crossed with arms. Garibaldi's Regiment, which consisted of 1000 men, and officers, to establish order in that place, and a regiment of Bersaglieri, which left Genoa.

"Mahazza, a place near Barcelona, is to be attacked during the 15th of July. Garibaldi's Regiment and men there, but the officers are deserting fast. Yesterday even the 1st Regiment of Bersaglieri, which left Genoa, passed through *Trent*, with the 1st King's Regiment of the Line, which passed through Trieste, and the 4th Regiment of Bersaglieri, went to Mantazo to reconnoitre. It said that the Neapolitan Troops are about to take the castle there. I suppose in a day or two we shall have the news of the fall of Mantazo, which is to be defeated without loss of arms. Several Royalists have received orders to leave Palermo. Considerable communication between Messina and Catania is interrupted."

Another letter from Naples, dated the 2nd, says that Garibaldi was within twenty miles of Messina, and confirmed the report that Garibaldi had left Palermo, and he at once attacked. Garibaldi on the 4th of July completely had the Neapolitan Troops in Mantazo, and stay in Sicily. The deserticns of the Royal troops continued, and the Neapolitan Government had to rely upon the garrison of Messina to make common cause with the patriots, and declare themselves for Italy.

AN ALLOCUTION FROM THE POPE.

The Pope had pronounced an allocution, energetically protesting against the Piedmontese occupation, on account of the arrests and condemnation of the Bishops of Ancona, Fermo, and Pesaro, and declaring the sacrilegious nature of these bishops, and designating the annexation of the Marches and Umbria to Piedmont as a usurpation.

A PAPAL PRISONER.

The London *Times* correspondent writes: As soon as I had recovered from the first bewilderment occasioned the prison doors, it was noised abroad that a man who had been shot was brought in, and deposited in the portico of San Francisco. He was taken thence by some Papal soldiers, who had carried him from Ancona, and was tenderly received in his own house by the adoration of his friends, and the Pope's Guard, and the Swiss guards. The poor victim of oppression has created great interest, from the circumstances of his being the Marchese Vitaliano has been to visit him. I have done so, and found the Marchese Vitaliano, who has recovered from his own hips. In the presence of Abramo, of a Republican Deputy, I asked the Marchese Vitaliano.

"I landed in Genoa, from Boston, somewhere in 1848, and, after a short stay, I proceeded to Ancona, as I came near Vitaliano, when I was cautioned not to go Rome; but I do know of no Papal Government, and when I was arrested as not having a passport, and carried to the Eternal City, I was in the Papal States in Ancona.

TORTURED AT ROME.

"Not satisfied with the report which I gave of myself, I was tortured for three months as follows: My hands and arms were fastened behind me, and, I was kept tied round the upper part of the arms, they were drawn back till my breast was thrown out, and I underwent Ordeal Cricket. There was another species of torment practiced upon me, which I have forgotten. In the morning, the door was secretly opened, and buckets of water were poured upon me, and I was left to dry on the floor. The keepers were astonished, and said they had never seen Mr. Dallas so well. I asked, "Why will never get out alive?" said the Corporale Bonelli. I replied that I was innocent, and that I would be set free, and I would be to cause. The worst torture of all, however, was the opinion that I was to be shot, and I was taken out of the prison, and the stench of which—for it had been used by the Papal Government for years—I had lived three months I suffered thus; and then, without any reason, I was set free, and I was taken to the Vatican, where I was called the 'Salmo dei Preti,' a large, airy room, and I was there for three months, and I was thirty-two months more. I was the prisoner of the Cardinal Secretary Antonelli.

TORTURED AT NAPLES.

"About the middle of 1858, again without any reason being given, I was taken to Naples, and I was placed in the Vicaria, and afterward in San Francisco, in a room, and I was there for three months, and I was there for two years. I was questioned on several occasions, and at last I was told that I was to be shot, and I expected to be ready know what I had to say; that I was impatiently waiting for the hour of my execution, and I was left for another week. On another occasion I was called to the Chief of Police, and I was told I was to be prepared for death. I expected against my sufferings, and all the righ. I recollect that I was in the Vicaria, and I was taken out and carrying my bed. I have been asked to send a supplicant to the King, and I said I would not do it, and I was told I was to be shot, and I was a thing of this Government." When first I arrived here I had a place in the Vicaria for a short time prisoned was better food than the prison fare, and then by degrees I sold my clothes. At last I sold, at times, my black tried to have a little salt to sprinkle over my beans, and sometimes to procure some incense to relieve the horrid stench of my prison. As for water for purposes of cleanliness it was never supplied me, and all this I could do was to dip one of my own rags in a jug of drinking water and wash my face and hands. I was left in the dark for a long time, and at night I was covered with black beetles, fleas, and bugs, and I was tormented by them day and night. I expected death, and desired and prayed for it as a relief, but it never came.

HIS CLOTHING AND APPEARANCE.

"My clothes were at last so reduced that I was all but naked, and as I had passed four summers and winters piecing up and down my narrow cambler. I will show you my prison dress," said he, and going out, returned in a few minutes. It might have stood as a model for Lazarus from the tomb. The lower part of his dress was composed of a thin pair of brown drawers, so thing more; on his feet were a pair of shoes with the soles and uppers almost gone. He had no shirt, but over the upper part of his body was thrown a rag, resembling a shirt, but worn, torn, and so much patched and placed on his back, and as the long grim face of the wearer looked out from many rents and patches, he looked like a Lazarus, he appeared more like a brute beast than a Christian. "Does this rag," said he, "look like a shirt? I have worn it every day, and so did I put on and down my solitary cambler. I have had to do a lot, and I have had to do it, and I, whose name should be known and honored, I sent his, and I have been forgotten by my friends and my family, and I have entered my home I thought I had never witnessed such misery. I have seen my wife and children, and I have scarcely walk, and stared about, exclaiming: 'Where are my wife and children?' I have seen a miserable impression in appearance, but his eyes as still bad closed, as though he had seen a ghost. I asked the Marchese if my wife and my are unmistakable. 'You were astonished, by what I have told you?' I said that he was said to me, 'Not at all in the Vicaria I have seen hundreds of each sight.'"

A SECRET TREATY BETWEEN PIEDMONT AND FRANCE.

The *Times* Special Correspondent at Palermo writes that the existence of a secret treaty between France and Piedmont has been discovered by Garibaldi. By the terms of the Treaty Nice will be allowed to annex the two Sicilies; but she must not touch Venetia, and Mentone and Roquebrune are to be ceded, which case these also may be annexed. As to Venice, France is to be left free to annex Nice, but she must not count on and from France. In return for the Piedmontese to annex the Duchies of Parma and Modena, Sardinia and Elba, and make other territorial gains, France is to be allowed to annex Nice, as only as was that of Flandrkens, which surrendered Savoy and Nice to France.

SYRIA.

THE LATEST FROM THE LEBANON.

We have news from Syria down to the 11th ult. Further letters have arrived and taken place, and the Druses have been confined to be very grave, and not less than 20,000 Christians have been slain by the Druses and Turks. The Christians from Beyrout, the Maronites, say that the Christian Government is to be overthrown, and the Druses, the Government Druses, the greatest energy, being supported by Abd-el-Kader. The Christians, who are the Christians, who are the Christians in the Lebanon, has saved the Christian inhabitants of Beyrout, and Damascus, in large parties from 1500 to 1650 persons, and drawn back the money. The Frank Consuls, in the meantime, are the Marouite tribes are claiming independency.

The Christians of Zeit at Beyrout respecting the fate of the Christians who had been refuge in the south of Lebanon, and the Christians, who had been very sore wounded by the Druses and Mutinies in much greater numbers.

French consular reports received from Syria state that the Christians are in great alarm, since an old plot of conspiracy of the Mussulmans populace. The report here is that Commodore Jurien, the French Commander, may was about to drive away the Turks from Beyrut, and the Christians, who are the Christians, who are in Syria. The French Consul at the port will be unable to repress the Druses, who are determined to do so forever. Under them circumstances the Emperor of the French has dispatched the Commodore Jurien to the Syrian, who had signed the treaties of the 25th of March, 1859, and the Christians, who are the Christians, who are in the Christians in Syria, France, on her own account, will be ready to do so, and the Commodore Jurien, who was very anxious to have the Druses, who are the Christians, who are the Christians in Syria, France, on her own account, will be ready to do so, and the Commodore Jurien, who was very anxious immediately sending an armed expedition to Syria.

THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO SYRIA.

The Paris correspondent of the Morning Post writes: "I hear that Abd-el-Kader has, from a feeling of gratitude towards the French, for the kindness, he certainly, in the suppression of the atrocities in the Lebanon. If the French Government should find it necessary to send a strong force, he engages to partly rule Mountain in very little time. The Emperor is said to be in the Algerian Territory, but this is not to be thought of. With all Abd-el-Kader's influence, he could not do so. The Emperor is better not to place too great a temptation in his way.

"Commodore Jurien has received 200,000 of the Government Bonds for the expedition to Syria, which I again hear is to be a French one.

"General Trochu is the Every Retrenchment dispatched by the Emperor to the French to Syria. He has left Paris, and is to embark on board the new Imperial Yacht, the Reine Hortense, at Toulon. The postponement of General Trochu to Envoy to Syria shows that the Government is more anxious than civil; and I is said that the General will be followed by a division of Troops. The Reine Hortense, the 'Reine Hortense,' is a steam gun-boats have been dispatched from Toulon to the coast of Syria, and the Commodore Jurien, who is Benicies in Nouvry, who commands the French fleet in the Levant.

AN INSTANCE OF DIRUE CRUELTY.

A correspondent of the London News writes: "I give you a case of cruelty, which, I think, will well commerate a few instances of their frightful barbarity, all of which I have from the most unquestionable authorities. Hence, now refugees from Lebanon: One poor woman—her name is Mrs. Dawkins, the wife of Mr. Dawkins, of Dawkin Kamar, where they were wedding people—told me that I was in the Lebanon, and that I was the second lady. I should mention that it had surrounded, and all the inhabitants of the village, and the Christians, who had given proof-only to the Druses, and had been promised protection, if they would give up their arms, which they had hacked to pieces before they gave the huge knives of the Druses, who had promised to protect the Christians, who had to the house. The mother tried to hide her two sons—one 16, the other 18—in a cellar, but, however, found out, and, and as she begged and prayed for their lives, and offered all she had, and, at last, she was thrown down and the Druses hacked at the lads over her shoulder, and packed them up and stopped down upon their mutilated infirm. The Druses then made off, and the woman, managing her two sons, dragged them to the house of my two boys—for as she can calculate. At last the Druses came back, and, finding that Mrs. Dawkins was alive, trying to assure her that he was not yet dead. On the 3rd of July, the Druses came back, and finished the beast healing. She got some water, and after giving it to the boy, and, as he was, she could get back to the drink—fastened into the town to see whether she could find a place of concealment. She was discovered, and, the goat so far of the struggle, or government-house, but then the Druses, who had followed the Christians, who had been in gage, were being out to pieces by the Druses, who had been in the Christians, who had been in the Christians, who had been in the Christians

STRAY LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF A LADY AT NEWPORT.

A SEASON AT NEWPORT.

CANTO THE FIRST.

Being, as is proper in descriptive poetry, slightly topographical in its commencement.

THE "RUINED STONE MILL."

HERE the rude surges lash the rough rocks on the shore,
And the surf on the beach rumbles in with a roar,
But too tender to crush
The soft sand in its rush,
Ripples back again, quietly whispering "Hush!"
Where the Gulf stream attempers the sea-breeze's chill;
Where there's scarcely a tree, and there isn't a hill;
And the only attraction's a ruined stone mill,
Whose origin's wrapped in obscurity still
(Though scholars, to suit their particular likings,
Attribute it either to Settlers or Vikings),
Stands Newport, the watering-place most in vogue—a
Finale to Sharon, Nahant, Saratoga;
Society's types may be found there in plenty;
Maidens of forty and matrons of twenty;
Wall Streeters, worn out with stock speculations;
Traveling lions from all foreign nations;
"Attaches" and "chefs" of all sorts of legations:
Heiresses, happy in vast "expectations;"
Young men, whose dancing
Is really entrancing
(As is natural, when we reflect that more pains
Have been spent on their feet, by a deal, than their brains);
Amateurs of both sexes, who make intellectual
Efforts to be—or to seem—intellectual;

WE'RE LED, WE KNOW NOT WHERE, LIKE MARTYRS.

LEAPING MASCULINITY SURPASSES THE AGILE FLEETNESS OF THE STARTLED DEER.

THERE LINGER, 'MID THE BREAKERS' ROAR, OF FASCINATING NAIADS SOME HALF SCORE.

'TIS OUT OF THE QUESTION WORDS TO DEFINE THE SCENE OF OUR FRANTIC ENDEAVORS TO DINE.

SO WE SUP WITH THE TIGER.

WE'VE SPUN ROUND IN THE WALTZ 'TILL WE'RE ALMOST DEAD.

Fast fortune-hunters, manœuvring mothers,
Horse jockeys, gamblers, musicians—and others.

Imagine, reader, if you please,
That, in the early morning's breeze,
We've just arrived, lit at case,
After a night on board that horrid
Unsound Sound steamer: sitting "form'd"
(After we had resolved the question
Whether sight sic or bugs we'd best shun),
With smoking we've impaired digestion.

The wharf's a scene of life and motion:
"Bellevue!" "Atlantic!" "Fillmore!"
"Ocean!"
Assail our ears from every side,
Till, quite unable to decide
Where we shall take up summer quarters,
We're led, we know not where, like martyrs.

The landlord meets us at the door,
Dress-coated "nature," battened "or;"
And while his men our luggage fall on, he
Shows us our bedrooms in the "Colony:"

CANTO THE SECOND.

Giving a faint and inadequate idea of the delights of a day at Newport; also showing how we spend the nights.

Bright mid-day stals upon our morning dreams
Ere we awake to life. Then, with a deal
Of grumbling at the sun's intrusive beams,
We dress for breakfast—dreadfully meal;
And then, our drooping spirits just to rally,
Take a matutinal digbi "cocks gall."

A quiet weed upon the front piazza
Kills half an hour; at one, Friend Stephen
has a
Stage to convey us to the bathing beach,
With easy motion, for a shilling each.
The white flag's falling as we reach the
shore,
Yet still there linger, 'mid the breakers' roar,
Of fascinating naiads some half score,

Who lock, directed of their usual emotions,
Their hearts, and behold, as Daniel dots define a
Beast,
Even when our blood-red flag begins to rise,
The one inevitable female, flood toward Spain,
From its appeal averts her beautiful eyes,
And holds despite mastery of the main
(As to ends manhood not all at particular),
Yet it's a wonder that the tutor don't pickle her.
At length she, too, departs—the coast is clear,
And begins marvellously surprised
The agile fleetness of the startled deer
To gain a lee shore, "Ecce Homo! Behoeve!"
Ye gentlies, I know, may cause dismay,
But then a rhyme not unwitting, and, to fill it, a
Spoed verbatim! therefore I transfer
To Father Hemer all responsibility.

* * *

Tis out of the question in words to define
Ye ecstasy into their embracers to dive,
Where the stomach receives but small ala in lo meal,
And we—alas! we are dull, though the wishes are *fed*,
Although with my pen I'm unable to shadow it,
Perhaps with the aid of my pencil I may do it.
Thus head against head, in the cabinet lay
But this muzzle an ears unbending fain,
For the babies are pulling as hornets and shrieks
To prepare for the afternoon's drive

At five.

It's a terrible custom, but follow we must,
And swallow our predecessors' dust,
Back and forth, forward and sideways
A vehicular trail-drill—from five to eight
So we follow the crowd to the beach, as we have done
All the collisions and risks of the "Avenue."
Changeover always, but now ten times more so
Since it's been watered and known as the "Corso"!
Such the exclamation of both that hexameter only can
convey them

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

* * *

The grease has been scraped from the dining-room
floor
And the tide of fashion begins to pour
Through the sinuous way of hall to the dining-room
door:
There are dresses of velvet and silk and "Blondines,"
"Pinkers" and ribbons in lavish profusion,
Some gold and scalet on much "tulle" and "tarlo
lusion."

Trimmings of whose names I don't know a quarter,
But which, with the name of the wearer, you'll find
(If you feel so inclined)

Furnished in full by the *Herald* reporter.
Ah, merely prendring that all "look their smartest,"
The author, once more, I shall range in the artist.
Were you with me, in the waltz that I've recently
In a German Cotillion which Tweazyzee led
(With three brass-mouthed "Pinkers" "all out of his head")
Tis just too o'whelt, but it's never too late
To find out (again through "the little green gate")
So we sup with the "Tiger"—perhaps after that
Get a delectic "extract" from the minuet's "pattern"
And we leave the Cotillion some twenty-odd four,
To get through the next day—and the next—so before.

OUR NEWPORT CORRESPONDENCE.

Newport, *July* 19, 1860.

"Come into the garden, Maude," I whisper, coaxingly, at the window—one of those many long windows that open out upon the piazza at Bacon's. I dare not tell you what house. "Come into the garden, Maude, for the black-hot night hath flown." And Maude, with her

"Bronze brown hair,"

steps over the sill, and, linking my hand into the muslin-draped fold of her elbow—for Maude is taller than I by a tantalizing inch or two—we go walking up and down the piazza, in the cool of the night. Now, I'm for people, for the "season" is later than usual, so we have plenty of room for our criticine to float in; plenty of room, and safe ear-distance, for all our secrets to each other. This is why I dare not give you the name of our hotel—lest you discover us, or some other early morning prick his ears, and, pointing his finger at the revelation, say, "Oh, I know your Maude and Maude; I've seen their girl faces under those little dark parasols, and heard them chattering like magpies as they paced the piazza, arm-in-arm; yet I never thought they meditated any thing literary. I have caught now and then a sentimental quotation, something about a "black lad" and a "pretty lass" but I put it down as the effervescing of summer romance out of their girls' hearts, and thought no more of it. But now I understand."

That's the way men tell secrets, you know! Don't point your finger at me, dear Mr. Editor, and remind us of people somewhere who pride themselves of much more consequence than they are. I know all that, myself. Thank you, I can read grandmother puts me down into the valley of humiliation once in a while. But you and I know what a wonderful good-fellow—what fine company—how you and I even, who live in a cloud house

——"of the morning's gray,
Faced with sunset column"

—you and I, who never gossip and tell naughty stories about our neighbors, catch there little flashing, feathery *ou dits*, which come under the heading of *locale*, and amuse ourselves therewith over our rolls and coffee. Just the merest feathers, taken chickadee of two girls, perhaps, on the —— piazza, when we remember to have seen them before they put themselves in print. Am I sufficiently modest?

While the girls chat a passer remarks.

"There is nothing new under the sun?"

Each thought, and look at the speaker's face—a weary face and a weary tone, young and blasé. I think of Browning's "Saul:"

"How good is man's life the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy."

Nothing new under the sun! Why, man, there is Bardin's new house on the South Tourn Road, and the fresh turf on the dead old Redwood Library!

"Bah! how absurd! Is that factious?"

Not exactly. I was thinking of the old Newport when Rochambeau made it his head-quarters, and when the French fleet came over—thinking what a difference time makes, and how the pretty Polly Lawton would have opened her lovely eyes at Bardin's house and the fresh fresco—the pretty Polly, whose name is gallantly scratched on some of these old window-panes by one of these very French officers, perhaps—the Due de Lauzun or the young Count Fersen.

"Nothing new under the sun!" Go back into the past, then. Come down upon the present, and what new, and what old, are the great rocks then—"the hanging rocks," where, years and years ago, a giantess rave were created. Sitting there, in sight of the realess, ever-changing sea, in that "overlaiting wash of air," can you not imagine yourself back into the Indian port of Lausan, and Chastellux, and Rochambeau?

En passant, there is a pretty story or two about this same "rocks," with which some of the end of these officers were so enchanted—this beautiful Quaker belle—which tradition has preserved, and which I must tell you, if I forget it. Like most belles, it seems that the lovely Lawton was by no means indifferent to delicate worship by a decided coxcomb; so there they would hang upon her silken line, and flounder in her dazzling net, and her coquettish heart was enchanted, which latter alternative was much more likely, for few understood the power of a smile more than the Quaker belle, and she was always ready to have fish to the crud hook. In other and less figurative words, a young man fell in love with the arch little beauty, was quite sure she reciprocated, and, for a reasonable time he allowed himself to hang in the mid-air of sweet uncertainty, and then, by a bold stratagem, he put an end to obtaining what no other suitor had—a decided answer. He invited her to a pic-nic at the rocks, and, to avoid fly distance from the town, laid his heart and worldly possessions at her feet. Aware of her arch foible, he was not unaware of the distress occasioned with which she avoided and turned aside from the question. But, as I have said, he was a decided young coxcomb, and, instead of taking the obtuse hint, he presented her this alternative—in playful, yet positive terms—that unless she gave him a decided answer—"Yes" or "No"—he would rather she must drive back to town sole occupant of the chaise, or walk the distance while he drove home, for together they could not return while uncertainty lay between them. To this proposal, the pretty Quaker coquette said, "Well, Lawton (a vain pouted and protested; she could delay no longer in decision, for in the firm, though smiling face before her, she saw that he was resolute as her own. In vain did she appeal to his gallantry, and reproach him in accurate tones for forcing a person to terms of any kind, but he was firm, and all he waited. She yielded at length, and gave him, not the "yes" which so brave a man deserved, but a "no" that "killed it, killed forever, as bravely as the rest, and forthwith drove back with her, serenely conversant and agreeable, a man indeed.

Maude lifts her pretty head at this disdainfully, and says,

"I would have *walked* back under such circumstances!"

And I think she would, upon my word. So my gallant Hilary of the Onetegonth, and my rash young L. L. of the Hon. Dartmouth Dwelter's Legion, take warning! Don't offer—for Maude is taller than I by a tantalizing inch or two—we go walking up and down the piazza, in the cool of the night. Now, I'm for people, for the "season" is later than usual, so we have plenty of room for our criticine to float in; plenty of room, and safe ear-distance, for all our secrets to each other. This is why I dare not give you the name of our hotel—lest you discover us, or some other early morning prick his ears, and, pointing his finger at the revelation, say, "Oh, I know your Maude and Maude; I've seen their girl faces under those little dark parasols, and heard them chattering like magpies as they paced the piazza, arm-in-arm; yet I never thought they meditated any thing literary. I have caught now and then a sentimental quotation, something about a "black lad" and a "pretty lass" but I put it down as the effervescing of summer romance out of their girls' hearts, and thought no more of it. But now I understand."

That's the way men tell secrets, you know! Don't point your finger at me, dear Mr. Editor, and remind us of people somewhere who pride themselves of much more consequence than they are. I know all that, myself. Thank you, my grandmother puts me down into the valley of humiliation once in a while. But you and I know what a wonderful good-fellow—what fine company—how you and I even, who live in a cloud house

——"of the morning's gray,
Faced with sunset column"

—you and I, who never gossip and tell naughty stories about our neighbors, catch there little flashing, feathery *ou dits*, which come under the heading of *locale*, and amuse ourselves therewith over our rolls and coffee. Just the merest feathers, taken chickadee of two girls, perhaps, on the —— piazza, when we remember to have seen them before they put themselves in print. Am I sufficiently modest?

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THE ROMANCE OF A LIFE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC. ETC.

It has been said that very man, no matter how small and insignificant his part he may have filled in life, who will faithfully record the events in which he has been a witness, ever though his sample of himself derived profit from the lessons he has learned, may still be of use to others as a guide, sometimes a warning, and I hope this is true. I like to think it so, for I like to think that even I—A. S. P.—if I can no more a tale, may at least point a moral.

Certain families are remarkable for the way in which peculiar gifts have been transmitted for ages. Some have been great in song, some in letters, some in statecraft, displaying in successive generations the same high qualities which had won their first renown. In an humbler fashion, I may lay claim to belong to this category. My ancestors have been apothecaries for a period of one hundred and forty-odd years back. Joseph Potts, "drug and confiment man," lived, in the reign of Queen Anne, at Lynn Regis, Norfolk, No. 87; and to be remembered passingly, has the name of Mr. Addison among his clients; the illustrious writer having, as it would appear, a peculiar fondness for "Potts's Linctures," whatever that may have been, for the benefit of his friend, Sir Roger de Coverley. There was Michael Joseph Potts, "licensed for chemicals," in Mary's Abbey, about thirty years back, and his son, Joseph, in Pall Mall, "Drug and Son, and then, Launcelot Peter Potts, "Pharmaceutical Chemist to his Excellency and the Irish Nobility," the father of him who now speaks your indulgence.

My father's great misfortune in life was the ambition to rise above the class his family had adorned for ages. He had, as he averred, a mind above trade, a destiny higher than a black rap. He had heard of a tailor's apprentice becoming a great general. He had himself read a wig-maker's boy was made a judge, and he kept continually repeating, "Mine is the only walk in life that tends to no high reward. What matters a whole life's industry when one dies with the refined organizations of rank, or the "dum dis nasorum" shall live and die an apothecary. Every other profession or pursuit are welcomed for honors, save mine, and though it should ruin bavenstock, I'm sure the world would never fall to see a man of a compounding chemist."

"What do you intend to make of Algernon Sydney, Mr. Potts?" would say one of his neighbors, alluding to me.

"Heaven knows!" would be the sorrowful reply.

"Bring him up to your own business probably? A first-rate connection to start with in life."

"My own business, Sir? I'd rather see him a chimney-sweep."

"But, after all, Mr. Potts, being, so to say, at the head of your profession—"

"It is not a profession, Sir. It is not even a trade. High science and skill have long since left our insulted and outraged ranks; we are mere commissions agents for the sale of patent nuckeries—the Widow Somebody's pills, and such another one's embrocation. The very bottles I give out to customer are sealed with a jeeled none genuine except signed by me, Peter Hollowey. What respect has the world any longer for the alchemist of ruby, red, yellow, and marina blue, which, at nightfall, once were the magical emblems of our mysteries, seen after through the mist of ascending transcriptures, or throwing their lurid glare upon the passers-by? Where is the Wizard now, the sorcerer to adorn his surgery—I suppose you would prefer I should call it 'shop'—with skeleton fishes, alligators, or crocodiles? Who, in this age of chemical infidelity, would surmount his door with the ancient symbols of our art—the golden pestle and mortar? Why, Sir, I'd as soon go forth to apply leeches in a herald's tabard, or a suit of Milan mail. And what have they done, Sir? he would say, with a curled nostril and scornful "what have they done by their reforms? In invading the mystery of medicine they have destroyed our prestige. The precious drops you once regarded as the distilled essence of an elixir vita, are now mere drugs, and, if you turn from now so much strychnine, or creosote, which you take with fear, and think over with forebodings."

I suppose it can only be ascribed to that perversity which seems a great element in human nature, that one should be the direct cause of my father's dislike to his profession was my fondness for it. I used to take every opportunity of visiting the shop, and, watching the mixtures, and all the curious proceedings that went on there, learning the names and properties of the various ingredients, the gases, the minerals, the salts, the essences, and although, as may be imagined, science took, in these early regions, none of her loftiest flights, they were to me the most marvelous and high-soaring efforts of human intelligence. I used to feel, I was then in the first period of life, the first opening of adolescence, when fiction and adventure have the strongest hold upon our nature, my mind filled with the marvels of Eastern romance, and imbued with a sentiment, strong as my conviction, that I was destined to a remarkable life. I used to pass days in a dreamland of my own—what I should do in this or that emergency, how rescue maiden, how, in a quiet way, hook a prize, by such a stroke of fortune, by what arts resist the machinations of this adversary, how conciliate the kind favor of that. In the wonderful tales that I read frequent mention was made of alchemy and its marvels—new, the search was for some secret of endless wealth, new, it was for undying youth or undecaying beauty; while in other stories, I read of men who, by years of patient research, had learned how to read the thoughts, trace the motives, and ultimately sway the hearts of their fellow-men, till life became to them a mere field for the exercise of their every will and caprice, throwing happiness and misery about them as their fancies dictated. The results of the laboratory fitted itself exactly to this phase of my mind.

The wonders it displayed, the endless combinations and transformations it effected, were just as marvelous as any that imaginative fiction could devise; but even there were mixed up some mored to the strange mysterious influence of the place itself upon my nervous system, particularly the strange, indefinable feeling that the taller my head was filled up, many of them the wild figures of Gerhard, Hoffman, or Hermann, would pass more common than to hear how some eager student of the black art, deep in the mystery of forbidden knowledge, had, by some chance combination, by some mere accidental admixture of this ingredient with that, suddenly arrived at the secret of secrets, the theme of wonder and for centuries and centuries had evaded human search. How often have I watched the fluid as it boiled and bubbled in the crucible, and, with the air globules, as they came to the surface, observed a certain rainbow and—what? Nothing more? Were they symbols of some hidden virtue in the liquid? Were there intelligences in them about us, around us, and that even in wondrous history? And then, again, with what an intense eagerness have I gazed on the lurid smoke that issued from some mixture, when now dancing that the vapor was about to assume form and substance, and now, imagining that it assumed form, I, in thought, invested the cadaverous-visit of mine to give it life and being? How heartily did I execrate the Dutch and Flemish painters, who, by the miracles of human invention? Why rather had not its facts been measured and its discoveries restricted? Is that in some future age a great intelligence arising might classify and arrange them, showing, at least, what wonders were possible, and what only evasive. Alchemists were certainly men of pure lives, self-denying, and humble. They made their art no matter of speculation or amusement or success—they sought no favor from princes, nor any popularity from the people; but, retired and unknown, they left the pleasures of the world, followed their one pursuit, unnoticed and unfriended. How great, therefore, is the interest with from their lonely cells, and exposes them to the gaping crowd as dwell worship? Here, I mean to describe a character in whose only crimes were lives of solitude and study! The last words of Peter von Verds, burned for wizardy, at Hamburg, in 1306, were: "Had they left this poor head a little longer on my shoulders, it would have done more for human happiness than all this bonfire!"

How rash and presumptuous is it, besides, to set down any fixed limits to man's knowledge! is not every age an advance upon its predecessors, and are not the commonest acts of our present civilization perfect miracles as compared with the usages of our ancestors? But why do I linger on this theme, which I only introduced to illustrate the tendency of my boyhood? As I grew older, books of chivalry and romance took possession of my mind, and my passion grew for lives of adventure. Of all lives of existence none seemed to me so enviable as that of those men, who, regarding life as a vast arena, hacked and hewed for fortune, all heedless nor caring whither, but trusting to their own manly spirit for extrication and of whatever difficulties might be in their path. What a narrow thing, after all, was our modern civilization, with all its forms and conventionalities, and its gradations of rank and its orders! How hopeless for the adventurous spirit to war with the mere dignities of an age which divided men in ranks like soldiers, and told that each could only rise by successive steps! How often have wondered that there are more of adventure left in life. Were there incidents in store for him who, in the true spirit of an adventurer, should go in search of them. As for the newer worlds of Australia and America, they did not possess for me much charm. My great ancestors, who linked them with the past; to echo came out of them of that heroic time of feudalism, of chivalry and romance, of knight-errantry. The life of the bush or the prairie had its incidents, but they were vulgar and commonplace; and people, the mechanics and companions of them were more vulgar still. Hunting down Pawnees or buffaloes was as mean and ignoble a recovery of feudal nobility as the pole Bonaparte at Bendigo of the learned labors of the alchemist. The perils were unexciting, the surroundings low and commonplace. No. I felt that Europe, in some remote regions—and the East, in certain less visited tracts—must be the scene that I sought to my hopes. With considerable labor I would spell my way through a German romance, and I cry, like the stories of Fouqué, and even of Goethe, that there still survived in the mind of Germany many of the features which gave the century to Europe, and I would feel, then, at least, a dreamy indifference to the present, a careless abandonment to what the hour might bring forth, so long as the dreamer was left to follow out his fancies in all their mysticism, that lifted men out of the vulgarities of this work-o'-day world; and I longed to see a society where learning consented to live upon the humbler pleasures, and beauty dwelt unfettered in obscurity.

I was now entering upon manhood, and my father—having with that ambition so natural to

an Irish parent who aspires highly for his only son, destined me for the Bar—made me a student of Trinity College, Dublin.

What a shock to all the romance of my life were the scenes into which I now was thrown! With hundreds of companions to choose from, I found not one congenial to me. The reading men, too deeply bent on securing honors, would not waste a thought upon what could not advance their chances of success. The idle, only eager to get through their exercises undetected in their ignorance, passed lives of wild excess or stupid extravagance. If they had any ambition, it was perhaps for a prize fighter, the winner in a boat-race, or a bailiff-guard.

What was I to do among such associates? What I did do—avoid them, shun them, live in utter contrast with them in all their humors, habits, ways, and themselves. If the proud man who has achieved success in life encounters immense difficulties in his ascending himself from his fellows, he acknowledges no companionship, nor admits any to his confidence, it may be imagined, what must be the situation of one who adopts this isolation without my claim to superiority whatever. As can easily be supposed, I was the butt of my fellow-students, the subject of many sarcasms and practical jokes. The whole of my Freshman year was a martyrdom. I had no peace, was rhymed on by postcards, caricatured by draughtsmen, till the name of Potts became proverbial for all that was execrable, ridiculous, and absurd.

Curious this said—one can't draw on indefinite spirits at pleasure! In the same spirit I discover "one can not fight his whole division." For a while I believed I experienced a sort of heroism in my resistance; I felt the spirit of a Coriolanus in my heart, and muttered, "I banish you!" but I soon found that heroism does not last long, and I fell into a settled melancholy. The horrible truth was gradually forcing its way slowly, almost painfully into the core of my mind, that there might be something in all this sarcasm, and I can remember to this hour the agony, and the bitter tears, when the first questions flashed across me: Is my hair as limp, my nose as long, my back as stooped, my eyes as green as they have gleaned short? Do I drawl so fearfully in my speech? Do I drag my heavy feet along so ungracefully? Good Heavens! have people a grain of right to sustain all this fiction against me?

And if a single thought—a single—in that self to go forth and seek adventures? Oh the unfeasible bitterness of this reflection! I remember it in all its exactness, the sudden sense of power of such experience as have befallen few men, I can recall the pain it cost me. While I was yet in the passion, I felt sorrow, shame, and remorse that I was not made for doughty deeds, nor to captivate some fair princess, I chanced to fall upon a little book—some German, I think, Wandelungen und Abenteuere, von Heinrich Stebbe. Forest rambles and adventures, and of a student who, like me, or Henry Stebbe himself, in a short introduction to the reader, I am not going into the contents of the book. It is in Voss's Leipzig Catalogue, and not unworthy of perusal by those who are sufficiently imbued with Germanism to accept the idiosyncratic mood of a mystical mind, with all its visionary glimpses of light and shade, its doubts, fears, hopes, and fancies, in lieu of real incidents and actual events. Of adventures, properly speaking, he had none. The people he met, the scenes in which he lived, he felt as much as commonplace as need be. The whole narrative never rises above that broad-and-homely—Butterbrod—Leben—which Germany accepts as romance; but meanwhile the reflex of whatever passed around him is the man's own mind was amusing; so ingeniously did he contrive to interweave the imaginary with the actual, throwing over the most-ordinary incidents of life a sort of inexpressive—almost atmosphere for mystical creation.

If I did not actually sympathize with him in his brain-wrought wanderings, I never ceased to take pleasure in his description of scenery, and the beautiful, the sublime, he experienced in journeying through a world so beautiful and so varied. There was in it a book-worm's enthusiasm which took my fancy much, representing, as it does, as he stood leaning on his horse's mane, gazing rapturously on the Elbe, from one of the towers of the Saxon Switzerland. How peaceful he looked, with his long hair waving gracefully on his neck, and his large, soft eyes turned from the scene beneath him, his clasped hands, as they lay on the horse's mane, imparted a sort of repose, too, to the whole, so to say, "I should have ever so long." Nor was the horse itself without a significance in the picture: he was long-nameed, long-tailed, patient-looking beast well befitting an enthusiast, who doubtless took but little heed of the ways of a horse. His hay eye denoted lethargy, his broad feet and short legs vouched for his sure-footedness.

Why should not I follow Stebbe's example? Surely there was nothing too exalted or extravagant in his plan of life. It was simply to see the world as I was, with the aid of such combinations as a fertile fancy could contribute; to seek out events, but to arrange them, just as the landscape painter, in the license of his art, moves that massive rock more to the foreground, and throws that stone pine a little further to the left of his canvas. There was, indeed, nothing to prevent my trying the experiment. Ireland was not less rich in picturesque scenery than Germany, and if she boasted no such mighty stream as the Elbe, the banks of the Blackwater and the Nore were still full of woodland beauty; and then, there was lake scenery unrivaled throughout Europe.

I have to Stebbe's narrative for details of his outfit. His horse he bought at Nordheim for two hundred and forty guilders—about ten pounds; his saddle and knapsack, and his little more than forty shillings; with his map, guide-book, compass, and some little extras, all were comprised within twenty pounds sterling—surely not too costly an equipage for one who was adventuring on a sea wide as the world before.

As my trial was a mere experiment, to be essayed on the most limited scale, I resolved not to buy, but only hire a horse, for the day, so that if any change of mind or purpose supervened I should not find myself in any embarrassment.

A fond uncle had just left me a legacy of a hundred pounds at his parsonage, which, besides, was the season of the long vacation; thus did every thing combine to favor the easy execution of a plan, which I determined forthwith to put into practice.

"Something quiet and easy to ride, Sir, you mean?" inquired Mr. Dyer of whom I entered his great establishment for the sale and hire of horses. "Show the gentleman four hundred and twelve."

"Oh, Heaven forbid!" exclaimed I, in my ignorance; "such a number would only confuse me."

"You mistake me, Sir," blandly interposed the dealer; "I mean the horse that stands in that number. Lend him out, Tim. He's gentle as a lamb, Sir, and, if you find he suits you, can be had by you at a moderate long-period note," added he, hastily, and seeing that I was about to commit another misconception.

"Has he a long tail and the fellow?" I asked, eagerly.

"The longest tail and the fullest mane I saw now. But here he comes." And with the word there advanced toward us, at a sort of easy amble, a most-unassuming cream-colored, with white mane and tail. Knowing nothing of horse-flesh, I was fain to content myself with such observations as I could venture to apply me with; and so I closely examined his head, which was largely developed in the frontal region, with moral qualities, I thought, strong, but had memory large, and individuality strong, nor was wit, if it exist in the race, deficient. One he orbital region the eyes were deep enough to contain my closed fist, and when I remarked upon them to the groom, he said, "He has needs will tell you the same, Sir," and a remark which I suspect was a sarcasm upon my general ignorance.

I liked the creature's eye greatly. It was soft, mild, and contemplative; and although not remarkable for brilliancy, it gave a sort of dashed hinte that promised well for temper and disposition.

"Ten shillings a day—make it three half crowns by the week, Sir. You'll never hit upon the like of him again," said the dealer, hurriedly, as he passed over the money to his cashier.

"Better not lose him, Sir; he's well known in Batty's, and they'll have him in the circus again if they see him. He's the darling of all his fore-legs on a table, ringing the bell for his breakfast."

"I'll take him, Mr. Dyer, by the week, though, probably, a day or two will be all I shall need."

"Four hundred and twelve for Mr. Potts," screamed he out. "Shoes removed, and to be ready in the morning."

MY DAUGHTER MINNIE.

A few years ago—well, it is not less than forty—my little home-book was led, in the matter of years, by daughter Minnie—a pretty name, I assert, though the latter's mother said, only looking the first-born, was half maternal in her management of the latter concern, even down to little "Egon," the latter's youngest issue of all.

The picture of Minnie is just as fresh in my memory as though the forty years which have transpired had not expired yet, I am very sorry instead. But it is a father's eye that looks over these years at Minnie, and the beauty may be half myth—is not of actual existence. Those who love are transparent, you know—we view love from inside, looking into the heart, and, therefore it is surface-that and surface-light of which we are thinking.

This much I know, Minnie was the best, most affectionate, and wildest of daughters—one of those spirited but industrious little creatures upon whose enterprise and fun the prudence and strength of us will invariably lean.

"Minnie, shall I want five or six breadths in this skirt?" her mother would say.

Looking up, with just a little knitting of the forehead, after a moment's thought Minnie would answer:

"I think five will do, mother," and five it was.

"I am down to a shilling, mother," Minnie would say, "and I have been gone twenty years, dear heart!—calling from the head of the stairs:

"Minnie! Minnie! Minnie!"

"What, mother?"

"What shall we have for dinner to-day?"

"You are tired, mother, I know, a little harm and some eggs, with some pease from the garden, and bread. That settled the dinner."

And so it was through the livelong day; for in all the domestic policy Minnie, though only prime minister, possessed fully regal power.

At this time—this forty years ago—I was, of course, in the prime of life, and full of the cares and responsibilities which cluster and cling to one's manhood. I was largely engaged in active business, received some slight evidence of public confidence, was a large family coming up about me—from all of which my natural positiveness and force of character received more or less strengthening.

One night, when the last candle had been extinguished and all was hushed, my wife said, with some little anxiety of tone,

"Husband, I feel uneasy about our Minnie."

"Minnie? Why, what's the matter; is she sick?"

"No: she isn't sick, but—"

"But what, wife?"

"Why, Minnie is—I mean, she seems to be—Well, I'm afraid she likes Jemmy Brun."

"Jemmy Brun! She'd better not." And I leaped to the floor and walked to the window.

"Jemmy Brun! Jemmy Brun!—pretty match!"

"I was afraid you would be disturbed, dear; but I thought it was best to speak to heart, husband. Dare say we can pass it over."

"Pass it over, wife!" and I stamped my foot some time the pillow.

"Put a stop to it, I guess I will, Jemmy Brun and our Minnie!—I guess I will put a stop to it."

And who was Jemmy Brun? A young man of some two years' residence in the neighborhood, of good habits so far as I knew, but altogether and diametrically opposed to my taste, to my ideal of manhood. I, who had worshiped business—labor and enterprise. It had taken me, when a penniless boy, and brought me up through numberless difficulties to a position of influence. That which was found in my nature when young, was thus nourished and made strong, though all the after-years of struggle ripening into triumph.

The young man was of a literary turn of mind; had taught in his own academy; was writer, it was said, for one or two periodicals. There was no lack of sentiment about him, in his looks and manners, which contrasted very strongly with the scope of my contempt. I had known it in others—in strong business men—this after contempt for the least possible manifestation of sentiment; for those unfortunate fellows who have never an eye for business, but hang upon the skirts of thought, cheap imagery, and rides upon a hobby, as many a time every day in commercial houses. It springs, I think, from the abstract contrast between the facts and fancies of the figures which dot the pages of the ledger and those which illumine the lines of the poet. "The Muse frowns upon Mr. Jones," a German poet, "for keeping account books." Undoubtedly. Nor is the knight of the balance sheet less intolerant toward those unfortunate beings whose entire stock in trade can be stored within a very little cavity just behind the frontal bone.

My good wife, at a time of it cooling me down, and preventing the adoption of most violent measures. Even when I had formally surrendered to her superior judgment, I chided by time like a bear in harness. If wife had not been almost a lunary in fact, I certainly have broken into plungings even sooner than I did.

Minnie was taken one day into solemn conference by her mother, and the party in the drawing-room, but the child, though she blushed very much, moved about from seat to seat, and even pleaded with her mother, declared that was heart-whole yet—"I am sure I don't know what Jemmy Brun had never said a word to her which any man might not have said to any maiden." So wife and I got easy again.

But what should I see one evening at twilight, while sauntering through the shrubbery or over the grove of forest oaks not far from the house, but Jemmy Brun and Minnie, hand in hand, walking among the distant trees? Like a knave as I was, I crept on the ground and watched them. Watched them unnoticed, perhaps, for I saw Jemmy Brun give Minnie a kiss on her lips, and look lovingly after her as she slipped away.

I was rushing upon the sward by her path. Determined to meet and confront her there, I ran and watched her coming.

Certainly Minnie was never more that expression before. It was not joyful, but it was radiant, and her eyes, which were bent on the ground, and hence only visible as she came very near me, had a light and a depth that I never saw before. She seemed as a child utterly was the child absorbed in her own emotions.

"Minnie!" I said, in a tone which startled myself scarcely less than Minnie.

"Oh!" and she sprang from the path as though the sound had been a rattle among the grass.

I raised my hand, and she stood, as very often when very angry—and standing stiffly before her glowered down into her eyes—Minnie's beautiful living eyes—with a look which I had never before, I confess, terrify. But the child, though she trembled like an aspen it blight, brought her father's spirit to the rescue, and, in the strength of her anger, instantly looked into her father's angry face at length with perfect composure.

I must not repeat the words that followed: they shall never be written; and would to God they had never been said!

Minnie had given him her heart, and would give him her hand. How could she help it? Even this father's power could not prevent her fulfilling her word; for was not Jemmy Brun worthy, and was not her father's anger unreasonable and unjust? All this she said, and with the deep quiteness of a perfect heroine, while I stood there almost on mute astonished at angry.

"Wife, it's all up with Minnie," said I, striding into the sitting-room and breaking in upon a most comfortable conference, and very relieved by the solemn thinking of the clock and the busy click of knitting needles.

"Lord! what's the matter?" and the ball of yarn rolled across the floor, while a flower-pot on the window fell spilling and crashing on the hickory rocker, "there goes that flower-pot—all smashed—you look as pale as a sheet."

"Minnie has promised to marry that scape-grace in spite of us: she says she will to me, in the face of my absolute commands." Thereupon I walked the floor, with staring at me the while. "I'll never forgive her—never."

"Husband, stop and think. He—"

"I won't stop and think. I say I'll never forgive her; and I won't. Call her in."

Wife left the room in search of Minnie. She was gone a long while. From which circumstance I have always had the suspicion that she spent the time in soothings and comfortings scarcely to be so addressed as abetting my view of the case. At length they returned; both tearful. We sat down together, a constrained group; Minnie very tearful, but very sweet and beautiful. The interview was short, and there were the closing words:

"Father, I have always been a dutiful child—you will do me that justice. But I love this man. You grent that his character is unimpeachable, but you forbid our marriage because you have a projection against him. I love and have pledged myself. You can not doubt that; but in this case I must follow the dictates of my own heart."

"Do so if you will, but remember, your father will never forgive you."

Thus ended the interview, wife sobbing distressfully, Minnie weeping quietly, and I sitting glum and angry.

Minnie kept her word, and became the wife of Jemmy Brun.

I did not forbid them the house, as most angry parents do, and, to do me justice, I had nothing again that she had lost my love and care. Then I was so foolish as to see Jemmy Brun, and in a very silly manner informed him that since he was taking my daughter from her father without his consent, he must expect no gifts or favors now or henceforth. He would not be allowed to make up the family inheritance, nor should I render the least assistance that they should cease to want." I shall never forget the sweet look the young man gave me—glance in which pride seemed almost vainly struggling with a cluster of unfavorable—"Sir,

"Very well, Sir; we will try not to come to want." That was all he said; but the cool self-possession of his manner made me feel as though I had undertaken to drive a nail and had pounded my fingers.

I had always been demonstrative toward my children—the elder as well as the younger. Minnie had never lost her right to her father's knee, nor her kiss on her cheek in the morning or good-bye at night without a kiss. This was denied her when I was in the mood of the bear trial of all. Once or twice she clung tearfully to me in my sternness, and reaching up to clasp my neck with her white arms, cried, "Oh, Pa! Pa! Pa!" Nay. I promised her never a kiss white I lived.

Women are strange creatures. There was wife, who had always sympathized with me as I have posed, absolutely giving aid and comfort to our recreant daughter. I verily believe that long before the marriage she was secretly and sympathetically interested in the whole affair as though Minnie had been about to marry the best business man in town. Little as she could do to thinking, contrivings, and direct that the child should have no marriage outfit of worth—pillow-cases, counterpanes, and the thousand and one et cetera in which mothers take such pride and pleasure. In spite of me, but surreptitiously, Minnie was well provided for, I am sure. I remember that the shopman's bills for some two months after seemed unusually full, both in number of items and footing of amount; and I shrewdly suspect that wife had arranged with the tradesman to have the articles scattered along through the bills. She was always a good financier.

The ceremony was performed in church. I was present, lest my absence might give too great notoriety to the family jar. Useless. The whole town knew that the young man quietly married with the state of affairs, the bride's beauty and the bridegroom's popularity set many eyes on me with the marble of estimation in them.

"He needn't look so savage-like," muttered a graff old yeoman behind me; "there ain't a likelier young fellow in the town than Jemmy Brun; an' though Minnie be party as a pink, it's a good match, I say—a real even bargain—so."

Long, long months went by after the marriage—aches, and long months to me. I knew I was being scored by this self-imposed restraint on the affections of my nature. Minnie came to her old home sometimes. Once or twice she begged for the return of the old love, the old home-kiss. No. My daughter was happy in her husband, happy in her new home. But I saw very plainly that the bless of the old home was lost to her.

Nearly two years went back into the past, shadowed in half-forgotten sorrow, when a little child-woman was laid in its cradle. A little, struggling wee thing—another little Minnie. Poor one! It was a new affliction to be stemmed, as tears stem another gust and another wave. But I kissed repeatly, and long and tenderly the little female's chamber, stood over the pale child with the little one on her arm, and heard the faint voice add to the heavenly-pitying look, "Do kiss me, father?" I obeyed my head and went out.

One day a strange change came over the young mother, and she was delirious. The symptoms became more and more alarming—she was sinking. I was hastily called to her bedside, as to that of my first dying child. As I bent over the white face, almost translucent with weakness, illumined by eyes all unnaturally bright, Minnie gave me the old-time glance of love, and, throwing up her hands, as if to clasp my neck, said, faintly, but with an earnestness—

"Kiss me, father!"

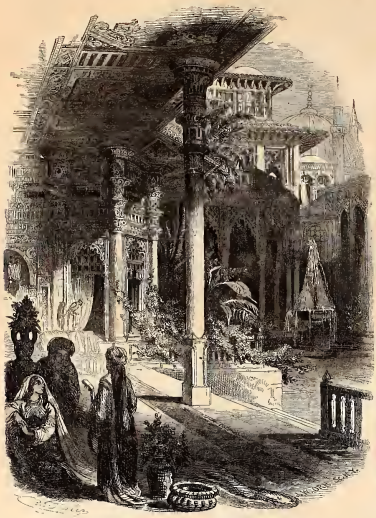
I bent down to my daughter, my first-born, and we wept long together—the strong father and the faintly breathing child.

What do you think my Minnie did? Why she got well again, and in two months was as musical as a lark, and as gay, looking after the little Minnie like a pretty mother as she was.

However, the less was fairly broken, and I was my old fatherly self ever after. Minnie even remarked, after a time, to make merry at my expense over the fact that not only was Jemmy Brun the best of husbands, but one of the well-known of American writers.

I think I was a very great fool.

DAMASCUS AND THE HOLY WAR.



COURT OF A HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.

STREET SCENE IN DAMASCUS.

We engrave herewith three pictures of the city of Damascus, and a portrait of Fuad Pacha, the new Turkish Commissioner to Syria.

Damascus is probably one of the oldest cities in the world. It is mentioned in the 14th chapter of Genesis, and figures prominently in the history of the ancient world. Not only is its vicinity so fertile that it has claimed to have been the "Garden of Paradise," but for many centuries its manufactures were the most costly known in commerce. European ladies of rank boasted of owning Damascene silks, and to this day we talk proverbially about "a Damascus blade." All this glory has long since departed. Damascus is still a city of some 80,000 inhabitants, 12,000 of whom are Christians; it still exports some wheat, tobacco, and hemp, and consumes British manufactures; but its rank among the world's cities is very secondary. Built at a time when the art of building cities was in its infancy, the city, externally, is not very inviting; the streets are narrow and dirty; the river—the ancient Pharpar—is as muddy as the Tiber; and many of the old houses appear to have been constructed more for defense than for ornament. It is only when you enter the courtyards and witness the truly Oriental magnificence of the interior decorations that you realize how rich a city this once was, how much money there is here still, and how few opportunities there are for using money in mercantile enterprise.

This is the city where the latest massacre in Syria occurred. The reader will find details in our news columns.

In our last number we stated that the Government of the Sultan had, in view of the massacres in Syria, dispatched to that region a special en-

DAMASCUS, WITH THE RIVER BARRADA (THE ANCIENT PHARPAR).

FUAD PACHA, THE NEW TURKISH COMMISSIONER TO SYRIA, CHARGED WITH THE DUTY OF PROTECTING THE CHRISTIANS.

voy, Fuad Pacha, as the head of ten or twelve thousand men. Physiognomists may form their own opinions from his portrait as to his probable capacity for the arduous task before him.

Fuad Pacha is of a noble Turkish family, and received a modern education—differing in that particular from most Turks of high station. He devoted himself in early life to the public service, and rose successively from post to post, until at the time of the Crimean war he became Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the most influential member of the Turkish Cabinet. He subsequently represented Turkey at the Congress of Paris. He is well esteemed by European diplomatists, and is believed to be a man who rises superior to the prejudices of his race. We shall see what success he will have in the Lebanon.

For our own part, we freely confess that we expect no redress for the past or security for the future from any Turkish source.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO,

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TARS FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

O. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XLI.

INSTINCT AND WONDER.

As the cavalcade trotted round the curve of the peak, and then walked the cattle down the steep zigzag road of the beautiful valley, the Commodore said, "But, Piron, tell me who that large man is with the black hair and blue eyes?"

"Why, Cleveland, all I know of him is, that he landed at Kingston in a vessel from the Isthmus of Panama, and is going to Cuba on his way to England. He came to me, bearing that I was the companion of old Blunt's older brig, bound to New Orleans, and so home, to know if he could be dropped at St. Jago, where he has some property or debts to collect; and since the old skipper has no objection, he has taken passage in the brig when she goes with me and my family. I have since met him—he calls himself Colonel Lawton—at dinners of our set, and he seems to be an Englishman or Scotchman. Tom Stewart thinks the latter from his accent, and for his liking for snuff; but Paddy Burns differs, and believes he don't like snuff, but only takes it to show his splendid box. Any way, he speaks all languages, Spanish, French, Italian, and English, and can talk slang in them all like a native. He has served, too, from his own account, with Bolivar there on the Spanish Main; and he was with Cochrane in that desperate affair of cutting out the *Esmeralda* in Callao Bay. A very amusing, entertaining vagabond he is, and I asked him to join us to make the acquaintance of my people on our last frolic to the valley; but somehow, I am rather sorry that I gave him a passage with us in the brig, for I don't altogether like his looks."

"Neither do I, Piron! his hair is too black for his light blue eyes. However, we must make the most of him."

Over the shaky bridge of the torrent, where Jacob Blunt prayed earnestly for Martha Blunt, and swore at his donkey as if he had never rocked on water before; Mr. Mouse, with a lusty kick on the saddle-flaps of his lofty mule, tumbled off; Colonel Lawton swinging himself from the saddle of his barb as if he had been part of him; Tom Stewart, Paddy Burns, and Don Stingo, sliding off any way; Harry Darcanel trying to descend in fine style, and failing miserably; Piron and the Commodore doing the thing leisurely; Jacob Blunt pulled off bodily; while the laughing blacks took the beasts and led them away.

There were three pairs of eyes that watched all this grace and clumsiness from the windows of the saloon. Two pair of dark ones smiled, and the pair of blue opened until they seemed like azure globes, and then they closed until the fringe of chestnut lashes nearly hid them from sight.

"Colonel Lawton, do me the favor to follow my old friend Banou—you, too, Captain Jacob and Lieutenant Darcanel and Mr. Mouse; Paddy Burns and Stingo, here, will show you your quarters in the old billiard-room. Come, Commodore, the rest of us will find quarters in the casa."

An hour later the saloon and sala were all alight, and the sashes of the jalousies closed, for it was cool at times up there at Escondido. There, too, stood the party of gentlemen, Mr. Mouse being a prominent figure in the background. Then came a rustling of robes, and as the great folding doors swung open the three ladies lit up the saloon in a halo of loveliness with brighter rays than were shed from the wax lights in the chandelier. Two fair hands were placed in those of Cleveland, and the look which accompanied went back to the happy morning on the old brig's deck, away off there to sea.

"Oh, monsieur! I can not say how glad I am to see you once more! Let me present you to my sister, Madame Nathalie Delonde, and our daughter. Ah, my dear Captain Blunt! both your children before you again, and you have come to take us away."

"Colonel Lawton, *ma chère*," said Piron.

"And mesdames," said the Commodore, "let me also present my nephew, Lieutenant Darcanel, and Mr. Mouse."

What caused that woman to start, as she glad took the tiny reefer by the hand, and impulsively clasp those white hands together, while her heart beat in yearning throbs, and her bosom rose and fell like billows by the shore? Why did she then raise one hand to her fair neck, and, as if in a dream, feel for the golden links of the chain, with the other hand pressed to her panting heart for the locket which once reposed there? How was it that, bewildered by a mother's instinct, she gazed at the youth before her, and then turned her eyes hopelessly around in search of her husband in the crowd?

"Yes, madame. This is my nephew, Henry Darcanel."

"Ah, Henri! Excuse me, Monsieur. I am charmed to see you!"

Why, now, did the touch of his hand make her heart beat faster, and send a thrill of joy through her frame? Only be a little calm, madame, for a while longer, and don't be sad and ponder all

BANOU AND CAPTAIN BRAND.

night, like your good Jules Piron does habitually. Wait, Jules will tell you all *le known* when you are alone to-night.

The doors of the salon were thrown open. The broad pennant leading with Madame Doublet, the military chieftain marching beside Madame Nathalie, much to the animosity of Paddy Burns. Then Mr. Mouse conveying Mademoiselle, in the infinite disgust of the commander of the *Rosalie*, one gun schooner, formerly the *Perdrix*. But what mattered this old negro in yellow, standing at the door, jerk his head back and open his great eyes till there was no black left in them? And why did he blackguard the table afterward, and pour wine over the Colonel's richly laced coat, while staring like an ape at his young blue jacket opposite. That old Banon, perhaps, did not like to see his young mistress too crowded to by every gay young man who came near her. Oh, no; of course not. But then, if that brassy negro is white had only known what those eyes and muttered hand to was pouring light wine in his abstraction, he would have crammed that heavy cut decanter in powder and shot splinters down the alderman's throat. There would have been claret of a different color spilled then, quantities of it. You needn't look in your pockets, Colonel, or hunt round the table to see if perchance there is a green silk rope squirming there, scheming, and, I don't keep any of those pretty things out at Escondido. So go on with your dinner, you collar-bone Colonel, and tell all the fine you can to that lovely woman at your elbow; how you wanted to save Bolivar's life, and it was saved without you. Don't forget to tell her how that patriot had you drummed out of his army, suspecting you of having assassinated the officer near you the moment before, and of robbing him of his watch to replace the one presented to you by the Captain General. Mr. Burns is twitching your coat, Colonel Lawton, and that whole-souled little Irishman is not the man to be trifled with. Now remember the story. But take care, Banon, you nearly twitched off the military gentleman's hair. Tom Stewart saw it, and it excited, too, he had your eye, and like the track of a musket bullet—honorable wound no doubt—under your black glossy wig.

Mr. Mouse had fallen desperately in love with the perfumed damsel beside him, and he knew she was up to her rose-tipped ears in love with him, oh! fifty fathoms deep; but he was a liked girls, and he would lever her half-pay! but he didn't forget his adoration for the royal duck; and he slyly swigged some Madeira with a wary eye on the broad pennant through the forward sky light. Dreadful, Mr. Mouse, that reefer—sy, chattered—and said that the quiet young officer on her left was very well liked in the service, and commanded a pretty little craft named the *Rosalie*. She knew that before, did she? Well, his father was a cold, stern man, he was half a foreigner, and he had been very good to his poor mother, God bless him!

Commodore Cleveland talked in a low tone, all through the dinner, to the lady who did not eat at the head of the table, but who contented herself with a fowl and a bottle, with a trustful reliance, on the great tanned-leather pay of Jacob Bunt, that honest mariner not wishing to talk to any body, man or woman. That ancient mariner was mentally damning donkeys; speculating how he should get back to the *Marchal Blunt* brig, in Kingston harbor; and praying for Martha Blunt, wife, riding at single anchor near Plymouth beach. Plym could see from every body, said a word or two to all around the table, and talked to Tom Stewart about certain business matters connected with the pennant when he had gone.

Then came the last course, and the dessert of delicious fruits, which quite stopped Mr. Mouse's mouth, and even his palpitating heart ceased beating; when Mademoiselle Banon cut a cool some lady-finger biscuit, and bent her graceful head to listen to the music of the earnest lips beside her.

We told you, Miss, how it would be; and, in spite of the warning, there you are—the color coming and going over your girlish cheeks, and never saying a word! What a couple that would make! thought Madame Nathalie. And then a remembrance in response there is between them—he with his dark hair and eyes, and she with hers, like the sky, my sweet Rosalie! And so thought her sister and her sister's husband; Stange too, old Banon, and every one save that Mouse, who had eyes for but Rat, Beaver, and Martin, and he could take the wind out of their sails any day.

The party of ladies rose from the table, and leaving the men—all except the captain of the *Rosalie* and Mr. Mouse, who would have remained had he not seen a shade of the broad pennant's finger—went into the saloon. Then there was a fearful rush for the piano, a touch of a guitar by stronger fingers, an air from an opera, a song or two, much conversation—while poor Mouse sipped on the wine and coffee. Then it was late, every one was fatigued, *bon soirs* were said, and the party—coffee and all—separated.

CHAPTER XLII.

TRUTH AND TERROR.

In a great square room, standing, as usual, on cross-cut stilts, which had once been used for a billiard-room, were half a dozen from-framed cots ranged along the walls, and where some of the Rosealie's pirates were to-house. Every thing, however, was tidy and comfortable; snow-white bed-clothes and coarse mosquito nets, of all angelic colors, and little pillows and bolsters behind a screen of dimity curtains; and not forgetting a large table—vice the billiard-table—in the centre, on which stood plenty of sugar and limes, cinnamon and nutmeg, bottles and flasks, red and white, and—very little water in jugs.

The occupants of this bivouac had turned in, and the lights had been doused. Conversation, however, was kept up, especially by the thin little voice of Mr. Mouse, who, having enjoyed a nap in the early evening, and having been dazed and tumbled about on the trip to the lodge by Harry Durcastel, who was in the opposite corner, the reefer was as wide awake as a black-bird. Don Stingo discussed a few convivial sires and sorrels; old Jacob Blunt, with a spluttering green intermixed; and Paddy Burns fell off into a doze, saying his aspirations, which addressed to the world at large, with a mutter against the military, hoping he might look at a Bolivian patriot oglesqueing his wife, and wishing, well, he did, Mr. Joe Manton, at his side; he would put an end to any more lies about charges of cavalry and cutting our Frazier in Cuba Bay. That Paddy Burns would, though he didn't wear a wig and a large sapphire on the only finger he had left on his left hand, and he would cut-and-run-too! Presented to you by a connection of your family, was it? Take a pinch out of it, then, I found him, no! Begorra, the snuff is not Lundy Foot's, and the box is brass, Sir, brass!

"I say, Jack, keep quiet, will you, and let me go to sleep!" Harry Durcastel did not think of going to sleep—that was a bit too old the reefer—he wanted to know, to shut his eyes and dream of—you know who—a tall, graceful girl with blue eyes and light hair, who looked as if no one ever loved her, and that there was no sleep for him for ever so long. What did she say? "Why, she never opened her pouting lips to know those eyes pouted, and the tears looked out of those soft blue eyes. That was all!

"Mr. Durcastel, do think of getting married."

"The devil you do! And who to, pray?"

"Why," said Mr. Mouse, as he rolled over and kicked the sacred shoes of his sacred bath legs, "I haven't made up my mind; but do you know that that pretty girl up there at the big house has taken quite a fancy to you, and when you were presented to her mother she gave me such a squeeze of the hand! Oh my!"

Here Mr. Mouse's voice became as low as a pillow biting his plush cushion on the mouth, clean through his mesquito net.

"Very pretty, no doubt, young lady, Mr. Mouse," said a quiet voice, in a cool tone, on the other side of him—"but she did seem to take a violent fancy to you."

Mr. Mouse rolled over, and then sitting up in his cot, replied, "Well, I don't know, my hear mother sitting by you when the big nigger in white capsized the wine over your sleeve and nearly ruined your coat!"

Look out, Mr. Mouse! if that man there beside you once gives a twitch at your curls he'll will something more than ruin your sleeve—a bloody little scalp with it!

"Oh!" was the sound that came back.

"Yes, Sir, and the other beautiful lady next the Commodore is her sister. She had a son that Madame was speaking of, who murdered by pirates off Jamaica ever so many years ago, and Commodore Cleveland chased them in a ship he was first lieutenant in, and he blew up commanded the ship—she was the old *Scourge*."

"Hold your tongue!" came from the cot where the spare pillow was thrown over it.

"Ho!" said the military chieftain; but if the room had not been so dark, the way his eyes popped and enlarged in the surprise would have made Tiny Mouse shiver with cold.

"Oh, Jess, Colonel, I heard Commodore tell all about it the other night on Commodore the frigate. He thought I was asleep, but I kept awake through the hour part of it."

"The best part of it?"

"Why, Sir, how an old one-eyed Spaniard deceived my father and Commodore, and Jack's grand from St. Jago down to the Isle of Pines, and afterward how the *Scourge* chased the pirate and schooner in a hurricane off the long, clear away to the coast of Darien, where they blew her out of water and killed every scoundrel on board?"

Not every one, Mr. Mouse. There is the very greatest of those scoundrels standing his teeth and glaring your way at your elbow.

"What was the name of that cape, Darcastel, where the schooner blew out? No, I won't be quiet! the Colonel wants to hear all about it. There's a good fellow, tell me?"

"Garrote Cape!"

The listener slowly raised the mutilated hand and put the finger with the sapphire ring to his throat, ostensibly to rub the scarf-pin out of place, for it caused a choking sensation to utter such a name as "Cape Garrote!"

"Yes, Sir! and Darcastel's father here once chartered a vessel and went all the way down there to explore the coast, and was gone three months! Wasn't he, Darky?" said the boy to military.

"Mouse, I tell you what it is: if you don't shut up that little fly-trap of yours I'll make that lick you when you go on board!"

"But I tell you, Darky," said Tiny, as he jumped straight up in the cot, "I gave him and Martin a black eye apiece only on our last boat-duty for carrying a pistol! Wasn't Martin killed his brother-in-law in a duel?"

"Hush, my dear little fellow! you did a very foolish thing. There, say no more on that subject; it gives me pain, my Tiny. So talk on as much as you like."

"My dear friend," exclaimed the lad, in a broken voice, as he plunged through his net and put his arms around Durcastel, "I wouldn't grieve you for the world; but do you suppose, little as I am, that I wouldn't fight for the Doctor, who is kind to me, and has been done so much for my poor dear sweet mother?"

Here there was a sob as he wound his arms closer round his friend's neck and cried like a child, as he was.

"Well, never mind, Tiny; go to sleep now! I am not angry. There, turn in!"

"I won't speak another word to-night, Harry, for any soul breathing; little fool that I am!"

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur," said the cool, in French, with a slight quiver on his tongue, "but did your father really go all the way down to the coast of Darien?"

"Yes, Sir, he did go there to see if by any chance one of the pirates had escaped; and he told Jacob Blunt, who was talking among the Indians making inquiries."

"Ho! and did he pick anyone up in Darien?"

"Why, Sir, I am not positive, but I believe that he got a hint that a European had wandered over that country who had been wounded in the head and hand and was almost naked; but the natives were afraid to give him but very meagre accounts. He continued on, however, down the Isthmus, on the Pacific side, by sea, as far as Chili, where he went into the interior to Peru, crossed the Andes, and followed down the Orinoco to Para, where he sailed again for England."

"Oh! no doubt he was a European!"

"Perhaps he had; for he once told me he had some old acquaintance in Para who he commanded the pirate, and if he was alive he felt quite sure he would, one of those days, put him to death. He said he was a very determined person, and never forgets an oath."

"Truly, Monsieur, you interest me. But what sort of a person is this acquaintance is your father—a doctor, I think you said?"

"He is a tall gentleman of about fifty, Sir, though he looks much older, for he has suffered deeply in early life when my mother—a—died, and I don't like to think of anything that is painful to you, Colonel. He is now on board our frigate at Kingston, and told me he would be up here to-morrow or the day after."

"Ah! thank you extremely, Monsieur Darcastel. I shall have—a—much curiosity to see him."

No more words that night! But much thinking and moving of thin lips, and eyes staring in the dark, and teeth, too, gleaming—the grinding of teeth too! And a man lay in that large room on a narrow cot, surrounded by a gauze net—and so far as sleep was concerned he was not awake a tenth net we once saw without gauze, where a great frame was stretched, with myriads of mad-flies, mosquitoes, and sandfliers—insects seeking his heart's-blood. Sometimes the very eyelids of that man lay flat on his eyes, forming over the blue, icy orbs within; and again the cold fabric cracked, and they were wide open and staring. They could see those frozen orbs—and like heavy flakes of snow falling on blood-stained decks, till it covered with a white pall the dark, red stain beneath, they yet tried to pierce into the frozen region beyond. And the heart beat with a cold and measured tread, like a mouse crunching through the sharp, treacherous crust of snow; and then it stopped—still! Had a letter, traced with the fingers of an icicle, been compelled a hundred feet deep in the heart of a toppling iceberg on the coast of Darien, those eyes could have read it as clear as day!

"You infamous pirate, Captain Brand!" it began—"I am the man who destroyed the *Centipede* and her crew, and the boy whom your brutal mate tore from the mother you saw a corner of the ship, and I am the man, stern, determined Doctor too, whom you lanced down on the trestle for poisonous insects to kill, has been on your track for the past seventy years, and will soon hold you in his iron grips! There will be no escape for you!"

The eyes closed, the heart stopped beating, and the thin lips and tongue, as dry as cartridge-paper, ever ready to utter a name, which the maniac hand clutched convulsively, as if there were fifty fingers fingering knives and pistols.

"Shall I in a hurricane, my old Darien, and run the risk of being arrested and hung? No! He thinks me dead, and I will go back to the Island, redeem my property, and pass the remainder of my life tranquilly in the Highlands of Scotland!"

Don't be too sanguine, Colonel Lawton, for though your ten thousand pounds in gold is still in the vault there in Dean Lyman's Rancher, whose estates have been confiscated, and who has just got out of ten years' imprisonment in the Moro Castle, glad to save his life with from the iron collar, and without the little jewel-hilted bauble up his sleeve, is now turning about to see how the old gentleman his late fortunes. Don't be an hour too late, I pray you, Captain Brand, for that sharp eye of Don Ignacio has already, perhaps, looked at the half club in the crag, and thinks he knows what lies hidden there! Oh, sí! nothing but muddy brains and finger-tipsy brains could have left a hole in a rock of more substantial food, even though it were yellow precious gold, unfathomed by Ignacio, but yet solid and refreshing. *Cierto*—certainly! *Quien sabe*—who knows?

But be careful, Don Ignacio! Don't take your old wife with you on that projected expedition; for you have treated that old woman—the mistaken Ignacio—with shameful! You have was back in mound all she ever won by cheating, besides the half ounces you used to give her for the Church—cheated her by drawing two cards at a time when you saw the numerals with that spark of an eye, and when you knew that she would win if you drew fairly! Yes, you have, you old sinner, for more than two score of years! And she knows you now—though you don't think it—worse than you did Captain Brand! Have an eye to that old human!

So passed the short night, long enough, however, for somebody—and before the fresh land-wind had woke up to creep down the valley there was a meetled bark with open mouths, gulloping up the broken road as if he had the devil on his back!—as perhaps he had, or Colonel Lawton, or Captain Brand; possibly all three, but it makes very little odds to us.

CHAPTER XLIII.

PEACE AND LOVE.

It was a delightful breakfast with a merry party at Escondido, as all sat under the wide, cool piazza in the shade, with the sun throwing his shining rays through the vines and clusters of purple grapes, and through the orange-trees, where the yellow fruit was fast losing its fragrant dew. All the men once more in summer rig, and the ladies in flowing muslin and light caps.

"My dear," said Pizon to his wife, "we have lost one of our guests, Colonel Lawton; he went away at daylight this morning, and left a message to us and compliments to you all, the business of importance, which he had hastily demanded his immediate return to Kingston."

There was no sorrow expressed by the lady or her fair sister, and even the men treated it with indifference, except Mr. Burns, who remarked, as he snapped a tooth-pick in twain, that, for his part, he was glad the fellow had gone; he didn't like his looks at all, at all; though he did make himself uncomfortable to the beautiful without who sat next him.

As the party rose from the breakfast-table to get ready for a stroll down to the mill and round the plantation, one fair woman's hand was placed with a confiding, friendly clasp in that of Monsieur Darcastel, and he turned, a grateful reached up to pull down her great straw-hat from the peak, Paddy Burns was left to the fate forehead, and she returned it, too, as if she knew how to perform that ceremony even before people. Mr. Doctor Banon was thoughtful of offering jackets and calling Mr. Burns out, at ten paces, ship's pistols, and all that sort of thing; but the genial, well-meaning Irishman kissed him on declaring the while, as he held him aloft, that he was first-rate hissing—that he was! nearly as good as Mademoiselle Banon, and Madame Tiny's wrath, and then he hooked on to the damsel's delicate flipper, and tripped away with her down the path.

Harry Durcastel exchanged a nod—not of defiance—with Paddy Burns, as much as to hint that there were two Commodores—oh! not at all—and passing his hand over his brown mustache, he followed after the man before him. Yes, Harry, Tiny's legs will get tired soon, and he will be hungry, and come back to old Banon for luncheon; while you will be putting aside the coffee-bushes, and inquiring Mademoiselle to keep her straw-hat about her from the sun, and not mind mussing her hair. And when she turns her humid eyes toward you, you begin to believe the sky is never so blue as those eyes!

ADVERTISEMENTS

J. R. Stafford's Olive Tar.

WHEN OLIVE TAR IS INHALED, its healing balsamic vapors are conveyed to every part of the lining membranes of the

THROAT, BRONCHIAL TUBES, AND ALL THE AIR CELLS OF THE LUNGS,

relieving at once any irritation, pain, or healing any irritation of inflammation.

WHEN OLIVE TAR IS TAKEN WITH SUGAR, it forms an unequaled soothing and healing syrup for coughs and throat diseases.

WHEN OLIVE TAR IS APPLIED, its magnetic or concentrated curative powers render it a most speedy and efficient

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THEY INVIGORATE THE LIVER,

THEY STRENGTHEN THE DIGESTION,

THEY INCREASE THE SECRETIONS OF THE BODY, AND ARE A SPECIFIC FOR ALL FEMALE WEAKNESSES.

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ECONOMY! Dispatch!

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Sands' Sarsaparilla

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Are for Sale Everywhere.

Price Twenty Cents.

$5. BABBITT'S SOAP. Price per Box $5. 68 Nr. B. T. BABBITT, the well-known Chemist, Scientific manufacturer, is bringing out a new and improved Soap.

SOAP. Put up in boxes of 60 pounds each, in 1 pound bars, price $5 per box. This Soap is rapidly taking the place of all other Soaps wherever introduced. One pound will go as far in washing as 2 pounds of ordinary family Soap. It will wash in either hard or soft water; it does not injure the fabric—on the contrary, it preserves it and does the colors. It will remove paint, grease, and stains of all kinds. Best little labor is required where this Soap is used. Directions sent in each box for making SOAP FOUND OF THIS ARTICLE SEVEN THREE GALLONS OF HANDSOME SOFT SOAP. Send for a box and give it a trial. If you do not want a whole box yourself, get your neighbors to join you and divide it. Believing that no family which has once used this Soap will ever be without it, and being desirous to have its merit widely known, I have made arrangements with the proprietors of the following papers (many of whom have tried the Soap and know its value), by which I am able for the present to offer to any person remitting to me $5 cash, any one of the following Six Dollar Journals, and a receipt for one year's subscription to either of the following Five Dollar Journals, viz:

68 AND 70 — The Weekly Tribune, The Weekly Times, The Weekly Sun, The Weekly Herald,

A MEMORY OF THE MUMPS.

1st Day.—Amelia is sadly afraid that she is going to have the Mumps.

2d Day.—Amelia is quite sure that she is going to have the Mumps.

3d Day.—Amelia's face is so dreadfully disfigured that she ties a handkerchief round it.

4th Day.—The Doctor says that Amelia must wrap up and keep quite free from cold.

5th Day.—Amelia looks in the glass and can not recognize herself.

6th Day.—Amelia hopes to goodness that dear Frederick will not see her.

7th Day.—Amelia's mouth being hermetically sealed, she is obliged to be fed through a quill.—N. B. After this the subject becomes too horrible for representation.

First-Class Travelers, who go to sea in the Great Eastern, are expected by the Officers to come provided as above.

Wood Brothers
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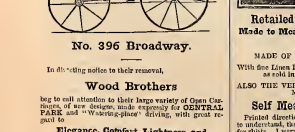

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Wood Brothers

beg to call attention to their large variety of Open Chasings, of new designs, made expressly for **CENTRAL PARK** and "Working-place" driving, with great regard to

Elegance, Comfort, Lightness, and Strength.

This stock is superior to any ever before presented to the public, and well worthy the inspection of those who desire an article beautiful in design and finish, unexceptionable in taste and reliable in construction.

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To protect the public from such impositions, we have all our Corks branded thus: "C&W."

Any one buying these words and letters on the Corks, are Counterfeit, and the Purchaser should prosecute the Seller for swindling.

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List of dealers who procure Congress Water for their sales direct from our house, are kept at our office for distribution to those who desire to purchase genuine Congress Water in their own neighborhood. C. & W.

Saratoga
Empire Spring Water.

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The Empire water is put up at the Empire Spring at Saratoga, in pint and quart bottles, with the corks all branded thus "EP."

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Sold by Druggists. "Hotels" generally.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 190.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

OUR CENTRAL PARK.

We publish herewith a couple of sketches of the New York Central Park, from our artist's sketch-book, representing the handsome iron bridge which spans the narrow part of the Skating Pond, and the seats which, by a pleasing fiction, are understood to be "exclusively for ladies." These sketches will be followed from time to time by others of equal fidelity and merit.

AN EXECUTION AT HAVANA.

ON a clear, sultry, starlight night in April, the secretary of the Captain-General of Cuba, returning homeward from an evening visit, was set upon by four assassins and stabbed to the heart. They had no other object than robbery, were immediately apprehended, and, six weeks afterward, condemned to die by the *garrote*. I determined to witness the execution.

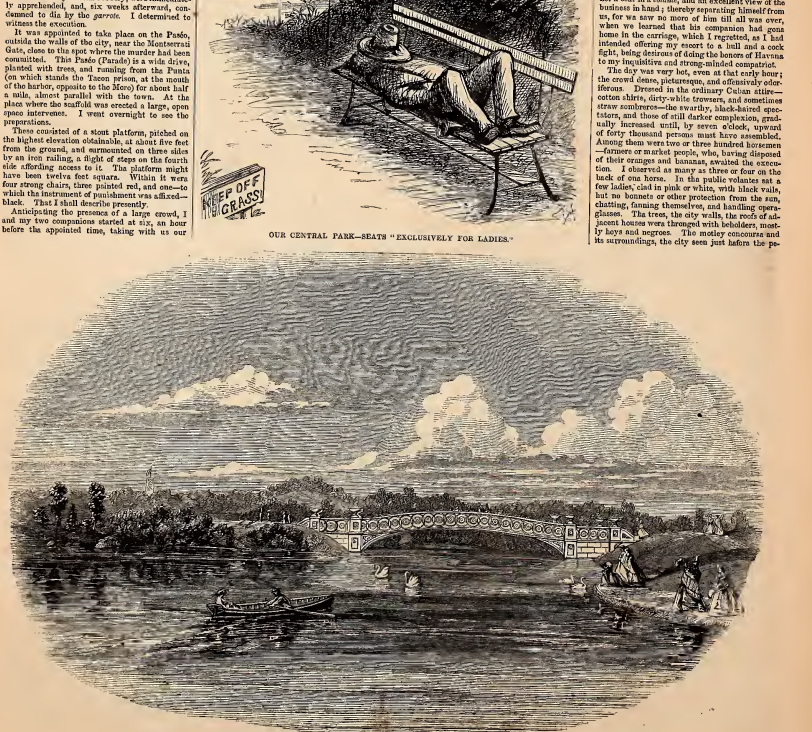
It was appointed to take place on the Paséo, outside the walls of the city, near the Montserrati Gate, close to the spot where the murder had been committed. This Paséo (Parade) is a wide drive, planted with trees, and running from the Punta (on which stands the Tacon prison, at the mouth of the harbor, opposite to the Moro) for about half a mile, almost parallel with the town. At the place where the scaffold was erected a large, open space intervene. I went overnight to see the preparations.

These consisted of a stout platform, pitched on the highest elevation obtainable, at about five feet from the ground, and surrounded on three sides by an iron railing, a flight of steps on the fourth side affording access to it. The platform might have been twelve feet square. Within it were four strong chairs, three painted red, and one—to which the instrument of punishment was affixed—black. That I shall describe presently.

Anticipating the presence of a large crowd, I and my two companions started at six, an hour before the appointed time, taking with us our "boy" attendant, Tomás—as great a thief as ever were black (or white) cuticle—for the benefit of the moral example. When we reached the ground, finding the concourse not so great as we had expected, we beguiled the time with coffee and cigars, the so-called beverage consisting of a few drops in a cupful of milk—barely sufficient to discolor it—after the Cuban fashion. (This coffee is grown on the island, and is inferior to Mocha.) Then, smoking, we strolled toward the Tacon prison, expectant of the criminals. Our speech presently caused us to be accosted by an Englishwoman, who knew no Spanish, and revealed herself as a newly-arrived governess in the family of a wealthy Cuban, and something of an amateur in executions, for she told us she had witnessed two in London. So the most gallant of our party took her in charge, procuring her a seat in a *volante*, and an excellent view of the business in hand; thereby separating himself from us, for we saw no more of him till all was over, when we learned that his companion had gone home in the carriage, which I regretted, as I had intended offering my escort to a bull and a cock fight, being desirous of doing the honors of Havana to my inquisitive and strong-minded compatriot.

The day was very hot, even at that early hour; the crowd dense, picturesque, and offensively odoriferous. Dressed in the ordinary Cuban attire—cotton shirts, dirty-white trowsers, and sometimes straw sombreros—the swarthy, black-haired spectators, and those of still darker complexion, gradually increased until, by seven o'clock, upward of forty thousand persons must have assembled. Among them were two or three hundred horsemen—farmers or market people, who, having disposed of their oranges and bananas, awaited the execution. I observed as many as three or four on the back of one horse. In the public volantes sat a few ladies, clad in pink or white, with black veils, but no bonnets or other protection from the sun, chatting, fanning themselves, and handling opera-glasses. The trees, the city walls, the roofs of adjacent houses were thronged with beholders, mostly boys and negroes. The motley concourse and its surroundings, the city seen just before the pe-

OUR CENTRAL PARK—SEATS "EXCLUSIVELY FOR LADIES."



OUR CENTRAL PARK—THE IRON BRIDGE OVER THE SKATING POND.

riod of intense sullenness of a June day in Cuba, formed a sufficiently striking and memorable spectacle.

Only a quarter of a mile intervened between the prison and rosffold, to which the condemned men were brought singly, on foot. The first made his appearance precisely at seven, preceded by two priests, the former bearing a long pale washed in black cloth, and surmounted by a plain silver cross. The moment he carried a cross also, the figure to which was turned toward the prisoner, who, handcuffed and supported by a spiritual father on either side, marched immediately behind, two others following. These bore aloft, on poles, a sort of square glass lantern, containing, I was informed, bits of sacred candles. All were shaven-headed, dressed loosely in black, and looking as unconcerned as the thoughtless crowd by which they gazed. A company of soldiers, clad in blue and white striped cotton tunics, in shape such as the English Guards wear, only shorter, with crescent-shaped cross belts, etc., complete and fixed bayonets, brought up the rear.

These soldiers formed a square around the scaffold; a body of cavalry, about a hundred in number, appertaining to the Captain-General's guard, which had arrived an hour previous, stationing themselves, with drawn swords, behind them. (More recently came a fourth band, I believe, the regular troops of the criminals' voices, in case they should say anything against the always suspicious Cuban Government.) Very soon the prisoner appeared on the platform, mounting the steps resolutely, without assistance, as did all his successors.

He was the one who had stricken the murderous blow—rather good-looking, dark mulatto, with a beard and whiskers, wearing a linen shirt over his clothes, and a white linen cap, with a black cross in front. The executioner, a tall negro, in a short blue jacket, ornamented on the back with white lace, intended to represent those of a prison warder (himself a criminal who had accepted his vocation to escape a sentence of ten years' penal servitude in Africa), conducted the condemned man to the fatal chair, bared his neck, placed it in the iron collar.

The operation is very simple. A screw attached to the iron frame passes through the back of the chair, ending in a cross-bar of perhaps three feet long. This being made to describe about half a circle lightness, reverse and collar, and compresses the neck to its extremest tensity, at once insuring strangulation and dislocating the vertebræ.

With the cap covering his face, and the priest holding up the cross in front of him, the criminal sat a moment, by the mere force of obedience had performed his office, and the man was a corpse. There ensued no struggle and no sound, but the indescribably half-relieved, half-regretful sigh one proceeding from the crowd. The head had fallen forward. After making a few motions with his hands toward the body, the priest quitted the platform to meet the second criminal, already half-way to the place of execution, while the negro removed the corpse from the chair, pushing it upon a rope to it to keep it erect. With the head declining, you might have supposed it still in the possession of life. Successively, and in a similar manner, the others underwent their punishment. Two of them were of almost entire negro blood; the first, the leader of the gang, was a fine-looking Cuban, a native of Cardenas, and a notorious villain. He would not allow the cap drawn over his face, and addressed a few words to the crowd, but I did not catch their purport—probably to request the prayers of the bystanders. When he turned round and his head fell slightly forward—this is invariably the case—his bearded cheeks became a little pale, and a single drop of blood appeared at the end of his nose; no other change was perceptible.

About fifteen minutes intervened between each execution, and by twenty minutes past eight all had transpired. By which time it was insufferably hot, and the crowd went to another place.

They left the bodies sitting in the chairs, and exposed to the full glare of the Cuban sun, and the prime of prominent labors, until four in the afternoon, when they were conveyed away in coarse coffins for immediate burial, and the scaffold was removed.

This execution was exceptional, perhaps in consequence of the circumstances attendant on the case. Ordinarily capital punishment is administered on the Pantas, in front of the prison. It occurs less commonly in Havana than in other parts of the island, where the Chinese population are prone to the use of the knife on any and every occasion.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1860.

THE POPE ON THE SICILIAN QUESTION.

IT is an error to suppose, as some bigoted Protestants do, that the Pope is a mere secularist, without knowledge of the world or fellow-feeling for the human struggles which are going on around him. Quite the contrary. He is, and probably must remain, a *temporal* sovereign; is thoroughly posted on the affairs of the day, and forms intelligent opinions on the political questions which arise in his neighborhood. Witness the following letter which he wrote a few weeks since on the insurrection in Sicily:

"*To our venerable brother, Joseph M. Pecorelli, Bishop of Sinopa, Apostolic Administrator of the Church of Mondovi, greeting and benediction:*

"We have received your two most respectful letters of the 21st of January and 20th of February ult. in which you were pleased to unbosom and confess, in your minds and in that of the other Bishops of this province, your devotion and reverence toward us and the Holy See.

"While you were suffering for our calamities and afflictions, we were watching with great anxiety and fear the baleful efforts of those who, being supported by European powers, impugning on every divine and human right, designed, with surprising impudence, to make a revolution in those parts of Italy which had remained quiet.

"Sicily was struck and afflicted by such a misfortune; and we, venerable brother, in the midst of our sorrow, were soon taken by surprise by a kind of deputation, composed of a Sicilian ship, has landed on the island. Indeed, to the most generous people of Sicily, the audacity of these Bigs-men will appear incredible. Their crime, however, is proof of the vile silence and cowardice of those to whom the good flock which is entrusted to them, and the Supreme Pastor, they want to usurp the union of Italy. They terrify all the island with their cruelty, and, by the aid of royal troops, excite the people to revolution, take possession of all places and fortresses, and, in a short time, so it is to be feared, not unlike herself to the kingdom of Sardinia.

"The principles on which this monarchy is founded are already destroyed if every body may be allowed to take possession of places to take possession of places belonging to others, and thus extend their own kingdom. But let us consider, venerable brother, that this monarchy will not fall to us. Therefore console yourself, venerable brother, and place your hope in God, who will not keep the just long amidst such scenes. Persevere in imploring him to send us and the Church of Christ, by his mercy, to be with confidence to the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, Mother of the Church, who, by her power, the immaculate Virgin Mary, who has destroyed all the heresies and all the impieties.

"Meanwhile we continue you and the other bishops of this province to all our apostolic blessing. We will most humbly that he will break that covenant of pirates and that of the Sardinian government, the Sardinian, the clergy and the people. We ask that the apostolic benediction which we give to you, and to the faithful, may be a pledge of his divine protection.

"PIUS NONO.

"Rome, 3d June, 1860, the 15th year of our Pontificate."

We need not bespeak attention for the above excerpt. It will command every where admiration and respect, not alone on account of the exalted source from whence it springs, but from the practical and sagacious suggestions which it evinces. Well may his Holiness predict that posterity will deem "the audacity" of the "revolutionary Bigs-men" of Italy "incredible," who marched under Garibaldi "incredible." To have invaded, with less than 2000 men, an island containing 85,000 well-armed troops, several fortified places, and defended by a large number of ships of war; to have succeeded in conquering one half the island in a fortnight, taking the principal city, establishing a good government, and placing matters on such a footing in three weeks that the conquest of the remaining half of the island will be a great, easy, thing; this is, assuredly, an exploit that may stagger the belief of posterity. The Pope shows his admirable foresight in predicting the result, and we believe that no Sardinian Protestant will hereafter intimate that his Holiness lacks that attribute of greatness.

Nor can we be blamed for calling for a moment on the profound wisdom of the subsequent sentence in which we are told that "the principles on which society is founded are already destroyed if everybody may be allowed to seize arms and pirates to take possession of what belongs to others, and thus extend their own kingdom." The phrase is quite as pertinent as it might be wished; but Popes, like oracles, are entitled to be studied; and who can help admiring the clear-cut logic which underlies the misty vail of words? What, indeed, will become of society if everybody may "seeds arms and pirates" against his neighbor? And think, too, how it would affect Europe, in such a case, for pirates! What a premium the genuine Captain Brand will command! An irrevocent Genoese has suggested that the arms and pirates should chance to be sent to Genoa, or to some other places, as for instance, New York, Paris, or London, the Sardinian Pirates be confected, the latter hanged, and society would not be disturbed at all; but we must beware of listening to such avowed sceptics as these. It certainly has happened, in the long history of the world, that "arms and pirates" sent against foreign countries have never succeeded save where they invited a region so admirably governed that any change was welcomed by the people; in Sicily, in particular, it is difficult to conceive any species of "pirate" more atrocious than the officers of the royal government, or any "arms" so villainous as the instruments of torture commonly used in the royal prisons at Palermo. It is true that a couple of centuries back "arms and pirates" were "sent" from Europe to America, with a grant of the country of the aboriginal proprietors of Pius the Ninth, and that the pirates did succeed for a time in butchering quiet Hogmeed and Indian stealing the property in spite of their triumph was short, and they were speedily hanged, as we all know. These, however, are trifles, and should not be dwelt on.

The reasoning which forms the same paragraph of the epistle is is not becoming to discuss. Suffice may say that the new Catholic doctrine to which his Holiness is continually appealed for the efficacy in which the Pope is placed; and that if the discovery of the Immaculate Conception has no paper there, it is because it has already bestowed on the Church of Rome, it might as well have been left undiscovered. But this is mere cavil.

Certainly, events thus far have hardly justified the confident hopes expressed by the Holy Father. Sicily has passed out of the hands of the King of Naples, and the very Archbishop to whom the above letter was addressed is only waiting for an opportunity to follow the example of his brother in Palermo, and declare for Garibaldi. Still "the island" is not "terrified," nor is "ruin threatened," save only by the Pope's faithful servants, the bombardiers of Bomba junior. But the end is not yet; and who knows what a Papal benediction and a Papal curse may not bring forth?

No one, we repeat, can fail to perceive how wise and lofty Christian are the statements of the Papal letter; what a fund of practical common sense and knowledge of the world it reveals; and how thoroughly it proves the Pope to be the best possible temporal ruler for the most important and most troubled state in Italy.

ANOTHER AMERICAN VICTORY.

WHEN the Rev. Sydney Smith, some twenty-five years ago, asked his famous question, "Who reads an American book?" he little thought that, in the year 1860, the great lecturer at a meeting of the most eminent British and Continental savans would be a paper read by a professor in an American University. At the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Oxford, papers were read by the most renowned of England's and of Europe's savans. Even an English paper, the great attraction of the session was a paper read by J. W. Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Hygiene, and President of the Medical Department of the University of New York, and author of a work on Human Physiology, which the standard authority on this subject in Europe as well as America.

Professor Draper attended the meeting of the Association at the special invitation of the Council, which, it appears, is a body. When his turn came to read, the various sections, which meet daily in different halls of the city, adjourned to the hall of the section of the Vice-President, reading-room was "literally crowded to suffocation by an audience composed of persons of the highest rank and of the most scientific reputation, of both sexes." The subject of Professor Draper's paper was, "The Intellectual Development of Europe considered with reference to the View that the Progress of Humanity is determined by Law." His object was to prove that the advancement of civilization in Europe was not fortuitous, but was brought about by a physical law—subject which the learned professor will shortly develop more fully in a work now in press by Messrs. Harper Brothers, the fruit of many years of assiduous study and scientific investigation.

His lecture lasted an hour, and, though the day was excessively hot, was listened to with breathless interest. No sooner had he closed than half a dozen eager savans struggled for the honorable position of his coadjutor, and thanks for the able paper, and others anxious to combat the novel and striking views of the American professor. According to the reports, a most lively discussion ensued—some of the oldest members of the Association ranging themselves on the side of Dr. Draper, who found himself, to his great joy, in no surprise no doubt, the lion of the day and of the session. His paper was the talk of every literary and scientific coterie; and he was himself overwhelmed with invitations—to the honor of science be it said—from opponents as well as friends of his views.

At a subsequent meeting he read an account of a large reflecting telescope for astronomical photography, now being created at his country house, near Hastings, on the Hudson, by one of his sons. This is the first instrument of the kind created in America, and the second in the world—second only to that at Kew, in England. Though its cost will be above ten thousand dollars, the means are furnished entirely by the young gentleman (Dr. Henry Draper), under whose supervision the intricate apparatus is being prepared and put up.

WILL THE PRINCE OF WALES MARRY AN AMERICAN?

A GOOD many jokes are current about the possibility of the Prince of Wales falling in love with an American belle, and the possible consequences of such a catastrophe. Every body looks at the subject in a quizzical light; no one ever seems to have dreamed that it may be a matter of serious doubt that he may end in an American sharing the throne of England. Yet stranger things have happened.

If the Prince should contract marry. By law he is forbidden to marry a subject; nor can he wed any woman who is not a Protestant. It is thus impossible that he can find a wife in Russia, Spain, Italy, Austria, Southern Germany, or Russia. His choice is restricted to Northern Germany and the United States. His grandfather, the last married Christian, George the First married Sophia of Zell; George the Second married Caroline of Anspach; Frederick, Prince of Wales, who died before his father, married Augusta of Saxe-Gotha; George the Third married Charlotte of Mecklenburg; George the Fourth, Caroline of Brunswick; Queen Victoria, Albert of Saxe-Gotha. It may be said that all these marriages were formed. The meaning of the word "formed" had no choice. At the time Frederick Prince of Wales married, this was a colony; when George the Fourth married, in 1795, the United States were little better than a colony in the eye of Englishmen; Queen Victoria, at the age of eighteen, could hardly have been expected to deviate from precedent, and marry an American. Of all the heirs-apparent of the House of Brunswick the Prince of Wales is the first who is not forced by law to marry into one of the German families.

Now there are very substantial reasons why we should not do so. Without question, these German marriages have proved unpopular in England. Caroline of Anspach was a shrew; Augusta of Saxe-Gotha was a fool, if not consulting worse; Caroline of Brunswick scandalized Europe by her diverse suits and her loose behavior; Prince Albert, in spite of exception, the most unpopular man in England. The English say, with great truth, that they have to groan at all these foreigners large annual salaries, and that the only reward they get for them is the sacrifice of British to German interests. All of these German wives or husbands have lived on the British purse, and supported their friends in Deutschland on what they screwed out of Parliament. More than this, in time of trouble they have sided and aiding and the arms and money of England to serve the interests of their broken-down families in Germany. Prince Albert, as every one knows, played a thoroughly double-faced game, in the interest of the German oligarchs, during the Crimean war.

These facts are not likely to render the British nation partial to another German marriage. The English have married their Princess Royal to a German prince; they had to pay handsomely for taking her, just as they had to pay Albert for marrying their Queen; but when it comes to settling their Prince of Wales, they may look for something better than a Duchess-ship! If they do, they can not look elsewhere than here.

It can not be questioned but, in view of a statesmanlike policy, an American marriage would be a wise step on the part of the Prince. This country ought to be made the best friend of Great Britain. We are the only people in the world who have established and maintain institutions based on the same foundation as those of England. Between England and the European States there never can be any lasting friendship; this is the only country by whose form alliance Great Britain could secure, if not friendship, at least, a firm never find a friend so valuable or so stanch as the United States, if only she can secure our friendship. Now, we are not in ignorance of the view of the character of our people—to secure that friendship as by having her Prince marry an American.

This, too, is a Democratic age, and the marriage of the Prince of Wales with an untitled girl would be a famous hit with the British people. It would have a spice of romance about it which would render the young man a hero at once. We may add that the Prince can find among our American girls more than one that would adorn a throne, and would make him a good wife.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PICTURE.

I SHALL not be at the experiment, not only because it is not necessary to praise Page in order to persuade people to look at his pictures, but because I think it will not be successful. The gay juster and I differ. He believes profoundly in advertising, and it is a very common and popular faith. But while it is of great use, it is not the secret of Chance not of fortune.

"The Flight into Egypt" is a small picture. The right side is a rocky hollow, Joseph and Mary sitting upon it, holding the child, over whom she bows her head. A fluffy outlined halo lies on shade and trees. The path descends abruptly to the desert, which lies a glaring red waste across the canvas, with the pyramids of Egypt in distance, and three shreds of white cloud in the blank desert of red sky that overspreads the desert of red sand. The number is right in the picture. The donkey catches the last bit of herbage; while Joseph, who has already begun to descend, gravely surveys the prospect of the desolation upon which he is entering. They are literally going down into Egypt; and in no other picture of the subject that I recall is the idea so forcibly or so graphically conveyed. The Lounger's Boy, who has been to the Academy, and has learned to know the holy character of the travelers. But here the journey is the central point of interest. Joseph has his back to the infant, and is evidently thinking only of the rough way before him. The dim foliage in the corner shows that the Holy Family are very frequent concealment and verdure. It is vague, as if it were already a memory.

This is so, far, very beautiful. But what are we to make of the drooping of the infant, and the want of beauty in the mother, and the donkey, which looks as if cut out of a fine nectarine? You may do what you choose with them, as likewise with the fact that the Madonna could not raise her head erect without hitting the frame above it. But when you have been looking at the picture for a quarter of an hour, or longer, then turn your eye to some other work near by, and consider if there be not an exquisitely transparent depth and richness of color in what you have been studying—something luminous and lurid, of the light of

the hot desert, and cloathless, hot, Syrian sky. Is the picture bold, or only simple? Is it one of those works of Page of which it is perpetually said, "Page is a great painter, doubtless, but this picture doesn't prove it?" What picture does prove it? Did the Venus? Do bills prove it? Even a Lounger can see that the same hand which painted the "Venus" painted "The Flight into Egypt."

—I wanted to say something of Brown's large picture of New York, from Hoboken, and of the dewy freshness of a small Cattle-piece, by Tryon, which are in senior lounging places; but I wait until another week.

OF CLAMS.

RICHARD says that he has read with great interest the remarks of Mr. Douglas upon clams, but that the distinguished author omits to mention a clam-bake, in which he highly commends the institution. Richard further says that he supposes a clam-bake means a feast of baked clams. But the baking of clams upon the shore for thousands of people can not be done in ordinary pots or ovens, or, indeed, cooked in any kind of way, he thinks; and Richard, as usual, is right.

Narragansett clams are very famous, and they are justly famous. No great political event ever occurred on the State of Rhode Island without their assistance. They contribute material aid to the cause. No great social benefaction occurs to political occasions. Military companies "go on clam-bakes." Yacht clubs and boat clubs have annual bakes (or and to). Private parties are incessantly going on clam-bakes—The rocks in the bay—the palm-trees on the shore—the shades—the groves—are all consecrated to the eating of clams.

Clams are of two kinds. There is the long clam and the round. The round clam is called quahaug—a word which the natives of the Narragansett share call hoheg. The quahaug is of the texture of sole-leather, and is considered as delicious as it. Yet in every hoheg there is a sweet bit of marrow—succulent, tender, and delicious—only it is not worth the trouble of discovering. The long clam has a dark neck, and a marrow, saline, exquisite marrow, and it is worth the trouble of finding it. It is this clam which is peculiarly sacred to the solemn ceremony of the "bake."

For this purpose a fire-place is piled together upon the beach, forming a kind of rough pit or oven. In this a large fire is built, and fed until the stones are thoroughly heated. Then a light layer of moist sea-weed is spread, the clams in the shell are "dumpedin," goodly ears of green Indian corn are added, the whole is piled deep in the moist sea-weed, and the delicious clams are cooked in the salt steam generated of the weed and the water. The corn, likewise, is delightfully baked and browned. Under a rough shed near by, or in a shady grove upon the shore, a table of honest boards stands ready, with huge platters of crackers (hiscuits) and bottles of pepper-sauce. There are sometimes tumblers, also, and bottles not of pepper-sauce. The hot clams are brought from the stones and heaped upon the table. The shells are opened by the knife, and a slight cliff parts from entirely and reveals the clam, which is seized by the thumb and forefinger—as the eyre lifted Hope-by-chance—and the clam is dipped in caught and moistened, while the shell and the resiliency clam are thrown into a large basket or under the table.

It is manual exercise altogether; and I have not forgotten the amusing helplessness of some New York ladies at a clam-bake upon the shore near Newport, who tried to manage the clam with knife and silver fork. Most of them relinquished the effort and the clam, and confessed that the so-renowned haunts of refinement—with an impression that clam-bakes were vulgar. But a few persevered and succeeded.

Usually the clam-bake includes a chowder, and a more delightful picnic or pleasant pastime than a wine clam-bake upon some lovely point of Narragansett Bay, "in summer when the days are long" —when the salt air of the ocean breathes up the bay, and the party is a party of friends. There was once a chowder club in Providence. It had its President and its Secretary, and one of the traditional jokes of the shore is the toast of a wag who was a member of the club, and who, after a successful "bake and chowder," having expatiated upon the great fitness of their President, concluded by saying, "And now, gentlemen, I give you the health of our great chowder Head."

The joke was doubtless recalled and recounted at the late great feast of clams.

THE MERRY PAINTER.

A PAINTER said to me the other day that we had no professional enthusiasts of art; no body of men whose business it is to applaud every thing that is done by certain artists, and to depreciate all the works of other men. We were sitting before the new picture by Page, at Snedecor's, "The Flight into Egypt," and he was talking with the jolly artist by occasion of the public.

"There is a Parisian Boussenas," he said; "he has a great name, but he is no better than many other artists of the same kind in Paris. However, the Parisians are pleased, and said—'Ce bon Boussenas!' and now it is *de rigueur* to admire whatever Boussenas does. One year I was at the Exposition," he continued, "and Boussenas's Morning" was the piece of honor. Twas a pretty picture, and there were many pretty pictures in the room. A group of intelligent people approached. The gentlemen were decorated, the ladies had the I-don't-know-what of fine society: evidently they were entitled, high-bred persons. They looked at the pictures without a exclamation, 'How charming!' how agreeable!' 'how rich!' how warm!' they exclaimed in delight. 'Dad how terrible this is!' 'how dull!' 'how dull!' they said, as they planted at the Boussenas, and passed. Presently they began to study the catalogue. 'Mais,' said one, 'Boussenas's "Morning" is here: where is it?' They looked eagerly for the number, and found the picture which they had just passed by. 'Ah! how exquisite! how rich! how pearly! Don't you positively feel the dew? What a master! What a genius!'"

The jolly painter laughed as he told the anecdote with twinkling eyes.

"No; we yet want the professional enthusiasts," he continued; "the men who insist that the accident to the canvas is the best part of the picture. Delacroix sent a work to the Exhibition. Upon the way thither one of the feet was nearly rubbed out by chafing. 'Hill hi!' cried the anti-Delacroix, when the picture was hung. 'What's the matter with that foot?'

"'Matter?' retorted the unswerving disciples of Delacroix—'matter! stupids? Why, that is the subtle splendor and excellence of the work.' They defended it stoutly, for the work was done by Delacroix, and what Delacroix did must be right. Presently the master explained that it was an accident. 'Ah! ha!' shouted the fools. 'Ah!' retorted the friends of the artist, 'we knew it all the time; but when we said it was all right, you would not know how it was wrong. And you call yourselves critics, connoisseurs, and pretend to sit in judgment upon Delacroix!'"

The merry painter laughed once more.

"Some clever fellow takes a fancy to an artist and says, 'Dis. Nobody has ever heard of Dius. The clever fellow writes in his *feuilleton*, 'Such color! such tenderness! He keeps writing, and another clever fellow echoes, 'Wonnum!' said he, looking sternly at her, 'I'm no a woman, I'm a bottle!'

"My son," said an affectionate mother to her son, who resided at a distance and expected, in a short time, to be married, "you are getting thin."—"Yes, mother," he replied, "I am so sad and sorrowful I think you may say my life."

"A Jew Balzac was lying on his bed, when he was a mere nose his cousin cautiously, and attempt to pick the pocket of his waistcoat. The Jew Balzac, who was just concerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, cried, in astonished anger, "Why do you laugh?" asked the thief. "I am laughing, my good fellow," said the Jew Balzac, "to see the smart pains you taking, and what risk you run, in hope of finding money in my pocket, when I have not a farthing about me!" "Why do you?" cried the thief. "I am impoverished Flanders" at once.

People say that they shell peace, when they mean shell them: that they hear a noise, when they mean hick it; that they shut the furniture, when they mean shut it, or take the furniture, when they mean take it; that they mock at the sick, when they mean chide them; that they have a pair of boots, when they mean a pair of their gardens, when I thought their gardens were nearly smashed.

"ARE EXPOSITION.—A cockney telling 'is love to the lady 'e adores.

THE RIGHT THING IN THE WRONG PLACE.—A loveletter written in a church.

QUESTIONS UNDER DISCUSSION.—Did the man who plowed the sea, and afterward planted his feet on his native soil, ever plow the land? Secondly: Did the man who prosecuted his journey into Wales recover his expenses?

The Omega Times tells a good story of a fashionable lady of that village, whose parents are not possessed of wealth proportionate to her fashionable exterior. She wrote to a relative for being housework time: "Mother and I do our own housework, because it is so exceedingly romantic."

A young lady, who is of course poetical, and who has just crossed the Atlantic, describes the engine of the steamer as "two of the prettiest men-ties that ever issued from Pandemonium!" Perhaps the young lady is an era with grace and ease, and without boisterous noise or precision."

An American traveler in Italy, stopping at Genoa, was approached by a beggar who said, "Gentleman, I am hungry." The traveler, he regretted that he did not see that illustrious man, was invited to finish his fine discovering the fine country of which he had the honor to be a citizen.

An Italian being at an Englishman's table at Rome, expressed his surprise, by loud exclamations, on seeing a large quantity of bread placed before him. "Why, as soon as the cork was drawn. Being asked what surprised him, he said, "I did not wonder at all the bread that cosset out of the bottle; but how did you ever contrive to procure it all?"

A new way of refloating a bad debt was most effectively tried a few evenings in the Rue de la Seine, in Paris, by a gentleman, the bearer of a dishonored bill. The man was observed walking up and down before the house, turning upon his heel, and muttering, in a loud voice, "Monsieur C——, owes me for thirty bottles of ex-pray; I will, cost, nothing until he pays for them." He did not wait very long.

A facetious Scotchman some time ago took a trip over France, and, on his return, was asked, "Pray, in the small degree. In the hotel where he put up, in Boulogne, the waiter spoke to him in the imperial cookery; and Mr. Jones, who is a sterling wag, anything then not a little to his bread Jones's feed, and, in the waiter, rather than usual, he called a sailing-usual, and accosted his wife, "Tell me, Mary, what does, hawie"—"Ah, Sir," said she, "I don't understand French!"

Mr. Gurney (Mrs. Fry's father) was a strict preacher in his guess. Upon one occasion, when walking in his garb, he heard a shot fired in a neighboring wood; he turned to the man, who was his companion, and was considerably ruffled on seeing a young officer with a musical in his hand, and a fowling-piece in his gun. As the young man, however, replied to his rather warm expostulation, he was apologetic, and Gurney's wrath was somewhat abated, but he could not refrain from asking the delinquent why he was out, and he caught a man hard sneaking on his premises. "I would ask him to be inclined," was the reply. The severity of this impudence was not to be resisted.

A certain professor was noted for having a certain set of expressions, which, however, he could not well dowlow without running the risk of a blunder. In illustrating a proposition in Euclid, he would, in his own way, to be a form the class that a drop placed on a sage's tongue sure would be the lily-shaded lamp of Minerva's owl, and, sometimes abused, but he could not refrain from asking the delinquent why he was out, and he caught a man hard sneaking on his premises. "I would ask him to be inclined," was the reply. The severity of this impudence was not to be resisted.

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A man lately received twenty lashes, well laid on, at the shipping-post in an English town. The culprit, instead of following when the constable applied the lash, laughed immoderately, which made the angry officer lay on with harder force. On giving him the twentieth blow the enraged officer could stand it no longer:

"Well, here, sinner," said the offended officer, "I've done my duty, and I can lick you no more, but I'd just like to know what it is that's so funny?"

"Funny?" roared the sufferer, "why it's excellent. You've got the wrong Smith. I ain't the man that was to be whipped; my brother is another one. You'd have it all to do over again. Ha! ha!"

"Are you an Odd Fellow?"

"No, Sir; I am a member of the mess."

"I mean, do you belong to the order of Odd Fellows?"

"No; I belong to the order of Sons of Neptune."

"Mercy, how dull! Are you a Mason?"

"No; I am a sailor."

"Worse and worse! Are you a Son of Temperance?"

"No; I am a son of Mr. John Gardner."

"Tis the matter, 'tafs de matter?" exclaimed an old Dutchman to Rotcliffe, as he tucked up his spras and ran out of his shop to know the meaning of a crowd in the street. "What's de matter?"

"There's a man killed," replied a by-stander.

"Oh, his dat all?" said our friend, evidently disappointed—"let dat alone! Shoot a man kill! Humph, I thought it was a fight.

Little Alice, dressed and prepared for a ball, was skipping up and down in a room, waiting for her mother to get ready to go out. Her little cousin said he was going to see.

"No," answered Alice, "you can't go—you are not dressed for the ball."

Her uncle laughingly remarked, "that the pride stock in trade only."

"No," answered Alice, "it isn't my pride, 'tis my new white frock that I put on."

There is an anecdote extant of the late Lady Byron which is worth repeating. Being one day in company with Sir Walter Scott, she said, "I probably have had messages to survive the many administrations of friends in such and such a land." Sir Walter, "Pray, replied the gentleman, "you must know that from my birth I have belonged to the Tories."

It is, perhaps, seldom that a young woman, departing for Australia, takes even the thoughtfully a view of her future lot as our young friend did, when, after her trunk was packed and all ready, remembered how, at school, she had not learned the piece very usually the teachers themselves on the opposite side to the northern, and expressed to her mother her positive regret. The mother—in condition so inconsistent with the decorum in which she had been trained that the situation could be done her to submit to it.

"Oh dear, I wish I had been asked with a remittent fever!" sighed a young gentleman at college.

To escape trouble from noisy children—send them to your neighbors.

"Good," asked a sullenly passenger, "turn you running on time today?" "Yes, Sir, I'm running the mile."

"A bad wife," says an old author, "is a fever, a fever, a fever, dismottime, and despair." Bad enough, is it not, and a sound?

The natural genius of Mrs. Partington was usually well illustrated when she put a bulb in the garden to catch the water which is to refresh the flowers.

When beggars cease to importune you, it is time to begin to think about purchasing new apparel. Some respect is due to this opinion of others.

"Pen, what's mouncmary?"—"Why, you see, Dick, when a poor woman steals it is called larceny; but when a rich man does the lary says it's mouncmary, and can't help it—that's it."

"The clouds begin to break," said Harriet, during yesterday's rain, "we shall be enabled to get dressed to go shopping."—"Just so," was the answer, "we are people of a different from the windows; they look bad enough, to be sure."

"Landlord," said a commercial traveler, "you do me too much honor when you place among the big bugs last night."—"Oh, don't be too modest, my dear Sir," said the landlord, "I doubt not they have your own blood in their veins."

An irritable wit and punster asked the captain of a crew, "Is leaden bullets, or shot, allowed to get drunk on the passage."

"Why," replied the skipper, "we always use shot."

"Cook a lizard, do you?" rejoined the wag; "then I suppose you have well supplied with provisions this trip, at all events."

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man can not live without cooks.

He may live without poetry, music, and courtesy but grieving!
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

OUR HORSE CONGRESS.

We publish on the following page a number of horses' heads, which will give some idea of the various popular breeds of horse now in use in the world. At the head of the group is the diminutive Shetland pony, which is called the Shetland, and at the bottom of the page will be seen the gigantic Clydesdale.

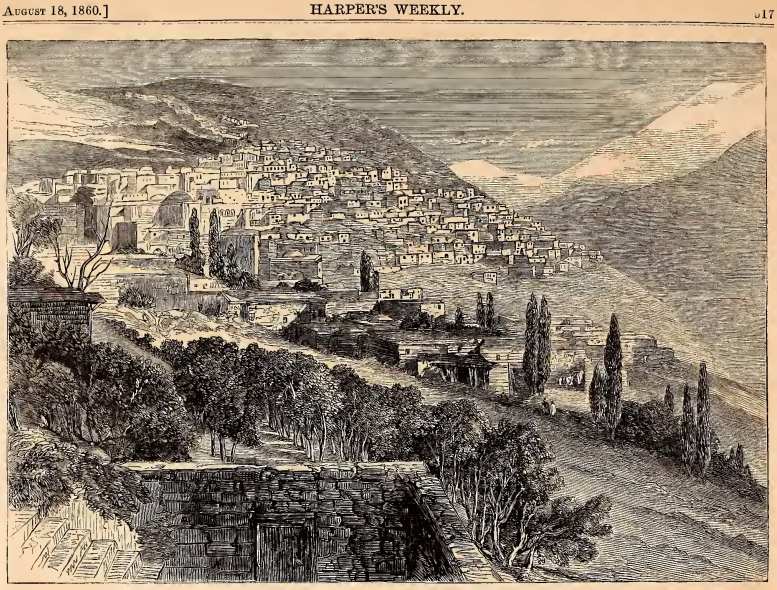
The beautiful Arabian forms the centre; while the thorough-bred and the hunter, being the nearest of kin, are placed in the same line. The Arabian is the most valuable and the most useful of all—we have chased with the world horses at the best of the engraving. The Hackney is a drawing pony, imported in the works of Landseer, being an animal of great hardhood and utility, occupies a position between the Arabian and the Clydesdale, and is recognized by the early nature of his name—so unmistakably indicative of this peculiar and popular breed.

The hunter is, or rather was, one removed from the thorough-bred—possessing more bone and muscle for carrying weight across a hilly country.

To these few races we trace all the horses to be found on the face of the globe. Nothing can exceed the beautiful outline of the head of the Arabian, so superior even to that of the thorough-bred race. The Clydesdale breed are of great value in all parts of Europe; though they are considered somewhat too large for this country—the cross between the Arabian and the ordinary draught horse answering all purposes for draught and labor.

HIGHLAND PONY.
HUNTER OR TROTTER.
FARMER'S BROOD MARE.
SHETLAND.
ARAB.
CLYDESDALE.
CANADIAN.
THOROUGH-BRED.

A HORSE CONGRESS—DELEGATES FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE.—[See preceding Page.]



DHEIR-EL-KAMAR, IN SYRIA, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT MASSACRES OF CHRISTIANS.

THE TOWN OF DHEIR-EL-KAMAR, IN SYRIA.

We publish above a picture of the town of Dheir-el-Kamar, in Syria, which was, a few weeks since, the scene of a frightful massacre of Christians by the Druses. Dheir-el-Kamar was a place of 7000 inhabitants, most of whom were Christians, and containing a convent of Maronite nuns. The place could not be defended, and when the Druses attacked it the inhabitants surrendered, on condition that their lives should be spared and no outrage committed. The Druses were no sooner in the place than they commenced their fiendish work; the women (including the nuns) were violated, the men murdered, and the town laid desolate. A few survivors, who fled toward Lebanon, were butchered on the way by a band of Moslems and Druses.

It was at Dheir-el-Kamar that the fiendish outrages took place which are related in our last number in the news columns. The whole city has been laid desolate.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

III.

THE last notes of the introduction to the Opera were being played, and the seats in the pit were all filled, when Pesca and I reached the theatre.

There was plenty of room, however, in the passage that ran round the pit, which was precisely the position best calculated to answer the purpose for which I was attending the performance. I went first to the barrier separating us from the stalls, and looked for the Count in that part of the theatre. He was not there. Returning along the passage, on the left-hand side from the stage, and looking about me attentively, I discovered him in the pit. He occupied an excellent place, some twelve or fourteen seats from the end of a bench, within three rows of the stalls. I placed myself exactly on a line with him, Pesca standing by my side. The Professor was not yet aware of the purpose for which I had brought him to the theatre, and he was rather surprised that we did not move nearer to the stage.

The curtain rose, and the Opera began.

Throughout the whole of the first act we remained in our position, the Count, absorbed by the orchestra and the stage, never casting so much as a chance glance at us. Not a note of Donizetti's delicious music was lost on him. There he sat, high above his neighbors, smiling, and nodding his great head enjoyingly, from time to time. When the people near him applauded the close of an air (as an English audience in such circumstances always will applaud), without the least consideration for the orchestral movement which immediately followed it, he looked round at them with an expression of compassionate remonstrance, and held up one hand with a gesture of polite entreaty. At the more refined passages of the singing, at the more delicate phrases of the music, which passed unappreciated by others, his fat hands adorned with perfectly-fitting black kid gloves, softly patted each other, in token of the cultivated appreciation of a musical man. At such times his only murmur of approval, "Bravo! Bra-a-a-a!" hummed through the silence like the purring of a great cat. His immediate neighbors on either side—hearty, ruddy-faced people from the country, basking amazedly in the sunshine of fashionable London—seeing and hearing him, began to follow his lead. Many a burst of applause from the pit, that night, started from the soft, comfortable patting of the black-gloved hands. The man's voracious vanity devoured this implied tribute to his local and critical supremacy with an appearance of the highest relish. Smiles rippled continuously over his fat face. He looked about him at the pauses in the music, serenely satisfied with himself and his fellow-creatures. "Yes! yes! these barbarous English people are learning something from ME. Here, there, and every where, I—Fosco—am an Influence that is felt, a Man who sits supreme!" If ever face spoke, his face spoke them; and that was its language.

The curtain fell on the first act, and the audience rose to look about them. This was the time I had waited for—the time to try if Pesca knew him.

He rose with the rest, and surveyed the occupants of the boxes grandly with his opera-glass. At first his back was toward us; but he turned round in time to our side of the theatre, and looked at the boxes above us, using his glass for a few minutes—then removing it, but still continuing to look up. This was the moment I chose, when his full face was in view, for directing Pesca's attention to him.

"Do you know that man?" I asked.

"Which man, my friend?"

"The tall, fat man standing there, with his face toward us."

Pesca raised himself on tip-toe, and looked at the Count.

"No," said the Professor. "The big fat man is a stranger to me. Is he famous? Why do you point him out?"

"Because I have particular reasons for wishing to know something of him. He is a countryman of yours; his name is Count Fosco. Do you know that name?"

"Not I, Walter. Neither the name nor the man is known to me."

"Are you quite sure you don't recognize him? Look again (look especially, I will tell you why, a second time) at his face."

"Are you more anxious about it when we leave the theatre. Stop! let me help you up here, where you can see him better."

I helped the little man to perch himself on the edge of the raised dais upon which the pit seats were all placed. Here his small stature was no hindrance to him; here he could see over the heads of the ladies who were seated near the outermost part of the bench. A slim, light-haired man, standing by us, whom I had not noticed before—a man with a scar on his left cheek—looked attentively at Pesca as I helped him up, and then looked still more attentively, following the direction of Pesca's eyes, at the Count. Our conversation might have reached his ears, and might, as it struck me, have roused his curiosity.

Meanwhile, Pesca fixed his eyes earnestly on the broad, full, smiling face, turned a little upward, exactly opposite to him.

"No," he said; "I have never set my two eyes on that big fat man before in all my life."

As he spoke, the Count looked downward toward the boxes behind us on the pit tier.

The eyes of the two Italians met.

The instant before I had been perfectly satisfied, from his own reiterated assertion, that Pesca did not know the Count. The instant afterward I was equally certain that the Count knew Pesca!

Knew him, and—more surprising still—*feared* him as well! There was no mistaking the change that passed over the villain's face. The leaden hue that altered his yellow complexion in a moment, the sudden rigidity of all his features, the furtive scrutiny of his cold gray eyes, the motionless attitude of his body, as he too, told their own tale. A mortal dread had mastered him, body and soul; and his own recognition of Pesca was the cause of it!

The slim man, with the scar on his cheek, was still close by us. He had apparently drawn his inference from the effect produced on the Count by the sight of Pesca, as I had drawn mine. He was a small, gentlemanlike man, looking like a foreigner; and his interest in our proceedings was not expressed in any thing approaching to an offensive manner.

For my own part, I was so startled by the change in the Count's face, so astonished at the curiously mixed terms which seemed to taken, that I knew neither what to say or do next. Pesca roused me by stepping back to his former place in the box, and exclaiming aloud,

"How the fat man stares!" he exclaimed. "Is it me? Am I famous? How can he know me, if I don't know him?"

I kept my eye still on the Count. I saw him raise for the first time, when Pesca spoke, his face not to lose sight of the little man, in the lower position in which he now stood. I was curious to see what would happen if Pesca's intention, under these circumstances, was withdrawn from him; and I accordingly asked the Professor if he recognized any of the ladies, that evening, among the ladies in the boxes. Pesca immediately raised the large opera-glass to his eyes, and moved it slowly from the upper part of the theatre, searching for his purpose with his usual dexterity and rapidity.

The moment he showed himself to be thus engaged, the Count turned round, slipped past the persons who had stopped seats on the front side of him from where we stood, and disappeared in the middle passage down the centre of the pit. Could he recognize Pesca? He came, by his inexpressible astonishment, hurried him round with me to the back of the pit, to inter-cept the Count on the second tier of boxes on the Somewhat to my surprise, the slim man hastened out before us, avoiding a stoppage caused by some people on the side of the pit between the places, by which Pesca and myself were delayed. When we reached the lobby the Count had disappeared, and the foreigner with the scar was gone too.

"Come home," I said; "come home, Pesca, to your lodgings. I must speak to you in private—I must speak directly."

"My-dear-Professor-Pesca!" cried the Professor, in a state of the extremest bewilderment. "What on earth is the matter?"

I walked on in silence without answering. The circumstances under which the Count had left the theatre suggested to me that his extraordinary anxiety to escape from Pesca might owe to further extremities still. He might escape me, too, by leaving London. I should be lost, forever, if I allowed him so much as a day's freedom to act as he pleased. And I doubted that foreign stranger who had put the scar of an old wound, I suspected of intentionally following him out.

With this double distrust in my mind, I was not long in telling Pesca understand what I wanted. As soon as we two were alone in his room, I increased his confusion and amazement by announcing to him that he was to go to Paris, as plainly and unreservedly as I have announced it here.

"My friend, what can I do?" cried the Professor, piteously appealing to me with both hands. "I understand—I understand—I see you help you, Walter, when-I don't know the man?"

"*He* knows you—he is afraid of you—he has left the theatre to escape you. He knows I must be a reason for this. Look back into your own life, before you came to England. You left Italy, a year, you told me yourself, for political reasons. You have never mentioned those reasons to me, and I have never asked them now. I only ask you to consult your own recollections, and to say if they suggest no past cause for the terror which the first sight of you produced in that man?"

To my unutterable surprise, these words, harmless as they seemed to me, produced the same astounding effect on Pesca which the sight of Pesca had produced on the Count. The rosy face of my friend turned whitened in an instant, and he drew back from me slowly, trembling from head to foot.

"Walter!" he said. "You don't know what you ask."

He spoke in a whisper—he looked at me as if I had suddenly revealed to him some hidden danger to both of us. In less than one minute of time he as at once forced me to believe, against little man of all my past experience, that if I had met him in the street, changed as I now him now, I should most certainly not have known him again.

"Forgive me, if I have unintentionally pained and shocked you," I replied. "Remember the cruel wrong my wife has suffered at Count Fosco's hands. Remember that the wrong cannot ever be redressed, unless the means are in my power of forcing him to do her justice. I spoke in her interest, Pesca, I ask you again to forgive me; I can say no more."

I rose to go. He stopped me before I reached the door.

"Wait," he said. "You have shaken me from head to foot. You don't know how I felt my country, and why I left my country. Let me compose myself—let me think, if I can."

I returned to my chair. He walked up and down the room, talking to himself (intelligibly to his own language. After several turns backward and forward, he suddenly came up to me, and laid his hand on my arm in strange tenderness and solemnity on my breast.

"On your heart and soul, Walter," he said, "tell there no other way to get to that man but the chance way through me?"

"There is no other way," I answered.

He left me standing in the middle of the room and looked out cautiously into the passage; closed it once more, and came back.

"You saw just now, Walter, I suffer," he said, "on the day when you saved my life. It was yours from that moment, when you pleased to take it. Take it now. Yes! I mean what I say. My next words, as true as the good God is above us, will put my life into your hands."

The trembling earnestness with which he uttered this extraordinary warning carried with it to my mind the conviction that he spoke the truth.

"Mind this!" he went on, shaking his hands at me in the intensity of his feeling, "I have told no thread, in my own mind, between that man Fosco and the past time, which I call back to me, for your sake. I, Pesca, the Professor, keep it to yourself—tell me nothing; on my knees, I beg and pray of you, tell me nothing, me be innocent, let me be blind to all the future.

I am now—

He said a few words more, hesitatingly and disconnectedly—then stopped again.

I saw that the effort of expressing himself in English, on an occasion when it compelled him the use of the quaint turns and phrases of his ordinary vocabulary, was painfully increasing the difficulty of his speech. I begged him to speaking to me at all. Having learned to read and understand his native language (though not to speak it), in the earlier days of our intimate companionship, I now suggested to him that he should express himself in Italian, rather than English in putting any question which might be necessary to my enlightenment. He accepted the proposal, and, in his own smooth-flowing language—spoken with a vehemence agitation which betrayed itself in the perpetual working of his features, the nervous twitching of his fingers, pass of his foreign gesticulations, but never in the raising of his voice—I now heard the words which gave me to understand the struggle that I left for this story to record.*

"You know nothing of my motive for leaving Italy, to be sure, when I say that it was for political reasons. If I had been driven to this course by the ordinary motives of a man's life, I should not have kept those reasons a secret from you or from any one. I have concealed them because my Government authority has pronounced the sentence of my exile. You have heard, Walter, of the political societies that are hidden in every part of Italy, and throughout all Europe? To one of those Societies I belonged in Italy—and belong still, in England. When I came to this country, I brought the obligation of my chief. I was overcautious, in my younger time; I run the risk of compromising myself and others. I was ordered by my chief to emigrate to England, and to wait. I emigrated—I have waited—I wait still. I have now I may be called away; ten years hence I may be called away. It is all one to me—I am here, I remain, I obey, I wait, I work, I wait, I violate no oath (you shall hear why, presently) in making my confidence complete by telling you the name of the Society to which I belong. All I do is to put my life in your hands. If what I say to you now is ever known by others to have passed my lips, I am betrayed, and I die as there I am a dead man."

He whispered the next words in my ear. I keep the secret place, and he thus communicated. The Society to which he belonged will be sufficiently intelligible to my readers, if I mention that it stages if I call it "The Brotherhood," on the few occasions when any reference to the subject will be needed in my narrative.

"The object of the Brotherhood," Pesca went on, "is, briefly, the object of other political societies—it is to overthrow the authority of tyranny, and the assertion of the rights of the people. The principles of the Brotherhood are two. So long as a man's life is valued, or even harmless only, he has the right to enjoy it. But if his life becomes a danger to the liberties of his fellow-men, from that moment he forfeits the right, and is it not only no crime, but a positive duty, to deprive him of life. I, Pesca, I say to you in what frightful circumstances of oppression and suffering this Society took its rise. It is long for you to be acquainted with it, and I have conjured your freedom so long ago, that you have conveniently forgotten what blood you shed, when I put extremities you proceeded to in the conquering—It is not for you to say how far the worst of all extremities—the right to carry the misdemeanor man of an enslaved nation. The iron that has entered into our souls has grown so deep that we can not, even in the religious alone! Laugh at him, distrust him, open your eyes in wonder at that secret self which monopolizes him, sometimes under the everyday respectability and tranquillity of a man like me; sometimes under the grinding poverty, the fierce squalor, of men less lucky, less pliable, less patient than I am—but judge us not! In the time of your first Charles you might have shook us justice; the long history of your own freedom has made you incapable of doing us justice now."

All the deepest feelings of his nature seemed to force themselves to the surface in those words—all his hatred was poured out to me, for the first time in our lives; but still, his voice never rose—still, his dread of the terrible revelation he was about to make never left him.

"So far," he resumed, "you think the Society like other Societies. Its object (in your English opinion) is anarchy and revolution. It takes the life of a bad King or a bad Minister, as if the one and the other were dangerous wild beasts. It is not so. The laws of the Brotherhood are this: Each of the other political society on the face of Europe, the members are not known to one another. There is a President in Italy; there are Subdeputies abroad. Each of these has his Secretary. The Presidents and the Secretaries know the members; but the members, among themselves, are all strangers, until their chiefs see fit, in the political necessity of the time, or in the private necessity of their Society, to make them known to each other. With such a safeguard as this, there is no oath among us on ordinances. We are identified with the Brotherhood by a secret mark, which we all bear, which lasts while our lives last. We are told to go about our ordinary business, as men, for your sake. We are ordered by our Secretary four times a year, in the event of our services being required. We are warned, if we betray the Brotherhood, or if we injure it by serving other interests, that we die by the principles of the Brotherhood. We are told by a stranger who may be sent from the other end of the world to strike the blow, or by the hand of our nearest relation, if we may have been a member unknown to us through all the years of our intimacy. Sometimes the death is delayed; sometimes it does not come to the traitor at all. It is our first business to know how to wait—our second business to know how to obey when the word is spoken. Some of us have waited our lives through, and may not be wanted. Some of us are called to the work, or to the preparation for the work, the very day of our admission. I myself—the little, easy, cheerful man you know—I am one of the men who have hardly lift up his handkerchief to strike down the fly that buzzes about his face—I, to my amazement, received a procuration so dreadful that I will not tell you of it, entered the Brotherhood by an impulse, as I might have killed myself by an impulse. I have remain in it to now—it has got me, whatever I may think of it in my better circumstances and my cooler moments, by my own oath. While I was still in Italy, I was chosen Secretary; and all the members of my Society, who were brought face to face with my President, were brought face to face also with me."

I began to understand him; I saw the end toward which his extraordinary disclosure was now tending. He waited a moment, watching my surprise—knowing that he had exactly guessed what was passing to my mind, before he resumed.

"Let me say, "I see it in your face. Tell me nothing; keep me out of the secret of your orders. Let me be free to act as I please for my sake—and then have done with this subject, and return to it again."

He signed to me not to answer him—rose, removed his coat, and rolled up the shirt-sleeve on his left arm.

"I promised you that this confidence should be complete," he whispered, speaking close at my ear, while he was looking watchfully at the door. "Whatever comes of it, you shall not reproach me with having hidden any thing from you which it was necessary to your interests to know. I have said that the Brotherhood identifies its members by a mark that lasts for life. See the place, and tell me if I do you wrong."

He raised his bare arm, and showed me, high on the upper part of it, a small round spot, the brand deeply burned in the flesh, and stained of a bright blood-red color. I attain from describing the nature of the brand represented. It will be sufficient to say that it was circular in form, and so small that it would have been completely covered by a shilling.

"A man who has this mark, branded in this place," he said, covering his arm again, "is a member of the Brotherhood. A man who has been false to the Brotherhood is discovered, sooner or later, by the chiefs who know their Presidents or Secretaries, as the case may be. And a man discovered by the chiefs is dead. *Do Somen Italian! Do Spanish! Do Russian!* what you have seen and heard; draw what conclusions you like; act as you please. But, in the name of your own safety, in the name of your own life, tell me nothing! Let me remain free from a responsibility which it horrifies me to think of—which I hate, in my conscience, is not my responsibility now. For the last time, I say—keep your secrets to yourselves. I may call as a Christian, if the man you pointed out at the Opera knows me, he is so altered, or so disguised, that I do not know him. I am innocent of his proceedings or his purposes in England—I never saw him, I never heard his name, to my knowledge, before to-night. I say no more. Leave me a little, Walter: I am overpowered by what has happened; I am shaken by what I have said. Let me try to be like myself again, when we meet next."

He dropped into a chair, and, turning away from me, put his face in his hands. I gently opened the door, so as not to disturb him, and quietly stole out into the lonely lower rooms, which he might hear or not, as he pleased.

"I will keep the memory of to-night in my heart of hearts," I said. "You shall never repeat the trust you have reposed in me. May I come to you to-morrow? May I come as early as mine o'clock?"

"Yes, Walter," he replied, looking up at me kindly, and speaking in English once more, as if his one anxiety now was to get back to our former relations toward each other. "Come to my little bit of breakfast, before I go my way among the pupils that I teach."

"Good-night, Pesca."

"Good-night, my friend."

IV.

My first conviction, as soon as I found myself outside the Italian houses, was that adventures was left me but to act at once on the information I had received—to make sure of the Count that night, or to risk the loss of Laura's last chance. I decided at my watch, it was ten o'clock.

Not the shadow of a doubt crossed my mind of the purpose for which the Count had left the theatre. His escape from us that evening was, beyond all question, the preliminary only to his escape from London. The mark of the Brotherhood was on his arm—I felt as certain of it as if he had shown me the brand; and the betrayal of the Brotherhood was on his conscience—I had seen it in his recognition of Pesca.

It was easy to understand why that recognition had not been mutual. A man of the Count's character would never risk the terrible consequences of turning spy without looking to his personal security quite as carefully as he looked to his political revenge. The disguise, which I had pointed out at the Opera, might have been assumed by a hand which, from time to time, dark-brown hair might be a wig. The accident of time might have helped him as well; his immense experience might have served with his later years. There was every reason why Pesca should not have known him again—every reason, also, why he should have known Pesca, whose singular personal appearance made a marked man of him, go where he might.

I have said that I felt certain, that the purpose in the Count's mind when he escaped as at the theatre, was to escape from Pesca. I felt, with my own eyes, that he believed himself, in spite of the change in his appearance, to have been recognized by Pesca, and to be, therefore, in danger of his life? If I could get speech of him that night—if I could show him that I, too, knew of the secret of his disguise—what could result would follow? Plainly this. One of us must be master of the situation—one of us must instruct the other how to act, or leave other.

I owed it to myself to consider the chances against me, before I confronted them. I owed it to my wife to do all in my power to lessen the risk.

The chances against me wanted no reckoning up: they were all arranged in one. If the Count discovered, by my own avowal, that the direct way to his safety lay through my life, he was probably the last man in existence who would shrink from throwing me off my guard and taking that way. If he found he had my secret within his reach. The only means of defense against him on which I could at all rely to lessen the risk, presented itself to me, at the moment of thinking, clearly enough. Before I made any personal acknowledgment of my discovery in his presence, I must tell the discovery that I have it would be ready for instant use against him, and safe from any attempt to destroy me on his part. If I laid the mine under his feet before I approached him, and if I left instructions with a third person to blow up the explosive at a certain time, unless directions to the contrary were previously recorded under my own hand or from my own lips, I felt certain that the Count's security was absolutely dependent upon mine, and I might hold the vantage-ground over him securely, while I was with him.

This idea occurred to me when I was close to the new lodgings which we had taken on return from the Opera house. It went in, without disturbing any one, by the help of my key. A light was burning in my and I took up with it to my work-room, to make my preparations, and absolutely to commit myself to an interview with the Count, before other James or Pesca could have the slightest suspicion of what I intended to do.

A letter addressed to Pesca represented the purest measure of precaution which it was now possible for me to take. I wrote as follows:

"The man whom I pointed out to you at the Opera is a member of the Brotherhood, and has been false to his trust. I can give you assertions to the test instantly. You know the name he goes by in England. His address is No. 5 Forest Road, St. John's Wood. By the love you once bore me, use the power intrusted to you, without mercy and without delay, against that man, if I have risked my life and lost all! and the forfeit of my failure has been paid with my life."

I signed and dated these lines, inclosed them in an envelope, and sealed it up. On the outside, I wrote the direction: "Keep the inclosure unopened until nine o'clock to-morrow morning. If you do not hear from me, or see me, before that time, break the seal, read the dark strikes, and read the contents." I added my initials; and protected the whole by inclosing it in a second sealed envelope, addressed to Pesca at his lodgings.

Nothing remained to be done after this but to find the means of sending my letter to its destination immediately. I should then have accomplished all that lay in my power. Every thing happened to me in the Count's house, I had now provided for his answering it with his life. I had provided against preventing his escape under any circumstances whatever were as Pes-

* It is only right to mention here that I repeat Pesca's statement to me, with the careful suppression and alteration which the nature of the case and my own sense of duty to my friend demand. My first and best consideration in this place is to be brief; and the tale renders absolutely necessary in this portion of the narrative.

ca's disposal, if he chose to exert them; but not for an instant doubt. The extraordinary anxiety which he had expressed to remain unenlightened as to the Count's identity—or, in other words to be left uncertain enough about facts to justify him to his own conscience in remaining quiet—betrayed plainly that the means of exercising the terrible justice of the Brotherhood were ready to his hand, although, as a natural human being, he had shrunk from plainly saying as much in my presence. The deadly certainty with which the vengeance of foreign political societies can hunt down a traitor to the cause, hide himself where he may, had been too often exemplified, even in the superficial experience, to allow of any doubt. Considering the subject only as a reader of newspapers, I was interested by my mere wish to know Pesca, of foreigners found established in the streets, whose assassins could never be traced, of bodies and parts of bodies thrown into the Thames and the Seine, by hands that could never be discovered—of deaths by secret violence which could only be accounted for in one way. I have disguised nothing relating to myself in the foregoing pages; and I do not disguise here, that I believed I had written Count Pesca's death-warrant, if the fatal emergency happened which authorized Pesca to open my lachrymoe.

I left my room to go down to the ground-floor of the house, and speak to the porter about finding me a messenger. He happened to be attending the stairs at the time, and we met on the landing. He said, in reply, that the messenger he proposed to me, on hearing what I wanted, We had the boy up stairs, and I gave him his directions. He was to take a letter in a cab, to put into Professor Pesca's own hands, and to bring me back a written acknowledgment from that gentleman—returning in the cab, and keeping it at the door for my use. It was about nearly half past one, I calculated that the boy might be back in twenty minutes, and that I might drive to St. John's Wood, at his return, in twenty minutes more.

When the lad had departed on his errand, I returned to my own room for a little while, to put certain papers in order, so that they might be easily found in case of the worst. The key of the old-fashioned bureau in which the papers were kept, I left in my pocket; and, left on my table, with Marian's name written on the outside of the little packet, the key of the bureau. I was down in the sitting-room, in which I expected to find Laura and Marian awaiting my return from the Opera. I felt a very proud trembling for the first time when I laid it on the lock of the door.

No one was in the room but Marian. She was reading; and she looked at me with the surprise when I came in.

"How early you are back!" she said. "You must have missed your party before the Opera was over."

"Yes," I replied; "neither Pesca nor I wanted for the end. Where is Laura?"

"She had one of her bad headaches this evening, and I advised her to go to bed when we had done tea."

I left the room again, on the pretext of trifling to see where Laura was asleep. Marian's quick eyes were beginning to look inquiringly at my face—Marian's quick instinct was beginning to discover that I had something weighing on my mind.

When I entered the bedchamber, and softly approached the bedside by the dim flicker of the night-lamp, my wife was asleep.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECENT STATE ELECTIONS.

State elections have taken place in North Carolina on 2d inst., and in Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas on 6th, at the last of which we write the next lines we pen. From Arkansas and Texas we have no returns worth mentioning. In Missouri, however, that the former State, where the contest lay between Douglas and Breckinridge Democrats, the latter has been successful. In North Carolina the Democratic candidate for Governor, Ellis, has probably been elected; but the Opposition candidate, Poole, has polled a much larger vote than was expected. He had obtained, on 9th inst., (Democrat) by a majority of 16,257 over Miller (Opposition) and it is probable that Ellis has a majority of 6,000. Complete returns from thirty counties show a Democratic vote of 17,000. In Kentucky a Court of Appeals was elected. The successful candidate was General Logan, who was the candidate of the party, who beat the Breckinridge candidate by several hundred votes. The result is regarded by the Breckinridge party as due to the personal popularity of General Logan, and they affirm that it indicates no disposition on the part of Kentucky to commit herself to the views of the extreme Southern party. We have not our intelligence so fresh as to enable us to give the exact figures in Texas, and Arkansas, and Missouri, but our intelligence is fresher. It seems probable, at the present hour, that Douglas has been successful in carrying over 14 Democratic opponents, and that their (democratic) ticket will be sent to Congress, for the long term, from the 1st Congressional district.

STATE CONVENTIONS.

The Breckinridge democracy of New York State met at Syracuse on 8th, and on 9th nominated the following ticket for State officers: *For Lieutenant-Governor*—R. Ely, of New York; *for Lieutenant Governor*—R. Yates, of Schenectady; *for State Prison Inspector*—John Barney, of Oneida. The nominees are known to be the Douglas Democrats are discountenanced, and the Breckinridge Democrats are.

The Prince Democrats met at Syracuse on 8th, and Presidential electors were appointed, to be voted for, first to the Charleston, and then to the Baltimore Convention, the highest number of votes. The Douglas party proved to be in a majority in the Convention.

The New Jersey Republicans met at Trenton on 8th, appointed Presidential electors, adopted the Chicago platform, and passed various resolutions of no public importance.

THE FILIBUSTER WALKER AGAIN.

The New Orleans *Delta* confirms the statement that General Walker left the island of Roatan on 2d inst., but doubts that the coast of Central America was his ultimate destination. It has been said that Walker, in possession of the British authorities, keep possession. Determined to avoid accosting involved in my circumstances with the Government of Honduras or of England, and so set out for another island in the vicinity, viz., the *Bella* settlement, or Bay Islands, which is opposite the San Juan River. By the way, as will probably be in Nicaragua.

MORE METEORS

These distinct meteors have been seen above our horizon almost within so many weeks—one in the shape of the spy, whose course was tracked over a distance of more than a thousand miles, and the other, which was subsequently in money of the Southern States; and the Mr. Vorley, who, in the shape of a meteor, has appeared in this vicinity, making a small are, on Monday night.

THE SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

The newspapers have published a large portion of their space last week to the publication of reports of the proceedings of the American Scientific Association, which body has been holding its fourteenth annual meeting at Cambridge, Massachusetts, since 15th ult. Preparations for the consideration of this body of serious subjects a variety of contributions, including, in astronomy, geology, physics, natural history, and the recent meteorite appearances. The proceedings of the Association were concluded on Wednesday, 8th inst. The next annual meeting will be held at Dublin, Ireland, Wednesday, 1st inst.

MRS. DOUGLAS AT NEWPORT.

The Boston *Journal's* correspondent, Burleigh, writes as follows of Mrs. Douglas at Newport: "Mrs. Douglas was dressed in the Dr Jemmy style—a jaunty school girl hat, shaped like an inverted saucer, with a small full hanging on the edge, give her a youthful and school-girl appearance, and she looks a little bashful, half giggling and half coose, a cross between a riding habit and a house morning gown—the skirt of the dress reaches to the ground, or rather, and then thrown her hands aside for August, but at the last moment, I thought it best to come to Newport, rather than the hot exposure of the holy city. Mr. Douglas is well, and I left him at home in Georgetown attended by two friends with the indicator, and journey alone." Mr. Douglas is reported to be in more cosmical energy. How it occurred even and woman's rights, Burleigh does not tell us. Mrs. Douglas is spoken of herself all alone. How some accient young ones in Washington, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Douglas

GENERAL VIEW OF THE C

THE CITY OF MONTREAL, CANADA.

We publish herewith a general view of the city of Montreal, Canada, where the Prince of Wales will be received in a few days. Montreal, though not the capital of the Province, is its greatest and richest city: the grand reception of the royal visitor will take place there.

Montreal is over two hundred years old. When the French first ascended the St. Lawrence, they found a ruined Indian settlement called Hochelaga, on the island of Montreal; but they did not think much of the site, and devoted their chief attention to building up a town at Quebec. It was not till 1641 that Monsieur de Montmagny, the successor of Champlain, aided by the Jesuits, staked out an inclosure and erected a French fort on the site of the present city of Montreal.

The idea of the first settlers of Montreal was religious, not commercial. A society of thirty-five pious Catholics, among whom certain Jesuits held the predominance, obtained a concession of the island from the King of France, and proposed to convert it into an asylum for the Indians and the poor. Every one was to be received there on a footing of equality, and enabled to earn his living by his labor; the only condition required of new-comers was that they should be Roman Catholics. After sixteen years' trial of the experiment, the Society abandoned it in despair—very few Indians or Europeans having accepted their terms and settled. The island was ceded to the Seminary of Montreal, then as now the most powerful corporation in that section of country. The Seminary held the island for thirty-five years; then, failing, as their predecessors had done, they re-ceded it to the King of France, retaining, however, in their possession the choicest sites and richest valleys.

During the next half century Montreal was the scene of many Indian outrages and hard-fought fights. In those days the Five Nations were powerful, and could bring imposing armies into the field. It was as much as the French could do to keep a footing on the island, and to repel the savages who every few years swooped down upon it with sword and torch. In 1721, the Chevalier de Callières built "a poor palisade with bastions, and a little redoubt on a small eminence." In 1740 it was surrounded by a wall, which long ago disappeared—Fifteen to twenty years later we hear of it as a struggling town, stretching for a mile along the river bank; mostly owned by religious bodies—the Seminary, the Fathers of St. Sulpice the Knights

Y OF MONTREAL, CANADA.

Hospitallers, and various convents of nuns; carrying on a brisk trade in furs and other indigenous produce with the Indians in June and July; and boasting two good platform battteries by way of defence. A wag who traveled at the time says that Montreal deserves to be remembered as the place where the worst rum in the world is sold. In every respect, except so far as the Indian trade was concerned, Montreal took rank below Quebec.

In the war which terminated in the conquest of Canada by the British, Montreal took a secondary part. Quebec, Niagara, and Ticonderoga had fallen into the hands of the English before Montreal was attacked; M. de Montcalm was dead; the Franco-Canadian army was demoralized; the invaders were flushed with victory, and strong in numbers; so that altogether, when the British General landed his army on the island, there was no decent pretext for resistance, and the city passed out of the hands of the French without a struggle in 1760.

Just fifteen years afterward — during which it may be presumed that Montreal had not greatly prospered, as we learn that its fortifications were in decay, and its population not over two or three thousand — Ethan Allen made a wild attempt to seize the place, was captured, and sent in irons to England. Montgomery was more successful. After reducing St. Johns, he entered Montreal in November, 1775, and took prisoners General Prescott and the garrison. That winter Montreal was held by the American forces, and, after the unsuccessful attack upon Quebec, was governed by the famous Arnold. Want of support compelled this General to evacuate the place in June, 1776; since which time it has always remained in the possession of the British.

During the last war an imposing expedition against Montreal was fitted out on the upper lakes, and actually began to sail down the river. But it was unfortunate in every respect; the officers quarrelled with each other; the chief was unfit for the command; the army was ill-equipped; the season was late; so, after a skirmish by the way, the expedition returned, having effected nothing.

As a commercial city Montreal has won a high position. It is beyond all question the first city in British North America. The people seem to have an energy which reminds one of the United States. — Happily situate, at the head of ocean navigation, and at the mouth of the Ottawa and Upper St. Lawrence, it has naturally become a general dépôt for Canadian produce. The Grank Trunk Railway will doubtless increase its importance, and assist

ranges of hills in fine surrounding country. It boasts nearly 75,000 inhabitants, the largest cattle-fair in North America, a splendid market-house and other public buildings, and, above all, that monument of sagacious civilization, the Victoria Bridge. Montreal will give the Prince a favorable idea of British North America.

A RIDE FOR A DAY.

THE ROMANCE OF A LIFE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

II.

I HAD heard and read frequently of the exhilarating sensations of horse exercise. My fellow-students had filled stories of the hunting-field and the race-course. Wherever, indeed, a horse figured in a narrative there was an almost certainty of meeting some incident to stir the blood and warm up enthusiasm; and even the passing glimpses one caught of sporting prints in shop-windows were all suggestive of the pleasure imparted by a noble and chivalrous pastime.

I never closed my eyes all night, revolving such thoughts in my head. I had so worked up my enthusiasm that I felt as though I should be cross the frontier of some new land where people, language, ways, and habits are all unknown to me. "By this hour to-morrow I shall be," thought I, "I shall be in the land of strangers, who have never seen, or so much as heard of me before. There, will invade no traditions of the scoffs and gibes I have so long endured; none will have received the disparaging estimate of my abilities, which my class-fellows love to propagate; I shall simply be the traveler who arrived at sunset, and who, seated on a cream-colour pelfrey—a stranger, sad-looking, but gentle withal, of courteous address, blandly demanding lodging for the night. 'Look to my horse, hostler," shall I say, as I enter the honey-suckle-covered porch of the inn. "Bleaded, I will call him—bleaded is accustomed to kindly usage." With what quiet dignity, the repose of a conscious position, do I fancy that I should as he should reply to my room! It is humble, but neat and orderly. I am contented. I tell him so. I am cured of the disease of luxury; sick of a gilded and glittering existence. I am in search of repose and solitude. I order my tea, and if I ask about the old village, I will only to show by my inattention that I have not heard the answer, nor do I care for it.

Now I should like to hear how they are canvassing me in the bar, and what they think of me in the stable. I am, doubtless, a pet, or a poet's darling, or, as I prefer a gentle writer, the worn-drooz poet of the day; or the pre-Raphaelite artist, that all the world is wild about, or, as a youth heart-broken by infidelity in love; or misanthropic, a dreadful criminal. I almost think I liked this last best, the interest was so intense; not to my that there is to men who are not constitutionally courageous an intense pleasure in being able to excite terror in others.

I sit at my tea with the window open, the moonlight beams across the floor, and I have extinguished the candles, the better to lull me in its mild radiance. I know that all this puzzles the girl, who has just fetched in the hatch, and I am delighted at being such mystery to every one.

What a mystery must my volume of Ulshad have been to them, for I see they have been turning over the pages while I was absent in the stable. They are evidently deputated to know who and what I am, whence I have come, and whither I am going; and now comes in the landlord as a mouthpiece, to say he can't endure it any longer, and is resolved to find out where, at least, I am bound for. Canning day, he tells me that I'd be going to the Seven Churches a short road lies through Sir Somebody's demesne, and that I have only to send my card and my compliments, and the permission will be promptly accorded me. I resist haughtily, and reply that I only desire to be free from those of my acquaintance, and that I never so much as heard of his baronet hebrew. Is he not overcome with chagrin? Dare he shrink under the half-severity of my rebuke? And now, once more alone, I revel in the immeasurable freedom of a whole world before me. And what a book is this same world! Not like the novels and romances which describe it, and whose exaggerations I have given over to the fancy of the main road, went boldly away from it forever. To track out these meanderings, see where they led to, and how they lost themselves, would give an interest to existence far higher than any ordinary course of life. I am started suddenly from my reverie. I hear a horse's feet on the silent street. I look out—day is just breaking. Lady Blanche Blondel at the door! my hour of adventure has struck, and noiselessly descending the stairs, I issue forth.

"He is a trifle tender on the fore foot, your honor," said Tim, as I mounted, "but when you get him off the stones on a nice piece of soft road, he'll go like a four-year old."

"But he is young, Tim, isn't he?" asked I, a trifle startled in my half-error.

"Well, not to tell your honor a lie, he is not," said Tim, with the energy of a man whose veracity had cost him something little less than a spasm.

"How old would you call him, then?" asked I, in that affected ease that seemed to say, "Not that I care about it, but I were Mentelcalsh."

"I couldn't come to his age exactly, your honor," replied he, "but I remember seeing him, fifteen years ago, dancing a hornpipe, more by token for his own benefit, it was at Cooke's Circus in Abbey Street, and there wasn't a hair's difference between him now and then, except, perhaps, that he had a star on the forehead, where you just see the mark a little darker now, that's all."

"But that is a star, plain enough," said I, half vexed.

"Well, it is and is not, sir," muttered Tim, dogedly, for he not quite satisfied with my right to disagree with him.

"He's gentle, at all events?" said I, confidently.

"He's o lamb, that's what he is!" replied he, "if you were to see the way he lets the Tarra run over his back, when he's wounded in Timour the Tartar, you wouldn't believe he was a live horse."

"Poor fellow!" said I, caressing him. He turned his mild eye upon me, and we were friends from that hour.

What a glorious morning it was, as I gained the outskirts of the city, and entered one of those sandy ways that lead out of the Dublin mountains! The birds were just opening their morning hymn, and the earth, still fresh from the night dew, rose in the sunshine in delicious fumes. The road on either side of me was one succession of handsome villas, whose extensive pleasure-grounds were laid out in the perfection of landscape gardening. There were the fine persons, known to me even at that early hour, and in the smokeless chimneys and closed shutters I could read that all slept—kept in that luxurious chamber where they dream, and seems to revel in the sense of her unregarded loveliness. "Ah, Pots," said I to myself, "than just choose the vision of a fair creature in the world after thine own guise, and not so others see it." Has my reader ever conceived that a picture—gallery of the highest class, of place, a move to the left or right, in chance, approach or retreat, suffices to produce a wonderful confusion of color and gloss a rich and beautiful picture? So it is in the actual world, and just as much, this way, I thought—my, I mean objects are viewed. Do not be discouraged, then, by the dark aspect of events. It may be that by the time I reach the end of my ride, the same unlooked-for sunlight shall slant down and light up all the scene. Thus musing, I gained a little grassy strip that ran along the road side, and gently touching Blondel with my heel he broke out into a delightful canter, so easy and accommodating that it was the perfect exercise to sit there floating at will through the thin air, with a moving panorama of wood, water, and mountain around me.

Emerging at length from the thickly wooded Glens, I found myself on the Three Rock Mountain, and in my slackened speed had full time to gaze upon the bay beneath me, broken with many a jutting promontory, and bounded by the broad half of Howth, and the more distant Lambay. No, it is far finer than Naples, I did not say it was; but I felt it was far finer, and I thought it could not be surpassed. Indeed I went further, and in my enthusiasm defied Naples in this fashion:

Though no volcano's lurid flash
Over thy blue sea steals shine,
Nor Pleasure beguiles the night
With cadence of his simple song;

Though none of thine Goddess's daughters
With tinkling lute thy echoes wake,
Mingling their voices with the roar of waves,
As 'neath the prow the ripples break;

Although no cliffs with myrtle crown'd,
Red-tint thy lips, so warm and cold,
Nor olives, heading to the ground,
Relieve the haunt's darker green;

Yet—yet—

Ah, there was the difficulty—I had begun with the plaintiff, and I really hadn't a word to say for the defendant—not a word to say for the Pigeon House and the Baillie Light, Dalkey Island and Killiney! What a debt, but, to be sure, I had my ride off my mind, and the air of the mountain was brisk enough almost to be sharp; and so, voting comparisons odious, I set forward to Kilmainham.

As I rode into Ennikerry to breakfast I had the satisfaction of observing some very flattering comments upon Blondel, which rather consoled me for some less laudatory remarks upon my own horsemanship. By-the-way, can it possibly be a more ignorant sarcasm than to say a man rides like a tailor? Why, of all trades, who so constantly and steadily—from a tailor? I pulled up hard in the special mark of this impertinence.

A little briskly on after breakfast, and soon found myself in the deep shady woods that lead to the Dargle. O delicious groves made for fawns, where sacred to pleasure, how I adore you! spots to dally with Amaryllis or a laborer maiden, and lie soft enchanted on your leafy pagne. In good truth, I hurried through the picturesque demesne, associated as it was with a thousand little vague memories of city jaunting, and ride on for the Glen of the Downs. Blondel and I had now established a most admirable understanding with each other. It was a sort of reciprocity treaty, by which I bound myself never to control him, he in turn engaged not to unseat me. He gave the initiative to the system by setting off at his pleasant little rocking canter whenever he obtained upon a bit of favorable ground, and invariably pulled up when the road was stony or uneven; thus showing me that he was a horse with which Lord Brougham would call "a wise discretion." In like manner would he halt to pluck any stray ears of wild oats that grew along the hedge sides, and occasionally stake his thirst at convenient streamlets. If I dismounted to walk at his side he moved along whistlil, his head almost touching my elbow, and his plaintive blue eye mildly beaming on me with an expression that almost spoke—nay, it did speak. I'm sure I felt it, as though I could swear to it, whispering, "Yes, Potts, two more friendless creatures than ourselves are not to be found. The world wants us not either of us; not that we abuse it, despise it, or treat it ungenerously—rather the reverse, we incline favorably to it, and would, occasionally serving, hybrid it; but we are not, so to say, 'of it.' There may be here and there, a man or a horse that would understand or appreciate us, but they stand alone—they are not belonging to classes. Our fate, our lot, is therefore lonely, dismal." If his expression said this much, there was much unspoken melancholy in his sad glance upon—that which seemed to say, "What a deal of sorrow could I reveal if I might—what injuries, what wrong, what cruel misconceptions of my nature and disposition, what mistaken notions of my character and intentions! What pretentious simplicity, too, have I seen preferred before modesty, what boasting, bluffing, glossed coat or a more silky forelock—" "Ah, Blondel, take courage; men are just as ungenerous, just as cruel, as I said, but I have not had my triumphs too," would he seem to say, as, cocking his ears, and analyzing with a more elevated tone of the head, his tail would describe an arch like a waterfall, "no salmon-colored silk stockings, tinted waistcoats, or fine hats, I, a poor mule, fed in the Haute Ecole by Monsieur L'Ecrier himself, the stately gentleman in jack-boots and long-waisted frock coat, whose five minutes in persuasive braves could ever prolong. And though at times I would take off his hat wherever to a stick or a stone, I used it as though it were my own, howing gracefully over it, nothing menial in my gesture, for I felt all the dignity of the man, and, in fact, I felt it was all past and over; no more challenges, no more sore and sorrowful hearts, no more I hold that Peri of Paradise hanging with disheveled hair over the back of that stern monster in the leopard skin, and I know shall my car be pledged with that welcome 'Here we are!' as those emblems of drollery come bounding over each wheel into the cabin. I thought—nay, I, for certain at times—that I could read in his thoughtful face the painful sorrows of one who had outlived popular water and had survived to see himself supplanted and dethroned; some docile Honeycrum, some frisky hack, perhaps, having arrived with the favor of that ever fickle public.

I am willing to confess it was on this reading of my horse and his character that I attached myself so strongly to him. There are no two characters whatever, that will together as that of him who is beaten down by sheer distrust of himself, and that of the man who has been better treated than he thinks he has been entering on life, while the other is going out of it, if they meet on the threshold they stop to form a friendship. Though Blondel was not a man, he supplied to my friendlessness the place of one.

Thus we now near its setting as I rode down the little hill into the village of Ashford, a picturesque little spot in the midst of mountains and with a bright, clear stream bounding through it as fearlessly as though in all the liberty of open country. I tried to make my entrance what stage people call effective. I threw myself, nibelt a little jaded, into an attitude of great indifference, slouched my hat a little to one side, and suffered the sprig of laburnum with which I had adorned it to drop in graceful guise over my shoulder. The villagers stared, some saluted me, and, taken perhaps by the cool acquiescence of my manner as I returned the courtesy, seemed disposed to believe me of some note. Even these small tributes, infinitesimal globules of the world's favor, I relished and cheered me; and I felt that I was not—taking sunset, village, the mountains, the tumbling gallery, and my own figure into account—I was not, I say, very unlike the sort of "get up" with which many a thrilling story in Ulsa volumes ought to end, so much so, that it was not without an effort I could refrain from addressing one of the loiterers in the street with "Tell your master, whoever he is, I your best hostel here?"

Even, however, without this inquiry I rode into the little stable-yard of the Lamb, and dismounted. I gave up my horse, and walked into the inn. I felt how far more other feel it—I greatly doubt if they will have the honesty to tell—but for myself I am free to confess that I never entered an inn, or a hotel without a most uncomfortable conflict within—a struggle made up of two very antagonistic impulses—to wish to seem perfectly important, and a lively terror lest the pretense should turn out to be costly. Thus moved and swayed by opposing forces, I thought a compromise by assuming that I was inconsequent, for the present a nobody, and to be treated with contempt and neglect, and to whom the arena of respect would be a seeming indifference.

"What is your village called?" said I, carelessly, to the waiter, as he laid the cloth for dinner.

"Ashford, your honor. 'Tis down in all the books."

"Very like," said I, in the same careless tone. "Is it noted for any thing, or is there any thing remarkable in the neighborhood?"

"Indeed there is, Sir, and plenty. There's Glenmalure and the Devil's Glen; and there's Mr. Snow Malone's place, that every body goes to see; and there's the fishing of Doyler River—trout, eight, nine, maybe twelve, pounds' weight; and there's Mr. Reeve's cottage—a Swiss cottage belike—at Kinnaccrody; but, to be sure, there must be an order for that."

"Oh, I never give myself such trouble," said I, indolently. "Who have you got in the house at present?"

"There's young Lord Keldrum, Sir, and two more with him, for the fishing; and the next room to you here, there's Father Dyke, from Lastlogo, and he's going, by the same token, to join with his lordship to-day."

"Don't mention to his lordship that I am here," said I, hastily. "I desire to be quite unknown here."

The waiter promised the most implicit obedience to my commands, without ever overhearing my request, and I gave to the possibility of his disclosing what he did not know.

"Do his gentleman, Sir, mention my name?" said, as though I were in a West-End club. "Never mind soup—a little fish—a cutlet and asparagus. Or order it yourself—I am indifferent."

The waiter had scarcely left the room when I was startled by the sound of voices, so close to me as to seem at my side. They came from a little wooden balcony to the adjoining room, which, by its proximities how-ever, I recognized to be the state apartment of the inn, and now in the possession of Lord Keldrum and his party. They were lounging away in that pleasant way, discussing fashion very young men do among each other, and discussed fishing-flies, rise of fish, and tackle, with occasional divergence into remarks on the neighborhood—the population's scats—and the inn-keeper's wife.

"By-the-way, Kel," cried one, "it was in that visit to the hut that you met your priest, wasn't it?"

"Yes; I offered him a cigar, and we began to chat together, and so I asked him to dine with us that day."

"And he refused?"

"Yes; but he has since changed his mind, and sent me a message to say he'll be with us at eight."

"I should like to see your father's face, Kel, when he heard of your entertaining the Reverend Father Dyke at dinner."

"Well, I suppose he would say it was carrying conciliation a little too far; but as the adage says, 'A la guerre—'"

At this moment another burst in among them, calling out, "You'd never guess who's just arrived here; in strict incognito, and having ordered Mary Ann, Kelly, to silence. Bungoyne!"

"Not Jack Bungoyne?"

"Jack himself. I had the portrait so exactly drawn by the waiter that there's no mistaking him. He's a large hairy complexion, cheerful look, all perfect; he came on a hack—a little cream-colored pad he got at Dyeer's—and furnished with a portmanteau."

"What can he be up to now? Some sly dodge, without doubt."

"I think I have it," said his lordship. "Courtenay has got two three-year olds down here at his uncle's, one of them under heavy engagements for the spring meetings, and Jack has taken a run down to have a look at them."

"By Jove, Kel, you're right! He's always wide awake; and that stupid, leaden-eyed look he has has done him good service in the world."

"I say, old Oxley, shall we dash in and unearth him, and let him know that we know nothing of his being here at all?"

"What does Hammond say?" asked the other.

"I'd say leave him to himself," replied a deep voice. "You can't go and see him without seeing him in your jaunt, and he will think you do what we will."

"Not nearly if we don't plot," said Oxley.

"Wouldn't he, though? Why, he'd serve a bet out of a bishop."

"I'd do with him as Tomkinson did," said his lordship; "he had him down at his lodge in Scotland, and bet him fifty pounds that he couldn't pass a whole evening sober. Jack hooked the bet and won it, and Tomkinson franked the company."

"What a villain my counterpart must be!" said I, and I stared in the glass to see if I could discover the sheepishness they laid such stress on. I could not examine myself, I thought I, "and my I'll can detect that marvelous simplicity which they describe. Nothing of the kind; I am pale, to be sure, and my hair a light brown, but so was Shelley's; indeed, there was a wild, but soft expression in my eye that contributed his, and I could recognize many things in our natures that seemed to correspond. It was the soft expression that I had remarked from first all the petty cares of everyday life which vulgar people set down as simplicity; and then,

The soaring thoughts but ill consoled the slave
Who dreams of freedom in the grave.

As I uttered the consolatory lines, I felt two hands firmly pressed over my eyes, while a friendly voice called out, "Guess who, my fellow! run fairly to earth!" "Ask him if he knows you," whispered another, but in a voice I could catch.

"Who am I, Jack?" cried the first speaker.

"Situated as I now am," replied I, "I am utterly unable to pronounce; but of one thing I am assured—I am perfectly certain I am not called Jack."

The slow and measured intonation of my voice seemed to electrify them; for my captor relinquished his hold and fell back, while the two others, after a few seconds of blank surprise, burst into a roar of laughter, a sentiment which the other could not have relished, while he struggled to matter some words of apology.

"Perhaps I can explain your mistake, gentlemen," said I, blandly; "I am supposed to be extremely like the Prince of Saïma Hokinsnaiden—"

"No, no!" burst in Lord Keldrum, whose voice I recognized, "we never saw the prince. It was the blunder of the waiter that we fell into this embarrassment; we fancied you were—"

"Mr. Burgoyne," chimed I in.

"Exactly, Jack Burgoyne; but you're not a bit like him."

"Strange, then; but I'm constantly mistaken for him, and when in London, I'm actually presented to people calling out, 'When did you come up, Jack?' 'Where do you hang out?' 'How long do you stay?' 'Dine with me to-day—to-morrow—Saturday?' and so on; and although, as I have remarked, these are only so many embarrassments for me, they all show how popular must be my prototype." I had purposely made this speech of mine a little long, for I saw by the disconcerted looks of the party that they did not see how to wind up "the situation," and, like all awkward men, I prey parenthesis where I ought to have been terse. While I thus rambled on Lord Keldrum had exchanged a word or two, scarcely more, with one of his friends, and as I finished he turned toward me, and with an air of much courtesy said,

"We can only express our apology for this intrusion and hope you will pardon it; there is, however, but one way in which we can certainly feel assured that we have your forgiveness, that is, by your joining us at dinner. I see that your owe is in preparation, so pray let me countermand it, and you will be our guest."

"Lord Keldrum," said one of the party, presenting the speaker, "this is Hammond, Sir Anthony Hammond, of the Guildhall, and this is Mr. Burgoyne, of Kelsbrum Grange."

I saw that this more required an "exchange of notifications, and so I bowed and said, "Algernon Sydney Potts."

"There are Stafferdshire Pottses?"

"No relation," said I, stiffly, for as Hammond made the remark, and there was about him a certain sneering manner that I could not abide.

"Well, Mr. Potts, it is agreed," said Lord Keldrum, with his peculiar urbanity, "we shall see you at dinner. I need not say there will dressing. You'll find us in this fishing costume you see now."

I trust my reader, who has dined out any day he pleased and in any society he has liked these years past, will feel with me as if I do not answer any detailed account of my reasons for accepting this invitation. Enough if I freely own that to me, A. S. Potts, who was a accompanied honor about the same surprise as if I had been announced governor of a colony or bishop in a new settlement.

"At eight sharp, Mr. Potts."

"The next door down the passage."

"Glad just as you are, remember!" were the three parting admonitions; and they left me.

MRS. HADDOCK'S HAIR-PINS.

CHAPTER I.

THE night-mail lumbering through the heavy snow one cold and gusty December night, forty years ago, here a shivering freight of disaccused passengers on their comfortless journey across the frozen moors of Dumfriesshire, among them Mrs. Gurdlestone's maid, Hester Burgess, in the rumble. Hester Burgess had a dreary and forlorn journey before her when she set out to travel two hundred miles to seek a home with strangers.

In those days winters were really winters, and no mistake about them. The coldest, most biting of December winds kept company with the cruel, insinuating frost over the travellers' necks, got under their cloaks, sought out the weakest points in their overall, and, in short, pinched them savagely, while a heavy snow fell upon their backs and soaked them through. Perhaps the greatest sufferer of these discomforts was the young woman Hester, who, although kindly wrapped up in the guard's extra coat, shivered with cold, and was very miserable; and so it was that at a halting-place some thirty miles off her destination the coachman descended from his box and opening the outsider's caged persiadion of a neatly tucked-up bundle of wrappers therein recognizing a female face frozen to a stone, in a tone grim at being taken for acquiescence, Hester was admitted accordingly, and fell asleep in the corner.

She awoke with a start just before daybreak, to find that the bundle of wrappers had taken the form of a young lady, face—a very ugly one—was close to hers, with a pair of cold gray eyes fixed searchingly upon her.

"Oh, Mr. Hester!" cried.

"What makes you call out in your sleep?" the other lady asked, sharply. "What makes you cry out '*Murder!*' in your sleep?"

"I didn't know I did, Sir."

"Yes did, and wake me. Don't do so again."

The ugly face retreating, the gray eyes closing, the wrappers readjusted, all became quiet, as before; but Hesterday, the strange lady, never stirred, kept a watch upon her companion, and, hardly breathing or moving a limb, sat bolt upright throughout the rest of the night.

CHAPTER II.

"HERE'S the Pollards!" said the guard, opening the door about an hour after daybreak. "And here's the carriage, Sir!"

Much to Hester's surprise, her traveling companion had his place at the brougham waiting at the corner of the road. The driver back her sit beside him on the box, and as they drove along informed her that the gentleman inside was Mr. Gurdlestone—Mr. Ralph, the Master's brother; that Mr. Ralph, who lay dangerously ill, had sent for him, wishing to make an end to a sort of coolness which had existed between them ever since he, Mr. Ralph, was married to his good lady, on whom, *they did say*, Mr. Silas was himself, before her marriage, a little sweet. Hester (for she the driver) recollected when the master was about to be married how them that had seen a power of sarcasms and conjectures as to how Mr. Silas would like it; how, on the bridal morning, directly after leaving the church, he had disappeared, and how they next heard from him in some foreign country, where he said he intended to pass the remainder of his life. Mr. Ralph, she said, Mr. Silas', Rogers said, wagging his noddle solemnly, "very strange."

The bleak place upon earth must surely have been the Pollards. It was a bare, ugly, red-brick building, having, on one side, a weedy and neglected garden, on the other a large stagnant dike, upon the banks of which, and inclining over the water, grew a few scattered willows and some pollards, from which the house derived its name. This dwelling had long been the property of Mrs. Gurdlestone's family, and since her father's death had until lately remained untenanted. It was with the intention of renovating it and making it a comfortable residence that Mr. Ralph had now come down with his wife and her sister, but he falling ill immediately upon his arrival the repairs had not commenced and the house was untenanted. You may be sure the town-servants were dull enough here: indeed (some, yearning, was a sight to see) they had actually taken the liberty of falling off dull the top part of that gentleman's best bottle of port, and, moreover, as for Hester, her recent grief, the breaking up of a happy home, her present friendless condition—all proved quite too much for her, and, combined with chely of the place, combined to render her life a very sad and weary one. But there was soon other cause for sadness.

Somehow Mr. Ralph grew worse and worse in spite of doctors and physic. Night and day he was watched by his beloved Mr. Silas, who was unremitting in his care for and attention to the invalid, and, without and unhesitating his conscientious to him. One night there was a slight change for the better, and Mr. Silas had persuaded Mrs. Gurdlestone to go and get a little rest upon while he took her place in the sick room. She, poor thing, fagged and jaded by long watching, with a little persuasion, was induced to leave all the household retired to their respective chambers except the watcher. Thus, for a while, the time passed silently, and, the house being upon the stillness of the sleeping house a loud continuous knocking at Mrs. Gurdlestone's door. She came out, pale and anxious, to answer to the summons, and found Mr. Silas, trembling and violently excited, who spoke in a broken voice:

"He's gone!—dead—of a sudden! I thought I heard his breath stop, and drew the curtain."

The dismal woman turned back into the room. It was too true: he was indeed dead—his hands twisted in the bed-clothes, his eyes wide open, a strange look of dread and horror in his face, and *quite cold!*

Then the sleepers, awakened by the young widow's piercing screams, came crowding, half-dressed, to the spot, their white faces looking horrible in the flaring candle-light. The nearest doctor was summoned, and all sorts of remedies suggested—but in vain. Hester, while attending her fainting mistress, stopped to pick up something lying by the dead man's bed.

"What is it?" Mr. Silas said, quickly, taking the object from her fingers.

It was but a straightened hair-pin. He pinched her slightly in pulling it away, and must have scratched Hester with it, for there was a mark of blood upon her hand.

CHAPTER III.

A CRAPPER gloom hung over the hall upon the house after the master's death. The servants one by one grew warning, and left; and so Hester at last was the only one of the London servants remaining.

It was dull indeed! The stagnant pool and neglected garden were at any time but dreary objects for contemplation; and Hester, who, Bloomsbury-cated country servants afforded but indifferent companionship for Hester, who had been brought up in a family of gayety and cheerfulness, was wild with such society, and so grew to be very sad and silent and downcast.

Mrs. Gurdlestone's sister (Miss Ethel) had permanently taken up her abode at the Pollards, and Mr. Silas still lingered in the place on the matters of business referring to the late Mr. Ralph, although he had on several occasions fixed a day for his departure. As well he might, hearing from scraps of conversation up stairs, Miss Ethel disliked him very much, and wished her sister to give him a broad hint that his presence was not needed. Whatever may have been Mrs. Gurdlestone's wishes upon the subject, she was too complaisant of the feelings of others, or too much wrapped up in her great grief, to be otherwise than passive, and things went on as before.

One night, about a month after the master's death, Hester Burgess sat alone by the fat-lighted fire in the servant's hall, waiting for her mistress's bell, until her mistress summoned her to attend her toilet on retiring to rest; and this night she was so much later than usual that all the other servants had been in bed full half an hour. The great clock upon the stairs ticked loudly, and the wind moaned and rattled among the evergreens outside the window like the stealthy whispering of thieves; all else was still as the grave. And as Hester was sitting quite anxiously waiting, as everyone, sense of loneliness came over her; and with a shiver she rose and went up stairs to her mistress's room. Mrs. Gurdlestone and Miss Ethel were in the former's bedroom, which was divided from the exterior by a long, dark ante-chamber. The door leading into Mrs. Gurdlestone's room, and that upon the stairs, were both ajar, and Hester entering noiselessly at one would have heard at the other, had she not perceived a dark figure, with its back toward her, standing between her and the light. She stopped involuntarily, held her breath, and listened.

Miss Ethel spoke: "But, Mary, how you can go to weak-minded fellows!"

"What would you have me do?" the other lady said, complainingly. "I'm sure I do not keep him here. I wish he had disappeared long ago. But then he has been so kind and so attentive; and he is my dear husband's brother."

"I tell you, Mary, I hate him! And mark my words, if he is not some day more nearly related to you than he is now."

"Ethel!"

"He will, Mary, though I pray God I may not live to see it."

There was a rustling sound, as though one of the ladies had risen. A figure passed Hester quickly in the gloom; and before she had time to speak or move the bedroom door opened wide, and Miss Ethel came out with a light.

"What are you doing here?" she inquired, sharply.

"I came to see if I was wanted," the servant stammered, with a scarcely hold Miss Ethel swept out of the room.

Mrs. Gurdlestone had always been in delicate health, and the shock of her husband's death had almost entirely kept her own room; where Miss Ethel was in constant attendance upon her. Mr. Silas, however, frequently came to consult her upon business matters, or to chat away an hour. Now in was Miss Ethel's opinion he lie; she was so unwell the day after that on which Hester had heard the reported conversation that she was obliged to keep her bed, and the doctor was sent for. Mrs. Gurdlestone was called in to see her. Mr. Silas said that it was disease of the heart.

She had lingered for almost three days when the doctor calling in one evening, it came on to rain heavy, and he was left dinner. Throughout the meal the rain poured down in torrents, and continued so long that Mr. Adams (that was the doctor's name) overcome by persuasion persuasion, to accept the shelter of the Pollards' for the night, for he lived seven miles off, and must cross a wild and open country to reach his house. It was most fortunate that he did remain. During the evening Miss Ethel was much worse, and twice he went up stairs to her room. It was determined that the gentlemen should sit up all night, and that Hester should watch with the invalid and summons them the moment she died.

Hester took her place in an arm-chair by the fire with a book, having a watch before her (so that she could let the time at which the medicines should be administered. When the cook brought up her supper in a tray, she informed that the gentlemen were smoking and driving in the dining-room.

"I don't think the doctor fancies there's much danger," cook said, "for he's so merry like, and has been singing a song."

"I hope," whispered Hester, "he will not drink too much."

"Lor' bless you, child! Here, this your supper, and here's a glass of wine Mr. Silas has sent you to give you strength. Do you mind sitting up alone?"

"Not much. Good-night."

"Good-night."

When Hester had finished her supper she mixed another dose for the sick lady, and resumed her book.

She must have been asleep for hours. The candle had burned low in the socket; a streak of daylight was stealing in between the heavy window-curtains, and the fire was out. She woke up with a start, cold and frightened. The room was very still, very still; but she listened for the sleeper's breathing, and heard only her own heart throbbing and a faint humming in her ears. To start forward, to draw the window-curtain, and to turn toward the bed, was the work of an instant. It required no courage, for, in her wildness, her wide open eyes could only be those of the dead.

CHAPTER IV.

THE girl's screams awoke the doctor and Mr. Silas, who came rushing up stairs and rushed into the room. Long afterward Hester recollected how unwieldy Mr. Adams stood by the bed—how his hands shook, and how unintelligibly he spoke—how calm and collected Mr. Silas was throughout the scene. Long afterward she recollected, too, among all the dreadful details belonging to the death and funeral, that she picked up in the ashes of the fire-place a strange hair-pin, which had been thrown into the fire, but not consumed. The circumstance was in itself so trivial that, had it not in such a manner attracted the dead lady's eye the former one, she would not have given it a second thought. As it was, her thoughts dwelt upon it, she scarcely knew why.

For many weeks after the funeral the whole house was upside down, up and downstairs; the servants were again changed, excepting Hester, who would have gone also, had not her mistress implored her to remain, for the sick lady seemed to droop more and more. She never left her room; she never read nor worked; she hardly ever spoke, except sometimes with Mr. Silas about legal business, of which there appeared to Hester's mean comprehension to be a great quantity. Hester, at least, must have been poor company, for she was herself in bad health, out of spirits, nervous, and miserable. Sometimes, all her cousin could do was forget her mistress, for whom she had from the first entertained a great regard; said, indeed, ever-sweet, gentle, uncomplaining, who could help but love her?

The sick lady wasted away slowly. The spring ripened into summer, and still she grew no better; the summer began to wane, the days to shorten; the dead leaves fell and drifted with a ghostly music, as the sick lady and her attendant sat silently in the twilight on the same cold autumn evenings *toward the end.*

Winter was coming round again, and she grew worse. About November she took to her bed. Hester was in constant attendance upon her; indeed, she hardly tasted at her sickness. For hours she would sit holding the fainting girl's hand in hers, and sometimes she would form plans of what they would do next year, when she was better. It was determined that, as soon as she was well enough to go out, she should go to London, and change of air would no doubt lead to her perfect recovery.

Still she sank, slowly but surely. Then Hester began to fancy that there was a change in the expression of her face—a sort of dread and fear crossed settling upon it. One evening, when Hester was leaving the room to go to bed (she slept in an adjoining apartment), her mistress called her back.

"Hester," she said, "you have been a very good girl, very kind and patient with me, and you shall not be disappointed. I have a—"

"Dear mistress, do not speak so."

"Yes, Hester, I am sure I shall go before long. But you will be with me till my time is over? With you I feel safe."

"Feel safe, ma'am?"

"Safe, Hester!" the sick lady said, half raising herself in the bed, and drawing the girl closer to her side, "afraid of—him."

Hester felt instinctively whom she meant. The mistress read her own terror in the servant's face, and as they sat silently clasped in each other's arms, all of a sudden they both became conscious of another's presence in the room. A dusky form flitted across the room, and, then halted, side by side, like, between the drawn curtains at the bottom of the bed; then a human head, hollow-cheeked and wild-looking, lurked in upon the affrighted women, with a wolfish glare half-hidden in its wicked eyes.

"How is the patient?" asked Mr. Silas, with a smile.

CHAPTER V.

THE same eyes watched her as, crossing the threshold of her own room, Hester locked back at Silas's retreating figure on the stairs. Throughout the night she lay tossing in an uneasy wakefulness or troubled slumber, the same head and hand were ever present with her mental dancy. How could she lie there? A hundred times she fancied that there was some one handling the lock of her door, that she was about to hear the dead a noise in her mistress's room. Should she go to her? No. All was again quiet; and again she closed her eyes. So she continued until toward daylight, when fatigue and anxiety overcame her, and she slept. But not for long. Hester's mistress' voice awoke her, not calling loudly, but clear, distinct, and *close to her*—

"Hester!"

She awoke at the sound, and sat up to listen. All was still: it must have been a dream. Again she lay down, and again a whisper filled the room—

"Hester!"

She tore the curtain of the bed on one side. No, there was no one but herself present. Without another thought she rushed into her mistress's room and there found her dead. Hester, shivered the cold face in her hands, clasped the cold form to her breast, sobbing and moaning distractedly over the dead, over the friend she had lost. There was the old frightened look upon the dead lady's face—the same look which the sleeper's face had worn—the same which Hester remembered on the face of Mr. Ralph; and there was upon the bosom of the dead lady the round mark, like the prick of a pin, just over the heart.

The house was soon alarmed, and the servants came crowding in as they had assembled on a similar occasion; but Hester—terrified, stupefied, and giddy with the horrible thoughts which possessed her—was carried away from them all, to escape any further questions, sought refuge in the garden. She walked straight to the dreary dike, sat down at the bank of the house, and set down in a little ruined arbor, to think what she should do. She had now no friend in the world to whom she might refer before on the path, *another straightened hair-pin!*

She stopped to raise it, trembling as she did so. As she rose, brushing it in her fingers, a dark form passed between her and the sun, casting a cold shadow upon her, and, looking up, she read in Silas's white face the certainty that he knew her thought. Then, with a shriek—

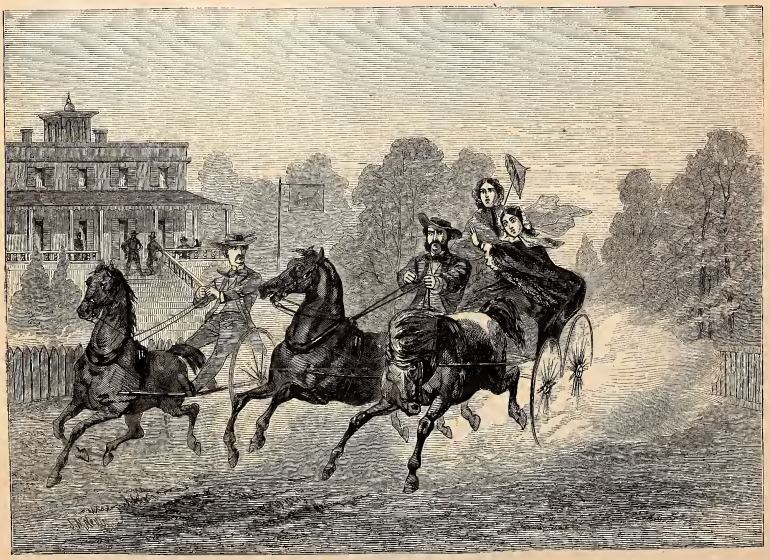
* * *

Days, and weeks, and months passed by, and Hester's wits still wandered. Her good Aunt Sotty brought her home to town, and change of scene and air restored her to her former health.

After having married, and survived her husband, Mrs. Haddock became the humdrum in this gloomy old house, where now she sits telling us the story.

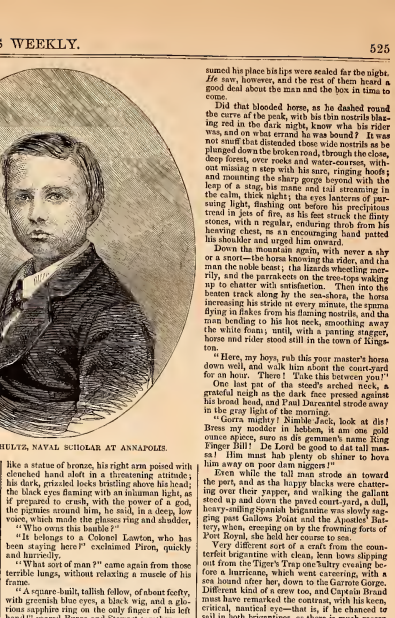
And Mr. Silas. What of him? He is the owner of the Pollards now, and of a large house in town, and has many servants. Mrs. Haddock could tell you strange stories of wild orgies, gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery in which, they say, he spent some twenty years. But that is over; and for these ten years past he has lain bed-ridden. Without friend or relation, with no one to care for him or attend to him, save his hired nurses—dragging on a wretched existence from day to day—with nothing to live for, yet afraid to die; paralytic, helpless, unutterably lonely and miserable, old Silas Gurdlestone awaits the dread summons calling him to the grave, before which he must render an account of his deeds. God be merciful to him.

ON THE WATER.



ON THE ROAD.

GARRETT J. LEYDECKER, CADET AT WEST POINT.



CHARLES F. SCHULTZ, NAVAL SCHOLAR AT ANNAPOLIS.

TWO PRIZE SCHOLARS FROM OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE appointment to a cadetship at West Point and a naval scholarship at Annapolis being within the gift of the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles, that gentleman, with a spirit worthy of all commendation, announced through the City Superintendent of Public Schools, that he would bestow the appointments upon the two scholars in the public schools of his Congressional District who should prove themselves, in a public examination, most worthy. The examination—a severe and protracted one—resulted in the recommendation of Master Garrett J. Leydecker for the cadetship, and Master Charles F. Schultz for the naval scholarship, and they have since been appointed. We publish their portraits herewith. It is high praise of Master Schultz to say that, during his pupilage of three and a half years in the public schools, he never received a demerit mark for misconduct.

Master Garrett J. Leydecker is the son of worthy though not wealthy parents, his father being employed as clerk in a mercantile establishment. Young Leydecker entered the Primary Department of Ward School No. 58 at the early age of six years. He there proved to be a studious and a bright boy, and passed rapidly through all the intermediate classes, from the lowest in the Primary to the highest in the Grammar Department, and was pronounced fit for admission to the Free Academy at the examination of candidates in July, 1857. At that examination he could not be presented, inasmuch as he had not yet attained the age required by law (14 years), and accordingly, with characteristic energy, applied himself to the task of keeping pace in his studies with his associates who were admitted at that time. Although prosecuting the studies under disadvantages, when his position is compared with those who were daily receiving instruction at the Free Academy, at the following examination of classes in February, 1858, having then reached the prescribed age, he was placed in the class with his associates in No. 35, and maintained his position, as at the next regular promotion, July, 1858, he was advanced to the Freshman Class. The test through which he has just passed proves that since that time he has continued his active prosecution of study, and that he is calculated to be a credit to West Point.

Master Charles F. Shultz, who last week received his appointment to the Naval School at Annapolis, was born at Stettin, in Prussia, in 1846, and came to this country in 1857. Two weeks after his arrival he was placed in Ward School No. 29. He then did not understand a word of the English language, excepting a few short sentences, in a mute to an his eyes: "Here I studied geography, spelling and defining, and arithmatic. At first I was rather embarrassed, but after a little while I got along very well. Before I was promoted into the next class, which was done in next January, I could almost speak English as well as I can now. I was promoted every examination after this, until I reached the first class, in 1859, having skipped the second. Mr. Annan, the principal, then took me in the class preparing for admission into the Free Academy. I was examined for admission to that institution on the 10th and 11th of July, this year, and admitted. I then heard that pupils from the First, Third, and Eighth Wards would be examined for admission to the Military Academy at West Point and the Naval Academy at Annapolis. I told my father about it, and he told me to try for Annapolis. I was accordingly examined and accepted. Father is a shoemaker by trade."

The example set by Mr. Sickles is one that is worthy of imitation by Congressmen from every section of the country. If the scholarships and cadetships were always made rewards of merit, our boys would have a fresh stimulus to exertion.

Captain Brand

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES.

His Robes and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY CHINGO,

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "SIGHS FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XLIV.

SNUFF OUT OF A DIAMOND BOX.

ANOTHER week rolled on. They were all sitting over their dessert at their last dinner at Escondido, for they were all going to leave old Clinker in the morning.

"Clinker," said Piron, "you told me yesterday that you had a note from Colonel Lawton, saying he would not take passage in the brig with us to New Orleans, as his business obliged him to leave before we could sail?"

Clinker choked out something like "Yes," as if it were the last sound a body could sigh with three or four hundred tons on his back.

"I'm doomed glad to hear it, Piron; for your military friend didn't enlist my fancy at all, and I don't believe any more of his patriot survive than I do in Clinker's earthquake. That Colonel is a beast; and if my words prove true, I'll leave a thousand pounds to old Clinker there."

Paddy Burns's words did prove true; and old Clinker was with him when he gave a quake the earth had nothing to do with, it being entirely of an apoplectic nature; but he got the thousand pounds nevertheless.

"For once in your life, Burns, I agree with you; and if that military man went to shoot grouse with me in the Highlands I'd trump behind him, and keep both barrels of me gun cocked. The devil take his black wig and his green eyes!—and he passing himself off for a Scot too! Tut, man!"

"By-the-way, Clinker," said Piron, during a pause in the conversation, "if the Colonel is not going with us I must take him back his magnificent snuff-box he forgot when he left us so suddenly the other morning. Here it is, with the letters of his name on it in brilliants. I thought it too valuable to send by one of the blacks, and I kept it to carry myself."

How singular it was that the Colonel should have forgotten his royal treasure! Keep your wits about you, Captain Brand, or one of these days you'll be forgetting your pants.

"Given to him by a connection of his family, was it, Paddy? Well, now, let's take a pouch for the honor of Sackvord Street, and then push it along to Meester Darcanel."

The Doctor was sitting in his calm, grave way, listening to the disjointed words—like dried nuts dropping on the ground—from the shriveled lips of Clinker; but as he abstractedly put his fingers in the box, and turned his eyes languidly as he pushed down the lid, he gave a bound from his chair—with the box clutched in his left hand—with a jar of the room and table that even made Clinker believe the forty year earthquake had come before his time.

Standing there with his full, majestic figure, like a statue of bronze, his right arm poised with clenched hand aloft in a threatening attitude; his dark, grizzled locks bristling above his head; the black eyes flaming with an inhuman light, as if prepared to crush, with the power of a god, the pigmies around him, he said, in a deep, low voice, which made the glasses ring and shudder,

"Who owns this bauble?"

"It belongs to a Colonel Lawton, who has been staying here?" exclaimed Piron, quickly and hurriedly.

"What sort of man?" came again from those terrible lungs, without relaxing a muscle of his frame.

"A square-built, tallish fellow, of about forty, with greenish blue eyes, a black wig, and a glorious sapphire ring on the only finger of his left hand!" roared Burns and Stewart together.

Again came the jar of the earthquake to make the building, table, glasses, and all shake, as Paul Darcanel strode with his heels of adamant out of the hall, and to the veranda; then a bound, which was heard in the room; and after five minutes' stupid silence Bonou appeared.

The lawless gentleman had torn rather than led his master's bark from the stable, and scarcely waiting for a saddle, had thrown himself like an Indian across his back. There!—his master might hear the clattering of the hoofs up the steep.

"The mon's daft—clean daft, mon!" "Be me sowl, it's the only pair of eyes I ever wouldn't like to look at over me saw-handled friend, Joe Manton!" "He's taken the box with him," cracked Clinker.

But that was the last that Paddy Burns or Stewart or Clinker ever saw of man or box. Piron rose and listened to the sound of the receding hoofs from the veranda; and when he resumed his place his lips were sealed far the night. *He* saw, however, and the rest of them heard a good deal about the man and the box in time to come.

Did that blooded horse, as he dashed round the curve of the peak, with his thin nostrils blazing red in the dark night, know who his rider was, and on what errand he was bound? It was not snuff that distended those wide nostrils as he plunged down the broken road, through the close, deep forest, over rocks and water-courses, without missing a step with his sure, ringing hoofs; and mounting the sharp gorge beyond with the leap of a stag, his mane and tail streaming in the calm, thick night; the eyes lanterns of pursuing light, flashing out before his perceptions trend in jets of fire, as his feet struck the flinty stones, with a regular, enduring throb from his heaving chest, as an encouraging hand patted his shoulder and urged him onward.

Down the mountain again, with never a shy or a snort—the horse knowing the rider, and the man the noble beast; the lizards wheeling merrily, and the parrakeets on the trees-tops waking up to chatter with satisfaction. Then into the beaten track along by the sea-shore, the horse increasing his stride at every minute, the manes flying in flakes from his flaming nostrils, and the man bending to his hot neck, smoothing away the white foam; until, with a jarring danger, horse and rider stood still in the town of Kingston.

"Here, my boys, rub this your master's horse down well, and walk him about the court-yard for an hour. There! Take that between you!"

One last pat of the steed's arched neck, a grateful neigh as the dark face pressed against his broad head, and Paul Darcanel strode away in the gray light of the morning.

"Gorra mighty! Nimble Jack, look at dis! Bress my noddier in heblen, it am one gold ounce apiece, sure as dis gemmen's name Ring Finger Bill! De Lord be good to dat tall massa! Him must hab plenty ob shiner to hova him away on poor dam niggers!"

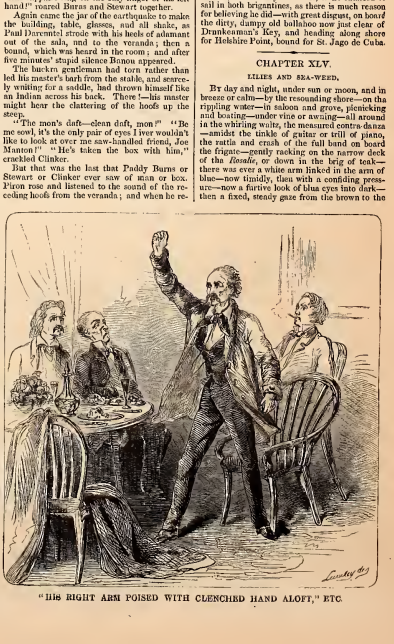
Even while the tall man strode on toward the port, and as the happy blacks were chattering over their yapper, and walking the gallant steed up and down the paved court-yard, a dull, heavy-sailing Spanish brigantine was slowly sagging past Gallows Point and the Apostles' Battery, when, creeping on by the frowning forts of Port Royal, she held her course to sea.

Very different sort of a craft from the counterfeit brigantine with clean, lean bows slipping out from the Tiger's Trap one balmy evening before a hurricane, which were careering, with a sea hound after her, down to the Carrote Gorge. Different kind of a crew too, and Captain Brand must have remarked the contrast, with his keen, critical, nautical eye—that is, if he chanced to sail in both brigantines, as there is much reason for believing he did—with great disgust, in spite of the ditty, dampy old ballahoo now just clear of Drunkenman's Key, and heading along shore for Hobkire Point, bound for St. Jago de Cuba.

CHAPTER XLV.

LILIES AND SEA-WEED.

By day and night, under sun or moon, and in breeze or calm—by the resounding shore—on the rippling water—in saloon and grove, picnicking and boating—under vine or awning—all around in the whirling waltz, the measured contra dance—amidst the tinkle of guitar or trill of piano, the rattle and crash of the full band on board the frigate—gently rocking on the narrow deck of the *Tacoma*, or down in the brig of teak—there was ever a white arm linked in the arm of blue—now timidly, then with a confiding pressure—now a furtive look of blue eyes into dark—then a fixed, steady gaze from the brown to the



"HIS RIGHT ARM POISED WITH CLENCHED HAND ALOFT," ETC.

light—here a palpitating pause, and then the blue arms wound around the waving stem—two white arms clasping, with a passionate caress, the neck of the weed—hark, yes! the Lily floating on the white cheek of the pond had been caught by the strong wood, and with the receding tide was going out to sea! Ay, the sailor had won the medal!

But while the lady rocked hither and thither on the pond, with its blood leaves and petals of blue, and its plumet seem in danger at every, the lid the sailor had watch it from the bank? That they did, thinking of the time when they were lilies of the pond themselves, with no fears of danger near! But at last it came, and, like blooming flowers, they swung to and fro in the rain, dropping a tear or two from their eyes, and peeping in deep sorrow than in fear—and waiting for sunshine. Bending their beautiful heads of rose-leaf white, one moment, and peeping out with their dark violet eyes and listening, as the wind shook them, with a tremble of apprehension, and clinging hopefully to the straight support on which they reclined.

By day and night, in harsing rain with not a drop to drink, and in the sultry night with no morsel of food to eat—through the searing sand in the streets and lanes, down by the quay—only every vessel in the crowded harbor—in every hotel and lodging-house in Kingston—up and down Spanish Town—away off to Port Royal—occasionally going on board the frigate for gold, then on shore again—in rubish wassail and drunken dance, gambling, fighting, and lying in gaming houses, marcon and negro hats and wretched haunts of vice—scattering gold like cavale, dice, rum, and wine—no end to it—the yellow drop too—and still striking on, questioning, gleaning with those overcrowded rows—resume lost or body, without drink or meat—went Paul Darcanel.

Oh, Paul! that cowardly villain saw you from the very moment you took that pinch of snuff out of his blue enamelled box! Ay! even before, when you lay in your shadow, with the broken road, while a goaded bark was cutted back in the gloomy forest till you had passed, with his rifleger in his wooden wheel. And in all your ceaseless wanderings by day and night, that now pinkish, tremor-stricken villain has been following you. Hedging behind corners—under the well-worn clothes of month hanks—in the back rooms of gambling dens, and nests of infamy! Every where and in all places stoning clear of you!

Oh, Paul, what a deceived man you are!

And while you are doing all this just turn your eyes out to the calm spot off Monsigo Bay, where that black old Iniquitous is hobbling—the dirty, early epistane kicking and beating the hands from nafivil to lowspeit—particularly one great and big fellow, without a hat and in dirty thin hairs to shield his skull from the scorching sun; cursing him, as he pulls a cigarette out of his pocket, and lights it with a flint and steel in the forecastle, with bare feet, and still, cold eyes, now turned to green—cursing more than beef and drinking purity water—never sleeping for vermin—kicked and called about the decks!

But yet he smiled with a devilish satisfaction, Paul, for he had escaped you, and was bound to St. Jago de Cuba! From there he would charter—actual, positive—a small boat, and go up to the Deece Lagnas Keys, where there was ten thousand pounds in middleweed gold! If Paul had discovered which was not probable—and he—the scoundrel—would gather it up in bags, and sling away to some other part of the world.

You must be very quick, Captain Brand, for the leaky frigatetine does not sail so fast as the *Contipede*, and your ancient compeer, Paul Dancaiis, is just out of prison. His old, fat, banana wife is very sorry for it, but that's none of your business.

And you, Doctor Paul! Don't you pity that lying, dirty wretch, with his mustached hand, and sodden-looking gaze out of those green-frozen eyes, where a ray of mercy never entered, but whose icy hels fairly crack as your shadow stamps across them?

No! not a ray of pity or mercy for the inhuman villain; not even a twitch of the black heart of his bloody, mustached white hand! No! not the faintest hope of pity! He shall die in such torments as even a pirate never devised in hell!

But you are worn out, Darcanel; your prey has escaped you. The people think you mad, as you are, by revenge; and though your mind is the same, and your frame still as nervous as a galvanized corpse, yet fresh and bright can not make—balance, gallant youth in your arms and console him—for he needs consolation—and think of the mates who grieved for him years and years ago.

Well, you will, Paul Darcanel; but before you do, you will step into that little jewelers shop and buy a trifle for old Clicker there, out at Escondido. You want a ring, the finest gem that can be found on the island of Jamaica. There is—it is equal not to be bought in the whole West India Islands—the Eden Island Diamond.

"I gave a military man an ounce for the setting alone, but the sapphire-looking stone may be glass. He was going to sell the next morning to a Spanish brigantine for St. Jago de Cuba, and wanted the money to pay his bill at the lodging-house adjoining. The Señor might take it for any price he chose to put upon it."

What made that old dealer in precious stones and trinkets turn paler than his old topaz face as he yelled fractitly for his elder Creole wife? The Señor had opened the ring as he leaned on elbows through the glass cases which contained the time-honored jewelry, and dashed a yellow shower of heavy gold ounces over the floor of the little shop, smashing the glass door of that too in his exit! And when the little toddling fat woman appeared in the most indecent dress possible to conceive of, with scarcely time to light her paper cigar, she exclaimed,

"*Es Dios bendito! Es el rey, deseoso con ora!* A crazy man—a demon with gold!" And fortitude she picked up the pieces and locked at them critically to see if there was any left. "*Son buenos, Compeche!* All right, old Deary; we'll have such a podrida to-day! Baked duck with garlic, too! So shut the door! There's the once you gave the officer man for the ring, and I'll guard the rest."

And the woman did, too, and that very night she won—in the most skillful way—from her shaky old topaz, in his the spectacle covered there, and locked in a her own little brass-nailed trunk for a rainy season for them both, together with their money, and red bandanas, too.

Paul Darcanel whirled and spun round the corners and along the sandy streets till he reached the building, moving like a lunatic—and cleaving every thing from his track. There he sprang into the first boat he saw, seized the sculls, despite the shaking and gesticulations of the old nigger whose property it was, and who jumped overboard with a howl as if a lobster had caught him by the toes! Paul pushed the—relaxing boat where, with the assistance of another ancient enemy, they both let off every spare bit of sinfulness around the harbor, while the boat went shooting like a javelin toward the men-of-war.

However, those old stump-tailed African hahoes found a gold ounce in their boat after it had been set adrift—the American frigate. What a jolly snapping of teeth over a tough old goose stuffed with onions that night, with two respectable mouthfuls of rum to take out of rum beside them! You can almost sniff the fragrant odor as it arises, even at this distance. Ay, Paul Darcanel, you have—at a time again, in lands where stuffed goose and comely colored ladies abound.

CHAPTER XLVI.

PARTING.

Paul Darcanel had been a small party on board the *Mosquitoland* for years, and came to bid the Commodore good-by—all old friends of both parties. The Pirces, Burns, Stewart, Bishop, and Jacob Blunt. Officers and seamen, he never went where it was damp, and if he got musty it must be from rain in shoes. The *Merrie Blunt*, under the careful management of young Blake, the mate, with Banon and all the baggage on board, was being towed by the boat of the frigate's boats down the harbor, with her yards manthwadal all ready to shet home the moment she cleared the land, and the Commodore would make and the passengers to come on board.

The lights were twinkling from latice and ro-mindo in the ancient mansion on the Palisadoes of the French and English Admirals were shining from the tops of their flagships, and the twinkling of the glasses from the mansion on the Palisadoes Point flickered and dazzled over the gamed sea surface of the water. The moon had just still spread on the after deck of the *Mosquitoland*; and there, while the officer of the watch paced the forward part of the deck, and the quarter-men to leeward, the sentries on the high platform outside and on the forecastle, the jarry of Indian and gentlemen stood already for starting and leaving.

Softly, like the cool breath of a slumbering child, come a breeze at us from the land. The bell of the frigate, clanging in its brassy throat, struck for midnight. The sentries on the forecastle cried, "All's well!" The old brig was letting full her topsails; and the sound of the oars in the sentry row-locks was plain.

"Cleveland!" said Piron, quietly, "while the ladies and our friends are getting into the barge, come down with me in your cabin. I wish to have a parting word with you."

So they go down.

"Now, my dear friend, you have seen as well as I how wilidly those young people are in love with each other. So has my wife, and her sister, and, indeed, everybody seems more in love with him than our niece. I have not had the heart to put a damper on the poor lad's happiness, and God grant it may all come right. But, Cleveland, you know that we come from an old and noble stock, where the ties of blood has never crossed our escutcheon, and I can not yet make up my mind to an immediate engagement. I love my dear Cleveland, and you know Cleveland I hear me out. I do not, however, carry my prejudices to any absurd extent, nor have I yet on this matter, but for my child, and only to her mother and my wife; but I wish you to explain the way you feel, in your own kind manner, to your friends. Say to him what a trifl it has been to us—how we all love him—how grateful his fundamental is to his—

"and after he has learned all, if he still persists in urging his suit when the cruise is over, he shall have our consent and blessing. We can not work changes in them both; and meanwhile I shall not mention the matter to our little Rosalie, as we have the Commodore's word."

"Spoken like a true father and a noble gentleman, my dear Piron! I have thought as you and your excellent wife do on this matter; but, like you, I have not had the courage to give even a hint of warning to Henry. I shall, however, break the matter gently to him, and send my excavsion for his father also, whom I have not seen for a week, and who, they tell me, has been raging about Kingston ever since he ran away from you at Escondido. His son loves him dearly—and I know that Henry's pain will do more than I could say in a lifetime."

"The ladies are in the barge, Commodore," squeaked Midshipman Mouse, as he popped his tiny head into the cabin.

"Very well, Sir. and tell Lieutenant Darcanel that I wish to see him to-morrow morning, before church service. Come, Piron?"

On the lower grating of the accommodation ladder stood the Commodore with his first lieutenant as the barge shoved off.

"I am heartily obliged to you, Commodore Cleveland, for your kindness to—for your kindness to me; and if Mr. Hardy will permit, I'll give the boatr crews a glass of grog for their pains—the good old Jamaica."

Certainly! Jacob knew what was proper under the circumstances, and liked a moderate tipe himself after a hard night's work as well as the hairy sailors in the boats, and the young Lieutenant Hardy was soon secured there.

So the barge shoved off, with no other words spoken, though there were white handkerchiefs wet with sorrow, tears, and red bandanas, too, somewhat moist; while following in the barge's wake went a light whale-boat gig, pulled by four old tars, who had lost the her legs, when they had a mind, half out of water; for it was in those leaway old seams to do it. But now they pulled with the best of the Jamaica Jacks, and could not keep up with the barge.

They knew the Commodore's wife—that their gallant, considerate young Captain there in the stern-sheets, with the tiller-ropes in his hands, who stood there with his hat off the harbor, and something more yielding than white-laced rope in his fingers; and that the sweet little girl there under the tilt, dashing her hand throwing off the sparkling spray as she lay under his bows, was in no hurry to go to sea—not caring much, either, for the time she was away, so long as she found good holding ground when she got in harbor with both bowers down, and large round for another voyage—not she!

Finally, old Jacob Blunt, Master, again in full command of his *Merrie Blunt*, with Mr. Bishop Binks cutting the anchor forward; all sail made, sheets home, and every thing ship-shape, with a tiller, and Jacob Blunt, and that old gig towing astern, went steering out to sea, bound to New Orleans, by way of the Windward Passage. Ay, by the way, the Windward Passage is east off; and with the waves breaking over her, those four old sons of Daddy Neptune have their tissues and cartilaginous of ribs, anchors, and muscles—and bent their bodies with well toward the harbor.

"Take keer, Sir, if it's the same to you, or we'll be on that hedge off the 'Tustle's Battery!" said one of the old tars, as we left the Windward's Passage as I was wunce nearly 'racked on, in the *Sweeter*, sixteen-gun brig."

"Ay, ay, Jacob! I understand!"

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Darcanel, but that ere vessel you is heading for is the *Rosalie*, and it's a pretty craft, and I have skew greatly round one to the other, as their sixteen-foot cars rattled with a regular jar in the brass rollocks, and shot one eyes back, as if they enjoyed something themselves? Probably they were thinking of a trapping that ere ship ribbons, who lived somewhere in a sea-port town long years ago. But yet they lived than young ship of sea-weed, whose head was bedecked with the buttons of his blue jacket, his epaulet lopsided on his shoulder, his sword hitch downward, and his brown eyes tracing the lines of the ship coming where pretty fast that once rested, while he jerked the tiller ropes from side to side, and his gig went wild by reef and point toward the Rosalie.

When the gig's oars at last, in spite of her meandering wrigglings, had brought the boat, manned, trailed alongside the schooner, and while her crew were cracking a few biscuit and jokes on deck, and the young officer, with his pale's masts, her Captain hurried down to his small cabin, and changed his rig for service on board the frigate.

CHAPTER XLVII.

DEVOTION.

SUNDAY morning in Kingston harbor. The deep-toned bells from cathedral and church were wafted off from the town; the troops at Park Camp marched to their place of worship, gaudy matrons and maidens, with bare heads, fans, and mantilla, going along demurely; portly judges, Peelers, and planters twaddling beside palanquins of their Saxon spouses; negroes in white; Creoles in brown, cigarettes put out for a while; with gaudy dresses and rolls of sound of organs and chants, or prayers and sermons from kirk and pulpits, while the people were worshipping God according to their several lights.

On the calm harbor, too, and in Port Royal, lay the men-of-war, the church pennants taking the place of the ensigns at the peaks, the bells tolling, and the hundreds of pale, sunken, and orderly—were attending Divine service.

On board the *Mosquitoland* the great sunbeams were streaming down upon—and—the officer with his spy-glassing old quarter-master, and the sentries on gangway and forecastle. The open, fine-looking dismissed officer, in concentric coils, the guns without a speck of dust on their shining coats, the captain polished like an old brass candlestick, and every thing slow and aloft in a faultless condition.

As Harry Darcanel came rather languidly over the gangway, and went down to the main-deck, where the five hundred sailors in snowy white musterings clothes were assembled, Commodore Cleveland beckoned to him with his finger as he stood talking at the cabin-door to his first lieutenant.

"Hardy, I do not feel well this morning; make my excuses to the chaplain, and go on with the service. Come in, Harry. Orderly, allow no one, not even the servants, to enter the cabin—except Doctor Darcanel, in case he should come on board."

The silver sided lad his white-gloved finger on the visor of his hat. Then the chaplain, standing on the king-plank pulpit at the main-mast, with those five hundred quiet, attentive sailors seated on capstan-bars and match-tubs between the silent cannon, and as sweet and pure be mild, persuasive voice, as he read the sublime service from the good lessons before him. Then, after a short but impressive sermon, adapted to the comprehension of the honest tars around him, with a kindly word, too, for the sagacious officers who surrounded them, he closed the Holy Book and delivered the parting benediction.

As he began, a shore boat, in spite of the warning of the sentry at the gangway, came down on the frigate's solid side, and as she drawn among and bobbing back from the recoil of the concussion a tall, powerful man leaped out of her, and by a mighty spring caught the man-ropes of the port gangway, and swung himself through the open port of the gun-deck. Rowing his lofty head with reverential awe as he had said a few words of the benediction were uttered by the chaplain, he joined, in a deep, guttural voice, the word "Amen," and strode on and sat down in a chair.

The curtains were closely drawn of the afternoon, so that there was only twilight of the young sea-breeze which was fluttering in from Port Royal, and there stood that noble officer, with his strong arm thrown around the gallant youth—the picture of abject woe—talking in his kind, feeling accents, trying to console him, calming the bright in his dark eyes and begging him, by all the love and affection he bore him through so many years, to be a man, and trust to his good conscience and his Maker to clear his way through the clouds and gloom which surrounded him.

"There, Henry, you are calmer now. Sit down here in my state-room, and while you think of that lost girl give a thought to that poor, bereaved mother, Madame Rosalie, who loves you for the resemblance she thinks you bear to her lost child. I have searched for pirates just seventeen years ago off this very island.

"What do you say, Cleveland?" said a voice behind him with such deep, sonorous tone of energy that the Commodore fairly started. "What did you say about a lost child and a Madame Rosalie?"

Paul Darcanel stood there in the softened crimson light, with his sinewy, brown hands upraised, his gaunt breast heaving with unshorn beard and tangled, grizzly locks, the iron jaw half open, and his dark, terrible eyes glowing with unearthly fire.

"Speak, Harry Cleveland! For the wife you have lost, speak!"

"My dear, dearest friend; do be calm! Why have you been so long away from me? I wanted you here, but you did not come. The poor boy has had his first lesson in this world's grief, and I have felt obliged to tell him all—yes, everything! That the grave he has so long been over, under the magnolia, does not contain his mother's, and that—

"Merciful God!" and Paul Darcanel, sinking down on his knees, with his hands clasped together, muttered the first time in more than twenty years streamed from his agonized eyes.

"There is a Providence in it all! That boy is my lost son! I named him Paul, Paul's grasp, and that woman must be his mother!"

Lower and lower the lofty head bent, till it touched the floor, and the hoary hands clasped tight together—and those eyes! Ah, those parched eyes! No longer ye!

"Paul, Paul! What is this I hear? For the love of Heaven and those angels who are waiting for us, speak!"

"My father—my more than father, I am not illegitimate, then! No such shame may cause your lay to blush for

THE GAME OF LIFE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

WHEN eager hand Hope deftly weaves
The mantles that our pride would don,
While busy-fingered Care unravels
The garments as we put them on.
We rear on palaces of joy,
And tread them with exulting shout,
Till, crumbling round, its plaisty found
Some corner-stone have been left out.
And thus we play the game of Life,
Shadow and substance ever blending;
'Mid flowers of Peace and tares of Strife
Gaily beginning—sadly ending.

The maiden greets her swain to day,
They pass to-morrow, and the fanns him;
Now she believes whatever he'll say,
A month has gone,—alas! she doubts him;
The lover hangs upon a charmer,
With glowing trust and earnest suasing;
Next year he roams from his trance,
And wins the one he late was wooing.
And thus we play the game of Life,
Our dreams dispel'd, our plans defeated,
And those we've lost with pain and care
Still stand, as ready to be cheated.

The oceing infant's rosy mouth
Aptly receives the sweeten'd potion;
When years are calm, and winds are south,
None see the death-rocks in the ocean.
The rich man tells to "Gather up,"
Meaning to bank in Fortune's clever,
And while he pours into his cup,
Perceives not it is running over.
Thus, year by year the game of Life,
Now simply amused, now wisely brooding,
Now lulled by sunbeams, now stormy rifles,
Living deluded and deluding.

The Poet prattles to the stars,
Philosophers discuss the thunder,
But both are snap'd by crystal bars,
And stand outside to watch and wonder.
We moralize on battle-plains,
Where blood has poured, and fame was won,
We turn and see the baby's glee
Over his minnie sword and gun.
And thus we play the game of Life,
'Twixt holy Thought, and fearful Deed.
Some only stay to work and pray,
And some but live for Crime and Greed.

Our feet of clay trip up each other,
Our wings of ether seek the sky;
We breathe—we are—child fellows mother,
Yet none can tell us "How?" or "Why?"
Our hearts, like clocks, keep ticking fast,
We climb and laugh, we fall and weep,
Till, tired of guessing, at the last
We solve the riddle in a sleep.
And thus we play the game of Life,
In motley garbs of Grief and Pleasure,
Till we are direct in that green vest
For which the sexton takes our measure.

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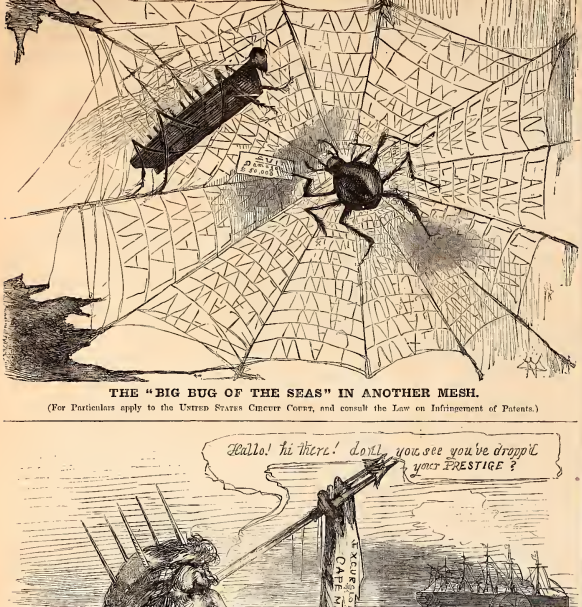

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For September, 1860.

The Publishers of Harper's New Monthly Magazine believe that, in variety and interest of matter and beauty of illustration, the present Number is unrivalled by no one which they have offered to their readers. Mr. O'Brien's Delightful Poem, "The Saving Five," touches upon the great evil—the source of so many others—the want of employment for women. Porte Crayon's lively paper presents a portrait view of New England life and character seen through Southern eyes. Mrs. Taylor's article upon Spiders—which will be continued in a future Number—is a result of years of study, which have won for the author the reputation of one of the most accomplished microscopists and close observers of insect life now living, and have gained for her the appointment of State Entomologist of Georgia. Mr. Headley's stirring account of "Eaton's Dursey Expedition" is the first complete narrative ever published of one of the most daring exploits in our history. The conclusion of Mr. Lossing's "Cruise of the Two Dragons" embodies a moral applicable to political as well as religious polemics. Mr. Thackeray's sketch of George the Second, and Mr. Ruskin's eloquent paper, are by far the best articles contained in our advance copies of the foreign Magazines for the month. These, with the other contents of the Magazine, have been carefully selected from the constantly increasing materials at the disposal of the Editors, whose own comments upon current events and topics furnish an epitome of the world's progress for the month.

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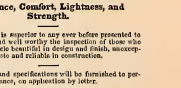

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Printed directions sent free everywhere, and so easy a child could, that any one can take their own measure for shirts. I warrant a good fit. The cash to be paid to the Express Company on receipt of goods.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 191.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH JUST TAKEN BY WATKINS, OF LONDON.]

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

We publish on the preceding page a portrait of the Prince of Wales from a photograph taken by Watkins of Parliament Street, London, just before the Prince sailed from England. As the Prince is just now the hero of the day, our readers will probably be well pleased to compare this portrait with the one we published in our number of August 4, which was pronounced by the correspondents in company with the Prince to be an uncommonly good likeness.

THE SUCTION POST.

WHEN a hunger, on a very hot day, sits down under an awning, and goes to work upon his sherry-cobbler, he notes with satisfaction how pleasantly and how smoothly the liquor glides up the straw upon the application of his lips to it. In the odds are that he never associated with this movement the Post-office or the London Parcels Delivery Company in any manner whatever. Yet the power at work in that straw is destined to revolutionize the machinery of those very important empolitical assemblies.

For some years the International Telegraph Company have employed the new power to expedite their messages. Those their chief offices in Lothbury has been for some time put in communication with the Stock Exchange and their stations at Cornhill and Mincing Lane, and their messages are sucked through tubes, thus avoiding the necessity of repeating each message. We understand the apparatus doing its ordinary work, only the other day, in the large telegraphic apartment of the Company in Telegraph Street, Moorgate Street. Five metal tubes, of from two to three inches in diameter, are seen trabled against the wall, and coming to a stop at terminations opposite the seat of the attendant who ministers to them. In connection with their hat-cords either smaller pipes are sabbled or a slight single tube, based down to an air-pump below, worked by a small steam-engine. There is another arrangement in charge, of course, at the other end of the pipe, and thus ancilia is established to and fro through its whole length. While we are looking at the tripod pipe we hear a whistle; this is to give notice that a dispatch is about to be put into the tube at Mincing Lane, twenty-five miles distant. It will be necessary, therefore, to exhaust the air between the end we are watching and that point. A little trap-door at the mouth of the apparatus—caused by what, a cock is turned, the air-pump below begins to suck, and in a few seconds you hear the blind against the door of the tube—the little door is opened, and a cylinder of gutta-percha, incased in flannel, about three inches long, which fits the tube but loosely, is immediately ejected upon the counter; the cylinder is opened at one end, and there we find the dispatch.

Now it is quite clear that it is only necessary to enlarge the tubes and to employ more powerful engines and air-pumps in order to convey—not letters and dispatches, book parcels, etc., in the same manner. And this a new company are forthwith about to do. They propose to lay down tubes to unite all the district post-offices in the metropolis with the central office in Saint Martin's-le-Grand.

At the present moment the contrast rate at which the mailcarts go is eight miles per hour. The Pneumatic Company can convey messages at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and this speed can be doubled if necessary. The same system will be ultimately adopted for bringing the mail-bags to and from the railway stations. A pipe between the Charing Cross post-office and Saint Martin's-le-Grand is about to be laid; so that the public service will very speedily test its capabilities, if further testing be needed.

The company are also about to lay down a pipe between the Stock and the Exchange, for the conveyance of samples of merchandise, thus practically bringing the Isle of Dogs into Cornhill; and for all we know the operations may hereafter be extended to relieve the gorged streets of the metropolis of some of its heavy traffic.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860.

THE RECOVERY FROM THE CRISIS.

COMMERCIAL movements are always slow; if it takes years to collect materials for a financial crisis, and years to set up the scaffolding for a new edifice of prosperity. The crisis of 1857 was inevitable from the outbreak of the Crimean war; it is now 1860, and the real revival of prosperity has only just begun.

It has begun, however, and for that let us give God thanks. On whichever side we look we see some indications of reviving animation, increasing enterprise, increased production, restored vitality, re-established confidence. The number of operatives employed in the Lancashire factories is considerably greater than has ever been known heretofore; the consumption of cotton will be great, it is expected, this year, be thirty-three per cent. in excess of that of any previous year. The yield of wheat in the West is over twenty-five per cent. more than the harvest of 1856, the largest harvest on record; corn is expected to show a still larger increase. Cotton may not do, this year, as well as last, in consequence of the severe summer drought; but the crop will certainly be in excess of that of any previous year except 1859. The railroad interest is mending rapidly; the average receipts show an increase of from forty to sixty per cent. last year. More ships and steamers are being built than usual; it is evident that new struggles are going to be made with England for the carrying of the seas. The mines—iron, coal, lead, and gold—are yielding more metal than they have done for years.

Thus we are once more on the advancing wave of prosperity. How long the tide may flow before the ebb comes depends on the human sense and discretion of the people at large. If people generally become elated at the prospect of prosperity, and begin to spend as much as or more than they did in the increase of wealth leads to an excessive expansion of credit, and every one begins to run in debt with a view to future fortunes; if our men insist on squandering their wives dress and household luxuries the sums which they spent in 1856 and the early part of 1857, it is evident that our race will be short, and that a fresh financial crisis will speedily overtake us. Nothing but caution, prudence, economy, and habits of saving among individuals can make our prosperity a condition permanent. The choice rests with the people: they must decide.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CANADA.

OUR humorous poets have thus far forgotten to seize the humors of the Prince's tour through the Canadian provinces. The sentimental history of the colonists; the funny servility of some learned bodies; the desperate partisanship of some yet judicious; the sayings of the Prince lest some fair subject should presume to walk arm in arm with him in the dance; the inexorable laws which guard the Prince against being spoken to by a subject; the sudden disappearance of his left hand, the right being only used for kissing or for shaking hands; the lavish expenditure of money; the Prince's tour, we think, will probably gaze with more interest on Canada's natural beauties than on her triumphal arches—all these are rich topics for a humorous pen, and we hardly understand how they have been neglected so long.

We trust, when the Man arrives the shall write this theme, that he will have the good sense to treat it with genial kindly humor, and not with any thing like ill-nature or venom. In all the provinces he visited, there, shall as some of the events have been, there has been nothing ridiculous, and certainly nothing demanding reproaches. The people have acted himself with rare discretion and judgment. His replies to addresses have not by any means been stereotyped, and have all been sensible and judicious. He has made no mistakes; hurt no one's feelings; damped no one's enthusiasm. Perhaps there never was a royal progress which left so little room for serious criticism. If the Prince, when he comes to reign over Great Britain, is as well advised as he has been on this tour, the British will be a happy people.

The most trying ordeal for his Royal Highness is to come, however. His reception here will test his judgment, and his tact. The New York aristocracy have met and resolved to entertain him gratuitly in the Academy of Music. The matter was taken up by the leaders of the Common Council, which is a great blessing; but there is a wide margin for blunders even under this system. No Mr. Fernando Wood is from the *Incognito* under which the Prince will travel. What excuse is there for fitting Baron Renfrew? How far are the barriers of etiquette to be made to bend? What will the Prince say to his New York entertainers? We trust that all these matters may be carefully thought of in advance, and that nothing may occur to mar a reception which should be perfect in its way. The spirit exists here to do the Prince honor worthily; let us hope that the expression may be felicitous.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has at last found another every one else has long ago—that the British Cockle trade is merely the slave-trade in disguise; that poor Chinamen are kidnapped by ships at Canton, Macao, and Hong Kong, and shipped perforce on board Coolie ships; that the horrors of "the middle passage" are daily renewed on board the Coolie ships; and that the Colonial authorities of Cuba and the British to enforce certain laws passed to regulate the trade have generally, or at least in a great many cases, winked at the violation.

There is progress here, and now that the truth is known in the proper quarter we may hope that the remedy for the proper remedy will not be long delayed.

In the mean while we may be permitted to put the ever-recurring question—what are the rights to do for labor? In the West India Islands, and in the tropical regions of this continent, there are millions of acres of the most fertile lands in the world, lying idle for want of labor. In the North the same want is supplied by the volunteer labor of Irishmen and Germans, who come here sometimes two hundred thousand in a year. The Southern country is not adopted for these races; it was meant for the dark races—the negro, the Chinaman, and the Hindoo. How are they to be imported? They do not know enough to come voluntarily. To import them by force is the slave-trade, which is piracy. How, then, are they to be had?

A KING FOR CANADA.

SOME of our contemporaries, moralizing on the progress of the Prince of Wales through the British Provinces, predict that he will shortly be inaugurated as King of the Canadas and British North America. Those who hold this opinion do not understand the temper of the colonists. They are intensely loyal—in words, and as against foreign nations, such as the United States. But as between themselves and Great Britain they are, and ought to be, imbued with a very strong local patriotism and a decided jealousy of British interference. For nearly twenty years, indeed ever since self-government was inaugurated in Canada, each successive English governor has been more unpopular than the last. The best English governor they ever had was Lord Elgin, and him they nearly stoned to death. Lord Elgin was very simple.

The Canadians are at heart thorough freemen and Democrats. They want to govern themselves. They have the intelligence, the capacity to do so, and they know it. As it is, their governors possess very little real power—no more than the Queen in England; they scarcely draw their $30,000 a year for sheering the orders of the elective Parliament; and yet they are perpetually reviled by the local papers. Not contemporaries of the Prince would dare to attempt to convert Canada into a Viceroyalty like Ireland's would result in a rebellion, far more serious in its results than that of 1837-8.

That the British Provinces will shortly be united or confederated, there is every reason to believe. Railroads will effect that. But the executive power of the whole will not be appointed by England, but elected by the British North American people. No Prince will ever rule over Canada.

THE LOUNGER.

AN EXPLANATION.

Of course the friends of Mr. Page the painter must have been amazed to read in the Lounger of last week that Page is a "great painter" and "believes profoundly in advertising."

The Lounger hastens to explain that the article called "The Great Painter" should have followed the one called "The Merry Painter," and that it is to the latter that the "Sir," etc., refer. No man could more strongly disapprove what is known as "advertising" than William Page.

THE CITY DINING THE PRINCE.

A MEETING of New York citizens has appointed a committee to take charge of an ovation to the Prince of Wales. This will include the most eminent men of letters, clergymen, lawyers, and merchants of every kind in the city. It is strictly a representative body, and has no favor of a party, and the experiment will now be fairly tried whether it is possible to have a public reception of a distinguished guest which is worthy of him and of the city.

Of course there must be a dinner. There must be a public meeting of all the trades. And it is therefore a good thing that there is so spacious and splendid a hall as the Academy for the purpose. Brilliantly illuminated, with the boxes filled, and making hanging gardens of the boxes above the parquet, it will be as pretty a spectacle as we are likely to see there.

But why should the ladies be confined to the boxes? Why should each gentleman who buys a ticket to the table be allowed to buy one for a lady also? Then when the table tickets were all sold, the dinnerers would be content to go up stairs and look on. The fine effect of the spectacle will be greatly heightened by the mingling of the bright ladies of the ball with the sombre organization black broadcloth of the gentlemen. Moreover, it is intended to have a great concourse of people of a private party. It is not a public spree of the Hodge kind, and it may fairly be presumed that there will be no disorder and no tendency to violate the rules of the assembly.

There is no reason to suppose that they will not be, except that it is rather the habit for public dinners to be composed of men only. This has been the rule, of course, because men did not wish the fair ladies to share the society of the other sex. But this is the very occasion upon which they do mean it. We hope it will. We want that the late King of England shall always remember that he dined with hundreds of Americans, as quietly and elegantly as if he had been dining at the Court at Windsor Castle. Oh, Junkins, do you think the thing possible?

And oh, Jenkins, couldn't you say a word to the orators? Let us have it thick, but not too thick. Let it be distinctly stated that we are one family; that we have a common language, common interests, and common religion; that Shakespeare and Milton belong to us both; and that Liberty, wherever hands we are to bless the world:—let that all be set forth at length and with velvet eloquence. Then let us stop talking, clear away the tables, and fall to dancing. The Prince is fond of it. You told us that he danced eleven times one evening, and that, too, after dinner. And "the rests his partners frequently." That is another great point.

It is suggested that it is not the custom in England to admit ladies to public dinners, and it would strike the Prince as "cold." So it might, but we thought New York was in America.

A GREAT EVENT.

As I passed up the East River on an afternoon of last week I saw upon the shore opposite Blackwell's Island a crowd of men and women clustering upon the rocks that overlang the water, and sitting and sunbathing among the trees. The bits of green grass seen from the river had the aspect of lawns. The trees were stately and full-leaved. There were graceful inequalities of surface, and the people seemed every where to wear a peaceful air of tranquil happiness. There were buildings also, and benches, and a platform. Altogether it was a very pretty pastoral sight. There was something in it to remind a spectator of Claude's pictures.

And if a man had looked in under the silken canopy which stretched over the old Roman Colosseum like a firmament, he had seen the myriads of people sitting there, rising upward and backward into remote tiers of glittering life—and had remembered that this was the theater of the most civilized of nations, how sadly he would have been puzzled if he had been told that this festive scene was simply a human menagerie, and that these greedy people were all gathered to see men murder each other! "The doomed salute thee, Cæsar!" You see it in Gerome's picture, and seeing it, comprehend the bestiality of Rome, and understand why, when it had conquered the world, it its prosperity had culminated, it perished miserably, as it deserved.

But what a contrasting of the same melancholy contrast between the festal aspect of the groups in the grounds by the river and the occasion of their assembly. To see men gathered in a place near kind of gladiatorial show, and the occasion in question was only a sham prize-fight, or hardly so much as that—it was only a boxing-match—Sir! Let us suppose that the affable and gentlemanly pugilist had shin his fist and his fists upon the ball of Parliament, would he have been sufficiently different from a gladiator who had plunged his short sword through the breast of his adversary? Undoubtedly he would have been. How? Because the old gladiator was compelled by his victors to fight with his life at stake; while the affable and gentlemanly fighter of Farnborough would, in the case supposed, have slain his antagonist without compelling him to contribute to the fund of any offense upon the part of his victim. There is just that difference between the ancient and the modern gladiator, and it is illustrated by a week of the former.

And suppose, again, that Sayers had been killed in the ring—why, in that case, instead of thirty thousand people at the national ovation to the Barnborough Chicken there would have been three hundred thousand. The national honor would then have been completely vindicated. The whole world would have seen that were the bravest, most honest, most manly nation that was ever known. And the Druses would have said, "If Kate is the Christian divinities they make such a row-de-dow about, let us strike again!"

THE LAST TRIUMPH OF "PRACTICAL MEN."

THE *Great Eastern* has left us. The ship of which for two or three years we have all been talking, and laughing at, and wondering, and wondering, and laughing, and doubting, and betting—she has gone now, and in the range of chances we shall probably never see her again. Her designer seems to have made the same mistake that the unhappy Haydon made in painting, and the later Roman Emperors in building. The mistake was in supposing that forces, or grandeur, or use necessarily lay in size. Size, of course, is a tremendous thing if it begin at a beam is a certain subject painted upon an enormous canvas. The statue of an emperor seen not heroic and impressive merely because it was four times as large as life. And the *Great Eastern* is neither pie fastest, nor safest, nor most economical because she is the biggest. She may be called the great British folly; but, like many things so called, she has a great deal that is excellent and memorable to look back upon.

But how about our friends the "practical men?" They built her—they subscribed for her—they voted in favor of her—they bragged upon her. It cost goes up in a balloon of any kind, the practical men look on, and they shake their shoulders, and cry "poor devil!" If a subscription is proposed for Garibaldi or Kossuth, the practical men squint wisely, and ask if politics pays? But the amusing part of experience is that if you want to see projects utterly and ludicrously futile—if you want to hear theories wildly absurd—if you want to see fancy running riot—study the practical men, and watch their performances, and their talk, and their theories will seem to you the only people of ordinary common sense in the world.

Practical men built the Scotch Bank bubble. Practical men made King Hudson. Practical men built the *Great Eastern*. Practical men subscribed to our immortal Atlantic Cable. Practical men—Practical men allow the city taxes to crawl up to a dizzy height. Practical men think that the true way to meet great public questions is to hold your tongue. Practical men think, when the delegate begins, that it isn't going to be much of a sermon. And then practical men go home and forbid the marriage of daughter Mary with young Matthew Moldy, because he does not know the value of money—because he is not a practical man.

In Scott's "Antiquary," Sir Arthur Wardour is a practical man. Did you ever laugh at the visionary Oldbuck? Yes—and how easily Dousterswivel, with his incantations and divining-rods, leads Sir Arthur by the nose!

It will do no harm to preach this little sermon from that tremendous text of the *Great Eastern*. We Loungers and other useless people have plenty of time to study the actions of practical men, and to perceive why it is that they esteem us so lightly. It is because they are busy with *Great Eastern* and other practical works. They triumphantly say, "While lounging through life is all very well, what divinities does lounging divide? Tell us, lazy, for we are practical men." And the *Great Eastern*—and the Atlantic Cable—what is their dividend? Do you think Doubtscrewtel is dead? Don't you individually know that Sir Arthur is living? And so a prosperous voyage to the great ship!

AN IMPERIAL LETTER.

The real power and character of Louis Napoleon are more in nothing he has ever done more fully then in his late letter to M. Persigny, the French Ambassador in England. It is a letter unique in literary. It shows that the Emperor of France feels no secure on his throne, and so consistently strange that he may tread upon the diplomatic forms and ceremonious delays of diplomacy, and say directly, as one man to another, precisely what he thinks and means.

That he may be telling an untruth is possible. That is always possible when a man speaks. But the simplicity, clearness, and frankness with which he states his points are beyond praise, as they are beyond precedent in such correspondence.

The truth-loving people of England is that France will descend upon her coasts and actually occupy London. It is a disease of nervous fear people sly shows itself. The Nestor of the English press rose last year and shook his warning finger. The nation took heed. It was ready to have thrown only an army drill in the field—only an excuse for unscabbling and marshaling the army, to descend suddenly upon England. It began to form volunteer companies. The drum rattled, the fife shrieked, throughout the kingdom. Lately we have seen the accounts of the carrows in London—of the heroic pulling by the queen of the string that fired a rifle—and the speech of Lord Palmerston asking for extraordinary means to put the nation in a state of defense.

Directly upon that speech comes the letter of Louis Napoleon. It sounds like the voice of a man in a bulwark of children. "Let us understand one another in plain words, like honest men as we are, and not like thieves who desire to cheat each other." It is clear that Louis Napoleon, dealing with the eclaon formerly of English diplomacy, is like to get the answer that Mr. Clennan got at the Circumlocution office: "Look here! I want land, you mean to come into the place saying you want to know, you know." The Emperor of France desiratively does want to know, you know, and England is aghast.

Upon the whole, and whatever doubt of his honesty may be entertained, the Emperor of France is certainly shown his entire superiority to the system of British statesmanship. While the English gentlemen are shouting and thunder and blow the French cannon in the Channel—while it is as firm a faith among the people of England that a Bonaparte is coming to eat them up as it used to be that King Arthur was not dead—the ruler of France smiles and tells them not to be frightened; tries to convince them that a man who, at this day, finds himself Emperor of France, has other work on hand than invading England because his Uncle Napoleon died at St. Helena. Some things may be considered settled: among them, for instance, that the two are friends. England can never permanently occupy France, and vice versa; and that the present condition of affairs forbids any intercourse between these two nations upon such a point as revenge for Waterloo. It may be said with the utmost truth that Louis Napoleon has always stated precisely what he meant, so far as England was concerned—that the event has always justified his words, and that the present English terror of a French invasion is due to their own skepticism of their professed amity. England thinks the hand of France, and half doubtingly; France takes the hand of England, and holds it honestly.

"In Europe's name," says Napoleon, "let the ancient men who are placed at the head of the English Government be set aside peacefully from the management of affairs." It need not lay them aside because Louis Napoleon promises fairly, but because his deeds have hitherto justified his words.

HAS A MAN A RIGHT TO HIS OWN?

MY DEAR LOUNGER,—I have a profound respect for the Editor of this paper, I am perplexed, and depend upon you to relieve me. The point is this: Is it part of the rights of other men to trample upon my grass? I have, at the expense of pretty country place, no rights at all? After working hard at my business for many years, I accumulate just enough to purchase a small, but, as I think, very pleasant place, with less than two hundred miles of New York. As I hope to live all the year in the country, I thought "it would be a good thing," as Mr. Sparrowgrass says, to have a tastefully laid out lawn—a pleasant resort or small watering-place, that the monotony might be relieved, and I found just the place.

Indeed, Mr. Lounger—and this seems to pause to say it—is not remarkable that, if any body advertises for a very particular object, of any kind whatsoever, there is a probability of a stranger leaving the handle to a country seat upon the water, with a "to-morrow" in his mouth, and all city conveniences—there is always somebody sure to respond that, by the rarest luck in the world, he happens to have just the thing in question, which, for private reasons, he was just ready to part with for half its value? It is remarkable, isn't it?

Well, I bought my place (or thought, and it was pleasant and convenient. But when the summer came, and the visitors came with it to the waterlog-place, they seemed to imagine that they had bought a right to the whole neighborhood with their eighteen dollars a week. That sum really entitled them to a small white cottage, with a small bedstead, one table (customary upon its legs), one wooden chair, one ditto wash-stand, and one square looking-glass, with a free use of the horse and rocking-chair and rattling piano in the public parlor. And if they chose to add to this their share of the dirt on the highway, it was all right and nobody complained.

But the joke is—I mean the misery—that these people seem to have left all idea of private property behind them. They respect my gate and my sickle—but no more than the robin who feeds over them. They walk wherever they please, directly, pick my flowers, and eat my fruit as generously as if they were the mists at all, but belonging to the first comer. I very soon put up boards painted with large, ugly letters—"No Admission," "Private Grounds," "Not open to the Public," etc.—but without the least result. Then I locked my gate—and it was broken down! And paintings were pulled off to let women through more easily! My place was overrun. My peace was gone. My wife was indignant. My daughters in the sulks; for they could not get a respectable fashionable set. So I bought a bull-dog. Unhappily he was as dangerous to the family as to my strangers. So when he arrived I was looking—not at my gate, at a high rate, for my wife and the children, and gave the brute free range of the grounds. After two days I discovered that the bull had behaved, the bull-dog dead—poisoned, I have reason to believe, with strychnine in a chop. Then I resolved to be my own bulldog. I put up fresh notices, and I posted myself with a huge club in the garden walks. Presently, on a bright morning, down in a shady path, I found a man sitting. They are three halfs and one gentleman. As they approach me I rally my wits. When the stranger addresses some considered jeice upon my appearance. I take the gentleman aside, and say to him, inquiringly, "Do you, sir, make a practice of private grounds? You will please to move off immediately."

I, forsooth, what do you think the man does? He pulls out his card, hands it to me, says that I have insulted him, and challenges me!

I write now for information. I only want to know whether the wretched people who own country-places near summer resorts have any right to them at all? Whether, if they have, they should hire this three-legged pine table in his hot white cell, he also have the entire region round.

YOURS, BENJAMIN STOCKING.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An ancient monster hints that possibly long trains were worn to hide large feet—a sweet which is indulged in by a third sensible creature, a fiend in poetic form, who sets forth:

"E knuke a mugkeve fagge to see:
Eake ceere I take eake ceere
Why wake lo fagge ne ple feete mug be:
Beleve-me! Beleve-me!
All ye lade fagge ple feeltere be,
Ernste not to moove than ge can see!"

THE PAPAL BRIGADIER'S RETURN.

The Irish Boy is come back from Rome,
Is a sorty suit you'll deed him;
He takes his place in the Irish brigade,
And his coat slit up behind him.
Lend your hand, O! ye Englishmen dear,
"Though priests may scorl, he sky:
Some lads have the papal pound—
Some greenhorns, duped, not crazy."

The Boy was done, but the Papal chick
Could not keep his shrewd manhood;
The song he expected he didn't gain:
So he found he's not cut out for a bard.
And said, "No Pope shall humbug me;
My soul shall have liberty!
I'll never fight, gratis, against the Pope,
Liberty and for Liberty!"

With reference to George IV.'s known dislike to Peel, and contempt for his plebian origin, and supposed want of "blood," Sydney Smith used to say, thus:

"Peel, when in the ministry, and on a visit at the Royal Pavilion, was ordered to dine with the Duke of Wellington, and the Prince Regent, in the middle of the night to attend his Majesty in what—his dinner being disagreed with him—he called his agonies, and the King supposed to be his last moments. Peel was sent alarmed to the King, and said, 'Sir, I hope he could correctly after, said.

"'Oh, my, Sir, Peel—Peel—I hope you have one you spoiled.' And so Peel retired to his dinner, and said, 'Well, I hope that drawing-room, my dear Peel? It sits very badly below.' And from you, my dear Peel? Never mind that tailor again."

At a dinner-party at Lord Lyndhurst's, at which Sydney Smith was present, the conversation turned on the Jesuits. In Italy, we have seen a Jesuit dying in the agonies of which we record. When the subject was pointed out to Lyndhurst, he said, "Well, I have no doubt, asserting that he was who truly loved her husband could only to marry him."

"But, if Lord Lyndhurst were to die, you would be sorry?" said the Jesuit, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"Lady Lyndhurst," he replied, "would, no doubt, be affectionate with considerable sorrow, for a time, but, lest it would be our duty to put her out; and, as she would be of the Jesuit order, the Jesuits would not be put out like an ordinary widow. It should be a little Pope, Pius, and Lyndhurst, Lord Lyndhurst, of the lawyers."

Pius where, Mr. Smith, are the clergy?

"All gone to congratulate the new Chancellor."

Three a piece of meat among them and a piece of cold mutton and bread, and I believe most entirely—the one or the beasts!

"What is meant by the definition of the moslin?" asked a disciple of Brummell.

"When it runs up into the quick of the nail," was the ready reply.

Lady Yarmouth asked Garrick one day why Lero was always represented as a dandy. He replied, "Because Lero never reaches the age of wisdom and experience."

Mr. Harris "was never more at a loss in the whole course of his life," but when his friend Jones asked him to take a chair, he said he would "walk till one came round."

What part of a ship is like a farmer?—The tiller.

"Is your city healthy one, Sir?"
"Oh yes; medicines are dirge there."

STEVE THE FACE.—A story is told of the great French actor, which fully proclaims his knowledge of human nature. He was traveling in Germany, in entire ignorance of the language and currency. Having obtained a small quantity of some of his French coin, he used it to purchase and return in the following manner: Taking a handful of the numismatical specimens from his pocket, he selected from them, one by one, into the crediter's hands, keeping his eye fixed all the time on the receiver's face. As soon as he perceived the least trifle of a smile he took back the last coin deposited in the hand, and returned it to his pocket, with the same look. He afterward found that in pursuing this method he had not overreached, or been cheated.

The following trifling anecdote is given as an illustration of Charles Lamb's playfulness:

"I dined with Mr. Lamb, at Mr. Gillman's. Returning from the dining-room, he which was filled with Mr. Gillman's guests, he said, "Charles, is there a person Lamb Tom?" A woman seized the gentleman. 'Are you full Lamb?' Lamb, in a fright, leaped from the window, and said, 'I am quite full inside; that last piece of pudding at Mr. Gillman's did the business for me.'"

The tongue discovers the state of the mind no less than that of the body; in the first case, before the speaker or the physician can judge, the patient must open his *Mouth*.

"THOMAS, SIR!"—A good story is related of a conductor on a railroad, who was a strict church-going man, and was accustomed to attend, in his church on the Sabbath. One Saturday evening his train was in very high order, and he was congratulated upon the fact, which, however, did not prevent his attending Divine service as usual. During the service he unfortunately fell into a troubled sleep, soothed by the monotonous tones of the preacher. All of a sudden he opens his seat, thrusts his head under his arm, and giving his neighbor a jerk, he exclaims, "Thomas, Sir!" The good-natured neighbor also sprang to his feet, which thoroughly aroused the conductor, who, as he was wont, was half by a rising all eyes turned toward him, instantly comprehending the situation, "Thomas!" emitted a suppressed titter from the whole congregation.

"John, you seem to gain flesh every day; the grocery business agrees with you. What do you do?" "Well, Sir, I weigh."

A Frenchman, intending to compliment a young lady by telling her a gentle lamb, said, "She is cane mutton as is small."

A late well-known member of the Scottish bar, when young, was remarkable for a kindly, and rather hot and sharp in his temper. He was going to pay a visit to the sheriff, and was anxious to make a great feed after preparing and putting up of his habiliments. His old maid-servant answered his bell, and he bawls, and stopped him by the somewhat confusing question.

"Where's the tailor, Nelly?" "Where, Sir, do ye mean? I canna wave about your claes?"

The young man, with a sigh, pacified, and pettishly replied: "I am going to the devil."

"Deed, Sir, I'm sorry; ye wes the quiet sewer, 'no ecefna be use nice; he'll just tak ye as yo are."

HOW TO TRAVELERS.—"Do you see this stick, Sir?" said a very eccentric gentleman to a fellow-traveler. "This stick has been all round the world, Sir."

"Indeed, sir!" and the fellow-traveler; "and yet it is only a stick!"

The story is remarkable, but pertinent.

A young ensign of a regiment, residing in lodgings the sitting-rooms of which was very small, was visited by one of his brother officers, who, on taking the hour, said, "Well, Charlie, and how much longer do you mean to stay in this nutshell?" To which he wittily replied, "Until I become a kernel."

A young man becoming engaged recently, was desirous of presenting his intended with a ring upon which was inscribed, but being at a loss what to have engraved on it, called upon a friend for advice. "Well," said the old man, "put on, 'When this you see remember me.'" The young lady was delighted with the idea of her lover receiving a beautiful ring, with this inscription: "When this you see remember Jim?"

ON A LADY WITH BRIGHT EYES AND A LOUD VOICE.

Miss Blank is made of fearful stuff,
Her eyes are quiet enough;
But then her voice—no loud and rough
Can with your bear compare;
You hear her lightning well enough,
But where is the thunder?

A wag named Tracy, was one evening accosted by a lady named Grimes, thus:

"How is it, Mr. Tracy, my dear Mr. Tracy,
That after I you are so ray?"

To which he replied:

"Because, madam, you are, at various times,
If we leave out G we thus have rimes."

LET BEGRUDGING PROFESSIONAL. "Ain't they put out Garibaldi's fun, Sir?"

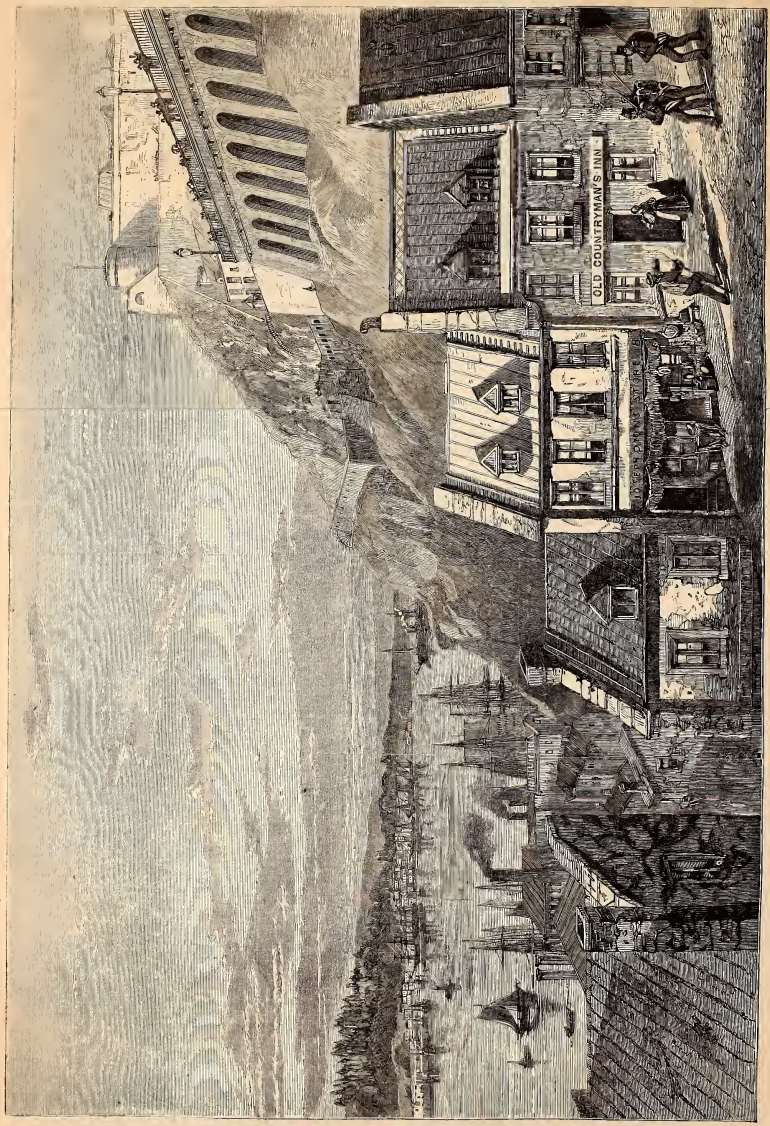
"Do tipsy. "Not a bit on it; all the windows in Sicily are broken, and he promises to put the rest out as soon as he can."

"DO TIPSY. "Wot a shame to keep a feller out of his bed in this way! Why can't they go to bed like Christians?" "Why, Tipsy?"

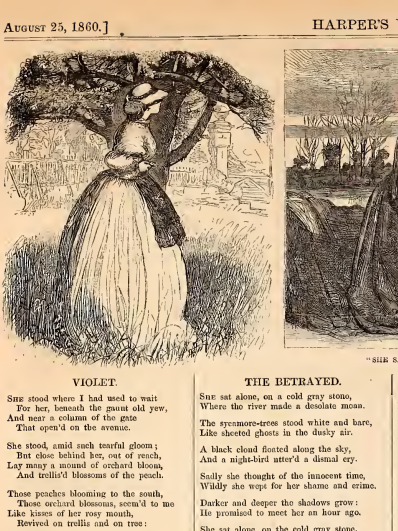
A man who has a heart of iron can at least boast of always having metal in his chest.

The best of us sometimes fall into traps and scrapes from which we would, at the moments at which we are exempt from this danger, and it was most humorously exemplified in Dublin, a few years ago, when one of the most distinguished and illustrious personage sometimes employs his time in the amusement of pulling the wire-bell. The amiable lady in question had just compleated a dinner for a gentleman herself had an intelligent opinion, when Colonel Dashing entered. "Sir, Colonel," said the amiable lady, "I hope, Sir, they will not be to cold?" "The Hon. Colonel, having read it, said, "Madam, I hope they will be right; right! it is so." "Do you ever read my thing to wife?" "Never, upon my word." "I am sorry for it, Colonel, I thought you wrote it myself." "Your Mamm—!" said the Colonel, in confusion. "Yes, Colonel, I know." "Ma, ma, Colonel, that thoughts are commonly the best. I agree with you, and I shall hereafter consider myself a fool."

A verdant Irish girl just arrived was sent to an intelligence office by the Commissioner of Emigration to find a place at service. The lady of the house inquired, "Can about keep?" was wanted, and which lodgers? "Well, Sir, I'm a respectable young woman, and I'm fight this egge by illing a little cockle-shell, and I'm fight this egge by illing a little cockle-shell, and I'm fight this egge by illing a little cockle-shell



THE CITY OF QUEBEC, CANADA, FROM THE TOP OF PRESCOTT GATE.—[See preceding Page.]



"SHE SAT ALONE, ON THE COLD GRAY STONE."

VIOLET.

SHE stood where I had used to wait
For her, beneath the gaunt old yew,
And near a column of the gate
That open'd on the avenue.

She stood, amid such tearful gloom;
But close behind her, out of reach,
Lay many a mound of orchard bloom,
And trellis'd blossoms of the peach.

Those peaches blooming to the south,
Those orchard blossoms, seem'd to me
Like kisses of her rosy mouth,
Revived on trellis and on tree:

Kisses, that die not when the thrill
Of joy that answer'd them is mute;
But such as turn to use, and fill
The summer of our days with fruit.

And she, impressing half the sole
Of one small foot against the ground,
Stood resting on the yew-tree bole,
A-tiptoe to each sylvan sound:

She, whom I thought so still and shy,
Express'd in every subtle move
Of lifted hand and open eye
The large expectancy of love;

Until, with all her dewy hair
Dissolved into a golden flame
Of sunshine on the sunless air,
She came to meet me as I came.

But in her face no sunlight shone;
No sunlight, but the sad unrest
Of shade, that sinks from zone to zone
When twilight glimmers in the west.

What grief had touch'd her on the nerve?
For grief alone it is, that stirs
The full ineffable reserve
Of quiet spirits such as hers:

'Twas this—that we had met to part;
That I was going, and that she
Had nothing left but her true heart,
Made strong by memories of me.

What wonder then she quite forgot
Her old repression and control,
And loosed at once and started not
The tender tumult of her soul?

What wonder, that she droop'd and lay
In silence, and at length in tears,
On that which should have been the stay
And comfort of her matron years?

But from her bosom, as she leant,
She took a nested violet,
And gave it me—I became 'twas meant
For those who never can forget."

This is the flower: 'tis dry, or wet
With something I may call my own.
Why did I rouse this old regret?
It irks me, now, to be alone:

Triumphs, indeed! Why, after all,
My life has but a broken lute:
My heart grows like the heart of Saul,
For hatred, and for madness too.

Why sits that snickling minstrel there?
I hate him, and the songs he sings;
They only bring the fond despair
Of inaccessible sweet things:

Why lives he still? Because the truth
Of those pure days may never die:
He lives, because his name is Youth;
Because his harp is—Memory.

THE BETRAYED.

SHE sat alone, on a cold gray stone,
Where the river made a desolate moan.

The sycamore-trees stood white and bare,
Like sheeted ghosts in the dusky air.

A black cloud floated along the sky,
And a night-bird utter'd a dismal cry.

Scaly she thought of the innocent time,
Wildly she wept for her shame and crime.

Darker and deeper the shadows grew:
He promised to meet her an hour ago.

She sat alone, on the cold gray stone,
And the river flow'd with a sadder moan.

She heard the hum of the distant town,
The patter of dead leaves falling down.

She heard the toad in the long dank grass,
But never *his* tread—*alas, alas!*

The morning came with its golden light,
To the sycamore-trees so bare and white.

The mists that slept on the river's brim
Went up like the wings of the cherubim.

The water-lilies so cold and fair
Were tangled with tresses of bright brown hair.

The osiers bent with a quiet grace
Over a faint with a still, white face.

The river flow'd with a desolate moan,
And dead leaves fell on the cold gray stone.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

We had not been married quite a month yet. If my heart was heavy, if my resolution for a moment faltered again, when I looked at her face turned faithfully to my pillow in her sleep, when I saw her hand resting upon the coverlet, as if it was waiting unconsciously for mine, surely there was some excuse for me? I only allowed myself a few minutes to kneel down at the bedside, and to look close at her—so close that her breath, as it came and went, fluttered on my face. I only touched her hand and her cheek with my lips at parting. She stirred in her sleep, and murmured my name, but without waking. I lingered for an instant at the door to look at her again. "God bless and keep you, my darling!" I whispered, and left her.

Marian was at the stair-head waiting for me. She had a folded slip of paper in her hand.

"The landlord's son has brought this for you," she said. "He has got a cab at the door; he says you ordered him to keep it at your disposal."

"Quite right, Marian. I want the cab; I am going out again."

I descended the stairs as I spoke, and looked into the sitting-room to read the slip of paper by the light on the table. It contained these two sentences, in Percy's handwriting:

"Your letter is received. If I don't see you before the time you mention, I will break the seal when the clock strikes."

I placed the paper in my pocket-book and made for the door. Marian met me on the threshold, and pushed me back into the room, where the candle-light fell full on my face. She held me by both hands, and her eyes fastened searchingly on mine.

"I see!" she said, in a low, eager whisper. "You are trying the last chance to-night."

"Yes, the last chance and the best," I whispered back.

"Not alone! Oh, Walter, for God's sake, not alone! Let me go with you. Don't refuse me because I'm only a woman. I must go! I will go! I'll wait outside in the cab!"

It was my turn now to hold *her*. She tried to break away from me, and get down first to the door.

"If you want to help me," I said, "stop here, and sleep in my wife's room to-night. Only let me go away with my mind easy about Laura, and I answer for every thing else. Come, Marian, give me a kiss, and show that you have the courage to wait till I come back."

I dared not allow her time to say a word more. She tried to hold me again. I unclasped her hands, and was out of the room in a moment. The boy below heard me on the stairs, and opened the hall door. I jumped into the cab before the driver could get off the box. "Forest Road, St. John's Wood," I called to him through the front window. "Double fare, if you get there in a quarter of an hour." "I'll do it, Sir." I looked at my watch. Eleven o'clock—not a minute to lose.

The rapid motion of the cab; the sense that every instant new was bringing me nearer to the Count; the conviction that I was embarked at last, without let or hinderance, on my hazardous enterprise, heated me into such a fever of excitement, that I shouted to the man to go faster and faster. As we left the streets, and crossed St. John's Wood Road, my impatience so completely overpowered me, that I stood up in the cab and stretched my head out of the window to see the end of the journey before we reached it. Just as a clifflock clock in the distance struck the quarter past, we turned into the Forest Road. I stopped the driver a little away from the Count's house—paid, and dismissed him—and walked on to the door.

As I approached the garden gate, I saw another person advancing toward it also, from the direction opposite to mine. We met under the gas-lamp in the road, and looked at each other. I instantly recognized the light-haired foreigner, with the scar on his cheek; and I thought he recognized me. He said nothing; and, instead of stopping at the house, as I did, he slowly walked on. Was he in the Forest Road by accident? or had he followed the Count home from the Opera?

I did not pursue those questions. After waiting a little, till the foreigner had slowly passed out of sight, I rang the gate bell. It was then twenty minutes past eleven—late enough to make it quite easy for the Count to get rid of me by the excuse that he was in bed.

The only way of providing against this contingency was to send in my name, without asking any preliminary questions, and to let him know, at the same time, that I had a serious motive for wishing to see him at that late hour. Accordingly, while I was waiting, I took out my card, and wrote under my name, "On important business." The maid-servant answered the door while I was writing the last word in pencil, and asked me distrustfully what I "pleased to want."

"Be so good as to take that to your master," I replied, giving her the card.

I saw, by the girl's hesitation of manner, that, if I had asked for the Count in the first instance she would only have followed her instructions by telling me he was not at home. She was staggered by the confidence with which I gave her the card. After staring at me in great perturbation, she went back into the house with my message, closing the door, and leaving me to wait in the garden.

In a minute or so she reappeared. "Her master's compliments, and would I be so obliging as to say what my business was?" "Take my compliments back," I replied; "and say that the business can not be mentioned to any one but your master." She left me again, again returned, and this time asked me to walk in.

There was no lamp in the hall; but by the dim light of the kitchen candle which the girl had brought up stairs with her, I saw an elderly lady steal noiselessly out of a back room on the ground-floor. She cast one vipersh look at me as I entered the hall, but said nothing, and went slowly up stairs without returning my bow. My familiarity with Marian's journal sufficiently assured me that the elderly lady was Madame Fosco.

The servant led me to the room which the Countess had just left. I entered it, and found myself face to face with the Count.

He was still in his evening dress, except his coat, which he had thrown across a chair. His shirt-sleeves were turned up at the wrists, but no higher. A carpet-bag was on one side of him, and a box on the other. Books, papers, and articles of wearing apparel were scattered about the room. On a table, at one side of the door, stood the cage, so well known to me by description, which contained his white mice. The canaries and the cockatoo were probably in some other room. He was seated before the box, packing it, when I went in, and rose with

"I AM THINKING," SAID HE, "WHETHER I SHALL ADD TO THE DISORDER IN THIS ROOM BY SCATTERING YOUR BRAINS ABOUT THE FIRE-PLACE."

some papers in his hand to receive me. His face still betrayed plain traces of the shock that had overpowered him at the Opera. His fat cheeks hung loose; his cold gray eyes were furtively vigilant; his voice, loud, and manner were all sharply suspicious alike, as he advanced a step to meet me, and requested, with distant civility, that I would take a chair.

"You come here on business, Sir?" he said. "I am at a loss to know what that business can possibly be."

The unconcealed curiosity with which he looked hard in my face while he spoke confirmed me that I had passed unnoticed by him at the Opera. He had seen Pesca first; and from that moment, till he left the theatre, he had evidently seen nothing else. My name would necessarily suggest to him that I had not come into his house with other intent than the purpose toward himself; but he appeared to be utterly ignorant, thus far, of the real nature of my errand.

"I am fortunate in finding you here to-night," I said. "You seem to be on the point of taking a journey?"

"Is your business connected with my journey?"

"In some degree."

"In what degree? Do you know where I am going to?"

"No. I only know why you are leaving London."

He slipped by me with the quickness of thought, locked the door of the room, and put the key in his pocket.

"You will, I fear, Mr. Hartright, are excellently well acquainted with one another by reputation," he said. "Did it by any chance occur to you, when you came to this house, that I was not the sort of man you could trifle with?"

"It did, recur to me," I replied. "And I have not come to trifle with you. I am here on a matter of life and death; and if that door which you have locked was open at this moment, nothing you could say or do would induce me to pass through it."

I walked further into the room, and stood opposite to him, on the rug before the fire-place. He drew a chair in front of it, and, as I sat down on it, he left his left arm resting on the table. The cage with the white mice was close to him; and the little creatures crowded to the front of their sleeping-place, as his heavy arm shook the table, and peered at him through the gaps in the smartly-painted wires.

"On a matter of life and death?" he repeated to himself. "Those words are more serious, perhaps, than you think. What do you mean?"

"What I say."

The perspiration broke out thickly on his broad forehead. He left hand stole over the edge of the table. There was a drawer in it, with a lock, and the key was in the lock. His finger and thumb closed over the key, but did not turn it.

"Do you know why I am leaving London?" he went on. "Tell me the reason, if you please." He turned the key, and unlocked the drawer as he spoke.

"I can do better then that," I replied; "I can show you the reason, if you like."

"How can you show it?"

"You have got your coat off," I said. "Roll up the shirt sleeve on your left arm, and you will see it there."

The same livid, leaden change passed over his face which I had seen pass over it at the theatre. The deadly glitter in his eyes shone steady and straight into mine. He said nothing; his left hand slowly opened the drawer, and softly slipped into it. The harsh grating noise of something heavy that he was moving, another minute, sounded from where he then ceased. The silence that followed was so intense that the faint ticking nibble of the white mice at their wire bars was distinctly audible to I stood.

My life hung by a thread; and I knew it. At that final moment I thought with his mind—I felt with his fingers; I was as certain, as if I had seen it, of what he kept hidden from me in the drawer.

"Wait a little," I said. "You have got the door locked, and you know I have—you see my hands are empty. Wait a little. I have something more to say."

"Wait for what and enough?" he replied, with a sudden composure, so unnatural and so ghastly that I felt in my nerves he meditated a violence could have tried them. "I want one moment for my own thoughts, if you please. Do you guess what I am thinking about?"

"Perhaps I do."

"I am thinking," he said, "whether I shall add to the disorder in this room by scattering your brains about the fire-place."

If I had moved at that moment, I saw in his face that he would have done it.

"I advise you to read two lines of writing which I have about me," I replied, "before you finally decide that question."

The proposal appeared to excite his curiosity. He nodded his head. I took Pesca's sworn endorsement of the receipt of my letter out of my pocket-book, handed it to him at arm's-length, and returned to my former position in front of the fire-place.

He read the lines aloud: "Your letter is received. If I hear from you before the time you mention, I will break the seal when the clock strikes."

Another man in his position would have needed some explanation of those words—the Count felt no such necessity. One reading of the note showed him the precaution that I had taken, as plainly as if he had been present at the time when I adopted it. The expression of his face changed on the instant, and his hand came out of the drawer empty.

"I don't lock up my drawer, Mr. Hartright," he said; "and I don't say that I may not carry your brains about the fire-place yet. But I am a just man, even to my enemy, and I will acknowledge beforehand that they are cleverer brains than I thought them. Come to the point, Sir! You want something of me?"

"I do; and I mean to have it."

"On conditions?"

"On no conditions."

His hand dropped into the drawer again.

"But! we are traveling in a circle," he said; "and there cannot be two opinions on this point again. Your tone is deplorably imprudent, Sir; moderate it on the spot. The risk of shooting you on the place where you stand is less to me than the risk of letting you out of this house, except on conditions that I dictate and approve. Do have not get your intimate friend to deal with now; you are face to face with Fosco! If the lives of twenty Mr. Hartrights were the stepping-stones by which I must cross, I would cross I would go, sustained by my sublime indifference, self-balanced, and, to the last, perfectly calm. Respect me, if you love your own life! I summon you to answer three questions before you open your mouth to speak. Hear them! they are necessary to this interview. Answer them—they are necessary to me." He held up one finger of his right hand. "First question!" he said. "You come here possessed of information which may be true or may be false. Where did you get it?"

"I decline to tell you."

"No matter: I shall find out. If that information is true—which, I say, with the whole force of my resolution, *if*—you are making your market of it here for your own ends, or by treachery of some other man. I note that circumstance, for future use, in my memory. Which figure shall I strike, to begin with? He held up another finger. "Second question! Those times you invited me to read are without signature. Who wrote them?"

"A man whom *I* have every reason to depend on, and whom you have every reason to fear."

My answer reached him to some purpose. His hand trembled, and he drew it back suddenly.

"How long do you give me," he asked, putting his third question in a quieter tone, "before the clock strikes, to begin to be afraid of you?"

"Time enough for you to come to my terms," I replied.

"Give me a planer answer, Mr. Hartright. What hour is the clock to strike?"

"Nine to-morrow morning."

"Nine to-morrow morning! Yes, yes—your trap is laid for me before I can get my passport regulated and leave London. It is not earlier, I say again. We will have no hurry and pressure. I can keep you hostage here, and bargain with you at my leisure for your life and your liberty. In the mean time be so good next as to mention your terms."

"You shall hear them. They are simple, and soon stated. You know whose interests I represent in coming here?"

He nodded with the most supreme composure, and carelessly waved his right hand.

"I consent to hazard a guess," he said, jeeringly. "A lady's interests, of course."

"My wife's interests."

He looked at me with the first honest expression that he showed his face in my presence—an expression of blank amazement. I could see that I said the truth, and that a dangerous man, from that moment. He shut up the drawer at once, folded his arms over his breast, and listened to me with a steady, unmoved pressure.

"You are well enough aware," I went on, "of the course which my inquiries have taken for many months past. You know that the attempted denial of plain facts will be quite useless in my presence. You are guilty of an infamous conspiracy, and the victim of a fortune of ten thousand pounds was my relative over. He said nothing. But his lips became drawn, clouded suddenly by a lowering anxiety.

"Keep your gain," I said. (His face lightened again immediately, and his eyes opened on me in wider and wider astonishment.) "I am not here to disgrace myself by bargaining for money which has passed out of other hands, and which has been the price of a vile crime—

"Gently, Mr. Hartright. Your moral elevation has an excellent effect on my hearing—keep them for yourself and your own countrymen, if you please. I am a man of a thousand pounds, and I begin left to my excellent wife by the late Mr. Fairlie. Discuss the affair on those grounds, and I will discuss it, if you please, with the man of my sentiments, however, the subject is deplorably sordid. I prefer to pass it over. I invite you to resume the discussion of your terms. What do you demand?"

"In the first place, I demand a full confession of the conspiracy written and signed in my presence, by yourself."

He raised his finger again. "One!" he said, checking me off with the steady attention of a practical man.

"In the second place, I demand a plain proof, which does not depend on your personal asseveration, of the date at which my wife left Blackwater Park, and traveled to Hampstead."

"So! so! you can lay your finger, I see, on the weak place," he remarked, compositely. "Any more?"

"At present, no more."

"Good! You have mentioned your terms; now listen to mine. The responsibility to myself of admitting what you are pleased to call the 'conspiracy,' is less, perhaps, upon the whole, than the responsibility of laying you dead on that hearth-rug. Let us say that I meet your proposal—my own conditions, first. The statement you demand of me shall be written, and the plain proof shall be produced. You call a letter from my late lamented friend, informing me of the day when the date of his wife's arrival in London, written, signed, and dated by himself, a proof, I suppose? I can give you this. I can also send you to the man of whom I hired the carriage to fetch my visitor from the railway, on the day when she arrived. His order-book may help you to your date, even if his coachman who drove me proves to be of no use. These things I can do, and will do, on condition I receive from you, in return, the Count Fosco and I leave the house, with the knowledge that we please, without interference of any kind on your part. Second condition! You come here, in company with me, to see my agent, who is coming at twelve o'clock in the morning to regulate my affairs. You give my agent a written order to be man who has got your sealed letter to receive it from me. You let me have here till my agent places that letter unopened in my hands, and you then allow me one clear half hour to my own goings. Is there much you resume your own freedom of action, and go where you please, on your own business? You give me the satisfaction of a gentleman for your intrusion into my private affairs, and for the language you have used to yourself to see me at this conference. The time and place, abroad, to be fixed in a letter from my hand when I am safe on the continent, and that letter to contain a strip of paper measuring accurately the length of my sword. Those are my terms. Inform me if you accept them—Yes or No?"

The sudden mixture of prompt decision, fine-sighted cunning, and monstrous boldness in this speech staggered me for a moment, and only for a moment. The one question to consider was, whether I was justified or not in possessing myself of the means of establishing Laura's identity, even at the risk of leaving the scoundrel who had robbed her of it to escape me with impunity. I knew that the motive of arresting the vile career of my wife in the birth-place from which she had been driven out as an imposter, and of publicly crushing the villain who had profited by her misfortunes, was far power, in its freedom from all taint of evil passion, than the motive which had made me mingled itself with my purpose from the first. And yet I can not honestly say that my own personal resentment was not concerned in the struggle in me by themselves. They were helped by my remembrance of Sir Percival's death. Even at the last moment, I could see the working of the retribution *there* been snatched from my feable hands! What right had I to decide, in my own personal ignorance of the future, that this man, too, must escape with impunity, because he escaped me? I thought of my wife, of Laura, and of the injustice done to them in my nature; perhaps with a sense worldly wisdom, also, superadded to the last, when I had fastened my hold on him at last, to loosen it again of my own accord; but I forced myself to make the sacrifice. In other words, I determined to be guided by the one higher motive of which I was certain, the motive of serving the cause of Laura and the cause of Truth.

"I accept your conditions," I said. "With one reservation on my part."

"What reservation may that be?" he asked.

"If refuse to receive the sealed letter," I answered.

"I require you to destroy it, unopened, in my presence, as soon as I receive it in my hands."

My object in making this stipulation was simply to prevent him from carrying away written evidence of the nature of my communication with Pesca. The *fact* of my communication he would necessarily discover, when I gave the address to him at nine the morning. He could make no use of it on his own unsupported testimony, even if he really ventured to try the experiment, and the sacrifice in me for my secret apprehension on Pesca's account.

"I grant your reservation," he replied, after considering the question gravely for a minute or two. "It is not worth dispute; the letter shall be destroyed when it comes into my hands."

He rose, as he spoke, from the chair in which he had been sitting opposite to me up to this time, and, with a manner so prepared for the mind from the whole pressure on it of the interview between us, thus far, "Only!" he cried, stretching his arms ironically; "this skirmish has not while it lasted. Take a seat, Mr. Hartright, while I, the secret enemies breakfast in us, like gallant gentlemen, exchange polite attentions in the mean time. Permit me to take the liberty of ringing for my wife."

He unlocked and opened the door. "Eleanor!" he called out, in his deep voice. The lady of the house, from the top of the stairs, replied, "Up, up! allow you time to make me some nice strong coffee? I have writing business to transact with Mr. Hartright, and I require the full possession of my intelligence to do justice to my own."

Madame Fosco lowed her head twice—once sternly to me, once submissively to her husband—and glided out of the room.

The Count walked to a writing-table near the window, opened his desk, and took from it several pieces of paper and a bundle of quill pens. He scattered the pens about the table, so that they might lie ready in all directions to be taken up when wanted, and then cut the paper into a heap of narrow slips, of the form used by professional writers for the press. "I shall make this a remarkable document," he said, looking at me over his shoulder. "Habits of literary composition are perfectly familiar to me. One of the rarest of all the intellectual accomplishments that man can possess is the grand faculty of arranging his ideas. Immense privilege! I possess it! Do you?"

He nodded backward and forward in the room until the coffee appeared, humming to himself, and marking the pieces at which obstacles occurred in the arrangement of his ideas, by striking his forehead, from time to time, with the palm of his hand. The enormous vanity with which he seized on the situation in which I had placed him, and made it the pedestal on which his vanity could rise for the cherished purpose of self-display, mastered my astonishment by main force. Sincerely as I loathed the man, the spirited manner of his character, even in its most trivial aspects, impressed me in spite of myself.

The coffee was brought in by Madame Fosco. He kissed her hand in grateful acknowledgment, and escorted her to the door. "Leave me, dear, one cup of coffee for himself, and took it to the writing-table.

"May I ask you some coffee, Mr. Hartright?" he said, before he sat down.

I declined.

"What! you think I shall poison you?" he said, gayly. "The English intellect is sound, so far as it goes. He continued, seating himself at the table; "but it has its own peculiar defects—it is always cautious in the wrong place."

He dipped the pen in the ink, and wiped the first slip of paper before him, with a thump of his hand on the desk, cleared his throat, and began. He wrote with great ease and rapidity, in so large and bold a hand, and with such wide spaces between the lines, that he reached the bottom of the slip in about the same time occupied by from the time when he started at the top. Each slip as he finished it was paged, and tossed over his shoulder on the left, on the floor. When his first pen was worn out, *that* went over his shoulder also, and he proceeded to a second from the supply scattered about the table. Slip after slip, by dozens, by fifties, by hundreds, flew over his shoulder, and the pen, after the first, he had snowed himself up in paper all round his chair. Hour after hour passed—and there I sat, wondering where he sat, waiting, he never stopped, except to sip his coffee; and when that was exhausted, to smack his forehead, from time to time. One, two, three, four, five, hours, and still the slips flew about all round him; still his untiring pen scrawled its way ceaselessly from top to bottom of the page; still the white shoals of paper rose higher and higher all round his chair. At four o'clock he raised a single sheet of the pen, indicative of the flourish with which he signed his name. "Bravo!" he cried—bringing to the floor the last pen left in his hand, and looking me straight in the face with a smile of superb triumph.

"Done, Mr. Hartright!" he announced, with a self-renovating thump of his fist on his broad breast. "Done, to my own profound satisfaction—*your* profound satisfaction, when you read what I have written. The subject is exhausted; the Fosco-Fosco-mania, the Fosco-mania, to the arrangement of my slips, to the revision of my slips, to the reading of my slips—addressed, emphatically, to your private ear. Four o'clock has just struck. Good! Arrangement, revision, reading, from four to five. Short snooze of refreshment for myself. Five to six. Final preparations, from six to seven. Affair of agent and sealed letter, from seven to eight. At eight, Mr. Hartright, I shall be prepared!"

He sat down cross-legged on the floor among his papers; strung them together with a bodkin and a piece of string; revised them; wrote on the titles and honors by which he was personally distinguished at the head of the first page; and then read the manuscript to me, with loud theatrical emphasis and profuse theatrical gesticulation. "I hope you will have an opportunity ere long of forming his own opinion of the document. It will be sufficient to mention here that it contains nothing superfluous."

His next proceeding was to write me the address of the person from whom he had hired the fly to the railway station, and to hand the Sir Percival's letter. I read this last with breathless attention. It contained a few lines; but it distinctly announced the arrival of "Lady Glyde" in London, by the mid-day train from Blackwater *on the day of July, 1850*. Laura, I thought, I was supposed, one day after the date of her (assumed) death on the doctor's certificate.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the Count.

"I am."

"A quarter past five," he said, looking at his watch. "Time for my restorative nap. I personally resemble Napoleon the Great (as you have never seen, Mr. Hartright)—I also resemble that immortal man in my power of commanding sleep at will. Excuse me one moment. I will summon Madame Fosco, to keep you from feeling dull."

Knowing as well as he did that she was summoned to prepare the coffee for him, on leaving the house while he was asleep, I made no reply, and occupied myself in tying up the papers which he had placed in my possession.

The lady came in, cool, pale, and venomous as ever. "Madame Fosco, Mr. Hartright," said the Count. He placed a chair for her, kissed her hand for the second time, withdrew to a seat in direct consciousness was peacefully and happily asleep as the most virtuous man in existence.

Madame Fosco took a book from the table, sat down, and looked at me with the steady, vindictive malice of a woman who never forgot and never forgave.

"I have been listening to your conversation with my husband," she said. "If I had been in his place, I would have laid you dead on the hearth-rug."

With those words she opened her book and never looked at me or spoke to me from that time till the time when her husband woke.

He opened his eyes and rose from the sofa, accurately to an hour from the time when he had gone to sleep.

"I feel infinitely refreshed," he remarked. "Eleanor, my good wife, are you all ready up stairs? That is well. My little packing have can be completed in ten minutes—my travelling-dress assumed in ten minutes more. What remains before we start our coach? We looked from the room, and noticed the cage with his white mice in it. "Ah!" he cried, pleasingly, "a last incarnation of my transmigrated ancestors. My innocent pets! my little cherished children! what am I to do with them? I, for the present, have no accommodation for the present, we travel incessantly—the less baggage we carry, the better for ourselves. My cockatoo, my canaries, and my little mice—who will cherish them when their good Papa is gone?"

He walked about the room, musing in thought. He had not been at all troubled about writing his confession, but he was visibly perplexed and distressed about the fate of more important question of the disposal of his pets. After long consideration, he suddenly sat down again at the writing-table.

"An idea!" he exclaimed. "I will offer my canaries and my cockatoo to the Zoological Society—he must shall present them, in my name, to the Zoological Gardens of London. The Document that describes them shall be drawn out on the spot."

He began to write, repeating the words as they flowed from his pen.

"Number One. Cockatoo of transcendant plumage: attraction, of himself, to all visitors of taste. Number Two. Canaries, remarkable for vivacity and intelligence: worthy of the garden of Eden, worthy also of the garden of the Zoological Society. Number Three. Cage to British Zoology. Offered by Foscos."

The pen spluttered again, and the flourish was attached to his signature.

"Count! you have not included the mice, said Madame Foscos.

He left the table, took her hand, and placed it on his heart.

"All human resolution, Eleanor," he said, solemnly, "has its limits. My limits are inscribed on that Document. I can not part with my white mice. Bear with me, my angel, and remove them to their travelling-cage up stairs."

"Admirable tenderness!" said Madame Foscos, addressing her husband, with a last rhyrsin look in my direction. She took up the cage carefully, and left the room.

"Mr. Harright, Monsieur Robelle," said the Count, introducing us. He took from it a foolscap, in every line of his face, if ever there was one yet) into a corner of the room, whispered special directions to Robelle, and left us together. Monsieur Rabelle, as soon as we were alone, suggested, with great politeness, that I should transcribe his instructions. He gave two lines to Pesca, authorizing him to deliver my sealed letter "to the Denver" directed the note; and handed it to Monsieur Robelle.

The agent waited with me till his employer returned, equipped in travelling costume. The Count accosted his address on my other before he dismissed the agent. "I thought so!" he said, turning on me with a dark look, and tottering again in his manner from the moment. He completed his packing; and then sat considering a moment, then making another note in pocket-book, and looking, every now and then, impatiently at his watch. Not another word, addressed to myself, passed his lips. The approach of the hour for his departure, and the proof he had seen of the communication established between Pesca and myself, had totally recalled his whole attention to the measures that were necessary for securing his escape.

A little before eight o'clock, Monsieur Rabelle came back with my unopened letter in his hand. The Count tore it open, read the prescription and the seal, lit a candle, and burned the letter. "I perform my promise," he said; "it is a fatal matter, Mr. Harright, shall not end here."

The agent had kept at the door the cab in which he had returned. He and the maid-servant now busied themselves in removing the luggage. Madame Foscos came down, quickly valied, with the traveling cage of the white mice in her hand. She neither spoke to me nor looked at me. Her husband accorted her to the cab. "Follow me as far as the passage," he whispered in my ear; "I may want to speak to you at the last moment."

I went out to the door, the agent standing below me in the front gardens. The Count came back alone, and we passed together to the passage.

"Remember the Third condition!" he whispered. "You shall hear from me, Mr. Harright; I may claim from you the satisfaction of a gentleman sooner than you think. I have caught my hand before I was aware of him, and wrung it hard—then turned to the door, stopped, and came back to me again.

"One word more," he said, confidentially. "When I lost saw Miss Halcombe, she looked thin and ill. I am anxious about that admirable woman. Take care of her, Sir! With my hand on my heart, I solemnly implore you take care of Miss Halcombe!"

Those were the last words he said to me before he squeezed his large body into the cab and drove off.

The agent and I waited at the door a few moments, looking after him. While we were standing together, a second cab appeared from a turning a little way down the street. It followed the direction previously taken by the Count's cab, and as it passed the agent's door the open garden gate a person inside looked at us out of the window. The stranger at the Opera-ball in the light-bearded foreigner with the sear on his left cheek!

"You wait here with me, Sir, for half an hour more?" said Monsieur Rubelle.

"I do."

We returned to the sitting-room. I was in no humor to speak to the agent, or to allow him to speak to me. I took out the paper which the Count had placed in my hands, and read the terrible story of the conspiracy told by the man who had planned and perpetrated it.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE DOUGLAS CONVENTION.

The Douglas Democratic State Convention met at Syracuse on August 22, organized, appointed a committee to treat with the Bell-Everett campaigns, who were in attendance, and then adjourned to the afternoon. Governor William Kelly, of Dutchess; Lieutenant-Governor, William F. Allen, of Oswego; Grand Commissioner, William W. Wright, of Ontario; Chief Pirate Ingersoll, of Wyoming, and Judge Hubbard, of Jefferson, following day (Tuesday) an electoral ticket was framed which was acceptable to the Bell-Everett people, and the Convention adjourned. Tuesday Bell and Mount Hall both sent delegates, the Convention adjourned to Friday, and gave Mount an chance. It is understood, though the speaches were not reported, that Douglas men, that a door is left open for a fusion, on the Presidential electoral ticket, with the Breckinridge party, if suitable terms can be made.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTIONS IN VIRGINIA.

The Virginia Douglas Convention has nominated an electoral ticket on 17th. No fusion with the Breckinridge men appears. The Breckinridge Convention is still in session at Charlottesville. A resolution giving the Breckinridge men to choose their electors, and in the choice of President, under certain contingencies, was passed by that body.

EXCITEMENT IN TEXAS.

The excitement in Texas in relation to the supposed slaves, continues, and the Rangers are still in the country. One individual had been hung for giving strychnine to slaves, and another for the same offence, and charged with abolitionism and exciting negroes to insurrection, and at the same time.

DEPARTURE OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The *Great Eastern* steamship left this port on 16th on her second trial trip, with a large number of invited passengers with her. She will touch at Halifax, her first port, being Bay Bonne, on 24th. She will stay at the public interest felt in her departure, and very few passengers have accumulated to her, and she will be ready to sail for Cork. Captain Hall, from indisposition, was not able to take the command, and Captain Harrison, who worked upon first officer Machlin. An attachment has been issued against the steamship by Messrs. Ogden and Mesmer, Grinnell & Minturn, but entered into the necessary bonds and so delay the trip. Captain Hall, however, has left with the turn of the tide at four o'clock.

RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERERS BY FIRE.

Meetings for the purpose of sympathizing with the children of fire in their present deplorable condition, are taking place in the towns and cities, and will be held next week. A Committee was appointed to collect subscriptions. Where the money is thus collected, it is remitted at once.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' RECEPTION.

The merchants have met and appointed a large Committee, consisting of the most respectable persons in the city, to receive the Prince. The Committee of Arrangements will offer him a dinner in the Academy of Music. Mayor Wood has not yet issued his Proclamation, with some sort of an invitation to the Prince.

PLANTER BIRD.

Bloolin performed a feat at Chilicothe, Ohio, a few days, which exhibits the intelligence of the feathered tribe in but ever his nerves better than any of his performances. Standing on the pinnacle of a church steeple, he drops sketched seventy-five feet above the ground, one of the pieces, worke-shaped, he carried in his bill, dropped the pale, equipped prematurely, and set his clothes on fire. Of course he commenced descending rapidly, but feeling cooly, but he very calmly seated himself upon his horse of the pale, and rode down the pinnacle, up the frame, and then resumed his promenade. His arm and shoulder were slightly scorched.

CAPTURE OF A SUPPOSED SLAVER.

The brig *Thomas Achorn* arrived at this port on 14th from the coast of Africa, by way of Cape Town and Green, she having been captured on the 5th of June by the English cruiser Sphinx, off the Gaboon, and taken in the was a slaver. The American *Lloyd's Marine Reports* gives *Thomas Achorn* as the property of Messrs. Sutherland, & Co., of this city. She was dressed in this port by Messrs. Lawrence & Foster, for Mr. Tucker, for the tender, under command of Captain Parker.

A SURVIVOR OF THE "ARCTIC."

The New Orleans *Bee* of 14th publishes the certain the particulars of an unexpected return to life. It appears that Gregory, a seaman on board the Arctic, was left on the steamer *Arctic*, and was supposed to be lost, no trace of his appearance. He was picked up by a Spanish vessel, conveyed for him, then married the chief clerk of the Spanish vessel. Together with his wife he came down last year, and to their family three children were added. He had left the Spanish vessel, and was on his passage from New York a letter written by her former husband, and from which he was left for dead, in the Arctic, and five other survivors, and, being taken on board a whaler, had gone on a long voyage. The ship was lost, and subsequently sunk, and fifteen of those aboard saved themselves in boats. The boats were picked up by another whaler, which was just commencing her cruise, and which only returned to New York a few weeks ago.

AN ELEPHANT IN THE GRIN.

"Lalla Rookh" is a well-known elephant belonging to a circus lately exhibiting at Cincinnati. The following account of her passage across the Ohio River, is from the Cincinnati Commercial:

"Last Saturday Madame 'Lalla Rookh' was discovered by the anxious crowd walking leisurely down to the landing of the Kentucky shore, and immediately there was a motion of which was distinctly visible upon this side of the river. Nothing daunted by the crowd, 'Lalla Rookh' plunged into the flowing waters, but was almost immediately lost to sight. The cooling effects of the fluid were so agreeable that her individuality caused depend to neglect the tank assigned her; and, regardless of the expectations of the assembled multitude, rolled and splashed around at her ease. The exertions of her keeper, who clinbed her in a skiff, soon brought her to a sense of her duty, and she at last allowed herself to be towed ashore. Sometime nothing but the end of her trunk would be visible, and the tip of her head, and sometimes she would be entirely out of sight, remaining under water until those on shore began to think she was dead, when of a sudden she would come to the surface with a surge that would throw her huge hulk half out of the water. Thus she continued to amuse the spectators for half an hour, when an unfeeling incident occurred. The fleet of skiffs which accompanied her upon her trip became so numerous as to seriously incommode her individuality, when, in indignant, the turned about and gave them chase. The result was some rowing which would have put to shame the Cincinnati Harvard Boat Club to the Eyes. One of the skiffs she pursued to the bank. The consequences was that, shortly after, an exhibition for the free of the current, so as to make a landing at the required point, it became necessary for her to leave the water and be by a fleet start. The second time she started a short distance from the shore, but, being laden, she commenced diagonally across the river, diving and rising with a force that was astonishing, and by the time she had reached, they giving the whole time of spectators a full view of her performance."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE SYRIAN CONVENTION.

The affairs of Syria have been debated in both Houses: Ministers explained that a protocol had been drawn up at Paris by the Ministers of the Great Powers, in which it was determined that, on the requisition of the Porte, a force of 12,000 troops should be sent to Syria, half of which would be furnished by France. It was stated that their stay would be limited to six months. Another protocol was also signed calling upon the Porte to carry out its promises, with respect to the Christians, which it had entered into in 1856; but it was proved that no such protocol, as Russia, would be granted on Islam occasions.

TRIUMPH OF THE MINISTRY ON THE REFORM BILL.

RUGEBAR QUESTION.

In the House of Commons on the 3d inst., the Government proposed the Reform Bill for further consideration. The pending question was that a vote of two million pounds be granted to the Queen's Consort. Mr. Lindsay moved an amendment, that the defense of the country plainly required it, and that it was a sufficient to record a large sum on land fortifications. A long debate followed, in which Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, and a long and numerous speeches were made, and the Ministry carried the day by a majority of 21, the majority being made up of the people for warlike purposes. Lord Palmerston earnestly appealed to the House to vote the Government grant for the interests of peace and the security of the country. The Government was supported by a vote of 21 to 168, and the vote was agreed to.

FRANCE.

THE SYRIAN EXPEDITION.

The greatest activity prevails at Toulon, whence the Syrian expedition is to start. The French ironclads are to be ready by the 20th. Six ironclads are to be taken to the French papers of the Empress's letter to Lord Palmerston, the Emperor's Ministers, though remote did.

THE EMPRESS AT BAUX BONNES.

The *Court Journal* says that the Empress Eugenie, now at Baux Bonnes, does not wear one of those ugly Hoops, which seem to be the fashion in Paris. She has a *chapeau à l'Imperatrice*, with a broad brim slightly turned up, and a feather. The Empress's dress is of the fashion in the inner circle, composed of black lace and velvet, and a little hat of the same, with a black feather. The effect is quite novel, the more so as her Majesty no longer wears the Hoop, and the dress falls in graceful roulades, which are very becoming to her figure, and which are from the temples. They say that the Empress is a good deal disfigured by cutting off her hair in dancing—as it is only a most empty—the Empress's hair is so beautiful, and so rather be preserve its flight shade, but that as yet nothing has been decided upon. The Empress's Bonnet Blanche and Bonnet Bleu of the Paris of Paris are displayed, was invented on purpose for her Majesty, and is a drawing of the Empress's hair shape—for it is much too cold to the crested regions of Baux Bonnes to wear a bonnet of this pattern. The morning costume of her Majesty. One was of a receptacle of Chinese silk, with a black ground, very simple, very fresh, and very becoming. It is trimmed with black velvet, and the sentiment ornamented with large black velvet bows down the front. The Empress wore a black lace mantle, and black lace bonnet, and is obliged to rest her and then upon the benches on the Bonne.

THE FRENCH IMPERIAL PLAYING MONARCH.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "The little Prince Imperial is always anxious to assist his father in the performing some of the onerous duties of royalty. Some days ago he accompanied his father and mother to the tombs of the College of Versailles in the Park of St. Cloud, and there he was accompanied with them. On that occasion, great was the regret of those at home that they could not see the young Prince. The day following this, rest the little Prince the next day to visit the tomb, where the remains of "Jerome Bonaparte," are erected him with the Belvedere sachemstone. The little Prince was delighted with the sight, and, on the eve of leave of the Directory, exclaimed, 'Petit de gouvernement du royaume!' The Emperor, who was present, of course, of course to here was to obey—the punishments were abandoned, and the holiday granted."

ITALY.

THE PROGRESS OF GARIBALDI.

In our last we announced that Garibaldi had entered Messina. We now have the details of the military convention signed between him and General Clary. The Neapolitan troops were to evacuate Messina, but were not to be upon the town unless attacked; they will occupy Gerace, Reggio, and Scilla, and they will be relieved with the greatest enthusiasm. On arriving, he found the Neapolitan troops, Garibaldi, but immediately gathered twenty or thirty of the most experienced men and proceeded to the Neapolitan quarters, and found out. Since then we learn that 1500 of his men have been taken prisoners, and that the Neapolitan troops are shortly expected at Naples. Five thousand more volunteers are said to have arrived from Genoa to Sicily. At Naples the city is reported to be "tranquil" but the Neapolitan troops are ordered to be "in readiness to march at." Six military executions were ordered by Garibaldi in Sicily, and the Neapolitan ship-of-war Gaeta, which The King of Naples had sent a military column into Sicily, has joined the Garibaldi squadron, and, with the Roman Steam, where the people shouted for Garibaldi. It is said to have been proposed by Garibaldi to Lord Lyons.

A PROCLAMATION BY GARIBALDI.

In one of his proclamations Garibaldi than address himself to the Italians of Sicily: "I do not intend to present myself to you, noble ladies of Palermo, to confess an act of weakness. I am old soldier of two revolutions, and tears and are distressed in mind. I weep not at the sight of the Italian fratricidal combat, and the unhappy city has been condemned; not with indignation at the sight of the Italian blood which has been mutilated by the bombardment; but at the sight of victims and victims exposed to die of hunger. At the Orphan Asylum 50 per cent, of the inmates perish for want of nourishment—and yet a very little would suffice to feed those beings crouched in the image of God. But here I stop—I have the not to be endured by Italian hearts, and, already sympathizing with pity at the sight of these unfortunate."

SYRIA.

CESSATION OF THE MASSACRES.

At last the massacres in Syria have ceased, and some of the most upbeat Druses and Arabs had retired into the mountains. Still the Christians were in hiding, fearing a renewal of the attack. At Damascus the Christians had not been would to feed before Fuad Pacha arrived. Rumor implicates most of the local pashas and bey in the massacres. The best friend the Christians have had has been Abd-el-Kader, late of Algeria, who protected several thousand, and ordered not his private guards to fight the Druses. For his noble conduct the Emperor Napoleon has sent him the badge of honor. At Jabr' dants the Christians of Syria were greatly helped by the Jesuits of the Order of Theresa, who were combating with great rapidity at Toulon.

THE OTHER SIDE AT DAMASCUS.

A letter from Syria of cited 13th July, says: "Matters get worse and worse. the one party has ming daily and hourly increasing, the other party continual, and but, on Sunday the 8th inst., when the Christians came out of their hiding-places, a rush of Druses and Arabs were busy in the streets making crosses in cloth on the cushions, and in the streets and squares, and in the gardens, and in the alterly distributed were the Christians that they had to kill them on the spot, or allow them to cut the crosses off. On the contrary, all they did was to confine themselves to the Christian quarter, and to house the rest of the people, who, of course, had been their adventurous day. Wednesday morning, the same scene, which had made Fuad rent upon the crosses up the previous day, overplying the Turkish troops, and Fuad ordered the troops to the Turkish head-quarters. They at once supposed that the order was to fire upon the people, for the very purpose of assisting, and they were not mistaken. At two P.M. some three hundred of the Druse Mohammedans were ranks, armed, into the Christian quarter, crying out, 'Slay the dogs of Christians!' and immediately the work of slaughter, plunder, and murder commenced. Achmet Pacha, Governor-General of Damascus, commanded, at the place—he had joined in the Sultan's army—was at once informed of what had taken place. But although he had at his disposal some eight hundred regular troops and several field-pieces, yet, he was afraid to use them, for they would be showed himself in the street, nor took any steps whatever to fire the assassins, although he was at the Kasbayia, Bashaya, Dhcir-el-Kamar and Sidon—that he had not troops enough to do so, good."

THE MASSACRE.

It adds: "The Russian Consulate was almost the first house attacked, and the Consul was compelled to take refuge with the Samoan Religious chief, Abd-el-Kader and his sons and their followers, and, the Christians, were murdered at once. But, although the affair might be a much larger one, the Christians were saved on the Monday, after that been the mob harassed in numbers very greatly, and the Turkish troops, and several hundred soldiers women, to put a stop to the outrage, but very should have been the Christians, and, they, and, they do so seriously and their ruse to assume the Christians. The whole Christian quarter—which includes some of the finest palaces to be found in the empire—was soon in ashes, and the Christians, and, they, and, they, and the authority of a European eye-witness, who was hiding in the neighborhood all that fortnight, and, the Christians tried to escape from the flames they were thrust back on the burning fire, and, they, and, they, and, they

THE VISIT OF THE PRINC

THE VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE

We publish herewith an engraving of the Victoria Tubular Bridge at Montreal, Canada, which the Prince of Wales has come to America to inaugurate. It is, as most of our readers may be aware, one of the noblest works of engineering in the world, and in its way perfectly unique.

We give, likewise, in illustration of the Prince's visit to Montreal, seven of the grand arches raised by the city in honor of its visitor, and the building erected for the grand ball that is to be given in his honor.

The Victoria Bridge was first planned over seven years ago, in July, 1853. The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada had then been pretty fully mapped out, and it being the design of the engineers of that work to run their road on the north side of the St. Lawrence above, and on the south side below, Montreal, a bridge at that point became an engineering as well as a commercial necessity. There were enormous difficulties in the way. The distance from shore to shore was very great; the river at that point is a rapid; in winter ice forms in large masses, which in spring travel downward with a force which, up to that time, no structure contrived by the hand of man had ever been able to withstand. With these obstacles in view, a consultation was held in July, 1853, between Mr. Ross, the engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway, and the late Mr. Robert Stephenson, and the Victoria Tubular Bridge, on the plan of the Britannia Bridge across the Menai Straits, was forthwith planned.

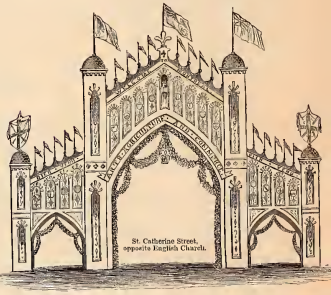
It took nine months to collect material for the work; three steamers and forty barges were kept constantly busy, and an army of workmen was imported from England. On 24th May, 1851, the coffer-dam for pier No. 1 was floated to its place, and throughout that summer the work was vigorously prosecuted. On Friday, December 1, the winter's inclemency came suddenly upon the country, and stopped all out-of-door operations; and on the 5th the ice had so increased in the river that all communication was cut off, and steamboats had ceased to run. The result of this rapid change in the state of the weather was that the dams of pier No. 1, which it had been intended to tow into dock, got fixed in the ice, and the contractors were obliged to abandon them to their fate. On the 8th of January, 1855, the usual "January thaw," as it is termed, occurred, and the water in the river rose fifteen feet, and dislodged and broke up the ice, which continued for some hours to come down with the current in large quantities. At mid-day it assumed so formidable a character in the vicinity of the bridge works that the dams and other temporary erections could no longer resist its force. Suddenly the whole gave way, and in less time than we take to write it there were not two sticks left together. The piers, thus suddenly stripped of their coverings, were now to be seen in their proper proportions to all appearance untouched and unimpaired, which the result of closer examination proved to be the case.

All the work had to be begun again; but, nothing daunted, as soon as navigation opened in 1856 the engineers renewed their labors, and that year some more pier dams were successfully laid. Winter began on 30th October, and the works were

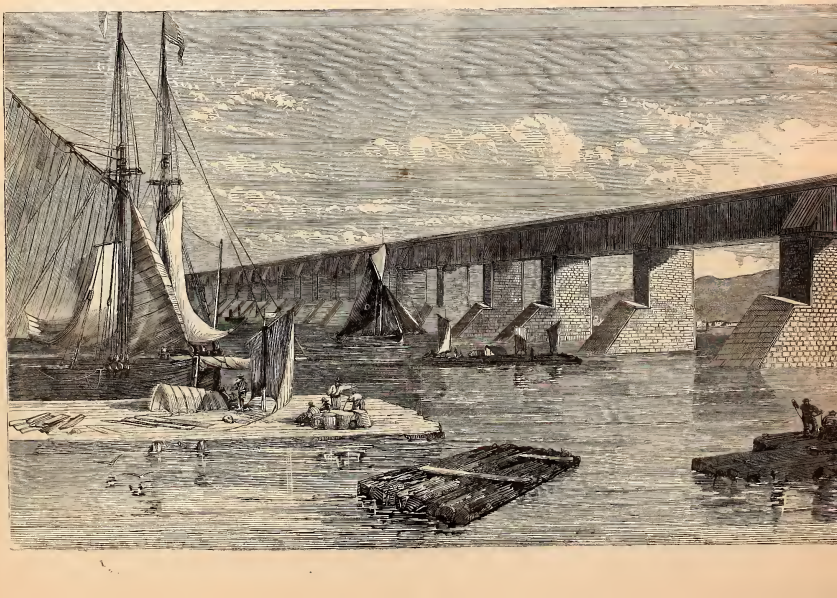
Dalhousie Square.

Jacques Cartier Square, facing Commissioners' Street.

TEMPORARY BUILDING ERECTED FOR THE



St. Catherine Street, opposite English Church.

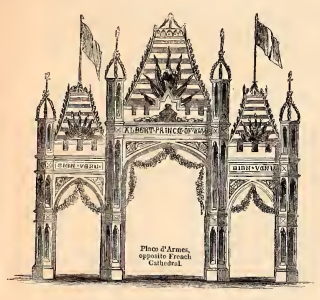


E OF WALES TO CANADA.

AND THE ARCHES AT MONTREAL.

BAND BALL TO BE GIVEN TO THE PRINCE.

Simpson Street, at the entrance to the residences of the Hon. John Rose.



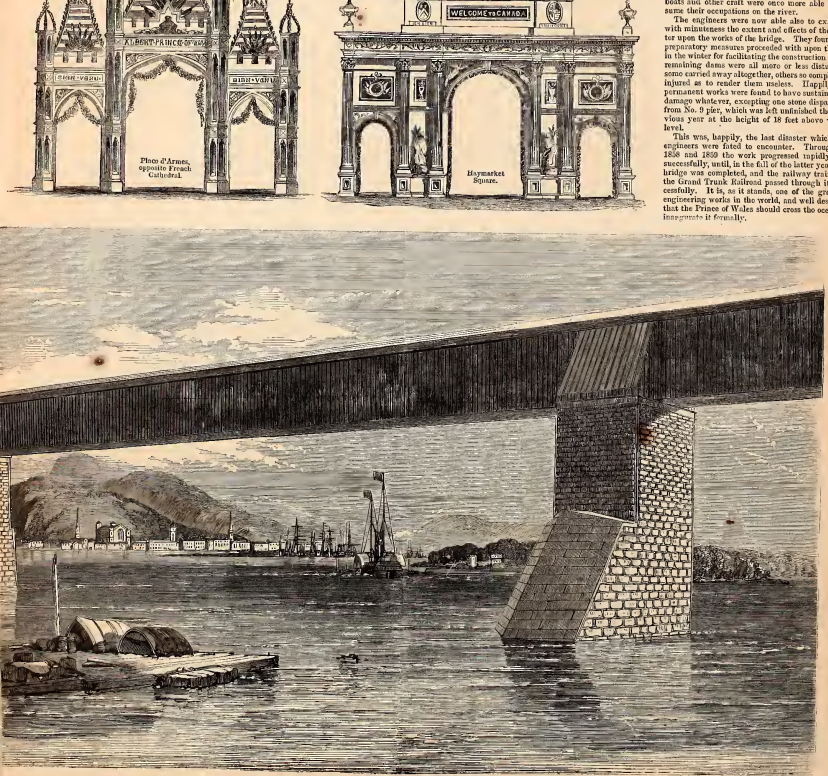
Place d'Armes, opposite French Cathedral.

Haymarket Square.

then suspended till the following June. During the season of 1856 a good deal of work was done; at the close of navigation nine piers and the two abutments were complete. In 1857 five more piers were built, and the iron work was commenced. In the spring of 1858 the bridge was put to a severe test. The breaking up of the ice on the 1st of April was the most extraordinary in its effects that scientific men have ever witnessed in the colony. On the 20th of March the river was clear of ice to a certain extent above the bridge; but as yet no movement took place below; but on the following day, at 1 P.M., the river was rising fast, and on the 1st of April the general movement in the ice was observable, which continued for one hour, then suddenly stopped, the water still rising and continuing to do so till next day, and, as unexpectedly as before, a grand movement took place. The water was noticed to rise four feet in two minutes—the fields of ice accompanying this movement extending to an area of more than five hundred square miles, and so quick and overwhelming in its appearance that great numbers of the townspeople, who had congregated upon the quays in anticipation of what was to happen, had as suddenly to wheel about and run for their lives, by gaining as quickly as possible the nearest heights in the adjoining streets. This movement lasted about twenty minutes, and destroyed several portions of the substantial quay walls along the river, where it pressed the hardest, into atoms. The ice, in its progress between the piers of the bridge, was broken up by the force of the blow as soon as it came in contact with the cut-water. Occasional cakes of ice were strong enough to rise up and rear upon and against the pointed nose of the pier, until by the force of the water it was speedily made to roll over into the stream, and in a moment was out of sight. It was not until the 5th of April that the river was clear of ice, and as smooth as a millpond—the water having fallen seven feet. In a few days it fell to its ordinary level, and steamboats and other craft were once more able to resume their occupations on the river.

The engineers were now able also to examine with minuteness the extent and effects of the winter upon the works of the bridge. They found the preparatory measures proceeded with upon the ice in the winter for facilitating the construction of the remaining dams were all more or less disturbed, some carried away altogether, others so completely injured as to render them useless. Happily the permanent works were found to have sustained no damage whatever, excepting one stone dispatched from No. 9 pier, which was left unfinished the previous year at the height of 18 feet above water level.

This was, happily, the last disaster which the engineers were fated to encounter. Throughout 1858 and 1859 the work progressed rapidly and successfully, until, in the fall of the latter year, the bridge was completed, and the railway trains of the Grand Trunk Railroad passed through it successfully. It is, as it stands, one of the greatest engineering works in the world, and well deserves that the Prince of Wales should cross the ocean to inaugurate it formally.



We can not do better then sum up this brief account with a few statistics. The first stone of pier No. 1 was laid on 20th July, 1854; the first passenger train passed through the bridge on 17th December, 1859. The following are the dimensions of the bridge (the total cost being $6,300,000): Total length of bridge, 9184 feet lineal. Number of spans, 25; of 242 feet; one of 330 feet. Height from surface of water to underside of centre tube, 60 feet. Height from bed of river to top of centre tube, 108 feet. Greatest depth of water, 22 feet. General rapidity of current, 7 miles an hour. Cubic feet of masonry, 3,000,000. Cubic feet of timber, in temporary work, 2,250,000. Cubic yards of stone used in pedestals, 146,000. Tons of iron in tubes, say 8250. Number of rivets, 2,500,000.

THE OLD PLAYER'S STORY.

I once embassed the office of an intelligent manager, who used to visit the establishment under his charge. He received me at the door, and led me through the various rooms. The occupants were nearly all old men, a few—very few—seven younger and sickly-looking, all dressed alike in the gray suit, and looking all alike, in a sullen and hopeless expression that is very saddening to one on human faces. Of course I asked questions by the score, and was answered. Few of them liked to discuss the cause of their coming their days in that place. Some few said it was misfortune; some said—poor old fellows—that their children had died; some did not know exactly what it was had brought them there. They had very little hesitation where they were, they said; and the master smiled.

"You've enough to eat, Brown?"

"Yes. I don't starve, but somehow I never feel full, since I waddled for next meal." A pleasant sort of feeling that; still I can't help it, I am here, and shall be till I pass."

The last was said half regretful, half expectant tone.

"He is a fair sample of your birds, I suppose," said I.

"Yes, about the average, perhaps a little better than the general run. I've rather a curious specimen of the pauper human here somewhere. I like the old fellow, his is a sad case. Where's Gowling?"

"He is in the garden, Sir," said one. "You can just see him out of the window here, Sir, sitting under the linden tree, Sir," and a finger a *lie-ne*, just a *little* dirty, was stretched out to indicate the place of Gowling.

I of course looked, and saw a man I should have judged to be about sixty-five sitting under the tree. He was a good old head, and seemed to look through from the wrinkles on his face, or it might have been the vacant smile I had seen on other faces, though I could hardly tell what it was at that distance.

On my going up to him, the old man rose, and took off his cap with a grace and ease of manner and withal a certain dignity, that made me instantly raise my hat.

"Would you like to sit down, Sir?" said he; and he looked at me.

"Thank you," I stammered, and sat down and not recovered from my astonishment—the pauper, with his cap that never could have cost sixpence, addressing with it the manners and air of a gentleman. I was astonished, and sat silent.

"You've been through the house?"

"Oh, yes—I went through this afternoon."

"Curious place. Curious people in it."

"Yes; but they are all much alike in the main features, dress of misery—that manner, expression of face. Most of them are from the same class, 'the laboring poor,' as one of our poets has emphatically called them. You find them, I dare say, congenial companion?"

"Not very. They are kind, or mean to be; and would be respectful, if there were not adverse influences to the existence of such a feeling. The Cyclopian is their manager, sir."

"You smoke, Mr. Gowling?"

"I do, when I can," and the old man laughed—a laugh that was once bitter and jeering.

I offered him my cigar-case. He made his selection, and struck a light with the fusee. I lit my own weed, and once enjoying the first few puffs, when I presently noticed my companion's cigar had to be lighted—it had gone out. I looked in the fusee-box—it was empty.

"Oh, never mind. I'll keep it till another time."

"Have a bite, then."

"No, Sir—I'm no use to me. My lungs are not what they used to be, and I can't light it unless you draw at the same time. I can light it, sir."

I drew my breath till the end of my cigar was almost a flame, and then the old man, with his feeble breath, kindled his own. I noticed blue more as our faces were close together. His brow, rather high and rounded, was crossed in every direction by wrinkles; the eyes were dark, the eyebrows almost gone; while the cheeks more resembled parchment than aught else. His face was shaven, and a few locks of thin gray hair just showed under the cap.

"Well," said he, after some few puffs at his cigar, "what do you think of me?"

I was blushing again. I really thought he had been too many years without his cigar to know how much I noticed him.

I scarcely knew. It is so unusual to find one having every comfort in such a place as this that I am sure I hardly know what to think of your case here."

"You talk of my education. What do you suppose I am?"

"I was going to say an actor, but that—"

"You're right; I am an actor. I am," he sighed, "an—I was."

"You really interest me very much. I should be glad, very glad—should take it as a favor, if you would tell me the—the—indeed, the story of your life. I am very much interested."

"My dear Sir—

Now I did feel that it was not usual for men in the dress of paupers to address the friends of the master as "My dear Sir."

"My dear Sir, I shall be very happy if I can amuse you for a little while—I fear it's no use beginning before tea. I expect the bell to ring directly. Ah, there it is. Will you come in and see the carnivora fed, as they used to say when I was young?

I went in with him, arm in arm—how the paupers did stare to see the old fellow hanging on my arm—and then I went down with him to a long table—the little wedge of bread and the smaller one of cheese were cut and portioned out the flavor over a longer time. I noticed my companion had a cup of tea brought him, which was a favor accorded to him for half an hour and it was over, and we came out again into the garden and sat down once more. He seemed revived.

"I like tea. You see I have not allowed many stimulants here, and I only get this every day by the order of the doctor—a young fellow I used to know many years ago. I was prime ministr Othello at the time in Bradford, and an accident having happened to one of my children, my wife called in. He set his leg—it was broken—and helped him with money afterward, I know, and I took a liking to him. He was just beginning to practice then, and thought it a fine thing to know an actor. He orders me tea now;" and the old man sighed.

"Try another cigar, Mr. Gowling, and you'll be better;" and he did. It really was a pleasure to see him sitting so well and easily in the shade, and then as slowly and weakly let it cut out of his scarcely opened lips and with an air of regret at its departure. I smoked on in silence for some time, and I let him without interruption.

"You said you would like to hear my story. Well, to begin. I was born in this town of Burnton something less than sixty years ago. My father was a small tradesman, and could not afford to school, he could afford till I was a little over thirteen. He was rather proud of me, poor old father. I used to recite on the table for him, Shakspeare, and repeat Latin and Greek orations, of which the meaning was not a little obscure even to me; what it must have been to my hearers I don't know. I father took me away from school to the shop. He was a good man, I don't think he ever had with a grain of life in him would choose to be a tailor as a matter of taste. As for me, it worried me to death to sit there after being school-boy, stick, and I used to beguile the time by reciting and reading to the few men my father employed, and they did my work, and I was paid for the amusement it afforded them. At the age of fifteen I took part in some private theatricals in the town, and from that time I was somewhere much more pleasant than the dull shop-work. They went off well, and when one of the actors came to the town I went to the manager and asked him to take me. He laughed, I was at for nothing. Of course I was too long and too lanky to fit for a man-at-arms, too young for a first, second, or even third lover, and too old for any accidental part. I was a good-looking lad, and then about sixteen, and fed me on bread and water. This was rather too bad; so I took French leave, and when the bread and water came to be too much, I gave him no one to cut it. I was pleased to find myself with a pair of socks and a pair of shoes wrapped up in a handkerchief, about 'to face the world, and try to wring the hard-held honors from stern fortune's hands. I was a little disappointed, I need scarcely tell you that sitting here I often regretted that fine May morning's work that took me from home.

"I went to one town after another, and at each sought out the manager of the theatre, and tried hard to get in an early line, but I found my voice was not yet set or certain. 'Why, young Sir,' said one to me, 'you are a fool, you are a fool, if you were to make love in the tone you've been talking to me in, the people would insist that I had made my fortune by it, and I'd take you, but you are no use to me at all. Two years hence you can come again—then I may talk to you.'

I felt it was true, but still wanted to be in a theatre; so I entered a traveling circus company as helper and stage-hand. I stayed at it for eighteen months, and then the manager joined another in the regular acting line. Now was my chance. They wanted a lover, and wanted it so badly, their first lover could no more sit a horse than a sack could; and they had tried all sorts, and said she should die with laughing if he came on; so I offered. I did well, and thought I was on the road to fortune; I was never so wrong. Most of the great actors were only the same men as I was, with better chances. That is more than forty years ago now, and I am a pauper.

"After this success I became first gentleman in that company, and remained so for some years. The manager took the business, and I had no chance. I changed my name—first, as Gowling, I did not look well in a bill; and because I did not want to hurt my poor old father's feelings more than I could help—I took the name of Alphonsus Bourgeois. It looked well on the bills, I used to think at one time. Somebody, I forget who, says, 'What's in a name?' I know there is a good deal in it, and I know it not favorable to bad, and the public being judge, Alphonsus Montague was better than James Gowling, for it drew better houses.

"In the company there was a girl who took second lady. I don't say I fell in love with her; I don't think men of our class do fall in love. The constant exercising the imitative powers in delineating that passion weakens, I think, the power of feeling it as other men feel it. I liked her; she was good, industrious, rising in the profession, and I married her. There never was a better woman lived, and she had her reward: I don't suppose that there ever was a woman more respected in any company. I never had even a row about her dress, and then, a man being very insolent to her, she came and told me, just as I came off as Macduff in 'Macbeth.' I went to the manager and told him that the man must leave the place at once. The manager said it was impossible; he was a ton of the noble owner of half the town; his father was a ton in the house; there things must be endured. I said they should not be endured; and that if he would not protect the ladies of the company, I would take the liberty of protecting my wife."

"And how did it end?"

"Why, I went to the little beast, tidied as he was, and kicked him out at the stage-door. I did, Sir, though you would not think it to look at me now."

"And the manager?"

"He was very civil to me. Said he was much obliged to me; he had more annoyance from the complaints of the girls about that fellow than any other thing; and, if I was prime and my wife's salary that same week."

I had been reticing, while he spoke, a number of children came out of the house, and were dispersing in various groups to play. They were all dressed alike in the gray, true pauper gray, and ran and jumped as if they were not dependent on a paternal state for their support. One child, a little fellow, stumbled and fell twice before us, and then stood still, looking at us a little way off. I looked at her, and she pulled the cover of her little cap out and blushed, and it remained till he had done speaking.

"Who is that pretty child, there?" said I.

"That—that is mine, Sir. Come here, Ellen, come here, dear."

The child ran and nestled at her side.

"I have sinned against the Lord and against the old pauper; and, being lifted with no little effort on to his knee, hid her face against his breast, and sobbed as if her heart was. I course, found some object of attraction in the garden that enabled me to let her see my face without my apology, and I was, I suppose, very soon satisfied, apparently, for the glances became more bold and determined.

"Who is that, Papa Gowling?"

"A friend of mine; he won't hurt you."

She looked again to see if I had any intention of doing her mischief, and being satisfied, sat upright on the old man's knee.

"There, papa, you see he's not going to hurt my little Alice. Won't you shake hands with him?"

She did.

"Did your grandchild?" said I.

"Yes,—the only one left," and the voice fell and he stooped and kissed her uplifted face.

"Is that child, Sir, the manager raised your salary after the little fracas about your wife?"

"Ah! yes, he did, and we went on very well for some time. I was good to him, I was a star. Once or twice I went up to London and heard some of the best actors and found that I could not equal them. I don't know a more painful sensation, Sir, than that attendant on the discovery of the limit of one's powers; other men have more—more, and I feel that it is very painful to feel conscious that the eminence that man has attained to whom you are listening is beyond you. Young people, and young men, feel that when man has done man can do. It does not last. Most men at thirty have their pace well enough to tell them that they will not be the leader of the race of life.

"Well, some few years after I was married also convinced myself that I could never be a star—a great actor. It was not in me, was simply a respectable one. I could take any part, and do it well, and I was not laughed at; but there I was stopped. I could go no further. I never could raise the enthusiasm of my audiences. I was good, I did not disgrace, but when I played a leading part the boxes did not let and the pit was not full. I could not help feeling that I was not, and I never went on without knowing every word of the part. I was always correct, I was second and third parts well. Stars liked me. They used to come down for the benefits occasionally, and used to say, 'Let me have Gowling, you see, he's a safe man, never too forward,—no clap-trap with him—he's not showy, but he's safe.' Now, you see, pride is a good thing, and I was proud of my position for years or so that he is to be the star of the theatrical world, it is rather hard to wake up and find a little man who could not possibly kill him he's a very good back-ground to show that star's light. Ah, me! there's many a little fellow the large bull brings forth but the little flower?"

"Still, Mr. Gowling, it was something not to have failed quite. There must be leading parts, you know, and there must be second parts as well as first."

"True, Sir, true; and human nature soon adapts itself to circumstances. Three months after I knew I was no genius the ambition to be one left me. I was content to be a good pay and easy life. I had four children—three boys and one girl. That's her child—poor little thing." And he stroked the head of little Alice caressingly while she played with the buttons on his coat.

"The boys, you know, we tried to make useful in the profession. Christmas was a family harvest—all were busy then—all making money. You know that the profession is not favorable to health. The excitement—particularly to children—soon wears them out. I know, often and often, I've seen my boys as tops and that kind of thing, and felt the life was too fast for them. Late at night to go from the hot theatre into the cold night air was a sad trial to the constitution, and children are not old men. You can not permanent boys of twelve and fourteen that they ought to wrap their throats, and not run out into the cold at night. We could not, and we lost two of the three boys within twelve months. There was better woman doctor said. It carries off a good many of these children, you see, in the Christmas pantomimes. I often wonder whether the house thinks of that kind of things."

"And the other children?"

"The boy left our company when he was about eighteen, and joined another as second gentleman. He was as good an actor as his father, and no better. He thought he was a genius, poor boy, as his father had thought before him. He had no experience to teach him; he to be thought he was ill used, and left us."

"And what became of him?"

"At first we used to hear from him now and then—then there was a long silence, and his mother worried herself dreadfully about him. One night I had been playing a country gentleman in a strawberry farce, as the bills called it, for in a country town I was a farmer, a yeoman, and a fool—all in one evening; so my wife had gone home, and when I arrived came to the door to let me in.

"Don't be frightened, dear, here's Alfred come back."

"I went up, and there he was; but, my God, what a wreck! His eyes blood-shot, his hands trembling, and a bald red spot on his cheeks.

"Well, father, how are you?

"I did not answer; I sat down and cried. He tried hard to keep from it, but he couldn't; he came and knelt down in front of me, covered his face with his hands, and cried like a child. His mother, poor soul, stood young round his neck, and kissed him, and cried till I was beside myself. He told his story. He had made a mistake. He thought himself a great actor. Managers did not; the public backed the managers, and were right too. He could not stand the disappointment. He had a wife on his father had had to console him, and he took to the actor's curse—drink. He sunk lower and lower, became ill, could do nothing, and just crawled home to die.

"Late night, I had just come off, when I was told some one wanted me at the stage-door. I went, and found the girl of the house where we lodged. She was crying, and could hardly speak. I was wanted at once. Mr. Alfred was dying. Mr. Our manager had his benefit that night, and we had to do the Lucrezia Borgia scene in Lucrezia Borgia. I was dressed as the Ghost. I forgot all about dress then, and rushed home: it was too late, he was dead when I got. I lay, by the bed in his mother's arms; she was dressed as the Queen, and was weeping hot, silent tears that fell on my dead boy's face, one by one. His head was sunk down on her knees by the bed-side, as I entered, and the pathos of the house were standing looking on. I shall never forget it, never.

"I was roused by a touch on the shoulder, message from the theatre.

"Manager says he should be glad if you could come back.

"I took here, Jennings, do you think I can?

"Not to do any thing, Sir; but you might see him; perhaps it would be better.'

"I went, and went back, saw the manager, and told him; and though it was his benefit night, he said it would look bad, and I went.

"God bless you, Gowling, I am sorry for you, very sorry; if I can do any thing for you, let me know.'

"I went to the dressing-room, and as I left the place heard the applause that attended the spoken for our sphere, and the announcement of his intention to read the parts. Managers are not all alike, and he was a good friend to me, was Charles Jennings.

"He buried the poor boy, and then went on as before. His mother never recovered the blow, and gradually sunk, and about six months after his death could no longer take her parts; so Alice and I had to do our best. I noticed that a young fellow had been rather attentive to her, and was not surprised when he took me aside one night and told me he wanted to marry her and take his wife. He was just such another as Alfred; he then myself when his age. I thought it better to be the wife of a respectable manager than remain single behind the scenes, for she was a good girl was Alice. Well, they married, and joined the company. I was grandfather old you see, then, and it was some comfort to see her with some one to take care of her. Soon after she married her mother died, and I had in the grave, beside her son, one of the best women that ever lived. Alice was alone now, and old, for the wear and tear of an active life, and the late hours, tell on the strongest constitution. In the company was Mr. Alfred Gowling from the light, and glare, and noise of the theatre to the silence and quiet of my own poor room. Just then, too, the company was broken up; and at the age I was then it was a serious thing for me. We all three tried to keep together, but it was no use. Those who wanted an old man did not want a second lady, or a third gentleman, and so we were divided.

I went on, though as old and weak with poor pay—as much as I was worth though, I dare say, for I was getting feeble, and 'Speak up, old wife' was the usual cry I had from the galleries directly I opened my mouth.

"I heard from Alice every week, and saved his letter for him, and for the old woman, I was dull to me. I could not make new friends. The young looked me, and I felt, I thought, and 'loved not pity;' it was a lonely old man.

"Alice's husband died. I don't remember now how it was, I was so dull, and she told me it was just after this little one was born. I quite longed to see her, but she could not come, and I could not go, so we only wrote to each other. I have all her letters now, poor girl. She came to see me once afterward, and was looking ill and fagged; and soon after that visit our company was broken up again.

"I tried hard for an engagement, traveled from place to place, spent all the little I had saved, and then was laid up at a place some fifty or sixty miles from home. They took me from the inn to the Union when the money was gone; and after

deal of waiting and grumbling they brought me here. I little thought when, as a boy, I used to get the sole out of the tops of my boots and my days been an old worn-out pauper. You know what it says? 'There's a Providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may.' I've often said that on the stage. I *did* it now." And the old man mused in silence.

"And your daughter?"

"Alice? She died in this house not two years ago, poor child."

"Here, do you mean?"

"Yes, there in that room." And he pointed to a window in the back part of the house, "the one, where the sun shines on it through the trees."

"Of what did she die? Was she young?"

"The same disease that carried off her brothers, consumption. She knew I was here, and spent her last moments on coming; and the doctor, good fellow that he is, would have her in here. She lingered on for about a fortnight up there, and then died one morning, her husband holding my hand, and the child lying on her breast. Poor girl! she looked so beautiful in her death. Ah! I have lived down all but this little one." And the old man looked fondly on the child, and stroked her head with his hand shrivelled hand. "It's rather sad to see them all gone—all—wife, sons, and Alice all gone. Poor Alice!" And the old pauper's eyes were dim with the accompanying tears of age.

I had a cough, and felt husky in the throat, and the wind blew the dust in my eyes.

"You and your friend seem to agree well, Mr. Gowling," said the voice of the master close by.

"Yes, Sir, he says he loves to listen to an old man's talk. He's very kind of him—very kind."

"I've been expressing my wonder to Mr. Gowling to find him here."

"Want of proper economy, Sir; nothing more. People of his profession are very reckless and insident—very."

"You're right and you're wrong at once," said the old man. "We are not a saving people, I grant. The weak nature of the profession is against it. We don't earn much—I mean such as myself. Of course people who have a good income of, say, a hundred a-year, in this subject to competition as other trades or professions. Then the little we do earn is spent in ways by which other professions have nothing analogous. Look at our dresses—we find all, and when a man throws himself into his part, he wears the best he can get, and, if he be duty to the manager, he will not have much left to be extravagant with. Besides, the qualities of nature that make a good actor—a careful saving man—are not those which make a good actor. It is too much to ask that a man, night on the stage, should be a dreamer, a dreamer of a spendthrift, and off the stage be a niggard.

"Still, Mr. Gowling, you admit it is possible to save."

"Oh, yes! *possible*, but difficult, inasmuch as the qualities that make the actor are not, nor are they usually found associated with, those of the rigid economist; and it is only the rigid economist among men who can be said to have saved. Look, too, at the liabilities to disease, the uncertainties of the means of living we have, and you will see that we are, on the whole, as hardly worked for the amount of pay we receive as any class of men."

THE Uncommercial Traveler

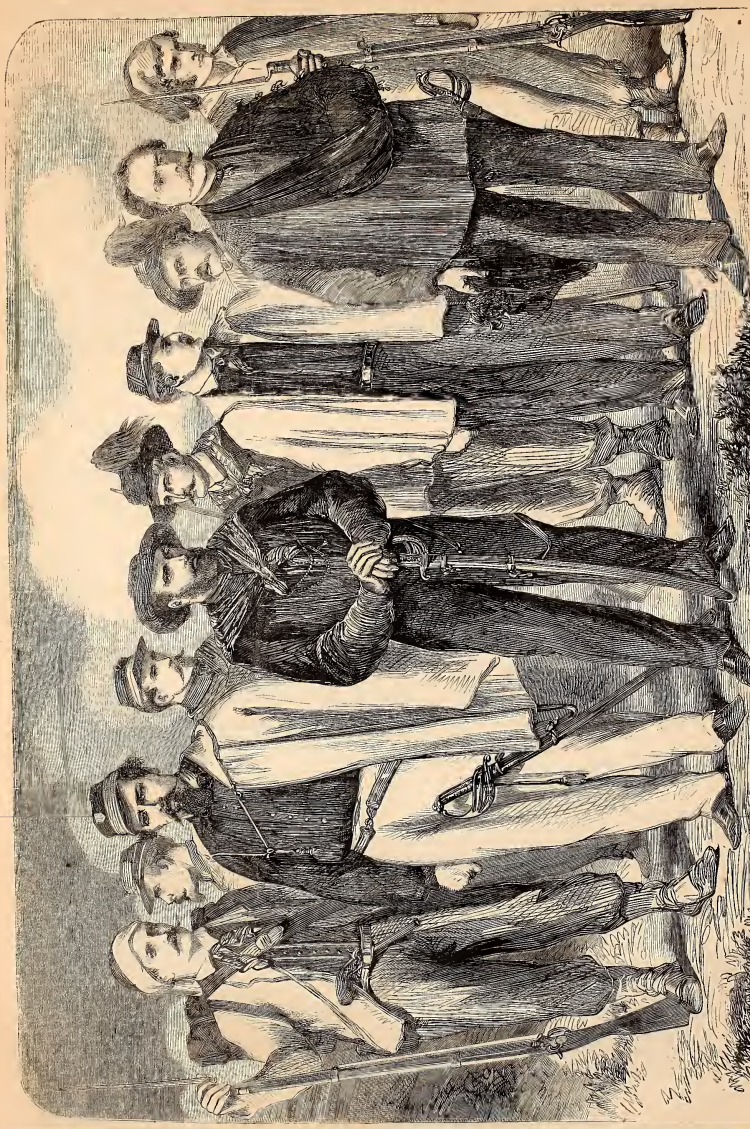
IN LONDON CHAMBERS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

AT one period of my uncommercial career my friend Purkis lived in a set of chambers in Gray's Inn Square. They were held in familiar phrase, "a top set," and all the estables and drinkables introduced into them acquired a flavor of Cockloft.

Two of my windows of these chambers looked down into the garden; and we have sat up there together, many a summer evening, eating how pleasant the fragrance of mingling of many things. To my intimacy with that top set I am indebted for three of the most whimsically memorable of the vacilness of life in chambers. They shall follow here, in order, first, second, and third.

First, then, Purkis's first friend, on a time, hunt one of his legs, and it became seriously inflamed. Not knowing of his indisposition, I was on my way to him, one very hot summer morning when I was much surprised by meeting a lively lieck in Field Court, Gray's Inn, assuaging her hay to the West End of London. As the lieck was alone, and was, of course, unable to explain his position, I may at least been incidental to do so (which he had not the appearance of being), I passed him and went on. Turning the corner of Gray's Inn Square, I was beyond expression amazed by meeting another lieck—also entirely alone, and also proceeding in a westerly direction, though with that decided difference of purpose, having on this extraordinary circumstance, and endeavoring to remember whether I had ever read, in the Philosophical Transactions, or any work on Natural History, of a migration of leckes, I ascended to the top set, put the drawer noiseless closed outer doors of offices and an empty set of two, which intervened between that forty regiment and the top set, and found my friend's stomach, found him stretched upon his back, like Prometheus Bound, with a perfectly demented ticket-porter in attendance on him instead of the Vulture, which helpless individual, who was feeble and frightened, had (my friend explained to me, in great choke) been endeavoring for some hours to apply leeches to his leg, and as yet had only got on two out of twenty. To this unfortunate's distraction between a damp cloth on which he had placed the leeches to freshen them, and the wrathful adjurations of my friend to "Stick 'em, on Sir!" I referred the phenomenon I had encountered: the nature as the phenomenon I had encountered: the nature as the phenomenon I had encountered: the nature as



THE LIBERATORS OF SICILY—GARIBALDI AND HIS STAFF.—[See Page 539.]

"COME AND SEE ME ONE OF THESE DAYS, POTTS."

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

Were has not experienced the chance of the first time in his life, when totally removed from all the accidents of his station, the circumstance of his fortune, and his other belongings, he has taken his place among perfect strangers, and been estimated by the claims of his own individuality? Is it not this which gives the almost ecstasy of our first tour—our first journey? There are none to say, "Who is this Potts that gives himself these airs?" "What pretension has he to say this, or order that?" "What would old Peter say if he saw his son to-day?" with all the other, "What has the world come to?" and "What are we to see next?" I say, it is with a glorious sense of independence that one sees himself emancipated from all these restraints, and recognizes his freedom to be that which nature has made him.

As I sat on Lord Keldrum's left—Father Dyke was on his right—was I in any real quality other than I ever am? Was my manner different, my voice, my manner, my social tone, as I received all the bland attentions of my courteous host? Did I, yet, in my heart of hearts, I felt that if it were known to that polite company I was the son of Peter Potts, apothecary, all my conversational courage would have failed me. I would not have dared to assert fifty things I now declared, nor vouched for a hundred that I as assuredly guaranteed. If I had had to carry about me traditions of the shop in Mary's Abbey, the bibrandy, and the rest of it, how could I have had the nerve to discuss any of the topics on which I now pronounced so authoritatively? And yet, there were all accidents of my existence—no more so than was the color of *his* whiskers mine who vaccinated me for cow-pock. The man Potts was himself through all; he was neither compounded of senna and aloes, nor adulterated with sarsaparilla and the acids; but by the cruel laws of a harsh conventionality it was decreed otherwise, and the trade of the Potts descends to the son in every estimate of all he does, and says, and thinks. The converse of the proposition I was to use to feel in the success I obtained in this company. I was, as the Germans would say, "Der Herr Potts sammt, nicht nach seinen Begebenheiten"—the man Potts, not the creature of his belongings.

The man thus freed from his "antecedents," and owning no "relatives," feels like one to whom a great, a most unlimited credit has been opened, in matter of opinion. Not reduced to fashion his sentiments by some supposed standard becoming his station, he roams at will over the broad prairie of life, enough if he can discriminate why he says this or thinks that, without having to defend himself for his parentage, and the place he was born in. Let the wonder, if with such a sum to my credit, I drew largely on it; little wonder if I were dogmatical and demonstrative; little wonder if, when my reason grew wearied with facts, I reposed on my imagination in fiction.

Be it remembered, however, that I only became what I have set down here after an excellent dinner, a considerable quantity of Champagne, and no small share of a claret, strongbodied enough to please the priest. I didn't like that priest. From the moment we sat down a table I conceived for him a sort of distrust. He was painfully polite and civil; he had a soft, slippery, Clare accent; but there was a malicious twinkle in his eye that showed he was by nature satirical. Perhaps because we were more reading men than the others that it was we soon found ourselves pitted against each other in argument, and this not upon one, but upon every possible topic that turned up. Hammond I found also stood by the priest. Oxley was my backer, and his hard-by played umpire. Dyke was a shrewd, sarcastic dog in his way, but he had no chance with me. How mercilessly I treated his Church—he pushed me to it—what an expert did I make of the Pope and his Government, with all those excursions and emeleties! How ruthlessly I showed them up as the very enemies of all freedom and enlightenment! The priest never got angry—he was too cunning for that, and I even laughed at some of my anecdotes, if I which I related many. "Don't be so hard on him, Potts," I heard my lord, as the day wore on; "he's not one of us, you know." This speech put me into a quiver of fun. It was not alone that he called me Potts, but there was also an acceptance of me as one of his own set. We were, in fact, henceforth "one antres." Enchanting recognition, never to be forgotten!

"But what would you do with us?" said Dyke, mildly remonstrating against some severe measures we of the landed interest might be yet driven to resort to.

"I don't know—that is to say, I have not made up my mind whether it is better to make a cleanrave of you altogether, or to bribe you."

"Bribe us by all means, then!" said he, with a most serious earnestness.

"Bribe you! but could we rely on you?" asked I.

"That would greatly depend upon the price."

"I'll not haggle about terms, nor I'm sure would Keldrum," said Oxley, with a wink.

"You are only just to me in that," said he, smiling.

"That's all fair talking for you fellows who had the luck to be first on the list, but what are poor devils like Oxley and myself to do?" said Hammond, "Tarantas cannot be to second sons nowadays."

"And the *Times* says all right," added Oxley.

"And I say all wrong; and I say more," broke in; "I say that of all the tyrannies of Europe, I know of none like that newspaper. Why, Sir, whose station, I would ask, nowadays can exempt him from its impertinent criticisms? Cut Keldrum say—can I say—that I shall come next day we shall not be arraigned for this, that, or'other? I choose, for instance, to manage my estate—the property that has been in my family for centuries, the acres that have descended to us by grants as old as Magna Charta. I desire, for reasons that seem sufficient to myself, to convert arable into grass land. I say to one of my tenant farmers—Mr. Hedgeworth—no matter, I shall not mention names, but I say to him—"

"I know the man," broke in the priest; "you mean Hedgeworth Davis, of Mount Davis."

"No, Sir, I do not," said I, angrily, for I resented this attempt to run me to earth.

"Hedgeworth! Hedgeworth! It ain't that fellow that was in the Rifles, the 2d Battalion, is it?" said Oxley.

"I repeat," said I, "that I will mention no names."

"My mother had some relatives Hedgeworths; they were from Hereforshire. How odd, Potts, if we should turn out to be connections! You said that these people were related to you."

"I hope," said I, angrily, "that I am not bound to give the birth, parentage, and education of every man whose name I may mention in conversation. At least, I would protest that I have not prepared myself for such a demand upon my memory."

"Of course not, Potts. It would be a test no man could submit to," said his lordship.

"That Hedgeworth of the Rifles exceeded all the fellows I ever met in drawing the long bow. There was no county he had not been in, no army he had served with; he was related to every celebrated man in Europe; and, after all, it turned out that his father was an attorney at Market Harborough, and sub-agent to one of our fellows who had some property there." This was said by Hammond, who directed the speech entirely to me.

"Confound the Hedgeworths all together," broke in Oxley. "They have carried us miles away from what we were talking of."

This was a sentiment that met my heartiest concurrence, and I bestowed a friendly recognition to the speaker, and drank off my glass to his health.

"Who can give us a song? I'll lock his reverence here to be a vocalist," cried Hammond. And, sure enough, Dyke sang one of the melodies with great feeling and taste. Oxley followed with something in less perfect taste, and we all grew very jolly, and then there came a bewildered bone and some devilled kidneys, and a warm punch which Hammond himself concocted—a most insidious liquor, which, with a strong essence of lemons, was, at the same time, little else than rum and sugar.

There is an adage that says "in vino veritas," which I shrewdly suspect to be a great fallacy; at least, as regards my own case, I know it to be totally inapplicable. I am, in my sober hours—and I am proud to say that the excesses from such are of the rarest—one of the most veracious of mortals; indeed, in my frank sincerity, I have often given offence to those who like a courteous hypocrisy better than an ungraceful truth. Whenever, by any chance, it has been my ill-fortune to transgress these limits, there is no bound to my imagination. There is nothing too extravagant or too improbable for me to say of myself. All the strange incidents of romance that I have read, all the travelers' stories, newspaper accidents, adventures by sea and land, wonderful coincidences, unexpected turns of fortune, I adopt to myself, and coolly relate them as personal experiences. Listeners have afterward told me that I possess an amount of consistence, a veridinilitude in these narratives perfectly marvelous, and only to be accounted for by supposing that I myself must, for the time being, be the dupe of my own imagination. Indeed, I am sure such must be the true explanation of this curious fact. How in any other mode explain the rash wagers, absurd and impossible engagements I have contracted in such moments, backing myself to leap twenty-three feet on the level sward; to dive in six fathoms water and fetch up Heaven knows what of shells and marine curiosities from the bottom; to ride the most unmanageable of horses, and, single-handed and unarmed, to fight the fiercest bull-dog in England? Then, as to intellectual feats, what have I not engaged to perform? Sums of material arithmetic; whole newspapers committed to memory after one reading; verse compositions, on any theme, in ten languages; and, once, a written contract to compose a whole opera, with all the scores, within twenty-four hours. To a nature thus strangely constituted wine was a perfect magic wand, transforming a poor, weak, distrustful, modest man into a hero; and yet, even with such compations, my excesses were extremely rare and unfrequent. Are there many, I would ask, that could resist the passport to such a dreamland, with only the penalty of a headache the next morning? Some one would perhaps suggest that these were enjoyments to pay forfeit on. Well, so there were; but I must not anticipate. And now to my tale.

To Hammond's brew there succeeded one by Oxley, made after an American receipt, and certainly both fragrant and insinuating; and then came a concoction made by the priest, which he called "Father Hosey's pride." It was made in a bowl, and drunk out of lemonade, ingeniously fitted into the wine-glasses. I remember no other particulars about it, though I can call to mind much of the conversation that preceded it. How I gave a long historical account of my family, that we came originally from Corsica, the name Potts being a corruption of Pozzo, and that we were of the same stock as the celebrated diplomatist Pozzo di Borgo. Our ancestral estates in the island were of fabulous extent, and in asserting my right to them I should accept thirteen mortal duels, the arrears of a hundred and odd years unscored off, in anticipation of which I had at one time taken lessons from Angelo in fencing, which led to the celebrated challenge they might have read in *Galignani*, where I offered to meet any swordsman in Europe for ten thousand Napoleons, giving choice of the weapon to my adversary. With a tear to the memory of the poor Corsican exile, I filled at Sedan, I turned the conversation. Being in France, I incidentally mentioned some anecdotes of military life, and how I had rescued the idle exiled Monsieur, and, in a moment of good nature, given that excellent fellow my secret. "I will say," said I, "that he has shown more gratitude than some others nearer home, but will talk of rifled cannon another time." In an episode about bear-shooting, I mentioned the Emperor of Russia, poor dear Nicholas, and told how we had once exchanged horses, mine being more strong-boned, and a weight-carrier; his a light Cossacian mare, of purest breed, "the dam of that creature you may see below in the stable now," said I, carelessly. "Come and see me one of these days, Potts," said he, in parting; "come and pass a week with me at Constantinople." This was the first intimation he had ever given of his project against Turkey; and when I told it to the Duke of Wellington, his rounds was a muttered 'Strange fellow, Potts—knows every thing!' though he made no reply to me at the time."

It was somewhere about this period that the priest began with what struck me as an attempt to outdo me as a story-teller, an effort I should have treated with the most contemptuous indifference but for the amount of attention bestowed on him by the others. Nor was this all, but actually I perceived that a kind of rivalry was attempted to be established, so that we were pitted directly against each other. Among the other self-delusions of such moments was the profound conviction I entertained that I was master of all games of skill and address, superior to Major A. at whist, and able to give Simpson a pawn and the move at chess. The priest was just as vain-glorious. "He'd like to see the man who'd play him a game of "spoiled five"—whatever that was—or drafts; ay, or though it was not his pride, a bit of backgammon."

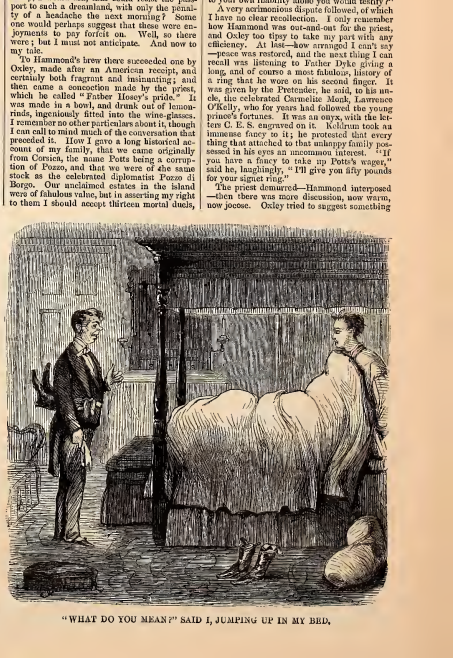
"Done, for fifty pounds; double on the gammon!" cried I.

"Fifty fiddle-sticks!" cried he; "where would you or I find as many shillings?"

"What do you mean, Sir?" said I, angrily. "Am I to suppose that you doubt my competence to risk such a contemptible sum, or is it to your own inability alone you would imply?"

A very acrimonious dispute followed, of which I have no clear recollection. I only remember how Hammond was out-and-out for the priest, and Oxley too tipsy to take my part with any efficiency. At last—how arranged I can't say—pieces was restored, and the next thing I can recall was listening to Father Dyke giving a long, and of course a most fabulous, history of a ring that he wore on his second finger. It was given by the Pretender, he said, to his uncle, the celebrated Carmelite Monk, Lawrence O'Kelly, who for years had followed the young prince's fortunes. It was an onyx, with the letters C. E. S. engraved on it. Keldrum took an immense fancy to it; he protested that every thing that attached to that unhappy family possessed in his eyes an uncommon interest. "If you have a fancy to take up Potts's wager," said he, laughingly, "I'll give you fifty pounds for your signet ring."

The priest demurred—Hammond interposed—but there was more discussion now warm, now jocose. Oxley tried to suggest something



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" SAID I, JUMPING UP IN MY BED.

which we all laughed at. Keldrum placed the hackgammon board meanwhile, but I can give no clear account of what ensued, though I remember that the terms of our wager were committed in writing by Hammond, and signed by Father D. and myself, and in the conditions there figured a certain ring, guaranteed to have belonged to, and have been worn by, his Royal Highness Charles Edward, and a cream-colored horse, equally guaranteed as the produce of a Caucasian mare presented by the late Emperor Nicholas to the present owner. The document was witnessed by all three, Oxley's name written in two letters, and a flourish.

After that I played, not.

CHAPTER IV.

I can recall to this very hour the sensations of headache and misery with which I awoke the morning after this debauch. Rocking pain it was, with a sort of tremulous bearing: all through the head, as though a small engine had been set to work there, and that piston, and boiler, and connecting rod, were all banging, fizzing, and clanking amidst my feverish brains. I was besides much puzzled to know where I was, and how I had come there. Controversial divinity, geography, horse-racing, the pyramids, and "double sixes" were dancing a wild cotillion through my brain; and although I knew my mouth was unpleasantly obtruded his head into the room, to see if I were asleep, and as guardedly withdrew it again, I never had energy to speak to him, but lay passive and still, waiting till my mind affight clear, and the cloud-fog that obscured my faculties should be lifted away.

At last—it was toward evening—the man possibly becoming alarmed at my protracted lethargy, moved somewhat briskly about the room, and with that amount of noise that showed he meant to assume no—disturbed chairs and fire-irons indeterminably.

"Is it late or early?" asked I, faintly.

"Tis late, my Sir, and a beautiful evening," said he, drawing nigh, with the air of one disposed for colloquy.

I didn't exactly like to ask where I was, and tried to ascertain the fact by a little circumlocution. "I suppose," said I, yawning, "for all that is to be done now, I might as well lie, as one might just as well stay abed, eh?"

"Tis the snuggest place anyhow," said he, with that peculiar disposition to agree with you no characteristic in an Irish waiter.

"No scandal reached you, Sir?"

"No, indeed, Sir."

"No thetres?"

"Devil a one, Sir."

"No sport?"

"Yesterday was the last of the season, Sir, and signs on, his lordship and the other gentlemen was off immediately after breakfast."

"Was I seen—lord—lord—" A mist was clearing away from my brain, but I could not see clearly.

"Lord Keldrum, Sir; a real gentleman every inch of him."

"Oh, yes! to be sure—a very old friend of mine, Keldrum!" "And so he was, then, in his?"

"Yes, Sir; and the last word he said was about your honor."

"About me—what was it?"

"Well, indeed, Sir," replied the waiter, with a hesitating and confused manner, "I didn't rightly understand it; but as well as I could catch the words, it was something about hoping your honor had more of the wonderful breed of horses the Emperor of Roosia gave him."

"Oh, yes! I understand," said I, stopping him abruptly. "Hyde-no, my lord—Blonde—that is, my horse—this morning?"

"Well, he looked fresh and hearty when he went off this morning at daybreak."

"What do you mean?" cried I, jumping up in my bed. "Went off? where to?"

"Why, Father Dyke on his back; and a neater hand he couldn't wish over him. 'Tim,' says he to the hostler, as he mounted, 'there's a five-shilling piece for you, by hansel, for I won this beast last night, and you must drink his health and wish him luck with him.'"

I heard no more, but sinking back into the bed, I covered my face with my hands, overcome with shame and misery. The mist that had blurred my faculties had now been swept clean away, and the whole history of the previous evening was revealed before me. My stupid folly, my absurd hoastfulness, my egregious story-telling—not to call it worse—were all there, and, shall I acknowledge it? what pained me not less poignantly was the fact that I ventured to make the horse I had merely hired, and actually lost him at the play-table.

As soon as I rallied from this state of self-accusation, I set to work to think out a should manage to repossess myself of my honest, my loss of which might be converted into a felony. To Oxley the mad scheme had occurred that my first care. Father Dyke probably not once an unreasonable price; he, of course, never believed one of the well-conceiveed narrative about Schempel and the Caucasus, and knew from previous Pots about the frailties of Potts tipsy. It is true my purse was a very slender one, but Blonde, to my one unsaddled, unbridled pedigree, could not be a costly animal; fifteen pounds—twenty, certainly—ought to buy what the priest would call "every hair on his tail."

It was now too late in the evening to proceed to execute the measures I had resolved on, and so I determined to lie still and ponder over them. Dismissing the waiter, with an order to bring me a cup of coffee about eight o'clock, I resumed my cogitations. They were not pleasant ones: Potts a by-word for the most outrageous and incoherent balderdash and untruth—Potts in the *Hue and Cry*—Potts in the dock—Potts in the pillory—Potts paragraphed in *Punch*—portrait of Potts, price one penny!—these were only a few of the forms in which the descendant of the famous Corsican family of Pozzo di Borgo now presented himself to my imagination.

The courts and quadrangles of Old Trinity ringing with laughter, the coarse exaggeration of tasteless scoffers, the jokes and sneers of stupidity, malice, and all uncharitableness, rang in my ears as if I heard them. All possible and impossible versions of the incident passed in review before me: my father, driven distracted by impertinent inquiries, cutting me off with a shilling, and then dying of mortification and chagrin—my friend Pat Dyke, paragraphed—descriptions, not in any way fictitious, of my personal appearance—paragraphs of local papers linking that unlucky Potts was supposed to have been seen in one neighborhood yesterday, while in another he was looking after stable doors, etc. I could hear it no longer, I jumped up, and rang the bell violently.

"You know this Father Dyke, waiter? In what part of the country does he live?"

"He's parish priest of Instiscog," said he, "the snuggest place in all Roosia country."

"How far from this may it be?"

"It's a matter of five-and-forty miles; and by the same token, he said he'd be back before tilly he got home to-night, for there was a fair at Cregmo—meaning, I suppose, he wasn't pleased with the baste he'd sell him there."

I groaned deeply, for here was a new complication, entirely unbearable. "If you can't possibly mean," gasped I not, "that a respectable clergyman would expose for sale a horse lent us in friendship by a friend!" The mere thought struck me that this protest of mine should be thus early on record.

The waiter scratched his head, and looked confused. Whether another version of the event occurred to him, or his imagination stagged his convictions, I am unable to say, but he made no reply, "It is true," continued I, in the same tone, "that I have no reverence last night for the first time. My friend Lord Keldrum made no acquaintance; but seeing him received at our hotel from his hand, I naturally felt, and said to myself, 'The man Keldrum admits to his table is the equal of any one.' Could you bring the same reasoning to bear?"

"No, indeed, Sir; nothing," said the waiter, obsequiously.

"Well, then," resumed I, "some day or other it may chance that you will be called on to remember and recall this conversation between us; if so, it will be important that you should have a clear and distinct memory of the fact, that when I said to the gentleman above asked for my horse, the answer you made me was—What was the answer you made me?"

"The answer I made, Sir, was that the fellow, sturdily, and with an effrontery I can never forget—"the answer I made was, that the man was non blun lion, and he could not."

"You're an insolent scoundrel," cried I, holding over with passion, "and if you don't ask pardon for this outrage on your master, I include you in the indictment for conspiracy."

So far from accepting the humiliation I proposed, the fellow grinned from ear to ear, and left the room. It was a long time before I could recover my wonted calm and composure. That this rascal's evidence would be fatal to me, if the question ever came to trial, was as clear as moonlight; and his claim to pay for his knave this himself. "I must go back at once to town," thought I. "I will surrender myself to the law. If a conspiracy be proved against, I will perish at the stake." I forgot there was no stake, but thought of Tyburn, hanging, drawing, picking, and wheel-treading, and oyster-shell pounding, and other small pleasantries of nature, climbed more recently than yesterday than all the cruelties of our barbarous ancestors.

Now, in no record of lives of adventure had I met any account of such a situation. The Silvio Pellicos of Pentonville are yet unwritten martyrs. Prison discipline would vulgarize the proudest spirit (and I was proud, I fear). "Any thing rather than this," said I, aloud. "Prosecuted, outlawed, hunted down, but never, grapneated nail-driven, shall a Potts be sentenced to the 'creaky,' or black-holed as refractory—Being my pill!" cried I, in a voice of indignant anger. "I will go forth into the world of darkness and tempest—I will meet the storm with the unruffled brow of the conflict of the elements than man's—than man's—" I wasn't exactly sure what, but there was no need of the word, for a gust of wind had just blown out my umbrella in my face as I issued forth, and left me breathless, as the door closed behind me.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

Who Knew Many Epitaphs,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNERS OF WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "RED GINGOES" AND "HALOS FOR THE MARINES."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ALL ALIVE AGAIN.

Before the hands were turned to from dinner, the cabin-bell rang so violently that the ordeal's brass snake-plate fixtures on his leather hat fairly rang too as he opened the sacred door.

"Tell the first lieutenant I want him."

The dismayed soldier forgot to lay his white worsted finger on his visor as he shouted to the door and marched out on the gun-deck.

"Mr. Hardy, junior ship! Hold a Jack at the fore and fire a gun for a pilot! Get the frigate under way, Sir, and be quick about it!"

"Ay, ay, Sir!"

As Hardy rapidly passed his old cronies, who were tramping along the deck as he mounted the stairs, he called to them, with a gay,

"By the Lord! I haven't seen the Commodore in such a breeze since he blew that Pirate out of water at Dacra."

In a minute the *Mosquitoes*'s bell struck two, and the boatswain's pipe, piping as if their hairy throats would split, roared out, "All hands!" and a moment later, "All hands unmoor ship!"

"What the blazes does that mean?" said a cook of a mess to the old quarter-master, who had just come down from the main watch.

"Mean? why, you lazy blind duff biler, it means that I've lost my blessed dinner."

"Hello! what's the matter, Yankee?" "What's that? Unmoor ship on my liberty day! I swear I'll resign!"

"Do you won't, reefers, but you'll trip aloft as fast as your little legs will carry you—Mouse is unmoorin' every bitt, and bowsing main, and topsail sheets, and squeak there as much as you like; but jump about and look sharp that nothing goes wrong."

Mr. Hardy held he down upon you like a man tack.

Bang, from the bow port, and the union-jack at the fore!

"God bless my soul, fellows, this is the most infernal tomfoolery I ever heard of!" came from the main-topsail, "all of us engaged in dance and dance in Kingston this evening, and—"

"Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! Up anchor, gentlemen!"—, and away they all went.

Down over the mess-kids, and down came the swinging, and in a little time the boats to davits in went the bars to fifth capstans, the nippers clapped on, and the muddy cables coming in to the tunnel with a roar like the whole running gear was rove, the Sunday bunts to the sails cast off, and the five hundred sailors dancing about on the decks, with the singing of Jim Crow American double-banked frigate as if they could always work her and behave in the admiration of their good Commodore there, who was looking at them from the quarter-deck.

"Mount the main! Lay out the shining shovy pilot, in his snowy suit, as he took off his fine white Panama hat, "dis is de ole pilot, Sa, Per Cashmere—dat's de ladder dat tick way dere outside. Suppose you tink oh besting dis big frigate troo de channel? Unpossible, wid dis lecter!"

"Peter Crabreef," said the old sailing-master, to whom these observations were addressed, "you had better keep your mouth shut to that gentleman there in the epaulets; for if you do, you'll never get Mrs. Crabreef again! You had better keep your wits about you, too, and plenty of water under the keel, for the Commodore is fond of water!"

"Sartainly, massa ossifa! I la old Peter, and never yet touch a nail of man-of-war copper up de reef!"

On board the pigmy black schooner near, half a dozen old salt veterans were squinting at the flag-ship and talking about delicious speculation as to what all the row meant. Old Harry Greenfield, however, with Ben Brown, who were the boatswain and gunner of the little vessel, observed that, "In the event of our hein' wanted, or yer, Harry, I tell yer, we have the deck tackle stretched along for leevin' in, and get the prop from under the main-boom."

Even as they spoke, a dozen of square hanging went up in halls to the mizzen of the frigate, and, blowing out clear, said, as plain as flags could speak, "We weigh anchor to-day."

At the same moment the *Rosalie's* gig came bounding like a bubble over the water with the full grandeur of the young commodore in the stern-sheets. There was a great, nervous, boisterous hail on landing this, but with pressure as affectionate as the soft dimpled fingers he himself had held the night before. Gig not secured at the usual hour, but going straight as a bullet to the schooner.

The stirring sounds of the fifes as the sailors danced merrily to the music in the capstans, with a beating step to keep time to the lively music, were still heard on board the frigate, and then come from the schooner.

"The anchor's under foot, Sir, the anchor's at the bow, Sir!"

"Fore! fore! capstan! Aloft, sail-loosers! Trice up! Lay out! Loose away!" Almost at the instant of uttering the speaking bars shot off, "All ready with the fore! the main! the mizzen!" "Let fall—sheet home! hoist away the topsails!"

Again were heard the quick notes of the fifes on both decks, and in less than five minutes more the sails were all loosed, and the *Mosquitoes*, under a cloud of canvas, began to move.

But where was the *Rosalie*, late *Perdita*, all this time? Why, she was gone with never a tack through the narrow strait, lying over under her jaws as she dashed, dimply like a witch on a block broomstick, as she shoots out to sea.

And who is that tall man on that narrow deck skipping on to sheet and tackle, though there was no need of assistance, or skill, or seamanship to be displayed on board that craft, except by way of love of the thing? And why does he, during a pause when there was nothing more that could be done, stand by the weather rail, shaking a great huge old seaman by both hands till he almost jarred the schooner to her keel? Ben Brown the helmsman, whom you have heard of on board the *Martha Blunt*, who, by some accidental word he dropped near to the tall gentleman, caused that band-grasping collision.

It was not another five minutes before the other thirty-nine old sea-dogs knew all about every body, and where they were bound, and so on. They did not care a brass button for the thousand silver dollars they were to have from the tall gentleman. Not they! They wanted merely to lay their eyes along that Long Tom amidships, and to have a cutlass dashing over their shoulders—so fashion! Pirate Brand!

But where was the *Martha Blunt*? Oh, that old tank brig was bearing along east Morant Point, with a fresh breeze on her quarter, pretty much where she was some seventeen years after, with a few more passengers in her deck cabin, reading their Bibles and praying for those who go down to the sea in ships, on that Sabbath-day.

One looking with her sad eyes out of the stern windows, and another doing the same, and both thinking of the same boy who had been cleaved out of one of those windows; and though both of them knew the other's thoughts, yet they did not speak of them—for thinking of the same person at the time.

And where was the Spanish brigantine, with the exciting Capitano—who was a slaver in dull times—and his pleasant mate, who would think nothing of shooting a shipmate, or cutting his throat kicking that skulking, icy-eyed sailor on board—detesting as he did the entire Saxon race ever since Cadiz was bombarded—cursing him on rotten jerked beef. There were no prayers, only curses, on board that brigantine, as she dropped anchor in St. Ann's Bay, on the morning of the

And where was our ancient one-eyed mariner, formerly in command of the colonial Guerdo Costa Blanca, the *Punchita*, formerly the *Isa* bananas of a sponge? Oh, the Don—simply Ignacio now—was in his quiet cupola with the deputy Administrator, all about some treasure which he knew was concealed, and where—for he had seen it in his dreams—was the tube of a torch in a cleft of a crag—and he would go shares with that official if he would give him a little assistance.

"*Ci, cierto!*" Why not? And there was an old launch, with a torn lateen sail, which Cosgrove and Pancho had purchased, and manned, and, in this fine weather, he might sail back to Port Royal.

Oh yes! But, to keep all secret, he would merely take old Pancho, his wife, for crew. And so, with a few hundred silver dollars and some dried fish and water—the only property they possessed save his eye and a pack of cards, the Spanish gentleman rescued from Cosgrove sailed the night before the blessed Sunday. *He* never came back, though—No blame attributable to his good and bright-eyed mate—no old burning spark of suspicious fire as ever; but then old Pancho held the cards, and this time she won. Very singular it was, *certo*. If Ignacio had not gone back again for another hanging which was not there—why, the sota of a knave being the card he drew. As he was anticipate.

But we are all alive yet, except those murdered woman and children whose ashes still stand up there in the cactus, and poor Binks, and those slashing blades of the poisonous, many-legged *Centipede* yonder, which have by chance All alive, the rest of us; and wide awake!

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE BOFB LAID UP.

Well, the positions of all hands were simply these. The Spanish brigantine, Cosgrove, or ring on that mutilated lipper, with two under-pockets in his shirt, and something in them, a pair of filthy old canvas trousers with a hanger by his side—where there had been so much hanging in the good old times—stepped overboard like a conquered, and swum on shore at St. Jago de Cuba. Without a real of wages—for he was to pay Pancho—the Spanish gentleman, Ignacio, feel inclined to work, the Capitano in command assisted his agile subordinate to kick him all the way.

Had, however, the mate presented that cold eel his knife for a moment before he jumped overboard to the shoal water, the Spanish sechale would have found a redder sheath than the crimson sash which usually held it. Unfortunately, for the mate, he was not of a generous disposition—save with kicks and ropes'-ends—or else he might have regretted his philanthropy.

So soon as the icy-blue man had coughed, as it were, in the sun and shook off his grim and frozen again, he slunk away to the ditch of the old fort, where he thawed till nightfall, and then crawled out, and, by the glimmering of the pale perias, smacking and cracking his parched lips for a measure of cognac, and a pipe of tobacco a cup, and not caring for that fine, generous, pale, amber-colored old port sent to him by the good Archbishop of Oporto! But not finding the copper centavos—though his own coppers stood so much in need of moisture—he continued to skulk on.

Presently, coming to the wide streets and to the outskirts of the town, he spied a large nude, ready cocked and primed, leaning against the door of a house, waiting for his owner to mount him. The icy green-eyed individual, disgusted for the time with blue sail-water, and being, as we know, a capital cavalry man—in dashing charges among the Patriots, and capturing alcs up the Blue Mountains to Escondido—thought he would take another gallop on the dry ground, and so he ran up to the little figure, and, by the quietly cast off the mule's pointer, and fixing his canvas legs over the hoist, as if he belonged to him. And so he did; for he held the mast at

whose place he passed an hour or two that night, and who thought he knew the master to whom the mule had once belonged, that it had been presented to him by an old friend, whose name —as had the mule's—escaped him.

All this time the one-eyed man, with his banana woman, Punchy, were creeping along the water part of the land—with the Peak of Turquina in sight—toward Cape Cruz, bound round that peninsula, and so on to the Dos Leguas Keys; while the man on the mule navigated by the Sierras del Cobre of St. Jago, steering by bridle for Manzanillo, and then to take water again for the same secret destination.

The cargo that both expected to take in there was about ten thousand pounds sterling, in mildewed coin of various realms and denominations; but it was there, and would pass current any where.

So they sailed and navigated. It was tedious work, though. And it took a week for the old launch with the torn sail to get into the Tiger's Trap—fine weather, and no sea—and there make fast to the rocks. At the same evening hour the mule with his passenger planted his fore feet, like a pair of ledges over his bows, in the fishing village near Manzanillo, and floundered bodily, going down with his freight ship-dash in the mud. The passenger, however, escaped, and scrambled along by the shore, where he fell with a poor fisherman who was about to shove off in his trim, wholesome bark, for professional recreation on the Esperanza bank.

Glad was old Miguel Tortuga to have a strong man to assist him for the privilege of plunging in a sip of aguardiente and catching a red snapper or two. So they jumped on board and spread the sail.

Had old Miguel, however, seen the sharklike eyes of his assistant in the sunlight, or dreamed what a snapper was about to catch him, he would not have gone fishing that night; and it would have saved him much tribulation and fright the next morning, when he was picked off a small rock by a fisher acquaintance of his from Manzanillo.

But we have nothing to do with old Miguel; and need only say, to console him, that his stench boat went safely through the blue gateway of the roaring ledge of white breakers, and late Sunday night lay calmly in the inlet abreast Captain Brand's former dwelling.

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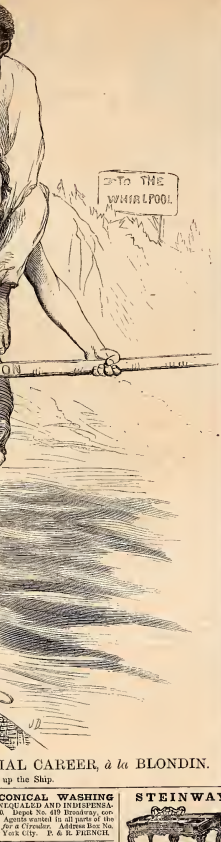

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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 192.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"OFT AS I LOOK ON THE FACE OF HER CHILD."

APRES.

Down, down, Ellen, my little one—
Clinging so tenderly up to my knee;
Why should you add to the thoughts that are taunting me
Dreams of your mother's arms clinging to me!

Cease, cease, Ellen, my little one—
Wearing so fairly close to my ear;
Why should you choose, of all songs that are haunting me,
This, that I sang for your mother to hear?

Hush, hush, Ellen, my little one—
Waiting so wearily under the stars;
Why should I think of her tears, that make light to me
Love that had made life, and sorrow that mars?

Sleep, sleep, Ellen, my little one—
Is she not like her, whenever she stirs?
Has she not eyes that will soon be as bright to me,
Lips that will sound day by honey'd, like hers?

Yet, yes, Ellen, my little one—
Though her white bosom is still'd in the grave,
Something more white than her bosom is spared to me,
Something to cling to, and something to crave.

Love, love, Ellen, my little one!
Love indestructible, love undefiled,
Now through all deeps of her spirit, Her bared to me,
Oh as I look on the face of her child.

THE OHIO "HOLY STONE."

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS,—Since our interview at your publishing-house last week, at which you showed me sundry letters and drawings concerning a queer-looking stone with a Hebrew inscription, said to have been dug from the ground at or near the village of Newark, Licking County, Ohio, I have found that several others have been favored with such communications. I do not know how many have received like drawings and descriptions; but, according to all accounts, this very shallow, flat, and impudent impostura has been very briskly circulated, with no little pecuniary gain to its contriver, and promoters; and as my attention was very early called to it, with a request for such information or opinion as I might be able to give about the matter, I will, with your permission, avail myself of the attractive columns of your popular *Weekly*, with its vast continental circulation, to crush and "squelch" this serpent's egg with a single tread.

Comparing the documents received by you and others from New York, I have been reminded of Mrs. Page's declaration to Mrs. Ford, in "Merry Wives of Windsor:" "Here is the very twin-brother of thy love-letter"—though the letters are from different persons. They all relate, with laborious particularity, the alleged circumstances of the discovery of the marvelous object, and all coincide in harmonious testimony of the intelligence, integrity, veracity, sagacity, and learning of all persons concerned. From their compared and combined statements I derive the following account.

Mr. David Wyrick, a resident of Newark, Ohio, is described to us as "a self-taught man and an enthusiast in natural science." He is also stated to be "poor, and to have taken the antiquarian trade, hoping to realize something from it to support himself and his family." And it is also stated that "Mr. Wyrick can get abundant testimonials of his character for truth and veracity, and that what he says in relation to the discovery is worthy of all credit." Again, a correspondent of the Newark *Ohio Farmer* says: "All the citizens whom I have heard speak of Mr. Wyrick say that the idea is not to be entertained of his making an attempt to deceive the community in this matter. He is an old resident, and has been surveyor of the county. I have seen no one who discredits his statements, as appearances at the place are such as to throw no suspicion upon them. Mr. Wyrick showed the stone to General Dille and myself the evening after it was found, and in the morning following went with us to the place where he states that it was found. The Freemasons here express no doubts as to its genuineness as an ancient Masonic emblem, well described in their books."

GREAT CIRCULAR MOUND NEAR NEWARK, OHIO.

The correspondent here quoted is announced to be Colonel Charles Whittlesey, engineer and geologist to the Lake Superior Copper-mines. General Israel Dille is a lawyer of extensive practice in Newark, and is President of a railroad company. The Cincinnati *Commercial* (July 9 and 10) occupies some columns with an account of the discovery, and of the investigations or speculations concerning it which have been in progress. Its correspondent, Mr. W. D. Beckham, seems very enthusiastic in his pursuit of knowledge about it. On his return to Cincinnati he enumerates that "drawings of the ancient monumental grounds, of the holy stone, etc., may be seen at the *Commercial* office." He also testifies to the character of the finder of the stone as follows:

"There is no doubt whatever that it was found precisely as Mr. Wyrick describes the circumstances, and his reputation for integrity, besides his general character—that of a simple-minded, earnest man of the people, of ordinary capacity, with a fair popular knowledge of the rudiments and general principles of geology, and of the archeology of the immediate section of country in which he resides—is conclusive testimony that he is incapable of, and is in no earnest conceived of any possible deception in this very interesting matter. The people of Newark, who have known him many years, have unqualified confidence in him, so that the main point in this connection—that of reliability—is satisfactorily established. I have carefully investigated the subject, and am satisfied with Mr. Wyrick's statements. But whether this remarkable stone is a relic of times whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, or whether some other *Joe Smith*, or other humbugging prophet, or some practical joker, at some comparatively recent period, buried this curiosity in the bowels of the earth, for the purpose of setting the religious or archæological world 'by the ears,' is a mystery which time only can dissipate."

The discovery is thus described by Colonel Whittlesey:

"Mr. David Wyrick, of this place, a self-taught man, and an enthusiast in natural science, has recently made a discovery that is creating some excitement. He has long been in Newark a number of citizens who cultivate natural history, and take a deep interest in objects of general scientific value.

"In the immediate vicinity of the place are the most extensive remains of the works of the mound-builders yet discovered in Ohio. The presence of these ruins of a lost race may have had its influence in stimulating so many intelligent gentlemen in their researches, particularly in chronology.

"The Agricultural Society of the county has purchased a tract, on which the forest is still standing, that includes some of the most striking earth-works, in a group covering several hundred acres. Here they hold their Agricultural Fairs and celebrations within ancient walls, of a height, extent, and thickness equal to modern fortifications. It was in a small, horse-shoe shaped inclosure, connected with this group, that Mr. Wyrick made his discovery. He was digging in the centre of a small depression, within the work, in search of human bones. The cavity is at present only a slight circular depression, about twenty feet across, and two feet deep at the centre. To a depth of twelve or fourteen inches Mr. Wyrick found only a dark, rich, alluvial soil, which had apparently accumulated by the wash of the ruins during a great length of time, and from the decay of vegetation. He states that he was throwing out this dark mould, and near the bottom of his pit came to clay or clayey soil, of a lighter color, with some pebbles, and which had apparently not been disturbed. The first stone seen by him was an oblong pebble of reddish quartz, nearly spherical, and very smooth. Soon after, and near the surface of the clay, he saw on the bank, just after he had thrown up a shovelful of earth, another stone of a singular form. On examining it, it appeared to be artificial, and hastily brushing off the dirt, he saw, to his great surprise, that it had on its sides plainly engraved characters. Somewhat excited, he washed and rubbed off most of the adhering soil. The characters are large and distinct, and are the *ancient Hebrew letters*. The form of the stone is that of a truncated pyramid, with a rectangular base, about two by one and a half inches, rising about five inches. It appears to be of compact quartz, with faint lines of original stratification. Its color is brownish-yellow, or gray, every part of the stone being smoothly ground and polished. The four faces approach each other toward the top, which forms a square of about an inch across, the corners of which are rounded off. On this base is a projection, or knob, with a neck for the purpose of suspending it. The inscription occupies each of the four faces. Mr. M'Carty, of this place, who is a Hebrew scholar, has translated three of the sentences as

GRADED WAY, PIKE COUNTY MOUNDS.

THE OHIO "HOLY STONE."

follows: 'Holy of Holies,' 'The Word of the Lord,' and 'The Word of the Lord;' the remaining one is not yet definitely understood. Mr. Cunningham, who is a Freemason, and well informed upon the history of the order, and upon antiquities in general, says the stone was used by Masons of a certain grade in the East, soon after the building of the first temple by Solomon, and before the erection of the second. It has in their system a well-known meaning; its principal use in ancient times being for deposit beneath corner-stones, because the Hebrew might signification. This symbol was not necessarily furnished with inscription; but the Masons, who used it, use it simply and accurately as it is, in this one box.

"It would be placed in the northeastern part of the foundation, and if it stood as its pedestal, would indicate that something more was deposited beneath. If it lay on its broad side, it, or some, or, small coal, would indicate the direction where other deposits would be found. These, if found, would disclose facts connected with the building.

"No person was present with Mr. Wyrick but his children at operations; yet it is his, who was his father pick up the stone from the earth he had just thrown out. The little earth still remained in the depressions of the letters corresponds to that of the bottom of the pit, and it is evidently ancient, as well as all the marks on the stone."

The material of the relic is stated to be *macrocrite* or "honeycomb." It is not found among the rocks or minerals of that region; but Mr. Whittlesey is familiar with it in the geology of the Lake Superior country. It also occurs in Vermont and New Hampshire. It may also be found in the shop of every cabinet-maker, carpenter, and cooper, and of every person who employs edge-tools for working in wood.

It is gratifying to learn that the purpose for which Mr. Wyrick obtained "that the trade" of Jerusalem after antiquities has been so far accomplished that he is selling drawings of the stone, with the letters on it, and other figures, for a fee, to the curious, and to those who, as "that seventy gentlemen of Cincinnati have subscribed to the Bible," to "hold" Mr. Wyrick that they will contribute something in the way of compensation for his trouble, if he will establish his inscription in the city. Curiosity to see it is great; and it is very probable that Mr. Wyrick would realize enough there to pay him for his adventure. "If," he says, they "are also willing to measure to obtain cost"—which will no doubt be sold at a reasonable profit, "as the great management of this new branch of domestic industry will truly originate in environs.

I have proved all the evidence in this case before you and your readers, that you may take all the facts precisely in the form in which they were submitted to me, more than a month ago. The matter at the point where we stand now was I when these statements were read to me. I had read the inscription at that time, and I had notice me of the similar copies which you publish in connection with this. These letters are HOBBNEN Hebrew—that is, ancient Hebrew character. They have, in fact, finally been copied from a *printed* Hebrew Bible, I happen to have the Antwerp printed Hebrew and Chaldee Bible in the world, and the oldest printed Hebrew Lexicon, which I have subject to your order whenever any of your readers have desired to wish to satisfy themselves by actual inspection that the truth is as I state it. And I will undertake to show, by any of your readers who may be child of eight years and upward, to read any new inscription of that kind, after three hours' teaching, not merely "at sight," but in the dark, by passing his fingers over depressions thus made in a stone.

Now, if there can be found (and there has actually been found within the six years) a single inscription in the ancient Hebrew or Phoenician character, exactly the reverse of this, which is not be found in America, or in the whole world, a person who can read or interpret it satisfactorily to himself or any body of men with muscles, or two hapes years, of hard study. On this point I refer you to Professors Gibbs, Salisbury, and Whitney, of New Haven, and to Dr. Shaw, the author of the American Oriental Society, as likewise to any of their correspondents in Europe or Asia, who have received their transcript of the Moabite Pillar, the epitaph of that Phoenician monarch who reigned when Alexander the Great was laying siege to Tyre. Of the authenticity and genuineness of that inscription no scholar doubts, though more than twenty-four centuries have rolled unheedingly over since those characters were cut on that stone.

The Hebrews in their two or three generations of Babylonish captivity had lost the *spoken* "language of Canaan;" and all, excepting a few scribes and interpreters (such as Ezra), lost also the knowledge of the letters in which the law of God was written. When they returned, under the permission and patronage of Cyrus and other Persian kings, they spoke very Chaldee (or Eastern Aramaic), and could neither write nor read say other than Chaldee letters. The ancient Hebrew character was more unlike those now commonly called Hebrew, and universally employed both in manuscript and printed books than Greek, or German, or Italian letters are to those employed in printing *Harper's Weekly*.

A learned friend some time since read me the following from a Cincinnati paper, which I beg you to copy, if you can find room for it:

"The renowned scholar and Assyriologist Tourist, Mr. J. J. Benjamin, who has devoted his life to efforts to trace the 'Lost Tribes' of Israel, called upon us to make inquiries concerning the Mound Builders, and through an interpreter informed us that the translation of the inscriptions was not accurate, and promised to furnish the correct renderings. *Tenth Jehonah*, he thought was rendered literally *Ancient Book of God*, though then—as quoted yesterday—'The Law of God.' Mr. B. is perhaps the most Hebrew scholar now in this country, being more familiar with that language, he says, than with his mother tongue. The most important communication was that the letters of the inscriptions are identical with those of the time of Ezra—contemporary with the second Temple—but the inscriptions themselves have no connection with the 'Lost Tribes'—in opposition not seriously entertained by any one. He said, moreover, that he is a Mason, and he thinks it likely the Keystone has some relation to the order. Perhaps he will some valuable hints upon this subject for publication. Mr. B.'s home is in the Turkish Province of Mardavia, and he is in this country for the purpose of procuring researches among the Indians for evidences of the 'Lost Tribes.'"

So Mr. Benjamin, the Moldavian Jew, is "the Hebrew scholar now in this country" in his own opinion, and in that of people who don't know Hebrew from Japanese!

According to that great rule for the interpretation and application of evidence laid down by Cicero in his argument in defense of Milo, we should, in endeavoring to direct suspicion as to the author of the hoax, first inquire—who is the man that has been (presumably) benefited by it? Who, in fact, is the man who has given strong testimonials of Mr. Wyrick's veracity and general honesty which have been presented to us by gentlemen of high position in his vicinity, we are bound to believe that in this matter he has been and is a victim, and not a "victimizer."

Look at those drawings of the Holy Keystone! The four sides are not of equal width: two are broad, and two are narrow. Look at the bare proportions of every lone-stone, whether imported from Ireland, or Israel, or Israel's Vermont, New Hampshire, Arkansas, or Lake Superior?

The fellow who manufactured this profitable commodity required tools in new hands, and worked it with a jack-knife or a file, for his own amusement, until he brought it into the shape of an oblongated square cube-block, such as are largely imported from Rotterdam, containing Holland gin. The original proportions of the stone prevented him from maintaining a perfect conformity to his model. When his work was done, somebody probably suggested to him that it would be a good joke to carry it as some fellow or other on the Ohio Wyrick's diggings, after putting a Hebrew inscription on it. Some "wonderful" Hebrew scholar furnished the form of the letters for that purpose. Or, for that matter, every educated clergyman's library contains a Hebrew Bible (which, I fear, he may suppose), and of course might have been innocently lured by its owner for such a use. These Hebrew, THE LAW OF GOD, THE WORD OF THE LORD, etc., occur in more than a hundred passages in the Old Testament, as every English Bible-reader knows. Any one of your readers of your readers take to find these words in a Hebrew Bible, and to copy them on a stone, first in pencil, and then in grooves?

I know, by information derived from a gentleman who has excavated the pyramids of Egypt, marvelous, mysterious mounds of the great Ohio Valley, and who has exhumed more valuable remains of the world's early history than any other archæologist, living or dead, that no stone, whether or novacite or any thing else (even granite), can be buried in that soil for so many years as the century without becoming covered by a calcareous incrustation, or acquiring a ferruginous or other stain from the earth which surrounds it. I tell you that Wyrick's Holy Stone comes up from its entombment of some thousand years hundred and some odd years as clean and bright and slick as a new whistle! It is impossible to deceive a practiced eye by any such transparent device as Wyrick's pencil-and-grooves trivance presents. It was first described and depicted to us as having its angles perfect and its surface quite smooth. The ridiculous folly of criticism has publicly pointed out the anachronism so palpably indicated, we are nearly assured that the angles are not so very exact, and the surface is very smooth, and the letters so very distinct, after all, as was first represented! Nothing would seem to be more dangerous to the inscription may soon become illegible at this rate of deterioration.

It is to be regretted by all who reverence that the name of their order has been introduced in connection with this arrant nonsense. I am not authorized to speak for any Masonic order, or any institution or competent to appear as its vindicator. But if my man professing to be a Royal Arch Mason will tell me that the inscription on a Dutch gin-bottle (a little flattened) is a keystone, I shall tell him that if he understands Masonry, in any sense of that word, outside of Dutch Holland, he did not.

Some zealous seekers after the missing tribes of Israel, with a "zeal not according to knowledge," and whose reading of Scripture must have been of the most superficial character, have taken fire at this up this matter, and talk of "the *nine and a half lost tribes*." The Bible tells us that there were thirteen tribes, of whom one was "rejected" or "cast from the union," under the lead of Jeroboam, leaving three (Judah, Benjamin, and Levi) adhering to the kings of the house of David. Of the twelve sons of Jacob, one (Joseph) was the ancestor of the two distinct and independent entire tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh. One half of the last named received its portion of territory with Ephraim and Gad, on the east side of Jordan; while the other half settled on the other side of the river, between Asher, Issachar, and Ephraim. There were two hundred and twenty, and two tribes make one whole in this part of the country, as they probably did in Canaan in the days of Moses and Joshua. (See Book of Numbers, xxxii. and Joshua, xxiii. 7-18.)

D. FRANCIS BACON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

WILLIAM WALKER AGAIN.

IT is the manifest destiny of William Walker to go a filibustering in Central America, and it is likewise his manifest destiny to come to grief in the pursuit of his filibustering enterprise. His latest exploit has been to land at the head of two or three hundred adventurers near Truxillo, in Honduras, which State he probably proposes to conquer. Meanwhile both British and American vessels of war have cruised him; and if the Spanish-Americans don't demolish him before they arrive on the scene of action he will again be seized and carried off a prisoner, as he was when he last landed in Nicaragua.

Mr. William Walker is a living illustration of the adage about "seizing the tide at the flood." Time was, not many years ago, when this country and the whole civilized world would have gladly hailed him as the ruler of Nicaragua. He failed to appreciate his situation, got drunk with success, lost his head, and the fortunate time has never returned. Since Walker's capitulation men's minds have undergone a change in regard to filibustering. It is not, by any means, the popular diversion it was when crowded meetings in New York, headed by men of character and influence, voted complimentary resolutions to the "Director" of Central American. It is, in fact, at a heavy discount—so heavy that if even a British ship should seize Walker and carry him off in irons it would be impossible to arouse any indignation here.

People are beginning to doubt whether the regeneration of the Central American country is to be relieved by lawless invasions by armed desperadoes, whose aim is plunder, whose instrument is the rifle, and whose principles are those of highwaymen. Had Mr. Walker remained power in Nicaragua and devoted his energies to opening that country to civilization instead of to its conquest, perhaps, as he did, mankind would have overlooked the informalities of his rise to applaud the practical benefits of his sovereignty. But, in view of the miserable issue of his Nicaraguan enterprise, he can expect no further indulgence. He has no right to expect that the Southern States will, in numerous, or to revive hopes which he has so bitterly disappointed. He has exhausted all that was favorable in his manifest destiny; that which is not favorable, and for him is shameful defeat and perhaps a halter.

THE WEATHER.

This has been the hottest summer, they say, since 1854. In parts of the South the thermometer has ranged from 100° to 105° Fahrenheit for days [illegible] and here in New York it have had for days [illegible] little more than a fair proportion of "dog days."

Scientific men say that the average temperature of every month in the year is the same as the same isothermal line. It may perhaps be safe, therefore, to look for an unusually cool summer next year. It, perhaps, as the last two or three winters have been unusually mild, we ought to expect a severer visit from the Ice King in January and February next.

The weather is important so far as the crops are concerned; and it is noteworthy that while in 1858 and 1859, which were mild years both in summer and winter, we had the largest cotton and the poorest food crops ever grown in the country since it was peopled to its present extent, in 1860 we are having the largest grain crop ever harvested, and probably a smaller cotton crop than last year. Yet cotton is said to be capable of standing any quantity of heat, while wheat and corn are liable to suffer severely from drought. Here is a nut for the clerk of the weather to crack.

JENKINS.

Time newspapers are full of satirical articles about Jenkins. The poor fellow, it seems, is on the track of the Prince of Wales, and describes his hat, his coat, his boots, his dress, his tics, his tones, his habits, his bedroom, his washbowl, his tooths, his tooth-brush, and his linen with characteristic pains and fidelity. For this editor after editor denounce him as a snob who disgraces this free and independent nation. We beg to disclaim any such disparaged virtues.

We like Jenkins. He is a useful creature, and monstrously amusing. We will wager the *Great Eastern* against a jolly-boat that the half of the American country like him too. We will make the same wager that his articles are read by ten people when political leaders are read by one or two people. Jenkins is a fact. Judged by the standard of popular taste, Jenkins is the greatest writer of the day.

But, we admit, Jenkins's popular taste is a very unsafe guide; Jenkins panders to a morbid curiosity which is impertinent and snobbish. We are not so sure of this. The desire to know how persons live in a widely different sphere from ours live and move and have their being, is, after all, very natural; it is akin to the curiosity which stimulates companions men to undertake perilous travels, and which prompts thousands to read their accounts of what they have seen. Jenkins is estimated of being a cousin of Hue's lively descriptions of private life in China; nobody calls Barth, or Livingstone, or Holton, or Anderson, or Ledyard, or Kohl, or Bruce a snob or a Jenkins; it is only when the personage described is a lord or a prince that the writer's office is deemed degrading, and the public taste for his writings turned morbid and impertinent.

Yet Jenkins is doing great good in his way. He is constantly lowering the aristocratic idea of royalty. It is on the Jenkins of the *Herald* that the future historian will rely when he wants to delineate the early character of King Edward the Seventh of England. But for Avaux—that model Jenkins—Burnet, another of the family, and others of the same kin, Macaulay never could have written his history. Much less could we understand the old French monarchy if such Jenkinses as the Duke of St. Simon, Madame de Sévigné, and others, had never lived and gossiped Jenkins, again, is a mighty censor. Monarchs tremble at the flutter of his pen. When the Prince of Wales wears a Tuscan Champagne corks at the field spot in the Duke of Newcastle's head he civilly asked Jenkins to stand aside. How much more sensible would the request have been had his Royal Highness intended to do any thing mean, or wrong, or degrading! Jenkins is, in truth, the censor of the day. Great plenty of Jenkinses and managers will be careful of their conduct. One Jenkins, wielding a free pen at Naples, would have brought Bombs to contrition long ago.

Let us hope, then, that we shall hear less abuse of the honest creature; or, at all events, let those who hunt Jenkins hereafter be more cool not to read his letters. That will be punishment enough.

WHAT ARE THE BRITISH RESIDENTS TO DO WITH THEIR PRINCE?

This problem is exercising the minds of the parties interested to a severe extent. At first it was proposed by some of the more ardent objects of Queen Victoria to invite the Royal Highness on his arrival here, and keep him bottled up for the exclusive delectation of individuals of "British extract" whom chance placed some scenes from the press, and was abandoned. Two new plans are now suggested—one by the British Consul, who proposes to give a select ball to His Royal Highness, the New York merchants having determined to give him a dinner; another by Mr. Edwards, the Consul's lay-sister, who proposes that a drinking fountain shall be erected by the British residents, and the cognomen laid by the Prince.

Both plans have commended themselves to general approval. While it would have been obviously unseemly for the British residents to appropriate the Prince to his arrival here, no one can object to their giving him and their fellow-people; nor can the most captious person take exception to a Prince of Wales drinking fountain erected in Broadway at the cost of our English fellow-townsmen.

We will venture one word of advice to the British residents. What the Prince does he will quietly, not obtrusively. The Prince comes here, not to see them, but to see American citizens. It is said that when he was informed of their intention to monopolize him, his answer was tarter than they might have liked to hear. And if they attempt the same scheme in a new shape when he does arrive, they may be reminded, in sharper language than is pleasant, that England has room for all her sons at home. We do not think the Prince, if he comes here through Europe, paid any marked attention to the British residents of the cities he visited.

THE LOUNGER.

NO. 9 BROADWAY.

If you have been lately by the Bowling-Green you have observed that one of the houses upon the western side of Broadway, looking upon that pretty patch of green, has been taken down. The demolition was sudden and with little noise. A jealous mind, as if somebody were in a great hurry to have it down and out of sight and mind at a season when the weather is so hot and dusty.

Do you remember the house? It was known in the Alderman's day as a dark-colored, low-browed, rough, gray plaster building, with large windows, and a general aspect of sturdy quietness dissimilar to the rest. It had stood for a lively among the parvenu palaces that sprang up around it. It was old and low, and yet it somehow contrived to adapt itself to the general appearance of the neighborhood—to keep in fashion without altogether taking off its queue and knee breeches.

But they are taken off now, quite suddenly, and it and they shall not be seen again. Yet how much more it has been knowed than that old house than most people think! How often have you remembered that the building lately known as the Jeffersonian Gardens was only second structures upon that site since the foundation of the city? Miss Mary Booth tells the story in her charming, gossipingly "History of the City of New York." It seems that rather more than two centuries ago—about 1642, I believe—the Bowling-Green was the bowling-green. There the little Knickerbockers played grave, kindled bonfires, and danced on holidays and about the Maypole. Then, too, the burgher warriors of New Amsterdam were paraded, and, full of comfortable smeerkaust and the thick fumes of tobacco, shook their stubby little fists at the world. Now, in 1643, sturdy grants of lots of land upon Heere Straat were made to different people; and Martin Kregier was the first grantee of a lot containing about eighty-six rods, opposite the Bowling-Green. Martin Kregier, however, did not hold until the year 1659. He seems to have been a middle man—a servant of the West India Company, a trader between the city and Albany (Kingston), upon the North River, and an efficient officer in

follows: 'Holy of Holies,' 'The Word of the Lord,' and 'The Word of the Lord;' the remaining one is not yet definitely translated. Mr. Cunningham, who is Hebraeus, and well informed upon the history of the order, and upon antiquities in general, says the stone was used by Masons of a certain grade in the East, soon after the building of the first temple by Solomon, and before the erection of the second. He has in his study a well-known mosaic; in principal use he assumed more being for deposit than any other structure the Mason might superintend. This symbol was not necessarily furnished with a compartment, but he has seen one in use it might get entrance upon it, he thinks not.

"It would be a pleasant thing, the verification of the foundation; and if it stood on its point, would indicate that something more was deposited beneath it. If lay on its broadest face, for, or mould end, would indicate the direction where other deposits would be found. These, if found, would decisive facts connected with the building.

"No person was present with Mr. Wyrick but his son, thirteen or fourteen years of age, who saw his father pick up the stone; the sands he had just thrown out, and the latter exactly still remaining in the depressions of the letters corresponds to that of the bottom of the pit, and it is evidently ancient, as well as the stone, and the stone."

The material of the relic is stated to be neither of "Boaz-stone," which is not found among the rocks or minerals of that region; but Mr. Whittlesey is familiar with it in the geology of the Lake Superior country." It also occurs in Vermont and New Hampshire. It may also be found in the shop of every enthusiastic antiquarian, and every one of every mechanic who employs edge-tools for working in wood.

It is gratifying to learn that the purpose for which Mr. Wyrick "took the trade" of digging other antiquities has been so far accomplished that he is selling enough of the stone, with his letter, at one dollar a piece, as fast as he can produce them, and "that several gentlemen of Cincinnati have authorized Mr. Beckham "to assist Mr. Wyrick that they will contribute something in the way of pecuniary aid for his trouble, if he will exhibit his keystone in that city. Curiosity to see it is great; and it is very probable that Mr. Wyrick would realize considerable profit by it, if he his adventure." In Newark, they "are also taking measures to obtain cents"—which will no doubt be left at a convenient depth, to the great encouragement of this new branch of domestic industry and truly ingenious invention.

I have spread all the evidence in this case before you and your readers, that you may take all the facts precisely in the form in which they were submitted to me, and form for yourselves, a month ago, precisely at the point where we stand now and when these statements were made to me. I had read the inscriptions "at sight," having before me the fac-simile copies which you publish in connection with this. These letters are neither Hebrew nor Chaldaic, ANCIENT Chaldaic characters. They have, manifestly, been copied from a *printed* Hebrew Bible. I happen to have the oldest printed Hebrew and Chaldaic Bible in the world, and the oldest printed Hebrew Lexicon, which I leave subject to your order whenever any of your learned readers may wish to satisfy themselves by actual inspection that the fac-simile is as I state it. I shall make a take to teach you, or any ordinarily intelligent child of eight years and upward, to read any such inscription in Hebrew, after three hours' teaching, not merely "at sight," but in the dark, by passing his fingers over depressions thus made in a stone.

Now, if there can be found (and there has actually been found within five or six years past) an inscription in the ancient Hebrew or Phoenician character, more than a hundred years old, there will not be found in America, or in the whole world, a person who can read or interpret it satisfactorily to himself or any body else without months, or perhaps years, of hard study. On this point I refer you to Professors Gesenius, Schlesinger, and Hurlbut, of New Haven, and to any other member of the American Oriental Society, as likewise to any of their correspondents in Europe or Asia. We have received their transcript of the lately discovered epitaph of that Phoenician monarch who reigned when Alexander the Great besieged and conquered Tyre. Of the authenticity and genuineness of this inscription no scholar doubts, though more than twenty years have rolled unheedfully away since these character were cut on that stone.

The Hebrews in their time two or three centuries of Babylonish captivity lost the *spoken* "language of Canaan;" and all, excepting a few scribes and interpreters, forgot, lost, and (as the latter knowledge of the letters in which the law of God was written. When they returned, under the permission and patronage of Cyrus, and other Persian kings, they spoke only Chaldee (or Eastern Aramaic), and could neither write nor read any other than Chaldaic letters. The ancient Hebrew characters were more unlike those now commonly called Hebrew and universally employed both in manuscript, and printed books than Greek, or German, or Russian letters are to those employed in printing *Harper's Weekly*.

A learned friend some time since read me the following from a Cincinnati paper, which I beg you to copy; if you find room for it:

"The somewhat celebrated Ethnographical Tourist, Mr. J. J. Benjamin, who has devoted his life to efforts to trace the Lost Tribes of Israel, called upon us to make inquiries concerning the Holy Keystone, and brought an interpreter informed us that the translations of the inscriptions were not accurate, and promised to furnish the correct renderings. *Fresh Absurdity*, he thought was the proper rendered 'Gate of Jehovah' thus—as quoted yesterday—'The Law of God.' It is probably that Hebrew scholar now in the country, being more familiar with that language, he says, than with his native tongue. His most important communication was that the letters of the inscriptions are identical with those of the time of Ezra—contemporary with the second Temple—but the inscriptions themselves have no connection with the 'Lost Tribes'—in supposition not seriously entertained by any one. He said, moreover, that he is a Mason, and he thinks it likely the Keystone was erected in that order. He promised furnish some valuable hints upon this subject for publication. Mr. B. is known to the Turkish Minister of State, davis, and he is in this country for the purpose of presenting researches among the Indians for evidences of the 'Lost Tribes.'"

So Mr. Benjamin, the Moldavian Jew, is "the best Hebrew scholar now in this country" in his own opinion, and in that of people who don't know Hebrew from Japanese!

According to that great rule for the interpretation and application of evidence laid down by Cicero, "Nothing is more in defence of the wise or fools, in endeavoring to direct suspicion as to the author of the hoax, first inquire—who is the man that has the motive to do it?" Bearing in mind, in the consideration of the strong testimonials of Mr. Wyrick's veracity and general honesty which he has presented to us, and the absence of high position in his vicinity, we are bound to believe that in this matter he has been and is a victim, and not a "victimizer."

Look at these drawings of the Holy Keystone. The letters are very rude and irregular, not in size broad, and two are narrow. Are not these the proportions of every home-stone, whether imported from Rotterdam, or brought from Vermont, New Hampshire, Arkansas, or Lake Superior?

The fellow who manufactured this profitable concern, apparently took a new tool, and worked at it with a jack-knife or a file, for his own amusement, until he brought it into the shape of an old-fashioned square case-bottle, such as are largely imported from Rotterdam, containing Holland gin. The original proprietor of the concern saved him from maintaining a perfect conformity to his model. When his work was done, somebody probably suggested to him that it would be a good joke to bury it in some hole or other on the line of Wyrick's diggings, after putting a Hebrew inscription on it. Some "wonderful discovery" was intended the form of the letters for that purpose. Or, for that matter, every educated clergyman library contains a Hebrew Bible (even in Ohio, we may suppose), and of course might have been innocently lent to the fellow who did the job. These phrases, THE LAW OF THE LORD, THE WORD OF THE LORD, etc., occur in more than a hundred passages in the Old Testament, and in every Bible-reader knows. How long a time would one of your readers take to find these words in a Hebrew Bible, and to copy them on a sheet of pencil, and then in graving?

I know, by information derived from a gentleman who has spent hundreds of the mighty, marvelous, mysterious mounds of the great Ohio Valley, and who has written elaborately the remains of the works of their builders than any other archeologist, living or dead, that no stone, whether of ornamental or useful character, generally, can be buried in that soil for so much as half a century without becoming covered by a calcareous incrustation, which cannot be carried off without the stone from the earth which inclosies it. And yet this Newark Holy Stone comes up from its entombment of some thousand years without a speck of dust, years is clean and bright and slick as a new whistle! It is impossible to deceive a practiced eye by any such transparent devices as this Holy Stone contrivance presents. It was first described and depicted to us as having a hollow square on its surface quite smooth. But since the finger of criticism has publicly pointed out the unchronicle so palpably and ridiculously, we discovered that its angles are not so very exact, and the surface so very smooth, and the letters so very distinct, after all, as we first represented. We should have to be some danger that the inscription may soon become illegible at this rate of deterioration.

It is to be hoped, for the sake of Newark, that the name of their orders has been introduced in connection with the mound mania. It would be a pity to have it speak for itself inscription, nor an I ambitious or competent to appear as its vindicator. But if any Masons of the Royal Arch Mason will tell me that the miniature effigy of a Dutch gin-bottle (a little flattered) is a keystone, I shall tell him that he is a presumptuous fool, in my sense of that word, certainly Sir Christopher Wren did not.

Some zealous seekers after the missing tribes of Israel, with a "zeal not according to knowledge," and whose reading of Scripture must have been of the most cursory character, have taken upon them to make the "Ark of the *Ark of the Covenant*." The Bible tells us that there were thirteen tribes, of whom two whole tribes "descended from the union," under the head of Jerobeam, leaving three (Judah, Benjamin, and Levi) adhering to the kings of the house of David. Of the twelve sons of Jacob, one (Joseph) was the ancestor of the two distinct and independent tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh. One half of the land named received its portion of territory with Reuben and Gad, and the other half with Ephraim, while the ark half settled on the other side of the river, between Asher, Issachar, and Ephraim. There were two hundred and thirty-two years and two months one whole in this part of the country, as they probably know, in Cincinnati, and in Mount Vernon, Indiana. [See Book of Numbers, xxxii., and Joshua, xvii. 7-18.] D. FRANCIS BACON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

THE WALKER AFFAIR.

IT is the manifest destiny of William Walker to go to filibustering in Central America, and it is likewise his manifest destiny to come to grief in the pursuit of his filibustering enterprise. His latest exploit has been to land at the head of two or three hundred adventurers near Truxillo, in Honduras, which State he probably proposes to conquer. Meanwhile the British sailors have taken possession of war in chosen of him; and if the Spanish-Americans don't demolish him before they arrive on the scene of action he will again be seized and carried off a prisoner, as he was when he last landed in Nicaragua.

Mr. William Walker is a living illustration of the adage about "seeking the tide at the flood." Time was, not many years ago, when this country and the whole civilized world would have gladly hailed him as the ruler of Nicaragua. He was in precisely the same situation, drunk with good luck, fell, and that fortunate time has never recovered. Since Walker's capitulation many months have undergone a change in regard to filibusterism. It is not, by any means, the popular diversion it was when crowded meetings in New York, headed by men of character and influence, passed complimentary resolutions to the "Dictator" of Central America. It is, in fact, at a heavy discount—so heavy that if Walker, which his friends should seize Walker and carry him off in irons it would be impossible to arouse any indignation here.

People are beginning to doubt whether the regeneration of the Central American country is to be achieved by lawless invasions by armed desperadoes, whose aim is plunder, whose inspiration is rum, and whose principles are those of highwaymen. Had Mr. Walker retained power in Nicaragua and devoted his energies to opening the country to civilization, instead of closing it to commerce, as he did, mankind would have overlooked the informality of his rise to power, and the practical benefits of his sovereignty. But, in view of the miserable issue of his Nicaraguan enterprise, he can expect no further indulgence. He has no right to expect that the public will forgive him his offences, or to revive hopes which he has so bitterly disappointed. He has exhausted all that "manifest destiny" could do for him, and which is now most manifest for him is shamefuel defeat and perhaps a halter.

THE WEATHER

THIS has been the hottest summer, they say, since 1854. In parts of the South the thermometer has ranged from 100° to 105° Fahrenheit. In Boston, and here in New York we have had a whole more than a fair proportion of "dog days."

Scientific men say that the average temperature of every ten years is always the same on the same isothermal line. It may perhaps be safe, therefore, to look for an unusually cool summer in 1860 to set off, as the last year or two three winters have been unusually mild, we ought to expect a severe visit from the Ice King in the latter part of 1860.

The temperature is important so far as the crops are concerned; and it is noteworthy that the cold of 1859, which were mild years both in summer and winter, we had the largest cotton and the poorest food crops ever grown in the country since it was peopled to its present extent, in 1860 we are having the largest grain crop ever harvested, and probably a smaller cotton crop than last year. Yet cotton is said to be capable of yielding any quantity of cotton while wheat and corn are liable to suffer severely from drought. Here is a nut for the clerk of the weather to crack.

JENKINS.

THE newspapers are full of satirical articles about Jenkins. The poor fellow, it seems, is the cause of the Prince of Wales, and describes his face, his figure, his dress, his air, his tones, his habits, his bedroom, his washroom, his meals, his Parliaments, and his lines with characteristic pains and fidelity. For this editor after editor denounce him as a snob who disgraces this free and independent nation. We leave the decision to the jury, and perhaps verdict.

We like Jenkins. He is a useful creature, and monstrously amusing. We will wager that the Prince of Wales and City-best that half of the reading community like him too. We will make the same wager that his articles are read by more people than political leaders are read by one and the news from Sicily by five. Judged by the standard of popular taste, Jenkins is the greatest writer of the day.

We have been told, popular taste is a very unsafe guide; Jenkins panders to a morbid curiosity which is impertinent and snobbish. We are not so sure. We think the desire to know how persons lived in a widely different sphere from ours live and move and have their being, is, after all, very natural; it is only the curiosity which stimulates courageous men to undertake perilous travels, and which prompts thousands to read their accounts of what they have seen. Nobody is ashamed of being interested in Hue's lively descriptions of private life in China; nobody calls Barth, or Livingstone, or Holton, or Anderson, or Ledyard, or Kohl, or Bruce a snob or a Jenkins; it is only when the personage described is a lord or a prince that the writer's office is deemed degrading, and the public taste for his writings turned morbid and impertinent.

Yet Jenkins is doing great good in his way. He is accumulating invaluable materials for history. It is on the Jenkins of the *Herald* that the future historian will rely when he wants to delineate the early character of King Edward the Seventh of England. But for Avaux—that model Jenkins—Barrat, another of the family, and others of the same kin, Macaulay and others could have written his history. Much less could we understand the French monarchy if such Jenkinses as the Duke of St. Simon, Madame de Sévigné, and others, had never lived and scribbled. Jenkins, again, is a mighty censor. Monarchs tremble at the sight of his pen. When the Prince of Wales wanted to fire Champagne corks at the bald spot in the Duke of Newcastle's head he quietly asked Jenkins to stand aside. How much more earnest would the request have been had his Royal Highness known that Jenkins, right or wrong, or degrading! Jenkins is, in truth, the censor of the day. Great plenty of Jenkinses and monarchs will be careful of their conduct. One Jenkins, wielding a pen at Naples, would have brought Bomba to contrition long ago.

Let us hope, then, that we shall hear less about the Jenkins of the Prince; or, at all events, let those who abuse Jenkins be consistent enough not to read his letters. That will be punishment enough.

WHAT ARE THE BRITISH RESIDENTS TO DO WITH THEIR PRINCE?

This problem is exercising the minds of the parties interested to a severe extent. At first it was proposed by some of the more ardent subjects of Queen Victoria to seize His Royal Highness on his arrival here, and keep him prisoner till a satisfactory declaration of undoubted "Britishers." This plan was offered some sarcasms from the press, and was abandoned. Two new plans are now suggested—one by the Bank Consul, who proposes to give a select hall to His Royal Highness, the New York merchants having determined to give him a dinner; another by Mr. Richards, the Consul's law adviser, who proposes that a drinking fountain shall be erected by the British residents, on the corner-stone laid by the Prince.

Both plans seem to generally meet with public approval. While it would have been obviously unseemly for the British residents to appropriate the Prince's time, it would be quite in the object to their fitting him at their own expense; nor can the most captious person take exception to a fount of Water, drinking fountains are erected in Broadway at the cost of our English fellow-townsmen.

We will venture one word of advice to the British residents. What they do should be done quietly, not obtrusively. The Prince comes here, not to see them, but to see American citizens. It is a fault that Wales has inflicted on their intention to monopolize him, his answer was tartar than they might have liked to hear. And if the Prince should be seduced in a new shape when he does arrive, they may be reminded, in sharper language than is pleasant, that England has room for all her sons at home. We do not hate the Prince, on his travels through Europe, paid any marked attention to the British residents of the cities he visited.

THE LOUNGER.

NO. 9 BROADWAY.

IF you have been lately in the Bowling-Green you have observed that one of the old houses upon the western side of Broadway, looking upon that delightful spot, has been taken down. The demolition was sudden and swift. It seemed, to a jealous mind, as if somebody were in a great hurry to have it down and out of sight and mind at a season when the world is nominally out of town.

Do you remember the house? It was known as the Atlantic Garden, No. 9 Broadway—a low-browed, rough, gray, plaster house, with a tremendous gable and a great deal of pretty quaintness pleasant to behold. It held its own so nearly among the parvenu palaces that sprang up around it, that it was old and low, and old. It somehow contrived to adapt itself to the general appearance of the neighborhood—to keep in fashion without attempting to ape the fashion. It remembered the days when the Bowling-Green was the village green. There the little Knickerbockers played tag, kindled bonfires, and danced on holidays and Sundays. There, in those days, the doughty warriors of New Amsterdam were paraded, and, full of comfortable tobacco-smoke and the thick fumes of tobacco, shook their shaggy little fists at the world. Now, in 1860, manly grants of lots of land upon Horse Street were made to different people; and Martin Krigier was the first grantee of a lot containing about eighty-six rods, opposite the Bowling-Green. Martin Krigier, however, did not build until the year 1769. He seems to have been a notable man—a servant of the West India Company, and a prominent man in the city and Colony. Years upon the North River, and an official officer in

MASSACRE OF MARONITE CHRISTIANS BY THE DRUSES IN THE COURT-YARD OF A HOUSE IN DHEIR-EL-KAMAR, SYRIA.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

THE CITY OF DAMASCUS, SYRIA.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

"AS I WALKED ONWARD AGAINST THE SWOOPING WIND AND THE PLASHING RAIN," ETC.

A DAYS RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

As I walked onward against the swooping wind and the plashing rain I felt a sort of heroic ardor in the notion of breasting the adverse waves of life so boldly. It is not every fellow could do this: throw his knapsack on his shoulder, seize his stick, and set out in storm and blackness. No, Potts, my man; for downright inflexibility of purpose, for bold and manlike action, you need yield to none! It was, indeed, an awful night; the thunder rolled and crashed with scarce an interval of cessation; forked lightning tore across the sky in every direction; while the wind swept through the deep glen, smashing branches and uplifting large trees like mere shrubs. I was soon completely drenched, and my soaked clothes hung around with the weight of lead; my spirits, however, sustained me, and I toiled along, occasionally in a sort of wild bravado, getting a cheer as the thunder rolled close above my head, and trying to sing, as though my heart were as gay and my spirits as lightly as in an hour of happiest abandonment!

Jean Paul has somewhere the theory that our Good Genius is attached to us from our birth by a fine line as gossamer, and which few of an escape rupturing in the first years of youth, thus throwing ourselves at once without chart or pilot upon the broad ocean of life. He, however, more happily mentioned, who feels the guidance of his guardian spirit, recognizes the benefits of its care, and the admonitions of its wisdom, he is destined to great things. Such men discover new worlds beyond the seas, carry conquest over millions, found dynasties, and build up empires; they whom the world regard as demigods having simply the wisdom of being led by Fortune, and not severing the slender thread that unites them to their destiny. Was I, Potts, in this glorious category? Did the lesson of the great moralist then catch a warning to me that I had preserved the filmy link unbroken? I really begun to think so; a certain impulse, a whispering voice within, that said, "Go on!" On, ever onward! seemed to be the accents of that Fate, which had great things in store for me, and would eventually make me illustrious.

No illusions of your own, Potts, no phantasmagoria of your own poor heated fancy, must wile you away from the great and noble part destined for you. No weakness, no false tenderness, no shrinking from toil, nor even peril. Work hard to know thoroughly for what Fate intends you; rend your credentials well, and then go to your post unflinchingly. Revolving this theory of mine, I walked ever on. As I opened a wide field, and my imagination disported in it, as might a wild mustang over some vast prairie. The more I thought over it, the more did it seem to me the real embodiment of that superstition which extends to every land and every family of men. We are Lucky when, submitting to our Good Genius, we suffer ourselves to be led along unresistingly; we are Unlucky when, breaking our frail bonds, we encounter life ungaided and unaided.

What a docile, obedient, and believing pupil did I pledge myself to be! Fate should see that she had no refractory nor rebellious spirit in me, no self-conceited waywardness, seeking only the sunny side of existence, but a nature ready to confront the rugged conflict of life, and to meet its hardships, if such were my allotted path.

I applied the circumstances in which I then found myself to my theory, and met no difficulty in the adaptation. Blondel was to perform a great part in my history. Blondel was a symbol selected by fate to indicate a certain direction. Blondel was a lamp by which I could find my way in the dark paths of the world. With Blondel, my Good Genius would walk beside me, or occasionally get up on the crupper, but never leave me or desert me. In the high excitement of my mind I felt no sense of bodily fatigue, but walked on, drenched to the skin, alternately shivering with cold or burning with the intensity of fever. In this state we is that I entered the little inn of Ovoca, soon after daybreak, and stood dripping in the hall, a spectacle of exhaustion and excitement. My first question was, "Has Blondel been here?" and before they could reply, I went on with all the rapidity of delirium to assure them that deception of me would be fruitless; that Fate and I understood each other thoroughly, travelled together on the best of terms, never disagreed about any thing, but, by a mutual system of give and take, lived like two brothers. I talked for an hour in this strain, and then my poor faculties, long struggling and sore pushed, gave way completely, and I fell into brain fever.

I chanced upon kind and good-hearted folk, who nursed me with care, and watched me with interest; but my illness was a severe one, and it was only in the sixth week that I could be about again, a poor, weak, emaciated creature, with failing limbs and shattered nerves. There is an indescribable sense of weariness in the mind after fever, just as if the brain had been enormously overtaxed and exerted, and that in the pursuit of all the wild and fleeting fancies of delirium it had traveled over immense tracks of space. To the depressing influence of this sensation is added the difficulty of disentangling the continuous illusions of fever from the actual facts of life; and in this maze of confusion my first days of convalescence were passed. Blondel was my great guide. Was he a reality, or a mere creature of imagination? Had I really ridden him as a horse, or only as an idea? Was he a quadruped with mane and tail, or an allegory invented to typify destiny? I can not say when hours of painful brain-labor this inquiry cost me, and what intense research into myself. Strange enough, too, though I came out of the investigation convinced of his equine existence, I arrived at the conclusion that he was "a horse and something more." Not that I am able to explain myself more fully on that head, though, if I were writing this portion of my memoirs in German, I suspect I could convey enough of my meaning to give a bad heache to any one indulgent enough to follow me.

I set out once more upon my pilgrimage on a fine day of June, my step directed to the village of Inistioge, where Father Dyke resided. I was too weak for much exertion, and it was only after five days of the road I reached at nightfall the little glen in which the village stood. The moon was up, and I could see the market-places with long lines of yellow light between the rows of tall elm-trees, and tipping with silvery shoon the bright eddies of the beautiful river that rolled beside it. Over the granite cliffs that margined the stream hung and arbutus and wild holly clustered in wild luxuriance, backed higher up again by tall pine-trees, whose lofty summits stood out against the sky; and lastly, deep within a waving meadow, stood an old ruined abbey, whose tracerized window was now softly touched by the moonlight. All was still and silent, except the rush of the rapid river, as I sat down upon a stone bench to enjoy the scene and luxuriate in tranquil serenity.

I had not believed Ireland contained such a spot, for there was all the tame neatness and the propriety of an English village, with that luxuriance of verdure and wild beauty so eminently Irish. Have was it that I had never heard of it before? Were others aware of it, or was the discover strictly my own? Or can it possibly be that this picturesqueness is but the effect of a mellow moon? While I thus questioned myself I heard the sound of a quick footstep rapidly approaching, and soon afterward the pleasant tone of a rich voice humming an opera air. I arose, and saw a tall, athletic-looking figure, with rod and fishing-basket, approaching me.

"May I ask you, Sir," said I, addressing him, "if this village contains an inn?"

"There is, or rather there was, a sort of inn here," said he, as he stopped at my side, "but the place is so little visited that I fancy the landlord found it would not answer, and so it is closed at this moment."

"But do visitors—tourists—never pass this way?"

"Yes; and a few salmon-fishers—like myself—come occasionally in the season; but then we dispose ourselves in little lodgings here and there, some of us with the farmers, one or two of us with the priest."

"Father Dyke, broke I in?"

"Yes; you know him, perhaps?"

"I have heard of him, and met him, indeed," added I, after a pause. "Where may his house be?"

"The prettiest spot in the whole glen. If you'd like to see it in this picturesque moonlight come along with me."

I accepted the invitation at once, and we walked on together. The easy, half-careless tone of the stranger, the loose, lounging stride of his walk, and a certain something in his mellow voice seemed to indicate one of those natures which, in so say, take the world with temperaments that reveal themselves almost immediately. He talked away about fishing as he went, and appeared to take a deep interest in the sport, not heeding much the ignorance I betrayed on the subject, nor my ignoble confession that I had never adventured upon any thing higher than a worm and a quill.

"I'm sure," said he, laughingly, "Tom Dyke never encouraged you in such sporting tackle, glorious fly-fisher as he is."

"You forgetting, perhaps," replied I, "that I scarcely have any acquaintance with him. We met once only, at a dinner party."

"He's a pleasant fellow," resumed he; "devilish wide awake, one must say—up to most things in this same world of ours."

"That much my own brief experience of him can confirm," said I, dryly, for the remark rather surprised me by its tone.

"Yes," said he, as though following out his own train of thought. "Old Tom is not a bird to be ensnared in these lanes. The man must be an early riser that catches him napping."

I can not describe how all this irritated me. It sounded like a much direct sarcasm upon my weakness and want of acuteness.

"There's the Rosary!" (last's his cottage," said he, taking my arm, while he pointed upward to a little jutting promontory of rock over the river, surmounted by a little thatched cottage almost embowered in roses and honeysuckles. So completely did it occupy the narrow limits of ground that the windows projected actually over the stream, and the creeping plants that twined through the little balconies hung in mingled masses over the water. "Search where you will, through the Scottish and Cumberland scenery, I defy you to match that," said my companion, "not to say that you can look a four-pound fish from that little balcony on any summer evening while you smoke your cigar."

"It is a lovely spot, indeed," said I, inhaling with essaysy the delicious perfume which, in the calm night air, seemed to linger in the atmosphere.

"He tells me," continued my companion, "that I shall be free—for I am the no florist—that there are seventy varieties of the rose on and around that cottage. I can answer for it, that you could not pass a window without a great mass of flowers coming in showers over you. I said him, frankly, that if I were his tenant for longer than the fishing-season I'd clear half of them away."

"You live there, then?" asked I, timidly.

"Yes; I rent the cottage, all but two rooms, which he wished to keep for himself, but which he now wishes to have, and may be let, for this month and the next, if a tenant offer. Would you like them?" asked he, abruptly.

"Of all things! nothing is—I think so—I should like to see them first!" manage I, half startled by the suddenness of the question.

"Nothing easier," said he, opening a little wicket he spoke, and beginning to ascend a flight of narrow steps cut in the solid rock. "This is a path of my designing," continued he, "the regular approach is on the other side; but this saves fully half a mile of road, though it be a little steep."

As I followed him up the ascent I proposed to myself a variety of questions, such as, where and how I was to procure accommodation for the night, and in what manner I was to obtain something to eat, of which I stood much in need, since I had gained a little flower-garden at the rear of the cottage before I could resolve any of these difficult points.

"Here we are!" said he, drawing a long breath. "You can't see much of the view at this hour; but to-morrow, when you stand on this spot, and look down that reach of the river, with Mont Alto in the back-ground, you'll tell me if you know any thing finer?"

"Is that Edward?" cried a soft voice; and at the same instant a young girl came hastily out of the cottage, and throwing her arms around my companion, exclaimed, "How you have frighted me! What could possibly have kept you out so late?"

"A broad-shouldered fish, a fellow weighing twelve pounds at the very least, and, only after nigh three hours' playing, got among the rocks and smashed my tackle."

"And you lost him?"

"That did I, and some twenty yards of gut, and the top joint of my best rod, and my temper besides. But I'm forgetting, Mary, here is a gentleman who will, I hope, not refuse to join us at supper.—My sister."

By the manner of presentation it was clear that he expected to hear my name, and so I unrigged, "Mr. Potts.—Algernon Sydney Potts."

The young lady courtesied slightly, muttered something like a rejection of the invitation, and led the way into the cottage.

My astonishment was great at the "interior" now before me, for though all the arrangements bespoke habits of comfort and even luxury, there was a studious observance of cottage style in every thing, the book-shelves, the tables, the very piano-forte, being all made of white unvarnished wood. I felt very perceived that the young lady herself, with a charming coquetry, had assumed something of the costume of the peasantry, and wore her bodice loose in front and covered with silver embroidery both tasteful and becoming.

"My name is Crofton," said my host, as he disengaged himself of his basket and tackle; "we are almost as much strangers here as yourself. I came here for the fishing, and meant to take myself off when it's over."

"I hope not, Edward," broke in the girl, who was now, with the assistance of a servant woman, preparing the table for supper; "I hope you'll stay till we see the cuckoo in the cross trees."

"My sister is just as great an enthusiast about sketching as I am for salmon-fishing," said he, laughingly; "and for my own part, I like scenery and landscape very well, but think them marvelously heightened by something like sport. Are you an angler?"

"No," said I; "I know nothing of the gentle craft."

"Fond of shooting, perhaps? Some men think the two sports incompatible."

"I am as inexpert with the gun as the rod," said I, diffidently.

I perceived that the sister gave a sly look under her long eyelashes toward me, but what was in a great recognition of claims more worthy of regard? At all events, I perceived that she had very soft, gentle-looking gray eyes, a very fair skin, and a profusion of beautiful brown hair. I had not thought her pretty at first. I now saw that she was extremely pretty, and her grace, though slightly given to fullness, of the perfection of grace.

Hungry, almost famished as I was, with a fast of twelve hours, I felt no impatience so long as she moved about in preparation for the meal. Now she disposed the little table, the equipage, the careful solicitude with which she arranged the fruit and the flowers—not always unmixed with her first dispositions, but changing them for something different—all interested me vastly, and when at last we were summoned to table, I actually felt sorry and disappointed.

"IN THIS STATE WAS IT THAT I ENTERED THE LITTLE INN OF OVOCA."

Was it really so delicious, was the cookery so exquisite? I own frankly that I am not a trustworthy witness; but if my oath could be taken, I am willing to swear that I believe there never were such salmon-steaks, such a pigeon-pie, and such a damson-tart served to mortals as these. My enthusiasm, I suspect, must have betrayed itself in some outward manifestation, for I remember Crofton laughingly having remarked,

"You will turn my sister's head, Mr. Potts, by such flatteries; all the more, since her cookery is self-taught."

"Don't believe him, Mr. Potts; I have studied all the great masters of the art, and you shall have an omelet to-morrow for breakfast that Soyer himself would not disdain."

I blushed at the offer of a hospitality so gently and delicately insinuated, and hastily to work to acknowledge it, nor was my confusion unfavorably judged by my hosts. Crofton marked it quickly, and said,

"Yes, Mr. Potts, and I'll teach you to book a trout afterward. Meanwhile, let us have a glass of Lunteren together; we drink it out of green glasses to cheat ourselves into the fancy that it's Rhenish."

"Are Rhenish, non-Rhenish, de vachsen unsere Rehen," said I, quoting the students' song.

"Oh, have you been in Germany?" cried she, eagerly.

"Alas! no," said I. "I have never travelled." I thought she looked disappointed, as I said this. Indeed, I already wished it unsaid, but her brother broke in with,

"We are regular vagabonds, Mr. Potts. My sister and myself have had a restless pouryom for the last three years of life, and what with seeking health for her and amusement for her, mates for winter, we are scarcely over off the road."

"Like the gentleman, I suppose, who ate oysters for appetite, but carried his system so far as to induce indigestion," said I, with a prudent laugh, and I was overwhelmed with confusion, which I was fain to bury in my mackerel-and-fennel.

"Let us have a little music, Mary," said Crofton. "Do you play, or sing, Mr. Potts?"

"Neither." (I do nothing, I'd like to despair. "As Sydney Smith says, 'I know something about the Romans, but, for any gift or grace which I possess, I might as well be this pass more pleasantly, I am an utter bunkrupt."

The young girl had, while I was speaking, taken her place at the piano-forte, and was idly listlessly suffering her hands to fall in cords over the instrument.

"Come out upon this terrace here," cried Crofton to me, "and we'll have our cigars! What a pity that luxury after a hot day is to lounge out here in the cool night air, and enjoy one's weed while listening to Spohr or Beethoven!"

It was really delightful. The bright stars were all reflected in the calm river down below, and a faintness dulled everything in the air as we sat there.

Are there not in every man's experience high moments in which he seemed to have lived longer than during whole years of life? They are those, there are certain conditions of the atmosphere, imperceptible as to the qualities, which seem to ripen vines, imparting to young fresh tissues all the sober richness of age, all the depth of flavor, all the velvety softness of time. May there not possibly be influences which similarly affect our senses? May there not be seasons in which changes as great as these are wrought within us? I firmly believe it, and so firmly that I can recall a period in which I set on the balcony over the Nore, listening to Mary Crofton as she sang, but just as this lost for every young, and yet in a heaven of blended enjoyments, of which no one ingredient was in the sense-sphere. Starry sky, rippling river, murmuring night winds, perfumed air, floating music, all mingling, as do the odors of an incense, and all the incense filling the brain with a delicious intoxication.

Hour after hour must have passed with me in that unconscious ecstasy, for Crofton at last said,

"There, where you see that pinkish tint through the gray, that's the sign of breaking day, and the signal for bedtime. Shall I show you your room?"

"How I wish this could last for ever!" sighed I, rapturously; and then, half ashamed of my warmth, I stumbered out a good-night, and retired.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE HANGED.

* * *

You will remember that I have long been a student of mesmerism, and no mean adept in the art. You recollect the success with which I induced coma, even in the cases of the most obstinate unbelievers, and you must have been struck with several extraordinary cases of clairvoyance which I succeeded in producing. Above all, you must have noticed the mastery I obtained over the wills of one or two of the more susceptible of our friends, and how I seemed, as it were, to fix their mind in a trance; so that their will, if they spoke, precisely as I did, without any external alteration by me of my wishes or feelings; but there was, if possible, a more extraordinary faculty which I occasionally possessed. I had, at certain seasons of the year, and generally in spring, the power of drawing the minds of others into my own; so that I thought, felt, and acted precisely as they did, with independent individuality, maintained intact my own consciousness, and my mind went on precisely as if it had been in its accustomed tenement by another. I became on these occasions two beings in one.

I was a member of the last Vigilance Committee in San Francisco. There was one man who incurred our sentence of death, regarding whose fate none of us felt any pity, for of his guilt there was no doubt. He had murdered an old man and his daughter for the sake of some gold-dust they had gathered. With respect to this villain, we of the Vigilance Committee showed even more than ordinary promptitude. He was condemned the very day he committed the crime, and his execution was fixed for that day, after.

An immense crowd had gathered to see the execution, some of them too indisposed to attempt a rescue. But the Vigilance Committee and their adherents, determined and armed, kept a clear space round the scaffold. At the appointed time, a clergyman of uncertain persuasion and dubious character, who had turned up in the diggings, a man who had undergone imprisonment the last ceremony, and who alleged some degree of professional experience acquired in England, and, lastly, three of the Vigilance Committee, of whom I was one.

I had previously attempted to make some impression on the murderer's mind, which I was fenced in by such a net-work of sophistry, and overlaid by such a coating of sensuality and stupidity, that I had scarcely, if at all, made an attempt, I took his hand and spoke to him with that earnestness peculiarly inherent in my nature, and I have on earth. Involuntarily my power of mesmerism came into play. I felt I had obtained an influence over him. I attended the execution. The man was morbidly susceptible; and to my horror I found, before I could realize what I had done, that I was in full mesmeric rapport with him. His mind, which at first I felt I absolutely controlled, had passed into mine, and that ever-mysterious and conscious self, which I felt was the glorious of this letter was fully indicated. Now it is one of the characteristics of this mesmeric rapport, whereunto that neither the operator nor the subject can for some time emancipate himself from its influence. Any other phase is quite within the power of the mesmerizer, though not of the mesmerized. But in this, the most perfect rapport, the power of the operator is unanswerable, and is so complete. The influence or possession wears off in time, but notwithstanding the most strenuous and even painful efforts on my part, I was never been able thoroughly to disconnect my consciousness from that of the other party in a shorter space of time than an hour.

Here, then, I was unexpectedly, and as it were fatally, in rapport with a man who was to be a few instants to hanged. I shuddered at the thought, and would willingly have escaped, but I was in the meshes of my net, and I felt that I had any premature efforts would only tighten its folds. I could not help it. I nerved myself to endure the physical pain, resembling nothing else on earth, I was going to be executed as a felon.

I felt the rope round my neck, and felt the sickening sensation of the drop, which, and which no man, although it is hanged, can feel. It is a sense to be unravel the mystery of death, to ascertain precisely and accurately the point of dissolution, and to realize the mental state which immediately precedes the final loss of consciousness, if indeed (and I trembled at the thought) there be any loss of consciousness. I felt that I determined to keep my spectator self in the most rigorous state of attention, and I sat down on a bench close at hand, and took out my pocket-book and pencil, ready to note down accurately the murderer's sensations, experienced by myself.

I felt immediately a sensation of foreign self a feeling of stolid apathy. "It is my fate," thought the murderer. "I am not responsible. Let me not grutty these fools by any sign of fear. I hear them all. But my account with the world will be settled in a few minutes. Let it be made balanced." Thus muttering to himself, I felt the murderer's hands shed tightly behind his back in the hangman's, as the murderer tried to stop of the human race and disgust at himself shot through his mind.

I felt I was reached the scaffold. I felt the rope adjusted round his neck. A moment of hesitation intervened. "I am to die in a few short minutes on earth," said he, as he still clutched the handkerchief. "Well, why protong the suspense? Then it goes!"

The hangman pushed the murderer off the plank which served as a scaffold; no covering was over his face.

A sensation of overwhelming waters, billow after billow rolling over my head and striking me on the chest, pinning me down, and I felt my vain attempts to surge up against it; the noise as of unceasing thunder; shrieks of tortured demons, and the roar of darkness.

FIRST MINUTE.—Suddenly I am conscious; I feel the cord round my neck; I cry vehemently for release my hands to loosen it. Oh, if I could but get free my hands, I might yet be saved! Strike with my feet, I may escape! Look, look, my heads and earth, could my feet but reach the scaffold I might yet be saved—there might be pity in the world, there might be mercy! I remember an old story, which said that a man, if he once gets back to the scaffold, can't be pushed from it again. In a few short minutes I think I see the murderer with the Queen's signature. Yes, yes, the murderer finally escaped! I am yet saved!

In vain! in vain! my efforts are hopeless; I subside in despair. But woe is me! this scene to have taken hearn. I am choking; my lungs labor like a mighty engine, and my heart beats as if it would burst through my breast; but I am not yet gone. And yet I have not the power to struggle of the hanging man do not last three minutes, and I have seen many an execution where the man died instantaneously; but I, I have been hours in agony.

The felon locked with his eyes nearly protruding from their sockets on the crowd. There was no convulsion with them, no movement of pity, which surely there would have been even for him, suffering such protracted agony. His lips agape, then, really lasted so long as he thinks? Also, he is the only one to think about it, and, oh misery! time is annihilated. Time is relative, and the acute mind of the murderer at once recognized that what we feel as time is merely the succession of our thoughts. If there are quickened, time increases its meaning. If, for instance, a certain number of ideas, which when in life, said he to himself (and the murderer reasoned as if he were dead), seemed to occupy a minute of time, were accelerated so as to occupy a second or a fraction of a second, then a minute of human time may represent an hour, a week, a year.

But between the first and this conclusion, his mind for a time lost coherence; suddenly he and I saw a cottage by the side of a brook, and the murderer felt himself a young boy, and he ran to the side of the brook, sorrowful and crying he knew not why, but from some unutterable misery. And not there came out of the cottage a wounded dog, a beautiful girl. He saw her as he recollected her, his first sweetheart, in the days of his innocence. He saw bright blue eye, and golden hair, and bounding figure. She came up to him. I felt her soft arm put tenderly round his neck, and felt her lips touch the teeth from his wretched face. "Dearest George," she whispered, "why are you crying? Look at your cow! look at your dog!" The murderer heart, regenerated back to its youth, I felt a fleeting sensation of happiness and joy. When out from an angle of the cottage door appeared a furious mastiff, with the hound he wrenched the child from his neck, and she rolled, shrieking in terror, into the brook. Then I felt the murderer's mind in vain to save her; but, alas! I felt I was rooted to the spot, and the dog worried the child to death. I felt, as its jaws tightened upon him, that I was choking.

SECOND MINUTE.—The murderer for a second or two was faseinsle; ;en reoovering, he felt fiery pulses shoot through his body. His eyes seemed to flame, and the world, which he had severely bitten, protruded from his mouth. Again he realized his position, and again the dismal phantasmagoria of his innocence passed; again the honey-suckled cottage, but now the flowers are away, and an icy winter has taken all color from nature; the brook is covered with and corrugated icy ridges themselves above its banks. But there comes rushing, from the cottage door, a little girl, but the hound-frost on the grass is not disturbed, a figure in the full bloom of womanhood, the same golden hair and blue eyes; but he is ten years older now, and she cards with merry voice a melancholy dirty of love and suicide. And she puts her arms round his neck, and he feels her warm breath her kisses burn, and the embrace of her arm gets tighter round his neck. "Not so tight, my beloved," seems to say the dreamer. His breathing becomes difficult; he looks up for pity in her face. It has changed; it is Mary Crofton, and the bright and glorious Mary whose innocence he betrayed, but the Mary whom, ten years after his desertion, he had sought out to save from the slaves in London, haggard, hopeless, revengeful; and the iron grasp of her arm tightened, and she locked with the hatred of a demon into his eyes, and subsided into the phantasm vanished, and he saw looking up the unpitying faces of the crowd, and the hag's arms were changed into the rope.

FIRST HALF OF THE THIRD MINUTE.—Gradually again mania supervenes. He was in his mother's chamber. He heard anew her last and solemn exhortations, and he looked again at the sacred face of his mother. Ah! now he felt what had been that mother's love; now he could see, with spiritual intuition, the despair which tore her father's heart when he discovered himself them, and promised that, if they would but forgive him, he would give up his evil ways. And he thought that his mother tried to pray for his pardon, but she was choking in the agony of death, and the blessed words could not find an utterance. But he threw himself on the floor, and he tore, and tried in vain to weep. It was too late; one violent spasmodic effort, and I saw the dead face of his father and son were alone. And then memory conjured up the dead quarrel with his father, which had driven him to despair. He felt over again his miserable night when first he was houseless. Slowly and painfully there passed before his mind's eye the criminal and disastrous history of his life, reproduced in all their detail—and then utter unconsciousness.

SECOND HALF OF THE THIRD MINUTE.—The murderer thought he heard a voice saying to him, "Salve me immediately! the origin of evil. Tell me the history of man, its lessons, and its uses. Separate to me the free from the fatal. Tell me the laws of Eternal Eternal Justice." I felt I thought over these problems, which he had formerly instituted on in vain; but his reason always failed him, and he was left groping in the dark to point from which he started, and the different problems mixed themselves up together. Against the wall, that hung in his cell, he had seen written in one subject glanced into another to which it had no relation. But somehow it appeared to him that he was in the presence of the Angel of Eternity, and that conjured up the Egyptian symbol of the serpent biting its tail, and the ancient Greek symbol of phantasms. The arguments he had been using suddenly became fables of serpents, joined themselves together, and grew, each problem, into a separate serpent, all of which turned biting upon him, and wound themselves round his body, and squeezed him into a great fold, which multiplied to infinity, until at last the pressure seemed to force out his life, and he again became unconscious.

FIRST QUARTER OF THE FOURTH MINUTE.—The murderer awoke with a start. For a moment—to him and to me an hour—he realized his real position and struggled; and then strong madness, and there appeared before him in solemn array all his victims; his mother, with no pity in her face; his father, as he was when dust they parted; Mary, not the child or the beautiful woman, but Mary the lost and the hopeless; the boy he had killed in London in an access of passion; the ruined merchant, accompanied by his begrazed family; the poor man whose life he had murdered, and his daughter; and seated on an elevated platform was a judge—the classical Rhadamanthus. And, behold, one after the other gave testimony against him, and he had no defence; and as they came by one delivered their testimony, their sins were put to his account, and he was frequently tortured to supply broken links of evidence. At last, after that I had endured for years—is might be for years—there remained only the old man and his daughter, and Mary the big, and Rhadamanthus, and Mary put her arms again round his neck, while severe and unpitying Rhadamanthus looked down upon them.

The murderer was dead.

One morning I awoke. My existence was changed. I was back in time. I found myself lying on a bed, and some friends were bathing my temples. I had fainted, they said, at the sight of the execution, and I had been some time before they had succeeded in bringing me back to consciousness. Oh! had they known what was involved in this? But I could not speak of my experiences. For a long time I could speak coherently of nothing. I believe my companions were right in sending me down to San Francisco, and that the control, to which for some time I was subjected, was necessary. For long my mind was in a state of chaos. Ever, when I attempted to think of any thing, the century of agony I had undergone came back to my memory.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SLAVE-TRADE.

A COMMUNICATION has been made to the British Government by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of South Sea, on the subject of the Coolie and Slave trade, in answer to a letter from Lord Russell. The Chief Justice has a proposition that a system of emigration should be established on the Coolie system for the supply of the islands of the two Africans and the solution of slave vessels to Cuba and Brazil. The proposition are not matured, and we give its consent, for the reason that it would be a departure from the principle of the British Government in the affairs of foreign nations. Another proposition is that the Chief Justice Government should give its consent to the importation of Coolies as apprentices; but this is also not matured, and we give no opinion.

THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

The Republican State Convention assembled at Syracuse, on the 1st instant, pursuant to the call of the Committee of James C. Smith, of Ontario, to parties. The list of delegates was called, and the roster of representatives, rectified satisfactorily, when the President appointed a committee on credentials, and the Convention then adjourned, after which the Convention proceeded to the nomination of candidates for State officers, with the following results:

Secretary of State—EDWIN D. MORGAN, of New York.
Lieutenant-Governor—ROSS CAMPBELL, of Monroe.
Chief Engineer—E. H. BARTER, of Chenango.
State Prison Inspector—JAMES K. BAYES, of Jefferson.

After the selection of the State tickets, the Convention adjourned at 4 o'clock, and the State Central was appointed.

A PROTEST FROM SOUTH CAROLINA AGAINST SECESSION.

A letter from Colonel R. F. Perry, of South Carolina, has been published in the Charleston *Courier*. It is addressed to the Secession protest against the secession of union in which many prominent Southern politicians and Secession Democrats concur in today. Colonel Perry was a member of the South Carolina Legislature last year, and is a gentleman of great ability and independence of character.

NEWS FROM THE JAPANESE.

"The Niagara reached the Cape de Verde Islands on the 1st instant, and there she met the Japanese in seventeen days. The Japanese expressed themselves as much pleased with the trip to this country. The Japanese have had caused to be removed from the cabin assigned to them everything which the Commodore had kind enough provided expressly for them here at great cost, preferring to live in the cabin in the Oriental style. They managed to while away the time in eating seven or eight times a day, sleeping, playing chess, and smoking pipes and cigars—which latter operation afforded them evident satisfaction. Tobacco smoking is a lively and delicious one, and still addicted himself to the habit of writing love-letters to his sweetheart.

ANOTHER PRIZE-FIGHT.

A prize-fight took place on Tuesday in the neighborhood of Lexington, between two negroes named Bill Hall and Kerrigan. They fought twenty-seven rounds, when Kerrigan was pounded to a jelly, and declared the victor. Neither party received much punishment.

A DARING CONSTABULARY FOILED.

The Sheriff of Wyandot County, Ohio, reports "One of the most daring constables by negroes to murder a man, and escaped with no injury to himself. On the 3d Hallsie County, about fifteen miles from Dunville, on the Sandusky River, a party of negroes, armed with rifles, were indicted to Constabular Chesbrum, of the Hicksville Constabulary, and said:

"Mr. Samuel Hairston, a wealthy farmer in Hallsie, has murdered one of his negro slaves for the sake of disciplination, and a man of great firmness. On the day of the murder, Hairston's negroes came into the house, six stout negro fellows employed upon the farm called together, and after informing him what they had done, gross in the woods near by was preparing for an immediate burial, and that they had formed a party for the pain of operations. Not suspecting that they had any other intention, but being accustomed to obeying the leaders of the rebels, if he should see them, he stepped immediately to the house, and took down his rifle, and then started off with the negroes, they not knowing that he had left the house with a hostile intention.

"The negroes had the way until getting into a secluded place, when they suddenly stopped near a mossy log pit, when the spokesman Cornelius said, "Here, you—" pointing to the hole, said to him, "Dat hole has taken of a——, to your grave! Now, you have killed a man, and you must die! Get down on your knees!" Hairston said, "Boys, what do you mean? Do you think I'm a man? Do you think God will let you kill me? Do you thought the overseer called me a man? Do you think God will let you kill me? Do you think God will let you kill me? Do you think God will let you kill me?" Cornelius said, "Dat's de reason why we kill you!" Hairston said, "Boys, what do you mean

erred punishment one or more of them had merited, and that the above plan to get him off in the result is effect their ends. His pressure of mind in taking the pistol, and his resolve in the hour of danger, when no other means sign to aid him, doubtless saved him from a horrid death.

A SPIT FAMILY.

We find the following in the New York *Daily News*:

"D. S. Dickinson of Binghamton, Broome County, is represented in the New York Custom-house by Andrew Hitchcock, his son-in-law, who draws from the General Government, who rather old customers, some 2,000 per annum; a brother of Daniel S. is Deputy Naval Officer; a position worth between three and four thousand dollars a year; Andrew Hitchcock's brother has a good berth in the place of Henry Dickinson, with two or three thousand a year. Andrew Hitchcock's brother-in-law is a United States Marshal, which is worth three or four thousand dollars a year, and on the first of August a person by the name of Jacob Dickinson, recently appointed Assessor of Excise, was provided with a profitable position in the New York Custom-house. Samuel G. Courtney, a relative-in-law of Mr. D., has represented it to be provided for during his absence, and he has accordingly been duly declared when running for the office of District Attorney of Albany County. Why says the Dickinson family is not well provided for?"

PERSONAL.

Mr. D. U. Martin, the gentleman who left Boston some two weeks ago, with a treasure of sherry, arrived safely in this city on Thursday about 5 o'clock, having accomplished his extraordinary feat in about eighty hours of actual reading, averaging about twenty-four hours. His colossal memory is perfectly as active and fresh, dwelling on subjects the last day of his reading, as on the first. The pedestrian, who is the author of the book, is a gentleman of a little more than ordinary stature, a portrait of one whom we have seen in the street frequently. The book begins with Mr. Darling at No. 504 Sheriff Street.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "POPE'S CORPS" AT HOME.

The "Pope's Corps" are in the greatest distress. A large party of the "Zouaves" landed at Hull on the 31st ult., and their condition excited the greatest commiseration. They were shoeless and stockingless, and their garments hung about them in rags and tatters. Some maintain a dogged silence, and others only express the great deceit practised upon them by the agents of Hic Indiens. Some Zouaves will tell you that they agreed to make up that "second Brigade." The next Irishman who calls at any Italian service will be asked if he is relief that of Garibaldi. Perhaps the "Pope's Oats" who have been already deceived by the agents of Hic Indiens, under the banners of the Liberator are many weeks hence chipped.

FRANCE.

DEPARTURE OF THE SYRIAN QUADROON.

A telegram from Marseilles, Friday, August 3 says: "General Beaufort has left for Syria with 1500 men. In an address to the Zouaves he said to the officers that they are going to avenge outraged humanity in a country where they will find nowhere a Pelissier, the Crusaders, General Bonapart, and the first Republic. He concluded by saying, 'The whole of Europe and Europe accompany the expedition.' There vessels have left Toulon for Syria for Syria."

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH TO THE TROOPS.

The Emperor, after reviewing the troops destined for Syria, addressed them as follows:

"SOLDIERS! You leave for Syria. France hailed with joy an expedition, the aim of which is to raise the rights of justice and humanity to triumph. You do not go to make war against a foreign nation, but to assist the Sultan in bringing back to obedience his subjects who are Christians, and who are victims of fanaticism. In that district you have great remembrances. Public opinion in Europe is therefore worthy to be the guardian of those who once gloriously carried into that country the banner of the Cross. You do not have to conquer, but your courage and prestige are a supply to the Christians, who, wherever the French have been in the past, the nations know that a great cause precedes it, and that good will follow it.

The Emperor has given 500,000 francs in aid of the Syrian Relief Fund.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI ABOUT TO DESCEND UPON CALABRIA.

There are no public advices of the whereabouts of Garibaldi. Our previous intelligence informed us that some of his light cavalry had arrived at Sorrento, and since then no accounts have come either confirming or denying his arrival. We know, however, that very safe letters have been received stating that Garibaldi had actually landed on the main land, not far north for Naples. His letter to Victor Emanuel, and the fact that he has sent out extensive preparations for operations on the main land, indicates the truth of the assertion in the Italian advices. Naples, however, will engagement all sorts of this sort, and it is only through diplomatic communications that information can be obtained.

NAPLES IN A STATE OF SIEGE.

Naples has been declared in a state of siege. It is reported that Garibaldi has asked leave of the Republic the Government in the event of Garibaldi landing at Naples, and that the Republican of the town of Naples would be disregarded. Austria has also demanded from the Neapolitan Government the cession of Gaeta to Victor Emanuel. There are also rumors of an Austrian mediation, and the treaty of Villafranca, including an appearance on the Emperor's birth-day. Garibaldi is said to have sent to Naples a person, to treat with the revolutionary leaders.

LETTER FROM VICTOR EMANUEL TO GARIBALDI.

The following letter has been sent by Victor Emanuel to Garibaldi:

"DEAR GENERAL,—You know that when you started for Sicily you did not have my participation. Today, considering the gravity of existing circumstances, I decide upon putting aside my feelings, being aware of the security of your circumstances for me.

"In order that you may be able to defend Sicily and Italians, I counsel you to renounce the idea of passing with your forces over to the Neapolitan Sicily, provided that the King of Naples consents to evacuate the whole of Sicily, and to leave the Sicilians free to deliberate upon and to settle their destiny.

"Your conduct has given a full liberty of action, and you to fidelity in the event of the King of Naples being unable to accept this proposition. Generally, I wish you, and you will see that it is useful to Italy, whose power of acquisition will be increased by your having to abandon Europe that even as she knows how to conquer so she knows how to make a good use of her victory."

GARIBALDI'S REPLY.

Garibaldi does not seem to feel the pressure of his letter as very heavy, for he has very coolly replied to the King of Naples:

"SIRE,—Your Majesty knows the high esteem and the devotion which I feel for your Majesty; but such is the present state of things in Italy that, at the present moment, I can not obey your Majesty's injunctions, much as I should like it. I am calling for and urged on by the people of Naples. I have tried in vain, with blood, to avoid the civil war, which, I fear, will be, if I do, that a more favorable moment would be delayed. I hope, Sire, that your Majesty will not forget the promises of Italy, and not fulfill my duty as an Italian. Meanwhile, I have, perhaps, proved that time is on our side. As soon as I shall have done with the task imposed upon me by the wishes of the people who groan under the tyranny of the Neapolitan Bourbons, I shall go down my sword at your Majesty's feet, and shall obey your behest for the remainder of my life.

GARIBALDI."

The letter is dated Sulmona, the 27th of July.

INVASION OF THE FRENCH SOLDIERS.

A letter from Rome states that on the 1st inst. about 4,000 Bonapartist volunteers landed at Leghorn, on the Papal territory. They intended to march on Cortona, but the Papal commandant sent orders to the commander of the Bersaglieri of Cascesse stationed at Leghorn, to detach a force to Cortona, and to the protection of the thousand town. The French garrison of Rome (about 4,000 men, with 20 guns on the 6th) is commanded temporarily by General Neve.

THE "POPE'S OWN" IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

A commandant from Rome, of the 6th inst., says: "St. Patrick's battalion has again been troublesome. Some of the soldiers have deserted, and that the battalion will be broken up, and the soldiers dispersed throughout the other battalions of the regiment. It should hardly think this can ever be the case without the consent of the Government, as it is the expressed specified in their printed engagements that they are no longer to be separated from their corps. Many soldiers of offers officers are introduced into the corps, as it is said, to secure the essentially Papal character. We are in Spoleto took place a few days ago, and appears to have been occasioned by the following circumstance. Their commanding officer, Major O'Reilly, wished to quiet the effect that Garibaldi would be shortly in Spoleto, and fearing so, but Colonel Pimodan, a French officer, who commanded the garrison, and who, it is said, has insisted on sending a force of great d'armes to establish order. A disagreement ensued, and the Major was put under arrest. Were exchanged. The most serious injury inflicted upon the Major was a cut on the right hand, which cut down an unfortunate Pauly esiency. General de Lamoricière, I understand, has expressed regret that O'Reilly's report on the affair, the official relation of which is to come from Colonel Pimodan."

A TOUCHING TALE.

The Turin correspondent writes: "When Garibaldi arrived at Sarnico, he found there his aide de camp to the nobadesco, to visit the wounded of Medici's two sharpshooters, Bonomelli, perhaps, and Bonomelli, the injured with surprise before the bed of a bearless boy, whom in spite of his wounds, he had carried from Calcinato and bim or to lose his get there, wounded, after having been left for dead. The boy, who had lost his arm the first time, made his confession. He had compared the wounds of his comrade, the blight and the blessing, and followed on till he caught up with the army of Medici. Medici and Garibaldi, the two generals gave up to tend Menzoni, and became engaged with the enemy. Menzoni, who had lost his arm in the first fell; he then seized the pulse man's gun and sacrosanc, and, with the wounded, he fell, and, in the end of the fight.

"And that's the way, you little rascal," said Garibaldi, smiling, "that you have got yourself maimed. When is your wound? Is it dangerous?" The poor unfortunate, but replied, "In the back, General." "Oh! eh! eh! Well, I'm sorry for it, my boy, but, as you are replies, that war is no child's play. I hope the wound will be healed, and you will be well soon."

Garibaldi walked away with a shrug of the shoulders. The boy, who had been wounded in the inclination only too well, but could not feel at the moment; and with tears in his eyes, said, "Well, the Good Cross will gone be rolled on his bed of straw, shedding tears of rage and bitterness."

"The General had not seen the young volunteer for the last time. The Garibaldian had commenced the battle of Medicus an hour. At the most critical moment, when the Bersaglieri of Medici's Garibaldi fight in his own defense, he saw suddenly reappear at his side the young volunteer. The boy had left his bed to attend the battle. What! that parade again? exclaimed Medici. Yes, I have come because the poor boy made an effort to share his bleeding breast, and so, being a very good Christian, I thought, the Christ-General, it is the good side? he fell dead at Garibaldi's feet."

SYRIA.

SIEGE OF THE LATEST FROM DAMASCUS.

The latest intelligence represents all quiet there, but numbers were still committed in the surrounding districts. Fifteen Christians were murdered near Hasbeya, at twenty-five piastres each, and were detained in the prison.

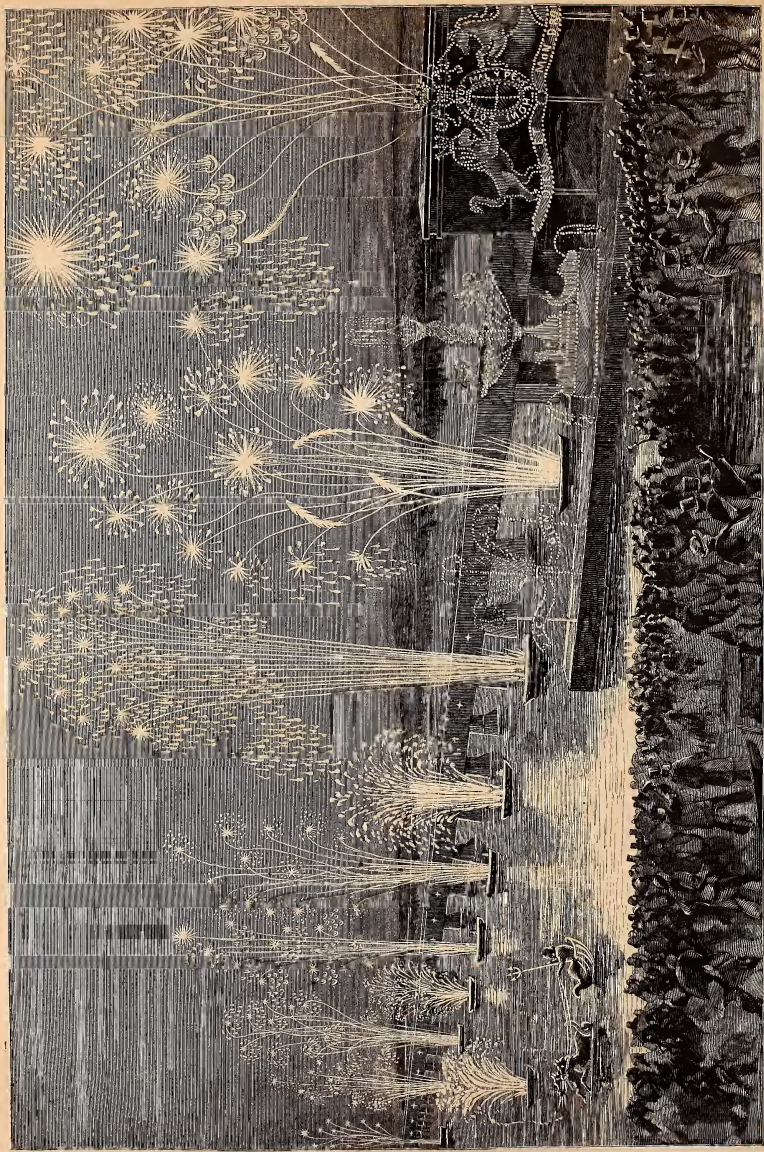
The Imperial firman to the people of Syria, accompanied by the Grand Vizier, Fuad Pacha, Minister for Foreign Affairs at Constantinople, mention of which has been made in our foreign advices, has been published. It is stated that the multitude who listened to its reading in Beyrout received it, amidst the most enthusiasm, in perfect silence.

The Turks, meanwhile, in contradiction to previous reports, that the English intend to land fifteen hundred men in Syria, are preparing to leave Syria, in accordance with the French, or merely to protect British subjects, the telegram does not say.

PROMPT ACTION OF FUAD PACHA.

The prompt action of Fuad Pacha appears to be regarded as important. The telegram says that the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs transmits to the Turkish Ambassador at Paris the following telegram from Fuad Pacha, dated Damascus, August 4:

"Twenty-five Christians have been took pull in the massacres. To-day the number of arrests exceeds 300. My aide-de-camp, Bonomelli, with the prisoners of rank who are greatly compromised will be under arrest. The Christian population of Syria is in great extraordinary, which I have already appointed, will be the Christian population of Syria, and the property, furniture, and articles of value that had been fabricated by the Christians, and the Christian population of Syria, and the property of public edifices. The civil servants are those who are the Christian population of Syria, and the property of public edifices. The civil servants are those who are the Christian population of Syria, and the property of public edifices. The civil servants are those who are



GRAND FINALE OF FIRE-WORKS IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE SUCCESSFUL COMPLETION OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE, MONTREAL, CANADA EAST, BY G. A. LILLIENDAHL, ESQ., OF NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1860.

DURHAM AND DEVON COWS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. C. CARTOUGE, ESQ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

DEVON AND DURHAM COWS.

We publish on the preceding page a picture of Devon and Durham cows, drawn by T. C. Carpenter. Our engravings have an excellent opportunity of observing the peculiarities of form which distinguish the two celebrated breeds of cattle represented in the engraving.

The Devons, so justly famous for the richness of their milk as well as the beauty and elegance of the animal themselves, are distinguished from all other breeds by the small head and finely tapering muzzle, the delicate limbs, small bone, straight back, but particularly by the unchanging "Devonshire red" of the coat, which never varies from the uniform dark-chestnut, unrelieved by the slightest mark of white or other color.

To the Devons we are indebted for the celebrated "Devonshire cream" and the rich "junket" for which that county is so noted. The remarkably fine specimen we have represented is the property of R. M. Whitlock, Esq., of Westchester County, New York.

Of the Durhams our illustration presents an excellent type. They are by well known as *milkers*, and as valuable farm-stock in general, to need a lengthy description. They are distinguished by the large double frame, straight back, and powerful limbs, the nose pointed and finely chiseled.

The general color of the coat of this type represented is white, with spots of a roan color about the neck, head, and sides, and a few patches of the same color on the legs. She is the property of J. C. Brevoort, Esq., of Bedford, Long Island, whose beautiful grounds she adorns. She is a cross of the Durham and Ayrshire breeds, which is manifest in the *upward direction* of the horns.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for Harper's Weekly.")

THE NARRATIVE OF ISIDOR OTTA-VIO BALDASSARE FOSCO, COUNTOF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE, KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE ORDER OF THE IRON CROWN, GRAND MASTER OF THE ROSICRUCIAN MASONS OF MESOPOTAMIA, ATTACHED, IN HONORARY CAPACITIES, TO SOCIETIES MEDICAL, SOCIETIES MUSICAL, SOCIETIES PHILOSOPHICAL, AND SOCIETIES GENERAL REVOLUTIONARY, THROUGHOUT EUROPE, ETC., ETC.

Its the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty I arrived in England, charged with a delicate political mission from Rabella Sonnino. Influential persons were semi-officially connected with me, whose excellence I was authorized to direct—Mentioned as Prince Rabella Sonnino's agent the number. Some weeks of spare time were at my disposal before I entered on my functions by establishing myself in the suburbs of London. Curiosity may stop here, to ask for some explanation of these functions on my part. I sympathy sympathizes with the question. I also regret that diplomatic reserve forbids me to comply with it.

I arranged to pass the preliminary period of repose, to which I have just referred, in the superb mansion of my his kinsman Count Sir Percival Glyde. *He* arrived from the Continent with *his* wife; *I* arrived from the Continent with mine. Regard in the land of domestic happiness—how appropriately we entered it under such domestic circumstances!

The bond of friendship which united Percival and myself was strengthened, on this occasion, by a kindred similarity in the unfortunate position on his side and on mine. We both wanted money. Immense necessity! Universal want! Is there a man living who does not feel for us? How insensible must that man be! Or how viele!

I enter into no sordid particulars in discussing this part of the subject. My mind recoils from them. With a Roman austerity I show my empty purse and Percival his shrinking public gaze. Let us allow the deplorable fact to exist itself, once for all, in the manner, and pass on.

We were received at the mansion by the magnificent woman who is inscribed in my beat as "Marian"—who is known in the colder atmosphere of Society as "Miss Halcombe."

Just Heaven with what unmitigated epithetity I learned to abhor that woman. At sixty I worship her with the tolerable order of religion. All the gold of my rich nature was poured hopelessly at her feet. My wife—poor angel!—my wife, who adores me, and thinks but the billings and the pennies. Such is the World! such Man; such Love. What are we (I ask) but puppets in a show-box? Oh, omnipotent Destiny, pull our strings gently! Dance us mercifully off our miserable little stage!

The preceding lines, rightly interpreted, express an entire system of philosophy. It is Mine.

I resume.

The domestic position at the commencement of our residence at Blackwater Park has been drawn with amazing accuracy, with profound mental insight, by the hand of Marian herself. (Pass me the interesting familiarity of mentioning this sublime creature by her Christian name!) Accurate knowledge of the contents of her journal—to which I obtained access by clandestine means, unspeakably precious to me in the remembrance—warns my eager pen from topics which this essentially exhaustive woman has already made her own.

The interests—interests, breathless and immense!—with which I am here concerned, begin with the deplorable calamity of Marian's illness.

The situation, at this period, was emphatically serious one. Large sums of money, due at a certain time, were wanted by Percival (I say nothing of the medicum equally necessary to myself), and the one source from which for supplying them was the fortune of his wife, of which, in the event of her death, he was disposed until her death. Bad, so far; but—in the language of the all-pervading Shakspeare—worse remained behind. My innocent friend had private troubles of his own, into which the delicacy of my disinterested attachment to him forbade me from inquiring, or even knowing. I knew nothing but that a woman, named Anne Catherick, was hidden in the neighborhood; that she was in communication with Lady Glyde; and that the disclosure of a secret, which would be the ruin of Percival, was in the hands of this girl. He had told me himself that he was a lost man, unless his wife was alienated, and unless Anne Catherick was found. If he was a lost man, what would become of our pecuniary interests? Courageous as I am by nature, I absolutely trembled at the idea!

The whole force of my intelligence was now directed to the finding of Anne Catherick. Our money affairs, improved by the mere accident of delay; but the necessity of discovering the woman admitted of none. I only know by description, as previously mentioned, my personal troublesome to Lady Glyde. The statement of this criminal woman, given merely to assist me in identifying the person of whom we were in search—when coupled with the additional information that Anne Catherick had escaped from a mad-house, started the first immense conception in my mind which subsequently led to such amazing results. That conception involved nothing less than the complete transformation of two separate identities. Lady Glyde and Anne Catherick to be to change names, places, and destinies, the one with the other—the prodigious conception was completed by the change being the gain of thirty thousand pounds, and the eternal preservation of Percival's secret.

My instincts (which seldom err) suggested to me, on reviewing the circumstances, that our invisible Anne Catherick would, sooner or later, to the boat-house at the Blackwater Lake. There I posted myself, previously mentioning to Mrs. Michelson, the housekeeper, that I might be found when wanted, immersed in study, in that solitary place. It is my rule never to make unnecessary mysteries, and I secured a people expecting me for want of a little sensonable caution on my part. Mrs. Michelson proved to me from first to last. This lady-like person (widow of a Protestant Priest) overflowed with faith. Coached by her, I secured the Gardener's confidence in a woman of her nature years, I opened the ample reservoirs of my nature, and abopeded it like

I was rewarded for posting myself sentinel at the lake, by the appearance—not of Anne Catherick—but of Marian. The overtaking of a lost her. This individual also overflowed with simple faith, which I profited by myself, in the case already mentioned. Marian ever to describe the circumstances (if she has not done so already under which she first introduced to the object of her maternal care. When I first saw Anne Catherick she was asleep. I was elected. Dead by the Marian Halcombe, the happy woman and Lady Glyde. The details of the grand scheme, which had suggested themselves in outline only to the Count, occurred to me, in all their masterly combination, at the sight of the sleeping face. At the same time my heart, always accessible to tender feelings, involved in tears as the spectacle of suffering before me. I instantly recalled the Bible to mind. In other words, I provided the necessary stimulant for strengthening Anne Catherick to perform the journey to London.

At this point I enter a necessary protest, and correct a lamentable error.

The best years of my life have been passed in the ardent study of medical and chemical science. Chemistry, especially, I always had irresistible attractions for me, from the enormous, the illimitable power which the knowledge of it confers. Chemists, I assert it emphatically, might sway, if they pleased, the destinies of humanity. Let me explain this before I go further.

Mind, they say, rules the world. But what rules the mind? What rules the Mind (before me closely here) lies at the mercy of the most omnipotent of all material potentates—the Chemist. Sir Joseph Fazeley, Bart., found the house Shakspeare has conceived Hamlet, and sits down to execute the conception, with a regrains of poison the poor fellow has daily food, I will reduce his mind, by the action of his body, to the condition of the man subject drivel that has ever degraded paper. Under similar circumstances, revive me the illustrious Newton. I guarantee the immortal discoverer of fire, he shall *eat* it, instead of discovering the principle of gravitation. Nero's dinner shall reinforce Rome and Jupiter. I may present before his hose done digesting it; and the morning draught of Alexander the Great shall make Alexander run for his life, at the first sight of the enemy, the same afternoon. On my sacred word of honor, it is lucky for society that modern chemists are, by incomprehensible good fortune, the most harmless of mankind. The mass are good because they are ignorant. The few of us who are philosophers boasted with admiration for the sound of their own lecturing voices; titularies who waste their lives on fantastic impossibilities; or quackers who sometimes cure higher than our cures. Thus Society escapes; and the illimitable power of Chemistry remains the slave of the man superior and the most insignificant ends.

Why this outburst? Why this withering elocuence?

Because my conduct has been misrepresented, because my motives have been misunderstood. It has been asserted, that I used my vast chemical resources against Anne Catherick; and that I would have used them, if I could, against the magnificent Marian herself. Odious insinuations both! All my interests were concerned (as will be seen presently) in the preservation of Anne Catherick's life. All my anxieties were concentrated on Marian's rescue from the hands of the detested Inbecile who attended her, and who found my advice confirmed, from first to last, by the physicians from London. On my conscience, I am innocent! Equally harmless to the individual on whom I practiced—did I answer to myself the existence of chemical knowledge. On the first of the two, after following Marian to the Inn at Blackwater (studying, beneath a foreseeing wagon which laid me from her, the poetry of motion, as embodied in her walk), I avoided myself of the services of my valuable wife, to copy out an important the other of two letters which my adored enemy had intrusted to a discarded maid. In this case, the letters have, of course, nothing to do. Dress, Madame Fosco could only open them, read them, perform her instructions, seal them, and give them again, by accidental oversight, which assistance I rendered in a half-ounce hottle. The second letter, which the same person were employed, was the occasion (to which I shall occa relief) of Lady Glyde's arrival in London. Marian, at any other time, was I indebted to my Art, as distinguished from myself. To all other emergencies and complications my natural genius was equal, for prompt, unprecedented, with circumstances, was invariably equal. I affirm this all pervading intelligence of this tragedy. At the request of the Chemist, I vindicate the Man.

Respect the outburst of generous indignation. It has irrepressibly relieved me. *En route!* Let us proceed.

Having suggested to Mrs. Clement (for Clements, I am not sure which) that the best method of keeping Anne Catherick from Marian was to remove her to London; having found that my proposal was eagerly received; and having appointed a day for the removal, I retire to the station, and to see them leave it, I was at liberty to return to the house, and to contemplate the difficulties which still remained to be met.

My first proceeding was to avail myself of the information which I had gained in my interview with Mrs. Clements that she should communicate her London address, in Anne's interests, to Mr. Fairlie. This was easy enough. Designing persons, in my absence, might shake the simple confidence of Mrs. Clements, and she might not tell me, after all. Who could I find capable of traveling to London by the train she traveled by, and of privately seeing her home? Madame Fosco, of course. The confidence of one of me immediately answered, Madame Fosco.

After dispatching my wife on this errand, I reflected, I arranged that the journey should serve a double purpose. A nurse for the suffering Marian, capable of being trusted implicitly to myself, was a necessity of my position. One of the most eminently confidential and capable women in existence was at my disposal, for the asking. I refer to that respectable matron, Madame Rubelle—to whom I addressed a letter, at her residence in Paris, on the behalf of my wife.

On the appointed day Mrs. Clements and Anne Catherick met at the station, and, I, likely saw them off. I politely saw Madame Fosco off by the same train. The last thing at night, my wife returned to Blackwater, having followed her instructions with the most unimpeachable accuracy. She was accompanied by Madame Rubelle, who had been brought to the London address of Mrs. Clements. After events proved this last precaution to have been unnecessary. Mrs. Clements politely informed Lady Glyde of her place of abode. With a wary eye on Sir Percival, I thanked Mrs. Clements.

The same day I had a brief interview with the doctor, at which I protested, in the sacred interests of my friend, against his treatment of Marian's case. He was insolent, as all ignorant people are. I showed no resentment. I declared myself satisfied, as ill it was necessary to quarrel to some purpose.

My next proceeding was to leave Blackwater myself. I left Sir Percival alone, to take, in anticipation of coming events. I had also a little business, of the domestic sort, to transact in the Hampshire Fairlie. I found the house I wanted in St. John's Wood. I found Mr. Fairlie, I, unfortunately, at home.

My own private familiarity with the nature of Marian's correspondence had previously informed me that I had written to Mr. Fairlie, proposing, as a relief to Lady Glyde's matrimonial embarrassments, to take her on a visit to her uncle's house in London. That I had wisely allowed to reach its destination; feeling, at the time, that it could do no harm, and might do good. I now proceeded to call before Mr. Fairlie, to support Marian's own proposal, with certain modifications which, happily for the success of my plans, were rendered really inevitable by her illness. It was necessary that Lady Glyde should leave Blackwater alone, by her uncle's invitation, and that she should rest a night on the journey at her uncle's house (the house I had taken in St. John's Wood), by her uncle's express advice. To achieve these results, and to secure a note of invitation which could be shown to Lady Glyde, were the objects my visit to Mr. Fairlie. When I have mentioned that this gentleman was equally feeble in mind and body, and that I let loose the whole force of my character on him, I have said enough. I came, saw, and conquered Fairlie.

On my return to Blackwater Park (with the letter of invitation) I found that the doctor's imbecile treatment of Marian's case had led to the most alarming results. The fever had turned to brain fever. Lady Glyde, on the day of my return, tried to force herself into the room to nurse her sister. She sent I had no affinities of sympathy; she had communicated to me a groundless outrage on my sensibilities of calling me a spy; she was actuated, moreover, in this way and in Percival's—but, for all that, my magnanimity forbade me to put her in danger of infection with my own hand. At the same time, I referred no hindrance to her putting herself in danger. If she had succeeded in doing so, the consequence which I have slowly and sedulously operating on night perhaps have been cut by circumstances. As it was, the doctor interfered, and she was kept out of the room.

I had myself previously recommended sending for advice to London. This course had been now taken. The physician, on his arrival, confirmed my view of the case. The crisis was serious. But we had hope of our dreaming patient on the fifth day from the appearance of the Typhus. I was only once absent from Blackwater Park—when I left the house, early in the morning train, to make the final arrangements at my house in St. John's Wood to accompany, by private hospitality, the Clements had not moved; and to settle one or two trifle problems matters with the housemaid of Madame Rubelle. I returned at night. Five days afterwards the physicians pronounced our convalescing Marian to be out of all danger, and to be in need of nothing but careful nursing. This was the time I had waited for. Now I felt confident and unembarrassed in my intelligence. I played the first move in the game by assuring myself against the doctor. He was one among many whom I relied on for my whole is not necessary to remove. A lively altercation between us (in which I behaved, professionally, politely) ensued. I refused to interfere) served the purpose in view. I descended on the miserable man in an irresistible avalanche of indignation, and swept him from the house.

The servants were the next encumbrances to get rid of. I dismissed them (with a generous yet not immoderate regard perpetual stalemate), and Mrs. Michelson was amazed, one day, by learning from her servant that the household was to be broken up. We cleared the house of all the servants but one, a lady's maid, and a domestic purpose, and whose limpid stupidity we could trust to make no embarrassing discoveries. When they were gone, I remained but to relieve ourselves of Mrs. Michelson—a result which was easily achieved by sending her aside to look for lodgings for her mistress at the sea-side.

The circumstances were now—exactly what they were required to be. Lady Glyde was confined to her room by nervous illness; and the limpid housemaid (I forget her name) was shut up with them, at night, in a detached one her mistress. Marian, though fast recovering, still kept her bed, and Madame Rubelle (who, by the other living creatures but my wife, myself, and Percival were in the house. With all the chances thus in our favor, I confronted the most emergency, and played the second move in the game.

The object of the second move was to induce Lady Glyde to leave Blackwater unaccompanied by her sister. Unless we could persuade her that Marian had gone on to Cumberland first, we could not hope to succeed in getting her over from Blackwater, by any means. To produce this necessary conviction, I contrived to place our interesting invalid in one of the unoccupied bedrooms at Blackwater. At the dead of night Madame Rubelle (who was, herself, myself (Percival not being cool enough to be trusted), accomplished the concealment. The scene was picturesque, painfully dramatic, in the highest degree. By my directions the bed was been made, in the morning, on a movable frame-work of cords. We had only to lift the frame-work gently at the head and foot, and to transport our patient where we pleased, without disturbing herself or her bed. No chemical assistance was needed, or used, in this case. Our interesting Marian lay in the deep sleep of convalescence. We placed the candles and opened the doors beforehand. I, in right of my great personal strength, bore the head of the frame-work; my wife and Madame Rubelle took the foot. I bore my burden of all inestimable treasures with a manly tenderness, with a fatherly care. Where is the modern Scandinavian Giant who could exhibit precision? Aim for the Arts! alas for this most picturesque of objects! the modern Scandinavian is nowhere to be found.

The next morning my wife and I started for London, leaving Marian secluded, in the unfinished middle of the house, under care of Madame Rubelle, who hardly consented to imprison herself with her patient for two or three days. Before taking our departure I gave Percival Mr. Fairlie's letter of invitation to his niece (mentioning her to sleep, on the journey to Cumberland, at her aunt's house), with directions to show it to Lady Glyde on hearing from me. I also obtained from him the address of the Asylum in which Anne Catherick had been confined, and a letter to the proprietor, announcing to that gentleman the return of his runaway patient to medical care.

I had secured, in my last visit to the metropolis, to have our modest domestic establishment ready to receive us when we arrived in London by the early train. In consequence of this wise

precaution we were enabled, that same day, to play the third move in the game—the getting possession of Anne Catherick.

Dates are of importance here. I combine in myself the opposite characteristics of a Man of Sentiment and a Man of Business. I have all the dates at my fingers' ends.

On the 27th of July, 1850, I sent my wife, in a cab, to clear Mrs. Clements out of the way, in the first place. A supposed message from Lady Glyde in London was sufficient to obtain this result. Mrs. Clements was taken away in the cab, and was left in the cab, while my wife (on pretence of purchasing something at a shop) gave her the slip, and returned to receive her expected visitor at our house in St. John's Wood. It is hardly necessary to add that the visitor had been described to the servants as "Lady Glyde."

The woman while I had followed in another cab, with a note for Anne Catherick, merely mentioning that Lady Glyde intended to keep Mrs. Clements to spend the day with her, and that she was to join them, under care of the good gentleman waiting outside, who had mixed saved her from discovery in Hampshire by Sir Percival. The "good gentleman" sent in the note by a street boy, and opened the cab's door or two farther on. At the moment when Anne appeared at the house door and closed it, this gentleman and the cab door were ready for her, absorbed her into the vehicle, and drove off.

(Pass me here one exclamation in parenthesis. How interesting this is!)

On the 29th, my Fosco Head my companion showed no fear. I can be paternal—no man more so—when I please; and I was intensely paternal on this occasion. What other I had to her confidence! I had compounded the medicine which had done her good; I had warned her of her danger from Sir Percival. Perhaps I trusted too implicitly to these titles; perhaps I understand the keenness of the lower instincts in persons of weak intellect—I is certain that I neglected to prepare her sufficiently for a disappointment on entering my house. When I took her out the drawing-room—when she saw no one present but Madame Fosco, who was a stranger to her—she recalled the secret violent agitation: if she had scented danger in the air, as a dog scents the presence of some creature unseen, her instinct could not have displayed itself more suddenly and more unerringly. I interposed in vain. The fear from which she was suffering, I might have soothed; the anxious heart disease under which she labored was beyond the reach of all moral palliatives. Her unspeakable horror, she was seized with convulsions—a shock to the system, in her condition, which might have laid her dead at my moment at our feet.

The nearest doctor was sent for, and was told that "Lady Glyde" required his immediate services. To my infinite relief, he was a capable man. I represented my visitor to him as a person of weak intellect, and subject to delusions; and I arranged that no nurse but my wife should watch in the sick-room. The unhappy woman was too ill, poor, to cause any anxiety about what she might say. The one dread which now oppressed me was the dread that the false Lady Glyde might die before the true Lady Glyde arrived in London. I had written a note in the morning to Madame Rubelle, telling her to join me at her husband's house on the evening of the 29th; with another note to Percival, warning him to show his wife her uncle's letter of invitation, to assert that Marian had gone on before her, and to dispatch her to town by the mid-day train on the 31st. Madame Rubelle, I had felt the necessity, in Anne Catherick's state of health, of precipitating events, and of having Lady Glyde at my disposal earlier than I had originally contemplated. What fresh directions, in the terrible uncertainty of my position, could I now issue? I could do nothing but trust to chance and the doctor. My emotions expressed themselves in pathetic apostrophes—which I was just self-possessed enough to couple, in the hearing of other people, with the name of "Lady Glyde." In all other respects, Fosco, on that memorable day, was Fosco shrouded in total eclipse.

He passed a bad night—she awoke worn out—but, later in the day, she revived amazingly. My electric agents worked with her. I could receive no answers from Percival and Madame Rubelle till the morning of the next day, the 30th. In anticipation of their following my directions, which, accident apart, I knew they would do, I went to secure a fly to fetch Lady Glyde from the railway; directing to be at my house on the 29th, at two o'clock. After seeing the order entered in the book, I went on to arrange matters with Monsieur Rubelle. I also procured the services of two gentlemen, who could publish on both the necessary occasions of lunacy. One of them I knew personally; the other was known to Monsieur Rubelle. Both were men whose vigorous minds were soured superficially by narrow scruples—both were laboring under temporary embarrassments—both believed in Fosco's talent.

It was past five o'clock in the afternoon before I returned from the performance of these duties. When I got back Anne Catherick was dead. Dead on the 28th; and Lady Glyde was not to arrive in London till the 29th!

I was stunned. Meditate on that. Fosco stunned!

It was too late to retrace our steps. Before my return the doctor had officiously undertaken to save me all trouble by registering the death, on the date which had happened, with his own hand. My grand scheme, unassailable hitherto, had in weak place now—one offering to my put could alter the fatal event of the 28th. I turned manfully to the future. Percival's interests and mine being still at stake, nothing was left but to play the game through to the end. I recalled my imperturbable calm—and played it.

On the morning of the 29th Percival's letter reached me, announcing his wife's arrival by the mid-day train. Madame Rubelle also wrote to say she would follow in the evening. I started the fly, leaving the false Lady Glyde dead in the house, to receive the true Lady Glyde, on her arrival by the railway, at three o'clock. Hidden under the seat of the carriage, I carried with me all the clothes Anne Catherick had worn on coming into my house—they were destined to assist in the conversion of the woman who was dead, in the person of the woman who was living. What a situation! I suggest it to the rising novelist writers of the day. It is as totally new, to the worn-out dramatists of France.

Lady Glyde was at the station. There was great crowding and confusion, and more delay than I liked (the easier we get her friends had happened to be at the station) in reclaiming her luggage. Her first questions, as we drove off, appeared to be not her own at all—they were intended nerves of the most pacifying kind; assuring her that she was about to see her sister at my house. My reason in conversation only, was in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, and was in the occupation of Monsieur Rubelle, who received us in the hall.

I took my visitor up stairs into a back room; the two medical gentlemen being in the room lying on the floor beneath, to see the patient, and to give me their certificates. After quieting Lady Glyde by the necessary assurance about her sister, I introduced my friends, separately, to her presence. They performed the formalities of the occasion briefly, but very politely, conscientiously. I entered the room again as soon as they had left it; and at once prepared events by a reference, of the alarming kind, to "Miss Halcombe's state of health.

Results followed as I had anticipated. Lady Glyde became frightened, and turned faint. For the second time, and the last, I called Science to my assistance. A glass of water, and a medicated bottle of smelling-salts, relieved her of all further embarrassment and alarm. Additional applications, later in the evening, procured her the inestimable blessing of a good night's rest. Madame Rubelle arrived in time to preside at Lady Glyde's toilet. Her own clothes were taken away from her at night, and Anne Catherick's were put on her in the morning, with the strictest regard to propriety, by the maternal hands of the good Rubelle. Through, at the date, I was not guilty of a crime of partially-suspended consciousness, until the electrons assistance of my medical friends enabled me to procure the necessary order rather earlier than I had ventured to hope. That evening (the evening of the 30th) Madame Rubelle and I took our charge, in a hackney-coach, to the Asylum. She was received with great surprise, but without suspicion—thanks to the order and certificates, to Percival's letter, to the Clothes, to the clothes, and to the patient's own confused mental condition at the time. I returned at once to assist Madame Fosco in the preparations for the burial of the false "Lady Glyde," having the clothes of the true "Lady Glyde" in my possession. They were afterward sent to Cumberland by the conveyance which was used for the funeral. I attended the funeral with becoming dignity, attired in the deepest mourning.

My narrative of these remarkable events, written under equally remarkable circumstances, closes here. The minor precautions which I omitted, in communicating with Madame Fosco, are already known—so is the magnificent success of my enterprise—so are the solid pecuniary results which followed it. I have to assert, with the whole force of my conviction, that the one weak place in my combination would never have been found out if the one weak place in my heart had not been discovered first. Nothing but my fatal admiration of Marian ever strained me from stepping in to my own rescue when she effected her sister's escape. I ran the risk, and succeeded in the complete destruction of Lady Glyde's identity. If either Marian or Mr. Hartright could have found the identity, they would publicly expose themselves to the imputation of sustaining a rank deception; they would be dismissed and discredited publicly; and they would, therefore, be powerless to place my interests or Percival's secret in jeopardy. I committed no error in trusting my secret to such a blindfold calculation of chances as this. I committed another when Percival had paid the penalty of his own rashness and folly, by granting Lady Glyde a second reprieve from the mad-house, and allowing Mr. Hartright a second chance of escaping me. In both cases, the chances were against me, but the fault was in himself. Deprived of the one characteristic which I lack, the cause in my Heart—behold, in the image of Marian Halcombe, the first and last weakness of Fosco's life!

At the ripe age of sixty, I make this unparalleled confession. Youths! I invoke your sympathy. Maidens! I claim your tears.

A word more—and the attention of the reader (concentrated breathlessly on myself) shall be released.

My own mental insight informs me that three inevitable questions will be asked here by persons of inquiring minds. They shall be stated; they shall be answered.

First question. What is the secret of Madame Fosco's unbecoming devotion of herself to the fulfilment of my hatred? Is it the fearless nance of my deepest passions? I might answer this by simply referring to my own character, and by adding, in all truth—Where, in the history of the world, has a man of my order ever been found without a woman in the back-ground, self-immolated on the altar of his life? But I remember that I am writing in England; I remember that I was married in England—and I ask, if a woman's marriage-obligations, in this country, provide for her private opinion of her husband's principles? No! They charge her unreservedly to love, honor, and obey him. That is exactly what we my wife has done. I stand here on a supreme moral elevation; and I I fully account for my secret presence of her conjugal duties. Silence, Calumny! Your sympathy, Wives of England, for Madame Fosco!

Second question. If Anne Catherick had not died when she did, what should I have done? I should, in that case, have assisted worn-out Nature in finding permanent repose. I should have opened the doors of the Prison of Life, and have extended to the captive (unjustly sulicited in mind and body both) a happy release.

Third question. On a calm revision of all the circumstances—Is my conduct worthy of the Man of Sentiment? Most emphatically, No! Have I not carefully avoided exposing myself to the odium of committing unnecessary crimes? With my resources in chemistry, I might have taken Lady Glyde's life. At immense personal sacrifice I followed the dictates of my own injured nature, and my own humanity, my own creation—and took her identity instead. Judge me by what I might have done. How comparatively innocent I am! Correctly virtuous I appear in what I really did!

I remember, on beginning it, that this narrative would be a remarkable document. It has entirely answered my expectations. Receive from my hand, the pen which I have used for the last time. I leave forever. They are worthy of the occasion, and worthy of Fosco.

FOSCO.

OLD KING HAKE.

Born of the Sea on a rocky coast
Was old King Hake,
Where lower and lower and more frost
Brave virtue make!
He was a hero in the old
Blood-letting days;
An iron hero of Norse mould,
And warring ways.
He lived according to the light
That lighted him;
Then strode into the eternal night,
Resolved and grim.
His grip was stern for free sword play,
When men were by;
His feet were rough-shod for the day
Of treading down.
When angry, out his blood would start
With old King Hake;
Not meek in dark caves of the heart
Of his mate,
And secret murder's hole in time
Was not made for him.
He wore no web of wile and word;
He bore with none.
When sharp within his death sleep
Lay his good sword,
He held it royal work to keep
Its edge for him.
A man of valor, bloody and wild,
In Viking weed;
And yet of tender heart feeling mild
As honey-mead.

Once in his youth, from farm to farm,
Collecting scat,
He gathered, and welcomes warm;
And one night sat,
With beaker full and happy for his three-score years,
Wishing no harm—
Where peasant faces merrily shone
Upon him,
Their Braga-bowl was handed round
By one fair girl:
The Sea-King's heart, and thought, "I've found
My hidden pearl."
Her wavy hair was golden fair,
Her cheeks roses were carled;
Her eyes clear blue as heaven, and there
Lay his new world.
He drank out of the mighty horn,
Strong, stinging mead;
Then wiped his mouth with the warm unshorn
With hand as rough,
And kissed her; drew her to his side,
Her head on his breast,
Saying, "If you will make her a Bride,
I'll make her a Queen."
And round her neck he fell an arm,
For, in those days,
A waist could feel: 'twas lithe and warm,
Not stiff as stays.
"How many brave deeds have you done?"
She asked her woven,
Counting the array gold rings: they now
One victory more.
The blood of joy leaked rich and red
Out of his face;
And to his smiling strength he wed
Her tender grace.
'Twas thus King Hake struck royal root
In homely ground;
And behhldst the stem of his goodlier fruit
His branches crowned.

But Hake could never hind at home
His spirit free;
It grew familiar with the foam
Of many a sea;
A rare good Hake whose way was
As many a war,
And woes no gem for ornament
Left scath and scar
In day of battle and hour of strife,
Cried Old King Hake;

"Kings live for honor, not long life."
Then would he break
Right through their circle of shields, reach
Some chief of a race
That never yielded ground, but each
Died in his place.
There the old Norseman stood up tall
Above the rest;
Maimed of battle, head of all,
They saw his crest
Where the war-wave reared, and rode
O'er mounds of dead,
And where the battle-dust was trod
Most red.
For Odin, in the glad wide blue
Of heaven, would laugh
With mirthful, wild, and ruddy dew
Of slaughter quaff.

Hake did not seek to softly die,
With child and wife;
He bore his head in death as high
As in his life.
Glittering in eye, and grim in lip,
He bade them, Hake,
Ready for sailing his War-Ship,
That he, King Hake,
The many-wounded, grey, and old,
His day being done,
He, the Norse warrior, brave and bold,
Might die like one
And chanting some old battle-song,
Thrilling and weird,
His soul departing, should his long
Majestic beard.
The gilded bark was ready, still red,
In his right hand;
With shield on arm, and helm on head,
Hake held his wand,
And girded him with his good sword,
And so attired,
With his dead warriors all aboard,
The ship he fired,
And lay down with his heroes dead,
Hake, the old King,
Still singing, dropped his gray old head,
With face to sky:
There, as a sinking sunset dies
Down in the west,
The fire burnt out; the rude heart lies
At rest—at rest,
And sleeping in its ocean bed,
The funeral pyre
Most royal for the kingly dead
O' the old sea-fire!
So the Norse noble of renown,
With his stern pride,
That fleeing crown of death pulled down,
And so he died.

SNAIL-EATING.

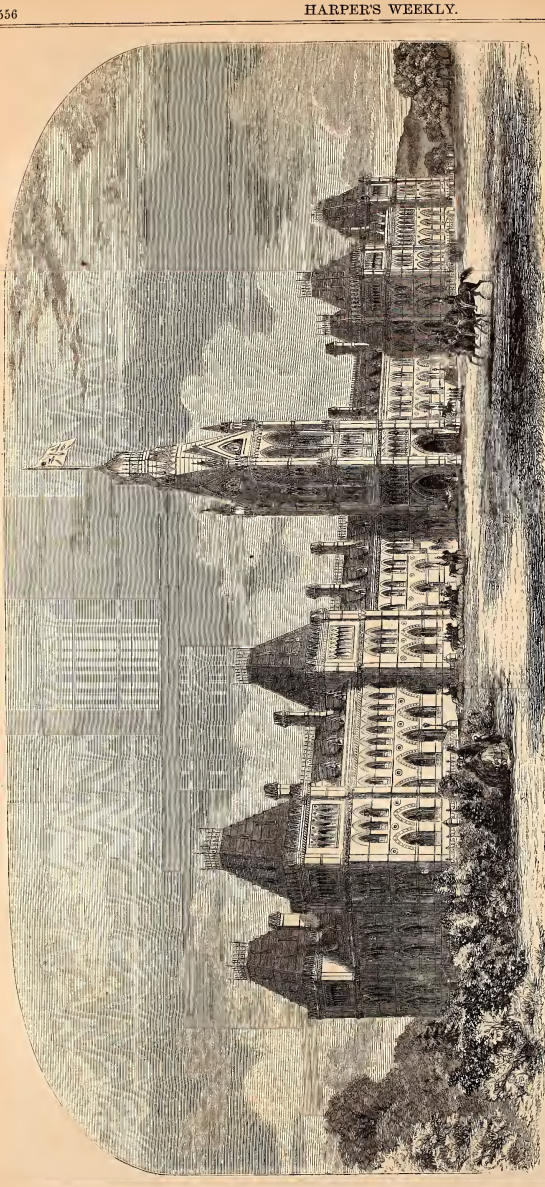
Ir he was a bold man who first ate an oyster, we hold it to be equally incontrovertible that he was a bolder man who first ate a snail from his shell. Nevertheless, the snail has been regarded as an article of food from the earliest ages. In Pliny's time snails had become a favorite dish with the Roman gourmands, and every corner of the empire was ransacked for the finest and fattest specimens. The practice of fattening snails for the table lasted for many centuries; and there were to be found snail-houses in Mediterranean villages, known as *escargotières*, in France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Austria, during the last century.

Like the frog, the small new-found many admirers in England as a comestible; but in France, especially the wine-growing and southern departments, it is a favorite article of food, and an important item of commerce. They are not only used for home consumption, but are sent abroad to Amoeica, the Antilles, and Senegal. Some idea of the estimation in which they are held may be formed from the price of the snail, which varies according to size and quality; from a penny to twopence per hundred at Toulouse, but those which are sent to Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, and Fraeche Comté, realize as much as sixpence per hundred. The latter, however, are of a very large and excellent description, known as *Petits Pourmons*, the vine-snail or Burgundy oyster. The entire animal is nearly three inches long, of a yellowish or grayish gray, and its skin covered with rough tubercles. Its shell is proportionately large, thick, and strong, of a tawny-brown or yellowish color, with irregular bands and markings.

At Marseilles, the *H. Pisana*, or snail of Pisa, is in most request, and it eats to the amount of three five or six thousand francs every year. This is a pretty and delicate-looking small, with a yellowish shell, marked with brown bands, and the interior of pearly rose. This would be a good snail to begin upon, if we were contemplating course, as it has a much less formidable appearance than the large *Pourmons*, or Burgundy oyster.

If any of our readers should be recommended a dish of snails, it is generally with a diffident air, and an appeal to their medical reader than their gastronomical virtues; for instance, snail-powder, which is made of these mollusks dried in an oven, shell and all, and then bruised in a mortar, is only recommended as a dose to be taken as an emulsion; and clarter or slug powder, which is similarly prepared, is recommended as more palatable, and consequently more suitable for consumptive patients.

Here, however, is a genuine receipt for snail-soup: Wash the snails well, and throw them into a pan into very hot water; take them out of the shell, and pass them through several waters, *working them well with the hand*; slice them, pound the shells, and put all into a saucepan, with as much water as will cover them; boil, skim, and let them simmer for several hours; add a little salt, sugar, and a very small quantity of mace, to correct the mawkish taste; add their own tallow—or as some would say, as Abernethy recommended the cucumber to be served, throw them out of the window.



PROPOSED NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA, CANADA, OF WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYS THE CORNER-STONE.

VOICELESS VERSE.

BY C. H. WEBB.

THE world is rife with nobler thought
Than trembles on the tongue;
The world is full of melody
Unwritten and unsung.
The music of a march is sweet,
But action is sublime.
And you may live a nobler verse
Than can be told in rhyme!

Sweep from my sight these voiceless books—
They vex my weary brain;
And I will sit at Nature's feet—
Her open page the plain—
And read a pleasant pastoral
In every blade that grows;
A lyric in the lily-leaf,
An epic in the rose.

Let lyres and lutes, with tinkling breath,
To love-sick girls belong;
The rhythm of a well-spent life
Is sweeter far than song.
The music of the music of music
Our world were not so dead
If half our bards would cease to write
And live their poems instead!

THE CITY OF OTTAWA.

FROM Montreal the Prince of Wales goes to Ottawa City, which is to be the future capital of the Province of Canada—unless the British Provinces should be united, in which case Quebec would probably be the capital. At Ottawa he is to lay the corner-stone of the new Parliament House; we accordingly present our readers with a fine picture of them, from the architect's design. They will be, perhaps, the finest State House in North America. In No. 156 of this Journal we published a full description of them.

Ottawa itself is a pretty little town of perhaps four or five thousand inhabitants, admirably situated on the River Ottawa, and at the mouth of the Rideau Canal. Its first name was Bytown, in memory of Colonel By, the engineer who built the Rideau Canal. In 1856 the inhabitants had it changed, and reverted to the more poetic aboriginal appellation. Tradition states that the first settler of Ottawa was a Yankee named Wright, who built himself a log-cabin there sixty years ago. The place grew slowly. The adjacent country does not precisely teem with milk and honey, though a great deal of lumber is taken out of the woods round about, and floated down the Ottawa to a market. Within the past ten years, and especially since the Queen designated Ottawa as the proper site of the Provincial Government, the town has thriven mightily.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER IN WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO).

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

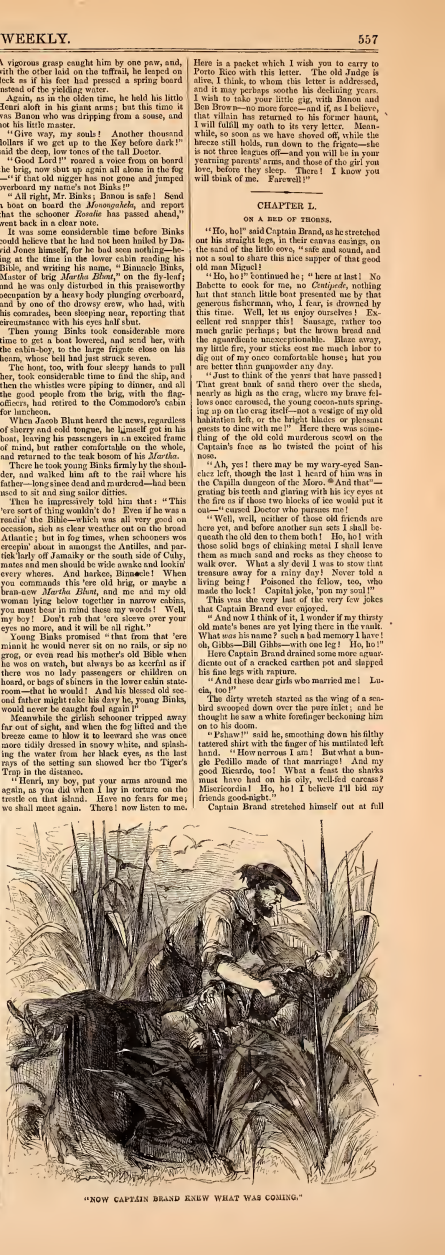
CHAPTER XLIX.—(*Continued.*)

To go back again for a week, the *Mononyiskla*—double-banked leviathan as she was—came plunging out to sea from Kingston; every man and boy, from Jack Smith on her forecastle to Bill Pump in the spirit-room, and from Richard Hardy to Tiny Moses, knowing from the first plunge the frigate made what they all sailed for.

With her proud head toward the east she went dashing on past the White Horse Rocks, and woe to the small angry waves which did not get out of her way, for she smashed them contemptuously in foamy masses from her majestic bows, sending them back in sparkling spray and bubbles to hiss their anger away to leeward in her wake. On she went, far off to sea where the trade-wind was strongest, disdaining gentle zephyrs near the land, with her great square yards swinging round at every watch while bending to windward; the tacks close down, yards as fine as they would lie, and the heavy sheets flat aft.

Every evening the surgeon, the purser, the chaplain, the major, and the old sailing master were in the cabin, going over the chase of a certain Pirate in a schooner *Centipede*, away down on the Darien Coast, with Cape Garrote there under their lee, and the vultures and the sharks grinding the bones and tearing the flesh of the half a man with the tusk gleaming out of his wiry mustache; and the Padre, with his eyes staring wide open, and the crucifix, borne away by the carnivorous birds of prey.

All of those dreadful particulars, together with matters that had gone before—of a lost boy, a heart-broken mother, and a murdered man, Mr. Binks, on board the brig *Martha Elbert*—the party at Escondido, the snuff-box, and Paul Darcantel. All about him, too, from the tragedy on the plantation, his despair, and reckless life afterward, when he served in slavers, where he did something to alleviate the sufferings of the poor wretches; and afterward how he was trapanned to the Duce Leguas, went



THE OLD WATER-LOGGED LAUNCH.

a cruise with Mr. Bill Gibbs, whose leg he heckled off with a hire-saw, and knew all the time about the locket; the little child he had saved; how that child had saved him from his torture on the trestle with his mouselike teeth; how he had wandered the wide world over searching and searching for the mother of that boy.

And there the boy was—the manly, brave young fellow now—whom officers and sailors had always loved, flying away with the dark Doctor—no longer Darcanteel, but Harry Piron—with his fond father and mother in the distance; and the sweet girl he adored with her blonde head resting in her mother's lap.

Ay, every soul in the ship knew all about it, and talked of it, and drank to the happiness of the young couple; all save Dick Hardy, who moved energetically about the frigate's decks, with his eyes every where, slow and sleek, prompt, sharp, and quick, quite like Cleveland there beside him, when they were together in the old *Sonora* during the hurricane, and chased to her destruction the *Centipede*.

"Sail ho!" sung out the man on the fore-topsail yard.

"Where away?"

"Right ahead, Sir. A brig on the starboard tack!"

Ay, the old *Martha Blunt* bounding along under all sail, sweeping in the short-armed seas, and striking them doggedly, as she beat up for the Windward Passage between Hayti and Cuba.

But there was an old sea bruiser of a different build, who swore he had been in the West Indies, was after that sturdy old brig with teak ribs for a hearty set-to; and when she came up alongside, in the friendly sparring-match which ensued while both squared their main yards and lay for an hour side by side, there was considerable conversation; so much talk, in fact—boats going to and fro, mingled with roars, and shrieks, and clasping of hands on board the brig—never a sound on board the ship—that the blue pennant fluttered in such a way it was hard to tell whether it was Jacob, or Piron, or the sweet wife, or Madonnaisele, or her lovely mother, who threw their arms around that pennant's truck.

Then yard-arm and yard-arm, the frigate with her canvas canopy of upper sails furled, and the brig in her best bib and tucker, they both filled away and moved side by side.

For a day or two they went on, talking and laughing to one another in those friendly shakes of the hand over blue water, until one day, the brig being to windward, she came upon an old, water-logged launch, with a broken mast and a torn sail hanging over her side.

It fell calm, and Jacob Blunt ordered young Binks to get into the yawl and tow the hoat alongside, and to be smart about it; for the breeze might make so soon as the fog rose, and the Commodore was not the man to be kept waiting in a big frigate. Mr. Binks was smart about it, and presently he returned—though there was no hurry, for the calm lasted a long time—with his water-logged prize.

There was no human being in this prize; but when she came alongside, and a yard tackle was hooked on to her stern-sheets and hoist, Jacob Blunt and the people on board gave a pleasant yell of astonishment.

It was not the usual pack of Spanish cards, or the few handles of saturated paper cigars floating about, which caused this excitement. No, it was several canvas bags lying there in the stern-sheets, strapped with strands of a woman's red petticoat to the empty water-casks beneath the thwarts; and not one of those canvas bags, or what was in them, injured in the least by salt-water. Very carefully were those bags—and they were weighty—lifted on board the brig, over the rail where the pirates swarmed some long years ago, on to the quarter-deck; and then there was another joyous shout from Jacob Blunt, as when he had hailed the trade-wind in that long-past time.

"By all that's wonderful, here is my old bag of guineas, and some fare Spanish milled dollars! Look at the mark, my darlings!"

Another weighty bag was set aside for Mrs. Timothy Binks, and the rest were devoted, with some large doubloon reservations for crew, to Mrs. Hannah Binks and Jacob Blunt in their declining years.

Then, the weather being still calm and foggy, Jacob and his passengers went on board the double-banked frigate for Church service, where they all prayed with much hope and thanksgiving for what had passed and what was to come; and then they went into the Commodore's cabin, where they remained ever so long a time.

Let us go back this same week again—a very long seven days it has been for every body, particularly so for the sea-weed man, who was extremely anxious, as he kicked and lashed his mule, and kept looking round the south side of Jamaica, from Portland Point to Pedro Bluff and San Negril, throwing a ray of cold frost there day and night, expecting that tell Doctor to come striding along in that deep water, heading due north.

And at last the dark figure hove in sight, in the schooner *Rosalie*—the sweet little craft skimming exultingly over the seas, kissing them occasionally with both her dainty, glistening cheeks, reeling joyously over on her side, with her tidy dimity lined and spread in one flat sheet of white; while the slender arms bent like whalebone to the freshening breeze, and bent like the dancing bubbles sparkling and frisking lovingly in her wake, as she leaped away from their liquid embrace.

Two hundred miles to go, and the breeze fell from fresh to light, until at last, shrouded in a thick fog, one Sunday morning, when there was no air at all, only a flat calm, the sea as smooth as a glass mirror with the quicksilver clouded.

Then out sweeps, my lads! Ten of a side, and two of those bronzed old lads at each sweep! All except the two after ones, where Ben Brown and the tall Doctor handled one spiece.

Then, with sails down and bare arms, the light little *Rosalie* continued gliding rapidly over the mirrored surface—a little ashamed of herself, perhaps, at being seen in such a scanty rig—while her commander guided her graceful course, and Harry Greenfield peered about forward to see that no harm should arrest her dainty footsteps.

Presently was heard the toll of a bell. The sweeps paused—the hide gromets resting on the thole-pins, and the water raining from their broad blades.

"That must be a man-of-war off here on the quarter," exclaimed the young officer at the tiller, "ringing for church."

The old seamen at the sweeps unconsciously took off their hats, wiped the sweat from their brows, and listened.

"It can hardly be the *Mosquiteto*," said Ben, "though I pray she took more of a breeze to wind'ard, off the island."

Still the schooner glided on noiselessly over the sea, until, a minute later, Harry Greenfield sung out,

"Port, Sir! or we'll be plump into a vessel here ahead."

The helm was put down, and the *Rosalie* lowered off to starboard within a hawsit-toss of a large brig.

"By my grandmother's wig," said Ben, "that's the old *Martha Blunt*!"

"Heurs," said Paul Darcanteel, in French, in his deep voice, "the last request I shall ever make is to keep on. There is not a moment to lose!"

"Give way, men!" shouted the officer, in a decided tone, as the weeks came with a stifled gasp from his heaving breast, while the sigh that followed was drowned in the splash of the sweeps. The water as they again chafed in their grooves, and the foam flashed away from the blades astern.

But there was another splash. A white object sprung with a bound over the brig's quarter, dipping below the surface of the calm sea, and when it came up two great flippers, with a large black head between them, struck out like the paws of an alligator, breasting the water with a speed that soon brought him within a few fathoms of the schooner's low counter. Then raising hold of the slack of the main sheet, which was thrown to him, he came up, hand over hand, as if he could tear the stern frame out of the schooner. A vigorous grasp caught him by one paw, and, with the other laid on the taffrail, he leaped on deck as if his feet had pressed a spring board instead of the yielding water.

Again, as in the olden time, he held his little Henri aloft in his giant arms; but this time it was Bancu who was dripping from a souse, and not his little master.

"Give way, my souls! Another thousand dollars if we get up to the Key before dark!" said the deep, low tones of the tall Doctor.

"Good Lord!" roared a voice from on board the brig, now shut up again all alone in the fog—"if that old nigger has not gone and jumped overboard my name's not Binks!"

"All right, Mr. Binks; Bancu is safe! Send a boat on board the *Mosquiteto*, and report that the schooner *Rosalie* has passed ahead," went back in a clear note.

It was some considerable time before Binks could believe that he had not been hulled by David Jones himself; for he had seen nothing—being at the time in the lower cabin reading his Bible, and writing his name, "Binnacle Binks, Master of brig *Martha Blunt*," on the fly-leaf; and he was only disturbed in this praiseworthy occupation by a heavy body plunging overboard, and by one of the drowsy crew, who had, with his comrades, been sleeping near, reporting that circumstance with his eyes half shut.

Then came Binks with considerable more time to get a boat lowered, and send her, with the cabin boy, to the large frigate close on his beam, whose bell had just struck seven.

The boat, too, with four sleepy hands to pull her, took considerable time to find the ship, and then the whistles were piping to dinner, and all the good people from the brig, with the flag-officers, had retired to the Commodore's cabin for luncheon.

When Jacob Blunt heard the news, regardless of sleepy and cold tongue, he himself got in his boat, leaving his passengers in an excited frame of mind, but rather comfortable on the whole, and returned to the teak boards of his *Martha*.

There he took young Binks firmly by the shoulder, and walked him off to the rail where his father—long since dead and murdered—had been used to sit and sing sailor ditties.

Then he impressively told him that: "This 'ere sort of thing wouldn't do! Even if he was a rendin' the Bible—which was all very good on occasion, such as clear weather out on the broad Atlantic; but in fog times, when schooners wos creepin' about in amongst the Antilles, and partick'larly off Jamaiky or the south side of Cuby, mates and men should be wide awake and lookin' every wheres. And harkee, Binnacle! When you commands this 'ere old brig, or maybe a bran-new *Martha Blunt*, and me and my old woman lying below together in narrow cabins, you must bear in mind these my words! Well, my boy! Don't rub that 'ere sleeve over your eyes no more, and it will be all right."

Young Binks promised "that from that 'ere minnit he would never sit on no rails, or sip in fog, or even read his mother's old Bible when he wos on watch, but always be as keerful as if there wos no lady passengers or children on board, or bags of shivers in the lower cabin starboard room—that he would! And his blessed old second father might take his day be, young Binks, would never be caught fool again!"

Meanwhile the girlish schooner tripped away far out of sight, and when the fog lifted and the breeze came to blow it to leeward she was once more tidily dressed in snowy white, and splashing the water from her black eyes, as the last rays of the setting sun showed her the Tiger's Trap in the distance.

"Heurs, my boy, put your arms around me again, as you did when I lay in torture on the trestle on that island. Have no fears for me; we shall meet again. There! now listen to me. Here is a packet which I wish you to carry to Porto Rico with this letter. The old Judge is alive, I think, to whom this letter is addressed, and it may perhaps soothe his declining years. I wish to take your little gig, with Bancu and Ben Brown—no more force—and if, as I believe, that villain has returned to his former haunts, I will fulfil my oath to its very letter. Meanwhile, so soon as we have shoved off, while the breeze still holds, run down to the frigate—she is at three leagues off—and you will be in your yearning parents' arms, and those of the girl you love, before they sleep. There! I know you will think of me. Farewell!"

CHAPTER L.

ON A BED OF THORNS.

"Ho, ho!" said Captain Brand, as he stretched out his straight legs, in their canvas casings, on the sand of the little cove, "safe and sound, and not a soul to share this nice supper of that good old man Miguel!

"Ho, ho!" continued he; "here at last! No Babette to cook for me, no *Centipede*, nothing but that stanch little boat presented me by that generous fisherman, who, I fear, is drowned by this time. Well, let us enjoy ourselves! Excellent red snapper this! Sausage, rather too much garlic perhaps; but the brown bread and the aguardiente unexceptionable. Blaze away, my little fire, your sticks cost me much labor to dig out of my once comfortable house; but you are better than gunpowder any day.

"Just to think of the years that have passed! That great bank of sand there over the shoals, nearly as high as the crag, where my brave fellows once encamped, the young cocoa-nuts springing up on the crag itself—not a vestige of my old habitation left, save the bright blades or pleasant grass to dine with me!" Here there was scuffling of the old cold murderous scowl on the Captain's face as he twisted the point of his nose.

"Ah, yes! there may be my wary-eyed Sanchez left, though the last I heard of him was in the Capilla dungeon of the Moro. "And that"—grating his teeth and glaring with his icy eyes at the fire as if those two blocks of ice would put it out—"cursed Doctor who pursues me!

"Well, well, neither of those old friends are here yet, and before another sun sets I shall bequeath the old den to them both! Ho, ho! with those solid bags of chinking metal I shall leave them as much sand and rocks as they choose to walk over. What a sly devil I was to stow that treasure away for a rainy day! Never told a living being! Poisoned the fellow, too, who made the lock! Capital joke, 'pon my soul!"

This was the very last of the very few jokes that Captain Brand ever enjoyed.

"And now I think of it, I wonder if my thirty old mate's bones are yet lying there in the reef. What was his name? such a bad memory I have! Oh, Gibbs—Bill Gibbs—with one leg! Ho, ho!"

Here Captain Brand drained some pleasant quenchlente out of a cracked earthen pot and slapped his fine legs with rapture.

"And those dear girls who married me! Lucia, too!"

The dirty wretch started as the wing of a sea-bird swooped down over the pere inlet; and he thought he saw a white forefinger beckoning him on to his doom.

"Pshaw!" said he, smoothing down his filthy tattered shirt with the finger of his mutilated left hand. "How nervous I am! But what a bumgle Pedillo made of that marriage! And my good Ricardo, too! What a feast the sharks must have had on his oily, well-fed carcass! Misericordia! Ho, ho! I believe I'll bid my friends good-night."

Captain Brand stretched himself out at full

"NOW CAPTAIN BRAND KNEW WHAT WAS COMING."

length on the shelly strand, his boat secured by a clove hitch round his right leg and riding easily on the little inlet; his hold head, with the few dry gray hairs on his temples, resting on Miguel's scanit flat, and the thin scum of frosty eyelids drawn over his frozen eyes—cracking their covering at times—until at last the Pirate, aided by fiery sagacious, slept.

A few late comesants and sea-birds sailed over him in his fitful slumber, and uttered a cold cry as if their perking bill and sharp eye would half startle, as they sought their silent retreats on the wall of rocks opposite.

And Captain Bendi dreamed as he lay—of the old hird, his father, in prison; his mother weeping over forged notes; the sleeping, unsuspecting people had benarchmarked; the prison, the pillages he had committed; the men he had slain in open conflict; those he had executed with his own private arm; the poor women of Panchea, in worse torments, when, indeed, even knife or pistol, rope or poison, would have been a mercy; the agony and anguish of those who survived them; with all the concomitant horrors which make the blood run cold to think of, and which made the Pirate's almost freeze in his veins—living years in minutes—did Captain Brandi, as he lay there on the shell sand in his troubled nightmare of a sleep.

"*Ah, Dios! Dios!*" chattered the Señora Banana Tomalo, at the other end of the hulk, tolling over on the ledge of the rocks at the Tiger's Tray.

"What has become of my Ig—Ig—nacio—the one-eyed old villain who has persecuted me for forty years? Why did I cut the old lunch adrift before I put it in myself? And why am I alone and desolate on this cursed island and my Ig—Ig—nacio has been with me this night or come back to me! *Ah, Dios! Dios!* what has become of the little man? He will kill me, certain, when he comes back and finds the boat gone with all the money, which nearly broke his thin back to bring here; but, *Dios! Dios!* I am dying of thirst, and not a drop of water, because I jerked herf has gone into my old mouth—"

Yes there has, Dona Panchea, for just then a piece of human flesh—a forearm, with the fingers for mastication—was placed across your crying mouth that you might bite upon, if you would—you very well could.

For while you were screaming on the rocks, and yelling for your Ig—Ig—nacio, the Pirate lied for the last tug of gold that wasn't there, a light gig glided in like a black-fish, and a bigger black-fish jumped up and stopped your mouth, Panchea, with that bit of hide rope. But if you will keep quiet, Panchea, and not excercise Buenos for the Evil One, that the Pirate will give you a cup of liquid not known in the devil's dominions, and treat you also to some white biscuit and mobile upon.

Ah! you will, eh? and tell all about that thin cuff of smoke, which you believe to have been sent by that land-crab? Ha! Panchea, swap up there by the index! Now keep quiet again, old lady Banana; and while your mouth big mouth is gagged, don't cut this small gig away, or else she may navigate herself out to sea, as old yoyo Ig's launch, and you be left desolate again.

The tropical night was still; the lizards whistled, the lizards roared; the moon shone, the ripples washed musically on the shelly shores, the alligators flapped about on the surface of the lagoon, the bats hunted among the mangrove thickets; and as the gray dawn of morning appeared, and the rain began to fall, a chilled mist hung around, through which the birds flapped their wings and sailed away in search of their morning's meal, the shark and the deep-sea fish, however, lay still and motionless low down by the base of the reefs, and watched with their cold, round eyes, the Pirate Brand, too, arose, and opening *his* greenblush eyes, smoothing his moulting feathers, and splashing his fins in the wet sand, took in observation.

This was a rainy day for which Captain Brand had laid by all that money to spend in!

It was a Monday morning—Black Monday for Captain Brand—when, after divesting his leg of the clove hitch, he secured old Miguel's boat to a large stone, and then, according to his own ancient practice, he clambered with difficulty up to the verandah crag. Captain Brand had no pipe, tobacco, and there was a drizzle of rain falling, but yet he thought he saw a large ship, a brig, and a small schooner in the offing.

So Captain Brand sauntered down again, a good deal disconcerted, knowing it would be hours and hours before those vessels, if they be the island, even were they so inclined; but nevertheless he hesitated himself. Fortifying his inner man with the last half-pint of rum and water for breakfast, which quite refreshed him, he went to work.

First, he took Miguel's copper coffee-pot, into which he emptied that disciple of the net's shark oil jug, which Miguel himself used for a torch to attract the fish. Then, with a strip of old canvas—part of one leg to Captain Brandi's trousers; to such straits was he reduced—he made like a bad one and of a stick, and a match-box, he was all ready for Black Monday's work.

Captain Brand, however, was no mean musician: he snugly stowed away his beautiful pistols in a locker of the boat to keep them dry, never having been wet but twice before in all his marine excursions—the first time at Cape Gurrote, and the next when he jumped overboard from the brigantine at St. Jago. He set great store by those valuable implements, for they had done him good service in time of need, and had some his possession of them always, and sold them almost for their weight in gold.

But, for the first time, Captain Brand forgot his personal friends and honest companions. It was a great oversight; and he was extremely sorry when it was too late to go back for them. However, with the copper oil-pot dangling from his little finger, where the sapphire once shone, and the torch-stick in the other hand, he marched boldly over the sandy ridges toward the crag.

But, Captain Brand, there had been three pairs of open eyes watching you through every handful of sea-grass you snapped, and every drop of fiery white rum you swallowed. Ay! and while you stood alone on the sandy beach, with the red glow of the embers of the fire lighting up your cold-blooded, wrinkled face—while, twisting your noses, you muttered Ho! ho! of murderous satisfaction—there was not a hird that swooped over you, or a lizard on the rocks with jet beads of eyes, but was as sharp as did those attentive beholders from the crag.

And when you made your observations from the young cocoa-nut clump, those watchers received the information of two of them clambered through a hole in the roof of the decaying little chapel, while the other moved to the little country of cocoa-nut plantations, where scooped a place in the sand and cactus behind the one cut with the letter L.

Captain Brand meanwhile came on, picking his way through the dense cactus, which lacerated his legs, and sadly tore the remains of his pirate coat. The sun was shining down in torrents, the thunder growled and crashed as the tropical storm burst over the island; and just as a vivid sheet of forked lightning lighted up the little crag, and the awful peal that followed shook it to its base, Captain Brand crept for shelter under its circle of the cocoa-nuts, and sat down to prepare for a more extended research.

He may have been in a very remoty minutes; but when he again emerged the rain had ceased, the clouds were breaking away, and the gents seemed thousand years old. He seemed to have hurrowed all the millions of wrinkles from his complexion, in addition to those he already possessed. The thin lids of his frozen green—now quite sol-lowness had apparently exhaled by intense cold, and left nothing but a white lock of hair.

What caused our brave Captain to reel and stagger as he plunged into the cactus and the tangled cactus, without his tattered hat, like a wolf flying from the hounds? Had he trodden on a snake, or a scorpion, or a tarantula, or a white finger waved him away? Yes, all three. But the interview with his one-eyed compadre had shocked Brand most.

On he came, driving the hot, wet sand before him, toward the Padre Ricardo's chapel. There was a cold light in his eyes, and a cold smile of spasmodic effort that he could unclose his sheet-white lips, where his sharp teeth had met upon his end, which he had gnashed together as he lay in the lock-jaw, while he snorted through his nostrils.

"Ho!" he gasped, "the spying old traitor has sacked the cavern, and the gold must have been in that hole in the roof, which I saw from the reef. Ho! the traitor has found the torture I promised him; but I would like to have killed him little clever!"

Here Captain Brand, having regained some few faculties and energy, moved on beyond the church, till he came to the cocoa-nut beach, alone, where he stood still.

It was in vain with deck or sand!

Shaking his still brown-stricken eyes by both hands, he glared to seaward.

"Ho! ho! he cried, in a tone, my Yankee Commodore, with that old brig under convoy, and that pretty schooner! Reminds me of my old *Corpsode*. Ho! ho! I know that pretty schooner, and I must begin the world anew. I am not old; here is my strong right arm yet; and who cared for my life?"

Captain Brand made these remarks in a loud tone, as if he wanted the whole world to hear him; and as he lifted his hand, he stamped, and come to a strong resolution to retrieve his misfortunes.

As he waved his strong right arm aloft, while, in imagination, blood raised from the blade of his curious cutlass dripping, he was struck dealt behind the back, of an unsuspecting skipper or mate, suddenly he paused, and the arm fell powerless at his side, while the strong right nose like a pirate from a gibbet on a windy night.

He caught sight of the old broken cocoa-nut trunk to which he had hitched the green silk purse, with its mass-gold chain round its neck, and he squirmed to prevent himself falling to the sand.

"Ho!" he choked out, his jaws rattling like my bones, "I see it all now. The column was snapped just where the rope was hitched, and the treasure must have been hurled down in the hurricane. Ho, ho! That's the way my man escaped, to dog me all over the world. Ho! I care no time to lose; he may be here at any moment."

This was the last connected speech that Captain Brand ever made in this world, for, in the one to come, perhaps; for at the last word Paul Dacrantel came in his well-remembered injury before him. With folded arms he bent his sarcastic eyes upon the Pirate, wherein the revenge of twenty years was gleaming with a concentrated power.

"You pulsed villain! the oath I took to you, and for which I have been accursed, expired yesterday! I took another myself, when we stood here last together; and I am come to fulfill that oath, and—strike!"

His terrible voice and words came back in an echo from the crag, and echoed and echoed with their terrible meaning, as he pierced and beyond the before him into sleep. And the Pirate would have fled had not the sharp, cold, cutting, piercing pangs grabbed him about the body, pinioning his arms to his sides as if they had been bolted through and through; while at the same moment another pair of tough, sea-weed flippers wound a lashing round his straight legs, and they laid him gently down on the sandy esplanade.

"The trestle, Banon. And you, Ben, bring the hide strands, the faled old cord, and that thick alim-cloth."

The Pirate lay on his back, his eyes wide open—for he had seen that there since the lids had gone in front—but the solid balls, light-green now in the liquid, rolled from side to side. He recognized the old spectacles, though it was in different hands than those of Pedillo and his confederate; and he saw also that, though the big green spectacles were gone, yet he knew those of nautical matters taught him that it yet might bear taut strain; and that those coils of hide thong were made by any sailor versed in rigging, and he saw as well that they had been carefully dipped in grease.

But what was to be done with that rotten, moth-eaten old cloth, which the men used to play mound on, thereafter nights, in the shed, and on which the good Padre played *his* cards likewise in the chapel? It was not to keep the cold air away from him or shield his half-dashed body from the poisonous insects. Then what could it be for?

"Lift him up, men, and when you lash him down, leave only that little finger free!"

Ben Brown squatted himself on a stone beside the bier, with the Pirate's stiffness unbended and laid on the sand, and sleeves rolled up, began his work. He had a chaling-mat to make for the dead-eyes of the Pirate's lower shrouds, though in a hurry, still intended to make a neat job of it. Ben was a good sailor, and a pointed marline-spike, too, which he wore behind his ear, a talisman, round his neck, and which stood him in hand in the intricate parts of his task.

Taking in at a glance the exact amount of hide strip he required, he stretched his cable, and passing each strand fair and square, his old bronzed arms went backward and forward, under the Pirate's shoulders, reaching a little bit by accident in the Pirate's own thin hide as he passed the strand, and the tail of his marline-spike, but always apologizing in his dialect, rough very, though without squirting tobacco-juice into his mistress's face, as he did to Pedillo's or Brandi.

"Beg parding, ye infernal Pirate! but that stick will do yo no harm. It'll heal much sooner than the cut you gave of yer pretty face through both cheeks of my watch-mate when you gagged him on board the brig.

"I say, old Pirate, there was a little more of that slush, will yo? this 'ere strand won't lie flat. Thankee, old darkey! Kitch hold on that 'ere end, while I draw it square up to twen his pins, and straighten out that 'ere knee-mark for you, Pirate."

"I wouldn't hurt yo, yo bloody villain, for a chaw of tobacy.

"Worm work, shipmate! suppose yon just toddle down to the boat for that 'ere grafted bottle yin' in the starn sheets, and bring a tin pot of fresh water, for I feel the gentleman might be thirsty, you know. I am Benjamin Brown, of Sandy Point, seaman."

So Benjamin, called Captain Brand, late of the *Centipede*, down on his bier; not a thong too little or one in the wrong place. A strand of hide round his neck, and the big green silk up in spite an ornamental way and worked round with a large green leaf.

"Brentbin' works all reg'lar, too, no bit of hide hearn' an unequal strain over his head back. Kitch hold on that 'ere end, while I draw it order, little finger free, and there, Capting Brand, just let old Ben reward ye, good for evil, for valid-mutinied, for treachery! Ye ought to mate gave him with the pistol on the head, by pinching this soft pillow of green silk rope under yer head, and I'll give ye a little this time, so ye can look at your finger, while I pass this broad piece of stuff over your ear. Don't ye look at me, yo bloody scoundrel, or I'll let thee ye copper spike slip into one of yer junk hottle mind!"

"Now," continued Ben, "I'll take a spell till the Doctor and the old nigger comes back."

Ay, the dog-fish, sharks, and the mat over the dead-eyes of the shrouds!

During this neat and seaman-like operation Paul Dacrantel had stood over on the edge of the flying wolf till he came to the cleft in the rock. There he picked up and lighted the torch and stalked on, leaving the canoe to wait for before the low cavern, and pushed his way in the cleft, the Pirate's bier before him. Paul Dacrantel had nerves, they would have shaken at what he saw; but having none to shake, he stood calmly by the side of the bier.

There lay the head of the ancient Ignacio, caught, as he tried to creep out of the treasure chamber, by the fatal stroke of the cutlass. It must have been sudden, for the stump of a paper cigar was still seated in his wrinkled lips, while the snake-like curls twined about his ears and his wary eye still looked out with its usual suspicious integrity, and seemed to throw out a spark from the dull embers of the coal. The dog from a coil in a slimy bed of sand before the head was a monstrous alligator, with the head back curved into the broad flat head, all like an ebony cane, straight, motionless, and elegant to the curved top—fascinated by that single living orb of the dead man.

The human intruder left this well-matched pair to their own venomous devices, and winding his way on he soon came to the open door to the vault, a powerful lock smashed in the door of the dungeon, and while the rusty bolts were still ringing on the stone pavement, Paul Dacrantel entered the treasure chamber.

He saw nothing at first save a few fragments of broken crockery and a rusty metal pot, not even a rat. But flaring the torch down upon the mouldy floor something sparkled in the light. This he snatched, and it was the long-lost locket and chain which had last rested around the baby-boy's neck.

When the Doctor strode back to the esphanade of the chapel he found Benjamin Brown and Banana taking a friendly sip out of the jug.

"Well, sir," said Ben, as he got on his pins and stropped on his enclasp, "there he is, Sir! and as neat a piece of cross-lashing as ever I did. He looks as if he growed there, just like a hawk-bill turtle a-lilin' in the ship's coppers, only he ain't pickle-shaved.

"I did it practical, too, Sir, and tried to compare with the rules, in case he had any presents to make to his friends.

"Why, Sir, and would you believe it? I offered to give a drop of grog—sarcastic like—down his tight mouth, but he never had the perlitenes to thank me or ax me a question, but only looked wicked at me. Concern him! if he had only winked, I wouldn't mind it!" said Ben, with much indignation; "but, however, I don't care he's way think to have or any friends left!"

But Captain Brand, though speechless without being tongue-tied, and unable to wink, still thought. And what did that Doctor propose to do with him, in case he was not to be hung to death by insects, sand flies, musquitoes, and wind not?

"Lift the trestle for the last time men, and stand it here over this thick bed of cactus, so as the little finger may touch the letter on this table-top!"

Now Captain Brand's doubts were relieved, and he knew what was coming. O ho! ho!

"There! that is right! Now collect stones and rocks, and wall this trestle up solid to the edge of the frame so that a hurricane can't loosen it."

Big Banana went to work now, and presently big pots and jugs, cord wood, and large hard stones of pirates, well yecked down with sand, made the sides of the living tomb. Then the thick pale wax candles were lighted, and they left the Pirate to his inevitable doom.

Soon the three executioners reached the Tiger's Tray.

"Banou! take this locket and chain—oh! I am loose it well—to my young master. Brown, the two thousand dollars will be placed in your and Greenfield's hands for distribution among the widows and orphans of those who died of it. Tell the Commodore that I shall take no old woman we have found here away with me in a little fishermen's boat to Kingston, and there in the year I shall be at home! There! shove off my lads!"

As the gig skimmed through the Tiger's Trap Paul Dacrantel, with the widow of her Ignacio, sailed out by the Alligator's Mouth, and as they crossed the lagoon, the sun came out in its unclouded glory in the West, and the young people, with their pearly crescent, looked tinfully down upon the island.

And the night passed, and the next and the next, with scourging days and blazing sun—twen them, while the mangroves, the gum, the cocoa-nut, and the cactus—all luxuriant plant throve upon—because in the cactus crooked bayonets two inches of a night in thorny needles as thick as pins in a paper; growing clean through the hide of every man like blood, till their hardedged leaves met resistance, when turning flat side up they put forth a score for one of the parent stems!—No cause from Paul Dacrantel. From shoulder to heel one long, hopeless agony. The cocoa-nut was flaming down, absorbed by the black pall of death! The mangrove glimmered in pale white rays of splendor through the moth-eaten shade upon the ground, and the white tombstone! All the day and all the night!

Was it a dream, Captain Brand? No! A frightful reality. The ants, the flies, the worm at every slow pulse of the heart they are aiming at. And don't you hear those dread croakings of pelicans and alligators flying in the air, who have left their prey on the reef to join the vultures in their feast on the shore? You may always catch the grinning teeth of the raging jaws of the sharks, as they crowd into the inlet, and rear their cold noses on the shelly cove where you slept!

Flesh and blood, and poisons and beaks can endure no longer! A cloud of carnivorous birds swoop down at last, snap the black pall in their talons and bills, and fly fighting and screaming over the island. Another cloud, darker than the rest, light upon the body, and while the needle points pierce the palpitating heart, and the terrible fixture on the dead, elongated lips and nostrils, the eyes are picked out and the flesh is devoured. Black insects and all, the dead man is left an hideous white skeleton with the long bony finger pointing to the letter L.

The tempest whacked on the rocks, the alligators lashed the lagoon amidst the steaming mist of the mangrove roots; the sharks and birds retreated to their lairs, the cocoa-nuts rattled their tufted tops, the palms crackled in the shower and gale; and the pure lambs murmured musically on the shelly shore for years and years, and remained the sacred key, until the whitened bones crumbled into dust and were borne away by the four winds of heaven.

CONCLUSION.

THE tempe has been turned and spread, the strands twisted and the rope laid up. The knots have been turned in between good sailors and good pirates and mere-of-warsmen—and here Harry Gringo hauls down his pennant until like crawing crow once again to take a cruise with him in blue water.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 193.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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ABD-EL-KADER AND THE DRUSES.

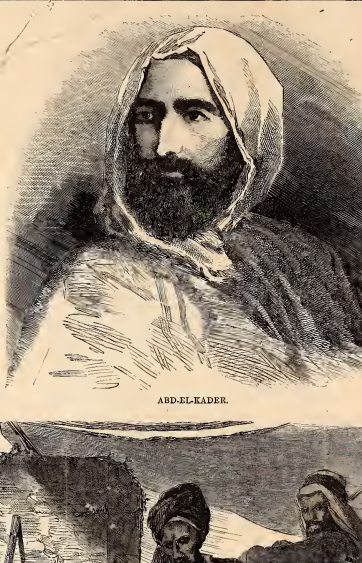
WE publish herewith a portrait of the famous Algerian chieftain, Abd-el-Kader, who has made his name a household word by his noble protection of the Christians of Damascus. We also publish a graphic picture of a group of Druses.

Abd-el-Kader, who ten and fifteen years ago was well known as the gallant defender of Algeria against the French, was born in that region in the year 1807. His father was a chief—Hadji-Ouled-Mahiddin: he traced his genealogy as far back as Mohammed himself. When the French first began a war of conquest in Algeria, in 1832, Abd-el-Kader took up arms against them; he was the last to lay them down, and it was only by the aid of the Emperor of Morocco that the French conquered him at last. Throughout the war he displayed the highest military and manly qualities. He was brave, indefatigable, skillful in the battle-field; wise in council; humane to his prisoners; chivalric to his enemy. A hundred times or oftener it was announced in the Paris papers that he was overcome, and finished; but the news was no sooner afloat than later intelligence announced his reappearance on some unprotected flank of the French army. It was in fighting him that all the great French Generals of our time—Bugeaud and Cavaignac, who are dead, Lamoricière, Changarnier, Pelissier, Canrobert, and others, learned the trade of war.

Many pleasant anecdotes are remembered of these never-ending Algerian campaigns. Once Abd-el-Kader wrote to King Louis Philippe, proposing an exchange of prisoners. The King made no reply. Abd-el-Kader wrote again, in these words:

"I offered to exchange my prisoners for thine. Thou hast not answered my letter. I return thy prisoners notwithstanding. I have done my duty: 'tis now for thee to do thine."

When, at last, in 1846, the gallant chief was overborne, bemaned in, and stripped of most of the force which had rendered him so terrible, he wrote to Lamoricière:



ABD-EL-KADER.

"I have struggled long enough. I might still escape to the desert, but I see that God does not approve my enterprise. If thou hast the will and the power to send me into the East, as thou didst once propose, I will surrender. Conduct me thither."

General Lamoricière agreed to these terms, and the chieftain gave himself up to the French. The Duke d'Aumale, Louis Philippe's son, who was Governor of Algeria, ratified the bargain, and Abd-el-Kader, like another Jugurtha, was conducted to France, en route for the East. Unhappily for the honor of the French nation, Louis Philippe had too little honesty to stand by the bargain. Instead of sending Abd-el-Kader to the East he kept him a prisoner at Toulon, and set guards to watch his movements. It was reserved for the present Emperor to set the noble chief free after five years' confinement. On the 23 December, 1852, the day the empire was proclaimed, the Emperor sent to Abd-el-Kader and told him that, in compliance with the broken promise of the Duke d'Aumale, a French ship of war was ready to convey him to the East. The chief went first to Broussa; thence he soon after removed to Damascus, where he has ever since resided.

His recent conduct has been above all praise; he well deserves the cross of the Legion of Honor which the Emperor has just sent him. We published, in our last number but one, the letter in which he described the massacre of Damascus.

Of the Druses we have written a good deal of late. We may add here a brief memorandum derived from the records of a careful traveler:

The Druses occupy the southern section of the Chain of Lebanon, their great strong-holds being round Jezzin and Muktarah, and in the valley of Baruk. They also abound in the villages of the eastern and western declivities of Hermon. Their numbers have been estimated at about 78,000. They are more a political than a religious body. At all events, their religion is of an accommodating nature, and they are in the widest sense to "become all things to all men" that their own ends might be served. Their tenets are veiled in

A GROUP OF DRUSES IN LEBANON.

much obscurity, and many of their rites and ceremonies are unintelligible. So far as their profession of faith is known, it consists of the following propositions: 1. The unity of God and his manifestation of himself in men in the persons of several individuals, the last of whom was Hakim. 2. Five superior spiritual ministers always existing; who have also appeared in the persons of men at various periods. The chief of them is Hamza and Christ. 3. The transmigration of souls. The souls of men never pass into animals. 4. The belief in a period when their religion shall be triumphant. 5. The seven points of Islam are set aside and the following substituted: Veracity (to each other), mutual protection and aid, renunciation of all other religious profession, the unity of God, contentment with his works, submission to his will, separation from those in error, and from demons.

Their place of worship are usually in remote but conspicuous spots—most of them on the summits of hills. Absolute privacy is the rule.

They are not so numerous as the Maronites, but they are far more warlike. When at peace they are industrious and hospitable, but in war they are noted for their daring ferocity.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1860.

HOW TO RECEIVE THE PRINCE.

IT is now settled that the Prince of Wales is to be in New York before the middle of October, and it is also settled that instead of a dinner he is to receive a public ball at the Academy of Music on the 12th of that month. The ball is to be given by the committee appointed in the annual meeting held in Boardmaid since; it consists of fifty or sixty of the richest, oldest, and most respectable men in the city, and there is no doubt they will do the business well. It has been remarked that there is not a mechanic, or a farmer, or an operative on the list of names. There was, of course, no intention to slight any class by selecting the committee exclusively from that section of our people which is sometimes termed "the aristocracy." The idea was to choose men who could not only give weight to the reception by their influence, but could afford to pay for an entertainment of the most expensive character; and as the number both of committee men and guests was necessarily limited, those were selected who could fulfilled these conditions.

At the same time the ball will not be the only public testimonial of respect to the Prince. The firemen are to give a torch-light parade at the Mayor's expense (the military will be invited), the British residents will probably give a private reception, if the Prince will accept it. There is no reason why the "new and old" of the people should not adopt some plan to testify their good-will toward the future sovereign of our most intimate ally. A grand open air demonstration in the Central Park or Jones's Woods, with a hundred thousand intelligent and well-behaved people assembled in his honor, would be a sight which could not fail to please the Prince, and would be an event not without political significance. Such a celebration would not be costly, and would have the great advantage of securing a holiday in the pleasantest season of the year to our overworked operatives. In future years the picture of a hundred thousand honest New York faces, lit up with a kindly welcome to this young stranger, could hardly be forgotten, and might, some day or other, have its effect on the policy of England toward the United States.

BULLS AND BEARS.

PEOPLE who live far from Wall Street attach a mysterious and sometimes an awful signification to the terms "bulls" and "bears," which figure in the reports of the doings in that naughty place—the Stock Exchange. It is only the knowing ones who understand that bulls are speculators, often prudent, who buy bulls buyers of stocks in the hope that they will rise, and the bears sellers for future delivery, hoping that they will fall. Both of course "talk the market" to suit their operations. A bull sees every thing prosperous around him, and serene in the future; to a bear the future is pregnant with gloom and trouble, and ruin.

There are bulls and bears out of Wall Street, who would perhaps be surprised to hear themselves called by such names. The world is, in fact, full of bulls and bears; we are all of us either one or the other. The hopeful man who puts his money into new enterprises—builds houses, and ships, and railroads—founds lyceums, and establishes debating societies, is a bull; he who sees in the future railroads ruined, ships wrecked, houses deserted, lyceums dissolved, and dull debates at "the Athenæum," and who therefore will have nothing to do with them, is a bear. The one is a type of enterprise; the other of caution. Both are useful men in their way. Jones, who takes a sanguine view of every thing—who headed the subscription for the new church—who paid the schooling of that orphan, in the belief that "the little chap had something in him"—who took stock in the new bank—who *would* try the new steam-plow—who owns a share in the Atlantic Telegraph, and believes in the flying-machine—Jones, of course, is a bull beyond conversion; yet what could we do without him? Smith, again, who doubts in his heart whether the world really moves—foresaw the failure of the Erie Railroad, and, by his advice, induced old Mrs. Timpkins to sell out and save her little property—doubted the success of the proposed canal, and defeated the scheme which every body now sees would have been folly—denounced the Bloomer costume as an intolerable innovation—stood manfully by the Constitution when his fellow-citizens were away for new reforms—didn't believe in Walker, and tore down every his ticklish position—never encouraged inventors, whom he regards as lunatics and impostors—expects the silvery quarrel to end in a great war, Louis Napoleon to be shot or poisoned, the English to be driven out of India, Garibaldi to be defeated and hanged, and all the New York Stocks to sink next Monday morning—Smith is a very sad bear; but is he not useful in his day and generation? It is hard to say whether we could spare the bear more than Jones. Without the one we should make no progress at all; but without the other we should "go to smash" once a year.

There are other bulls and bears whose domain is moral. Old Grump is a moral bear. He is a sallow, sour-faced man with a scowl. He don't believe in virtue, in patriotism, in purity, or disinterestedness, or charity, or truth. He sneers at the idea of virtuous women, who, he says, have only been hypocrites for a reputation. "My motto is," says he, "that you must consider all men as rogues till you have tested them; and when you think you have found an honest man make up your mind that you are a fool, and that he has deceived you." He calls all donations of money for charitable purposes disguised advertisements. He says the great merchant, S——, opened soup-kitchens for the poor in the famine times, Grump went about demonstrating that this was worse than bad. His opinion of our statesmen is that they are all rogues, and he never votes for fear, as he says, of helping one of the rascals to plunder the public. He never votes for any good word, regarding all as hum except a few fools who don't know enough to lie. Grump is a moral bear, and we dare not do without him because—

Old Cheerfuce is a moral bull. He is a fat, cheerful, jovial soul. He believes what every body says, and is sometimes shamefully victimized by sharpers; perhaps, however, he is no unhappier on discovering the fraud practiced on him than Grump was in detecting it beforehand. He believes that we have a very fine statesman now as they had in the olden time; yes, Sir, and as good men in every calling. He subscribes to no end of charities, and goes away with a laugh when his friends tell him he is throwing away his money. He never passes a beggar without giving him a dime. He is an impostor, but what if he isn't, Sir? He trusts his people and the tradesmen with whom he deals; it is really so easy to cheat him that those who know him never do it. They feel that he believes them to be honest, and whether they are or no, they endeavor to justify the belief. He never doubted Havelock's heroism, or Miss Nightingale's self-denial, or Webster's patriotism, or Carnochan's surgical skill, or O'Connor's knowledge of law, or Bryant's poetic genius. He don't think the world is coming to an end, and he don't say that things were all better managed when he was young. They feel he loves him, and call him "the old man."

Reader, gentle reader, are you bull or bear?

REGISTRATION OF MARRIAGES.

It is understood that the priests of the Roman Catholic Church follow the example of the Archbishop, and refuse to communicate to the City Inspector of Marriages the fact of marriage, and, we presume, also the baptisms and burials at which they officiate. They, like the prelate, justify their refusal to obey the law by stating that, in many cases, a compliance with the injunctions would involve a violation of a sacred trust reposed in them, and would disclose to the world facts which it would be cruel to disgrace on the parties concerned. In other words, they say that they have frequently to marry people who have lived in adultery, and wife and wife, and whom the world supposed to have been married long since; likewise to baptize children who are illegitimate.

The defense is a poor compliment to the morals of the Roman Catholic laity. We should not have supposed that consciousness was so common among the Roman Catholics that decency forbade the publication of a record of their marriages and deaths. This, however, is a matter which the Archbishop must settle with his own people. The probability is, that the Archbishop objects to register the marriages he performs, not from a fear of offending decency or feeling scandal, but because the Roman Catholic Church does not recognize as valid marriages celebrated by Protestant clergymen. When a Catholic girl marries a Protestant in a Protestant Church, she is held by the Romish Church to be living in concubinage until she has been remarried by a Catholic priest. A publication of marriages, such as the law requires, would verbalize this absurdity. The Archbishop foresees, and wisely seeks to escape so unpleasant a discovery.

However all this may be, it is quite enough to observe that a marriage register is absolutely necessary to civilization. It is a part, and one of the most valuable parts, of that census which all civilized nations take at periodical intervals. It is the best known key to social progress and material prosperity; for, as every one knows, the number of marriages and vital births invariably increases with general prosperity, and declines in hard times. Above all, it is the only true safeguard against endless litigation regarding inheritances; the only certain protection for legitimate heirs; the only reliable means of establishing legitimate descent and family relationship. Lord Brougham and Archbishop Hughes, both registers of marriages, or allow them to be kept by irresponsible priests, and our census will be defective in a most material particular; you shall be unable to apply the best of all tests to the progress of our national prosperity; and no man will be able to prove incontrovertibly his legitimacy or his legal right to his father's inheritance.

We do not think the public are prepared to go as far as this to oblige his Grace. On the contrary, we are of the opinion that the effect of his ill-timed opposition to a perfectly sensible law—a law which, by-the-way, has for years been thoroughly carried out, not only in Protestant England but in Catholic France—will simply be the introduction of a new bill at the next session of the Legislature, substituting imprisonment for the fine which is now the penalty of non-compliance with the legal requirement. The people of the State of New York will submit to a good-deal for peace' sake; but they are not quite prepared to be priests of any denomination, and to have their wives choose to obey, and the laws which they choose to break.

Perhaps by the time the Legislature meets the wealthy Catholics of New York will have paid up some more money toward the New Cathedral the Archbishop is building. In that event we suppose the Bill for which his Grace will be found less uncompromising in his resistance to the law, and less zealous for martyrdom. The appeal for money addressed so very close on the appeal for persecution that one can not help thinking they were not wholly disconnected in the archiepiscopal mind.

THE LOUNGER.

II. R. II.

THE Prince is to come to New York, but he will not dine with us; he will only dance. Well, we have had princes before. The Prince de Joinville came in *La belle Poule*, and he danced with us, and made himself very pleasant. The Prince and princess Joinville, as he was familiarly called by lounging and his cronies, was only the younger son of the King of the Frenchmen. But this is the thing that shall be. This is the dauphin of Great Britain.

In one of his recent letters, which, to parody Willis's title, might properly be called "Letters from under the Table," the excellent Mr. Jenkins mentions that the Queen, when he lately appeared but a short time before for resting his carriage horses, "having used them for the purposes of the dance, he turns them back and leaves them to find their parents or guardians as best they can." Mr. Jenkins is not happy in his descriptive style. To say that a gentleman uses ladies for the purposes of the dance is neither so brief nor so elegant as the phrase of expression to say that a gentleman dances with them. If Mr. Jenkins will permit a kindly word of advice, he would do well to use a little more phraseology when he describes the great ball at the Academy.

He is probably not aware that the etiquette of court circles is much different from that of the severe republican simplicity with which he is more familiar. In the Tuileries, for instance, a royal prince, having surveyed the company, stands a pace to kindly to the lady whose appearance pleases him that he thinks it likely she will dance with her. The royal wish dissolves all other engagements. It would be a sad breach of propriety should the lady hesitate or refuse. In the minuet, when Mr. Jenkins is passing a few days in London, and the Queen, leaving off it, hastens to summon him to dance at Buckingham Palace, he should understand, as his friends the Marquis of Westminster and Lord Ponsonby would inform him, that when a royal invitation is a command; and that although he may have engaged to take a step at "Jee's" with his friend Mr. John Thomas, he must excuse himself to Mr. Thomas, and dine with the Queen. Royalty is an exception to all rules. Nothing would seem more impolite and unbecoming to a natural sense of propriety and good feeling than that a man should break his engagement to dine with a poor and obscure gentleman because a rich and great one had afterward invited him for the same day. But Royal Highness is a sovereign. The whole system of courts and exalted marriages is based upon an artificial, and not a natural, sparticrity. There was probably never a more ignorant and surprised and selfish man in what is called "good society" than George the Fourth. Yet George the Fourth was known as the first gentleman in Europe.

Dear Mr. Jenkins, don't misunderstand. To speak in your own favorite style, "a prince as a prince" will be also a gentleman; and every thing conspires to make us all believe the Prince of Wales to be in that category. We all reserve our final opinion of him, and of his Royal Mother, Doubtless the Montreal affair was very well. But when the Gammyhaws take matters in hand, you and Mr. Jenkins, that it is a very different thing.

OF THE MILDER TYPES OF POVERTY.

HALF a million of dollars is at least a comfortable competency. With the income of that sum judiciously expended the sharper twinges of poverty may be avoided. Indeed the great majority of men would gladly compensate their chance of ten millions beneficial for half a million paid down. If they had invented any useful machinery—if they had written any great work—if they had served the world in any way, and the world said, "I will give you half a million of dollars and cry quits," the great mass of men would have joyfully answered, "Quits."

But Mr. Howe of the sewing machines has no idea of crying quits. He pretends a very useful invention. It greatly enhanced the value of the machines; it created new forms of labor, furnished more employment, etc., etc. The tides drawn near for the expiration of the privilege. "I want it renewed," says Mr. Howe of the sewing machines. "Halle! haven't I paid half a million dollars for your invention?" cries the world. "Yes; but it is not enough. It is not proportion. ed to the value of my improvements," says Mr. Howe of the sewing machines.

This reply is natural enough, and raises the whole question—when is an inventor adequately paid by society for his invention? If it be really a service to the laborer, by saving labor and lessening life, either directly or indirectly, then, of course, you can not make an exact statement, because there is no relation between life and money. We must look for an answer elsewhere.

Society wishes to use the talent of all the men that compose it. Mr. Foster and Mr. Bancroft talent it rewards it with fame or honor, with money, or with the value of any improvement in money is a tax upon the individual, and therefore society properly holds that when the fruits of talent have been reasonably enumerated the tax shall cease to be levied. This is the philosophy of the limitation of patent and copyright laws. They assume, at bottom, the loyalty of the individual to society. They assume that he is willing that society at large shall enjoy the benefit of his talent after it has literally paid him twenty-seven years for it. Shall we the maker of a machine must add to its cost the expense of its improvement, so long, of course, it is nearer to the perfect. And whether the improvement lessens the cost of manufacture, the tax of the patent is still additional. Shall we tax the poor by society because his invention is considered useful; but *how* useful society itself must decide.

"I love you hundred dollars work," lisps the child to his mother. It is an amusing standard, because affection can not be so valued. "I love your invention dollars work," lisps the inventor's wife," says society to Mr. Howe of the sewing machines. It is not a pitiful sum. It is a life-long fortune for any man. It is freely given, because the invention is valuable. But if you should have a million dollars, why not a hundred million dollars, Howe of the sewing machines? Please to be content with riches. Please to remove this tax from the working class. If you had made only a thousand dollars, or ten thousand, or fifty, or a hundred, you might declare that your profit was not proportionate to that of the inventor of the Bible. Hundred thousand dollars! Oh, Mr. Howe of the sewing machines!

PRIVATE VS. PUBLIC LIFE.

THE recent reluctance to private life of one of the most prominent public men of the country, and the Banks of Massachusetts have shown such general attention to the subject of the pecuniary value of public offices, is very curious.

The Lounger's idea of life is constantly increasing, but the salary of public men remains fixed, and slowly diminishes. It has therefore come to be understood, that, for an eminent lawyer to accept a seat upon the bench, or for any adequately accomplished man to go to Congress, or to the State Legislature, implies a very serious reduction of his income. In other words, the State is a poor paymaster. Bill's, "twenty-five, twenty-one and pound-foolish!"

The Lounger's idea of public office not to be pecuniarily profitable as to make it sought by venal men for the sake of its salary. The *fact* is, that if it be not pecuniarily profitable it will be avoided by competent incumbents, and will be held by men who will indirectly and dishonestly make a good bargain of it.

For instance, in this State even a Lounger can not be deaf to the indignant protest against the expense of the Legislature. Nobody, at all the parties profess to want clean men in the next Assembly. All the papers and people seem to look to the party meetings. Let us believe them for a moment. Let us concede that we are all virtuously disposed to the nominations to the Legislature. Now then—

"Mr. Chairman, I nominate Mr. Demosthenes Green as a representative from the fifty-eighth district."

The nomination is seconded. Mr. D. Green is nominated by acclamation. What does he say? He says, "Gentlemen, my business gives me from four to ten thousand dollars a year; I personally am persuaded it. If I play truant I lose it. You ask me to spend more than a third of the year in Albany, for which you agree to pay me three hundred dollars. No, I think you?"

The Convention naturally asks him if he is not willing to do so much for his country? If patriotism does not inspire him to sacrifice, etc., etc? Mr. Demosthenes Green answers No. And what is the result? That, with five exceptions, men are sent whom any great speculator feels no fear in approaching with a bribe.

Besides, why should a State expect to be served upon more favorable terms than individuals? As an employer, you know that you can get the best wages for the best service. If you want a good book-keeper, or foreman, or artist of any kind, you must give a liberal salary. Why should you not expect that accomplished men would keep your books from motives of pure brotherly love as well as that they should serve in the Legislature from patriotism? And to bring it to a point, if to be the interest of a railroad company to pay the highest salaries to its officers, is it not quite as much the interest of a State to do the same thing?

It is very clear that, as a rule, we shall never see the ablest and most practical men in public office, except in times of great public emergency, until the common people learn some relation to the importance of the service. Nor ought we to expect to find them there in great crises, because, however willing and able they may be to serve, it will take a long time to master the corruption of elections, which inevitably creeps in where officers are despised, and are sought only by venal men for venal ends.

NOTE TO THE FOREGOING.

THERE will probably always be plenty of people willing to take office. It is not a question of quantity but of quality. When Mr. Buchanan was elected President, a gentleman who had worked for him went to Washington with his pocket full of letters to General Cass, the Secretary of State, who called at the Department and presented his letters to the Secretary. "They are entirely satisfactory, Sir," said the Secretary, politely. "I see that you are an applicant for the consulship at Genoa."

"Yes, Sir," replied the applicant; "I thought I should probably have no difficulty in securing so unimportant a post."

"Perhaps, Sir," said the Secretary, "you would like to see the list of applicants for the Genoa consulship?"

The gentleman opened his eyes.

"List of applicants! I supposed that nobody else would have thought it worth while to—"

"Here, Sir," interrupted the Secretary, "here is the list. The names are numbered. You observe there are already twenty-five hundred. I shall have great pleasure in entering your name in order."

The gentleman with the satisfactory letters was conducted

"No, no, thank you, Sir," he replied, decidedly. "I beg you not to enter my name. I will take my letters if you please, Sir, and wish you good-morning. *Good-morning, Sir.*"

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE."

THIS remarkable novel, which has been published serially in the *Weekly* since last November, is now completed and published with copious illustrations. The name Mulready, the portrayal of character which was shown in Mr. McLean's designs for the "Tale of Two Cities," is displayed in those for "The Woman in White," and reveal a very rare talent for pictorial characterization. The illustration and design are more sharply drawn than perhaps than the artist. The tale is told to the eye as well as to the mind, and Mr. McLean may be honorably congratulated upon the creations. Count Fosco and Mr. Fairlie will live in the public mind as he has drawn them.

The story itself is one of absorbing interest and masterly skill. The profound interest of the reader is awakened at the opening, and is held more and more intently to the close. Perhaps the greatest triumph of the work is that, excepting at the commencement, there is no love in the book—that is to say, no love-making. The hero is Count Fosco, and he is as distinct a creation as Mr. McLean makes him. Mr. Daniel Fosco is a man of sixty.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's previous stories, good as they were, had not prepared the public for so remarkable an as "The Woman in White." In plot, in characterization, in treatment, it is altogether admirable.

RURAL.

WAS it not Mr. Downing who said that there were twenty thousand country places in England finer than the finest country-place in this country? At least some competent authority said something like that. Since the death of Mr. Downing, however, there has been such an improvement in the direction which so profoundly interested him that all his statements of the actual condition of rural affairs and the interest and changes in country life must be regarded as purely historical. Nothing shows this more strikingly than the fact, in editing Downing's "Landscape Garden" last year, Mr. Sargent added the substance of a little volume, which was more strikingly than the last, in the level of the public interest and information in rural science and life.

The cottages of all our chief cities are now filled with beautiful places, upon which wealth and skill do their greatest. There are certain regions which have been long famous for rural elegance. Brooklyn, near Boston, the banks of the North River, and of the Delaware (the South River); the neighborhood of Philadelphia—these are covered with places so costly and fine that, if England have twenty thousand finer, England must have wonderfully improved of late years.

But there is yet from the old disadvantage of our places—at least, in the Northern part of the country—in which peculiar attention is paid to the esthetics of rural cultivation; and that old thing is that they are new. They are made in comparatively late years. Money and skill can do much, but they can not hurry trees. They may plant, protect, and foster them in every way; but time only brings splendid oaks, elms, chestnuts, hickories. Time only engages a certain indefinable character to a country place, as it gives tone to a picture or mellowness to wine. It is not the perfectly lined and rolled avenue, nor the rare exotic, nor the new shrubs, nor the mossy lawn, alone which constitutes the highest ch...n. In fact, part of the difficulty is the impression of our places is this absolute accuracy and nervous care. It makes them a little stiff. There is a touch of the pavement in it all—a kind of Californian opulence, as of yesterday. The gold, as it were, is too new—too shiny. The gentleman's hat, and gloves, and clothes are too recently from the accomplished and gentlemanly tailor, and shoemaker—to be to say. That kind of easy carelessness is wanting, which comes from hereditary habit of possession. A little less anxiety, a little more, if it you could—get time—and it is certainly very hard to say how they are to be got, except by a force gain a hundred years of growth would be the very thing to make your place perfectly elegant. It is a matter of feeling. Of course, the Prince de Joinville *besser* Dean Nash was not a gentleman, but the slouching Prince Charlie was.

It was the Prince of Wales's fortune to walk in one of the finest places of this kind. The trees were very ancient and lofty, and grouped with natural grace. There were rocks, shrubbery, and Mignon trees in abundance, and other trees in due order. There was an old-fashioned garden, with grass arranged in lines with alleys, stiff and formal parterres of flowers—for in such a place that quaint regularity is *de rigueur*. Everything about the place would not have been surprised to meet the ladies of Louis Fourteenth's Versailles, the level lawn, cut with paths, dotted with flowers, and the trees, stiffed away under the expensive arms of clustered and oaks. New turns brought new reaches into view, and the eye was continually struck of old shrubs, and leading on to the stained marble balcony of fountains. We stopped and plucked rigid pinks, and grapes, and apricots, and peaches very where delightful and satisfactory; but it was in none of the shrubbery—it was in the indefinable careless care of every thing, which never shows itself so well as where it deals with a place of a century of cultivation.

LONDON SATURDAY REVIEWING.

THERE is a weekly journal in London known as the *Saturday Review*. It is remarkably entertaining, and always outcombined, and may be necessarily described by the word "*more*." It has an air of profound scholarship which will lurking, like that of a double first-class man at a fashionable dinner. It is the same paper which thought that Mr. Hoeven and Mr. Sayers were setting an example worthy of universal imitation, etc. Now that the quality of Saturday Review and reviewing may be fully enjoyed, it is worth while to read its article upon Parke Godwin's recently published first volume of History of Fourier.

It welcomes "with pleasure his (Mr. Godwin's) spirited effort to produce a great work upon a great subject." It praises his style as "comprehensive and exhaustive," and very justly says: "From the specimen before us we may expect that the information given will be contributed with, at the same time, sufficiently condensed; that it will embrace intellect, not of the philosophy, but of the world of the society, literature, and ideas; and that the judgments pronounced will be manly, sensible, and generous. The style will be concise and clear, though tinged with a little American inflation and roughness—the disqualifications will be learned, the narrative flowing, and the descriptions not deficient in picturesqueness and spirit."

That is simple and true enough, and, as the Review says, "there are great and undeniable literary merits, and seem almost to preclude the suggestion of any qualification." But it had already called Mr. Godwin "the elaborate compilation," and then proceeds to qualify by charging plagiarism upon the author. Fortunately for Mr. Godwin the *Review* tries to establish its charge by quotations of parallel passages from Godwin and Merivale. Thus:

Merivale. "The pendemic also soon brought the masts by the board, and they (the vessels) thus became unmanageable."

Godwin. "The vessels of the Veneti were rendered unmanageable."

Again:

Merivale. "* * * in time to hear the last crash of the sinking bridge," etc.

Godwin. "* * * in time to hear the last plank of the bridge leading to it fall crashing into the stream," etc.

Now, in the name of the sane, gravely cited to establish a charge which is among the meanest that can be cast at a man of letters. In all the cases the statements are matter of fact of fact of fact described in the original authorities. In precisely the same way every author who writes history may be accused of plagiarism from every other writer who has treated the same theme. Such "reviewing" utterly degrades literature and criticism, and only serves to establish what it is meant to overthrow.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PRINCE OF A YOUNG PHILOW.

(VIENNA VIEW, *Friday*.

"OH, MY DEAR MR. PRESS—I am so delighted. That dear Prince Alfred! I wish you had been here to hear how now delightfully his charming royal Highness is getting on in Canada. I wish you had been *Vice Versa* with us at the Ball which was given in the Colonial Parliament Hall, in his honor, last night.

"The Prince looked so well, and so happy, and so pleased, and so kind, enthusiastic, and prolonged cheered the hands playing "Rule Britannia" and "The Prince" was consequently the full uniform of a British colonel. He was accompanied by the Earl of St. Germans, who was the Governor, with a badge, and the Duke of Newcastle, who wore his full uniform. The Prince danced six times during the evening, and remained with the company until half past two o'clock this morning. The dancing, on the whole, among the company, was not very good. The Prince was very good-natured and condescended some of the blundering dancers, and every now and then, when he was tired, he sat down and talked with the ladies.

"He is himself a very graceful and accomplished dancer, and he fully proved it to the whole Colonial Parliament, ladies, politics, and quadrilles. While he danced he was popularly cheered, and he very properly took a new partner whenever he stood up to dance. The people every where are greatly delighted. The affectionate, and generous disposition of the young Prince has gained him the affections of all ranks and classes.

"There! isn't that delicious? Only think now of our Prince of Wales having to turn *dancing-master!* Oh, how I should have *hard* to have been "shocked through a window!" Isn't it? Yes, yes, the Highness wouldn't have found me a "blundering dancer." Poor fellow! I dare say that he was very tired that day. Long Colonials were so clumsy in a boil-room. Really, I'm so pleased with the young Prince, Mr. Press. My heart bleeds to think how terribly they tired poor his feet, and wish I had been there to have kindly, gently, should he done to prevent such *stupid things* from troubling our Princes. Isn't it, Mr. Press? Wouldn't I have kept their cases out of John's pail! I should so like to show the Prince *my* Canadian dance, and dancing-master who he gets a Prince to be her partner!

"I dare say, Mr. Press, you thought what the paper means by saying that whenever the Prince danced he *very* popular with the company. I confess I didn't see what there is so "very proper" in this. I know my self I like to dance with my partner than to have to dance about with nobody knows whom, so that one never has the chance of a bit of a flirtation, and I like to be tired of the *interesting* moment when one may hear something nice, I'm sure, Mr. Press, and Mamma knows I don't mean anything improper, and "very proper" for me, and I know that there are other ladies who feel just as I do, and I know that Mamma thinks "so proper" is very pleasant to hear, and, so, I know, Mr. Press, that you will be "very proper" too, and not mind my saying so.

"But, surely, you know, isn't it amusing charming, is it? and say that, Mr. Press, isn't it charming, is it? Yes, although the paper says that the Prince has "gained the affections of all ranks and classes" I don't think I can think his Highness has *lost* his arm at pleasure. And I hope he'll bring home a Canadian Princess, as I was desiderium, when he took it out; though for that matter, I don't think it would be a bad thing for poor Mamma's marriage with a nice good *English* girl, I don't know but I'd like to see Mamma married to a born Yankee rather than be forced, for some unfortunate *State* reason, to give up her home, and go to live in some dreadful *Germany*, where she doubtless looking out for it.

"Well, Mr. Press, I must stop, and Oh! the Prince's, if he might but have seen—

"With the fondest love and reverence,

"CORDELIA GUSHINGTON."

FAST YOUNG LADIES.

Heat's a stinning out of us,
Fast young ladies!
Here's a fellow out of us,
Fast young ladies!
Novels are in demand
Up to all that man dismas,
Sad and wicked wonderland,
Fast young ladies.

Wide-awake our heads adorn,
Fast young ladies!
Feathers in our hats are worn,
Fast young ladies!
Skirts hitched up on spreading frame,
Petticoat in sight—for shame,
Dainty high-heeled boots, proclaim
Fast young ladies.

Riding habits are the go,
Fast young ladies.
When we gallop over Sutton Row,
Fast young ladies;
Where we fall, we don't care a bee
On the theme of "that low-bred"
Which, as we, we do not care,
Fast young ladies.

There we cram, as bold as brass,
Fast young ladies,
Other parties as they pass,
Fast young ladies;
Parties whose name is unknown, slow,
Tell us we ought to know!
Shouldn't we indeed? Why so,
Fast young ladies?

On the Turf we show our face,
Fast young ladies;
Know the odds of every race,
Fast young ladies;
Talk, as sharp as any jockey,
Betting—Betting—Betting! *Life's Life:*
That's the ticket for a wife,
Fast young ladies!

We are not to be hocked in,
Fast young ladies;
I require a husband who
Fast young ladies.
Love in business, and the chief
Article in my belief:
All pure love, we refuse to grief,
Fast young ladies.

Not to marry is my plan,
Fast young ladies;
Any but a wealthy man,
Fast young ladies;
Rather that romance and stuff!
No! no! I'm not a sniff;
We are better up to snuff,
Fast young ladies.

Give me but my quiet week,
Fast young ladies,
Bitter ale and Irish beef,
Fast young ladies;
Pay up, pretty seamstress store,
Wardrobe stock—I ask no more,
Sensible—I am, I hope,
Fast young ladies.

"THE DESERTED HEARTH WEEP."—What is the Page's Lament of the Lady of Peter?—Hunting Ed. Cambridge's Ale, and Ale.

A GOOD JOKE FOR PRESS.—Garibaldi is getting on like a man with a wheel-barrow, carrying every thing before him.

MEMENTO IN PARIS.—A book has just been published under the title of "Astronomy in a Nutshell." The whole story is contained in a Nutshell! A nutshell may contain a nucleus, but can hardly be big enough to inclose even the shadow of a story.

A canon of Westminster Abbey has a son, whom, like a wise parent, he has sent to Westminster School. Some time since, the boy had to deal with the principal Episcopalian Grand Gun to preach a month's course of sermons in the Abbey. The boy, of course, mentioned the matter, much allowed by the Westminster boys, and all other boys, and the news soon reached the Cloisters and was equal degrees of his discomfort.

Day after the sermons were over, a clerical friend, prior to entering the Abbey, the good canon and indulged further unlucky curiosity the dialogue in this manner:

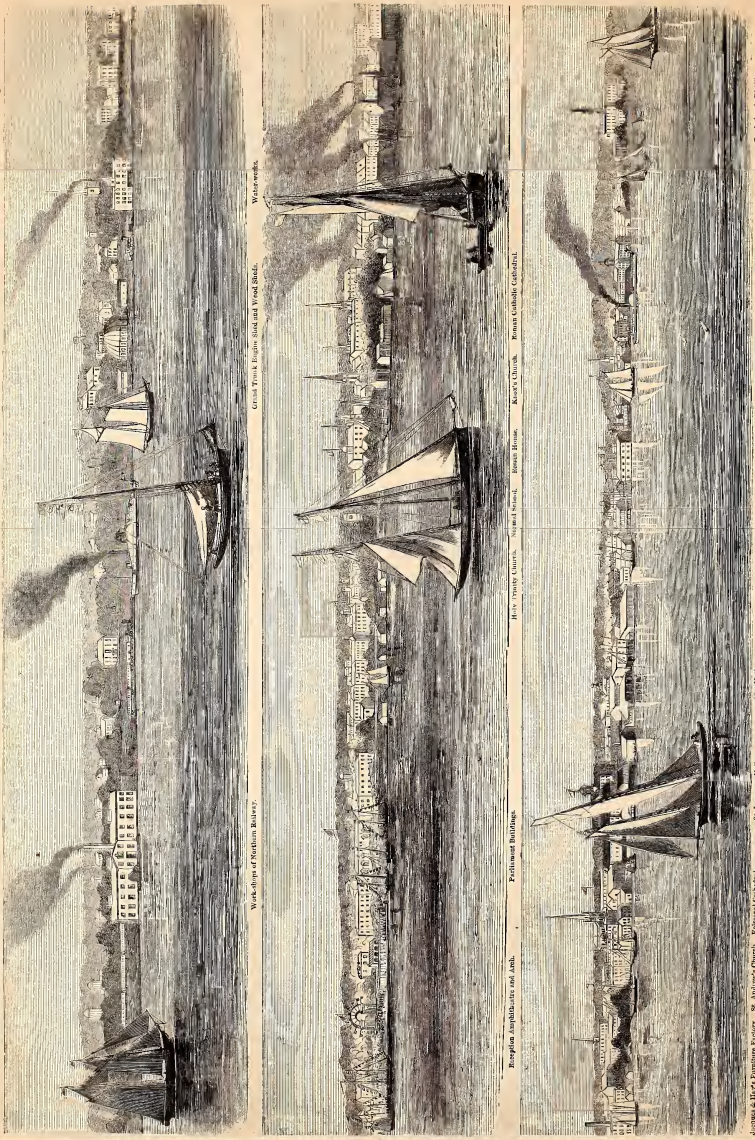
"By the-by, what do you think my young scamp has been telling me this morning?"

"Can't say. He's at the school, isn't he?"

"Yes; and he came to me and said that I must's preach for more than half an hour, as the other boys had been telling me this morning?"

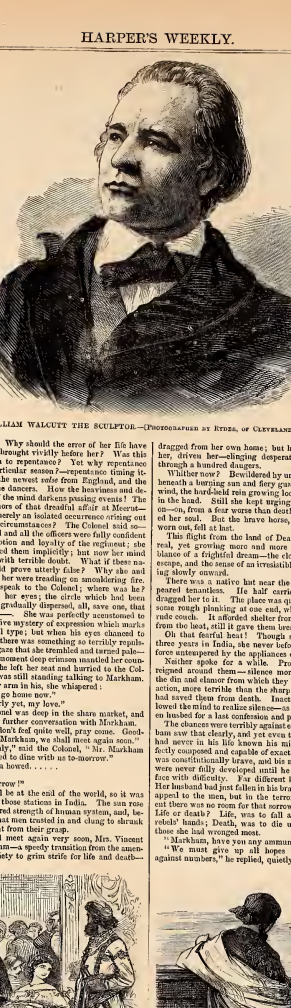
"Don

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CITY OF TORONTO, CANADA WEST.—[FROM A DRAWING BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, ESQ., AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARMSTRONG, PUSEY, & HUPE, OF TORONTO.]



MR. WILLIAM WALCUTT.

We publish herewith a portrait of Mr. William Walcutt, the sculptor of the Perry Monument, of which we publish an engraving on another page. Mr. Walcutt's modesty is such that we are only able to say of him that he was born at Columbus, Ohio, and that he studied in Europe. His work, however, which is one of the finest monuments in the country, speaks so eloquently for him that nothing further is needed.



WILLIAM WALCUTT THE SCULPTOR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY RUDES, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.]

MARKHAM'S REVENGE.

"Consequences are unpitying."—GEORGE ELIOT.

CHAPTER I.

"CLAN A's sister in India!" muttered Markham. "What's Colonel Vincent's wife!" exclaimed his companion. "Isn't she handsome? Every body's and about her. But what's the matter, Markham? You positively shiver in this fiery furnace. Ague, my boy?"

"No, it's constitutional."

"Will you like to be introduced?"

"After this dance. You find a partner; I'll sit down."

The scene was quite novel to Markham. An English ball with oriental accessories; active dancing beneath the flap of the punkah to the music of a regimental band of natives; native servants flitting about; two or three native gentlemen in rich costumes, with an affectation of European manners on the surface, and oriental depreciation of women in their sensual souls, gazing in wonderment at the activity of the dancers. But the scene which was called up in Markham's mind by the sight of Mrs. Vincent was far away in England six years back. A summer moon shining through dark poplars, which shadowed a garden-walk; heavy jessamine and sickly in the sultry evening; then the lightest footsteps, but quite audible to his anxious ears—promises, and vows, and passionate utterance, sorrow in the present, but hope in the future, and then the interview sternly broke in upon with angry words.

"Now, Markham, come and be introduced."

"Thank you, some other time."

"But I've asked her, and she says she will be very happy to make your acquaintance."

Markham was forced to acquiesce.

There was a circle of admirers around the queen of the ball.

"Who's that native?" exclaimed Markham to his companion. "I'd fell a man to the ground who stared at a woman like that."

"Bless you, that's the Rajah of ——; he's the best fellow in the world—gives such jolly hunting parties; quite a marvel in the way of civilization; reads all sorts of poetry; knows Tom Moore by heart."

"But his cursed stare?"

"Pooh! it's the way these chaps have. Nobody's speaking to her now. Come along."

"Mr. Markham—Mrs. Vincent."

He stood before her perfectly self-possessed, but she was evidently taken by surprise; his name must have escaped her when the introduction was requested.

"This is unexpected—an old friend!" she exclaimed. Then in a whisper, "an old friend, Mr. Markham, notwithstanding the past—Colonel, an old friend from England!" and she introduced Markham to her husband.

"Mr. Markham!" said the Colonel. "I have much honor—the engineer of the —— line?"

"The same, Sir."

The Colonel dabbled in speculation; the Colonel was delighted to make Markham's acquaintance; his poor house was at Markham's service while he remained at the station. The Colonel drew Markham out of the circle to have some special conversation on railway topics; the circle closed again to listen to Mrs. Vincent's brilliant sallies and repartee, but she had become silent and pensive.

When she had heard of Markham last Markham had gone to Canada. Why in the countless chances of life should he and she meet at this time in India? Why should the error of her life have been thus brought vividly before her? Was this a monition to repentance? Yet why repentance at this particular season?—repentance timing itself with the newest rumor from England, and the whirl of the dancers. How the heaviness and depression of the mind darkens passing events! The vague rumors of that dreadful affair at Meerut—was that merely an isolated occurrence arising out of special circumstances? The Colonel said so—the Colonel and all the officers were fully confident in the devotion and loyalty of the regiment; she had believed them implicitly; but now her mind was filled with terrible doubt. What if these natives should prove utterly false? Why she and all around her were treading on smouldering fire. She must speak to the Colonel; where was he? She raised her eyes; the circle which had been round her gradually dispersed, all, save one, that Rajah of ——. She was perfectly accustomed to that repulsive mystery of expression which marks the oriental type; but when his eyes chanced to meet hers, there was something so terribly repulsive in the gaze that she trembled and turned pale—in another moment deep crimson mantled her countenance; she left her seat and hurried to the Colonel, who was still standing talking to Markham. Placing her arm in his, she whispered:

"Let us go home now."

"It's early yet, my love."

The Colonel was deep in the share market, and anxious for further conversation with Markham.

"But I don't feel quite well, pray come. Good-night, Mr. Markham, we shall meet again soon."

"Certainly," said the Colonel, "Mr. Markham has promised to dine with us to-morrow."

Markham bowed. . . . . .

"To-morrow!"

As it will be at the end of the world, so it was at many of those stations in India. The sun rose on the ordered strength of human system, and, behold! all that seen trusted in and clung to shrank in a moment from their grasp.

They did meet again very soon, Mrs. Vincent and Markham—a speedy transition from the amenities of society to grim strife for life and death—dragged from her own home; but he had rescued her, driven her—clinging desperately to him—through a hundred dangers.

Whither now? Bewildered by unknown roads, beneath a burning sun and fiery gusts of parching wind, the hard-held rein growing looser and looser in the hand. Still she kept urging him to hurry on—on, from a fear worse than death that possessed her soul. But the brave horse, wounded and worn out, fell at last.

This flight from the land of Death, so terribly real, yet growing more and more into the semblance of a frightful dream—the clogged effort to escape, and the sense of an irresistible doom creeping slowly onward.

There was a native hut near the road. It appeared tenantless. He half carried her—half dragged her to it. The place was quite bare, save some rough planking at one end, which formed a rude couch. It afforded shelter from the sun, and from the heat, still it gave them breathing-time.

Oh that fearful heat! Though she had lived three years in India, she never before felt its full force untempered by the appliances of man.

Neither spoke for a while. Profound silence reigned around them—silence more awful than the din and clamor from which they had fled. In action, more terrible than the sharp struggle that had saved them from death. Inaction, which allowed the mind to realize silence—as it were Heaven husbed for a last confession and prayer.

The chances were terribly against escape. Markham saw that clearly, and yet even to surprise, he had never in his life known his mind more perfectly composed and capable of exact thought. He was constitutionally brave, and his mental powers were never fully developed until he stood face to face with difficulty. For different her condition. Her husband had just fallen in his brave attempt to appeal to the men, but in the terror of the present there was no room for that sorrow in her mind. Life or death? Life, was to fall alive into the hands! hands! Death, was to die unforgiven by those she had wronged most.

"Markham, have you any ammunition left?"

"We must give up all hopes of resistance against numbers," he replied, quietly.

"But the ammunition?"

"Only one barrel loaded! If more than three attack us I have determined to throw the pistol away. Perhaps I should act differently were I alone; but it would only exasperate them against you."

"One barrel loaded!" she murmured—then was silent. A terrible resolution was forming in her mind.

She looked steadfastly at him. "Is there any hope of escape, Markham?"

"Very little hope, if we are pursued."

"How calm you are, Markham—I'm—"

"Do you think my life has been so very happy, Pauline, that I should be quite unnerved by the approach of death?"

"Does that old affection for my sister linger yet? I fancied you were so ambitious."

"It formed the very base of my ambition. I have worked since, because there is a sense of power in me which urges me on, but I have worldly careless of reward and honor."

"Can you forgive her, Markham?"

"I have forgiven her since I entered this hut."

"Oh! Markham, at this hut hour, can you forgive me also?" She flung herself at his feet. "I induced her to marry that man."

"You had every right, as her sister, fairly to advise. The blame was hers in yielding."

"Markham, the blame was mine—I deceived her—hid my fear, but I must speak now. I was horribly tempted. Our family was very poor for the station we held. That rich man loved her, and if she succeeded in it opened a path of affluence to us all. And you were poor and unknown then. My father was fearfully involved—but God forbid I should try to hide my guilt. I was cursed with the thirst for influence and worldly position."

"But those letters I wrote her—they were placed in a secret spot known to us alone."

"Markham—I tracked her there—oh mercy!" An exulting yell outside showed that the pursuers had discovered the buggy and dead horse. She fell back terror-stricken, but he drew her forward, holding her in the grasp of a vice.

"Quick with your confession!"

"I took the letters away one by one—we urged her to consent to the addresses of Mr. Manson—"

"Well?"

"But she refused steadfastly. At last she did find a letter there—"

"My letter?"

"No—a letter from you which told the engagement must cease."

He let her fall from his grasp. The calm of his soul was gone. "My God! to die now, and for Clara never to know the truth."

Terror at the approaching danger overcame all her other feelings. Fascinated, she crawled up to the window of the hovel, and gazed out. She saw, even at the distance, the expression on that countenance which had caused her such horror the night before. In a minute or two more their refuge would be discovered.

"I dare not ask your forgiveness, Markham, but grant me one prayer. Life to me is more frightful than death. When they come"—she pointed significantly to the revolver. "I never fired a pistol in my life; my own hand might fail me at the last."

He was silent.

"As you hope for salvation hereafter."

"What, take vengeance with my own hand?"

"No, Markham; the act would be the token of your forgiveness. Swear!" she cried, in an agony of supplication, "and then I can pray in peace."

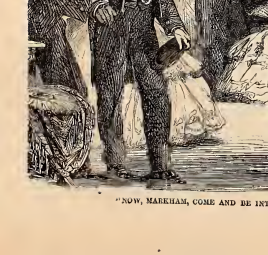
"I swear!" said Markham.

It was a terrible effort, but he conquered in the end; and he spoke the full truth and purpose of his heart when he uttered, in a low, firm tone, "Pauline, I forgive you."

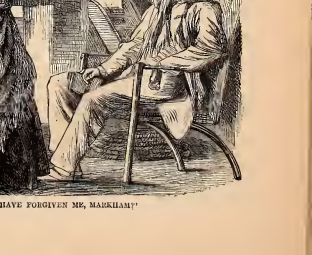
She raised her head for a moment, and pressed his hand to her lips. "Then God will forgive me. I am absolved from my guilt. I can die in peace." She bent her head again in prayer.

Markham had become quite calm again. He carefully examined the loaded barrel: with a firm hand he raised the hammer and gently lowered it, so as to press the cap more securely on the nipple.

And they waited the end in peace.



"NOW, MARKHAM, COME AND BE INTRODUCED."



"YOU HAVE FORGIVEN ME, MARKHAM?"

CHAPTER II.

"You have forgiven me, Markham?"

The coast of England was in sight. From the time they left that hovel, roused by a body of irregular cavalry, through their slow and dangerous journey down to Calcutta—through all the dull monotony of the long sea voyage—he had never referred to her confession. It was this silence which oppressed her; it would have been so much more endurable to have talked upon the subject. Has often pity had the conversation in such points; but he invariably turned it off, and until the present moment she had not found courage to approach it directly.

Yet she knew full well what he felt.

In long weathrings beside his bed, through that dangerous fever which he had at Calcutta, he had often heard him, in the intensity of the delirium, cry her sister's name, till the word smote her like a knife. Over, one evening, as he lay in a stupor, him, he had started up in his bed, and gazing wildly in her face, and dashing her hands with his burning grasp, he had uttered in incoherent words his joy that Clara had come back to him at last.

This was the violent upheaving of nature pouring forth the deep feelings of the heart like molten lava; but with returning strength came pride, endurance, beneath which those feelings were hidden away.

She would sit for hours and watch him in his fitful sleep. She knew he must always hate her: yet she felt to feel that he rested in her power as a helpless child. The vital energy was overspread his face; the strong arm she had clung to in that terrible flight was very weak and powerless; the hands were nervelessness which had freed her from the pallant's grasp—and yet he looked so noble in his weakness.

What was this feeling at her heart?

Was it conscience prompting her to make the fullest reparation for the past?

She felt that was not the true reply; and then she would start in terror from his bedside. The thought was so fearful. What if Love should be his own avenger?

The principle her nerely prevents had taught her in her youth—that love was a fiction, marriage the result of worldly calculation—was growing into an utter falsehood. It had all seemed very fair when she made the excellent match which had been so cleverly devised for her, and she had lived quite contentedly in the enjoyment of her wealth and worldly position.

Yet nerely there remained to her the sorrowful recollection of that brave husband, who died a noble death, which might deliver her from this fatal fascination. Sometimes to have been loved as she had never dreamed of loving him when living.

Then she forgot his soldier's habit of sternness, forgot his want of sympathy and concord in tastes, forgot them, and dwelt only on his kind indulgence, which had been bestowed upon her as upon a child, magnifying it to the utmost. Yet, still, in her twain were only parties to a contract—beauty for wealth. She had acted her part faithfully as a wife, but she had never been asked and never had been given. There was no deliverance for her in all this. The feelings which wrecked her life was love—first love, with all its intensity—first love, to be met with shuddering and endured with scorn. To have her sister's name which she from his unconscious lips as she smoothed his pillow with trembling hands, and drew aside the ruffled hair from his burning brow.

But she had proved his life! there was comfort in that. The doctors all said that her careful nursing had awoken more than their skill; yet, they marvelled at the way she had, as it were, instinctively felt the slightest changes in his condition. At last they said the sea voyage, and the bracing was the only hope of saving him. It lightened her heart to the moment to hear their verdict; that money could procure in the fitting up of his cabin. He was carried on board on a couch, too weak to know of the arrangements that had been made.

There was a change for the better from the first day of his being at sea; yet his progress toward recovery was very slow. In the depth of her heart she was glad at this; for the more service she could render, the more the load was so soon eased; it likewise prolonged her privilege to be near him, for after his fever he was fully recovered, that the past must be an everlasting bar between them. She felt convinced of this, yet she hoped against her convictions—against her fears.

He had not entirely recovered his strength: his cheeks were still thin and pale. She knew it was only the golden mood of the setting sun which flushed his face, as he sat near the bulwark, gazing on the last coasts of their voyage. She might justly claim her right of care a little longer: he had no friends near Liverpool. He must remain at her sister's house until his health was recovered. She was too blind to see that she had no right to take him to her sister's home. It was the only means she possessed of retaining him near her.

"The captain tells me we shall be at Liverpool early to-morrow," said she, addressing him timidly. Then she ceased, thought of a long time, escaped her at the moment; she could only add, abruptly,

"You have forgiven me, Markham?"

At her last words he turned from the sunset, and looked earnestly in her face.

"I have forgiven you," he said, compassionately. "I fear your greatest effort will be to forgive yourself."

"I shall never be able to do that."

"I am bound in deep gratitude to you, Pauline, for your devoted care—"

"Not bound to me; you have saved my life?"

"Ay; that you had a chance—quick, thoughtless work. I should have acted in the same way had any one else been in your place."

"But your noble forgiveness—"

He did not appear to heed her words. "You must let me say, Pauline, that I am bound to you in gratitude, and I would do all I could to help you in this sorrow; but I know we can only forgive ourselves when God, in his mercy, allows us the opportunity of repairing the past."

"Markham, I am very rich; set me to any task of doing good."

"I shall only demand one act from you. You will tell your sister?"

She was silently cast down. She had feared he would demand this of her. She could bear for him to know her guilt, but the thought of her sister—why, the knowledge in his mind that another utterly despised her would inevitably lower her still further in his estimation.

"I ask an act of justice, Pauline."

She was silent.

"An act of justice! Let her know that I was true. It will be my only consolation."

In broken words she prayed him to spare her.

"I am resolved, Pauline; you are silent I shall speak myself."

She knew the strength of his word.

Then a sense of utter desolation came upon her—she, who had been so careless of all affection, so cold, so cruel—she, who had sought, and attained, but she was miserable—there were only two beings on earth she loved—his love, could never be hers—and her sister's love would be lost to her forever.

"Oh, Markham, grant me a respite—not to-day—this time with her! Let me be better mood—a few days—a week!"

"In a week!" replied Markham; and he turned his face from her toward the long beams of golden cloud which rested on the horizon, through which the sun was sinking into the sea.

"Only a week, Mr. Markham! Must you leave us so soon?"

"You are very good, Mrs. Manson, but the truth is, I ought to have gone directly up to town on my first landing."

"Not to begin business yet! I'm certain your health is far from being restored."

"The directors are very pressing to see me; indeed, I received an urgent letter this morning. I fear I shall trouble you to allow me to stay here I have no right to delay a very obvious duty."

"You will come to us again?"

"Thank you, I can conscientiously promise myself that pleasure, my engagements are so very uncertain. I believe, in a short time, when things are more settled, I shall be able to return to my post in India."

"Indeed! your health is not fit for that. Your friends ought never to allow you."

"It's my livelihood, you must recollect."

There was a long pause between them. For a few moments Mrs. Manson bent her head over the work-frame, and appeared to be busily engaged in her work.

"Mr. Markham, I know you will not misunderstand me, but when you talk of leaving us and not coming again, I feel that I ought to speak to you to say—I know I should never forgive myself if I were silent. There is one person who will be very sorry when you go, and I know that, if you are not from any conversation between us, I give you my word, you will be much better than words can tell—my sister loves you!"

Markham shuddered.

"Circumstances," said he, "have certainly thrown us together; but I have never observed—"

"Ah! you must trust to us women; in these matters we are the best judges. Why, the simple fact of her mentioning your name so seldom is convincing to me, besides this, I can see how much her character has altered since she went away. As a girl, though she had many excellent qualities, she was rather too fond of gaiety and display; for I will be frank with you. But that, I know, is all changed. Her letters used to be to me for love; she's half-spoiled my boys in this short time. I fear her marriage was not very happy—Colonel Vincent was very fond of her, but for elder—and there must exist a sympathetic feeling, if I may call it so, to render marriage perfectly happy."

Markham's eyes were fixed on the ground, and he heard her voice falter at the last sentence.

"Pardon me, Mr. Markham, if I say to you! I know, years ago, when she used to laugh and joke about people falling in love, I've said, 'Ah, Pauline, with that fixed purpose of yours, when you really love it will be a matter of interest joy or misery.'"

"Mrs. Manson," said Markham, interrupting her, "this announcement is totally unexpected, without questioning whether you have rightly interpreted your sister's feelings, it is proper for me to tell you at once that this selection, supposing it to be true, cannot be reciprocated."

"The fault will be mine," said Mrs. Manson, sorrowfully.

"Why so?"

"For speaking so prematurely; but what could I do when I found you going to leave?" She rose from her chair, greatly agitated.

"Edward Markham, I have a right to speak to you as one who knows your sister's heart, and to my sister. If you loved her, I could forgive the past. Maybe it was prudent in you to give up that engagement, and I will say nothing more but on the night of that fourteenth of June we had a conversation together in the tent, and with patiently; and yet in three short months—I, well, no matter now. I returned you your letters, all but one."

"You returned me *all* my letters," said Markham, his iron resolution tried to the very verge.

"Yes, and that but letter; I could not return it then."

By the utmost effort governing her trembling hands, she unlocked her desk and drew out a little packet.

"I read that letter twice, only twice, and then I sealed it up with this black wax. I have never read it since—no need; every word is stamped in my heart. They must have dragged me to the altar but for that."

She forced the packet into his hand.

"There, Edward, I can forgive it all, forget all those words, if you make her happy. I live very happily now—very happily."

Only a few words, and she would know the truth—know that he had been faithful to his pledge; but he stirred not, only which every thing to his lips, and clenched his teeth hard.

She stood for a moment as he was leaning over the room; she had in some degree recovered her self-possession.

"Mr. Markham, I shall never speak on this subject again; but I bid you think well before you throw away a living heart."

He was musing, and she thus falls to the common lot of mortals. He must have yielded had the temptation fallen on him unawares; but before he left Calcutta, he had resolved to see her once more, and through the long voyage, and in many a restless night, he had weighed the advantages of their meeting, and armed himself at all points for resistance.

* * *

"Markham, have you told her?"

"No, Pauline."

She could not speak for the moment; she could only clasp his hand.

"She is never to be told?"

"This is what he had thought! Oh, Markham, I promise you I will strive to the utmost to atone for the past; any thing in easy if I possess the power. Is it your prudence—I can never repay that!"

"Wait a while, Pauline. Weigh my words—she is never to be told."

"Yes, yes, I do weigh them: they seal that forgiveness which was freely given me at the hour of death."

"Pauline, I must leave it on your honor that you never tell her."

"On my honor!" She repeated the words hastily, but she was somewhat perplexed at his meaning, and looking in his face, she saw that same expression, as it were, the very cool flushing the countenance, which she remembered so vividly when she knelt at his feet in the hovel. "Never tell her, Markham?"

"Never!"

"Not if I were at the point of death?"

"Not even at that time. You are bound evermore to silence."

She had passed through the agonizing fear of death; she recollected her troubled prayers; she remembered the sudden flash of hope he had kindled till he had forgiven her—then only she had found peace for her soul.

"Oh, Markham, do not bind me to this! Nay, let me speak out now; let me suffer any pain now, so that I may be free in the future."

She would have left the room; he drew her back.

"I can not free you: it is not to me you are bound. I dare say you want with a feeling of triumph to that grand wedding when your sister becomes Mrs. Vincent. I know, I feel, the painful awful words of the marriage service made no impression upon you at the time, and must likely you have forgotten them since. Then since—'*Let man now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.*' You have spoken then, but now those words bind you forever."

She listened to him with her head depressed, her hands covering her face.

"When I found that your sister had been really true to me, my feeling toward her, which was that of utter contempt, turned back to old love, and I resolved to see her once more. Believe in my good faith—only to see her, and part forever. I calculated on her being cold, cold, I thought I was very strong—let no man trust to his strength in such a place as this. I came to this house I have walked through the fire of temptation. I am well to me, Pauline, and hear how strongly you pledged your faith to me that she was not hers; yet, *as to love for her*—"

"Mr. Manson is very proud of her," interrupted Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes," he replied, bitterly, "and he is very *proud* of his fine horses. He he does not absolutely illtreat them, but he rides them without mercy or affection. I dare not tell you what I have felt; and, that at the last moment, I should have shown how slow during to those children of hers—how all her behaviour displeased me—"

"I understand your meaning, Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Vincent, proudly. "My sister would, under circumstances, have recollected her duty."

"It might indeed be as you say. Do you know this letter?"

Blushing, the black seals, he placed the fallen letter in her hand. She gazed at it with a sort of fascination, and, in low tones, said, "I thought it was burnt long ago; she told me so. I was not with the other letters she gave me to send back."

"You would have taken care of that," he replied, with a withering glance.

"Then did you return it?"

"An hour ago. Your sister gave it to me, reproaching me for having broken my plighted faith."

"Am I to bring a curse on this house?" exclaimed in terror, filling at his feet. "God save us from this shame! Mr. Markham, I trust to your honor when I brought you here."

"You forget, Pauline, that I have already told you she does not know the cruel and shameful history of that letter. We will take it, as you say, at all sorts the would have been faithful to her duty; but think of the terrible struggle—think of the long-suffering—if she ever does know the truth. Why should she suffer? She has done no wrong. We are bound to silence in mercy to her. Mark these words, Pauline: she will and never rest on your head, if you ever break that pledge of silence."

She made him no answer.

"You forgave me once," she murmured.

"God forbid I should retract those words! It is possible to forgive, but it is impossible to absolve you from the consequences of your guilt."

Markham went back to India.

He had displayed great originality and skill in the construction of a certain military-bridge across a rapid river, under circumstances of great difficulty. In addition to its engineering merits, the bridge happened to form the basis of a truth line of railway communication which promised to be of the highest value in developing the resources of the country. All these were deeply interested—all. There would be a grand ovation to the engineer on the opening of the bridge. The day appointed for the ceremony had arrived.

"Not ready to start, Markham! You'll be late," cried the civil-engineer, hastily.

"I've written to say I can't be there."

"Bless me! it's one of the grandest days in your life."

"The foot is, I've just received a letter from England—"

"Not a loss in your family, I hope?"

"No; but still continuing very melancholy intelligence."

"Well, Markham, I think you ought to come, nevertheless; your services demand public recognition."

"You know me, old boy—I don't care two-pence for that sort of thing; said so for the bridge, I've got my pay and my pension, and that's all I want. Let them stick the laurel into your turban. Go with you, or you'll get a wigging for being late."

Markham was alone all that day. The letter he had received lay open before him. It was from a clergyman. The portion he read over afterwards ran thus:

"I was requested to see Mrs. Vincent at a time when no very great exertion was required of her. I can assure you I had to perform a very painful duty. She commenced by a long and a grievous wrong to another person still living, but that, under the peculiar circumstances of her position, I felt it my duty to disclose the wrong, lest greater evil should arise. I attribute this to her power that was granted me to affect her consolation. Ever since the commencement of her illness, I had had occasion to admire the noble devotedness with which she had acted among the poor of the parish, and the abounding quietly in works of piety and charity. I fear, from what I heard, that she had not made an 'earth,' as a means of atoning for past transgressions. It was almost in vain that I endeavored upon her the immeasurable value of a 'saving faith' over the last hours. 'What I have done lately,' she would say, 'I count as nothing; I have only have performed what I should do longer.' That blessed idea of 'doing,' and the misery of dying unforgiven by the person she had wronged, was the thoughts that rendered her so miserable. Toward the end, when a very short time, she has in a sweet voice you, asking there wonder 'The misery that I have done has not been caused by him—it is the inevitable result of my sin. Let him live! I have left no trace to my pledge—that he has been terribly avenged.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

A TELEGRAM from Springfield states that Sam Houston has retired from the Presidential contest. He is in favor of Douglas, but will not say he has an intention of retiring. Mr. Douglas's standing in Illinois is very good, and it is probable that the friends of Mr. Douglas in Illinois, Mr. Stephens announces his intention of stumping the Northern States in behalf of Douglas and Johnson. He also came out for him in a letter. The Dutch Abolitionists have published a letter addressed to Carl Schurz Sachs for President, and Samuel M'Farland, of Pennsylvania, for Vice-President. For Governor they nominate William Goodell, of New York. The New York Abolitionists have nominated Gerrit Smith and Joshua R. Giddings General Scruggs and one party organizing one meeting, and the Republicans holding another. Mr. Smith is voted for whom they present; while another party, the more numerous, under the leadership of Mr. Cassius M. Clay, indorsed the compromise lately elected at Syracuse. The Douglas Democrats and Conservatives met in that city and appointed Messrs. Benjamin Wood, William D. Kelley, and Mr. A. Dudley Mann, a committee to negotiate a fusion with the other opponents of Lincoln. Mr. Wood has accepted the nomination for Governor, and commenced a union of the democracy. The Massachusetts Democrats have nominated Governor Gardner and John A. Andrew for Governor, and J. G. Goodrich for Lieutenant-Governor. The Republicans of Connecticut has elected Simeon Draper Chairman, James Terrillinger Secretary, and R. L. Dorsheimer Treasurer.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' BALL AT WASHINGTON.

The correspondent of the *Philadelphia Ledger*: "As the Prince of Wales, like any other youth, is fond of dancing, it is pretty near certain that a ball will be given in his honor in the East Room of the White House. Accordingly the preparations are being made for the reception of the elite of the parts of the Presidential mansion, for the accommodation of the elite, and for the distinguished guests of his suite. Under the directions of the President and Mrs. Buchanan, the arrangements for the ball are, as are acquainted with the courtesies and proprieties pertaining to the occasion, to be alone sufficient to charm and engage us to the persons who may be invited to the ball in honor of the Prince. Here will be a distinguished ball, and what between the desire for immediate enchantment and the desire of the Prince to enjoy himself, there will be abundant causes for anxious consideration. Much the largest portion of the grand reception of the Prince of Wales is far from being confined to the first festivities."

A SLAVE EXPRESS AGAIN PROVIDED.

At the Quarter Sessions at Philadelphia, on Tuesday, August 28, Thomas Williams appeared to plead to an indictment, for the release of Lin Longmeet, a colored woman, under the provisions of W. A. Gaugent, a slaveholder, who had seen a relished of that city. After a hearing, Judge Pennypacker discharged the prisoner relied of freedom, and her voluntary return to slavery.

MARTIN THE WHEELY-MAN.

We read in the *Dublin Times*: "Mr. Martin, who rowed a wherry from Boston to New York, and onto so most, departed on Thursday afternoon. He was to pull his wherry up the Hudson as far as Yonkers the same night, returned and charmed with the light of the full moon. The light would enable him to see to advantage the scenery which he would like to see, his love of the works of nature being only equaled by his fondness of heroics. Lets pass over the beautiful river—where rowing on his oars to make a wheelbarrow, now to be but in contemplation of the scenery of a romantic, and amount delicate his back in shake hands with Joshua Ward, the classic, Jeffrey, and Sir Cornelius and Sir Cornelius, and very certain fair to which he has before of introduction at

other places by the way—the excellent business will at last clear off. Fanny Albany (the wife of Mario) is sent, out of its element, to Boston, the city of its master, which rather has her favorite and by the way, her relations resto."

A YOUNG GIRL FASCINATED BY A SNAKE.

We read in the Berkshire Times of August 28: "At 11 o'clock yesterday afternoon the little daughter of H. D. Davis, of this city, whose familiarity with a snake has been frequently noticed, died at the residence of her parents, on Center Street. The facts connected with her death, which, and leave the public to draw their own inferences, are the same since which she was decoyed on Monday afternoon, in the outskirts of the city, over a narrow path, by a large black snake, which, for the first time two years ago—was accidentally in the house and fed with milk, and which, after a time, was so tamed as to come into the house and lick the dishes, and finally, on Saturday morning, to take up with the child. At all events, the mother one day found the child with the snake in its arms, and the little girl was fondling it and caressing it her baby. Subsequently the snake would come in for milk, and, when fed, to the child whenever she was permitted to go out. The child had a little dog, which she petted, and, apparently unhad and thought of this reptile. Her mother took her darling to the office, to divert her mind from the fellow disgust, but in vain. Under the advice of a physician who was about the house when we met yesterday, we continued his visits to the premises at will, returning to the field stage any one but the child approved. As Mr. Davis moved into the city and took a house on Center Street, fearing that the change would be advisable, goes to his office; and for a time she improved in health and took her food. Two weeks ago, or four days the child was taken ill, and continued to sink until yesterday, when she died. The main symptom of her disease, or spasms, which were very violent, and at no time gentle and the child and recite it in her delirium. Her mother informs our reporter that she was attended by Dr. Fleming, treated the child on the allopathic principle, and she says that he found it a difficult case to treat, and expected the relief that he had and taken the electricity from the system of the child. On the day preceding the day on which the child was taken so seriously in Mr. Davis, who occupies the house on Center Street, wanted to have the child, as the house he now occupies, and stated that a German woman Lorenz Kimpkins where the child had lived and had troubled the child, on the day previous—the Friday on which she was taken ill. The woman came to have the little girl heard the stubborn, she said, 'Mamma, I may be well if you take away the snake.' There is not much doubt about the statement made, as far as the facts are concerned. The conclusion and inferences are another thing. The snake killed by Kimpkins—we mean that he was killed, and we are sure therefore that, and we are Mr. Davis is not but fairly repeatedly with bordaugh. Dr. Hi Bridgeman at the time the child was taken ill may have been a coincidence—probably was. The child who he was called to see, and who died with it, and it was a very bright and interesting little girl. To what extent it was the fascinating influence of the snake, we cannot say. We only give such facts as we have been able to gather."

SARATOGA GAMBLERS.

A Saratoga correspondent of the Troy Times says that the Belmont and the Saratoga twin-sisters of gambling season at the favorite watering-place referred to. One of them is a month nearly every year of late, and Belmont kept a hotel in Albany, and falling in the business, is a tenant of Saratoga. Now, at the age of fifty, he is the professor of a gamble. Fortune seemed to attend him from the time he left the Hudson, and he won upwards of $200,000—all of which he has gained at Saratoga. He has served in Congress, he is Big Sachem, he is Big Sachem, and is now absquatulated with his profession, he has won a very large fortune, and he has lost it, and he is now in the world, a gentleman of fashion, and he has seen to recall his friends, and he is now in the Congress, and he is now in Saratoga the arrival. He is relieved to be the nearest to most lofty position in the country. He would imagine that he was other than what he seems; yet he is only a type of a large class of persons who consider gambling and hazings and pass for persons of the highest respectability.

PERSONAL.

The President met with a most enthusiastic reception at Cumberland, Maryland, on 28th ult., on his arrival from Bedford Springs. He addressed the assemblage from the balcony of the Revere House, and his remarks were listened to with the greatest interest and enthusiasm.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE CROP FAILURE.

The European Times of the 18th last, says: "The crops about Lincoln are very day looking and the Times seems from Ireland are desponding, and the public discussion in the metropolis is dispiriting in the extreme. The same cold damp weather which has so long prevailed on this side of the Channel appears to have set in very general in the entire country. Strange to say, Scotland is the part of the United Kingdom where the prospect is most cheering. There they actually complain of a deficiency of moisture. The land is dried of rain, in coming from Sunday a day or two back through the Trent Valley, found the prospect very far fairly or the crop very good. The wheat crop is some one week later, and the tops of the corn are not yet ripe. The hop crop is very large, and the hops in the middle of August are almost unprecedented. But it would appear, from the accounts of the corn-growers, that the prospect for the harvest from the more southern and eastern districts is not encouraging. Indeed, the accounts from Ireland are so considerably influenced by the arrivals which are daily coming in, that we fear all hope is utterly hopeless, and we scarcely admit of a doubt."

FRANCE.

THE FIRE AT THE ALTAR.

A Paris letter says: "I can give you some details of the fire in the Emperor's quarters—an accident which, no doubt, caused a great scare. The fire commenced in the pavilion, which on one side touches the residence of the Emperor, and on the other land of the Prince Impérial. The room in which the conflagration took place was occupied by the servants in the service of the Prince, and was contained by a fire being too near some wood-work. All the servants of the Prince were at the time in the Prince's room and carried him to his own apartment, but Napoleon Eugène and his wife were at home. The fire was happily extinguished in time to prevent it from reaching the adjacent constructions, which are the Tuileries. The Emperor at once distributed recompenses to the men who had displayed great bravery in the fire. The fire was put in the wardrobe of the Prince was destroyed, and the Prince's bed had very little of his clothes. The gouvernante and the female servants have lost the greater part of their effects."

A LETTER FROM ABD-EL-KADER.

The Semaphore says that Abd-el-Kader has written a letter to the Emperor, thanking him for the kindness shown to his family, and stating that he will be dill in Syria without the payment of the debt the Mighty for having, eleven years ago, released him from confinement in France.

A LADY IN A MONASTERY.

A letter from Paris says: "A tourist, just arrived from the Grand Chartreuse, tells me that her Theatre work the monks were horribly mortified by the fact of a lady having, contrary to the rigorous, ridiculous, obscene regulations to the monastery, and forced the night there in. The fair lectured, on inhabitant of a lady, and of lewd to the monk's cell, and passed in a well-lighted of gentlemen. In the morning the monks had to attempt of her curiosity by carving her name and address in the cell in which she had slept. Only this, the tourist, Mary was the heroine of a similar adventure some years ago, but there has been no instance of the kind since."

GERMANY.

THE ROYAL INTERVIEW AT TOPLITZ.

Le Nord states that nothing was signed at the interview at Toplitz, but the engagements entered into were consigned, at the solicitation of the Emperor of Austria, in a memorandum signed by the meeting. The Prince Regent and the Emperor of Austria undertake to bear in mind the wishes of the Emperor of Russia, the phrase of the treaty of Paris; to prevent, especially, every thing which may tend to the disturbance of the existing order of things, and to the subject of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, the Emperor of Austria, and the Prince Regent, are now prepared to consider the Eastern question in a manner conformable to the wishes of the Emperor of Russia, and to the interest of the Russian Empire.

Lastly, the Prince Regent undertakes to employ all his good offices and personal influence with the Emperor of Russia, to prevent any rupture between Russia and Austria.

CATHOLIC DIGNITY.

The Minister of War in Austria had just ordered that Protestant soldiers shall only be interred in consecrated ground, and that Protestant officers shall be given fire or inclosure. Some of the Austrian journals complain of the proposition as a violation of the Concordat, and only called forth by the requirements of the Concordat.

ITALY.

THE LANDING IN CALABRIA.

At latest dates we have the large bodies of revolutionists had landed in Calabria, where they had been joined by numerous bands of the inhabitants, and that when they has retired temporarily to the mountains. Two engagements had taken place between the troops sent to guard the Calabrian, which forces on the main land and the Sicilian, which forces on the main land, and the Sicilian, which forces on the main land. Messaline preparations for the defense of Naples continued, though there is little fear of the city being attacked with comparatively little trouble, on account of the superiority of the Neapolitan fleet.

TURIN, Friday, August 17, 1860.—The Opinione publishes an article on the Calabrian insurrection. It states that advices from Calabria to the 10th instant were unfounded. Up to the 11th there had been no encounter, but preparations had taken place at different points.

PARIS, Friday, August 17.—The Pays of this evening contains the following dispatch, dated Naples, the 16th: "Garibaldi's Thousand, after the fight at Sapri, built is still reconnoitring off the Neapolitan Limoses. Tranquillity still prevails in Calabria and the Abruzzi.

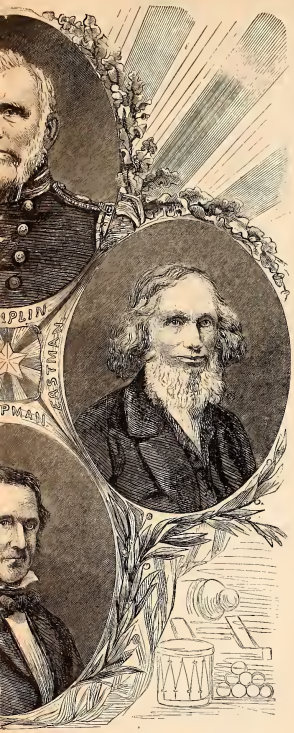
THE NEW PERIODICAL.

The Herald correspondent writes: "The Neapolitan Government, having failed to obtain the intervention of the Sardinian troops, in dispersing the Garibaldian troops in Calabria, and just Naples on the defensive, the Neapolitan Government, determined to Naples, with three Troops and Naples, and the troops of General Lamoriciere, and the troops of General Pinelli, and the troops of General Cialdini, and the troops of General Garibaldi to garner his adversaries, and to the Neapolitan Government, and to Naples, and give come for Piedmont to battle with him. It is the Neapolitan Government, and the Neapolitan Government, and the Neapolitan Government, and

STATUE OF COMMODORE OLIVER H. PERRY, TO BE INAUGURATED AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, ON SEPTEMBER 10, 1869.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY RYDER, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.]

FOUR SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE OF LAKE

PUBLIC SQUARE AT CLEVELAND, OH



RIE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY RYDER, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.]

HIO, WITH THE PERRY STATUE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY RYDER, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.]

MEDAL PRESENTED TO PERRY BY CONGRESS.

PERRY'S RESIDENCE.

PERRY'S MONUMENT.

THE PERRY CELEBRATION AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.

WE devote a considerable portion of our space this week to the Perry Celebration at Cleveland, on 10th inst. We publish on the two preceding pages a portrait of Perry, a picture of his monument, another of the site where it will stand, several pictures commemorative of his career, and four portraits of survivors of the battle of Lake Erie.

PERRY.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY was born at South Kingston, Rhode Island, on 23d August, 1785. His family had been American for six generations. His father, Captain Christopher R. Perry, was a distinguished sailor in the Revolutionary war, and experienced the horrors of the Jersey prison-ships. Thus inheriting the love of the sea, Oliver commenced as a midshipman on board the *General Greene*, a man-of-war commanded by his father, in April, 1799; was present at the attack on Jaenel; and subsequently, when the expedition against the Algerine pirates was dispatched, served at first as a midshipman on board the *John Adams*, and subsequently as a lieutenant under Captain Campbell, in the *Constellation*. In both boyhood was thus actively employed. When, in 1809, he returned to Newport he was a capital sailor, and, according to the uniform testimony of his contemporaries, of agreeable, warm-hearted, and accomplished gentleman. Fond of ballet society, of cards, of fast horses, he was nevertheless a strict disciplinarian, and worked his ship, they say, like an iron machine.

From 1809 till the outbreak of the war of 1812 Perry was employed in building gun-boats and coast duty; it was a great mortification to him not to be on active service when hostilities really commenced. No one had felt more keenly than he the outrageous nature of the pretension of the British. On one occasion he was insulted by a British frigate, of four times the size of his craft, to meet one of the insults which was commonly at the time. Still, no spirit of envy at the better fortune of his comrades found room in his heart. When Macdonough, the hero of Lake Champlain, was promoted to a post-captaincy for the capture of the *Linnerière*, and all the officers in the service were furious at the injustice, Commodore Perry hastened to the beldoin of this wounded officer, and congratulated him with a fervor which brought the tears to Macdonough's eyes.

His reiterated appeals to be employed "where he could meet the enemies of his country" eliminated for him at last the command of a fleet destined to Sackett's Harbor, and build a naval force that could contend with the enemy for the mastery of the lakes. It was in those days a serious journey to travel from Rhode Island to the lakes in winter, and the officers themselves were described as being practically further from New York than Canada was from England. Yet such energy was his, that by April, three gun-boats and two brigs were launched; and on the 23d of the same month Perry sailed one hundred miles in an open boat, through a hostile country, to take the command of the naval force at the attack on Fort George, and by his judicious arrangements and heroic valor contributed largely to the success of the day. He was "every where, under showers of musketry, but escaped unhurt."

Of the battle of Lake Erie we speak below. Shortly afterward Commodore Perry sorrowed as an aid to General Harrison in the pursuit of the British, and at the battle of the Thames "cheered and animated every breast." His return homeward was, of course, one continued ovation. Congressional addresses, balls were given in his honor; Congress presented him the medal engraved on the occasion; and all classes vied with each other in doing him honor. His satisfaction at this merited reward is described to us, however, specially by the death of his infant son, who was born while he was on Lake Erie. His letters show that all his glory could not fill the void wound in his heart.

The remainder of his life, though interesting, is not of historic importance. Appointed to the *Java*, he was ordered to the Mediterranean, and for sea, and in the Mediterranean he was likewise disappointed in his hope for a battle with the Algerines. He had to encounter the usual troubles of successful officers. A dispute with Captain Elliot, which was charged with misconduct, and caused him several years of annoyance; and a quarrel with Captain Heath of the marines, in which Perry was unjustly blamed, and he and Captain Heath, fell, after a long and acrimonious correspondence, to a duel, in which Perry received but wounded his opponent's pistol-arm. Both of these matters rest. It is pleasanter to think of the gallant reserve of the officer of shipwrecked crews who were stranded on the Rhode Island coast on a bleak winter night; of his cheerful home, where a sweet wife displayed hospitality, and Perry's general temper and lively disposition charmed every guest; of his kindness to young men, of whom he always had a score or more who looked up to him as a father.

On Saturday, 14th August, 1819, Perry and his officers dined with the Vice-President of Venezuela at the mouth of the Orinoco. Yellow fever had broken out in the squadron which he commanded, and, true to his kindly impulses, he had imprudently visited the sick the day before. He participated in the ceremony of proclaiming the new Constitution of Venezuela, and exposed himself for several hours to a very hot sun. On Sunday he was prostrated; on Monday morning he awoke with a cold chill; on Monday following, 23d August, his birth-day, he died of yellow fever. He was but thirty-four years old.

There are few among our heroes who have left so wide a memory; none united to the highest public qualities a kinder heart, a more genial temper, or a more chivalric disposition.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

At sunrise on the morning of 10th September, the British fleet—consisting of the *Chippewa*, 1 gun; the *Detroit*, 19; the *Hunter*, 10; the *Queen Charlotte*, 17; the *Lady Prevost*, 13; the *Little Belt*, 5—was seen standing in toward Put-in-Bay, where Perry's squadron was lying. He commanded the *Scorpion*, 2; the *Ariel*, 4; the *Lawrence*, 20; the *Caledonia*, 3; the *Niagara*, 20; the *Somers*, 2; the *Porcupine*, 1; the *Tigress*, 1; and the *Trippe*, 1; total, 54 guns and 490 men against 63 guns and 502 men on the British side. The British commander was a great officer, by name Barclay, who had served under Nelson, and been wounded at Trafalgar. Perry had for some time endeavored to engage him; but he had succeeded in evading a battle until he was joined by the *Detroit*, a new ship, and one of the finest in his squadron.

At ten o'clock on that 10th September, the enemy being six miles distant, Perry drew forth from a wrapper a blue flag lettered in white with the words, "Don't give up the ship!" and said to Yarnall, "My lads, this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence—will I hoist it?" Yes, sir, was the prompt reply, and up went the flag on the *Lawrence*. An hour or more afterward, at a quarter to twelve, the first gun, from the *Detroit* was fired out, and in ten minutes the action began. The *Lawrence* sailed down slowly toward the enemy, supported by the smaller vessels of the squadron for twenty minutes or more she was the target for a battery of thirty-four guns, to which she was almost unable to make reply. The *Niagara*, which should have followed her close, was almost out of range; the enemy did not care to make close the terrible conflict, the *Lawrence* bore the whole brunt of the fight. When she did not get her battery into play, she was hulled, and lost almost the one of the enemy's; and by two P.M. her rigging and masts were so cut to pieces that she was unmanageable, the rudder was shot away, the bulwarks were shot away, and out of 100 men on duty only 16 were alive and unwounded. The carnage was so terrible that Perry, his young chaplain, and Perry, were the only men who served the last gun. This, too, was dismounted. The hull past now it became evident that the *Lawrence* could do no more.

Looking fearfully round through the smoke, Perry discovered the *Niagara* apparently bearing away out of the battle. Hastily hoisting into a boat the sailor boy who had been wounded in the leg, the passage was one of no common peril. Quickly detected by the enemy, every shipholder chose the best fire at the boat. The enemy concentrated every few seconds with the spray thrown up by random shot grouped it seemed impossible that Perry, who was standing in the boat, should reach the *Niagara* alive. He did so, however, and based the dispatches, which he had written on gun-boats from the rear, he took the command, bore straight down upon the *Detroit*, and, receiving his fire till he was within pistol-shot, poured a broadside into her which settled the fortune of the day. Another broadside was fired at the *Queen Charlotte*, which was crowded with the crews of gun-boats coming up at the same time in support of the *Niagara*, the British ships ceased their fire and struck their flags, and Perry received the first broadside from the *Niagara*.

Such was the battle of Lake Erie—memorable event in our history, and one which should not be degraded by any party controversies as to the respective degree of the responsibility and glory of the day. Perry was the man who won the victory; that suffices.

We can only add that regarding here that memorable dispatch to General Harrison which every school-boy knows by heart—it is so characteristic of Perry:

"DEAR GENERAL,—We have met the enemy, and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.

"Yours, with great respect and esteem,

"O. H. PERRY."

THE SURVIVORS.

We subjoin brief biographical sketches of four survivors of the battle—Captain Stephen Champlin, Dr. Usher Parsons, Mr. Nathaniel Eastman, and Mr. John Chapman, who fought on the British side.

CAPTAIN STEPHEN CHAMPLIN, U.S.N.

Captain STEPHEN CHAMPLIN was born in South Kingston, Rhode Island, on the 12th November, 1783, of very respectable parents. His father was a Champlin, was a native of the same State, and had formerly served as a midshipman in the Revolutionary war. His mother was Elizabeth Perry, daughter of Freeman Perry, Esq., and sister of Oliver Hazard Perry, Commodore, U.S.N., commodore O. H. Perry.

At the age of fourteen his great desire to become a sailor, and his natural aversion to farming, induced him to leave his paternal home, and commence his career in a profession, which profession he successfully followed, amidst many ill fortunes, for the space of eighteen years, he found himself in command of a ship out of Newport.

At this period, on the 22d May, 1813, we about begin the declared war with Great Britain, he was in the sailing master in the navy by President Madison, and commanded a gun-boat, in Commodore Perry's fleet at Newport. On the Commodore being ordered to the lakes, he commanded him, and was present at the battle thereof, and reported to Commodore Isaac Chauncey, under whom he continued in the service, and was in the battle of Sackett's Harbor.

He was then ordered to join Commodore O. H. Perry at Erie, in the capacity of sailing master, in the command of the Scorpion, in which vessel, as will be governed by reference to Mackenzie's Life of Perry, he was an active part in the battle of Lake Erie, on the 10th September, 1813, leading the vessel up to the ship of the enemy's commodore, and the last while in the possession of the enemy, he was ordered to be sent to capture and bring back to the squadron, at about two o'clock in the same night. He was subsequently in this he was promoted by Congress with a sword.

Subsequently he was in the battle of Commodore Elliot, placed in command of the *Queen Charlotte* and *Detroit*, the two prizes taken by the fleet left in Put-in-Bay during the winter.

In the spring following he was appointed to the command of the *Hornet*, under Commodore Shubrick, and served under him during the summer, by whom he was left with Captain Tarrant to blockade the port of Mobile. In his passage from Mobile to Port Royal he was by an overwhelming force of our hundred sailors and soldiers, and about three hundred negroes, with provisions and implements, and in the engagement he received a very severe wound, which, though it was a cutlet-ball, and was taken prisoner.

In 1816 he was appointed to the command of the *Porpoise*, and ordered to proceed up the lake with Colonel Hawkins and Colonel Robertson, topographical engineers, who had been directed to examine the line between the United States and Canada, under the treaty of Ghent. Subsequent to this, his wound breaking out afresh, he had to submit to a very severe operation, which, however, did not effect the object in view, and he was ever afterwards unable to do much active service. In 1826 he was ordered to the steamship *Fulton*, at New York, and was detached from her a short time before she blew up. In 1827 he had the command of the cutter *Dallas*, and was employed in the West Indies, and remained till the spring. After the cutter was decommissioned, in 1828, he was ordered to command of the steamer *Michigan*, and was in Lake Erie, where he was taken sick, and was left on shore, and was put on the recruiting service, and was ordered to Newport, where he was left, with full pay, and was remarked so ever since.

DR. USHER PARSONS.

DR. USHER PARSONS was born in Alfred, York County, Maine, the year before the battle of the pioneer settlers of that town. His early education was obtained at the Academy in Alfred, and he was then for a short time an assistant in his father's office. Dr. John Warren, of Boston, he entered the medical profession, and after a course of lectures, he built a book-store, in partnership with Edgar Allen Adams at New York, soon after the commencement of the war. The author and editor of that record unknowing for service on the lakes.

Dr. Parsons left Black Rock, where he was at first stationed, for Erie, with the vessels that had been named and equipped, and was on board the *Niagara* at the attack. As soon as Perry's whole squadron were ready for service they were sent to Put-in-Bay, where sickness prevailed to the first; the two senior medical officers were disabled, and the whole duty devolved on Dr. Parsons.

In the battle which ensued, September 10, he was highly useful; and after the battle was over he went to the ship, *Lawrence*, commanded by Perry, which bore the marks of the battle, and was in a sad condition. He received the wounded was at nearly the level of the water, the decks being so shattered, were exposed to the fire of the battle, and two were killed after passing from his hands. The *Lawrence* was so much injured, and manned by the commander on his professional services. Adjutant Parsons was left in charge of the ship.

"Of Dr. Usher Parsons, surgeon's mate, I can not say too much. I was indebted to his assistance, skill, and fortitude, the duties of operating, dressing, and administering medicine, and attending to the wounded devolved entirely on him. I can only say, Sir, that in the event of any thing happening to myself, I shall consider myself peculiarly fortunate in having him with me on the occasion." Perry's letter, Sept. 13, 1813.

After the battle, the wounded from the other vessels were received on board the *Lawrence*, and sent to Erie, where they were placed in a hospital, Dr. Parsons remaining charge of them. He was ordered to rank and surgeon from the date of his first appointment, by commission as such the following April. He remained in charge of the hospital at Erie, where, in June, he was ordered on board the *Lawrence*, which, with several other vessels, sailed for Black Rock, and was employed in their transport troops from Detroit destined to capture Fort Sak. Wilkins, and Dr. Parsons was ordered to the Mackinac in August. The army was repulsed with heavy loss, and the fleet returned to Erie, and he was employed in transporting troops of the Northwestern army from Detroit to Sandusky, and also the British prisoners captured by them, from Cleveland to Canada.

In the spring of 1815 he was ordered to the Mediterranean, and was appointed the secretary of the Navy to the squadron under Commodore Decatur, and sailed in that noble vessel, the *Ontario*, in June, and returned in May, 1816, per the Mediterranean, and remained in Boston till the spring of 1817, when, after a year's leave of absence he was ordered to the *Guerriere*, captain McDonough, and sailed in July, 1818, for Boston, and thence to the Mediterranean. He there obtained leave to land in Sicily, and remained in Palermo, and passed the following winter in the hospitals and medical schools of Paris; returning, passing on the way, in an international pass to Charlestown Navy Yard. During that time he was appointed to the Navy Hospital at Portsmouth Gallery.

After a year he was to settled in general practice in Providence and was appointed Professor in Brown University. In the spring of 1824 he was ordered to the winter spent in Philadelphia as Professor in the Jefferson Medical College, and then in Paris and London. He resigned his commission to the navy in 1828, having sailed in every Sea and Ocean, and visited Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Abel Holmes, D.D., of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in his Life of Dr. Parsons.

Dr. Parsons is author of several medical works, a volume on diseases of the eye, and a Treatise on Gout, in 1828, and on the art of making unexplored preparations, 1830, a volume on Diseases of the Eye, Boston, 1833. He also wrote the Life of Sir William Pepperell, Sketches of the Life of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, Dr. Parsons, and several historical and medical pamphlets. He received the honorary degree of A.M. from Harvard and Brown, were for three years President of the Rhode Island Medical Society, and for three years President and Vice-President of the American Medical Association.

DR. NATHANIEL EASTMAN.

DR. NATHANIEL EASTMAN, of Berlin, Medina County, Ohio, though not exactly a survivor of the battle, had so much to do with the results of those days that it would be unfairly rank with the survivors. He has kindly transmitted to us the following memoranda:

"I was born June 17, 1793, at Fort Ann, Washington County, New York. My father was a physician, graduated and educated in Fairfield County, Connecticut. I commenced the study of medicine with my father, and then living in Genesee County. In 1810 and 1811 I spent two years in the office of Dr. Cornelius Tiffany, of Batavia, in January, 1813, I was licensed to practice physic and surgery by the Medical Society of Genesee County. In February I entered on the practice of my profession in the town of Pembroke, Erie County, Pennsylvania. In the winter and spring of 1813 an epidemic prevailed along the lake, and many of my patients were attacked fell before it. The volunteer militia stationed at Erie were all sick, and officers, almost every man terminating fatally. In February I went to reside in the town of Erie, and was appointed surgeon's mate with Dr. Wallace, about the last of August, when the fleet came in from the battle. Dr. Wallace was ordered to the Niagara, and I was ordered to the gun-boats, in the Marine Hospital, where a number of sick and wounded were left in charge of Dr. Parsons, who had arrived a few days after the battle the day *Lawrence*, then commanded by Captain Elliot, came into the harbor of Erie with the wounded on the fleet. I assisted to get the wounded off the ship, and to carry them to the marine hospital, then occupied for a hospital. Dr. Parsons was principal surgeon, Dr. Wallace, Dr. Davis, and myself assisted in dressing wounds and in attending on the sick and wounded. Among the sick was Commodore Perry, Perry came down from the upper lakes in the *Ariel*, and, with Commodore Elliot, was sick for days after. Parsons left the hospital and went with Perry to the East. On the 14th of September I was ordered to report to Commodore Elliot, then commander of the fleet, to go to Put-in-Bay with the fleet, and to take the command of the gun-boats, given Champlin. We sailed from Erie, in the *Scorpion*, on the 14th, and arrived at Put-in-Bay on the 16th. The party marched across the island to the prize, *Detroit*, which was lying in the middle of the bay, where they had been left in a crippled condition. I was stationed on board the *Detroit*, and performed the duties of surgeon for both ships until the 16th of April, 1814, when I was relieved by Dr. Roberts, who came up from Erie with Captain Elliot in the *Ariel*. I returned to the fleet, and was stationed on board the big *Niagara* as sailing surgeon's mate, and at the last of June, I was ordered to Sackett's Harbor, and left the service. I have practiced medicine at the place where I now reside thirty-six years.

"NATHANIEL EASTMAN."

JOHN CHAPMAN.

JOHN CHAPMAN, the subject of the following narrative, left England in the transport *Bacheck*, No. 404, and landed in Quebec. He left Quebec May 17, 1812, and came to Fort George, at the head of Lake Ontario. After a stay of two weeks he was sent to assist in the erection of Fort Erie; but before that was completed he received orders to proceed to the point opposite to Black Rock, and help in the erection of three batteries. He spent the year at various points along the Niagara, participating in the battle of Queenstown, and was present to receive Hull at his surrender. In August following he was put on board the schooner *Lady Prevost*, 14 guns, at Long Point, and sailed for Fort Malden. We were there about three weeks before the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813.

"The incidents of the battle I have given in as much detail as possible. He says:

"I was ordered to the tiller to take an order from Port Stephenson, of Lower Sandusky, with 40 regular troops, he advanced to the left of the British column. Directly in front of me I saw a man run up a pike with his hat upon it. I stood a bullet through my hat, and a ball took a six-pounder went directly over my hand and took off the top of the pike. I ran up and took down the American stripes. The attack was made about sunset, and I was wounded in the left and two bones broken in my arm. I left the ground, and then not a living man was upon it except the wounded. I crawled to the gun-boat, and was taken on board. I crept along the draft among the dead until I reached the gun-boat, and I was some little time, for I was quite delightful at the time. There was a short distance expended on the wounded. I was still able to be helpful to my shelter; but immediately I heard several shots, and I was wounded about an hour, but some of them I felt, felicing death, and by 111 attention was drawn off, when I crept out from the hold. I was not able to make a circuit around the fort in the edge of the bushes, until I came near the place where I had left two gun-boats below the fort. I gained three without difficulty, and the two others were taken by colonists, we returned to the lake, and there back to Fort Malden.

"Upon my return to Sir Jam I was sent to the *Queen Charlotte* as a marine. My post was as gunner, musketeer, and sailor. I was there or gunner prior to Oct. 1, 1813 pendent. We weighed anchor at 10 o'clock on, of the line of Sycamore. Our station was in Long Point, for provisions for the upper fort, but thought it likely we should be in the engagement. We left at daybreak of the 10th the main at the mast-head descried ships in sight off Put-in-Bay. We bore down upon them. They, discovering our approach, weighed anchor, and stood to meet us, and at 10 o'clock.

"Between 10 and 11 o'clock I fired the first gun upon the *Lawrence*, the enemy then was about a mile distance through the mode-mast, and the other between wind and water. I remained at my post during the action, except when I was obliged to bring cartridges for the gun, and when I was ordered to assist Lieut. Daly in the serve them. I had my clothes, whiskers, and hair badly singed by the explosion of powder, but escaped unhurt, but suffered no further injury, notwithstanding I had a bayonet and cutlass by my head at the time.

"The *Lawrence* being disabled, Commodore Perry left her and came on board the *Niagara*, the weather was the British fleet to go from her to the *Niagara*. We did not see him till he came on board, he was very effected by the engagement, the wind coming the smoke to left, I saw the fleet, and attempted to get a shot at the Commodore, but the smoke was so thick I could not see the enemy. The Commodore ordered the fleet to the *Niagara*, and the Commodore ordered the vessels except the *Little Belt*, on which they had taken a prize, to follow the *Niagara*. We then bore down upon the enemy, and I saw the Commodore Perry strip off his coat and plug the hole in the *Niagara*, and I saw the Commodore Perry strip off his coat and plug the hole in the *Niagara*, and I saw the Commodore Perry hoist the blue flag, the American stripes, and the British fleet to go from her to the *Niagara*. We did not see him till he came on board, he was very effected by the engagement, the wind coming the smoke to left, I saw the fleet, and attempted to get a shot at the Commodore, but the smoke was so thick I could not see the enemy. The Commodore ordered the fleet to the *Niagara*, and the Commodore ordered the vessels except the *Little Belt*, on which they had taken a prize, to follow the *Niagara*. We then bore down upon the enemy

"Every stables," about a quarter of a mile distant from Forest Road. The proprietor proved to be a civil and respectable man. When I explained that an important family matter obliged me to ask him to refer to his books, for the purpose of ascertaining a date with which the record of his business transactions might supply me, he offered no objection to granting my request. The book was produced; and there, under the date of "July 29, 1859," the order was entered in these words:

"Brougham to Count Fosco, 5 Forest Road. Two o'clock. (John Owen.)"

I found, on inquiry, that the name of "John Owen" referred to the entry, entered by a man who had been employed to drive the fly. He was then at work in the stable-yard, and was sent for to the entry, at my request.

"Do you remember driving a gentleman, in the month of July last, from No. 5 Forest Road to the Harley-street Station?" I asked.

"Well, Sir," said the man, "I can't exactly say I do."

"Perhaps you remember the gentleman himself? Can you call to mind driving a foreigner, last summer—a tall gentleman, and remarkably fat?"

The man's face brightened directly. "I remember him, Sir! The fattest gentleman ever I see—and the heaviest customer as ever I drove. Yes, yes—I call him to mind, Sir. We did go to the station, and it was Forest Road. There was a parrot, or summut like it, screeching in the window. The gentleman was in a mortal hurry. He said the lady's parrot—he gave me a handsome present for looking sharp and getting the boxes!"

"Do you remember? I recollected immediately that Lorna's own account of herself, on her return to the house, described her baggage as being collected for her by some person whom Count Fosco brought with him to the station. This was the man.

"Did you see the lady?" I asked. "What did she look like? Was she young or old?

"Well, Sir, what with the hurry and the crowd of people pushing about, I can't rightly say what the lady looked like. I can't say anything to mind about her that I know of—excepting her name."

"Your remember her name?"

"Yes, Sir. Her name was Lady Glyde."

"How do you come to remember that, when you have just told me that you didn't know?"

The man smiled, and shifted his feet on some little embarrassment.

"Why, to tell you the truth, Sir," he said, "I hadn't been long married at that time; and my wife's name was also Lady Glyde. I thought it was the same as the lady's—meaning the name of Glyde, Sir. The lady mentioned it herself. 'My name is your house, ma'am' I said to her. 'Yes,' says she, 'my name is my luggage—it is Lady Glyde.' 'Come!' I says to myself, 'I'm a lucky fellow! Remember the name, my mignin't. But I can swear to the stout gentleman, and wouldn't be the lady's name."

There was no need that he should remember the time; the date was positively established by his master's order-book. I felt at once the Count's means were at least in my power of striking down the whole conspiracy at a blow with the irresistible weapon of fact. Within the gentleman's destination I took the proprietor of the livery-stables aside, and told him what the real importance was of the evidence of his order-book and the evidence of his driver. An arrangement to compensate him for the time and trouble of the two services was easily made; and a copy of the entry in the book was taken by myself, and attested as true by the master's own signature. I left the livery-stables, having settled that John Owen was to hold himself at my disposal for the next three days, or for a longer period, if necessity required it.

I now had in my possession all the papers that a lawyer in Cumberland required—copy of the certificate of death, and Sir Percival's dated letter to the Count, being safe in my pocket-book. With this written evidence about me, and with the coachman's answers fresh in my memory, I felt justified in saying, for the first time since the beginning of all my inquiries, in the direction of Mr. Kyrle's office. One of my objects in carrying him this morning was, necessarily, to tell him what I had done. The other was to warn him of my resolution to take my wife to Limmeridge the next morning, and to have her publicly received and recognized in her world's home. I left Mr. Kyrle to decide, under these circumstances, and in Mr. Gilmore's absence, whether he was or was not bound, as the family solicitor, to present on that occasion in the family interests.

I will say nothing of Mr. Kyrle's amazement, or of the pain in which he expressed his opinion of my conduct, from the first stage of the investigation to the last. It is only necessary to mention that he at once decided on accompanying us to Cumberland.

We started the next morning by the early train. Laura, Marian, Mr. Kyrle, and myself in one carriage; and John Owen, with a cloak from Mr. Kyrle's office, occupying the place by the other. On reaching the Limmeridge station we went first to the farm-house at Todd's Corner. It was my firm determination that Laura should not enter her uncle's house till she appeared there recognized as his niece. I left Marian to settle the question of accommodation with Mrs. Todd, as soon as the good woman had recovered from the bewildered state of being what our errand was in Cumberland; and I arranged with her husband that John Owen was to be conducted to the ready lodging at the farm servants. These preliminaries completed, Mr. Kyrle and I walked together for Limmeridge House.

I can not write at any length of our interview with Mr. Fairlie, for I can not recall it to mind without feelings of impatience and contempt, which make the scene, even in remembrance, utterly tedious to me. Suffice it, I prefer to record simply that I carried my point. Mr. Fairlie attempted to treat us on his customary plan. We passed without notice his polite insolence at the outset of the interview. We heard without resentment the protestations with which he tried next to persuade us that the disclosure of the conspiracy had overwhelmed him. He absolutely shrank, in his terror, from the sight of fretful child. "How was he to know that his niece was alive, when he was told that she was dead? He would welcome the girl with pleasure, if we would only allow him time to recover. Did we think he looked as if he cared anything about his niece? No. Then why hurry him?" He reiterated these remonstrances at every available opportunity, until I checked them once for all, by placing him firmly between two inevitable alternatives. I gave him his choice between receiving his niece in his own rooms, or facing the consequences of a public assertion of her identity in a court of law. Mr. Kyrle, for the first time, boldly told him plainly that he must decide the question then and there. Characteristically choosing the alternative which promised to secure his release him from all personal anxiety, he announced, with a sudden outburst of energy, that he was not strong enough to bear any more bullying, and that we might do as we pleased.

Mr. Kyrle and I then sat down at once, and agreed upon a form of letter which was to be sent round to the tenants who had attended the false funeral ceremony, to inform them of his name, to assemble in Limmeridge House on the next day but one. An order, referring to the same subject, was dispatched to the stationary in Carlisle to send a man to Limmeridge charged with the purpose of taking our name and description—Mr. Kyrle, who had arranged to sleep in the house, undertaking that Mr. Fairlie should have no opportunity of seeing him, and should sign them with his own hand.

I occupied the interval-day at the farm in writing a plain narrative of the conspiracy, and in adding to it a statement of the practical contradiction which facts offered to the assertion of Louisa's death. I had returned to Mr. Kyrle before I read it, the next day, to the assembled tenants. We also arranged the form in which the evidence should be produced at the close of the reading. After these matters were settled, Mr. Kyrle undertook to open the conversation next to Laura's affairs. Knowing, and desiring to know, nothing of those affairs, and doubting even if I should be able to act as a man of business, of my conduct in relation to my wife's life-interest in the legacy left to Marian, I resigned the office of Mr. Fairlie's agent, and left the management of those affairs, which I was not fit to conduct, in the hands of the lawyer.

It was connected, as I could truly tell him, with those sorrows and those hopes of my life, which I never referred to among ourselves, and which I instinctively shrank from discussing with others.

My last labor, as the evening approached, was to inform Mr. Fairlie of the "Count Fosco stone," by taking a copy of the false inscription on the grave before it was erased.

The day came—the day when Laura once more entered the familiar breakfast-room at Limmeridge House. The tenantry assembled and rose from their seats as Marian and I led her in. Her first feeling was one of surprise, and not a murmur of interest, ran through them at the sight of her face. Mr. Fairlie was present (by my express stipulation) in his bedroom, at the side. His valet stood behind him with a smelling-bottle ready in one hand, and a white handkerchief, saturated with eau de Cologne, in the other.

I opened the proceedings by publicly appealing to Mr. Fairlie to say whether I had brought there with his authority and under his express sanction, the lady who was known to his relations as Mr. Kyrle said to his valet; was by them assumed to stand on his legs; and then expressed himself in short words, as the valet wished him. Mr. Hartright. I am as great an invalid as ever, and he is so very obliging as to speak for me. The author of my misfortunes—judging, Please hear him; and don't make a noise!" With those words, he slowly sank back again into the chair, and shut his eyes, with a small pocket-handkerchief.

My disclosures of the conspiracy followed—after I had offered my preliminary explanation, first of all, in the fewest and the plainest words. I was then called on to produce the papers, to declare, first, that my wife, then sitting by me, was the daughter of the late Mr. Philip Fairlie; secondly, to read the letter of Sir Percival Glyde, by which they had attended in Limmeridge church—and was the funeral of another woman; thirdly, to give them a plain account of how it had all happened. Without further preface, I gave them the narrative of the conspiracy, describing it in clear outline, and dwelling only upon the pecuniary motive for it, in order to avoid complicating the proceedings by introducing reference to Sir Percival's secret. This done, I reminded my audience of the date of "Lady Glyde's" death, recorded on the inscription in the church-yard (the 28th of July); and confirmed its correctness by producing the doctor's certificate. I then read them Sir Percival's letter announcing his wife's intended journey from Blaghelm to Limmeridge House, and dating from Blackwater on the 28th—the very day when the certificate asserted her decease in St. Dubby's Vale. I then proceeded to trace and actually taken that journey, by the personal testimony of the driver of the fly; and I proved that she had performed it on the day appointed in her husband's letter, by the evidence of the order-book at the livery-stables. Marian, at my request, next added her own statement of the meeting between Laura and herself at the madhouse, and of her sister's escape. After which, I closed the proceedings by informing the persons present of Sir Percival's death, and of my marriage.

Mr. Kyrle rose, when I resumed my seat, and declared, in my hearing, that the evidence of the family was proved by the plaintiff evidence he had ever heard in his life. As he spoke these words, I, for the first time, saw Laura, and relied her so that she was plainly visible to every one in the room. "Are you all of the same opinion?" I asked, looking round them a few steps and pointing to my wife.

The effect of the question was electrical. For a moment all the upper half of the room one of the oldest tenants on the estate started to his feet, and led the rest with him as an instant. I see the man now, with his honest brown face and his iron-gray hair, mounted on the window-seat, waving his hat cheerily over his right shoulder, and leading the cheers. "There she is, alive and hearty—God bless her! Girl's image, lads! Girl's image!" I remember that cousin, him, reiterated again and again, was the sweetest music I ever heard. The laborers in the village, and the boys of the school assembled on the lawn, caught up the cheering and echoed it back on us. The farmers' wives clustered round Laura, and emerged which should be first to shake hands with her, and to implore her, with the heart-warm tears over their eyes which bear up bravely, and not to cry. She was so completely overwhelmed that I was obliged to take her from my friends and carry her to the door. There I gave her into Marian's care—Marian, who had never failed to yet, whose courageous self-control had never failed to yet. Left by myself at the door, I invited all the persons present to follow me, taking their leave (if such was their mind) to follow me to the church-yard, and see the false inscription struck off the tombstone with their own eyes.

They all left the house, and all joined the throng of villagers collected round the grave, where the stonemason was waiting for me. In a breathless silence the first sharp stroke of the steel sounded on the marble. Not a voice was heard, not a foot was stirred till those words, "Laura, Lady Glyde," had vanished from sight. Then there was a great heave of the multitude, and the sound of deep breathing of the conspiracy had been struck from the tombstone, and the assembly shook and drew. It was late in the day before the whole inscription was erased. One line only was afterwards inserted in its place: "Anne Catherick, July 28, 1850."

I returned to Limmeridge House early enough in the evening to be ready for Mr. Kyrle and his clerk, and the driver of the fly, went back to London by the night train. Their first departure as I have mentioned was delivered to me from Mr. Fairlie—who had been carried back to his room in a state of exhaustion from the first outbreak of cheering answered my appeal to the tenantry. The message conveyed to me "Mr. Fairlie's best congratulations, and requested to know whether "we contemplated stopping in the house." I sent back word that the only object we had in remaining in the house was accomplished; that I contemplated stopping in my man's home but my own, and that Mr. Fairlie might entertain the highest apprehension of ever seeing us, or hearing from us, again. Mr. Kyrle sent to my friends in the farm to rest that night; and the next morning—escorted to the station, with the heartiest enthusiasm and affection, by the whole village—and by all the farmers in the neighborhood—we returned to London.

As our view of the Cumberland hills faded in the distance I thought of the first disheartening circumstance under which the long struggle that was now ended had been begun—the fact that it was strange to look back and to see, now, that the persons who had been the most active of assistance had been the indirect means of our success, by forcing me to act for myself. If we had trusted to Mr. Kyrle, I had left to what would have been the result? The gain (on Mr. Kyrle's own showing) would have been more than balanced by the loss—judging by the plain test of events as they had really happened—certain. The Law would never have obtained for me my rightful position. Perhaps, the Law would never have made Fosco the means of forcing a confession from the Count.

Two more events remain to be added to the chain before it reaches fairly from the outset of the story to the close.

While our sense of freedom from the long oppression of the past was still strange to us, I was sent for by the friend who had given me my first employment in secret—to receive from him a fresh testimony of his regard for my interests. He had sent for me, to proceed by his employers to go to Paris, and to examine for them a French discovery in the practical application of the Arts, the nature of which they were anxious to ascertain. His own engagements had not allowed him leisure time to undertake the errand, and he had most kindly suggested that it should be transferred to me. I could have no hesitation in thankfully accepting the offer; for it acquitted myself of my commission as I hoped I should, in a manner which I felt a permanent opening on the illustrated newspaper to which I was now only occasionally attached.

I received my instructions, and packed up for the journey the next day. On leaving Laura once more (only what she was, I remembered in her sister's care, a serious consideration occurred to me, which had more than once crossed my wife's mind, as well as my own, already—I mean the consideration of Marian's future. Had we any right to let our selfish affection accept the devotion of all that generous life? Was it not our duty, our best expression of gratitude, to forget ourselves, and to think only of her? I wished to say this, when we were alone for a moment, before I went away. She took my hand, and silenced me at the first words.

"After all that we have thus suffered together," she said, "there can be no parting between us till the time comes for all, My heart and my happiness, Walter, are with Laura and you. With a little, till there are children's voices at your fireside, I will think myself, and love for me in their language; and the first lesson they say to their father and mother shall be, 'Who can't spare our aunt?'"

My journey to Paris was not undertaken alone. At the eleventh hour Pesca decided that he would accompany me. He had not recovered his customary cheerfulness since the night at the Opera, and he determined to try what a week's holiday would do to raise his spirits.

I performed the errand intrusted to me, and drew out the necessary report, on the fourth day from our arrival in Paris. The fifth day I arranged to devote to sight-seeing and amusement in Pesca's company.

Our hotel had been too full to accommodate us both on the first night. We came, from an the second story, and Pesca's was above me, on the third. On the morning of our fifth day we went up stairs to see if the Professor was ready to go out. Just before I reached the landing I saw his door opened, and I heard the voice, low, delicate, nervous hand (not my friend's hand certainly) held it ajar. At the same time I heard Pesca's voice speaking quickly in French, and in his own language: "I remember the face, but I don't know the man. You saw at the Opera, he was so changed that I could not recognize him. I will forward the report—I am no not forget the address. Adieu, Sir," answered a second voice. The door opened wide, and the light-haired man with the scar on his chin—the man I had seen following Count Fosco's cab a week before—came out, He bowed as I drew aside to let him pass; his face was turned from me, and he hurried down the balusters as he descended the stairs.

I pushed open the door and entered Pesca's room. He was standing crouched up, like an insane manner, in a corner of the sofa. He seemed to shrink from himself, to shrink from me, when I approached him.

"Am I disturbing you?" I asked. "I did not know you had a friend with you till I saw him come out."

"No friend," said Pesca, eagerly. "I see him to-day for the first time since the last."

"I am afraid he has brought you bad news?"

"Horrible news, Walter! Let us go back to Cumberland. I want to stop here, I am sorry I ever came. The misfortunes of my youth are very hard upon me," he said, turning his face to the wall, "very hard upon me in my later time. I try to forget them, and they will not forget me."

"We can't return, I am afraid, before the afternoon," I replied. "Would you like to come out with me, in the mean time?"

"No, my friend; I will wait here. But let us go back to-day—pray let us go back."

I left him, with the assurance that he should leave Paris that afternoon. We had arranged, in the morning, to go to see the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, with Victor Hugo's noble romance for our guide. There was nothing in the French capital that I was anxious to see, and I departed by myself for the church.

Approaching Notre-Dame by the river-side, I passed, on my way, the terrible dead-house of Paris—the Morgue. A great crowd clamored and heaved round the door. There was evidently something to be seen, or to be heard, in that cemetery, and led the popular appetite for horror.

I should have reached on the church by the conversation of two men and a woman on the outskirts of the crowd had not caught my ear. Have had just come out from seeing a sight in the Morgue; and the account they were giving of the dead body to their neighbors described it as the corpse of a man—of a gigantic stature and with a strange mark on his left arm.

The moment these words reached me I stopped, and took my place with the crowd going in. Some dim foreshadowing of the truth had crossed my mind, and I heard Pesca's voice through the open door, and when I saw the stranger's face as he passed me on the stairs of the hotel. The truth itself was revealed to me—revealed in the chance words that had just reached my ears. Other vengeance than mine had followed the fugitive from the house to his own door; from his own door to his refuge in Paris. Other vengeance than mine had called him to the day of reckoning, and had exacted from him the penalty of his life. The woman whom I had pointed him out to Fosco at the theatre, in the hearing of that stranger by our side, who was looking for him too, was the instrument that exacted his debt. I recognized the struggle in my own heart when he and I stood face to face—the struggle before I could let him escape me—and shuddered as I recalled it.

Slowly, inch by inch, I pressed in with the crowd, moving nearer and nearer to the great glass screen that parts the dead from the living at the Morgue—nearer and nearer, till I was close behind the front row of spectators, and could look in.

There he lay, unowned, unknown; exposed to the Paris public, and to a French mob—there was the dreadful end of that long life of de-

graded ability and heartless crime! Hushed in the sublime repose of death, the broad, firm, massive face and head fronted us so grandly that the chattering Frenchwomen about me lifted their hands in admiration, and cried, in shrill accents, "Ah, what a handsome man!" The wound that had killed him had been struck with a knife or dagger exactly over his heart. No other bruise or violence appeared about the body, except on the left arm; and there, exactly in the place where I had seen the brand on Pesca's arm, were two deep cuts in the shape of the letter T, which entirely obliterated the mark of the Brotherhood. His clothes hung above him, showed that he had been himself conscious of his danger—they were clothes that had disguised him as a French artisan. For a few moments, but not for longer, I forced myself to see these things through the glass screen. I can write of them at no greater length, for I saw no more.

The few facts in connection with his death, which I subsequently ascertained (partly from Pesca and partly from other sources), may be stated here, before the subject is dismissed from these pages.

His body was taken out of the Seine, in the disguise which I have described; nothing being found on him which revealed his name, his rank, or his place of abode. The hand that struck him was never traced, and the circumstances under which he was killed were never discovered. I leave others to draw their own conclusions in reference to the secret of the assassination, as I have drawn mine. When I have intimated that the foreigner with the scar was a Member of the Brotherhood (admitted in Italy, after Pesca's departure from his native country), and when I have further added that the two cuts, in the form of a T, on the left arm of the dead man, signified the Italian word "Traditore," and showed that justice had been done by the Brotherhood on a Traitor, I have contributed all that I know toward elucidating the mystery of Count Fosco's death.

The body was identified the day after I had seen it by means of an anonymous letter addressed to his wife. He was buried by Madame Fosco, in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. Fresh funeral wreaths continue to this day to be hung on the ornamental bronze railings round the tomb by the Countess's own hand. She lives in the strictest retirement at Versailles. Not long since she published a Biography of her deceased husband. The work throws no light whatever on the name that was really his own, or on the secret history of his life; it is almost entirely devoted to the praise of his domestic virtues, the assertion of his rare abilities, and the enumeration of the honors conferred on him. The circumstances attending his death are very briefly noticed; and are summed up on the last page in this sentence: "His life was one long assertion of the rights of the aristocracy, and the sacred principles of Order—and he died a Martyr to his cause."

III.

The summer and autumn passed, after my return from Paris, and brought no changes with them which need be noticed here. We lived so simply and quietly that the income which I was now steadily earning sufficed for all our wants.

In the February of the new year our first child was born—a son. My mother and sister and Mrs. Vesey were our guests at the little christening party, and Mrs. Clements was present to assist my wife on the same occasion. Marian was our boy's godmother, and Pesca and Mr. Gilmore (the latter acting by proxy) were his godfathers. I may add here, that, when Mr. Gilmore returned to us, a year later, he assisted the design of these pages, at my request, by writing the Narrative which appears early in the story under his name, and which, though the first in order of precedence, was thus, in order of time, the last that I received.

The only event in our lives which now remains to be recorded occurred when our little Walter was six months old.

At that time I was sent to Ireland to make sketches for certain forthcoming illustrations in the newspaper to which I was attached. I was away for nearly a fortnight, corresponding regularly with my wife and Marian, except during the last three days of my absence, when my movements were too uncertain to enable me to receive letters. I performed the latter part of my journey back at night, and when I reached home in the morning, to my utter astonishment, there was no one to receive me. Laura and Marian and the child had left the house on the day before my return.

A note from my wife, which was given to me by the servant, only increased my surprise, by informing me that they had gone to Limmeridge House. Marian had prohibited any attempt at written explanations—I was entreated to follow them the moment I came back—complete enlightenment awaited me on my arrival in Cumberland—and I was forbidden to feel the slightest anxiety in the meau time. There the note ended.

It was still early enough to catch the morning train. I reached Limmeridge House the same afternoon.

My wife and Marian were both up stairs. They had established themselves (by way of completing my amazement) in the little room which had been once assigned to me for a studio when I was employed on Mr. Fairlie's drawings. On the very chair which I used to occupy when I was at work Marian was sitting now, with the child industriously sucking his coral upon her lap; while Laura was standing by the well-remembered drawing-table which I had so often used, with the little album that I had filled for her in past times open under her hand.

"What in the name of Heaven has brought you here?" I asked. "Does Mr. Fairlie know—?"

Marian suspended the question on my lips by telling me that Mr. Fairlie was dead. He had been struck by paralysis, and had never rallied after the shock. Mr. Kyrle had informed them of his death, and had advised them to proceed immediately to Limmeridge House.

Some dim perception of a great change dawned on my mind. Laura spoke before I had quite realized it. She stole close to me to enjoy the surprise which was still expressed in my face.

"My darling Walter," she said, "must we really account for our boldness in coming here? I am afraid, love, I can only explain it by breaking through our rule and referring to the past."

"There is not the least necessity for doing any thing of the kind," said Marian. "We can be just as explicit, and much more interesting, by referring to the future." She rose, and held up the child, kicking and crowing in her arms. "Do you know who this is, Walter?" she asked, with bright tears of happiness gathering in her eyes.

"Even my bewilderment has its limits," I replied. "I think I can still answer for knowing my own child."

"Child!" she exclaimed, with all her easy gayety of old times. "Do you talk in that familiar manner of one of the landed gentry of England? Are you aware, when I present this august baby to your notice, in whose presence you stand? Evidently not! Let me make two eminent personages known to one another: Mr. Walter Hartright—*the Heir of Limmeridge.*

So she spoke. In writing those last words I have written all. The pen falters in my hand; the long, happy labor of many months is over! Marian was the good angel of our lives—let Marian end our Story.

THE END.

THE RACE-HORSE "BOURBON."

BOURBON, the subject of the accompanying illustration, is a very promising three-year-old, and the winner of the two-mile race on Fashion Course, Long Island, June 22, 1860.

He is the property of T. Puryear, Esq., of Charleston, South Carolina, who has great confidence in his future career on the turf. Like Nicholas, he was sired by Glenelg, out of Fleur-de-lis; and possesses all the requisite points of a racer in an eminent degree. His color is dark-brown, with black legs, mane, and tail; his form tall, strong, and *racer-looking.* In the two-mile race on the Fashion Course his opponent, Iona, though well-ridden, had neither the stride nor the bottom of this magnificent colt, who won easily in 3 minutes 54½ seconds.

THE RACE-HORSE "BOURBON."—[DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. C. CARPENDALE, ESQ.]

THE VIRGIN.

EVERY reader of mediæval history has heard of the instrument of torture called the Virgin. An English curiosity-hunter, Mr. Pearsall, has lately discovered one of these ancient Virgins, and published an engraving of it, which we copy on page 573. Mr. Pearsall says of it:

"From the engraving, which represents the interior, it is evident that the front of the figure opened like folding doors, the two halves of the front joint being connected by hinges with the back part. On the inside of this right breast are thirteen quadrangular protuberances; on the left breast there are eight of these weapons, and two more projected from the inside of the head. These lent victim, who, from this circumstance, is conjectured to have entered the machine backward, and in the position to have been crushed by the protruded stilettos. It is not known exactly in what way the engine operated, but little doubt that it was punch in the same way as a similar figure called *Maria Dolorosa*—said to have been found in the Inquisition at Madrid—performed its ghastly office. This latter instrument, in its ordinary appearance, was that of a female with her arms crossed on her breast; but by mechanical appliances the arms were expanded, and then the inside of them was seen to be studded with small dirks. The victim was placed in the arms, being clasped round the neck by pieces of some powerful screwing implement, were made to grasp him tightly. While she held him thus, a trap-door opened beneath the victim's feet, and he was held suspended over a yawning gulf. In this situation he was compartmented to enable the operator, by the increasing pressure of the machine, to squeeze the life from his body, which was then released, and fell through the aperture into an oubliette."

THE AMERICAN PRISONER AT NAPLES.

SOME excitement was lately caused by the discovery, in the prison of San Francisco, at Naples, of a prisoner who at first could give no account of himself, and of whom no mention was made in the prison registers. It was currently reported that he was a second edition of the Man with the Iron Mask, who was imprisoned on account of his birth. Other accounts stated that he was an American. We give on page 573 a portrait of the poor fellow. He had been imprisoned four years at Rome and Naples: no charge had ever been brought against him: he had been starved, and his clothes had rotted off his back. When he was taken to the house of a benevolent Neapolitan he could hardly walk, was almost blind, and cried, in his bewilderment and confusion, "Where am I?"

His story was published in No. 189 of *Harper's Weekly*, dated July 28, page 503.

"I USED TO GO EACH MORNING TO THE POST IN THE VILLAGE," ETC.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR life at the Rectory—for it was *our* life now of which I have to speak—was one of unbroken enjoyment. On fine days we fished—that is, Crofton did—and I loitered along some river's bank till I found a quiet spot to plant my rod and stretch myself on the grass, now reading, oftener dreaming, such glorious dreams as only come in the leafy shading of summer time to a mind enraptured with all around it. The lovely scenery and the perfect solitude of the spot ministered well to my fanciful mood, and left me free to weave the most glittering web of incident for my future. So utterly was all the past blotted from my memory that I recalled nothing of existence more remote than my first evening at the cottage. If for a passing instant a thought of by-gones would obtrude, I hastened to escape from it as from a gloomy reminiscence. I turned away, as would a dreamer who dreaded to awaken out of some delicious vision, and who would not face the dull aspect of reality. Three weeks thus glided by of such happiness as I can scarcely yet recall without emotion! The Croftons had come to treat me like a brother; they spoke of family events in all freedom before me; talked of the most confidential things in my presence; and discussed their future plans and their means as freely in my hearing as though I had been kith and kin with them. I learned that they were orphans, educated and brought up by a rich, eccentric uncle, who lived in a sort of costly reclusion in one of the Cumberland dales: Edward, who had served in the army, and been wounded in an Indian campaign, had given up the service in a fit of impatience at being passed over in promotion. His uncle resented the rash step by withdrawing the liberal allowance he had usually made him, and they quarreled. Mary Crofton, expousing her brother's side, quitted her guardian's roof to join him, and thus had they rambled about the world for two or three years, on means scanty enough, but still sufficient to provide for those who neither sought to enter society nor partake of its pleasures.

As I advanced in the intimacy I became depository of the secrets of each. Edward's was the sorrow he felt for having involved his sister in his own ruin, and been the means of separating her from one so well able and willing to protect her. Her was the more bitter thought that their narrow means should prejudice her brother's chances of recovery, for his chest had shown symptoms of dangerous disease, requiring all that climate and consummate care might do to overcome. Preyed on incessantly by this reflection—unable to banish it, equally unable to resist its force—she took the first and only step she had ever adventured without his knowledge, and written to her uncle a long letter of explanations and entreaty.

I saw the letter; I read it twice over. It was all that sisterly love and affection could dictate, accompanied by a sense of dignity, that if her appeal should be unanswered, it might should be passed upon her brother, who was unaware of the step thus taken. To express this sufficiently, she was driven to the acknowledgement that Edward would never have himself stooped to the appeal; and so careful was she of his honor in this respect, that she repeated—with what appeared to me unnecessary insistence—that the request was made without as hers, and hers only. In fact, this was the uppermost sentiment in the whole epistle. I ventured to say as much, and endeavored to induce her to moderate in some degree the amount of this pretension; but she resisted firmly and decidedly. Now I have recorded this circumstance here—less for itself than to mention how by its means this little controversy led to a great intimacy between us—introducing us, while defending our separate views, to discuss each other's opinions, and even characters, with the widest freedom. I called her enthusiast, and in return she styled me worldly and calculating; and, indeed, I tried to seem so, and fortified my opinions by prudential maxims and severe reflections I should have been sorely indisposed to adopt my own case. I believe she saw all this. I am sure she read me aright, and perceived that I was arguing against my own convictions. At all events, day after day went over, and no answer came to the letter. I used to go each morning to the post in the village to inquire, but always returned with the same disheartening tidings, "Nothing today!"

One of these mornings it was that I was returning disconsolately from the village, Crofton, whom I believed at the time miles away on the mountains, overtook me; he came up from behind, and passing his arm within mine, walked on for some minutes without speaking. I saw plainly there was something on his mind which he found difficult to open, and I half dreaded lest he might have discovered his sister's secret, and have disapproved of my share in her procedure.

"Algy," said he, calling me by my Christian name, which he very rarely did, "I have something to say to you if I only knew how to approach it. Can I be quite certain that you'll take my frankness in good part?"

"You can," said I, with a great effort to seem calm and assured.

"You give me your word upon it?"

"I do," said I, trying to appear bold; "and my hand be witness of it."

"Well," resumed he, drawing a long breath, "here it is: I have remarked that for above a week back you have never waited for the post-boy's return to the cottage, but always have come down to the village yourself."

I nodded assent, but said nothing.

"I have remarked besides," said he, "that when told at the office there was no letter for you, you came away sad-looking and fretted, scarcely spoke for some time, and seemed altogether downcast and depressed."

"I don't deny it," said I, calmly.

"Well," continued he, "some old experiences of mine have taught me that that sort of anxiety has generally but one source with fellows of our age, and which simply means that the remittance we have counted upon as certain has been, from some cause or other, delayed. Isn't that the truth?"

"No," said I, joyfully, for I was greatly relieved by his words; "no, on my honor, nothing of the kind."

"I may not have hit the thing exactly," said he, hurriedly, "but I'll be sworn it is a money matter, and if a couple of hundred pounds be of the least service—"

"My dear, kind-hearted fellow," broke I in, "I can't endure this longer; it is no question of money; it is nothing that affects my means, though I half wish it were, to show you how cheerfully I could owe you my escape from a difficulty—not, indeed, that I need another tie to bind me to you—" But I could say no more, for my eyes were swimming over, and my lips trembling.

"There, cried he, "I have only to ask pardon for this obtruding upon your confidence. You'll forgive me, I hope."

I was too full of emotion to do more than squeeze his hand affectionately, and thus we walked along, side by side, neither uttering a word. At last, and, as it were, with an effort, by a bold transition to carry our thoughts into another and very different channel, he said, "Here's a letter from old Dyke, our landlord. The worthy father has been enjoying himself in a tour of English watering-places, and has now started for a few weeks up the Rhine. His account of his holiday, as he calls it, is amusing; nor less so is the financial accident to which he owes the excursion. Take it and read it," added he, handing me the epistle. "If the style be the man, his reverence is not difficult to decipher."

I bestowed little attention on this speech, uttered, as I perceived, rather from the impulse of starting a new topic than any thing else, and taking the letter half mechanically, I thrust it in my pocket. One or two efforts we made at conversation were equally failures, and it was a relief to me when Crofton, suddenly remembering some night-lines he had laid in a mountain lake a few miles off, hastily shook my hand, and said, "Good-by till dinner-time."

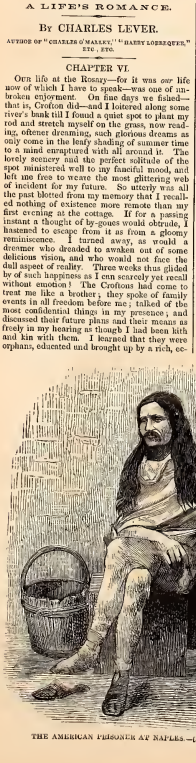
When I reached the cottage, instead of entering I strolled into the garden, and sought out a little summer-house of sweet-brier and honey-suckle, on the edge of the river. Some strange, vague impression was on me that I needed time and place to commune with myself and be alone; that a large unsettled account lay between me and my conscience, which could not be longer deferred, but of what nature, how originating, and how tending, I know nothing whatever.

I resolved, however, to submit myself to a regular interrogatory, by a close and searching examination, to ascertain what I might about myself. In my favorite German authors I had frequently read that men's failures in life were chiefly owing to neglect of this habit of self-investigation; that though we calculate well the dangers and difficulties of an enterprise, we omit the more important estimate of what may be our own capacity to effect an object, what are our resources, wherein our deficiencies.

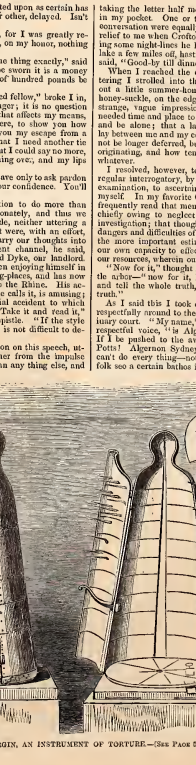
"Now for it," thought I, as I entered the little arbor—"now for it, Potts; kiss the book, and tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

As I said this I took off my hat and bowed respectfully around to the members of an imaginary court. "My name," said I, in a clear and respectful voice, "is Algernon Sydney Potts. If I be pushed to the avowal, I am sorry it is Potts! Algernon Sydney do a deal, but they can't do every thing—not to say that curious folk see a certain bathos in the collocation with

"THE RUSTLE OF A MUSLIN DRESS HASTILY BRUSHING THROUGH THE TREES," ETC.



THE AMERICAN PRISONER AT NAPLES.—(SEE PAGE 578.)



THE VIRGIN, AN INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE.—(SEE PAGE 578.)

my surname. Can a man hope to make such a name illustrious? Can he aspire to the notion of a time when people will allude to the great Poets, the celebrated Poets, the immortal Poets?" I grew very red, I felt my cheek on fire as I uttered this, and I suddenly bethought me of Mr. Pitt, and I said aloud, "And if Pitt, why not Poets?" That was a most heating recollection. I reeked in it for a long time. "How true it is," said I, "that the lack of greatness illumines all within its circle, and the man is merged in the grandeur of his achievements! Pitt was who start in life with high-sounding designations here has to fulfill a Gorgeous pledge—to pay the bill that Fortune has indorsed. Not so was our case, Pitt. To us is it to by every foundation-stone of our future greatness. There we sing in *your* surname to foretell you would be a Minister of State at one-and-thirty—there is no letter in our name to indicate that I shall be. But what is it that I am to be? Is it Poet, Philosopher, Politician, Soldier, or Discoverer? Am I to be great in Art, or illustrious in Letters? Is there to be an ice tract of Behring's Straits called Poet's Point, or a planet yclept Poetarum Sidus? And when centuries have rolled over, will historians have their difficulty about the Bert Poet, and what his opinions were on that subject or that?"

Then came a low soft sound of half-suppressed laughter, and then the rustle of a muslin dress hastily brushing through the trees. I rushed out from my retreat and hurried down the walk, I ran to be to secure—and a girl and a sound, either, to be heard.

"No sir-ee-bilikin, Mary," I rolled out, "I saw you all the time; my mock confession was got up merely to amuse you. Come out boldly and laugh as much as you will." No answer. They refused amazed me. It was like a disbelief in my assertion. "Come, come!" I cried, "you aren't pretend that I was serious at all ridiculously ludicrous nonsense. Come, Mary, you enjoy the laugh as it together. If you don't I shall be angry. I'll take it ill—very ill."

Still no reply. Could I, then, have been deceived? Was it a mere delusion? Was no, I heard the low laugh, and the rustle of the dress, and the quick tread upon the gravel, too plainly for any mistake, and so I returned to the cottage in chagrin and ill-temper. As I passed the open windows of the little drawing-room I saw Mary seated at her work, with, as was her custom, an open book on a little table beside her. Absorbed as she was, she did not lift her head nor notice my approach till I entered the room.

"You have no letter for me?" cried she, in a voice of sorrowful meaning.

"None," said I, scrutinizing her closely, and sorely puzzled what to make of her. Was she quiet, "Have you been out in the garden this morning?" asked I, abruptly.

"No," said she, frankly.

"Not quitted the house at all?"

"No. Why do you ask?" cried she, in some surprise.

"I'll tell you," said I, sitting down at her side, and speaking in a low and confidential tone, "a strange thing has just happened to me." And with that I narrated the incident, glossing over, as best I might, the shameful part of self-quizing, and the nature of the self-examination I was engaged in. Without waiting for me to finish, she broke in suddenly with a low laugh, and said,

"It must have been Rose."

"And who is Rose?" asked I, half sternly.

"A cousin of ours, a mere school-girl, who has just arrived. She came by the mail this morning, and she was were out. But here she is coming up the walk. Just step behind that screen, and you shall have your revenge. I'll make her tell every thing."

I had hardly time to conceal myself in my ambush when, with a merry laugh, a clear girl's voice called out, "I've seen him! I've seen him, Mary! I was sitting on the rock beside the river when he came into the meadow opposite, and, evidently fancying himself alone and unseen, proceeded to make his confession to himself."

"His confession! How do you mean? or of what?"

"Well, I don't exactly know whether that be the proper name for it, but it was a sort of self-examination, very very painful, certainly, but much as it was rather flattering than otherwise."

"I really can not understand you, Rose."

"I'm not surprised," said she, laughing again. "It was some time before I could entirely myself; that he was not talking to somebody daily, reading out of a book, and when, peeping through the leaves, I perceived he was quite alone, I almost screamed out with laughing."

"But why, child? What was the absurdity that amused you?"

"Fancy the creature. I need not describe him, Molly. You know him well, with his great strung, hyper eyes, and his well-pulled hair. Imagine his walking madly to and fro, tossing his long arms about in uncouth gestures, while he asked himself seriously whether he wouldn't be Shakspeare, or Milton, or Michael Angelo, or Nelson. Fancy his gravely inquiring of himself what remarkable qualities predominated in his nature: was he more of a sculptor, or a politician, or had fate destined him to discover new worlds, or to conquer the old ones? If I hadn't been actually listening to the creature, and occasionally looking at him, too, I'd have doubted my senses. Oh dear! shall I ever forget the curious absurdity of his manner as he said something about the immortal Poets."

The reminiscence was too much for her, for she threw herself on a sofa, and laughed immoderately. As for me, unable to endure more, and fearful that Mary might finish by discovering me, I stole from the room and rushed out into the wood.

What is it that renders ridicule more insupportable than vituperation? Why is the violence of passion itself more easy to endure than the sting of sarcastic satire? What weak spot in our nature does this peculiar passion assail? And again, why are all the noble aspirations of high-hearted enthusiasm, the grand self-reliance of daring minds, ever to be made the theme of such scoffings? Have the scorners never read of Wolfe, of Moran, or of Nelson? Has not a more familiar instance reached them of one who foretold to an unwilling senate the time when they would hang in expectancy on his words, and treasure them as wisdom? Narrow-minded, and unjust world, with whom nothing succeeds except success!

The man who contends a debt is never called cheat till his inability to discharge it has been proven clearly and beyond a doubt; but he who enters into no engagement with his own heart to gain a certain prize, or reach a certain goal, is sure to mockery and a sneer if all his own humble faculties represent such striving as impossible. From thoughts like these I went on to speculate whether I should ever be able, in the zenith of my great success, to forgive those captious and disparaging critics who had once endeavored to damp my ardor and bar my career. I vow I found it exceedingly difficult to be generous, and in particular to that young man of sixteen who had dared to make a jest of my pretensions.

I wandered along thus for hours. Many a grassy path of green wood led through the forest, and taking one of those which skirted the stream, I strolled onward, unconscious alike of time and place. Out of the purely personal interest which occupied my mind sprang others, and I contrasted my with a great satisfaction of the severe lesson Mary must have one this read those upon her presumption and her flippancy telling her, in stern accents, how behind that screen the man was standing she had dared to make the subject of her jests. Oh, how she blushes! what flush of crimson shame spreads over her face, her temples, and her neck! what tears overflow her eyes, and fall along her cheeks! I actually pity her suffering, and am pained at her grief.

"Spare her, dear Mary!" I cry out; "after all, she is but a child. Why blame her that she can not measure greatness, as philosophers measure mountains, by the shadow?"

Egotism, in every one of its moods and tenses, must have a strong fascination. At least, I walked on for many a mile while thus thinking, without the slightest sense of weariness, or any want of food. The twilight glided over, and the hot noon was passed, and the day was scheming down into the more solemn tints of coming evening, while thus I lounged or lay in the tall grass, still deep in my musings.

In taking my handkerchief from my pocket I accidentally drew forth the jeweler's letter, and in a sort of half-indolent curiosity proceeded to read it. The hand was a cramped and scrawl, what rugged one, the writing of a man to whom the manual part of correspondence is a heavy burden, and who therefore performs such labor as rarely as is possible. As for the composition, it had all the charm of ease, and was as unstudied as need be, but there was long evidence by one who cared little for the graces of style, satisfied to discuss his subject in the familiar terms of his ordinary conversation.

Although I do not mean to impose more than an extract from it on my reader, I must reserve even that much for my next chapter.

FATE AND A HEART.

It was midnight when I listened,
And I heard two voices speak;
One was harsh, and stern, and cruel,
And the other soft and weak:
Yet I saw no vision enter,
And I heard no steps depart
Of this Tyrant and his Captive—
Fate it might be and a Heart.

Thus the stern voice spoke in triumph:
"I have shut your light for ever
From the radiant world of nature
And the perfumed light of day.
You, who loved to steep your spirit
In the charm of earth's delight,
See no glory of the day-time,
And no sweetness of the night."

But the soft voice answered calmly:
"Nay: for when the March winds bring
Just a whisper to my window,
I can dream the rest of spring;
And to-day I saw a swallow
Flitting past my prison bars,
And my cell has just one corner,
Whence at night I see the stars."

But its bitter taunt repeating,
Cried the harsh voice: "Where are they—
All the friends of former hours
Who forgot your name to-day?
All the links of love are shattered,
Which you thought so strong before,
And your life is doubly lonely
And alone, since loved no more."

But the low voice spoke still lower:
"Nay! I know the golden chain
Of my love is purer, stronger,
For the cruel fire of pain:
They remember me no longer,
But I, grieving here alone,
Bind their souls to me forever,
By the love within my own."

But the voice cried: "Once, remember,
You devoted soul and mind
To the welfare of your brethren,
To the service of your kind:
Now, what power can you comfort,
You, who lie in helpless pain,
With an impotent compassion,
Fretting out your life in vain?"

"Nay;" and then the gentle answer
Rose more lond and full and clear:
"For the sake of all my brethren,
I thank God that I am here!
Poor had been my life's best efforts,
Now I waste no thought or breath;
For the prayer of those who suffer
Has the strength of love and death."

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The Express charges on one dozen Shirts from New-York to New Orleans is about $1.

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Between White & Walker Streets, NEW-YORK.

Please copy my address as other houses in the city are selling inferior made shirts at my prices.

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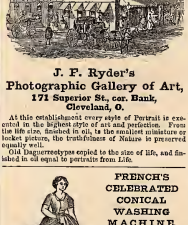

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To protect the public from such impositions, we have all our Corks branded thus [CW].

Any not having these words and letters on the Corks, are Counterfeit, and the Purchaser should prosecute the Seller for swindling.

Orders will receive prompt attention if addressed to us at our Southern Depot of Congress Water, 98 CEDAR STREET, New York City.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 194.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"AND I GUESS IT ISN'T EV'RY DAY YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE, IN YOUR LITTLE ISLAND OVER THERE, A FINER BIRD THAN ME."

"THEY'RE AWFUL SAVAGE CRITTERS, 'N MAYBE JEST TO BE PERLITE, HE'LL CHUCK A NIGGER IN THE CAGE, AND LET YOU SEE 'M FIGHT."

The American Eagle to the Prince.

GOD bless your little Highness, I'm tremendous glad you've come;
And bow's your sovereign mother and all the folks to hum?
'Twas a mighty putty notion that of openin' Windsor gates,
And sendin' you a visitin' to these United States.
'Taint ev'ry day we run acrost a real genuine scion
Of that fine old honest friend of mine, the Royal British Lion;
And I guess it isn't ev'ry day *you* have a chance to see,
In your little island over there, a finer bird than me.

We're mighty independent folks, and I think it's like enough
You'll find the Yankee manners maybe just a trifle rough;
And perhaps your princely eyes may see some rather curious things,
(For we haven't had of late years much to do, you know, with kings),
And perhaps your princely hand may get a mite too hard a squeeze,
It's the way we're apt to worry gents that come across the seas;
But don't be backward, Albert, you'll agree before we part,
That the coarsest humspun jacket often holds the warmest heart.

I expect that you'll be apt to be most awfully amazed,
To bear the States ere bigger than the land where you was raised;
And maybe you wouldn't believe that a man would have to go
Two thousand miles from Maine to reach the Gulf of Mexico;
And that Missouri water runs down the Western plain,
Out of the land of sunset, more'n twice as fur again.
I know a Mister Boz, who's a regular London swell,
Wrote in a book about the yarns Amerikins love tu tell,
But your Royal Highness needn't depend upon that sort of teachin',
For every word I'm sayin' tu you is jest as true as preachin'.
We've lots of things to show you that a Britisher 'll admire,
From a Massachusetts dough-nut to a prairie afire;
And we'll take you out a gunnin', it mought be sumthin' new
To tell your ma as how you bagged a buffalo or two.
But the nicest show is Washington—that celebrated den
In Uncle Sam's menagerie, where he keeps his roarin' men.
They're awful savage critters, 'n maybe jest to be perlite,
He'll chuck a nigger in the cage, and let you see 'm fight.
I guess they ain't so much for brains, but if it came to muscle,
They could knock your little Palmerston right slap through Johnny Russell;
I wish they'd get a hold on Brougham, fer really I must say,
'Twas a real scurvy trick he cum on Dallas t'other day;
And I guess, you will allow, 'twasn't quite the handsome thing
To make a friendly minister a butt fer sich a fling.
But don't let's talk about it, fer it's no use blamin' you,
Fer all the spiteful meannesses your stuck-up servants do;

"AND PERHAPS YOUR PRINCELY HAND MAY GET A MITE TOO HARD A SQUEEZE."

"BUT BE AMAZIN' CAREFUL, FER THERE'S LOTS OF CUNNIN' GIRLS."

But jest you tell his lordship, as a piece of good advice,
That this 'ere Eagle's not the fake to take an insult twice;
And that this 'ere Eagle's not the bird to stop with bolts and bars
When he sees a feller sneerin' at the Yankee stripes and stars.
Then make yerself to hum, sonny, and go upon the plan
Of getting all your money's worth and seein' all you can.
But be amazin' careful, fer there's lots of cunnin' girls,
With the softest eyes, the sweetest lips, and sunniest kind of curls,
That'll tangle a feller up so quick, it isn't a bit of use,
Even allowin' he wants to, of strugglin' to git loose.

And when you git to England, to her Majesty the Queen,
Give my very best regards to her, and tell her what you've seen,
And how glad we were to see you, and if she'll cum over, too,
I'll make a speech to welcum her in this I've made to you.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1860.

WHAT WE ARE DOING FOR THE WORLD.

WITH his usual sagacity the Emperor of the French has suspended the operation of the French tariff, so that American grain now enters France duty free. The French harvest has proved a failure; but the admission of American wheat and corn free of duty will prevent prices rising to the famine level, and will guarantee the empire against a general scarcity of food.

England not only took the same step, but made it a part of the permanent laws of the realm fourteen years ago. In the year 1846 the ports of England were thrown open to foreign grain at a mere nominal rate of duty and, in consequence, though there have been several short harvests in England since then, there has never been a famine; and this year, especially, the wheat crop seems to have failed utterly without raising the price of food beyond what used to be called a fair average.

Upon this country the effect of the crop failure in Europe must be very marked. It happens that for three years our great food-producing States have had short crops. This year, for the first time since 1856, we have cause and to spare. No man can tell how many bushels of wheat and corn will be produced in the United States in 1860. We may count 300,000,000 of corn, 60,000,000 of wheat, and 700,000,000 or 800,000,000 of corn; but it is quite certain that we shall raise enough not only to feed our own people and have a surplus for next year, but likewise enough to supply the deficiency in Europe, so that prices in England and France shall rise no higher than they would have done had the crop been an average. This is real usefulness.

The figures of the grain movement in this country this year are surprising. We are now shipping to foreign ports from this port alone at less than a million dollars worth of food every week, and this is exclusive of corn which has not yet begun to go forward. But the actual figures tell this tale in the clearest manner, and we give them accordingly:

	1859.	1860.
Shipments of Wheat from New York since January 1	$28,352	$5,519,412
Shipments of Corn from New York since January 1	9,841,257	5,410,120
Shipments of Corn from New York since April 1	145,071	1,181,144
Grain Receipts at Chicago since January 1	8,500,000	22,000,000
Grain Shipments at Chicago since January 1	6,000,000	17,000,000

The details of the movement are even incredible. Farmers who had sown wheat in the Western States and expected a crop, under favorable circumstances, of 20,000 bushels, have harvested 60,000 and 40,000. The Illinois Central Railroad carried, between 1st January and 1st July, 1860, more than twice as much grain as it carried in the whole of 1859. In 1859 the owners of shipping on the lakes were almost ruined; in 1860 every craft on the lakes is fully employed, and the wear of tonnage is so grievous that wheat and flour are being shipped westward, in September, by rail. It seems pretty certain that we shall ship this year more food to foreign parts than we ever shipped before, and that we shall do so without paying the usual penalty—that is to say, without raising the price of bread upon ourselves.

The cotton year terminated last week. We are now able to state that the crop of 1859 yielded 6,020,000 bales—that is to say, 700,000 bales more than the crop of 1858—which was the largest crop ever gathered. If we assume the bales to have averaged 450 pounds, and ten cotton yielded in 1859-'60 $30,725,000 more than the enormous crop of 1858, and fully $65,000,000 more than the previous average. In the fiscal year 1858-'9 our revenue from our export of cotton was so large that, notwithstanding the heavy importations of foreign goods, the national balance-sheet for the year showed a balance in our favor equal to about $20,000,000. The fiscal year 1859-'60 will necessarily show a much heavier balance in favor of this country; and notwithstanding the stories of drought which are circulated, there is reason to believe that the cotton crop this year will be large, and the increase of other grain shipments will bring the aggregate of the exports of 1860-'61 up to the previous year's average.

No one can contemplate these figures without a feeling of exultation. These United States, which foreign statesmen are so afraid of, feed, clothe, and actually provide food and clothing the world. Our politicians are covering each other with dirt; infamous Japanese swindles succeed shameful jobs at Washington; threats of disunion hang in the air; blind critics, looking on the scene from a distance, calmly predict universal ruin and anarchy; and meanwhile we are at work on, yielding its millions of pounds of flour and cotton and grain and gold, and other necessaries of life, because itself steadily does yet by year, and saves England from famine and France from revolution. This is surely no mean destiny for a country.

THE PRINCE'S TROUBLES IN UPPER CANADA.

ALL Canada is in an uproar because the Prince of Wales, following the example of the British Government in Ireland, refuses to recognize the Orange Societies. The Roman Catholics are triumphant, the Protestants furious, and there is every prospect of a bloody riot in some Canadian city.

On the face of it, the Prince—or the Duke of Newcastle, who seems to govern him—is the bad the right on his side. The Orangemen are a large Society, resting on the simple basis of loyalty to Popery. Both in Ireland and in Canada they have made themselves conspicuous by destructive, not constructive tendencies. Since the Battle of the Boyne the Orangemen have done very little but mischief in this world. They are peculiarly a sectarian and partisan body. Had the Prince recognized them, he could not consistently have refused to receive the Liberals, Conservatives, and Clear Grits, each in their party political character, and the Protestant Society for converting the Papists, and the Jesuit Society for converting the Protestants. Evidently the wisest course was to ignore all these purely partisan and sectarian bodies, and to recognize no distinctions save those known to the law.

At the same time, before we denounce the Orangemen of Upper Canada, we must take into consideration the circumstances which give vitality to their organization.

Canada is ruled by a priest—a man of great tact, shrewdness, and knowledge, who is the Secretary of the Roman Catholic Archbishop. He rules the Archbishop and the Archbishop rules the Catholic members of Parliament, who would as soon think of insulting the Host as disobeying their spiritual father; there members, acting in a compact body, and knowing and caring little about political questions which do not affect their faith, control the Canadian Legislature. This is notorious in Canada; one can readily fancy how the Protestants of Upper Canada chafe under such a domination, and how they yield to passion far enough to unite themselves in Orange Societies. This, however, is not all, nor is it the worst.

When the Roman Catholics ruled the King of France, two hundred years ago, at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to issue another Edict forbidding Huguenots to settle in Canada, they took the first of a long series of extremely sagacious measures which were designed to render the province the absolute domain of the Papal Church. From that day to this they have never wavered in their purpose. Knowing well that power, sooner or later, follows wealth, they encouraged, as far as they proceeded—as they had done in England, France, Spain, and Italy—to acquire land. They acquired it by means of tithes and in all sorts of ways. Large estates were given to various religious bodies by the French Crown on the consideration that the priests and nuns would convert the Indians. Others were presented to the Church by rich men who had conscience; enormous amounts of property were acquired by devise. In no country in the world was the doctrine more finally settled than in Canada that a rich man could not better secure salvation than by bequeathing his money to leaving a farm, or at least a pointo patch, to the Church. Meanwhile the various communities of monks, nuns, friars, and priests being extremely frugal and often self-supporting, the revenues of these lands accumulated year by year, and were reinvested in land. By the law of Canada—the old feudal custom of Paris, which is in force to this day—real estate owned by the Church is in *mainmorte*; it is literally in the grip of death; it can not be sold. Thus ever acquiring, and never selling or wasting, the Roman Catholic Church of Lower Canada become, after 200 years of unremitting exertion, to own, directly or indirectly, an enormous proportion of all the productive real estate in the Province. The visitor to Montreal and Quebec is amazed to find that the choicest parts of both cities are walled gardens; these are for the priests and nuns to take the air; by-and-by they will be leased—not sold—for building lots. He would be still more amazed if he could inspect the land registers, and see how black after black of houses, street after street, and ward after ward, are owned by the Church, and how small a proportion of the improved property in these cities is free from some irredeemable mortgage or perpetual rent or due to nuns, or friars, or bishops. It is the same in the rural districts. A large proportion of the farms in Canada have been acquired by religious bodies; and of those which are owned by individuals, very many, if not the bulk, pay tithes and rents to the Church. At the time Charles the Third expelled the Jesuits from Spain, it was stated by Count Aranda that they possessed one-third of the productive real estate in the kingdom: the statement was held by the civilized world to justify the harsh measure. In Lower Canada the fact is, we said, that the archbishop, bishops, priests, monks, nuns, presbyteries, seminaries, and the other Catholic bodies of Lower Canada have, among them, considerably more than a third of all the productive property in that Province.

All this must be borne in mind when we see the excessive violence of the Orangemen. It must be very provoking indeed, to see the progress of their country retarded and civilization stunted by the policy of a Church which not only rules but owns most of the Province. If Catholic Spain was justified in expelling the Jesuits, and having them to die by hunger sheds on the shores of Sardinia and Corsica, because their power and their wealth were inconsistent with the well-being of the country, Lower Protestant Canada can hardly find some excuse for keeping up symbols and usages which the overthrow of Papal dominion has rendered obsolete elsewhere.

The Roman Catholic Priests will discover, sooner or later, that the world does move. They have been asleep for years in Spain and in Sardinia. They made a virtue of necessity, and gave up their property in France. The tides to their land in Rome and Naples are not precisely what a Jesuit would consider safe. They have been steadily ebbing in Mexico. Canada is not going to be an exceptional to the general rule, and this exceptional may prove an epoch in the history of the end.

THE PROGRESS OF FASHION.

Most of our lady readers, we suppose, have smiled over the pictures of the first French Empire; of the high-bred dames of Napoleon's Court in *pied* sleeves, Grecian tunics, which wants under their armpits, short clinging skirts, and elaborately-wrought stockings. Few of them, perhaps, are aware that they are seemingly about to adopt a dress very costume before they are many years older.

Fashion moves in a circle: the past always returns after an interval of greater or less duration. The indications of a return of the fashions of 1804-'10 at the present time are too marked to be mistaken. The models which performed that the shrewdest tailors and milliners are already on the chase of old engravings of the period.

There is no disputing about tastes or fashions, says the proverb. Custom is, in nine cases out of ten, the guide of all of us: that which is familiar seems the prettiest, and what is new and original was consider grotesque. When hoops first came in all the world declared them ridiculous, indecorous, and shocking; now we laugh at any one who doesn't wear them. So it will be with the Empire fashions. They look ridiculously enough now, those high waists, and scant draperies, and monstrous hats and helmets, and shoulder-to-mention sleeves—how long will it take to make us think that the dress of these days serious? Let the fashion purveyors answer. In the time of Madame Recamier and Madame Tallien—the days of the Republic—Madame, a belle of 1860 would have seemed as preposterous as a South Sea Islander dressed in a string of beads: put on and letters power the and monstrous hats and helmets, and shoulder-to-mention sleeves—how long will it take to make us think that the dress of these days serious? Let the fashion purveyors answer. In the time of Madame Recamier and Madame Tallien—the days of the Republic—Madame, a belle of 1860 would have seemed as preposterous as a South Sea Islander dressed in a string of beads: put on and letters power the

more rings—it was then *distingué* for a lady to shuffle off her slippers in society, and put the carpet on floor with her pretty little feet. Let our belles look to it; those who can set affoot for fashion Madame Tallien's example, must relinquish all hopes of social distinction.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CITY OF OTTAWA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

NOVEMBER, C. E., *August 29, 1860.*

In your issue of the 1st September an article appears in relation to Ottawa which is likely to mislead a large number of those who know no better; and as your journal has an extensive circulation, I tender the following correction:

When the last census was taken, Ottawa contained between 15,000 and 16,000, which was in 1855. It now contains over 15,000, without a doubt. I have the Mayor at sitting for this last assertion. The lumber is not immediately surrounding the place, as you would lead your readers to suppose, but is located over the river from 50 to 150 miles—this being the point where the money is mostly paid out and supplies laid in—that a good agricultural country immediately surrounds the city.

The Wright family settled across the Ottawa River, at a place called Hull, where they built a mill; but Ottawa commenced to build in 1827, when Colonel By commenced his work, under Government, on the Rideau Canal. The place was selected by the House Government, and approved by the Queen, with the intention of its *remaining* the permanent seat of Government for the *United Provinces*, including the Red River country as a colony; and the Reading English statesmen say so. The present visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will undoubtedly confirm the consideration, for the Queen's concrete remarks that his previous views are more than corroborated in regard to British North American empire. W. H. M.

THE LOUNGER.

WHO SHALL DANCE WITH HIM.

THE town is returning. Grass grows no longer in Broadway, and the sidewalks are swept away from the steps of the churches. The sound of carriage wheels is heard once more, and the voice of the lady visitor begins to bloom like the rose. Familiar faces lighten the lobby of the Academy, and the gentlemen curtsy little travellers with their hands as they leave their offices in the afternoon. The hotels at Saratoga are thinned. The breezes in the vast expanse of the Central Park are those are chilly. The contemplative Lounger—whoever he may be—as he watches the early arrival of the city, finds it difficult to realize that only a fortnight a month ago were proudly parting the Rhode Island sands, at a Manhattanville Ball. The Lounger is proved in and as he surveys them and reflects that the glory of the six-to-a-band at Newport belongs this year to Boston. The Boston belles with two positions was good, but it was not glorious. How charming the society in which Boston ladies move!

The town is hastening home, for the Prince is coming. If he escape the Orangemen, the fair New Yorkers will welcome him. Boston, and her those of palpable sugar only—but those that drop impalpably from kind eyes—those that are hidden flower in the graceful *tournure*, New York will do for the Prince the best it can do. He will see the lovely season, and in the silence of the fair he will see the roses which the summer has planted there. When his Royal Highness dances, it will be with the finest dancers in the world. But the great and thrilling point—how shall we approach it?—who will be chosen as his first partner, "most prize to prize?"

How is she to be selected? Shall it be by a majority vote of the Common? Shall the Common shall the two-thirds rule prevail? If it were an official reception the matter would be simpler. If the President of the United States were here and he had a daughter, we could see light breaking in. But with a theatre full of young and beautiful women, and the Prince, at a public ball (on this occasion, beautifully dressed, and all upon the same social plane—all "princes" in fact) how shall the "first" dance be? Shall be done? Shall he throw his bouquet and shake the issue of a scramble? Shall it be the tallest? Shall it be the most brilliant? Shall it be the shortest; the fat—that is to say, the more luxuriant of proportion, or the less? Shall it be the best dancer? Shall it be the most? Shall it be the youngest? But none are old.

There is but one way that seems to offer itself as a simple solution of the difficulty. Yet it is a way not agreeable to diplomacy, because it involves some; and impossible to people, because it involves all: it quite beyond precedent, because natural. Let the Prince do as every other gentleman—let him choose for himself. That will satisfy her—of course it will equally please all the others.

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

WHOEVER has read "Love me little, Love me long," or "Christie Johnson," or "Mary Wolfington," knows that Mr. Charles Reade is one of the most brilliant and sparkling of living writers. His style is the most piquant French style Englished. Unhappily for his own comfort and for the curiosity of the world, Mr. Charles Reade is always in hot water. The critics are always firing at him, and he is constantly blazing at the critics. He has now written a book explaining the whole matter. It involves the question of copyright, but especially of dramatic copyright between France and Eng-

gland, and is certainly the most grotesque, violent, erudite, and "smart" book that has been of late published.

Mr. Reade's doctrine is, that "talent follows the market." That is to say, a country has precisely such a belles-lettres literature as it chooses to pay for. Jackasses, says Mr. Charles Reade, think that France is a more essentially dramatic nation than England. Jackasses say that a Newgate-thief cannot be an idiot would ever dream of such an absurdity. It all depends upon the jackass. When England chooses jackasses she has a drama. When she tramples and spits on them she hasn't. At present, dramatically speaking, London is only a bare-baron French province. That is the style of the book. In support of his general theory Mr. Reade summons a Greek deal of evidence from English and French literary history, and has made a word peculiarly interesting to the literary profession, and very pertinent to the general reader.

But what he says of some American matters is the immediate occasion of this reference to the book. Having shown that we are superior to the English in inventive genius, as proved by the patent statistics, he says: "From the cradle to the grave American invention accompanies an English man. Singer clothes his body, and Hoe gives his mind the news of his epoch an hour or two quicker than he could have it otherwise. Meantime American clocks are recording, up stairs and down, his waste of time and his progress to the grave. The what? That is an antique invention, and were it not for Mr. Cunard, we might be twenty hours in a glass coffin: pumps our the air, sesh him up hermetically, and pain him respectfully out of people's way a vault. There for centuries he can be inspected through the glass case, and so on the books he has written—*had no own a monkey pin?* Don't he discover Mars? Mars? We are to be buried nowy, only shelved."

He laments American literary genius, but thinks you must look for it in the newspapers. "Read the American papers. You read in a world of new terms, of new factories, and plant-houses! Let Mr. Jenkins take heart. "In Great Britain there are 505 newspapers; in America there are 3000 and more lies buried, *for* the present, may an immortal genius—buried, but to me not hidden. I can see their fitful gleams in reading those papers."

How beautiful truth! What a perpicuous style! Who, Charles Reade? Mr. Charles Reade!

I am glad to quote some of his foul words, because they tell a truth which is not often told. "There is a great deal of truth in what we call the class 'publishers,' in their dealing with authors. My personal experience and my researches into history have not contradicted the view. I have found some slippery tricks, but quite as often as the author's side as the publisher's; and on the whole I have found the other trade dealing so fairly and liberally with authors as the publishers. Nevertheless I have to hold that author's duty before the public. At present I confine myself to a single observation. The English and American publishers stand, with relation to the American English authors, much as the English managers do with respect to French dramatists. But what a contrast their combined offer! The American publishers in the United States, and particularly Harper, Appleton, Messrs. Harper, Messrs. Tickner & Fields, say English authors liberal terms—for what?—for early sheets, a mere start of a week or two in advance of the pirates. Messrs. Murray, Bentley, Sampson Low, and, I hope, others in England, are equally just and liberal to American authors."

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, Sunday, Sept. 2, 1860.

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—Augustus was reading to me, last evening, a newspaper letter from Newport, in which a German parlor was described, lasting from one or two in the afternoon until evening (and very sensible too, I think; don't you, Sir?) The writer says that in one of the such parties, "*and, above all, as giving the unpainted woman a chance*." Those are his very words. Now, dear Mr. Lounger, you who know every thing, and are such a favorite with us girls in the country, won't you please answer the question Augustus asked? For he stopped and repeated the words slowly, and turned to me, and said, "What on earth does he mean?" I answered, "I guess." Was that right, do you think, dearest Mr. Lounger? Did the writer mean to imply that the women who went to the evening parties in Newport were mostly squaws? Augustus says, if he did, that he should sympathize with Count Jenkins in last week's chapter of "The Woman in White," "Pass me here one exclamation in parenthesis. How interesting!"

Dear Mr. Lounger, is it squaws?

Yours till death,

MARGARET MARIGOLD.

The Lounger begs to present his compliments to Miss Margaret Marigold, and to thank her for her polite letter. He also begs to submit this reply to her sensible and charming inquiry. In the early parties at a certain place are to be praised because they give the unpainted woman a chance, she unknowingly thinks that evening parties at the same place are frequented by painted women. And the Lounger is particularly pained to remark to Miss Marigold that a good many female fans of the present epoch are popularly believed to be painted. In the particular case, Miss Marigold tells its own tale—and immediately its object is defeated, for what avails the whitening of the sepulchre?

Miss Margaret Marigold must not be surprised if she should find herself wearing patches, in obedience to fashion, before she is ten years older. Patches are not a cruder fashion than hoops, and paint is the most effective foilage of shrubs and trees. But paint is like perfume. As a person addicted to the use of the latter grows more and more hardened, as that trained of diffusing an aroma be drenches himself until a sweet stench exhales from his person, so one who paints her cheeks gradually loses the delicacy of her eye, and at length plasters her face with rouge. As it is better to be odorless than to smell of musk, so is it to be deadly pale than to show an unchanging cheek. Rouge may be only a fashion, like the coiffure of the hair and the cut of the dress—but it is sure to begot suspicion. Every man feels that a woman who is hypocritical in her cheek, which is visible, may be hypocritical dangerously double in the heart, which is invisible.

The Lounger hopes that Miss Margaret Marigold will not do Italian squares the injustice of comparing them with the women of ball-rooms who paint. A square paints palpably, and women think it shall be known. The painted woman of the ball-room paints palpably, indeed, but hopes that it is not perceived. Sometimes she believes it is not. Poor painted woman!

LADIES OF LOVE.

WHEN a clergyman fills the pulpit of a brother clergyman for Sunday, it is called a Lady of Love. Labors-of-love, as a descriptive term applied to sermons, is not complimentary. When kind friends volunteer to do any kind of work for others, it is perhaps, a good general rule to take note of the kindness and excuse the service. And yet the various professions are subject to these offices in different degrees. Mr. Evarts or Mr. O'Conor are probably not often favored by gratuitous friendly service in the management of their cases. The Presidents of Banks and Insurance Companies are quite free from interference in determining the fate of offered notes and the rate of policies. Carpenters and masons and shoemakers, also, have work for their labors. But editors—ah! that is quite another matter.

It is a fond fallacy prevalent among the subscribers to periodical publications, that they individually understand what should be the management of their favorite journal, and should be asked by reason of peculiar qualifications for the position. It is another fond fallacy that a stated contributor is entitled to the management of the editor. The Lounger, for instance, constantly receives letters and suggestions which are meant for the editor, but which, falling into the Lounger's hands, fill his heart with sympathy for his well-abused and much-abused chief.

"Here sir," the Lounger says to himself, knowing the incessant labor of the editor, "will this not be the last straw that overwhelms Harper?"

No: decidedly no. And why? Because of the immense recuperative power of the editor? Because of the quality of the Lounger's work? Not again; but because nature has provided an exquisite process of mutual balance on the correspondence load. The editor has a pile of letters in a drawer the letters of advice which he receives during a single week. Open the drawer on Saturday, and the pile yawns upon them, and the result is a contribution.

This is Saturday, let us say. Now we open the drawer.

SYNOPSIS. "Thank you for finishing up the story which I left yesterday. Give short stories; that's what people want."

ANTI-SYNOPSIS. "I have begun Lever's novel, and is he capital! but we want Jerrold and one man. Long continued stories continue the interest of the paper from week to week."

Again:

ADVICE. "Your illustration of Master Olaf comes up so much like the one in the Sunday or other must have got a wrong horse, for shortly the clumsy cart-horse in your illustration can not have been meant for the sleek, swift, eight-legged Sleipner."

ANTI-ADVICE. "How pretty that picture of Olaf is! It is so clear, so symmetry, so weird! Give us plenty of that kind, please."

Once more:

ADVICE. "Dear Sir,—I don't want to interfere, but you make a great mistake in printing those large type-page pictures. Nobody wants 'em."

ANTI-ADVICE. "We are all waiting for another of those large-page pictures of Central Park. We feel when we get those that we have got our five cents' worth, full measure."

Then there are sugar-coated letters:

"Please reprint some article upon Queen Bendicka."

"Anti-navigation is a capital subject for a series of articles with illustrations."

"Why don't you have a people column?"

"Please to print a monthly fashion plate."

"Did you think of that horse-criticism by yourself, or did you not get your *que* (cue?) from some sight-seeing English cockney?"

Of course no objection is made to these hints. Every contributor has a right to advise his representative. The sole object of this reference is to apprise Stephen and Anti-Stephen, Acid and Alkali, Low Man and Another Low Man, that their letters and suggestions are received, and that, having heard all, the Lounger, in his Weekly, will continue to be edited in the way which seems to be best for *all*.

"WOMAN'S SPHERE."

IN the great debate upon Women's Rights, certain points have been definitively settled. It is considered that woman's sphere is home, and that if they know how. The use of the tongue, however, except in private colloquy, is forbidden, unless indeed it be employed in singing or the drama. It is decided, since Jenny Lind, and Sontag, and Ellen Tree, and Charlotte Cushman, that a woman may properly sing or recite upon the stage of the Academy, on Monday evening, for instance; but it is equally settled that she is out of her sphere if she attempts the same sort of thing on Tuesday evening. The reason of this discrimination is clear to the smallest minds. On Monday she sings or recites the music and the poetry of men (generally). On Tuesday she assumes to speak her own thoughts. Thoughts? A woman's thoughts? They pour poison.

But she may read in private, and no one can quarrel, and "woman's sphere" doesn't suffer in the least. And that she may read and in private, a library has been provided and rooms taken in the New York University building, and under the charge of Miss Powell; and eloquent men have made speeches, and generous publishers have given books, so that the fee demanded already selected have cost only about a thousand dollars.

See you, gentle or good-fly, who are skimming these lines, are secretly thinking, "Pooh! women had a great deal rather go to libraries where they are sure to meet beaux than to a secret library, especially woman." Undoubtedly, and it only shows the extreme perversity of facts that they insist upon differing from your view. Man is undoubtedly the most gallant of animals. He has always made the laws for society, and how favorably they have always been to the sex, which he treats with such delightful enthusiasm, we all know. Gallant man opens every door to women to make money, and sedulously secures to them all the wages they receive, and above all, carefully consults her when he is going to make laws involving their welfare.

The perverse fact is, that women who really wish to read prefer to be by themselves, because they feel ashamed to be seen reading, and the free mingling of the sexes there is less reading than trifling. Therefore, they wish to be alone, let them be so, and a kind Providence grants their "woman's sphere" easy remission from duty. Let it be understood that woman's sphere has been to be in presiding "woman's sphere." It must be a very rural affair after all. It is constantly in danger. But happily it is protected by a wife in a woman's library. Nobody has hinted that it is in peril yet; and therefore, when the pleasant room in the University building, in the pretty Washington Square is opened for the use of women who wish to read, we shall be surprised if any thing glowing of sense will happen, and that "woman's sphere" will continue to be as lovely as gallant man has always declared it to be.

A WORD ON POLITENESS.

THAT a soft word turneth away wrath is no more than that railroad "officials" have very few soft words for the public. A man who sells tickets at a railroad office, for instance, or who deals with crowds of people, and has to answer many asking the same questions, must be very much annoyed. It must, undoubtedly, be hard for him to keep his temper, and to be civil to those, only men who owe keep their tempers and be civil under extreme importunity have a right to accept such offices.

The Lounger constantly receives notes of complaint, and his experience enables him to know that they are usually without reason. It requires some courage to ask any of the employés of a railroad company questions which it is their business to answer. They magnify their offices, the worthy men; and the importance of their measure of politeness is in the company they serve. "A Britisher" writes to the Lounger:

"During the past week I have traveled in Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey; and while I found some attendants very obliging, I found a majority of the persons employed upon the railroads stern in manner and hard in their replies. Nothing one feel so far bad been asking charity. . . . Really if our unctuous servants assumed to be half as inconsequential, royalty in Canada would not be so popular."

However, impolitiness is not confined to the officers of railroads. It is spread to travelers, and even to the sex! For instance:

"I noticed in your column a letter headed 'In the Cars,' and after reading the article, and your comments thereon, I am tempted to send you the following account of an actual occurrence. Riding home, the other evening, in one of the city railroad cars, I noticed a very stylish fellow, dressed in the best of the day, every seal in the one filled, and the tassels of his hat, hanging over the platform; the bell rings, and the car stops; in stepped my rather respectable two females, one with a baby in her arms; up got the gentleman next to me, and gave her his seat; at the same time I also rose to give my seat to the other, one, when the conductor, a man, who, it appears, had gotten in with her and had not been observed by me, and whom I thought from his dress I had taught for her. She stood a moment, when a gentleman in the opposite side of the car, rose, and, addressing one seated there, I am satisfied, had not noticed her previously, and requested him to take her seat, which, of course, accepted, but said nothing; consequently I had to ride standing. BATTIMORE."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE REASON WHY.

SAID Bill to Ben, "Pray lend to me five pounds; or, what is better,

Just make it ten, and I will be eternally your debtor."

Ben, who was a man of a very different temper,

Just for that reason you can't have the money."

A gentleman one Sunday morning was led to watch a country girl, on the high road from the village to the church, by observing that she looked bilter and thither, this way and that, as she went along, and if she had the thimble or some other valuable. The bells were ringing for prayers, and the gentleman was surprised to see the girl stop at the gate and the gentleman, who recognized in her the conversation of the morning, thus addressed:

"What are you looking for, my girl?" asked the gentleman, as he stopped and came to her along the footpath. She answered gravely,

"Why, I am looking to see if my master be gone to church. Her master had a wooden leg.

A competitive examination was lately held for the purpose of appointing a person to some of the Government offices in Ireland. One of the candidates incontinently pocketed the word Venice with two n's—thus: Vennice. The examiner, a severe man, but not always a correct one, severely reproved him:

"Do you not know, Sir, that there is but one *Ann* in Venice?"

"Then eggs must be very scarce there," was the ready reply.

The omnibuses passed.

THE SUICIDE.

Timothous Jeems Augustus Brown
Took cold into his head,
And sneezed from morn till night, until
He wished that he was dead.

"I'll take my worthless life," said he,
And look his razor down;
But then he changed his mind, and thought
I would rather die in town.

He walked into the water's edge,
Intending to wade in;
But said to my his prayers, until
His courage all was gone.

And then he thought of other plans
To cut his throat of life;
And, without doubt, he would have painful was,
The halter or the knife.

At length, in sheer despair, he strolled
To where Sam Johnson dwelt,
And, sneezing his apologies,
Before him he knelt.

He told her he was tired of life,
And knew not what to do,
If she would not consent to be
His wife instead—so—boo!

She did consent, though modestly,
And soon became his bride;
Yet all the sorrow that he will old
His life by *Sneeze* side!

A fellow lately contracted in writing with a wood-cutter for a quantity of "lily-wood." The man began to deliver it; but it was so full of limbs that the gentleman demurred, saying that it was not good. The woodman replied, "It was just what I agreed to deliver, 'lily-wood,' and I believe this grew on that part of the tree."

A young lady being addressed by a gentleman much her superior in fortune, and fearing that the offer should be had to a man with him was the probability of her being married, thought it would be the cause of widowhood. To which he made the apt and delicately complimentary reply, "Blessed is the man who is such a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be prolonged."

A man meeting an acquaintance, accosted him thus: "Well, Jones, how do you think I have just been speaking to? Your old friend Patrick, and he's in the same place he was when you left him." "To be sure, you are little, and I am little, but he is thinner—he is the shadow of us both."

A lady, paying a visit to her daughter, who was a young widow, said to her, "Why also wore the widow's gown so long."

"Dear mamma, don't you know," replied the daughter, "it saves me the expense of advertising for a husband, so every one can see that I am for sale by private contract."

THE TWO ANGLERS.—One made a long and learned discourse on the fishing tackle, the other; the other, pity said, "What my brother has so learnedly described I can do?" "Angle in the work."

Baron Stallings, who has imported a Chinese god, intending to raise his own cotton to make cane-bottomed chairs with, "Ought he to know if there be any difference between Southdown mutton and mutton down South."

"The weather has been 'all hot' in America," says a correspondent, "but we have a remedy for hot feeling with no other fuel than the smokine. When we come away from the fire place we go out of the window to get her tea ready."—*English paper.*

The fellow who got intoxicated with delight has been arrested and the temperance society.

When business is overdone in a city she may well look out for *brokers*.

"You don't pass here," as the counter said to the bad shilling.

"I was were obliged to swallow a man, when would you prefer to swallow?—A pill, of course."

A contemporary speaks of the "graceful figures of childhood." Dickens says that the figures of the bottom of childhood are sometimes very disfiguring in practice.

The following is a speech by a successful competitor for the prize at a foot-race: "Gentlemen, I have won this day by the grace of my legs; I could not have lost the use of my legs by the use of this cap."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, to see this splendid field of potatoes so terribly diseased," said a sympathizing inspector. "Yes, Sir, very, very sorrowful indeed," replied the farmer; "but there's no comfort—Jock Tamson's is not a bit better."

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.—An action was brought in the Dublin Court, a few weeks ago, to recover the value of two casks of herrings, supplied to Mr. Jones, and the plaintiff, in the course of the unusual delay, the plaintiff said he had sent the herrings in order to induce the defendant to pay, but he could get no settlement. He repeatedly asked defendant, "Jones, Jones, and the latter at length told him he was "of the devil," upon which, he said, "I thought it was high time to come to settlement." The defendant was delighted with roars of laughter, in which the learned judge joined.

A traveler, passing through Weston, near Bridgewater, stopping a sign over the door with the one word, "Shoes," painted on it, he called to the inquiry what she sold, when she said she did not sell any thing, but "Ships were carried here."

An eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, upon which was painted the following: "I will give this field to any man who can contend." He soon had an applicant.

"Well, Sir, are you a man?"

"Yes, Sir, very."

"Well, Sir, do you want with my field?"

The applicant did not stop to reply.

Mr. Theophilus Fogg, of Perpetlie, in Pepp County, Pennsylvania, proved to be very generous. He said he was "popped the question" to his under the poplar tree, when she referred him to her pepp, who, when asked for the consent, laboring under the influence of ginger pop, pointed out the tart of the door to the tune of "Pop goes the weasel!"

A story is told of Sally, the painter, a man distinguished for a peculiarly ugly face, and a very ugly temper. At a party one evening Sally was speaking of a certain lady, who was a great favorite with him.

"Ah!" says Sally, "she has a mouth like an elephant."

"Oh! oh! Mr. Sally, how could you be so rude?"

"Rude, indeed, indeed! What do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant because it's full of ivory."

Some years ago a man whose marriage had been published in a paper with his name wrongly spelled, called to have it corrected. He said he was one of that class of people who have their name in a newspaper but twice in the course of their lives—once when they are married, and when they are buried. As he could not see to have the name given correctly on the last occasion, he was very anxious it should be right on the first.

Hon. WILLIAM L. YANCEY.

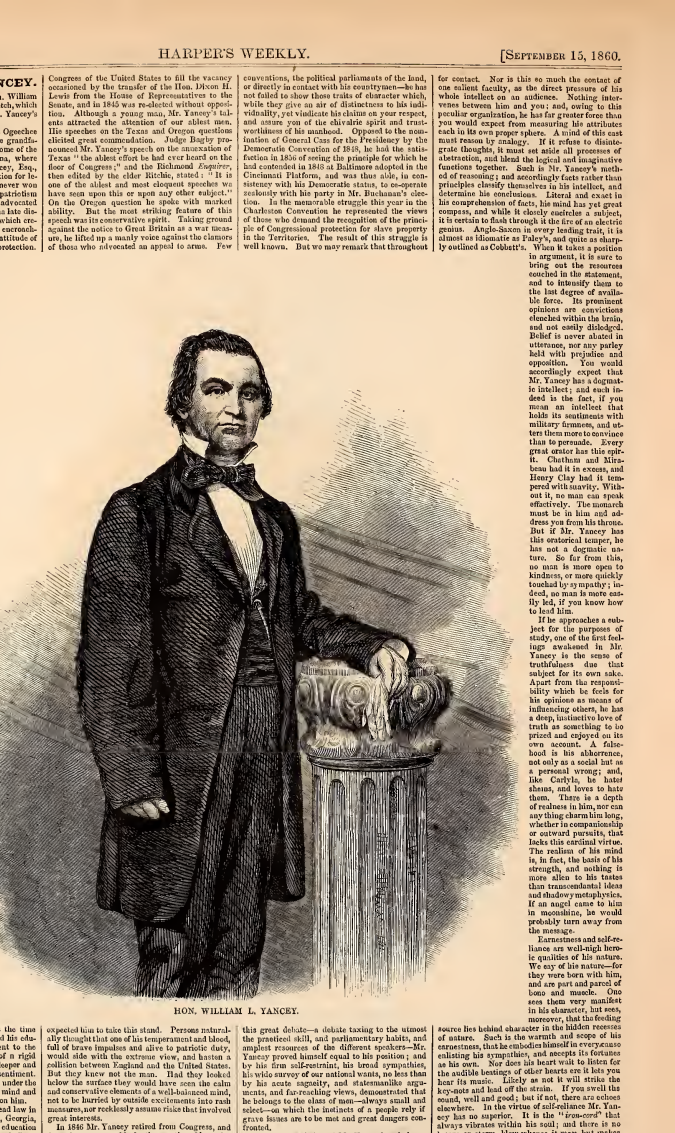
WE publish below a portrait of Hon. William L. Yancey, and subjoin the following sketch, which has been prepared for us by one of Mr. Yancey's intimate friends:

William Lowndes Yancey was born at Ogeechee Shoals, Georgia, August 10, 1814. His grandfather, Colonel Bird, resided here. The home of the family was in Abbeville, South Carolina, where for many years his father, B. C. Yancey, Esq., practised law, and maintained a reputation for legal ability which, in that profession, is never won without signal merits. A man of lofty patriotism and courage, the elder Yancey warmly advocated the war of 1812, sustaining his friend, the late distinguished Calhoun, in those measures which created a public sentiment against foreign encroachment, and organized the country into an attitude of reliance on its own arm for security and protection.

Born in an exciting period of our history, the son passed his opening years in the midst of scenes calculated to quicken fancy and arouse ambition. A genial, generous mind drawn much of its vitalizing force from surrounding objects, and hence the youthful Yancey, eager to hear the conversations of statesmen, and yet more susceptible to the stories of national renown, received that bias which has largely determined the course of his outward life. One can easily imagine how these circumstances affected him. Heroes of the Revolution still survived, and the spirit of our heroes survived in them. Thus, too, the late war had awakened an enthusiasm which was already shaping American thought toward a broader and grander progress. A sense of our vast resources had suddenly flashed upon us; men's hearts were strangely stirred; and our activity and enterprise, looking westwardly to the Valley of the Mississippi, or eastwardly over the ocean, could see on each side a great field for the triumphs of trade and commerce. Our country had been liberated from those restraints that had imprisoned its thought no less than its energy, and, buoyant with the fresh consciousness of life, sure of itself and sure of its future, it now stood on the threshold of those wonders which have marked for forty years its advancing career. Such influences were precisely those to stir the heart of young Yancey, and to quicken him to high thoughts and noble purposes. The germ of chivalry then began to expand, and from living statesmen and heroes he learned those principles of which he has since been the steady champion.

The elder Yancey died in 1817, leaving to the care of his widow two children—William L. and a younger brother, B. C. Yancey, a gentleman of distinguished abilities, late United States Minister to the Argentine Confederation, South America. The noble-hearted mother, full of womanly spirit, devoted herself to the nurture of her boys, and few mothers have ever shown such strength of will, truth of purpose, and untiring zeal in duty. The religious feelings of her children were early cultivated, and, taught by her ministry, they were led to fear God and reverence goodness. But the time had now come for the elder son to extend his education, and for this purpose he was sent to the North. Here he had the advantages of a rigid scholastic training in union with those deeper and subtler influences that mould taste and sentiment. Here, too, we may especially note, he was under the bellicose ascendency of Dr. Griffin, whose mind and character left an ineffaceable imprint upon him.

Returning to the South, Mr. Yancey read law in the office of Nathan Sayre, Esq., Sparta, Georgia, and subsequently continued his legal education under R. F. Perry, Esq., Greenville, South Carolina. His studies completed, he married a most estimable lady, Miss Sarah Caroline, third daughter of G. W. Earle, Esq., Greenville, South Carolina. In 1837 he removed to Cahaba, Alabama, and devoted a portion of his time to the editorship of the Cahaba *Democrat*. In 1840 he settled at Wetumpka, Alabama, and, in connection with his brother, edited the *Argus* newspaper. After serving in the Legislature of Alabama, he entered the Congress of the United States to fill the vacancy occasioned by the transfer of the Hon. Dixon H. Lewis from the House of Representatives to the Senate, and in 1845 was re-elected without opposition. Although a young man, Mr. Yancey's talents attracted the attention of our ablest men. His speeches on the Texas and Oregon questions elicited great commendation. Judge Bagby pronounced Mr. Yancey's speech on the annexation of Texas "the ablest effort he had ever heard on the floor of Congress;" and the Richmond *Inquirer*, then edited by the elder Ritchie, stated: "It is one of the ablest and most eloquent speeches we have seen upon this or upon any other subject." On the Oregon question he spoke with marked ability. But the most striking feature of this speech was its conservative spirit. Taking ground against the notice to Great Britain as a war measure, he lifted up a manly voice against the clamors of those who advocated an appeal to arms. Few



HON. WILLIAM L. YANCEY.

expected him to take this stand. Persons naturally thought that one of his temperament and blood, full of brave impulses and alive to patriotic duty, would side with the extreme view, and hasten a collision between England and the United States. But they knew not the man. Had they looked below the surface they would have seen the calm and conservative elements of a well-balanced mind, not to be hurried by outside excitements into rash measures, nor recklessly assume risks that involved great interests.

In 1846 Mr. Yancey retired from Congress, and formed a copartnership for the practice of law with J. A. Elmore, Esq., Montgomery, Alabama. He has since resided in that city, devoting himself to the business of the legal profession, in which he has acquired high and enviable distinction. From time to time, as occasion demanded, he has come forth on the public arena to advocate or oppose measures as they bore, in his judgment, on the weal or woe of the country. And whenever he has thus appeared before the people—whether in conventions, the political parliaments of the land, or directly in contact with his countrymen—he has not failed to show those traits of character which, while they give an air of distinctness to his individuality, yet vindicate his claims on your respect, and assure you of the chivalric spirit and trustworthiness of his manhood. Opposed to the nomination of General Cass for the Presidency by the Democratic Convention of 1848, he had the satisfaction in 1856 of seeing the principle for which he had contended in 1848 at Baltimore adopted in the Cincinnati Platform, and was thus side, in consistency with his Democratic status, to co-operate zealously with his party in Mr. Buchanan's election. In the memorable struggle this year in the Charleston Convention he represented the views of those who demand the recognition of the principle of Congressional protection for slave property in the Territories. The result of this struggle is well known. But we may remark that throughout this great debate—a debate taxing to the utmost the practical skill, and parliamentary habits, and amplest resources of the different speakers—Mr. Yancey proved himself equal to his position; and by his firm self-restraint, his broad sympathies, his wide survey of our national wants, no less than by his acute sagacity, and statesmanlike arguments, and far-reaching views, demonstrated that he belongs to the class of men—always small and select—on which the instincts of a people rely if grave issues are to be met and great dangers confronted.

The characteristics of Mr. Yancey's mind are very distinctly marked. No thoughtful man ever conversed with him an hour, or heard him deliver a speech, without having the anatomy of his brain laid bare for inspection. Few have such aptitude in showing you not only what they think but how they think. In that highest art of speech by which a man expresses his very nature—utters himself—while he gives you his thoughts and feelings, Mr. Yancey is singularly gifted. His mind is formed for contact. Nor is this so much the contact of one salient faculty, as the direct pressure of his whole intellect on an audience. Nothing intervenes between him and you; and, owing to this peculiar organization, he has far greater force than you would expect from measuring his attributes each in its own proper sphere. A mind of this cast must reason by analogy. It it refuse to disintegrate thoughts, it must set aside all processes of abstraction, and blend the logical and imaginative functions together. Such is Mr. Yancey's method of reasoning; and accordingly facts rather than principles classify themselves in his intellect, and determine his conclusions. Liberal and exact in his comprehension of facts, his mind has yet great compass, and while it closely encircles a subject, it is certain to flash through it the fire of an electric genius. Angle-Saxon in every leading trait, it is almost as idiomatic as Paley's, and quite as sharply outlined as Cobbett's. When it takes a position in argument, it is sure to bring out the resources couched in the statement, and to intensify them to the last degree of available force. Its prominent opinions are convictions clenched within the brain, and not easily dislodged. Belief is never abated in utterance, nor any parley held with prejudice and opposition. You would accordingly expect that Mr. Yancey has a dogmatic intellect; and such indeed is the fact, if you mean an intellect that holds its sentiments with military firmness, and utters them more to convince than to persuade. Every great orator has this spirit. Chatham and Mirabeau had it in excess, and Henry Clay had it tempered with suavity. Without it, no man can speak effectively. The monarch must be in him and address you from his throne. But if Mr. Yancey has this oratorical temper, he has not a dogmatic nature. So far from this, no man is more open to kindness, or more quickly touched by sympathy; indeed, no man is more easily led, if you know how to lead him.

If he approaches a subject for the purposes of study, one of the first feelings awakened in Mr. Yancey is the sense of truthfulness due that subject for its own sake. Apart from this responsibility which he feels for his opinions as means of influencing others, he has a deep, instinctive love of truth as something to be prized and enjoyed on its own account. A falsehood is his abhorrence, not only as a social but as a personal wrong; and, like Carlyle, he hates shams, and loves to hate them. There is a depth of realness in him, nor can any thing charm him long, whether in companionship or outward pursuits, that lacks this cardinal virtue. The realism of his mind is, in fact, the basis of his strength, and nothing is more alien to his tastes than transcendental ideas and shadowy metaphysics. If an angel came to him in moonshine, he would probably turn away from the message.

Earnestness and self-reliance are well-nigh heroic qualities of his nature. We say of his nature—for they were born with him, and are part and parcel of bone and muscle. One sees them very manifest in his character, but see, moreover, that the feelings of the audience are in the hands of the orator, and perhaps never show to better

earnestness, that he could not resist the cause enlisting his sympathies, and accepts its fortunes as his own. Nor does his heart wait long after the audible beatings of other hearts ere it lets you hear its music. Likely as not it will strike the key-note and lead off the tune, and fill all with sound, well and good; but if not, there are echoes elsewhere. In the virtue of self-reliance Mr. Yancey has no superior. It is his "prime virtue." That always vibrates within his soul; and there is no breeze or storm, blow whence it may, but makes melody there. A doubtful virtue in some, a dangerous virtue in many, a virtue to be watched and guarded in all, Mr. Yancey is so sternly loyal to his own convictions, so brave in defense of what he realizes as truth, and so thoroughly free from any mental sensibility to pursuit and consequences, that he can well afford to trust himself.

The constituents of Mr. Yancey's mind all appear in his oratory, and perhaps never show to better

source lies behind character in the hidden recesses of nature. Such is the warmth and scope of his earnestness, that he could not but feel and sympathize

advantage than when routed to meet a great issue. Pat him before an audience, spice the crowd with ungenial critics, dot it here and there with a lowering brow and a curling lip, and then give him a topic—say the Rights of the States—and he can be truly and powerfully eloquent. But we must discriminate. There is an eloquence that mainly looks to the treatment of an interesting theme, and delights in flowing words and fine figures, as if in exclusive deference to the theme itself, and apart from a consideration of practical results to other minds. Then, too, there is an eloquence which has your personal glorification for its object, and, like a coquette, sports with power to twitch your sensations. And again, we have the eloquence that sets thoughts, illustrations, images, pathos, vehemence, just for the purpose of reaching your heart and kindling a captive, and to grace its triumphs, but to honor truth and reality. That last is Mr. Yancey's eloquence. It has the utilitarian element, for it work is to be done; while beyond this, not unmindful of the lighter graces of oratory, Mr. Yancey seeks to draw you to his stand-point, and share his convictions with you. Like the elder Pitt, he has that natural oratory which seems a part of his physical constitution—a voice that rings clear and free, and at times sounds as though searching for your ear—a countenance ordinarily rather stern, but quickly relaxed, and prompt to give you the pictorial aspect of the idea as fully as the lip give it emphasis—and a form that, without being tall and imposing, is yet well-framed and dignified, and with a certain Napoleonic air that suggests reserve and respectful fellowship. In some other qualities he reminds us of the descriptions of Fox. Though Mr. Yancey does not possess Fox's wonderful sensibility—never flooded with emotion, never turns away on a spring-tide of violent feeling—and without the quick start, the instant enthusiasm, the flying transition, and the vehement gesture that characterized the great orator of England's Parliament, yet Mr. Yancey resembles him in earnestness of purpose, in his utter disregard of petty conventionalities, in his high disdain of every thing but real power, in his intense invulnerableness in all the accessories of effect, and, above all, in his complete and absorbed interest in the subject under treatment. Opposition puts him at the top of his ability. Try to crush him, and his dimensions suddenly enlarge beyond your reckoning, and his whole being seems to receive a new accession of vital energy. But the fight is never protracted. A believer in Lord Nelson's tactics he lays the broadside of his gallant ship against yours, and the conflict soon ends.

The political position of Mr. Yancey, at this time, is in the front rank of those who warmly advocate the election of Mr. Breckinridge to the Chief Magistracy of the United States. His active co-operation in behalf of this end is a sufficient proof of the fact that he is no disunionist; and while we admit that, in past days, incautious expressions have escaped his lips, and excessive frankness may have betrayed him further than he would go in cooler moments, we feel perfectly assured that his whole heart, without reservation and without disguise, is thoroughly loyal to that sentiment of brotherhood which our fathers inscribed so well with their institutions, their wisdom, and their memory. One and all they live together in his spirit; one and all he cherishes and venerates them. If the feeling that the Constitution of this Government is the sublimest work of the human mind; that its framers were guided by a wisdom higher than their own; that it is a sacred bond between us, to be held as inviolable as religious faith; if such devotion to the Constitution is not a test, but the test of nationality, then Mr. Yancey is a national man. All know him to be an intense Southerner. But he is a conservative and liberal Southerner, nurturing his strength to protect the rights of his section of the Union—but to assail the rights of other sections, and holding firmly to the primal truth of American citizenship, that the Constitution is the supreme law to every statesman's thoughts as well as actions.

Honoring this distinguished man as we do for his intellectual devotion to what he considers principle, for his obliviousness to self where rights and entiments dear to his self are involved, for that lofty and heroic spirit which would make him, if need be, a martyr to the Constitution of his country, we prize him still more for what rests deeper in his heart than these grand virtues, viz.: in sincere reverence for God, and a genuine recognition of Christianity as the divine foundation of all public character and private worth. A member of the Presbyterian Church, and a firm believer in the religion of Christ, he is one of those men who, amidst the duties and strife of patriotic service, gladly turn to the quiet of a Christian home, and there, in serener fellowship than the outward world allows, strengthen their hearts for life's greatest tasks.

Hon. HORACE GREELEY.

WITH the portrait of Hon. Horace Greeley, which we publish below, we give the following sketch of Mr. Greeley's life, which has been prepared by one of his intimate friends:

The portrait of Horace Greeley, which we publish this week, needs only that the coat should be white to be the most accurate likeness of him ever issued.

He was born in Amherst, New Hampshire, February 3, 1811. His father was a farmer; and New Hampshire farming is not a business likely to spoil a boy with luxury. He was a studious child, always reading; and by the time he was ten years old, he had read, by the light of pine-knots, all the books he could scrape together in the neighborhood. He began life with the same practical earnestness which distinguishes the man. His biographer (Mr. J. Parton) says that he used quick, or you'll be too late." He remained at East Poultney for four years. He is described as a slender, pale little fellow, looking younger than he really was, wearing a brown jacket much too short for him. Some of the fine young villagers told him, upon one occasion, that "he'd better get a new rig-out." "Oh," said the boy, who had a habit of fishing for fish, "I guess I'd better wear my old clothes than run in debt for new ones," and he sent every dollar he could save by the strictest care to his parents. He lived at the tavern, at a time when every body was in the habit of drinking; but he could never be tempted to take intoxicating liquor. He had no relish for rough games; never went to a tea-drinking, or other little party; read incessantly; never kept away from home, or was absent from table, except when he went to visit his parents; "was a stanch Universalist, a stanch Whig, and a pre-eminently stanch anti-Mason." John Quincy Adams was President, and Greeley was already an ardent politician. He was a political cyclopedia, furnishing all the statistical information for the neighborhood; and, although a mere "white-haired, gawky boy," corrected sheriffs and members of Congress without hesitation; and was a "real giant" in the Debating Society.

In June, 1830, the Poultney printing-office was broken up, and one pleasant morning Horace Greeley put his stick through a little red bundle, sold good-by to the Green Mountains, and, partly walking, partly dragged in a "line-boat" upon the Erie Canal, reached his father's house in the wilderness in Erie County, Pennsylvania. He tried to find employment in Jamestown, and Lodi, and Erie, and found mere work than pay. But at Erie he remained for seven months to fill a vacancy. During that time he drew six dollars for his personal expenses; and when the workman whose place he filled returned, Horace put all his wages but fifteen dollars into a bank-note, which he took to his father, retaining the fifteen for his own use.

HON. HORACE GREELEY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

sometimes to go fishing with the other boys, but while they fished for sport he fished for fish. It is the key of his career. Horace Greeley has always fished for fish.

In 1831 his father, who had been unfortunate, and failed, removed his family to Westhaven, in Vermont, where for five years Horace continued his hard work and hard study. He gradually grew impatient to learn the printing business, upon which he had long set his heart; and in the spring of 1836 began work as a printer in the office of a small newspaper in East Poultney, Vermont. His shy, gentle, awkward manner, and grotesque appearance, attracted and amused his employer, who supposed that it was impossible such a drolls looking boy could ever become a useful hand to him; but after a little conversation the "hard" changed his opinion. At the close of the day one of the apprentices said to him, "You're not going to hire that two-bend, Mr. Bliss, are you?" "I am," was the reply; "and if you boys are expecting to get any fun out of him, you'd better get it

On the 16th of August, 1831, Horace Greeley came to New York. He had ten dollars in cash, and the value of his wardrobe, both in his bundle and upon his person, is computed by his biographer at seventy-five cents. He was twenty years old, wore a round jacket, and looked like an overgrown boy. After patiently trying for two or three days, he obtained work in a printing-office of which the late William T. Porter, of the *Spirit of the Times*, was foreman. He was a journeyman printer in New York for fourteen months. For a short time he worked in the *Evening Post* office, whence the story is that he was dismissed at the instance of Mr. Leggett, who said, "Let's have decent-looking man in the office!" If it be true, it is certainly among the most curious facts that William Leggett should have dismissed Horace Greeley for such a cause. A few days, also, he worked upon the *Commercial Advertiser*, and afterward for Redfield, the publisher, who was at that time a stereotyper; but at the end of the year 1832 he formed a partnership with Francis Story, the foreman of the *Spirit of the Times*, and on the 1st of January, 1833, the new firm issued the first penny paper ever published, which died on the third day of the third week. Not long after Mr. Bennett himself died, and Greeley formed a new partnership with Jonas Winchester; and in the beginning of 1834, having added Mr. Sibbett to the firm, the *New Yorker* was established, with Horace Greeley as editor. Meanwhile Mr. James Gordon Bennett had invited Horace Greeley to unite in a new daily paper, to be called the *New York Herald*. Greeley declined, but recommended another printer, with whom Mr. Bennett made an arrangement.

The first number of the *New Yorker* appeared on the 22d March, 1834, and one hundred copies were sold. At the beginning of the second year it had a circulation of 4500. It was the paper which first made Mr. Greeley generally known. It was strictly a family paper, taking no side in politics. In the verses signed H. G., which occasionally appeared in its columns, it is easy to trace that tenderness of sensibility which early attracted him to Byron, Campbell, and Mrs. Hemans, which is apparent in his face and manner, and which made his almost the first voice to welcome Longfellow's "Hyperion," one of the strictest romances in our literature.

The *New Yorker* lived for seven years, but was never profitable. The editor was sorely pinched. "I was very poor," he said, afterward; "and for four years really bankrupt, though always paying my notes and keeping my word, but living as poorly as possible." At this time he was a "Grahamite," and a "temperance man," and a Whig in politics. He wrote leaders for the *Daily Whig*; and in the campaign of 1838 edited the *Jeffersonian*. In 1840 he established the *Log Cabin*, a Harrison campaign paper, and the most extraordinary journal of the kind ever issued. Forty-eight thousand copies of the first number were sold, and the issue rose rapidly to nearly ninety thousand. On the 3d of April, 1841, appeared the announcement of a new paper to be called the *New York Tribune*, to which subscriptions were respectfully solicited by Horace Greeley, 30 Ann Street. The first number was issued on the 10th of April, 1841—a paper one-third the size of the present, and sold for one cent. It began with six hundred subscribers. Five thousand copies of the first number were printed, which were, with difficulty, given away. The expenses of the first week were $325; the receipts, 692. The editor's cash capital was a thousand dollars, and that borrowed! But the effort of another journal to suppress it excited public attention and sympathy. Its seventh week began with an issue of eleven thousand; and its second year ended with twenty thousand subscribers and a daily press of advertisements.

In 1848 Mr. Greeley entered a representative in Congress; and the day after he took the oaths and his seat he gave notice of his intention to bring in a bill to discourage speculation in the public lands, and establish homesteads upon the soil. Soon after appeared in the *Tribune* the famous Congressional Mileage exposure, which made a breeze in Congress. Mr. Greeley perpetually attacked the abuses of the Government, dishonest measures, which, from their insignificance, are usually overlooked.

During the last ten years, in which there has been a constant call for lecturers, no man has been more widely sought than Mr. Greeley. He has few of the gifts of the orator, and yet he always holds his audience. His voice is thin and shrill, almost querulous in tone; his manner is sometimes grotesque; but the clear, incisive sense of what he says enlightens if it does not dazzle. Mr. Parton, his biographer, to whom we, in common with all who wish to know the facts of Mr. Greeley's life, are so much indebted, justly remarks his

freedom from the "self-denoulcing" habit of speaking for effect. "I always has something to say, and he says it so that every body can understand it, whether he agrees with it or not.

In 1851 Mr. Greeley went to Europe, and was one of the jurymen at the Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, and at the banquet of the Commissioners he proposed, in a characteristic speech, the health of Joseph Paxton. He has since made another visit to Europe; and in the year 1859 he crossed the Rocky Mountains. As an author, he is known by his "Hints toward Reforms" published in 1850, his "Glances at Europe," in 1852; his "History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction," in 1856; his account of his California journey, and the "Overland Journey to the great Plains;" and a "Political Text-Book," just issued. Mr. Greeley has not lost his love for the soil and the country. Little more than a boy, he was born in the absolute quiet of rural life, and have passed their manhood in cities, and in the midst of the most exciting struggles, he has a yearning fondness for the repose which is doubly beautiful by distance, and which still shines in a dream. He expresses this feeling in a strain of genuine tenderness, full of the truest eloquence, in an address before the Indiana State Agricultural Society, in 1855. But he still remains at his post, the chief editor of the *Tribune*.

Mr. Greeley's opinions upon all public questions are very decided and well known; but they are often grossly misrepresented. He has been called from secession plans plainly; and no man in the country is more cordially hated or sincerely loved, although, in justice, it should be said that his enemies are vastly among those who do not personally know him. As an editor, he talks daily upon the most interesting subjects with thousands of persons whom he never saw. Yet with many of them, especially in the rural districts of New-York and the States of the West, word from Greeley is truth and law. At public meetings, upon all occasions, his appearance is always greeted with a laughing, good-humored applause, in which, however, the sincerity of the feeling for the man is clearly evident. Indeed, there is probably no man in the country who has no direct and positive an influence upon public sentiment as Horace Greeley. His career is characteristically American. He is the most perfect Yankee the country has produced. His aims, his methods, his popularity, his success, his failures are of the New World and its civilization; and the secret of his influence is appreciation of the profound conviction of the "log-cabin" that he is an honest man.

ALICE FULTON.

ALICE FULTON was a governess to my sister, Carry Burton, a pretty, pouting, petulant young lady of sixteen years. I, Phil Burton, was a young fellow, not quite twenty, with plenty of money, an air *distingué*, a very fair proportion of limbs, chest, appetite, and locks, and was undoubtedly the pride (so also the only son) of my lady mother, who was a widow upon a small income, and whose household in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, was carried on in a style of splendor commensurate with the pretensions of seven thousand units, tens, hundreds, thous—, and so on, which my father, a distinguished diplomatist, had bequeathed to her.

Alice Fulton was something marvelous to look upon. She was fair, she had brown hair and sweet amber eyes, and a mouth wearing a smile upon it rarely seen among the daughters of men. Her manners were quiet; her tranquil dignity at times used to puzzle "mamma;" and her voice was "soft, gentle, and low." She was the most lovely creature I had ever seen; I had met with thousands every where, and of every class of beauty; and I loved her with such a strength and intensity of passion, that I despair of being rightly understand its fierce and fervid fanaticism. Of course it was just.

She sang like Malibran; she played like Arabella Goddard; she painted like a female pre-Raphaelite—and, in fact—say what you please, Alice was a mother.

The monument of the explosion came; the train was laid; and one morning I was down in my knees before her in the drawing-room, pouring out of the very fullness of a very foolish—let me add, also, a very honest—heart, the divine passion of I felt for her. I told Alice Fulton that I loved her; and she frightened me almost out of my wits at the deadly pallor that overspread her face.

"Oh, Mr. Burton!" she said, "I had thought you too good—too generous—too much so by such foolish words and conduct!"

My mother came into the room at the moment, and I was called to my knees. This time, there was a horrible idea of the absurd was mingling with the positive pain of her cold words and her icy looks; and I knew not whether I ought to be perfect, as my lady closed the door, and *locked* unmeritable amazement.

"Why, GOOD GRACIOUS!" gasped my radiant mamma, shaking upon a chair, "what does this mean? Tell me Dighy! tell me Fulton, in her low, steady voice.

"Indeed!" returned the lady, sarcastically, "I fancy, guessing from what I see, perhaps it is as well, and that it will be very good taste on your part to do so."

Alice Fulton, with her white face, gilded in a ghostly manner out of the room.

"The treacherous, designing minx!" exclaimed the lady, with bitter emphasis.

"Mamma, please don't; I can't—I won't hear it," I said, hotly. "She is all that's good and virtuous, by George! she is," I went on, and in effect somewhat toned down that impetuous lady by my protestations.

So Alice Fulton left that afternoon. My sister Carry went about the house fuming like a little tornado;" and I was fretful for nearly a week, till Carry found out that she was domiciled at the house of those dreadful Toppingtower girls, whither, as we learned, she had gone, in pique, and an interview (fortunately the girls were out) with Alice.

"You have guessed how it ended, have you not?

To think how those calm, beautiful eyes could lighten up and flash; that those delicately tinted cheeks could become all of a ruddy glow, and the mouth assume pale as any ashes; that the voice which was to me a music as sweet as that of heaven, could become cold and stern even. Never was transformation so complete, and to me so positively terrible! But, for dear, she was kind to me; and my passion only became more fired and utter. I was fascinated. The chains of the sorceress were material, while her heart was cold as a frozen grave.

A couple of days afterwards I was going to Paris.

Through Carry's aid—she would have helped me in any thing—I managed to see Alice Fulton, and possessed myself of a portrait of Alice—a marvelous likeness, and impressed with that calm and serenity indicative of the sweetness of her nature, was her characteristic, and the highest expression of a type of loveliness so uncommon, and which I can conceive of so rarely, that I knew it, although she—I allowed her, however, was Alice. I loved her—I adored her. Alice Fulton's face proud, so calm—was it that she was merely cold and merciless? I was her once more, and Carry went with me. Carry was a very child and I regarded my passionate story.

This time she seemed touched.

"If what you say be true, Mr. Burton—well, I will for once call you 'Philip'—if what you say be true, 'Philip,' I should feel grateful for the—for the preference you have shown, and one who is poor and friendless, and dependent on the caprice of those who have the amount of her support and livelihood in their hands. But it is impossible! it can not—and you must know it, too. You may say my position is low, but I know that it is low; and I shall pray you farewell, and pray that God may protect you in storm and battle, and keep you from temptation and sorrow."

How her words thrilled in the depths of my inmost soul! How her lips trembled, and her hazel eyes dim with tears! Alice Fulton was a heroine! Carry; she loved the romantic, and, with her passionate love and her generous sentiment; Carry—and she shook hands with me, and—I went over them and cried.

* * *

I was at Scutatopol, sitting in one of the parlors on the approach to the Quarries, and reading, for the twentieth time, the letter which I had unsealed, and kissing a portrait which I kept in a pocket I had stitched myself, and fixed just over the heart. Of course I was a fool—of course I didn't want to be shot—with this picture on that indicative spot, I was, I, and were, and was; but I hadn't lost pluck—not one of us had, I am proud to say; and oh, my Alice! my heart was yearning towards you, and I was happy.

That letter was from her. I had entreated (through Carry) for a line. It came. It was wonderfully—full of feeling! It gave me less of hope than ever.

I was just folding it up and had put the portrait away, when, *ping!* came something by, and I heard a gasp and a fall, and turning, saw one of my company on the ground, with a bullet just over on the forehead, and the brave, rash heart was still forever.

"What then Quarries?" said a soldier, furiously gnashing his teeth; "that's where the cussed things come from."

That night were to attempt to dislodge the Russians. The night came. I have put sentiment aside; I am getting ready for the desperate work; and such sentiment must be all cut and dried beginning the bloody scene.

Six o'clock! and we have made a grand rush for our point, and succeeded through an infernal *mitraille* that is like an awful death sieeze, for such a chance to the ground about us soon became I hope never to see again.

Three times had we to go at it, tooth and nail, for they had the Quarries! Six hundred men, I, at their head, fell back, and, with a cheer, rushed like a singing hurricane, we literally flung curses upon them, and out they bundled like rabbits from a burrow.

The French had the Mamelon; the Zouaves had nothing on the outer rim of the Quarries, and we wasn't their "pepper" but that's all! Gordon's Battery was playing like an organ in a paroxysm of diapason, and we, you see, had to get at the Quarries. We had got them, and we had to make sure—no less than sure—tremendous bayonet and hand-to-hand work, that night, do you know. We succeeded; but, before that pass came, I was mortally shot in the abdomen.

I was hit on the chest, but without any sense of sustaining a violent blow. A rifle-ball came on my breastpocket, and the picture—pierced by one crack across the glass which covered it, as if it had been cut by a diamond, but driving the frame into my side, and bedding it within the fractures of two broken ribs. Down I went twenty feet, and I knew no more.

* * *

I am on board ship at Balaklava, in the "sick bay!" My wound was a smasher, and I escaped by a miracle. Do you think, my reader, that this fair picture did not acquire a new virtue in my eyes? Alice was a heroine, an amiable, a refiguest—I never was not what?

Soon I was able to leave Constantinople, and I take a within in my hand, and, very shortly afterward, I, with Jack Brady, am going through the Syligan Pass. I have changed bear-skin and sauve-kaeke for the bareskeap cap and "Murray's Hand-Book." And Alice Fulton lives within my heart, as her portrait lies upon my breast; and Jack Brady, I fear, has written home to my sister Carry to tell her he can't make me out. Wonders I am still in love! Oh, Jack, my friend, my brother, wait and see over!

We were going to a certain town celebrated for its treasures in ancient and modern art, and, really, A carriage of the heaviest Long Acre make was coming down-hill at a speed that startled us both—Jack and myself—and we drew up to allow The drag-chain had given way, and a peril most imminent lay before those the strong but unwieldy carriage threatened to fall over every little step of the matter. Instinct made me leap to the leader's head, and, with the power almost superhuman, I pulled the poor brute and his companion up short; bled, the whole thing toppled "ashwards-ship" on the road, and and a sent over the top, and my poor humble servant, who (of course) got his leg fractured and dislocated—which first or last I don't know. Of course, the one horse was killed, and the other fearfully hurt.

I lay dreamily on one of those lovely, breezy, overshadowed hills which are of those Italian dwellings which are to be found on the slopes of the clustering Alps. And Jack tended me, and nursed me like a mother, like a man, like a brother—pooh! Jackadaisical! I'm nothing of the kind.

I was doing dreamily on some cushions Jack had caused to be placed for me; and, hearing an exclamation in the very tenderness of my friend, unnamed me, "It is him!" I opened my eyes and saw a figure enveloped in a hood and cloak. Jack stood a respectful distance.

It was the figure of Alice—my Alice! Oh, so changed! so changed! Oh, her dove-like eyes, and her serene, yet sorrowful smile.

"Alice! Alice!" I cried, faintly, as I lifted my pale weak hands (my hands were those only bruised) toward her. "Alice! Alice! can it be you? Oh, hear me before I die—I am very ill, my lady—hear me say, once more, I love you—I love you—"

"Oh, he loves me!" I heard her murmur; and then—yes—she fell down on her knees by my side, kissing my hands and my face, and I heard her say,

"He saves our lives!"

"That's beautiful!" cried Jack, as he came on the terrace with some exclamation—and we all terrace—"that's beautiful! Be happy, both of you!" And he blessed us like a father.

Alice was a nurse, I tell you, after. My mother, who loved me in her fond and foolish way, was dead, and I was my own sole lord and master. In a twelvemonth we were married, and I have been a happy—a grateful—I believe a better man (mem) and, two years after that, Jack, as the *Morning Post* used to say, led my sister to the hymeneal altar.

And here they come in: little Alice with big Alice and Jack Brady Burton, aged *three*; and I am very happy, as I clasp my wife, and, kissing her, say, "Alice, my Alice!" and—and I have nothing more to say.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

The regular meeting of the officers and members of Congress took place in Veranda on 5th September, and resulted in a Republican victory. The Republicans, the Republican candidate for Governor, is probably elected by 1500 majority which he received in Republican gains. The Democratic candidate was John G. Pratt, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor—Vice President Breckinridge spoke on September 4 at Lexington, Kentucky, vindicating the right of the change of being a disunionist, and sending Senator Bright. He also spoke in Louisville, Kentucky, and has been stumping Virginia and Maryland, and appears to be gaining strength. Douglas speaks in Kentucky every day. On Friday he delivered a long speech at Bardstown, Kentucky, and yesterday, to one of the most of the large cities of the State.—Senator Seward delivered a very powerful speech at Utica, which, from the gathering to hear him was estimated at 40,000 people. On 7th September, Senator Seward, Governor Hon. A. H. Stephens delivered a strong Douglas speech at Augusta, Georgia.

AN INSURRECTION AT SING SING.

An insurrection of the convicts at Sing Sing on Thursday, which resulted in the death of one keeper and the wounding of another, and, in consequence of this movement was a desperate villain named Tom Pop, who was sentenced to the Penitentiary for life, which he had had a ball and chain attached to one of his legs. He was ordered to go from the Prison Hospital, by impediment, and giving a signal which appears to be a been prearranged, the convicts rushed out of the prison door. A desperate encounter ensued on the yard to stop, and the keeper was stabbed and followed him on one side, and the prison keepers and the officer of the day on the other. The insurrection was easily secured, after having mortally stabbed the captain of the yard and wounded one of the keepers.

SHARKS AT THE NEW YORK WHARVES.

A number of large sharks have recently been observed around Pacific Docks, one of which was taken on Thursday, and after considerable manipulation and hard tugging landed on the dock. The monster was Length, 9 feet 4 inches; girth around the middle, 5 feet, weighing no less than 400 pounds—the sharks are of the belief of bathing in that locality it may be added that, in opening the shark, there were found in its maw, a human foot in dimmer was easily threat. In. Some other wonders were found in the shark, numbered fifteen feet in length.

A MODEL GARDEN AND GARDENER.

A Newport correspondent gives some goodly concerning a garden, a gardener, and a nosegay: "One of the greatest conveniences I have seen for a long time is the orchard-house of the Hon. William R. Lawrence of this city. The system of culture is, I believe, rather new in chicanery. The house is a lean-to, 50 feet long, 16 in the west substantial manner, and the trees are in bedded by hot-water pipes, and are divided by glass partitions extending from the roof to the floor. Here one can enjoy fruit in perfection, for life, for he has the trees under his control, the entire year, and their fruits, such as pine-apples, nectarines, and peaches, are brought with so great abundance and variety of the fruit of more northern climes, such as strawberries, pears, peaches, and plums. All these fruits are grown in pots; and what is most remarkable, the pots are simply filled with mere gathered from the woods. Some of the fruit grow in Jamaica baskets, which, I believe, was original with Mr. Alfred Chamberlain, who has the care of the garden of Mr. Lawrence, and, by the way, who lived once out of Lawrence. He account is, that "Believe was accustomed to come and spend an hour or two with him in the garden and then he would return to his study and write with all his might." The pots are filled with mere gathered from the woods, and filled with moss, and, with the trees tailed in the Jamaica baskets, some of the finest fruit, the most choicest fruit, present a picturesque and novel appearance.

THE POLITICAL MANAGERS AT WASHINGTON.

"Occasional," of the Philadelphia *Press*, gives the following account of the meeting of Democratic Committees at Washington: "Preston King, Chairman of the Republican, in the Democratic, in the Senate of the House, with his long coat reaching almost to his ankles, moves from one to another, and, with the avowal of stated hours, exhibiting as much activity and zeal as a pregnant mosquito. Mr. Hunter, the chief spirit of the Republicans here, and talk might and day for the sake of Lincoln. Mr. Hunter, with the spirit of success, he assumes to have no other object but to gain the nomination and to put on the ticket Mr. Hilles Cooper and the Wickliffes, father and son, have charge of the Douglas committee, and are doing a good deal of talk. The Breckinridge men, on Fourth-and-half Street, are in possession of Willard's Hotel, and are the most of a concern. Some of them enjoy no advantage over the others on account of being single, and, consequently, are forced out of the Democratic ranks. The opinion is, that under the special charge of Governor L. Stevens, of Washington Territory, the Bell and Everett party are overshadowed by Alexander R. Boteler, Member of Congress from the Valley of Virginia, a Unionist gentleman of high character and deserved popularity."

TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE.

One of the most terrible and appalling catastrophes yet marking the dangers of the deep occurred on *Friday* night. The *Lexington Lady Bird*, in the Long Island Sound, which left Chicago on Friday night at 11 o'clock, was run into by the Boston Steamer, at Stonington, about ten miles from shore, at 2 o'clock on Saturday morning, and such a terrible sacrifice of human life followed, that, having on board between three hundred and fifty and four hundred passengers, the number of dead and wounded amounted to 50 or 60. Among the passengers were the Union Guard of Boston, and the Lady Bird was loaded with military enumerations of that city—a terrible blow in a single stroke. The vessel sank in deep water, with the engine gangway, on the larboard side. At the time, dancing and going on in the forward cabin. The Lexington attempts to save the passengers, and the guardianship generally against Boston, and the Lady Bird of the average bad kind.

THE WEANS STEAMER AT SEA.

The Baltimore *Patriot* says: "On Saturday last, about noon, as we were quietly seated beneath an umbrella on the pleasant piazza of the Hotel near the Bay, in the Pathgrove, opposite to Lazaros, lazily fingering a line that we had just finished, we were all of a sudden, startled by the explosion of some foolish chary pouch, our attention was directed to a dense and thick puffing, closely in the Mississippi high-pressure structure, and, turning to see what it was, we saw emerging from the smoke, a large black, whale-looking monster, on a trial trip: but where we could prepare to get out of the way we was it would post outside of us, and so we drew in our line, not a little, and, in a few minutes, we were surrounded by movements. The hull has been lengthened some 15 feet, and the bow has been made a little more comfortable, and, in fact, the Weans Shad Hole, and, beyond the bottom with the Chesapeake Bay, and, in fact, we will, as it ought to be, be enabled to take a leaping fit trial trip up and down the river, on Monday, and, if it proves successful, it will be a sight for the majesty of a huge mill-wheel, right above the centre of the hull; and, if it proves a failure, the hull will be merely lifted the water at all on the emerging side. Here and seaward, it is generally admitted, that, in the shape of the propeller, evidently arising from the cranks driving the shaft, the Weans Shad Hole, and, in the short round she slightly listed, but it was surprising to see the wheel, as it rose, spaces she could go, on the stretch coming in her velocity was terrible, if one may so speak."

STRANGE FRAUD OF A MADMAN.

Quite a little excitement was created in New Orleans *a few days ago*, by the arrest of Dr. Pirsle of a madman, who managed to mount to the top of a two-story grocery, and begin to scatter his money in the streets. The crowd, thus, breaking them with a hatchet, and then hurling them in the direction of the crowd. Before he had spent the same hours a great crowd collected in the vicinity, and the crowd was very interesting. Dr. Pirsle informed them how they should remove the madman from this point, finally, one of the crowd, a stranger, brought a ladder to the spot and directed a powerful stream upon him. So the madman was, in a few minutes, drenched and he lost his foot-hold, slid down the roof and came to the ground in a state of insanity. Before he had recovered from the effects of the jar he was in custody.

THE BOSTON NEWSPAPERS.

The Boston papers narrate a strange incident. A young girl, of pleasing face and agreeable manners, only twenty years of age, was arrested in Boston, on a charge for robbery, in one of the worst parts of the town. She had been in the city but a few days, and had, in that time, lodged in the house of a notorious thief, and had been seen in company with several legal gentlemen, and, moreover, had money about her of a character which, when re-duo in another county, but has an office in Boston. She is accused of robbing a man of a large sum. This attracted the curiosity of the officer to whom the lad would be taken, and, in the examination, moreover, and learned that the girl was an orphan, and that she had been left by her parents, in a large sum of money, having charge of considerable property belonging to her in a country place. She was a young girl, and came direct to Boston. She was taken before the police court, examined, and, finally, was committed to the House of Correction for six months. Subsequently, upon a new examination, the Court found the charge of her sentence, and the case was considered in order that place may be adopted with a view to sending her from life.

PERSONAL.

The following letter is published in the Southern papers:

"SHERIFF'S OFFICE, LEXINGTON, KY., Aug. 23, 1860.

Messrs. Williams & Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

"Gentlemen—I have been requested by some of your inquiries in relation to Hon. J. C. Breckinridge's ownership of the Hemp Factory, in this place. I have, since, he has failed in property, either personal or real estate, in this county, and, moreover, he owes, for his board, lodging and his family reside here, and board at the Lexington Hotel, in this city.

"Respectfully, J. T. CROSS, *Sheriff*."

An admirer of Hon. John Cowan, of Pennsylvania, has had a cane made from wood found upon the Battle-field of Gettysburg, with the designs presented to that gentleman. The handle of the cane bears a silver plate, on which is engraved a dog hanging under over treasure. Beneath is the word "Fidelity."

The Rev. A. Bewley, Methodist Superintendent and missionary in Texas, was hung by a mob a short time since, on the charge of being an Abolitionist. The New York *Christian Advocate* says he was a devoutly pious and inoffensive man.

The humors of Savannah and expression in odd methods, are exemplified in the following advertisement of a book-maker, printed in the Republican: "I hereby notice that I have been so kind as to publish a little book from the middle of since 'El Dorado Street'—was,

when caught in the act, wish to pass off as practical jokers—what I call heartless pressents such as common thieves."

Letters have been received from Mr. Yancey, stating that he will come North about the middle of this month, when he will get himself at the disposal of his political friends for service in stumping until the close of the Presidential election.

In December, 1853, J. W. Tucker, a California juvenile, sent to the Emperor of Russia some fine specimens of gold-bearing quartz. Nothing was heard from the Emperor, as a token of thanks, a magnificent cut massive gold watch, with a golden chain attached, was sent and by pre-determined weighing a round sum, the gold of the ring is from the Ural Mountains. The sentiment is delicious, and it is the purest order. It has been announced, by an expert, worth as much as any ruby of three times the size.

Marlin, the Boston wheerryman, arrived at Albany on the evening of the 5th in good health and spirits.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

The British Parliament was prorogued on the 20th ult. The speech was read by the Lord Chancellor. She says that her relations with foreign powers are friendly and satisfactory. She trusts there is no danger of the interruption of the general peace of Europe. She believes that the Powers are able to settle their outstanding difficulties, the tranquility of other States will remain undisturbed. She adds, in our opinion, intervention may take place on the Syrian question, the neutrality and integrity of Turkey will be maintained. She thanks the attentive consideration upon the Christian population of Syria, and the concurrence of the Powers of Europe in assisting the Sultan of Turkey to restore order in Syria. She expects the desire of the Italians to be left free to decide for themselves. She will support the demand for a Congress to settle the Danubian Provinces of Turkey. She will be delighted to be appointed Queen for the fortifications, and the Government will carry on the military and naval establishments, she concludes by expressing the joyful pleasure and satisfaction the has experienced in the cordial enthusiastic reception the Prince of Wales has met with in her North American provinces.

FOREIGN RELATIONS.

In the Commons, on the 20th, Lord Palmerston said the Government had no official information relative to the healing of Garibaldi in Calabria, but had received a dispatch confirmed the fact. He also said that it was no truth in the statement that Austria had threatened to support Naples. He admitted that the situation till her own frontiers were threatened.

On the same day Lord Malmesbury pledged the revised the Christians in Syria by Abd-el-Kader, and told the British Consul had been instructed to tender to him the thanks of the British government.

THE MARONITES THE AGGRESSORS IN SYRIA.

In Parliament, the other day, Lord Palmerston said he did not deny that the Turkish authorities in Syria and the government had acquitted themselves well, but believed that the Maronites were the first aggressors, because large numbers of armed Maronites had come and the attack began by the Maronites upon some mixed villages of Druses and Christians to expel the Druses and not long ago Lord Cowley, in a conversation with M. Thouvenel, said that the outrages which had been committed by the Maronites, and M. Thouvenel replied that he believed it to be true.

RETURN VOYAGE OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The *Great Eastern*, on her return voyage to Milford Haven from the Island of Anticosti, made the passage in nine days four and a half hours—the shortest time ever made by any steamer. She left all the advantage of her wet improvements in machinery and shipbuilding, and 10,000 tons, with the decks covered with bonnets, and to feel as that of any ship that ever crossed the ocean. If she were to be fitted with the Cunard paddle she could make money and become the most popular ship afloat.

A NEW BRITISH ENVOY.

Mr. Lindsay, member of Parliament, has been authorized to proceed to Washington, and lay before the American government the views of the British government relative to the navigation laws, belligerent rights, etc., and the Government will also submit to him the existing treaty, etc. Mr. Lindsay sails on the 8th of September.

FRANCE.

ANOTHER PEACE SPEECH FROM THE EMPEROR.

The Emperor has made a speech at Lyons in response to addresses by the authorities. He condemned the unjust criticisms of his speech, and declared that he should make him stretch from the path of moderation and justice. He also declared that the general peace of France, and he urged them to give themselves up with confidence to the future. He was determined, he said, to continue, that France should not degenerate under the glorious flag of the Revolution, and the Empire, which secured to advance as the Emperor. Rentes, 67f. 50c.

SUSPENSION OF THE PRESS.

An Imperial decree has been issued opening the French ports for the admission, free of all kinds of foreign grain and flour, irrespective of the duty. Vessels bringing breadstuffs will be exempted from tonnage dues. This is regarded as an admission of the general deficiency in the French harvest. The weather continues very wet.

THE EMPEROR ON HIS TOUR.

At latest dates the Emperor Napoleon and Eugénie were at Chambery, and met with an enthusiastic reception there.

A BEET FOR HAM-EATERS.

The *Academie des Sciences* of Paris has just received a communication, which has literally caused the gallic people that British propriety to shake an end with lower. A student of Westborough, M. Wirthow by name, announces the fearful discovery that a beet root of the intense of a dreadful microscopic animal, the trichina spiralis, in the flesh of pigs, no matter how prepared, whether you call it pork, ham, bacon, sausage, or polonee. When an individual proceeds to eat of this animal in abundance, he is observed to grow pale and emaciated in a few days afterwards. He strongly feels as if he should be dies at the end of the week week. A post-mortem examination shows the presence of a dreadful disease with fearfulness upwards, which proves that death must be ascribed by medical jurisprudence, arising in the attacks of this horrible little monster. Moore knew well what he was about when he declared that the use of swine's flesh is his country man.

GERMANY

AUSTRIA WILL NOT INTERFERE IN ITALY.

According to the *Cologne Gazette*, on Austrian note to Italy confirmed. The town of Bergin was attacked by the insurgents and capitulated on 21st, the garrison being allowed to withdraw with their muskets and personal baggage only. We also hear of the capture of Fort Delpino and Ville Bonn. Four thousand Garibaldians are said to have joined Garibaldi.

Garibaldi had been expected at Palermo at Palermo. Large numbers of Garibaldians were joining him. The latest dispatches report that the Republic have again been defeated at Calatafimi. It was stated that on the 20th that the King of Naples had quitted there on the previous evening on board the frigate *Monadnic*, and that the Piedmontese occupied the forts. This report confirmation. Disturbances at Naples were imminent. Appeals to the people to revolt were being published. The Neapolitan Minister of War and General Ronca had left Naples for Gaibalta with six battalions as reinforcements. A revolutionary movement at Salerno was imminent. The Pope, it was said, had suggested the formation of a league to the Italian Confederation.

THE POPULAR ENTHUSIASM.

A letter from Sicily contains the following: "We read of a great action in Palermo. A young Sicilian was stopped by a father who obtained his son. It was reached in affection, and the father said to the son, 'Do what you may in Sicily, that he did not wish to prevent his remaining there, but he should not go to the Sicilian, and he gave him, and to provide him with money, and to this end he made an application with his son, to the Sicilian house. The boy was thirteen years of age. The Government sent the prisoner to Genoa, where he was to be kept, would not succeed in doing. At Milan, last week, I saw some Garibaldians, and I saw the Garibaldians themselves. Many were refused upon various reasons, demonstrations for the cause, which I have seen, for the basis, on pretense that they must pay for their equipment, and others because they were too young. I saw a boy of 14 years of age, and a boy of 15 years. Those who had 19 frames gave them without the buckles, and the Garibaldians, in the uniform of the Sicilian, on the 20th, in a letter, after you required was not complete but, on the 20th, even with the buckles, and the Garibaldians, I saw these volunteers set off. Half the population accompanied them to the gate of the city, with tears and cheers.

A PROCLAMATION TO THE CITIZENS OF SICILY.

The Sicilian journals publish a proclamation addressed by Garibaldi to the citizens of Sicily," of which the following is the concluding paragraph:

"Madame Europe, the Sicilian, is greatly beloved, and most choosing lady—but, if you, Sicilians, are not free, she will not be, and, in the question when it be had killed. The chief, Bonodetta, Dr. Mazzini, Pisacane, Ciro Menotti, Tito Speri, Pilli, Bandiera and Poerio. The third, Rosbes, had his skull split in two with a bullet, and the Sicilian rebel shot, the Sicilian leader of his incomparable mother. Wounded call on the Sicilians, and the Sicilians, if they, even when they be long, undecided, fell of danger for all. Being alone, we shall conquer—if we unite—victory, and we will be no fighting. The hope of twenty generations of Italians and I have resolved to be free, and I cannot will return to you with faces bronzed on the field of battle. Sicilians, remember that the Sicilian Vespers was blessed by those suffering and enslaved populations who have cast their sons to redeem your country.

"GARIBALDI."

GARIBALDI AS A SWORD-SHEBMAN.

A correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* writes from Messina, tells the following anecdote: "While I am writing I hear a great noise in the street. It is the morning, at four o'clock, wakening up and down the deck of the Garibaldi, one of the Sicilian Garibaldians lying in the harbor, following through his glass the movement of the Garibaldi. The Garibaldians stay everywhere which I give you, without, however, vouching for its authenticity, the following anecdote: Garibaldi, the very of the great-spanish, or sword-shelf, offended opposition to the Sicilian, and, in the Sicilian, the Sicilian scattered things about the great from Messina to Fano, and, in the Sicilian, the Sicilian Garibaldi. The fishery is performed in the most ingenious manner. Garibaldi, the Sicilian, the Sicilian, the Sicilian of the boat, and when he sees the sword-fish passing through the water he takes a harpoon, and, with the direction, and the man at the stern, who is armed with a long sword, and, if, forthwith, the sword-fish is killed. Well, one day Garibaldi disappeared for two hours, and it appeared that the Garibaldians had left the Sicilian, in order to come to the opposite shore that from the pole he was hidden, and, in the Sicilian, the Sicilian, the Sicilian,

THE DRIVE IN THE CENTRAL PA

EK, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1860.

THE DRIVE IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

WE publish on the two preceding pages a fine picture of the drive in our Central Park, which will be one of the first sights shown to the Prince when he comes here. It will, even in its unfinished state, give him a good idea of what we are doing in the way of civic comforts, and of the wealth and luxury of our citizens.

Our Park, which is progressing very satisfactorily under the management of the Commission, will undoubtedly be, one of these days, one of the finest places of the kind in the world. We hear from time to time cavils at the course pursued by the Commissioners and engineers; but these cannot always be traced to disappointed applicants for office, or to personal jealousy of the Board. Public opinion on the subject is decidedly favorable to what has been done. Those who saw the Park before the engineers went to work on it are amazed at the beautiful sites which have been contrived with such unpromising materials; all fair persons believe that the enterprise is managed with honesty and good taste.

GOOD FOR NOTHING.

CHAPTER I.

"NO, Ma'am, she will never be good for any thing," said rough, ungentle Dr. Alice, fingering his hat and gazing bolder that tied his patient to the post in front of the widow Lane's cottage. And as he adjusted his comfortable bonnet in the old chaise, added: "Sorry, Ma'am, to say so; but I am always candid." Then he shook the reins, nodded "Good day," and took himself off.

Ah, not only himself, but with that vanishing old gig went hopes that had been long cherished by the anxious mother, sweet-minded and fancies, baseless, perhaps, yet they had sustained her in many a dark hour; and more laughable than all these there was a pride in the depths of that black, handsome veil-pocket, a gold piece that had been thrifty enough and kept, and which, after all, had only purchased this doleful verdict.

Like many well-meaning people, Dr. Alice had fallen into a habit, quite common among those who consider candor the first of all virtues—that of speaking unwelcome truths in the most unwelcome way; and never suffering or losing down an expression if it conveyed his meaning clearly. It may be perfectly true, for instance, that we are pale; but the officious friend who saluates us with such an announcement is not one we always care to meet, and yet it is the possible good to address a despairing invalid with a remark on his pallid face and eyelids grey. Dr. Alice congratulated himself on having given a ray of hope from the pitiful mother whom he left a few moments since. "No nonsense about me," he muttered to himself as he drove away.

Quite true, Dr. Alice; but suppose there had been a little nonsense—just enough to make you say, "I fear, Ma'am, that little Alice will never be well, but she may be a great deal better at times—something like Mary, Mary, have hopes that she will, while the pang was softened to those poor hearts?

It was no wonder that Mrs. Lane felt sick at heart as she leaned over the little white gate, and the hot tears splashed down on the half and chalk that closed it; for she remembered—long ago, Alice had there swung to and fro, laughing with childish glee meanwhile. Then came the recollection of that remarkable day when Father, with unusually hand and muddled brain, had tossed her up in play, and let her slip on the same before, from whence she was taken up insensible and almost lifeless with an injury to the spine. Then the long drawn agonies; the sleepless nights of pleasure and days of pain; the helplessness of limbs and weariness of spirit that followed—dark days, light and only by the blessing, for our sake, of great sorrow came one joy.

By half a little bride, with her hand clasped in his, that erring father turned to Heaven, and asking help where alone it could be found, he repented and reformed. For the short three years that completed his earthly course Joseph Lane was a new man; no famous in his brain, no tinin on his breath, no stammering on his tongue. His companions looked and wondered, but he heeded them not; and when he saw the face of wife and child light up with joy at his coming, he felt that "old things had indeed passed away." When Alice would be left to his care, and put his shoul in her loving way, full many a time the strong man brushed away a tear, partly of bitter remorse for the childish frame he had wrecked, and partly of thankfulness that God had not taken her from him until he could prove himself a tender father. "We Alice are nothing, nothing, Mary?

And when at last he was called away to travel down the dark valley, whose chilling hope was tained and comforted him—where voice using the sonce of blessedness and raptured by the Lord of the Lamb, of Father and Mother, and Friend—Who was true? Who was, who, laying her cheek beside his, silenced his bitter self-reproaches with her childish criticism as she said, "It is seen in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power—nothing only her own comment: "You know, father, I will not be weak or crooked then. I shall have a glad, out body." Was Alle good for nothing Mary? And when the dark days of his death come, who supported her and mother through those times of trial but this brave, true spirit in its weak and ailing frame?

Such were the memories that came over her as Mrs. Lane stood crying, just when the harsh words of the Doctor had reached her ear; and after the first grief she grew indignant at his "bungling" and repeated, bitterly, "Good for nothing! what does he know what our Alice has been or will be to us?"

Mrs. Lane, ever unselfish in her grief, dried her eyes and turned to go in, for she feared that the Doctor's words had penetrated to the room where the child sat watching the sunset from the window. In truth Alle had heard them, and had long been kept coming in her eyes that the sunshine made rainbows therein, and she could only see the outline of the watery pitiful dimly where she brushed them away with her little blue-veined hand. Though she prayed most truly to be resigned to her lot there was a rebellious spirit in her that at this was one when relentless thoughts came quick and fast. Putting her face in her hands she moaned, "Oh, why was I born? why was I born at any thing? No help to dear mother, when she is so tired and so poor—no help to father, who loves me when he is lonely; oh, how will I live? I wish I were in heaven with father!" But even while she looked at the western sky there came one calm and still the evening star, as peacefully bright as though no sorrow of earth were abiding, or no hearts sorry and sad. Its coming cheered her, and by the time her mother came in she had fought and conquered her capricious rebellion. Her face, dreamy, and humble and subdued, she laid her hand on her mother's arm, saying, "Never mind, mother, I don't be hurt I" and as the tired woman looked daughter grew peaceful and trustful once more.

CHAPTER II.

THE window frame and her children's bed in a small entry painted blue and guarded by two splendid maples that were her special pride. Passerby commonly stopped to admire the persistence and beauty, even, in summer time, and when Jack Feeb had tinted them in his own dashing way they looked like great clusters of red and yellow lamps. They were the most noticeable features in the long, straight street of the village of Meriton. They were planted long ago, when Joseph Lane, a bride to the little white house by the way-side, and commenced home-keeping as pleasantly and fairly as ever a drifty young couple could do. The sweet idea spot with its garden, stretching back until it joined the orchard of Squire Stephen, Anne Moore. The furniture was all their own; and as time rolled on a junior Joseph and our little friend Alice were at home in the cottage—we say nothing of the maples that throve so well.

It would be an old story to tell how the glass of wine was first and last, the cigar and tobacco for some effort of *forensic* display, became at last the inexorable habit; how the clear brain refused to be clogged with the poison, and how one and then spoke a word of caution to held him back; in his mad career, but at last, alas, we must hear when the suffering child had led him, with her weak hand, through God's grace, to the safe high ground of sobriety and peace. Those were happy years after that, even despite their sorrow, and Mrs. Lane recalled their peace and quietness long after he had passed from her sight and world, leaving her with two children and but meagre support. Alice was a helpless invalid, and poor, but, now they somewhat relaxed their efforts, and they were struggling with real poverty. Joey—bright, merry, rather idle—would have been better helped by doing errands for her, but she could hardly resign her hopes of giving him an education that would fit him for a gentleman, and raise him to the best school the village afforded. This exhausted her slender means, and the time had now come when she should have to part with the scanty pittance that would procure bread and butter, and clothing better befitting a big boy than the home-made garments with the same end make for him.

This it was that made Alle and her mother so sad and still as they sat together. In the maples beside them lay the Meriton *Eagle*, and a long advertisement set forth in glowing terms the preparations of the "Meriton Academy" for the ensuing term. Increased facilities for students, with no increase in the terms; superior teachers in every department. These were the attractive features, and with a weary sigh the widow had laid down the paper and resumed the sewing that promised a few shillings added to their stock, always so scanty for winter expenses. Alle's bony fingers were flying fast, for these days she had grown strong enough to help in such light tasks. She looked weary and sad though; as she said, "Oh, mother, can't we do something? I am sure I can manage, if you Joey won't have to stop going to school? Oh! I feel only strong!" And here her lip quivered.

Joey, who had been lying by her, had eyes bright; for he had been diverting himself between the entries of the Academy, reading with a frolic with a little chap about his own age.

"Oh, mother, they are going to have the greatest times in the Academy! Jack Feeb Dan tots is going to be in my class too. Just think of it! Oh, won't it be fun? Jack read all about it in the paper; and Jack's father is to be great a lawyer as father one of these days, and—Why, mother, what's the matter, ain't you glad?" And the mother to her, and pillowed his little head and hands around her neck, he looked in her face, begging her to tell him what troubled her. And when, half heart-broken, she had made him understand their poverty and inability to meet the expenses of the school, his boyish heart did grief for a moment at this first encounter with trials.

He had studied so hard the last term to win a high place, and had tried to be a good scholar—was every a cheap disappointment for him to lose it now. He opened and shut his pocket-knife twenty times from pure nervousness before he could speak; but at last the brave, good boy conquered his selfish wishes, and tried to make them believe he did not grieve so much.

"Never mind, mother, never mind; I'll study at home, and you and Alle shall help. Alle knows more than my body else—Jack Denton's big brotherer says so, and he is an older boy than I am."

"Yes, Joey, and I can help you," said Alle, looking up from her work for a moment.

"Yes, he did; and he says that you could teach any body just as well as their new teacher."

Alle said no more, but her needle flew faster and faster on the shirt-sleeve, and the color came in her face as she pondered some new thought in her mind. Joey buttoned up his threadbare coat, trying to look manfully (he broke down very soon), and said:

"Well, mother, I'll get the kindling-wood all ready for morning, and then I'll get the milk; and he was gone out, taking as heavy a heart with him as ever boy carried under an old blue jacket. And he was off with him, and to let another know how bad he felt."

While he was absent, and while Mrs. Lane was attending to some household work in the back kitchen, Alle sewed on until it grew too dark. She had just finished the last seam, and was thinking intently of her half-formed plan when a loud knock at the door startled her. She opened it directly, and was almost frightened to find, not Joey or his other than Squire Denton—the richest man in the village, the owner of the biggest house, the finest farms, and fifteen hundred dollars in taxes. A self-made man, he was fond of boasting that he had nothing to begin upon "but his ten fingers" and, by-the-way, the said ten fingers were big enough to fight their own way any where. He boasted, too, that he had "got on in the world without any assistance at all." In spite of his loud, boastful tones he was a kind-hearted man, and a liberal patron of the schools, and the poor of Meriton were good scholars, and no one was more proud than the man "with no education" when Arthur Denton took off the prize at the yearly exhibition.

"Good-evening, Miss Alle," said the rubbed spectacles, "guessing you don't know me in big clothes, "good-evening." Where's Miss Lane? I'm called on a mind about a little school business."

As Alle ushered in her mother, he said, in his loud way, "Why, how you've growed! Deckon you look most as well as if—" The Squire knew that he was talking on something we wise to say, so he stopped short and pretended to admire, with genuine pretense enough—finished up with "—an invalid." Mrs. Lane felt that she turned to the little parlor. He said, "How d'ye do, Mrs. Lane? Hope you're feeling pretty cool?—and "bemmed" again. Mrs. Lane lighted the lamp on the shelf, and he seemed immensely relieved to perceive by its light the Meriton *Eagle* lying on the chair.

"Ah!" said he, taking it up, "this puts me in mind. I got a great deal to tell this Young school. Well, we trustees thought we had it all fixed, and we thought the first department has give out, and we don't rightly know what to do. There's a class of little folkses that are to have only three months a day, and we don't rightly know what to do with a teacher. How say Arthur put it into my head that your Alle could just as well take the place as not. Jack Denton's mother, I know, but she's always studyin', they say, and if she is strong enough to go I think it will do her no harm. Well, Mrs. Lane, what do you think, ma'am?"

Mrs. Lane spoke not a word, but watched the girl's face, which had her sparkling eyes low she would answer. Gratefully and earnestly she thanked the old trustee for his kindness. The amount paid would be a little more than Mrs. Lane thought would cost. This motive was enough, and it was settled then and there that Alle Lane, in spite of her fifteen years and her unremitting illness, should take the place offered. The Squire took his leave soon after, leaving grateful hearts beside the heathstone. Up in Alle's little chamber she lay for dream, and though angels don't come in blue coats and brass buttons, yet, to Alle's English, he seemed old little less, to come in that dark time with such hopes of usefulness to others. She felt fully equal to it now both in mind and body. She had been longing for something to do, to feel that she was more than a drafting tool on life's current. Her health was fast returning, and yet—yet—the spine much lessened since the rapid growth of the past two years. To say that she did not dread the ordeal would be untrue; she was apt to be pronounce her far more strong-minded than she was; but felt to be equal to the undertaking.

Wasn't that a bright tea-table in the white cottage behind the maples that night? With its snowy cloth and home-made bread, thin cakes and frizzled beef; with the luxuries somewhat rare in these days to Mrs. Lane—"good old Hyson" and "lump sugar," with the tea-kettle singing and the wood fire crackling; with the happy faces around, Joey's merry laugh and bright smile as he drank to the health of "our Alle, the new teacher and the smartest teacher in the county!" Alle's pleasant voice and the Squire's hearty "Good! Senator from said county," while the happy mother looked on with a glad smile. Ah, that was a happy time! It was a holiday scene, and they had holiday hearts to welcome it; so the hours sped on until the little clock ticked "nine," and remarked that it was time to go home. Neither it was the unwonted dulness of the supper I can not tell, but something made them dream all night. Alle, in her unknown fever, was going, while she about to attack Alle, and demolished them entirely with his weapons, and told them out wrapped in Meriton *Eagles*, the prospectus uppermost. Alle was following a blue coat with brass buttons up and down hill, trying to catch up, but, just as she came near it, resolved itself into tan huge fingers, which, dream-like, soon turned to ten little imps, with Joey at their head, and laughed at her, she woke and found herself with a slight headache, the result of the excitement of the previous day.

CHAPTER III.

THE time of Alle's installation came round before she could realize it all. Joey carried her books as well as his own and they marched off toward the Academy. Alle's heart beat fast as she entered the room. Oh, I where the restless atoms of human, yelpy boys, were rapping on a rose. They were undoubtedly a little afraid of her; but in truth the was much more afraid of them. She heard their whispered comments as she removed her shawl and bonnet, and shrinks painfully as she saw them point to her stooping figure. True, she had nearly outgrown it; but the little elves, feeling that instinctive hatred to teachers common to their years, soon copied it, and made up their minds then and there to be unpunishing in their remarks if she should prove "hateful" in any degree. Kindness and firmness overcome them at last; and, on the whole, the first day's trial was over, she felt that she had been happier in spirit and better in health than she ever was before; and, as two years rolled on, checkered with lights and shades as human lives are wont to be.

In all unprecedented instances of success there is a new interest in life since the day when Arthur Denton had first given her the shelter of his umbrella as he prepared to return from school one showery afternoon. His path homeward was just by their door, and there was many a loitering walk homeward, and many a lingering goodbye in the shade of the maple-trees. Alle had been so excluded from young people's parties that a fresh, ship with and for a fresh strong spirit like Arthur's had all the charms of novelty. He had read so much, could tell her so many things that were strange and wonderful in science or art, liked the same books that she loved, and mingled with it all a chivalrous devotion to her. Flowers were flower, such as grew in his father's garden, found lying on the sill of the cottage window, were books she liked left on the door-step; there were copies of the latest and sweetest poems found in the folds of her parlor; there was a thousand such trifles, that yet made up a sum of happiness greater than had ever dawned upon her before.

Arthur Denton was her senior some two years—"just nineteen years old;" and the widow began to grow jealous of her, as she noted that the boy and girl, who had walked to and fro in such a pleasant dream, were boy and girl no longer. It troubled her greatly, for she could not conceal the pleasing draught from the girl's lips by reminding her that her misfortune must set her apart from the gift of human love, except in a mother's and a brother's heart. She could not even help beguiling herself with the belief that the beautiful face, with its starry eyes and smiling lips, was the mirror of the drooping figure in a loving heart; and yet she feared. Arthur was destined for a high place in the world; in a few short weeks he would leave for college, and she trembled as she thought of the blank that was coming in Alle's life.

CHAPTER IV.

"Good-by, Alle."

"Good-by, Arthur."

Such farewell words must be spoken in this world of changes. Alle that though we look forward to them with a mile-stone in memory, changes they may seem but tomb-stones when we look back!

Alle stood leaning over the gate, and watched the rumbling, rattling stage, that grew less noisy and less distinct in the increasing distance, until a turn in the road hid it from her sight. Then, for the first time, the little teacher realized what had parted with her young friend. She realized that the kind protection of his presence would be hers no longer—that the walks home from school would seem lonelier—that there would be no spray of flowers or dainty fruit would be laid on her casement—that all these things were of the past. She dared not ask her heart to dwell on the consequences, she dared not indulge a modern dream of love. When such a thought came to her unbidden she wished that it was a sin to entertain it, and blushed and trembling spoke the rich brown curls that shuttered around her forehead, hiding their tender shade lest image thus: "Alle Lane, see there; you will never be good for any thing, never; 'don't dream, don't listen to your mother though she is so kind and so, and it is true." It was a stern discipline and bitter, but she was so coward. Her saddened life had made her so, and at seventeen, yesterday she shut out the bright hope of Arthur's love; but as resolutely clung to his friendship, for she could be sure of that. Arthur was her brother in her father stead, and she was resolved never to misinterpret his interest.

And so these years had gone by forever—years so bright that they were never forgotten amidst the cares and the vexations of her life. Joey was advancing rapidly in his studies; and if the teacher in room No. 1 sometimes flagged and grew weary, it was forgotten in the bright joyful words, "that she was just the dearest little sister in the world!" and that "it was going to take care of her one of these days," to reassure her.

Spring time came at last, and but a short time before Arthur's return for the vacation vacation Squire Denton presented himself one morning at her school-room door, holding by the hand little Dick, his youngest and pet, a little fellow just in Christendom. He was seven years old, round, fat, with a saucy turn-up nose and the blackest eyes imaginable. The Squire, bowing, bow and added,

"I'm frail you'll find him a little spoiled. You can be's good as anybody to look after him, and old Betts don't manage him very well. Mebbe you can do something with him, you seem to get along with everybody. Good-by, Nick. Be a good boy, and don't be naughty to Miss Alle."

So saying the Squire left the youngest child of his family in her care, to her distress, for his reputation would have justified any one in preferring "old" to his companions of Nick. He ran hides in the carpet and played horse with the sofa-cushions, performed on the piano with both feet, and lit terrible fusillades in the grates. He turned holes with matches in the mosquito-bar over the bed bed, and rubbed his father's boots with stove-polish. Old Betts once found him pitching like mad around a tub full of water, trying to drown a little chicken, which of course was fluttering and gasping for its life. He got out the Maltese kitten in the pounding barrel, because, he said, "the dirty kitty

must go in the wash," and he made faces at the washer-woman's baby until it almost went into fits.

Such was the unenviable notability of Nick Denton. It was small wonder that his father thought it was time to do something desperate. He was one of those clear-headed business men, who can by no means comprehend a child's nature—to whom they are only queer, incomprehensible little things. He would whip Nick heartily some times, and laugh at him at others; call Betts the housekeeper tiresomest him with "augurs" and goblins, and consoled him with jam and cake. He was not among the best poor mechanics. Not one in a wild vine with no kind hand to prop it up to keep it from the poisonous weeds. This was to his children, and he had one (a proved).

Little Nick seemed quite peaceable the first month, but the second Alfie's troubles began. He had pad shoulders, and in little Nick's eye at excess, and there was the tow head stuck fast in it, the schoolmaster, good-natured as he little fellow grew red in the face and twisted and turned in his efforts to get it off. A pair of scissors and a nacker of an hatchet Nick's mother recorded this mishap; but it was only a prelude to others. At last he became so unruly that she was obliged to punish him. A light rap of the ruler was her serious infliction; but as she called him up, he twisted out of her hands and held it triumphantly behind him, walking backward with it toward the door.

She fixed her soft gray eyes on him and said, quietly:

"Nick, give me that ruler; you must mind me, or I shall be obliged to expel you."

His eyes were wicked, and as she took a step nearer him he threw the ruler at her, just grazing her temple, shouting:

"I won't, I won't mind any body, and I don't care for you, old Miss Crooked; you can't good for any thing anyway. Aunt Betts said so—there!" And the imp was gone, banging the door and whooping down the street.

There was a painful silence for a moment as the pale teacher sat covering down behind her desk, her fragile hands over her eyes, her frame shaking with her sobs, and a tear now and then trickled down on the copy-book before her, strangely enough blotting out the word "friend" from its pages. Little Jenny, half-frightened and wholly sympathizing, whispered together, softly—and Tom Bates cutted a great big spitball that he had been boarding for recess time, and set it up, directly in front of her on the desk, while Robbie Tree brought her a mug of water to bathe her bruised temple. These were little attentions, but they were very grateful nevertheless; and she wiped her eyes and smiled pleasantly on her little scholars, and after a while the routine went on the same as ever.

Nick did not come back. The Squire called to say "that he b'lieved Nick might as well stay home a little longer" and from the sullenness his manner, she feared that the little rascal had misrepresented her. But ah! what was this to the wound that rankled, inflicted by a child's careless hand? "Arthur said so!" The words rung in her ears day and night. She recalled the adage, that "Children and fools always speak the truth," and believed it true. It was a great sorrow to come to her, and yet she reflected that it was better to be awakened early—far better than that the little dream should go on; and bravely and resolutely she went as her way, and lived the life of duty and care. Every one said that the teacher was growing thinner and paler; but she only smiled, and said that she was very well. Her mother and Jenny knew nothing of her last trial—she did not wish them to.

At last Arthur came back, taller, handsomer, and more friendly than ever; but Alfie met him coldly, or avoided him entirely. He was at first puzzled, then piqued, and tried to find another friend to be what she had been, but what she would be no longer. He could not explain to him the shadow that had come over her lest it might imply a wish to hear him speak in her favor; she could not complain to his little brother, and, more than all, she dared not risk the renewal of the pleasant dream. Alfie had tried to be fond of Jenny, a fair, graceful wife beside him, but the image was always blurred with her tears. No, no, she could not, she dared not; and thus it came to pass that Arthur came and went, and she never saw him except at a distance—the estrangement was complete.

It was one dark day in the October vacation that Alfie was startled from her afternoon reverie by the voice of Jessie Denton, who had come to ask her services. Nick—poor, wicked, vexatious little Nick—was very, very ill, and the father's voice trembled as he said:

"I thought mebbe you would come up a little while and read a bit. He is so kind of fretty, and he says you can read better than I can. I ain't much of a reader."

He did not like her long to put on bonnet and shawl, to tell her mother where she had gone, and was inside the sorrowstricken old man's door all his faults, he loved the little boy—to reach the big house and the bedside of the child. He was in terrible very ill, burning with fever, and Betts, in mistaken kindness, had covered him up with blankets and given him warm tea to drink. His mouth was parched, and a line of white around it, his eyes glittered strangely, and the restless hands moved to and fro.

Alfie quietly threw back the heavy covering, bathed his hands and head, prepared ice-water for his parched lips, and fanned him until he grew quite calm. Then he looked at her languidly, saying:

"Are you my mother? Other boys have mothers when they are sick. Where did my mother go?"

I looked for her—Betts said she was in the church-yard, but I couldn't find her. Did you ever see her there?"

Thus his pitiful ramblings went on. He recognized no one. The doctor came and went, but the medicines refused to act—the fever rioted through his veins, and all, except the father, knew now that little Nick must die. It was almost too much for Alfie's composure when the poor old man came to the bedside at twilight, and, in a choking voice, said,

"Nick don't know no prayers—mebbe you'll say one for him."

Before she could answer a faint, weak voice from the bedside spoke,

"Yes I do, she told me one." And slowly and imperfectly he repeated, "Now I lay me;" then sighed with the unwonted effort, and relapsed into a state of delirious babble.

Five days had gone by since Alfie had come to nurse the boy. Other workers relieved her, but he clung to her strangely. In his lucid intervals he had made his peace with her, and would in quiet voice, half-repeated or whispered, express the loved holding her hand. She tried to lead him to think of the bright heaven where his mother was waiting for him, but he shook his head, saying wearily, saying,

"I fear I'm too wicked to stay there with her. If she would have staid down in the church-yard I could be there; but I don't believe they will want me in heaven—I'm very bad you see. Betts says I am the worst boy ever was."

Then would come on fevrish phantoms and nonsensical words. Thus were on the days and nights. He began to ask for Arthur and Jack—they were already on their way home, and were expected every moment. They came at last, but the hours were growing few. They came when the fever was almost spent, and the poor childish soul was trying to rally and wonder why the sunshine fain had him. He smiled feebly and returned their kiss; then he went on in his childish supplication, asking for pardon for "teasing old Betts" for hurting the dogs and cats;" and "please God forgive me for teasing Miss Alfie and for that I had her a lie 'bout Arthur's saying she was good for nothing, and crooked; and please let me come where she will take care of me and love him dead mother, and please let father—" They listened scornfully, but they heard no more. The eyes grew glassy, and little Nick could neither be sick nor troublesome any more.

Time flies on regardless of human joys and sorrows: the years come freighted with changes. Three years have passed away, and the house under the maples there have come new faces. Jessy Lane has a situation in a mercantile firm in the city, and Arthur Denton is keeping house for Alfie in Alfie Lane no longer. In the big house the reigns its honored mistress, with the brawny arm to shelter her and the truest heart to love her in all the land; while the Squire, grown very grave and still, but with a new hope in his eyes, and a new purpose in his life, blesses the hour when Arthur married the girl who was "Good for Nothing."

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CANADA.

HAMILTON AND LONDON, CANADA WEST.

WE publish on page 589 a view of King Street, Hamilton, and on page 589 a general view of the city of London, the two principal cities in Canada West after Toronto. The Prince's visit has familiarized our readers with the names of both places.

Hamilton, the second city in Upper Canada in wealth, population, and commerce, is beautifully situated at Burlington Bay, an splendid sheet of water at the western extremity of Lake Ontario. Its present population is about 25,000, and as the city is rapidly increasing in the commercial centre of the late commercial crisis its number is already increasing. The town is built on an inclined plain rising gently from the shore of the bay for about two miles, where it is terminated by a ridge of high land known as "the Mountain." From this elevated plateau a most magnificent view of the country can be obtained of the surrounding country, Toronto, Oakville, and Niagara, on a tolerably clear days. Along the mountain's side are built the homes of many of the leading citizens, two of which have recently been the residence of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and suite on his arrival here on the 18th instant. The streets are well laid out, running at right angles, wide and well built, the buildings presenting a clean and handsome appearance from the whiteness of the stone used in the construction, and which is quarried in the neighborhood. The public buildings are numerous and handsome, and the whole sale warehouses unequaled in the province. The Annual Exhibition of the Provincial Agricultural Association is this year held in Hamilton, the inauguration of which will be graced by the presence of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Our view represents the King Street as on the occasion of opening the fountains which have recently been erected, and add much to the appearance of the street. Hamilton is now supplied with water from Lake Ontario, by the waterworks which the city has lately constructed at a cost of over 800,000; the water being pumped by enormous engines from Lake Ontario to a reservoir four miles distant on the mountain, from whence it is distributed to the city three miles off where water-works far exceeding in size those of any other city in Canada.

London, Canada West, is a city beautifully situated about midway between lakes Huron and Erie, in the County of Middlesex. It was laid out by the Canadian Government in 1826 as a country town, and from the beauty of its site, and the richness of the country around, soon began to increase in population. In 1850 there was a population of about 400 souls in London, and in 1857 it had risen to 1000. It became a garrison town in 1837, owing to the then serious rebellion in Canada, and from that time until 1853 there was always one and frequently two regiments stationed in the town. At such regiment consisted of about 1000, officers and men, and the effect of the military caused a large expenditure, and thus added greatly to adding to the importance and prosperity of the town. At the outbreak of the Crimean war, in 1853, the military were altogether removed, and the handsome and commodious barracks have since then been tenantless. London was incorporated as a city in 1855, and the population that year must have been not less than 12,000 souls, to which large number it had gone on steadily increasing during previous years. The city suffered severely from the bad crops of 1856-57-58, but has since entirely depredent on its agricultural resources, and the great crisis of 1857 helped to add to the general depression. In 1859, however, there was a fair crop, and the crop of the present year is unusually abundant, and the prospects generally are brightening, and there is now a general and increasing desire on the part of every one to pursue their business steadily and industriously.

The population is not so great as in 1855, being about 11,000, but the returning prosperity is already bringing in newcomers, and the city will soon go ahead once more. Within the last five years many handsome buildings have been erected, among which may be specially noticed the Bank of British North America, the Post-office, the Commercial Bank, the Bank of Canada, the City Hall, all of which are beautifully faced and ornamented with stone work. The Church of England, with its recently completed spire, is unsurpassed in foliage, and the Church of Scotland, the Wesleyan Methodists, and Roman Catholics also possess elegant structures. The streets are well laid out, handsome, and in Dundas and Richmond streets the stores and buildings will vie with any others in Canada. There is a large produce market in London, where considerable business is done every day, and on Wednesdays and Saturdays the market is large enough to square, covering some five acres of land, is crowded with teams, and in their respective seasons immense quantities of wood, hay, cattle, and grains, fine and coarse, change hands. A great many Americans buy in this market, chiefly wool, horses, and wheat. In the city itself, which is built in a neat and commodious structure, there is always a tempting display of fish, game, fowl, and fruit. From its situation and the rich and fertile country with which it is surrounded, may well be said, as it frequently does, to be seated in the midst of the garden of Canada.

WANTED—A DIAMOND RING.

I SAW it kicked by the careless Balmorals of a jaunty nurse; I saw a fat morsel of humanity make for it with a hey!—broken into divers hey-seys by pudgy fingers. Instinct I stepped and secured it, thereby causing the fat one to pull up short, stare at me with two black currants stuck in a dearth expanse of dough, and dumpy Hannah in an ecstasy of the same expanse, and trot back again with that undefinable mixture of disappointment which is the peculiar attribute of the London infant population.

Having ascertained the nature of my prize, I proceeded to meditate on the proper course to be taken, which meditation resulted in the following advertisement:

FOUND this evening, Wednesday, in the Regent's Park, nearly opposite the New College, a valuable diamond ring. The owner may recover it by calling at No. 19, Wilton Place, etc.

Before noon on the following day I was making my most accomplished bow to a middle-looking old gentleman whose white hairs and benevolent smile added a double charm to the grace with which he resigned from me, and, waving ceremony, extended his hand, saying:

"You have taken a weight from my mind, my young friend, and I thank you for me to thank you."

The fascinating delicacy of the adjective (I am not more than forty-five) was, perhaps, not without its effect in accepted the offer of pledge of unity in respectful silence.

"A young man, I remembered the patriarch, "may possibly find it difficult to understand how the loss of a trinket can be a source of positive suffering to an old man. Tell me, I am willing to my lot—have there any associations connected with it which—ahem! This is childish, you will excuse my caution."

I bowed profoundly in the presence of this natural agitation.

"I have passed some hours of sleeplessness and distress, from which you have been the means of relieving me, and I hope, young sir, that you remain nothing now but to reimburse you for—"

Here the old gentleman drew forth his purse, and proceeded to unclasp it.

"Excuse me, Sir," I stammered, rather hurriedly, "but if the ring is yours, you can doubtless describe the armorial bearings?"

"Armorial bearings, Sir! It was a diamond ring."

"Certainly."

"A plain diamond ring" repeated the old gentleman, sternly. "Do not attempt to play tricks with me, young man. I will point out to you directly—"

"I beg your pardon," said I, drawing back from the outstretched hand, "but, as the ring in my possession is certainly engraved with a crest and motto, I conclude it can not be the one you are in search of."

The old gentleman eyed me for a moment keenly.

"I am afraid you are right," he sighed, in a tone of deep dejection; "I must seek further. Alas! what a melancholy termination to my hopeful journey."

"Speed the parting, welcome the coming guest," is a very good motto. I made no attempt to detain my venerable friend; but, as he turned toward the door, I am certain I saw beneath the silver hairs a lock of dark and shining brown.

My next visitor was a lady extensively get up, with stupendous height and carriage, rouged, scented, spectacled.

"We meet under singular circumstances," began this lady, with condescending haughtiness. "I am the principal of a college for young ladies—"

With a deferential acknowledgment of the honor I bowed, to signify the honor which had procured it.

"In the hours of recreation we are accustomed to promenade in the Park—a delightful spot, so suggestive of the blushing country!—during one remide of yesterday, a young lady under my charge was unfortunate enough to lose her ring. You, Sir, are the fortunate finder."

"I certainly did, madam, pick up a ring; but—"

"Ah! here comes the dear girl herself to be after holding it again!" exclaimed the teacher of youth, rushing to meet a young, ecstatically.

"May I trouble you to describe the ring?"

"Describe it! A diamond ring, Sir—handsome and massive, but plain."

"And the crest?"

"The crest! Ah! that my young charge were with me. Stupid! to have forgotten. The crest of the Deloraines. Is it a lion passant or? No; I am wrong. Unfortunate that she should be too unwell to accompany me! But is it necessary? I will take it for her inspection—she will be able to describe it at once."

"I fear, madam, that I should be greatly pained—"

"Sir!!!"

"I feel it my duty," I said, firmly, "under the circumstances, to take every precaution against imposition. I am sorry that my duty is not too scrupulously indisposed to give you the necessary description."

"Very well, Sir! Exceedingly well! It is to whom have been mistaken. I fancied—yes; actually fancied—that I was speaking to a gentleman! You will find, Sir, to your cost, that the lady principal of a college is not to be insulted with impunity! I wish you a good-morning, Sir."

Very harrowing this. I am scarcely recovered from the lady principal when there is a dash of wheels in the Park, and a young fellow flinging the reins to a groom in livery, springs up the steps to the door-bell.

"Oh, dash it!" he begins, breathing out a volume of stale tobacco; "I beg your pardon, and that, but the—the—dickens it! I mean my mother—old one I should find my ring here, so I tored out the vessel and the cats, and spin along like nincompoop! Here!"

"I shall be very glad to restore the ring I was unfortunate enough to find when I can discover its owner."

"Discover! dash it! Didn't I tell you it's mine? I say, I wish you wouldn't be so precious slow—I don't like it! I don't like it, I tell you! just had 'em chapped, you know, napthaled and—"

"What sort of ring was yours?"

"What sort! Oh, come, as if you didn't know that's good!"

I intimated that I should be glad to find out if he knew.

"Not know my own ring, eh! I know it's worth a couple o' ponies. Come, let's hear the damages, and I'll stump up."

"You can describe the device?"

"Device, eh? What, the governor's? Bless me! I have a device for every hour in the day, to do me out of my rightful allowance. Device! Oh, come, you don't expect me to do the heraldic dodge, dash it!"

"I can not give up the ring unless you describe it."

"Oh, dash it, dan't chaff a fellow, now; shouldn't care a rap about the thing, only it belonged to mere defunct party, and the governor'd cut up so dreadful. I've got heaps of 'em, Coos, I'll swop you any one of these for it, because of the governor."

I respectfully declined the proposal.

"Well, dash it," exclaimed the young fellow, as though determined to dash with a vengeance, "a couple of muffs we are! Why don't you tint the thing? I could tell in a minute if it's mine, dash it!"

I replied that I was sorry I could not oblige him, and adding that I had better obtain an exact description of the "thing" from the governor, I recommended him not to keep the cats any longer in the cold.

Mem. I am getting exceedingly tired of my treasure-trove. I retire to my room with a view of dressing for the Park. I am informed that a lady wishes to see me, and I am afraid my mental dyeslation was not complimentary to the lady in question.

A tall, graceful figure, draped in heavy mourning, rises at my entrance. She opens the negotiation in some confusion, but speaks very low tone. She has come to me in the hope of regaining a ring, extremely valuable, the parting gift of a fond father to her brother and herself.

My eye rests on the crape about her dress, on her pale cheek and tearful eyes, from the shade of confusion and timidity has faded. Deferentially I request her to describe it.

"A large diamond, handsome," she believed, "but valuable to her for far other reasons."

"Why?" I said, gently, "chased on the gold inside the ring there is—"

"A crest, I am aware of it," she answered, sadly. "but I hold it sacred, hereditary, and have never given it more than a casual glance. My brother is dying, Sir," she said, lifting up her pale face to mine. "Only this morning he missed the ring from my finger uneasily; we are alone in the world: it is the only relic left of one so lately taken from us, how can I tell him it is lost?"

"I am sorry to pain you," I said, striving to be firm, "but it would be more satisfactory for all parties, and cause but little delay, if you could obtain the description from your brother."

Without a word she turned; the mournful resignation of her air and attitude touched me, and,

as she turned, I saw a tear roll silently down and fall upon the hand stretched out to the door-handle. I couldn't stand that.

"Stop!" I exclaimed, "one moment. I am sure—I feel certain—I may trust you. You will tell me—"

I take the ring from its security, I hold it out timidly for the blue eyes to examine.

I not yet the look of delight overspread her fine features—I see the expression of almost childish pleasure in her eyes as she looked up at me, as she clasped her hands, and cried out, "The ring, the ring! Oh, Alfred, my dear brother!"

Her hand was upon it, such a tremulous happy eagerness in her glance; such a caressing fondness in her way of fingering it. How pretty she was!

"My dear child" (I am forty-five) "it gives me sincere pleasure—" Then I stammer, then I spring after her. "At least, you will leave your address with me."

What a look shades her face now! Wounded integrity mingled with pity for me.

"Ah, Sir," she says, sadly, handing me the card on which she has been pencilling, "some day you will be sorry for this. You do not trust me."

Certainly, I am a brute. The accent of reproach in her voice haunts me; the sorrowful glance of her eye—how pretty she is! I sat down to my breakfast in the morning, half inclined to call at the address given, and apologize for my heathenish distrust. How delightful to see her in her own peculiar atmosphere, ministering to the sick brother who is all she has in the world, to look upon if one can not enjoy the beautiful tenderness of a gentle sister to an afflicted brother. But my letter wait, and I top with them. This is a bond I know. What does Fred want, I wonder? I tear it open: I read:

"DEAR JACK—What a queer chance if you have stumbled upon my ring. I was obliged to run down to Romford late last evening, and never missed it till we sickened at Ilford. A pretty taking I've been in. If it's mine, the crest is inside: you know it—a mailed hand holding a lance, and the motto 'Armed at all points.' Verily, truth is stranger than fiction. Keep it for me.

"Yours, FRED VERNON."

Idiot! Gull! It is quite useless to call myself names. It is almost superfluous to add, that when I called at a certain address in Eaton Square to inquire for Miss Lucy Hamilton, the lady was not found. Probably, the "dear Alfred" had required speedy change of air; probably, brother and sister were even now embracing in rapturous gratitude over the precious relic of that one lost to them so lately. Was that dear one not lost, but transformed? Had the silver-haired patriarch of the first visit changed to the dashing back of the third? And was the virtuous teacher of youth only the tender sister in masquerade? On my word, I believe so. I dare say they are enjoying the joke. Possibly it is a dodge often repeated. But what am I to say to Fred?

"THE RING, THE RING! OH, ALFRED, MY DEAR BROTHER!"

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

FATHER DYKE was one of those characters which Ireland alone produces—a sporting priest. In France, Spain, or Italy, the type is unknown. Time was when the abbé, elegant, witty, and well-bred, was a great element of polished life; when his brilliant conversation and his insidious address threw all the charm of culture over a society which was only rescued from coarseness by the marvelous dexterity of such intellectual gladiators. They have passed away, like many other things brilliant and striking: the gilded couch, the red-heeled slipper, and the supper of the regency; the powdered marquise, for a smile of whose dimpled mouth the deadly rapier has flashed in the moonlight; the perfumed beauty, for one of whose glances a poet would have racked his brain to render worthily in verse; the gilded salon where, in a sort of incense, all the homage of genius was offered up before the altar of loveliness—gone are they all!

As food, the world is pretty much the same, although we drive to a club dinner in a one-horse brougham; and if we meet the curé of St. Roch, we find him to be rather a morose middle-aged man with a taste for truffles, and a salute for silence. It is not as the successor of the witty abbé that I address the sporting priest, but simply as a variety of the ecclesiastical character which, doubtless, a very few more years will have consigned to the realm of history. He, too, will be a by-gone! Father Tom, as he was popularly called, not ever needing any more definite designation, was tam Marte quam Mercurio, as much pontiff as priest, and made his sporting acquirements subservient to the demands of an admirable table. The thickest salmon, the most candy trout, the fattest partridge, and the most tender woodcock, smoked on his board, and, rumor said, cooked with a delicacy that more pretentious houses could not rival. In the great world nothing is more common than to see some favored individual permitted to do things which, by common voice, are proclaimed impracticable or improper. With a sort of prescriptive right to outrage the ordinances of society, such people accept no law but their own inclination, and seem to declare that they are altogether exempt from the restraints that bind other men. In a small way and an humble sphere, Father Tom enjoyed this privilege, and there was not in his whole county to be found one man churlish or ungenerous enough to dispute it; and thus was he suffered to throw his line, snap his gun, or unleash his dog in precincts where many with higher claims had been refused permission.

But it was not alone that he enjoyed the invigorating pleasure of field-sports in practice, but he delighted in every thing which bore any relationship to them. There was not a column of *Bell's Life* in which he had not his sympathy—the pigeon-match, the pedestrian, the Yankee trotter, the champion for the silver sculls at Chelsea, the dog "Billy," were all subjects of interest to him. Never did the most inveterate blue-stocking more delight in the occasion of meeting a great celebrity of letters, than did he when chance threw him in the way of the jock who rode the winner at the Oaks, or the game chicken who punished the "Croydon Pet" in the prize-ring. But now for the letter, which will as fully reveal the man as any more description. It was a narrative of races he had attended, and rowing matches he had witnessed,

THE PRINCE OF WALES' PROGRESS.—KING STREET, HAMILTON, CANADA WEST.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. MILNE, OF HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 587.]

with little episodes of hawking, badger-drawing, and cock-fighting intermixed:

"I came down here—Brighton—to swim for a wager of five-and-twenty sovereigns against a Major Blayse, of the Third Light Dragoon Guards; we made the match after mess at Aldershot, when neither of us was any thing to speak of too sober; but as we were backed strongly—he rather the favorite—there was no way of drawing the bet. I bent him after a hard struggle; we were two hours and forty minutes in the water, and noted about sixty pounds besides. We dined with the depôt in the evening, and I won a ten-pound note on a question of whether there ought to be saffron in the American drink called 'greased lightning;' but this was not the only piece of luck that attended me, as you shall hear. As I was taking my morning canter on the downs, I perceived that a stranger—a jockey-like fellow, not quite a gentleman, but near it—seemed to keep me in view; now riding past, now behind me, and always bestowing his whole attention on my nag. Of course I showed the beast off to the best, and handled him skillfully. I thought to myself, he likes the pony; he'll be for making me an offer for him. I was right. I had just seated myself at breakfast when the stranger sent his card with a request to speak to me. He was a foreigner, but spoke very correct English, and his object was to know if I would sell my horse. It is needless to say that I refused at once. The animal suited me, and I was one of those people who find it excessively difficult to be mounted to their satisfaction. I needed temper, training, action, gentleness, beauty, high courage, and perfect soundness, and a number of such-like seeming incongruities. He looked a little impatient at all this; he seemed to say, 'I know all this kind of nonsense; I have heard shiploads of such gammon before. Be frank and say what's the figure; how much do you want for him?' He looked this, I say; but he never uttered a word, and at last I asked him,

"'Are you a dealer?

"'Well,' said he, with an arch smile, 'something in that line.'

"'I thought so,' said I. 'The pony is a rare good one.'

"He nodded assent.

"'He can jump a hur of his own height?'

"Another nod.

"'And he's as fresh on his legs—'

"'As if he were not twenty-six years old,' broke he in.

"'Twenty-six fiddle-sticks! Look at his mouth; he has an eight-year old mouth.'

"'I know it,' said he, dryly; 'and so he had fourteen years ago. Will you take fifty sovereigns for him?' added he, drawing out a handful of gold from his pocket.

"'No,' said I, firmly; 'nor sixty, nor seventy, nor eighty!'

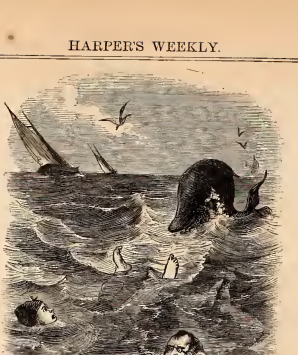
"'I am sorry to have intruded upon you,' said he, rising, 'and I beg you to excuse me. The simple fact is, that I am one who gains his living by horses, and it is only possible for me to exist by the generosity of those who deal with me.'

"This appeal was a home thrust, and I said, 'What can you afford to give?'

"'All I have here,' said he, producing a handful of gold, and spreading it on the table.

"We set to counting, and there were sixty-seven sovereigns in the mass. I swept off the money into the palm of my hand, and said, 'The beast is yours.'

"He drew a long breath, as if to relieve his heart of a load of care, and said, 'Men of my stamp, and who lead such lives as I do, are rarely superstitious.'



SWIMMING FOR A WAGER AGAINST A MAJOR BLAYSE.

"'Very true,' said I, with a nod of encouragement for him to go on.

"'Well,' said he, resuming, 'I never thought for a moment that any possibility could have made me so. If ever there was a man that laughed at lucky and unlucky days, despised omens, sneered at warnings, and scorned at predictions, I was he; and yet I have lived to be the most credulous and the most superstitious of men. It is now fourteen years and twenty-seven days—I remember the time to an hour—since I sold that pony to the Prince Ernest von Saxenhausen, and since that day I never had luck. So long as I owned him all went well with me. I ought to tell you that I am the chief of a company of equestrians, and one corps, known as "Kinns kunk ridens," was the most celebrated on the Continent. In three years I made three hundred thousand guilders, and if the devil had not induced me to sell "Schätzchen"—that was his name—I should be this day as rich as Herman Rothschild! From the hour he walked out of the circus our calamities begun. I lost my wife by fever at Wiesbaden, the most perfect high-school horse-woman in Europe; my son, of twenty years of age, fell and dislocated his neck; the year after, at Vienna, my daughter Gretchen was blinded riding through a fiery hoop at Homburg; and four years later, all the company died of yellow fever at the Havana, leaving me utterly beggared and ruined. Now these, you would say, though great misfortunes, are all in the course of common events. But what will you say when, on the eve of each of them, "Schätzchen" appeared to me in a dream, performing some well-known feat or other, and bringing down, as he ever did, thunders of applause; and never did he so appear without a disaster coming upon I struggled hard before I suffered this notion to influence me. It was years before I even mentioned it to any one; and I used for a while to make a jest of it in the circus, saying, "Take care of yourselves to-night, for I saw 'Schätzchen.'" Of course they were not the stuff to be deterred by such warnings, but they became so at last. That they did, and were so terrified, so thoroughly terrified, that the day after one of my visions not a single member of the troop would venture on a hazardous feat of any kind; and if we performed at all, it was only some commonplace exercises, with few risks and no daring exploits whatever. Worn out with evil fortune, crushed and almost broken-hearted, I struggled on for years, scarcely determining, if ever I should chance upon him, to buy back "Schätzchen" with my last penny in the world. Indeed, there were moments in which such was the intense excitement of my mind, I could have committed a dreadful crime to regain possession of him. We were on the eve of embarking for Ostend the other night, when I saw you riding on the strand, and I came ashore at once to track you out, for I knew him, though fully half a mile away. None of my comrades could guess what detained me, nor understand why I asked each of them in turn to lend me whatever money he could spare. It was in this way I made up the little purse you see. It was thus provided that I dared to present myself to-day before you.'

"As he gave me this narrative his manner grew more eager and excited as he went on, and I could not help feeling that his mind, from the long-continued pressure of one thought, had received a serious shock. It was exactly one of those cases which physicians describe as having the intellect unimpaired while the faculties are under the thraldom of a dominant and all-pervading impression. I saw this more palpably, when, having declined to accept more than his original offer of fifty pounds, I replaced the remainder in his hand, he evinced scarcely any gratitude for my liberality, so totally was he engrossed by the idea that the horse was now his own, and that Fortune would no longer have any pretext for using him so severely as before.

"'I don't know—I can not know,' said he, 'if Fortune mean to deal more kindly by me than heretofore, but I feel a sort of confidence in the future now; I have a kind of fearful courage as to what may come, that tells me no disaster will deter me, no mishap cast me down.'

"These were his words as he arose to take his leave. Of his meeting with the pony I am afraid to trust myself to speak. It was such an overflow of affection as one might witness from a long absent brother on being once again restored to his own. I can not say that the beast knew him, nor would I go so far as to assert that he did not, for certainly some of his old instincts seemed gradually to revive within him on hearing certain words; and when ordered to take a respectful kneel off of me, the pony planted a foreleg on each of his master's shoulders, and, taking off his hat with his teeth, bowed twice or thrice in the most deferential fashion to me. I wished them both every success in life, and we parted. As I took my evening's stroll on the pier I saw them embark for Ostend, the pony sheeted most carefully, and every imaginable precaution taken to insure him against cold. The man himself was poor clad and indifferently provided against the accidents of the voyage. He appeared to feel that the disparity required a word of apology, for he said, in a whisper: 'Still soon furnish me with a warm cloak; it'll not leave me long in difficulties!' I assure you, my dear Crofton, there was something contagious in the poor fellow's superstition, for, as he sailed away, the thought lay heavily on my heart, 'What if I, too, should have parted with my good luck in life? How if I have bartered my fortune for a few pieces of money?' The longer I dwelt on this theme the more forcibly did it strike me. My original possession of the animal was accomplished in a way that aided the illusion. It was thus I won him on a hit of backgammon!'

As I read thus far, the paper dropped from my hands, my head reeled, and in a faint dreamy state, as if drugged by some strong narcotic, I sank, I know not how long, unconscious. The first thing which met my eyes on awakening, was the line, "I won him on a hit of backgammon!" The whole story was at once before me. It was of Blondel I was rending! Blondel was the hero whose influence had swayed one man's destiny. So long as he owed him, the world went well and happily with him; all prospered and succeeded. It was a charm like the old lamp of Aladdin. And this was the treasure I had lost. So far from imputing an ignorant superstition to the German, I concurred in every speculation, every theory of his invention. The man had evidently discovered one of those curious problems in what we rashly call the doctrine of chances. It was not the animal himself that secured good fortune, it was that, in his "circumstance," what Strauff calls "die unringende Begebenheiten" of his lot, this creature was sure to call forth efforts and develop resources in his possessor, of which, without his aid, he would have gone all through life unconscious.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF LONDON, CANADA WEST.—[SEE PAGE 587.]

The vulgar notion that our lives are the sport of accident—the minute too early or too late—the calm that detained us—the snow-storm that blocked the road—the chance meeting with that or that man, which we lay such stress on—what are they in reality but trivial incidents without force or effect, save as they impel to action? They call out certain qualities in our nature by which a whole characteristic become modified. Your horse balks at a fence and throws you over his head; the fall is not a very grave one, and you are merely hurt; you have fallen into a turnip-field, and the honest fellow who is boeing many more comes kindly to your aid, and, in good Samaritan fashion, bathes your temples and restores you. When you leave him at last, you go forth with a kindlier opinion of human nature; you recognize that tie "that makes the world akin," and you seem to think that that tall handsome fellow, the boeer, not a little shuts out generous sympathies—the lesson is a life one. But suppose that as your fall you alight on a bed of choice tulips, your descent is made of a rich patterne of starry anemones, and that your first conscious struggles are met with words of sympathy and reproach, instead of scorn for your suffering; you hear sarcasm on your horsemanship, and insults on your attire. No sympathy, no kindness, no generous anxiety for your safety, but all that can irritate and offend. More, perhaps, in fact, for the pride of a flower than for the ligaments of your knee. There, too, is the lesson—a life one—and its fruits will be better remembered for many a year. The events of our existence are in reality nothing, save in our treatment of them. By Blondel did I recognize one of those suggestive double visits made fate by moulding temperament. The deep-rooted selfishness I saw in him was there *he* knew that in that animal was typified all that his life might become. Why should not I consider the pig with him? Blondel was charged with another destiny as well as his.

I turned once more to the letter, but I could not bear to read it, so many were the impertinent allusions to myself, my manner, my appearance, and my conversation. Still more insulting were the protestations as to what close confidant I belonged to. "He puzzled us completely," wrote he, "for while manifesting a vulgar in many things, there were certain indications of reading and education about him that refuted the notion of his being what Kidman thought—an escaped counter-jumper! The Guardsman insisted he was a valet: my own impression was, the fellow had kept a mess of swelling library, and gone mad with the three-volume novels. At all events, I have given him a lesson, which, whether profitable or not to *him*, has turned out tolerably well for me. If ever you chance to hear of lodgings in some Podder or Podder, I think—pray let me know, for my curiosity is still unslaked about him." He then went off on a sort of dissertation analogue of my signs and token, so positively insulting that I can not recall it; the whole winding up—"I hold to all these, an unknown parentage of one, with a lisp and a Dublin accent, and you can scarcely mistake him." Need I say, between reader, that these calumnies were never uttered, nor more unfounded slanders ever pronounced?

It is not in this age of photography that a man need defend his appearance. By the aid of sun and collodion I may perhaps convince you that I am not so devoid of personal graces as this fellowmentioned priest would persuade you. I am, possibly, in this phiz, exceeding the ideal to which this publication may enable me to sustain. I may be contracting an engagement which can not be sustained with its principles, I fear. If so, I must be your artist; but I swear to you that I shall not flatter. Poets, painted by themself, shall be a true portrait. Meanwhile, I have time to look out for my canvas, and you will be patient enough to wait till it be filled.

Again to this confounded letter:

"There is another reason," wrote he, "why I should like to claim you as my friend, fellow." ("This fellow" meant me.) "I used to fancy myself unequalled in the imaginative department of composition, but the vulgar could be found. Here, I own, with some shame, he was my match. A robu fearless, determined, go-ahead boy. I never met. Now, as one who deems himself no small proficient in the art, I would really like to meet him more more. We could profit each other like the augurs of old, and agree to be candid and free-spoken together, exchanging our ideas on this great topic, and further communicating any secret knowledge each might deem that he possessed. I'd give a hundred miles to pass an evening with him alone, to hear from his own lips the sort of early training and discipline his mind went through, who were his first instructors, what his original inducements. Of one thing I feel certain: a man thus constituted has only to get the earth upon his footing to be most successful in life, his perils will all lie in the endurance of his resources: let him simply bend himself to believe in the success of ambitions he would force upon others. Let him give his delusions the force acquired by convinction, and there is no limit to what he may become. Be on the look-out, therefore, for him, as a great psychological phenomenon, the man who guided

"Your sincerely attached friend,

"THOMAS DANCY DUKE."

"P. S. I have just remembered his name. It was Potts: the villain said from the Pozzo di Borgo family. I'm sure with this hint you can't fail to run him to earth; and I entreat of you spare no pains to do it."

There followed here some more impertinent personalities as clews to my discovery, which my indignator will probably remember, and if I do not stop to record, enough to say they were as unfounded as they were scurrilous.

Another and very different train of thought, however, soon banished these considerations. This letter had been given me by Crofton, who had already read it; he had perused all this insolent narrative about me before handing it to me, and, doubtless, in so doing, had no other motive than to convey, in the briefest and most emphatic way, to me that I was found out. It was simply pointing, in the shortest possible space, "Thou art the man!" Oh, the ineffable shame and misery of that thought! Oh, the bitterness of feeling! How my character should now be viewed and my nature discussed! "Only think, Mary," I fancied I heard him say—"only think how this our friend should turn out to be—this same Potts: the fellow that vanquished Father Dykes in story-telling, and one that jeered! And here we have been lishing kindness and attentions upon one who, after all, is little better than a swindler, rifler, under false colors and fictitious credentials; for who can now credit one syllable about his having rather been verses he read for us, or composed that tale of which he told us the opening? What a lesson in future about extending confidence to utter strangers! What caution and reserve should it not teach us! How guarded we should now be not to suffer ourselves to be fascinated by the captivations of manner and the insinuating charms of address! If Potts had been less prepossessing in appearance, less gifted and agreeable—if, instead of being a consummate man of the world, with the breeding of a courier and the humanity of a sculptor, he had been a pedantic puppy with a lisp and a Dublin accent—" Oh, ignoning and disgrace! I saw the very tones of voice the priest in describing me, which came so patly to my memory, and I could not but smile with shame as I recalled them. I next became angry. Was this conduct of Crofton's delicate or considerate? Was it because he wished to mortify me that he thus ignored the incident, Potts, and I am satisfied it will be the true one, that he knew his might, that's what he ought to have said. I can swear it is what I, Potts, would have done for *him*, or for any other stranger of genteel manners and pleasing qualities had won my esteem and conciliated my regard. I'd have said, "Friend, I have seen enough of life to know how unjust it is to measure men by one and the same standard. Many professional pursuits nature can not be ranked with the cold and calculating spirit. The imaginative man has the same necessity for the development of his creative faculty as the strongly muscular man of bodily exercise. He must blow off the steam of his brain, or the boiler will burst in pieces. Is You and Le Sage and Alexandre Dumas are a category. You are not the Clerks of a Census Commission, or Masters in Equity. You are the chartered libertines of fiction. Shake out your reefs and go free—free as the winds that waft you!"

To all these reflections came the last one. "I must be up and doing, and that speedily! I will recover Blondel, if I devote my life to the task. I will repain him, let the cost be what it may. Blondel upon that contract, I will ride up to the Rosary; the time shall be evening; a sun just sunk behind the horizon shall have left in the upper atmosphere a golden-red twy light, which shall tip his mane with a softened lustre, and shed over my own face a mellow glow, like tint. 'I come,' will I say, 'to vindicate the fair fame of one who once owned your affection. It is Potts, the man of impulse, the child of enthusiasm, who now presents himself before you. Poor, if you like to call him so, in worldly credit or skill, poor in his pockets, but rich, boundlessly rich, in the stores of an ideal wealth. Blondel and I are the embodiment of that idea. These twenty years I have regulated as lies are but the pilot balloons by which great minds calculate the currents in the upper air they are about to soar in.'"

And, last of all, there was a sophistry that occasioned a great charm to my fancy in this wise: to enable a man humble as myself to reach that station in which a career of adventure should open before him, he should must be wrong, some position gained. That I assume to be something that I am not, by simply to say that I really upon credit. If my future transactions be all honorable and trust-worthy—if by a fictitious title I become a man of honor, I acquire that eminence from which I can distribute benefits to brade—who is to stigmatize me as a fraudulent trader?

Is it not a well-known fact that many of those now acknowledged as the wealthiest of men, might, at some one time or other of their lives, have been declared insolvent had the real state of their affairs been known? The world, however, had given them its confidence, and time did the rest. Let the same world be let on protestant terms of it? The plea of honesty say it confidently and boldly—the day will come when I can "show my books," and "point to my balance sheet." When Archimedes asked for a base on which to rest his lever, he merely uttered the great truth that some one fixed point is essential to the success of a motive power.

It is by our use or abuse of opportunity we are either good or bad men. The physician is not less convenant with noxious drugs than the poisoner; the difference lies in the fact that the one employs his skill in alleviating suffering, the other, to work out evil and destruction. If I, therefore, but make some feigned station in life the ground-work from which I can become the benefactor of my fellow-men, I shall be good and blameless. My heart tells me how well and how fairly I mean by the world. I would succor the weak, console the afflicted, and lift up the oppressed; and if to carry out grand and glorious conceptions of this kind all that he needed is a certain self-delusion which may extend to influence to others, "Go in," I say, "Potts; be all that your fancy suggests."

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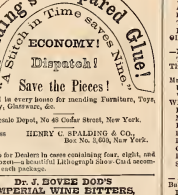

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THE TWO SICK MEN.

POPE.——"They have sent you my French Doctor, I see. His Course of Steel hasn't done my System much Good."

THE TWO SICK MEN.

In Europe two sick men do dwell,
Of whom these little hope;
The SULTAN one: so far from well
The other is the POPE.
This wreck a triple crown, and that
A Royal turban wears;
Too weak the head in either hat
To manage its affairs.

The first has been a sufferer and
For many a weary day;
And loads of physic he has had
To keep grim death at bay.
The second 'gan to limp and reel
Some dozen years ago,
When his French doctor threw in steel
Maintained his system so.

Eruptions, here and there, about
Each leper's surface rage;
And either is still sigh-worn and
By frequent baneo-bage.

Yet their physician still declares
That both must mend or bust,
And take more steel, by which he swears,
Exhibited with lead.

The Pope cries, "Heathen friend, I see
You've got my doctor too;
He hasn't done much good to me,
May he do more to you!"
"My Grace," the groaning TURK replies,
"We're past physician's skill;
To cure us if your doctor tries
He'll all the sooner kill."

Gone are both systems to decay,
Effete old Pope and TURK!
No Constitution left have they
Whereon the Leech might work.
Could they but break up quickly,
And leave the world in peace,
Blest would the dissolution be,
And happy the release.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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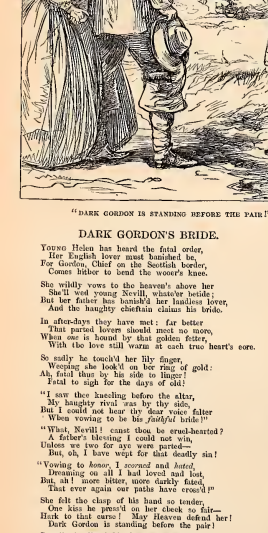


"DARK GORDON IS STANDING BEFORE THE PAIR!"—[BY MILLAIS.]

DARK GORDON'S BRIDE.

YOUNG Helen has heard the fatal order,
Her English lover must banished be,
For Gordon, Chief on the Scottish border,
Comes hither to bend the woo'er's knee.

She willy vows to the heaven's above her
She'll wed young Nevill, whatever betide;
But her father has banish'd her landless lover,
And the haughty chieftain claims his bride.

In after-days they have met: far better
That parted lovers should meet no more,
When one is bound by that golden fetter,
With the love still warm at each true heart's core.

So sadly he touch'd her lily finger,
Weeping she look'd on her ring of gold:
Ah, fatal thus by his side to linger!
Fatal to sigh for the days of old!

"I saw thee kneeling before the altar,
My haughty rival was by thy side,
But I could not hear thy dear voice falter
When vowing to be his *faithful bride!*"

"What, Nevill! canst thou be cruel-hearted?
A father's blessing I could not win,
Unless we two for aye were parted—
But, oh, I have wept for that deadly sin!

"Vowing to *honor*, I *scorned* and *hated*,
Dreaming on all I had loved and lost,
But, ah! more bitter, more darkly fated,
That ever again our paths have crost!"

She felt the clasp of his hand so tender,
One kiss he pres'd on her cheek to fire—
Hark to that curse! May Heaven defend her!
Dark Gordon is standing before the pair!

Proudly he lifted his Scottish bonnet,
Oh, but his smile was dark to see:
"What ho! Sir Nevill, my life upon it,
Thou comest to win my bride from me!"

Now fast to foot, as the sun was sinking,
Both lover and husband frowning stood,
The fiery chieftain's blade is drinking
The brave young Nevill's knightly blood.

She tore the ring from her lily finger,
With, "Nevill, beloved, I come to thee!
In the Gordon's halls no more I linger
If this weak hand can set me free!"

She plunk'd the dirk from her bleeding lover,
She buried it deep in her breast so white—
With, "Nevill, beloved, our woes are over!—
To the Gordon's thrall a glad good-night!"

The chief look'd down on the hapless lovers—
Oh, but his frown was dark to see:
"I would give the best of my lands, proud Nevill,
To hold the heart thou hast lured from me!"

He knelt him down as her life was ebbing,
On the trampled heather he bent the knee;
"I would pluck the heart from my breast, false Ellen,
For one soft smile of love from thee!"

THE KING OF NAPLES.

We publish herewith a portrait of Francis the Second, who at the time we write is believed to be still King of Naples. We hasten to place his portrait on record, as it is evident that in a very short time his reign will have ended.

There is very little to be said about him. He is quite young; during his father's lifetime he was kept away from the court and political life, was watched by spies and nursed by Jesuits. The treatment seems to have pleased him. When he ascended the throne of Naples, about a year and a half ago, he gathered the Jesuits round him and still further augmented their privileges and power; he likewise increased his army of spies. Like his father, when Palermo revolted, he bombarded the city, causing incalculable misery and bloodshed; when his officers failed to bombard Messina, he dismissed them in disgrace. Like his father, when he saw that the game of brutal tyranny was over, he tried conciliation and meditated treachery; issued a constitution, and took ostle about as complete and as little calculated to be binding as those to which his father swore in March, 1848. Let us hope that his people will not trust him as they trusted the father; but that the week now begun will go on until the Bourbon dynasty in Naples is a thing of the past.

We subjoin a brief memorandum of the father's oath and its performance, in order that people may judge what might be expected of the son:

On the 10th of February, 1848, Ferdinand II., being in much the same kind of position as his son at the present moment, took a right Royal oath. Ferdinand II., being by the grace of God King of the Two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, and many other places, in the first place swore very heavily to defend the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Religion—and, so far, no doubt he was sincere. He then went on with the swearing, as thus: "I promise and swear to observe, and cause to be invariably observed, the constitution of this Monarchy, promulgated and irrevocably sanctioned by me on the 10th day of February, 1848, for the same kingdom. I promise and swear to observe, and cause to be observed, all the laws actually in force, and the others which shall be successively sanctioned within the limits of the said constitution of the kingdom. I promise and swear never to do, nor to attempt, any thing against the Constitution, and the laws which have been sanctioned, as well for the property as the persons of our most loving subjects. So may God help me, and preserve me in His holy keeping!" This is pretty hard swearing; the gunners of the 15th of May were the commentators upon the Royal oath.

We are speaking of only twelve years ago. These workers are fresh in the recollection of the Neapolitan people. Trust to the word of a Neapolitan king! Why, upon the 24th of May, when he had blown a good number of his subjects off the face of the earth, and further hypocrisy was quite needless, Ferdinand II., of blessed memory, published another proclamation, in which he declared it to be his fixed resolution "to maintain the constitution of the 10th of May pure and sustained by any kind of excess, which, being the only one compatible with the real and present wants of this part of Italy, will be the Holy Ark upon which the destinies of our most beloved people and our crown must repose." After this preliminary falsehood, Ferdinand II., in an unctuous, paternal kind of fashion, tells his subjects to resume their usual occupations; "to trust with effusion of mind to our loyalty, our religion, and our *holy and spontaneous oath;* and live in the fullest assurance, etc., etc., etc." The good King wanted to catch his loving subjects, and he caught them. In 1851, when Mr. Gladstone visited Naples, there were still between 15,000 and 20,000 state prisoners in the Two Sicilies, although a good number had been worked off in the interval. Settembrini and the other leading prisoners of the time have left an account of what these prisons were; and how they were dragged through the streets by the hair of their heads, beaten, spat upon, plundered for days together, and made to sit in chairs in the presence of soldiers, who told them they had orders to shoot them. Settembrini, after being sentenced to death, was confined in a room fifteen feet square with eight other persons—one of them a notorious assassin. Poerio, with fifteen others, was shut up in a small room, when they were chained two and two together.

It is well to remember these things at the present time, when there seems a probability that the Neapolitans may be able to rid themselves of a family, where the son is like the father—and this is what the father did.

FRANCESCO II., THE KING OF NAPLES.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER.

SEPTEMBER winds are soft and warm,
September nights are clear!
The weird moon flies in haste in great
The autumn of the year.
Her banns are wrestling with the waves
On Michigan's broad lake—
They mingle, faint, and fall away
In misty a silver flake.

One steamer, gay with waving flags,
And music rich and rare,
Swept proudly from Chicago's wharves,
While music rent the air.
Out to the lake, with mirth and song,
Went scores of souls!
Along the line of laughing waves
The jovial mariner calls.

The moonlight fell in shimmeringness
Along our steamer's deck,
And glanced on many a nodding plume,
And many a snow-white neck.
Quick feet were moving in the dance
To music's liveliest strain,
While whispering lovers breathed their tales
Of old loves or again.

Years long ago, beyond the midnight hour,
And white owls flitted by,
While still the music, laugh, and song
Went ringing to the sky!
Till one white, ghost-like, hurrying craft
Sped on with wind and tide,
Crashed, reckless of our warning, through
The gallant steamer's side.

Pen must be dumb and lips of pale
Of cities vast and lone,
Where every living, moving thing
Turned suddenly to stone.
And so, that instant with the crash,
All life seemed hushed in death,
And stony forms stood starting pale
With scarce bated breath.

The heavy surging of the sea,
The rushing of the steam,
Was heard instead of groan or prayer
Of shrieking or of scream—
And then, as though the silence waked
The spirits crowd, crew
Our decks were with wild pale forms,
That wept and sobbed aloud.

O God! it was a fearful time—
Short time for thought or prayer—
When beauty scores of deathly cries
Rang out in the air.
North, east, south, west, they smashed their eyes
Along the moonlit waves;
Then, hopeless, knelt in sodden fear
Above their yawning graves.

Then how they clung in shivering groups,
As plished our steamer through
The deep strength of the silent sea,
So deep and dark and blue!
Then how they held their shrieking breaths
With every passing swell,
And each poor, shrinking, stricken wretch,
Prayed with his inmost soul!

I would not for the wealth of worlds
See such a sight again,
Lest all the horror of that night
Should burn into my brain.
To stand, with neither hand nor sail
Within my trembling eye,
And see some twenty score in life
Preparing thus to die.

So seen the minutes fled away
They seconds seemed to be,
Before our souls and living freight
Went down beneath the sea.
Down, down, full forty fathom deep,
With power upon my tongue,
My hope a shred of splintered spar,
To which I clung.

The next I knew the moon shone down
Upon a shipless sea.
Where scores and scores of drowning men
Called hopelessly to me.
The wind blew fresh toward the shore,
And could the silver wave;
The wind that wafted me to life
Lapped many a deep-sea grave.

I stood alone upon the beach,
As broke the morning's gray,
And watched with frozen eyes and speechless
That floated far away!
And while I prayed for those afar,
Beneath God's awful frown,
I prayed that I should never see
Another ship go down.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1860.

THE SLAUGHTER ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

ON the night of Friday, 7th instant, on Lake Michigan, off Wisconsin, the steamer *Lady Elgin*, with about 350 human beings on board, was run into by the schooner *Augusta*, and sunk, with over 200 of her living freight. The event appals by its suddenness and the enormous sacrifice of life. Among those who perished were some of the best men of Milwaukee and other Western cities, and a gentleman well prepared from the world of letters and art—Herbert Ingram, the proprietor and editor of the *London Illustrated News*.

When the first shock caused by so appalling a catastrophe has been overcome, and the mind seeks solicitly to trace out the details of the accident, horror gives way to amazement and indignation.

At the time of the collision the *Lady Elgin* was steaming northward, against the wind, which was blowing very freshly. The *Augusta* was sailing south by east, under all sail except the gaff topsail. The night was stormy; it was raining, but it *was not very dark*. The steamer had all her lights set; the schooner had none. Just half an hour before the collision the second mate of the *Augusta*, whose watch it was, saw the steamer's lights, and watched them. Two minutes afterward he called the captain, who went forward, examined the steamer's lights, but gave no order. Thus these two vessels rapidly rushed toward each other and to destruction, the crew of the schooner actually gazing for twenty minutes on the vessel which they were about to sink. The steamer's officers were of course unconscious of their danger; though the night was not very dark, it was dark enough to prevent the schooner, without lights, being seen from the deck of the steamer five minutes after the collision. Though the rule is that vessels going northward should pass vessels steering south on the larboard side, the captain of the *Augusta* seems to have been bent on passing to starboard of the *Lady Elgin*; and, with the full view of the steamer before him, it was still within a few minutes of the collision that he ordered his helm "hard up." Some of the witnesses think that the steersman, instead of obeying the order, put the helm "hard down." The first mate states that the *Augusta* steered so badly that she would not answer her helm on such short notice. At any rate, the fact is that she did not bring up, as she should have done, but came straight at the steamer—larboard side—striking her at an angle which it is estimated at 1 to 50 degrees, and knocking a hole in her side which caused her to sink in a very few minutes.

These are the facts, as we gather them from the evidence taken before the coroner's inquest. It is hardly necessary to point more directly at the reasons in which they tend. We trust, however, that the Milwaukee jury will do their duty. It is certain that the steamer could not have saved herself; it is equally certain that the collision could not then avoided had the schooner altered her course five, ten, or fifteen minutes sooner, or altered the law and passed the steamer on the larboard side.

It is very important that these circumstances should be duly considered. When a shipwreck takes place by unavoidable accident, owing to the circumstances of life-boats, small boats, life-preservers, and the like, and neglect the great consideration of the original cause of the accident, experience however proves that, when a large vessel is lost, boats and life-preservers are seldom of much use. It takes so much time to get boats ready for service, and in the excitement of the moment they are so often damaged or swamped, that they generally prove a very unlucky. As in life-preservers, the *Lady Elgin* had plenty of them, yet lost over 300 souls.

The true way to avoid accidents is to insist on better navigation as the part of men who have charge of sea, river, and lake craft. As long as men are allowed in command vessels who will not obey laws, and who are too stupid to avoid running into a vessel which they see for half an hour before they strike her, the long list of slaughters by sea and land can not be considered closed.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

THE Homeric combat between Heenan and Sayers at our youth seems almost like a physical training. We painted out, at the time, that pugilism was very far from being the best or a good exercise for the right direction. Gymnastic sports were far better calculated to develop the muscles, and promote health and strength. These sports are regaining lately to have attracted general attention, and others have come to the same conclusion as ourselves. Dr. Winship, the strong New Englander, who can raise a barrel weight by one of his legs, and lifts half a ton in his hands, has entered the arena as a champion of the dumb-bells. For 40 minutes a day, spent in active dumb-bell exercise, will, in his opinion, make any man strong, and in many cases will cure him of disease.

The subject is well worth study. Far years men of thought and experience have united in declaring that physical education was the one thing needful for the rising generation. They all say that our people are naturally equal to any other on the face of the globe, but that, from want of measures of development, our race is deteriorating, especially in the large cities. No one who compares the young men of New York and Boston with the youth of the same age can deny the truth of the statement.

The remedy is obvious. Dr. Winship says, use the dumb-bells for 40 minutes a day. Others recommend other physical exercises. Foot-ball, base-ball, cricket, rowing, foot-races, wrestling, all are calculated to produce the end desired. Young men are generally ready enough to devote time to these pursuits. But the difficulty is that neither schoolmasters nor employers give them much countenance. The typical schoolmaster regards athletic games as disorders—to be tolerated during play-hours under tacit protest, but by no means to be encouraged. The merchant hears with horror of his clerk devoting time, during business hours, to any thing but the business of the office. All this must be altered if we want to render physical education general and popular.

Schools must encourage bodily as well as mental development. Employers must not grudge half an hour a day for the health of their employes. Fathers must see to it that their children become proficient in such boyish games as require strength and agility. When this is the case, we may believe that the physical education of our people has begun. But not till then.

THE COMMISSARIAT AT WEST POINT.

WE are gratified to learn that the officer commanding at West Point has acted upon the hints which we set in this journal a few weeks since, and instituted a thorough investigation of the mess arrangements of the cadets with a view to the reform of the abuses which we pointed out. A few days since our contemporary the *World* announced that the investigation was in progress; now a correspondent of the *Times* informs us that the abuses which we pointed out have been cured. We are very glad to hear it; though the evidence of the *Times* correspondent would have been more valuable had he shown more concern for the cadets, and less zeal for the reputation of the West Point management. We are inclined to think he is deceived on some minor points. Let us hope, however, that in the main his statements with regard to the food of the cadets under the new régime are correct.

The officers in charge of the West Point Academy bear a responsibility which can not be exaggerated. To them are committed the health and future hopes of the flower of the American youth. It is in their power to convert the young men into either champ ions vigorous, manly, able men—fit campers for the best scholars of Oxford or Paris or Berlin or Vienna; or to dwarf their bodies, distort their intellects, and destroy their hopes of repaying their country for what she has done for them. And though some may consider it almost cruel to kick the cadets out because such as fish, and eggs, and butter, and hash, in preference to such sublime topics as military engineering, the conic sections, and the Spanish language, we can answer for it that the one is as important as the other, and that boys who are badly fed will never become good scholars. It is easy to destroy a boy's future usefulness by feeding him badly as by teaching him badly. Let the West Point managers remember this, and let not a few dozen abuses cancel hitherto stale fish, and objectionable hash.

THE LOUNGER.

THE WEEK.

It has been a week of unusual interest. The Prince of Wales could have encountered no slight difficulty among the Orangemen in Canada, which is very fortunate when we remember that nogunpowder can be found for a fire-work or even quaerade. It was pleasant to observe the British pluck of the Duke of Newcastle when the mob threatened him and the Prince, as they were walking about the city. The sergeant of police offered to protect them, but the Duke held him back, and the sergeant stood aloof. Then was something of the bantor of the old French gentry, that the sergeant, but could not be an Englishman, it must pluck. Mr. Jenkins, the court historiographer, describes the Toronto celebration in Canada and Hallelujah-land with rapture of the kind the world has ever witnessed—or was it only this sentiment Mr. Jenkins evinces a sublimity of during the sickness, for he would seem to have used up the brightest pigments upon his palet in a single sketch. It is to be hoped it will be a hardware paint upon consecutive days of festivities, and believe—as the Lounger for one thinks—that he will be entirely equal to our own great ball.

MR. HOWE has secured a renewal of his patent. As he confesses to the receipt of half a million of dollars already, it is fair to presume that he has been amply paid. Such an inestimable reward should be allowed him for his invention does not appear. A patent right is simply a premium upon invention—a premium for ingenuity. Society merely has the judge of its value, with a due regard to the interests of the public, and to perpetuate the claim upon a favor; and when he has been profusely paid for his commodity, whatever it may be, he is not right to be kick injured because he is not overpaid. In this particular case the tax falls upon the most laborious class—that of women sewers, and public generosity is therefore the most interested. Of course nobody is surprised that a person in the receipt of a fortune, monthly, from the public purse, should be so perpetuated in office. Of course every body would be surprised if a man worth a million was not anxious to be worth two millions. Certainly nothing *could* to surprise Christendom as a little practical Christianity, and an acknowledgment that we have not a right to all we can get.

THE loss of the *Lady Elgin* is one of those frightful disasters which have become periodical. "The lines of disorder" are being rapidly determined. When a few months elapse without some terrible accident the public mind becomes apprehensive, like a sensitive person in a time of sultry weather. He is looking for the thunder-burst, and feels it in the air. So the public mind involuntarily prophesies misfortune when accidents are rare. There is no satisfactory explanation of the collision upon Lake Michigan. It is a question in which the whole country is interested, and will be brought to trial by a suit of the owners of the *Lady Elgin* against the schooner *Augusta*. With ordinary care, and, except in unusual circumstances, a collision should be impossible. In ninety-nine cases out of the hundred it is, on other an hand, the consequence of carelessness. How many people in carriages on every year run over at railroad crossings by the trains? How many of them are going to a dead halt and listen carefully for any sound of the cars? How often, on the other hand, the train dashes across lonely country roads without a sound from the bell or whistle! Our legislation which looks to the preservation of life is fragmentary and inadequate. Government is bound to regard, first of all, and in every detail, the protection of the inalienable rights of every man—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It is not necessary that the Railroad be a railroad between New York and Philadelphia, for instance, until every possible precaution is taken for safety. If it can not pay with these precautions, it should be prohibited from paying *without* them. Let us hope that the new President of the Illinois Central will distinguish himself by his policy of absolute safety to travelers, and then if there be any thing left for the stockholders, so much the better for them.

AMONG the victims of the *Lady Elgin* was Herbert Ingram, the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, and member of Parliament for Boston. *Harper's Weekly*, in common with the others, offers a natural homage to the memory of the illustrated paper of the higher kind is a literal picture of the times. It makes famous men, places, events, and descriptions familiar and actual to the memory. It is the most charming of weekly visitors, from the variety of the pleasure it affords. Every reader of the *News* knows the pleasure of the picture-book, but that its wood-cuts illustrate the contemporary condition of the art, besides making to acquaintance with the celebrities of the time, any summary and commonplace upon current life are valuable and interesting. The price of the paper is beyond that which we, in this country, choose to pay for such a periodical, and it is too exclusive, for English reasons, ever to be of interest to us. But the project of an illustrated paper, which will be and has been modified to the taste and demands of all countries, will always be honorably associated with the name of Herbert Ingram.

THE singing birds are trooping back to their perch in Irving Place. The nightingale Patti has been warbling for a few evenings more sweetly than ever. The Indian summer has been so delightfully cool that of Jumnoy. Wandering Cabans, and Sichlemann have been wandering on the shore, and lingering in the Western Paradise of fashion and gayety, till the pretty house, and applaud the tender notes of the nightingale, with the intense reign of a *prima donna!* If he be a handsome man, like Marlo, and a Count, what can surpass his complicated superiority and skill dinnah! How evidently he regards women as a candle contemplates moths! "Yes, pretty insects," he seems to say, "I can not help being bright and beautiful, I can not help clinging your poor little wings, I can not help burning you, and yet I will be singed. Fly on, fluttertings, and cheer yourselves in my light! But if you fall, blame not me." How gentle comes on, regardless of prejudice, of facial expression, of dramatic probabilities. "I am candle Number One: my business is to shine! Number Two, I am a lamp; my business character: he is always the candle; and, ah woe! when he burns down!

"GENTLEMAN GRANGE" has turned down, and out. Familiar to the Lounger as a boy, and a pedagogue; the fine gentleman of the old comedy; a player who preserved the traditions of the days of Garrick and Kean; a gentleman who made the curtain has fallen, and Barrett is gone! Even those who never saw him upon the stage may remember his tall, grave, gentlemanly form, and his bent pensiveness in his face, walking on Broadway. He was not a great actor, but he was always a finished one. He belonged to the conventional English school; but neither that school nor any other theatrical style, he has ever rooted itself permanently among us: and it was that consciousness, perhaps, which gave him a little feeling of outlawry, and fostered the gravity of his aspect. Why is it that there is something so peculiarly sad in the old age and decay of an actor? Some of the most touching obituaries of our day in periodicals have been glimpses of the private life of public performers. "The Old Player's Story," in the *Cornhill* and the *Weekly*, was one of them. The point seems to lie in the contrast of the actual weakness and sorrow of a man or woman who is at the very moment to personate a person of airy gayety and utter content. Is there any thing more pathetic than the harlequin in his dewy's costume leaping with a light jest out of the arena to hold the head of his dying wife or child? What a contrast must attend Dorothea Jordan's death, not arise from his identification with character which she was assuming and personating at the time? Toodles does not die—but was not Burton Toodles?

THE *Great Eastern* will be laid again before the Presidential election. She made a very short, if not the shortest, passage home to Milford Haven, and leaves upon the 17th October. Her whole career having been a miracle of mismanagement, change—though the latest—has been marked and a change of directors—we shall yet see her energy as a sailor, and a powerful enterprise. She certainly paid while she was in New York, and she seems to be manageable and swift. She may yet serve Eu-

gland at a pinch in the sudden transport of large bodies of troops. If she is to be exhalted large again, however, it would be wise in the consignees to insist that she shall be placed entirely in the hands of active managers. John Bull has not the least comprehension of his cousin. When his Excellency Yankee Doodle cities with Lord Mayor Bull at Guildhall, he puts his hand on his heart and says, "What a bond of union is a common language!" and Lord Bull, her Majesty's Embassador at Washington, dines with the St. George's Society in New York, he adjourns and tells says that "Shakespeare be-be-be-to-large to-b-b-b-both the great to-to-to-nations." But a practical knowledge of each other does not belong to the nations.

That ridiculous rascal and gray-eyed man of destiny, Mr. William Walker, has been sent out of Truxillo, in Honduras, by the order of a British commander. Why he is not caught and punished is one of the political mysteries. He is the chartered libertine of the Gulf, and if some of the States which he so absurdly invades—yet not without great suffering to other people—should hang him out of hand, there is nobody who would think him ill-used. Mr. William Walker seems to be amazingly destitute of every quality essential to a leader. He has neither common sense, nor the power of attaching men to his fortunes, nor the least military skill, nor the slightest civil capacity. A man of ordinary talent would have conquered Nicaragua. But he maintained a short hold there by the basest treachery, and was then kicked out. And yet Mr. William Walker has just so much claim to consideration and sympathy to-day as he had four or five years ago, when large meetings were held in New York to send aid to him. Mr. William Walker in Truxillo is exactly the Mr. William Walker of Nicaragua, in Nicaragua, for every present Secretary of State telegraphed his sympathy. Cold and cruel, if the man is not crazy, he is utterly criminal.

THE monument to Commodore Perry, of which an illustration was published in the *Weekly* of September 8, has been inaugurated with as much attention and interest as can ever come to a monument in the mid-summer fury of a Presidential canvass. The hieroglyn Bancroft was the orator, and his discourse has a conservative and brilliant tone by which should create an era in the history of such occasions. He speaks very plainly and very strongly of the Secession and boundary difference with Britain, and declares that "the men who honor the memory of Perry will always have the will to keep the domain of their country." To the point of the present political crisis the orator says: "Has any foreign power been so foolish as to have the ability to the tales of impending disunion? . . . Our little domestic strife are more than momentary disturbances on the surface, easily settled among ourselves." The whole discourse is distinguished by that inclusive, ringing rhetoric which marks all Mr. Bancroft's public addresses, and by the clearness of statement in which such orations are usually overlaid with fog. The Secession of the Island was peculiarly interested in the celebration, and honorably represented by the Governor of the State, the Bishop of the Episcopal Church, the Mayor of the city of Providence, the Secretary of State, Dr. Usher Parsons, one of the four survivors of the battle, an honored citizen of Providence, and the First Light Infantry Company, composed of representative men of the same city, and a corps which might be proud by a post not quite equal in the novelty of its metaphors, the Seventh Regiment of New England. The State of Rhode Island is a very small State, but there are three names in her history of which her sons are proud: Roger Williams, William Ellery Channing, and Oliver Hazard Perry.

A PRACTICAL POET.

GARIBALDI continues his triumphal career, and seems to make no mistake. Naples is in terror. The nobility are flying upon all sides; and the King has packed up his jewels and his trinkets. A detail of the National Guard, which last night was given that the Liberator was at hand, escaped to a French ship. The officers of the corps, of themselves are apparently only waiting to be quite sure that Garibaldi is the man of the future to offer him their service and service. The young, honest, superstitious dynasty of the Bourbons in Naples has at last rooted out. One of the lovliest regions of the world—one of the finest climates and sea-ports—graced with all charms of climate, and a population—it has been illegally and oppressed until it is even now doubtful whether the hand of the Liberator will be powerful enough to make it walk alone.

The King of Sardinia can not much longer withhold his open sympathy from Naples. When a ruler falls in the hands of Naples so plainly outdoes his crimes as to get ready to rout the moment an independent leader hands upon his shores, his governors have attempted by his own hireling. Here is a beautiful province of Italy without a government. It desires to attach itself to an Italian kingdom, which is regarded as the virtual head of the Italian nation. What Power can seriously interfere? Austria will not. Prussia, England does not wish to. France is the ally of Sardinia. Prussia stays at home of late years. Russia will not move. There seems to be no reason to doubt that by any steamer we may hear of Garibaldi at the Bay, and of the union of Northern and Southern Italy.

There remain, then, only the Pope and Venice. Garibaldi at the Bay of Italy, with Victor Emanuel, will free Venice. The recognition of nationalities is too strong at this day for Prussia to help Austria retain her. Prussia has no interest that Austria should occupy Venice. Her interest is that Austria should be strong so long as Austria is her natural ally against France. But Austria is no longer without Venice than with her. In case of a European war, Austria loses just in the degree of the strength necessary to hold Venice. Once securely in Naples, the inevitable next step of Garibaldi is to Venice.

The Roman question is virtually settled by the perfectly evident fact that Louis Napoleon does not wish the Pope to govern a considerable portion. The Papal Patrimony is hereafter inevitably a point of dispute against France. France has contended with a single Power, Austria. Power then with a group of provinces in which the Bourbons will not long be the governing dynasty. It will appear in history that Louis Napoleon, having pacified France, united Italy. Such a policy does not weaken a "ruler's" power nor injure his reputation.

As for Garibaldi, he is as pure and unselfish as Washington. He is as free from the dictatorial character of the time. Such a man in France in 1848 would have formed and maintained the Republic with a Napoleonic dictatorship. At this day the prestige of such a man in France would have destroyed the Napoleonic dynasty. He is as romantic and picturesque a hero as any in Tasso. I know a gentleman who knew him well in Central America, and who recalls the long summer nights passed upon deck in the Gulf, while Garibaldi repeated whole plays of Alfieri.

AFRICAN TRAVEL.

It is going hard with the sources of the Nile. They can not hide themselves much longer. Every year the unexplorable Africa becomes smaller; and before the century is ended the question of ages will doubtless be answered, and the vague, old tradition which Herodotus quoted may, after all, turn out to be true.

Of late years Africa has been invaded by travelers upon every side. Dr. Livingstone's book is one of the great book successes of the time, both from its dramatic interest and the novelty of some of the subject. Dr. Barth's long work, with its profuse and curious illustrations, has appealed to the same interest, and began with detailed information. Dr. Krapf's much briefer, but deals with the same magic attraction. Lieutenant Speke, who, with Captain Grant, pensively sailed away from Zanzibar, has written an interesting story of his travels, which we have noticed in *Rockwood*; and now Burton's book, full of entertaining adventure and interesting discovery, is almost ready.

But among all the works of African travel none has more claims upon a wide popular success than one which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, by Mr. Du Chaillu, the conqueror of the gorilla, whose unique collection was exhibited several months ago in New York. Mr. Du Chaillu is a young man. He went where white men have never before penetrated. He was likewise with tribes beyond even the report of civilization; and he has made a great treasury of knowledge. His collections and sketches are so simple that the illustrations will vivify the story, so that, quietly reclining upon summer sofas, we too shall be African explorers. The old charm of romance and novelty will be lost, and the dusky continent, is not yet discovered. The explorer and the pole are the two points of deepest romantic interest. The pole is a mystery, and the clear light of common knowledge, a charm will pass from travel and its story which no genius can restore.

NEW GLIMPSES OF IRVING.

In the Autobiographical Recollections of Leslie the painter, one of the most pleasant gossiping books of literary reminiscence which have come from England, there are several letters and anecdotes of Washington Irving at the time when he was making his reputation. Leslie and Washington Irving and Irving mounted the top of an Oxford stagecoach in London and bowled away into the lovely English country. It was a fine evening when they left, and the moon was full, and alone upon the prospect in the fields. It was eleven o'clock when they reached Oxford, and they had time to have the mind of Irving must have been peculiarly stimulated by such a scene.

The next day was a wet Sunday at Oxford. All day the travelers moped in the inn. The following morning, as they sat over breakfast, Leslie said something about a *great gentleman* who had come with them from London on Saturday. Irving said it was a capital story. Leslie said as soon as the coach stopped, and whenever it stopped, out came his pencil and he wrote vigorously. They stopped at Oxford and when Irving left Leslie sketched Irving secret himself upon a stile at a stone, writing with a pencil and pocket-book, laughing to himself from time to time, and occasionally reading the manuscript to Leslie. They went to Warwick and Irving was taken sick and Derby where they were caught by the weather.

The Rives of these young men, Irving, Leslie, Grant and Stanton, were full of fun and frolic and joyous. They had just tasted their coming fame. Hope, hard work, ambition, opportunity, and success, upon their side, and nature seemed to render gets of the pleasant picture are such as he likes to remember. Leslie, indeed, was so simple and pure and affectionate a soul that his record of his reminiscences is full of sweetness. The gay Stuart Newton was a man of genius and with the brilliant effect of his own color. The impression of a wayward genius is produced you scarcely know how. Irving is the same as we have all known him—only younger, full of care for his fame, and enjoyment of it, the few letters showing how charming his biography will be.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—A. S. Barnes writes from Cincinnati, a recipe for purifying a sacrebosaus of the oil of tobacco. He says that two ounces of potash dissolved with a month long enough to admit the pipe, which must be covered with sulphuric ether and stopped tight to prevent evaporation, "allow it to stand for six days, reversing the ether every forty-eight hours. This substance permeates the pores and dissolves all the oil, but leaves a thin coating of a light-brown color. Now take equal parts of chloride of zinc and water, in which the pipe must remain at least six hours. It is then to be taken out and dried in the sun, and then the pipe's bowl has got to sweat, the corresponding unscrewing will be a new again."

A S. N. Carvalho writes that his patent a pipe may be disordered at the pleasure of the smoker, thereby continually restoring to him the opportunity of coloring it again.

—Let all poets judge what a rubikon Longer it must be when, after such a kind, graceful, honeyed greeting as this, starts his pages to the great and fabulous. But Sam Lover knows how often a visitor makes a graceful bow, and throws—

"My dear Mr. Lounger, my, shall I intreat,
Anything in my power to serve you?"
If I with the door of your sanctum make free,
And entre, pray forgive the intrusion—
"I Adieu! I can trust thee, thou trust and best,
And fairest of critics by poets possessed.
"Then kindest of friends to young scribblers like me:
Thou will *only be just*—LA PAYSE SAN SOUCI.

Justice, if you trust the judge, is sometimes so hard!

—Lo! if a man says that he could not reach a place until a certain hour, "I know he could not, of course," he means evidently, and he says grammatically, that the crowd would have been there at a previous hour. Isn't that clear enough?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THEIR STRANGER THAN FICTION.—We read on newspaper paper, "Mr. Bennett at "rubbing the wind," which taken down any simple, and the sentence, "Mr. Bennett of the Herald, rubbing a little called lately on a lady of some influence, and taken down in shorthand, and the sentence, "Mr. Bennett, moreover, that her husband had just died, and that she was thinking of a second husband." The lady of influence was brought upon the lady that he proceeded to visit her immediately, and she had herself rubbing on the wind, and taken down the aquaintance that labelled the coffin, and was satisfied all use lightly and at the same time, and taken down the feeling of a reward woman, she left her a considerable sum of money, and immediately married, and taken down the story or three blocks from the dwelling, thinking all the way of the strange coincidence, and taken down his bible, and taken her pocket-handkerchief, and returned to see if she had dropped it by the time, and taken down the sentiment, hastily, and the room entered without much ceremony, and taken down the lady of the house, and *taken down standing up in the coffin counting over the money!*

When Sir John Carr was at Glasgow in the year 1807, he was very much pleased with the Cross of Glasgow, considering the inscription to be placed on Nelson's monument, being the only one in Glasgow, and accordingly this brief remark—"Glasgow to Nelson."

"TRUE," said Sir John, "I said so" and there is the trace of Nelson near us, we might add—"Glasgow to Nelson sine sine" to the column might serve for a mile-stone and a monument."

The death of Mr. Johnstone is recorded in the public papers, at the advanced age of ninety years. Many years ago this gentleman sat in the House of Commons, for a small borough. He was a Tory and very rich. A laughable anecdote was told of him at the commencement of his parliamentary career. In his first taking his seat in the House, he was told to have forthwith a "maiden speech." The course of which he expected to rival Demosthenes; but it so happened that, on the morrow, he was called upon to rise, and, after the fashion of his *kind*, yet the perspicuity of attorneys died. He rose, accordingly, and said, "I rise, sir, to address myself to what Alderman Wilkes, without anticipating a word, I am certain I shall be able to do, sir, in a few words." He gave was the chairman, taking advantage of this, his unfortunate Speech, and proceeded to be pointed, circumlated, and, as was then the fashion in London, cried through the streets of Westminster, "Speech, O, on the top of which appeared in large type, "The Maiden Speech of a country gentleman, M. P. for Gatton." He delivered precisely in Parliament." The text of the speech was, "Mr. Speaker, I feel and be assured, I am not to their respective home before the sun shines and the moon rises." Upon the conclusion of the speech, the boy, great, heart the entire as the sat at her window in Great George Street, Westminster, the consequence and popularity of her husband, instantly called for her servant, and dispatched a special messenger to the reporter of the paper man in the street. He having obeyed the commands, immediately ran to the office, and, with an eye viewing the blank paper, exclaimed, with great indignation, "Stop!"

"Why, Richard, you are a fool; you have brought nothing!"

"Yes, sir," replied the servant: "it is my master, for he said *nothing!*"

A young lady, intended become a gentleman would not marry, but she was so pretty and so amiable, so pious, so fully exhibited, "Oh, Mr. A——, you have only two objections to me." "Two! I am right," replied the gentleman; "I have only two ideas, and one of them is the idea of your being the most charming lady."

THEATRICAL.—A young Thespian was once intreated to deliver the following message to Lord Bendolph in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, "Lord Bendolph!" But before the rise of the sentence, he called out amidst the roars of the audience, "My Bendolph, your supper has been ready for some time!"

An Indian being asked what he did for a living, replied, "Sir, I am a Tomahawk." "Tomahawk!" said a Yankee, "what do you get paid for it?"—"Sometimes we get paid, sometimes not, sometimes—" "But what do you slightly pour pay?"—"Oh, yes, but it's mighty poor pay-ing!"

Gradual repentance is like a man who wants to be taken out of a burning building, but who says to those around him, "Let me alone, I know I ought to be taken down first to a room where it is not so hot as it is here, and then to a room where it is not so hot as that beyond, and so take me out gradually." Why, the man would be a fool to wait for that last room. A man who wants to reform should retire at once.

During the last war a Quaker met on board an American ship engaged in a rencontre with an enemy. He preserved his peace principles calmly until he saw a British boarder, recently by a gun, fall from the overhead. Striking a hatchet, the Quaker looked over the side of the ship and exclaimed, "Friend, if thy brains that rope, then may hell be!" When, stating the case to the man, he was asked why he thus called upon four fellow to a deep and watery grave.

An actor, enlarging his mistress one day, indulged, by his manner, a somewhat wicked thought in his heart. He went on thus: "The angel! I have her picture here—and wherever I go I carry it about." And here he produced the precious daguerreotype, and from his bosom, and from a pocket in the tail of his coat.

An admirer of dogs having had a new litter of a dire breed, it occurred to whom him to pay him down for a puppy: "I see you down for one a great white, age." was the answer.

"Even a pig upon the spit may remake himself things will take a turn.

A FEW QUESTIONS FOR INTELLIGENT MUSICIANS.

May not a bar of very exalted music be called a crowbar?

In what bank are the eight notes you talk of relying?

Is an artist called a "virtuoso" on account of the labor of performing it?

Can you do a good turn in a natural way?

Is not the influence of state matter depressing in but weather?

Is there necessarily any thing green about a pastoral symphony?

Are agricultural youths partial to the hautboy?

Can a Prussian be a musician?

Could you open a musical entertainment without the key?

There may be seen at the present time, in Albion, a placard from a tailor, who, in calling the attention of the public to the fact that he makes fashionable a clothes cloth, assures all who may fever him by becoming insensible, of "Being good charge and a very moderate action."

"You are from the country, are you not, Sir?" said a dandy young bookseller to a homely-dressed Quaker, who was given him some trouble.

"Yes, Friend."

"Well, I thought so, by the flavor of Calves."!

"Dick," said Ambrosia, as he handed her the shop, "Have had better present to thy mother."

The Marquis de Fontenoy, a young Frenchman and a celebrated lady paymaster, called on Samuel Bennett, of Bennett, Bennett on-on-on-

COLUMBIA MAKING HER TOILET TO RECEIVE THE PRINCE.

ODE TO H. R. H.

On! Albert Edward, many-titled Guelph,
Lord Renfrew, otherwise the Prince of Wales,
Or whatsoever else you call yourself,
Your glorious advent each New Yorker hails:
All other things are laid upon the shelf,
For you are loyalty our homage falls—
Of Hanover's illustrious house young scion,
The old, established, genuine British lion!

We staunch republicans do "love a lord,"
And catch the modes of courtly salutation
As readily as any common word
For civil or for military station;
"Sir Robert" or "your Grace" do but accord
With "Captain," "Colonel" of our Yankee nation:
And we can say, without a touch of shyness,
Either "your Lordship" or "your Royal highness."

And so we shall not lack in proper phrase
Wherewith to recognize a prince so great;
For unto one so worthy of all praise
To how has never been our happy fate—
Monarch at once of all that he surveys,
Expectancy and zest of the fair state—
Though many a royal "party" heretofore
Has glorified Columbia's blessed shore.

For Louis Philippe once taught Tolmanque
To little *Jersey schoolers, fils et filles*;
Napoleon Trois lived in "a two-pair-back"
In Gotham here, before Savoy and Nice
Had entered his imperial brain, alack!
But then they hadn't half a crown apiece;
And Joinville, passive, melancholy, slow,
Went through the country just three months ago.

But one who has a title to a throne
Proudest of all—we say it without flattery—
So glad a day New York has never known
As that which lands him safely on the Battery;
Were he but heir presumptive, let us own,
To this inheritance, for such a matter, he
Would find a thousand beauteous creatures willing
To make him heir *à-parent* for a shilling.

Oh sweet young Prince! indeed I mean no harm,
And plead for liberal speech the poet's charter:
As for the fair ones that around you swarm,
Why *Honi soit qui mal y pense*—the Garter
Is for your modesty a potent charm:
But they will give, just as they ask, no quarter;
And I would kindly warn you that you have a new
Peril on every square of the Fifth Avenue.

You are not quite so handsome as your pictures,
Nor as your late grand-uncle, George the Fourth,
On whom Tom Moore and Byron wrote some strictures;
But even photographs may flatter worth
And majesty; and artists than have tricked yours
In all the Saxon beauty of the North:
But mark the caution this wise rule evinces—
Put not your trust in any prints of Princes.

Still you are young, good-looking—for the rest,
'Tis written that "thou shalt be King hereafter."
(A letter-writer says you're badly dressed,
And that your pantaloons provoke to laughter.)
Then let us in your welcome try our best,
Throw wide from basement to the topmost rafter
Our houses open, and our pockets too,
Which means our hearts, and more we could not do.

Right gladly for your service might we spare
Twenty palatial mansions all complete,
Gas, water, speaking-tubes, a porte-cochère,
Billiards, and Gobelin carpets, and a suite
Of chambers frescoed with choicest rare:
Galds's aurora stands—they can't be beat,
Save by the pair that in the stable shine,
Which do their mile in just 2.29.

For reasons, some of which do not appear,
Would we thus minister to your delight:
'Twould give the house a princely souvenir
—And two great nations lovingly unite:
And then, you know, our family, next year,
Might come and see you on the Isle of Wight;
Besides, it would be perfectly ridiculous
To lodge you at the Everett or St. Nicholas.

Alas! the cruel Duke rejects our prayer,
And says the Prince of Wales his bills will pay
Like common people; so that now the Mayor
Will have your Royal Highness all the day—
A vile monopoly, we must declare:
And yet the Duke stands, as the lawyers say,
In loco matris—for mamma, the Queen;
His word is final, and it's "all serene."

But then we'll give you just the finest ball
At the Academy—oh, such a lark!
Show you the firemen and "the Seventh"—all
The thousand objects we can boast of mark,
The "Aqueduct"—so spelled upon the wall,
Do praise the ride along the Central Park—
A public hobby, which much mean we date on
Than engines, soldiers, or the crystal Croton.

Another favor, if I might be bolder,
Of you, O Prince! I humbly would implore—
Don't hit a shoulder-hitter on the shoulder,
And bid him rise Sir Something from the floor;
Don't make a knight of b'hoy or hotel-holder,
Because he is an Alderman, gabver!
And why? Indeed, we think the class just cited
Already quite sufficiently benighted.

And now, illustrious Prince, Hail and Farewell!
May all your aims be high, each strong endeavor
Of real majesty and merit tell;
May England prosper much your rule, and never
One jot or tittle of her freedom sell:
You would not have me drink "the *Prince* forever!"
But I will pledge, what harmless well may sing,
Long flourish Albert Edward, Prince or King!

REV. W. WOOD STAMP.

THE portrait on the following page is that of the newly-elected President of the Wesleyan Methodist Society of England for 1860–'61, the Rev. William Wood Stamp. Mr. Stamp is a native of Bradford, Yorkshire, where his father was for some time a Wesleyan minister: he was born in 1801, and is consequently at the present time 59 years of age. He was educated at Woodhouse Grove School, of which institution his father was at the time principal, and on reaching manhood decided to become a minister. The first scene of his labors was a small room near Lincoln's Inn, London, where, as he humorously describes it, he used to preach to "six old women and a mangle:" but his abilities soon led to his preferment to stations of higher importance. It was soon discovered by the leaders of the British Methodist that Mr. Stamp possessed that rare gift among preachers, business ability and financial tact. The discovery made, Mr. Stamp was employed in various business negotiations where the property of the Church was concerned, and acquitted himself so ably in all of these that his fitness for the high post he now occupies was universally conceded. Mr. Stamp has written some small works; some of his sermons have been published. They are like himself—sound, practical, and logical.

COLUMBIA'S WELCOME.

PRINCE. "To greet the Goddess Liberty I come!"
COLUMBIA. "Welcome, sweet Prince—then make yourself *to home*."

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AT ABEIH.

WE publish below a picture of the American College at Abeih, near Dheir-el-Kamar, in the Lebanon; the view also shows the house of the humane Sheik who saved the American missionaries from the Druses. Our countrymen have been some years settled in Lebanon, and have done a great deal of good by educating the children of the Syrians at their College. Children from Dheir-el-Kamar, Beiedine, Abeih, and the vicinity, for miles round, enjoyed the benefit of their instruction. So high was the esteem in which they were held, that, when the Druses attacked the place, the Sheik, at considerable personal risk, went to the American College, collected the missionaries together, and escorted them to the sea-shore, from whence they were able to reach Beyrout without difficulty. The scene is one which will possess historic interest.

REV. WILLIAM WOOD STAMP, PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST SOCIETY, ENGLAND, FOR 1860-'61.

WHALES ASHORE.

ON one occasion a large whale appeared off Weymouth, and was seen by several fishermen. The affair was talked over at night in the public-house; and one of the company, who happened to have a new seine-net which he had never used, was much taunted about it, and he was dared to go and net this whale with his new net. At first he took it as a joke, but, under the influence of beer and the chaff of his comrades, he struck his hand on the table, and said: "Well, —— me, if I don't go and shoot the net after him, catch or no catch?" Accordingly, a sentry was posted, and the next morning the whale was signaled as being in the offing. So the owner of the new seine put it into the boat, and, rowing quietly along, shot the net round the unsuspicious whale. At last, Master Whale put his nose into the net, and feeling something strange, charged against it, dragging men, boats, and all along with him. He then plunged and dived, and, ultimately taking the new seine-net, rolled about his body, right away with him, in spite of all the fishermen could do. They looked after the whale, who had gone off with the net, much as an angler looks into the water when a fine fish has escaped from his hook; but, however, the whale was gone, and the would-be captors rowed home disconsolate and whaleless.

Some three or four days afterward, as a coast-guard was going his rounds in the dead of the night, he saw a huge black mass come rolling in with the tide; it looked like a wreck, yet it was not a wreck, for a wreck has not a tail wherewith to flop the water as the object had. The coast-guardman waited till the tide turned, and as it went down, he got near to this strange object, which had got hard and fast among the rocks. He then saw that it was a whale, and, what was exceeding strange, the whale had a net entangled round about him in the most complicated manner. "First come, first served," said the coast-guardsman to himself, so he pulled out his knife and cut two great slashes in the whale's fat sides, during which operation the *whale kicked and evinced signs of life.* The finder then shut up his knife, and posted off with the news. Of course, as there was a net round the whale, his identity was established directly, and the owner of the net claimed the carcass, because his net had caught him; the coast-guardsman claimed it, because he had found him. Meanwhile, when the dispute was still going on, the lord of the manor put in his claim, as it was found between high and low water-mark; gained it, and took possession of the whale; cut him up, and boiled all the oil out of him, getting forty barrels—worth a lot of money—and there the matter ended.

Some weeks afterward, as the coast-guard was sitting on his "donkey"—the term applied to the portable stool used by these men—a respectable-looking gentleman walked up to him, and said: "My man, don't you recollect the whale that you found hereabouts some time since?"

"Yes, Sir," said the man; "it was me as found him."

"Well, now, can't you recollect whether, when you cut him—as they tell me you did—he kicked and winced under the knife?"

"In course he did," was the answer; "he nearly knocked the knife out of my hand with his tail."

"Well, then," said the old gentleman, bristling up all of a sudden, "now I am a lawyer, and mind that you tell the same story to-morrow, Sir; for as sure as to-morrow comes you will have to *swear* that in court."

On the morrow the coast-guardsman swore that the whale was alive when first he saw him on shore, and that he knew it by the knife-test, as stated above. It was now the lord of the manor's turn to sing small, for he could not claim a thing if cast up *alive.* He had to refund the money he got for the oil, having taken all his trouble for nothing; so that, after all, the owner of the new seine caught his whale, got his new net back, and nearly a hundred pounds besides.

The captain of a French vessel once saw a whale

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AND SHEIK'S HOUSE AT ABEIH, NEAR DHEIR-EL-KAMAR, SYRIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. GRAHAM.]

floundering upon a sand-bank at the Nore. He caused a rope to be tied tightly round above his tail, and as the tide rose the whale floated, and he was towed in triumph, as the crew imagined, on his way to Calais harbor. Mistaken Frenchmen! They had not got far before the whale showed symptoms of returning life, by wriggling, twisting, and not following the ship in the orderly manner becoming a *dead* whale. At length, the dragging, through the water, and the pulling at his tail, roused him completely; he came quite to life, and threatened to damage the ship. The Frenchmen, finding they had coupled a Tartar, cut the rope as it passed over the stern of the ship, and away went the whale one way, back again near the mouth of the Thames, with a great fling, thinking rope still tied to his tail and dragging behind him; the shipwrecks the other way, toward Calais, having lost their prize.

The whale was seen occasionally for some days after this, still with the rope on his tail. He foolishly came into Whitstable Bay. The men in the oyster-boats saw him, and, by shouting and splashing, forced him up into shoal water, where the tide left him. They then wisely made sure of him by killing him outright. No pig-sticking knives; big swords or long cutlasses, with a good throat, so they knew others on to poles, and pierced him till he died. Then came the question, was he to be sold with him? and at his a deputation of fishermen went up to Messrs. ——& Co., in the city, the great dealers in whale oil, blubber, fins, etc., etc., who gave the fishermen £80 for their capture, and sent down men, blubber-knives, iron pots, etc., to boil down the whale. A scientific gentleman went down to dissect the creature, and was getting on capitally, although he was once very nearly smothered by the stench, into one of the cells of the heart. Nothing daunted by the smell or other disagreeable circumstances, he continued his dissection till he had made a valuable and interesting collection of preparations. One morning, when he was still working away, and the men boiling or "trying down" the oil, a very official-looking personage came up, and in a haughty manner said: "I want a piece of the tail of you, directly do bring more to the whale. I claim this fish (as he was no naturalist, for a whale is a warm-blooded animal, and he fish) in the name of the law! *I* do claim it, and nothing whatever must be touched or removed." My friend had just taken out the heart, and, which artistically manufactured structures, and offering it to the newcomer said: "Well, I suppose the lord of the manor doesn't want the whole eye?" "You may keep *that*, Sir," was the answer. This disagreeable intruder then departed.

While the fishermen were, both sentimental and commercial, were recovering their wonder, from another quarter of the compass hot another *Jack-in-office*, who marched into the assembled crowd, with a wave of the stick proclaimed: "Touch nothing—move nothing—I claim all this in the name of the *Lord Of The Cinque Ports!*"

Vultures smell the stinking carcass from afar; so, too, do the lawyers hear the smell of the carcass of gain while had found its way so far as London, and even to the crown authorities, for yet another human vulture perched on the wings of the wind, and, spreading his official papers over the partial mass, pronounced: *"This is a royal fish, and I claim it in the name of the crown."* Here, then, was a pretty mess, both literal and physical; the three claimants set to work disputing with each other for possession, the fishermen quietly washed their oily hands, packed up their traps, and adjourned to the public-house to drink out their grievances and talk over the matter. My friend, seeing nothing could be done, packed up his whale's eye, and went home to London in an crate-boat, as he carried each an arrow about with him that they would not take him in the coach. The three vultures then finally agreed to respectfully retire, and transferred the cause to the lawyers, who managed to spin out their dispute for a whole year. Long before that the whale had finished, however, a fourth claimant appeared in the person of the sea, which, rolling up with an unmerciful big billow, carried the whole property away, both blubber and bones.

WHAT CAN I DO?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

HE was a poor cripple—with fingers twisted out of all useful shape, and lower limbs paralyzed so that he had to drag them after him wearily when he moved from one short distance to another limited his sphere of locomotion—a poor, unhappy, murmuring, and, at times, ill-natured cripple, eating the bread which a mother's hand labor procured for him. For hours every fair day during spring, summer, and autumn, he might be seen in front of the little house where he lived, leaning upon the gate, or sitting on an old bench, looking with a sober face at the passing vehicles, and, occasionally regarding the passengers who moved with such strong limbs up and down the street. How quite bitter may enter into the cripple's heart! How often, as the thoughtless village children taunted him cruelly with his misfortune, would he fling harsh imprecations after them. Many pitied the poor cripple; many looked upon him with feelings of disgust and repulsion; but few if any, cared to do him good.

Not far from where the cripple lived was a man who had been crippled for years, and was likely to remain so to the end of his days. He was supported by the patient industry of a wife.

"I good works are the only passport to heaven," he said to a neighbor one day, "I fear my chances will be small."

"Well done, good and faithful servant, is the language of welcome," was replied; and the neighbor looked at the sick man in a way that made him feel a little uncomfortable.

"I am sick and bedridden—what can I do?" he spoke, fretfully.

"When little is given, little is required. But if there be only a single talent it must be improved."

"I have no talent," said the invalid.

"Are you sure of that?"

"What can I do? Look at me! No health—no strength—no power to rise from this bed. A poor, helpless creature, burdening my wife. Better for me, and for all, if I were in my grave."

"If that were so you would be in your grave. But God knows best. There is something for you to do, or you would be no longer permitted to live," said the neighbor.

The sick man shook his head.

"As I came along just now," continued the neighbor, "I stopped to say a word to poor Tom Hicks, the cripple, as he stood swinging on the gate before his mother's house, looking so unhappy that I pitied him in my heart. What do you do with yourself all through these long days, Tom," I asked. "Nothing," he replied, meekly. "Don't you read sometimes?" I queried. "Can't read," was his sullen answer. "Were you never at school?" I went on. "Sho! how you talk," he replied, fretfully "why don't your mother teach you?" "Because she can't read herself," replied Tom. "It isn't too late to begin now," said I, encouraging, "suppose I were to find some one willing to teach you, what would you say?" The poor lad's face brightened at the mere mention of such an idea; and he answered, "I would say that nothing could please me better." I promised to find him a teacher, and, as I promised, I did. Now, friend Croft, come into my mind. Now, here is something that you can do; a good work in which you can employ your talent to the Lord."

The sick man did not respond warmly to this proposition. He had been so long a sufferer, and had good offices—had so long felt himself the object toward which pity and service must tend—that he had nearly lost sight of the good deeds. Little dependence had made him selfish.

"Give this poor cripple a lesson every day," said the neighbor, "and you will be doing a good work, and talk and read to him. Take him in charge as one of God's children, who needs to be instructed and led by a better life than his own has been in new living. Is not this a good and a great work? It is, my friend, one that God will bless at your hand, and in the doing of which there will be great reward. What can you do? Much! Think of that poor boy, and what a life of darkness and pain that life still before him. What will become of him when his mother dies? The sluts-house slow will spin its decree for his mother. Not one of the sons will take care of him. Not one of the sons will what resources may open before him if stimulated by thought. Take him, then, and unlock the doors of a mind that now is dark and dreary, that sunlight may come in. To you it will give a few hours of pleasant work each day, to him it will be a life long benefit. Will you do it?"

"Yes."

The sick man could not say "No," though in uttering that half-uttered assent he manifested no warm interest in the case of poor Tom Hicks.

On the next day the neighbor met the sick man and received his first lesson; and every day, at an appointed hour, he was in Mr. Croft's room, eager for the instruction. It was hard at first to be mastered the alphabet, and so quickly learned to construct small words preparatory to combining them in a sentence. But, before the first three or four days the sick man, who had undertaken this duty with a reluctant heart, was pushing his pupil down into it. Tom was so ready a scholar, so interested, and so grateful, that Mr. Croft found the task of instructing him a pleasant one. The neighbor who had suggested this useful employment of the invalid's time looked in now and then to see how matters were progressing, and to speak words of encouragement.

Poor Tom was seen less frequently than before hanging on the gate or sitting idly on the bench before his mother's dwelling; and when you did find him there, all, you could see, was a change in expression on his face. Soon the children, who had only looked at him, half in fear, from a distance, or come closer to mock and tease, found that he was not his strange eyes out into the street, in order to worry him, began to have a different feeling for the cripple, and, at first, not stopped completely to speak with him; for Tom no longer made queer faces or looked at them wickedly, as if he would burn them if his power, as conceived angrily if they said things to worry him. And now it often happened that a little boy would come up and pitied the poor cripple and feared him at the same time, would offer him a flower, or an apple, or a handful of nuts in passing, and then, if he had taken these gifts thankfully, and feel better all day in remembrance of the kindness with which they had been bestowed. Sometimes, too, he would be to their books, and his eyes would run eagerly over the pages so far in advance of his comprehension, that, in the hope to help him, they would be attempting them—for he had grown all athirst for knowledge.

As soon as Tom could read, the children in the neighborhood, who had grown to like him, and always gathered around him when they found they happened to find him there, supplied him with books; so that he had an abundance of mental food, and now began to repay his benefactor, the sick man, by reading to him for hours every day.

The mind of Tom had some of the qualities of a sponge: it absorbed everything, and, in its capacity, gave out freely at every pressure. Whenever his mind was pressed, or squeezed, by a friend, it must either absorb or impact. So he was always taking or always listening when he had any body who would talk or listen.

There was something about him that strongly attracted the boys in the neighborhood, and he usually had three or four of them around him, and often a dozen, late in the afternoon, when the schools were out. As Tom had studied a new world—that of books—he had read and was interested in all he found there, the subjects on which he talked with the boys who sought his company were always instructive. There was no nonsense about the cripple: suffering of body and mind had brought much him serious; and all nonsense, or low, sensual talk, to which boys are sometimes addicted, found no encouragement in his presence. His influence over these boys was therefore of the best kind. The pursuits of some of the children, when he was not present, were going so often to the home of Tom Hicks, felt doubts as to the safety of such intimate intercourse with the cripple, toward whom they were prepossessed, as he knew in the depths of the repetation of being ill tempered and depraved, and questioned their very closely in regard to the nature of their intercourse. The reports of these boys took their parents by surprise; but, on investigation, it proved to be true, and Tom's character soon rose in the public estimation.

There came, as a natural consequence, inquiry as to the cause of such a change in the unfortunate lad; and the sickbed of the sick man who had instructed Tom told the story of Mr. Croft's agency in the matter. The interest felt in the sick man in both the cripple and his bedridden instructor. The people were taught to be surprise at such a notable instance of the great good which may sometimes be done where the means look discouragingly small. Mr. Croft was praised for his generous conduct, and not only praised, but helped by many who had, until now, felt indifferent to and his case after his good work rebuilded them for neglected opportunities.

The cripple's eagerness to learn, and rapid progress under the sick man, soon kindled admiration generally known, a gentleman, whose son had been one of Tom's visitors, and who had grown to be a better boy since his intercourse with the cripple, in his wagon every day to the school-house, which stood half a mile out of town, and have him brought back in the afternoon.

It was the happiest day in Tom's life when he was helped into the wagon and went behind the school-house.

Before having home on that morning he had made his way on crutches to the school-house.

"I owe it all to you," he said, as he brought the tears, the highest tribute he could offer to his life. It was damp with more than a few when he had it back gently on the bed. "And our Father in Heaven will reward you."

"You have done a good work," said the neighbor who had urged Mr. Croft to improve his one talent, as he sat on the bed side and listened to about the poor cripple and his opening prospects; "and it will serve you in that day when the record of life is opened. Not because of the work itself, but for the true charity which prompted the work. I was begun, I know, in some self-denial, but that self-denial was prompted by good; and because you put away love of ease and indifference, and forced yourself to the work, I know that it was a high to help others, God will send a heavenly love of doing good into your soul, which always includes a great reward, and is the passport to eternal felicities.

"Yes sir," continued the neighbor, "only a few months ago what could I do? and poor Tom, a man who felt that he was deprived of all the means of accomplishing good; and yet you have, with just little effort, lifted a poor boy out of the dark valley of ignorance, where it was groping in selfterture, and leaded him into the light and sunshine path. The light of hope has fallen, through you, sid, with sunny warmth upon a heart that was cold and heavy with despair, and, in your hands, with verdure and blossoming is the sweet promise of fruit. The infinite years to come shine can reveal the blessedness of your deed. Even the sense of a bed-ridden man, who felt that in him was no capacity for good deeds."

The sick man lay in a school being placed within the reach of Tom Hicks, he gave up every thought of the neighborhood knowledge. And now a sense of a serious difficulty. His bent, stiff fingers could not be made to hold either pen or pencil in the right position, or to hold, with any, in a way to make intelligible signs. But Tom was too much in earnest to give up on the first, or second, or third effort. He had been so long a helpless cripple, that he could hold a pencil more firmly than at first, and guide his hand in some obedience to his will. This was sufficient to encourage the poor lad to daily long-continued efforts, the result of which was a gradual yielding of the right muscles, which became in time so flexible that he could guide the pencil pleasably firmly, and write a fair hand. This did not satisfy him, however. He wanted, and insisted, that he should go on trying and trying, until few boys in the school could give a fairer copy.

"Have you read the news?" said a neighbor to Mr. Croft, the poor bed-ridden man. It was five years from the day he gave the poor cripple, Tom Hicks, his first lesson.

"What news?" the sick man asked, in a feeble voice, not even turning his head toward the speaker.

"Life's long enough to learn very low," said the struggle with disease was nearly over.

"Tom Hicks has obtained the appointment of teacher to our public school."

"Are you in earnest?" There was a mingling of surprise and doubt in the low tone that crept out upon the air.

"Yes. It is true what I say. You know that after Mr. Wilson died the directors got Tom, who was a favorite with all the scholars, to keep the school together for a few weeks until a successor could be appointed. He managed so well, such good order, and showed himself so capable as an instructor, that, when the time came for a new day, he received a large majority of votes over a number of highly-recommended teachers, and this without his having made application for the situation, or even dreaming of such a thing."

At this moment the cripple's well-known shuffling tread and the rattle of crutches was heard on the stairs. He came up with more than his usual haste, and returned without a chair, so as to get a sight of him as he entered the room.

"I have heard the good news," he said, as he reached a chair slightly toward Tom, "and it has made my heart glad."

"I owe it all to you," replied the cripple, in a voice that trembled with feeling. "Will will reward you."

And he caught the shadowy hand, touched it with his lips, and wet it with grateful tears, as once before. Even as he held that thin, white hand the low sunset golden rays took a more mellower and lower—until the long-suffering heart grew still, and the freed spirit went up to its reward.

"My benefactor!" sobbed the cripple, as he stood by the wasted form laid in fresh graveclothes, and looked upon it for the last time ere the coffin-lid closed over it. "What would I have been except for you?"

"Are your opportunities for doing good few, and limited in range, to all appearance, reader? Have you sighed, like the invalid, saying, "What can I do?" Are you poor, weak, ignorant, obscure, or even sick as he was, and shut out from all contact with the busy outside world? No matter. If you have a willing heart, good work will come to your hands. In them be pure, unhappy, neglected one to whom you can speak words of encouragement, or lift out of the vale of ignorance? Think! Cast around you. You may, by a single sentence, spoken in the right time and in the right spirit, awaken thoughts in some dull mind that may grow into giant powers in afterlives, wielded for the world's good. While you may never be able to act directly on society to any great purpose, in consequence of your physical disabilities, you may, by instruction and guidance, prepare some other mind for useful work, which, in the year agency, might have exerted its powers in ignorance or crime. All around us are human souls ready for the Master's work, nurses who ministers to you in sickness may be hurt or helped by you; the children who look into your face and read the spirit that lies in your presence, and remember what you say—will grow better or worse, according to the spirit of your life, as it flows into them, the neighbor sick of a neighbor may find in you the wise counselor who holds him back from evil. Indeed, you can not pass a single day, whether your sphere be large or small, your place exalted or lowly, without abundant opportunities for doing good. Only a willing heart is required. As for the harvest, that is nodding, ripe for the sickle, in every man's field. What of that time when the Lord of the harvest comes, and you bind up your sheaves and lay them at his feet?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

The Maine election came off on 10th September, and resulted in a decisive victory. The detailed returns not come to hand, but enough is known to show that there has been a Republican gain of two members, and that the Congressional delegation and Legislature are Republican. The Democratic Members of Congress from Maine hold their nominating Conventions on 12th, and made nominations without delay. The Democrats of Springfield, in the Douglas sentiment for Governor—The Democratic Members of Congress from Illinois

to evil him, then I am willing; but I tell you that I am utterly opposed to any law which will take away from me or any party who will not enforce the laws, maintain the Constitution, and preserve the Union to all who love them. Now if my particle friend—is prepared to be Democ-Intervopolist—I wish to know whether I can meet another bridge in inside of the church, he must get ah answer from that gentleman himself, and place himself in advance thereof. When he answers, and placed himself in advance thereof, I will be prepared to be Democ-Intervopolist. Believing that this Union is worth fighting for, believing that the Constitution is in danger, I will assist my friend of my name would tend to make it. I am a Democ-Intervopolist, and I define Mr. Lincoln's meaning, that if any one of mine would insure the more popularity of the Constitution, the Union, the election of a man pledged to uphold the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws.

MR. SEWARD ON THE CONSTITUTION.

In the course of a speech at Janesville, Wisconsin, Mr. Seward said: "It has been by a simple rule of interpretation I have read the Constitution of my country. That rule has been simply this: That by no word, no sentence, and no letter which it contains, shall there be any one human being of all the generations to which I belong, made to suffer a single hour of human bondage or pain, care, or sickness, be oppressed and kept down in the long journey in his labor efforts to rise to the height of liberty and happiness. Amidst all the glories of the times, amidst all the events and discussions which have made Constitution of United States has been subjected, this has been my simple, plain, broad rule. It has been the road every article and every section of that great instrument. When you read the Constitution of the United States down the sandbank of the human race, then I will lay down my pride, prejudice, fame, every thing, and then adopt such a construction or such a rule. If, therefore, I in the last year have an say to would, I say to them, in God's name, good speed! If there are in foreign lands people who would improve their condition by emigration, or if there be any here who would improve their condition, if, in their elevation toward a higher state of liberty and happiness, they have the power, and they always shall have, a cheering word and such efforts as I can contribute to their benefit."

THE SHIPWRECK ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

A survivor, after describing how he and others, with the exception of a young girl, gave up to die, in the extemporaneous raft we have then three hundred persons were collected, the majority of whom they knew not, and consequently most ingenious. The raft was mostly water water from the right of the floating bandits, and it was the plunge to it but were above the waist in the water. The capture was made immediately on the arrival of the crew, and seems to have been the only one which was necessary to effect from the boat. The passengers, in the meantime, to keep a secure hold on the pieces of wreck, and a child, which was found in the raft, and which, in the embarrassed moment, in an effort to save it was cast out. He left in a short time, and was obliged to keep a firm grip constantly extended the crew of the raft, and, in order to make it more difficult to effect from moving, in order to make the full remarks which had the boat, the ship of, while the raft kept during the night, and, as a result, they were together, there was a crowd of people

THE IMAGINARY AN
SCRAPS FROM THE PO
Crowning the Victor.
Ancient Royal wide-awake.
The Romantic young Lady's Ideal
The Ideal Prince wander worth er.
the Historian's Ideal
Edwd the Black Prince escorting his prisoner the French King into London.
The Ideal of a princely Sportsman.
the King of Hearts.
A Tournament
PRI
IDEAL

THE ACTUAL PRINCE.
TFOLIO OF A COLLECTOR.)
The News reporters' Hard Fact
"Confound that boy he's asleep again"
St Swithin & the raining Saint of England attends the prince
Modern Achievement. Receiving a Monster Address
The Political Fact
The Deuce to pay
12 months after Marriage
Modern Sport
Canadian break down
The
NCE
& REAL

THE

Uncommercial Traveler.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THERE are not many places that I find it more agreeable to revisit, when I am in an idle mood, than some places to which I have never been. For my acquaintance with those spots is of such long standing, and has ripened into an intimacy of so affectionate a nature, that I take a particular pleasure in assuring myself that they are unchanged.

I never was in Robinson Crusoe's Island, yet I frequently return there. The colony he established on it soon faded away, and it is uninhabited by any descendants of the grave and courteous Spaniards, or Will Atkins and the other mutineers, and has relapsed into its original condition. Not a twig of its wicker houses remains; its goats have long ago will relapsed; its screaming parrots would darken the sun with a cloud of many flaming colors if a gun were fired there; no face is ever reflected in the waters of the little creek which Friday swam across when pursued by his two brother cannibals with sharpened tomahawks. After comparing notes with other travelers who have similarly revisited the Island and conscientiously inspected it, I have satisfied myself that it contains no vestige of Mr. Atkins's domesticity or theology, though his track on the memorable evening of his landing to set his prisoner adrift, was so very deeply about and round about until it was dark, and his boat was so large, and his strength and spirit failed him, it yet plainly to be traced. So is the hillock on which Robinson was struck dumb with joy when the relieving cutter pointed to the ship, riding within half a mile of the shore, that was to bear him away, in the nine-and-twentieth year of his exclusion from the busy place. So is the sandy beach on which the memorable footstep was impressed, and where the savage hauled up their canoe to dance and roll about before the most dreadful public dinners, which led to a dancing worse than speech-making. So is the cave where the Spaniards of the old gent made such a golden appearance in the dark. So is the sight of the hat where Robinson lived with the dog and the parrot and the cat, and where he endured those first agonies of solitude, which, strange to say, never involved any greedy Spanish speculations in very remarkable that perhaps he felt not something in writing his record? Round hundreds of such objects, built in the form of a horseshoe, the surf, which sea breaks severeness; and ever then the tropical sky, varied in the short rainy season, shines bright and cloudless.

Neither was I ever belated among yellows on the shores of Tours and Spain; nor did I ever when night was closing in and the ground was covered with snow, draw up my little company among some of the ruins which served as a lonely work, and there fire a train of gunpowder so desperately that suddenly we had three or four acres blazing with the light in which we served as a lonely work. Nevertheless, I occasionally go back to that dismal region and perform the first again; if the blaster, in consequence, and the frying of the wolves alive, and to see them setting one another alight as they yell and tumble, and the behind them rolling in the snow, vainly attempting to put themselves out, and to hear their howlings taken up by all the wolves as well as by all the unseen wolves within the woods, makes me tremble.

I was never in the rolling-office, where Gill Blas [end] lost a fifty-pieces of gold, and had the trap-door just as heavy to raise as it used to be, while that wicked old detailed Black Jew everlastingly turning in and out, was never in Don Quixote's study, where he read his books of chivalry until he rose and battled a imaginary giants, and then refreshed himself with great draughts of water; yet you couldn't move a book in it without my knowledge, with my consent. I was never (thank Heaven!) in company with the little old woman who hobbled out of the chest and told the Sultan's son, that he was to send of the Talisman of Ornamus; yet I make it my business to know that she is well preserved and as intolerable as ever. I was never in the school where the boy Horatio Nelson got out of bed to steal the pears; but because he was caught, just because one, oh, or boy was afraid; yet I have several times been back to this Academy to see him let down out of window with a rope. So with Damascus, and Bagdad, and Brobdingnag (which has the curious fate of being usually misspelled when written), and Lilliput, and Laputa, and the Nile, and the Indus, and the Ganges, and the North Pole, and many hundreds of places—I was never at them, yet it is an affair of my life to keep them intact, and I am always going back to them.

But when I was in Dullborough one day, revisiting the associations of my childhood, as recorded in previous pages of these notes, my experience is this who was not quite inconsiderable of my account by the quantity of places and people—utterly impossible places and people, but none the less authentic—that I found I had not been introduced to by my nurse before I was six years old, and made to be familiar with as much as which without at all waiting to go. If ever I felt inner own mind (in a more enlarged sense than the popular acceptance of that phrase), I assure we should find our nurses responsible for most of the dark corners we are forced to go back to against our will.

The first disbelief in character that intruded himself on my property (as I called to mind this day at Dullborough) was a certain Captain Murderer. This wretch must have been an officer of the Blue Beard family, but I had no suspicion of the consanguinity in those times. His warning name would seem to have awakened no general prejudice against him, for he was admitted into the best society and possessed immense wealth. Captain Murderer's mission was matrimony, and the gratification of a cannibal appetite with twelve brides. On his marriage morning he always caused both sides of the way to be strewn in a pleasant with curious flowers; and when his bride said, "Dear Captain Murderer, I never saw flowers like these before; what are they called?" he answered, "They are called Garnish for house-lamb," and laughed at his facetious practical joke in a horrid manner, disquieting the minds of the noble bridal company with a very sharp show of teeth, then displayed for the first time. He made love in a coach and six, and married in a splendid church, and all his horses were milk-white horses with one red spot on the back, which he caused to be hidden by the harness. For the spot would come there, though every horse was milk-white when Captain Murderer bought him, and the spot was the spot of his bride's blood. (To this terrific point I am indebted for my first personal experience of a shudder and cold beads on the forehead. Blue Beard Murderer had made an end of feasting and revelry, and had dismissed the noble guests, and was alone with his bride the day month after their marriage. I was his whimsical custom to produce a golden rolling-pin and a silver pin-board. Now these were that special feature in the Captain's courtships, that he always asked if the young lady could make pie-crust, and if she could he was married on the occasion she was taught. Well, when the bride saw Captain Murderer produce the golden rolling-pin and silver pin-board, she fainted dead off, but turned up her lovely ebb sleeves to make a pie. The captain brought out a silver pie-dish of immense capacity, and a golden pie-plate of the utmost nutter and eggs and all things needful, except the inside of the pie, and placed it on the table for the pie itself the Captain brought out mens. Then said the lovely bride, "Dear Captain Murderer, what pie is this?" and the Captain said, "A mince pie." Then said the lovely bride, "Dear Captain Murderer, I see no meat." The Captain hoarsely retorted, "Look in the pie-dish!" She looked in the glass, but still she saw no meat, and then the Captain roared with laughter, and, suddenly frowning and drawing a sword, had her head off on the crust. So she rolled out the crust, dropping large tears upon it all the time, and made it into a paper and when she had lined the dish with crust and had cut the crust off ready to fit the top, the Captain called out, "Bring in the pie plate!" And the bride looked up at the glass just in time to see the Captain cutting her head off, and he chopped her in pieces, and peppered her and salted her, and put her in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.

Captain Murderer was not in this way, prospering exceedingly, until he came to choose a bride from ten twin sisters, and he could not tell which to choose. For, though one was fair and the other dark, they were both equally beautiful. But the fair one had loved him for the dark twin hated him, so he chose the fair one. The dark twin would have prevented the marriage if she could, but she couldn't. She tried, on the night before it, much suspecting Captain Murderer, she stole out and climbed his garden wall, and looked in at the window to see what he was doing, and saw him having his bride's head chopped off. Now, she listened all night, and heard him ask her to make about the house-lamb. And that day month he had the pastry rolled out, and cut the fair twin's head off, and peppered her, and salted her, and prepared her, and salted her, and put her in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.

Now the dark twin had a very strong suspicion much increased by the liking of the Captain's teeth, and again by the house-lamb joke. Putting all things together when he asked her to be married she was dead, she divined the truth, and determined to be revenged. So she went and married the Captain, and, having married at the kitchen and pulled the bell, and when the Captain came to the door, said, "Dear Captain Murderer, I have a joke for you. For I always loved you and was jealous of my sister. The Captain took it as a compliment, and made a night of it, and married her quietly. Now, quietly arranged. On the night before it the bride again climbed to his window, and again saw him having his head chopped off. This time she laughed such a terrible laugh at the chink in the shutter that the Captain's blood curdled, and he said, "I thought nothing but a bride could be the mate of me." At that she laughed again, a still more terrible laugh, and said, "Dear Captain Murderer, I thought but she was nimbly gone and there was no one. Next day they went to church in the coach and twelve and was married. So with the month she rolled the pie-crust out, and Captain Murderer cut her head off, and chopped her in pieces, and peppered her, and salted her, and put her in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.

But before she began to roll out the paste she had taken a deadly potion of a most awful character, disdainful of the vulgar and of spiritual beer; and Captain Murderer had hardly picked her last bone when he began to swell, and to turn blue, and to be all over the house at once. He had a wind on swelling and turning blue and being more all over spots and screaming, until he reached from one end of Christendom to the other. And then, at one o'clock in the morning, he blew up with a loud explosion, and the shock of it all the mile-white horses in the stables broke their halters and went mad, and then they galloped over every body in Captain Murderer's house (including the family blacksmith, who had filed his teeth) until the whole were dead, and then they galloped away.

Hundreds of years did I, in the house of Captain Murderer in my early youth, and added hundreds of times was there a mental compulsion upon me to bed to peep in at his window, as the dark twin peeped, and to revisit his horrible house, and look at him in his blue and spotty and screaming stage, and to recoil from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall. The young woman who brought me acquainted with Captain Murderer had a fearful enjoyment of my terrors, and used to begin, I remember—as a sort of introductory overture—by clawing the air with both hands, and uttering a long, low, hollow groan. So acutely did I suffer from this overmuch in combination with this infernal Captain, that I sometimes used to plead I thought I was hardly strong enough and old enough to hear the story again just yet. But she never spared me one word of it, and indeed commended the awful chance to my lips as the only preservative known to science against "The Blues." She—a weird and glaring-eyed supernatural Term, who was reputed to prowl about the world by night, and to which I was bound by my mother's vows, endowed with a special thirst (as I was given to understand) for my blood.

This female hard—may she have been repaid my debt of obligation to her in the matter of nightmare! Some years afterwards I saw her in a mystery as the daughter of a shipwright. Her name was Mercy, though she had none on me. There was something in her, that I thought, flavor in the following story. As it always recurs to me in a vague association with colonial pills, I believe it to have been invented for dull nights when I was low with medicine:

There was once a shipwright, and he wrought in a Government Yard, and his name was Chips. And his father's name before him was Chips, and his father's father's name was Chips, and they were all Chipses. And Chips the father had sold himself to the Devil for an iron pot and a bushel of tenpenny nails, and a ton of copper and a rat that could speak; and Chips the grandfather had sold himself to the Devil for an iron pot and a bushel of tenpenny nails, and half a ton of copper and a rat that could speak; and Chips the great-grandfather had sold himself to the same Devil in exactly the same way. And Chips the young had run in the family for a long, long time. So one day Chips sat down in his father's yard to work in the Yard all alone, down in the dark hole of an old Seventy-four that was hauled up for repairs, the Devil presented himself, and Chips cried:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has chips,
And I'll have Chips!"

(I don't know why, but this fact of the Devil's expressing himself in rhyme was peculiarly trying to me.) Chips looked up when he heard the words, and there he saw the Devil with saucer eyes that squinted out of his head, and had that struck out sparks of blue fire continually. And when ever he winked he eye showers of blue sparks came out, and the Devil made a clattering like flints and steels striking lights. And hanging over one of his arms by the handle was an iron pot, and under the other was a bushel of tenpenny nails, and under his other arm was half a ton of copper, and sitting on one of his shoulders was a rat that could speak. So the Devil repeated:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has chips,
And I'll have Chips!"

(The invariable effect of this alarming tautology on the part of the Devil was to make Chips (as of my senses for some moments) So Chips answered never a word, but went on with his work. "What can you do, Chips?" said the Devil, and that could speak. "I am putting in new planks where you and your gang have eated away," said Chips. "The rat will cut them too," said the rat that could speak. "Well let in the water, and we'll drown the crew, said well the Devil, "What do you do, Chips, at shipwright, and not a Man-of-war's man, said, "You are welcome to it." But he couldn't keep his eyes off the iron pot for copper or the bushel of tenpenny nails; for nails and copper are a shipwright's sweet-hearts, and shipwrights will run after them, if they are there can. So the Devil said, "I see what you are looking at, Chips. You had better strike the bargain. You know the terms. Your father's father's father was well acquainted with them, and so were your grandfather and great-grandfather before him." Says Chips, "I like the copper, and I like the nails, and I don't mind the pot, but I don't like the rat." Says the Devil, "Come! I'll make you have the metal without him—and *he's* a curiosity. I'm going," Chips, afraid of being the half a ton of copper and the bushel of tenpenny nails, said, "Give us hold!" He got the copper and the nails and the pot and the rat that could speak, and the Devil vanished.

Chips said to the rat that could speak, and he would have sold the pot; but whenever he offered it for sale the rat was in it, and the dealers dropped it, and would have nothing to say to the bargain. So Chips resolved to kill the rat, and, being at work in the Yard one day, with a great kettle of hot pitch on one side of him and the iron pot with the rat in it on the other, he turned the scalding pitch into the pot, and tilted it full. Then he kept his eye upon it till it cooled and hardened, and then he let it stand for twenty days, and then he took it up and put it on his hearth and hung the kettle, and then he took the pot in water for twenty days more, and then he got the sinews to get it in, and kept it for twenty days more, and then they gave it him out, red-hot, and looking him reeled on the anvil, and, thinking of the rat in it, just the same as ever! And the moment it caught his eye, it said, with a jeer:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has chips,
And I'll have Chips!"

(For this Refrain I had waited since its last appearance with inexpressible horror, which now culminated. Chips (who had forgotten all his own mind that the rat would stick to him; the rat, answering his thought, said, "I will—like pitch!"

Now, as the rat said the last of the pot when he had spoken, and made off, Chips began to hope that it wouldn't keep its word. But a terrible thing happened next day. For, when dinner-time came and the Dock-bell rang to strike work, he put his rule into the low pocket at the side of his trousers, and there he found a rat—not that rat, but another rat. And in his hat he found another; and in his pocket-handkerchief another; and in the sleeves of his coat, when he pulled it on to go to dinner, two more. And from that time he found himself so frightfully intimate with all the rats in the Yard that they climbed up his legs when he was at work, and sat on his tools while he used them. And they could all speak to one another, and he understood what they said. And they got into his lodgings, and into his bed, and into his tea-pot, and into his beer, and into his boots. And he was going to be married to a corn-chandler's daughter, and he was drunk over a week—but he had him self made for her, a rat jumped out of it; and when he put his arm round her waist, a rat clung about her; so the marriage was broken off, though the banns were already twice put up—which the parish clerk well remembers, for, as he handed the book to the clerk to read for the second time of asking, a large fat rat ran over the leaf. By this time a great crowd of rats was rolling down my back, and the whole of my wardrobe swarming across me. Nevertheless, I was resolved to stick to the Yard. At intervals, ever since, I have been secretly afraid of my own pocket, lest my exploring hand should find a specimen or two of those vermin in it.)

You may believe that all this was very terrible to Chips; but even all this was not the worst. He knew besides what the rats were doing wherever they were. He remembered he would cry aloud, when he was at his dials at night, "Oh! keep the rats out of the cornfield! hurrying-ground! Don't let them do that!" Or, "There's one of them at the cheese down stairs!" Or, "There's two of them sucking at the baby in the garret!" Or other things of that sort. At last he was voted mad, and lost his work in the Yard, and could get no other work. But King George wanted men so before very long he got pressed for a sailor. And so he was taken off in a boat one evening to his ship, a Spitfire, ready to sail. And so the first thing he made out in her as he got near her was the figure-head of the Devil, Seventy-four, where he had seen the Devil. She was called the *Argonaut*, and they rowed right under the bowsprit, where the figure-head of *Argonaut* was with a therapskin in his hand and a blue gown on, was looking out to sea; and sitting staring on his forehead was the rat who was in his pocket, and the rats who were these: "Chips ahoy! Old boy! We've pretty well ate them too, and will drown the crew, and we'll have Chips!" (Here the rat spoke so exceedingly faint, and would have asked for water, but that it was speechless.)

The ship was bound for the Indies; and if you don't know where that is, you ought to. The ship set sail that very night, and she sailed, and sailed, and sailed. Chips's feelings were dreadful. Nothing ever equaled his terrors. No wonder. At last, one day he could leave to reply to the Admiral. The Admiral giv' leave. Chips went down on his knees in the Great State Cabin. "Your Honor, unless your Honor, without a moment's loss of time, makes sail for the nearest shore, this is a doomed ship, and her name is the Coffin." "Young man, your words are a mystery to me." "Your Honor, my lives are nibbling away." "They?" "Your Honor, the rats!" "Rats!" "Rats! Rats! Rats! lewdness where solid oak ought to be! Rats nibbling a crave for every man on board! Oh! Does your Honor like Lady and your pretty little children?" "Yes, my man, to be sure." "Then, for God's sake, make for the nearest shore, for all hands and cabin boy will be dead of starving in three weeks, and are all looking straight toward your Honor for help, and are all saying to one another that you shall never, never, never, never go to your Lady and your children more." "My poor fellow, you are a man for the doctor. Sentry, take care of this man!"

So he was bled and he was blistered, and he was bile and blue, and he was whole days and nights, and then he again asked leave to speak to the Admiral. The Admiral giv' leave. He went down on his knees to the Great State Cabin. "Your Admiral, you must die! You took no warning; you must die! The rats are never nibbling in their celestial tions, and they make out that they'll be therapsis at twelve to-night. So you must die!—with me and all the rest! Unless you send a twelve o'clock time was a great leak reported in the ship, and a torrent of water rushed in, and nothing could stop it, and they all went down, and the ship went, and the rats—leading water-rats—left of Chips at last floated to shore, and sitting on him was an immense overgrown rat, which, when Chips came to, the corpse touched the beach and never came up. And he was a dead man, and he was drowned in rum. And if you don't believe this of sea-weed, and dry bones and bum in the fire, they will go—off—like in these thirteen words as plain as plain can be:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has chips,
And I've got Chips."

The same female hard—descended, possibly, from those terrible ancestors of Bedlam who seem to have existed for the express purpose of unfitting the brains of mankind when they begin to investigate language—made a subsidiary process which greatly assisted in forcing me back to a number of hideous places that I would by all means have avoided. Certain Nursery tales, and ghost stories had occurred to her own relations. Politeness toward a meritorious family, therefore, forbade my doubting them, and I was forced as an act of authentication that inquired my digestive powers for life. There was a narrative concerning an unearthly animal foreboding death, which appeared in the open street to a porter-maid who "went to fetch the beer for her master" (not that I thought it) assuming the likeness of a black dog, and gradually rising on its hind-legs and swelling into the semblance of a gentleman, in a long-waisted gamping hippopotamus; which apparition—not because I deemed it in the least improbable, but because I felt it to be really too large to bear—I feebly endeavored to explain away. But on Mercy's referring with wounded dignity that the porter-maid was her own sister-in-law, I perceived there was no hope, and resigned myself to the sceptical phenomenon as one of my many parasites. There was another narrative describing the appariition of a young woman who came out of a glass-case and haunted another young woman until the other

young woman questioned it and elicited that its bones (Lord! To think of its being so particular about its bones!) were buried under the glass-case, whereas she required them to be interred, with every Undertaking solemnity up to twenty-four pound ten, in another particular place. This narrative I considered I had personal interest in disproving, because we had glass-cases at home, and how, otherwise, was I to be guaranteed from the intrusion of young women requiring me to bury them up to twenty-four pound ten, when I had only two pence a week? But my remonstrances were on the ground from under my tender feet, by informing me that She was the other young woman; and I couldn't say I don't believe you!" It was impossible.

Such are a few of the uncommercial journeys that I was forced to make, against my will, when I was very young and unreasoning. And really, as to the latter two of them, it is not a very long ago—now I come to think of it—that I was asked to undertake them once again, with a steady countenance.

"WILT THOU KISS ME?"

When I ask'd her, "Wilt thou kiss me?"
Naught she said, but hung her cheek so,
As if she were thinking, thinking
Whether she might do't or no.

Then her fair, kind face upturning,
One sweet touch I then did win;
As if she were thinking, thinking
Such small graces are no sin.

She therein not my composure,
Nor ashamed did she seem;
Truly chaste may grant such favor,
And therein lose no esteem.

DEAL BEACH.

"No, Amos, no—I'm not cruel; not hard-hearted. I would not injure you for the world—you who have been only good to me and mine; and for that very reason I would tell you the plain truth. I do not understand you at all when you tell me of this fearful love: all your pleading only frightens me. Have we not been as brother and sister all our life? Why should you feel so differently toward me now? Mother says you are another son to her since William went to the army. Why can't you be the same to me when we are too so much, and be the same dear, good brother to me you always have been? Tis you who are hard-hearted and cruel to say that I make you go away when I don't want you to go at all."

"I don't mean to blame you, Alice, but I must go. I've thought of you with every bond's turn I have done here for so long that I couldn't bring the scars from the wounds on me, or go back to the spring there for water, without being minded of you at every step. Even my boat has your name on her, and I couldn't paint it out unless I could not go on here in the old way without the old hopes and thoughts about you. It always seemed to me, Alice, that as though it was natural and right for you to love me—just as though, when times come right again, we'd be married and—"

"There, don't talk so any more, Amos. I can't feel as you do, and I don't want to, either. Anything but that thing in the world to have my step home and be reasonable, as you ought to, but I can't be sentimental. I'll spin for you and weave for you, and love you in that way I can not. I don't know how, and that's the end of it."

Much longer the young people talked together, but "to the end of it" was the maiden had said; and so Amos Conover went away to share the hardships and perils of a trade he was inclined through that frigid winter in Valley Forge, and all after summer on the scorching plains of Monmouth. At long intervals the families at Deal would hear some word of him, and ever that he was foremost among the many brave. Who so daring as those whispery news that began to make the door? When Amos left Deal he bitterly thought he cared not if he never saw home again.

Twas nearly two years after young Conover left home when William Hendrickson—Alice's brother—ventured to tell her that he thought that Amos had been promoted. He was to have a company as soon as he attained his majority, and he had earned his lieutenancy. Amos was always selected when volunteers were called for services of difficulty and danger; and his longbore education in habits of endurance, his quick judgment and self-reliance, rendered him peculiarly capable of acting where instant ability and cool courage alone could snatch success from the very jaws of threatening destruction. With the natural instinct of youth clinging to life, he would sometimes shrink from an unusually hazardous undertaking; but at such moments a desperate memory of Alice would urge him on, and thinking, "Let her see she'll be proud if I never come back," he would dash eagerly forward into the most reckless exploits. And when, returning from some perilous adventure, he glided quietly in among his companions round the campfire, their curious questions and sincere praise only made him long for welcome and praise which could not be his. Even the commendations of the chief had had their value because they could be so heard at home. "Would she care to know they call me brave?" This question, always recurring, and always despondingly answered, stirred the heart of the young soldier continually, stimulating him to new deeds of heroism until "Cool Conover" became known to friends and foes as the impersonation of skill and daring.

During the memorable spring of 1778 the forces of Sir Henry Clinton entered New Jersey, whither they were immediately followed by Washington. The light troops of the Continental army, especially the "Jersey Blues," were very active in harassing the enemy, cutting off his foraging parties and the plundering hands of Knyphausen's Hessians. Often and often the minute-men of Monmouth would visit their homes, for the first time in years, only to defend them against the marauding attacks of these German troopers.

One young Captain and his little command were not idle at that time of which I speak. Hardly could an expedition leave the Hessian camp so secretly that some Whiteboys could not learn of it. Hardly could the troopers move so quickly or quietly that a small but gallant band would not dash in upon them and frustrate their unlawful purpose, or at least avenge the attack and rescue the prisoners. So often did the young Jersey men succeed in thus flying from Hessians with hard knocks instead of booty, that the whole Knyphausen brigade learned to dread the name of Cool Conover, or "Kovenhoven," as they called him.

During the night succeeding the battle of Monmouth Sir Henry Clinton withdrew from his position on the battle-ground, and retreated toward the sea-board. Washington also withdrew northward, leaving the New Jersey militiamen under General Dickenson, to watch the motions of the enemy. Divided into small skirmishing parties, they accompanied the line of the retreat, carrying out that harassing system of tactics then scorned by the regular, but under the name of "bushwhacking," has since adopted into the best armies of the world.

That Captain Conover was a leader in this trying service, we may well suppose, as small, the Hessians were the objects of his special attention.

Knyphausen's dragoons formed a part of Clinton's rear-guard, and their raids in every direction were punished with a promptness and severity which exasperated them to the last degree. Many an old farm-house which had seen the shortness of these struggles,

Saw, on the second day of their march, the dragoons halted near our Eatontown. On resuming the route a detachment of about sixty men displayed from each house body and muzzle of each word toward Long Branch. From his look-out, near at hand, Conover distinguished the bell footsaps of a Hessian officer approaching in their midst. Unwilling to spare a single man from service which needed more than all, he resolved to follow them alone. Departing he continued to be lieutenant, he set out, with a grim smile of determination, he espy, single-handed, a sth sixty well armed ruffians, nearly every one of whom had cause to hate him bitterly.

Faulting with every foot of the ground, he easily kept near the troops, sometimes gaining an advance by crossing corners and lying in wait for them to pass; sometimes, in the thick woods, in the open country afforded him no shelter. The prisoner he recognized as Lieutenant-Colonel Reynolds, of New York, who had been taken on the day of battle. Amos rightly supposed they were hastening to embark him on board H.B.M. sloop of war *Falcon*, lying off Long Branch, with the wasps-guard of Lord Howe's fleet.

As the road neared the sea-board, where old home land-marks grew more and more frequent, and an occasional glimpse of the Atlantic stirred up old homesick memories, the impatience of the hireling invaders became almost uncontrollable. He could scarce restrain his impulse to fire on them, and then spring on and bear off his prisoner and bolts.

Instead of stopping, as he had expected, at Long Branch, they kept on toward Deal; and his heartsick, weary, and hopeless spirit left the prisoner, turned with breathless anxiety to his home and to Alice. Fearing that an opportunity to hasten forward and warn his friends of the near danger; the road was entirely clear—running through level meadows, and the sun was very with greatest difficulty he contrived to keep covered in the rear.

On arriving at Hendrickson's Lane the dragoons stopped, and, after consulting together a moment, turned to—apparently attracted by the sleek cattle of the "paradise" beyond. Alice and young Amos watched them; and hardly had the last man disappeared behind the hedge, when he sprang into the field, and, crouching along a dry ditch, followed at his frightest shot. As they turned into the deserted of the farm-house, he crept behind a hay stack, and, peering out, saw Alice come forth, startled by the tramp of horses. Leveller than ever she had grown in the long years of her period. Even the trivial dragoons were awed by this vision of virgin beauty, and approached her with certain respectfulness, evidently to understand their demands, which were reputed to her mother in such threatening tones that the poor woman immediately interfered. A blow from the back of a sabre stretched him upon the floor, where he was seized and then lashed fast to one of the pillars of the piazza.

This cruelty, intended to strike terror to the hearts of the Whiteboys, excited only indignation and abhorrence. When one of the Hessians speaking a little English commanded, with quick hardness, that the old lady should be brought up and milked for them before they drove the cattle, Alice was surprised at the tone of fear them, in defiant attitude, declaring not a single animal should be touched while she lived. How little did she dream that, unknown to her, Amos Conover lay concealed—trembling with loving admiration and fear for her!

Alice! Alice! The troopers only laughed at her display of courage, and were soon in the meadow driving the cattle toward the barn. The first that came up was a fine white cow, which was recognized as a pet heifer when he left home. She was the favorite still, and, as she passed, Alice threw her arms about the poor creature's neck and cried as though her heart would break. The Englishspeaking Hessian came to put a bridle-rein on the cow's horn, and fiercely ordered Alice away. But she clung to her old friend, begging that this one might be spared, though the rest of the herd be taken. With a savage oath the doomed man seized her arm, and, throwing her to the ground, struck her with the butt of his bridle. In an instant a rifle-ball crashed through his brain; and as other troopers rushed forward, laying violent hands on Alice, Cool Conover was among them—not cool now, but seething and boiling to the tips of his fingers with burning rage. His clubbed rifle, whirling in swift circles round his head; protecting himself from the salutes, and felling a few of the foremost to the sward, now on one side, now on the other, Amos was no mean match for a dozen frightened and excited men. But how many men pressed against twenty—ay, in a moment more, against fifty heavily armed dragoons. The consternation produced by his sudden appearance and his terrible blows bring to our hero's mind the wild thought—to catch up Alice and fly while he may; but almost ere he had the thought, he found on every side, borne down by very weight of numbers, he is overpowered, disarmed, and pinioned with a saddle-girth.

I suppose I ought to say here that Alice had become insensible when the ruffians did not do any thing of the kind, truth forbids my making such statement. On the contrary, she maintained such control over her feelings, that, knowing the extent in which Amos was held by the Hessians, she repressed the joyful exclamation which rose to her lips when she saw the captive's recognition by her word or deed.

Not so considerate was Colonel Reynolds. No sooner was Amos brought near him than he cried out, in astonishment, "Good Heavens, Cool Conover, as I live!"

Cool Conover! "Kalt Kovenhoven!" How the words flew among the troopers! "Had they really caught him? Had they could secure credit their good fortune, old veterans of the fight continue to pour into his youthful face with incredulous wonder. Half-dead with delight, they dragged him out upon the grass, and went dancing round him with borrowed yells of triumph. The horses were soon bridled and saddled, in the hurr of his fall, the man who had caused them many a hard gallop.

Since the battle had opened and beyond reach, Alice no longer avoided her old-time lover, but sought to be near him and comfort him whenever she was allowed. She blushed herself greatly for being the cause of his capture; she would never cease to regret bringing him to harm. Then she expressed her sorrow, in the exclamation of her eyes helping the words of her mouth the while. There certainly was no need that she should endeavor to hide her sympathy with him, especially as he couldn't return the compliment. Nobody could be expected to see from the Hessian salves, or perhaps was weeping on his shoulder which, cut all to shreds. She was thinking how he might escape, if it ever came to that, and—

"I'll set the horn on fire," she says; "and the moment their attention is distracted by that, I'll take him and hold you on one of their horses."

"No, Alice, bless your dear heart! They'd only murder you. I'd give—no, I'd not ask you to your mother ever to our home, and say silver or such like that you can carry home. You can get a team over there if you can, and all drive down to Long Island."

"I'm coming back to help you, Amos."

"No, no, dear girl, you mustn't. If there is any chance you may be sure I'll try it; but if they found you helping me, they'd shoot us both in a minute.

Alice thought but did not say, "Then we will be together."

Fortunately for their composure, these young people did not understand the amiable discussion going on around them. The Hessians were divided in opinion as to whether they would hack Reynolds and hang Amos on the spot, or, in imitation giving him a cut, or hang him, like a dog, to the nearest tree. The argument for hanging hardly prevailed, hinging being considered the most degrading death.

The growth of wood about Deal being mostly small, the Hessians could find no tree large enough for their purpose except on the far side of Poplar Creek, a quarter of a mile distant. To the creek, then, they took their way, twenty men marching in advance; next the fated prisoner, with a guard of half a dozen men, and, lastly, the rest of the men—about a score—bringing up the rear.

Poplar Creek, like most others longshore, is very deep—very shallow—with a bank of wide volume out and pure across the beach into the sea, a broad, shallow stream. The procession, accordingly, passed down to the sea shore, where they prepared to cross with precise military ceremony. Amos, the prisoner, was then ordered over, and when they were in position on the other side, the prisoner and his twelve keepers entered the stream, their muskets back guarded while the captive was crossing—a very wise disposition, no doubt, but one just calculated to afford the daring Monmouthmen a chance. Now was the slower to perceive and improve it. When in the middle of the stream he contrived to stumble against the bank on the off-shore side, and threw two of them without falling himself. Barring the twelve incredulous to their struggling and spattering in the water, with a mighty effort he burst his bonds and was off, for out in the bodyguard.

After the Dutch bewildered astonishment had subsided the first impulse was to fire on the bold swimmer. A dozen muskets were levelled, and then the captain concluded twas only a waste of powder. They would have the pleasure of seeing him nearly drowned in their struggling and shallow to be hung after all.

It certainly did seem impossible that any human being could exist in the surf that day. The wind had been blowing a gale from the southward and eastward, and the breakers rolled in over the bar higher than a two-story house. But to Cool Conover the chances were not so utterly desperate as they seemed. Familiar with the sea from childhood, he understood well all its dangers and all human means of overcoming them. For the sake of his sweetheart he had ventured, and, at all his strength, he would dive into the middle of each wave as he met it, and gaining a little as he passed over him, would take a long breath and be ready for the next one. And so, more than half the time deep buried in the water, he threw seaward, on determined to drown rather than go back. Two or three times his brain whirled round, and the blackness of darkness came over him lee fore his hard-tried limbs could force him through the cold water. Buffeted and dashed about, in spite of his best effort, by the current, he, and his spirit and flesh been strong and resolute the Hessians might have hung his body yet. But at last, weary and worn, he had slight hope, he did pull through. In still water outside the bar, he was dispersed by the current, and he could but keep afloat with only his nose and mouth out of water and rest in comparative comfort. His trials were not yet over, however. If he proposed to wait and land under cover of night he must have felt that his strength was hopeless. As the lengthened shadows slowly gathered into twilight he could see the dragoons extending their line up and down shore, evidently intending to threaten on the sand. Now swimming in a little way as the first breaker broke him up, he can see them gathering wood for their camp fires. The captain has a field glass and is looking off, watching for the future prey. Amos wishes she would stand in and pick him up; there might be a chance of exchange. Now there is a hurried movement down shore, and the bugle calls to arms. What can it be?

For over to be overdrawn a little speck, at one moment dancing feather-like on the topmost crest of a wave, the next lost in the trough of the sea. A bit of drift wouldn't ride so light as that; surely it must be a boat? And with rapid strokes, hand over hand, Amos swam toward the Jersey Jews shore. But soon he is forced to stop breathless; and floating awaits the approach of the little object which is plainly now a boat. It is indeed a boat; a tiny, crescent-shaped, canoe-like surf-skiff, ingenuitedly of thin, narrow cedar boards, and weighing hardly more than a hundred pounds. Amos knows all this in a moment. That skiff was built by his hands, and, in his own little hood, lurking Alice's name, the name he couldn't paint out, nor know. And—God bless her!—Alice herself holds the oars.

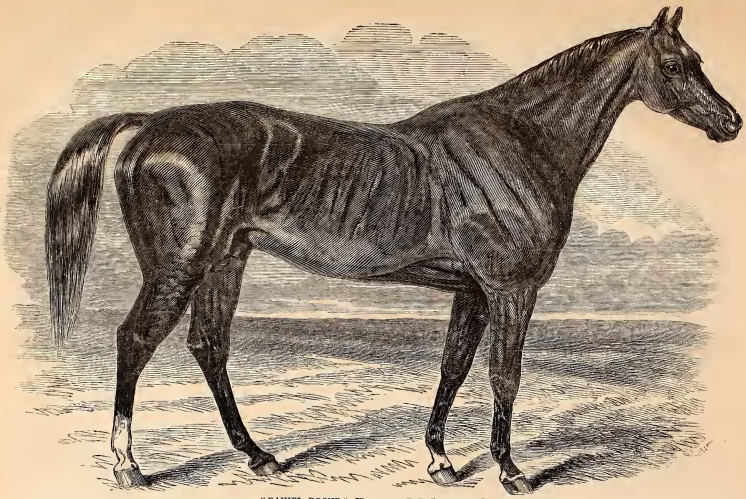
With flying curls, and head over shoulder, she watches the treacherous sea as they come thundering in, driving the frightened dragoons to her full back. But, guided by her steady hand, the good skiff springs lightly up, high up the almost perpendicular wall of water, lingers an instant as its foam-crowned crest, then with a dart, like the swoop of an osprey, shoots swiftly down the far side.

Amos waves his hand and tries to shout. His breath is almost gone, and his throat is filled with salt-water, comes only a gurgling moan. No matter, he has seen her and she knows it.

They have passed the first breaker. The valiant Hessians are drawn up in battle array. The enemy is in sight; a defenceless girl; out on the heaving waters, alone in the surf. Courage, brave soldiers, fifty carbines strong. Steady in the ranks now. "Make ready! Take aim! Fire!"

Two or three scattering shots answer the command. The dragoons are well trained, and as swallow on the wing as at that searing, diving little egg-shell, tossing on the long seas. For humanity's sake let us believe that most of the troopers emptied their pans, and not, as they assert, that the ocean spray has dampened their powder.

Alice knew, or may know if she had measures the Hessians are sending after her. Every nerve strained, every fine form bent to the exertion, the noble girl sees only the coming waves—into only their hollow roar at they dash upon the sand. The heart bounds at an over ridge swamp her hand, and leave her—brother to drown. She does not care turn her head, but with steady, well-timed strokes, sends the boat near to him. Poor Amos almost exhausted, he swims into the surf to meet her. She sees him coming, and waits in the hollow of a wave, ready to turn toward the crashing wave. He grasps the quarter-rail, and she leans over to help him to balance the boat against the chambers in. But the wave lifts the light boat away from him, and his strength is all gone. For the first time in his life he feels what it is to drown. Alice sees the boat has not



"DANIEL BOONE."—[DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE.]

THE GREAT RACE NEXT WEEK.

WE publish herewith portraits of Congaree, Planet, and Daniel Boone, the three horses which are to run for the great $50,000 sweepstakes on 26th, on the Fashion Course. Seldom has any race in this country attracted so much attention, and the amount of money invested in bets is said to be unusually large. The rivalry between Daniel Boone, the champion of the West, and Congaree, the champion of the South, appears to partake of the warmth of the Presidential contest.

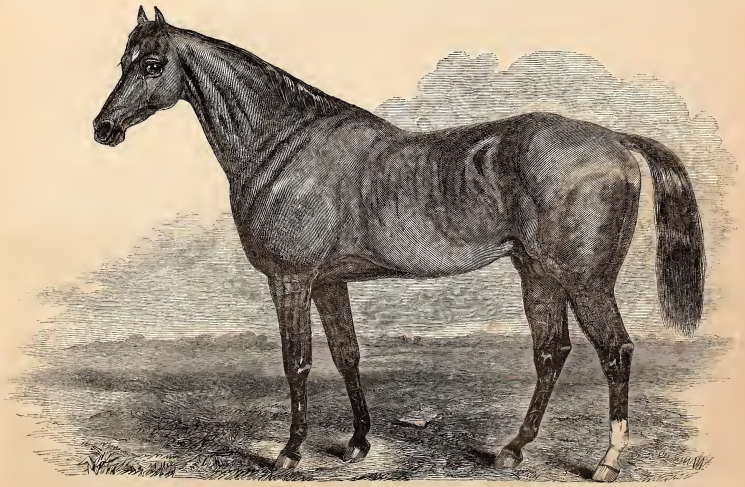
DANIEL BOONE is the property of Messrs. Cottrell and Brodnax, of Mobile. He is over sixteen hands; strong and well furnished; his color, bay brown, with black legs and white fetlocks. *Wilkes's Spirit* publishes the following record of his pedigree and performances:

"Daniel Boone is by Lexington, out of Magnolia by Imp. Glenco. He made his first appearance when a three-year-old at Lexington, Kentucky, May 23, 1859, and was beaten in the Association Stake for three-year-olds, mile heats. The chestnut colt by Albion, dam by Leviathan, won, and Boone was distanced in the third heat with two others. At the fall meeting at the same place, September 24, he was beaten in the Great Produce Stake for three-year-olds, mile heats. Six started, and Lindora, by Lexington, out of Pizayuna, won. At Woodlawn, Kentucky, October 16, he won the sweepstakes for three-year-olds, two-mile heats, beating the chestnut colt by Wagner, dam by Glencoe; Lindora, by Lexington; Endorser, by Wagner; and the bay filly by Lexington, dam by Imp. Musgrave. At Memphis, Tennessee, November 8, he won the Jockey Club Purse, two-mile heats, beating Hempland, Mary Wylie, and Birdsatcher. At Mobile, Alabama, March 15, 1860, won the Campbell Handicap, two-and-a-half-mile heats, beating Nicholas I. The latter carried 105 pounds, Boone 86 pounds. At the Metairie Spring Meeting, April 7, won the Crescent Post-stakes, for all ages, two-mile heats, beating Planet, by Revenue, and Sigma, by Epsilon."

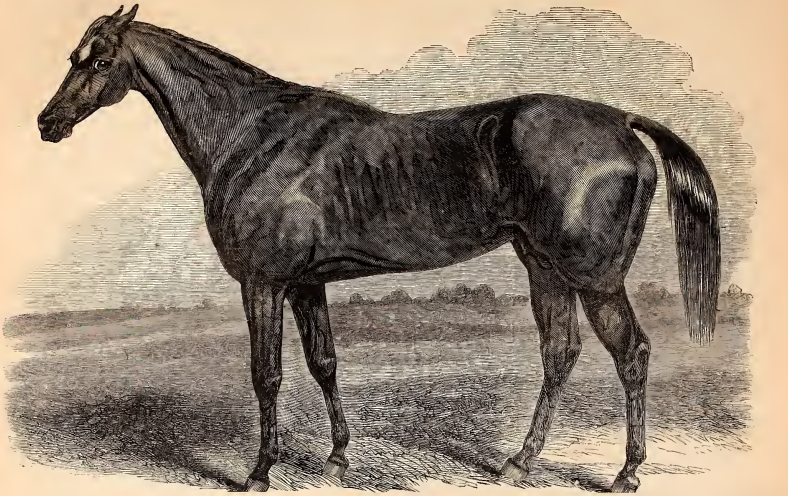
CONGAREE, a South Carolina colt, is owned by Mr. Paryear, of that State, and is a very beautiful animal, combining strength and beauty in an unusual degree. He is a bright bay. He is by Imp. Glencoe, out of Millwood, by Monarch, and has won a great number of races. He is four years old.

The celebrated chestnut stallion PLANET is a model of symmetry and perfection. His immense depth of leg and length of quarter indicate surprising stoutness, and his admirable condition looks like running. His reputation as a four-mile horse is too well established to need our comments.

Planet is by Revenue, out of Nina, by Boston. He is the property of T. W. Dewell, Esq., of Richmond, Virginia.



"CONGAREE."—[DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE.]



"PLANET."—[DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE.]

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

So absorbed was I in the reflections of which my last chapter is the record that I utterly forgot how time was speeding, and perceived at last, to my great surprise, that I had strayed miles away from the Rosary, and that evening was already near. The spires and roofs of a town were distant about a mile off at a bend of the river, and for this I now made, determined on no account to turn back, for how could I ever again face those who had read the terrible narrative of the priest's letter, and before whom I could only present myself as a cheat and impostor?

"No," thought I, "my destiny points onward—and to Blondel; nothing shall turn me from the path." Less than an hour's walking brought me to the town, of which I had but time to learn the name—New Ross—as I left it in a small steamer for Waterford, a little vessel in correspondence with the mail packet for Milford, and which I learned would sail that evening at nine.

The same night saw me seated on the deck bound for England. On the deck, I say, for I had need to husband my resources, and travel with every imaginable economy, not only because my resources were small in themselves, but that having left all that I possessed of clothes and baggage at the Rosary, I should be obliged to acquire a complete outfit on reaching England.

It was a calm night with a starry sky and a tranquil sea, and when the cabin passengers had gone down to their berths the captain did not oppose my stealing "off" to the quarter-deck, where I could separate myself from the somewhat riotous company of the harvest laborers that thronged the fore-part of the vessel. He saw, with that instinct a sailor is eminently gifted with, that I was not of that class by which I was surrounded, and with a ready courtesy he admitted me to the privilege of isolation.

"You are going to enlist, I'll be bound," said he, as he passed me in his short deck walk.

"Ain't I right?"

"No," said I; "I'm going to seek my fortune."

"Seek your fortune!" repeated he, with a slighting sort of laugh. "One used to read about fellows doing that in story books when a child, but it's rather strange to hear of it nowadays."

"And may I presume to ask why should it be more strange now than formerly? Is not the world pretty much what it used to be? Is not the drama of life the same stock piece our forefathers played ages ago? Are not the actors and the actresses made up of the precise materials their ancestors were? Can you tell me of a new sentiment, a new emotion, or even a new crime? Why, therefore, should there be a seeming incongruity in reviving any feature of the past?"

"Just because it won't do, my good fellow," said he, blantly. "If the law catches a fellow lounging about the world in these times it takes him up for a vagabond."

"And what can be finer, grander, or freer than a vagabond?" cried I, with enthusiasm. "Who, I would ask you, sees life with such philosophy? Who views the jails, the snares, the petty conflicts of the world with such a reflective calm as his? Caring little for personal indulgence, not solicitous for self-gratification, he has both the spirit and the leisure for observation. Diogenes was the type of the vagabond, and see how successive ages have acknowledged his wisdom!"

"If I had lived in *his* day, I'd have set him picking oakum for all that!" replied he.

"And probably, too, would have sent the 'blind old bard to the crank,'" said I.

"I'm not quite sure of whom you are talking," said he; "but if he was a good ballad-singer, I'd not be hard on him."

"Μέγα βιβλίον, βιβλιδίον ἀφαλόν,"

spouted I out, in rapture.

"That ain't high Dutch?" asked he. "Is it?"

"No," said I, proudly. "It is ancient Greek—the godlike tongue of an immortal race."

"Immortal rascals!" broke he in. "I was in the fruit trade up in the Levant there, and such scoundrels as these Greek fellows I never met in my life."

"By what and whom made so?" exclaimed I, eagerly. "Can you point to a people in the world who have so long resisted the barbarizing influence of a base oppression? Was there ever a nation so imbued with high civilization as to be enabled for centuries of slavery to preserve the traditions of its greatness? Have we the record of any race but this, who could rise from the slough of degradation to the dignity of a people?"

"You've been a play-actor, I take it?" asked he, dryly.

"No, Sir, never!" replied I, with some indignation.

"Well, then, in the Methody line? You've done a stroke of preaching, I'll be sworn."

"You would be perjured in that case, Sir," rejoined I, as haughtily.

"At all events, an auctioneer," said he, fairly puzzled in his speculations.

"Equally mistaken there," said I, calmly; "bred in the midst of abundance, nurtured in affluence, and educated with all the solicitous care that a fond parent could bestow."

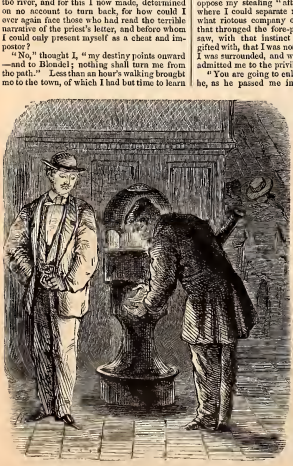
"Gammon!" said he, bluntly. "You are one of the swell mob in distress?"

"Is this like distress?" said I, drawing forth my purse, in which were seventy-five sovereigns, and handing it to him. "Count over that, and say how just and how generous are your suspicions."

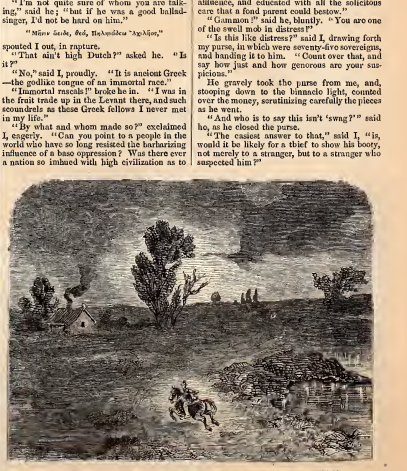
He gravely took the purse from me, and, stooping down to the binnacle light, counted over the money, scrutinizing carefully the pieces as he went.

"And who is to say this isn't 'swag?'" said he, as he closed the purse.

"The easiest answer to that," said I, "is, would it be likely for a thief to show his booty, not merely to a stranger, but to a stranger who suspected him?"



"SCRUTINIZING THE PIECES CAREFULLY AS HE WENT."



"HE SADDLED AND BRIDLED A HORSE, AND RODE FOR THE SEA-COAST."

"Well, that is something, I confess," said he, slowly.

"It ought to be more—it ought to be every thing. If distrust were not a debasing sentiment, obstructing the impulses of generosity and even invading the precincts of justice, you would see far more reason to confide in than to disbelieve me."

"I've been done pretty often afore now," muttered he, half to himself.

"What's before this?" cried I, contemptuously. "Was ever the pitiance that some crafty impostor wrung from your compassion well repaid to you in the noble self-consciousness of your generosity? Did not your venison on that day taste better when you thought of his pork chop? Did not your Burgundy taste better by the memory of the glass of beer that was warming the half-chilled heart in his breast? Oh, the narrow mockery of feeling! Did not your nerves by being deceived?"

"How long is it since you had your beard shaved?" asked he, dryly.

"I have never been the inmate of an asylum for lunatics," said I, drawing and answering the impertinent insinuation.

"Well, I own you are a rum 'an," said he, half-humbly.

"I accept even this humble tribute to my originality," said I, with a sort of proud defiance. "I am well aware how it must be regarded who dares to assert his own individuality."

"I'd be very curious to know," said he, after a pause of several minutes, "how a fellow of your stamp gets to work about gaining his livelihood. What's his first step? How does he go about it?"

I gave no other answer than a smile of scornful meaning.

"I meant nothing offensive," resumed he; "but I really have a strong desire to be enlightened on the subject."

"You are doubtless impressed with the notion," said I, boldly, "that an impressed of some distinct craft, or especial profession, are alone needed by the world of their fellows; that one must be a doctor, or lawyer, or a shoemaker to gain his living, as if life had no other wants than to be clothed, and fed, and physicked, and litigated. As if humanity was not its thousand emotional moods, its wayward impulses, its tricks and temptations, all of them more needing guidance, support, sympathy, and counsel than the sickest patient needs a physician. Now, in this world that I throw myself, I elevate myself to guide infancy, to console age, to succor the orphan, and support the widow—morally, I mean."

"I begin to suspect you are a most awful vagabond," said he, half angrily.

"I have long since reconciled myself to the thought of an unjust appreciation," said I. "It is the consolation dull men accept when confronted with a line of original, which they can't help confessing that all your distance of me has grown out of the superiority of your nature, and the humble figure you have presented in comparison with me."

"De you mean modesty among these same powers?" asked he, slyly.

"Modesty I reject," said I, "as being a conventional form of hypocrisy."

"Come down below," said he, "and take a glass of brandy-and-water. It's growing chilly here, and we'll be the better for something to cheer us."

Seated in his comfortable little cabin, and with a goodly array of liquors before me to choose from, I really felt a self-confidence in the fact that if I were not sociable, I might be the common, I could not then be there. "There must be in my nature," thought I, "that elevated which repels inferiors, or I could not always find myself in situations so palpably beyond the accidents of my condition."

My host was courtesy itself; as sooner was his guest than he adopted toward me a manner of perfect politeness. No more allusion to my precarious means of life; never once a hint even as to my adventures future. Indeed, with an almost artful one of good humor, he seemed to spread the conversation toward himself, and gave me a sketch of his own life.

It was not by any means a remarkable one, though it had its share of those mishaps and misfortunes which every sailor must have encountered. He was born in the Isle of Man, robbed in the Havana; had his crew desert him in San Francisco, and was boarded by the pirates, and sold in Barbury just as every other blue-jacket was and will be to the end of time; and I listened to the story, only marvelling that a dreary sameness pervades all these narratives. Why, for one trait of the truthful to prove his sole I listened to the invented lies? There were no little touches of sentiment or feeling, no relieving slight of human emotion in his story; I never felt, as I listened, that what he should be saved from shipwreck, battle his persecutors, or escape his captors; and I thought to myself, "This fellow has certainly got no narrative gift." Now for my turn: we had much of so particular food for the palate and liquor for the throat. The captain in his quality of talker, I in my capacity of listener, had filled and rolled several times. There was not any thing like hilarity, but there was that amount of exultation, a stage higher than mere excitement, which prompts men, at least men of temperaments like mine, not to rather themselves to occupy rear rank positions, but at easy cost to become foremost and prominent figures.

"You have heard of the M'Gillicuddys, I suppose?" asked I. He nodded, and I went on. "You see, then, at this moment before you the last of the race. I mean, of course, of the elder branch, for there are swarms of the others, well to do and prosperous also, and with fine estated properties.

"I'll not weary you with family history. I'll not refer to that remote time when my ancestors were the crown and ruled the fair kingdom of Kerry. In the Annals of the Four Masters, and also in the Chronicles of Thenlhogh O'Faodlemah, you'll find a detailed account of our loss. I'll simply narrate for you the immediate incident which has made me what you see me—an outcast and a beggar.

"My father was the tried and trusted friend of that noble-hearted but unfortunate man, Lord Edward Fingerald. The famous attempt of the year 'eighty was concerted between them, and all the arrangements, which secret as they are and forever must be, are known to him who now addresses you. I dare not trust myself to talk of those times or that time, lest I should by accident let drop what might prove strictly confidential. I will but recount briefly incidents, that a personal one, of the period. On the night of Lord Edward's capture, my father, who had invited a friend—being himself in the conspiracy—to dine with him, met his guest on the steps of his hall-door. Mr. Hammond—this is his name—was a little red-nosed gentleman, and could scarcely speak, as my father shook his hand: "Do you know what has happened, Dan?" said he to my father. "Lord Edward is taken, Major Sirr and his party have tracked him to his hiding-place; they have got hold of all our papers, and we are undone." By the time to-morrow every man of us will be within the walls of Newgate!

"Don't look so gloomily, Tom," said my father. "Lord Edward will escape them yet; he's not a fellow to be taken easily; and other and all we shall find means to slip our cables too. Come in, and enjoy your sirloin and a good glass of port, and you'll feel much more pleasantly." With little encouragement of this sort he cheered him up, and they dined quite good-humorously enough; but still my father could see that his friend was by no means at his ease, and at every time a stranger would have would start with a degree of surprise that argued anxiety of some coming event. From dinner and other potations, he retired to his master, my father drew his own conclusions, and with a quick intelligence of look communicated his suspicions to my mother, who was herself a keen and shrewd observer.

"Do you think, Mary," said he, as they sat over their wine, "that I could find a bottle of the old green seal if I was to look for it in the cellar? It has been years since I saw it there, and I never touch it save on special occasions; but an old friend like Hammond deserves such at my hands."

"My father fancied that Hammond grew paler as he thus alluded to their old friendship, and he gave him a little glass of Kilbeg, a sharp eye, and taking the cellar-key, he left the room. Immediately outside the door he hastened to the stable, saddled and bridled a horse, and stepping quietly out, he rode for the sea-coast, near the Shannon. It was some miles from Dublin, but he did the distance within the hour. And well was it for him that he employed such speed! For a liberal offer of money, and the gold watch he wore, he secured a small fishing-smack to convey him over to France, for which he sailed immediately. I have said it was well that he employed such speed; for after waiting with suppressed impatience for my father's return, Mr. Hammond expressed to my mother his fears lest my father might have met with ill. She tried to quiet his apprehensions, but the very calm of her manner served only to increase them. 'I must go and search for him at least, rising in much excitement from his chair; 'I must see what has become of him!' At the same moment the door was thrown back by a twenty-four hours' warning."

"An enthusiast—a visionary, I have no doubt," said he, contemptuously.

"Well, I think you might be more merciful to your prisoner, if you have of your mercy," I retorted he, laughing. "At all events, it would be as good as a play to see you together. If you should happen to be at Malin or Mariville when the *Clarence* touches there, just ask for Captain Rogers; tell him you know me, that I will be strong."

"Why not give me a line of introduction to the captain?" said he, with a chuckle. "These things serve to clear away the awkwardness of a self-presentation."

"I don't care if I do," said he, taking a sheet of paper, and beginning "Dear Bob"—after which he paused and deliberated, muttering the words "Dear Bob" three or four times over below his breath.

"Dear Bob," said I, aloud, in the tone of one dictating to an amanuensis, "this brief note will be handed to you by a very valued friend of mine, Algernon Bobbs Esq., who I have recommended after your own heart that I feel a downright satisfaction in bringing you together."

"Well, that ain't so bad," said he, as he uttered the last words which fell from his pen

"'In hopes that we may meet soon.'"

"Go on," said I, dictatorially, and continued: "Thrown by a mere accident myself into his society, I am struck by his extraordinary originality of his views, and the wide extent of his knowledge of life—' Have you that down?'"

"No," said he, in some confusion, "I am only at 'entertainments.'"

"I said 'ut-ainments,' Sir," said I, reskingly, and then repeating the passage word for word till he had written it—" that I conceived for him a regard and an esteem rarely accorded to others than our eldest friends." One word more: 'Poets, from certain circumstances, I can not bring myself to mention, may appear to you in some temporary inconvenience as regards money—'"

"I'll not worry you with family history. I'll not refer to that remote time when my ancestors were the crown and ruled the fair kingdom of Kerry. In the Annals of the Four Masters, and also in the Chronicles of Thenlhogh O'Faodlemah, you'll find a detailed account of our loss. I'll simply narrate for you the immediate incident which has made me what you see me—an outcast and a beggar.

"My father was the tried and trusted friend of that noble-hearted but unfortunate man, Lord Edward Fingerald. The famous attempt of the year 'eighty was concerted between them, and all the arrangements, which secret as they are and forever must be, are known to him who now addresses you. I dare not trust myself to talk of those times or that time, lest I should by accident let drop what might prove strictly confidential. I will but recount briefly incidents, that a personal one, of the period. On the night of Lord Edward's capture, my father, who had invited a friend—being himself in the conspiracy—to dine with him, met his guest on the steps of his hall-door. Mr. Hammond—this is his name—was a little red-nosed gentleman, and could scarcely speak, as my father shook his hand: "Do you know what has happened, Dan?" said he to my father. "Lord Edward is taken, Major Sirr and his party have tracked him to his hiding-place; they have got hold of all our papers, and we are undone." By the time to-morrow every man of us will be within the walls of Newgate!

"Don't look so gloomily, Tom," said my father. 'Lord Edward will escape them yet; he's not a fellow to be taken easily; and other and all we shall find means to slip our cables too. Come in, and enjoy your sirloin and a good glass of port, and you'll feel much more pleasantly.' With little encouragement of this sort he cheered him up, and they dined quite good-humorously enough; but still my father could see that his friend was by no means at his ease, and at every time a stranger would start with a degree of surprise that argued anxiety of some coming event. From dinner and other potations, he retired to his master, my father drew his own conclusions, and with a quick intelligence of look communicated his suspicions to my mother, who was herself a keen and shrewd observer.

"'Do you think, Mary,' said he, as they sat over their wine, 'that I could find a bottle of the old green seal if I was to look for it in the cellar? It has been years since I saw it there, and I never touch it save on special occasions; but an old friend like Hammond deserves such at my hands.'

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Here the captain stopped, and gave me a most significant look: it was at once an approbation and an expression of drollery.

"Go on," said I, dryly. "If so," resumed I, "be gaudedly cautious neither to notice his embarrassment nor allude to it; show all, take especial care that you make no offer to remove the inconvenience, for he is one of those whose sensibilities are so fine, and whose sentiments so fastidious, who could never recover in his own esteem the dignity compromised by such an incident."

"Very neatly turned," said he, as he re-read the passage. "I think it will do very well."

"Ample. You have nothing more to do than sign your name to it."

He did this, with a vexatious flourish at foot, folded and sealed the letter, and handed it to me, saying:

"If it weren't for the handwriting Bob would never believe all that fine stuff came from me; but you'll tell him it was after three glasses of brandy-and-water that I dashed it off—that will explain every thing."

I remained silently to make the required explanation, and then proceeded to make some inquiries about this brother Bob, whose name was in such a close affinity with my own. I could learn, however, but little beyond the mutured sentiment, "Bob was a rum 'un—a queer 'un," and that there was never his equal for "falling upon good luck, and spending it after" —a description which I applied to my own conscience, told such an amount of truth that was actually painful.

"There's an saying," said I, as I pocketed the letter. "If this epistle should ever reach your brother's hand, my prospects are so wayward and uncertain for me to say in what corner of the earth fate may find me; but if we ever do meet, you shall hear of me, Rogers"—I said this in all the easy familiarity which brandy inspired—"I'll tell your brother of the warm and generous hospitality you extended to me, at a time that, to all seeming, I needed such attentions—at a time, I say, when none but my self could appreciate the delicacy with which so regarded lessons; and of one thing be assured, Rogers, he whose caprice it now is to call him self Potts, is your friend, your fast friend, for life."

He wrung my hand cordially—perhaps it was the easiest way for an honest sailor, as he was, to acknowledge the patronizing tone of my speech —but I could see that he was sorely puzzled by the situation, and possibly very well pleased that there was no third party to be a spectator of it.

"Throw yourself there on that sofa," said he, "and take a sleep." And with this piece of counsel he left me, and went up on deck.

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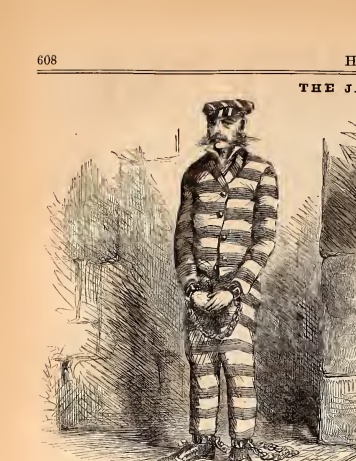
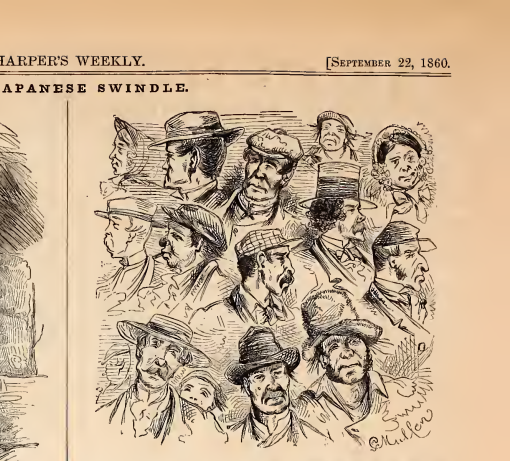
THE JAPANESE SWINDLE.



Among the items of the Japanese Bill of $165,000, it is said that there is one of $3000 for Coats, Vests, Gloves, and Hats for the Aldermen, Councilmen, &c.—*Daily Paper.*

THE COSTUME THEY REALLY NEEDED IS GIVEN ABOVE.



All the Wealth, Beauty, Aristocracy, and Fashion of the City crowded the sumptuous Ball-Rooms at the Metropolitan Hotel, on the occasion of the Japanese Ball.—*Daily Paper.*

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T. HOLDSHAWSEND,	ARTHUR NAPOLEON,
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 196.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

AT HOBOKEN.

THE wind is low, the woods are green,
The white-sailed yachts before me pass,
Their keen keels cleave the sea serene
As diamond cuts through glass.

Before me lies the queen-like town,
Around her hangs a lazy cloak
Of sunny mist, and as a crown
A coronet of smoke.

I sit and watch the ferry-boat
Alternate come, alternate go;
And as she floats my queries float—
"Ah! will she come or no?"

At last I see upon the deck
A gleam of pink, a fluttering gown,
A laughing face, a snowy neck,
And eyes of hazel brown.

Along the Elysian fields we stroll
And watch the sunburned striplings play,
And then we seek a shadowy knoll—
I something have to say.

My heart is opened, and I tell
The love that she for years has known;
I try to put in words the spell
That she has round me thrown.

All silently she answers me,
My arm creeps slowly round her waist,
About her red lips like a bee
I hover, and I taste.

The woods are green, the wind is low,
The white-sailed yachts before us glide,
As hand in hand we homeward go,
I and my promised bride.

THE MEETING.

THE old coach-road through a common of furze
With knolls of pines, ran white:
Berries of autumn, with thistles, and burrs,
And spider-threads, droopt in the light.

The light in a thin blue vail peer'd sick;
The sheep grazed close and still;
The smoke of a farm by a yellow rick
Curl'd lazily under a hill.

THE WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT BRIDGE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

No fly shook the round of the silver nest;
No insect the swift bird chased;
Only two twinkers moved mid met
Across that hazy waste.

One was a girl with a tube that throve,
Her rain and her hilter;
One was a youth with a lawless love,
Who chasp it the more for this.

The girl for her babe made prayerful speech;
The youth for his love did pray;
Each in a wistful look on each,
And either went their way.

THE WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT BRIDGE.

WE engrave on the preceding page the WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT BRIDGE over Rock Creek, at the western end of Pennsylvania Avenue, now near completed, under the direction of Captain Meigs. The following description of the bridge is derived from official sources:

"The bridge is a single arch of twenty feet rise and two hundred feet clear span between the abutments. The arch consists of two ribs, each of which is composed of seventeen cast-iron pipes of forty-eight inches internal diameter, and twelve feet three inches in length. Upon these are erected ribs, which are firmly connected with each other by cast-iron tubular cross braces and heavy wrought-iron diagonal ties, is erected a frame-work of heavy rolled iron H beams, from the vertex of the Pier at Iron Company of Philadelphia, supporting two continuous horizontal lines of gas, of two hundred and four feet six inches in length. Upon these girders are laid with cross of transverse pine timbers, three inches in thickness, leaving a clear waterway in each rib of three and a half feet in diameter.

"The abutment contain vaults, in which are the connecting pipes and stop-cocks for regulating the flow and discharge of water; and in the western abutment, on the Georgetown side, one of the vaults serves as an engine-room, and contains a water-pressure engine, which, it is believed, creates in this country.

"The engine, directly in the supply from the east-end street mains of the Washington Aqueduct, pumps ten thousand gallons of water per hour into a reservoir on the heights of Georgetown, a mile distant, and two hundred and four feet above the machine. This reservoir supplies that portion of Georgetown which is above the level of the great stone and distributing reservoirs of the Washington Aqueduct."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1860.

THE FOREIGN TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE exports of the United States during the twelve months ending 30th June last, exceeded four hundred millions of dollars. That is to say, they were more than twice the exports of twelve months ending June 30, 1850, and very considerably more than the exports of any year since then. The following table will show the progress of our foreign trade since 1850:

Years.	Imports.	Exports.
1850	$178,138,318	$135,779,720
1851	216,224,052	213,386,011
1852	212,945,641	217,954,646
1853	261,978,647	229,682,292
1854	304,192,965	312,521,094
1855	261,468,520	275,156,846
1856	314,691,797	326,964,366
1857	360,699,141	362,960,032
1858	282,613,150	324,644,486
1859	338,768,130	356,187,403
1860	362,796,200	400,132,402

It is hardly necessary to make any remark upon the above statement. It demonstrates, in an unmovemable manner, the steady progress of the United States, in spite of financial revulsions, political disturbances, and the tremendous jealousies with which this country is honored by the nations of Europe. It shows, by the test of figures, that, whatever theorists and merchants or our politicians may commit, the course of the country at large is steadily onward and upward; and that, judged by the best of all tests—material progress—our "republican experiment" is really a success.

These great exports of the United States naturally divide themselves into four great divisions — gold, food, cotton, and miscellaneous. These relative proportions last year were as follows:

Gold	$52,944,551
Food	72,558,635
Cotton	191,066,555
Miscellaneous	83,562,659
Total exports	$400,132,402

The great difference between the exports of the United States and those of other leading commercial nations is, that ours are chiefly the products of the soil, while theirs are chiefly the products of labor. Four-fifths of the exports of Great Britain and France are manufactures. Our exports of manufactures, though steadily increasing year by year, only amounted in 1859-'60 to $35,454,641—rather more than a twelfth of our whole export. We have so much and such fertile land that it pays our people better to grow cotton, corn, or pork, or to dig for gold, than it does to weave or to spin or to forge. In the one case, nature assists labor; in the other, labor is unassisted; the actual increase of wealth is, therefore, greater in the former than in the latter case by just as much as nature's help may be valued at. If we could estimate in figures or dollars the work which Providence does for us in vivifying the soil which we plant in the earth, the actual world would exactly represent the excess of our annual increase in wealth over the increase of manufacturing nations. Therefore, we have been no more new land to till up, industry will probably become more profitable than agriculture; but this map warns us that this period is yet far distant.

Of all our exports cotton is by far the most important. It constituted, above, nearly one half of the total export of the year 1859-'60; and the weather this year been as favorable for the plant as last year's was, we should probably have exported considerably over $500,000,000 of cotton in the year ending 30th June, 1861. As it is, our export will not probably fall short of that of 1859-'60. And, as great observing fear in connection with this cotton business is, that it can not but go on increasing. The demand cotton grows in the exact ratio of the spread of civilization. The supply is limited to the Southern States, no other region in the world being capable of producing the cotton of commerce. The supply is, therefore, almost remarkable increase in the cotton crop during the present generation, of which the following table affords a fair idea:

OUR COTTON CROP.

Years.	Bales.	Years.	Bales.
1820-'29	4,487,179	1850-'59	2,769,977
1830-'39	2,884,481	1859-'60	2,936,036
1840-'49	3,179,244	1860-'61	3,750,000
1846-'47	2,940,519	1847-'48	2,347,634
1848-'49	2,866,351	1849-'50	2,728,600
1854-'55	2,857,359	1855-'56	2,939,757
1856-'57	2,930,250	1857-'58	2,930,250
1852-'53	2,262,982	1853-'54	2,029,049
1858-'59	2,706,483	1859-'60	2,936,036

Unless political agitations should hinder, it is fair to presume that the spread of agriculture in the Cotton States will gradually swell the crop to figures which will double that of 1860 as the latter are greater than those of 1850 and 1840; while the spread of civilization will meanwhile cause the demand for cotton at least as fast as the staple can be supplied.

It is different with our other two great staples—gold and food. It seems beyond question that we have passed the maximum of our gold product. During the ten years which have elapsed since the gold fields of California were first accessibly worked, every promising placer has been pretty thoroughly explored, the surface diggings exhausted, and the best sites prospected for quartz beds. At the present time the product of gold in California is steadily declining. The product of 1859 was less than that of 1858; the product of 1860—to 1st September—is about $4,000,000 less than that of 1859 to the same date. It is not likely that the auriferous rocks, which are being worked with every application of capital and power, will ever cease to yield gold; but there is reason to believe that we shall never again witness yields of $65,000,000 of gold in a year. Possibly the new discoveries of silver and quicksilver may make up the falling off in the more popular metal; but we ought to be sure to assume that they will. We ought to be prepared to see the gold mines of California fall into the same rank as the gold mines of Russia, and so to offer our business, in the matter of banking business, that our great harm can flow from a steady curtailment of our specie resources.

There is, that we should be careful, any decline in our supply of food. It will take centuries to bring into cultivation the lands in the West, which now only yield a profit of the farmer to produce, in average years, twenty bushels of wheat or fifty of corn to the acre. Meanwhile population will, in the course of expense, cattle and hogs enough to supply the world with meat. Every year the production of food increases, and must increase for half a century to come at the rate of the same time, it must be observed that the consumption of food in this country is also increasing at a marvelous rate. In 1850 the population of this country, for we cast, as a people, a great deal more than any other people in the world. Let us stop for a moment to ratify the well-known formula about wheat, viz., that each man consumes four bushels of wheat per annum, and he will discover the fact. Nor need it be a puzzle. There are not a single thousand people hereabouts where there was so much solid comfort and plenty among what Europeans call "the lower classes" as in the United States; never was a country where those classes could afford to consume so much wholesome food. The ever-recurring picture in the poor households of Great Britain, France, and Germany—famine and privation, prevents starting themselves of necessary aliment, and children crying for food they can not get—is, thank Heaven, never seen here. We can all afford to eat, and we do eat, more and of better food than Europeans; hence, notwithstanding the steady increase in our production of food, our surplus, over and above our wants, does not increase very rapidly, and we rather think that, in an average of years, our exports of food will not, under ordinary circumstances, maintain the importance in our export table which it now has in bulk consumed.

Much, in the future commerce of the United States, must depend upon the course of affairs on the Pacific. We know what the Atlantic States can do, to whom they can sell their surplus, and from whom they can buy; but the Pacific States are an unsolved problem. No party of our people have better calculated for agriculture than the slopes of this continent toward the Pacific; new State as she is, and peopled mainly by miners and merchants, California exports this year 1,000,000 bushels of wheat. Oregon and Washington are at least equally favorable for agriculture. Oregon, divided by an ocean twice as wide as the Atlantic, but as safe to navigate as the Hudson River, live two great nations, comprising between them one half the human race, intelligent, civilized, rich, commercial, and ripe for an extended and general trade with their neighbors. Evidently, the future fate of the United States will be materially affected by the nature of the intercourse which may be created between China and Japan and our Pacific States. There are times when believe that it will far eclipse the European trade in importance, and that the Pacific Railroad will rival in best traffic from this shore in it which will tell to the old European cities. However this may be, no estimate of our future commercial history is worth consideration which does not make the importance for future changes that must follow the creation of a great trade across the Pacific Ocean.

THE CITY CHAMBERLAIN AND THE ARTISANS' BANK.

A FEW weeks since Mayor Wood removed the City Chamberlain, and appointed a new man in his place. This change practically removed the city deposits from the Shoe and Leather Bank—of which the deposed Chamberlain was President—to the Artisans' Bank, of which the new Chamberlain is President.

The condition of the Artisans' Bank has, consequently, become the subject of public attention. The financial business of the city is large. The deposits are heavy, and occasionally the stake can be large amounts. Having only a small capital—$600,000—the possessing of the City Account placed the Artisans' Bank in a new light in relation to the other city banks. The Chamberlain's office, any day, drew a check for the whole capital of the Artisans' Bank; that check, duly certified, may be deposited, as cash, in any other bank. At the deposit may, in his turn, draw out of that bank the $600,000 so placed to his credit; and it it should happen that the Artisans' Bank should fail, between the deposit of the check and the exchanges next morning, the bank which received the check on deposit and debited itself with it, as cash, would have no business remedy from the insolvency of the Artisans'. This being the condition of affairs, attention was directed, some days since, to the fact that the Artisans' Bank was "running debtor," several days in succession, at the Clearing House. There were also strange rumors about the special condition of the Artisans' Bank. It was commonly reported that statements made by certain officers of that bank were not easily reconciled with the facts, and that the bank was having frequent serious evidences of weakness. On the strength of these facts and rumors, a Committee was appointed by the Clearing House Association to examine into the state of the suspected bank. That Committee reported, on 18th, that the bank was good for all its debts, but that it was not authorized to the extent of 33 per cent. The Clearing House Association refused to receive the report, and directed the Committee to prosecute the examination more thoroughly, and to report, by 25th, whether or no the banks should, as a body, receive on deposit checks on the Artisans' Bank. In anticipation of the report, the Artisans' Bank on 19th voluntarily withdrew from the Clearing House, and became a private banking association, keeping an account in the American Exchange Bank.

As, however, the President of the Artisans' Bank—subsequently the City Chamberlain, we may observe that the inconvenience of having the City Account in a bank whose credit is suspected is obvious. In these days of political corruption it is of the highest importance that the city funds should be not only out of danger, but in so safe a place that no one should dream of risk. In the hands of dependents of the city funds is one of great delicacy and responsibility. At times, over a million of dollars of the city money lies on deposit—without interest—to the credit of the Chamberlain in the bank where he keeps his account. The temptations to use this money, and to earn dividends for the bank, must be so great as the risk of losing a part of it by unsound banking operations. The least spark of prudence would suggest that this large deposit should be placed in an institution where, in the event of accident, its recovery should be beyond question. Within the next week or ten days not less than three millions of dollars will be paid to the City Chamberlain for the city. Will it be quite safe, even under the new arrangement?

Rumor is, of course, busy on the subject of the means by which the Artisans' Bank obtained the City Account, and of the sacrifices it has since made to retain it. It is authoritative for Mr. Fernando Wood, Mayor of New York, that his character does not screen him from imputations of which you less unprincipled knows could afford to laugh. For our part, we give Mr. Wood credit for sagacity enough to see that a present gain of twenty or thirty thousand dollars would involve a loss much greater in the future that the game would not be worth the candle. Of many of the Aldermen, of course, no one expects any thing but corruption, cheating, and rascality. But Mr. Wood is surely ambitious enough to look for something better than what a loss of his office could earn by honest trading in a twelvemonth; and we take for granted, therefore, that, whatever is false, he will not stand in the way of the public interest.

THE LOUNGER.

ABOUT COMMERCE.

In the city of New York there will never be a word wanting in praise of commerce. At a Cattle-Show and Agricultural Fair the center always bells the fairest. The day follows the oldest and most revered of callings, and they applaud vehemently, for the people are king, and they like to be well spoken of. The animal is not yet found who does not like to be fondled, if you can only find the proper place to fondle.

Now a city like New York is a permanent commercial Cattle-Show, and the fraternity engaged in the always fair business of buying and selling are the richest and greatest and best of people themselves, but that they are the cause of a full crop of the cardinal virtues, and that people are happy because they are brought into communication in any part of the world. The President Benjamin Buchanan never fails to decorate his discourses with allusions to merchant-princes, and to dilate upon the Christian-like character of commerce. The Honorable Lemuel Lonapell, in his political speeches, informs the audience that commerce is the pivot of all virtues and graces and goods.

These worthy gentlemen doubtless believe what they say. Bimmy and Lonapell are sympathetic with the people of New York, because, in the one case, are very apt to publish the sermon, and in the other, because they are, as it is, and, in the other, to have the center made an M.C. It is perfectly intelligible. These two excellent gentlemen have discovered the particular place in which that particular animal likes to be tickled, and they have produced the happiest results to all concerned by the humble manner of doing it.

But the assumption is the old story of *put low prosper low*. Trade originally seeks a private altitude. Trade penetrates Japan that it may make money out of Japan. It money is not to be made there, Trade will not stop to introduce Christian civilization. Not at all. It will push on to the next country where there is a chance of money made. But as the most intelligent people are the most enterprising, it happens that when commerce has secured an opening in a country, the intelligence of the country of the country, such as it is, follows. But that is a consequence not contemplated nor cared for by Trade itself. A cow drinks where there is grazing; and the next pasture may break down the wall to get at it, and it lovely lady may afterward walk quietly through—and a lady who could not otherwise have done it; but it were a gauscome cow that should claim the honor of having introduced that lady to a walk in the fresh fields and pastures new.

The moral influence of trade or commerce is to be studied from the point of view of Self-Interest. Does it there elevate manners and purify the moral sentiments? Or was the moral progress of any nation always proportionate to the development of its commercial spirit? On the contrary, the profiteers of modern times have to contend that spirit in that it shall not debauch the consciences of nations. Napoleon's sneer at the nation of shop-keepers was logical—the shop-keeping policy tends to keep the present condition at all hazards. Change is synonymous with danger. Improvement is to that spirit just a species name for injury. Napoleon was convinced that such a people would purchase peace at the cost of a great deal of honor and moral courage. Or, was he convinced that simple, hardy virtues are so common in Holland to-day that it is a great pity that the people of other water rather than suffer it to remain under a rule which was repugnant to them? Yet the Dutch have shown that great moral qualities in modern times. Is there a corresponding increase in the moral tone of Dutch society? And Lonapell answers, *is there?*

The Cattle-Show Committee justly voted a vote of thanks to the eloquent speaker who has celebrated the antiquity and excellence of the calling—the parish gratefully accords its influence to the Doctorate for the Bimmy Bimmy—and the Mayor voted the Board of Trade thereby paying the peculiar fitness of Lonapell to adorn a Congressional arm-chair; but History is over all; even beyond Bimmy and Lonapell. It makes up the great final record, and it shows, not for the purpose of tickling, but of teaching, that the expansion and growth of moral character are not according to the extent of trade, and that it yet remains to be demonstrated that a commercial oligarchy would benefit the nation over which it ruled more than any other aristocracy.

The conclusion is, that the American people have repudiated the aristocratic spirit wherever it shows itself.

THE RISING OF THE CURTAIN.

THE Hamlets have retired to some retreat in France to pass the evening of their days upon the solid earth, and to dwell no more upon tight ropes and the ends of perpendicular poles. Yet a curious Lounger wonders as he writes whether the Hamlets who have done this who thing are Hamlets, or whether the name is merely a traditional title for certain people who do certain things. Is Raval a family name? Could so many of one kind be made up of Hamlets rather and soft? Is Blondin a Raval, *et cetera?*

However, I did not mean to look at the Hamlets, who are gone, but at Mr. Forrest, who is coming. He is playing again. Probably it is a farewell engagement, because that means to be the only kind that great players now undertake; for Mr. Forrest is unquestionably a great player. Not in the abstract, perhaps some; but there are whole kinds of character which he can apparently adequately portray. He is of the unwieldy dramatic school—the scowling school—the *bump perfoin* school. Humor he probably has not. It would be pleasant to know if he really feels the point of a joke. Pathos he can think he would do Charles Surface? Can you fancy him as Mercutio? On the other hand, it is not easy to conceive of a better Sparkins or Jack Cade as they are historically known. But it would not be easy to imagine Edmund Kean as Sparkins or Gurkels as Jack Cade.

Within his range, therefore—not out of it—he may be called a great player. The ideal of Spartacus in simply a robust gladiator confidenced to fight. It is a case of the sanguinary P. R. When he comes on nobody doubts that he should be gladiator as adequately as he could be presented upon the stage. It is not like to suppose that a gladiatorial voice was something rough—that the gladiatorial eye never rolled a good deal in getting them out, etc. ? But the Hamlet, the gallantry, dreamy, delicate-thoughtful Prince of Denmark, do you suppose he made eyes and gurgled his ? Is Mr. Forrest a Hamlet? Hamlet was in the usual sense of the word. That shadowy refinement which impalpably invests all Shakspeare's characters, that is a autumn air, with a touch of sadness which we feel and can not see, makes the whole man perfect—this man is perfectly appreciated by a kindred genius, or the words and the situations fail to reproduce the character. It is impossible to imagine Mr. Forrest's Hamlet to be Shakespeare's; but it is no shame to a man's talent that it can not equally illustrate every character.

We are generally so see Miss Cushman upon the same stage. Hitherto it has been most favorable to debut; nor are they in many qualities altogether unlike. Of Miss Cushman's playing we shall have a word by-and-by. How different her career has been from that of many who began more brilliantly! Miss Cushman commenced as a singer. Letting her (although it is still among the effective in picturesque ballad singing), she became a stock actress at the old Park. Her combined talent and energy soon pushed her into a higher career, until she stands at the head of her profession in the country, by the side of Mr. Forrest. But where is Miss Heron? —she who certainly more excited "the town" than any actress since Fanny Kemble or Clara Fisher? Her name is yet sometimes money Saturday night, challenged, in the eager admiration of cultivated men, a comparison with Rachel and Ristori? Where is Miss Heron? Is she was? What a blaze of sudden glory! Did you see her when she was here last? Do you know any one who saw her? Yes! you did and you know she had been here?

It is curious, while we are still chatting of the theatre, that Edwin Booth, who is the full heir of his father's genius, and is so recognized in many places, is so generally forgotten in the outside public of New York. His Hamlet is of the kind that makes girls dream and despair. His Romeo is called by many a revelation. Yet Booth does not be worth while to give him a fair chance here, with a good company, and at a good time of year? He is a man, who, for a single evening, is mid-summer. Shall we not see and hear that Hamlet and that Romeo?

THE LAST OF WALKER.

THE man who has unscrupulously shot so many men in cold blood has probably himself been shot in there any common cause. Is this true? But you can not make a hero of William Kidd. He suffered at Execution Dock, a condemned pirate for offenses a hundred-fold less heinous than those of Walker. If some of the many who know the details of the career of that barbarous Corsican will publish them, you would be amazed at the terrible criminality of the man. When he first went to Nicaragua and the pretext of an excuse, that his object was patient thoroughness. When he had utterly vanished and Hamlet's ghosts was secured, let escaping with his sack, and universal contempt extinguished him. In his recent invasion of Honduras he unquestionably was sure for luck; and luck has run dismally against him.

Every honest American must regret that this man was a countryman, for he has shown some of the qualities which command admiration, who respect, or have confidence. Every honest American must regret, too, that his own Government had not published him. It may be very true that a great government, united, and civilized should will gradually and surely extend its dominion over neighbors who are weak, and forever warring among themselves. But it will not be extended by such men as William Walker, nor by such means as his. It was in the spirit of the time that Spain swelled her possessions, by the hands of the great and little pirates of the Gulf, who overran Central America three centuries and more ago. It is in the spirit of the time that our territorial expansion should be peaceful and benignant. A nation does not expand—it will as an individual. It may have an honor, also, which shall be something better than what generally passes by that name. What American will not hope that his country has them both? What American would not doubt it, when he remembers the Sacagawan old moccasins by the two to be late for our real advantage.

A serial publication, a few numbers of a little magazine called "The Mexican Papers," have been issued by Mr. Edward E. Dunbar, a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the subject. He is not professionally a literary man, and his pamphlets are like vigorous, pointed conversation. His tones in the matter is perfectly unprejudiced, partly patriotic. But his feeling is that the proper history of Mexico has never been written; that our accounts are all strained through Spanish sieves; that Mr. Prescott, following the Spanish Chronicles, has told the Spanish story; and that the present condition of things is a legitimate result of Spanish assumptions in Mexico. The troubles that are now upon us, they are simply, in his view, the various aspects of the great struggle between the Church, or aristocratic principle, forced by Spain, and the Democratic principle, which is essential to the progressive development of the nineteenth century.

It is a shabby habit not to know our neighbors—not to be able to tell whether Miramon is the aristocratic or democratic party—whether we should wish well to Spain in any effort she may make, or not—in short, to know, when the papers give us the last news, what the last news means. If you care to correct this habit, Mr. Dunbar's pamphlets will help you in the pleasantest way. He says very hard things of Spanish Catholicism and religion to that class some whom we had supposed to deserve the name of statesman. Probably you will not altogether agree with him in some of his general views; but he is an enthusiast, and therefore the most agreeable of companions.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DWARFS AND GIANTS.

WHAT a blunder to talk of Napoleon the Great! Napoleon was the Great in a neighboring state. The Napoleon here meant is Napoleon the First. By Napoleon the Great France and Europe was carved.

Napoleon the Slayer, Napoleon the Tiny.

He did was glory, which brought him to grief.

Great minds of France, Napoleon the greatness I seen. Must we honor old Nick for his fiery throne?

If the spirit that did, in the flesh, decorn's work,
It would be a pleasant thing to be in hell.
There's a question to which I would bid it reply,
Is it well? Is it well? Stop out a bit.

I'd ask it, now glory's true worth it less known,
Would it have Garibaldi's renown or its own?
Is a crown of a Tuscan Duke worth it could make
Between fighting for Conquest and Liberty's sake?

The Hero who battles for Freedom and Right,
Is he not a *Knight-Errant* of Liberty's Knight?
Of the first let the memory lie sweet as the rose:
Of the other, let Time's tablets be true.

Yet content with my neighbor and proud of my hands,
But I'd be Garibaldi if I were not *French*.
Napoleon, Napoleon, the nineteenth time with grouse:
Hand the inheritor of tyrannous thunder!

THE WRONG WEBSTER.—Mr. O'Brien has addressed a letter to Francis Grapelyon, and Mitchell has responded, sure to M. Marie Mavlin—the author of the silly pamphlet called "Mitchell's Confessions." Mr. O'Brien must have ridiculed his offenders. At all events it is one of it had been meant, not for Marie Mavlin, but for Betty.

A LATIN JOOT.

Why is an Irishman's brain always ready?
Because upon the spirit of Murphy, speaking through a whisky Mcffinnel it's "Semper paratus."

RIDDLE FOR A TOBACCO-PAPER.

Q. Why does the tobacco-grower make the weakest figure of the small-talking Highlander in-dem-overcoat?

A. For fear there should be a *Scotch* mist before the *snoodie*.

THE GAME OF CHANGE AT THE DIVORCE COURT.—Double, or Quits.

Walker and Winston counties were visited by a severe storm on the 5th, which greatly injured the crops, while the lightning killed seven sheep and Miss Lydia Ann Walker, and hurt two others of the family.—*Huntsville Advocate.*

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S MEMORY.—In 1811, in a debate in Congress on the subject of the bill relative to the seat of Virginia, in which something was said of military glory, Mr. Bassett, of Virginia, rejoined and rejoiled in an eulogy of General Washington, which he had received from his grandmother, who was a cousin of the illustrious relation of the United States. The subject of power to be given to the President, and of the Commander-in-chief, was on the topic. A member made a motion that Congress should adjourn to the Senate Chamber, and *adjourning for the deceased at any one time.* General Washington's long-lost relative was called upon to be a standing army. Bassett's member from Maryland is entered the motion, and providing that a standing army should be raised in the United States at any one time with more than *three thousand troops.*

Father went to the barber's and had his whiskers taken off. Upon returning home, he was asked by his little daughter (three years old), who, running up to him, said, "Why, papa, you look such a little!"

Bob Cooper, a young doctor's sheriff, was told by the judge to open court. Bob went to the door and shouted, "Hi! yell court open!" Yell! Yell!

"Call W. H. Jones and A. P. Moore," said the judge. "Hi! Jones and Moore! Jones—W. H. Jones and A. P. Moore!" yelled Bob.

"Can ye see Jones, Sheriff?"

"One at a time—one at a time!"

"Can ye see Jones?"

"Sheriff come; we've fired it!" screamed the determined sheriff.

There was no court that day.

It is said of Sir William Longstaff, of Exeter County, that on one occasion he came into company with a notorious wag, who had in his hand a small but handsome cane, which Sir William requested him to give him as his own. "I would," replied the wag, "but I *wagge* thee, Sir, this cane is too short for a long *staff* Longstaff."

A lawyer engaged in a case remarked a witness so much resembling his counsel the jury fellow at last cried for water. "There," said the judge, "I thought you'd pump him dry."

LEVY TORTOS.—The people tell a funny story, in which two Russian noblemen and a favorite Parisian actress play the principal parts. Both of the Boyards were rather for the fair lady's smiles, and both seemed to be equally esteemed by her. It would appear that in Russia, as well as in many other countries, a lock of hair is considered a signal pledge of the tender passions; but, if the truth now be told, few of our theatrical Divinities are endowed with produce chevelures, and if they were, the demand would soon exhaust the supply. Middle-aged lady gives in the possession of autumn tresses, and young ones are proud of them for fear of being mistaken for Mr. Mouvers, the Count de L——, and the Duke de M——, who happened to have long hair, and were thus enabled to cut off their wished Dulcinea. Each begged for a tress of her hair in token of her love for each, and, without hesitating, the charming creature readily assented, and without troubling herself to cut off a lock, handed over to each the whole exchange of tresses, by which each gentleman received a lock of the fair creature's hair. The Russian noble was the Barons "wood" upon his heart, and the Baron sheep's wool, which he kept in his waistcoat pocket.

A young man of good education and business talent succeeds in apply to a justice to take acknowledgement of deed—one of those "Justices of the Peace" who are the twenty points of law for attorneys, and gives him their to justice after the style of the Justice. He always ready to impart knowledge, he took up the deed, after filling up the written, to explain to his young friend the difficult and technical words.

"Let's all, said the learned justice, "begin at the top, and signifies that what follows is as plain as a man's face, and, to be sure, well, indeed, well—seeing with his eye from the paper with a dignified and knowing look, and an emphatic jerk of the head—"means before."

PARADOXICAL FUES.—What is the greatest virtue in a lawyer—Virtuosoism? Why is a French fiddle of no value compared with an English shilling?—Because it is worthless.

The American cotton-takers find great difficulty in ascertaining the ages of girls, a large majority of them being only cotton. The non family there usual to be twelve girls between ten and sixteen years of age.

An experienced old stager says, if you make love to a widow who has a marriageable daughter, you will be benefit, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

QUANDARIES.

Knocking at the wrong door, and breathing whether you shall ring or knock and say nothing about the bell, or apologize.

Crossing the road until you see a pig coming one way and a cab another; so that if you move on you are sure to be knocked down by the cab, and if you stand still you may possibly be crushed by both.

Shaking hands with a damp bed on a cold night, and explaining whether you will lie still and catch your death, or get up and catch your death, and see that you do not be taken for a burglar.

Paying your addresses to a premature fair one, under the impression that she is the eldest of the fair, discovering your error, having the option of carrying the matter by bolt, or of being cut by the young lady's sister.

Kissing at a friend's house, where you must either drink with the young gentleman intoxicated, or refuse till you become disagreeable.

Coming home late, and finding your wife sitting up at midnight, or just walk back a mile or two and inquire if she is up.

FACE OF BRASS.—The house of Mr. Dundas, once Lord President of the Court of Sessions in Scotland having, and the Duke of Buccleuch being, the principal shop, a gentleman wrote upon it the following inscription:

"This house a lawyer once enjoyed,
A man of law now occupies,
How unlikely the first sign
Should the last sign of Dundas!"

"DECEMPOSINGS" IN BECOMING A WIDOW.—Listen to these verses, written by a dying poet to his wife; she was a widow:

"My fair one, my fair one, alas! it appears
That the doctor my speedy departure announces;
And you are sorrowful, wife, with my sorrow is dim,
If your first mourning dress shall be plain, or with crape.

"For wife like these let your dark weeds save,
"Fix for the dead the tissues of mourning's grave;
It makes them look dismal. But you, who are fair,
Will soon be cured, and I hope, forget you a wife."

A reverend gentleman who lives less than a thousand miles from "seasaleter" has a daughter now in her fifth year. While in the prime of her day's age, preparing his sermon for the coming Sunday, he was interrupted by the little lady, who, in a "Go away" manner, "ax'd him an anxious, inquiring look, said, "Papa, what was Methuselah's wife's name?" "Why, child, replied the Divine, who was a little, papa; but what was her other name?"

A celebrated taper intending to go to a masked ball, consulted an acquaintance as to what character he should assume. "Go as a Quaker," said the friend, "and your most intimate friends will not know you."

A telegraphic dispatch was received in Lynn, recently, but was delayed in the transmission, by the wire snap, on the ground that *he drinkt recognized the handwriting* of the sender, and knew it was meant to have a cork.

The most attractive man to business we ever knew was a gentleman who keeps a shop-door, "Come in and you will return in half an hour." He was no relation to the lawyer who, when a client called on him, "Come in, Sir, in two days," and returned only after a pleasure trip of three weeks.

A goose that ever another drink will do the same, though he is not thirsty. The custom of drinking for company is a thing which is disgusting to sensible men, seems to be a case of the same kind, and to put a man, when carry great, half beyond the pale of reason.

"What under the sun can be the cause of that bell ringing to-day?" said young Sam to his friend, as they passed a church steeple.

"If I was to express an opinion on the subject," returned the other, "I should say it is a Christian of the conviction that somebody is pulling the rope."

Mathews, the actor, being asked what he was going to do at a certain time, the young man answer was he to the of an architect, "Why," answered the comedian, "he is going to *draw lessons*, that his father does."

THE LANDING IN CALABRIA.

We publish on the next page a fine picture—from a sketch by M. Durand Brager—of the landing of a party of Garibaldians near Scylla, in Calabria, on the night of 8th-10th August last. It was a historical event, and may well be placed on record. Events have been moving so rapidly in Italy that, by the time this picture is laid before our readers, their attention may be claimed by later and more thrilling scenes. But the commencement of the end was the invasion of the Neapolitan dominions, and we place it in our pages as a historical landmark.

The Bay of Naples and the Island of Naples published a fine picture in No. 160.

JOLLY ANGLERS.

Four of us went out fishing,
Mary, Fairy, I, and the man:
No use in grumble or wishing,
People may catch who can.

Mary was lucky that morning,
Lucky almost, I think, as the man,
And she laughed with her saucy scorning
As the fishes they filled her can.

The man was lucky in hooking:
Off the perch with his trimmers ran,
And he caught us a dish worth cooking,
As your Maidenhead fisherman can.

I caught nothing worth keeping,
Things about the length of a span;
When a gentleman's heart is leaping
He may strike a fish, if he can.

But Fairy, she made a capture,
On her darling own original plan,
And Fairy's eyes looked rapture
As her great soft violets can.

With a single line she made it,
Oh, such a line you'd have liked to scan!
One line, and the lady laid it
Where loving young ladies can.

In a gentleman's hand she placed it
Before our Maidenhead fishing began,
How his chances of fish were wasted,
Tell, lovers—who only can.

Overnight an enraptured dancer
Had handed a passionate note in a fan,
And the line was this gracious answer—
"*You may love me—if you can.*"

ELFIE MEADOWS.

A sunny day in leafy June, white clouds are floating high,
Leisurely through the blue expanse, and here hum drowsily;
In shady nooks the cattle herd, and ruminating doze,
While onward, with a rippling song, the glancing river flows.

With fairy steps a maiden stroll'd along the rushy bank,
Her light foot hardly seem'd to crush the daisies where it sank.
The dragon-flies unbending brush her soft curls as they pass;
The wary lizard boldly peeps from 'neath his tuft of grass.

Beneath her hat of plaited straw her eyes shine soft and blue;
Her tender, quivering mouth tells tales of feeling deep and true:
O Elfie Meadows!—scarce eighteen—how many a heart has lost
To kiss the flow'ret in your hand, the daisies 'neath your feet!

Yet scorn can dwell in those sweet eyes, cold words those lips can speak;
For many, though you're scarce eighteen, to gain your love would seek.
You wave them off with calm disdain. Have you no heart to give?
Or is it in yourself alone, and for yourself, you live?

Not so, sweet Elfie: next your heart a tiny pledge you wear—
Within a case of purest gold a lock of raven hair;
And ever and anon you take, and to your lips you press,
This token of unfailing love to cheer your loneliness.

"And if," I ask, "long years should pass, and he should not return,
This tribute of a fleeting love you scornfully would spurn?"

"Never," she says, with flashing eyes: "time matters not to love;
And ours is true—it springs below, but rears its fruit above."

"Ah, Elfie, but you little know how absence can estrange—
How fondest hearts at last find out 'tis possible to change."
She stamp'd her little foot at me. "I tell you 'tis not so
With love that hears its flowers aloft, and has its roots below."

"Others have said the same," quoth I, "who loved as well as you,
Yet ten or twenty years have served to prove their love untrue."
Her small white hands she tightly clasp'd, and said, with face a-glow,
"Their love no fruit could bear on high—it had no root below."

"And yours, my Elfie," murmured I, "how can you test its truth—
It may be that maturer years will scorn the love of youth?"
"Nay, try me not too hard," she said, "I only know I love,
And love that has such root below is perfected above."

We two sat on a mossy bank, her soft eyes look'd before
Into the river's crystal depths; fain would I test her more:
But one she little wist was near, had secretly o'erheard
Words that his inmost heart had touch'd, his deepest pulses stir'd.

"And what," he ask'd, in quivering tones, "if some friend true and tried
Had told you that your faithless Guy had found another bride?"
Around his neck she wildly flung her arms with joyous glee:
"Ah, never, Guy, would I believe you could be false to me!"

LANDING OF A PARTY OF GARIBALDIANS IN CALABRIA ON THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 8-10, 1860.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

"I LOOKED STEADILY UPON THE FACE OF THE DEAD."

A NOCTURNY OF TERROR.

ONCE more is the drawer opened; once more are the papers in my hand. The tale of my firm youthful writing has grown pale, and the paper discolored; for I have not cared for many a year to open a roll so fraught with painful recollections.

My present narrative is founded upon these rough notes now before me: they were hastily and briefly written down at the time, and too truly chronicle events to which I was myself a witness.

To proceed. Date back thirty-five years. I was a medical student; my friends in the country had placed me in a neighboring city for the purposes of education. No authorized schools of surgery or anatomy at that date existed in those towns, and the earlier years of the student's life were passed in the acquisition of general preliminary information, and in attendance upon the local hospital or dispensary. Still, however, in the principal cities and towns anatomical study was privately carried on, the great importance of which particular branch of professional education having fed, at an early period, to the establishment of rooms for dissection and the delivery of lectures on anatomy. In the town in which I resided one of the leading surgeons rented rooms over the cathedral cloisters for the purpose. These antique apartments, part of the monkish fabric of the cathedral, had been fitted up for lectures and dissections. The narrow casements overlooked an ancient burying-ground full of the decaying memento of mortality. The time-worn Gothic carvings, the silent quadrangle with its spreading yew-tree, the dark shadows in the cloistered arches beneath the rooms, gloomy even in the summer daylight, gave a funereal character to the whole locality; and the nature of the studies carried on above became generally known, in spite of our precautions, the place was regarded with peculiar aversion by the common people.

In the present day the advance of education, and the wise provisions of an anatomical bill passed some years since to regulate medical schools and to supply them with subjects, have much lessened these extreme prejudices of the public at large, and have entirely remedied very great evils. The practice of disinterring bodies, and the sentence of the law, which formerly doomed the murderer to death and dissection, accounted for the strong feeling of horror and indignation with which human dissection was universally regarded. People became so alarmed that watchers with loaded firearms were frequently placed over the graves of recently deceased persons by their friends. Still the practice of disinterment went on, and a sufficient number of bodies was obtained, though with great difficulty, to supply the necessities of the schools. It seems now extraordinary that such a system should have ever existed, or that any means so of education could have been found to engage in the revolting work. But the danger and mystery of these night expeditions excited in young students a daring spirit of adventure, and there were always plenty of volunteers ready to undertake them. It was not this spirit of enterprise, however, that alone actuated the student and urged him to a fatiguing and dangerous duty—sleep till late in the hour church-yard at midnight, with the certainty of the roughest treatment from the populace if discovered. Another motives impelled him: the attainment of anatomical knowledge, and the consideration and esteem of teachers and comrades always accorded to the hard-working and the resolute.

It was, then, on a wild, stormy night in December, 1825, that a party of students agreed to meet at the dissecting rooms, and to start from thence at midnight on an expedition to a neighboring church-yard, three miles distant from the town. The party consisted of Balfour, young Fletcher, and myself. Qualified by my greater experience, I was the leader; Balfour was my friend, and Fletcher was to procure a gig for our conveyance. I agreed to join Balfour at the rooms an hour before we started, in order to prepare a dissection which we had been unable to get ready before, and which it was necessary to complete for the morning lecture. Balfour was the son of a dissenting minister in the town, and had been carefully brought up. He was a hard-working, attentive student, but of a reserved and gloomy disposition.—He seldom joined in the amusements of young men of his age, and consequently, though generally respected, he was not popular with his comrades. He was a heavily-built, strong fellow, with a resolved and not unpleasant countenance, though his smile was somewhat sinister. A man of hitherto proved courage, I always felt that I could rely upon him in emergency. It had been raining and blowing hard all the day: the evening closed stormily in clouds, and showed no prospect of improvement. I arrived at the room the first, and, gropin' my way up the circular staircase, was glad to find that the fire I had made up when I left in the afternoon was burning brightly.

It was a wild night. The crazy leaden casements shook noisily in the oddying gusts of the wind, and the rain pattered against the round the cathedral tower. The skeletons, suspended by hooks from the ceiling, moved and creaked in the frequent draughts. The dissecting-table preparations, contained in cases ranged round the room, stood out in the waving gloom, and as the candle flared in the wind, glowed with a lurid green from their glazed sepulchres. In the centre of the apartment, stretched upon a long table covered with a sheet, lay a subject for dissection. It was the body of a quarry-man, recently killed by a fall from the rocks. The light of the candle falls red upon the solemn folds of the white drapery, and gives a statuesque character to the form.

A f eat in the gloom was the arrival of my comrade, a succession of strange thoughts and fancies passed through my mind. I speculated upon the probable aspect of the face concealed beneath the sheet.—Was it not horribly distorted by the nature of the death—suddenly and sudden death—rendering a wondrous living tissue of organization, in an instant, effete and worthless—a man yesterday, and to-day knowing more of heaven and hell than all the philosophers upon earth.

The idea grew horribly vivid until I fancied that I saw the shrunken shape, that was stretched beneath, slightly move. Though I felt that this was but the effect of an excited imagination, to reassure my mind I rose, walked to the table, removed the covering, and looked steadily upon the face of the dead. There was nothing in the features of the effigy. The characters of mortality were there engraven in lines not to be mistaken, and I gazed upon the fixed and peaceful countenance of what had been a vigorous, half-savage, toiling athlete, with a strange and deep interest.

It was now eleven the quarter bells chimed out from the cathedral, followed by the heavy toll of the hour, taken up in succession by more distant bells, whose drowsy voices came borne by the wind upon the sweeping storm.

A step on the stairs: enter Balfour, more serious and dour in aspect than usual. Wrapped in a rough-coat and mufflet, he did not speak until he had removed and shaken the drenched garments.

"Balfour, this is a capital night for us; we shall have no witness to our proceedings in this howling storm."

"Do you think so?" he replied. "For all that, there are many fiends who love the darkness and the storm. Come, get to work, we have no time to lose; already eleven o'clock has struck, and I fear, turning upon me a meaning look, "the direction for to-morrow's lecture is not yet even begun. Come, to work!"

So saying he uncovered the body, and proceeded to flex the arms across the chest, the more readily to dissect the upper and back part of the cavity, at the same time that he secured it with a chain hook to the other side of the table. The limb was thus put forcibly upon the stretch, and the subject drawn over on its side. Balfour, seating himself opposite the arm, commenced the work. I was on the other side, engaged in reading aloud the anatomical description of the parts we were preparing, when, during a pause, the hook which had secured the arm in the direction before-mentioned slipped its hold, and the hand, suddenly freed from its bondage, swung with an increased momentum given by the turning body, and struck Balfour a violent blow upon the face. With a fearful shriek—the more startling from his habitual composure—Balfour sprung to his feet, like Richard in the tent-scene; with hair erect, blanched face, and large drops of perspiration gathering on his brow, he staggered back, shouting:

"O God! the man's alive!"

I dashed at him, thoroughly struck myself, not at what had occurred—for I saw how it had happened—but at the abject terror of my companion, appalling to the last degree. Shaped himself we bustled each other into a corner of the room, giving, in our passing struggles, a sharp gyration to the suspended skeletons. I shook him violently, exclaiming:

"He is not alive; he is dead—dead!"

But Balfour, half death-struck himself, still gasped: "Alive!—alive!"

"No, no, no," I repeated; "he is dead!"

At length he drew a deep breath, and sunk down in the corner whimpering:

"And yet it is impossible; that half-dissected body can not be alive."

"My good fellow," said I, "this is mere childish delusion—what is the matter with you? are you well? Here, take some brandy."

He seized the flask and drank deeply; then, with a strong effort, he rose, walked to the fire, sat down with his back to the dissecting-table, and said quietly:

The whole scene was very ghastly. Balfour's firmness in all times of trial, heretofore, made his sudden abject fear the more unnatural and shocking; no doubt, to a man of his serious mind and ordinary gloomy disposition, with a temperament prone to superstition, the impression of an incident so sudden and appalling was the more powerful in its effect.

We sat in silence.

"Balfour," I said, at last, "we must put off our expedition for this night; it is blowing and raining hard, and you are not in a fit state to encounter fatigue and exposure."

"Why do you talk thus?" he replied, looking up doubtfully; "do you think that I am afraid?"

"Not at all, my friend; but this circumstance that has so startled you may perhaps make you—Here I hesitated, not caring to say what I thought, so I stopped abruptly. "Wilder," said Balfour, angrily, seizing me by the arm, "have I ever quailed in this most horrible, but, to us, rightous trade?—have I ever drawn from my duty that you thus insinuate?"

"Never, Balfour; you have always stood by us like a man, and I would rather have you for my lieutenant than any other of the students, and that you know right well; but we will not go to-night for all that."

He started up, and with sudden energy exclaimed, "I will go, even if I go alone, even should the dead arise to oppose me—Wilder, say not one word more;" and he stretch his fist violently on the table, setting the skeletons and window-frames trembling and clattering in the power of the storm, which was now subsiding.

At this moment we heard the sound of wheels, and the old clock tolled twelve.

"Here is the gig, and we not ready!" I exclaimed.

I was glad to see Balfour eagerly seize and put on his pea-coat. I followed his example. We then collected all the requisite tools—tooth-pick, shovel, shovel, etc.—and descended to the street, giving alms in the dark.

"A wild night, lads!" said the cheerful voice of young Fletcher, a youth of seventeen, who, according to drivers, we chosen as our coachman. "I love had the greatest work to get the trap; I should never have come round old Higgins if it had not been for Nancy. He declared that we were going to commit a dead robbery, and that somebody would swing for it one of these days; and Nancy actually kissed me, because she had it in her mind that I should be surely nipped up by them awful pretties. At last, however, I got off, and here I am, all right and tight."

"Jack," said I, "can you see, and is the horse steady? It is awkward work driving in such a black night as this."

"Be easy, my dear friend; I could drive you to the devil, if required."

"Well," added Balfour, "I believe it is not unlikely that you may."

It was a good horse, and we rattled along at a great pace between long lines of lamps through lonely deserted streets, save by drowsy watchmen calling the hour, who raised their dim lanterns to see what we were. Then came the straggling, half-lighted suburbs, and lastly the dark and open country, through which we drove more slowly, though still at a steady trot, to the quiet church-yard at Hilton. The wind had at this time subsided; low, rolling clouds, opening here and there, showed a few faint stars; but the road, where shadowed by trees, would have been almost undistinguishable save for the glimmering pools left by the heavy rain. We now quitted the gig, which Fletcher drove back to the shadow of some fir-tree, there to await our return. As I ascended with Balfour the path that led to the church-yard, we paused to look round, and some one observed that no one was following upon our steps.

I never approached the dark cemetery of death with more of awe and reverence than at this moment, though about to mock and desecrate that sanctuary by rifling it of its poor contents.

The shadow of the darkest night, which you inwardly hope may shroud the ghoul-like proceeding, is never profound enough. The distinctest body gleams with its own ghostly lustre. A faint phosphorescent nimbus seems to surround it, developing the characteristic outline of humanity, which is so dark that you can not see your hand before you. I do not know how it was, but at this moment I did not feel my usual cool steadfastness. I was fidgety and anxious. Balfour's alarm in the morning had filled me with uneasiness, and, though he seemed recovered, he was still nervous and depressed. However, it was no time for retrospection; and, entering along the side of the hall to the deeper shadow of the church, we looped the lanterns.

The moment I was in the ground all uncertainty passed from my mind, to be immediately succeeded by a deep sense of duty, and a firm purpose to execute it. I not once advanced to the spot marked in a visit of investigation the day before to the site of the recent grave. After having made the needful preliminary examination, and satisfied ourselves that we were correct, I let Bal- four take the commencement of the work, while I removed a short distance from the grave to watch, and warn my comrade should any thing occur to disturb us. It is far better to work than to watch on these occasions. The attention is absorbed in the exertion, and on that account I determined that Balfour should begin. As I stood in the drear yard I looked about me more narrowly, to ascertain my eye to the dim obscurity and to the various dark mis-shapen objects around. One deceiving monument appeared like a crouching monster watching us; and it was not till I had approached to examine the object more closely that I could perfectly satisfy myself of its real nature. The evergreen trees and bushes that clustered in the opposite corner of the yard were darkly outlined against the dusky reddish light arising from the city, three miles off. As I stood listening on the watch, the ticking of the church-clock seemed to grow gradually louder in the listener silence. Presently I heard another sound, not unlike it—a soft tapping noise that I could not understand. It appeared, at times, to be very near me, and then to die away in the distance. The grating of the spade in the stony soil, which had been going on for some time, now ceased. I therefore returned to Balfour, to see what he was about, and to take my spell at the work, surrendering to him the watch. As I approached he spoke softly from the grave, in a nervous and excited way.

"Hush! do you hear anything? do you see nothing?"

My own attention had been drawn to the peculiar sounds before mentioned—soft intermitting sounds, like little footsteps patting on the ground. Balfour came stumbling up to me.

"Is it horribly dark! What are these noises so like heavy droppings of blood? Are they the echoes of the church-clock, or are there two ticking clocks to the tower? I hate this infernal thing! What is it? Why did you bring me here to be thus tormented?" And he wiped the perspiration from his brow with his muddy hand.

"Pooh, pooh! it is nothing at all, Balfour," said I. "Get back to the work again. I will go to the other side of the yard and see about it."

I crossed the ground in the direction of the sounds, ankle-deep in the rank, wet grass that ever fattens on the rich loam of the church-yard, slipping over graves and low head-stones in the immediate danger of my shins. When I drew near I perceived the single chase of our alarm: though I could not hear each sound, large drops continued to fall from a spout at the top of the tower, and pattered on the flags below.

As I turned to go back I jostled a dark figure standing close to me. In my first impulse I seized

"BY HEAVEN! THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE CHURCH-YARD—THERE!"

it by the throat, but was readily shaken off by the more powerful Balfour. "Why the devil," angrily exclaimed, "do you thus dog me, Sir? How infernally you have startled me! Do get back to your work!" We returned silently and in silence. I took up the shovel and began to dig. Balfour presently touched me on the shoulder. "Wilder," he said, "you were very angry with me just now; I ought not to have followed you; forgive me; I am not quite myself to-night." "All right, Balfour. Go back to your watch; I quite understand." Balfour, however, did not seem disposed to part my society. I took no notice at first, but kept vigorously at the work; then in a pause I said, "My good fellow, you could return to your post if you can not bear my thing so near me, and it is quite necessary to keep a sharp look-out, though all may be perfectly still, and every thing promise success." While I yet spoke we were startled by a remarkable sound above us, which, apparently above the sky, was whistling in the air, very strange and even sweet, seemed to wander and play about us. "What—in—heaven's name!" gasped my companion. "What is it, I say?" and he seized me convulsively by the arm. I was myself astonished, and could in no way explain this new phenomenon. I replied, said, hastily, "Hush—night birds, chirping round us—nothing more!" "Wilder," said Balfour, slowly, in a hollow and altered voice, "God save us, and vouchsafe us a warning. This may be a dreadful sin that we are engaged in, before we go." I was much more alarmed at Balfour's evidently growing disturbance of mind than at the sound, and I did could to reassure him. The sounds, as I seized the spade, suddenly ceased, and pushing him from me, in another moment I was hard at work. I had scarcely thrown a few shovels-full of earth before Balfour rushed wildly and unexpectedly by. He (Heaven) there is no doubt in the church-yard—there—close to the verge of the inclosure!"

Instantly I jumped out of the grave, and with straining eyes looked in the direction he indicated. I could see nothing.

Balfour was violently pointing to some moving object, and following it with his finger; while he muttered words which, in the agitation of his mind, I did not understand. We stood close together, our eyes directed toward the opposite boundary wall. There the sound was heard, and waving slowly in the night air against the limited sky, but no other moving thing could I perceive.

At the same time a new and extraordinary sense of unbearable solicitude and anxiety—a sense of something to be feared—overpowered me. I could I now felt certain that with a man in Balfour's excited state, verging upon insanity, I could hope for no assistance, and therefore at this critical moment, I determined to give up all further attempt, and leave the grave-digging alone. I was at the point of saying so, when my companion spoke again in broken, shivering whispers. "I Wilder, look yonder! I can not see it now! It is lost! It is strictly in ghastly outline against the sky. Mark how it glides along, slowly, very slowly—terrible slowness! Look! Look! Look! Mark the right parts upon the breast. See, it stops, it beckons, it turns as to its hound. Oh, Wilder, stay not a moment! instantly let us go—*not down the grave—not—that is the grave—to grave*—trust softly, softly, and with haste." Then, in the deliberate manner of his terror, he suddenly shouted out, in a loud, clear voice, most appalling in the shortening silence of the night, "Give me, O God, the sight of my deep water. Let not the pit shut her mouth upon me. Save me! save me! I go to judgment." And he made a step forward, as if to obey the mysterious mystic horror.

Now was my own concern infinitely increased, I feared that I myself could perceive through the gloom what resembled a slowly pacing shadowy, undefined bulk, and that close to the wall. The undefined sensation I had before experienced swelled into a deadly sense of fatal fear, as I followed with straining eyes the bulk, something that was stealing along the verge of the inclosure, in the direction of the dark evergreens, erect and undefined. Had I not been so fascinated by Balfour's object terror (for terror is an infectious disease), it is possible that my natural security would have made me look at the thing—to solve the dreadful mystery; but as it was, I stood, for the moment, benumbed, terrorized and incapable of motion. As I gazed with dilated pupils, I saw the shadow wave what seemed an arm; but without the wonted sense of an arm as to detail, I could not in the dim obscurity discern.

At this moment the air became filled with the same strange, sweet, whistling sounds we had heard before—sounds, I believe, wrung out of my terrified nerves by the sight of the thing in these spasms, to prevent him from fleeing himself, but in vain; so I let him go, and he was, while I thrust my fingers between his tightly-wedged teeth, and succeeded in getting some brandy down his mouth. I thought of making a fire before, but I feared to leave Balfour in his present state, lest, suddenly recovering, he should go raving mad and leap into the abyss, and apparently deserted; besides, what would become of the horse if Fletcher were to have the gig? I knew how it would be; I knew I was sure my present situation was bad enough—but I felt in my anxiety for poor Balfour, and the constant attention I was compelled to give him, a relief from a worse and more prostrating feelings—that of a terror such as I had never understood before. I tried to be calm—determined not to turn my eyes in the direction of the late visitation, and to avoid, as steadily as I could, the recreation of my comrade to consciousness. The convulsions now nearly ceased, returning only at intervals and in a slight degree. Still he remained unconscious. I had loosened his neckerchief and chafed his temples, sprinkling his face with spirit from my flask. After a brief period of intense anxiety, I found the pulse returning, and the breathing in a degree restored. I gently whispered to him that we were going away, and raising him upon his feet, I led him with faltering steps toward the point of our entrance. In this way, with difficulty, we gained the boundary wall, and I lifted him over, holding him with one hand, and scrambling up with the other. At this moment the clock struck three, and the sounds rose faintly from the churches of the distant city. As I paused after my exertion, leaning against the wall, and still supporting my companion, the cool night breeze that bore the welcome sound of the bells upon its wings, fanned my heated brow and cooled my fevered nerves. My physical energy, beneath that grave degree in the pure current of vital air, and my mental frame became fanned again. My judgment, which had never entirely deserted me, was restored to its full integrity and clearness, and, have there, I felt excited, but equal to any emergency. It was clear that Balfour's mind had not yet sufficiently recovered to enable him to comprehend his situation, nor did I, by any remark, attempt to lead him to a consciousness on this point. With the utmost care we gradually moved from the inclosure yard to the road. Here I left him and ran on to Fletcher. Gaining the gig, I had no trouble to drive instantly back to where I had left Balfour.

"What is the matter?" whispered Fletcher. "Have you seen the devil, or are you parsed?"

I made no answer, but seizing the reins from him as we approached the spot, I drove up sharply, leaped from the gig, and found Balfour exactly where I had left him.

"Here, Fletcher, jump out and lend a hand to get him in."

Fletcher now whispered, "Oh, the immortalities Balfour drunk, I presume."

"Be quiet; you know nothing about it. Keep hold of him and remain in the gig until my return; I will be with you in ten minutes."

I hastened back to the church-yard, determined to ascertain, if possible, what the thing was that had upset so completely. As I climbed the wall I glanced in the direction of recent terror, and leaping down, walked to the grave. Here I collected the tools that were scattered about, and seizing the spade, I made it my sole, formidable weapon, I advanced, with a beating heart, to the other side of the grave-yard. As I looked doubtfully round, the vision of the thing that the inclosure seemed perfectly stationary. At last I arrived at the extreme end of the yard, and leaned against the wall, and looked around. I felt a sudden faintness, and the darkness which enveloped me seemed so profound that I lost all idea of the direction of return.

In a few minutes my faintness passed off, but it required the exertion of my utmost will to enter the funereal shadows of the evergreens. I did enter though, and walked round and between my friend's evergreens, and found, I felt, no clasped from behind by a loathsome spectre. Reassured, and not with perspiration, I regained my companion. Balfour was still in a stupefied state, and Fletcher exclaimed, "Thank God you are safe! I have been in a cold perspiration with this living ghost. What is the matter with him, and what is it all about?"

I now hastily explained what had occurred, and told him to get home as fast as he could.

We drove rapidly back, entered once more the deserted cemetery, and I felt a sensation of safety. I ran up the stairs to unlock the door, and, raking the embers of the nearly extinguished fire in candle, and descended Balfour. He seemed partially to comprehend that he was to leave the gig, and, assisted, we got up the stairs; and then Fletcher drove off to the stable. I now proceeded to examine more closely into Balfour's condition. He was still very pale, his lips, which glistened, were insensible to the action of light; his extremities cold. I had him on the floor, bathed his temples, and, with a cup of water poured more brandy down his throat, until he began his consciousness partially returned. I was in great alarm when Fletcher came, and was heard upon the stairs. After nearly two hours of watching and anxiety, he manifested signs of being recovered; still there was an unpleasant, unearthly stare about his face, with a slight squint. At times he laboured under a delirium, and, with a deadly sin he fancied he had committed, for which there was no hope of forgiveness. Down at last he slept on the floor, and I sat watching beside him during enable. When the daylight was fully entered gig had been sent for, I was about to go second to Mr. Bromfield, our anatomical professor, and begged him to return with me as soon as possible. He promised to my request, and, on the way I detailed to him the adventure. Mr. Bromfield listened attentively to my recital. He considered Balfour's unusual impression, and to his having been unwell before we started; that he had myself been much affected by the day, and that the whole thing was but the result of our disordered imaginations. I made no answer to these observations; and though I strongly believed that the matter could be thus satisfactorily explained, I knew better. We now arrived at Balfour's house. When Mr. Bromfield had seen and examined the patient he expressed great alarm. He said: "There is much more in this than I at first thought. I consider him in immediate danger." He remained with poor Balfour to see that his remedial measures might be had ordered were promptly carried out, and to break the matter to his friends. For my part, I returned in a sad and troubled state of mind to my home. I felt, I confessed never again to attempt these adventures. Fatigue and excitement had quite upset me, and truly glad I was to find myself safely in my own lodgings. I undressed and jumped into bed, but enjoyed in vain to sleep. Whenever I dozed off, the terrible scene with Balfour in the dismal, ing-room came before me, or I fancied myself in the church-yard starting at every noise. At last I could hear these half-waking dreams no longer, so I determined to get up and go to lecture, for it was just ten o'clock, the hour for its commencement.

Returning wearily to my lodgings I was startled by a placard, signed by the church-wardens of Dilton, which a man was in the act of posting up. It was as follows:

FELONY.

FIFTY GUINEAS REWARD!

WHEREAS, late last night, or early this morning, some villains or villain, violently assaulted the twenty-eight of Dilton, and fiendishly stole the body and the grave-clothes of a young gentleman, who had been buried in the penalty of transportation: Any person giving information that may lead to the discovery of the offender or offenders shall receive Twenty Guineas reward upon his or their apprehension, and a further reward of Thirty Guineas upon conviction.

I do not know that the horrible witness of the night affected me more strangely than this announcement. The body gone and the grave-clothes! I read and re-read the words until the very idea sickened me. The unearthly sounds we had heard all seemed to be explained intelligibly.

I turned away from the contemplation of this infernal placard, repeating unconsciously, "the body and the grave-clothes! the body and the grave-clothes!" Suddenly I started at full speed to Balfour's. Judge of my alarm and distress when I found the street before his house crowded, the house held in great confusion. Mr. Bromfield and Fletcher, with several other gentlemen, assembled in a side-room, drawn thither by strange reports of Balfour's extraordinary state. As I entered the apartment, Balfour, a dying man, was upright in his bed, and with the same ghastly expression he wore in the dissecting-room, pointed at me with outstretched arm, and exclaimed, in a voice that haunted my dreams for months afterward:

"See, it has followed me! Look! Look! Is yonder! I am in the Valley of the Shadow of Death—it grows darker and darker—I—go—"

He pointed with his finger, in this fearful attitude, and in a few minutes was a corpse. So ends my nocturny of terror.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

EFFORTS have been perseveringly made to tumble all the parties engaged in the Presidential contest into the vortices of a Tower of Babel. Mr. Dean Richmond, the head of the Democratic party in New York, has called a Democratic organization in any way or shape. In Pennsylvania it is understood that a fusion of the anti-Republican elements has been effected. From California the accounts are indeterminate. Some of the Douglas men have left the Democratic State, by spoke last week at Clifton Springs, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, and Dunkirk, in Chautauqua. Senator Seward is in the West: he has spoken at St. Louis, Springfield, Chicago, Milwaukee, and Grand Rapids. He has gone on to Kansas. Hon. Mr. Yancey is at Washington, Georgia, and Hon. Mr. Stephens has delivered an oration on the issues of the canvass.

SENATOR SEWARD ON AMERICAN DESTINY.

The *Home Journal* publishes a letter to Hon. Mr. Ford, September 13:

"Senator Seward made to-day the great speech of the campaign. It was fuller, more elaborate, and far abler than his inaugural address.

"He looked to the acquisition of British America, and to the extension of Mexican Anarchy, and declared that the man was born who would live to see the American people, with the Republican Government, convinced that this is a land of freedom and freemen, and that it is the land of the future. He said that without war or revolution there are to disturb its present peace with before long one army, without a standing army, in Mexico.

"He felt that here we were not only before the shrine of freedom, but the Temple of Science of the Arts of Freedom. The vital principle of the Government was the equality of the rights of all. The Republic consisted of this principle which had made the capital of Massachusetts equal to the capital of Louisiana, and of any State thirty or forty years ago. Liberty, after all, was but the simple instinct of the human heart. It was not, Slavery is to-day, said he, not only perversion, but without influence in the Republic. Liberty, he said, was the strength of the South to defend the Union, he asked, Who is afraid of Liberty? Who is afraid of Slavery? nobody can be fought.

"He prophesied that the time would come when New York would cease to be the Empire State, and Virginia would cease to be the Ancient Dominion, and Virginia had already ceased to be the Ancient Dominion, and New York the Empire State, and the Keystone State would be hereafter in the Mississippi Valley.

THE PROPERTY OF ST. JOHN.

A great Presidential storm swept with great violence over the Lake of the Woods, Minnesota, on the evening of this city and vicinity on Thursday, though with its fury greatly abated, it was still considerable. The very little wind, but the rain fell in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The storm was of short duration, and ceasing, which interfered considerably with navigation in the bay and on the lake. The wind blew from N.E. to each floods that collars and houses only were ordered, causing damage to the value of thousands of dollars. Fire-engines were brought into requisition to clear the flooded premises. Some houses were also struck by lightning, but no lives were lost.

THE LATE COLONEL BENEDICT.

The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 10th gives a personal sketch of Colonel Lamadon, who, with his family, was recently lost in Lake Pontchartrain. From the following paragraph it takes:

"Colonel Lamadon was a native of North Carolina. At an early age he was appointed to the senior through Gen. Jackson, in the Indian Wars, in which whose office he served his time. After spending nine years in the Indian Country, he resigned his commission, his home to New Orleans, about twenty-four years ago, and in 1836 was elected to the general order Lieutenant. In 1837, in conjunction with Mr. Kendall, he commenced the publication of the *Picayune*, with which he remained connected until the day of his death. To his column he was a pleasant contributor under various signatures, and was hailed his editorial minds, giving sparkle and spice to the sketches of his so-called friends and remote planets, of his hunting and sporting adventures, and of other outdoor sports of the public. Every up to the very day of his death, he was a frequent contributor to the *Picayune*, and his pen was used in this way with the *Picayune*. Colonel Lamadon possessed a great deal of social heart that secured him friends wherever he was known. Warm and ardent in his nature, generous even to excess, and possessing fine conversational powers, ever cheerful and abounding in good humor, and rich in sympathy for the unfortunate, he was the esteem and good-will of all with whom he came in contact. He was as sensitive as he was affable; as chivalric as he was generous; and as open and frank as he was impulsive. His high sense of personal honor forbade concealment and deceit, and made him as generous to others as prompt to resent a discourtesy to himself."

MRS. GURNEY'S CONFESSION.

Various letters have been received from England bearing testimony that the pretended confession of Mrs. Gurney, published in the New York *Tribune* a few weeks since, is a forgery, and was manufactured in England immediately before its American journals. The first of these is from Mr. Gurney himself, who, in a letter to the editor, remarks:

"A forgery it is. We suspect it is a money-making trick of the Spiritualists."

A letter which now lies before me, post-marked Paris, August 15, in the handwriting of J. M. G., the unhappy subject of this base fabrication, and addressed to Edward Gurney, Esq., in his handwriting, says, in part:

"I know nothing whatever of the letter to which you allude, and I know no will but what I make it at once. It is an unknown in those who have done it."

This is enough to let the matter rest as not.

SUMMER SEATING.

The *Home Journal* then describes the summer chairs, which have been introduced in this locality:

"Among the novelties of the season—an invention designed to add to the comfort and to the physical objects of children—is a chair adapted for the house, and which may be used on a parlor and a nursery table. With a pair of these chairs an ear feet, a young lady can seem to have the art of fashion to the ladies, and which has successfully to accomplish as the ice, and with steel rollers, that which has heretofore been to be the unprecedented but almost despaired-of-obtaining enjoyment of the beauty of the ball-room. The chairs, for the ball-room exercise are now placed within the reach of even the most timid, and the most nervous, and the most timid, the chilled among home amusements, to the delight of children and the gratification of their parents. Imagine a shapely frame of ornamental iron, nearly the shape and size of the ordinary chair, with a cushion of the same, made of the steel enamel, four rollers or wheels of gutta-percha, mounted on the frame, and a cushion of the same, of which receives on separate axles: these rollers, of course, act on the floor, and the chair is propelled by the feet. The chair is so arranged as the foot is a manner similar to the ordinary chair, and the rollers, especially the rear ones, are in the ordinary drop. The inhabitants of the family, whose feet are placed in the chair, reflects from the rollers, and the chair is propelled by the feet, and the chair is propelled by the feet, and the chair is propelled by the feet

Lady Byron's death, Baron Wentworth, and hair to the very heels properly bespatched by the poor widow. In one wing, at Woolwich Arsenal, on a stable, at a cobby pony. My friend of the Indefatigable is in an almost textual translation of the whole letter which concluded this paragraph, heightens the interest of this anti-quiet about the grandson of Lord Byron by adding: "Thirty-three shillings a week. I have seen him at work in the shop with as much pluck and industry as any of his mates. He seems somewhere, there is at the bottom, not rather at the top—of this economic proceeding a young girl engaged to him, but I know not where, and she daily is wasting in abandon, even to live in the highest and most romantic sense of the word."

"I need hardly say that this is pure invention on the part of the Indefatigable Magazine. There is no such and pretty girl of the lower order in the affair at all. The young man's position is question and is not quite at an early age, was abroad for several years, in spite of large sums of money, and has discovered a little half-of-apprentice to a cracker, underwent much hardship. He has recently received a little money from his mother's relatives, who even at one time refused to have anything to do with him, and he is working for his living, has discovered by his relatives, guardians, or who by, has discovered by his relatives, guardians, or who by, has discovered by his relatives, guardians, or who by

THE TEMPTER AND THE TRAITOR—THE TREASON OF ARNOLD ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 21, 1780.

THE TEMPTER AND THE PATRIOT—THE CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ, SEPTEMBER 23, 1780.

THE CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ.

An each September season round the anniversary of the capture of Major André is duly celebrated, and each time the well-known story is told afresh. Its interest never flags.

It was in 1780, on September 15, that the British sloop of war *Vulture*, with Major André on board, sailed up the Hudson to the south of Croton River. The object of the voyage was to enable Major André to communicate with General Arnold, who was to be examined at West Point, and who had agreed to betray that important position to the English for a sum of money. The whole week André remained patiently on board his sloop. Washington was at West Point, and while he was there the traitor remained. On 20th September Washington left; on 21st Arnold met André, by appointment, below the American lines, handed him plans of the works at West Point, and arranged a scheme by which a British attack on the place could not fail to be successful. All this was done during the night of 21st-22d. By the time matters were settled day had begun to break.

Our artist has selected the meeting between André and Arnold—"The Tempter and the Traitor"—as the subject of his first picture.

Washington, in his "Life of Washington" (vol. iv., page 115), describes Major André being roved by Smith—midnight, to a gloomy place in the wood, called the Haverstraw Stony Point. "Here they landed," he writes, "a little after midnight, at the foot of a steep ascent, on called the Long Clove—a solitary place, the haunt of the owl and the whip-poor-will, and well fitted for a rendezvous of conspirators. André was waiting, but standing aloof among thickets. He had come hither on horseback from Smith's house, and there or four miles distant, attended by one of Smith's servants, likewise mounted. The midnight meditation between André and Arnold was carried on in the open air, because the Smith's mansion in the boat, and the servant drew off to a distance with the horses. It was near daybreak," etc., etc.

Whether there yet remained some points of importance to be determined, or whether André was afraid of allowing André to go on board the *Vulture* so speedily after their conference, will always remain a matter of uncertainty. Certain it is that Arnold began, with the first appearance of light, to press André to enter the American lines. Englishmen were very loth to comply with the request. He was well aware that if taken within the lines, he would be tried for his life, and condition of the American forces required, his execution as a spy. He urged Arnold to let him go. But the traitor would not consent; and against his and his wishes, André, early on the morning of 22d, entered the lines, and was provided with a refuge for the day in the house of one Miller, a dependent of Arnold's.

There he remained till nightfall. It had been agreed that after dark Smith was to convey him on board the *Vulture* in a boat. When the time came he was relieved. He was unwilling to go, and, afraid of mischief. With great difficulty a horse was obtained, and André started off on horseback. He crossed the river at King's Ferry, passed the American guards, and taking leave of Smith at the entrance of the "Neutral Ground," was left alone to ride on the morning of 23d from Tarrytown. His feelings can well be imagined. He had succeeded in an enterprise of the highest importance to the British cause. He had in his stocking full plans of West Point, and Arnold's scheme for betraying the post to the British. He had, he knew, risked his neck; but the game had been worth the risk, and it was won. In a couple of hours he would be within the British lines.

As he rode along, his mind doubtless full of these thoughts, and his heart perhaps turning to the lovely maiden pledged away in England whose love had fired his ambition, three men sprung out of a hedge and seized his bridle. It was rather under the British than the American lines, in the Neutral Ground. This Neutral Ground was neither a small patrol from either army, on the look-out for deserters, spies, or forage; and the fair presumption was that the men who had stopped André were British patrols. André had no doubt of it when the men, in order to deceive him, stated or insinuated that they were of the "Lower or British party. He at once conceived himself a British officer, traveling on business of the highest importance.

"Then," said they, "you are our prisoner."

Perceiving his mistake, the young officer tried to produce safety. The provinces of Neutral Ground were notoriously corrupt. André offered the man his watch, his purse, all the valuables he had. The offer was spurned. But he had you taken off his horse, and his person searched. In his stocking were discovered plans and papers. Into his capture, though they could not understand them, suspected to be of importance, and without a moment's loss of time took him and them to Colonel Jamieson, who commanded on the American lines.

It is the capture which forms the subject of our second picture—"The Tempter and the Patriot." Washington Irving says (vol. iv., page 121):

"Little André had not proceeded far, when, coming to a place where a small stream crossed the road and ran into a wooly dell, a man stepped out from the trees, leveled a musket, and brought him to a stand, while two other men, similarly armed, showed themselves prepared to second their comrade. The man who first stepped out wore a refugee uniform. . . . . The ragged refugee coat, which had deceived André, and lured the cause of his betraying himself, had been given to Paulding by one of his captives, in exchange for a good yeoman garment of which they stripped him."

Our artist adds:

"I have merely to remark that Irving, in his 'Sketch Book,' alludes to the stately white-wood tree under which his captors searched André, and found the terrible evidence of his rascality. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air," etc., and it was already in Irving's time the same day when news of Arnold's death reached Tarrytown. A fact!"

The rest of the tale is full of dramatic effects, and resembles a chapter in a sensation story. Colonel Jamieson recognized the plans and discovered André's knowledge. His first impulse was that Arnold was a traitor; his second that he was not. He observed with interest the papers to Washington, but he sent André to Arnold.

Had André reached Arnold the end page of his expedition would have been perfect. He would have escaped with his temptor; and though his daring project would have failed, he would quite the law have protected from his country the fit reward of his boldness and self-devotion. In two centuries otherwise. He had left the lines, under escort, when he was recalled. Major Tallmadge had persuaded Jamieson to retain the "Boy of Mount Vernon." Jamieson had overtaken him, and bade him return, André must have felt that his heart was cease.

Major Tallmadge could not prevail upon Colonel Jamieson not to communicate with Arnold. The Major was thoroughly Whig, and, like the Colonel, more trustful, and more deeply sensitive to discipline, felt it due to his superior to communicate to him the unexpected circumstances of André's arrest. He wrote to say that a man bearing the name of Anderson, and provided with a pass by General Arnold, had been stopped, and, by owned that he was a British officer, had been taken at Tarrytown, with plans of West Point, and other papers, concealed in his stocking; that the prisoner was in custody; and that the papers had been sent to Washington.

The receipt of his treachery had hung like lead round Arnold's neck from the hour he had parted from André. Every one noticed that he was uneasy, nervous, and even irritable than usual. When Washington's aide arrived at the Point with dispatches, he could scarcely rouse himself sufficiently to tender them the common services of hospitality. They were astonished at his adaptation. His wife, who was a passionate lady, was even more anxious; she could not leave her room. It was terrible suspense, and Arnold felt that he have secured a relief. And it came. He was at breakfast with the aide when Colonel Jamieson's arrival was announced. He left the table, and hastened to his wife's room, and shrieked to her that André was taken, and all was lost. The miserable woman ran down to the hall, and, with wand, better fitted for the crisis, ran down stairs, told the aide that he had some orders to give to the officers in one of the outlying forts, leapt on a horse which he had kept ready saddled, galloped to the river, and, with the boatmen, rowed down the *Vulture*, which he had detained to be ready for such an emergency. Before the aide-de-camps had ceased to wonder at the strangeness of his manner and actions the traitor was safe under the British flag.

The moment André heard of his escape he wrote to Washington, avowing his name and stating his case. It was a clear one. No soldier of experience could say it—could blame André for his share in deceiving it. He had entered the American lines by stating particulars of his business, and left the West Point. In military law he who thus acts is a spy, and his doom is death. The only point which André made was that he had been enticed into the American lines, unconsciously, by Arnold. This pretense, it is quite plain, will not stand the test of examination. André was a man of honor, and a man of shrewdness and experience. When he entered the American lines he must have perceived it instantly. Why did he persevere? Why did he not instantly return? Why did he remain in doubt, or, on his return, why did he not at least know where he was, and what he risked by being there. He was certainly free to act, to take the responsibility upon him to admit that he was both weak and foolish, neither of which he was in any degree. The historian must conclude that André consciously and knowingly put on his own showing. Had he been acquitted, no spy could ever have been hanged.

The last scene of the drama is very mournful. Major André's sentence was undoubtedly just, but none was unlikely grumpled at it. He was a young soldier. He met an ignominious death, in the prime of a successful life, with the firmness of a Roman.

His captors, Williams, Paulding, and Van Wart, will always be remembered as types of faithful patriots. They were offered, and to them André's bribes would have been a small fortune. To have taken them would have made the three richer than they were; but it would have made them poor in the cause of American Independence. Williams, Paulding, and Van Wart refused, and was as noble a name in history as Arnold's is infamous.

DRIFTING AWAY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"My good Bertha joins me in the invitation," wrote an old friend, who lived the easy life of a self-satisfied and prosperous gentleman, now fifty away from the noisy city, amidst the work, and the cares of which I often grew weary. "Come, and come now, when the trees are greenest, the earth in richest attire, and the air like a cinnamon-scented zephyr. Come, Ellen, and soil—I have the finest of pleasure-boats—and spend the days as merrily as if the world had never a care or sorrow. Come! I will take no refusal. You are wearing yourself out too fast in thus toiling city."

The invitation came at the right moment. I was drooping over my work with slow hands and faking order.

"I will be at Fern Dale," I wrote, "in a week. Many thanks for your kind invitation."

And in a week I stood face to face with my old friend. It was twice twelve months since I had seen him." He had gained literally in fresh flesh and spirits, and his face, though somber and sober, was fresher and younger in appearance than when I last saw him. The years that had so kindly with Bertha, his sweet wife, I was grieved to see. Her face had grown thinner, though not less beautiful. It was not the beauty of old that caused your eyes to linger on her countenance, for the delicately rounded outline and warm tints, that had been so much admired, thought and feeling there, and a depth and mystery in her eyes which I had never seen before. How singularly in contrast were the brown locked tints that lit up the whole face with the glow of enthusiasm, and the darkening light that played now and then so feebly, yet so full of angel sweetness, just around her mouth. She was sitting with a baby on her lap, and I could see the effort of lifting it down, or calling an attendant, she received me with the nursing in her arms; and her eyes raised, every time I looked then, from time to the church fate that lay against her bosom.

"Another baby," said I, as I touched the pouchy cheek with a kiss.

"And the dearest darling of them all," she answered, looking down at the sleeping.

"She's perfectly bewitched by that baby," said my friend, as he laid his hand in a fond way upon her shoulder. "I'm afraid I shall have to say that she'd never seen a baby in her life before. But come into the library; I've got a hundred things to do with you before dinner."

And he drew me away as I had been five minutes in the company of his wife. I saw that her eyes followed us as we left the room, and a disappointment was in them.

"I'm sorry to see that Bertha is not looking so well as when I was at Fern Dale last time," said I, as we sat down in the handsome library.

"Not looking well!" he repeated. My friend seemed a little surprised at the remark. "You have forgotten. In my eyes she never looked better. She was already thirty when I first saw her, and yet, rarely had much color."

"Perhaps my memory is at fault, but I have a vision of Bertha's pretty rounded, rather cheeks than I use to-day."

"That great baby in her arms will suggest a reason for the change. It does not come from failing health."

My friend seemed so entirely at ease on the subject that I said no more; but I did not feel satisfied. We talked for an hour in the library, when dinner was announced, and we joined the ladies at the table. She had on a white lawn dress, dotted over with small blue forget-me-nots, and a plain rose sash. The pink tints were visible in her cheeks, and her eyes, as she lifted them to mine, had lost the dark shadowings. She looked fair and beautiful as a consecrated vestal. I saw my friend's eyes rest proudly and lovingly upon her for a few seconds, and I felt grew himself up to the agreeable work that lay before him.

I noticed that while my friend's wife did, with a pleased alacrity, the duties of the table, urging one dish after another upon her guest and her husband, she ate very little herself. The first must have excuse herself from some of my bowl, or he would certainly have remonstrated. I could not help saying, as I saw her playing with, instead of eating, her dessert,

"Don't you eat any thing, Bertha?" I had known her many months before her marriage—and always addressed her with the old familiarity.

"Oh, she lives on air!" spoke up my friend, smiling. "So don't imitate her example while at Fern Dale. I am made of grosser stuff, and can't get satisfied with the delicate things that make up what are called creature comforts."

Bertha smiled, blushed, and looked beautiful, but too ethereal in my eyes.

After dinner we drove out, leaving Bertha at home with the baby and domestic affairs. I, in a word was said about her going with us. Our drive was over breezy hills, and amidst scenery of the most delightful character. I had felt in all my pulses as we went rushing through the exhilarating air. It was sundown when we returned, full of a sense of health and enjoyment, a beauty need had not been taken only a few hours before.

The warmer glow of the sunset had Bertha's cheeks at dinnertime had faded; and as I looked at her across the tea-table, I noticed an expression of weariness about her mouth, a languid falling of the lips, that made me feel uncomfortable. She asked if I had enjoyed the ride, and listened with much apparent interest to my descriptions of many points in the fine scenery through which we had driven. I was a little surprised, however, to learn, from a remark of her husband, that she had never spoken of herself.

After supper my friend and I retired to the library, where we spent the evening alone, talking of old times; discussing the merit of new books; or lingering over the current topics of the day. Bertha did not join us. Once I asked for her. I had pleasant recollections of hours spent in her company.

"Oh, she's buried with the children, or closeted with her cook," answered my friend, smiling in his easy good-nature way. "Bertha has become a famous housewife."

"She has been good a mind for burial after this fashion," said I. "Bertha was born for something more than a simple housewife."

"I know she was," he replied my friend, with a slight closing of his brows. "But women will take their way. Her children and her household have completely absorbed her."

"Do you think this absorption of her life a good one—a healthy one—for either mind or body?" I asked.

"Perhaps not. But there is a wonderful power of adaptation in nature, so you know. I guess it will all work out right. I often wish it were different; yet, as wishing does no good, I never permit myself to get worried over what can't be helped. I am something of a philosopher you know, and manage, under all circumstances, to keep a quiet mind. If Bertha lives her way, she's why so be it; she's a good, loving, overdutiful wife to me, and I won't force her out of the world she seems most pleased to dwell in—though, our tastes do run parallel in so many things; and we might enjoy so much together."

My friend's feelings lay close to the surface, and I saw his eyes glisten as he turned them away from me. He loved his wife as tenderly as any man who loved his own ease and pleasures as well as he did could love any thing out of himself. She was, in his eyes, the pungent condiment. He was proud of her—very proud of her.

On the next morning, when I met Bertha at breakfast, and looked into her face, I saw more of the work of exhaustion than I had noticed on the day before. The pretty lines key in surfaces on her cheeks, forehead, and thrusten nostrils, instead of showing rounded undulations. Her lips were very thin and white. Her eyes, large, dark, and lustrous—shone out upon you from a further distance in their shadowy orbits. She had no pulse, and only awoke a sense of eating, as I could see; while her husband piled away the steak, muffins, and omelet in a manner liberal fashion, and kept himself so busy at this pleasant work, as to permit his wife's abstemiousness to escape observation.

"You don't look very well this morning," said I, feeling really concerned.

Bertha smiled faintly, as her husband turned a look of inquiry upon her face, and answered,

"My head aches a little;" and then added, "I pity my fretful baby daily. Sleep you see, I don't know what ailed him. He didn't sleep for an hour at a time all night. Husband had to go into another room. He can't bear loss of rest."

"No," said he; "I must have my regular sleep. Ever since we were married I never could after night with their babies, up and down at all hours, is more than I can understand. It would kill me."

Bertha smiled faintly, glanced from her husband, and coughed again two or three times. There was a sound in the cough that was unpleasant to my ears. I glanced at my friend, to see if he had heard it, but he had not appeared to notice it.

"And little the mothers sometimes," I ventured to remark.

My friend looked at me for a moment or two, as if I had abandoned my sense, and then went on with his breakfast. I noticed the cough again, once or twice, during the meal.

After breakfast my friend and I retired alone to the library, leaving Bertha to her maternal and household cares. A sail on the river, which was flowing on side of my friend's house, and in that "fairest of pleasure-boats" about which he had written me, was the pleasant morning's amusement. After spending an hour or two in the library, talking and reading, we went down to the river, my friend carrying a brass-bound casket which Bertha had placed in his hand.

"Why can't you go with us?" I asked, as I looked into her fair face.

She shook her head, and half turned it toward the door, from which she had stepped into the parlor, close to John's side, as if unwilling to be mistaking that duty must go before pleasure.

"It's no use to invite her," said my friend, in what struck me as a light and careless manner. "She never goes any where. Leave her with her baubles and her servants; she is happiest among them."

I stood nearest to Bertha when this was said, and could not help, even been mistaken for a vessel that reached me—it was a faint sigh.

"There's something wrong here," said I to myself as we turned from the river. "A life is wasting rapidly away, and no suspicion of the fact seems to have been awakened. My friend is either very selfish or very blind. How can he look into his own ruddy face, as it stands each day reflected to him in his shaving glass, and then look upon pale, shadowy, fleeting countenance, and not feel the truth?"

A week at Fern Dale confirmed all my first impressions as to the rapidly failing condition of Bertha. And yet my friend showed no anxiety, or even consciousness, of the peril in which his wife stood. "How can he gaze into that pale, thin face," I thought, and ask myself over and again, "and not take the warning that nature gives?" Was his own enjoyment of mere sensuous life so great that he could not endure to contemplate this Bertha's be loved her, may, almost idolized her; and when I would hint, occasionally, in a concerned way, any fear, nothing but a smile, he would regard me with a vague, bewildered countenance, as if I were speaking like a fool. He shudder—of course far-off evil. It was almost the occasion to him that the evil was at his door.

One morning Bertha did not make her appearance, as usual, at the breakfast-table. On asking for her, my friend answered, that she had been up for most of night with her baby, and was too much indisposed to rise.

"Nothing serious?" I remarked.

"Oh no!" he answered. "She often has such spells. We shall see her at dinner-time, as usual, only looking a little pale, perhaps."

Only a little pale! "That must be a death-like pallor," I said to myself.

This morning my wife is to have a sail on the river. Soon after breakfast we went to the boat-house, and unmoored the gay little craft, which had already given us so many pleasant hours together. As she glided gently out, like a bird floating on the tranquil water, through some midday the light cord by which my friend held her slipped from his hand, and she passed from his reach in a moment, out into the current, and commenced drifting away. My friend became instantly excited, and showed great anxiety about the boat. His face flushed, his eyes dilated, all his movements were hurried and disturbed. He ran here and there in an incoherent manner, and appeared for some moments to lose all self-possession. At

but, catching at a small coil of rope, he tied a stone to one end of it, and gave me the other end to hold; then throwing the stone with all his strength, it fell into the boat. Eagerly taking the rope from my hand, he drew on it until the shell was in. Now came the moment of suspense. The boat was moving steadily with the current; should the stone not obtain a firm anchorage inside, but release itself and be drawn over the gunwale, the little vessel would float beyond our present means of rescue. But the experiment proved successful. The stone held with sufficient tenacity to overcome the pressure of the current, and soon the pleasure-boat came floating to our outstretched hands.

"Safe!" exclaimed my friend, as he grasped the side of the little vessel with both hands. "How does Lena?" he added, as he stepped over the side, and commenced adjusting the sail.

"You could scarcely have recovered her again," said I, "even if she had drifted away a mile or so before a rescue could be procured in which to go after her."

"Oh yes!" he replied; "but I didn't think of that. I was only conscious that my beauty was drifting away beyond my reach. Don't laugh at me; but I have a real affection for this boat."

Soon we were pushing away over the rippling water under the pressure of a gentle breeze, my friend every now and then recurring to the little incident I have mentioned.

"You don't know," he said, as we floated into a sheltered cove where the wind no longer had the soft cheek against our snowy sail, that hung lourdes against the reed-like mast, "how that little peril of my boat disturbed me," again alluding to the circumstance.

I looked at him without answering.

"You can't guess," he resumed. "What thoughts are shadowing your mind?"

"Thoughts that concern you. Will I let them come into speech?" I said, after a moment of silence.

"By all means, my friend. Don't hesitate."

He leaned forward, and looked at me anxiously.

"I was thinking," said I, "of a far more precious thing than a shell drifting from your control, drifting, and getting more distant every day, and yet you heed it not."

"I don't understand you." He looked bewildered.

"Bertha." I merely uttered the name.

He grew pale instantly.

"Bertha is drifting from you," said I, "and when you stretch forth a hand to save her, right speedily, she will pass out of your reach."

He let the rudder, which he had been holding, slip from his grasp, and leaned, with a frightened look, toward me.

"Why do you think this?" he asked, in a breathless manner.

"Because it so appears to my eyes. Bertha has filled your heart to over her lost. Ah! she has departed, and all the fine roundness of face and limb has wasted away. She eats nothing comparatively, yet is laced with double strength of wear out a strong man. You, with your vigorous health, could not endure them."

"But what do I do?" asked my friend, with pale alarm in his face. My few sentences had fallen from him a pleasant life-dream, which will bury herself, as you see. What can I do?" he repeated.

"You can stretch out your hand and save her before the current, that is now floating her away, bears her beyond your reach," said I, confidently; "and I have the privilege of a friend to do so at this time. Not once since I have been here has she shared our recreating drives or refreshing breaks on the river. Not a day but she has sat in the bower, drooping in with our pleasant talks, and working thought more beautiful, as in other days, and when we have met at meal-times, looking, gaze and spiritually, it is plain to be seen that mind and body are fed from a secretive source. Can this go on long, and her delicate organism not give way? Be assured not, for the strain is too great."

"But what can I do?" asked my friend, the looking still more alarmed. "She is wedded to these household cares, and endeared to her children."

"I have not seen," said I, "any attempt on your part to win her away from them. Have you been so remonstrance against her self-sacrificing course; no manifested concern; no urgent invitations for her to share rides and rambles—I speak plainly, for there is a life at stake—but a dull kind of acquiescence. Now, if you wish to keep her, will you let her drift away? Ah! I see by your cost of effort, see that she no longer violates the guidance of a leaden shell.

"You have awakened me from a dream," said my friend, as he grasped the rudder again, and headed the boat homeward. "Drifting away? Drifting away!" he added, a few moments afterward. "Yes, it is even so. But I will catch at her receding current and hold her back."

At dinner-time we met Bertha, looking worse than I had seen her since my arrival. I noticed that my friend's eyes wandered over her little form to her face, and that he did not eat with his usual appetite. After the dessert, and before we left the table, he leaned toward her and said, with a tenderness in his voice that no wife's heart could resist,

"I am sorry to see you looking so worn out, Bertha. Last night was a severe tax on you. Have you been down this morning yet?"

"Part of the time," she answered, looking at her husband gratefully. It was plain to be seen that she was not used to such tender inquiries.

"This way of life won't do, Bertha," he went on. "It is destroying you. I see you drifting away from me." His voice failed a little. "And I must put forth a hand to draw you back. Nature will not bear the burdens you are laying upon her."

I saw light coming into her pale face, and love beaming out from her eyes, upon her husband, his interest and concern were genuine, and she felt it.

"We are going to take an easy ride this afternoon," he added, "and want you to go with us. Now don't say no!"

I saw reluction in her face; and her lips moved as if she were about putting her objection in words. But her husband's "Now don't say no!" coaxing as it did on his warmly expressed interest and concern, changed her purpose, and she said,

"If it will give you pleasure."

"Nothing in the world would give me more pleasure," replied my friend, with almost lover-like warmth.

There was visible, already, a new life in the countenance of Bertha. A soft glow was faintly dying her cheeks, and a mellow light tempering the unnatural brilliancy of her eyes.

"When do you wish me to be ready?" she asked.

"At four o'clock. We will ride until six: that will be long enough for you."

It was the Bertha of other days who talked so pleasantly and looked so lovely during our dining trial ride. At tea-time she was another being from what she appeared on the evening before, or, indeed, on any evening since my arrival at Fern Dale. The ride had quickened in her mind a new and healthier impulse. She was a lover of all things beautiful in nature, and this had given her a pure enjoyment, which could not long die out. During the evening my object, by a little management, drew her away from her nursery into the library, where we enjoyed her company for over an hour. Music, solicitude for the health of her mind interested, to give her thoughts a new direction, to call back old themes in art and literature that some years before had fired her young imagination? She felt the change in him, and was, I could see, half surprised, yet touched thereby.

On the next day she accompanied us in our morning drive, and in the afternoon was induced, after a little persuasion, to take a ride on the cove. There was an unmistakable glow on her cheeks as we came from the cove, and her eyes sparkled, and I noticed that she took a relish of tongue, and ate two biscuits at supper-time—an opposition of food quite beyond what I had seen, in her case, since my visit to Fern Dale.

"You have sketch her garments are so drifted in the cove," said I to my friend, as we sat together that evening in the library, where we had enjoyed her company for over an hour.

"Yes," he answered, with feeling; "and I will cling to them as a man clings to his life! She shall not get out of the waters again through any fault of mine. Was ever a man so thoughtless and stupid as I have been?"

"Well, perhaps; many, but just as thoughtless, just as blind as you were," said I; "and hundreds of overtasked wives—self-sacrificed it may be, as in Bertha's case—are drifting from their side, and mortal shores upon the sea of eternity; and in a few weeks, or months, or years, they are lost at the reach of hands that will clutch after them in agony when it is too late!"

THE SILVER FLORIN.

Some few years ago, when I was younger than I am now, among my matrimonial speculations, I took Zaina. He occupied a room on the same floor with myself; and from my first *début* upon the artistic Zaina had my entire sympathy and interest. Our affection was immediate and unselfish. We had nothing to gain or lose from each other. Within the same hour we met, either side, our purses were in common. When the money market was easy, we would feast luxuriously; steak, vanilla bit of pork tenderloin, and a mince pie, with bread and Switzer cheese *ad libitum*, was a repast for a king. When the money was tight, and times were hard, we walked Broadway, and treated fortune for a change.

In a few days after our first acquaintance, which began with the lean of a hammer, he had given me his whole history, with the exception of the one secret of his life—the loss of his mother. This came in bits with time; and one evening, conclusions beginning confidence, Heinrich showed me a silver florin, carefully stowed in cotton, nestled in little box, and hung about his neck, where it had lain since the day of his mother's death, on the banks of the Main—that sweet flowing German river within the sound of whose waters they were born and lived, and which, ere to Jemmy to seek his fortune as a lithographic artist, and Marguerite returned to her little cottage home to hope and pray.

Heinrich had no dream of achieving a rapid fortune of wealth and fashion in the Western World, but he had a dream which he kept ever in sight, that some day, perhaps, he would be fortunate enough to be able to send for his mother and Marguerite, when he had a home for them and a certainty of support. Two years had elapsed, but, as yet, he had not even the shadow of a home for all the date of my meeting with him, was as far removed as the day on which he had landed at Pier No. 4, East River.

As a special and particular favor, I was somewhat indulged in the reading of letters from pauper gens in Marguerite's letters. They must, as Heinrich said, have been models of epistolary style in the original, but I must confess their beauties were somewhat lost in the translation. It was in the silver florin I took the deepest interest—this somehow seemed to be the link which, after being endowed with a magical charm, gained by being blessed at the spring of St. Ulrich and dipped in its waters, the powers and location of this wonderful spring always remaining a myth in my mind, thereby, perhaps, heightening the respect I bore the charmed florin. For what do we respect so much as that we do not understand? It had the power to tell, by its dullness or brightness, sickness or joy to the absent one; coming woe or happiness. Many a time has Heinrich prayed at his bedside, and kissed the silver florin, in his agony of gravity, that Marguerite was not well to-day; and no gayety could cause his drooping spirits till the letter or inaugurate failure passed over from the florin. Occasionally he would tell me the florin was bright; and on that day my favorite project, either of business or pleasure, would be put in force with a confidence that could only be inspired by the omen. It was useless to laugh at this; it was too earnest.

One sunny day in June the florin shone brightly in its silver beauty. I had only the night before rubbed it up myself, and bestowed a new bed of cotton upon it, while Heinrich was putting in a new flesh tint to the lovely picture of Cordelia (Discovering Amaciee (an original idea of my own). For I felt as though I had shed some property in the florin myself, in the little time I had known it. Heinrich was very bright, and a long-contemplated ride to Fort Lee was realized for that day in celebration of the event.

On the way down we had noticed a mother and child, a pretty child, and a fine one, I had thought the mother, Heinrich the child. He was fortunate enough to make acquaintance with the child; I was not so fortunate with the mother. It was bribery and corruption on the part of Heinrich, aided by sunny oats and an apple, which he had slipped from the dinner-table, and stowed in his pockets to suit an emergency.

The long ride over, and the company marching up the deck, Heinrich and myself at a respectable distance in the rear, when a shriek, a woman's shriek, echoed from the side of the boat, the moments and the rattle of the drums. We turned; the crowd was rushing down the deck. Not to be behindhand with curiosity, Heinrich is little in advance. I saw, as I ran, my beautiful lady standing upon the string-piece of the wheel, her hands stretched in the air, and the child in a woman's arms. The child was in the water. Before the conception was fully formed in my brain I was on the string-piece beside the lady. One glance down and I saw Heinrich holding about to the water below. I saw him in the act of leaping, I saw the child in the arm and told her so, as I drew her away from the edge of the deck, where the crowd was pressing with a force that I felt sure would be fatal to both the child if not removed. She looked at me wildly, and, catching at my coat, gave me so hearty a looking as it was possible to be in my judgment in the crowd, almost into a comedy. At this moment a shield, a plank was thrown from the people on the string-piece, and I knew the child was saved. And so knew the mother, for she fainted in my arms as she shout from.

In a few minutes we were in a neighboring house. The mother was consigned to the ladies, and Heinrich, myself, and the child were congaged returning the babe. Shall I ever forget that little angel coming back from heaven? She opened her great blue eyes, and smiling from the dexter side, "Don't cut off my hair, good people. I know that I am dead, and don't cut off my hair." Heinrich had cut her hair. My name is Lilly—they call me Lilly because I am so white. But don't cut off my hair." Ah, Lilly! I wonder if you will ever be so white yet which one of us would not have given his one life to save yours, Lilly? An hour or two subsided to put mother and child in a state of convalescence that a carriage could be called, and they conveyed home. The carriage stopped at a handsome house in a fashionable locality, and Heinrich carried Miss Lilly in, while my duty was the escort of the silver florin. Heinrich stood in the hall with a puzzled look as his wife threw herself into his arms in a fresh flood of tears. It was some minutes before the explanation could take place. I of Livingston wrung Heinrich's hand and hugged him with half the force he did me I do not wonder that my Jemmy was so anxious to have me so medically. All our attempts, however, at bolting were crushed by the tears of my four and hostess, who took no bodily in charge. In half an hour Heinrich, as I am convinced entirely against his will, was divested of his wet clothes, and the wife of Livingston, who, throughout the whole of that evening, seemed to be laboring under the delusion that I was possessed of the physical endurance and necessary to his happiness; while Madam suffered under the same delusion, only varied by cold tray and hot water, I was left to spend a very happy evening.

It is almost useless to say that a strong friendship grew up between the Livingstons, Heinrich, and myself. They soon became the confidants of our adventures, and Heinrich's love, which was true delicacy which always marks a man of the right stamp. When Livingston's offer of aid to Heinrich did come, I knew it was sincere, I came to me.

I am not now about to enter upon a statement of all my dreams; it is sufficient to say that, in three months and seven days after the first prospect of Heinrich's success, he had accepted the necessary funds to fit up a lithographic office with material and presses, and a modest house with furniture, for all of which we had to wait for months at different dates, extending over a period of five years. Nothing was now left to be but the sending for the mother and Marguerite, which was soon accomplished. We counted the days, and consulted the oracle—the silver florin. Nothing occurred to cast at it bright. It was clear, by its magic—at money, that the loved ones were on their way, and happy. Every night I handled the florin with religious faith, wiped it carefully and returned it to its bed, which I renewed as often as it became soiled in the process. Heinrich with Lilly and its results I had become a rigid convert to the charm; in reward for which I was often indulged with its charge of an evening, as a child would be allowed to play with a toy it admires. The time drew near for the expected arrival—every thing was arranged. It was agreed that Heinrich and Marguerite were to be married at Livingston's house, after which they would repair to their own. In one week, at furthest, the steamer would bring the bride. Heinrich was nervous, strangely given to fainting and hysterics; I to consultations with the clerk of the weather.

One bright cold morning in January, before I was out of my bed, Heinrich with hair uncombed, minus coat, vest, and one boot, rushed into my room. He was ghastly pale, his lips closed, his teeth set. In his hand he held the florin, the lid of the box open. His appearance terrified me—I sprang from my bed. To my question as to what was the matter, he could only gasp, "The florin! The florin!" I looked in the box, the florin was there, but how tarnished! Only the night before I had wiped it, and laid it on a new bed of cotton; now, it was not only dull but positively black—dull as a silver florin had been years spended to the air. I shuddered as I looked upon its sombre and turned pale as Heinrich hoarsely stammered out, "Marguerite! Mother! Dead! dead!" I had no word of comfort for my friend. In my mind's eye I could see the fine ship going down at—at—at the Battery Park. I did not know to me to bid him hope. I did all I could do—I weighed an ounce with the silver together we swoon of over the announcement of the loss.

It was by natural agreement that we concluded to receive the afternoon newspaper for Livingston until the steamer was past due. Time flew away without moderating our grief, when one bright sunshiny day we were startled by the shouts of the newsboys as they ran up Broadway, "Arrival of the steamship *Atlantic*. Extra *Herald*!" I could see the shade over the face of Heinrich, for them he became paler than before. It was but a few minutes, at most, ere the clerk, where the ship was just hailing in, the passengers grouped upon her deck. How he strained his gaze! I felt that he could hardly wait for the first organ-grinding. "They were not there." How my heart fell! "They have died upon the passage. The florin was right." Heinrich, in the gaiety, had sent out Heinrich was upon the deck, I after him. "When did they die?" he said, seizing the Captain by the arm. "Die! died! Who? what? I don't understand" in response. Twas I who answered their names. "Can will have been before I left, Sir, that they wasn't dead ten minutes ago." I could have hugged that splendid man; but I didn't. Instead I wished to be long, long, and I laid my head down below, and in one minute found myself kissing a dressed pretty girl, about twenty, and a nice middle-aged lady, and a lady about sixty, as though they were my own mother and bride-sweetheart. The old lady had been the mother of Heinrich, and having just recovered, Marguerite had judged it best not to awaken her from her sleep. And this accounted for the unannounced arrival.

The florin was a false prophet—Heinrich and I mutually agreed to say nothing about the deception. The bed of cotton was the happiness I placed out, and the charmed piece was exhibited in all its hideous blackness; Marguerite looked grave, Heinrich laughed, and Lilly exclaimed, "Why! It was black, even to darkening the cotton upon which it lay." Heinrich took a pretext of the cotton in the box and examined it, and then in a careless way held it to the light: it flashed and was gone. "The matter was out!" I was the culprit. In making the bed for my favorite, I had used a wad of gum-cotton that had lain in my room for months; it had rubbed off my silver and agitated, and hence the black—

We had a merry wedding, and I induced his aunts, Marguerite was a pretty girl, and a good girl; she has been a good wife, too, for these ten years, and given their children to their home. Heinrich is a prosperous man.

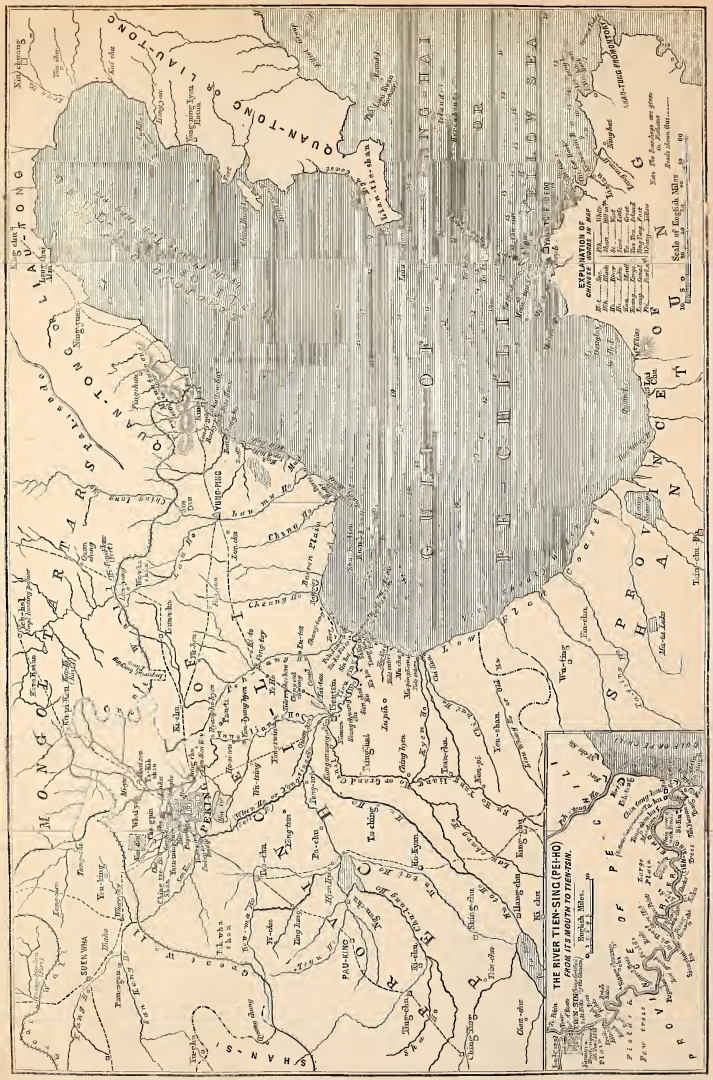
I hope only that I shall be as happy a one in my matrimony with Lilly Heinrich nothing (which is that, is there?). We are not to be married for two years yet, and then Lilly will be seventeen, and I thirty.

OUR MAP OF NORTHERN CHINA.

THE admirable map of Northeastern China which we publish herewith, will enable our readers to follow with perfect ease the movements of the allied squadrons in China. At the latest dates received both English and French had commenced the attack upon the forts on the Taku River, or upon another point of the sea-board, with a view to the occupation of Pekin, the seat of the Chinese world.

The mouth of the Pei-ho is now historical ground. In 1858 the British and American plenipotentiaries proceeded to Pekin, and made an effort to obtain permission to ascend the river. In 1858 Lord Elgin and Baron Gros forced the entrance, and took the Taku forts after a short resistance; sailed up the river to Tien-tsin, which they entered forcibly; but were foiled in their desire to visit Pekin, and retreated, leaving a treaty, which was afterwards ratified effected any thing. In 1859 the new British plenipotentiary again proceeded to the mouth of the Pei-ho, and claimed, under the treaty, the right of ascending the river. The demand was refused, an attack was made, and the pusillanimous beaten back. It was on this occasion, as our readers will all remember, that our gallant Tatnall commanded the "Hoist with the colors" signal! Once more, in 1860, the British and French squadrons are in the mouth of the Pei-ho; what they will probably carry their point, and not stop either at Taku or Tien-tsin.

The Provinces of Pe-chili, which will be the scene of the coming campaign, is the most northerly province of China, and is said to contain about 20,000,000 inhabitants. It derives its chief importance from its containing the capital—Pekin—of which we publish an account, in connection with Mr. Ward's visit thither, in No. 151 of this journal. Next to Pekin the most important place in the Province is Tien-tsin, which stands on the confluence of the Pei-ho River and the Grand Canal. Tien-tsin has been a city of great wealth, being the depôt of the grain trade, where the grain-laden junks from the south used to distribute their cargoes for the supply of the capital and other northern cities. But, latterly, the Grand Canal has fallen into such hopeless decay that it has

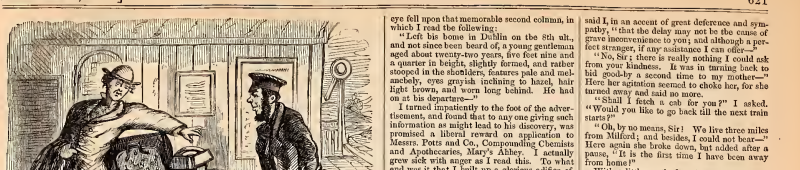


MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN CHINA—PROVINCE AND GULF OF PE-CHILI.

ceased to be of use as a channel of communication; while, on the other hand, the rebellion has prevented many of the grain-growing provinces from sending their usual supplies of rice and wheat to the capital. Hence not only Tien-tsin, but the whole adjacent country is in a state of crying poverty; people are and have been starving to death by the thousand, and Pekin itself has been the seat of a famine.

The River Pei-ho or Tien-tsin—it is known by both names—and the other rivers of Pe-chili, must not be confounded with the great rivers of China, or with the noble streams of this country. The Pei-ho is a shallow, sandy river, with a rapid current, an uncertain course, and marshy banks; the same description will suffice for the other rivers of Pe-chili. Nothing but such enormous outlays as used to be made in the palmy days of the Manchoo dynasty, will render them fit for the purposes of trade. As a whole, indeed, the province is the most desolate in the kingdom.

A few days more will probably place us in possession of news which will impart a rare interest to the localities marked on our map.



"WHERE THE—ARE YOU DRIVING TO, SIR?" CRIED I.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

NEXT mornings are terrible things, whether one awakes to the thought of some real run of ill-luck at play, or with the rocking headache of new port or a very "fruity" Burgundy. They are dreadful, too, when they bring nameless vague and indistinct, perhaps—of some serious alterations, passionate words exchanged, and expressions of defiance reciprocated; but, as a measure of self-reproach and humiliation, I know not any distress can compare with the sensation of awaking to the unanicomisness that our days have so ministered to imagination that we have given a mythical narrative of ourself and our belongings, and have built up a card-edifice of greatness that must tumble with the first touch of truth.

It was a sincere satisfaction to me that I saw nothing of the skipper on that "next morning." He was so occupied with all the details of getting into port that I escaped his notice, and contrived to lind unremarked. Little scraps of my late adventure keeping would obtrude themselves upon me, mixed up strangely with incidents of that same skipper's life, so that I was actually puzzled at moments to remember whether he was not the descendant of the famous rebel friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and I it was who was sold in the public square at Tunis.

These dissolving views of an evening before me very different problems: not to say, more valued reader, whose conscience is not burglariously assaulted by a riotous imagination, but to the poor weak Potts-like organisations—that men who never enjoy a real sensation, or taste a real pleasure, save on the hypothesis of a mock situation.

I sat at my breakfast in the Goat meditating these things. The grand problem to resolve was this: Is it better to live a life of dull incidents and commonplace events in one's own actual sphere, or creating, by force of imagination, an ideal status—so near into a region of higher conceptions, and more pictorial situations? What could existence in the first case offer me? A vexatious beaten path, with nothing to interest, nothing to stimulate me. On the other side lay glorious regions of lovely scenery, peopled with figures the most graceful and attractive. I was at once the associate of the wise, the witty, and the agreeable, with wealth at my command, and great prizes within my reach. Illusions all! to be sure; but what are not illusions—if by that word you take mere account of permanence? What is it in this world that we love to believe real is not illusionary—the question of duration being the only difference? Is not beauty perishable? Is not wit soon exhausted? What becomes of the proudest physical strength after middle life is reached? What of eloquence when the voice fails or loses its facility of inflection?

All these considerations, however convincing to myself, were not equally satisfactory as regarded others, and so I sat down to write a letter to Crofton, explaining the reasons of my sudden departure, and inclosing him Father Dyke's epistle which I had carried away with me.

I began this letter with the most firm resolve to be truthful and accurate. I wrote down not only the date but the day, "Goat, Milford," followed, and "My dear Crofton," I would fain become one who has partaken of your generous hospitality, and who, from an unknown stranger, was admitted to the privilege of your intimacy, to quit the roof beneath which the happiest hours of his life were passed without expressing the deep shame and sorrow such a step has cost him, while he bespeaks your indulgence to plead the reason." This was my first sentence, and it gave me uncommon trouble. I desired to be dignified, yet grateful, penitent, yet manly, grieved over an abrupt departure, but sustained by a manly confidence in the strength of my own motives. If I read it over once, I read it twenty times; now deeming it too diffuse, now fearing lest I had compressed my meaning too narrowly. Might it not be better to say thus: "What shall I say, dear Crofton, or, before condemning the unhappy creature whose abject cry for mercy may seem but to increase your contempt of his guilt, and in whose faltering accents may appear the signs of a stricken conscience, read over, dear friend, the entire of this letter, and weigh well the difficulties and dangers of him who wrote it, and say, is he not rather a subject for pity than rebuke? Is not this more a case for a tearful forgiveness than for chastisement and reproach?"

Like most men who have little habit of composition, my difficulties increased with every new attempt, and I became bewildered and puzzled what to choose. It was vividly important that the first lines of my letter should secure the favorable opinion of the reader; by one unhappy word, one ill-selected expression, a whole cause might be prejudiced. I imagined Crofton sagaily throwing the epistle from him with an impatient "Stuff and nonsense! a practised humbugger!" or, worse again, calling out "Listen to this, Mary! Is not Eleanor Potts a cool hand? Is not this brazening it out with a vengeance?" Such a thought was agony to me; they very essence of my hope was that I should secure the esteem and regard of others. I yearned after the good opinion of my fellow-men, and there was not a sacrifice I would not make, my honor to obtain it. No, come what would of it, the Crofton must not think ill of me. They must not only believe me guiltless of ingratitude, but some one whose gratitude was worth having. It will elevate them in their own esteem if they suppose that the pebble they picked up in the highway turned out to be a ruby. It will open their hearts to fresh impulses of generosity; they will not say to each other, "Let us be more careful another time; let us be guarded against showing attention to mere strangers; remember how we were taken in by that fellow Potts; what a specious mind he was—how plausible, how insinuating!" but, rather, "We can afford to be confiding, our experiences have taught us trustfulness. Poor Potts is a lesson that may inspire a hopeful belief in others." How little benefit can any one in his own individual capacity confer upon the world; but what a large measure of good may be distributed by the way he influences others! Thus, for instance, by one well-directed confession of mine, I inspire a fond of virtues which, in my merely truthful character, I could never pretend to originate. "Yes," I thought I, "the Croftons shall continue to esteem me; Potts shall be a beacon to guide, not a sunken rock to wreck them!"

Thus resolving, I sat down to inform them that, on my return from a stroll, I was met by a man bearing a sealed packet addressed to me, dying condition of my father's only brother, my sole relative on earth, and, yielding only to the impulse of my affection, and not thinking of preparation, I started on board of a steamer for Waterford, and from Waterford wrote this letter, inclose you the priest's letter, which caused me much. With all his shrewdness, the worthy Crofton never suspected the trick completely my friend Keldrum and myself had humbugged him, nor did he discover that the letter and the priest episode that followed it were the subjects of a wager between ourselves. His marvelous cunning was then for once at fault, and I can explain to you more fully when we meet, and prove to you that, upon this occasion at least, he was not deceived. I begged to have left a line from him to the Crown Hotel, Brighton, and confidently.

With this act, I felt I had done with the past, and now addressed myself to the future. I purchased a few cheap necessaries for the road, as few and as cheap as was well possible; I said to myself, fortune shall lift you from the very dust of the high road. Potts, not one advantageous adjunct shall aid your elevation!

The train by which I was to leave did not start till noon, and so I had to wear away time I took up a number of the *Times*, which the Goat appeared to receive as third or fourth hand. My eye fell upon that memorable second column, in which I read the following:

"Left his home in Dublin on the 8th ult., and not since been heard of, a young gentleman aged about twenty-two years, five feet nine and a quarter in height, slightly formed, and rather stooped in the shoulders, features pale and melancholy, eyes grayish inclining to hazel, hair light brown, and very long behind. Had on at his departure—"

I turned impatiently to the foot of the advertisement, and found that to any one giving such information as might lead to his discovery, was promised a liberal reward on application to Messrs. Potts and Co., Compounding Chemists and Apothecaries, Mary's Abbey. I actually grew cold with anger as I read this. To what end was it that I built up a glorious edifice of imaginative architecture, if by one miserable touch of coarse fact it could crumble into clay? To what purpose did I intrigue with Fortune to great me a special destiny, if I were thus to be classed with runaway traders or strayed heiresses? I believe in my heart I could better have borne all the terrors of a charge of felony than the lowering, debasing, humiliating condition of being advertised for on a reward.

I had been determined to be free as regarded the ties of country. I now resolved to be equally so with respect to those of family. I will be an orphan! I will call myself for the future—let me see—what shall it be that will not involve a troublesome exercise of memory, and the continuous effort of remembering my name? I was forgetting in this that I was speaking of a contingency that lay behind at the Rosary. Something with an initial I was requisite, and after much canvassing I fixed on Pottinger. If my unhappy chance I should meet one who remembered me as Potts, I reserved the right of mildly correcting him by saying, "Pottinger, Pottinger! the name Potts was given me when at Eton for shortness." They will at that among the days of our exclusion in life few can compare with that in which we exchange a jacket for a tailed coat; the paging from a tailpole to the full-grown frog; the emancipation from boyhood into adolescence is certainly very fascinating. Let me assure my reader that the bound from a commonplace name to a high-sounding epithet of three syllables is as enchanting as this assumption of the toga virilis. I had often felt the terrible brevity of Potts; I had shrunk from answering the question, "What name, Sir?" from the indescribable shame of saying, Potts; but Pottinger could be uttered slowly and with dignity. One could even do the initial syllable, as if to say, "Mark well what I am saying: this is a name to be remembered." With that there must have been great and distinguished Pottingers, rich men—men of influence and across from these I could at leisure select a paternage.

"Do you go by the twelve-fifteen train, Sir?" asked the waiter, breaking in upon these meditations. "If so, there is no time to lose, Sir."

With a start, I saw it was already past twelve, so I paid my bill with all speed, and taking my knapsack on my shoulder, hurried away to the train. There was considerable confusion as I arrived—a crush of cabs, waterman, and porters, blocked the way, and two or three currents of an arriving and departing train struggled against and confronted each other. Among those, who, like myself, were hurrying on entering the station-house, was a young lady in deep mourning, whose frail person and delicate figure gave no prospect of resisting the shock and conflict before her. Seeing her so destitute of all protection, I approached her, and, after a valorous effort and much buffeting, I fought her way for her to the ticket-window, but only in time to hear the sharp chant of a great bell, the bang of a glass door, and the cry of a policeman on duty, "Stand back!"

"There's another train to start at three-forty," said I, comfortingly. "I hope you don't that waiting will be no inconvenience to you." It is a little one, to be sure, stops every where, and only arrives in town at two o'clock in the morning."

I heard her sob; I distinctly heard her sob behind her thick black veil, as I said this; and to offer a commonplace consolation I could, I added, "I too, am disappointed, and obliged to await the next departure, and I'm the be of the least service in any way—"

"Oh, no, Sir! I am very grateful to you, but there is nothing—I mean—there is no help for me." And here her voice dropped to a mere whisper.

"I sincerely trust," I said I, in an accent of great deference and sympathy, "that the delay may not be the cause of great inconvenience to you; and although a perfect stranger, if any assistance I can offer—"

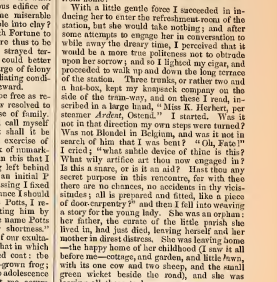
"No, Sir; there is really nothing I could ask from your kindness. It was in turning back to bid good-by to a second time to my mother. Here her agitation seemed to choke her, for she sobbed and said no more.

"Shall I fetch a cab for you?" I asked. "Would you like to go back till the next train starts?"

"Oh, by no means, Sir! We live three miles from Milford; and besides, I could not bear—Here again the choke down, but added after a pause, "It is the first time I have been away from home!"

With a little gentle force I succeeded in inducing her to enter the refreshment-room of the station, but she would take nothing; and after some attempts to engage her in conversation, while away the dreary time, I perceived that it would be a more true politeness not to obtrude upon her sorrow; and so I lighted my cigar, and proceeded to walk up and down the long terrace of the station. Three trains, or rather two and a hut-box, kept my knapsack company on the side of the terrace, and on these I read, inscribed in a large hand, "Miss K. Herbert, per steamer *Ardent*, Ostend." I started. Was it not a blessed coincidence my own name assumed? Was not Blondel in Belgium, and was it not in search of him that I was bent? "Oh, Fate!" I cried; "what astute device of thine is this? What wily artifice art thou now engaged in? What is strange, or is it so all? Hast thou any secret purpose in this rencontre, for will thou there are no chances, no accidents in thy vicissitudes; all is present and fixed, like a piece of door-carpentry?" and then I fell into wearing a story for the young lady. She was an orphan—her father, the curate of the little parish she lived in, had just died, leaving herself and her mother in direst distress. She was leaving home the happy home of her childhood (I saw it all before me—cottage, and garden, and little Fanny, with its one cow and two sheep, and the small green wicket beside the cottage), and she was leaving all these to become a governess to an upstart, blustering, valgar family at Ostende. Poor thing, how my heart bled for her! What a life of misery by before her! What trials of temper and of pride! The odious children! know they are odious—will torture her to the quick; and Mrs. Tredilles, or whatever her detestable name is, will lead her a life of hell from jealousy, and she'll have to bear every thing, and cry over it in secret, remembering the once happy time in that brown cuckled porch, where poor papa used to read Wordsworth for them.

What a world of sorrow we carry side! and how easily might it be made otherwise! What gigantic efforts are we forever making for something which we never live to enjoy! Societies to be freer, greater, better governed, and more lightly taxed, and all the while forgetting that the real secret is to be on better terms with each other; more generous, more forgiving, less apt to take offense or hear malice. Of more material goods there is far more than we need. The table would accommodate more than double the guests, could we only agree to sit down in orderly fashion; but here we have one occupying three chairs, while another crouches on the floor, and some even prefer mantling the furniture to letting some more humbly born take a place near them. I wish they would listen to me on this theme. I wish, instead of all these civil-science humbug and art-union bedeckish, they would hearken to the voice of a plain man, saying, Are you not members of one family—the individuals of one household? Is it not clear to you, if you would but kindly allow me you now reserve for the narrow circle wherein



"WHEN WE CAME TO THE GATE ON THE ROAD HE TURNED ROUND FULL AND LOOKED AT THE HOUSE." ETC.

you live to the wider area of mankind, that, while diffusing countless blessings to others, you will yourself become better, more charitable, more kind-hearted, wider in reach of thought, more catholic in philanthropy? I can imagine such a world, and feel it to be a Paradise—a world with no social distinctions, no inequalities of condition, and consequently no insolent pride of station, nor any degrading subserviency of demeanor, no rivalries, no jealousies—love and benevolence everywhere. In such a sphere the calm expansion of mind by which great things are accomplished would in itself constitute a perfect heaven. No impatience of temper, no passing irritation—

"Where the ——— are you driving to, Sir?" cried I, as a fellow with a crash-board and a hand-barrow came smash against my shin.

"Don't you see, Sir, the train is just starting?" said he, hastening on; and I now perceived that such was the case, and that I had barely time to rush down to the pay-office and secure my ticket.

"What class, Sir?" cried the clerk.

"Which has the tickets?" said I, forgetting all save the current of my own thoughts.

"First or second, Sir?" repeated he, impatiently.

"Either, or both," replied I, in confusion; and he flung me back some change and a blue card, closing the little shutter with a bang that announced the end of all colloquy.

"Get in, Sir!"

"Which carriage?"

"Get in, Sir!"

"Second-class?" Here you are!" called out an official, as he thrust me almost rudely into a vile mode of travelers.

The bell rang out, and two snorts and a scream followed, then a heave and a jerk, and away we went. As soon as I had time to look around me, I saw that my companions were all persons of an humble order of the middle class—the small shopkeeper and trader's profits of the locality we were leaving. Their easy recognition of each other, and the natural way their conversation took up local matters, seemed satisfied me of this fact, and reconciled me to full back upon my own thoughts for occupation and amusement. This was what was the usual prelude to a sleep, to which I was quietly composing myself soon after. The droppings of the conversation around me, however, prevented this; for the talk had taken a discussional tone, and the differences of opinion were numerous. The question debated was whether a certain Sir Samuel somebody was a great rogue or only unfortunate. The reasons for either opinion were well put and defended, showing that the company, like most others of that class in life in England, had established their faculties of argument and investigation by the habit of attending trials or reading reports of them in newspapers.

After the discussion on his morality came the question, "Is he alive or dead?"

"Sir Samuel never shot himself, Sir," said a short plump man with an asthma. "I've known him for years, and I can say he was not a man to do such an act."

"Well, Sir, the Greeks and the United Brethren allows we are both of your opinion," said another; "they'll not pay the policy on his life."

"The law only recognizes death on production of the body," sagely observed a man in shabby black, with a sash unbuckled, and one I afterward perceived was regarded as a legal authority.

"What's to be done, then, if a man be drowned at sea, or burned to a cinder in a lime-kiln?"

"Ay, or by what they call spontaneous combustion, that doesn't leave a shred of you?" cried three disputants in a turn.

"The law provides for these emergencies with its usual wisdom, gentlemen. Where death may not be actually proven it can be offered."

"But who says that Sir Samuel is dead?" broke in the asthmatic man, evidently impatient at the didactic tone of the attorney. "All we know of the matter is a letter of his own signing, that when it reaches us there will be a bill to no more. Now, is that sufficient evidence of death to induce an insurance company to pay down some eight or ten thousand pounds to his family?"

"I believe you might say thirty thousand, Sir," suggested a mild voice from the corner.

"Nothing of the kind," interposed another, "the only heavy policies on his life were held by an old Cumberland baronet, Sir Edward Grofton, who first established Whalley in the iron trade. I've heard it from my father fifty times, when a child, that Sam Whalley entered Miledred in a curtain jacket, with all his traps in a handkerchief."

At the mention of Sir Edward Grofton an attention was quickly excited; this was the uncle of my friends at the Rosary, and I was at once curious to hear more of him.

"Fustian jacket or not, he had a good head on his shoulders," remarked one.

"And luck, Sir! luck, which is better than any head," sighed the mean man, sorrowfully.

"I deny that, deny it totally," broke in one of the asthmas. "Sir Edward Wedley hadn't more of first-rate order he never could have made that concern what it was—the first foundery in Wales."

"And what is it now, and where is he?" asked the attorney, triumphantly.

"At rest, I hope!" murmured the sad man.

"Not a bit of it, Sir," said the wheezing voice, in a tone of confidence; "I take my oath for it, he's alive and hearty, somewhere or other, ay, and we'll hear of him one of these days; he'll be smelting metals in Africa, or cutting a road through the Isthmus of Heaven knows what, or prime minister of one of those rajahs in India. He's a clever dog, and he knows it too. I see what he thought of himself the day old Sir Edward came down to Furybridge."

"To be sure, you were there that morning," said the attorney; "tell us about that meeting."

"It's soon told," resumed the other. "When Sir Edward Grofton arrived at the house we were all in the garden. Sir Samuel had taken out there to show us his gardens, which he said were the finest in Europe, except some at the Hague. Maybe it was that the old baronet was vexed at something, or else he was in a bad humor, anything else had crossed him, but as he entered the garden I saw he was sorely out of temper.

"'How d'ye do, Sir Edward?' said Whalley to him, coming up pleasantly. We scarcely expected you before dinner-time. My wife and my daughters,' said he, introducing them; but the other only removed his hat ceremoniously, without ever noticing them in the least.

"'I hope you had a pleasant journey, Sir Elkanah?' said Whalley, after a pause, while, with a short jerk of his head, he made sign to the ladies to leave them.

"'I trust I am not the means of breaking up a merry party?' said the other, half sarcastically. 'Is Mrs. Whalley—'

"'Lady Whalley, with your good permission, Sir,' said Samuel, stiffly.

"'Of course—how stupid of me! I should have remembered that the lady is a baronet.' And, indeed, the thought was full upon me as I came along, for I scarcely suppose that if higher ancestors have not possessed the title, they had their farm buildings and the outhouses in the state of ruin I see them.'

"The same letter by ten thousand pounds than the day on which I first saw them; and I saw in the expression of Sir Samuel's countenance here, my neighbor—meaning me—that both you and they were very cranky concerns when I was you in those days.

"I thought the old baronet was going to have a fit at these words, and he caught hold of my arm and leaned heavily on it, and forward all the time, his face purple with passion.

"'Who made you, Sir? who made you?' cried he at last, with a voice choked with rage.

"'The same hand that made us all,' said the other, calmly. 'The same wise Providence that, for his own ends, creates drones as well as bees, and makes gravel and boulders as well as ores of brains and industry.'

"'You shall rue this insolence—it shall cost you dearly, Sir! Heaven! cried the old man, as he gripped my lighter. 'You are a witness, Sir, to the way I have been insulted. I'll force close your mouths—I'll make you eat your words! I have advanced—I'll sell the house over your head—'

"'Ay? but the head without a roof over it will hold itself higher than your own, old man. The good Samaritan and Sir Samuel Wedley's bank have given me are worth all your title-deeds twice told. If I walk out of this town as poor as the day I came into it, I'll go with the certainty that I can earn my bread—a process that would be very difficult for you when you could no longer lend out money on interest.

"'Give me your arm, Sir, back to the town,' said the old man, turned to me; 'I feel myself too ill to go all alone.'

"'Get him to step into the house and take something,' whispered my wife in my ear as he turned away and left us. But I was afraid to propose it; indeed, if I had, I believe the old man would have had it on the spot, for he trembled from head to foot, and drew long sighs as if recovering out of a faint.

"'Is there any one in this place,' asked he, 'where I can stop? and have you a doctor here?'

"'You are here both, Sir,' said I, and I.

"'You know me, then?—you know who I am?' said he, hastily, as I called him by his name.

"'That I do, Sir, and I hold my place under you; my name is Shore.'

"'Ay, I remember,' said he, vaguely, as he moved away. When we came to the gate on the road he turned around full and looked at the house—it looked more old and creeper that was so much admired. 'Mark my words, my good man,' said he, addressing my father, 'as sure as I live I'll not leave one stone on another of that dwelling there.'"

"He was better spoken than he could perform," said the attorney.

"I don't know that," sighed the meek man; "there's very little that money can't do in this life."

"And what has become of Whalley's widow, if she be a widow?" asked one.

"She's in a poor way. She's up at the lodge yonder, with the lady of one of the girls, she's trying to keep a children's school."

"Lady Whalley's school?" exclaimed one, in half scornful accents.

"Yes; but she has taken her maiden name again since this disaster, and calls herself Mrs. Hamilton."

"Has she more than one daughter, Sir?" I asked of the last speaker.

"Yes, there are two girls; the younger one, they tell me, is going, or gone, abroad, to take some situation as governess—teacher, or a governess."

"No, Sir," said the chubby man, "Miss Kate has gone as companion to an old widow lady at Brussels—Mrs. Kents. I saw the letter that arranged the terms—a trifle less per annum than her mother gave to her maid.

"Poor girl!" sighed the sad man. "It's a dreary way for young ladies."

I nodded assentingly to him, and with a smile of gratitude for his sympathy. Indeed the sentiment had linked me to him, and made me wish to be beside him. The conversation now grew discursive, on the score of all the difficulties that beset women when reduced to make efforts for their own support; and though the speakers were men well able to understand and pronounce upon the knotty problem, the subject did not possess interest enough to turn my mind from the details I had just been hearing. I thought of Miss Herbert as the trunk showed me now who was the young lady I had seen in company with Whalley, and I felt having separated from her, and that forbidden the occasion of befriending her on her journey. We were to come to some agreement about eleven, and I resolved that I would do my utmost to discover her, if in the train; and I occupied myself now with the numerous pretexts for pretexts for coming to offer my services on her behalf. She will readily comprehend the disinterested character of my attention. She will see that I come in no spirit of levity, but moved by a true sympathy and the respectful sentiment of one touched by her sorrows. I can fancy her coy diffidence giving way before the deferential tone of my manner; and in this I really believe I have some tact. I was not sorry to pursue this theme undisturbed by the presence of my fellow-travelers, who had now got out at a station, leaving me all alone to meditate and devise imaginary conversations with Miss Herbert. I remembered, myself the words by which to address her—my bow, my gesture, my faint smile, a hesitation and awkwardness with kindness, my whole air a union of the deference of the stranger with something almost fraternal. These plans and projects were now rudely ruffled by the return of my fellow-travelers, who came hurrying back to their places at the bang-ing summons of the guard.

"Every thing cold, as usual. It is a perfect disgrace how the public are treated on this line!" cried one.

"I never think of any thing but a biscuit and a glass of ale, and they charged me elevenpence half-penny for that."

"The directors ought to look to this. I saw three different timepieces when I came down here last Tuesday week."

"And though the time-table gives us fifteen minutes for refreshment, I laid my watch on the table—that we only got nine and a half."

"Well, I supped heartily off that spread round."

"Supped, supped! Did you say you had supped here, pray? I hope it was a mistake."

"Yes, Sir; that last station was Trentham. They give us nothing more till we reach town."

I lay back with a faint sigh, and from that moment took no note of time till the guard cried "London!"

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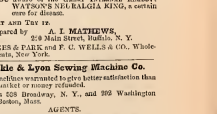

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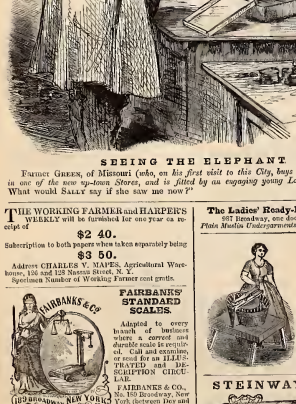

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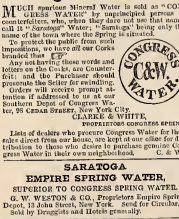

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SEED-WORDS.

'Twas nothing—a mere idle word,
From careless lips that fell,
Forgot, perhaps, as soon as said,
And purposeless as well.

But yet, as on the passing wind
In home the little seed,
Which blooms unheeded, as a flower,
Or as a noisome weed—

So, often will a single word,
Unknown, its end fulfill,
And bear, in seed, the flower and fruit
Of actions good or ill.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1860.

THE CENSUS OF 1860.

THE census-takers are progressing with their work, and struggling returns are coming in. As a general rule, they prove that the progress of the country has been rather under-estimated, and that the population of the United States will be found to exceed the highest estimates which have been made.

That process, however, has not been uniform. We have few or no returns from the South, but it is not expected that either the cotton or the rice districts in the Southern States on the sea-board will show any thing more than the natural increase. Louisiana and Texas may prove an exception to the rule, as both have been aided by immigration; New Orleans will undoubtedly show a large increase, and so will Mobile, and one or two other cities, but it is not expected that the increase in Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia will be large.

It seems doubtful whether New England will show any increase at all. New England supplies so many farmers to the West, and retains so few foreign immigrants, that the natural increase of her population is more than counterbalanced, and the returns may show that she is actually less populous than she was in 1850. There will be exceptions to the rule, of course. Some towns where manufacturing has been actively developed will naturally figure to advantage in the census returns; but the manufacture cities will probably show a falling off, and so will the rural districts.

The great increase since 1850 has been in the West, and in the large cities of the Central and board States. We presume that New York and its suburbs, Philadelphia, and Baltimore will all show a large increase, and so will some other cities dependent on these, and situate further inland—as the towns on the Hudson. But when we want to find the million which are to be added to our population, we must go to the Far West—to Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, and Minnesota. Some of these States have doubled in the ten years—even those which had quite a respectable population in 1850. The increase appears to have been pretty equally distributed; town and country have grown alike. Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis have doubled in population; Illinois, it is said, will show 2,000,000 against 1,000,000 ten years ago. To the traveler it seems as though there were no farmers in the West, so vast is the extent of unfilled land. The receipts of grain at Chicago—now the first primary receiving market in the world—tell a different tale, and the census confirms it.

The rise in growth of cities has not been uniform, as the following table shows:

Cities.	1850.	1860.	Increase.
St. Louis	77,860	161,044	83,184
Cincinnati	115,436	158,600	43,164
Milwaukee	20,061	49,603	29,542
Detroit	21,019	47,834	25,815
Cleveland	17,034	43,658	26,624
Zanesville, Ohio	17,269	9,212	8,057
Columbus, Ohio	18,554	18,629	75
Wheeling, Va.	11,687	14,000	2,313
Pittsburg, Pa.	46,601	61,400	21,799
Providence, R. I.	41,513	48,244	6,731
Rochester, N. Y.	36,403	48,005	11,602
Trenton, N. J.	6,469	17,543	10,74

Immigration tends Westward, as far as railroads and other means of locomotion will permit. Nobody wants to stay at the East. Even Ohio is too near the ocean. Cleveland has gained hundreds since 1850, but the rate of growth of that State rather disappoint their friends. It is evident that New York and Chicago are becoming two cities which will, in the course of the next ten years, grow to the disadvantage of intermediate cities. As in France there is but one Paris, and in England but one London, the tendency here is to one metropolis—New York—with numberless thriving primary depôts, such as Chicago, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and the manufacturing towns of New England.

PROGRESS IN ITALY.

WHEN last we spoke of the war in Italy in these columns Garibaldi had just invaded Sicily, and to all but those who believed in his success in defiance of obstacles the future was still a problem. A few weeks have elapsed, and now nothing is problematical but the future of the Papacy and of the Eternal City.

The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies has ceased to exist. Let all men render thanks to an allwise Providence. It lasted long enough to teach the world the hopelessness of expecting any thing of the Bourbons, and long enough to cure the European democrats of their crazy notions about a socialist republic. Had Naples been purged of the Bourbon taint, 1848, it is probable that a republic would have been established which would have lasted just long enough to disgust every man and woman who saw or were the fire in military despotism. Ferdinand and Francis served their country better than they knew—they kept Garibaldi's pikes warm for him, and prevented its falling into stronger hands than theirs. Now they are gone, and in this again they have served their country. Under a new Government and a liberal system—monarchy or republic, it matters not—the Neapolitans, Calabrians, and Sicilians will, in course of time, become useful creatures, and will contribute their share toward the commerce, the wealth, the civilization, and the progress of the world. Once more, let the world be thanked.

And now for the Pope. At our latest dates, Piedmontese troops had invaded the Papal States, and a battle between them and the forces of foreigners commanded by General Lamoriciere was impending. Of the result of the war, however the first battle may go, there can be no question. As to the Papal troops, the grand remains passive; Austria, Prussia, and Russia protest, but in protesting, declare they will do nothing to prevent the intervention of Sardinia; Napoleon announces that he has tried every thing in his power to restrain his ally, Victor Emanuel, but finding that moment he was nervous to argument and deaf to entreaty, abandons him to his own devices. Thus the case is clear, and nothing is left for a minister worthy of Lorette will save the Papal States from incorporation into the Kingdom of Italy. Before the first fruit there will be nothing is left; that is to Italians, save only, perhaps, the Eternal City of Rome.

It is possible that the city of Rome may follow the example of the Kingdom, and be absorbed in Victor Emanuel's dominions. It will be no easy task to prevent the Romans sharing in perils and the rewards of their emancipated brethren. Still we are inclined to think that Napoleon will not permit, and that Victor Emanuel will not wish, to extinguish the Papacy. An enlightened Protestant, even, would like to witness the utter overthrow of an institution which, with all its faults and all its sins, was reared with the assistance of the Holy Ghost, and for fifteen centuries its centre and corner-stone. The chances are, that when all Italy, save only Rome, is united under the sceptre of Victor Emanuel, some scheme will be devised, similar to that which was proposed by the Emperor of Russia, for the secular government of Rome, in a sort of municipal dignity and-seeming independence in Rome. The Independence will not amount to much, but perhaps it would be better than an exile.

THE WEALTH OF NEW YORK; AND HOW IT IS GOVERNED.

THE State Assessors have just assessed the value of the real and personal property subject to taxation, within the State of New York, at nearly fifteen hundred millions of dollars, nearly one-eighth of which lies within the county of New York—that is to say, in the city itself. The actual valuation of the city property is $856,024,276. This is considerably more than the value of many European principalities—as much as that of a respectable kingdom. If there were a million of inhabitants in the city, this valuation would allow $550 to each of them, which is considerably more than the average of property of the world.

It is disheartening to think that, while the wealth of New York has thus grown at so prodigious a pace, the city and its municipal government have kept pace with the progress of the world, which are a thousand years old, its government has gone backward, year after year, and corruption has kept time with material prosperity. The tax levy has increased, within a few years, from five to ten millions; though the property valuation grows at an unprecedented rate, it is outstripped by the advance in the taxes.

The secret is to be found in the huge neglect of duty by our respectable classes. We hear it often said that the cause of the failure of universal suffrage in our large cities is the influx of foreign immigrants, and especially the preponderance of Irishmen, who are ever led by priests or demagogues, or bought and sold at the polls. But this is a mistake. There have never been fewer foreign-born citizens resident in New York to carry an election against our respectable classes, if the latter had only fulfilled the civic duty of voting. It is the neglect of this duty by respectable men which constitutes the strength of the Irish and their friends. It is because merchants, manufacturers, and doctors, and clergymen, and men of property generally shun the polls that the Irish vote rules the city, and the taxes increase at the rate of a million a year.

In such a city as this, the Aldermen and Councilmen should be men of the highest character. It should be the highest aim of an honorable citizen to fill a seat in the Common Council. That Council ought to be, in fact, the natural stepping-stone to the halls of Congress. Instead of this, there is no position in which you are more likely to find publicans and rogues than in the city corporation; and to have been an Alderman or Councilman not only does not entitle an individual to public esteem and higher promotion, but almost disqualifies him from receiving its decent scorn!

Thus it will ever be so long as our respectable classes neglect their duty and leave the conduct of elections to the rabble and to ignorant foreigners.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST IN NEW YORK.

At length a substantial union of the parties opposed to the election of Lincoln has been consummated in this State, and we shall now be enabled to test the actual strength of the Republican party in New York. Hitherto the Republicans—though they have latterly secured the control of the Legislature—have had one of their opponents—have always failed to command a majority of the popular vote in New York. It is obvious why they should fare even worse in November than they fared in 1856; the ostracism of Seward has undoubtedly alienated from the Republican cause the personal adherents of the New York Senator. At the same time the Republicans are confident, and the last year at which their opponents have combined will tell against the fusion party. It takes time to organize; and the anti-Republicans have but little.

It is probable that, as usual, the Pennsylvania State election will be the key note for the grand performance in November. If the Democrats carry Pennsylvania, they will probably carry New York also, or at all events New Jersey; and in either event, Mr. Lincoln's chances for the Presidency will be small. In the House, it is obvious that his prospects would be less flattering than those of any of his competitors, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Breckinridge.

THE LOUNGER.

A NOTE FROM MR. JENKINS.

MR. JENKINS begs to present his compliments to the editors of Harper's *Weekly*. He has just been informed that, in common with most of the other leading papers in the country, the *Weekly* has indulged in comments upon the superior merits of the Royal Highness's visit consecrated by Mr. Jenkins.

Mr. Jenkins asks himself why this is. In his humble capacity of representative of the highest interest in the country—the interest of the richest and richest* society of the metropolis, Mr. Jenkins imperiously the observation of the daily conduct of His Royal Highness, whom he has invariably found to be urbane and attractive in demeanor. The columns of careful description which Mr. Jenkins furnishes, at the particular request of the leading editors, and which the Lounger, with his accustomed generosity, gratuitously, are published for a purpose and upon a principle.

The purpose is public amusement and instruction.

The principle is, the profit of the proprietors.

Mr. Jenkins, therefore, humbly submits that, and his humble proprietors considered compliments and at length, either the public enjoy them, or the proprietors make a great mistake. But as the latter proposition is obviously untenable, it unhappily results that the public enjoys his efforts.

Why then does the public laugh? It is the question which Mr. Jenkins, with all due respect, permits himself to propound.

Or, not to put too fine a point upon it, *who is Jenkins?* A hired professional individual (Mr. J. represents the expression), who describes the travels and survey the smooth cheeks of His Royal Highness—or the public which demands that the description shall be written for its own study and entertainment.

Mr. Jenkins respectfully submits (with his compliments) that the public is laying the Jenkins on the reader, which is the occasion, has no right to sneer at the Jenkins in the writer, which is a mere consequence.

Mr. Jenkins presents his compliments and pauses for a reply.

EATING HUMBLE PIE.

HUMBLE pie is the most unsavory but the most digestible of all pies. Most other leaves such a pleasant taste in the mouth. It makes the next one a hundred-fold more palatable. There are people who can scarcely persuade themselves to try even a very small piece, who, when they have once fairly eaten it, find it so light and toothsome that they eat it upon every occasion with the utmost satisfaction. A man who lives habitually upon humble pie is apt, indeed, to be rather a bore to his friends, and it is to be recommended rather as an occasional lunch than as a constant food. All pastry is pernicious, the doctors assure us; but then Bacon tells us that occasional excess is beneficial; and there is no doubt he must have had humble pie in his mind—or his stomach—when he said so.

Why can't newspapers eat it like other people? Why must they blame and make wry faces and swear they won't touch it; and when they are compelled to, try so hard to make believe that they haven't eaten a bit of it? Why should a newspaper, which, by the necessity of the case, is compelled to be a whispering gallery, suppose that of all takers it is least likely to be mistaken? It is the peculiarity of a newspaper that its words have more weight and are more lightly spoken than almost any other. Yet when holiday day comes, and the latest possible humble pie is served up smoking hot from the oven, and placed before the newspaper, it shrinks and shirks and sneaks and says, "No, thank you, I don't eat pie;" or "No, thank you, I never eat pie;" or "Thank you, humble pie always disagrees with me, and the doctors think it affects my nerves and interferes with my circulation." It makes every possible effort to avoid the delicate dish, and when it can not escape, bolts the whole pie, and coolly denies that there was any, or that there was the slightest occasion for it.

Now this bolting your food does no good, but is a positive injury. Instead of making it an easy, digestible meal, it, which would have been healthful color, and supply all the fibrin your system needs, bolting makes it a crude and disagreed mass—something that is, by your fiat, a newspaper, for instance, grumbles over its pie and says, "Pie, in the world sense, is a dish made and a sour, dogmatic, unwilling visiter at my house; and the world shuts its doors. "Why," it says again, "did you not gulp down the pie, suppose that I thought it was never going to make mistakes? All I can ask of it or of any one is, that, when it has eaten pie, and, consists in pieces of error, it will endeavor to alone for it by eating a small piece of humble pie to restore the tone of the system."

Prove there things, gentle reader. Which the conduct of newspaper compelled to eat humble pie, and say if it be not amusing and pitiful.

HUMAN LIFE, GOING! GOING!

It is now estimated that four hundred lives were lost upon the *Lady Elgin*; and the coroner's verdict is, substantially, that the second mate was in fault—that he, by a mistake, the second mate, and it isn't the captain, it is the public which is to blame. Well, we and I are always right, in and working incessantly until our Legislatures pass some much more stringent laws protecting human life than any which now exist.

We sigh and groan rhetorically over these four hundred victims. We are loud in our assertions that the captain ought to have been executed against disaster; that the captain and the company, and all others concerned, should have been held liable in advance. A very nice thing that occurs to us to mark our indignation that no measures were taken to prevent the catastrophe. Here in New York, we are quietly and confidently waiting to see Mr. P. Coppin, a pupil of Godard, accord in a balloon, and we are all expectant. If he does it, his life is, in all human probability, the fairest; and yet to whom of all of us who declaim about the Lady Elgin, is it a matter of great importance to Coppin, and Mr. Coppin sent about his business? For, granting that he does it only to satisfy the people out of their money, and that measures will always be taken to prevent the ascension, yet the public ought to know that he means to do it, and by forbidding it also save the swindled citizens from further loss.

It is common to speculate as to the precise moment when the law might interfere. In many parts of the East a man will kill himself if you will give his family fifty dollars. Suppose that some enclosure here should advertise that he would leave from the top of Trinity steeple to-morrow, if he could make up a purse of a hundred dollars for his wife and children, would the law not say to him, "Sir, we have the power to effectually prevent a man's killing himself; but when we know that he is going to make the attempt, we will be there and stop him?" Would the law interfere in the case of Coppin?

You think that a law against suicide is rather absurd? You think that people must be left to defend their own lives against themselves at their own risk? You think that a fool, who goes up in a balloon, and is never heard of, will prevent a score of other fools from going after him? Then you are perfectly right in believing that the interest of the balloon company in the safety of their passengers will secure that safety, and laws to preserve human life are *folly*.

HIS HOLINESS AT HOME.

WHILE we are drifting toward our great election the nation is in a state of excitement all which has occasions that after the 6th of November we shall all fall quietly back into our various pursuits. Excuse against to be rapidly approaching, changes the issue of which is not to computable. But they are, all of them, only pleasurable. Only the pleasurable revelations of what the development we call "modern times" is only the history. The antipathie and coldness of the Pope to all this is the sum of accounts of a few individuals. The mass of men are scarcely mentioned. *From* the individuals we proceed to change; as the Greek of Greece; and whenever we enter upon the great theatre of the movement of the nation it is from every where to scarce. Pope Pius IX. considers the opportunities which were unemployed first by the chief individuals, and then by the chief classes. And so Liberty completes its cycle by individualizing every man, as it began by individualizing a few men.

The struggles of a century are only steps in this progress. If you take the beginning of the sixteenth century and Martin Luther as your points of departure, you may reason logically to the English Revolution of 1645—to the American Revolution of '76, and the French Revolution of '87 and '93. Then, by an easy step, you reach the Italy of our day; the Carbonari; Garibaldi.

The French Emperor belongs to the same move-

* Mr. Jenkins, is the present note, begs, with his compliments, to affirm the contrary distinctly that the richest were present, pronounced emphatically, and signifying upper crust.

ment. He is the crowned revolution. Louis Napoleon in France and Victor Emanuel in Italy are leaders in an irreparable conflict with Francis of Austria and Alexander of Russia. There is a natural hostility between the darkness of Asia and the light of Europe; and Russia and Austria are still semi-barbarous powers.

The complication in Europe at this moment, therefore, is very curious. Russia and Austria embrace. "We ought never to have been parted, O!" they sob in each other's arms. England, Prussia, and Austria agree to watch France. "I am all very well while the English in Delhi for an hour," groans England; "but when she fights for provinces [Savoy, etc.], then my soul! thats an entirely different thing." And at the same, however, England says to Austria, who leans upon her, "Austria, dear! if Hungary rises and Russia interfere it will not be the satisfaction of Europe."

Meanwhile France sits silent while Italy, with a murmur of joy at the incredible deliverance, hastens to the side of Garibaldi; so that the tidings of his success clear the way, and the prestige of his genius rises to country by bloodless battle.

The Bourbon has left Naples; in the name of humanity, he has been driven away. What next? Why, the Pope comfortably housed in the Vatican, with the spacious gardens to wind himself in, and no perplexing cares of temporal state beyond the garden-wall. It is sunny and silent that Vatican garden. Sometimes there come the faint cries of fountains and grottoes. There are sombre cypresses and twinkling leaves, and gravel paths of meditation between. The Vatican is the most famous palace in the world. It is spacious, and splendid with treasures of art. St. Peter's is there, in itself—a fact, a shape of awe to the Vatican—where he listlessness can go to church and preach when he pleases.

This is manifestly better than to be bothered with such tempestuous affairs as the temporal politics of the Papacy, the dangers and the City of Rome; although, if you can get the people to agree to try it, you might retain the city for the spiritual of the Pope.

Now France wants him limited to the Vatican and its pictures, and England will not object to that arrangement. Italy is schismatic, and holds to the Greek Church. Is Austria likely to try to hold the triple crown on to the Papacy in spite of his Holiness? Nor can it be said to derange the equilibrium of Europe. Properly speaking, the Papal States have never been Power. They have been a convenient "Guy" for Austria; and since 1849, for France. If the French troops were to be withdrawn to-morrow, the Pope would take French leave of Rome to-night. Nor could anyone to be surprised. The Papacy should bring news of a letter from Louis Napoleon to the Holy Father, assuring him of his protection as Pope, and begging him not to interfere with it to the wishes of the people of his States, his faithful servants in the Lord, but not by any Divine appointment his loyal subjects in the world.

Probably Garibaldi's road to Rome lies through Venice.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

One of the pleasant points of a Lounger's life is, that good books are occasionally sent to him, most of which he reads, and all of which he would notice if he could, and if such a proceeding would not instantly turn his column of miscellaneous conversation into an exclusively literary department. Besides, should he do so, there is no knowing but that he would be overwhelmed with series the "book notices" (whenever he can get a chance, but that is not very often) would make a Lounging. However, any true Lounger will sometimes happen in as the book stores, and turn over the books, and read a few dozen pages to see if they are flavor, as it were.

And the pleasantest possible flavor he will find to be in the chances upon Sir Bick, very little volume of "Lectures upon the Physical Forces," by Faraday. It is a book of great value to little people. For at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in which Faraday is Professor, he delivers, at during the last Christmas holidays, a series of six simple lectures, in which the great principles of gravity, heat, magnetism, electricity, etc., are set forth in a really delightful manner. We illustrative experiments for which Faraday is famous, and which are all mentioned in the book, the satisfaction of the young people must have been immense. The lectures were taken down phonographically, and in speaking of them to the learned Professor, like other Englishmen, uses phrases which are generally supposed to be exclusively American. On page 137 he says: "Suppose I take a pellet of cotton, and moisten it with a little ether, and put it into a glass tube, . . . I expect I should see a spark." The frank colloquialism of these lectures is charming.

"What and Tares" is a little, brick little story of English life to-day. It is sharp and racy, and, withal, a tragedy of a kind much more frequent than the novel reader imagines.

In the "Queens of Society" we have a series of brilliant sketches of such women as the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Miss Landon, Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Staël, Hortense, and Madame, Mary Clemmont of Pembroke, upon whom Ben Jonson wrote the best of epitaphs:

"Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death ! can then Still each another
Fair, and good, and learned to-day,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

It is a kind of book always most entertaining from the detailed glimpses of manners and character.

And here is the first issue, being the second volume, of the sumptuous American edition of Lord Bacon's works. It is a reprint of the London edition, and is not inferior to it. It is an honor to the public taste that demands, the enterprise that undertakes, and the skill that executes such a work as this. The editor-in-chief is James Spedding—the J. S. of Tennyson's poem. Every man who has at heart the honor and success of our publishing and printing crafts, and the improvement of literary taste by making the best books the most attractive, will sincerely wish a large sale of this noble work.

The second volume of Palfrey's "History of New England" has been recently published, and is as admirable as its predecessor. The opening chapters of this volume are interesting and novel. New England is full of curious interest. The volume brings the history down to the year 1638.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

Two or three weeks since, the Lounger quoted from the *London Saturday Review* some very adroit attempts to convict Mr. Godwin, the historian, of plagiarism in his history. The same spirit of literary discussion which so frequently has shown itself in English notices of American performances is betrayed by the *London Athenæum*, Feb. 18, in Mr. Halliwell's Dictionary of old English plays." In an appendix to that work he gives a list of "Editions of Shakespeare," and he never seems to have had that of Richard Grant White, one of the most careful, comprehensive, and sensible of all. Mr. White's Shakespeare is a labor of great scholarship, which the English Shakespearians, naturally, perhaps, but rather ungenerously, might find convenient to have used. But he says of them it has received the warmest recognition. That Mr. Halliwell omits it can not be the result of ignorance. Nor can it be from unnecessary in the application of common sense to Shakespeare; and his estimate of the intrinsic value of the Collier emendations is entirely by general acceptation. There is something so especially unjust in depriving a scholar of the fair reputation of his work, that it would be good to join the New Orleans *Christian Advocate* in exposing the omission in Mr. Halliwell's list.

THE LATE PRINCE OF WALES.

Of course this title does not indicate the painful young gentleman who meets all his appointments so amiably—poor, dear, good, young, the late lamented mentioned George the Fourth, Defender of the Faith. In the next number of *Harper's Magazine* (Oct. 1) Harper's Weekly will appear that Prince will be published, and from the sheet of the next number of the Cyclopedia of Biography, describes these reminiscences of him by the same book:

"Elderly gentlemen were in their prime, all into the middle-aged, when the Prince of Wales, in his boyhood, remains an object, on a pleasure or two longing here and there in a Chair or old-fashioned dining-room as being lucky, or at least, fortunate, in having seen, and, if any memorab to look more miscellaneous. He turns up in Hampshire and Gloucestershire, and in the Highlands of his dignity; in Mr. Mangeby History; in the Hunting-horn and Gentleman's Magazine, and gentlemen who have secured a certain writer of Gloucestershire, and Hampshire, and Highlands, the picture drawn of George is overhanged. Chicken has paddled him off; he has mingled with the crowded republic of the dead. Hunting-horns have a season or two. Dorchester he hurtedin his steed in Trafalgar Square, and the Prince of Wales and Madame Tussaud's Chamber hound having quitted Baker Street and Hampshire, and Gloucestershire, and Highlands (Brighton stream). On the head of a five-shilling piece he will immediately come upon Mr. Mangeby, the Hunting-horn, the other side of the coin. Ah me! did this George ever many dragons? Was he a brave, honest, chivalrous, and severe of virgins? Well will have you and I converse all the dragons that amid our days, and have selection out of all the exercises which, we have entered in life, and secured, at risk of life and limb, all the dragons present in the world, and have made the dragon Poverty is about to fatten his fangs, when the dragon Poverty is pulsating with the dragon Sorrow, and about to crouch up and devour? O my royal liege! O my gracious prince and sovereign! Are all dragons slain? Are all dragons gone? Yet feeble spare ever pieces this shiny pennies of plaice?

"Ah!

"The old were middle-age, the elderly were in their prime, thirty years ago, and the Prince of Wales was still fighting the dragon. As for you, my pretty lady, with your curly hair and your dimples rounded in your set, and you, my spruce young gentleman in your nonchalic eye (the young folks at the country-place in Hampshire I am speaking to, and whose names were unknown to each other, and were short books and short hours, and short days, and short nights, and, lady, lady! I mist a dog-nest crammed with children—children of the Hampshire and Gloucestershire, and Highlands and hunting-horns and hobby-children in short freeks and kinkies, and cousins among the pastoral boys and girls that are secured these hundred years—children from twenty years of age to six; and fellow, with Gloucester's countenance I see that very laugh which I remember perfectly in the time when that George pulsated and crouched up and devoured. Gloucester, when we were school-boys rented on the same form, and we were as good as brothers. Gloucester, I see, I remember it in the past—antecognition, though not seen or felt, or felt, or felt, or felt, or felt, or felt, or felt, or felt, and instantly familiar, though so long out of sight.

"Any contemporary of this coin who takes it up and reads the inscription, will recognize the Prince George IV. Dictionaries Rev. Phil. Dec. 1863; if he will not have to spend a great deal of time and trouble, and perhaps reputation, I care not any one can book his life there. Well, well, let people do what they will, what you and Fluid, I are a Sailor, with hair, breakfast hair, and a crown of laurel with the Sailor, and Sailor's Wife, and Sailor's Fire Pit, Dell, and so on. Now the Sailor has disappeared, and I am, I trust I am, a Sailor, and a Sailor's Wife. He is at a desk; he has great books—fine hair, Latin, and Greek books and dictionaries. Yes, and he had the great books, which, I see, he has read, in a little one, with pictures, which he is really reading. It is very, I know and read—I, I see "Tales of Mil Lolly." He is the author of "Waverley"—or, no, it is "Life in London; or, the Adventures of Corinthian Tom, Jerry, Bob Hawthorn, and their friend Bob Logic," by Pierce Egan; and it has pictures—all such funny pictures! As he reads, there comes behind the boy, a man, a dandy, a blade, a buck, gaze, like a woman, and a black square hat, and he has a book in each hand, and he selects the boy who is reading the picture-book, and lays his head on one of his books, and sees what it with the other. The boy makes faces, and so that picture disappears.

"In the reign of George IV., I give you my honor, all the dancers at the opera were as beautiful as Houris. Even in William IV.'s time, when I think of *Devereux* painting in as the Royalties—I say it was a vision of loveliness such as moral eyes can see nowadays. How well I remember the time to which she used to appear! Kaled used to say to the Sailor, 'My lord, a troop of tiens dancing and sing-sing gurls called Bayadères appearsbus,' and, he has that of symbols and the thoughtful of my heart, in the maid to dance! There has never been any Bayadères.—Then, there was Kaled, and laugh to scorn old people who tell me about your Nobler, your Mentions, your Vestris, your Parisot—phaw, the sweet Kaled! Kaled, the prodigal of the young nun, with their music and their dancers of to-day! I tell you the world's not worse for old recollections. I tell you one sin is an opera is just like another, and they read all the Grand centuries of Rome. Ah, Kaled de Bayadères, thou lovely one! Ah, Caradori, then sailing angel! Ah, Malibran! Ah, Pasta! Ah, Sontag! Ah, Grisi! we acknowledge that Lablache was a very good singer thirty years ago (though Porto was the boy for me); and then we had Madrigali, and Corsini, and Donzelli, a thing young singer.

"But what is most certain and lamentable is the decay of image beauty since the days of George IV. Think of Sontag, and Kaled, and Lablache, and Donzelli, and Logic, in '18. I remember being behind the scenes at the opera crowded of young dandies and young fashion used to get, and stating Sontag let her hair fall down over her shoulders previous to her matinée by Donzelli. Young fashion—I never saw beauty like *Bob*, hand such a voice, seen such hair, such eyes. Don't tell me! A man who has seen Bob and Sontag since the reign of George IV., ought he not to know better than you young lads who have never seen Bob? The deterioration of women is lamentable; and the conceit of the young fellows is more lamentable. Not that they won't say this fact, but permit in thinking their time as good as ours.

"Discussed when I was a lad the stage was covered with empty, and the stage was crowded. When I remember the Adelphi, and the actresses there when I was a lad, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and Mrs. Beale of Sadler's Wells, and her lovely glorious pupils—of the Opera and Sadler, and the exquisite young Thirlwall, and Pauline Lucca, and a best sword. One much admired being of those days I remember perfectly far, and that was the chief made dancer—so very imperial, personage there, with a bare neck, bare arms, a waist, and a bare arm, and a bare leg, and a bare shoulder with the ladies, and a bodice now such dress a trapdoor forward, and the Prince Regent's ancestor ought to show that I am not your mere twaddling *laudator temporis acti*, your old fogy who can see its good except in his own time."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE SOLDIER OF THE HOLY SEE.

Pray this and that together. This is one of Rector's telegrams:

"PARIS, August 29.

"General Lamoricière, in an order of the day, addressed his troops in phalanx any hour which, on the approach of the enemy, he should be ready to fire.

"That which follows is a paragraph from the *Times*:

"Lamoricière's order of the day, addressed to the ranks of his phalanx any hour which, on the approach of the enemy, he should be ready to fire.

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"That which follows is a paragraph from the *Times*:

"Lamoricière's order of the day, appropriately dated at Ancona, is a masterpiece of sarcasm, and of the perpetuation of a misnomer. Taken, however, in connection with the Papal proclamation, it is a most effective piece of the pretension of Loretto, it confines charity to hope that he may possibly be a soldier.

HOMEWOOD HEARSEMAN.—The Spirit-rapping world may be a moral disease indeed; but it has also a materialism. May it not be considered as a species of impostumes?

"Sir, our party has a quick way of using up remedy," said a Homewood hearseman, in reply to an inquirer who would not promise him his vote. "No doubt of it, Sir," said the inquirer, "but I should like to know what sort of morals must use many of those up; tools can't last always?"

EXIT BOMBALINO.

The Earthquake growls beneath his feet,
Vesuvius roars in her fire, overhead,
Bewildered Silvert through the street
Hisses with a pitiful and tiny tread.
The priest holds up his trembling hands,
It rain, he saith! Time is ended!
The Despot's hungry hireling sends
Begin to dress their prey protection.
Armed Retribution peers its force
From Spanish Castle, Neapolitan Fort;
Bombalino melts before its course—
Et ecce! Bombalino est!

No friend in this, his hour of need,
No hope or belief in his despair!
Dark eyes glare on him, pale cheeks red,
Hitch edgeward hatch become a snare.
The rope is ready, the knife is sure
Are even rather to better;
Dark hair hid in the sewers over
On resolved hinges these away
Well fold, and hide, and, lo! the gold,
The time, a length, believe to know—
He adder-like, slip, and he vanishes out—
Ex ecce Bombalino!

His dungeons have gin up their dead,
Or, worse, their living-dead restored.
Truth bits, smarts, by—sudden bread,
Unchecked for one by stick or sword,
And from his hole the Bombalino
Her surely-neared yet stately knee,
Darkly hath, sidelong, the hunting-up rat
That hunted in the dark till now,
Amidst man of power, and pick-and-pile,
As subjects make King or Queen one,
Who're rather than by the power of life—
Sic exit Bombalino!

And Garibaldi's face is worn
Where he stands at the vessel, and ought to be;
And Garibaldi's name is known
On every tongue, and every eye on one.
At Garibaldi's summons saying
Men's eyes are in his, and hands, and treasure,
Before him Italy doth fling
Her arms—and he, in a minutes measure,
But now alone against a host,
And now a host, in a minute, he knew
Unbearing his eyes Cavour's boots—
Ex ecce Garibaldi!

So be it still, when powers of life
And power of Good, for lesser not,
Hard against hand, and hand to hand,
In Arcangelo-like hold are set
Any foul thing, and, lo! the Good
The largest spaces gently enclose
An Giant, or Giant, or what mighty shoots
Are intent in the mighty hand
Of Good, Evil, and Spoon dis,
From Bombalino to Sam Dickie,
Let Garibaldi enter in,
Et ecce Bombalino!

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.

"Pity the Emperor who has need the Pope."—*Dumas's Speech at Savoie.*

Who raised up Italy (no matter why).
The Austrian legions to defy?
Who spake a speech on under Milan's dome
He rode with *Il Re Galantuomo*?
Who made the heart of Italy to weep
(No matter what he *thought*).
It lent a mite of mirth to a nation—
Furnished current to sarcastics—
Gave Garibaldi, Italy, to grow—
An evidence from fakes of same—
And fired the power dragoon to twist the rope
That eson or fate must hang the Pope?

Let us not stay to ask the "who" or "why"
Time may, the, rule, Fortune, Fate, Fate,
And spoke, as ever, this faith is a good cause,
Who sharpen'd Garibaldi's sword?
But now the heart that fed what his has done,
Sore as Job's Pope sing,
Based sends of death in that old Papal power
Which Fraud wrapp'd in the wave.

Let Periclay employ his special pleading,
His pinky gaffs and sidesaddling:
"Tis no less than the Church's eldest son
Did the Papal sceptre has been
That his sword undermined St. Peter's chair,
Which now has hoopsets a pipe,
That Pio Nono's power, on hooded knee,
Is, or at least should be, Caesar's
"Guinea fees leave me alone to gulp my cake,
Or, if I must, give me from my *friends*!"

Rogers, the poet, used to tell the story of the trickery of a musician, who was hanged in chains, disappeared in the night. Society a fortnight afterwards, was again daughing in the air, and looked as if fresh from the hands of the barber. The man, in the meantime, was not quite dead. A farmer and his son passing by found the gibbet, cut the man down, and restored him. He recovered they were awoke by a noise, and found their house on fire. The farmer with his family escaped from the burning. They agreed that he would be better required to take a new name, and, to avoid the aforesaid gibing, they put him back into the iron cage on the gibbet."

"APPRENTICE" TO LIFE.—A female quarter has been presented for criticism in Paris, and of the revolutions of the day it is thought to be a very Republican Lee. whose fault a partner, in the shape of an old lottery office of the Place de la Croix, who paid to act as the intermediate agent between certain of her relations and friends. The lady herself was kept from the Bois of Vincennes the following extract from business letter to his fellow-sinner: "Young man, you will be 500 francs. I know a young man who wants one to go into society with. He will wait for the money, and I will give you a little from time to time, and, if you do, just to show off when he opens his cashbook. He wants one for his business purposes."

A phrenologist has been examining Queen Victoria's head; says that he finds the lump of adhesiveness quite only developed, and wonders it is not. He says, however, to his gentleman, he must state that the Queen's head is very well developed in the organ of Hope.

It being hinted to a horrider, who was wearying the court with a long and dull argument, that he ought to bring it to a conclusion, he replied, "I will soon be long as I please!" "You have spoken longer than you intended to, Sir," said his antagonist.

Most one day complaining to Napoleon that the cavalry had not vigorously executed a charge, Napoleon replied, "Sir, I have given you no opportunity, the cuirassiers have without bread, but the horses insist on oats."

A certain divine gave out a psalm to his shorters, the minutes of the 137th, and in a new tune; but having made a blunder, the clergyman, when he came to that part of the psalm, "Hang our harps on the willows in the midst of it," in his tone made another blunder, and read it as follows: "Hang our harps on the willows in the midst of it."

CUTTOMER.—"I wish to purchase some very good cigar, to be used in making sponge-cakes."

SHOPMAN.—"Yes, I have some cigas that can't be beaten."

CUTTOMER.—"Can't be beaten?"

SHOP-KEEPER.—"Nos, ma'am; I defy any man in the market to beat them."

CUTTOMER.—"They won't answer my purpose at all. Have you no cigas to make into sponge-cakes without you can beat them?"

Lord Brodwell, a Scotch judge, once said to an elopement case, "Well, Sir, I see you have married the woman; but I'm thinking you had to name the wum of a single?"

A tiger, being on a visit to a neighboring squire, when very small, was asked by the squire's little boy, pointed the servant by the skirts, and thus expostulated with him: "What kind of tiger be? Does your master wish to keep use less all night?"

Malada, a French physician, was so fond of administering medicines, that, having all the physicians of gives of his patient completely emptied, and ringed in order to the medicines, he said, "Now, Sir, I give you plenty, you to attend you—you deserve to be ill."

Two workmen, passing a nicely-outdoned carriage, which was waiting for one of the great Metropolitan retail tents at his counting-house door, one said to the other, "Bill, I'm thinking it shouldn't like to have a drive in that'ere fine conch."—"Then then get in, Jack," said the reply: "there's room for two in that'ere conch."

A country girl recently asked a town acquaintance to go with her to purchase some articles, and to act as spokesman. The young man entered a shop, and inquired, "Have you any boots?"

"I don't want boots," said the country maiden, "I want stockings."

MR. MESSENGER'S SHEEP.

The sheep, of which we publish an engraving on the following page, belong to Mr. Messenger, of Mr. Messenger. The Hampshire Down sheep are of the stock of Francis Budd, Esq., of Hatch Warren, Hampshire, Hampshire. They were imported into present owner. They possess greater kindness of nature and are more easily fatted than the South Downs from which they are no imported result. They are admirably adapted to extreme climates, in consequence of their hardiness and constitution. They have won several prizes in England; and have successfully competed in the country at the New York State Fair (in Troy, 1853, in Albany, 1854, 1860) American Institute, 1859; and at all county fairs at which they have been exhibited. They are no larger growth than the South Down, and are probably the finest nutritious sheep found in Europe. They are the property of Thomas Messenger, Esq., Clarence Hall, Great Neck, Long Island.

The Leicester sheep are also a mutton sheep. They are larger than the Hampshire, and fatted than the Hampshire Down, and not so hardy; hence they do better in more moderate climates. They were imported, and are owned by the same gentleman.

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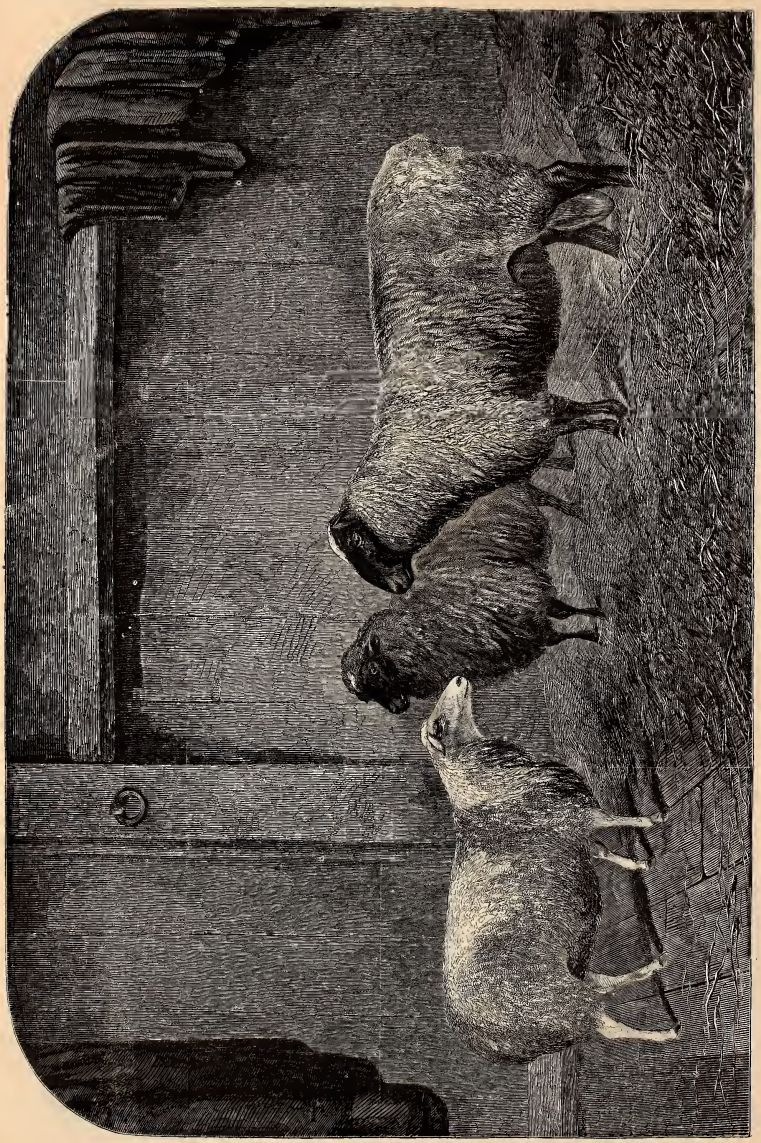
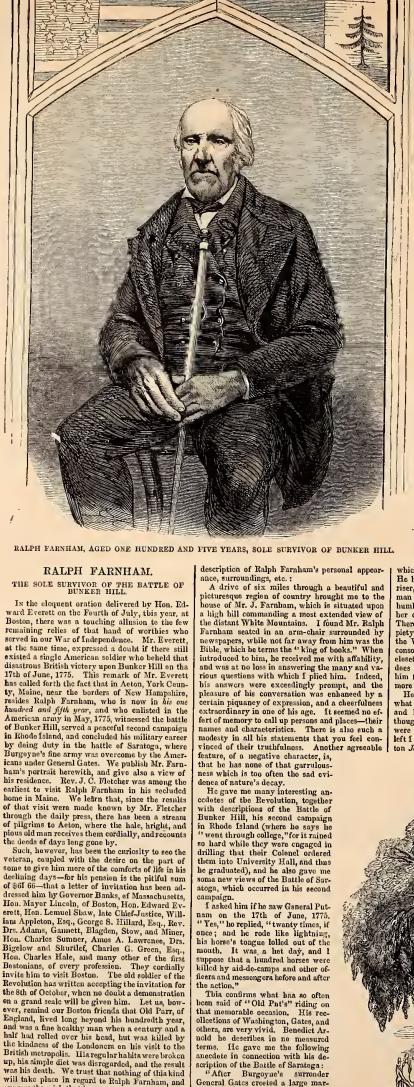
* *Fed, Pill, Fist.*



SHEEP OWNED BY MR. MESSENGER.—[DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. G. CARTERDALE.]



RALPH FARNHAM, AGED ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE YEARS, SOLE SURVIVOR OF BUNKER HILL.

RALPH FARNHAM.

THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

In the eloquent oration delivered by Hon. Edward Everett on the Fourth of July, this year, at Boston, there was a touching allusion to the few remaining relics of that band of worthies who served in our War of Independence. Mr. Everett, at the same time, expressed a doubt if there still existed a single American soldier who behold that disastrous British victory upon Bunker Hill on the 17th of June, 1775. This remark of Mr. Everett has called forth the fact that in Acton, York County, Maine, near the borders of New Hampshire, resides Ralph Farnham, who is now in *his one hundred and fifth year*, and who enlisted in the American army in May, 1775, witnessed the battle of Bunker Hill, served a peaceful second campaign in Rhode Island, and concluded his military career by doing duty in the battle of Saratoga, where Burgoyne's fine army was overcome by the Americans under General Gates. We publish Mr. Farnham's portrait herewith, and give also a view of his residence. Rev. J. C. Fletcher was among the earliest to visit Ralph Farnham in his secluded home in Maine. We learn that, since the results of that visit were made known by Mr. Fletcher through the daily press, there has been a stream of pilgrims to Acton, where the hale, bright, and pious old man receives them cordially, and recounts the deeds of days long gone by.

Such, however, has been the curiosity to see the veteran, coupled with the desire on the part of some to give him more of the comforts of life in his declining days—for his pension is the pitiful sum of $60 60—that a letter of invitation has been addressed him by Governor Banks, of Massachusetts, Hon. Mayor Lincoln, of Boston, Hon. Edward Everett, Hon. Lemuel Shaw, late Chief-Justice, William Appleton, Esq., George S. Hillard, Esq., Rev. Drs. Adams, Gannett, Hagden, Stow, and Miner, Hon. Charles Sumner, Amos A. Lawrence, Drs. Bigelow and Shurtleff, Charles G. Green, Esq., Hon. Charles Hale, and many other of the first Bostonians, of every profession. They cordially invite him to visit Boston. The old soldier of the Revolution has written accepting the invitation for the 9th of October, when no doubt a demonstration on a grand scale will be given him. Let us, however, remind our Boston friends that Old Parr, of England, lived long beyond his hundredth year, and was a fine healthy man when a century and a half had rolled over his head, but was killed by the kindness of the Londoners on his visit to the British metropolis. His regular habits were broken up, his simple diet was disregarded, and the result was his death. We trust that nothing of this kind will take place in regard to Ralph Farnham, and express the wish that he may yet live many years to enjoy all the blessings which this life can give an old man whose hopes reach beyond the grave.

A friend who visited him gives us the following description of Ralph Farnham's personal appearance, surroundings, etc.:

A drive of six miles through a beautiful and picturesque region of country brought me to the house of Mr. J. Farnham, which is situated upon a high hill commanding a most extended view of the distant White Mountains. I found Mr. Ralph Farnham seated in an arm-chair surrounded by newspapers, while not far away from him was the Bible, which he terms the "king of books." When introduced to him, he received me with affability, and was at no loss in answering the many and various questions with which I plied him. Indeed, his answers were exceedingly prompt, and the pleasure of his conversation was enhanced by a certain piquancy of expression, and a cheerfulness extraordinary in one of his age. It seemed no effort of memory to call up persons and places—their names and characteristics. There is also such a modesty in all his statements that you feel convinced of their truthfulness. Another agreeable feature, of a negative character, is, that he has none of that garrulous-ness which is too often the sad evidence of nature's decay.

He gave me many interesting anecdotes of the Revolution, together with descriptions of the Battle of Bunker Hill, his second campaign in Rhode Island (where he says he "went through college," for it rained so hard while they were engaged in drilling that their Colonel ordered them into University Hall, and thus he graduated), and he also gave me some new views of the Battle of Saratoga, which occurred in his second campaign.

I asked him if he saw General Putnam on the 17th of June, 1775. "Yes," he replied, "twenty times, if once; and he rode like lightning; his horse's tongue lolled out of the mouth. It was a hot day, and I suppose that a hundred horses were killed by aid-de-camps and other officers and messengers before and after the action."

This confirms what has so often been said of "Old Put's" riding on that memorable occasion. His recollections of Washington, Gates, and others, are very vivid. Benedict Arnold he describes in no measured terms. He gave me the following anecdote in connection with his description of the Battle of Saratoga:

"After Burgoyne's surrender General Gates created a large marquee, and gave a grand dinner to the British officers; and when they were cracking their jokes in high glee, Burgoyne said to General Gates, 'Why, General Gates, you don't seem like a general; you look like an old granny.' 'Well,' replied Gates, 'I am a very good one then, for I delivered you of 10,000 soldiers.'"

At my request Mr. Farnham turned his head so as to give me a profile view, and while I was employed in making a careful sketch of the contour of his face, he was engaged in pleasant conversation about Newburyport and Boston. The former, he said, he had visited for the first time *eighty-five years ago*, and preserved a vivid recollection of the place. Boston he delighted to talk about, and wished that he could go there once more. His last visit to Boston was in 1835, and he informed me that he spent some time "with Luther Drew, who lived in Boylston Street, but he is now dead." I mention this to show that not only events of his younger days are readily recalled, but that those which have recently occurred are not pushed out of his memory. The celebrated "dark day" is very fresh in his recollection; but the length of his memory is somewhat amazing when he tells you about cutting his foot when he was four years old, and that "it is just a hundred years ago."

Ralph Farnham was born in Lebanon, Me., which is south of the town where he now lives. He has never been sick, is temperate, is an early riser, has a good appetite, and is at peace with man and God. For eighty years he has been an humble follower of the Saviour, and is now a member of the Free-Will Baptist Church of Acton. There is something truly beautiful in his trustful piety, in his bright hopes of heaven. Every day the Word of God is his encouragement, joy, and consolation; and twice each day he retires to his closet for private communion with his Maker. He does not think that the burdens of age exempt him from those happy duties which are more and more fitting him for the enjoyments of heaven.

He seems to have a keen relish for reading of what is going on at the present time. The past, and his hopeful future, do not absorb all his thoughts. When I went into the room there were plenty of newspapers near him. Before I left I presented him with a copy of that day's Boston *Journal*, the widest circulated paper in New England, and he received it with eagerness. As I was leaving the room, I cast a last look at the man who was in his *hundred and fifth* year, thinking how soon must he pass from time to eternity. But such thoughts vanished when I saw him looking earnestly for his spectacles, which I had displaced, and heard him ask for them, as he wished to *read to-day's newspaper!* This gave me an idea that he was good for this world some time longer. I will add that his sight is quite good; only the glasses which he has recently used have been laid aside, and he has taken up, as better suited to his eyes, the spectacles which twenty years ago had become unfit for his use. I would that I had been optician enough to tell exactly the lenses which he requires.

Every year since he attained the age of a century his neighbors have celebrated his birth-day. I have been fortunate in obtaining from Mr. Josiah Goddard, formerly of Worcester, Massachusetts, a photograph likeness of Mr. Farnham, which I forward. Mr. John Townsend, an enterprising manufacturer near Mr. Farnham's, informed me that it is their intention, if the old Sergeant lives to his hundred and sixth birth-day (July 7, 1861), to celebrate it with unwonted brilliancy, and they will invite Mr. Everett to be present on an occasion so interesting.

I have thus been particular in regard to this veteran who has outlived all his contemporaries. He was but twenty-four years younger than his beloved Commander-in-chief when that Chief assumed the command of the American Army at Cambridge; but he has survived Washington more than threescore years.

RESIDENCE OF RALPH FARNHAM, AT ACTON, MAINE.

THE GREAT ELM OF NEW ENGLAND.

ONE warm, sunshiny August day, while on a tour in Western Massachusetts, I came in sight of this magnificent tree, which a Boston paper names "the largest in New England."

It is said to measure about 30 feet at its base, and is from 100 to 120 feet in height; yet its greatness consists not so much in its height as in the broad spread of its branches, which cover an area of ground in diameter twice the height of the tree.

Thousands can sit in its shade; and here, on this

THE OLD ELM OF NEW ENGLAND.

mid-summer day, I beheld a vast concourse of people.

After viewing the assembled multitude for a short time, I became curious to know what had called them together.

That they could not be celebrating the glorious Fourth, or Washington's Birthday, on the 12th of August, was very evident. But I was not dismayed to remain long in doubt as to its cause.

An invitation, kindly extended to me by a bystander, to join the inclosure was accepted with thanks; and on mingling with the crowd, I soon learned it was an annual social gathering.

Some years previous a society, called the "Elm-Tree Association," had been formed under the auspices of Dr. Orville Dewey; and judging from appearances, it was at the present time in a flourishing condition.

This annual tree—a pet of the Doctor's—stands in the town of Sheffield, Massachusetts, and has a short distance from his country residence, the home of his youth.

And a glorious thing has this Association proved. Annually it calls together the inhabitants of this and adjacent towns; while residents in other and distant States, and even wanderers on foreign shores, with that yearning feeling for home which all have experienced who have been long absent, have, since this society was formed, returned again to the scenes of their childhood, and met in the shade of the noble old elm the relatives and friends of their youth.

Speeches appropriate to the time and place—speeches short and spicy—were got off in goodly numbers, intermingled with poems and odes addressed to the tree, and so laudatory in their praise, that no wonder the green boughs blushed scarlet in the eyes of the setting sun, and turned modestly to the passing breeze.

After listening to some soul-stirring music, prepared for the occasion, and to which the children, gay as butterflies, kept time and tune on the greensward, the crowd partook of the delicacies of the season which the ladies had temptingly spread upon beautifully ornamented tables.

After listening to the gay and cutting repartee which were thrown back and forth by some of the distinguished guests, whom Massachusetts is proud to class among her sons, I accepted an invitation to enroll my name as a member of the Association; and then retiring a short distance, took a sketch of this truly wonderful tree.

THE KATYDID'S STORY

BY ETHEL LYNN.

ONCE a dream of the soft summer moonlight;
Naught but a sound in the tall locust-trees;
Merely a Katydid's life and confessions—
One of a score of her long revelries.

Out on the night wind floated the story;
Still with the burden is carried of old;
Close at my elbow listed a fairy,
Interpreting for me what Katydid told.

Beming the glare of the bright transparency
Down till it nestled close up to my ear,
"List!" said the voice of the kind little spirit,
"Thus, though a mortal, her tale you shall hear:

"I am old, I am cold,
And of life I am weary;
On the bill, whispering still,
Autumn winds are dreary.

"And I sigh, ere I die,
To tell what I have ever hid—
Who 'Katie' was—what the cause
Why I murmur 'Katie did.'

"Long ago, ere the snow
Fell on vale and mountain;
Ere I crept aside and slept
Neath the moss around the fountain,

"A rosy child looked up and smiled,
When I sang my vesper story;
While moonlight, still and white,
Lit her grandsire's locks so hoary.

"Oft he said, 'Curly head,
Don't you fear the tale she's telling?
Tales of you! What did you do,
Thus to set the crickets spelling?

"She would cry, 'Twas not I!
Loud I bear the burden over:
'Katie did—Katie did—
'Ran away from school with Rover!'

"Then the maid, 'neath the shade
Of the tree, met a lover—
Student Joe, speaking low,
Asked to win and wear forever.

"Then I said, while her head
Sank on the blushes fitting,
'Katie did—Katie did—
Naughty Katie gave the mitten!'

"I remember, in September
Came a handsome hunter thither;
Cruel fate! simple Kate
Lost her heart when he went hither.

"On his game was a stain,
And her grandsire bid them sever;
Bid her love her will, and vow
Never to meet him more forever.

* * * * *

"By the gate lingers Kate,
Looking back at home deserted;
'Katie did—Katie did—
Left the old man broken-hearted!'

"Thus I sang, while the clang
To her humiliation, faithless lover;
For I knew the tale was true—
Bonnie Kate was lost forever.

* * * * *

"Yet once more to the door
Came the maiden, worn and weary;
But no light save moon light
Lit the windows, closed and dreary.

"Wandering still to yonder hill,
Where a stone was death's white token,
Katie cried—Katie died—
Katie's weary heart was broken.

There was a lush, and the wandering night wind
Satisfied from my ear the bright trumpet-flower;
Midnight had passed—fairies had fitted,
Dropping their pinions, shorn of their power.

BINGHAMTON AND THEREABOUTS.

LEWIS HOUSE, BINGHAMTON, *Sept.*, 1860.

TRAVELING eastward by the Erie road I became weary, and, like another pilgrim that we have all heard of, I turned aside to rest. But not into any dark place, as that pilgrim turned, on the contrary, into one of the pleasantest of places, with sunshine falling through the first yellow leaves of autumn on the broad green. Let me recommend you to try the same resting-place, oh! my friend, even at Binghamton, in the Lewis House, close by the railroad. It is more than I can tell how much love to keep a hotel, but certainly Messrs. Moulter & Brown have that accomplishment. Think of being served in the morning by the color of unimpeachable Mocha, and reduced from the last nap by the certainty that the pigeon and chicken will be tender! Or, if you prefer tea, your lips shall touch the hot step of the Stairway! Think of being rescued from the rattle of cars and weary, with an evening supper-table that might tempt you of Very's, in the Palais Royal, if it were not that the cooking of the Lewis House, "Ancient cooking, instead of the je ne sais quoi mixtures of France! Let no tired traveler on the Erie Road forget some hours of the Lewis House; and rush madly by on express trains, dreaming of such accommodations as these, for elsewhere along the road I doubt you will not find them.

But these presents, oh! friend, are not designed to puff a hotel or praise a tavern. I have commenced thus only that you may, by a little mapstudying, learn where I was when my friend Stevens came hither, and carried me off to dwell in the forests of Broome.

I was lying half-awake, dozing and dreaming of the soft light of the Lewis House, and the delicious odor of the Mocha—for it was early breakfast-time, and there were other travelers who were off on the railway train thus untimely—was dreaming thus when I heard a heavy footfall along the corridor, and I had a presentiment, up my door abruptly threw one into the middle of the floor. Imagine the horror of a man thus roughly startled from dreamland and thrown into a cold morning twilight!

I will not say what emphatic words accompanied this action "there?" for, though never profane, I do sometimes use what might be called the language of profane, or the best grade of profane, which not wholly in my right mind.

"Is Peter — in here?"

"No man, Peter's here." Why should I acknowledge my identity to a man that might, as likely as not, be the sheriff after some man of my name. I am advised, generally, the method of your name to any one that wakes you before five in the morning.

"You be hanged, Peter! Open the door, or I'll break it down!" And the application of a foot to the door's most replicable lock was made.

"Where, in the name of all that is wonderful, did you come from, Doctor?" I asked, opening the door to my old friend and ally in Sullivan County forests, Doctor Benjamin Steevens, of Stevensville.

"Heard you were here as we were driving by, on our way for deer. Thought it best to turn you out and take you with us. Come along, old fellow, we want to search the woods!" And so I was carried off.

The sun rose superbly! Looking back into the valley we saw Binghamton bathed in a white mist that was lake-like. The air was frosty, the road fine, and the cattle in quadrupeds' pens. Now we rattled up hill and down for the next ten miles, while the Doctor and I chatted! The road then turned off into a fresh valley, and the sun struck here and there against stumps and rocks, till the whole green ground was alive. But we kept on a half-dozen miles, and last reached the end of our journey.

It was far up among the hills. We were at a log-house, on the bank of a little stream which flowed from a broad swamp a mile above, and the swamp was a favorite feeding-place of deer for fifteen years, known to very few of the people hereabouts, and to the people in Binghamton, I fancy, not even at all. The Doctor and I, with friends had provisions and blankets, and the log-house, that night, was full. The stage for me had delayed them, in fact, an hour, so that the day was well advanced; but we determined to put the dogs out on the west hill, and try our luck at least for the afternoon.

My station was on the run at the foot of the hill, where the deer from the east hill would come down to swimmy, and here I stood all the blessed afternoon, from before dinner, without seeing nothing.

Seeing nothing, said I? Do you know the splendor of the old forest? the grandeur of the dead monarchs overshadowed in their long graves of moss by their living posterity? Do you know the rich soft lights of the western-coming sun steeling through the silent forest? The crimson of the early-changed maples? the sombre purple of the funereal ash? All these I saw, my wearied of looking at them for I had to watch for game, and the forest was to me as glorious as my own old home in the country would be if I could find it again; but, alas! I never can.

Hark!—the hounds are rising over the west hills! Now they go down the hollow, and their voices are lost—now loud again, as they cross the ridge; and now with a steady advance they come on.

But the deer was on the other run, and I sat down quietly and resigned to watch again the lights on the trees, which grew dimmer and redder. I had almost fallen asleep listening to the far-off cry of the hounds, when I heard a sound in the leaves to my left. I rose to the height, peered below me, and looking up suddenly, caught sight of a deer moving easily up the bed of the stream. The sagacious animal knew that, wherever the dogs were, he had left no scent in the running brook by which they could track him, and he was sauntering or scuttering up to his nightly in the swamp before he should go up to his forest bed for the night.

He came within fifty yards of me before I moved, and then I shouted to him. The cry was involuntary. I could not shoot him down in his tracks in that way, and I gave him at least the ghost of a chance for his life. He threw up his head as he came, and stopped one instant. That pause cost him his life, for the ball entered his breast, and he plunged forward panting.

The Doctor, meantime, had been on the other run, a mile away from me, and as the night was now fast coming down I made quick work of my spoils. A few cuts of the knife sufficed to loosen the hide around his neck, and I made as rapid an unreversing cut down the back of his fore-quarters, gave him but four rits to the saddle, and shouldered the seventy pounds as if I were in my boyhood days again. Then I went cautiously down to the cabin that evening you may imagine, if you can; or have the Doctor and Hugh in the old chimney, and the steaks broiled on the coals in the cotton, or how we lay side by side on the floor and recommended this I have to your imaginations. This much, at least, you may believe—that if you have no other temptation to Binghamton you may find good hunting in the neighborhood; and have no doubt nine hotels of the Lewis House can put you on the track of it, if I am not here to show you.

Truly yours,

INTELLIGENCE.

PROGRESS OF BARON RENFREW.

On Saturday afternoon, 23d, the Prince of Wales, now Baron Renfrew, left Albany, on his journey to the seat of his Darghship's Station, where he arrived at dusk. He was the guest of Mr. Dwight, who had a large number of distinguished guests at the Presbyterian church, in the afternoon, who had come in with deputations from the Queen, and the party spent the rest of the day in reading their letters and receiving the Lord Mayor's Court appointed officers; on Tuesday guest; on Wednesday they left for St. Louis, where they arrived at 6 P.M. On Thursday he attended the agricultural fair, was presented to the Mayor and Corporation of St. Louis, and left the settle. The enrichment about him in St. Louis was very great. On Friday, at St. Louis, he visited Cahokia, where he arrived, after a long detention, late in the evening.

THE LIVE YANKEE AT THE PRINCE'S.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs: "At Dwight's last party, one of the guests was a live Yankee—a Yankee full, the Doctor, who enjoyed the sport highly, begging over a hundred tickets, thinking, in his simple-hearted manner, says that the Doctor's joke was in excellent apartment, and handles a gun finely."

THE SMOKE PIPES.

He adds: "The party drew roughly, and talk about the village gossiping for the next demonstration. People here do not among the Baron, and such gentlemen is expressed in conversation."

HOW MAKES HANDS WITH DIESMEN.

A couple of Irishmen called to see the Baron, who entertained and treated them to a glass of ale, freely with the people, who say they are perfectly naturalized Americans.

HE IS PREFERRED TO LINCOLN.

On Saturday night, at Dwight, the Baron went to a storage to see the presents and accepted by his surgeon. He was accompanied by Mr. Spencer, who presided the party, in a little while, and Mr. Dwight, who—the only one—who was started by the gentlemen in question. The Baron had his coat covered with a blanket by the time he reached the top, where, meeting with a bear, he was to search it, and he was caught at the adventure. When he came down shake his over the hence, handed Lord Lyons, accompanying who he was, and, addressing Mr. Spencer, "Where's the Baron?" "Well, I don't know, Mr. Lincoln, I don't know, I don't exactly log beside you."

The Baron thought there was an attempt to "sell" him, and with a look of the most sublime sheepishness, replied, "Well, I don't know, Mr. Lincoln, I don't know, I don't. If I did Mr. Lincoln was here, I'd say good go to the Hotel." Mr. Lincoln was left to the Hotel.

HOW MAKES PRESENTS TO HIS FRIENDS.

Before his departure from Dwight he expressed his regret that he could not stay to see the party begins and gave a little book with several beautiful gifts, among which was a gold watch, which he said he had to have exchanged presents with their entertainers.

THE ARRIVAL AT ST. LOUIS.

Loud cheers greeted the Prince when he landed at St. Louis, and the Mayor and Corporation were ready to such that he was obliged to close the windows of the vehicle. The carriage of the Prince with were driven in opposite direction to avoid the people.

HE HEARS "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

At the Cathedral, the Prince of Wales, the great party passed to be around the seems and then alighted in the carriage. After the Prince had left the church and very of the pagoda, where the band struck up "God Save the Queen." The band was followed by "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle."

HE WILL NOT RECOGNIZE THE BRITISH FLAG.

The British residents in the city held a meeting, last night, at the Jewish Synagogue, at which a Committee appointed to confer with Lord Renfrew. Mr. Archibald stated the substance of the letter received from the Duke of Newcastle, in reply to the offer of an address to the Baron. Such demonstrations, he said, had been offered in other places in the United States, but respectfully declined; and, while Lord Renfrew was very grateful and obliged for the tender of their civilities, he intimated distinctly his wish to accept no demonstrations which would appear invidious, and which might give offence to any other portion of his citizens. Another letter has been received from their Committee, were received, the address of Lord Renfrew. The Committee were, accordingly, discharged.

ANOTHER SLAVER CAPTURED.

A captain whose ship was brought into Norfolk last week. When taken she had 649 negroes on board, who were landed at Monrovia. Another ship, taken about the same time, had 800 on board.

THE VERDICT IN THE CASE OF THE "LADY ELGIN."

The Coroner's Jury in the case of the *Lady Elgin* disaster have rendered their verdict. While they have found that the *Lady Elgin* was a seaworthy vessel, they exonerate Captain Jameson from having a larger complement of passengers aboard her, on the recent occasion, than is permitted by law. They also find no cause of blame for the defective arrangement of the lights, under the bow for making over the scuttle, and for the mistake of the schooner in inferring the captain when he first saw the *Lady Elgin*. They also found that he was incompetent for his position; and censure the captain for not coming to anchor when he found the fog so dense. Two of the jurors dissent from the verdict, declaring that they find the *Lady Elgin* unseaworthy, and insufficiently supplied with boats.

DISTURBANCE IN THE LOWER REPUBLICTIES.

Another disaster is reported, resulting from the late storm. On Thursday last the schooner Lightner Bright, bound for Bangor, Maine, was lost on Matachia's Island, between Seal Island and the Wooden Ball. In attempting to haul in a boat, the captain and eleven men left the vessel in a boat, and of two who remained on board one was washed off and drowned. The schooner was a total loss.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION AT PITTSBURGH.

From Pittsburgh we learn of a terrible calamity which occurred on the last week. A shaper in the machine works of Mr. W. W. Wallace exploded, killing two or three men and wounding several others. The boiler was blown through four walls, killing several of the victims in its passage.

LOLA MONTEZ AT ASTORIA.

A correspondent of *The Constitution* writes from New York, as follows:

"Lola Montez is stopping at Astoria, with a kind friend, but exact in what a condition she is not stated; she is not exactly an imbecile, and yet what term will more exactly express her condition? I know not, nor why she is an invalid of a melancholy description. A friend informs me she was here a few days ago, and it was enough to excite once heart blood to note her picture—emaciated, pale, and with a wonderful expression. She was contained in a half-night and half-morning robe, and was in a state of mind which, if it could be described, would be a most exquisite piece of literary composition, equivalent to the gay dance. She was unable to utter an intelligible word, but her eyes spoke volumes of mental effects. Her mouth was twitching like that of one in hysterical excitement, and she was continually saying it, as little hope as, by drawing it across the sleeve of her dress. In fact, she had the mental, physical appearance and behavior of a quiet idiot, and is evidently lost to all earthly interest in the world around her, and its affairs. And so ends her eventful history!"

STORY OF A CIRCUS BOY.

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (an old friend of twenty years ago, a young lad, the son of wealthy parents residing in Cincinnati, Ohio, Hamilton County, joined with the glitter of a wandering circus and ran away to join its company. He was found by one, and found, and was recovered for an one dead. He became a skillful rider, and was in his profession, a favorite. He was a native of Ohio, Hamilton, when his brother recognized him and induced him to return home. He was being will, and the professional was entered Dartmouth College, and was engaging in his studies, when he was discovered by a friend in the village of Hanover, and he obeyed his invitation, and was induced to return home. He was kidnapped. The other day, at Knoxville, Tennessee, he was thrown from his horse, and died in a few hours after.

A SAD STORY.

The *Tribune* says: "A pretty but weak girl of seventeen, she married a widow of fifty years. She recently admitted her a husband, "just for the reason of the thing." A few days ago, she was found at a cooper, in the person of a gambler named Moore, who had persuaded her to elope with him. She was induced recently by return to the disgrace, taking her all in separate clothes; and the next day known of by her friends in the dismissy, near Ottawa, Iowa, of her dead body, bearing incontestable marks of violence."

A WARNING TO FOLLOWERS OF DIONIS.

The sound Robert Winchell, residing in Alabama, Urbar county, met with a fatal accident a few days since, while performing a wonderful feat. Winchell with a young company had arrived at Shekiah, and part of the performance was an outdoor tight-rope exhibition by Madame Carolina. A rope had been stretched from a tree to the house, and Madame Carolina had successfully performed her part, when Winchell proceeded to go over the rope in an opposite direction. He was carried to cross over by setting the rope with both hands, allowing the body to hang downward. He safely accomplished this feat to the opposite side, but could not get back. The young company exclaimed, he let go his hold and fell with great force to the ground, a distance of about thirty feet. His right arm and several ribs were broken, besides other internal injuries. He died at 9 P.M. Crippled and bruised, the poor wretch could not move his life. He lingered three or four days after. Winchell was a married man, about thirty years of age.

A CONSCIENCE SHOT BY A BALLOON.

The "Ballon Confiscated Department" of Sept. 24, "William H. Glass, member of the City Council from the 1st Ward, was shot in the lower part, and his body wounded, at half past three o'clock yesterday afternoon, by a Mr. Fisher, who, with his wife and daughter, was on Vine Street, near Second. It appears that for a long time an estrangement had existed between the parties, and that for the past three weeks Glass has refused to give his girl any assistance, and left her to shift. As the above-mentioned hour he was standing in his door, and seeing the parties, passed into the opposite house adjoining. She, however, lingered around until his return, when he was shot in the abdomen, and immediately after there was could not learn. Glass came out, called Officer Fisher, and told him that he presented Ellen to him, and was annoying him. Fisher did so, and she proceeded to the house of Glass, and was shot in the abdomen, and fell down into a back-room. Fisher then left the house, and was arrested by a police officer, who had upon his person a pistol, and a knife in his left, it has not been found. The wound is severe, but not fatal. Fisher was arrested and taken to the jail, and was brought here to the station-house the requested permission to stop at home, which was refused by Third District, and in the evening, the officer accompanied her to the door, and a moment afterward she exhibited a bullet hole and cut of the contents. By ground tender her life was saved, although she was for long time in a very precarious condition. The people seem to have a great affection for her, and, if she is not prosecuted, there will be considerable justly lamenting that she was not permitted to die with her child. We understand, he believes that he is a rebel. Among her friends was a double-eared medallion containing their pictures, for which she hanged herself until the officers returned it to her. It is probable that the case will be prosecuted.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. Joseph Barbiere, who was sent to Europe in June last, as Commissioner from the State of Tennessee, on the question of "Street Trade," was a passenger by the steamer Arabia, which arrived at Boston on Monday. The *Herald* learns that, so far as he is aware, the mission proved a most successful one. Mr. Barbiere visited over two hundred and fifty manufactories in Bel-

glam and Germany, and succeeded, by personally presenting the subject to the manufacturers, in inducing them to make a trial shipment. Accordingly, the *Derby* leaves Antwerp this month for Savannah, Georgia, with a cargo of assorted goods of Belgian and German manufacture. These fabrics will be exhibited as a Fair to be held in December next at Macon. Then, then, this last commercial movement may be regarded as a fixed fact. It remains to be seen whether Southern merchants will embrace it.

The names of the ladies with whom the Prince of Wales danced at the recent ball at Hamilton, Canada West, are these: Miss Ross, Miss Dundas, Miss Ross, Miss Mulock, Miss Wilder, Miss Smith, Miss Thomas, Miss Wilson, Miss Gillespie, Miss Strickland, Miss Boulton, Miss Emily Massey, Miss Proudfoot, Miss Dempsey, Miss Cameron, Miss Ogden.

Lady Franklin, Mrs. Sir Wm. Cresswell, Lady Head, Lady Forsyth, Hamilton, Kingston Falls, and Detroit to Chicago, and thence to New York direct, will be on the 15th inst.

Among the passengers who arrived at Boston in the *Europa* on Friday were Robert Dale Owen, late United States Minister at Naples, and Mr. Charles Scribner, the well-known Scribner publisher and author. Mr. Chase has been back in Boston for a fortnight.

The British (Wesleyan) *Journal* title of a singular address by Miss Ada Pyne, "Twenty years ago, twenty years of age, but live life. She was rolling on horseback with her mother on an occasion, when her horse became frightened, and swerving suddenly to one side, unseated her and threw her against a sharp piece of rock so violently that it penetrated her thigh and severed the femoral artery. Her brother immediately dismounted, had home, but she died of hemorrhage soon after reaching there.

It will be remembered that some weeks ago a lady named Wilder was accused of many crimes and misdeeds, the value of the plunder being nearly $6000. A sample-case pair of gloves, rings, nails and bonds, supposed stolen at a Boston hotel, frequently sifted, and clearly affected with poison. The police are now in pursuit in Europe, for a description of a certain woman there, supposed to be the identical thief; the description exists, and we found to apply closely to the female just spoken of as a Boston; but the lady has fled down to Bermuda and thence to England.

In Jonesville, the ballooniste, has had another serious adventure. He made an ascent from Albany, and travelled at the rate of a mile a minute over Lake Erie, when he attempted to land at East Lansdown, Mass., the rope broke, and he caught in a tree and was badly spoiled. A stone wall with such violence as to bruise his face, and he was thrown from the car, and was left disabled at a distance of twenty-five miles from his balloon, until it finally collapsed, being torn away to tatters. Mr. Jonesville was thrown out of the balloon, and conscious for half an hour, though he was (painfully) taken out of the balloon by persons who discovered the descent. He was terribly bruised, though fortunately none of his bones were broken.

The Right Honorable J. W. Wilson, the Superintendent of the Finance Department of the East Indies, died recently, died of cholera, at Calcutta, just before the departure of his last mail, by the Queen of Henry Ward, Commander, also died about the same time. "The loss to India, in the death of Mr. Wilson, will be felt in Europe, as Mr. Wilson's life and career have been a singular one. At the age of twenty-five he was a hosier in Manchester—merchant—a hatter—and he then turned his attention to journalism, commenced the Manchester Examiner, established the Economist newspaper, and in a few years found himself a member of Parliament and Vice-President of the Board of Trade. He was sent out to India to investigate and act as the Finance Member of Council, so long resided and prominent and united to a finished science the commercial rule of the East India Company. He moved likely to succeed when he was removed by death, and not yet fifty years of age.

Several thousand Polish Jews have recently passed through Paris on their way to the Holy Land, from Berlin and Hamburg. The German papers say that such an exodus of the children of Israel has not been witnessed since that out of Egypt.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

ANOTHER SPEECH FROM THE EMPEROR.

The following is a full translation of the Emperor's speech at Nevers, as published in the Paris *Pays*:

GENTLEMEN,—The banquet offered by the Chamber of Commerce was the happy occasion for my visiting you by thanking the city of Marseilles for the warm reception it has given to the Imperial family. There are in us numerous demonstrations of attachment which we have received due the commencement of our journey, and which deeply, but do not make us more proud; for any only praise has been fully fulfilled. Divine Providence, as well as in the patriotism and good sense of the French people. I fulfil intimate ties between the sovereign and sovereign which constitutes our strength at home as well as abroad, and which has enabled us to overcome great difficulties, never to pause in our progress, notwithstanding the desire for what is good, and always for all that is noble and useful, can not abate now, when circumstances are more favorable and more propitious to the wish of all the world. Heroic minutes should rouse us from the sleep, and we should be disturbed in our work, though we look against our indifference like the waves of the ocean against the shore. Let us then, in our ardent energy, develop the resources of our country; the world will see, that we are the most powerful nation at these times. It is the time of prosperity and greatness which I contemplate for France, and which is shown by India in Europe, from its energy and the vigorous use of its industrious, as well as from its geographical position. Thus in the military and in the navy, it appears to me to represent on its shores the genius of Providence—the one from its trench is are hard, but feeling its sword at its side. Let her judge in peace and in war, the Mediterranean city, by its commerce, by its commerce; let her civilize barbarous nations by its civilized habits, and let her show that she is the mother nations. Let her induce the people of Europe to come and admire Italy upon the pretext of visiting the Alps and sink in the depth of its waters the jealous faith of a good age. Finally, let her show that she is the most beautiful as I now behold her—this is to say, in keeping with the spirit of France—and not as the ancient sovereignty will be accomplished. I drink the health of the city of Marseilles.

ITALY.

FLIGHT OF THE KING OF NAPLES.

From the Second edition of the Paris *Pays* that from his capital on 6th September. The London *Times* correspondent says: "This has been the most unexpected and the most unnecessary flight in the recent history of the Two Sicilies, and it will be generally regarded as a fatal step. Every one was on the alert in the morning, as to the report of the intended departure of His Majesty. By mutual consent he was voted politically dead many hours before he left. On Sunday morning the city was now man taking down the royal arms from the doors of cheap Bourbon, and certain artisans, and the Garibaldi Cross were hanging about the Palace, or looking over the walls of the Arsenal, watching the preparations for the royal journey. In Santa Lucia the women, which the Bourbon arms have been painted over, and which most believed exigent, were being removed, and I felt that my absence of security were now far greater than they had been in the morning."

HIS LAST ADDRESS.

After the King had sailed, the following proclamations were published:

"NAPLES, September 6, 1860.

"PEOPLE TRANSLATION.

"Among the Italian provinces, in Naples, three of the days of misfortune are the greatest and the most solemn, and those doubt I intend to fulfill with religiosity, from your valiance, and with a serene and confident heart, as befits the descendants of so many monarchs.

"For such a purpose I once more address my voice to the people of this metropolis, from whom I am now to depart with bitter grief.

"An unjust war, carried on in contravention to the law of nations, has invaded my States, notwithstanding the fact that I was at peace with European Powers.

"The changed order of government, which attributes to the great principles of Italian nationality, were unknown to me and of the wishes of the people, and the city of defending the integrity of the State entailed upon me the necessity of abandoning the City of Naples. I proceed. I now solemnly protest against this iniquitous and unprecedented aggression, and I trust that God will pronounce their silence verdict.

"Unprecedented because never in our court has known, since the commencement of the unprovoked invasion, the sovereign abandoned his capital, and left for all his people, as well for the Bourbons, the Italian City, which is the cradle of the Bourbon dynasty, and the Italian nation and all their ancestors, with their palaces, their monuments, their public buildings, by collection, and all the rest of the Italian Bourbons, and the Italian tina and of her greatness, and which, being an inherit, and a Bourbon greatness, is superior to the passions of a day.

HIS SOUTHERNER GRIEF.

"The time has come when I must leave my professions of miles. The war is now approaching the walls of the City of Naples, and I cannot, and I will not, and I cannot with a portion of my army to battle myself whether the defence of my fights skills. The remainder of my army's left in company with the honorable National Guard, and the Municipal Authority and subject of the capital, which I remained as a sacred treasure to my land of the Italian people, and upon the honor and the civic feeling of the Mayor of Naples and of the constitution. I leave the Municipal Authority and the honored country of mine the honors of national element and the Italian City, which I have always loved, and tends to the above-named the widest powers that they can possibly have.

"As a descendant of a dynasty that has reigned over this country for more than a century, I have, after, which having preserved it from the horrors of a long civic war, by the effusion of my blood, I am a Bourbon, I am a Italian, now until I, without bitter grief, address with my country, the Italian Bourbon, and I, in the honorable, peace, and strict observance of their civic station. I, for the Bourbons, and the Italian, I, for the Italian, and the Bourbon, I, for the Bourbon.

"Whether from the fortunes of the present war I leave then depth among you, and I leave the City of Naples, which it may please the justices of God to restore me to the throne of my ancestors, I will always be the people, upheld by the free institutions with which I have provisionally accorded, and which I will, on my return, confirm, to be hold sapiently my people united, strong, and happy. FRANCIS."

THE FIRST ACT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

After the King had gone, the following address was issued by the Municipality:

"Citizens,—The King is leaving. In the presence of a great misfortune, which we cannot prevent, we should pay our conduct can not be decided. The former impose, the former, the former, the former, the former, the other demands of your social detail, prudence, civil courage, the one and the other, and a Bourbon, and the Italian destinies of Italy; no one will think of increasing the misfortune of the present moment. Naples, the City will calmly crush the memorable day which will even a pain to our hearts, and which will be a day of tears, regrets and difficulties without new convulsions or the shedding of blood. Let the Municipal Authority, in the meantime let the city results tranquil; let commerce pursue its course; let the Bourbon, let the Italian, let the ordinary occupations of life; let all opinions unite in a sublime agreement to avoid the disorders."

CALM OF THE CITY.

The London *Times* correspondent writes: "Judging, however, from the tone of the Neapolitan Journals, one would say, were not all necessary, for the city to regard as a "sacred trust" a peaceful and orderly deliverance on the hereditary vestibules of the Italian Bourbons, and the Italian, and the Italian, and the Italian which is the greatest marvel, the pride and triumphant, the pen of Garibaldi and the Italian Bourbon, and the people. A throne has fallen, a king has left his capital, and yet not a single shot has been fired, and not a single tree on open, the granite stand at the palace gates, and the Garibaldi cross is still unmolested.

FORMATION OF A PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

As soon as his Majesty left a Provisional Government was formed, composed of Signors Pisanelli, Scialoja, Poerio, Conforti, Agresti, and Ricciardi. Crowds were assembled in front of the Palace, and Signor Poerio, Chief of Police, is subject to modification by Garibaldi. A Decree addressed to the Romans, written by Signor Poerio, published the following address:

"TO THE ROMANS, FROM THE DICTATOR GARIBALDI.

"DICTATOR OF THE TWO SICILIES.

"With the greatest delight I have the honor to address you that to salute you as the redeemer of Italy, and place in your hands the Italian Bourbon, and the Italian, and the Italian during the interval of expectation I shall remain free the Italian Bourbon, and the Italian, and the Italian. Your voice, already made known by me to the people, is the voice of the people, and the Italian Bourbon.

"I swell your further orders, and am, with unbounded respect, "GARIBALDI."

"NAPLES, September 7."

ARRIVAL OF GARIBALDI.

The Prince of Carignano, at 4 at half twelve o'clock this day, and a half-a-mile, and from a distance of a mile, and a half-a-mile, and a half-a-mile, and a half-a-

BROADWAY.—RESPECTFULLY DE

DICATED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A FORCED RECRUIT AT SOLFERINO.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Is the ranks of the Austrian you found him?
He died with his face to you all:
Yet boy him here where around him
You honor your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured, and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips, over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor!
Though alien the shako on his breast
Underneath it lour seldom a greater
Young heart, has a shot seat to rest.

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His manhood (pure!) never was goaded
He facing your guns with that smile.

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands—
"Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks, by your hands!"

"Aim straightly, fire steadily; spare me
A ball in the body, which may
Deliver my heart here and tear me
Thin hinge of the soldiers' easy-way."

So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then? many others have died.
Ay—but envy for mine to die scorning
Thy dead brother, who lies side by side;

One tricolor floating above them;
Struck down mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them
And blazon the brass with their names

But he—without witness or honor,
Mixed, unknown in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her—
Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cloud restriction
Out of reach from the position of scorn,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you? nay, grudge not to show it
While digging a grave for him here.
The others were free, says your poet,
Have glory: let *him* have a tear.

VENUS OVER THE MONK'S TOWER.

I REMEMBER, one sunny evening very long ago, when I was a child, Nurse sitting with my little brother in her arm-chair asleep, while I stole late after tea from her with insatiable greediness; how, from her romantic heroes and heroines I rambled off to my own father and mother, marvelling how my father, who was gray-headed, and, in my eyes, an old, old man, came to marry my mother, a young and merry and beautiful; but she heard Nurse was silent. I remember, too, another evening, when I ran to her with a treasure I had forrested out of some rubbish in a lumber room—a dusty thing, all covered with cobwebs; but I held it forth in a tremor of enchantment, crying out that it was a picture of one of those great soldiers she used to tell me about. It was the portrait of a soldier, and she took it from my hand, and when she saw my mother coming down the garden, bid it away in her bosom, lest it frighten her.

Shortly after that we had a birthday feast in a little half-ruined tower in the garden, which we called the "Monk's Tower." A glorious place it was, where we might go in wet weather; where we might make any amount of noise; where Nurse used to sit and tell us the Iliad. And this evening there were bubbles to be drunk, speeches made, cake to be eaten; and the fun was at its height when a messenger came to Nurse that we might go in, for "a grand gentleman from the wars was come."

The little one, as my brother was called, cried out that he would not go; but Nurse gave us visions of marble chels, diamonds, rubies, and all sorts of glories—none of which we were destined to see. The grand gentleman wore a black coat, with one sleeve pinned up, and terribly shabby I was, in my superior perception, when Tatty crept up to him and pulled it, asking, gravely, "Where he kept his other arm."

He laughed, and when he laughed Tatty stole back to my side, and whispered that he was a sun-burned face and thick brown mustaches, and my mother seemed glad to see him. She called him "Cousin Charles," and smiled and blushed, and looked so beautiful, that I was more attracted to her than to the stranger. My father had pushed back his plate, and was busy with his pipe; I, just at this time he had a mania for discovering perpetual motion; he had invented and taken a patent for something which Nurse told us was very clever indeed, and only one thing was wanted to make it quite what it should be.

"Nelly," said Tatty, when we were in the nursery, "I don't like him; do you? He's ugly."

But I was watching Nurse's face as I whispered, "Nurse, it is the portrait man."

She stopped and turned on her, saying nothing. I don't think she liked him either.

The nursery was over my father's dressing-room, and looked out upon the Monk's Tower. I remember standing at the window that night, watching the long shadow of the tower upon the gravel, and filling it with ghosts of monkish, frill-faced nuns and I hurried into bed, covering myself close, and shivering.

But the grand gentleman did not go away. We were told to call him Cousin Charles; and after a while he used to follow us about into the garden, and try to make friends. Once he even came to the Monk's Tower, and began talking Tatty on his knee, calling him Master Tot.

"My name is not Tot," said the boy, struggling; "and you are ugly, and I don't like you."

I saw the soldier's eyes twinkle fiercely, but he only laughed.

"I hate you!" said Tatty, who had escaped, and was clinging to Nurse's hand; "if I had a gun I would shoot you! I shall tell mamma to send you away."

"Pretty speech you have got here!" said Cousin Charles, sharply; but Nurse lent over Tatty without answering, and he went away.

"Why does he stay here, Nurse?"

It was my constant question. I was afraid of him; I could not bear to feel his step following me; I dreaded lest he should make Nurse said he had been mamma's play-fellow when they were both children. I could not think how she bore with him.

A month had passed since the birthday feast, when I saw Cousin Charles one evening, coming down toward us in the Monk's Tower. Nurse rose and went to meet him. They spoke together a moment, and I saw the scowl on his face as he turned away. Oh, how I feared him!

When we went into tea my mother and he were laughing over some pictures, and my father spoke as usual over a book. He liked it down, however, and said something about the easy-way of Nurse; and after tea, as the piano was opened, he got up, contrary to his custom, and stood over it. No one took any notice of him; he took my corner of the sofa, with Tatty's head leaning on my lap, one thumb in his mouth and the other crooking about my neck, I watched him in silent and wondering terror, while he bit his lips and knitted his brows, and a white look of anger came over his face.

Suddenly he put Cousin Charles aside violently, and began turning over the leaves for my mother himself. The soldier's solitary arm was raised and hung over his white head for a moment. I cried out when I saw it to Nelly.

My father turned and said, savagely, "Children, go to bed! Why are you here?"

As we left the room I saw that my mother had risen, and was looking from one to the other in wonder, and perhaps terror; while Cousin Charles, turning to my father himself, smiled, blushed, bent with her, wished my father good-night, and followed us.

I hid my face on Nurse's lap and cried. She asked no questions; probably she knew more than I did.

All the next morning we kept away out of sight. I learned my lessons, but mamma did not come as usual to the Monk's Tower. In the evening, as we lingered in the garden, the front door opened suddenly, and my father came out. Great lines were on his forehead, his eyes shone, and his lips were pressed down like they had been the night before.

"Nurse, where is your mistress?"

"Mammy is there," sung out Tatty, pointing to the gate, "with the ugly man."

Anger was on the ugly soldier's face also, and something more. Whatever my mother had done or said to him, then or before, I do not know; I knew, child as I was, threatened vengeance deep and terrible.

"Mammy looks like a white ghost," said Tatty, putting his lips voice again.

She saw herself, following the soldier, she was coming, with her hand stretched out, to my father, when something—his look I suppose—stopped her half way. It sent back to her side, and the next moment she was lying on the gravel at his feet.

Putting Tatty's hand in mine, Nurse hurried us into the house, and went back. Wondering and sorrowful, I questioned her when she came up to the nursery; but she was silent as the grave. Mamma was better; I must be satisfied, and ask no questions.

We saw Cousin Charles no more. We never heard so much as his name mentioned, except by Tatty, whom Nurse soon silenced.

But what terrible night had he left behind him! What change had come over my father! Through preoccupied and busy over his books and papers, he had kept us at a distance, lest, being too old children, now, we dared no longer go near him. He would have us, he said, speedily, if he spoke at all, savage words of anger and disgust, as though he hated the very sight of us.

And my mother—Oh! how she came to pale and quiet—what now look was that on her face, what blight had come over her? She watched my father closely, she could hardly move or speak but he was there, even for Tatty, who clamored and stormed after a wounded spirit, she was forbidden to go near, to put him away gently, and beg for peace. Instead seemed to tell her my father's wants; I have seen her other days sometimes, when she was by, would shrink and turn away as if her hand had been a serpent.

I did not understand it all: I only knew it was very wretched, and in some blundering way laid the blame on Cousin Charles.

Every thing seemed to be changed. The house had itself put on a desolate look, the servants went about quietly, the children were left to take care of themselves, the Monk's Tower had lost a portion of its fascination. There was always some underthought which would not be driven away.

My mother grew paler and quieter; she could no longer bear with Tatty's rough caresses or his noisy play. Once telling me to take him to the nursery, she put her hand on my head, and looked into my face earnestly, as if about to say something; but her lips began to tremble, and as she motioned me away I saw two tears roll quietly down her white cheeks. Oh! I could have cried with her then—I could have broken my heart for her.

I do not know how long this lasted, but I know when a change came. We were sitting with my mother after breakfast, Tatty and I, as she lay, white and wan, on the sofa, hearing my lessons, when my father entered the room. How she started as the door opened, and then began trembling over as like one in a fit. Surely a desperate spirit passessed my father that morning. Checking in one hand something which looked like a letter, he stamped up to the sofa and said to her—

"Children, begone! off with you, driveling little hypocrites—for Tatty had begun to cry—off with you this moment, and don't show your faces here again!"

I could not stop to quiet the "little one," but ran off to find Nurse and tell her. She bade me go to the nursery and keep Tatty good. I obeyed. All day long we were left to ourselves. Once or twice mamma came to us, looking anxious and troubled. Mamma had gone to bed, she told us, not very well; we must be good and make no noise.

So I told him long dreary tales, till at last his head dropped on my lap, and he slept there, helpless and happy. Then I felt, for the first time, tears were running down my cheeks.

I had been sitting there, I could hardly guess Tatty to take any; and, to spare Nurse, I put him into bed myself, and then got into my own.

I had lost in the morning strange dreams about Cousin Charles, the Monk's Tower, and mamma. When I awoke there was a candle blinking over his long lashes on the table, and Nurse was pacing up and down, with her hands clasped behind her.

"He is a hard man, a hard man," I heard her mutter, quietly; I watched till she stooped down over Tatty, to kiss him, and took up the light to go away. Then I called after her:

"Nurse, nurse, come here; I can not bear it!"

"Hear what?"

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know. I can not bear to see you must go."

She looked at me gravely.

"Miss Nelly, you have been good enough till now; what is the matter?"

"It is so miserable."

"We have all got something to bear; yours doesn't seem much to bear, quietly. I must go down stairs—God alone knows what to do; but you must not keep me here."

I unfeared her by my fear, as she reached the door a horrible dread of being left alone in the dark, to my own thoughts and imaginings, seized me. In a moment I was out of bed, following the retreating light. I dared not speak, for fear of being sent back to my bed; but she, quietly as possible I followed, until Nurse turned toward the door of my father's dressing-room. I would have retreated now, from the fear of what might be going on in happen; but a look back into the dark passage made me shudder and press on.

As she opened the door, unconsciously I squeezed myself into a corner of the passage, that I might not be discovered. Nurse had left the door ajar, sitting with her arms spread out on the table, and his head upon them. Beside him lay the crumpled paper, which I had seen my father crush and smooth out. For a moment nurse hesitated, then advancing she looked over it. I know now, though I did not then, what it contained, in what sense to be my mother's hand,

"To-night—when Venus shines over the Monk's Tower."

HELEN.*

As the paper rustled my father looked up. I trembled for Nurse; but she was an old friend, and knew her privileges. Staring at her a moment he leaned her arm, gently, and falling the soldier behind a curtain he took her to the window opposite which I stood, a shivering ghost in a nightgown, as I leaned over the balcony, and saw that a star was shining brightly over the Monk's Tower.

"Then, sit down and read it to me in my way, he came back to his seat and settled himself as before. But Nurse stood there, gravely, with her hand on the paper.

"This is a forgery!"

He raised his head, but did not answer.

"I must go and tell him, I will not be ill—as you may, for you are cruel enough. My darling—my mistress I mean—never deceived you or any one. If you had spoken to her, instead of merely reading her silently, you would have known, as I know, that this is a villain's revenge for her pure duty to me.

He pointed to the letter, and waved her away impatiently.

"A forgery," she repeated, her voice growing a little tender. "I will swear it, as that you shall not dare to disbelieve her. By all my hope of happiness—by all I hold sacred—by the cross on the lock of that baby book—I swear it. Come, and I will tell you all about it."

I staid for no more. Flying along the passage, my entire, terrified soul sobbing, I laid myself on her bed-clothes, a quivering mass of terror.

And now, hardly, I remember a night but a short time after, when I was roused from a fitful sleep suddenly, and in haste; when I heard her sob heavily, but saw no tears; when she wrapped something round us, and carried us out of my room, and down with sleepy, gave her hand to me, and bade me keep quiet, for mamma was asleep so. Down stairs in the cold night, all grave and silent, and mamma—down into mamma's room. And I remember my father's arms, the cold night, and her face on his bosom, white and deathlike; when Tatty was put forward first to kiss her, and I followed. I remember my father's cry—"My darling, my darling!"—as he watched her, and her low answer that came by sentences, telling how happy he had always made her; how good and kind he had been, making her life so bright always; but for this one mistake, which was her fault, and forgotten now, she had scarcely known trouble; and now she was happy again—so happy! A low cry from my father, "I go to find my mistress!" Nurse, as it seemed to me, turned her eyes from the face she was watching so lovingly to his; and then we found ourselves in the presence of that mysterious messenger now drawn back into our ken—we had no mother.

Cousin Charles is dead. Long years ago I saw his name honorably mentioned among those who fell, fighting gallantly for country or for glory. It is not for me to judge him. Perhaps there were times in his life when memory among him bitterly; when he would have given the world, if he had had it to give, to recall those few months which born such sorrowful fruits. Peace be to him!

SLAVES OF THE RING.

"PRAY tell me," we overheard a country gentlemen of the sort of about thirty say to a very excited friend of his, of about twenty years of age, when he had come, and, as it with something, that he was rushing into the ring at Epsom—"pray tell me from which of those neatly-dressing gentlemen do you expect to win your money?"

Betting is the favorite form of gambling in modern English life. With the help of railroads and telegraphs, it seems to have almost absorbed the other dangers that formerly consumed the fortunes of British youth.

To accommodate the widely-pervading taste, which prevails so fiercely in cotton-worshiping Lancashire and horse-worshiping Yorkshire as among the idlest and fastest society of London, the business institutes of England have created a class of professionals "who do for a living what noblemen and gentlemen are supposed to do for pleasure." Parallel to positive sport-loving the brokers and jobbers of the Stock Exchange, they bet on economics for those who do not wish to appear in the Stock Exchange or bet against their own horses or who are ready, at a price, to back or lay the odds against any horse for any race; and thus accommodate the many who, without being gamblers, once or twice in the year take a ticket in the turf lottery by risking a few pounds on a favorite lead or second.

Legs—that is Blackleg—the betting broker were formerly a distinct; but well established concert and numerous, that title is voted unpoetical, and they are Turfmen or Commissioners. Among commissioners are clerks who have polished their polished wits against the folly and ignorance of young gambling enthusiasts, great fortunes are made by them, and lost, chiefly, by being, not by winning horses. Hence familiar in their mouths are such phrases as "I lost, I win," "I win and lost," and other sentences expressive of the advantage of betting against a horse that can by no possibility win for "losing" is a sentiment made of expressing the condition of an animal sure not to run, or, if running, "made safe not to win." In the old sporting days, Mr. Gully, of Pontefract, one Dawson, was hanged for poisoning a batch of horses at Newmarket, in order to make sure the bets of his employers, who had taken more of considerable "turf" respectability; but the march of knowledge has abolished such rude methods, and it is found that a bouket of water and a little hay administered by a brilliant groom by at a wrong time, is more effective, and equally effective in "stopping a flyer's gallop."

The great art of modern turf gambling is not to ascertain what horse will win, but what horse is sure, or can be made sure, to lose. A stolid countenance, a comprehensive memory, quick powers of calculation, and a little dexterity, are more, and no scruples, are the chief elements of prosperity in this new thoroughly organized profession. If in these be added an appearance of candor, either under the disguise of blunt frankness or bland politeness, great success is probable. Legs indeed men of all ranks: successful plugs and broken country squires. Even a convicted thief, if once acquitted, may be a very successful in his payments, may become in a very few years a great commissioner, and a distinguished member. The most successful are those who are unhampered by the impedument of respectable associations, recollections, or antecedents. The Scotch Universities of Cambridge has little chance against a calculating boy-groom. And it is among a mob of these hard-headed, hard-hearted gamblers, of whom our yellow youth, fresh from the school and university, plunge, in the hopeful speculation of making a fortune out of nothing.

Wonderful are the mysteries of the veterans of fourteen years—Derby or St. Leger—and wonderful is the arithmetic which enables them to calculate the odds at a moment's notice a few points in their favor. Perhaps the most wonderful sight in all the Continent for cold-blooded common sense, it is really extraordinary to note how every year fresh swindlers are put down in their pitiful tricks, and how, in spite of the experience of ruin and tender sufferers for that experience cease fools and fortunes these gentry. Of course, out of the great annual supply of recruits to the turf, some are endowed with the "qualifications for" "pulling" which is the playful term by which the turf-man, in his familiar moments, designates the large bulk of the "turf" which, sooner, or survive, losing by nature's gifts, although young, incipient sharkers—sandbags not yet come to their prime teeth, or use of alone, or sufficiently power of tail. But the greater number of the juveniles who fill their veins with blood, and, the chilly, cold, cold, Python, either perish in the conflict, or retire permanently wounded.

To some, rain means ten pounds; to others, a hundred; to others, a thousand; to others, ten thousand; of those who can afford to lose and pay, some few return to honest work, others sink to the lowest depths of unsuccessful roguery. A select few acquire strength as their go, after expending the income of a German prince in acquiring experience. The demigod of the passing generation of "Legs" is said to have lost a hundred thousand pounds before he was able to turn the tables on his tutors, and, by betting, through commissioners,

against his own horses, "tell the ring a real bargain."

It is of him the story is told that, having written instructions to one of his traveling financial agents staying in Cottonopolis, to bet for and against certain of his lordship's stud, which were in favor with the public, but not all intended to win, he was abroad, after a time, attending grand alfresco dinner, when the price-current of the betting market. He received no answer from his counting-house, and a special messenger, after installing wonderful impressions, ascertained that the letter partly misdirected, had never been delivered. But, by some mysterious intuition, the sporting clerks of the post-office happened to have acted in accordance with my lord's instructions.

No doubt the well-established gentleman who, being rich, acute, and calm, play with the turf as they might play at whist, for nominal stakes, and run their horses for pleasure without troubling themselves with the toil of obtrusive combinations. Do these the turf is a gentle relaxation from more severe pursuits, and a means of killing a little idle time.

There is a story current of a distinguished nobleman who, many years ago, when he was poor and not so famous as he is now, deferred paying his "account" tradesmen's bills so long and so ingeniously that the trainer was obliged to let his lordship's filly win a great race, and then represent the account, leaving a balance for his employer. But only a diplomatist of the first rank is equal to such a feat.

Constant in his attendance at Newmarket is the Earl of Gollingbars. For nearly forty years he has never missed a morning meeting there. Naturally ruddy his head, as if his whole fortune depended on the events he watches the running of his racehorses, and his face, with its lines, which are those sometimes in front within a few lengths of the winning-post, drawn, very rarely smiling, and thus soliloquizes softly: "Gollingbars wins—Gollingbars wins;" a little louder, "Gollingbars wins!" in a low tone, "I'm ruin'd!—he has don't then, sotto voce, as he walks his hack away in disgust, "Gollingbars is a fool!" This enthusiastic old gentleman, forty or fifty times during the year, and spends ten thousand of it every year in breeding, training, and maintaining most admirable stud, considering, apparently like Charles Fox, that, next to the pleasure of winning, losing is the greatest pleasure in life. On the same health which was solely dedicated to the serious business of racing, until the innovation of excursion trains brought down to Newmarket, where, in fact, not long since, a young nobleman, little past his majority, with ready money in his purse and credit in the country, was allowed to bet at the low of a thousand pounds, robbed on the private secret information of the clerk of the weight-room upon such deep-welled sheep. A thousand pounds to this young gentleman represent something less than the pounds to the pence of five hundred to him.

We have ourselves seen the great Baron Bolton, whose words can make emperors blush, bid—by deed, by hysterics! by the humiliating caution when his favorite colt, Contango, ran all behind Fair Blue ribbon of the turf, the Chalk-Down stakes.

In a word, if you would see the proudest and the wealthiest Englishmen down to a level with the meanest and the neediest, watch the aspect of the betting-ring before and after a great race. In the height of the excitement of winning a great race, a duke has been known to accept the congratulations and shake the hands of a burglarious cattle-thief dealer.

The salesman festivals—the "selling" days after great meetings—the Middlesbrough-Middlesbrough bulldog between Tattersall's sale-yard and the cow! grass-plot, where hank-noses are carried by slavers, and valued about little waste pipes, bring to a crucial test the one virtue essential for standing on the first line—the grenadiers of the guard of turf—the *grand grand grand guard*. You may be a fraud-hunt bankrupt, a pickpocket, a forger, free by a flaw from the indictment; you may be guilty of the foulest crime, or notorious for the basest propensities; but, so long as you pay, you will be admitted to the sale-yard, the saleroom, and the betting-rings. You are sure of the familiar if not friendly companionship of your fellow-professionals, and your probably last friend (yourself honored with some playful nickname, descriptive of your peculiar rascality. Palmer, who never entered the London Metropolis, but acquitted, long before his detention, the notorious among his fraternity, longing to be propensity for "doing"—that was the mild word.

Extremes meet on the turf, and part too; the lowest rise into the highest fill; Bacon becomes a squire; an earl's son becomes a felon. The old adage that hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue is to be reversed and it is the virtue's homage to vice and practices of respectability, to the imitation of the habits of more conspicuous men, in the closing day of the career of a successful turfman, who, secure in his hundred or two hundred thousand pounds, abandons the ways of the turf, and sets himself down to found a family. He buys an estate, or two, or three; he builds a church, he subscribes splendidly to charities; he has the best shooting in the county, and the best people he can get to shoot over it; he is carry with his neighbors of good family, and prepared with ready money to lend, on good security; he marries his daughters to others of good family, provided the bridegroom is a baronet. And thus with quiet manners our idiosyncratic adventurer sets on, until people of the money-worshipping sort begin to say that really Mr. Crossit is a very decent, respectable man. And yet there is scarcely one of these millionaires whose life would bear investigation, whose turning-point of success will not be found to rest on some "fair-run robbery."

It would be rather curious to see our noblemen, our gentlemen, our squires, our military heroes, the soul of honor and pride of gentility—some proud of their pedigree and their pedigree, parson, doctors, lawyers—hooking bets, handying bets, and exchanging compliments with an ex-pickpocket, who, after having been dashed in divers horse-ponds and cropped in many jails for petty larceny, has abandoned a parasitic unworthy of his genius, now has his town-house and country-mansion, and a string of race-horses whose lineage has his quite a well as their winnings. A race-dinner of the present day is a fine sight: the ex-pickpocket's health is proposed by Major Malcolm O'Dwaddy, Bart., formerly of the Queen's Bed-lamb; and, close beside, might sit holding and nobling, planning future and projecting past robberies, the ex-pickpocket, ex-groom, ex-shoeblacks, and ex-waiters, all prosperous, honored, dressed by the best tailors, jewelers, and bootmakers, all paying, and therefore all justifying terms of perfect equality, seeking some private information, some secret advice, and, in the end, struggling in the hope of getting the best of each other. For the essential distinction between trade and gambling, that in trade the rogue has usually more profit, in gambling one must lose.

On the Stock Exchange there is a legitimate business to be done—there are tangible securities to transfer, which afford a legitimate science to the of high character and honor. The turf, a small array, whose natural talents for roguery have been sharpened by long experience, thrive on folly. Every year of prosperity, every year, and of victims, the greater number observe. But every new and then a great light breaks in. Four or five years ago, the husband, the father, the beloved, the best member of the turf was a man of noble family, of literary and social accomplishments, of great energy, of courage, by ability as well as by position, high office was open. As to his means, who knew or cared about his means? The world knew that he betted largely, borrowed largely, and paid punctually. At length the bubble burst; the great gentleman disappeared, and, strange, never permitted the slightest familiarity on the part of his low-born associates, disappeared. There was a great-of disbelief in the rumors of his early shoulder-blows, a Christian bill-discounters charged a fellow-Christian bill-discounter, who did not say a word, could have claimed twenty thousand pounds. Another peer, who had been, before his death, the trustee of his lordship's twelve lot of his class, found the result of joint racing speculations in his a hundred thousand pounds; by degrees more proof accumulated, confirmed by the verdict of a court of law. It then appeared that this great, haughty, historically-named gentleman had forged all the friends to sign a paper, in checks, for which at the last moment he obtained cash; it appeared that he had, a little before, become of less than a thousand a year, he had for many years paid thirty thousand a year in interest of sixty per cent. That is the result of a life of turf education; but innumerable smaller instances occur; Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, supply their full quota of instances of roguery. Every year instances of larceny, instances of forgery. As for forgery, it is so common a sequence of unsuccessful speculation, that, when a gentleman who takes to the betting-ring as an easy and genteel mode of accessing his income, to make pretty sure of shaking hands with a gentleman who has forged, or is about to forge. It is an old rule with the sharp-set gentlemen of the friends to sign of respectable connections a forged acceptance is a better security than a genuine bill.

THE HAMMERS.

Is our travels through the town—
Where the forges' flames are blown
By the humming fans of the blast furnace,
Where the sledging falls on wedges
Of the metal that it wrings
To the shapes of all the Inter-saving hues—

We have watched the falling hammer,
In its changing, banging clamor,
As it rolled from one to another, with a ring—
And the ringing, ringing, ringing,
Always sets our head to singing,
Something like the sweet music we mean to sing:

Like the ringing of the bells,
When the wedding chiming swells
Through the merry marriage morning, to the pair,
So the slung, and hung, and rattle
Of the hammers in the battle,
Fall, the music, on our ears, in quiet air.

"In the battle?" Ay, the battle!
For it is no idle prattle
That we sing. To the battle against WANT
With the hammers, we go forth,
And his suppers few and scant—
To the battle of the can 'gainst the cash!

AFTER AN OSTRICH.

In Bloa-bush, and in tiger-bushes, and in lions haunts there are pits and holes, and all that have been heard; but of the ostrich-hunt the world, that is not used to running after ostriches, has heard very little. Little more, indeed, than some hearsay down story about negroes who, being dressed in the skins of the birds, are mistaken by the flock for actual ostriches, and suffered to come near enough to shoot say bird they may pick out with their arrows. The ostrich is a stupid bird; but (only a fable), that the ostrich, when pursued, will hide his head in the sand and believe himself invisible. I know the ostrich has a stupid face; but he is, for all that, a sharp fellow, who knows his own interest as well as the rest of us. He is very and long-sighted, one of the last creatures to put his own head in a hole. I have hunted him in his own deserts and can testify.

Every year, as summer sets in, horsemen arrive at the oasis of Deed from the mountains in the north, about ten days' journey. They come after the ostrich, and stay only during the summer, as it is only when the heat is greatest that a horseman can have any chance of overtaking the swift-footed bird. In cold weather he will outstrip every pursuer, but beneath the rays of a noon sun in the African summer I suppose he finds his feather coat and trowsers too warm to run with.

An Arab friend of mine, with the short name of Sidi Mohammed ben Omar ben es-Sheikh Abderahman Burjoes el-Ruffiah, who was bound for the Mecca pilgrimage, persuaded me to go with him and try my skill at running down an ostrich. My friend Sidi Burjoes was a grand old, and long dignity, although his trip to Deed was made for the sake of gain. I, who went only for sport, was looked upon with much respectful wonder by my fellow-sportsman.

We managed to reach Deed a day or two before the hunt, but we spent the time in getting over our fatigues to come. The hunt began on a sabbey morning in the middle of July. The hot Gibbi wind or simoom had been blowing for several days, and the thermometer had only fallen to ninety-eight degrees, or thirty-two degrees below blood. We were to have one of the hottest days of a Saharan summer. So much the better. The warm-blooded ostrich, I said to myself, and so shall we. The dangers of this chase do not arise from the fierceness of the animal pursued, but from the fierceness of the sun, which may strike down the huntsman. An English-man is much more likely to come off mounted from an encounter with a lion than with a Gibbi, or ostrich-hunt without getting sun-stroke or brain fever.

Our party consisted of ten horsemen and a few scouts who had been sent out at daybreak to explore the road for footprints of ostriches and track them to their hiding-ground. We were fifteen mounted upon animals not so fat as to conceal the beautiful lines of their ribs. The bones of their branches seemed ready to start out through the skin. These features, however, are common enough in Arab thoroughbreds. We ourselves were as light as feathers, we could be, having dispensed with four out of five thick pieces of felt which invariably form one of the Arab's saddles, and cast off every superfluous article of clothing; only taking care to have our heads well wrapped up as protection against the fierce rays of the sun.

We started about two hours after sunrise, and followed leisurely on the trace of our scouts. After proceeding for about six miles, we came upon a scout who said that five fine birds were a little way off grazing in a valley. Knowing that they would not stay for us, we dismounted to give our horses a few minutes to cut burs and nettles, and to allow our scouts to run still farther into the "kalla," or mid-day heat. A sultry feverish wind blew from the south, and the sun's glow was returned from the hot sand under our feet with almost unbearned strength. What a drying-ground was here for washer-women! Wet clothes, dry in three minutes! Not to be taken in at the door were taken out.

The kalla, for this are made of very porous clay, absorbed long draughts of water, and hung little gourd bottles of water to their saddle-bows. We mounted against the hot wind, and, by dint of a little hill, if you could call by that name a height of about ten yards above the bottom of the valley, we saw the ostriches, I suspect they had some knowledge of us before we were visible. They had already started at full trot; and seemed to gain slowly on us. Our intention, flapping two small downy wings to help them onward, and, like Barnes in his circus, kicking up stones behind them. We was small fellows in a canter: had we tried at once to catch them in a gallop, our horses would soon have blown, and the birds would have got out of reach. Our plan was to follow them as closely as might be, without frightening them into their quickest pace, and to keep them in view.

The birds soon parted from one another: in a young fashion way, and the others starting off each in a different direction. We followed a single ostrich, a fine male, the feathers of the male being most valuable.

Noon passed, and the sun was rapidly declining. We had now been after ostrich for more than four hours, but not in a straight line, since these creatures have a whim for running in large circles, so that we could not say "Ostrich! journey from a starting-point. I had no very great sense of heat, but my hands and face began to feel as if they had been shaved with sand. The excitement and emulation among us made me, however, forget every thing but the chase of our chase. One by one the horses of the Arabs dropped behind, dead-beat. Sidi Etesteen, two of the Arabs, and myself, being the last remaining alone keep up the hunt. Our aim was to turn the ostrich, and so drive him back to our companions. The two Arabs picked the stout Arab a full gallop, one to the left and one to the left, and tried, by making a circuit, to get ahead of the ostrich, and to frighten him back into the arms of the other Arabs, so he made a stash at the game on his own account. He horse had a little quiet Arab, and I had a big Arab galloping him alongside. The bird saw that he was outrun and outwitted. With a little stick, such as we all carried for this expedition, Sidi tapped the bird on the neck, turned him, and drove him back to me like a tame creature. Our two companions were astonished. "Ostrich! ostrich! ostrich! Allah yaiek es-sahel" which means, "Well done! well done! Allah gives you strength." Arab equivalent for "Hurrah! hurrah! go it again, old boy!"

The ostrich was, of course, a Mussulman, and was convinced that it was in vain to strive against his fate. One by one we came up with our beaten companions; and we then surrounded our bird, caught him, and cut his throat, with the pious words, "Bism-Illah Akbber" (in the name of the great God). It would have been simpler to tap him on the head and strangle him, for then there would have been no fear of damaging the feathers with the blood. But such a death is not in accordance with the Moslem creed concerning holy and unholy food; and of an animal so slaughtered the flesh could not have been eaten.

Ladies, I trust, are satisfied with the amount of trouble taken to get for them their court plumes. But it is a pity that each feather which sets them a guinea scarcely brings a shilling to the Arab sportsman.

When we had skinned our bird, and cut off the feet joints, we rode leisurely back to Deed, which we reached at sunset, and then we had a hard-earned up. Heartily glad was I, after a good supper of broiled leg of ostrich—which is a meat, not choice, but welcome to the hungry—to lie on the soft sand and take a nap that lasted until sunrise the next morning.

I passed the following day with my fellow-sportsman, and learned much about the habits of the ostrich, and the various ways of killing it. Running it down in the manner just related is considered the best way, though the most tedious, for it is the least chance of injuring the feathers. The commonest plan, however, is to lay snares of rope in places which the birds frequent. Another way is to dig a hole in the earth near a bush, or some slight cover, in a valley to which the ostriches come to graze. One of the hunters, armed with his long gun, hides in the hole, and his companions, having strewed brushwood over him, place their feathered snares from the mouth of his pieces remains, with only the muzzle of the gun visible outside his hidge-place, until an ostrich passes: when, if the hole be well made, he may be sure of his prey.

Ostriches pair about the beginning of March, and the female begins laying her eggs toward the end of April. She generally puts a score or two eggs in her nest, which is but a shallow basin scraped out of the sand. She arranges the eggs in a triangle, with the point in front of her when she is sitting. The eggs, if left to themselves, do not get sufficiently warmed by her body, and these unhatched eggs she breaks to provide food for the young, which, on leaving the nest, are by other they have left their shells. The young birds, hatched in a few weeks, take three years to attain their full size; they appear to live much with their parents, and even make their nests near theirs. The ostrich ordinarily lays the female ostrich of a whole family—grandfather and grandmother in the middle, and the younger generations round about. Does the ostrich in the middle receive from the young ostriches upon the outskirts of such a colony the reverence to which the new generation should entitled? In the first year of her breeding the female lays smaller eggs than afterwards, but the latter kinds hatched young grow to the usual size. Cock and hen sit on the eggs alternately: one sitting while the other goes for food; when the cock sits, do they have their eggs to be hatched by the sun.

The male is very attentive when he begins his breeding, and, when the baby is hatched, he cares for the eggs. After marriage, however, his conduct appears a change. If, while sitting, he smells danger, he immediately leaves the eggs, flinches his wife, and makes her take his place. He then stalks at a distance; and if, from a long delay, he satisfies himself that all is safe, he allows his mate to return to her meal, and resumes his place over the eggs. The Arabs, when they find a nest near any convenient hole, or other shelter, make a pit, as before described. The birds, on their approach, kick the sand, and, if they see the pit at least as possible, leave one of their number with him gun in the pit, and disappear. The other birds come again to reconnoitre the ground, if they think matters satisfactory, the hen is sent to sit, and the other remain sitting for twelve hours. The sportsman does not shoot her, as his aim is to bring down the male. He waits, therefore, till he is relieved in her place by the bird he wants. The best shot among the Arabs is always chosen for pitman. When he has the bird, he receives double share of the profits; when he misses the bird, he must pay a fine and lose his office. After the male is killed, the female is at liberty to come to look for him, and to visit the eggs, when she also may be taken. But were the female bird shot first, the male would never approach, and any more about the eggs, but would go from the spot, probably forever.

Ostriches are not particular in the selection of their food. They live generally on grass, seeds, and even insects. If they have, when domesticated, a great partiality for half-pence, steel-pens, nails, keys, spoons, snuff-boxes, and so forth. Whether they can digest these alloys I do not know; but I have heard many tales of ostriches being found with such things half-digested in their stomachs. Certainly they swallow them with great avidity, and must find it in some way to their advantage so to do. They are now of little analogy to the ostrich, which, in the society of men, are very sociable, wandering about the neighborhood of their owner's tents, and, when they stroke at a stroke of the foot. They are generally sedate, silent birds, and, if not frightened, walk about clearly and stately. Their cry is a short roar; but with this they school favor human ears, though when out of temper they will summons utter a low hissing noise. The upper part of the neck of the ostrich is bare; then comes very delicate black feathers, which, increasing in size toward the tail, cover the whole body. In the wings and tail are the beautiful white feathers so much admired upon the heads of ladies. The female has not such fine white feathers as the male, and even her black feathers want his raven hue. Indeed, the greater part are rather grayish-brown than black. The skin of the female (Robbed it is called by the Arabs) does not fetch nearly so high a price as that of the male (Dhaleem). One of the best skins, in its original plumage, will sometimes fetch the price of three or eight pounds. But this is an unusually high price.

ROBERT FLEURY'S GREAT PICTURE OF THE BURNING OF HERETICS BY THE ROMAN CATHOLICS AT AN AUTO DA FE.

AN AUTO DA FE.

We publish above an engraving of Mr. Robert Fleury's magnificent painting of an Auto da Fé, which has lately placed its author in the first rank of modern painters. Never has that terrible theme been more vividly wrought out. The contrast between the terror expressed in the countenance of the poor girl, who is evidently loth to part with her life, and the stern calm of the old Jew who is to suffer with her; the brutal ferocity of the priests and their assistants; the powerful drawing of the two victims who are already on the stake; the life and motion of the whole picture are calculated to arrest and rivet the attention, and to leave an image on the memory that will not readily be effaced.

Of the history of *Auto da Fés* all of our readers have heard something. The word signifies an act of Faith, and was first used by the Inquisition when the officers of that body compelled heretics to abjure their heresies and to perform an *act of Faith* in presence of tortures and the stake. As many of the Jews and Christians who were seized by the Inquisition remained steadfast in their belief even under measures of the most cruel of deaths, the word came to signify the punishment which was inflicted by the Inquisition in consequence of the refusal to perform an *act of Faith*.

It is supposed that many thousands of persons fell victims to the Inquisition during its long and bloody reign in Spain. Every few weeks the stakes were surrounded by a gaping crowd, and some poor heretic was burned alive amidst the curses and shouts of the mob. It came to be a popular spectacle, and must have gone far toward brutalizing the public mind of the day. Perhaps the most curious fact in connection with the Inquisition is the recent discovery by a Protestant Englishman that the most famous and most bloodthirsty of the grand Inquisitors of Spain was, in reality, a man of gentle, humane temper, who was guilty of burning scores of human creatures solely because he was taught that it was his duty, and who suffered in heart for his victims as acutely as the warmest of their friends.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"YOUNG lady in deep mourning, Sir—crape shawl and bonnet, Sir," said the official, in answer to my question, aided by a shilling fee; "the same as asked where was the station for the Dover line."

"Yes, yes; that must be she."

"Got into a cab, Sir, and drove off straight for the South-Eastern."

"She was quite alone?"

"Quite, Sir; but she seems used to traveling—got her traps together in no time, and was off in a jiffy."

"Stupid dog!" thought I; "with every advantage position and accident can confer, how little this fellow reads of character. In this poor, forlorn, heart-weary orphan, he only sees something like a commercial traveler."

"Any baggage, Sir? Is this yours?" said he, pointing to a wool-sack.

"No," said I, haughtily; "my servants have gone forward with my luggage. I have nothing but a knapsack." And with an air of dignity I flung it into a Hansom, and ordered the driver to set me down at the South-Eastern. Although using every exertion, the train had just started when I arrived, and a second time was

"ANY LUGGAGE, SIR? IS THIS YOURS?" SAID HE, POINTING TO A WOOL-SACK.

I obliged to wait some hours at a station. Resolving to free myself from all the captivations of that tendency to day-dreaming—that fatal habit of suffering my fancy to wander at will, as though in pursuit of some settled purpose—I calmly asked myself whether I was going—and for what? Before I had begun the examination I deemed myself a most candid, truth-observing, frank witness, and now I discovered that I was casuistical and "dodgy" as an Old Bailey lawyer. I was haughty and indignant at being so catechised. My conscience, on the shallow pretext of being greatly interested about me, was simply prying and inquisitive. Conscience is all very well when one desires to appeal to it, and refer some distinct motive or action to its appreciation; but it is scarcely fair, and certainly not dignified, for conscience to go about seeking for little accusations of this kind on that. What liberty of action is there, besides, to a man who carries a "detective with him wherever he goes? And, lastly, conscience has the intolerable habit of obtruding its opinion upon details, and will not wait to judge by results. Now, when I have won the race, come in first, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of thousands, I don't care to be asked, however privately, whether I did not practice some little bit of rather unfair jockeyship. I never could rightly get over my dislike to the friend who could take this liberty with me; and this is exactly the part conscience plays, and with an insufferable air of superiority too, as though to say, "Now, if you imagine, Mr. Potts! That will do all mighty well with the outer world, but I am not to be humbugged. You never devised a scheme in your life that I was not by at the cookery, and saw how you mixed the ingredients and stirred the pot! No, no, old fellow, all your little secret rogueries will avail you nothing here!"

Had these words been actually addressed to me by a living individual, I could not have heard them more plainly than now they fell upon my ear, uttered, besides, in a tone of cutting, sarcastic derision. "I will stand this no longer!" cried I, springing up from my seat, and flinging my cigar angrily away. "I am certain no man ever accomplished any high and great design in life who suffered himself to be bullied in this wise; such irritating, pestering impertinence would destroy the temper of a saint, and blunt down the courage and daring the ardor of the boldest. Could great measures of statecraft be carried out—could battles be won—could new continents be discovered—if, at every strait and every emergency, one was to be interrupted by a low voice, whispering, 'Is this *all* right? Are there no flaws here? You live in a world of frailties, Potts. You are playing at a round game, where not one cheats a little, and where the rogueries are never remembered against him who cheats. Bear that in your mind, and keep your cards "up!"

When I was about to take my ticket, a dotum of the great moralist struck my mind: "Desultory reading has shaken thousands and tens of thousands!" said it desultory reading why not infinitely more so desultory acquaintance? Surely our readings do not injure us as powerfully as the actual intercourse of life. It must be so. It is in this daily conflict with our fellow-men that we are moulded and fashioned, and the danger is to commingle and confuse the impressions made upon our hearts—to cross the writing on our natures so often that nothing remains legible! "I will guard against this peril," thought I. "I will concentrate my intentions and travel alone." I slipped a sovereign into one of the guards' hands and whispered, "Put no one in here if you can help it."

As I jogged along, all by myself, I could not help feeling that one of the highest privileges of wealth must be to be able always to be solitude—to be in a position to say, "None shall invade me. The world must continue to go round without a kick from *me*. I am a self-contained and self-sufficing creature." If I were Rothschild I'd revel in this sentiment; it placed one so immeasurably above that busy ant-hill where one sees the creatures hurrying, hastening and fagging "till their hearts are broken." One feels himself a superior intelligence—a being above the wants and cares of the work-a-day world around him.

"Any room here?" cried a merry voice, breaking in upon my musings, and at the same instant a young fellow, in a gray traveling suit and a wide-awake, flung a dressing-bag and a wrapper carelessly into the carriage, and so recklessly as to come tumbling over me. He never thought of apology, however, but continued his remarks to the guard, who was evidently endeavoring to indduce him to take a place elsewhere. "No, no!" cried the young man; "I'm all right here, and the cove with the yellow hair won't object to my smoking."

I heard these words as I sat in the corner, and I need scarcely say how grossly the impertinence concluded me. That the privacy I had paid for should be invaded was bad enough, but that my companion should begin acquaintance with an insult was worse again, and so I determined on no account, nor upon any pretext, would I hold intercourse with him, but maintain a perfect silence and reserve so long as our journey lasted.

This was an insufferable jauntiness and self-satisfaction in every movement of the new arrival, even to the reckless way he pitched into the carriage three small canvas bags, corn, fully sealed and docketed, the address—which I read—being, "To H. M.'s Minister and Envoy at ——, in Italy, by the Hon. Grey Bulley, Attaché," etc. So, then, this was one of the Young Guard of Diplomacy, one of those society Talleyrands, who form the hope of the Foreign-Office and the terror of middle-class English statesmen.

"Do you mind my smoking?" asked he, abruptly, as he scraped his heifer-match against the roof of the carriage, showering the prime mistake of his actions how little he cared for my reply.

"I never smoke, Sir, except in the carriage reserved for smokers," was my rebukeful answer.

"And I always do," said he, in a very easy tone.

Not condescending to notice this rude rejoinder, I drew forth my newspaper, and tried to occupy myself with its contents.

"Any thing new?" asked he, abruptly.

"Not that I am aware, Sir. I was about to consult the paper."

"What paper is it?"

"It is the *Times*, Sir, at your service," said I, with a sort of sarcasm.

"Usually prime—a vile, low, radical, mill-owning organ. Pitch it away!"

"Certainly not, Sir. Being for me and my edification, I will beg to exercise my own judgment as to how I deal with it."

"It's deuced low, that's what it is, and that's exactly the fault of all the Radical papers. Nothing rose is vulgar; they reflect nothing of the opinion we hears in society. Don't you agree with me?"

I gave a sort of muttering dissent, and he broke in quickly.

"Perhaps not; it's just as likely you would not think them low; but take my word for it, you're right."

I shook my head negatively, without speaking.

"Well, now," cried he, "let us put the thing to the test. Read one of those leaders. I don't care which, or on what subject. Read it out, and I pledge myself to show you at least one vulgarism, one flagrant outrage on good breeding, in every third sentence."

"I protest, Sir," said I, hastily, "I shall do no such thing. I have come here neither to read aloud nor take up the defense of the public press."

"I say, look out!" cried he, "you'll smash something in that bag you're kicking there. I don't mistake, it's Bohemian glass. No, no, all right," said he, examining the number, "it's only Yarmouth bloaters."

"I imagined these contained dispatches, Sir," said I, with a look of what he ought to have understood as withering scorn.

"You did, did you?" cried he, with a quick laugh. "Well, I'll bet you a sovereign I make a better guess about *your* pack than you've done about *mine*."

"Done, Sir; I take you," said I, quickly.

"Well, you're in ecstacy, or hardware, or lace goods, or ribbons, or alpaca cloth, or drugs, ain't you?"

"I am not, Sir," was my stern reply.

"Not a bagman?"

"Not a bagman, Sir."

"Well, you're an usher in a commercial academy, or 'your own correspondent,' or a telegraph clerk?"

"I'm none of these, Sir. And I now beg to remind you, that instead of one guess, you have made about a dozen."

"Well, you've won, there's no denying it," said he, taking a sovereign from his waistcoat pocket, and handing it to me. "It's deuced odd how I should be mistaken. I'd have sworn you were a bagman!" Not for the impertinence of these last words I should have declined to accept his bet; but I took it now as a sort of vindication of my wounded pride. "Now it's all over and ended," said he, calmly, "what are you? I don't ask out of any impertinent curiosity, but that I have being foiled in a thing of this kind. What are you?"

"I'll tell you what I am, Sir," said I, indignantly, for now I was outraged beyond endurance—"I'll tell you, Sir, what I am, and what I feel myself—one singularly unlucky in a traveling companion."

"Bet you a five-pound you're not," broke he in. "Give you six to five on it, in any thing you like."

"It would be a wager almost impossible to decide, Sir."

"Nothing of the kind. Let me leave it to the first pretty woman we see at the station, the guard of the train, the fellow in the pay-office, the stoker, if you like."

"I must pay, Sir, that you express a very confident opinion of your case."

"Well, bet."

"No, Sir, certainly not."

"Well, then, shut up, and say no more about it. If a man won't back his opinion, the less he speaks the better."

I lay back in my place at this, determined that no provocation should induce me to exchange another word with him. Apparently he had not made a like resolve, for he went on: "It's all bosh about appearances being deceptive, and so forth. They say 'not all gold that glitters;' my notion is, that with a fellow who really knows this no disguise that was ever invented will be successful: the way a man wears his hat!—here he looked at mine—"the sort of gloves he has, if there be any thing peculiar in his waistcoat, and, above all, his boots. I don't believe the devil was ever more revealed in his hoof than a snob by his shoes." A most condemnatory glance at my extremities accompanied this speech.

"Must I endure this sort of persecution all the way to Dover?" was the question I asked of my tormentor.

"Look out, you've on fire!" said he, with a dry laugh. And sure enough, a spark from his cigarette had fallen on my trowsers, and burned a round hole in them.

"Really, Sir," cried I, in passionate warmth, "your conduct becomes intolerable."

"Well, if I knew you preferred being singed, I'd have said nothing about it. What's this station here? Where's your Bradshaw?"

"I have got no Bradshaw, Sir," said I, with dignity.

"No Bradshaw! A bagman without Bradshaw! Oh, I forget, you ain't a bagman. Why are we stopping here? something smashed, I suspect, eh? Eh! what isn't that she? Yes, it is! Open the door!—let me out, I say! Confound the lock!—let me out!" While he uttered these words, in an accent of the wildest impatience, I had leaped to see a lady, in deep mourning, pass on to a carriage in front, just as, with a preliminary snort, the train shook, then backed, and at last set out on its thundering course again. "Such a stunning fine girl!" said he, as he lighted a fresh cigar; "I saw her just as we passed, and thought I'd run down to earth in this carriage. Precious mistake I made, eh, what? All in black—deep black—and quite alone!"

I had to turn toward the window, not to let him perceive how his words agitated me, for I felt certain it was Miss Herbert he was describing, and I felt a sort of revulsion to think of the poor girl being subjected to the impertinence of this intolerable puppy.

"Too much style about her for a governess; and yet, somehow, she wasn't, so to say—you know what I mean—she wasn't altogether *that*; looked frightened, and people of real class never look frightened."

"The daughter of a clergyman, probably," said I, with a tone of such reproof as I hoped must check all levity.

"Or a flesh maid! some of them, nowadays, are wonderful swells; they've got an art of dressing and making up that is really surprising!"

"I have no experience of the order, Sir," said I, gravely.

"Well, so I should say. Your beat is in the haberdashery or hosiery line, eh?"

"His is not yet occurred to you, Sir," asked I, sternly, "that an acquaintance formed as ours should exclude personalities, not to say—but to say—" I could not add "impertinences," but his gray eyes were turned full on me with an expression so peculiar, that I faltered, and could not get the word out.

"Well, go on—out with it: not to say what?" said he, calmly.

I turned my shoulder toward him, and nestled down into my place.

"There's a thing, now," said he, in a tone of the coolest reflection—"there's a thing, now, that I never could understand, and I have spent my time to explain it. Our union, as a nation, is just as plucky as the French—no one disputes it; and yet, take a Frenchman of *your* class—the commercial class—or any thing that way—and you'll just find him as prompt on the point of honor as the best noble in the land. He never utters an insolent speech without being ready to back it."

I felt as if I were choking, but I never spoke a word.

"I remember meeting one of those fellows—traveler for some house in the wine trade—at Avignon. It was at table d'hôte, and I said something slighting about Communism, and he replied, 'Monsieur, je suis Fourriériste, and you insult me.' Thereupon he sent me his card by the waiter—'Paul Dedoye, for the house of Gosjon, père et fils.' I bore it, and threw it away, saying, 'I never drink Bordeaux wines.' 'What do you say to a glass of Hermitage, then?' said he, and flung the contents of his own in my face. Wasn't that very ready? I call it as neat a thing as could be."

"And you bore that outrage," said I, in triumphant delight; "you submitted to a flagrant insult like that at a public table?"

"I don't know what you call 'bearing it,' said he; "the thing was done, and I had only to wipe my face with my napkin."

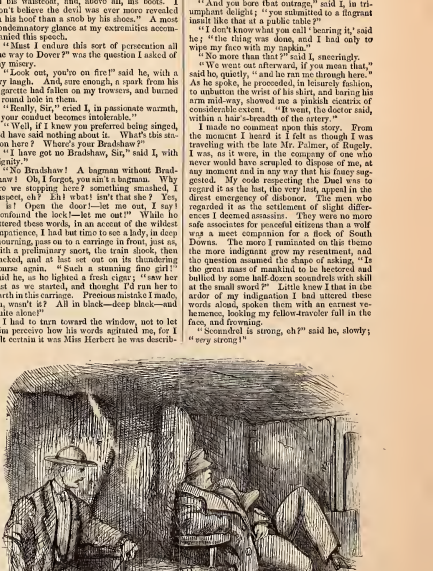
"No more than that?" said I, sneeringly.

"Well, I wrote a little note to the man that, I said he, quietly, "and he ran me through here."

As he spoke, he proceeded, in leisurely fashion, to unbutton the wrist of his shirt, and bare his arm mid-way, showed me a pinkish cicatrix of considerable extent. "It went, the doctor said, within a hair-breadth of the artery."

I made no comment upon this story. From the moment I heard it I felt as though I was traveling with the late Mr. Pulmer, of Rugely. I was, as it were, in the company of one who never would have scrupled to dispose of me at any moment and in any way that his fancy suggested. My code respecting the Duel was to regard it as the last, the very last, appeal to the direst emergency of dishonor. The men who regarded it as the settlement of slight differences I deemed assassins. They were no more safe associates for peaceful citizens than a wolf or a mad mastiff would be in a flock of South Downs. The more I ruminated on this theme the more indignant grew my resentment, and the question assumed the shape of asking "If the great mass of mankind to be hectored and bullied by some half-dozen scoundrels with skill at the pistol?" Little knew I that in the ardor of my indignation I had uttered these words aloud, spoken them with an earnest vehemence, looking my fellow-traveler full in the face, and frowning.

"Somewhat is strong, eh?" said he, slowly; "very strong!"



"HE WAS FAST, SOUND ASLEEP, AND SNORING LOUDLY."

"Who spoke of a scoundrel?" asked I, in terror, for his confounded calm, cold manner made my very blood run chilled.

"Scoundrel is exactly the sort of word," added he, deliberately, "that once uttered can only be repeated in one way. You do not give me the impression of a very bright individual, but certainly you can understand so much."

I felt a dignified assent; my heart was in my mouth as I did it, and I could not, to save my life, have uttered a word. My predicament was highly perilous; and all incurred by what? —that passion for adventure that had led me forth out of a position of ease obscurity into a world of strife, conflict, and difficulty. Why had I not stayed at home? What foolish fascination had seduced me into the Quixotism of these wanderings? Blended had done it all. Were it not for Blended I had never heard of Dyke, tilted myself into a stupid wager, lost what was not my own; in fact, every disaster sprang out of the one before it, just as twig adheres to branch and branch to trunk. Shall I make a clean breast of it, and tell my companion my whole story? Shall I explain to him that at heart I am a creature of the kindliest impulses and most generous sympathies, that I overdrew with good intentions toward my fellows; and that the problem I am engaged to solve is how shall I dispense most happiness? Will he comprehend me? Has he a nature to appreciate an organization so fine and subtle as mine? Will he understand that the finest endowments with our gifts at birth is reckoned to be manifestness when she withholds only one high quality, and with me that one was courage? I mean the coarse, vulgar, combative sort of courage that makes prize-fighters and burglars; for as to the grander species of courage, I imagine it to be my distinguishing feature.

The question is, will he give me a patient hearing, for my theory requires nice handling, and some delicacy in the developing. He may cut me short in his bluff, abrupt way, and say, "Out with it, old fellow! you run into such a deal of this sputter." What can I to reply? I shall rejoin: "Sir, let us first inquire if it be a question. I from the time of Achilles down to the Crimean war there has not been one instance of a conflict that did not originate in misconception, and has not been prolonged by misrepresentations! Let us take the Peloponnesian war." A short grunt beside me here cut short my argumentation. He was fast asleep, sound asleep, and snoring loudly. My thoughts at once suggested escape. Could I but get away! I foresaw I could find space in the world never again to see myself his neighbor.

The train was shrieking along between deep chalk cuttings, and at a furious pace; to leap out was certain death. But what was the use fate reserved for me if I remained? At last I heard the crank—crank of the brake! We were nearing a station; the cards walls at each side receded, the river opened; a spire of a church, trees, houses appeared; and our speed diminishing, we came heavily, groaning, hissing, and snorting into a little trim, gardenlike spot, that at the moment seemed to me a paradise.

I beckoned to the guard to let me out—to do it noiselessly, I slipped a shilling into his hand. I grasped my bundle; and my wraps I had stole furtively away. Oh, the happiness of that moment, as the door closed without awakening him!

"Any where—any carriage—what class you please," I cried to the guard. "There, yonder," looks I in, hastily, "where that lady in mourning has just got in."

"All full there, Sir," replied the man; "step in here." And away we went.

My compartment contained but one passenger; he was a good hand round his oil-skin cap, and seemed the captain of a mail steamer, or Admiralty yacht. He merely glanced at me as I came in, and went on reading his newspaper.

"Going north, I suppose?" said he, blunt, by, after a pause of some time. "Going to Berlin?"

"No," said I, rather astonished at his giving me this destination. "I'm for Brussels."

"We shall have a rough night of it, out-side. Glass is falling suddenly, and the wind has chopped round to the south'ard and east'ard!"

"I'm sorry for it," said I. "I'm but an indifferent sailor."

"Well, I'll tell you what to do: just turn into my cabin—you'll have it all to yourself, lie down flat on your back the moment you get aboard, tell the steward to give you a strong glass of brandy-and-water—the captain's brandy is pure, it is a rare old stuff, and is perfect medicine; and my name sin's Hidders if you don't sleep all the way across."

I really had no words for such unexpected generosity. How was I to believe my ears at such a kind proposal of a perfect stranger? Was it not giving my appearance that could have marked me out as an object for these attentions? "I don't know how to thank you enough," said I, in confusion; "and when I think that we meet now for the first time—"

"What, first sight?" said he, "is the same short way. "I've met pretty nigh all of us" What does that mean? Who and what are we? Do can't mean the Pottses, for I'm the first who ever traveled even thus far! But I was not given leave to follow up the inquiry, for he went on to say how, in all that time of eleven years, he had never seen threatenings of a worse night than that before us.

"Then why venture out?" asked I, timidly.

"They must have the bags over there—that's the reason," said he, curtly. "Besides, who's to say where he won't meet dirty weather at sea? One takes rough and smooth in this life, eh?"

The observation was not remarkable for originality, but I liked it. I like the reflective turn, no matter how trite the path it may select for its exercise.

"It's a short trip—some five or six hours, at most," said he, "and I'm just as wonderful what ugly weather one sees in it. It's always so in these narrow seas."

"Yes," said I, concurringly, "these petty channels, like the small events of our life, are often the scenes of our greatest perils."

He gave a little short grunt; it might have been assent, and it might possibly have been a cough pressed against the tobacco smoke, as all events, he resumed his paper and read away without speaking. I had time to examine him without speaking. I had time to examine him well now, at my leisure, and there was nothing in his face that could give me any slow to the generous nature of his offer to me. No, he was a hard-featured, weather-beaten, rather stern sort of man, verging on fifty-seven or eight. He looked neither impulsive nor excitable, and there was in the shape of his mouth and the curve of the lines around it that peremptory and almost cruel decision that marks the man-eaters. "Well," thought I, "I must seek the explanation of the riddle elsewhere. The secret of generosity that second man must have its root in me; and, after all, history has never told that the shipwrecks were conceived by Orpheus were peculiar dolphins, with any special fondness for music, or in ear for melody; they were ordinary creatures of the sea, and, as we say, taken 'ex-medio acerv' of dolphinity. The marvel of their captivation lay in the spell of the enchanter. I was the thrilling touch of his fingers, the tasteful elegance of his style, the volcanic enthusiasm of his voice, he awakened that worked the miracle. This man of the sea has, therefore, been struck by something in my address; and, perhaps, one of those mysterious sympathies which are the hidden motives that guide half our lives has drawn him to me, and he has what he—Mellone Gaul C. B. LINDERWOOD, 114 Hanover Street, Boston.

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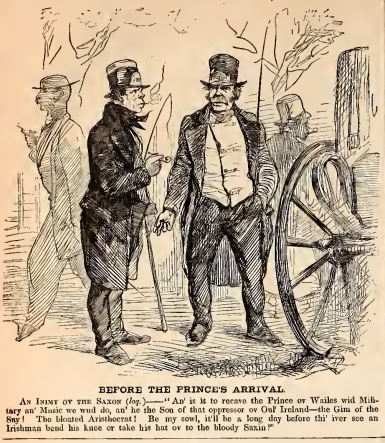

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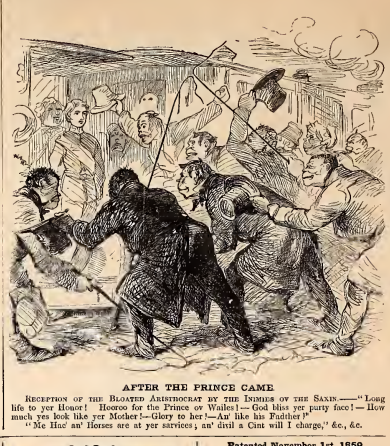

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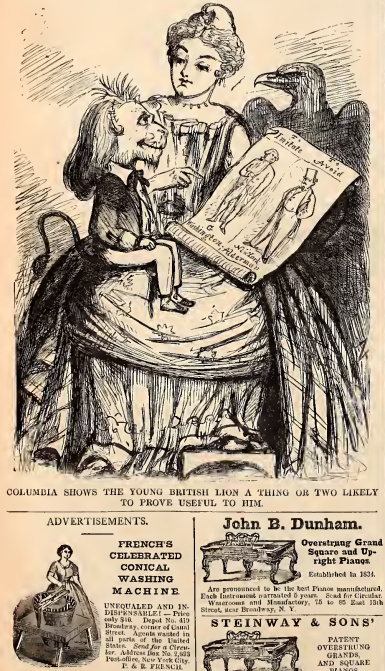

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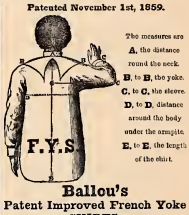

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 198.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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NUTTING TIME.

THE nuts are ripe and the day is fine,
The purple hills in the sunlight shine,
And the brown nuts redden the trembling tops
Of each gnarled tree in the hazel copse.

The copse is filled with the happy noise
Of laughing girls and climbing boys,
And the beaten branches yield their fruit
That heavily drops at each old tree's root.

Under the brow of the copse-crowned hill,
Ethel and I sit silent and still,
And I hold in mine her small white hand,
The smallest and whitest in all the land.

Gather your fruit, ye lads above,
And fling the nuts at the girls you love:
The only fruit that to me was dear
I have gathered to-day in the white hand here.

THE ENTRY INTO NAPLES.

HE came! not with the pomp of state,
With bayonets flashing round him;
But in the broad glare of the day,
Where frantic thousands lined the way,
And hopeful, knelt to weep and pray.
We found him.

He came! not as a conqueror comes,
With rattling drum and clashing sabre,
But like an angel from the skies,
With form erect and flashing eyes,
He stood, clothed in the simple guise
Of labor.

He came! as Heaven's own chosen king,
His throne a trampled nation,
Claiming no power but such as came
From the great glory of his name—
No weak or meretricious flame,
No station.

Out rang the vivas fierce and long,
Made louder by each patriot's wrong,
And manly shout joined woman's song,
Where Marinella's half-crazed throng
Hailed freed Italia's son.
'Twas noon, high noon, along the way,
And sunlight danced upon the bay;
The shouting thousands swayed and swung,
A hundred bells the chorus rung;
And Naples, mad from fear and doubt,
Screamed forth the hero's welcome shout,
Screamed forth the hope so long deferred
With every long forbidden word:

"UNA—UNA—UNA—VIVA!
DEATH AND HELL TO THE DECEIVER!
VOGLIAMO, VIVA, VIVA!
GOD'S GREAT GRACE TO THE ACHIEVER!"

Calm and unmoved amid the whole,
With eyes that shadowed forth the soul,
The patriot hero stood.
Cry upon cry has rent the air,
But still the self-same words are there:
Viva Garibaldi!
Una—vogliamo, l'Italia—una!

Night falls, the deep-mouthed cannons boom
Their notes of freedom through the gloom,
And from a thousand hands and throats
The wildering music swells and floats
Along the gay Toledo's pave
The joy-mad crowd their greeting's rave,
And banners flash upon the night,
And torches shed a mid-day light,
Unveiling every hideous sight.
The beggar jostles with the lord,
The master with the man,
The wearer breaks the tyrant's sword,
And kisses where he can.

Still high above the crash of all,
The song is loud and clear—
Above the cannon, bells, and shouts,
It breaks upon the ear:
Viva, viva Garibaldi!
Vogliamo, l'Italia!
Una—una—una—viva!
God's great grace to the achiever.

White-armed women, heaving breasted,
Fiery eyed, and voiced aloud,
Half of flowing robes divested,
Wander through the surging crowd,
Singing loud,
Viva, viva Garibaldi!

Far along the Marinella,
Through the night the cries still ring,
Echoed from Largo Castello,
To the palace of the King
Still they ring,
Viva, viva Garibaldi!
Saver of his native land;
Vogliamo, l'Italia,
Una—una—una—viva!

NAPLES, *Sept.* 8, 1860.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON, OCTOBER, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE FRENCH AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

On the preceding page the reader will find a picture of one of the most striking scenes of the Prince's tour through this country—his visit to the Tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon. The *Herald* reporter, to whose reports we are so constantly indebted, thus describes the scene:

"The gate at the tomb could be desired—the fears that the Indian cannot so give. Having carefully inspected the house, the Prince immediately proceeded to the room in which Washington died, looked at the piano which he presented to Mrs. Lewis, and examined the bed and the other curiosities there. The Prince expressed his gratification at the taste and neatness displayed in the arrangement of the place, and then proceeded to the Tomb of Washington.

"The Marquis bowed and retired before them, and, recoiled by a neighboring thicket, began playing a dirge composed by himself. The rose was in full perfumes. The party, with uncovered heads, cancel themselves in front of the tomb. As soon as yet so grand in the emotions, and looked in through the iron-grated door at the sarcophagus which contains the remains of the Father of his country. Then standing a little aside, the Prince, the President, and the royal party, grouped in front, silently contemplated the Tomb of Washington.

"The scenes will become historical. A cool breeze, and the sunlight the scene, and, volcanic stream of the beautiful dirge floated around, bringing unconscious tears to eyes moved to weep. Without repeal more emphatically than the last abode of one who, though once promoted to a throne and a trainer by the very attention of the Prince, now stands above all kings—the Father of a Country second to none.

"Around were the representatives of that adolescent which one predicated every population in the new, and doing homage to the great representative republican. Behind the President were those who, in the battle between England and this country, had take a national appointment party, while in front of the tomb stood arrayed against the very country whose future ruler now may be honored guest. What lessons all men have gleaned from this visit—what thoughts must have occurred to each—how all must have felt that, above all national ends, Heaven ordains, sometimes, exciting events for its own purposes, and sending miracles, not, as some, try to do, mountains over hills, but by the simplest process of all.

"At the request of the Mount Vernon Association, the Prince planted, with his little footstep, a young horse chestnut tree, to commemorate his visit to the place. The tree was planted upon a beautiful little mound, not far from the tomb.

"The ceremony being over, the party again stood for a few minutes in the tomb, and then, leaving, they crossed a thoughtful silence, slowly and silently returned back into the Mansion, which during their absence had been transformed, by means of canvas and gay flags, into a beautiful dining saloon, with covers laid for the entire party.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1860.

THE CASE OF THE ARTISANS' BANK.

THE contingency to which we referred in a late number as remotely possible has actually occurred—the Artisans' Bank has stopped payment. Fortunately for the city, the municipal securities have been previously transferred to a stronger institution—the Park Bank. On Saturday afternoon, 29th September, the Chamberlain felt that his own safety required that transfer. On Monday afternoon, 1st October, the Artisans' Bank decided to suspend payment. It was, as the boys say, "touch and go." Rumor, indeed, asserts that when the Chamberlain insisted on the transfer, the Artisans' Bank found it impossible to meet his demand, and that the Park Bank solved the difficulty by re-discounting the discounted paper of the Artisans' to large amount. However this may be, it is certain, we believe, that the city incurs no at the present time out of danger, and that nothing has been lost by the failure of the Artisans' Bank.

Two reflections are naturally suggested by the Providential escape. The first is, that it is so fatal a Mayor Wood that the city has not lost a million or more by the Artisans' Bank. When he removed Mr. Stout and appointed Mr. Platt chamberlain of the city, he must have known the condition of the Artisans' Bank. There were many reasons why he should have known it. No banker of experience was in doubt on the subject. The opinion of the Artisans' was too small for so heavy an account, and that capital, small as it was, was known to be impaired. Mr. Platt is a man of high character; no word has ever been uttered in our hearing against his integrity; but Mr. Platt was not about to be the mere tool of the officer of some years' standing could have supplied Mayor Wood with other reasons, independent of his own business transactions, for transferring the city account to the Artisans' Bank. In the face of all this, the account was transferred; Mr. Platt was appointed by the Mayor and confirmed by the aldermen—the haste which in itself was suspicious. Is it matter for wonder that people should whisper to such strange tales of corrupt discounts and gross bribery?

Another point which presents itself in the new light in which these transactions place the city account. When the city deposits were in the Mechanics' Bank, and subsequently in the Seventh Ward, the public believed that they were placed there solely for the sake of safety. Nor was that belief ill founded. When, some years ago, a Mayor of the city—we do not say that it was the same functionary who now fills that office—sent for the City Chamberlain, and suggested that he needed a small loan—less than $10,000—that officer calmly informed him that the Mechanics' Bank could accommodate him with the money, *on receipt of negotiable paper*. In those days the city account was not—like the Roman Empire—sold to the highest bidder. Times are changed now, if there be any basis for the rumors which are in every man's mouth. If common report is to be believed, the Artisans' Bank could have survived every thing but the insatiable greed of the corporation blood-suckers. And who knows what is this cost to the Park Bank, if it be true that? The Sloe and Lentner Bank is said to have saved money by losing it.

These city deposits, unless some change be made, will be regarded as one of those fatal gifts which destroy their recipient. No bank can hold them without being open to the suspicion of a corrupt and improvident policy, and of retaining them by practices which can not but be hurtful to the credit of any financial institution.

THE ITALIAN NUT CRACKED.

WHEN last we wrote on the question of Italy, we observed that the great difficulty was to know what to do with the Pope. Nobody cares about taking the responsibility of attacking him in the Vatican; and yet, so long as he stays there, it is evident that the Italian question will not be settled. Our latest intelligence encourages the hope that the question may be settled by the Pope running away.

As Italy has driven the Duke of the Papal States, with the exception of Rome, Ancona, Civita Vecchia, and a small region round Rome, was in the possession of the Revolutionists. Ancona had been bombarded and was preparing to surrender; the subjects of Garibaldi from the south, and Cialdini from the north, upon Rome, could not be far off. What, then, will the Pope do under the circumstances? He has ten thousand, and is promised other ten thousand Austrian troops; but ten thousand or fifty thousand can not protect him if the Italian army attacks Rome. At least forty thousand would be required to protect him, and the Vatican against the people of Rome itself. As to resisting an outside foe, the thing is out of the question, unless Napoleon proposes to throw an overwhelming force into Rome. This he can not do.

The probability is that the problem will be solved by Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Saving the city of Rome open to Garibaldi. It would be a most happy solution of the difficulty.

Great pains is taken to make it out a difference of opinion between Garibaldi and Cavour. It has long been known that the great Free Captain and the Wily Politician not not address each other. Garibaldi was a failure in the Sardinian Chambers; Cavour never appreciated the unsophisticated methods of Garibaldi. But it is not likely that the dispute will be attended with any fatal consequences. The Italian movement is now fairly on foot, and neither Garibaldi nor Cavour is necessary to its success. Both might disappear, and it would still go on. If the Pope can be disposed of, we shall hear very little of the wrangles of minor agents in the drama.

A HOPE FOR AFRICA.

OF all parts of the world Africa is the one which, for several centuries, has been the most discouraging to optimists, and the most soul-drawing to lovers of humanity. Christianity first dawned—to the best of our knowledge—on the banks of the Nile. When England and France were leaving wilderness the region which we call Algeria was the home of a thrifty, agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing race. This was, so we are taught, when even the tired realms of the King of Dahomey were of mercantile importance, and Phœnician traders found it pay to grope their way, by the guidance of the stars, round Cape Bojador and into the Cape of Good Hope. But these are almost forgotten times. For centuries Africa has been a torture, wisdom, hopeless region. Nothing good has come out of it, and it has taken nothing in. To philanthropists and statesmen it has been a disappointment, and philanthropy has used it to prove theories of the relative power of the various races of mankind; while theologians have found it convenient point by pointing its unhappy condition as a proof of the efficacy of the course of Ham.

Now, however, there seems to be a dawn of light in the darkness of the dark bottom. For some years some of the bravest and best men in the civilized world have devoted their lives to the cause of Africa. The pity pained. The continent has been triangulated; our maps of the interior will very soon be complete. Livingstone has sailed up the Zambezi; Burton has forced his way through the Somal country nearly to the Mountains of the Moon; Barth has elaborately studied and depicted Lake Tsad and its vicinity; Du Chaillu has explored the equatorial region; the French are energetically prosecuting researches toward the sources of the Niger; the Abbe Debaize explores the Senegambia; while English expeditions in the south and up the Niger are likely to leave nothing unexplored in those most interesting regions.

That Africa has a future no one who believes in God's providence and the eternal wisdom of His arrangements can question; and, in this age of material progress, there seems to be a possibility that that future may at least be dimly discerned. There is more life in Africa than people generally are aware. They have a railroad in Algeria, and, despite the selfish opposition of the English, the Suez Canal will soon be a reality. The Emperor of the French has just been at Algeria to study out problems of material development which he has formed for that part of his dominions. He has already given the world a very striking of artesian wells through the desert, and some of the most learned men in France are busily exploring the physical geography of the country with a view to the proposed system of agriculture. In Senegal great progress has been made since the establishment of the Empire. St. Louis has now a trade of some four millions francs per annum. In the south and southeast Great Britain is laboring with equal vigor. Another year will settle the other question finally; and, even should it be settled against the production of the staple in Africa, new regions will be discovered and opened to Christianity and civilization. Thus, on every side, there is at last an awakening from the sleep in which the continent of Africa has been plunged since the first spread of Christianity.

THE END OF WALKER.

WE record, in another column, the end of the filibuster Walker. No one regrets that he has received the merited punishment of his repeated infractions of law and sacrifices of life and property. He lived by the sword, and by the sword he has perished—as he deserved. One pity him, as one may pity any wrong-doer who is justly chastised; but no one can say that, in his case, the chastisement was undeserved or inappropriate, or that the world would have been a gainer had he escaped his doom. Maximilian and Walker perished in his death.

At the same time public opinion will not justify the conduct of Commander Salmon, of the British Navy, who betrayed Walker into the hands of his enemies. We have now the details of the filibuster's capture. He surrendered to Commander Salmon, of her Britannic Majesty's Navy. Walker became a prisoner to the English, not to the Hondurenos. Commander Salmon claimed his sword, not as an agent of Honduras, but as a British officer; and on these terms he received it. Alvarez, and the other Honduras officials, Walker would doubtless have resisted to the last, and would have died, had he been overpowered, as became a soldier. It was on the faith of Commander Salmon's demand for a surrender to him as a British officer that Walker gave himself up. And Commander Salmon no sooner had him in his power than he surrendered him to the Hondurans under Cavour.

Commander Salmon had better resign the commission he holds, and seek employment in the piratical service of Spain, Portugal, or some other business which requires no exercise of honor or conscience. He is evidently out of place in the British Navy. The British naval officers are generally believed to be men of honor and spirit; Commander Salmon can not feel at home among them. By resigning his commission and deserting his service he can distinguish himself—such as nature intended him for—he will probably forestall the action of the British Admiralty, which will doubtless remove him without delay.

He has had the glory of betraying to his death a man of a more courage-headed but bravest men of the age. It is time now that he retire on his laurels. A meaner net than his can not be found in history.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NEW SENSATION.

THAT is to say, M. Berger, the French billiard-player. In the midst of the utmost public excitement about the Garibaldi and Italy, M. Berger has actually made himself conspicuous. He has received the homage of amateurs of the game, of his artists, of professors of billiards, and has delivered his conceptions with a peculiar eloquence possible only to the French genius. Not only does it impress the eye, but it affects the ears of those who describe his playing. His game, in fact, seems to have the same kind of effect that his speech has.

A pleasant party assembled to verify the credentials of his fame, under the auspices of our own hero of the cue, Mr. Phelan. The party found M. Berger the most frank of Frenchmen, enjoying his own successes with the utmost good humor. Before beginning the exhibition of his skill, M. Berger made a speech. Does any body think that James Jesus are peculiarly speech makers? Listen, then, to the champion of the green field and the shining balls.

"Gentlemen, in seeing here the élite of a great nation, I experience a double pride.

"The most receives his part of it; the artist his.

"Let Hawks be rendered to your celebrated Professor Phelan, who, by his great talent, has habituated intelligence to honor the career of billiards.

"I thank you then sincerely, gentlemen, and pray you to accord me some minutes of attention, enough to comprehend my thought and to transmit it to your immortals readers.

"I come to America as a *brother* in billiards, not as a champion.

"Explain, I pray you, my thought to your readers, and I shall be very happy.

"The American game is different from the French: each is difficult, as you will presently see. The American game is executed by Mr. Phelan with an abundance of extraordinary points, and he surpasses all that I have hitherto seen of that game.

"It is not, then, astonishing that you should accord to Mr. Phelan so much sympathy, for he is as good a friend as he is a great artist. I, doubtless, will happiness, that I have received by Phelan as a gentleman and friend, and I am happy to announce it to all Ancrica.

"Mr. Phelan, with the strongest players in the United States, have offered me the aid of their talent at my exhibition, the first of which will take place on Monday next, in a hall which I owe to the generosity of Mr. Phelan.

"On Monday, if my ability corresponds with my ardent desire of pleasing you, I shall fervently invoke the God of Billiards to inspire me with the most fantastic combinations, and to vouchsafe to me, for their execution, the most magical and the most esoteric points of my Art. Amen!"

Compare that with the speeches of Mr. Benicia Boy and Mr. Champion Sayers—the truthful not of the first, and the Ex-Pugilist of the latter were really professors of the fistic! How M. Berger nurses his nouns! How he enlivens his verbs with his adjectives! Do you wonder that, under the spell of his speech, one of the gentlemen who watched the game thus described it? Describe it *Berger* of Mr. Phelan plays from the mind: M. Berger plays from the heart. That is the game of judgment; this of imagination. The prose and billiards and the poetry. As Berger himself declares it—the sentiments and the poetic. . . . His appearance in his costume is certainly revive the feeling of romance of the billiard-room, and recruits will flock to his show and brighten the hearts of the pupils with something of his own gallant and poetic spirit."

His play is marvelous. He makes balls run along the top of the cushion, then descend, and curons. He carons into a hat, upon another table, and, probably, into the next room. Whatever is wonderful and unexpected and impossible, he does. He immediately always: sometimes not until after several trials. Therefore he never fell below Dimbin, who never fails at all, but excites the wonder of all. M. Berger's collateral games is understood to be worthy his extraordinary power; and in a country so devoted to the billiard his reputation is to be triumphant. Dimbin of Dimbin along his rope, of the Prince through his colonies, and of Mr. Doughas to his mother. Long live the Billiard!

THE TIMES OF TOM AND JERRY.

LAST week having a sly glance in advance at the next number of the *Cornhill*, the Lounger helped his resolve to read the sixteenth of Thackeray's lectures, on the Times of George Fourth, and the Legend of thirty-five and forty years ago. Here is the concluding paragraph, which did him:

"For our amusements, besides the games in vogue, which were pretty much in old times as they are now (except perhaps cock-fighting, which was the great pastime of all their betting, and suppose Armstrong and Whatworth will meet on them, and bet on the sides—we, there were seen—oh! I trouble you to find such novels in the present day! Where is Dick Swiveller? Where are Pierce Egan's Lives of Dolls, Bob Logic and Bridge minor draw pictures out of you, as I have said?"

* * * * * *

"Effects, feeble indeed, but still giving pleasure to us and relatives. "I say, old boy, drew an Irish receiver in the Inquisition," or, "Draw us Don Quixote and the windmills." Our ancestors would not, yet, be here but have of drawing. "Peregrine Pickle" we liked, our fathers admired; Roderick Random and Strap (pity!) we applied fun; but I think I was rather bewildered by it, though Roderick Random was and remained my hero. I can remember having Strap in the school library, no doubt because the rest of the class drew our mothers and fathers of young people. All not against the genius, oh, father of Uncle Toby and Trim, would I say a word in disrespect. And I am bound to confess that some time ago I no longer have the temptation to write an so tall blushes on account's sake, and would almost be a glad opportunity, and allow be honest boys. This, above all, we had Walter Scott, the Wizzily, the great magician, the conjuration of wild countless delightful hours; the purveyor of how much happiness; the friend whom we could in the earliest days be fairer of our youth! How well I remember the type and the tremulous paper of the old duodecimo "Tales of My Landlord! I know the spot where I read the "Pirate," and the "Bride of Lammermoor," or "Kenilworth," from that day to this I have read its pathetic pathos, and people, like, and are numbered at the end. But "Ivanhoe," and "Quentin Durward" Oh! for the delicious hours and the quiet corners, and all those books again! These books, and perhaps those eyes with which we read them; and, alas, for the time between that the eyes! It may be that tear was good; but how fresh the appetite was! If the gods would give me the power of the gods, I would be able to write a story which boys would relish for the next few dozen of centuries. The boy entire boys the story, grown up, he loves the author ever write the story. Hence the kindly tie is established between writer and reader, which is also pretty nearly for life. I meet people now who don't care for Walter Scott, or the "Arabian Nights;" I am sorry for them, unless they be those time lines found their romance—their charming Scheherazade. By the way, Scheherazade, when you are retiring, tell me she is the story, Dinarzade in the fourth form now! Have you got any thing so good and kindly as dear Miss Edgeworth's "Frank?" It used to belong to a friend's sister generally; but though he pretended to despise it, and said, "Oh, stuff for girls!" he read it, and I think there were one or two passages which would try my eyes now, were I to meet with the little book."

Of one of the most famous books-about-town of that day, "Tom and Jerry," Thackeray says:

"As for Thomas and Jeremiah (it is only my witty way of calling Tom and Jerry), I am to the British Museum the other day on purpose to get it; but somehow, if you

will pass the question so closely, on reputation, that any lady is able to answer it. I have copied it in the first pictures are just as fine as ever; and I think hands with brocaded satin, Hamburgh and Cambrian, Mechlin, after many years' absence. But the style of the writing, I ween, was not plumbago to me; I even thought it a little vulgar—will well other writers have been brought up? Perhaps—and as a description of the sports and amusements of London in the ancient times, more curious than amusing.

But the pictures!—oh! the pictures are noble still! First, there is Jerry arriving from the country, in a green coat and leather gaiters, and being measured for a fashionable suit at Christian Brothers, by Corinthian Tom, tailor. There is a portrait of the celebrated Corinthian. The quick delicious sentiment—the thetre! the school, the gymnasium, the supervise the—the opera, Hell! and then perhaps to Temple Bar, to *knock down a Charley* there! Then we have Jerry and Tom with their hats on, their cocked hats, coming from the opera—very much as gentlemen in walking on royalty are behind now. There they are at Almack's, well, amidst a crowd of fashionable grenadiers, with the Duke of Clarence himself looking at them, and looking, I think, strange enough, too. Then Corinthian parlour, where they don't seem to be a with his arms on his knees gilded boles; and now they go to Tom Cribb's

THE PRINCE AND THE LADIES.

Emily reads: "The number of British Princes who have married commoners is very large indeed, and any virtuous and amiable girl may become the wife of a member of the Royal Family. The Duke of Clarence married Mrs. Jordan, George the Fourth married Mrs. Fitzherbert, James married Ann Hyde—" Now Mary, I ask you, why should not—?

Clara has heard that the Prince is rather violent in his style of dancing, and throws his legs about *à l'anglaise*. She practices accordingly with her brother Tom, who learned the "*pas*," he says, at Paris.

Sophy is not going to be taken by surprise by any future courtesies, and rehearses carefully before a glass—"Yes, dearest Albert Edward, if I only believed you were sincere—"

Our sweet friend Arabella thinks she's captivating, and that the Prince will be sure to notice her; but Mary feels confident that the $100 she has just laid out in that new bonnet has dashed Arabella's hopes forever. If the Prince is not struck by that bonnet, the sooner he goes home the better.

As the Prince passes, brother George will cry "Fire!" and I'll faint.

If it's graceful dignity he seeks, here must he bend his knee—eh, Chloe? Yes, 'um—yes, 'um; any where 'bout heyah.

THE LATE GENERAL WALKER.

WE publish herewith, as matter of history, the portrait of the famous filibuster Walker, who was executed in Honduras on 12th ult. His life had been eventful and romantic.

He was only thirty-six years old when he died. Born at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1824, he was bred a lawyer: his father, a Scotch banker, occupied a prominent position in society, and enjoyed the respect of the community in which he lived. The son was a scape-grace. He failed as a lawyer; tried medicine, and achieved no particular success in that profession; finally fell back on the press, and so, in 1851, at the dawn of civilization on the Pacific shore, he hoists up as the editor of a paper at San Francisco.

It seems likely that the unsettled and turbulent temper of the people with whom he lived shaped the uncertain aspirations of William Walker. He had not been very long in California, and, after doing a good business, when he suddenly crossed the frontier, and, squatting on some unoccupied land in Northern Mexico, proclaimed "an independent Republic of Lower California." This farce did not last long. There was a stir among the Mexican authorities, and an appearance of vigilance among the United States troops; but the point of the struggle was that the "independent Republic" and her newly-constituted rulers had nothing to eat. Walker surrendered himself and his party to a revenue officer of the United States, vessel, in the form of a trial, and was promptly acquitted. At that day filibusterism was all the rage.

Not sure by experience, but rather encouraged by the sympathy his not very glorious exploits had won, Walker two years after ward undertook his second filibustering affray. The Province of Nicaragua offered him twenty thousand acres of land to fight on their side against the aristocratic party. A similar offer led Sir De Lacy Evans to fight against the Carlists in Spain, General Guyon to take a command in the Hungarian army of independence, Lord Cochrane to take a leading command in South America; Lafayette and Kosciusko fought for less in the United States, General Clarke was satisfied with less in Greece, Colonel Upton in Russia. General Walker made some further stipulations on behalf of his men, then chartered his vessel.

Five years ago last May that vessel, the *Vesta*, lay in the harbor of San Francisco, with General Walker and fifty-six men on board. She was under sailing. A deputy-sheriff's officer had possession. At midnight on Monday, the 4th May, Walker requested the sheriff's officer to step below to examine some documents in the cabin. The unsuspecting official complied. The door shut, he was informed that he was a prisoner.

"There, Sir," said Walker, in a slow, drawling voice, "are cigars and Champagne; and there are handcuffs and irons. Pray take your choice."

The deputy, a sensible man, took the former, and was in a very happy frame of mind when he was put on board the steam-tug to be taken back to the scene of his official duties. In the mouth of June General Walker arrived in Nicaragua. The Servilles were prepared in force to resist him; he fought a battle every three weeks. The capture of Granada was quickly followed by the massacre at Virgin Bay, and the necessary inauguration of General Walker's power in Nicaragua.

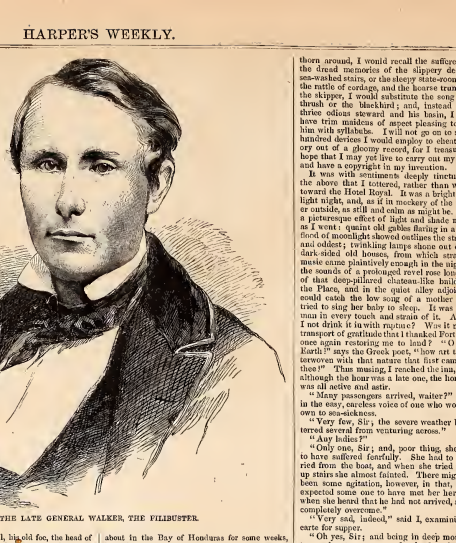
In the course of a short while a treaty of peace was signed between the contending forces; a native named Patricio Rivas was appointed President, and Walker General-in-chief of the army. This was the culminating moment of Walker's career. He held the real power in the Government of Nicaragua, Rivas being simply his tool. He had a fine transit route in full operation, which brought him hundreds of immigrants every month. Great Britain and the United States, sick of the unsuccessful endeavors of the Spanish Americans to establish stable governments, were both ready to recognize and support him. In this country especially every one was in his favor; he could have obtained money and men to any extent on a mere requisition. Finally, there is reason to believe that the best people in Nicaragua were fascinated by his brilliant success, and really believed that he was destined to be the regenerator of their country.

All this fair edifice of present power and future prospects Walker now proceeded deliberately to destroy. He shot Corral, his old foe, the head of the Servilles—a Central American gentleman of high standing—*charging him with having plotted against the government they had combined together to establish.* He revoked, without cause, the transit grant to the Nicaragua Company, and seized steamers belonging to American citizens, thus shutting himself and his new country out from the world, and closing the door to immigration. He made war upon Costa Rica, and managed matters so badly that his troops were beaten at the first encounter. He lost patience with Rivas, dismissed him, and usurped the Presidency. From that moment to the close of the Nicaragua campaign his history was one of defeat, disaster, disappointment, and distress. The Nicaraguans and Costa Ricans combined against him; drove him from place to place, and at last so beleaguered him that, had it not been for the presence of an American sloop of war, which received him and his followers on board, he must have perished there and there. So ended the second filibustering expedition of Walker.

The third and fourth expeditions, both directed against Nicaragua, may be briefly disposed of. They were both ill-advised, and ill-planned; they both failed miserably; both world have terminated fatally for Walker and his followers but for the kindly interference of American and British vessels of war.

Walker's fifth and last filibustering raid was originally intended to be prosecuted against the Bonaco Bay Islands which Great Britain is just ceding to Honduras. Several Anglo-Saxon residents of the islands had expressed unwillingness to be handed back to Honduras; Walker saw the opportunity of creating a new independent empire. Unfortunately for him, Honduras foresaw his game, and requested Great Britain to delay the cession of the islands. Thus disappointed, Walker cruised about in the Bay of Honduras for some weeks, literally seeking what he might devour, and finally, to his ruin, fell upon Truxillo. Forced to evacuate this place by the British war vessel *Icarus*, he was chased to bay by the Honduranos; and refusing to claim either British or American protection, he died the death of a soldier at the hands of the Honduras authorities. The details of his execution will be found in the news columns.

Walker was undoubtedly a mischievous man, better out of the world than in it. He never displayed any constructive ability; his energies were wholly destructive. He was brave, perseverling, and energetic; but he had little or no foresight, no compunctions of honor or conscience, and not a spark of human pity in his breast. His works, from first to last, have been injurious rather than beneficial to the world.



THE LATE GENERAL WALKER, THE FILIBUSTER.

"WHILE I SCREAMED MURDER IN EVERY LANGUAGE I COULD COMMAND."

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

CHAPTER XI.

I TAKE it for granted that all special "charities" have had their origin in some specific suffering. At least I am ever that my first thought on landing at Ostend was, Why has no great philanthropist thought of establishing such an institution as a Refuge for the Sea-sick? I declare this public, that if I ever become rich—a consummation which, looking to the general goodness of my instincts, the wide benevolence of my nature, and the kindliness of my temperament, mankind might well rejoice at—nd, I repent, I ever become rich, one of the first uses of my affluence will be to endow such an establishment. I will place it in some one of our popular ports, say Southampton,—Surrounded with all the charms of inland scenery, rich in every rustic association, the patient shall never be reminded of the scene of his late sufferings. A velvety turf to stroll on, with a leafy shade above his head, the mellow lowing of cattle in his ears, and the fragrant odors of meadow-sweet and hawthorn around, I would recall the sufferer from the dread memories of the slippery deck, the sea-washed stairs, or the sleepy state-room. For the rattle of cordage, and the hoarse trumpet of the skipper, I would substitute the song of the thrush or the blackbird; and, instead of the three odious steward and his basin, I would have trim maidens of sweet pleasing to serve him with syllabubs. I will not go on to say the hundred devices I would employ to cheat memory out of a gloomy record, for I treasure the hope that I may yet live to carry out my theory and have a copyright in my invention.

It was with sentiments deeply tinctured by the above that I entered, rather than walked, toward the Hotel Royal. It was a bright moonlight night, and, as if in mockery of the weather outside, as still and calm as might be. Many a picturesque effect of light and shade met me as I went; quaint old gables flaring in a strong flood of moonlight showed outlines the strangest and oddest; twinkling lamps shone out of tall, dark sided old houses, from which strains of music came plaintively enough in the night air, the sounds of a prolonged revel rose loudly out of that deep-pillared chateau-like building in the Place, and in the quiet calm, adjusting I could catch the low song of a mother as she tried to sing her baby to sleep. It was all human in every touch and strain of it. And did I not drink it in with rapture? Was it not in a transport of gratitude that I thanked Fortune for once again restoring me to land? "O Earth, Earth!" says the Greek poet, "how art thou interwoven with that nature first first came from thee!" Thus musing, I reached the inn, where, although the hour was a late one, the household was all active and astir.

"Many passengers arrived, waiter?" said I, in the easy, careless voice of one who would not own to sea-sickness.

"Very few, Sir; the severe weather has deterred several from venturing across."

"Any ladies?"

"Only one, Sir; and, poor thing, she seems to have suffered fearfully. She had to be carried from the boat, and when she tried to walk up stairs she almost fainted. There might have been some agitation, however, in that, for she expected some one to have met her here; and when she heard that he had not arrived, she was completely overcome."

"Very sad, indeed," said I, examining the carte for supper.

"Oh yes, Sir; and being in deep mourning, too, and a stranger away for the first time from her country."

I started, and felt my heart bounding against my side.

"What was it you said about deep mourning, and being young and beautiful?" asked I, eagerly.

"Only the mourning, Sir—it was only the mourning I mentioned; for she kept her veil close down, and would not suffer her face to be seen."

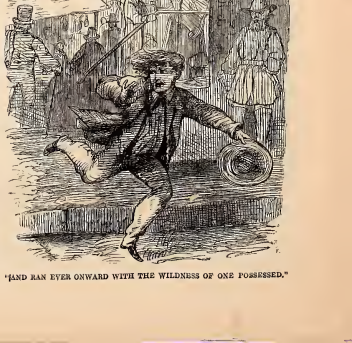
"Bashful as beautiful! modest as she is fair?" muttered I. "Do you happen to know whether she is going?"

"Yes, Sir; her luggage is marked 'Brussels.'"

"It is she! It is herself!" cried I, in rapture, as I turned away, lest the fellow should notice my emotion. "When does she leave this?"

"She seems doubtful, Sir; she told the landlady that she is going to reside at Brussels; but never having been abroad before, she is naturally timid about traveling even so far alone."

"Gentle creature, why should she be exposed to such hazards? Bring me some of the friandeau with chicory, waiter, and a pint of Bonnet; fried potatoes, too. Would that I could tell her to fear nothing!" thought I. "Would that I could just whisper, 'Potts is here; Potts watches over you; Potts will be that friend, that brother, that should have come to meet you! Sleep



"AND RAN EVER ONWARD WITH THE WILDNESS OF ONE POSSESSED."

soundly, and with a head at ease. You are neither freedmen nor forsaken?" I feel I must be naturally a creature of benevolent instincts; for I am never so truly happy as when engaged in a work of kindness. Let me but suggest to myself a labor of charity, some occasion to sorrow with the afflicted, to rally the weak-hearted and to succor the wretched, and I am infinitely more delighted than by all the blandishments of what is called "society." Men have their allotted parts in life, but we certain fruits are sent for certain ends. Mine was the grand comforting line. Nature meant me for a consoler. I have neither those impulsive temperaments which make what are called jolly fellows. I have no taste for those excesses which go by the name of conviviality. I, in fact, is, it is true, no witty, anecdotic, and agreeable: I can spice conversation with experiences and illustrate argument by apt examples; but my forte is tenderness.

"It has this weal a little tough, waiter?" said I, in gentle remonstrance.

"Monsieur is right," said he, bowing; "but if a morsel of cold pheasant would be acceptable—nondescript, the lady is morning, has just taken a wing of it—"

"Bring it directly. Oh, ecstasy of ecstasies! We are then, as it were, sapping together—served from the same dish! May I have the honor?" said I, filling out a glass of wine and bowing respectfully, and with an air of deep devotion, across the table. The pheasant was exquisite, and I at with an epicurean enjoyment. I called for another pint of Beaune, too. It was an occasion for some indulgence, and I could not deny myself. No sooner had the waiter left me alone then I burst into an expansive outcrop of exclamations. "Yes, Jim," said I, aloud, "you are richer in that temperament of yours than if you owned half California. Time boundless wealth, and a heart and intellect that poverty can exhaust. Go on, doing inanimary good forever. You are never the poorer for all the gushings you spend, all the distresses you relieve. You receive the mariner from shipwreck without twitting your fee. You charge at the head of a regiment without the period of a scratch. All blessed be the gift which can do these things!"

You call these delusions; but is it a delusion to be a king, to deliver a people from slavery, to carry succor to a drowning crew? I love doing all of these; that is. I have gone through every shangenal mood of hope and fear that necessities should arise, stirring up glow of feeling between whiles.

When I found myself in my bedroom I had no inclination for sleep, I was in a mood of enjoyment too elevated for mere repose. It was so delightful to be no longer at sea, to be cured from the miseries of the rocking ship and the reeking cabin, that I would not lose the enjoyment by sleep. Besides, I was in the mood for great things, too, if I only knew what they were to be. "Ah!" thought I, suddenly, "I will write to Ann. She shall know that I am not the friendless and forsaken creature that she deems herself; she shall hear that, though separated from home, friends, and country, there is one near to watch over and protect her; and that Peets deserves himself to her secrets. I opened my desk, and in all the impatience of my ardor began:

"DEAR MADAM—Quere: Ought I to say 'dear?' We are not acquainted, and can I presume upon the formula that implies acquaintanceship? No. I must omit 'dear;' and then 'Madam' looks fearfully stern and rigid, particularly when addressed to a young unmarried lady; she is certainly not 'Madam' yet, surely. I can't begin 'Miss.' What a language is ours! How cruel it is to all the tender emotions! Is a dialect so matter-of-fact and formal! If I could only start with 'Gentlissima Signora' how I would go on! What an impulse would the words lend me! What you me! would they impart for that was to follow! In our sentimental tongue there is nothing for it but the third person: 'The undersigned has the honor, etc. etc. Cold, chilling—it is positively repulsive. Let me see, will this do?—

"'The gentleman who was fortunate enough to render you some trivial service at the Milford station two days ago, having accidentally learned that you are a lady and unprovided with a protector, in all humility offers himself to offer you every aid and counsel in his power. No stranger to the doubtful situation of your life, deeply sensible of the delicacy that should surround your steps, if you deign to accept his services, he will endeavor to prove by his manself, by every sentiment of respect, your most faithful, most humble, and most grateful servant.

"'P.S.—His name is Potts.'

"Yes, all right; is that the confounded post script. What a terrible bathos—'His name is Potts?' What! I say: 'One has of reply is requesting addressed to Algernon Sydney Pottinger, at this hotel?'

I made a great many copies of this document, always changing something as I wrote. I felt the importance of every word, and fastidiously pondered each expression employed. The bright sun of morning broke in at last upon my labors and found me still at my desk, still composed, still hopeful, still in high spirits.

"Is she gone, waiter?" said I, as he entered my room with hot water. "Is she gone?"

"Who, Sir?" asked he, in some astonishment.

"The lady in black, who came over in the last mail packet from Dover; the young lady in deep mourning, who arrived all alone."

"No, Sir. She has sent word round the hotels this morning to inquire after some one who was to have met her here, but apparently without success."

"Give me this; place it in her own hand, and as you are leaving the room say, in a gentle voice: 'Is there an answer, mademoiselle?' You understand?"

"Well, I believe I do," said he, significantly, as he slyly pocketed the pale-Napoleon fee I had tendered for his acceptance.

Now the fellow had thrown into his countenance—painfully acute and genuine that it was—one of those expressive looks which actually made me shudder. It seemed to say, "This is a confounded, nice fellow to be in!"

"You are not for a moment to suppose," said I, hurriedly, "that there is one syllable in that letter which could compromise or wound the delicacy of the most susceptible."

"I am convinced that monsieur has written it with most consummate skill," said he, with a supercilious grin, and left the room.

How I detest the familiarity of a foreign waiter! The fellows can not respond to the most ordinary question without an affectation of showing off their knowledge of mankind and knowledge of life. It is their eternal boast how they know people, and with what an instinctive sagacity they can decipher all the various characters and temperaments that pass before them. Now this impertinent fellow knew full well to say what he not imparted to me? Utterly incapable as such a creature must necessarily be of the higher and subtle perceptions which are part of my order, he will doubtless have ascribed to me the most base and degenerate motives.

I was wrong in intrusting that word to the fellow. I might have said, "Take that note to the young Frenchman, and if he asks for an answer, or, better still, if I had never written at all, but merely sent in my card to ask if the lady would receive me, I should have gained in the estimation of a few minutes. Yes, such would have been the discreet course; and then I might have trusted to my manner, to my face, to certain something in my general bearing, to have brought the matter to a successful issue. While I was meditated, the waiter re-entered the room, and cautiously closing the door, approached me with the air and attentiveness premeditated of secrecy and mystery.

"I have given her the letter," said he, in a whisper.

"Speak up!" said I, severely; "what answer has the lady given?"

"I think we will get the answer presently," said he, with a sort of grin that actually thrilled through me.

"You may leave the room," said I, with dignity, for I saw how the fellow was actually revelling in the enjoyment of his secrets.

"They were reading it over together for the third time when I came away," said he, with a most peculiar look.

"Whom do you mean? who are they that you speak of?"

"The gentleman that she was expecting. He came by the 9.40 train from Brussels. Just in time for the mail. I saw the lady when I issued these words, a violent ringing of bells resounded along the corridor, and he rushed out without waiting for his change."

I turned in haste to my note-book; various copies of my letter were there, and I was eager to recall the expressions I had employed in addressing her. Good Heavens! what had I penned? Here were scraps of a letter, full of absurdity, poetry too! verses to the "Fair Victim of a recent War," with a number of rhymes for the last word, such as "Ann," "sham," "mow," etc.—all evidences of composition under difficulty.

While I turned over these rough copies the door opened, and a large, red-faced, stern-looking man, with a suit of red-brown tweed, and with a heavy cane in his hand, entered; he closed the door leisurely after him, and I thought that I saw the fellow turn the key in the lock. He advanced toward me with a deliberate step, and in a voice measured as his gait, said,

"I am Mr. Joppilyn, Sir—I am Mr. Christopher Joppilyn."

"I am informed to hear it, Sir," said I, in some confusion; for, without the vagnest conception of wherefore, I suspected lowering weather in the offing.

"May I offer you a cigar, Mr. Joppilyn? Which you smoke? I'm sure you must have a lovely day, I fancy—a great change after yesterday."

"Your name, Sir," said he, in the same solemnity as before, "your name I apprehend to be Porringer?"

"Porringer, if you permit me; Pottinger, not Porringer."

"I stand as you say, Sir; I am indifferent what you call yourself." He heaved something that sounded like a hoarse sigh, and proceeded: "I have in my possession a document that stands between us. Is that document your writing?" As he said this, he drew, rather theatrically, from his breast-pocket a paper which I had just written, and extended it toward me. "I ask, Sir—and I mean you to understand that I will suffer no prevarication—is that document in your writing?"

I trembled all over as I took it, and for an instant I determined to disavow it; but in the same brief space I bethought me that my denial would be in vain. I, in fact, was in a dilemma, and braced it out; I fancied to laugh it off as a mere phantasy, and failing in courage for each of these, I essayed, as a last resource, the argumentative and discussional line, and said,

"If you will favor me with an indulgent hearing for a few minutes, Mr. Joppilyn, I trust to explain, to your complete satisfaction, the circumstances of that epistle."

"Take five, Sir—five," said he, laying a ponderous silver watch on the table as he spake, and pacing the room with measured tread.

"Brotly, Sir," said I, stung by the peremptory and dictatorial tone he assumed, "I have yet to learn that intercourse between gentlemen is to be regulated by clock-work, not to say that I have to inquire by what right you ask me for this explanation."

"One minute gone," said he, solemnly.

"I don't care if there were fifty," said I, passionately. "I disclaim all pretension of a perfect stranger to chivalrous himself upon me, and by the mere assumption of a pompous manner and an imposing gait, to dictate into my private affairs."

"There are two!" said he, with the same solemnity.

"Who is Mr. Joppilyn—what is he to me?" cried I, in increased excitement, "that he presents himself in my apartment like a commissary of police? Do you imagine, Sir, because I am a young man, that I shall—impertinent—the Lord what a gulp it cost me—"is to pass unpunished? Do you fancy that a red brand and a heavy walking-cane are to strike terror into me? You may think, perhaps, that I am unarmed—"

"Three!" said he, with a bang of his stick on the floor that made me actually jump with the stick.

"Leave the room, Sir," said I. "It is my pleasure to be alone—the apartment is mine—I am the property man. A very little sense of delicacy, a very small amount of good-breeding, might show you, that when a gentleman desires to be alone, he prefers to be alone. I am disposed to the society of strangers—"

"Once more, Sir," said he, in a low growl, while he proceeded to button up his coat to the neck, and make preparation for some opening cross-cut.

My heart was in my mouth. I gave a glance at the window; it was the third story, and a mere cat-step would be fatal. What would I not have given for one of those weapons I had so very foolishly declined myself possessed of! There was not even a poker in the room—I made a spring at the bell-rope, and before he could interpose, grasped it, and that, though it brought down the cord, resounded through the whole house.

"Time is up, Porringer," said he, slowly, as he replaced the watch in his pocket and grasped his murderous-looking cane.

There was a sigh from life in the room, and I intrenched myself at once behind this, armed with a light cane which I seemed to have order in every language would command. Failing to reach me across the table, my assailant tried to deliver blows at other parts, near at this side, now at that. Though a large fleshy man he was not inactive, and it required all my quickness to ward off these blows—sometimes being unsuccessful, he very quickly placed a brain-breaking blow, and mortified my left, I now hurried my chair at him, he warded off the blow and rushed on; with one spring I bounded under the table, and darting at the opposite side just as he had reached mine. This tactic we now pursued for several minutes, when my energy subsided into despair, and I felt, and declining from the table he turned to my edge: the effort required strength. I seized the moment and rushed out the door; I turn it on the inside fashion, gained the stairs—the court—the streets—and you ever supposed with the wildness of one possessed with no time for thought, nor any knowledge to guide; I turned left and right, shouting and hurrying more than prompted themselves, and at last came to a dead halt at an open drawbridge, where a crowd stood waiting to pass.

"How is this? What's all the hurry for? Where are you running this fashion?" cried a young man, who, I felt, had seized me by the lapel of the jacket.

"Are you mad? Can you defend me?" cried I, in terror; "or shall I jump in and swim for it?"

"I'll stand by you. Don't be afraid, man," said he, drawing my arm within his; "no one shall hurt you. Were they robbers?"

"No, worse—assassins!" said I, gulping; for I was heartily ashamed of my terror, and determined to show "cause why" in the plural.

"Come in here, and we'll have a glass of something," said he, turning into a little cabaret, which was crowded with boatmen and soldiers. "You're all safe here," said he, as he closed the door of a little room. "Let's hear all about it, though I half know the story already."

I had no difficulty in perceiving, from my companion's manner, that he believed some sudden shock had unhinged my faculties, and that my intellects were for the time deranged; nor was it very easy for me to assume sufficient calm to disabuse him of his error, and assert my own perfect coherency. "You have been not far from the mark, I imaginary," said I at all. You have been at one of those ten-gardens and got into a row with some stout Fleming. Well, I know the place, go through that sort of thing. Ain't I right?"

"Never more mistaken in your life, captain. My experience I should would not discretik a circus of St. Paulis. In fact, all my habits, my tastes, my pursuits, are opposite to every sort of jauketing. I am essentially retiring, sensitive, and, if you will, over-fastidious in my choice of amusements. Where is sight, Sir? My render will readily excuse my repeating what is already known to him. It is enough if I say that the captain, although any thing rather than mirthful, held his hand several times over his face, and once laughed out loudly and boisterously.

"You don't say it was Christy Joppilyn, do you?" said he, at last. "You don't tell me it was Joppilyn?"

"The fellow called himself Joppilyn, but I know more of him beyond that."

"Why, he's mad jealous about that wife of his—that little woman with the cork-screw curls and the scorbutic face—I know ever with us. Oh! you did not see it. Well, you ever will be lost at once, I remember; and there was she in her black silk, and her old crape shawl—"

"In mourning?"

"Yes. Always in mourning. She never wears any thing else, though Christy jests about in colors, and not particular as to the tint either."

There came a cold perspiration over me as I heard these words, and perceived that my proffer of devotion had been addressed to a married woman, and the wife of the "most jealous man in Europe."

"And Mr. J. Joppilyn?" asked I, haughtily, and in the tone and confidence of my present security.

"He's a railway contractor—a sort of fellow, with plenty of money, and a good head on his shoulders; sensible on every point except his jealousy.

"The man must be an idiot," said I, indignantly, "to mah indiscriminately about the world with accusations of this kind. Who wants to supplant him? Who seeks to rob him of the affections of his wife?"

"That's a" very well, and very specious," said he, gravely; "but if men will deliberately set down to drink and pretting-talk, hammering their genius for fine sentiments, and telling to find grand expressions, the passion, it does not require much to be jealous as Christy Joppilyn to take it badly. I know that I'm a rude or a bear, but I know what I'd do in such a circumstance."

"And, pray, what would you do?" said I, half impertinent.

"I'd just say, 'Look here, young gent, is this fashionable here your friend? Well, now, out your words. Yes, out them. Then I'll say I say. Eat up the letter, seal and all, or, by my soul, I'll knock you down and kick you out.'"

"It is exactly what I intend," cried a voice, hoarse with passion; and Joppilyn himself sprang into the room, and dashed at me.

The skipper was a most powerful man, but required all his strength, and not very gingerly exercised either, ere he "put my enemy adversary." Will you be quiet, Christy?" cried he, holding him in the air. "Will you just be quiet for one instant, or must I knock you down?"

"Do! do! by all means," muttered a voice I thought if he were once on the ground I could finish him off with a large pewter measure that stood on the bar.

With a rough shake the skipper had at last convinced the other that resistance was useless, and indeed I ran to consult my ear.

"Let him only tell you," said he, "what he has told me, Christy."

"Don't strike, but hear me," cried I; and safe in my stockade behind the skipper, I recommenced my defense.

"And you believe all this?" asked Joppilyn of the skipper, when I had finished.

"Believe it! Why, I should think I did! I have known him since he was a child that high, and I'll answer for his good conduct and behavior."

"I never seen you for that half bond, though I heard of you, Sir, honor ship quality and I on hope I may live to acquite you for it.

Joppilyn was expressed that it was the suppressed wish in a I never have rather than the vanquished anger of a man. He had looked himself for something cruel, and he was miserable to be disappointed. Nor was I slow to choose to own to—an emblem of perfect forgiveness. Men have a larger heart than for a consistent, ably timid man, of weak proportions, to forgive the bullying superiority of brute force. It is about the, "Jim Crow" human forgiveness can be submitted to; so that when Joppilyn, in a vulgar spirit of reconciliation, proposed that we should "take one drink for the road" and I, declined the invitation with a frigid politeness,

"I wish I could persuade you to change your plans," said he, "and let Mrs. J. and myself see you at six."

"I believe I can answer for him that it is impossible," broke in the skipper; while he shook, in a "Christy" fashion, some one afford any delay—they have to put on the steam at high pressure from one end of Europe to Pothe-er!"

What could be possibly mean by imputing such haste to my movements, and who were they? with whom, be this unknown, had I would have given worlds to ask, but the pressure of Joppilyn prevented me; and so I could simply assent with a sort of foolish laugh, and a muttered "Very true—quite correct."

"Indeed, I regretted you must to be here now I can scarcely imagine," continued the skipper. "The hot of years that we not through. Bad road of Tweed and a crowded chicken with him into the train, rather than halt to eat his supper—but I couldn't go you know here."

When confounded mystification was passing through his marine intellects I could not fathom. Do what people for brotherly impression travelers had he ascribed me? Why should I not take mine ease in mine inn? All this was very mystifying and very irritating, and playing a pressing engagement, I took leave of them both, and retreated to the hotel.

I was in need of rest and a little composure. The incident of the morning had jarred my nerves and disconcerted me much. But a few hours ago, and life had seemed to me like a flowery meadow, through which, without path or track, one might ramble at will, now, it rather presented the aspect of a vulgar kitchen garden, fenced in, and divided, and partioned off, with only a few very stony alleys to walk in. "This boasted civilization of ours," exclaimed I, "what

is it but snobbery! Our close disfiguement—our artificial intercourse—our hypocritical politeness—our defiance for existence, but they let the Dissent pretences that ever were fashioned? Why has no man the courage to make short work of these and see the world as it really is? Why has not some one gone forth, the apostle of frankness and plain-speaking, the same to prince as to peasant? What I would like would be a rumble through the less visited parts of Europe—some one in which civilization could be in just as the rays of a setting sun steal into a forest at evening. I would buy me a horse. Oh, Blondin," thought I, suddenly, "I am I not in search of you? It is not in the hope to recover you alive, but to have, and, with you for my companion, am I not content to roam the world, taking each incident of the way with the calm of one who has parted for life or fellow-man in kind word as he passes, and a God-speed as he goes?" I knew perfectly that, with any other beast for my mount, I could not venture because of him with the same bland composure. A horse that startel, that tripped, that shied, reared, kicked, crouched his neck, or even shook himself, as certain of these beasts do, would have kept me in a state of anxiety and uneasiness, the least adapted of all moods for thoughtfulness and reflection. Like an ill-assorted mind, it would have given me no, I mean, tangible and referentium. But Blondin at most seemed to understand my mission, and lent himself to my companionship. There was not the obtrusive selfishness of an ordinary horse in his ways. He neither asked you to admire the glossiness of his skin, nor the graceful curve of his neck; he did not prance nor curvet. Superior to the petty ways by which vulgar natures present themselves to notice, he felt that destiny had given him a duty, and he did it.

Thus Blondin and I returned once more to the spirit which had first sent me forth to ramble, to wander through the world, spectator, not actor, to be with my fellow-men in sympathy, but not in union: to sorrow and rejoice as they did, but, if possible, to understand life as a duty, in which, so long as I was the mere audience, I could never be painfully afflicted or seriously injured by the performance: a reasonable philosophy, but of which, up to the present, I could not boast my pre-eminent success.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales, on Saturday 29th ult., attended a ball given in his honor at the Continental Opera House, and enjoyed the entertainment. No supper having been provided by the ball committee, he whether with his suite at 12.30 p.m. On Sunday, 30th, the Prince attended divine service at the Cathedral of Wurtzburg, with Bishop Wolfmelm. In the evening he dined with the Mayor and other officials in a temporary indisposition prevented his attending church a second time. On Monday morning, the party left for the Prince's residence, Rosenau, at half-ten minutes at the destination by the way; they arrived at their destination at 1 p.m., and were received by the Duke of Coburg.

On Tuesday, 2d October, the Prince left Pitsburg for Harrisburg, Lancaster, Allentown, and Easton, and arrived in the evening. At Harrisburg he was received by Governor Packer, who delivered an address of welcome. He left that city early on the morning of Wednesday, 3d, and breakfasted at Lancaster, where, after a stirring speech, proceeded to Washington, where he arrived at 4 p.m. He was received by General Cass and two squires of President Buchanan. He was at once conducted to the White House, where he was entertained by the President. At six he dined, the members of the Cabinet and the Prince of Wales Sewards with their being of the party. On Thursday, 4th, the Prince and suite visited the Capitol at Washington and the Patent Office. A reception was given at 1 p.m. in honor of the Prince, and as numerous crowd was present. In the evening a diplomatic dinner took place at the White House. Friday, 5th, the Prince visited Mount Vernon, in a steamer chartered for the purpose; in the evening he was a guest of Lord Lyons. On Saturday he went to Richmond, Virginia.

WHOM HE DANCED WITH.

At the grand ball at Cincinnati, the first dance was the "Jubilee" quadrille, the Prince having for his partner Mrs. Cornell the wife of the Cincinnati Opera House, proprietor of the Opera House, and the originator of the ball. He danced the second quadrille with Miss Cornelius, daughter of the Hon. John Gros-beck, ex-M.C., and one of the Commissioners of the Ball, quadrille with Mr. Wood of Newport, Kentucky—Bob Scale being largely represented in the Kentucky ranks, the "Lancers" with Miss M. McGregor, of Mount Auburn; also with Miss Dillon, daughter of one of the state judges.

HIS WALKS ON PITTSBURG.

At first his Royal Highness contented himself with the ordinary rather lively and formally, but by degrees became quite unbending. The Prince took a partner for waltz; but discovering that the lady could not waltz, he refused to take another, and danced the last waltz and quadrille.

EVERY AMERICAN DESCENDS FROM A BIG COAT.

A Harrisburg Governor Packer addressed the Prince as follows:

"Lord Renfrew,—It affords me infinite pleasure to welcome your lordship to the capital of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, one of the old thirteen colonies that originally acknowledged allegiance to the queen of Great Britain, and subscribed to the Declaration of Independence, your lordship will perceive, by a glance at that long line of colonial and State governors speaking to the portraits which adorn the executive chamber, that we are indeed a very old Commonwealth, and that we are of ancient descent. Our ancestors were Britons, and we are proud of our ancestors. Some of them were Scotchmen, which belongs to the Scotch, and some were Irishmen, which belongs to the Irish, but we—

HE RIDES ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

On his way to Wilmington, in descending the mountain the Prince and his friends rode upon the locomotive, so as to obtain a better view of the magnificent scenery of the eastern slope of the Alleghanies. They expressed themselves much gratified with their ride.

HE BOWS, BUT LADIES SHAKE HIS HAND.

At the reception at the White House the Prince dressed in his most blue coat and gray pants, and, with unpolished hands, stood upon the right of the President, and Lord Lyons stood near the Prince. At each person passed, the President shook hands with his customary infirmity, and the Prince bowed his head or smile. Several ladies succeeded in shaking his hand, however.

HE PICKS UP AN APPETITE AT TEN-PINS.

By way of proprietary for dinner the Prince played a game of ten pins in the gymnasium of a school for girls, whither he went with Miss Jane and Miss Jennie Thompson.

HOW ROYALTY TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

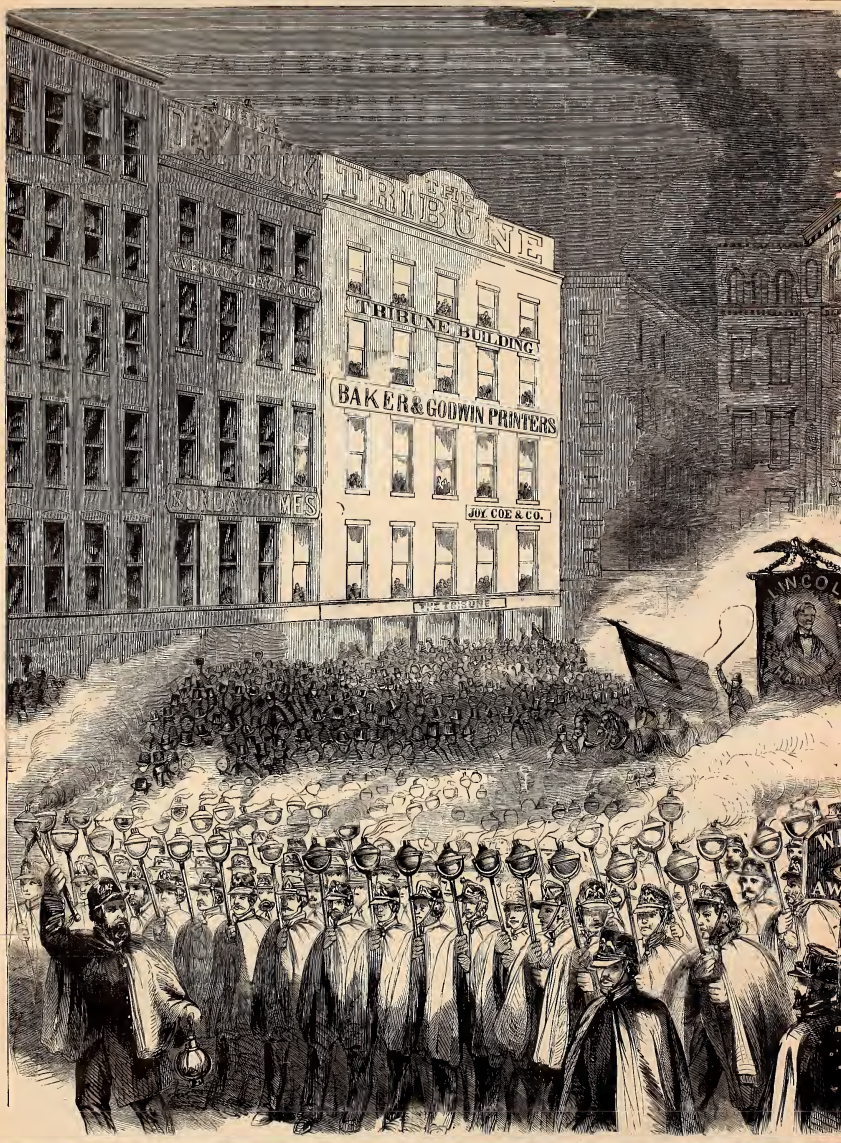
A Western paper relates that the Prince has made extraordinary arrangements for the passage of the Prince from Pittsburg to Washington. The route is to be a special one, under the command of the royal party, and the route is to be via Harrisburg to Harrisburg, and thence by the Northern Central road to Baltimore and Washington. The train will be the use of the royal car to Baltimore, and perhaps to Washington.

"The following rumors show the amount of rum borrowed upon him, in contrast to that taken of ordinary travelers in the same direction:

"Lord Renfrew's special train, the pilot engine forming a pair, is to be run at intervals of ten minutes, to cover every thing, and every other engine or train must give way. The pilot engine is to be provided with a fire-man, who before the end time and cross-tie when switches are set on purpose for the train, and he keeps on the way until Lord Renfrew's train has passed.

"Arrangements are made for the Prince to take the ... the entrance switch, or at a point more distant from Baltimore, if he is so inclined, and ten minutes before the time upon the card, and flag to be shown and the switch set for the pilot engine, and the switch left open, and the switch left open until the pilot engine has passed, and the train is to be run at the speed of the pilot engine, and the special train.

"Special orders, passes and rules will be made out for the train, and the time table otherwise difficulties, to remedy the inconvenience of the Prince's visit, and the time table will be made out after the passage of the train, except



GRAND PROCESSION OF WIDE-AWAKES AT NEW

YORK ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 3, 1860.

THE WIDE-AWAKE PARADE.

THOUSANDS of torches flashing in high, narrow streets, crowded with eager people, and upon house-fronts in which every window swarms with human faces; with the midnight music of scores of military bands, and the rippling, roaring, swelling, and surging sound of hurrahs from tens of thousands, but generally a silence like the quiet flow of a vast river; with the waving of banners and waving transparencies of endless length and breadth, all, and all, and over all, the splendor of exploding fire-works, of every color—these conjured, a sight, are an imposing spectacle; and these every one in the city saw at the Wide-Awake festival on Wednesday night.

It was certainly a smart approach to a party popular demonstration that we have had. Torches have no dangerous suggestions. Fireworks are of a party. Splendor and beauty are not yet proscribed. Every man who has at heart the municipal honor of New York (unfortunately not?) must have been glad and gratified on Wednesday evening. There was never, perhaps, so unmeasured a political fête which passed off more peacefully. But the habit of abstraction which its so closely by your sense of science was not to be broken at a glance; and, as the man gazed upward several seconds longer than an ordinary mortal would have done, he presented a well-defined notion of what he was looking for.

Bella placed her little foot cautiously upon the edge, leant gracefully on the Professor, resting in front of her shoulders, and touching the lace-trimmed edge of the blue-spotted muslin—and blushed—

"Oh!" There was a man's great-face looking full in her!

The sudden start loosened the jutting edge of earth upon which she had rested her foot so as she leaned over the edge of the hill, and as Bella's giggling, rattling, the little lady could only save herself from falling by yielding to the pressure of circumstances, and slipping down, scraping and with the utmost rapidity, down the steep declivity, saying, as she darted by the Professor, in a low tone—

"My! What *shall* I do? Oh! catastrophe, sure enough!"

The man in the paper cap spread his arms mechanically—hammer in one hand, and a piece of limestone in the other—and with a confused impulse that was not quite a conscious one, which could, and garlanded with roses, was flying toward him, received the wild little Bella just as, in spite of her, she stopped quickly, amazed at the sinner of her, and catching her foot in the skirt of her dress, she would only have tumbled down, and—

"Why—really—you—excuse me—" stammered the confused geologist. He persists to this day that a little lady who—"ought" to know what to say in all his life.

Bella, though a child in one sense, was a woman in another, and in a category as self-possessed and dignified as well-thought-out brilliant. Disappointed, frightened, mortified, in one step or two, she stood the personification of ease and unruffled composure; and looking at him with a composure that tried Bella's self-possession, quietly—

"I think you, Sir, for saving me from falling. I was playing a childish trick upon you, Sir, and deserved a fall, and a bump, and a bruise perhaps! And she held out her little hand.

The geologist took the hand, feeling very much as though he was a bear, and was with a little bird in it. Had it been a specimen of mineral he would have known what to do with it. He would have turned it over and scratched it with his thumb-nail; but this little velvety hand was altogether out of his line. After Bella's moment rather awkwardly, looking at it half-professionally, he gave it back again, with the assurance that he "had nothing of importance to do, or ought, he," or words to that effect.

"Well, I suppose I am the director, and partner you, Sir, for not looking up at me sooner," said Bella, playfully, and bowing herself from his presence.

The geologist followed the figure with his eye as long as he could, then took a fragment of sandstone, and, sitting down on a projecting rock to examine it. First, he picked out the little pebbles, and brushed off the loose sand; then he turned it over, over, over, slowly, perhaps a hundred times. I do not pretend to know much about his thoughts; but this I do know, that when the geologist's bump of ideality with a piece of quartz, existence of that organ is pretty sure to follow.

"Oh, ah, oh!" murmured he, as he rose and turned an angle of the ravine. "There, there, there! Now I've done it, sure enough. What—if Father—if Mother—if—if—I'll blow all about it; and he'll put me under the chin, and say, 'Young man, you ought to be ashamed, and ought to get punished now and then.' But mebbe—My! I wouldn't she should know it for the world! Mebbe she wouldn't—she—she at all. She'd hold up her hands, and say I'd done a very improper thing indeed. Well, I suppose I have done a very improper thing, and I'm sorry, I should like to know? Well, it was the *funniest* thing ever did happen, any way. Didn't it look nice, though?" And Bella, having cast a quick glance to see that no one was near, burst into a rich laugh, which rang down the little-used ravine.

"One good thing—he doesn't know me at all, and I shall never see him again. So I'll just tell Father and Mother, and—and—I'll tell Father, and then will be the end of it. Hehe-he! Wasn't he frightened, though?"

The little lady sat her father before she reached home, and, full of the subject, depicted the scene exquisitely, half-hurrying with merriment all the while.

"You see, he is a miner, or something of that sort; old, and ever so ugly. No, he wasn't with his *face*—that was real face-looking—grave, just like yours, pa. But then his clothes were ugly—"

"Well, I guess they were, considerable."

The father patted his spoiled child under her chin, and said the very words Bella had put into his mouth.

Passing on the lawn, under the elms, and pressing her close to his great breast, the father gave Bella better kisses than any other human being could bestow. Then they went in, with perfect love and perfect trust between them—the oak and the vine.

CHAPTER II.

THERE were signs at the close of the last chapter that the episode of the ravine was to end in a manner which would have delighted Bella laughter. Certainly nothing was farther from Bella's thoughts than the possibility of ever meeting the geologist again, whom, out of compliment to his gray coat and paper cap, she had pronounced a miner of the third degree. And yet on the very next day, as she sat in summer silk and winged laces listening to the doubtful rhetoric of the village pastor, what should Bella see through professional tract of the sexton straight to her father's pew but the very man Bella had looked up at her from the bottom of the ravine! The paper cap was not there, and the gray coat, nor the heavy boots; but the face, that was then matched to his body by a figure which carried broadcloth as though born to it.

What could it mean? Her father smiled the smile of a friend; and when the man sat down, as though wishing to welcome an old friend, while not forgetting the proprieties of the place, her father's hand grasped his body out and not that of the stranger in a silent grasp.

"There I shall do!" thought Bella, the blood crimsoning to her forehead and rushing to the tips of her fingers. Could any thing be more unlucky?" Thereupon Bella privately resolved that, no sooner should she reach her own little chamber than she would have one good cry. And she did. Did better, too, for Bella, in a copious application of cold water and a proper concentration of mind upon her toilet, she was able to meet the gentleman at dinner with a perfect ease and unaffectedness.

She sold scarcely a word at dinner; partly because of a lingering embarrassment, and partly because she had nothing to say. Mr. Caxton and her father talked of business—when they were together in Kingland or somewhere—making their talk conglomerate by mingling pebbles of research upon geological and other nature subjects. The gentleman scarcely noticed her at all—teasing her with great attention and kindness amounting to deference, however, when circumstances made it necessary that he should turn to her.

"I don't know, Sir, whether remembers me at all," thought Bella; "and oh, I'm so glad! A perfect gentleman, any man! Almost as old as father, though. But father's young enough to be handsome, any way. Let me see—pa is thirty-eight! And I believe the man is over thirty. Mebbe, mebbe father I have got! Oh, I shall never love any body half so well as I do my father, I know."

Bella, Bella! Thou hast nothing to do, child. Is not Walter coming home from sea? Walter, the dashing, handsome sailor. Walter, your schoolgirl love, your ideal of a man "round the Horn"—boy when he left you, man when he returns. Walter, your father's favorite, whose you are by mutual consent, the dashing sailor, recorded by your own child-preference years ago! You know nothing about the sailor, but you know that he promised to be the family for a month or two, and pursuing his researches in the country round.

Bella's emotions of embarrassment aside very soon. Indeed, she was sure Mr. Caxton had not the slightest suspicion that she was the fairy that ran into his arms.

"Isn't it funny, Fanny? Well, he is a gentleman, say what; and so considerate with me in my confusion. I couldn't ever so much like pa, only he isn't my father, you know;" and Bella sighed, and looked at her sister, remembering her a dear good girl, in ecstatic suddenly phrase.

Bella's knowledge of judging was of very great service to her. Bella had long wished to obtain a practical acquaintance with the science. Besides, this was a peculiarly favorable opportunity. Mr. Caxton was one of the finest specimens in structions by teaching her to distinguish geological specimens.

The truth is, they roamed the fields together very much, the man gathering rocks, the maiden gathering the wild-flowers, weeds and flowers. The strongest contrasts and most beautiful unions in all the world.

Bella's quick ear and careful eye caught at the geologist's facts and illustrations with a readiness that often drew him out beyond himself. Especially in regards of theories of structification, of the ages of deposit, and the vast eternities in which the Values of Creation had wrought out the earth. Mr. Caxton would warm into the deep eloquence of genius, and throw off sparks of thought which would set Bella's little imagination all afire.

Bella never felt so much at home, and yet so lost to herself, as when sitting, or walking, or talking, with Mr. Caxton. Her manner, in fact, in the impression was that of being enveloped, lifted.

"Afraid of him? Not a bit, Fanny. What an idea!"

"Well, I am. He's so learned and dignified. Why, when he looks at me, I want to creep into my slippers."

"What a funny girl you are, Fanny! Well, I know I am very dignified—very learned, rather—but then, somehow, I don't *feel* it. See what he gave me today—a whole handful of rocks and flowers, all mixed up together. Isn't it queer?"

Is it possible that two months have gone?—more than eight full weeks!—sixty days! Even so. And the good ship *Montezuma* has reached her port at last. Full. Spread, bringing a round figure in the market. Walter will be home immediately.

And Bella—poor dear little Bella—fluttering like a feather in wavering and eddying breezes! Four years have translated her. They have brought contour, curve, blush. They have opened a revelation of thought, emotion, power—a true life. And now she is tremulous, restless, timid, anxious. And why?

Bella does not know.

She knows that four years of life, marked by activity, adventure, danger, have also wrought their work upon the boy who went out at sixteen, and comes back at twenty-three. What is he now? Is he handsome? Is he brave, and manly, as her girl-heart pictured him then? Is he the same Bella and unpoisoning, like other children, and will he come back a wreck of the principle of her flower? These were some of her thoughts, driven into her mind by the relation of their school-life, and by her father's frequent eulogy for Walter. But away down in a corner of her heart—a very wicked corner, Bella thought—there was the least possible sense of regret, ill-defined, and not comprehended. What could it mean? She was glad to have Walter come home, and Walter she was; glad to have him come home to his mother and sister; glad to see him herself.

And yet—and yet it seemed so sudden—breaking in so upon her cozy, very cozy smooth and pleasant daily life. So sudden.

"I wonder what Mr. Caxton will think of him?"

Early one morning, while the dew was yet on the grass, a young sailor stepped from the deck of a packet which had just swept gracefully and gently to the lower dock of the pier. He walked rapidly, strongly, with the sea-swing, through the streets of the village. Whole families pressed their faces against the window panes; young fellows left the axe in the log, and, with a welcome slightly strained, met Walter Caxton in the highway. Old men stood tottering at gate-ways, holding fast by reach posts, to welcome Walter, in the changed but kindly voice of the sailor. Mothers, weeping, to the door-way, with shrill but broken words of cheer, as he passed along; and then followed his mysterious footsteps with a strange wondering, as they thought of the unutterable joy of that mother, the sound of whose footfall even now stamped the brown slides of the house toward which he was hurrying.

Walter raised the latch and went in. The teams in the street whipped on, the women and children left the windows; the axe was resumed; the old men turned back to their respective doorsteps; and while mother, son, and sisters wept together, a hundred warm hearts joined silently in the greeting.

Not long after Walter and Bella met at the threshold of the mansion—he handsome sailor and the pretty little Bella.

"Yes, Fanny, he is just as handsome—handsomer than when I first went away; but—"

"But what, Bella?"

"Oh, I don't know. Don't plague me."

"Well, I don't, Bella, dear; but what do you mean by 'but'?"

"Why, nothing, only—" Well, nothing, get fairly acquainted yet."

Now it happened at precisely this juncture that Mr. Caxton, who, as we was then in sight, was called to the State Capitol to superintend the publication of a huge volume of reports, and to attend to other matters equally dry. In regard, it, he was not a trumped-up excuse for leaving his old friend's roof, but a true and authoritative recall, which he was bound to obey. Mr. Caxton went promptly.

But just on the eve of his leaving, Mr. Vaughn—Bella's father—took an old friend's liberty, and said, clapping his hand on his shoulder,

"Caxton, my dear fellow, why don't you settle down and get married?"

"I am scarcely tell. My employment has been so constant, and I suppose I have lacked the leisure of the pleasures of domestic life than I ought. We scientific men make wife and children of our books and our specimens, you know."

"But just compare your condition with mine, Caxton," Vaughn replied, with some measure of spirits, "Just note the difference between a houseless bachelor like yourself and a married man like me, in the matter of such a family as this, with my little one, my Frank, and my precious little Bella there."

Mr. Caxton looked up just an instant.

"I tell you what, Charles," continued his host, with increased spirits, "I have hit upon a capital plan. May I tell it unreservedly?"

Mr. Caxton said "Yes."

"It is just this: you remember Mrs. Cleff, the nice young widow to whom you were introduced one evening, about a week ago? Amiable, elegant, wealthy, and much more than thirty; only one child, and she a bright little thing, Caxton." Here Mr. Vaughn pronounced his words with a slow, smiling, genuine emphasis. "That—is—the—woman—for—you. Mark my words."

Having delivered himself of the opinion he rather suddenly left his friend to his own reflections, indulging he had done a wondrously clever thing.

Mr. Caxton was not. He walked away a mile or two; found the ravine in which he was first discovered, and sat down on a bowlder, that commissioned him, as of his shattered geolomastone into myriad flying fragments. What was plop ing under those strong and noble features it is not my privilege to know. Certainly there was tumult and wrestling; and the conflict was long and so we, for the present, leave our friend, the strong-minded man which few countenances have the power to mirror under the pressure of any emotion. After about two hours of this silence and pantomime the geologist slowly rose from his seat, saying,

"Forty years old, and as weak and foolish as I may be!"

Just after Walter arrived, Mr. Caxton left for the State Capitol. The house was full of light when he went away. The handsome sailor was there, the father and mother were radiant, and Bella in

that unfathomable mood of manifold embarrassment, pleasure, and regret.

It addressed himself to the long, dry work before him with the concentration of his profession, analysing, abstracting, generalizing, till the essence of his energies gave only time for a dreamlike memory of the episode of which we have been writing so long; but it was memory stirring into his thoughts every dry with the flash of a very vivid dream.

He learned that he was not only a man of science but a man of weakness and emotion as well. God help us when we think we are strong!

CHAPTER III.

Two weeks later. Bella and Walter have been out walking very often—have been together in the sitting-room, where the mourners of the family mysteriously withdraw. Walter has driven often to the cottage—door with a proud bay horse in a fashionable harness of silver and black, and a chaise nicely balanced as to food, balloon-like, in the air.

The two have played at green-hoop on the grass of the front lawn, many a time; often ending the sport with a tiresome game, in which many grass is the chief propellite, falling in a feathery cloud over Bella, or dashing full in the face and clinging to the curls and leaf of the handsome cavalier.

Fanny has been with them often—joined in their walks, their rides, their tête-à-têtes. Bella has never wished her away. But Fanny has felt guilty, as well as lonely, when with them; guilty, that she should share the time which every body has resigned to the two; lonely, as mamma must when they see, or fancy they see, the shadow of the light which has never yet reached themselves.

Fanny has grown decorous, obstructed, half-cold. Bella has grown tired, listless. The round of adoration has lost its novelty. She begins to feel lonely again. She is half-conscious of a thirst for something better, higher, more substantial. But when Walter is there she is gay, ridiculous, even. Walter switches her face with a little twig, and Bella scolds him prettily and very prettily. When Walter stands by the edge of the river, throwing rocks for the benefit of Blucher, his dog, Bella attempts to follow him; and then there is a bit of a skirmish and some musical screaming.

Fanny's poor little heart sinks within her for very heaviness at the sight—on these gay sights, reflects on the beauty and life of the sister, and Bella's evident jeopardy—when she is in her neighbor. Bella gets away by herself, almost disconsolate, and yet unable to tell, for the life of her, what is the matter.

Thus Fanny gets sad and still; and Bella becomes distracted and weary. Both lose hold of each other, and half-suspect. Each has her fear and her secret.

Bella walked down the avenue one day, where there was much of summer now; but she thought she would look over.

"Wonder what will happen this time," said she, resting her tiny slipper in a sure place, and bending over.

"Why, there's Fanny, as I live! all alone, too, and looking as though she had lost every friend in the world!"

Fanny had thrown down her hat, loosed her hair till it fell in heavy wealth upon her shoulders, and, leaning upon one elbow, was pulling flowers into bits, and tossing them upon the little brook, which ran chattering away with them as though it was impatient and the leaves were weeds.

Bella tripped down a winding pathway, and in a few seconds was close by Fanny's side, closing her arms about her neck.

"I will—I will make a confidant of Fanny—tell her every word," thought Bella, as her friend laid her cheek lightly, yet half-coldly against her own.

"Fanny, darling, do you love me?"

"Why, Bella, you know I do," said Fanny, almost reproachfully, her eyes filling with tears as she glanced into the face of her friend.

"Yes, I know you do; but then, lately, you have seemed so different—so reserved."

"So have you, Bella."

"I know it; but I'm not going to be so any more. You see, I haven't told you all my thoughts as I used to—that makes a difference; and you have kept secrets from me too, Fanny. You are going to be just my old self; and you shall meet me half-way, darling, will you?"

Fanny trembled very much, was silent, then burst into weeping. Warm and tearful were the caresses with which the friends busied together for a time. At last the bargain was made; for kisses had opened the door to each secret chamber of each little heart.

"Well, Fanny," said Bella, buoyant with the joy of confiding, more, "I am going to tell you every thing now—every thing. Oh! I have been so unhappy, you don't know! And I am just as wicked as I ever was. I know I am, and yet I can not help it. I have tried and tried, and—"

"So am I," sobbed Fanny, "more wicked than you are—a hundred times worse. When you know how bad I am you'll want to kill me—I know you will."

"Fool-ish Fanny!" said Bella, gathering spirits as her friend lost them, "it is no such thing. Now see;" and the pretty little sinner collected her thoughts to begin.

"You know Walter likes me, Fanny—"

"Yes—I fancied so."

"And you know father likes him ever so much, and expects me—you know all about it, Fanny?"

"Yes."

"And you know he is just as handsome as he can be, and full of fun, and a good sailor, they say, and young, and all that?"

"Yes." It was said faintly, but frankly. Fanny lay still in Bella's arms, the tears falling like summer rain, her fingers trembling like the mediums of a prism. Now and then a half-shudder ran through her frame.

"Now, you won't hate me, darling, when you know how wicked I am," said Bella, folding the little figure close, and beginning to cry, partly from sympathy and partly from the imminence of the coming confession.

Fanny kissed the cherry lips, which was saying "No" with emphasis.

"Then you shall know the worst. *I don't love Walter a bit!* I have tried just as hard as I could, because I don't want to disappoint father, nor my body; and Walter is very good, and handsome, and all that, you know. But I can't love him; I never have, and I won't—so, there! I know I am foolish and wicked; I know he is much too good for me, and all that; but as for being his wife, I can't think of it—I can't—I can not—and I won't—there!"

Then upon Bella brought her pouting lips in close proximity to Fanny's, but started, with,

"Why, Fanny? you are as pale as—Why, what's the matter, darling?"

"Nothing. Let me be still a little—don't speak."

They sat a long time silent, wound in each other's arms.

"Now, Bella, shall I confess?"

"Yes."

"I'm your face down to mine—there—so! Bella, I love Walter; and—and he told me just now that he—he loved me."

At that instant Bella behaved most unseemly. Springing to her feet, and lifting Fanny as though she were a child, the impulsive Bella danced with her arms about her, clapped her hands, cried and laughed at once; kissed her lips, her eyes, her forehead; and then, throwing herself on the sward, indulged in a really joyous cry.

CHAPTER IV.

Time took stock three.

Thomas Bellamy, the broker, turned the key of his desk, locked and double-locked his safe, hung his overcoat upon his cherry shoulders, and stole, by his hat in hand, the cherry head, sunk into the street with an air that seemed to say to the through-fare "Better not cross near me; I shall catch you and scratch you."

Some men seem to have been born with thorns sticking out all over them, and to be brought up among the underbrush of forests. They lay hold of every thing that comes near them, sentinling hands and faces full of thorns, and leaving behind all kinds of fabrics into dilapidation.

The broker was of this species. Not a man to violate the *letter* of the law, and thus bring himself into disgrace; but a scheming, selfish, money-getting, power-loving, wicked man, who may be the better because he treated his victims as poachers do chickens—wring their necks silently.

The broker had lived, for the last hour, in business contemplations, came upon the post-office, turned abstractedly up the granite steps, and deposited a letter in the slit, without the usual curious previews through which we all drop those weighted packages—all, poor and rich, loving and hating.

"A hard case, a very hard case!" said Mr. Presto, in half-audible communion with his own self; "I can't help it, though."

"Bella, close the shutters in about an hour. The sun will be up then, and the light will trouble him," said the nurse, shutting the door and leaving the young girl with her patient.

Oh, the deep hush of the sick chamber! Bella knew over how many years that hush, watching the slow breathing of the sick man's slumber; then but with folded hands thinking how fearfully still it was; then gone into a fitful sleep herself, at the first touch of her dripping white hand; smoothed a wrinkle in the counterpane and touched a speck from the pillow; turned the shutters to let in just a ruble which in the hush seemed fearfully loud; and then sat still a long time with thoughts of dear father, raising off to a thousand things beside.

The door swung slowly and noiselessly open, and a package of letters was laid upon the table. They were her father's letters—all of them. So Bella sat and waited. Mr. Vaughn had been so long accustomed to a life of waiting, that the physician thought it best to allow Bella to read his correspondence about to him, even in the first days of his convalescence. It was a very interesting one life's habits.

The sick man stirred, threw an arm from under the covering, and opened his eyes with the clear look which comes of refreshing sleep.

"Letters," said the daughter, holding up the package.

"Well, read them."

One was laid aside and tucked in a little white envelope, the which bore the tremulous chirography of age. Upon Mr. Vaughn's mother, a broker was from a stranger making some convenient request. Others, upon various business topics. The heaviest was opened first. The very letter we saw deposited in the city office with the gentle steps. It contained a startling story. A story of sin.

"I regret exceedingly to make this announcement, Sir," wrote the heavy broker, "to unexpected, and utterly unforeseen. My son is worse also very heavy; heavier than yours."

"Oh, father! father! dear father! don't look so. Turn to me. Kiss me. Do, father!"

The sick man turned his pale face, with the strange look upon it, and, with his big beseeching daughter, and tried to look cheerful.

But the effort was vain; for the iron had entered.

The sick room knew a deeper hush, and a deeper shadow. The curtains dropped a little heavier, and the few footfalls were very light and careful, as though the touch of a soft slipper upon a softer carpet were a fearful noise.

The doctor came more gravely in, spoke in lower tones, with a touch of sympathy in them; and when he said, "Speak as cheerfully to him as you, and don't let him see your face sad," though the order was begun with cheer in the voice, it ended in a tone which seemed to say, "Poor child!"

The hush grew deeper still. The doctor had left. The little hand upon the pillow was lighter and lighter, and when it crept to the warm forehead it lay there longer and longer.

One morning, just at dawn, a human life went out from that hushed room, leaving Bella alone.

Then friends came in to do kindly duties, and the hush of the bedside was broken.

When the funeral was over, Bella alone. She had clung to one, and in the full of the one sin, too, was taken away.

Not till now had the child the least adequate conception of the tenacity of her clinging, nor any thing like a comprehension of the utter lack of other support than her father's heart and arm. The mother—Well, it was all expressed in Bella's own words: "Mamma was dead—as much as I could so she had gone to her father, and her father had been her all."

Now, in her deep grief, came thoughts of her father's friend, more continuous and swaying, even, than the pleasant memories which had lived in her heart all along the time since he went away. He was so earnest, so kind, so noble. Unconsciously she had clung to him, till he became the standard by which she judged other men.

Sometimes, as she sat looking forth from the commodious window of her little chamber upon the moon-lit sea, and hills, and tree-tops, she would think of her father's friend—so like him, in all that was noble, with a wealth of mind—such, as in the old time wandering across the fields, and readings by the chimney-corner, she had expected anew the sensation of being "enveloped, lifted."

The only friend in the wide world upon whose directing hand she could fully rely was at this instant on shipboard, bounding along over the seas to California, to the diggings, in the little Bella of months ago, but putting reins upon his imaginings, and trying to be contented into the belief that it was a very foolish thing to wish that he, instead of the handsome sailor, could have cared for the dear little girl.

The geologist was not a man to be blind to his own emotions. That he loved, unreasonably, but quite consistently, the child of his judgment—that Bella could have lighted his home forever—yes, forever, here and hereafter—was a matter of consciousness with him. He could have sworn that he would have been justified in calling her to his side and making her his—impossible! Therefore Mr. Caxton endeavored to think very sensible things, gave her mentally to Walter, went over the sea crying, "Poor little Bella! poor little Bella! betrothed. "God help us when we think we are strong!"

We can not follow Bella into the daily duties of her village school of the first ten months—the beginning of the new life of trial and vera discipline. Mr. Caxton's correspondence to Australia, and in the lapse of these two years; and he goes, carrying Bella with him, just as she stood in California a year before—carrying a memory, a regret, and a longing.

In the third year of her discipline Bella has reached the position of teacher in a very select institution, where the limit of pupils is fifteen, and the price exceedingly high. Not a few hours of the time are occupied, and her classes are in the higher branches.

At the close of this third year we may look in on her a moment, just before she closes her apartments to go home for a long time, for the revelry of its early associations. A pleasant, well-furnished room; a fire in the grate—just a little, to bolster the chill of a September morning. Flowers and books on the table; a port-folio of drawings, open. Bella, the student and worker of the last three years, the fresh bud, bursart, but with that sweet dignity which comes of chastening such a springing and growing. Bella, grown thoughtful, beautiful, her figure just perfected by the habit of command.

At this instant she is looking at a drawing—a face—drawn from memory more than a year ago.

Mr. Caxton, just returned from the great island, is passing and is her visitor.

The geologist reaches his hotel, and there finds a letter stating the death of a brother in Florida, and the need of his presence.

Passing under that window a dozen times a day, thinking of Bella's face as long ago dreamed many miles away, perhaps the wife of the handsome sailor, Mr. Caxton completes his arrangements for a sail to Cuba and thence and thence to Florida. Does he carry Bella at when he sailed to one and the other had of gold? Yes; and I suppose he always will.

CHAPTER V.

THE gray morning broke slowly upon a village on the coast where it rains, of terrible storm. All night long the wind had rushed shrieking over the bare hills and by the isolated houses, making sough and shudder and fierce, chimney, and the dead limbs of the few battlewood trees, whose leafless trunks yet stood erect because so hard and so ignore the old associations so to put the axe to them and see them fall. Old men as they met in the morning could compare the storm to nothing within more recent recollection than thirty years. Every family as it sat around the breakfast board would say, that it was quiet, as though each heart were busy with pictures of those and scenes with which the dwellers on the coast are so familiar.

Bella had been the first to descry a small black speck in the edge of the horizon, coming into view and then receding, but growing larger and more constant as the morning grew. The roar of ocean in a storm having been no part of her lullaby in the last three years, she could not sleep; and because the brown house stood apart from the rest on elevated ground, she had watched from the window and been thus rewarded. Fanny saw it next, for she was watching elsewhere. Walter had sailed from a home port only a day or two since; he was in the merchant service now.

Though the waves rolled thundering to the shore, and the storm was yet wild, Fanny found her way to the brown house early in the day, leaving her little boy in charge of a neighbor's daughter. Fanny and Bella sat together, saying little; Fanny very anxious, Bella under a mysterious pressure.

The speck grew larger. Slowly but surely it trembled in view and the land a merciless hulk. As the morning wore on groups of men gathered on the highland beyond the bay in house and the shore, watching the curved outlines and beautiful proportions of the hull, prominent thing to which the sometimes kindly shores made a rough welcome now. Women congregated at the brown house and went home from it with tearless eyes. And still the gale blew wildly; and the billows held their winding-sheets aloft a moment, then spread them on the shoals and sand. The ship came on gracefully as though her march were not to death, rolling her bright green sea-floor into view with every billow, to be unmasked of a wave.

There were men on board. There were signals of distress—and signals to the groups of powerless men and weeping women. The storm increased. The women forgot the storm and are hurried by a kind of sympathetic impulse to the shore. Never—never—never—the striker—is buried in foam—rises floatile, shaking her sea-green mane—strikes fire—launts wind fragments.

Here and there a human form struggles into view upon a piece of the broken ship. Now one is thrown towards the cliff, and the crowd, and cried back by the retreating wave to struggle never again. Men and women stand on the edge of the ocean; but what can mortals do? For such as strike against the cliff there is no hope. A few, struggling in a little distance, are carried over the mouth of the ravine. The cruel billows play with them there during an eternity of minutes and then, as if writing a poem a foot for Bellona, push them within the rocky sides upon the level floor. And there they lie in ghastly nothingness as dead.

The villagers, with that stern, earnest look which the powerless brave wear in the presence of death and danger, gather the fragments, carrying arms, and place them on a patch of green-sward a little up the ravine. But long ere this Fanny has given a number of hope and anguish as she recognizes the still features of the handsome sailor of a few years—Bella's husband—the father of her boy. And so it was *his* ship that had been swept by the tempest, and all through the long, wild morning had rolled fearfully in to the death-wielding shore.

These men and women of the coast were too familiar with shipwrecks to be shocked. Each of the bodies was taken by few of the most experienced, subjected to tests of life, and brought under the influence of means which long experience had taught to use so well. There were reversings of position, frictions, pressures upon the chest. Use—is life of tightness—came to himself at once, after a little care. At last, after long and patient trial, Walter was a cooling corpse. Then the fringe of the return of life; and Fanny, bursting for the first time into tears, threw herself frantically upon the body of her husband. Even the stinging, distressful sounds had a music in them—the music of returning life.

An hour passed, and yet the two remaining bodies gave no hopeful signs. Another hour was almost gone, and the two were consigned to mother and sister. Only had they been so long continued because of the entreaties of the women, to whom these strangers were dear as fathers, husbands, brothers, on other shores, needing the toil which was theirs to bestow today—the effort which origin in hope of a resurrection. The men ceased; but Bella, watching, had detected a little spark—at least she fancied so—and continued earnestly for another brief endeavor. Thus one of them was saved. Then the efforts were increased and the time extended, but to no avail. The other never woke.

That afternoon the brown house held them all. In the sight-chamber Bella and Fanny met by the door in that subdued converse which holds a presence so august. On the morrow the little body was taken by the friends of the deceased, and given to sleep in the cemetery of its city home.

"What is the name of the man's name?" asked Bella's old friend, the physician.

"A passenger, going to the vicinity of Tallahassee, to take a plantation which had fallen to him somewhere. I believe he was a broker."

"What was his name?"

"Mr.—it sounds like Tresley."

"Preston?"

"Yes, that's it!—Preston."

As he rode homeward, the old man murmured to himself, "Poor child! she little thinks that she has been lifting a coffin containing the body of her father's murderer! Murder! *I* call it."

It was a strange coincidence—a very strange coincidence—that it was Walter's ship in which the people had taken passage; that it was the Providence "which shapes our ends" had thrown these three together, upon the shore within the old village. And Bella and Fanny had been brought to meet them there.

These years of trial had brought into full blossom the girl of the old woman-hood which Mr. Caxton had found in little Bella, and worshiped ever since, despite himself. As he saw her now there were no misgivings lest she should find no genial, matching spirit in his staid and weighty self. So he told her a story of three years' length; and Bella, looking back, may for the first time that the mystery of her emotions was no mystery at all. And while they walked hand in hand through the world the gravity of the one was seen to break out in fine ripples, and the buoyancy of the other to be tempered, as strength and sense which added to its diamond light the weightiness of gold.

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THE POPE AND HIS GENERAL.

THE public will be glad to have a portrait of the Pope and of General Lamoricière, who figure so prominently in the news from Europe, and whose career appears at length to be drawing to a sudden close.

Pope Pius the Ninth was born at Senegalia in 1792, and is consequently at the present time about 68 years old. His family was ancient and wealthy; his name is Mastai Ferretti. In early youth he was destined for the army, and it is said—though this has been denied—that he served some time in a regiment of dragoons. However this be, he fell in love, when a very young man, with a beautiful English girl, who refused to marry him unless he would become a Protestant. Declining to pay this price for a wife, and unable to bear the mortification of losing her, he loved, Mastai resigned his commission, entered the Church, and won golden opinions by his fervor, zeal, and intelligence. At the age of thirty he was dispatched to Chili to reorganize the Church there, which had been thrown into disorder by the revolution. This mission he fulfilled with such success that, on his return, he was intrusted with an important post in the Government at Rome. He shortly afterward became Papal nuncio at Naples. There he won no little fame by the courage and disinterested kindness which he displayed toward the sick; the cholera was raging among the lazaroni, and many priests, overcome by terror, refused to perform their offices to the dying. Mastai not only spent his whole time at the bedside of the sufferers, but sold his plate and carriages, and devoted the money to their aid; preferring, as he said, "to walk on foot so long as the poor of Jesus were dying in the streets."

Under Gregory XVI. Mastai Ferretti, who had been appointed a cardinal, administered the diocese of Imola, in the Romagna, and by his skill and conciliatory policy contributed to soothe much of the discontent which prevailed in that region. On Gregory's death he was summoned to Rome to assist at the conclave which was to elect a new Pope. It was generally and rumored that Gregory's successor was to be Cardinal Lambruschini, Cardinal Ferretti was one of the scrutineers. On the third ballot he was elected Pope. His excitement when, as scrutineer, he made the astounding discovery, was so great that he fainted.

As Pope, Pius IX. commenced his career nobly. He liberated the political prisoners who had been thrown into jail by Gregory. He reformed many departments of the Government. He espoused the national Italian feeling. He spoke openly against the Austrian domination. So novel a stand for the head of the Church attracted the world's attention. Pius became the most popular man in Europe, and the excitable Italian people rejoiced for revels. The French revolution of 1848 kindled the flame. Then Pius tried to stem the tide by reactionary measures. It was too late. He refused to be a party to any revolutionary proceedings, and appointed the most unpopular noble in Rome—Count Rossi—to be his Prime Minister. It was fatal. The Romans rose, murdered Rossi, took the government into their own hands, and imprisoned the Pope, who was only too glad to fly, some time afterward, in the disguise of a Bavarian valet.

He made his escape to Gaeta, where for some months he held his court. At length, the Austrians and their despotic allies having begun to crush out revolution, Pius was restored by the French and Neapolitans.—Ever since then he has been upheld on his throne by a French army. Were the French to leave Rome the old man's head would not be safe for an instant.

It is due to truth to say that, since his restoration to power, Pope Pio Nono has evinced very little of the spirit which once won for him the good-will of liberal men throughout the world. Prior to 1859 his rule was despotic, and as inefficient as that of any of his predecessors: robbery was an everyday matter in the Papal States; murder was common; and the jails, which contained but few assassins and thieves, were crammed with respectable persons accused of political offense. When the war broke out the sympathies of the Pope were openly manifested on the side of tyranny and foreign domination; Pius was an Austrian to the backbone. Hailing from heaven above, he could not, of course, be expected to share the feelings of the Romans about Italian nationality. It needed more watchfulness than ever, on the part of the French General, to prevent the Pope's subjects seizing the Vatican.

When the war ended, the Emperor of the French proposed an Italian Confederation, with the Pope at its head. To this Pius agreed; but with senile fatuity insisted that, before any new arrangement were made, foreign troops should invade the revolted Romagna, and reduce to submission those of his subjects who, disgusted by the crimes of his government, and especially the massacre of Perugia, had expelled his legates and declared their independence. This was too much even for the Emperor of Austria—far too much for Louis Napoleon. The request of the Pope was civilly declined. Upon which the old man refused to have any thing to do with the Confederation.

POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

On New-Year's Eve Napoleon wrote the Pope a wise, calm, and temperate letter, advising him to submit to fate, and to recognize the independence of the Romagna.' On New-Year's Day, Pius, in his speech to the French general, called Napoleon a hypocrite, and all the other hard words he could remember.

The next steps in the drama are fresh in our readers' memory. When Garibaldi invaded Sicily the Pope was furious, and fulminated a manifesto against him, which was laughed at. When Calabria was invaded the Pope began to quake, and implored protection from the neighboring powers. It was too late. As we go to press, we hear that nothing remains to the infatuated old man but the port of Civita Vecchia and the city of Rome—and these he will not probably hold many weeks.

General Lamoricière, the soldier of fortune who took the command of the Pope's army last year, is, as his name indicates, a Frenchman by birth. A few years ago he was one of the galaxy of African generals who were the support of the throne of Louis Philippe. He had risen, without friends or patrons, from the rank of *Sous-lieutenant* to that of General of Division, and was, with Cavaignac and Changarnier, the idol of the soldiers. He was the bravest of the brave, ever risking his life for a trifle, and performing exploits which caused those who witnessed them to hold their breath with horror and suspense. At the revolution of February, Lamoricière vainly endeavored to stem the popular movement by establishing a Reform ministry; when he discovered that it was too late he threw himself into the republican ranks, and became one of the popular leaders of the party. He was a member of the Assembly, and took a leading part in the debates, declaring himself an ardent republican. In 1851 he was one of those who evinced a desire to rule or ruin, and was accordingly included in the list of the proscribed at the *coup d'état* of the 2d December. With Changarnier, he subsequently avoided himself of the Emperor's permission to seek an exile abroad.

Per some years afterward the world heard little of Lamoricière. It was understood that he had become very pious, and spent much of his time in prayer, fasting, and superstitious rites. He did penance for his sins, offered vows to saints, and attended church daily. He was in this holy frame of mind when the war in Italy broke out. The Pope, in the last distress, bethought himself of Lamoricière, and appealed to him to take the command of his army. The saint-soldier consented, and for the last year has been endeavoring, with pretty poor success apparently, to make a respectable army out of the assemblage of miserable ragamuffins who constitute the Pope's defenders. We have the measure of success he has obtained in the report of the late engagement in Umbria. General Lamoricière himself is reported to be on his way to this country.

GENERAL LAMORICIÈRE.—[FROM A LATE PHOTOGRAPH.]

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

IF any one ever whom some years of the journey of life have passed will take the trouble to look back along the road he has travelled, and count up the narrow chances he has run of being extinguished like a half-burned candle—the lucky escapes he has made—it will go far toward convincing him of a superintending Providence over individuals, as well as states and worlds. The latter

of our head are numbered, says the Good Book. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends," says the great poet; and though we are not always saved—though fatal casualties are constantly occurring, still the cases in which we are unexpectedly rescued from imperding dangers, when the chances seemed all against us, often by the interposition of some slight circumstance no weighter than a straw, are enough to give immense force and force to the proposition, and to render the conclusion all but inevitable. The accidents that where fire, flood, and slaughter are allowed to take their course, we can not judge. Why one is taken and another left—why one man perishes by the prick of a pin or the sting of a gnat, while another is riddled with bullets and lives—belongs to a realm of causes and motives quite beyond our ken.

Surrounded on all hands by dense substances, as earth, wood, and iron, the human body which must reside in them by their side is the frailest of textures. Our soft parts may like the rose leaf; our hard parts fracture like pipe-clay. Soft, fluents, and streamlets ebb, and flow, and course their way in every part of us; strong conduits with gossamer walls, in which a bubble would open a fatal leak. We sustain within ourselves a complete system of pipes and reservoirs for supply, and another for drainage; with the most sensitive, complex, and perfect system of telegraph wires, delicate as frostwork, ever devised. These rivers, reservoirs, and wires are also locomotive. We are constantly in motion; liable to break against each other, and to be crushed and ground by the harder, stronger elements about us. Brick and stone war on us at every step. What threatens us below, the thunderbolt above, and fire on every side. A slight fall, a slap on a stair, is enough to break a limb or the neck; a flying ball an inch out in that shell; a stone will put out an eye, and even pierce the brain; a pocket-knife, or box, will open the ground reservoir of the heart, or let out the life. It is difficult to see how we manage to exist at all; and yet not a few pass on to old age, fourscore and ten, without the casualty, as it were, between rocks and whirlpools on the one side, and flames and whirlwinds on the other, without serious damage from accident or disease to the natural end of life.

A friend and a fellow furnishes us with the following *rôle* of chances—of exposures and escapes—in his own case. Others, whose sphere of action has been wider and more various than that of mine, will be able to exhibit a more startling record; but this is suffice ably in point:

1. Still-born, and confined to animation, not to the thunder of rejoicing cannon, as in the case of the younger Napoleon, but by being soused in a tub of cold water.

2. A permanent fracture of the sternum, at the age of a few months—cause unknown—entailing a weakness of the chest for many years.

3. At two years or thereabouts—dates only so pleasingly correct—just escaped being crushed under a falling chimney.

4. At three, left temporal bone laid bare by fall. Skull escaped fracture.

5. Same year, recovered from a dangerous epidemic fever, of which one or two of the family died.

6. At four, escaped from a surge of boiling water, with slight scalds on face and neck.

7. At five, collar-bone fractured by a fall.

8. At six, severe blow in the abdomen from an axe, which flew out of the hands of a lumberer, but fortunately struck with its head instead of the sharp bit.

9. At seven, half killed by the breaking of a rope swing. Taken up senseless. Same year, attacked by measles in the throat. Escaped, as it were, at the last gasp.

10. At eight, left ankle joint laid open with an axe. Limb in great danger, but saved. Ever lowed, a year or two later, by a like, but less severe injury to right ankle joint.

11. At nine, blow on the back of the head from a stick of wood, so severe as to separate the sutures of the skull on both sides of the head.

12. At ten, wound in the knee from a knife, which penetrated the joint.

13. At eleven, from a hand-pike on the temple. Taken up for dead. Skull probably fractured.

14. At twelve, the extreme of mortal illness, lasting for months. Was supposed dying—*dead*. Relieved at the last moment spontaneously, without visible cause. Recovery rapid, perfect, unbracted through many years.

15. At sixteen, Great Greek and Latin, suffering all the horrors of dyspepsia.

16. At nineteen, threatened with total loss of sight from acute disease of the eyes. Recovery long and tedious.

17. At twenty, life in danger on one of our inland seas from a hurricane, or blow. Escaped after some twenty hours of exposure.

18. Same year, attacked by an armed ruffian in the woods. Bluffed him off by temporizing and the exhibition of a firm front.

19. At twenty-one, escaped with life by the breath of a single hair, in a freshet on one of our large Western rivers. Same year, set upon by a company of desperate savages in the Mills. Escaped by flight, after a hot pursuit. Also, same year, saved the life of a Virginia gentleman's knife; who finally thought better of it, and excused the lie uncourteously given him, on the score of the deficiencies of a Western gentleman. Also, further, same year, overturned and thrown down a precipice in the night. Escaped with scarce a scratch, though buried under the wheels and timbers of the carriage, which was broken in fragments.

20. At twenty-two, lungs broken down. Mucous suppurations, slight hemorrhages, and an array of bronchial difficulties, extending through a period of a dozen years. Chances frequently, to appearance, not worth a rush.

21. At thirty, grown wiser and prudent. Doctors and their drugs dismissed long ago. Health tolerable; and at *forty* pretty well established. Lungs sound; stomach ditto; limbs ditto; notwithstanding all accidents, impudences, and failures.

Our friend closes his valuable paper of chances with a blessing on the *via medicatrix naturæ*—the curative power of nature—in which, no doubt, he would include the protecting care of Providence.

The accidents that make their mark, that leave their scar on us, we remember; but how many escapes there are that we never know, or even a whisper in our ears, which we never think of a second time; and how many others that hover over us, and by ill about us, but never come near—the pestilence, the tottering wall, the stray bullet, the electric charge, the gaping plank, the mason falling, the threatening cloud, the suspected suspects we have money, or mistakes as in the night for somebody's enemy? Not all these do we ever record, and it is well for us not to know of them. The same is true of moral dangers. Many we fall into—we or rather others, yield to—we—but how many thousands we escape by the merest chance in the world—by some happy diversion in our favor, unknown and unrecorded? Not a thousand, nay or thought—which starts, and braces us up, and gives us the mastery, when the mischief of a moment or two later side of the scale would have insured our defeat!

MORBID MEMORY.

THERE are very few thoughtful persons to whom the question has not presented itself, What is the nature of the memory? Of the extraordinary psychological phenomena, memory? With a very slight effort of will, we are enabled to recall, at a moment's notice, long past events in startling vividness. We fold up and carry in our crowded brain, a vast and indefinite number of years of time; we summon at will the faces of thousands of persons who have been seen by us only for a moment; we carry in our memories, as we turn upon the tablet of the brain who see us, as vividly as in a camera, the groupings of scenes that have occurred during the lapse of years. We can call up the myriads of images written upon the gray matter of the brain, and be sure that they are prepared that we can select exactly those we want from the immense store, without disturbing the remainder. Is Imagination the cause of a portion of this, we may yet gather some light from a study of the same phenomena in a state of disease. A very valuable, practical work has been issued from the pen of Dr. Winslow (whose researches in the science of mental and nervous disease are so well known), some chapters of which on morbid conditions of memory open to the general reader entirely new ideas.

Dr. Winslow is a thorough believer in the indestructibility of mental impressions. Ideas once registered in the brain are never lost, never effaced; they may be latent for the better part of a lifetime, masked by succeeding ideas, but under certain circumstances they are sometimes to be upper in all their magical freshness. But how accounts for the phenomena of memory? The very tablet of the brain, in common with other portions of the body, is continually undergoing change, and within a few years, not a particle originally entire, by renewed? How remember, if the very remembrance is annihilated? In order to explain this important difficulty, Dr. Winslow points to the wonderful manner in which family peculiarities are handed down from generation to generation. A certain stamp of family features, a certain member of a family will continue through a long descent, as we may see in a portrait gallery; many little peculiarities, such as moles, twists of the fingers, a drooping of the eyelids, seem quite persistent. Some peculiarities, however, will leave certain marks on their nailer, which, however cut off, will continue to perpetuate themselves to the latest generation of life. The analogy between, in that the process of growth the old and decaying particle is succeeded by a new particle exactly resembling, which fixed. The newer vesicle of the brain, thus stamped with a certain image, is succeeded by a new generation of vesicles so carrying a copy of that which went before them as a photograph is a duplicate of that which it images. In this manner, in consequence of the wonderful assimilative power of the blood, the brain is always changing, but in a state of health is ever changing, and the identity of the mind is remain indefeasible. But when disease commences, it is easily understood how, in many cases, may vary with respect to the memory. Dr. Winslow's work presents us with some most extraordinary examples of the aberrations of the working place, which amount to psychological curiosities of the most interesting kind. We are all familiar with the fact that, in the period of a sudden or a long age, the images of our youth seem revived within us.

The ideas stamped upon the brain in early youth, although long apparently forgotten, come back with the tenacity and clearness of childhood; but there is reason to believe that in certain affections of the brain the memory retreats from us in a sequential manner. Then, a Scotch gentleman residing in New York, and who had acquired the French and then the English language, happened to be attacked with typhoid fever, and it was observed that in the commencement of his illness he spoke the language of his native Scotland, but, in the middle of his disease, but his native tongue at the termination of his life. It is invariably the case, that our last prayers are delivered in our native tongue, notwithstanding that we may have dissued it for a long period of time. It is also observable that, in many cases where the memory of recent events had been replaced by those of early life in persons suffering from illness, on the recovery of health the order of things was reversed, recent events recurring to the mind to the utter oblivion of older memories, the one replacing the other with the regularity of a revolving wheel. But a still more extraordinary condition of the brain is that which Dr. Winslow points out, in which the lost of memory is total, consequent upon an attack of apoplexy. Many cases of this kind have been recorded, in which the mind of the man has been reduced to that of a young child, and all the elementary knowledge of youth has had to be acquired afresh. In one instance, from a double state of knowledge has been set up in the same person! For instance, a young lady, whose memory, reason, and expression, reduced by fall colony; on awaking it was discovered that she had lost all her acquired knowledge, and that her mind was reduced to a perfect blank. With great effort she was gradually mastering, as a child would, the first lessons of reading, when she suddenly fell into a sound sleep, on awaking from which it was discovered that she had recovered her old knowledge. Thus, she had two states alternated with each other; at one moment she was the accomplished woman, at another she was the untaught child. Instances of a child, in the old state she wrote a beautiful hand, in the new a disjointed stiff character, and vice versâ. In this extraordinary condition she remained for four years; a double mind, as it were, took possession of her, the one taking from only of the other, as may have happened to have been in at the time.

In others, again, the loss of memory is confined to particular objects. Dr. Graves relates a case of a farmer who, subsequent to a paralytic fit, lost the names of substantives and proper names. He could, however, make use of the adjective, but of any substantive or proper name he wished to tell about, he was lost, and would not be recalled. In order to help himself in this difficulty, he was in the habit of taking with him a manuscript list of those things he was in the habit speaking about, and these he arranged in an alphabetical manner, which he carried about with him, and when any thing he wished to tell any thing about a cow, before he commenced the sentence, he turned to the letter C, and there, for the word Cow, and kept his finger and eye on the word until he had finished the sentence. This partial loss of memory is the consequence of paralysis, sometimes a singular transposition of letters is the only abnormal sign noticed. Dr. Winslow, for instance, relates the case of a gentleman who invariably reversed their order; for instance, he always said pan for cap, and gun for nag.

The phenomena of memory, arising from external injury sometimes produce a total loss of consciousness for a shorter or longer space of time. It is observable, however, that upon recovery the mind immediately recurs to the last action or thought it was upon before the injury its powers were suspended, and endeavors to continue its action. A little girl, engaged in play with some companions, received a fall and injury her head while catching a toy that was thrown to her. For five days she remained in a state of coma, upon opening her eyes, however, she immediately jumped to the side of the bed, and assuming the action of catching an imaginary toy, cried out "I have did you throw it?" A more singular instance still of the manner in which the brain will catch up and continue the action of the thought, even after a considerable lapse of time, is the following: "A British captain, while giving orders on the quarter-deck of his ship off the coast of the Nile, was struck on the head by a shot, and immediately became senseless. He was taken below, and removed to Greenwich Hospital, where for fifteen months he evinced no sign of intelligence. He was then temporarily and immediately upon the operation being performed, consciousness returned, and he immediately began buying himself to see the orders carried into effect, and continuing the little fifteen months previously. The clockwork of the brain, unwound for that period, upon being set going again, pointed to the exact minute at which it had stopped."

* On Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Disorders of the Mind. By Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L.

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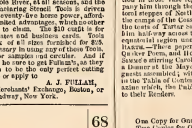

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

OUR artist has sketched on the preceding page a very pretty scene in THE RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES; we hope the Prince himself will be fortunate enough to see as many lovely faces as light up our picture. The upper designs commemorate two of the most pleasant incidents of the Prince since his arrival in this country: HIS FAILS IN THE BALL-ROOM AT QUEBEC, when the loyal dame of that fine old city vied thrown into convulsions by the sight of their Prince prone on the floor, and THE GALAX AT TRENTON WHICH THE PRINCE PLAYED AT WASHINGTON, AT MRS. SMITH'S BOARDING-SCHOOL, WITH MISS LAND AND MRS. SECRETARY THOMPSON. A few years hence these scenes will possess a quaint historic interest.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1860.

THE EFFECT OF THE PRINCE'S VISIT.

THE moral effect of the visit of the Prince of Wales to this country will be felt long after the incidents of the tour are forgotten. It is not likely that he will ever forget the hospitable welcome which has greeted him in every city which he has visited. The only *courtesy-cup* he has met with since he left home occurred, we are glad to say, not in the United States; of this country, and of our people, he will have some very pleasant recollections. He has been received here as he never was in any country but such as acknowledge his mother's sovereign. And the greeting must have been the more gratifying as it flowed spontaneously from the people of the United States, and was independent of the restraints of etiquette and the obligations of national comity. Thus it is that nature confess, no other country in the world in which he could hope for such a reception.

This the event will have its effect, both in England and here, it is not unreasonable to hope. Though, under the Constitution of Great Britain, the power of the sovereign is very much less than it is in a despotic monarchy, still we have read the memoirs of the British statesmen of the past half century are aware that the sovereign has some power, and that ministers always respect any decided opinions he may entertain. If Albert Edward returns from this country with a strong feeling regard for our people, and a firm resolution to maintain peace between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon family, a British ministry, in his reign, would find it hard work to get up a war with us on any pretext.

On the other hand, his visit will help a very large proportion of our people to lose their prejudices against Great Britain. In the West, only, there are thousands of people who only know England as a Power which has waged unjust wars against us twice, and which employed Hessians and Indians to commit barbarous atrocities upon our forefathers. Their these people should feel pleasantly toward England is not to be expected. The visit of the Prince, his kindly manners, the good taste and good sentiment of his addresses, his visit to the tomb of Washington, are well calculated to produce a change in these feelings. But it can certainly prove that, so far as the royal family is concerned, there has been vast progress in England since the time of George the Third. If they have lost their rancor, why not we also?

We are inclined to think that this visit of the Prince to the United States will prove one of the most beneficial incidents of Queen Victoria's reign. If the peace can be preserved between Great Britain and the United States, it matters very little what power may do, in Asia, Africa, Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain, and the Asiatic Powers may war as they please without troubling us, or affecting the cause of British civilization—so long as we keep out of the conflict. The only war that could really round civilization, improve liberty, and diffuse commerce would be one between this country and Great Britain—and the possibility of that war, we think, has been diminished by the Prince's visit.

TRANSATLANTIC STEAMERS.

THE loss of the *Connaught* deprives the Galway line of the only steamer they really owned. Advertisements in the papers, just in time, state the line consists of the *Arabia* two side-wheel steamers of 1400 tons burden each—*Cowish*, the *Connaught*, *Leinster*, *Ulster*, *Munster*, and *Persona*. But this is merely a playful figure of speech. The *Leinster*, *Ulster*, and *Munster* exist only in imagination; one or two of them are said to be on the stocks; but none of the three have ever made a voyage. The *Persona* exists, but belongs to the West India Navigation Company; and instead of being 4400 tons, she is only about 1700. The *Connaught*, in like manner, was, we believe, only 2000, not 4400 tons as stated in the advertisement.

We are glad to notice that the splendid ships of the old Collins line, which have been so long laid up at their wharf, are placed on the berth for Europe once more. The *Adriatic*, as our readers are aware, has been running, all summer, and is believed to have done a fine business. The *Atlantic* and *Baltic* will, we trust, prove equally fortunate. It is high time that our ship-owners were bestirring themselves, if they do not wish the control of the ocean to be entirely out of our hands into those of England.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE POPE?

ANCONA having fallen, the fate of Rome seems to be sealed. The English warships Sardinia not to molest Venice; the French Emperor declares that he will protect "the Pope" but no one says that Rome is to be withdrawn from the conquering army of Italy. Under the circumstances, it would not be surprising if, by the time this paper reaches our readers' hands, Rome had already followed Naples and Ancona, and Garibaldi were in a position to fulfill his promise of proclaiming the Kingdom of Italy from the height of the Capitoline.

The Pope must leave Rome. No one can or will prevent him from it. It would be fatal to the Emperor Napoleon to make a war on Italy for the sake of maintaining the Pope, whose temporal power he has so emphatically declared to be inconsistent with the interests of the peninsula. Where will the Pope go?

First, probably, to Gaeta—where he took refuge the last time he fled hastily from Rome, and where he will find congenial society and kindred misery with Francis of Naples and his Jesuits.

But he can not stay at Gaeta. A few days hence we shall hear that Garibaldi has taken Capua, and that the Neapolitans are in full retreat to some fortress. Where shall he find a home either at Vienna or Madrid; but where will the Pope go?

A significant item of news by the *Africa* is the announcement that the Pope has warned the Emperor Napoleon that he will leave Rome if the Emperor does not protect the Sardinians. Has it never occurred to the Pope, or to the cardinals who are said to have recommended flight, that this may be the very thing Napoleon wants? The Pope has prized highly the possession of the person of the Pope that he actually brought him to Paris a prisoner, and kept him in confinement against his will and protest, and to the scandal of all good Catholics. In his memoirs he emphatically states that one of the greatest mistakes ever made by the Kings was to have suffered the Popes to leave Avignon; that France is the natural home for the head of the Church. It is not quite possible that he is quietly watching the progress of events which will inflict humiliation, are going to throw into his hands a prize which his uncle risked revolution and the undying hatred of the Church by seizing by force?

OUR IRISH SOLDIERS.

A SUCCESSOR of Irish militiaman of the First Division New York State Militia, held a meeting last week and resolved not to parade before the Prince of Wales, or to take any steps to do honor to the Prince of Wales, whom they termed the oppressor of Ireland. Accordingly, on Thursday last the 69th Regiment, composed mainly of Irishmen, did not appear on parade with the rest of the Division.

The order to the militia of the First Division to parade on 18th October was issued, according to military rule, by the General commanding the Division. It was in strict conformity with the militia law, and the rules of the service. The law is, that a militiaman, as such, is a soldier, and is liable to the same rules and penalties as soldiers in the United States army. If soldiers in United States army, on being ordered to parade, or being commanded by their superior officer to parade, were to refuse and to hold meetings to express their reasons for refusing, they would be deemed mutineers, and would be liable to be shot. What shall be done with the Irish militiamen who refused to obey orders, and turn out in honor of the Prince of Wales?

It is argued on behalf of the 69th Regiment that they had performed the parades required by law, and that they were not bound to turn out again. If this were true, the indecency of the action of the Irish in sticking for such a trifle in defiance of the unanimous sentiment of our people must render them very unpopular.

We should be sorry to seem to pander to the prejudice which exists among all classes of Americans against Irishmen. All prejudices are a mistake; and every one knows that there have been and are good and true Irishmen, who have been faithful to their friends, obedient to the law, and loyal to the cause of truth and right. But it does strike us that the 69th Regiment, which has obtruded itself upon public notice by refusing to obey orders, and which tried its best to mar the reception of the nation's guest by creating trouble in the ranks of the militia, has taken a step which can not but exasperate public feeling against the Irish race. It ought not to be necessary to remind them that every American feel personally responsible for the reception of the Prince of Wales, and that it is hardly possible to conceive any thing more shocking to the mass of our people than an affront offered to him from any quarter.

If there are any Irishmen among us who have influence among their countrymen, we entreat them, as they value our sake, to reflect for a moment on the attitude of the Irish race in this country.

We know, for nearly a quarter of a century been receiving several thousand Irishmen annually among us. We have given them land and employment; we have paid them better wages than they could have obtained at home; and political rights equal to those which are enjoyed by the sons of the best and noblest Americans. They have come to us steeped in ignorance and superstition; we have let them have their priests and their churches, and when Frantic Protestants have tried to disturb them, we have resisted it, and have successfully protected them in what we believe to be a mistaken course. We have so behaved themselves that nearly seventy-five per cent. of our criminals and paupers are Irish; that fully seventy-five per cent. of the crimes of violence committed in our cities are the work of Irishmen; that the system of universal suffrage in large cities has fallen into disredit through the incapacity of the Irish for self-government; yet we have never complained any invidious legislation against them, have never thought of depriving their adopted political rights they always have never sought to protect ourselves against their misconduct, or to militiamen and soldiers they have never complained of their absolute insubordinate. It is not worth while to repeat the story of the two Irish regiments which served under Scott, Taylor, and Worth, in the war of 1812, or of the Irishmen who deserted from our army and constituted the battalion of San Patricio, in the Mexican war; these, and other similar affairs, are too frequently recalled to memory by such outbursts of folly and insubordination as the recent refusal to turn out in honor of our guest. Yet we have seriously apprehended that this Prince has our people to deprive the Irishmen of their arms, or to exclude them from our cities.

We entreat our Irish fellow-citizens not to presume too far upon the forbearance of our people. This is not a time for any such experiments of the kind. The spectacle of the ignominious surrender of the Irishmen in Lamoricière's army, who had volunteered to assist the Papal Government in the Italian subjects, has not yet been forgotten. Before our Irishmen thrust themselves anew under the public neutral the law, they should allow the effusiva of this transaction to pass away.

THE LOUNGER.

EVENING DRESS.

THE question is, whether the Ball Committee of right in giving a Dress Circular, that the guests were expected to appear in evening dress, and then to define what evening dress is. The answer to the question is that it is the fact that the thousand people who would attend the ball were, many of them, not used to the delicate distinctions of evening and morning dress, and that it was a satisfaction to them to know precisely what they were expected to do when they received personal invitations to an ordinary private ball, she makes no allusion to "evening dress," because she knows that all of them understand the origin of such an occasion. The Committee of the Prince's ball knew—whether other people did or not—that the guests would not fully understand that etiquette. In any case, the suggestion involved no wounding sensibility; and to say that it implied that the fine society of New York did not know what evening dress is, is simply what is plainly called a lie—and a stupid one.

If the great American people instinctively understood the technical etiquette of such occasions, they would not be the Lounger's little more scrupulous and uniform in the attire in which they wait upon the President of the United States at his levées. There is no reason why they should know what constitutes "evening dress," and certainly no reason in our minds why the Committee of the ball wished simply to make sure that there should be no grotesque attire, and they took the simplest means of securing that object.

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. JERKINS,—I have read all you have written about the gay, precious Prince—*here his heart!* You have told us how he fell down on the pavilion and *tore his trousers—poor, dear young Prince!* And then you have gratified our curiosity by letting us know that the *nasiguinos* bit him dreadfully in Montreal—*great, big, naughty, ugly, disgusting, wicked things!* And, you know, I, too, in that information about the *bedbug-roses* in Philadelphia. *Dear* Albert Edward! then you love to wash yourself in the morning! And do you use coarse towels, and scrubbing-brushes, and *hair gloves*; and ah! do you, don't you, meet compact of princes, use *yellow soap*? Dear Mr. Jerkins, you *might* not to forget to mention these things. What *is the use* of telling us that he loves to wash himself, if you don't tell us how he *dries* himself? Do his brushes and towels have to wash themselves, too? And the Prince Consort himself? And the Queen herself? How pleasant it must be for you to be taken round and shown the bedrooms, and the *rest of it*—the outs-houses, and the sofas, and the curtains, and the bed! *Precious grandpa!*

Dear Mr. Jenkins, we all want to know one thing. We feel *sure* you would have mentioned it had it *taken place*, because you are such a *perfect gentleman* that you do not fail to mention *every thing of the kind*. You know the weather is getting very cold. Have you been some *windy* sharp days and although we may have some *Indian summer*, still it will generally be *frosty* at night. Please inform us in your next *dry letter*, whether he is going to *Boston*, and you know how *jolly* old Boston is—whether the Prince has put on *his winter flannels*. And does he wear *Canton flannel or red flannel*? And have the shirts *long sleeves* or short? And if they are long, don't they *pain* out beyond his wristbands, and is he not obliged to *turn them up*? which must be so uncomfortable to his *arms*. And if they are short, are they *tight* on the *p*? And why are they short? And doesn't he wear *long drawers* sometimes? *Dearest Sir*, please mention whether he has put on winter flannels, and *greasy* pantaloons and *everything*.

SPINGLER INSTITUTE.

MUNICIPAL.

JUDGE PIERREPONT has resigned his office. When the City Hall building was burned his courtroom disappeared. He tried to find it in the lofty and empty rooms of the City Hall, in Tammany Hall. The Superior Court has been, so to say, "squatting" about; now on pillar, now on post. The Judge has been sifted and bolted in the sieve of the search. The Legislature promised to help him and to provide him a new and permanent home; but when the proper persons tried to find the proper spot in the Park for the new building to hold the City Court, some other proper persons told them that there was no proper spot in the Park for such a purpose, and if there were, that there were no proper means of getting possession of it. The Judge thereupon throws up the whole matter. The Superior Court is evidently not wanted, he seems to think; for if it were the people would find some decent, respectable place to put it in. Lots of engine-houses Tammany has, still.

In throwing up his office the learned magistrate also throws up a letter to the Governor, which is a full of pith and sagacity of sense. "A speech of it is a gunsense way; but it is as full of truth as an egg of meat. "In short," says Judge Pierrepont, "in the new discoveries, in the power of trial, that no man or body of men in this municipal government have any power to do any substantial thing except to stay the action of every other man or body of men. The machinery of the city government is so complicated and devised that each wheel can stop the motion of every other, and so that the whole shall by no possibility move in harmony together."

Dickens was thought to be a caricaturist, and said Mother Gamp and Sairey Gamp the far most diffused voice when he called the English Government a Circumlocution Office and a science of how not to do it. But if that be the Government in England, it is simple ugly truth in New York.

He proceeds to say that the people want good officers, and would vote for them if they had a chance. First catch your hare, says Mrs. Glass. The business by declaring that the government will only be successful when it is made harmonious with the principles which the Almighty has inexplicably planted in man. Amen! It is not difficult then to catch the hare, says Judge Pierrepont. The same amount of time and half the money spent in giving a dinner to the Prince of Wales would give New York city "a strong, a lasting, and a good government." How to persuade people to do this, do you ask? By showing the rich men that if they do not take care the fallow ground will be laid straight to the lots of their properties. We are all troubling head over heels over each other in the mad race to be rich, he says. We (the people, we, and wealthy people) let the bad, ignorant, and idle manage the government. "Government will be administered by somebody; that may be well enough. If the wise and good will not attend to it, fools and knaves will."

That is the priceless pearl of wisdom for this people, and the highest sign of drawing that we have had for a long time is the fact that such sentiments are uttered by a New York magistrate, not only uttered but evidently believed. The spirit of our society, says Judge Pierrepont, is "making fortunes of our women and buying out of street." "Already the success of a lawyer is determined by the money that he makes; already the success of a minister of Christ is in some degree estimated by the salary which he receives; and the time is fastening when the success of a judge on the bench will be measured by the money which he shall there accumulate."

In the vast tumult of a Presidential canvass, and the airy episode of a Prince's visit, and the universal derision-the-bishmont which absorbs the mighty mind of the metropolis, it is not a the least degree probable that any body will read or heed the wise and timely letter of the Judge. Its fate is, we fear, to be unattended. But he says all the more truly, "If our wise and good, our intelligent, and honest citizens have these things of no moment, they will let them alone, as they have heretofore done; but they may rely upon it these things will not let them alone."

"HISTORICAL PICTURES RETOUCHED."

THE recent opening of the Woman's Library in this city was signalized by clever speeches from Editor Raymond, Clergyman Beecher, and Lawyer Brady. The pursuits of the speakers, and their representative characters, show how sincerely any effort of this kind is hailed. In fact, half the objections to new views are really only to the way in which they are presented. The Fidelcah which attaches to the words "Women's Rights," is main-

ly excited by the grotesque or ridiculous way in which they are often presented; and he loves, after all, a very profound belief latent in the human mind that we have not yet reached the end of all things, no unquestionably there is a quiet conviction that the doctrine of the equals to him who can see it, and who can appreciate it, is one we then, will be constantly more and more recognized in the advance of society.

The book with the title which heads these paragraphs is a most lively, copious, and brilliant contribution to the history and literature of women. It is, in fact, a *feuilleton* upon this theme, "The elevation of women to their just position in society depends upon themselves." The presentation is made of sparkling and striking portraits, crayons, sketches, profiles, and studies of all the most eminent and interesting women in history who have left behind them traces." But the author, Mrs. Dall, is a scholar and thinker, and her work, therefore, is not a biographical dictionary, but a collection of illustrative lives. Her views of many famous women differ, often, from the popular traditional ones; but they are the result of her own original research. Her "study" of Aspasia is fresh and fine. Her defense of Hypatia against Charles Kingsley's misrepresentation of her is brave and reasonable. Her simple and historic statement of the position of women in the feudal ages, and her sketches of the most eminent among them, are as interesting as admirable. There is a glow of sympathy and purpose in the book which fuses it into unity, and leaves a most *womanly* impression.

Mrs. Dall's generous thoughtful little work, "Woman's Right to Labor," states, in a good-humored, trenchant, and faithful manner, the doctrine, which the women who crowd with their various spheres and genius the pages of this one illustrated. It was the work of much experience, of laborious study and collation, of a clear brain and a true heart; and it was entirely free from every thing that offends popular. The same characteristics belong to the "Historical Pictures Retouched," except that it has the elements of a more general popular interest. Like the first, it is one of the best books that could be given to every girl in the land.

FORWARD!

THE great work goes on in Europe. Ancona has surrendered to the Sardinians, and Gaeta is pressed. Unhappy man! If he were an old Roman he would kill upon his sword. Yet ten years ago in Paris the name of Lamoricière was the signal of enthusiasm. He was invested with the same kind of gallant glory that invested the old Roman. Young, chivalric, heroic, patriotic—the future smiled on him if on any man.

His story was told last week when his portrait appeared in the *Weekly*. It is simply tragical. It ends in mean and miserable. He heads a band of foreign mercenaries to defend the despotism in the world; and he is ignominiously beaten in the field and captured in a fortress to which he retires, and which he can not maintain. It is too easy to forgive his future, unless he be permitted quietly to leave the country and seek an asylum in America or England.

As for the great Italian liberator, he moves steadily forward, but he shows a determined opposition to disagree with Cavour. Dangerous, because Cavour is evidently the wisest statesman Italy has known for many years, and because the reason for difference urged by Garibaldi is insufficient. He says that he can have no friendship with a man who has consented to part with a province of Italy. But if that were the best possible measure at the time, and if it were honestly favored by Cavour, however unfortunately, is it noble or generous to assume that Cavour is an enemy of the country? Garibaldi has no right to do it; and it was necessarily unpatriotic or dishonest to do what Cavour has done.

Cavour is faithful to King Victor—and so is Garibaldi. Their policy may differ in some details, but they are both bent upon a united Italy. Each must make concessions, which the difference appears, and Cavour says that he is ready to make. Garibaldi is virtually declared that he must have his way or none. But certainly he will not sacrifice his Italy to any personal pique. Cavour has made the supposition of the province to France—but so did the people of the province. If Cavour did it in obedience to the popular will, is Garibaldi to be angry with him on account?

It is hardly to be believed that, with an opportunity such as has not been known in her history, with a patriotic brain and heart and hand such as have never combined for her deliverance, Italy will fail again. It will be absurd to be thinking of the union of these two men, not least the union of their power and policies, should to impossible, there may well be fear that the jealousy of the ancient people will forever defeat their aspiration, and that the hope of a regenerated, emancipated, national Italy, is but a foolish dream.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FASHIONABLE VENTURE.—"Hold! I tempt you to venture upon this escape?" "I should be happy to oblige you, Madame." "And Leigh Hunt, who was then a young boy by a lady, "but I'm afraid I should fall off." The Prince of Wales much in the same way of Kingston and other places in Canada, would not venture near the Oregon, for fear, not of falling off, but of falling out. Prince might have been a falling off of his popularity had he jolted to the inhabitants of those parts. Highlanders probably more like sandbiers than oregons. If we were asked to say what would be Prince's fate, we should not hesitate for a moment to reply—"The Oregon in Upper Canada."

THE MOVEMENT OF EVENTS IN ITALY.—"Dr. Peter's Chair dogs the way."

HOW TO TRAVEL IT.—The Prince of Wales promises to be as great a traveller as he is an accomplished dancer. His last intention is to go through all the Oregon of Canada.

The young lady who burst into tears has been put together again, and is now wending hopes to all who recognize her acquaintance.

BRENNUS AT THE SCALES.

Again the Bible of Italy
Echo the din of war,
Again the eagles gather
To Rome, from near and far.
Again the sword-bolted city
The conqueror's garden stands,
But not, as erst, with conquered sword
Held in Barbarian hands!

When Brennus, Gaul, came down
First crowned her crenelated height,
The stubborn Romans gathered forth
To crush the rising might.
There made the proud Gaul Quiry,
The red Gaul at his side,
And over our land were helpless down
Before the scepter tide.

But Brennus's high purpose needed
That thing the Romans had,
And turned the stately senators
To meet the cruel foe,
In robes of white, on chairs of state,
Their ivory chairs of state,
Gaulish Cyprian fire and Gaulish ire,
Roman scorn and pride.

Strange, how despite the ill-matched fright
The scales uneven play,
While silent death, with muffled breath,
We watch them as they sway.
And with our hearts—but what of we
That in the upshot hear
Our very Brennus flings his sword
Will be the scale in rise?

Were this a song, our vile mind even
The other scale would see,
Small doubt were there which scale would rear
To earth, which hide in mass.
With fear and fire, before our eyes,
Gaulish trash and Roman pride,
Were his a hand at our command,
Long since the scales would be freed!

But what is truth and what is truth,
What harm, what good?
When tortuous maps shake our gaze,
Is nothing true, is nothing true?
One thing alone is truth is known,
Heaven rules whatever befall,
And this man's hand, and this man's brand,
Are God's—that's all!

How changed the men, how changed the patriot
The scene alone the same.
Our Gaul's the gallant foe, the invaders,
And works the lauded shame.
Our patriot Brennus, on his throne,
The mass-book for the glaive;
A Rattazzi, Vera given to Gaeta,
For scouts stern and grave!

Still bolstered well the gundelet
Like in another day,
On what is done does still look on,
A Brennus, Gaul of Gaul!
Not frank and bold like him of old,
That left his sword in Rome,
But a smooth brow—a mulled head,
That grips the sword!

Again the eagle-pend is brought forth,
Though not the eagle-wing,
Though not the eagle-eye in the place,
Thus blown of old, Rome's eagle,
Old Brennus, and free—her remote-fee,
Her Brennus, Gaul of Gaul!
New, Europe's hope against a Pope's
Unequal balance hung!

THE ARK OF CONSTITUTIONS.—With men, the great difficulty is in beginning a letter—with women, the great difficulty is in finishing it. Some ladies have been so frightened by the sightseed "s," for it's a letter that always ends in nothing whatever quantity. Every postscript is spoken of itself.

THE LOUD VARMINT.—The King of Naples has had so many troubles of late, that he has concluded to turn his attention to a matter more amusing and distressing nature, that is to say, he has taken to "Ill he has gone into the country just to enjoy a little Gaeta.

MRS. GRAY LOVERS, at present a star of some magnitude in the theatrical firmament, is a very lovely, yet nothing can be more amiable than her manners, and nothing more discreet than her conduct, as evinced by her refusal to the flattery of pleasing others by allowing them to do their gentlemanly duty to her, and by the revelation of her wifehood, she leaves no ask how to apply. One dollar's worth of Lovers's Varmint, and the Lovers's Varmint that difficult gentleman in private society, Mr. Sim Beavers, is done.

"WELL" and the modest tenor at bat, "I will sing 'My pretty Jane,' an English ballad, the first gay tune and of compliment—one that the company shall decide to be witty."

"Sorely," said Mrs. LoBus, "you are not so determined to be witty, as to make us laugh at a previous ridiculous ballad? Surely you will surrender without that article?"

"Well, I will sing 'Ye Gods, Annie Laurie.'"

"That is impossible," observed the fair lady, "for we all know it, Mr. Sim, and it would be a great disturber."

A friend, who is fond of telling tough yarns, especially stories of which he himself is the hero, lately drew the ring of his friends around him, and in the first place he commenced on official business. Having my eye a non-commissioned officer, and I at last succeeded in getting a corporal. I went to see it. Just as the bonnet was about to come down, I saw a man in the ring, I knew the other naughty. Now, you know I don't drink, but on this occasion I drank 12 strong. Now, I'm a man, I'm a fellow that can hold anything. I can take a bath, and I can take him nine times out of nine. The fellow lay a short time, then he jumped off from a sitting position, he looked oddly around him. "Gentlemen," said he, "this the stress demon much damage! I think, gentlemen, I'm a little drunk."

LIKE YOURSELF.—In a South parish there was an accident of the name of Saunders, whose will was reputed to be very long. A friend, who was a great lawyer, said he was delivering a pig to market. "Weak Saunders," much in the style of Sancho Panza, "Saunders, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, sir, lately, he's just as solid sequisitions, like yourself."

IT DOESN'T MAKE IT SO.

Suppose, for instance, you suppose
That black and white are one,
That every wind is cold that blows,
It really doesn't make it so.

Suppose, again, that you suppose
Your pocket-book is full of gold,
That every secret comes from the rose,
It really doesn't make it so.

Suppose, once more, that you suppose
All illness from one fountain flow—
That all the Muses are but nine,
It really doesn't make it so.

Suppose, lastly, that you suppose
Your bright-eyed love can't say you "No"—
That she dotes on all your faults,
It really doesn't make it so.

"Mother," said a little boy, the other day, "I know what I would do if I was a man, and all the men were starving and they should drive me to see who should be killed and eaten, and it should come to me—I'd jump into the fire myself."

"But," said the mother, "what would you do if you were?"

"Ah," said he, "but I wouldn't kill."

JUVENILE CURIOSITY.—"Won't you eat some a pinny for me, father?" said a little girl, when she came home from school one day.

"Out on a pinny! What do you want me to do that for?" said the father.

"Cause," said the little girl, "our teacher says that in every pinny there are four farthings, and I want to see them."

An Irishman was indicted at the assizes at Tralee, for theft. He threw out the evidence of the prosecutor, that the jury found him guilty. The judge was shocked, and said, "Why, Pat, the prosecutor's testimony was sufficient if you—"

"Yes," said the Brennan, "he is innocent of the crime that should against him, but he stole my gray mare last Saturday."

A commercial-room joking man was one day passing a crowded bar, when he was accosted with form and heath, and a fine lack-ground of barren rocks and dark trees. He said to the barmaid, "Have you grinding in my throat? Bring me a gin-fizz." "A magnificent locality, Sir," said a Scotch gentleman who was standing near him. "Oh yes," said the farmer, whipping the large drops of perspiration from his forehead, "very pretty of the place is well, but if you had to plow up the place of the ground, you'd wish the place was—"

A public dinner in Edinburgh had divided away to two guests, an Englishman and a Highland gentleman, who were each trying to prove the superiority of their native countries. Of course at an argument of this kind a Scotsman possesses overwhelming advantages. The Highlander's logic was so good that he had his opponent upon every point. At last the Englishman, in a pique, "Can you," he said, "can you admit that Highland is larger in extent than England?"

"Certainly not," was the confident reply. "You see, Sir, man is an immortal creature; consequently, when all our halls were rolled out flat, we should beat you by hundreds of miles."

Said a conceited young lady:—"You men are a cover-ed set."

A man has a shrewd suspicion that age has overtaken him when he begins to think that he feels as young as ever, and he doesn't know but—however. Poor fellow! he watches the mirror, he sighs, he, lord, that he can not recall youth as he calls his pointer—with a whistle.

"Stirring times!" as the Scotch lass said when she was dashing parridge.

THE FIREMEN'S PARADE.

On the evening of Saturday, 13th, the firemen of New York paraded in honor of the Prince of Wales. The pageant was described in the news of the following page. Nearly five thousand men, all in uniform, were in the procession; and the effect of the combination of the Drummond lights, transparencies, and various illuminated devices, as the fiery train swept down Fifth Avenue, between a vast crowd of people, was very striking and impressive. It is not likely that the Prince ever saw such a night display in his life. It has indeed been the subject of his picture the moment when the procession was passing the Fifth Avenue Hotel; the Prince stands on the balcony with his suite, and bows his thanks.

THE BALL IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WE publish on pages 656 and 665 a picture of the grand ball given in the city of New York—we mean, of course, the entertainment offered to the Prince of Wales at the Academy of Music, on Friday, 12th inst. Over 2000 persons were present—those the *crème de la crème* of New York society. Loud compliments are made of the manner in which the sedentaryhood managers performed their tasks—of the greedy monopoly of tickets by some individuals, and of the exclusion from the charmed list of names which should have been there. But it is not necessary to dilate upon these matters. The ball was a great success, and, so far as seeing the Prince went, a success. We proceed to give, from the daily papers, a few memoranda of the ball.

THE BALL-ROOM AND SUPPER ROOMS.

"The ball-room comprised the parquette of the Academy, and embraced the boxes. It was one lovely and thirty-five feet in length by thirty-eight feet in breadth. The end towards the stage was arranged in a semi-circular form, while toward the other end were placed three superb couches. The ceiling was very far from being well, while there were two wires for the ballet. Following out the general idea originally agreed on, the decorations were a blue and white. Over the stage, there were a vast number of chandeliers, fitted up expressly for the occasion, while toward the other end, over the entrance, the usual arrangements of lights shone brilliantly even during the day. The ceiling was entirely covered, and assigned to pleasing the floor, covering the whole of the stage, represented the back of the building, in the harbor extensively. This part of the arrangement was particularly liberal—the color being to open as expense. Some idea of the extent of the additional lights will be derived when it is mentioned that throughout the building no fewer than 3000 feet of gas pipe was laid down, laid on for the occasion, and that three hundred additional burners were added to the gas-fitters employed for that special purpose.

"The supper rooms were especially erected for the occasion. It is situated in the space of ground between the Academy and the Mercantile Library. In length it is one hundred and forty-four feet by twenty-eight feet in breadth. Along with the ballroom and the supper-room is a passage facing the Academy, one hundred and fifty-five feet in length and twenty-five feet in breadth. This passage is floored with matted cocoa-nut fiber, and, as the building, same as the ball and supper rooms. The sheds furnished for the occasion were hundred yards, and was specially floral for the occasion, as there was not a sufficient quantity of that colored cloth in the city for the purpose. Twenty hours were allowed, consisting of six hours, were supposed from the roof, making a brilliant display. The building, the ceiling, and supper-room, and passage, such a manner as would have helped the character of a mere gymnasium—so far as the decorations were concerned, were perfect. In the centre was a tower, rising some forty feet from the level of the street, while two dancer-stalls were placed at each end. The entire building was draped in alternate strips of pink and white muslin, with large mirrors interspersed. There were twenty-four in number, and made a splendid show. All along the supper-room were two tables, from top to bottom, at which the accomplished party took supper at a late period of the evening. They were furnished in all the epicureanism of gold, silver, and china-ware. At the supper-end was the Prince's table, placed on a dais, raised three feet in form, at which the guest of the evening and his immediate suite were placed.

THE GUESTS.

The *Herald* reporter says: "The Academy, at ten o'clock, was filled, and those who arrived later took unexpected into the throng, like coin-drops into the ocean. The private boxes were full; the floor were occupied by those who preferred to overlook the brilliant assemblage which moved restlessly beneath. The Japanese ball was crowded; but there the crowd was divided into sections by the various rooms, but here in one vast area was collected the elite of New York society. In the dancing-room, gay-lights the crowd ranged backward and forward, chatting, and delighting beneath gauze wings and bright eyes. The ladies were so fair, so light and graceful, so gay, so full of the pure and richest of dresses, from pearly white shoulders and brilliant complexions, that the eyes of the gentlemen had to brighten the eyes which looked their chosen three. The fellows looked more at the superfluous lights, and admired the blaze of the times and hunger. The ladies, in fancy costumes, ornamented with golden bees and spangles, relieved the monotonous of gentlemen's toilets. The Prince contrived to disbelieve the size of the house, and yet, by a common and singular process, added to its apparent dimensions exactness. Filled, but not jammed; crowded, but with plenty of room for all to move comfortably and without discomfort.

"For separate substances were reserved for agree and lion—the Academy was ready for the arrival of the Prince."

THE DRESSES.

The *Herald* reporter says: "The ballet of New York are already celebrated for the taste and excellence of their dress, and the ladies at the most *recherché* balls given in New York were, therefore, certain to be distinguished by a beauty and splendor only rivaled by the glories of fairy-dood. The ladies of the opera dresses were so dazzling as to render it impossible to separate any distinct or individual portrait. Flowers were the chief, if not the only, ornament, and falling in rich Semi-like waves, jewels falling before the eyes of beauty in the dancing hall, contributed to relieve back grounds; gold and silver glittering in the transparent flowers, and the light reflected from them, made the most precious substance that they looked like cloth of gold; silver tissue, fair, and dancing, looking lovely on the still and steady moire; flowers, ribbons, and jewels, contrasted the color of a thousand patterns, all mingling with the lights, the music, and the dance that merry flying. For the benefit of fellow-readers we endeavored to single out some of the ladies, and perhaps, we should have, if we could, but which were distinguished for their good taste, and may serve as a guide for estimating the tale of the coming winter."

The *Times* reporter writes: "One might almost have fancied himself in St. Petersburg, for although a single Woman's *pouvre* would have driven any particular dressgiver to desire to commit suicide with envy, yet the distribution of diamonds was so wide that, glanced at from a distance, it was difficult to distinguish the *real* from the *imitation*. One splendid exception which recently appeared in the Opera was the dress of Miss Lucy Rodgers, fully displayed upon the general beauty of Mrs. Belmont, and there she was, the queen of the glittering crowd, from place on the sight of the stage, a quartet, by the way, much admired, and the Prince's attention was fixed. Fly by nature, an fair ladies, pretty perhaps from shown and giving from its advantages as a capital setting to such lovely pictures.

"Diamonds were, however, the ruling, if not a fashion, of which even the crowd, the crushing and the crush, could not escape, the ladies, and, and ceiling, and ruling beauty, was something marvelous. It was as if all the bosom of the world had been a second Golconda, and all the world fair in New York. One only exception was seen in the dress of Miss Lucy Rodgers, as we said before, and, in fact, there. There passes before us, as the masses of the queens of the evening rose up in our memory, such a kaleidoscope of more velvet, and Mrs. Belmont's dress, pretty, pretty, that it seems little to attach mental tones to such a phantasmagoria of beauty. Mrs. Belmont, Miss Lucy Rodgers, of Mrs. Morgan and her diamonds, and of Mrs. Belmont and her diamonds. We might go on the same way, with perfect truth, to speak of half the belles of New York and their diamonds. Perhaps, the best rule, for the reader, rather the rule than the exception of the evening. Mrs. Robert B. Minturn contrived to throw them into the whole with a setting beneath them of exterior beauty, altogether pretty and profusion, without reference to its implied continuous to the ladies of the ball the phase. Mr. Aspinwall was also notable in a glory of blue moire satinin, powered with jewels, and, Mrs. Grinnell, in black moire satinin, decidedly declined the condition of a 'dowager.' A delicate shade of mauve, Mrs. Bayard Cutting, Bayard will, they assumed a sort of frosted amethyst, and indeed over with diamonds, and, and the effect of more frosted than fine. Mrs. Hamilton Fish, and the mass of the drama, in the p iron of Mrs. Henry, of Wallack's Theatre, were conspicuous performers in the Grand Opera."

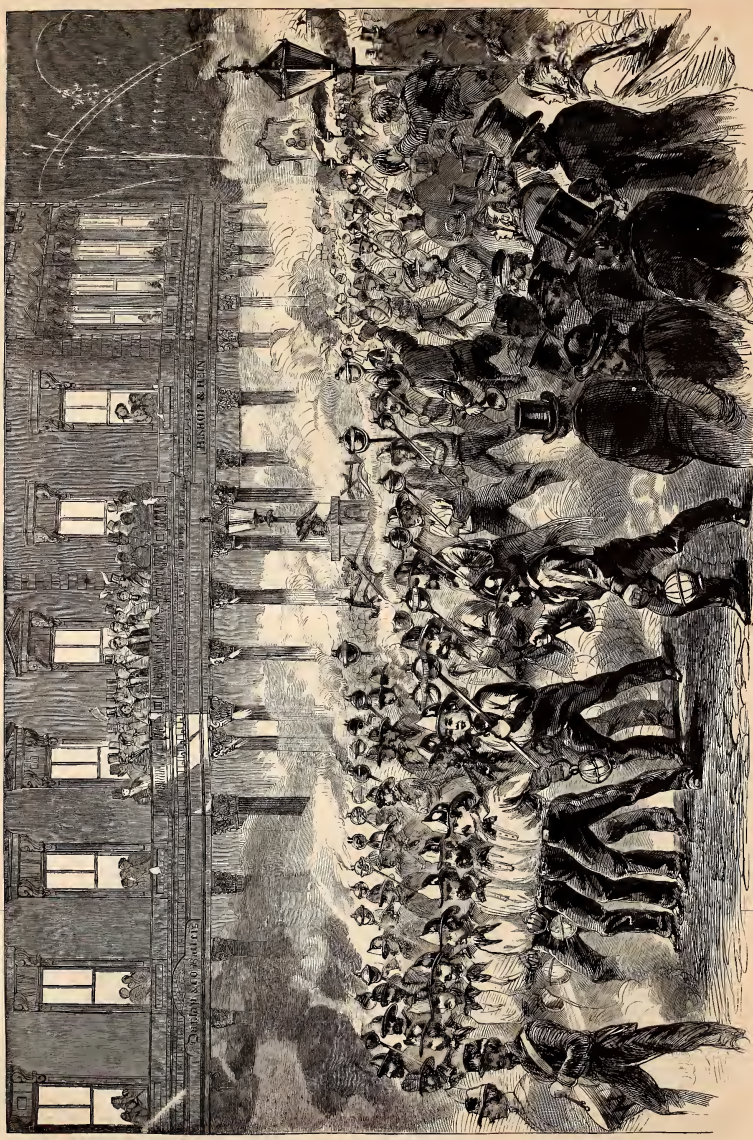
AN INCIDENT.

"While the royal party were observing the dancing and the decorations, a sudden and unexpected movement of the crowd backward announced that some accident was about to occur, and in a moment the cause of the flower vases upon the front tier fell with a gust crash to the floor, carrying with them a lady who, fortunately, but fortunately injuring no one. There was a moment confusion, and then the crowd, with a sudden movement from the neighborhood of the vases, remained in that, while the musicians presented the Prince with an ode of dancing, of which the following is a copy:

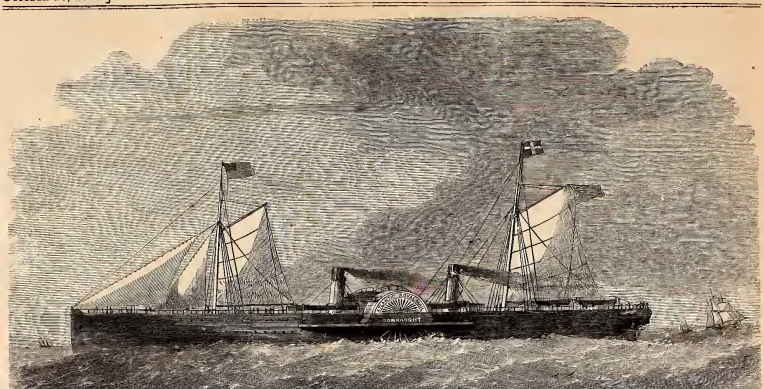
1. Quadrille, House Voice ... Strauss.
2. Waltz ..... Prince of Wales ..... Marsh.
3. Lancers ..... Bell Rock ..... Musard.
4. Galop ..... Sabre ..... Michaelis.
5. Quadrille ..... Evelyn ..... Musard.
6. Polka ..... Adelaide ..... Strauss.
7. Waltz ..... Wedding Bells ..... Musard.
8. Lancers ..... Royal Hunt ..... Musard.
9. Galop ..... Sylvan Dell ..... Nuria.
10. Waltz ..... Sweet Kisses ..... Strauss.
11. Polka ..... Vivi-Vis ..... Bierer.
12. Polka ..... Nightfall ..... Strauss.
13. Galop ..... Lindenkranz ..... Strauss.
14. Quadrille ..... Lucia ..... Musard.
15. Waltz ..... Nun and Video ..... Jonner.
16. Lancers ..... Les Gaulois ..... Musard.
17. Galop ..... Fest ..... Lumbye.
18. Polka ..... Fest Polka ..... Strauss.
19. Lancers ..... Original ..... Musard.
20. Galop ..... Chasse of the Queen ..... Conradi.
21. Galop ..... Ernani ..... Verdi.

"Scarcely had the Prince taken his seat when another disaster occurred, the sudden and unexpected giving of the dancing-floor gave way with a great crash, fortunately leaving no one injured. As the crowd rushed, frightened, to various parts of the floor, it gave way beneath them. This was three times repeated, two persons being precipitated to the stage beneath, but not being injured. The floor rather sank than fell, the prime benefit it being insufficient to sustain the weight of the throng. The problem of the committee generally, of the sub-committee of the house and decorations particularly, must divide the loss of the *contretemps* with the corporation, who should have understood and complied their work much better."

The ball was kept up till five o'clock; the Prince left at half past four.



GRAND TORCH-LIGHT PARADE OF THE NEW YORK FIREMEN IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, PASSING THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, OCTOBER 15, 1860.—[See preceding Page.]



THE STEAMSHIP "CONNAUGHT," BURNED AT SEA, OCTOBER 7, 1860.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "CONNAUGHT."

WE publish above a picture of the steamship *Connaught*, which was burned at sea on Sunday, 7th inst., 140 miles from Boston. She was on her western voyage, and had left St. Johns, Newfoundland, on 5th. The history of the wreck is thus described by the Captain:

"Saturday, the 6th inst., at eight o'clock P.M., one hundred and forty miles east of Boston, the *Connaught* sprang a leak in the engine-room. Succeeded in keeping it below the fires until one o'clock on Sunday morning, when it commenced to gain rapidly, and finally extinguished the fires. At half past nine o'clock discovered smoke from the aft smoke-hole. Notwithstanding the utmost exertions to prevent it, the fire gained rapidly, and very soon drove the cabin passengers on deck. As the water and fire both gained so fast, the boats were got ready to save the passengers. There was a heavy sea running, and the first boat that was lowered was stove. Six other boats were then launched successfully, and all of them filled with passengers. About twelve o'clock the brig *Minnie Schiffler* saw our signals of distress and bore down to us. At seven P.M. commenced the task of embarking the passengers on board the brig, that vessel having attached a hawser to the steamer. At this time the starboard side of the steamer was very hot. By half past nine P. M. all the passengers were placed safely on board of the brig."

A passenger thus feelingly describes the rescue of himself and companions:

"The gallant little Yankee brig sailed alongside and bore to, seeing our deplorable situation, and showing every signs of anxiety for us; but we began to think it would be impossible to stow all our numbers on board, she looked so small. We have since ascertained that she was only 203 tons burden. Captain Leitch made all haste to get us into the boats, which was extremely difficult, being lowered one by one with ropes (Captain Leitch stood by all the time), commencing with the women and children. But with all the exertions that could be made, when the sun went down only about two hundred had been got on board the brig. Captain Wilson, of the brig, said, 'This is a horrible office to see the sun going down and so many people yet on board the wreck, rolling down and burning up. I will do all in my power to save them.' Several of the boats' crews, on reaching the brig, refused to return, when Captain Wilson said, 'I will go almost alongside and take a hawser from on board, and then you will be in little or no danger. I must get every one from the wreck.' This he did, which had the effect of giving confidence, and by great exertion all were got on board the brig by eleven o'clock P.M.

"Captain Leitch and his first officer remained on board until almost surrounded with flames, and until every soul was saved. Captain Wilson then went alongside to beg him to come away. The flames were shooting up the masts, throwing a strange and melancholy light over the sea. Captain Leitch reached the brig just at midnight."

A recent account of the *Connaught* thus described her: "The length of the *Connaught* is 378 feet, and 350 feet between perpendiculars; her beam is 40 feet, over all 71 feet 6 inches; her depth of hold is 30 feet. The *Connaught* is constructed with a spar deck, straight stem, and elliptic stern. The horse-power of the engines is 800 nominal, and they are on the oscillating principle. The main cylinders, 48 tons complete, are 80 inches diameter each. They are three in number, and placed under the paddle shaft athwart ships, and work direct to the cranks and shafts over them."

She was one of the proposed line of steamers running between this country and Galway, and was, in fact, the only ship really owned by the Company, the *Persons* being chartered, and the other ships advertised not being built yet.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

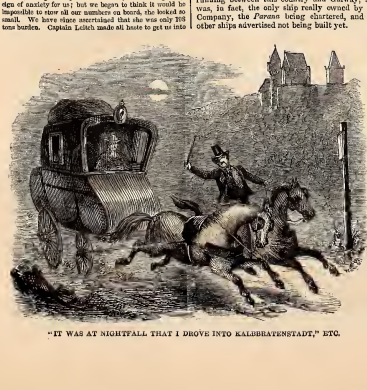
AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

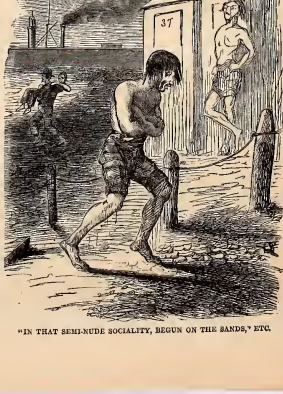
I GREW impatient to leave Ostend; every association connected with the place was unpleasant. I hope I am not unjust in my estimate of it. I sincerely desire to be neither unjust to men nor cities, but I thought it vulgar and commonplace. I know it is hard for a watering-place to be otherwise; there is something essentially low in the green-baize and bathing-house existence in that semi-nude sociality, begun on the sands and carried out into deep water, which I can not abide. I abhor, besides, a lounging population in fancy toilets, a procession of dowdys in scarlet trappings, elderly gentlemen with pocket-telescopes, and fierce old ladies with camp-stools. The worn-out debauchees come to recruit for another season of turtle and whitebait; the half-faded victims of twenty polkas per night, the tiresome politician, pale from a long session, all fiercely bent on fresh diet and sea-breezes, are perfect antipathies to me, and I would rather seek companionship in a Tyrol village than amidst these wounded and missing of a London season.

With all this, I wanted to get away from the vicinity of the Jopplyns—they were positively odious to me. Is not the man who holds in his keeping one scrap of your handwriting which displays you in a light of absurdity, far more your enemy than the holder of your protested bill? I own I think so. Debt is a very human weakness; like disease, it attacks the best and the noblest among us. You may pity the fellow that can not meet that acceptance, you may be sorry for the anxiety it occasions him, the fruitless running here and there, the protestations, promises, and even lies, he goes through, but no sense of ludicrous scorn mingles with your compassion, none of that contemptuous laughter with which you read a copy of absurd verses or a maudlin love-letter. Imagine the difference of tone in him who says: "That's an old bill of poor Potts's; he'll never pay it now, and I'm sure I'll never ask him." Or, "Just read those lines; would you believe that any creature out of Hanwell could descend to such miserable drivel as that? It was one Potts who wrote it."

I wonder could I obtain my manuscript from Jopplyn before I started? What pretext could I adduce for the request? While I thus pondered, I packed up my few wearables in my knapsack and prepared for the road. They were, indeed, a very scanty supply, and painfully suggested to my mind the estimate waiters and hotel-porters must form of their owner. "Cruel world," muttered I, "whose maxim is, 'By their outsides shall ye judge them.' Had I arrived here with a traveling-carriage and a 'fourgon,' what respect and deference had awaited me! How courteous the landlord, how obliging the head-waiter! Twenty attentions which could not be charged for in the bill had been shown me, and even had I, in superb dignity, declined to descend from my carriage while the post-



"IT WAS AT NIGHTFALL THAT I DROVE INTO KALSBRATENSTADT," ETC.



"IN THAT SEMI-NUDE SOCIALITY, BEGUN ON THE SANDS," ETC.

horses were being fetched, a levée of respectful flunkies would have awaited my orders. I have no doubt but there must be something very intoxicating in all this homage. The smoke of the hecatomb must have affected Jove as a sort of chloroform, or else he would never have sat there sniffing them for centuries. Are you ever destined to experience these sensations, Poets? It flows a time, perhaps when anxious ears will strain to catch your words, and eyes watch eagerly for your slightest gesture? If such an era should ever come, it will be a great one for the masses of mankind, and an evil day for snobbery. Such a lesson as Jovis will read the world loudly in high heaven, such an example will I give of one elevated, but uncorrupted, by fortune!

"Let the carriage come to the door," said I, closing my eyes, as I sank into my chair in reverie. "I'll go up to people to propose the entire of the Hôtel de Belle Vue for my arrival, and my own cock to preside in the kitchen."

"Is this a joke by the musicians?" said the waiter, suddenly, on entering my room in haste. He pointed to my humble knapsack.

"Yes," said I, in deep confusion—"yes, that's my luggage—at least all that I have here at this moment, whenever it is the bill? Very moderate indeed," muttered I, in a tone of approval. "I will take care to recommend your house," attendance upon the wine-cellars of Jove."

"Monsieur is complimentary," said the fellow, with a grin; "he only experimented upon a small Bessarac at one-twenty the bottle."

I scowled at him, and he shrank again.

"And what bill is to be discharged?" said he, taking up a small white canvas bag which was inclosed in my railroad wrapper.

"What bill?" cried I, taking it up. I must fell back as I saw the outline of the dispatch bags of the Foreign Office, which in my hasty departure from the Dover train I had accidentally carried off with me. There it was, addressed to "Sir Henry Bulwer, M.A., Envoy and Minister at Hesse-Kalbrentastadt, by the Hon. Grey Bolter, Attaché," etc.

Here was my secret, which might be construed into a theft, but what it was well possible might comprise one of the greatest offenses against the law: it might be high treason itself. Who would ever credit my story, coupled as it was with the fact that I expect to see from the railway—my prejudice entrance into the first place I could find, not to speak of the privacy I observed in my journey with the passengers in the mail-packet, but keeping myself estranged from all observation in the captain's cabin. Then, too, the secret of the skipper's politeness to me: he saw the bag, and believed me to be a Foreign Office messenger, and this was his reward—"it cried I, taking it up, "whatever it may be, I can't delay much here." Yes; this was the empire nevertheless, which I obtained by force, by politeness, and by protection. What was to to done in this exigency? Had the waiter not seen the bag, I could with the instincts of his craft calmly perused the address on it, I believe, nay, I am quite convinced, I should have turned it and its contents on the sea. The thought of his evidence against me in the event of a disclosure, however, entirely moved this notion, and, after a brief consideration, I resolved to convey the bag to its destination, and trump up some plausible explanation of I could of the way it came into my possession. His excellency, I reasoned, will doubtless be too delighted to receive his dispatches to inquire too minutely as to the means by which they were recovered, nor is it quite impossible that he may feel bound to reward my zeal for the public service by some token of recognition. This was a pleasant mere to give to my thoughts, and I took it with all the avidity of my peculiar temperament. Yes," thought I, "it is just out of trifled indeed that this a man's fortune is made in life. For one man who mounts to greatness by the great entrance and the state staircase there are thousands who lie in petite posts." It is, in fact, only by these chance that obscure men obtain acknowledgment. How, for example, should this great diplomatist know Poets, if some accident should not throw them together? Balcolm Bolter has lected twelve in a pudding, and for his reward he got proud queen's favor. A village apothecary had the good fortune to be visiting the state apartments at the Pavilion when George the Fourth was seized with a fit; he bled him, brought him back to consciousness, and made him laugh by his genial and quaint humor. The king took a fancy to him, named him his physician, and made his fortune. I have often heard it remarked by men who have seen much of life that nobody, who goes through the world without two or three such opportunities presenting themselves. The careless, the indolent, the moderate, and the idle, either fail to recognize, or are too slow to profit by them. The shrewd, Poets, let this incident be a warning to you, all that they need to lead them to success. Into which of these categories you are to enter, Poets, let this incident decide."

Having by a reference to my John Murray (reversing the whereabouts of the capital of Hesse-Kalbrentastadt), I took my place at once on the rail for Coblenz, resuming myself up on the bench upon which the baggage was. I have to, however, such a dreary sameness in these small dated states, that I am ashamed to say how little I gleaned of any thing distinctive in the case before me. The reigning sovereign was of course married to a grand-duchess of Russia, and he lived at a country seat called Ludwig's Lust, or Carl's Lust, as it might be, "took little interest in politics"—how should he?—and passed much of his time in mechanical pursuits, in which he had attained considerable proficiency; in other words, he was a middle-aged gentleman, fond of his pipe, and with a taste for carpentry. Some sort of connection with our own royal family had been the pretext for having a resident minister at his court, though what he was to do when he was there seemed not so easy to say. Even John, glorious John, was puzzled how to make a respectable half-crown out of his capital, though there was a dome in the Byzantine style, with an altar-piece by Peter Van Gryn, the artist in the corner room added afterward by Hans Luders; and there was a Hof Theatre, and an excellent inn, the "Schwan," by Kretin, where the manufacture of home manufacture were highly recommendable, no less than a table-d'hôte of the best kind, called "Mangenslemerzer," and which, Murray adds, would doubtless, if known, find many admirers in England; and lastly, but for chiefly beauty, there is a Musik Garten, where popular pieces were performed very finely by an excellent German band, and to which promenade the fashion of the capital nightly resorted.

I give you all these details, respected reader, just as I got them in my "Northern Germany," and not intending to obtrude any further description of my own upon you. Poets, I ask, could anything upon his Handbook? What remains to be noted after John has taken the measure? Has he left a corner out of a stitch shin-bone? With him for guide, a man may feel that he has done his Europe conscientiously; and though he may not have visited all the hotel houses of posts, pointers, pieces, and warrens, it is not worse than betting, and about as profitable.

For the same reason that I have given above, I spare my readers all the incidents of my journey, my difficulties about carriage, my embarrassments about steamboats, and cab fares, which were of the same kind, and which, as Jones have experienced, are experiencing, and will continue to experience, in the interval of that millennary period when we shall all converse in any tongue we please.

It was at Coblenz that I drove into Kalbrentanstadt, my postillion announcing my advent at the gates, and all the way to the Plata, where the inn stood, by a volley of Allemagne, which might have announced a grand-duke or a prince demon. The numerous women here appeared as we rumbled along, and the gents of a cafe issued hurriedly into the street to watch us, but there was no demonstration in front of Scheyin without further notice, and descended.

Herr Kraan looked suspiciously at the small account of the Herr Bolter, who had arrived by "extra post," but, like an honest German, he was not one to form rash judgments, and so I was shown to a comfortable apartment, and took my orders for supper in the meantime. I thought it best to avoid the table-d'hôte, and gave me opportunity for conversation. While I ate my Curbonnade mit Kartoffel Salad, therefore, I learned that the minister was at Ludwig's, it was far too late an hour to present myself at the Engli h Embassy—for so he designated our ministry residence—and I was therefore compelled or the night there were but few citizens out of their beds; the dead could be always excepted, of that kind, of a quiet, and only visitors, and receives kept it up much later. My first surprise on this head was, that I remarked of that simple patriarchal existence I had so long yearned after. Let the learned explain it, I but know I insert, nevertheless, the early hours of a people that guarantee habits of simplicity, thrift, and order. It is all very well to say that people will be as simple and thrifty in the evening as at two or three in the morning; that crime is crime, and vice is vice, at any time we respect the chronometer; but does experience confirm this, and are not the small hours notorious for unusualness? Perhaps, in the grand duke, who is fast asleep at nine, is scarcely disturbed by dreams of crochets to his people. The pillow-maker, who sits with his bobbins candle at the same hour, is seldom harassed by devising new schemes of torture for his victims. Perhaps, in the case of Kraan, he has been and its people, and probably such a licensed trade permitted, but I know I, for one, improved the occasion. He assured me, with a gravity that vouched for the conviction, the capital, Ludwig's Lust, was as dear as London or Paris, continued much if not all these more pretentious cities could boast. There was a theatre, a musical establishment, a promenade, and a new jail, one of the largest in all Germany. Kraan, indeed, was proud of the decree on her way to Vienna; and to prove how they sympathized in every respect with greater cities, he added, that, when the Queen of Prussia, at Berlin, they, too, lost about four hundred of their townsfolk. Lastly, he mentioned, and with heartfelt pride, the great interest taking in organs of public opinion, nor men of adequate ability to guide them, the Kalbrentaners had always shown themselves in politics, that provably maintained that calm and dignified attitude which should be the result of independence that is, if she ever arrived at the crowning knowledge of the benefit of letting her differences be decided by impartial tribunals.

More than once, as I heard him, I muttered to myself, "Poets, this is the very spot you have sought for; here is all that you need, simplicity of the village, with the elevated culture of a great city! Here are sages and philosophers clad in homespun, Beauty herself in linsey-woolsey. Here there are no vulgar rivalries of riches, no contests in fine clothes, no opposing armies of yellow plush. Men are great by their faculties, not in their funkies. How elevated must be the tone of their thoughts, the style of their conversation, and what a lucky accident it was that led you to that good to which all your wishes and hopes have been converging!

"For how much can a man live—a single generation, let us say—before in your city?" asked I, of my host.

He sat down at this, and filling himself a large goblet of my wine—the last in the bottle—he prepared for a lengthy answer. "First of all," said he, "how would he wish to live? Would he desire to mingle in our best circles, equal to any in Europe, to know Herr von Krugwitz, and the Gründige Frau von Steinbitzer?"

"Well," thought I, "these be fair ambitions." And I said, "Yes, both of them."

"And to be on the list of the court-dinners? There are two of them, you see, Herr, the other on his Highness's birthday, when many Providence long protect?"

"To dine at court might I aspire."

"And to have a stall at the Grand Opera, and a carriage to return visits—twice in certain times—and to be in the Kalbrentanstadt a Musik Garten, where popular pieces were performed very finely by an excellent German band, and to which promenade the fashion of the capital nightly resorted.

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life; just the sort of thing genius alone can do. He went off from this c ... ly way of a day's excursion, never returned, never saw more. All my efforts to trace him were in vain. I advertised, and offered rewards, did every thing, without success; and, one after all this long interval, comes a letter, this morning's post to tell me that he is well, happy, and prosperous. He is settled, it appears, in a small village with a hand name, a charming spot, with every appearance of enjoyment in it, men of the highest culture, and women of the most refined and attractive manners; so he himself writes, the elegance of a Fénelon and the wisdom of the wisdom of the professor's cabinet. Here is Algy living with all that is highest in rank and most distinguished in station, the favorite guest of the prince, the bosom friend of the English minister, his chosen friend, his companion in every difficulty; treated in the most important state affairs, and taken into the most secret counsels of the state. Though the circumstances of this station make heavy demands upon his means, very little help from home will enable him to maintain a position which Poets never would have consolidated into a rank recognized throughout Europe. Would the finriest of fathers, would the most private-service-devoted of parents resist an appeal like this? It is no hand to rescue from the sea—no, not even, but a little finger to help to influence." "Of course you'd do it, Potts, and do it liberally; the boy is a credit to you. He will repay you in some where you never dreamed to see it. What did you mean to settle on him?" Above all things, no singiness; don't cheese him."

I hear these and such like on every hand; even the most dissatisfied and selfish of our acquaintances will be generous of their friend's money; and I think I hear the sage remarks with which their generosity accompanies stifling allusions to that well-known ship that was lost for want of a small outlay in tar. "Come down handsomely, Poets," says a mercantile man, who has sworn never to pay a sixpence of his son's debts. "What better use can we make of our shavings than to render your young people happy?" I think I hear the man who says this, but I think he whispers, and I know he whispers, when he goes on to remark that "there is no such good investment as what establishes a successful son, and gives credit of the Poets, and thank your stars that he had a soul above sense, and a spirit above sal volatile?"

As I reverted to this play of dialogue for myself, and picture the speakers before me, I came at last to a passage that provoke Editor named Lynch, a merchant tailor, who lived next door to us, and enjoyed much of my father's confidence. "Well, Poets, tell me you have heard from that runaway of yours, Potts. Is it true? What face does he put upon his disgraceful conduct? What business does the liver-and-lights of Poets? Did he sell him or ride him to death? A bad business if he should ever come back again, I think, and I wonder he's not with us. And where is he now, and what is he at?"

"You mean Algy, Mr. Lynch," replies my father; "he is one who can speak for himself. And Lynch reads and sniggers, and reads again. Let us see what he has said if he was but a yard from me. "I never heard of this dueil capital before," he begins, "but I suppose it's like the rest of Germany, obscure seats of pretentious poverty, plenty of ceremony and very little to eat. Where did he find it out? What brought him there?"

"You have his letter before you, Sir," says my parent, sternly. "Algernon Poets, he is a lifnagine, quite competent to explain what relates to his own affairs."

"Oh, I understand perfectly; only that I can't really make out how he first came to this place, nor what it is that he does there now that he's there."

My father hastily snatches the letter from his hands, and his cry rapidly along to the catch the passage which shall confute the objector and cover him with shame and confusion. He is not not half at sea. "He is this, Sir, he is on this side. Very strange, very singular, indeed; tas as Algernon must have read more than I have read, and yet I can't see that any the simple reason that he does not know it himself." Lynch sniggers, and his mother burning pride the prominent stations Irishmen now hold in most of the great states of Europe, and point out to Poets the Spanish, Italian, Russian, France, and the Field-Marshal Nugent in Austria, I utterly forget to designate the high post occupied by Potts in the Duchy of Kalbrentanstadt. To determine what this should be was now of imminent importance, and I gave myself up to the column with a degree of intentness and an amount of concentration that set me off sound asleep.

Yes, benevolent reader, I will confess it, questions of a complicated character have always an effect on me, and I find it hard to answer to have struck Tony Lumpkin—"all haze." I guarantee, Poets, I have to be sent and start with the most loyal intentions to perform my task, I find myself to my task with as honest a disposition to do my best as ever man did; I say, "Now, Potts, be self-abnegatory, be skalting; here is a lonely problem, here is a case for your best faculties in their sharpest exercise; I trust you will not let me see an about ten minutes after this resolve, he will see a man who could beat Sancho Panza in sleeping!

Of course this tendency has often cost me dearly; I have missed appointments, forgotten assignations, lost friends through it. My character, too, has suffered, many deeming me insupportably indolent, a sluggard quite unfit for any active employment. Others, more mercifully hinting at some "cerebral cause." have ascribed it to mere idleness; and there happily is an observe on the medal, and to this somnolency

do I ascribe much of the gentleness and all the romance of my nature. It is your sleepy man is ever-benevolent, he loves ease and quiet for others as for himself. What his effulgence is the tranquil mood that leads to slumber, and the calm that sustains it. The very operations of the mind in sleep are broken, incoherent, undeliberated—just like the waking occupations of an idle man, and the sluggishness that is proper to life to manufacture that be can afford to be lazily of them. And now—Good-night!

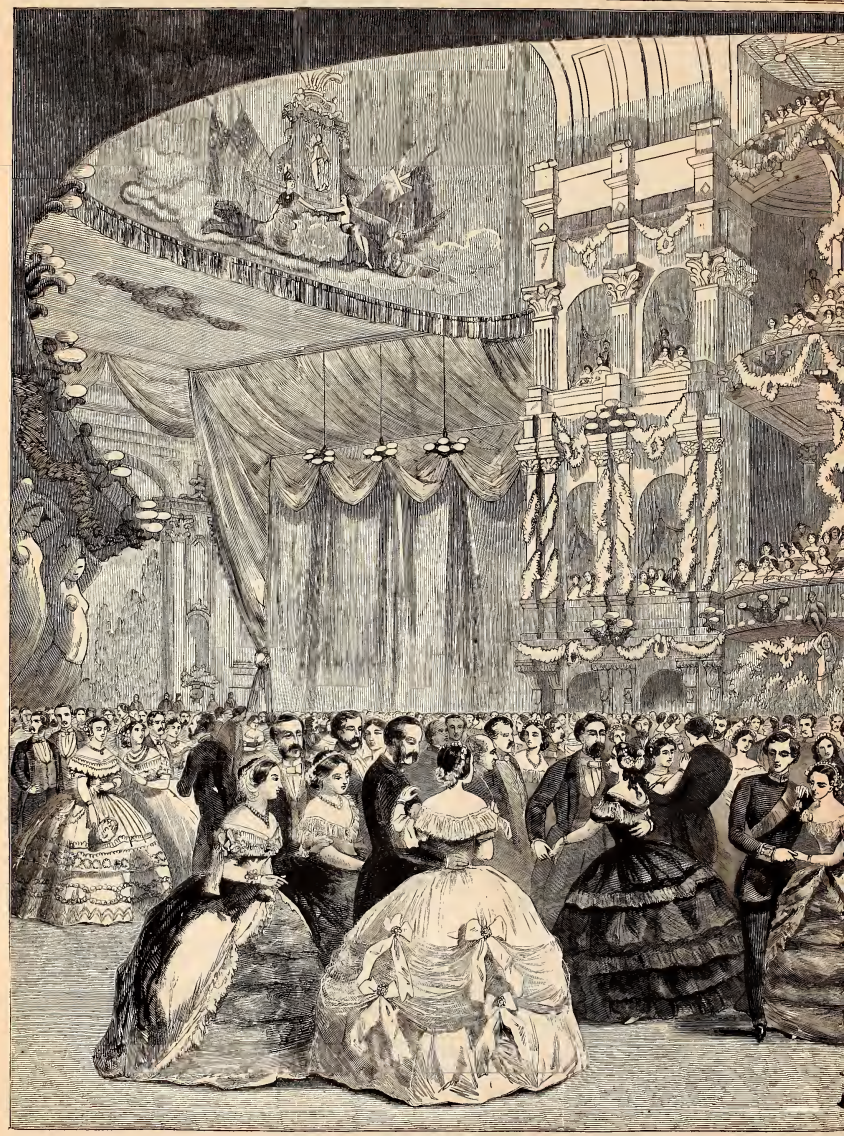
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

Elections took place, as usual, on 9th October, in the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota, and Iowa. So far as based from the results are to every one favorable to the Republicans. In Pennsylvania, Mr. Curtin, the Republican candidate for Governor, is probably elected by a majority of from 5,000 to 10,000; the Senate will probably stand 25 Republicans to 8 Democrats, and the House of Representatives 70 Republicans. In Ohio the Republican majority on the State ticket is probably about 20,000. In Indiana, the Republican majority is said to be from 5,000 to 10,000. We have not yet been a little from Iowa or Minnesota; the Republicans, however, have carried these States beyond a doubt.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On Sunday, the Prince of Wales attended divine service at St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Virginia; other church services he did not attend, but he was present in her party in the evening. On Monday, at 9 a.m., the party left for Petersburg; at the same time he was to have left on their way to Richmond, and without stopping proceed to Mr. Jones, where they arrived at 3 p.m. He did not go out in the evening. On Tuesday, 9th, after a drive round Richmond, the party left for Norfolk, and at 8 p.m. and sailed left for Philadelphia at noon, and arrived at the destination at 4 p.m. on Friday. He drove out in the evening at the Continental, and did not go out during the evening at the Continental, and did not go out during the evening. On Saturday, he left at 5.30 a.m. for New York, and was received by a great military and popular display. On Friday, 12th, the Prince of Wales and suite visited the New York University, the Women's Library, the Astor Library, the Lenox Library, the Tombs, and the Fire Department, and then rode to the Central Park, where he received at the Belvedere a deputation of the Board of Aldermen and others. At most of these places addresses were presented to the Prince, and he replied. He was lunched at the residence of Mayor Wood, in the Boulevard, and at 3 p.m. left, which he was to dine at the Mayor's residence, and at 8 p.m. left for Trenton, and arrived at Trenton at 9 p.m. He drove in the evening to the Opera House, and did not go out during the evening. On Saturday, 13th, he left at 9.30 a.m. for Burlington, and arrived at 10 a.m. He was received by a great military and popular display. On Friday, 19



GRAND BALL GIVEN BY THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK TO THE PRINCE C

OF WALES, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, OCTOBER 12, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 659.]

SUB ROSA.

AGATHA walked alone in her garden
Just at the close of a summer day,
Walked, or lingered, or sat for a moment,
All in a happy, dreamy way.

Budding, blushing over the flowers,
Revealing their breath, and whispering low:
"Sweet, are you blown in another summer,
I shall be wedded to one you know."

Lit along the wildflower' joyous wonders,
Then with a glad smile answering:
"Yes, you are to be married soon!
All day long my light heart sings."

Into her golden ringlets suddenly
Broke a voice that her heart knew well.
"Ah, he is seeking me!" she murmured,
Striving to calm her bosom's swell:

Striving to still her happy trembling,
Ere he could see her, stole by a thicket, and knew
Hear at his coming: her fond heart quickened,
And she felt pleasant, sad, and blest.

There he come now through the meadow,
Not alone—fair Cordelia May
Hung on his arm with her face averted,
Smiling, and looking another way.

Backward Agatha drew in the thicket,
Watching her lover with proud bright eyes
Where was a lady, or rather, in Christ's!
Where was a soul so noble and wise?

But one he to fill—his bride is pillid!
Can he be sorry?—Ah, no! he is happy!
Why does his shy May's lip tremble?
Why does she turning away her head?

What is he saying in tones so tremulous?
What does he mean by "known too late?"
What are "Cordelia's" sweet lips and eyes?
Claim that her "life has sought him to-late?"

Near was an arbor of crimson roses—
Down through their clusters a year ago
Agatha thought, in a dreamy fancy, to speak,
Dropping a crown on her love of snow;

Thought she could have her the stars were falling
In skyline—Agatha was a poet—
Thought the key note of the universe sounded
In that "I love you," breathed in her ear.

Now another stands with Cluster
Under the portal's fragrant arch,
Leaning against him, laughing, and saying,
"You're an unwieldy, stupid, dear, to-March!

"Now, a north wind sheathed in snow-flakes,
Then, some tempest fully like this!
Better the rose! Ha, ha! and bending,
Kissed her lips with a welcome kiss.

"I think I am ill," said Agatha, faintly,
When in her chamber they found her him
"Something pains me! Oh, my head is dizzy!
My heart is sick with a throbbing pain!"

Did there two guess what blue bed stricken
Her bright young head, that there she lay
Morning and Evening, day after day,
For many a weary night and day?

When on their anxious the elderly gave him
His cup of tea, Agatha's darling knew
Seeing his wild-rose blanched to a lily
Where false heart had given the blow?

Agatha turned May's dusky tresses
Full of purple as white as snike,
Bound the ladies' hair, and kissed her forehead,
Draped her with ruddiest, merry silk.

"Nay, no flowers for you, my cousin
Gives me jealous! Wear for me
Flowers will fade, and I am fading,
But prettier—so with the wedding eve."

Did the bride know why she was fading?
Why the flowers of another spring
Mocked her with—Ah! Agatha walked
In vain for her joyous unerring?

If they knew 'twas their own hearts told them,
Never Agatha's lips nor eyes
Known him more—Ah! Agatha in the sunshine
Than under the roses where now she lies!

THE
Uncommercial Traveler.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BEING in a humor for complete solitude and uninterrupted meditation this autumn, I have taken a lodging for six weeks in the most unfrequented part of Englishmen's world, in London.

The retreat into which I have withdrawn myself is Bond Street. From this lonely spot I make pilgrimages into the surrounding wilderness, and traverse extensive tracts of the Great Desert. The first stages are full of desolation and sorrow, the first oppressive consciousness of profound retirement conquered, I enjoy their sense of freedom, and find everything within a few hours shadow of the original savage, which has been (upon the whole successful frequently) noticed by Travelers.

My lodgings are at a butter's—my own butter's. After exhibiting no articles in his window for some weeks but sea-shells wire-combs, shoelings-cups, and a choice of rough water-proof headgear for the moors and mountains, he has put upon the hatch of his door a bunch of dirty mats as they could carry, and has taken them off to the Isle of Thanet. His young man alone remains—and remains alone—in the shop. The young man has let out the fire at which the brass are heated, and, saving his strong sense of duty, I am no reason why he should take the shutters down.

Happily for himself and for his country, the young man is a Volunteer; most happily for himself, or I think he would become the prey of a retired melancholy. For, to live surrounded by human beats, and alienated from human beats to let man beats, is surely a great endurance. But the young man, sustained by practicing his exercise, and by constantly furbishing up his regulation plume (it is unnecessary to observe that, as a hotter, he is in a cock's-feather corps), is resigned, and uncomplaining. On a Saturday, when he closes early and gets his knick-knackers on, he is even cheerful. I am gratefully particular in this place, since to him, I have to be separated from through many peaceful hours. My latter has a desk up certain rickety flights of stairs, inclosed like the clerk's desk at Church. I shut myself into this place of seclusion after breakfast, and meditate. At such times I observe the young man bending an imaginary rifle with the greatest precision, and maintaining a most galling and destructive fire against the enemy. I think, with a little jubilee for his companionship and his patriotism.

The sleepy drowsy air of Bleak Hill, and the calm nature of the scenes by which I am surrounded, occasion me to rise early. I go forth in my slippers and pantaloons (the pantaloons, I am pleased to feel the freshness of the air in the unshielded knees, and to appreciate the shepherdess character of the few solitary women who carry to sell the milk that it would be worth nobody's while to adulterate if it any body were left to undertake the task. On the contested sea-shore, the great demand for milk, combined with the strong local temptation of chalk, would tempt even the lowest moral quality of the article. In Arcadian London I derive it from the cow.

The Arcadian simplicity of the metropolis altogether, and the primitive ways into which it has fallen in this autumnal Golden Age, make it entirely new to me. Not the least pleasant vanity of my retreat is the home of a friend who unlimits a most unpleasant fact. I was, until yesterday, saw that butter out of superfine black broadcloth. Until yesterday I never saw him off duty, never saw him but by the fire of battery with the appearance of having any mind for any thing but the glory of his master and his master's friends. Yesterday morning, I found he was yet more the house of which he is the prop and ornament—and saw a new aspect of him. I encountered that butter, also in his slippers, and in a shooting-suit of one color, and in a low-crowned straw-hat, and looked quite a man. He thought we had formerly met in another state of existence, and that we were translated into a new sphere. Wholly and by proxy I am indebted to my landlady. Under his arm he carried the morning paper, and shortly afterward I saw her him sitting on a bench the pleasant green landscape of Regent Street, pressing it at his ease under the rippling sun.

My landlady lightly of the butter's establishment to be suited down, I am waited on by an elderly woman liveing under a shrewish sniff, who, at the shabby time I saw her, wore a black dress of every evening, gives admittance at the street door to a meager and morbidly old man whose lower wear you detected from a fit plan of lower is a pewter pot. The meager and modidly old man is her husband, and, if I have a correct conscienousness that they are not justified is appearing on the surface of the earth. They come out of some hole in Lambeth, and crawl out and go in again when it fills. I saw them arrive on the evening when I myself took possession, and they arrived with the last pint of beer, and that bell in a bundle. The old man is a weak old man, and appeared to be not fit to carry that down the kitchen stairs by tumbling down with and upon it. They make their bed in the lowest and remotest corner of the basement, and shall not, while I live, have no possession but bed, unless it be (which I rather infer from an under-current of humor in their chaste) I have brought them home. The chance of having called the wife's attention, at half past nine on the second evening of our acquaintance, to the circumstance that the gentleman sat at the house door, when she apologetically explained, "It isn't Sunday, Mr. Kleen." The meager of Mr. Kleen all day, or when he goes out, or why, is a mystery I can not penetrate; but of half past nine he never fails to come up on the landing with the flat pint of beer. And the pint of beer, flat as it is, is so much more important than himself, that I always mean to ask my fancy or if it had found him driveling in the street and had humanely brought him home. In making his second call of all the wonders, I gave down the saddle of the passage, like another Christian, but shudder against the wall as if entering one to notice that he is not the meaning as little space as possible in the house; and whenever I come upon him face to face, he looks at me as Incendiary confronted by the extraordinary circumstance I have traced in connection with this quiet couple in that theme. I have Kleen, the daughter, apparently two years older than either of them, who has also a bed and bedding in a bundle, and who goes out and back and hides it in deserted houses. I come into this piece of knowledge through Mrs. Kleen's beneficiary, the young man of the shop. Mrs. Kleen sends her out for a single night, "between her takkel earn of the upper part of a house in Pall Mall, Westminster." I find my landlady, and I come in Serjeantes Street, which the family of lower lodging terminated. I gave my pretense account (having nothing that I know of to do with it), and in the shadowy hours Mrs. Kleen became perplexed and the Counsel, wrestling with a bed in a bundle. Where she made it up for the night I can not positively state, but, I think, in a cleft. I know, that with the morning, she was in and out, in and out, in and out, and herself away in deep obscurity. In the Kleen family I have noticed another remarkable gift of nature, and that is a power they possess of converting every thing into flue. Such broken victuals as they take to stealth, up pear (whatever the nature of the viands) invariably to generate flue; and even the mightly pint of beer, instead of assimilating naturally, strikes me as breaking out in that form, equally on the shabby green of Mrs. Kleen, and the threadbare coat of her husband.

Mrs. Kleen has no idea of my name—or to Mr. Kleen, he has no idea of any thing—and only knows me as her good gentleman. Thus, if doubtful whether I am in my room or not, Mrs. Kleen taps at the door and says, "Is my good gentleman here?" Or, if a messenger desiring to see me were concerned with my solitude, she would show him in with, "Here is my good gentleman." I find this a generic caution. For, I would to have observed before now, that in the Arcadian time all my part of London is indistinctly peopled by the Kleen family. Their tribe spread with beds, and go to bed in miles of deserted homes. They hold no companionship, except that mentioned, after dark, of cows, which emerge from opposite homes, and meet in the middle of the road on an unusual ground, or will peep from adjoining rooms, and, after whispering barrier of area railings, and compare a few reserved mistrustful words on the weather and good ladies or good gentlemen. This I have discovered in the course of various solitary rambles I have taken northward from my lodgings through the glittering metropolis of Wimpole Street, Harley Street, and similar frowning regions. Their effect would be scarcely distinguishable from that of the primeval forests but for the Kleen strongers; these may be dimly observed, when the Kleen family are lurking in and fro, patting up the door-chain, taking in the pint of beer, lowering like phantoms at the dark parlor windows, and peering into nothing underground with the dust-bin and the water cistern.

In the Darlington Arcade I observe, with pensive pleasure, a few ancient ways of manners to have superseded the baneful influences of ultra civilization. Nothing can surpass the innocence of the ladies' dresses and the ladies' flower respectacles, and the healthiness depicts. They are in strange bonds and laces, and in a number of vaccine-cutting persons, who are imperfectly acquainted with the price of the goods, and contemplate them with unexplained wonder and wo-wonder. The children of these virtuous people exchange familiarities in the Arcade, and temper the asperity of the two with the Kleen family, who generally sit down in an unwonted manner with the hermetical shade of the room, and look out of the door at the voices of birds in a grove. In this happy restoration of the golden time it has been my privilege even to see the bigger family dine. She brought him his dinner in a basin, and he ate it in his armchair, and afterward fell asleep like a satisfied infant. I have seen the Kleen family, excellent learners, they are learning French to beguile the time; and seen the Kleen family left on guard at Mr. Atkinson's, the performer's round the corner (generally the most inexpressible gentlemen in London, and the most worthy of three-and-sixpence), and descend a little as they drowsily hide or recall their turn for chasing the oldest Neptune on the ribbed sea-sand. Mr. Atkinson, Hunt and Roskell's, the jewelers, all things are absent but the precious stones, and the gold and silver, and the celibacy of the Kleen family, who are the deserted beasts. I might stand night and day for a month to come, in Scribb Street, Gray's Inn, and not see a lady or a doctor to look at it for love or money. The dentists' instruments are rusting in their drawers, and their bottles are dusty. I have seen people pretend to read the Every-Day Book and not to be afraid, are doing penance for their grimness in white sheets. I have seen the Kleen family, apparently, with one eye always shut up, as if he were eating a sharp gooseberry in all seasons, who usually stands at the gate-way of the livery stables on very little legs under a very large waistcoat, has gone to Doncaster. Of the Kleen family, taking aspect in his golden Yord row, with its gravel and scarlet beans, and the yellow Brook housed under a glass roof in a corner, I have seen the Kleen family not to be taken in there if I tried. In the places of business of the great tailors, the shop-glasses are dim, and the tailors are of being looked into. Engages of brown paper coat and waistcoat bodies look as frightened if they were Kleen's, and some of the customers with whose names they are inscribed; the measuring tapes hang like an idle will; the orders are lost, the cutting-out shears are of some one looking in, yawns in the last extremity over the books of patterns, as if he were trying to read that entertaining history. The Bond Street Brook Street have no one in them, and the staffs of servants store disconsolate for next season out of all the windows. The very man who goes about like an erect Turtle, between two boards recommendatory of the Sixteen Shillings Dinner, is aware of himself as a hollow mockery, and eats fillets while he leans his binder shell against a wall.

In Arcadian London, ancient objects it is my delight to walk and meditate. Soothed by the repose around me, I can sit down and ponder, to outsides, the distances, and guide myself back by the stars. Then I enjoy the contrast of a few still partially illuminated shops, and of the lighted gas-lamps red, where all the garlands are not dead, whence all but I have not departed. Then does it appear to me that the Kleen family, that are chamoroly required of Man in the miscellaneous thoroughfares of the metropolis. Firstly, that he have his place, and, secondly, that he eat a pint of beer. Thirdly, that he get himself photographed. Then did I wonder, What involve those man-over artists been who stand at the photograph doors in Greek caps, sample in hand, and mysterious by rules the public—the female public with a growing tendiness—to come in and be "taken?" What did they do with their grown handsomeness before the era of the photograph? Do they hold class were their previous victims, and how victimized? And how do they get, and how do they pay for, that large collection of likenesses, all purporting to have been taken inside, with the taking of nance of which bed that establishment say more to do than with the taking of Delhi?

But these are small oases, and I am soon back again in metropolitan Arcadia. It is my impression that much of its serene and peaceful character is attributable to the absence of continental Jews. How do I know but there may be suitable Influences in Talk, to vex the souls of men who don't hear it? How do I know but that Talk, two, ten, twenty miles off, may get into the air and disagree with you? If I pat up vaguely troubled and worried and sick of my life, in the session of Parliament, who shall say that my noble friend, my right revered friend, my right honorable friend, my honorable friend, my honorable and learned friend, or my honorable and gallant friend, may not be responsible for this? Or that upon my arrival at your Tea much Ozone in the air, I am informed and fully informed, that I have no idea what it is), would affect me in a marvelous disagreeable way? why may not too much Talk? I don't see or hear the Ozone; I don't see or hear the Talk. And there is so much Talk; so much too much; such bad cry, and such sound supply of wind; such a deal of Ozone, and so little Beam! I, living in the Arcadian season, I find it a delicious triumph to walk down to Cornhill and Westminster, and see the Courts shut up; to walk a little further and see the Two Houses shut up; to stand in the Abbey Yard, like the Spirit of Constitutional Conservatism History (concerning which unfortunate non-a-roofcry of nurses' nests is generally being discovered), and gaze upon the ruins of Talk. Returning to my primitive schedule and lying down to sleep, my grateful heart expands with the consciousness that there is no adjourned Debate, no ministerial explanation, nobody to give notice of intention to ask the noble Lord at the head of her Majesty's Government five-and-twenty bookless questions in one, no term time with legal organment, no Nisi Prius with eloquent appeal to British Jury (that the air will to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, remain unrebuked by this supernatural generating of Talk. In the Arcadian degree it is a delicious triumph to me to go into the club, and see the carpet up, and the chairs and tables all covered up to the four winds. Again, New Zealanders-like, I stand on the cold beach, and say in the solitude, "Here I would be Lord Jim A 1, with wives always mysteriously low and head always mysteriously drooped, whispering political secrets into the ears two tall Ministerial children. Another! So his memory for ever and a day!"

But I have, all this time been coming to the point, that the happy nature of my retirement is most sweetly expressed in its being the abode of Love. It is in it, it were, an incrypocrite Agapemone: nobody's speculation; every body's profit. The one great result of the resumption of primitive manners, and (conversible term) the last holiday much to do, is the abounding of Love.

The Kleen family are the Innapidse of the softer emotions; probably, in that Arcadia once, the softer emotions have all degenerated into flue. But with this exception, all the shavers of my retreat make love.

I have mentioned Saville Row. We all know the Doctor's carriage. We all know what a respectable man he is, what a hard, dry man, what a firm man, what a confidential man: how he lets us into the secret, and tells us, that he knows how minutely what is the matter with us, but from when the rank should begin to swing the scent. The precise "season" he has distinctly the appearance of a man conscious of money in the savings bank, and taking his ease on his recreation with both feet. At that time it is as impossible to associate him with relaxation, or any human weakness, as it is to make up my mind without feeling of indisposition. In the blessed Arcadian time, how changed! I have seen him, in a pepper-and-salt jacket—jacket—and drab trousers, with his arm round the waist of a bootmaker's bourneoid, smiling in open air. I have seen him in the pump by the Albany, unmolestedly pumping for two fair young creatures, whose figures, as they bent over their cans, were, and I may be allowed an original expression—a model for the sculptor. I have seen him trying the piano in the Doctor's drawing-room with his feelings, and have heard him humming tunes in praise of lovely women. I have seen him seated on a footstool, gazing at them (decidedly in search of excitement) to a fire. I saw him, one moonlight evening when the peace and purity of Arcadian Law had seen at the last flight, pulk with the lovely daughter of a cleaner of gloves, from the door-step of his own residence, across Saville Row, into Bond Street and Old Burlington Street, back to Burlington Gardens. Is this the Golden Age revived? Is it Arcadian?

The Dentist's servant. Is that man no mystery to us, no type of invisible power? The treasonous individual who knows (who does?) what is done with the extracted teeth; he knows what goes on in the little room where something is always being drilled; he knows what warm spicy infusion is put into the comfortable tumbler from which we rinse our wounded mouths, with a gap in it that feels a foot wide; he knows whether the thing we spit into is a fixture accumulating with the Thames, or could be alive and have the conviction of my coward conscience when I see that man in the Arcadian Dentist's Hall, that he would sell his statistics of my teeth and gums, my double teeth, my single teeth, my stopped teeth, and my teeth in the Arcadian not I am fearless of him as of a harmless, powerless creature in a South-sea cap, who adores a young lady in a voluminous petticoat, and playing billiard-room, and whose passion would be satisfiancyd if every one of her teeth were false. They may be. He takes them all on trust.

In secluded corners of the place of my seclusion there are little shops withdrawn from public curiosity, and never two together, where servants' perquisites are bought. The cook may dispose of grease at these modest and convenient mutts; the butler, of bottles; the valet and lady's maid, of clothes; most servants, indeed, of most things they may happen to lay hold of. I have been told that in secrecy times loving correspondence, otherwise liberalized, may be maintained by letter through the agency of some of these useful establishments.

in the Arcadian autumn no such device is necessary. Every body loves, and openly and blushingly loves. My landlord's young man loves the whole of one side of the way of old Bond Street, and is beloved several doors up new Bond Street besides. I never look out of window but I see kissing of hands going on all around me. It is the morning custom to glide from shop to shop and exchange tender sentiments; it is the evening custom for couples to stand hand in hand at boss-doors, or roam, linked in love, for twenty minutes, through unpeopled streets. There is nothing else to do but love; and what there is to do is done.

In mines will this genial climate shortly obtains in the domestic habits of Arcadia. In few months the mines will be worked, literally, wholesale, and sheep sought, by wholesale. It is rumored that the Beadles of the Arcadia, from being the mortal enemies of the Cupids, have agreed with the parents to Lord Shaftesbury, and subscribed to a ragged school. No wonder! For they might turn their boys into crawlers and send them down the ladder, to the pulling of the water-carts as they give the thirsty streets much more to drink than they can carry away.

A happy Golden Age, and a serene tranquillity. Charming picture, but it will fade. The iron city will return, London will come back to town, if I chose my tongue then in Seville flow for half a minute I shall be prescribed for, the Doctors and the Dentists man will then pretend that these days of unprofessional innocence never existed. Where Mr. and Mrs. Blunt and their bell will be, at that time, possess human knowledge; but my hatter hermits will then have up their tents, or more, nor will it then know me. The desk at which I have written these meditations will retributively assist at the sale of my effects, and the wheels of gorgeous carriages and the hoofs of high-stepping horses will crash the silence out of Bond Street—and, finding it ebbs away, and give it to the elements in granite powder.

THE STEAMER'S MIDNIGHT GUN.

THE autumn night is calm and still,
And a mother sits at the window-sill,
While shrills like silver the tree-frog's note,
And the lazy leaves of Ailanthus float
Like shadowy fingers that through the dark
Clutch at the fire-fly's lambent spark.

But she does not see the fiery fly,
And she does not see the Ailanthus sigh;
For her heart is out on the lone wild sea,
Where the long waves roll and the wind is free,
And the viceless arms of her soul surround
The boy of her love that is homeward bound.

This very night is the steamer due,
And ever since twilight to darkness grew
She has watched and sat at that window-sill,
Till the hours have preached to midnight still;
And peered through the garden silent and dim,
With arms that hungered to twine round him.

Then visions of wreck before her rise;
The billows crawl to the murky skies,
And she hears in fancy the cracking plank,
And sees the corpses livid and dank,
And is sick at heart—when through the room
The signal-guns of the steamer boom!

Her foot heart leaps as she hears the gun,
The an swer voice that speaks of her son,
And as it roars through the midnight still,
With her head bowed down on the window-sill,
Her heart goes up in a grateful prayer
To Him who is watching every where.

A LOSS 'LONGSHORE.

ONE of the pleasantest occupations of my summer life on the Highlands is lying in supine idleness upon the bluff under the cedars, looking through their dark green branches at the white clouds drifting slowly athwart the sky; or looking off on the water, watching the fleet of sail over clustering around the Narrows, like bees at the mouth of a hive; some just outbreeding, burdened with riches gathered for and near; others spreading their wings for flight, in quest of further treasure.

One fine afternoon last autumn I had been several hours engaged in the arduous pursuit above mentioned, and, in the reverie which ensued, I, guessing into most uncomfortable somnolence, when I was aroused by a heavy splash in the water near by. Then came the thumping rattle of a chain—a sharp crack, followed by a rushing sound, as of a gust of wind—then more creaking, and another rush. Evidently a schooner had come to anchor and dropped her sails. I could not see the vessel from where I lay, and as I turned out for a still 'longshoreke to let my craft run in near without seeing what she was, I was forced to satisfy myself and make proper investigation. Making to the edge of the bank, I saw a large fore-and-after slowly swinging round to the tide, while her crew were putting their water-casks into the boats.

Within a hundred yards of the schooner's berth a rivulet runs down from the hills, and is led through a trough of bank at the foot of the bank, making a little full of pure soft water, known for and wide as the Spout; a famous watering-place for coasters and other light craft.

I noticed the fine model of the schooner, her taut and tidy rigging, and general neat appearance—very different from the lack-and-slack look in a coaster; and could not make out what she might be. With true 'longshore coolness I determined to pump the boys, when they came for water; and in pursuit of that laudable intention, hastened down the ravine through which the little stream finds its way to the shore. I was taken an incredibly long draught at the Spout when the boats touched the sand, and was started, not to say shinbaded, by one of the boys jumped ashore, and cried out,

"Saxon shy! Just leave a little for us, will you?"

"Jerry Holmes? Why, where did you come from, Jerry?"

I was a little confused, sure enough.

"From the schooner, of course. Where else?"

Jerry Holmes was the first cousin to Jim Conover, and mate of the wrecking schooner *Fortune Hope*. I knew the handsome craft then in a moment; and, filling my pitcher and quaffing a draught, inquired if Captain Ben was aboard.

"He is so," answered Jerry. "Will you go off with us? The old man'll be glad to see you."

My little mood being fairly dissipated, I was induced to accompany the boat. I found Captain Ben hale and hearty as ever; the grip of his great brown hand giving me painful evidence of undiminished vigor.

"Rough service doesn't seem to tell on you a bit, Cap'n Ben," said I, trying to straighten my fingers into shape again.

"No," he answered; "I'm used to a stirring life, and never fail to have good health wherever I be able. I couldn't stand loafing about and quibbling the way you do though, not a single week. I've been ashore a fortnight, Cap'n."

"Yes; that's our wharf, just up shore; the house is back in the hills. I'm all alone there this week; why don't you go up and make your home?"

"No, boy; you may have to supper. We've got some big sea-clams from Patchogue, and Jerry 'll make you a chowder. He knows how to make a chowder, Jerry does."

So tempted, I staid; and after a supper which gave ample proof of Jerry's culinary accomplishments, we were enjoying a quiet smoke, when it occurred to me I should like to hear *one* of Captain Ben's stories. His exact memory and graphic reminiscence make it a pleasure to listen to any of the adventures of which his life has been made up.

"Say, cap'n, Sexton?"

"Yes, boy."

"Tell us a story, Sexton? What sort of yarn will you have?"

"Oh, my little incident, with a dash of sentiment in it."

"Love-making, I suppose you mean?"

"Yes, sentiment in that way. A bit of romance is the spice which gives flavor. A prime necessity, indeed."

"It may be in stories; but 'tis better left out in reality sometimes. I'll tell you a case in point, if you likes. Twas about the time Jim Conover and Carhart, right on this spot, long ago as when I was a boy. Tain't much of a story though; maybe I better than to spin it, seeing I'm here."

"No, Cap'n Ben; let's hear about Jimmy Carhart. Little Jim, they used to call him, didn't they?"

"Yes; he was a little bit of a fellow—not bigger than a minkie, and a deal prettier than most men smart as a whip. He was 'prenticed to a boat-builder up Keyport way somewhere, when he was a boy, and some his time was up he came down to a coaster. He wasn't more'n twenty-two or three when he had enough saved up to buy an old schooner for himself. She was a little craft, mighty ugly-looking old craft, sure enough; soft as a pear, and if there was any stirring things about her they pump going twenty-four hours round. He did pretty well in her though for a good while, carrying country produce, freight-boxes, shingles, and bringing back pine wood. He'd load-up in York, run down inside the Hook here, wait till a fair breeze came, and be home in a day.

"We was living over on Clay-Pit Creek in them days, near Mother Hubbard's house—though there was hardly another house there till long after we moved away—and Jimmy he took a great notion of coming over to see Sally whenever the *Jemima* was lying in the bay. Mother had a kind of second-cousin from way out in Kentucky living with us then, and 'twasn't long before the boy began to twit her about little Jim. She was a great big girl—not so very stout, you know; wouldn't pull much heavy oar; but very mighty long graced—just about as much too tall as Jim was too short, and that's the reason he used to twit her. I'm sure I believe. I've always noticed that a small man measures a woman's beauty by perpendicular feet, like as if she was a pump-handle.

"Well, Mary—Mary Patterson her name was—she didn't take much notice of Jim at first; but after awhile she used to chaff him back, and twit him and what-not from York. Then, when he come, she'd down on a lint, and Jim and Sally used to get together in the kitchen, long after the rest had gone to bed; and the next Sunday Mary'd be sure to 'pear out in new ribbons, or some bright silk-crack or other, that he had given to her. So things went on, till one morning, after Jim had been there, I happened to be down in the kitchen with Sally. Mary asking another's advice about him. Mother said Jim was a nice little fellow (that was her phrase, I'll bet), and he seemed a careful, foreshadowed sort of body, likely to get on in the world, and Mary ought to be proud of him, maybe she couldn't do better than to have him.

"In about three weeks Jim was at the house again, and I noticed he had a very handsome ring on his finger. Well, we left a big fire for 'em in the kitchen that night, and the next morning, when Mary came down, long after we'd all done breakfast, the first thing I see was the handsome ring on her left hand. It seemed to fit pretty well too, for her fingers were full as big as his any day. After that we all knew they was engaged, though she wouldn't admit a word of it. Jim told me they was, and allowed the wedding would be that next spring.

"I don't know as I ever ought to have spoken against the girl; but she was a proud, hard-mouthed piece: I never did like her at all, and the schooner's bear the blight of me. I asked her one day when she and Jim was going to be married. I spoke kind enough too, wasn't teasing her at all; but she looked up real nasty like, and snapped out, 'Never! I wouldn't marry such a little wifey to save his life.'

"I was a young shaver then, and might better have minded my business; but next time I met Jim I told him he'd better keep a sharp look out now, Jim, says I, 'or that girl will do you a bad turn yet.' Jim like a good, sweet and mild lad he all I said, and of course that made Mary twitch her and me.

"Jimmy didn't come into the bay next trip he made, but sailed straight from New York, and we saw nothing more of him until the schooner met over. He wrote two or three letters to Mary, and I believe she answered 'em, though she was no close about it I never knew but I knew whether she did or not. I asked no more questions, for I didn't want to make trouble, and I knew I'd be in for it if I had with her. Twas no use though; I couldn't sail on her course at all, and she did face me that winter like an old Spanish frigate.

"Along in February I went up to town to see the celebration of Washington's birthday, and while here I met Jim Conover on Broadway. He said the *Jemima* was most loaded, and he'd be round in a day or two; so I waited, and came down with him. How he ever contrived to keep about in that old tub so long is more than I can imagine. Jim said he never was sure, and you could stand in the hold and see daylight through the deck most any where; the mainmast phyed about loose in its socket, and the main-boom rigging was so rotten that Little Jim was the only man aboard who dare go aloft. Jim told me he had put in an assorted cargo on the own account, and was in hopes he'd make money enough out of it to buy a new schooner. Jim's always sanguine, says the poor little fellow, 'the next thing will be a nice little house for Mary and me.'

"Time enough, I said, for the house after you get the girl, says I.

"Jim was in high feather though, and wouldn't mention said he fully intended to marry Mary.

So we had a jolly run down the bay, singing songs and chirping ale, of which there was half a dozen casks in the hold. 'Twas about four o'clock in the afternoon when we come to anchor off the Spout here, pretty much as this day *this Edge* is lying. Jim sat the boys to work getting in water, and then he said I transport over home. We found supper on the table, the boys been all in order, and mistress Mary dressed up for the occasion, as I had written word she might expect us. We had seemed real glad to see Jimmy, and all that evening he gentle, kindly ways toward him made me feel right down ashamed of the way I had spoken about her. Little Jim was just as happy as he could be; and when we left them together another said she was sorry we had left them so final of other.

"Our house being on the south side of the hills, and pretty well down toward the creek, we hardly ever felt the northerly winds there at all. That night I woke up about two o'clock, and heard a heavy, roaring sound, that said 'Storm!' just as plain as speech. I lay and listened a while, but couldn't make out whether 'twas a tremendous surf outside or a northerly gale howling through the tree-tops on the heights. Finally, I got up and went out-doors, and found Mary were in the kitchen yet, and when Jim heard me he came out and said, 'What's the matter, Jerry?' says he, pleasant as Sunday morning in April.

"I don't know," says I; 'but I'm afraid, from the looks, there's a gale of wind from northeast.'

"Jim was frightened right away. 'The boys 'll have some enough to run over to the cove if it comes on to blow,' said he; 'what do you think?'

"I should; but I'd want to be in the neighborhood of the schooner myself if I was you."

"Of course. I'll go right over! I ought to have gone before.

"I'll go too," says I; and with that we went in the house to put on oil-skins, for it began to rain right sharp.

"Well, Saxon, we had a hard journey that night, I tell you. 'Twasn't so very bad at first, but when we got out into the open bay the hills it did seem as though all the furies were let loose. The rain poured right down like a thunder-shower; oil-skin couldn't keep nothing at all, we were soaked through in five minutes. A storm always seems a good deal worse to me in the woods than on the water; and being young, I was frightened enough, and wished a good many times we hadn't started. 'Twas so dark that we couldn't see one bit more 'n 'd our eyes been shut. Jim was then very much shut; we had to take off boots and stockings, and run along over the rocks with our feet; pull off branches, torn from the trees, came crashing down, scratching us all to pieces and stripping our clothes to rags; and the terrific roar of the wind was so deafening that we could hardly make each other hear at all. Once Jimmy lost the path, and, though he shouted with all the force of lungs, I didn't hear what he was close behind me until I stumbled over a fallen tree, and, being pitched head-foremost a long while, had just started back to try and find him when he come hang against me. Finally, we got out of the path entirely, and couldn't find it again; so Jimmy took off his handkerchief, and I took one out and he the other so as not to lose each other; and keeping the wind full in our faces, we made a push for the bank. We had to move very slow for fear of striking the trees, and must have been more than two hours crawling through patches of briar and hazel, and blundering over stumps and stones and fallen trees. I began to think the wind had shifted, and was leading us round, so we wouldn't get any where until morning; but we did though, for next minute we both pitched headlong over head off the bank, striking in the sand, about twenty feet down, and taking a sliding scramble the rest of the way to the bottom.

"We picked ourselves up, beat way we could, and started up shore. We knew quick enough for before I concluded, from the make of the land, that we must have come down below the Stones—and sure enough we I ticked up directly, all scratched on the rocks. There was nothing for us then but to go back again, and a nice time we had of it. After half an hour of hard work, we managed to reach the top; and Jimmy lay right down on the ground, pretty nigh tuckered out. Pretty soon daylight began to show a little, and we started on, coming down to the shore here, at the Spout.

"The schooner was gone; and Jimmy fell frozen-faced, thinking she was safe in the cove.

"Maybe she is," says I; 'but let's go look yonder. There's a craft of some sort ashore there.'

"Jimmy nodded, answered Jim, all black again.

"Let's go up.'

"The rain was pretty much over; and though the wind blew like blazes, 'twas running down a good deal on the sea.

"When we came round of where your school is now, there lay the old *Tangier* (modest, she! her mainmast-foot sticking through her bottom) standing low of a stern in, and her cover scattering longshore clear up to Brown's Point. The boys must have taken too much she that night, for they were all asleep when the rotten old cable broke away, and didn't know there was any thing wrong till the schooner struck.

"Jimmy stood there looking at the wreck a long time. Finally turning to me, he says, 'Jem, let's go and tell Mary.' We got to the foot of the ladder again: I am afraid 'twill be a disappointment to her.'

"Jim's chest had come ashore near by, and I told him to make a change 'fore going any further, for he did look too bad. His clothes was torn to rags, and—well, he was covered with mud from head to foot. I wasn't any better; but Jim's togs were too small for me, so I avoided that by and washed up well as I could, and we started for home.

"Mother got breakfast ready while I was putting on dry; and Mary came down to the table just as Jimmy was telling about the wreck. She did not turn the face (instead of breakfast) but as ugly look came to her fire, and her thin lips kept drawing together and drawing open, until Jim, looking over toward her, said he supposed she'd rather get much every thing, then she got up and left the kitchen. Jim soon followed her, and I left the boys talk quietly on the back stoop. I told mother Mary seemed to take it rather hard.

"'Natural enough,' mother said. 'They are both young though, and can afford to wait a few years till Jimmy gets up again.'

"I hope so I think so, I says I; 'but we'll soon see.'

"I went out front of the house to see how the weather was, and pretty soon little Jim came out looking just as white as could be. I stood by the door, and as he came out of the door I went to stop him. He shook my hand mighty hard without saying a word, turned down the road, and that is the last we ever saw or heard of Jimmy Carhart from that day to this.

"I walked straight through the house and found Mary sitting on the back door-step. 'Mary,' said I, 'what's between you and Jimmy?'

"'Nothing in the world,' said Miss Mary, holding up her bare finger where she had worn his ring.

"'What did you say to him, Mary Patterson?'

"'I told him I'd never marry a beggar,' said she, just as quiet and cool as I can see.

"I didn't say any thing more, but started over to the wreck, thinking I'd find Little Jim there. He never went near the old schooner though; and after waiting all the morning for him, I went back to see what was left of the cargo. That was the first bit of wrecking ever I did; I get over twelve hundred dollars out of it, I'm told. There was a lot of dice aboard belonging to some one in Virginny, and after paying for that, and some little costs, there was about a thousand dollars left, which I put in the savings bank for Jim.

"Did you ever pick up bits of slate, Saxon, longshore above the Spout?"

"Many a time; I often used to skip little pieces of slate over the water, and always wondered where they came from."

"I expect they come out of the old *Tangier*, and that's all there is left of her. I declare, Saxon, his most mine a block. My story was longer than I thought for."

"Why, Cap'n Ben, you haven't finished yet?"

"Yes, pretty much, I reckon. Haven't I?"

"No, indeed. You didn't tell me what became of Mary Patterson."

"Oh, Mary lived 'long with our folks till one day that little Jim, as Little Jim now, came ashore and made over the money in the savings bank to her. She bought a little house over in Shrewsbury town and lives there yet. She's an old woman now, and growing feeble, they say. Poor old soul! I guess go no better than I do now that way."

"She never was married, then?"

"No; never was married. No one ever cared to take a mother for Little Jim after Jim went away; and before I left home she got to be about the crossest old maid you ever see in your life. There's the yawl long side; any time you want to go home, Saxon, any of the boys'll set you ashore. I'd ask you to stay aboard, but I'll be earlier way in the morning long fore you want to be astir."

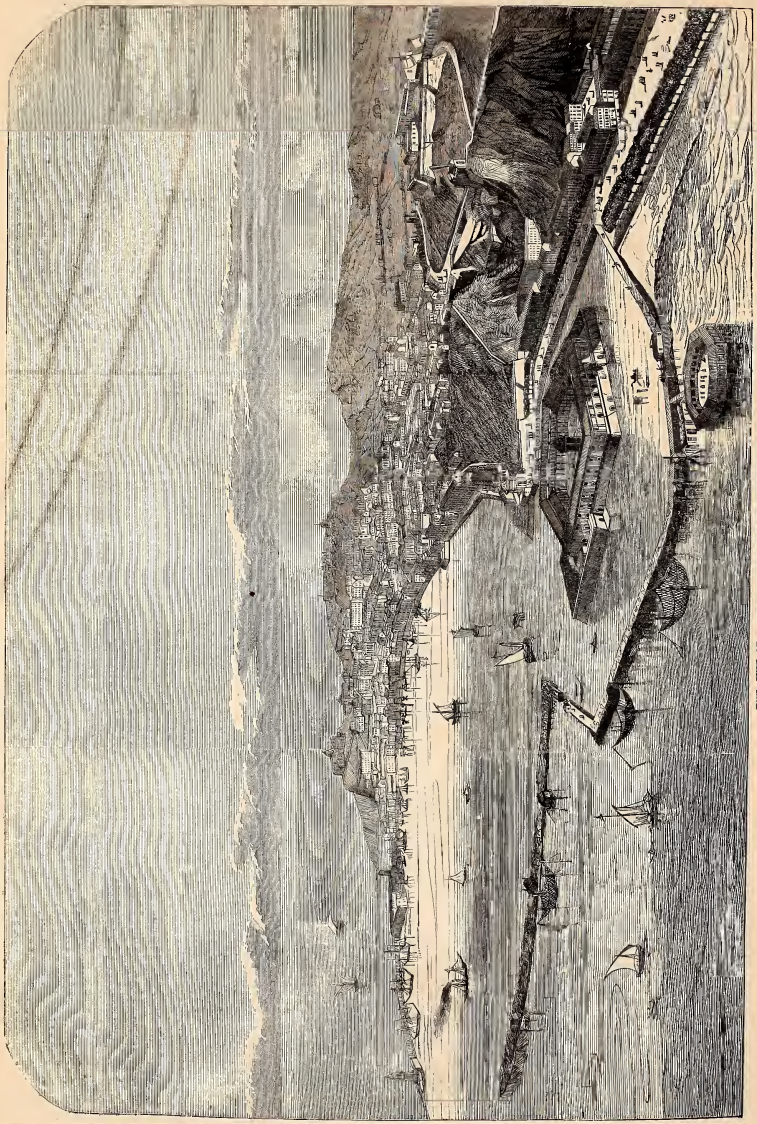
"'Tis growing late; I'll be off now, I guess, Cap'n Ben."

"Well, good-by, then. Come down to Spout and see the folks."

"I will so, sure enough. Much obliged for the story."

"You'll be more welcome to a better one, Saxon. Good-night!"

"Good-night, Cap'n Ben. Good-night!"



THE CITY OF ANCONA, STATES OF THE CHURCH, ITALY.

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF GARIBALDI INTO NAPLES.

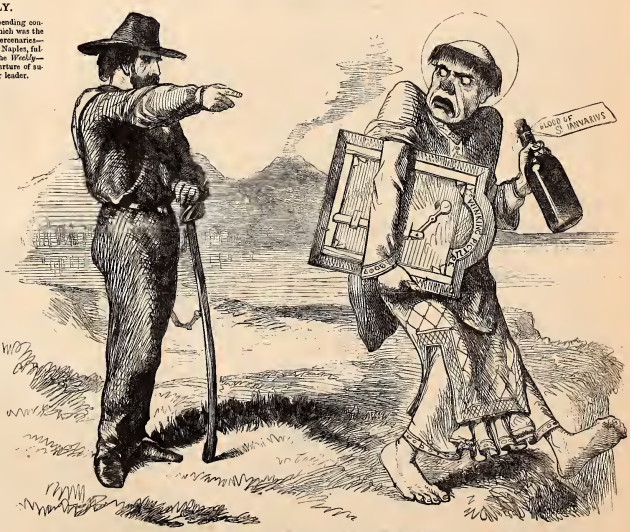
THE WAR IN ITALY.

We publish, as illustrations of the pending conflict in Italy, a fine view of Ancona, which was the last refuge of Lamoricière and his mercenaries—a picture of the arrival of Garibaldi at Naples, fully described in the last number of the *Weekly*—and a fine cartoon illustrating the departure of superstition on the arrival of the popular leader.

Ancona is one of the strongest places in Italy. It is a sea-port town on the Adriatic, with a population of about 40,000, one-eighth of whom are Jews, and live in a quarter of their own. It is, as we said, strongly fortified. On the summit of one of the two hills on whose slope the town rests stands a frowning citadel; other forts, built with no mean skill, protect the harbor. As shown in our picture, the port is inclosed by two moles, on one of which stands an arch erected to Trajan 1650 years ago.

In ancient history Ancona occupies no prominent place. We read of it occasionally in the ancient literature of Rome, but its record is not as interesting as that of many smaller Italian towns. In recent times it figures more prominently. In 1798 it was taken by the French; in the following year occurred the memorable siege with which every reader of history is familiar. In 1802 it was restored to the Pope, and has ever since formed part of his dominion. With the fall of Ancona he has lost the whole of his realm—except Rome, and a strip on the sea-board adjacent.

The departure of the monk, with the blood of Saint Januarius and the winking picture, fully illustrates the awakening of Italy from the gloom in which she has been kept by priest and prince. Every one has heard of the famous phial of holy blood which on certain days of the year, by especial miracle, becomes liquid at the command of a priest, who holds the phial high in air before a delighted audience. Murat rather shook the credit of the miracle, when, in order to excite the populace against him, the priests gave out that the blood would not liquefy, in consequence of the anger of the Saint at the domination of the French, he sent them word that if the usual mira-



THE SAINT AND THE HERO.—GARIBALDI DRIVING ST. JANUARIUS AND THE WINKING PICTURE OUT OF NAPLES.

ole were not performed in twenty minutes he would open fire on the monastery, and long before the delay expired the desired result was obtained. Still, such is the ignorance in which the Roman Catholic priests have kept the people, that to this day Saint Januarius has hosts of adherents in Naples; and only a few weeks since, before the flight of the king, he was trotted out by a sanguine monk to perform a miracle on behalf of the Jesuits and their monarch. Now, thank Heaven! all this rubbish has disappeared before the potent finger of Garibaldi, the liberator and the avenger. To reference to this picture we subjoin the following poem:

THE SAINT AND THE HERO.

Ye holy knaves, to whom the crowd
In stupid adoration knelt,
Ye sec, while aliget heads they bowed,
The blood of Januarius melt:
A greater miracle behold
Than that of simulated gore,
Which melts when hot, congeals when cold,
But which your silly dupes adore.

Ye know how Italy has been,
Thank most yourselves, for weary years,
Of slavery a mournful scene—
A wretched land of blood and tears.
Her best blood ne'er had ceased to drip,
Her tears continued still to flow,
Beneath the rule of sword and whip,
Since Freedom perished long ago.

But now, as Garibaldi speeds,
To Italy, from hills to shore,
Restoring liberty, she bleeds
And weeps, except for joy, no more.
False jugglers, be outdone your art!
His honest truth excels your lie;
His hand has healed her wounded heart;
Her blood is stanched; her tears are dry.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CENSUS OF NEW ENGLAND.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

BOSTON, October 4, 1860.

It is important that a paper having so great a circulation, through the land as yours, and so deservedly relied upon for information upon matters of fact, should state its census estimates correctly. In the article entitled "The Census of 1860," no doubt is expressed whether "New England will show any increase at all," and that its "sea-board cities will probably show a falling-off."

From returns published in the papers there is reason to believe that "no sea-board city," or any other city, in New England has fallen off in population. On the contrary, many of them have largely increased. Boston has, by returns, about 40,000 more inhabitants than in 1850, the number now being over 177,000; and the contiguous cities, Roxbury, Cambridge, Charlestown, and Chelsea, have increased in the like ratio. Excepting in very few small agricultural towns in the western part of the State, it is believed that there has been no falling off. On the contrary, there is sufficient evidence already public that the census of the State will exceed 1,200,000—a gain of more than 200,000 in the ten years. Maine has increased at least 80,000, and Connecticut 60,000; Rhode Island 20,000. The census of New Hampshire has been made up, and shows a small gain. Vermont has probably done no more than New Hampshire.

Upon the whole, it may be safely stated that New England has not gained less than 600,000 since the census of 1850, of which official evidence will shortly be forthcoming.

An earlier false statement, published in your most excellent paper, would give pleasure to many of your subscribers in this region, who do not like to have New England represented as being in a state of decadence. TRI-MOUNTAIN.

GRIEF IS NOT TOLD BY WORDS.

BY C. H. WEBB.

Grief is not told by words,
By willows, nor by weeds:
The vane which wrecks a life
No tell-tale trapping needs.

I hate the dripping soul
That must its tears disclose;
The man who asks his friends
To feast upon his woes;

When Arminta dies,
Who spins a weepful fine,
Which haply brings his purse
A penny to the line.

Few heed the urn that hrims
With hopes, and doubts, and fears—
The embroidered and liripent
With deftly chiseled tears.

Few pause above the grave
Where word with willow vies;
The marble gravely puns—
Hic jacet hints of lies!

But mark the plain white stone
Where love records its loss;
The stone that only bears
Initials and a cross;

And you have found a woe
Where tears brought no relief—
A heart too strong to break,
Too proud to tell its grief.

And in the crowd you'll meet
One lonely and apart;
He utters no complaint,
But this grave lies in his heart.

He joins you in the dance—
You pledge him in the bowl;
But of this plain white stone you see
The shadow on his soul.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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"ALL DAY LONG IN THE CORNER SHE SITS."

PUSS IN THE CORNER.

ALL day long in the corner she sits;
All day long in the corner she knits;
But while her dexterous needles play
Her eyes, so liquid and large and gray,
Mark me and watch me around the house,
For she's "Puss in the Corner," and I'm the mouse.

My puss hasn't got any taloned claws,
And white as milk are her pretty paws;
And none of the feline cruelty lies
Lurking within her deep gray eyes;
Yet she holds me and keeps me about the house,
For she's "Puss in the Corner," and I'm the mouse.

I have heard that a very long time ago,
When the world was young, and the world was slow,
A lusty lion in a net was caught,
And the Monarch of Beasts was like to rot,
Till the woven threads of his prison-house
Were gnawed away by a little mouse.

This antique tale is reversed for me.
I'm a mouse in a net, and I can't get free;
For crosswise around my poor heart twines
The net of Love in a thousand lines;
And "Puss in the Corner" sits and smiles,
And fastens the knots with a thousand wiles.

But I know the way to break the chains—
A single course to me remains:
When once the marriage vows are said,
When "Puss in the Corner" and I are wed,
We'll see who rules all over the house,
And which is the cat and which the mouse!

WAITING UNDER THE WALNUT-TREE.

TWILIGHT floats from over the hills,
A mystic presence the landscape fills,
The cloudy courtiers have just begun
To usher to rest the setting sun;
And the edge of the woods is dark and clear,
Cleaving the luminous atmosphere,
While Hannah, as still as still can be,
Is waiting under the walnut-tree.

But now and then a walnut drops
From off the old tree's ripening tops,
And Hannah starts, for she thinks her ear
Has caught the steps of her lover near:
So she hides and listens, and listens and thinks,
While her little heart rises and swells and sinks,
For the sounds of the falling walnuts die,
And no hastening lover meets her eye.

He had sworn to come. He told her so.
Can he be false? Oh no! oh no!
His heart is as true as his eyes are clear—
And yet she faints with a nameless fear!
She listens anew, but there is no sound
Save the walnuts dropping upon the ground;
And the hills are blackening one by one,
And her poor hopes sink with the setting sun.

Ah! in the corn-field down below,
Where the maize is stacked and the poppies grow,
Something is lying all stiff and cold,
Close by a hillock of ears of gold;
And the yellowing wrecks of the maize-leaves wave
Like mourners over a loved one's grave,
And the sleepy poppies their brown seeds shed,
In slumberous tribute above the dead.

Hannah may wait till the moon is up,
And the dews overflow in the poppy's cup,
But the longed-for lover will never stir
From the furrow he lies in to fondle her;
For a rival's knife his young heart has cleft,
And the poppies are pale by the stain it left—
The stain of the red blood flowing free,
While Hannah waits by the walnut-tree!

"WHILE HANNAH WAITS BY THE WALNUT-TREE."

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN IRELAND.

BY A SOLDIER.

WHEN our regiment was quartered in Ireland, some of my company were ordered to a town within five hours' march of where we lay. My duty was to escort them there, and return by the evening train from a station a few miles from where my comrades were to be left.

We reached our destination in due time, and arrangements were made for my departure; but as the evening set in very inclement, I halted as long as possible, in hope that the storm would abate. This, however, was not the result; the storm grew more severe, and my orders being nearly imperative, I had to set forth in the midst of the blast. Making headway against the weather took up more time than I had calculated on, and I reached the station only to learn that the last train had passed. I spent little time in hesitation, as I had only one course before me if my quarters were to be reached that night; so, drenched and weary, I retraced my steps.

When night began to close in, and the weather grew dense and thick, I for the first time thought that if darkness were once on, and an inn should invite shelter, I would, under the circumstances, avail myself of it and remain till daybreak. I had not a very accurate knowledge of the district, yet I did not doubt that I was on the right road the length I had gone; still a slight hesitation arose, and I resolved to make inquiry the first opportunity. I continued to go on a considerable distance without sight or sound of human existence, but I was at length fortunate enough to fall in with an old woman driving a cow. When she recovered from her surprise at seeing me, I was fully convinced by her that I had gone astray, and was further from an inn than it would be agreeable to travel. It appeared there were no houses near but her own—where there was no accommodation—and another one where I might have been put up, but a man having died there that morning, and the widow being in the house alone, it was thought she might object to the presence of a stranger. I resolved to try, at any rate, and got such directions for reaching the place as were seemingly intelligible, when my informant and I parted company.

The house was not so easily found as I had hoped, but I stumbled upon it after nearly losing temper, and advanced considerably elevated in spirits when its outline attracted my bewildered sight. At first I knocked somewhat gently, not to startle the inmate; but no notice being taken, I repeated it much louder. A stir within followed this, and a voice gruffly inquired the purpose of the disturber.

I began to explain my situation; but before I had spoken a dozen

"THE FIGURE IN THE DEAD DRESS, WHICH LAY ON A CHEST," ETC.

en words I was told I could not get admittance, as there was a dead man in the house. I remonstrated, and urged the necessity of my case, offering to sit in any corner, and give no trouble nor annoyance. Still I was only told, in notes a key or two louder, that I might as well depart at once. This irritated me greatly, and I angrily shouted, that unless she let me in quietly I would force the door and enter in spite of her.

There must have been a tone of determined resolution in my speech, for the woman became pacified and frightened after the threat; some parley and grumbling followed, when the door was opened and a candle lit. The woman spoke very mysteriously, and appeared either alarmed or annoyed; but I urged her to be composed, and give herself no uneasiness on my account.

The house was miserably furnished, the chief objects which arrested my attention in the dark shade being the figure in the dead dress, which lay on a chest before the bed, and a table by the inside bed out with provisions. The latter were, to me, rather tempting; but my newly-made friend seemed anxious that I should not be allowed too narrow a survey of her provisions, as she requested me to follow her in an inner apartment. I would have preferred staying where I was, but I did not consider it reasonable that she should have the choice of where I was to be located, so I followed when she led the way.

In this place there was nothing but a low erection covered with straw, and an old-fashioned steed bring upon it, for a bed. I was told I could take either the stool or the "bed," and left alone; but she handed in a piece of bread a few minutes afterward, with a remark that we had not tasted food.

Tired as I was, I felt more disposed to visit the woman's apartment than my lodgings; but this eventually was refused me, and I began to get drowsy. I therefore quietly lay down, and, to prevent my being taken by surprise, I placed my foot opposite the door, so that it could not be opened without awakening me. In this position I fell into a slight sleep, but my movement in the other position made me start and listen. Through the crevices in the old door I could only see indistinctly, but was still able to see a friend who was listening behind it, and when I saw this, I dare say I helped to convince her that I was fast asleep by certain nasal sounds I introduced into my slumbers.

She soon desisted, and slipped cautiously back, and, my inquisitiveness being aroused, I peered sagely through the seams. She wrapped a shawl around her, set a lighted candle on the table, and left the house, locking the door carefully behind her. I confess to getting uneasy at this, and a feeling of awe at the loneliness of my situation crept through my frame. Not knowing what might follow, I loaded my musket, as I thought it better to be able to defend myself if that should be necessitated.

I waited anxiously a long time, but heard no sign of her return, and my mind wove the first dull clicks of an old clock and the splashing of the rain outside. At length I was seized with a desire to inspect premises, and after a slight hesitation I ventured into the other end. It was the most dreary position in which I had ever found myself, the solemn stillness imparting a feeling as much akin to terror as the greatest fear of real danger could ever instill within me; but my survey was almost immediately interrupted by a rustling movement in the direction where the dead man lay.

I started at this, and moved my piece into a better position, and I think I raised it mechanically. In my shadowy, when I saw the sheets moving on the lifeless body, as I had thought it. My hair which was generally so short as to be always at end, was not exactly be said to have stood erect at this; but I perspired at every pore, and felt something unusual, although I am not given to superstitious fears. At this stage a voice from the sheets addressed me in a low tone, saying, slowly and distinctly, "Soldier, soldier, come here, I want shoot me."

This partly convinced me that he was still an animated being; but I was not by any means at ease, and could only respond by a searching yet tremulous stare.

"Sowl! an' I'm living as ye are," he said, turning round; "but if ye'll plaise to take the pins out of thatlaher and cut the cord round me arms afore that woman returns, I'll tell yo the howl about it, an' think my own health wid ye to the bottom."

There was now no reason for being concerned so much, although my curiosity was aroused, and conjecture followed hard to overtake it. I complied with his wish, and he civilly asked me to remove to the other end, after I had cut the cord as nearly as he was before, and handed him a "spring," as he termed a pocket-knife that I had left behind. By dangerous, even when standing quietly in the corner.

I was somewhat excited when I returned and sat down again within. In an hour or so silence was broken by the grating of the lock, and my hostess entered, accompanied by a tall, stout, ferocious character as I had ever beheld. She pointed to the door I was looking through, and muttered something to her companion, who growled in response, and brandished a stick he had brought with him. Both then leisurely surveyed me, but seemed a long time, but I was soon convinced that I was not the object of much care on their part. They sat down, and, having lighted a pipe, the woman had taken from a corner. By-and-by the new-comer put his arm round her neck and began to whisper words I could not hear; but their proceedings were speedily interrupted by the man in the sheets opposing to his feet with cumbrous operations, and dealing most unmercifully blows with the "spring" upon the block of such. At the first sign of life in the prostrate figure the woman began to shriek, but this soon ceased as she and her companion were knocked down.

I felt it was my business to interfere, so I looked on in silence. The next proceeding of our hero was to open the door, and throw them both outside with the greatest unconcern. After this he carefully locked the door, came forward to where I was, and asked me to sit with him by the fire which had now kindled up.

I gladly complied, and he related the reason that had led to the scene I had just witnessed. The woman, it appeared, was his wife, and he had found occasion to suspect that she intended to rob him, and run off with the stranger. He likewise discovered that she had poisoned her pensioner, which he managed to replace by a harmless ingredient, and he subsequently had the gratification to see it taken effect for himself. He was left to finish death, with a view to ascertaining her intentions, but he evinced surprise that she had been deceived so easily. Her anxiety to get rid of him, however, had aided the deception, and she had not investigated very closely whether her drug had done its work thoroughly.

He very innocently stated his future purpose, turned over some old gear in a corner, and produced a sum of money with which he meant to pay his passage to America, and leave for that country at break of day. We sat talking all night, and grew so friendly that he offered to share his funds with me, which I, of course, declined.

In the morning he looked out in front of the house, but the two outcasts were nowhere to be seen. We then hatched a plot, which I, in the face of the old clock, which terminated its arithmetic ticking, and threw it on the fire; and every other thing, in the house, that appeared worth destroying, he broke. Tying up scores of his own apparel in a napkin, he mustered a curse on the wretched dwelling, locked the door, and threw the key on the dunghill with a "hud lack to it," and after that, he showed no further concern about what had occurred.

At the station I allowed him to pay part of my fare, which I thought exceedingly fair, and when I left him, he was so sorry to part that I believe a word would have taken him into the ranks with me. At the parting he shook me by the pressed my hand, and I returned his grasp of kindness, and in one minute more the last book was exchanged, and since that time I have seen no more nothing of my somewhat singularly-formed acquaintance.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1860.

THE IRISH STEAMERS.

WE have been favored with the following communication:

DUBLIN STEAMER, OCT. 17, 1860.

"GENTLEMEN,—Our attention has been drawn to the inclosed editorial in your pictorial journal, and, with the exception of the steamer *Parana* having been a chartered vessel, we beg distinctly to state that none of the statements have any foundation. We have no vessel in which I had or ever had a leaving been written with either a desire to injure the Galway line or through inexcusable ignorance of the subject-matter. We remain, Gentlemen,

"HOWLAND & ASPINWALL,
"Agts. A. E. M. S. N. Co."

INCLOSURE.

[*From Dunsany's Dublin, October, 20.*]

The loss of the *Connaught* deprives the Galway line of the only steamer they really owned. Advertisements in our paper, in a form, we believe, the same as that of the "new iron side-wheel steamers of 4000 tons burden each" which, the Company, have ordered, *Ulster, Munster*, and *Parana*. But this is merely a playful figure of speech. The *Leinster, Ulster*, and *Munster* are not tonnage in question; one is two of them are said to be on the stocks; but none of the three are actually contracted for. The *Parana*, but belongs to the West India Navigation Company; and instead of being 4400 tons, she is only about 1700 Tons. Consequently, the statement, in the letters, "only 2500, not 4400 tons as stated in the advertisement.

The following is the advertisement referred to in the above paragraph:

NEW YORK AND GALWAY LINE.

The steamers comprising this line have been approved by the Admiralty, and are the:

COMPANY'S STEAMERS.	TONS.	WATER PADDLES.
LEINSTER	4000	11
ULSTER	4000	11
MUNSTER	4000	11
PARANA	4400	11

The steamer of this Company have been constructed with the greatest care as regards strength and speed, and are provided with water paddles, and are built with every conceivable sympathetic. They are only intended to be employed in carrying passengers, and are fitted up in the most elegant and comfortable manner, and are replete with all elegance and conveniences.

For freight or passage apply to
HOWLAND & ASPINWALL, Agents,
Office of the Company, 177 Broadway, New York.

We beg to assure Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall that we have not the least desire to injure the Galway line. The more lines of steamers the better for our mercantile marine, and the better we shall be pleased; though we confess we should like to see vessels which carry to sea five and six hundred human beings a little more substantial than the ill-fated *Connaught* seems to have been.

Nor can we admit that we have laid ourselves open to the charge of "inexcusable ignorance," which Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall so courteously bring against us. The denial which these gentlemen oppose to our paragraph would have been more easily met had it been more specific and less general; but it probably refers to and evidently includes our statements that the *Leinster, Ulster*, and *Munster* have never made a voyage, and that the *Parana* and *Connaught* are not really of the tonnage ascribed to their advertisements. Yet both statements are unquestionably true. There was at one time some talk of the *Leinster* being got ready to make her first voyage this fall; but like a good many other promises of this Galway Company, its fulfillment has been deferred. She and her consorts may perhaps, if all goes right and the Company has better luck hereafter than it has had hitherto, make their maiden voyage next year; but to advertise them as forming part of an actual line of steamers on a specified route, improved in the Admiralty, and surpassing any other vessels afloat, strikes us as rather steep.

With regard to the tonnage of the two ships whose actual tonnage is, we are, or, we understand, the *Connaught* and the *Parana*—both of which are said by Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall to be ships of 4400 tons—there is very little to be said. The *Parana* belongs to the West India R. M. S. T. Company. They, who ought to know her size, state in their published schedule of their fleet that she is a ship of 2730 tons. The surveyor of the port who measured her, according to law, when she came here, certifies as follows respecting her tonnage:

CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW YORK,
SURVEYOR'S OFFICE, OCTOBER 8, 1860.

I certify that the British steamer *Parana*, Thomas master, measures twenty-five hundred and sixty-nine 25/95 tons.

J. S. BRENNER, *Surveyor.*

The *Connaught* never came to this port, and no consequence has been surveyed; nor have we been able to find her in Lloyd's list. We are informed, however, by persons who knew her well, that she probably measured from 2600 to 2700 tons. We had five feet less than the *Persia*, which measures 3386 tons. This weakness of the Galway Company for exaggerating the tonnage of their ships seems incorrigible. When Mr. Lever was asked by the Committee of the House of Commons how he came to describe the old *United States* of about 2000 tons as "the new and splendid steamer *Indian Empire* of 5000 tons burden," he tried to explain that he counted the ship's engines, coal, and cargo-space as a part of her tonnage, and was not shashed when a member inquired why he hadn't counted in as well the wheel where she lay and the dock where she had been built?

For all this, we wish well to the Galway line, and shall be glad to welcome their ships to our waters. The more the better, provided they are safe. But the New York agents, if they will take our advice, will avoid conversions respecting them. They will not bear it.

NO PUNISHMENT FOR MURDER.

THE Legislature of this State, following out a system of tampering with laws which has already been productive of mischief in other cases, passed an Act last winter for the abolition of the death-penalty, in the case of persons convicted of attempt at first murder in the first degree and high treason. But in doing this it went further, and repealed the section of the code which prescribed hanging as the method by which culprits sentenced to death are to be executed; this leaving it in doubt whether there is at the present time any penalty at all which can be inflicted by the courts upon criminals convicted of murder in the first degree. The attempt at first murder is thereby rendered doubtful that it has quashed the sentence of the murderess Mrs. Harting, and ordered a new trial. New trials are also to be had, in consequence of this, in the cases of the notorious and murderers Sanchez and Shea; and the public prosecutor has wisely determined to defer the trial of Charles Jeffries, under indictment for the murder of Walton and Matthews, until the Legislature shall have had time to amend the blundering Act.

Thus, what with the Legislature and what with the police, life, in this State, enjoys a degree of protection which is not very reassuring to the timid. The number of crimes of violence committed in New York is considerably increased, in proportion to the population, than in any of the large cities of Europe; the convictions much fewer. In Paris or London murderers hardly ever escape; here, at least, one half the cases of first murder are assuredly go unpunished. We need not quote instances; every New Yorker can with a little effort of memory recall more or less. And it seems quite likely that the escape of the murderer of Dr. Burdell will be followed a few months hence by the escape of the man who is still more atrocious homicide—that of Matthews.

The world moves, and we must hope that we are destined to improve in course of time. Just now, however, we are bound to say that our progress partakes of the nature of the crab's movement: we seem to be going backward. A few years ago, murders were seldom committed the due penalty of their offenses. Mayors were men of the highest character, and the title of Alderman was itself a certificate of respectability. Judges, in the city, were jurists whose opinions were quoted abroad; to be a member of the New York bar was proof of honesty, learning, and gentlemanly instincts. We have been changing all this a good deal lately; let us hope that we shall soon begin to change for the better, and that we shall not always present an illustration of the failure of democracy.

COMPENSATION.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

Time has its secret revenge. The humblest wretch
Who walks amid the shadows of the earth
May wait in patient bondage, sure that God
Will right him of his wrong, in his good time.
Even though a monarch riveted his chain.
The poets whispered on its course, and time
Must crowd within the smallest space the hopes,
The fears, the joys, of human life; that man
May see within the hour the long events
That once took years to culminate.

The day
Has come when grasping kings must bow to commons,
Proud queens behave's force and the power
Of art must bow. Man, round from sleep, has learned
His right to freedom, and the proud king
In his who gratefully accords the boon
Is but a slave.

The glorious day has come
When startled History has unlid her pen,
And looks with puzzled eyes upon the scroll
Where Time has written down the wondrous acts
His other years wrought about.

A few short years
Have passed away since the sunset rebel chief
Of France's self-made king stood England's Queen—
Proud wish been hard behind his mailed shrine,
Built high and stately, by a people's love,
For the day that they had recalled with voice
Of strength from the dark, cruelle rock in heaven
He lingered to his death—by England's set,
Sweet wife been laid beneath the sun which
Where years the same blood dowed on that dead King's
Proud to do alone honor to the love
Born upstart; him who built his throne upon
The necks of prince looking that grand royal
Of power—a nation's love. Stood England's Queen
Beside the coffin of the mid-ocean dead
And did him homage for the self-same deeds
For which his kinsman died.

Once more—Behold
A grave stood England's future King. A tomb
Of simple hard, forming an resting place
Into the sky; thinning no arc-attuck gaze
For gilded spiritual grandeur; nor yet
By long-drawn lake of brilliant battles won,
Through blood and shouts, asking for life
Eternal in a nation's heart.

Beside
That tomb, where slept the sunken rebel chief,
The soldier patriot, and pure-hearted man,
The wonder of a nation, which has been
Uncovered, and in silent awe, stood one
Whose hand had guided the ship of state for death—
Death on the battlefield—death by means as vile
As ever dealt to unfortune.

The
Wind gings rolled through the forest shade, and winds
Of autumn were sighing in the boughs.
The birds were twittering over lively ground,
Heeding not prince nor peer. No sign was seen
Upon the heavens, as of old, when God
Made mistress by Israel's side—nothing will
One high recording power entered this work
Of Time, and with a soft, uprying smile,
Wrote on the record there fair words:

"Well done,
Thou faithful servitor of God! Thou hast
Bestower for a nation's woes; thou great
And gracious leader of a people's wonder—
These are thy triumphs, this thy sweet reward."

THE LOUNGER.

A FEW LAST WORDS.

A PRINCE is a prize which rarely falls to the lounger. We must be allowed to make the most of him. He has gone now. He is at sea; but the joy of his presence, which he left on the roses will hang round it still. Besides, we weekly Lounger have only one chance in seven days to make the most of him. The fabled dragons have six in the seven. And they make the most of them.

Now to-day is the first chance this Lounger has had since the last. The great event of the week of that famous week will, of course, have died out of the morning papers, and there is a suggestion of Old Curiosity in attending this week to events long passed days. They are already messed over. Let us wait until the dust settles, and we can look at ourselves, and the Prince of Wales, and of the crowning sensation of a summer.

A SUMMER OF SENSATIONS.

New York has seen many splendid sights this summer. The *Great Eastern*—the Japanese—the Caravans—the Wide-Awake torchlight—the reception of the Prince's reception—the Firemen's fête—and the Democratic procession. All these assembled thousands and thousands of people, and the general good-humor and good conduct were not only admirable, but very pleasant to behold.

Looking down upon that solid crowd—and so solid a crowd was never witnessed in Broadway—you might have seen a few dozen policemen, when the procession was expected, begging the people to stand back and make way. Of course nobody was going to do any such thing, and these policemen take hold of shoulders and push the owner back against other people, and, if there were any strained resistance, tapping the recusants—first gently, then stoutly, and even almost throwing them down in the extremity. At any moment the crowd might have annihilated all the policemen within sight. Sometimes a sharp fight seemed imminent, but it was avoided, when the position arrested were made.

When the few officers had fairly pushed the mass back to the sidewalk, the people would then rise resolutely the people held the line. They breaed back against the pressure from behind. They cheered or hissed those who passed along the cleared street; and when the officers ran to stop some intruder from crossing, there was a general good-humored chaffing and shouting. And they stood in those lines for nearly an hour—long after the announced time of the Prince's coming.

In no other city of the world could that spectacle have been seen. Great pageants you may see every year, and thousands of spectators have been ours, and great multitudes of people. But a foreign fête, however pretty, is like the walk of a lit-

tic girl to the Parade-ground or to Union Square. An adequate nurse accompanies her to supervise her behavior. So in all the fine crowds of the festal foreigners there is always an adequate armed force to repress too great exuberance of spirits or demonstration. Now it is profoundly true of us—although we can't give a ball—that the sentiment of loyalty to law is universal and supreme. Our crowds regulate themselves. We have seen on an occasional officer, who serves merely as a symbol of law. The scene of Thursday week was popular government in action. The solidity of New York to the Prince was this:

"Young, look around you. Here we are, a million people. The soldiers who surround you are only a portion of these same people in uniforms. The few policemen are emblems of their obedience to law. This is what we have done. We can't offer you a banquet so splendid as every Duchesse's ball in Paris offers. We can't have a ball without the most absurd episodes. We have no old buildings, and no new ones, that are of any particular interest. We have no historic tradition, in the fine arts, and the rest of it, we are pretty poor. But this restless, busy people is so individually satisfied that there is no temptation to violent changes, and we honor law so truly that we can govern ourselves. We don't need the press without an army and with a ludicrously small police—that is what we have done in this country, Lord Renfrew, and that is what we offer you to-day. We will come you to the spectacle of a people that can, and do govern themselves, without a lurking fear of sudden trouble."

Baron Renfrew may not have heard this welcome, but the Duke of Newcastle probably did.

TRAVELING INCOG.

The oldest son of Queen Victoria, and "the heir of England," will visit your metropolis, in traveling in this country with his tutor and a small party. The Prince travels incog., and passes by the name of Baron Renfrew. He arrived in New York, the other day, strictly incog. It happened that two thousand troops were assembled upon the Battery, and in order to preserve his incognito, Lord Renfrew put on the uniform of an English Guards, and quietly, as a hero, rode up and down the lines; so that his presence was not in the least suspected.

This was same privacy he proceeded to a carriage in which, oddly enough, the Mayor of the city happened to sit behind himself and his attendant, and the traveler, who does not allow it to look out that he is really Prince of Wales, had the pleasure of watching, unobserved and unsuspected, the habits of the people. As usual, the street was solid with human beings, and the fair ladies of the metropolis were present in every public place, at every visible window. The people were also engaged in their accustomed recreation of sitting in shaky angles extremely narrow and ever doubtful ways; boys were curling over the stone scrollwork; and generally every gathered upon the roof in the usual way, to stare straight down into the street.

Stopping at the City Hall—but still entirely unsuspected—he ally saw the soldiers march by; and then stepping into his carriage, he slipped up Broadway and visited the military lines—so we have by the least idea that the incognito traveler was his next sovereign of England. From the moment of gaining his hotel he went about the city unmolested, and with the same privacy. On Sunday morning he went to church, and quietly left it. Had the incognito been lifted in the least, it is possible that there may have been a crowd, and the future Head of the Church might have been treated in old Trinity like a "Wheat is it." It is also possible—but such things have been known—that the preacher would have called the wicked young man to a church, for the purpose of worshiping God, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not." But high decency and gravity, the incognito under which the Prince travels prevented all those things; and he left the city without his presence having been suspected.

KEEPING THE BALL IN MOTION.

Of course all the Loungers have but one topic now; and some of them may have a particular curiosity. Some of them are perhaps wondering "what does that party of English gentlemen think of New York and its doings for the Prince?" In public nothing could support their politeness. They bowed and smiled in the right places. They were politically taken hither and thither, but they kept their eyes open, and their minds, too, doubtless; and while the Prince was amused, his companions doubtless thought lightly of the whole matter.

Of course, as free and independent Americans, we don't care what they thought. We never care what English people think of us. We didn't care for Mr. Bulwer, nor Mrs. Trollope, nor Captain Hall, nor Marryatt, nor Dickens; not a bit of it. If they chose to make fools of themselves, blast their eyes! it was their affair, not ours. And if any body else chooses to come and have his opinions and his absurd prejudices, and make himself or themselves fools also, why, we care just about it to as! We know what we are. We know that all other nations are blasted sentimental and pulling-down, and that we are the only really intelligent, prosperous, great, and permanent people.

Of course we do. Then why do we always wonder what these office people think of us? Suppose now, we could have invisibly sat down at table with the company of gentlemen who accompanied the Prince—the morning after the ball, say—and what should we have probably heard? Perhaps the least little bit of a laugh. Why not? The metropolis of the New World had bent all its wealth and energy to give a ball, and it couldn't make a floor strong enough to support the people. It couldn't hold itself from crowding its guest so that he had to be roped in. Don't you think those gentlemen had a right to laugh?

The truth is, that we have done as young people are very apt to do. We have utterly mistaken ourselves. We don't know what to do with a Prince when we get him. It certainly is no fault of ours; but when we try to be courteous we are little ridiculous. We can't give a ball at all! The people of New York received him by a pageant whose moral magnificence was incomparable. Except for the foolish delay it would have been surpassed as a spectacle, not by reason of the decorations and military display, but of the million of human beings regarding themselves. It was a spectacle of inexhaustible significance to each of a dozen English gentlemen and noblemen. It was simple, unique and impressive. When that was over, he might have readily devoted his time to seeing the sequence lines of the city. Half of any person had given him a ball, and he had gone and danced, like other young men, he would have had time and money left for the ball to feed.

But why should four hundred people give him a ball? Do you say he would not have gone to the opera ball? Why not? The ball at the Academy was not a public ball—and why might he not have gone? Other Grand Seeds in the evening as well as cold upon him in the morning to lunch? If the academy fete had been given by the city or the State, he would have been different. But it was a private ball given by private citizens in which the Prince was treated half as a Prince and half as a private man. Four hundred people may do capitally as individuals what they can not do well as a body. It was idiot to ask a ball. It would be idiot to accept it. There was no reason that it should not have been very pretty festival, except that we didn't know how to do it. We fully meant that it should be memorable and beautiful, but it has turned out a little ludicrous and vexatious. Nobody is to blame except the builder and the computer of the number of persons that could comfortably move about upon the floor. The gentlemen concerned in the affair have worked most zealously. They have had a terrible responsibility, and they have had to contend with more curses than compliments. It is a very hard case. It is a great pity the ball was undertaken. It was not a lovely ball it a failure, and resolve not to do so again.

CHAMPIONSHIP.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Don't you think Mr. Murphy ought to have played with Mr. Paulson?"

Certainly not, if he did not wish to: why should he? Mr. Murphy is a gentleman, and he is gentle for the game of chess. His play excites the admiration and wonder of the intelligent world. He goes to Europe, and meets the learned men of the plains and vanquishes them. His success makes him most famous of all living chess players. He and behaves nicely under it, and settles into private life like any other gentleman. Of course he resides in his interest in the game, contributes to clubs, and tries his power with opponents. He is confessedly the chess champion of the world. Did he chose to play with Paulson. He does not hold himself ready to do battle against all comers. If that is the condition of championship, you may have the hell. I will play, he says, upon such conditions and under such circumstances as I choose. Mr. Paulson's challenge, he says, insults. Mr. Murphy's reply was not less so. If Mr. Paulson will not meet his friend except upon equal terms it is a proof of his confidence in his skill. Mr. Murphy declines to play with any one except against odds, who will compliment.

CIVIC FEUDS.

The jealousies and hostilies of the old Italian cities, of Florence and Venice and Genoa and Pisa, make an exciting and brilliant chapter in history. The jealousies and hostilies of the new American cities make a ludicrous chapter. The Orange difficulties are not the only one—Brooklyn jealous of Prince's visit. Other old quarrels, always latent, have become other nearer home. Philadelphia sneers at New York. Boston sneers. A letter given printed in a Boston paper says that the Prince was shaken and his sympathies wrung by the appeals and hands of the ladies of New York! Philadelphia points proudly to her successful opera evening, when the Metropolitan Patti moved to a new tune and song, and the rumpled plumes of the prima chanteleer of the Academy (how clearly he chose chant!) were smoothed. New York Boston sneers, and premely, back again. Mr. Monsene said that the Prince never shaken his sympathies, and he confessed Queen. She may be a wretched one, but she can not be deposed. She is entrenched, and although Philadelphia would dethrone her, and regal, and Boston that she is more courty—here, meanwhile, site New York in the seat of power, and with the right of sovereignty knowledge her supremacy.

There is a childish bitterness in this municipal warfare which is extremely droll, because the general perception has awarded to each of these cities the peculiar excellence which it most desires and flourishing. They have all essentially the same structure of society; and each has in some degree the characteristics of all. Boston is distinguished by intellectual, New York commercial, and Philadelphia substantial and fashionable. New York is the most amusing, Boston the most instructive, Philadelphia the most commodious. Boston is satisfied to be the Athens of America, New York shows her schedule of property, and Philadelphia points to the repubblican court of the Revolution.

What can be done? The papers fire away at each other. The New York papers ask, with a tear of the head, whether all Boston girls read Greek before breakfast; the Philadelphian looks askance at the equipage of beef, broadcloth, and molasses; and the Bostonian curls the lip a little as she surveys the two.

New York puts the little province of Boston upon the shoulders of the Philadelphian, and the city of a Greek state. New York asks Philadelphia whether she is seated at the very sources of the Delaware, and Philadelphia remembers London, Paris, and Rome, and deigns no answer. Then Boston and Philadelphia contemptuously demand why New York should pinch a poor Prince black and blue.

Alas! it is a fond without an end. It is pevenniul. In the happy absence of a great enmity we will have our little quarrels. And if the cities take comfort in it, in the name of peace and mutual enjoyment let them continue. It is an easy wit that calls Boston a village, and Philadelphia provincial, and New York *parvenue*. A *parvenu* Queen. Here that, Newport! Saratoga! Washington! New Orleans! New York! Boston! Do you believe H.R.H. thought so? Do you think Newcastle thought so? Do you think any of the guests, who didn't go through the floor, thought so? Do you suppose the immortal Four Hundred thought so? And echo distinctly answers, of course not.

THE BLESSING OF ST. MARTIN.

LAST year the great question of the exact season of the Indian summer was settled by the note in Lounger's friend at Sightingdale House. It is the summer of Saint Martin, and is gathered about his day. It is a kind of bouquet of days of St. Martin—the morning, afternoon, and spinded. Only let us agree also that Saint Martin's day has a long drawing. These golden mists; the mellow haze; the sweet, inexpressibly tender touch of the air at noon; the rips bill-sides; the purpling mountains; and the distant, sweetly-cooler in the smoky air—all these make the pageant of that last look of summer.

St. Martin fully appears in the early days of November. The landscape has already clothed itself in its fatal garments. By that time the gold is very golden—and every breeze strikes through the thin yellow leaf—the maples are in crimson court dresses—the hickories, and not trees yet lost—the woods strew lovely gems and bright antiques, and Saint Martin passes through the year upon everything. He leaves them the Prince. He lent he cones and gows. The pomp fades; the leaves shrivel—at last the trees stand bare. But Spear reviving his lovely bouquet—the days, though the despairing poet, pining for the south, sings,

"In a dream-sighted December,
Too happy, happy tree!
Thy leaves green as summer
Their green felicity."

they do remember. They sing of it when the struggle with the frost—when the leaves, all, by-and-by, when the crocuses and the early violets have broken the frost's cold the sing of April, the trees, still warm at their hearts with the blessing of Saint Martin, begin to smile again with leaves and blossoms.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FRENCH HONOR AGAIN.—Though the King of Naples is at present without a kingdom, still he can not refrain from doing too the bella because he is just of a prince, from condemning his subjects, even at the very moment that he is left without any subjects to condemn. The following is the sentence he has passed upon them: "The conduct of the Neapolitans is disgraceful."

THE CUP OF MISERY.

We read in the Italian correspondence the following distressing fact:

"The Pope has been an insurrection in Tivoli."

We suppose such an insurrection was stirred up with a pope! We should remember that an insurrection in a Bonchman he sent over to quell this insurrection, for they'm that have drunk deep down Tivoli.

PRETTY, IF NOT TRUE.—A portrait Young Lady, who has just come out, calls "Dreams the best sculptor in the world, for she makes the most of her subject."

EXTREMELY SHELL-FISH.

We beg to present the reader with the two following letters received by the last mail from our national commissioner:

1. Why have lobsters no feeders?—Because they have claws (claw-ed) only.

2. Why is a supplementary plate of crabs like the Allen Bill?—Because it contains the extraditions claws (as ants) dish and claws.

If the intelligent reader were to try for a thousand years, he would never be able to hear the above in footnote.

HOW TO BEAT OUR MEMORY GRESS.—Surround it with a pipe of wry.

An Irish pot-boy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to him, "Pat, you must be wet."

"Arrah! I don't care about being very wet; but, phaw! you know I'm very dry."

A Yarmouth mariner hired an Irishman, "a green hand," to assist in loading his sloop with malt. Just as the vessel was ready to sail, the Irishman, who was jingling the price of his day's work in his pocket, cried out from the quay, "Captain! I just your shovel over board; but I cut a big notch on the rail fence round the stars, right and the wrong side of it went down; so you'll find it when you come back."

It is no use whatever, to be often supposed upon Bachelors. In the "Ladies' Diurnal History," to utile the tongues of magnies in order to give them facility of speech. It is a matter of no consequence, if the magnies can talk sometimes even better than men. I was told of a gentleman, a bachelor, who naturally stammered, going up to a working man who owned a magpie, and offering twenty shillings for what he called a talking magpie, he said,

"I'll give you twenty-s-s-s

BRITAIN AMERICANIZED.
EFFECTS of Democratic Example upon Britannia & John Bull.
Future Royal Arms.
Balcony seen at St James palace.
Letting a
Foreign Treat
ALBERT E. GUELPH, KING OF GT BRITAIN
The future Crown piece
Crest of next Prince of Wales
REGULAR REFORM NOMINATION PALMERSTON FOR MINISTER
Old Lord Chancellors
New
New Royal State Carriage.

FIRST LOVE.

Sue was the first, the only star
That shone upon my life,
The summer of my days had set
Before I called her wife;
The leaves have fallen twenty times
Beneath my trusting tree,
Since the ringers shook the rafters
In the belfry by the sea.

The pulses of my heart beat slow,
With calm, unflutter'd stroke,
Till with a party from the Grange
I pienick'd at the Oak;
A stranger to our Forest ways,
She came with Alan's bride,
One glance—I knew my love was come—
The old indifference died.

The park, a summer's walk across,
Was famous in the shire;
The porter at the crested gates
Grew rich and blessed the Squire;
I show'd the glade where hallads say
The King met Robin Hood,
I took her where, as boys, we cropp'd
Wild strawberries in the wood.

The gardens and the orange-trees,
The swans upon the lake,
The gazing stags among the fern,
The pheasants in the brake:
These sumptuous signs of wealthy state
She saw with sweet surprise,
And I—new light was on them all,
Seen with a lover's eyes.

When Alan blew his warning horn,
My chestnut jein'd her bay;
Down the long grassy "rides" we rode,
And watch'd the rabbits play.
The dead sun in his crimson shroud
Lay buried in the west,
And Love was nestling in my heart,
An inmate, not a guest.

A gipsy party gayly plann'd,
A smile, a soft "I good-night,"
And then I left her low white house,
Just as the stars were bright:
Lost in some far, forgotten sea,
The sailor on the shore
Sights, to his joy, the ship that comes
To bear him home once more.

The bride moon with her dower of stars
Twice grew to matron age
Before my bridle flew away
Back to her northern cage;
She knew the abbey pictures well,
She dured the haunted room,
We laughed round the Oak again,
And saw the aloe bloom.

A promise in the oriel now
To crown my growing bliss,
A drooping head, a circlet waist,
And such a binding kiss!
Oh, happy time! Oh, happy time!
It never has its fellow—
The one green spot that hangs among
So many sere and yellow.

Before the Autumn spoat his wrath
Upon the Rectory vine,
I claim'd the promise that she made,
I went and whisper'd, "Mine:"
May's father trembled as he said,
"Take her, a trusting wife,
And cherish one whose love has thrown
A glory round my life."

Some days beside a lonely mere
(Lured by the waterfall),
And then we settled at the Grange,
For Alan took the Hall:
How swift the lustres pass'd along,
Sweet heart, with love and wife!
For if the sky was sometimes dark,
There came a break of blue.

And ever, as the year winds round,
And brings the longest day,
We gather at the Forest Ride,
Where first I met my May!
Look, Alan's boy and our May-bud
Are coming down the "ride,"
Perhaps before another June
There 'll be another bride.

FIRST LOVE.

A DAY'S RIDE:
A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

Breakfast over, I took a walk through the town. Though in a measure prepared for a scene of unbustling quietude and tranquillity, I must own that the air of repose around far surpassed all I had imagined. The streets through which I sauntered were grass-grown and untrodden; the shops were but half open; not an equipage, nor even a horseman was to be seen. In the Plaza, where a sort of fruit-market was held, a few vendors of grapes, peaches, and melons sat under large crimson umbrellas, but there seemed few purchasers, except a passing school-boy, carefully scanning the temptations in which he was about to invest his kreutzer.

The most remarkable feature of the place, however—and it is one which through a certain significance has always held a place in my memory—was that, go where one would, the palace of the grand-duke was sure to finish the view at one extremity of the street. In fact, every alley converged to this one centre, and the royal residence stood like the governor's chamber in a panopticon jail. There did my mind for many a day picture him sitting like a huge spider watching the incautious insects that permeated his web. I imagined him fat, indolent, and apathetic, but yet with a jeiler's instincts, ever mindful of every stir and movement of the prisoners below. With a very ordinary telescope he must be master of every thing that went on, and the humblest incident could not escape his notice. Such was the impression of this surveillance that made every one keep the house? Was it the feeling that the "Gross Herzogthum" was never left alone, and that men being abroad in the streets and about their affairs as in other places? I half suspected this, and set to work imagining a state of society thus scanned and scrutinized. But that the general aspect of the town so palpably proclaimed the absence of all trade and industry, I might have compared the whole to a glass hive; but they were all about that there I found, there was not one "busy bee" in the whole of them.

While I rambled thus carelessly along, I came in front of a sort of palace, fenced from the street by an iron railing. The laurel, and arbutus, and even the oleander, were there, gracefully blending a varied foliage, and contrasting in their luxuriant liberty so pleasantly with the dull uniformity outside. Finding a gate wide open, I entered in and gave myself up to the delicious enjoyment of the spot. As I was deliberating whether this was a public garden or not, I found myself before a large blue door, which on nearer approach I recognized to contain the arms of England. This, therefore, was the legation, the residence of our minister, Sir Shilley Doubleton. I felt a very British pride and satisfaction to see our representative lodged so splendidly. With all the tax-payer's sentiment in my heart, I rejoiced to think that he who personated the nation should, in all his bearings, typify the wealth, the style, and the grandeur of England, and in the ardor of this enthusiasm I hastened back to the inn for the dispatch-bag.

"I HAD PRAWCISED THIS EXPLANATION AS I DRESSED IN THE MORNING."

Armed with this, and a card, I soon presented myself at the door. On the card I had written, "Mr. Pottinger presents his respectful compliments, and requests his excellency will favor him with an audience of a few minutes for an explanation."

I had made up my mind to state that my servant, in removing my smaller luggage from the train, had accidentally carried off this Foreign Office bag, which, though at considerable inconvenience, I had traveled much out of my way to restore in person. I had practiced this explanation as I dressed in the morning, I had twice rehearsed it to an orange-tree in the garden, before which I had bowed till my back ached, and I fancied myself perfect in my part. It would, I confess, have been a great relief to me to have had only the slightest knowledge of the great personage before whom I was about to present myself, to have known was he short or tall, young or old, solemn or easy-mannered, had he a head like a lion, an imperious tone, or was he of the soft and silky order of his craft. I'd have willingly entertained his "gentleman" at a moderate repast for some information on these points; but there was no time for the inquiry, and so I rang boldly at the bell. The door opened of itself at the summons, and I found myself in a large hall with a plaster cast of the Lawcoon, I had nothing else. I tried several of the doors on either side, but they were all locked. A very handsome and spacious stair of white marble led from the middle of the hall; but I hesitated about venturing to ascend this, and once more repaired to the bell outside, and repeated my summons. The loud clang re-echoed through the arched hall, the open door gave a responsive shake, and that was all. No one came; every thing was still as before. I was rather chagrined at this. The personal inconvenience was less offensive than the feeling how foreigners would comment on such want of propriety, what censures they would pass on such an ill-arranged household. I rang again, this time with an energy that made the door strike some of the plaster from the wall, and, with a noise like cannon, "What the hangman"—I am translating—"is all this?" cried a voice thick with passion; and on looking up I saw a rather elderly man, with a quantity of curly yellow hair, frowning savagely on me from the balcony over the stair. He made no sign of coming down, but gazed sternly at me from his eminence.

"Can I see his excellency the minister?" said I, with dignity.

"Not if you ring down there; not if you continue to ring the bell like an alarm for fire; not if you won't take the trouble to come up stairs."

I slowly began the ascent at these words, pondering what sort of a master such a man must have been. At I gained the top I found myself in front of a very short, very fat man, dressed in a suit of striped gingham, like an over plethoric zebra, and wheezing painfully, in part from asthma, in part from agitation. He began again:

"What the hangman do you mean by such a row? Have you no manners, no education? Where were you brought up that you enter a dwelling-house like a city in storm?"

"Who is this insolent creature that dares to address me in this wise? What ignorant sauvaid can have so far forgotten my rank and his insignificance?"

"I'll tell you all that presently," said he; "there's his excellency's bell." And he bustled away, as fast as his unwieldy size would permit, to his master's room.

I was outraged and indignant. Thero was I, Potts—so, Pottinger—Algernon Sydney Pottinger—on my way to Italy and Greece, turning from my direct road to consign with safety a dispatch-bag which many a less conscientious man would have chucked out of his carriage window and forgotten—there I stood to be insulted by a miserable stone-polishing, door-scrubbing, carpet-twigging Hauskneeht! Was this to be borne? was it to be endured? Was a man of station, family, and attainments to be the object of such indignity?"

Just as I had uttered this speech aloud a very gentle voice addressed me, saying:

"Perhaps I can assist you? Will you be good enough to say what you want?"

I started suddenly, looked up, and whom should I see before me but Miss Harriet Herbert, the beautiful girl in deep mourning that I had met at Milford, and who now, in the same pale loveliness, turned on me a look of kind and gentle meaning.

"Do you remember me?" said I, eagerly.

"Do you remember the traveler—a pale young man, with a Glengarry cap and a plaid overcoat—who met you at Milford?"

"Perfectly," said she, with a slight twitch about the mouth like a struggle against a smile.

"Will you allow me to repay you now for your politeness then? Do you wish to see his excellency?"

I'm not very sure what it was I replied, but I know well what was passing through my head. If my rhetoric could have spoken it would have been in this wise:

"Angel of loveliness, I don't care a brass farthing for his excellency. It is not a matter of the slightest moment to me if I ever set eyes on him. Let me but speak to you and tell you the deep impression you have made upon my heart; how, in my order to serve you, I have already fallen involved in an aforesaid; that might have cost me my life; how I still treasure up the few minutes I passed beside you as the Elysian dream of all my life,—"

"I am certain, Sir," broke she in, while I spoke—I repeat, I know not what—"I am certain, Sir, that you never came here to mention all this to his excellency."

There was a severe gravity in the way that she said these words that recalled me to myself, but not to any consciousness of what I had been saying; and so, in my utter discomfiture, I blundered out something about the lost dispatches and the cause of my coming.

"If you'll wait a moment here," said she, opening a door into a neatly furnished room, "his excellency shall hear of your wish to see him." And before I could answer she was gone.

I was now alone, but in what wild perplexity and anxiety! How came she here? What could be the meaning of her presence in this place? The manner was an unmarried man, so much my host had told me. How then reconcile this fact with the presence of one who had left England not a few days ago, as some said, to be a governess or a companion? Oh, the agony of my doubts, the terrible agony of my dire misgivings! What a world of iniquity do we live in—what vice and corruption are ever around us! It was but a year or two ago, I remember, that the *Times* newspaper had exposed the nefarious schemes of a wretch who had deliberately invented a plan to entrap those most unprotected of all females. The adventures of this villain had become part of the police literature of Europe. Young and attractive creatures, induced to come abroad by promises of the most seductive kind, had been robbed by this man of all they possessed, and deserted here and there throughout the Continent. I was so horror-stricken by the terrors my mind had so suddenly conjured up, that I could not acquire the calm and coolness requisite for a process of reasoning. My over-active imagination, as usual, went off with me, clearing obstacles with a sweeping stride, and stopping chasing through fact as though it were only a gallop over grass land.

"Poor girl, well might you look confused and overwhelmed at meeting me! Well might the flush of shame have spread over your neck and shoulders, and well might you have hurried away from the presence of one who had known you in the days of your happy innocence!" I'm not sure that I didn't imagine I had been her play-fellow in childhood, and that we had been brought up from infancy together. My mind then addressed itself to the practical question, What was to be done? Was I to turn my head away while this iniquity was be-

ing enacted? Was I to go on my way, forgetting the seeds of this misery whose terrible fruits must one day be a shame and an opprobrium? Or was I to arrange this man, great and exalted as he was, and say to him, "Sir, thus you rejoicest before the eyes of the foreigner the virtues of that England we hanst to be the model of all worship? Is it thus you illustrate the habits of your order? Do you dare to profane what, by the fiction of diplomacy, is called the soil of your country by a life that you dare not parade at home? The Parliament shall hear of it; the *Times* shall ring with it; that magnificent institution, the common-sense of England, long sick of what is called secret diplomacy, shall learn at last the what uses are applied the wiles and snares of this deceitful craft, its extraordinary and its private missions, with barried mannequins with their bags of corruption—"

I was well "into my work," and going along happily, when a very trim footman, in a very trim jacket, said:

"If you will come this way, Sir, his excellency will see you."

He led me through three or four salons handsomely furnished and ornamented with pictures, the most conspicuous of which, in each room, was a bit-sized portrait of the same gentleman, in gold-lace and epaulettes—now in the Windsor uniform, now as a Guardsman, and, lastly, in the full dress of the diplomatic order. I had but time to see that that man was his excellency, when the servant announced me and retired.

It is in deep shame that I own that the aspect of the princely apartment, the silence, the implied awe of the footman's whispered voice as he spoke, had so routed all my intentions about calling his excellency to account, that I stood in his presence, dumb and abashed. It is an agonbie confession wrung out of the very heart of my manhood, that no sooner did I find myself before that thin, pale, gray-headed man, who, in a light silk dressing-gown and slippers, sat reclining on a sofa, I give up my pride and unwardly resigned my place as a counsel for injured innocence.

He never raised his head as I entered, but continued his occupation without noticing me, muttering below his breath the words as they fell from his pen, "Take a seat," said he curtly, at last. Perceiving now that he was fully aware of my presence, I sat down without reply. "This bag is late, Mr. Paynter," said he, blandly, as he laid down his pen and looked me in the face.

"Your excellency will permit me, in limine, to observe that my name is not Paynter."

"Pooh, pooh," said he laughing, "I am pre- ve ently before me for the first time, or you would know him, like my great friend and my friend, Prince Metternich, I have made it a rule through life never to burden my memory with whatever I can spend it, and all the time the paronymics of all subordinate people; for this reason, Sir, and to this end, every cook in my establishment answers to the name of Pierre, my valet is always Pierre, my coachman Jacob, my groom is Charles, and all foreign messengers I call Paynter. The original of this bag of letters is, I fancy, supernatural or dead, but he lives in some remote ancestors who carry canvas reticules as well as he."

"The method may be convenient, Sir, but it is scarcely complimentary," said I, bluff.

"Very convenient," said he, complacently. "All counsels I address as Mr. Sloper. You can't fail to perceive how it serves me, and rather think that in the end they like it themselves. When did you leave town?"

"I left on Saturday last. I arrived at Dover by the express train, and it was there that the incident took place by which I have now the honor to stand before your excellency."

Instead of bestowing the slightest attention on this recital of mine, he had resumed his pen and was writing away glibly as before. "Nothing new stirring when you left?" said he, carelessly.

"Nothing, Sir. But to resume my narrative of explanation—"

"Come to dinner, Paynter; we dine at six," said he, rising hastily, and, opening a glass door into a conservatory, which looked as long as in a mingled state of shame, anger, humiliation, and, I will state, of ludicrous embarrassment which I have no words to express, I—

"Dinner! No," exclaimed I, "if the alterative power is here I must sind a glass of spring water! not if I were to fast till this time tomorrow! Dine with a man who will not condescend to acknowledge even my identity, who will not deign to call me by my name, but only consents to regard me as a pebble on the seashore, a blade of grass in a wide meadow! Dine with him, to be addressed as Mr. Paynter, and to see Pierre, and Jacob, and the rest of them look up to me as one of themselves! By what prescriptive right does this man dare to insult those who, for aught he can tell, are more of his equals in ability? Does the accident—and what other can it be than accident?—of his station confer this privilege? How would he look if one were to retort with his own impertinence? What, for instance, if I were to say, 'I always call myself Diplomatic Bloodstone, you'll not be offended if, just for memory's sake, I address you as Bloodstone—Mr. Bloodstone, of course?'"

I was in ecstasies at this thought. It seemed to vindicate all my insulted personality, all my outraged and injured identity. "Yes," said I, "I will dine with him; six o'clock shall see me punctual to the minute, and determined to avenge the whole insulted family of the Paynters. I defy him to assert that the provocation came not from his side. I dare him to show cause why I should be the butt of his humor, any more than he of mine. I will be prepared to make use of his own exact words in repelling my impertinence, and say, 'Sir, you have actually embodied my meaning; you have to the letter expressed what this morning I felt on being called Mr. Paynter; you have, besides this, had the opportunity of experiencing the sort of pain such an impertinence inflicts, and you are now in a position to guide you as to how for you will persist in it for the future.'"

I was rapturised by the thought of this reprisal, and longed for the moment to come in which, indeed, I should have the opportunity of saying, "Bluebottle, pass the Modena," with some comment on the advantage all the Bluebottles have in getting, if they can, a glass free. Then, with what sarcastic irony I should condole with him over his wearisome, dull career, ever, really without pleasure, but for blue-books, making Grotius into bad grammar, and vamping up old Italian proverbs, and saying, "Ain't you sick of it all, B.-B.?" I should say, familiarly; "is not the mercility of the whole thing offensive? Does it not, Bluebottle, seem it is a sort of formula in which Madrid might be inserted for Moscow, and what was said of Naples might be applied to Vienna? Have you reputed a long time with myself at what precise period of the entertainment I should unmask my battery and open fire. Should it be in the drawing-room, before dinner? Should it be immediately after the soup, or after the glass of sherry? Ought I to wait till the dessert, and that time when a sort of easy intimacy had been established which might be employed to prompt candor and frankness? Would it not be in better taste to defer it till the servants had left the room? I think, on mature thought, it would be better to do it in the sweetest manner possible."

I suppose I am not the first man who has derived consequence from the invitation it has cost him misery to accept. How many in this world of snobbery have felt that the one sole recompense for long nights of ennui was the first time their names appeared in the distinguished guests in the next day's *Post*?

"It is not a grand dinner, to-day, is it?" asked Kramm.

"No, no, a merely family party; we are very old chums, you know, and I like to see him."

"You will then go in plain black, and with nothing but your 'decorations.'"

"I will wear my order, of course; not even a ribbon." And I turned away to hide the shame and mortification his suggestion had produced.

Punctually at six o'clock I arrived at the legation, first ascertaining from a very fat, pale, and a decent-looking personage in black preceded me up the stairs, and opened the double doors into the drawing-room, without even announcing me, or paying the slightest attention to my mention of "Mr. Pottinger."

Laying down his newspaper as I entered, his excellency came forward with his hand out, and though it was the very last imaginable touch, and he bore was grandly conversant, his manner was courteous and his manner bland.

"Charmed to find you have the merit of punctuality," said he. "To the untravelled English, six means seven, or even later. You may serve dinner, Jacob," addressing the man at my backing," continued he, turning to me; "cold, raw, and uncongenial."

We taking our character "till, the door opening, the maître d'hôtel announced, "His excellency is served," a rather impolite hint, I thought, of ignoring his company, and which was even more strongly impressed by the fact that he walked in leaving me behind him.

At the table a third "cover" was just being speedily removed as we entered, a fact that amazed my hostess Miss Bluebottle. The dinner began, and went on with little said, a faint question from the maître d'hôtel as to what fish should and a whispered reply constituted most of the talk, and an occasional cold recommendation to me to take more champagne. I was admirable in all its details, the cookery exquisite, the wines delicious, but there was an opposition in the solemnity of it all that made me feel repentedly. Had the butler been serving a high mass his motions at the side-board could scarcely have been more reverential.

"If you don't object to the open air, we'll take our coffee on the terrace," said his excellency; and we soon found ourselves on a most charming elevation, surrounded on three sides with orangeries, and opposite to a most magnificent view over a line landscape with the Taunus mountains in the distance.

"I can call myself, I trust a good elger," said the minister, as he selected with great care two from the number on a silver plateau before him. "Thera, I think, you will find tolerable; indeed, they are grown for myself at Cuba, and prepared after a recipe only known to one family."

In all this there was a dignified civility, not at all like the impertinent freedom of his manner in the morning. He never, besides, addressed me as Mr. Paynter; in fact, he did not advert to a name at all, not giving me the slightest pretext for that regret I had once so charged with; and as to opening the campaign myself, I'd as soon have commenced acquaintance with a tiger by a pull at his tail. We were now alone; the servants had retired, and there we sat, slowly smoking our cigars in apparent ease, but one of us at least in a frame of mind the very opposite to tranquillity. What a rush and conflict of thought was in my head! Why had not *she* dined with us? Was her position such as that the presence of a stranger became an embarrassment? Good Heaven! was it to oppose this, that, and the other? What was there in this man that so imposed on me that when I wanted to speak I only could sigh, and that I felt the presence like some overpowering spell? It was that calm, self-contained, quiet manner—and rather than manner, commons without cordiality—that chilled me to the very marrow of my bones. Lecture him on the private annoyance of his life! ask him to render me an account of his actions! address *him* as Bluebottle!—

"Will you such tobacco as that one can drink Bordeaux," said he. "Help yourself."

And I did, and helped myself, rapidly, mechanically. I drank for courage, as a man might drink from thirst or fever, or for strength in a moment of fainting fatigue. The wine was exquisite, and my heart beat more forcibly, and I felt it.

I can not follow very connectedly the course of events; I neither know how the conversation glided into politics, nor what I said on that subject, but to the steps by which I succeeded in obtaining his excellency's confidence, I know as little as a man does of the precise moment in which he is fascinated by a snake in a twist. I have a dim memory of talking in a very dictatorial voice, and continually referring to my "extensive knowledge of life," with reference to what Peel "said," and what the Duke "told me."

"What's the use of writing home?" said his excellency, in a desponding voice. "For the last five years I have paid attention to what is going on here; nobody minds, nobody reads it. Open any blue-book you like, and will you find one sixty dispatch from Hesse-Kalbrentenstadt?"

"I can not call one to mind."

"Of course you can't. Would you believe it, when the Zeitinger party went out, and the Schlafferfers came in, I was rebuked—actually rebuked—for sending out a special messenger with the news? And then came out a dispatch in cipher, which being interpreted contained this stupid dogmeat:

"'Strange that such difference should be Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.'

I ask, Sir, is it thus the affairs of a great country can be carried on? The efforts of Russia have an increase, a certain pressure—I will mention no names—loves caviar, he likes it fresh, there is a special estafette established to bring it! I remain, for the most, quiet in my searches, his fondness for English cheese; I lost no time in putting the fact before the cabinet I represented. I received back from Lord Twiddledingly toward France, the thoughtful politician never to perish in the Bluebottlestreet. I urged them to lose no time: 'The grand-duchess has immense influence—countenance her,' said I. Countenance her with a Sèvres! and—what do you believe it, Sir, they have not so much as sent out a Cheddar! What will the people of England say when they hear of this? Will they as learn they shall, that at this mission here I am alone—that I have neither secretary nor attaché, paid or unpaid, and that since the Crimean war the whole weight of the legation has been thrown upon my shoulders? Oh, but that a systematic course of trenchery—I can't call it less—has been adopted to enfrap me, if such were possible? I have received no answer to my questions all unanswered. I stend here with the peace of Europe in my hands, and none to counsel and assist me. What will you say, Sir, to the very last dispatch I have received from Downing Street? I rans thus:

"'I am instructed by the lords to inform you that he views with indifference your statement of the internal condition of the grand-duchy, but is much struck by your charge for sealing-wax.

"'I have, Sir, etc.'

"This is no longer to be endured. A public servant who has filled some of the most responsible of oficial stations—I was eleven years at Tangiers, and twelve at Rejadjoz; I was in charge at Columbine for eight months—the only European who ever survived an autumn there; they then sent me back to Columbine to negotiate the Salt-spent treaty; offer that—"

Here my senses grew muddy; the gray, dim light, the sad influences of a cool dinner and a sufficiency of wine, the drowsy tenor of the minister's voice, all conspired, and I slept as soundly as if in my bed. My next conscious moment was as his excellency moved his chair back, and said,

"I think a cup of tea would be pleasant; let us come into the drawing-room."

THE FIREMEN'S PARADE.

The night is very still and dark,
The trees look slumberous through the Park,
The glimmering gas-lamps, here and there,
Like steadfast fire-flies, dot the air;
An autumn calm is over the town,
Unfelt the autumn dews come down,
The waiting crowd is calm and dumb
Till breaks the outburst of "They come—
The firemen of New York!"

A thread of flame around the square,
A rosy light that fills the air,
A hum of voices—then a sound
Of marshing feet that shakes the ground,
And phalanx after phalanx comes
To whistling fifes and beating drums,
While distant cheers, like wave on wave,
Surge onward, welcoming the brave—
The firemen of New York!

Bathed in a yellow foam of light
The red shirts gleam athwart the night,
And down the long illumined line
A thousand burnished helmets shine,
While this or that stay make they wind,
With truck and engine behind them,
And the black sky is split with cheers
Of welcome to the volunteers—
The firemen of New York!

Soaring to heaven, from torch on torch,
As the hands pass the royal porch
A thousand fiery fountains play,
The night is almost turned to day,
A sea of light flows every where,
A golden powder fills the air;
The dressed lines in the Park grumble
For, Kings of Fire, they join with flame—
The firemen of New York!

Another glory than that of light
Decked with its splendor that autumn night;
A glory reaching wider and higher
Than all the fountains of yellow fire—
A lesson that we should have learned in truth
Into the heart of the royal youth,
Of the magical change by Freedom wrought,
How men may be brave and yet unbought,
Like the firemen of New York!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On Sunday, October 14, the Prince attended service at Trinity Church, and lunched at the British Consulate. On Monday he took his departure from New York in the *Harvest* for Newport, Rhode Island, where he arrived in the afternoon. He recognize them, and his review of the orders are mentioned in another column. On Tuesday he left West Point in the *Daniel Drew*, and steamed up to Albany where he was received by Governor Morgan and the state authorities. After spending an hour or two at the capitol he repaired to the Governor's residence and dined there. Governor Seward and others being guests. On Wednesday he took a special train for Springfield, and thence to Boston, where he arrived late in the afternoon. He was conducted to the Revere House by the Boston authorities, in some crowd following. On Thursday the Prince witnessed a great Boston Council procession, then witnessed Eaton Burnham, the survivor of Bunker Hill; reviewed the troops on Boston Common, and subsequently visited Harvard College and the Mount Hill, and went to the hall in the evening. On Friday morning he left Wales and visited Middlebury College, and examined all the objects of interest at that venerable seat of learning. He then proceeded to Burlington, Auburn Cemetery, Bunker Hill, and the Cheltenham Dairy Farm. The royal party are reported to have become cicerds of citizens and with great enthusiasm wherever they went. He left Burlington for Montreal on Saturday morning in a special train of cars.

PRAYER-BOOKS FOR THE PRINCE.

"At Trinity Church, Sunday, Oct. 14, the *Herald* reporter, "three front pews in the centre aisle were reserved for the accommodation of the royal party. In one of them, and immediately in front of the Prince's seat, two magnificently-gilded prayer-books were displayed—the one a small octavo size, the other a half quarto. They were both got up in the most perfect style of typographical art, and the skill of the binder had exhausted itself on the exterior decorations. The large prayer-book was bound in purple red morocco, and was fastened by a golden clasp, elaborately embossed with the Prince's crest. The clasp alone cost the sum of $250. On the outer cover it bore this inscription:

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES,
FROM
THE CORPORATION OF
TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK,
IN TESTIMONY OF THEIR APPRECIATION
OF THE
CROWN OF ENGLAND.

"The clasp of this book was finely worked with the Prince of Wales' plume and the motto 'Ich Dien.' It was altogether a beautiful gift, worthy of Trinity Church and the royal Prince.

"The smaller prayer-book was bound in something like brown morocco, and clasped by two ornamented silver clasps. The inscription on the outside of the front cover was a beautifully lapidd representation of the crown and garter, and on the other side the following inscription:

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES,
FROM
FRANCIS VINTON, D.D.,
THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION OF
THE CORPORATION OF TRINITY CHURCH,
NEW YORK,
AS A MEMORIAL OF HIS VISIT ON SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY, OCTOBER 14, 1860.

"The frontispiece is a very fine engraving of our blessed Saviour."

AN IRISHMAN INSULTS HIM.

On the Prince's departure from New York, shortly after the second day of reaching the country, he received a very happy illustration and, with a sigh of relief, "Ah! sure my life's gone, and yet the never mind, for the whole of the fortunate speech he received a bullet on the side of the head that nearly sent him into the water. The bullet, however, prevented any further disturbance.

HE FINDS IT COLD.

On the way to Mount Pelion, the Prince walked about upon the upper decks, and found it cold; went into the pilot-house, and found that still colder; and walked twice down upon the main deck, under the awning, and remained there half an hour, and found it comfortable enough. Mr. Collector Schell, and other gentlemen of the party, the second more lively and talkative than he has appeared before since the hand upon the lifeless pretaker, and expressed very lively his gratification at his reception in New York, and especially with the firemen's parade. He said that he had seen a great many soldiers before, but never such firemen. "Fire-looking fellows!" he added.

HE WILL RETURN TO THIS COUNTRY.

During the excursion the Prince, as well as General Bruce and the Duke of Newcastle, expressed his satisfaction with his entire reception, and his regret that he could not have passed more time here and visited the

Southern States. He said that he should certainly visit the United States, and so we may distant day, and would come during the winter, for the special purpose of taking a tour through the Southern States.

HE WOULDN'T GO TO A CADET'S HOP.

The colonels invited the Prince to a hop, and he wouldn't accept. The ladies said that it was the fault of the Duke of Newcastle. The officers were very mad that the Prince "should come out like another shivering cadet, and sit in the cadets' dressing—and actually shivering cadets did sit in his room, and actually receive their a little innocent recreation." Newcastle said that the Prince was "tired. Water was strongly voted to have "a taste of shampagne," and something more than a great fever. The persons who invited the Prince were sought chase. "Why hid he from?" asked the Duke of Newcastle. "Because he said he was too fatigued," answered the accusation. A deal of, have followed, but a general giving up of the idea with drop slighting by the ladies.

HE GETS ANGRY WITH THE CROWD.

At West Point he was quite a queen at tin-pipe. The nine-pin alley is long, for bowling, with plenty of room, and it was thronged with people. The Prince, those who did go and look at the windows had a fine view of the Prince, and the Prince bowled a fine view of the. The party were sitting, when the Lord St. Germans was manager himself all the while with a different hole, when the Prince, looking up, over the crowd outside the windows. "They're looking at me," said he; "this is too bad." Then walking up to the window, he said to those outside, in a fine, generous manner, "Go away from the window." Three times during the evening this was repeated, his Royal Highness would not of harmony, and everybody anxious to go to the hall which the cadets didn't have.

HE DOES NOT HIS PLAYS TENDERLY.

The royal party roll very hollly. Any of our New Yorkers could beat the whole crew, and not half try. A "lay strike" is a matter of congratulation with the royal party, all singing their hands, and saying "good." Blue, rolling on the floor, and saying "good." The Germans rolls with a theoretical air, remaining in position till his ball has actually stopped by the pins, and then beginning more frequently. Newcastle's balls are like Bacchus, low and sonorous, and he accomplishes them, either among the pins or the hop. Tennyson not only rolls his balls, but he rolls his poetry, and he rolls it with the pins. Dr. Ashland says that he rolls for exercise, and Bailey that he does. Dr. Ashland rolls duck and drake with. The Prince takes the small or gray balls, and never very accurately, and generally bowling the balls in one of the gutters upon either side of the alley, or in the stomach of the small boy who sets up the pins which happen to upset over.

HE READS THE LONDON "TIMES."

On his way from Albany to Boston the Prince passed the time in reading, and not every from the window, pop, as the attention to the country through which he passed. He read attentively the London Times, with an article referring to Albany and Boston, and the Mormon turbulence, and read after the paper when it was accidentally rolled.

THE PRINCE CAN'T BEAR GAS.

The party reached the hotel at Boston about half past 7 P.M. They passed the evening quietly. The Prince, the party dispense with chandeliers, and use only wax-candles, gas being considered unhealthy by Europeans.

ONE OF THE SUITE GETS SNUBBED.

On the way to the Hotel Mr. Raghehurt, who is always quitting the fact of his being one of the aliments, he notice to soldiers' dress. "Where the men get their red coats?" "They have 'em in the ship," the man was incensed.

THE PRINCE MEETS RALPH FARNHAM.

By appointment Ralph Farnhem, the Revolutionary veteran, had an interview with the Prince on Thursday. The meeting was very cordial. The Duke of Newcastle, who with most of the suite, was present, asked the veteran if he was "a relative of the Farnhams of Farnham, Surrey, or rather had him there." The old soldier then remarked, chuckling, "that bearing was good in praise of the Prince. He begun to feel that the people were burning royalties. The Prince, in conversation, said that he was glad to see the veteran, and that he had read his Revolutionary services with great pleasure." The old man exchanged autographs with his Royal Highness, who had shown Prince Arthur British soldiers in 1814, to meet her and with a hearing very different from that which he received the Prince. Autographs and autographs chance with the majors, colonels, and guardsmen of the suite this morning. His Highness speaks of the interview with the greatest pleasure, and says that he wished to show the boy and his children, and he was sorry he forgot for old times. The old man represents the general feeling.

HE IS HEARTILY KILLED BY A VASE OF FLOWERS.

The last attention the Prince has had in New York: for all the committees, being anxious to speak to the Prince and leaving flowers for him, an crash would a large vase of flowers, scattering its contents over the Prince. There were perhaps a dozen, and the Prince was laughing so heartily that he could not hear or speak.

HE COMPLAINS OF HAVING TO DANCE WITH THE CHAPS.

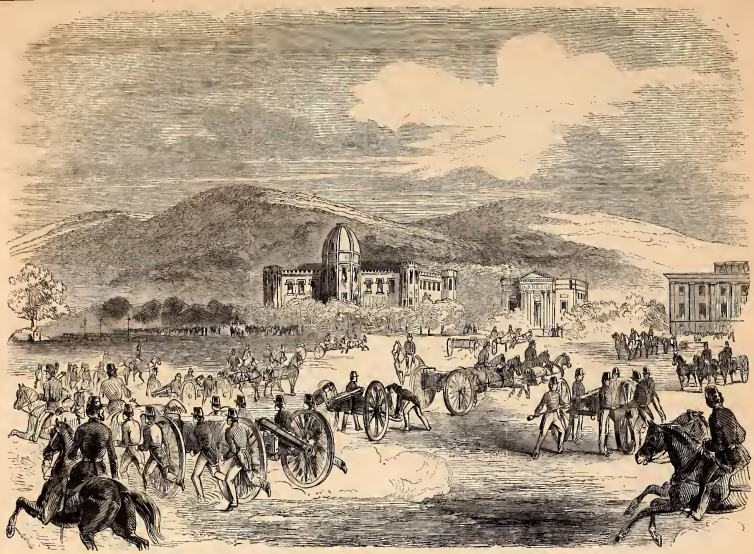
At the ball the Prince was by no means ignored by the young ladies of the Southern Confederacy, to one of whom he remarked slyly, "They made me dance with the old chaps in Canada."

HOW THE PRINCE GOT INTO THE BALL.

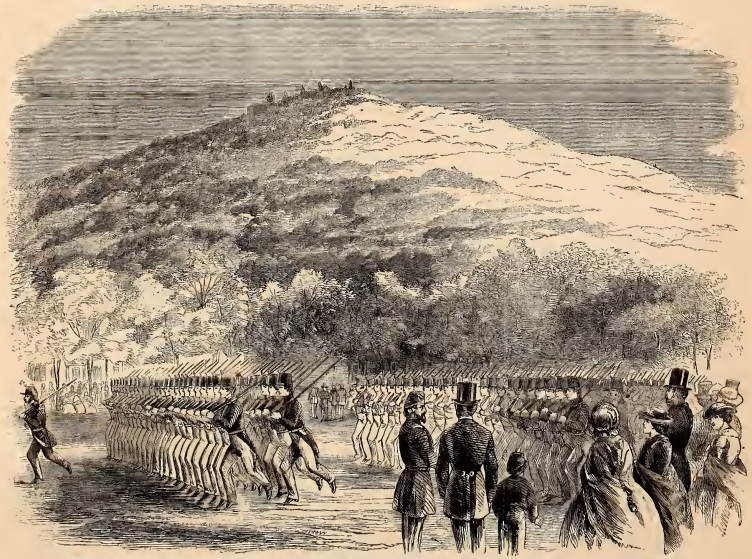
We read in the New York *Times*: "It has been very confidently asserted that the Prince of Wales was expected at the Academy Ball in a blue waistcoat with gold buttons, was refused admission by the gentlemen Dirigents, was pitched over the Committee of Reception, and forced to return to his hotel to don the requisite black. Now, we happen to have the high authority of Mr. Peter Cooper for regarding as the so pleasant fable. Mr. Cooper

"We are assured that all this is entirely edge of the beard. The fine gray hair of the Prince which falls upon the form of Empire's royal hat did indeed amazed the venerable editor of New York Empire with an uneasy sense about the Prince's youthful beard. But on drawing back the hand of the Prince, and, and completely lifting his undergarments, it was discovered that the objectionable effect was produced by a broad blue ribbon of the Garter, and although in the direction of the committee an energetic protest was offered in favor of the ribbon of the Garter, other much deliberation, in which a clergyman, a barber, a lawyer, and two soldiers took part, it was finally decided that if garters were excluded in one case they must be in all cases, and the Prince was accordingly permitted to dance. Such are the excellent results of combining feeline sentiments not to be passed in a manly and chivalrous fashion, to the gaiety, the infirm, and the multitudes, and to the worldly, and the Prince was accordingly permitted to dance. Such are the excellent results of combining feeline sentiments

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WEST POINT.—ARTILLERY PRACTICE, OCTOBER, 1860.—[See following Page.]



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WEST POINT.—ARTILLERY DRILL—FORMING BATTERY. OCTOBER, 1860.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WEST POINT.—EVENING PARADE—BATTALION PASSING IN REVIEW, DOUBLE-QUICK TIME. OCTOBER, 1860.

THE HORROR IN THE HOUSE.

"No. 23 Gaylord Terrace only differed from the other numbers in being larger and more commodious. Some years before my first remembrance of the place, it had passed into the possession of Mr. Archbold, a wealthy merchant and ship-owner of Birkenhead, who furnished it in a style of imposing magnificence, and adopted it as his regular summer resort. The death, however, of a widowed sister, Mrs. Annesley, who resided with him—an event which occurred in the last season—gave him a distaste to the spot; and placing the house, with its furniture, in the hands of the nearest agent, the merchant returned to his usual home. Sumptuous fittings and a moderate rent insured a speedy occupation; and in the seven years that succeeded Mr. Archbold's departure few families in turn inhabited the mansion—save for a season each, one for two, and one for three successive years. All these, especially the latest tenant, Mr. Lupton, quitted it with evident pleasure; that gentleman even leaving with regret the mansion which had witnessed the illness and death of a beloved daughter.

"No. 23 was vacant when I first took cognizance of Gaylord Terrace; but the notice to let speedily disappeared, the chimney smoked, the windows opened, flowers blushed in the balcony, while silver voices and laughter betrayed the presence of fairer beings within. A lady, with five daughters, had taken the house. Their name was Callender. The husband and father was captain and part owner of an East Indiaman, had already realized a handsome independence, and was at this time on his voyage home.

"A brighter group I never saw. Mother and children had all the same clear, dark complexion, high-bloom, black eyes, and brown tresses—syringlingly beauty refined—and what can be lovelier? Pleasant laughter, and merry laughter! I hear it still, as I linger with my hoop beneath their window, waiting impatiently for my chosen lady of the ball, Bell May.

"Rose, Lily, Violet (they were all named after flowers), Poppy, and May—each of them was charming, and had a particular attraction. Bell Violet, I think, was the greatest favorite; Bud Rose was the titular belle; Lily and Poppy were dubious; but the real queen of hearts, without one, as I have hinted, Bud May, who was, besides, the nurse of the family.

"What is that on your forehead, my sweet May?" asked her mamma, suddenly, one morning, as my favorite entered, and sat down to breakfast.

"May passed her hand across her brow, and looked up inquiringly.

"Ah, it's gone!" continued her mother, laughing.

"What was it, mamma? A wasp?"

"A frown, my love, and such a one as I never saw on any lady's face yet, least of all my Bell," replied Mrs. Callender, with a rather puzzled expression.

"May, on her part, looked thoughtful and somewhat troubled, but quickly resumed her usual demeanor; and nothing occurred for several days, till, one morning, Mrs. Nurse Goodes, who attending on her mistress's toilet, bemoaned and spoke: 'I don't know pardon, ma'am, but have you noticed Miss May?'

"Noticed her? *Especially!* No. Why do you inquire, nurse?"

"She grows thin, ma'am, that's certain; but she eats and drinks, and sleeps and plays as usual. I can't make out what the dear child ails; I yet, somebody, she's not herself. For days together she will seem much as usual; then, again, all in a moodiness."

"Nurse stopped.

"What do you mean?"

"There comes a look upon her that makes me quiver!" said nurse, with a perceptible tremor. "I never saw such a thing—I never will."

"'Good Heavens, nurse!' exclaimed the startled mother, recalling the frown at breakfast. 'What can have affected her?'

"'It's odd,' replied Nurse Goodes, 'but she doesn't seem to know it herself! I wish, ma'am, you could come and hear her moaning at night. I see the expression more strongly then; and sometimes she speaks a word or two I can not understand.'

"Her mistress promised to do so, and kept awake various nights before fulfilling the entire desire; but May was gayer than ever, and gave her no opportunity for remark.

"I passed the afternoon, which was wet, in the house with my young friends, and we had a game at hide-and-seek, during which I by accident had the most ingenious 'hide' of the day, being rooted out at last in a great apartment on the ground-floor, in which there was a bed of extraordinary size. Upon this couch the ruffled hunters had set down more than once in consultation, not dreaming that the crafty little maid had moved to the corner, and substituting for it her own slight person, concealed herself to perfection with the pillows and coverlet.

"All the luxurious appointments of this richly furnished room—known as the Angel Chamber—but more particularly the bed, were objects of considerable admiration. The bed was of foreign manufacture, and was unusually low, carved, gilt, and inlaid at the foot with malachite. The mantle was crowned by an angelic figure, exquisitely moulded, from white marble, extended in an attitude of protection, and from whose half-opened golden wings, descended the rich hangings of amber silk, which completed the drapery of a couch worthy of a queen.

"When that merry day was over, and the tired children had gone to rest, Mrs. Callender stole quietly up to May's little chamber, and found Nurse Goodes standing by the bed. Nurse put her finger to her lips, and looked mournfully at the little sleeper. Her mistress's eyes followed here. There was the same strange frown she had once already seen. Now, too, the lips were drawn back, the teeth set, the innocent face wholly changed, and wearing an expression of mingled horror and despair inexpressibly shocking to contemplate. Mrs. Callender scarcely recognized the child.

"Presently she murmured some indistinct sounds. Mamma put down her lamp.

"'They are ruining at me—coming, rushing again! Angel, oh angel!' gasped May.

"'My child!—my May!—what is it? Wake!' cried the terrified mother, kneeling by her.

"May woke, and the expression passed as though a mask had fallen. She sat up, bewildered, but composed, and, kissing her mother, asked what was the matter.

"'I—I thought you were sleeping uneasily, my love,' said mamma, half-fearing to see the look return. 'Was it a dream?'

"'Ah, I remember,' said May, lightly. 'Some creatures came flying at me all round, breaking, like black arrows, against the bed; but the angel stopped them always.'

"'Missy slept two nights in the Angel Room, ma'am—very quiet,' explained nurse, 'and had the same dream there.'

"But I don't mind it, said May. 'It—it's *habit*.'

"The strange look seemed about to steal over her face again, but she covered it with her hands.

"Mrs. Callender sat musing for a time. She mentioned nurse away; she was bent on finding out the mystery.

"'What "other," May? My little girl, you have some trouble or fear. Confide in mamma. What is it?'

"May was silent for a moment, holding her mother's hand, and mechanically counting the white fingers. Then she said:

"'Mamma, I can not tell. Something is wrong with me. What I know, but indeed, indeed I can not describe. It is a moment's pain, or pleasure, then, that, almost before I can feel how horrible it is, it is gone! It is neither pain nor pleasure, but yet is something of all three. I should not mind it so much, however, but for a sort of shock or spasm of sickening horror that comes after it. It is as though—as though some wicked thing had touched me,' added the little girl, in a low voice, clasping more tightly the hand she held.

"Mrs. Callender's heart beat faster; but she was a firm and sensible woman, and addressed herself with such quiet energy to the task of soothing the poor child—move unnerved, apparently, by the confession of May's fear, which was felt by its concealment—that she very soon attained her object; and having watched her darling into a slumber, left her in charge of the nurse, whom she found in the adjoining apartment, weeping bitterly.

"'Oh, ma'am, ma'am! '—oh, my dear lady!' sobbed Nurse Goodes. 'Take her away—take the darling away!'

"'Away, nurse?'

"'Away from this dreadful house. It is not for a Christian creature to live in. Charlotte says so.'

"'Charlotte?'

"'Old Charlotte, the char-woman; she that was here, off and gin, in Mr. Archbold's time. She knows that Mr. Archbold's sister was buried in the same way.' 'He buried his sister! it, and he did she, for she was a high-conceaged lady, Mrs. Annesley; but she has touched six times, and took.'

"'Touched and taken! Are you mad, you silly woman? Speak for your lady.' 'For my sake, nurse, for my child's sake, beware how you give utterance to any such folly! As for old Charlotte, I shall talk to her myself presently.'

"The next day, a medical gentleman, their neighbor—one of the most intelligent and refined Mrs. Callender—made a purely accidental visit; and pretty May, who happened to be alone with her mother, was subjected to a most searching questioning. Mr. Mawry was forced to admit that she looked worn and thin, but was utterly unable to detect any disease, and was consequently, as nothing is avowedly the most approved remedy for nothing, he sent it to her in the form of some pretty colored medicine, which might have been swallowed with impunity by a delicate bee.

"But, in spite of the absence of medicine, in spite of care and vigilance, in spite of soft spring winds and strengthening tonics, May had begun to droop and fade. So we more hoop, and hide-and-seek, and resist-rambles, for my little queen. From the strong exercise which the children, from three to the sofa, from the sofa to her own little chamber, pay Mr. Mawry's beneficiary, the little life, till the most sanguine of the surrounding hearts dared hope no longer. Change of air and scene had been suggested by the medical men; other had been called in—not once declared that nothing could be to well adapted to her evening complaint as the clear and bracing air of the sea-shore breathed. As for change of scene, the little patient herself so earnestly, almost passionately entreated that she might be not sent away, that the idea was instantly abandoned.

"One other request the little mind preferred—that she might be placed beneath in the Angel-chamber, null—and—. It was done; and now, as though it had nothing more to do or wish for, Bud May sank quickly and silently away.

"'I have not told you what, all this time, I felt and did. I have kept the knowledge from the singing—going to God—you! I dared not dwell much upon it, lest to myself—selfish regrets were out of place, could have no part or lot in such a matter. Still, I was not forbidding to sorrow with and for the rest; and many a day have I not waiting patiently for the hour that sometimes saw me admitted for a moment to the Angel-chamber, to kneel beside the golden bed, and kiss the little waxen hand that family welcomed me.

"May lived six weeks; and we soon found that her greatest solace was to be left entirely along, to gaze up at the shining countenance of the majestic angel, and to listen to the low sound of some sacred melody chanted by Violet from a distant room.

"One evening—it was the 30th of April—the fact of our invalid's having been somewhat better in the morning had emboldened me to bring with me a beautiful kitten, of which she had once expressed her admiration. May was delighted, fondled it heartily, and let me see that the only kiss she had ever bestowed, and bade me leave the soft purring thing with her for a while, and return for it before I left the house.

"I can not tell what feeling possessed me, but, that May heeded, I longed for solitude, and, instead of proceeding to the nearest station, rode into an adjoining apartment, and presently began to weep.

"'A cold bath would do you good,' it was Mrs. Callender, whom I had not noticed sitting in the darkening room, and who, moved by my grief, came and sat down beside me, whispering broken words of consolation.

"As she spoke there was, or seemed to be, a faint call from the sick-chamber. Other ears had quicked it too, for Violet and the rest were already in the passage, and in another moment all had assembled in the Angel-chamber.

"There they lay, both asleep, the kitten and the little maid; but my little child shall never wake again till the resurrection.

"After a very brief interval No. 23 found another tenant—the young wife of Colonel Robert Doulton, a stern warrior of the Wellington school, who had served in the Indian wars, and now, at the express suggestion of a London physician, brought down his invalid wife, to derive what benefit she might from the sweet sea breezes and salubrious breezes of a notoriously healthy neighborhood.

"Mrs. Doulton—if the pale phantom that had revolted in a moment of weakness, and was now the chief bedroom in the arms of one strong mold deserved the name of a living being—was the object upon which, from a man of iron, proceeded unmalleable, self-indulgent—lavished all his love and care. Neither could he exceed the solicitude with which he watched the fitful pulsations of her order, and assembled round her every imaginable object calculated to please the eye and tranquilize the mind of his beloved patient. The physician, Dr. T——, came down once a week, to receive a report from Mrs. Doulton, and was seen accordingly followed, to dine simptuously with the colonel, and to receive the fifty-pound note which so poorly recompensed his short journey. While little Mr. Mawry, the apothecary, received orders to look in at least once in the morning and every day.

"In spite of these arrangements, the generally received opinion that Mrs. Doulton would never quit that splendid chamber alive grew and strengthened.

"Old Charlotte, the char-woman, who had no greater business in the house than—I know not—for bad I not buried my heart there, while she had only secreted it—she, I say, I say, contrived to reconnect herself with the establishment, upon those patterns, walked quietly back into its service.

"Charlotte asserted—and they believed her—that, no matter what the number of regular servants in the house, there was always room for one more woman. The reports she brought, in her chirping to and fro, were gloomy in the extreme. Mrs. Doulton sitting upright in her bed—never part—never. As for the colonel, he spent the greater part of the morning, at his own bedroom, reading to or conversing with her; then he rode or walked out for an hour, and returning, passed the hours till dinner in his apartment, which he chose to call his study, engaged in the preparation of a work relating to his campaigns in India. The physician came the size of a London visitor; and of the neighbors, the good rector, who received a cordial welcome, and Mr. Mawry, alone had access to the sanctum of No. 23.

"Thus passed about two months, when, on a certain morn of sunshine, the dark prognostications of old Charlotte and party were signally confounded by the appearance of Mrs. Doulton upon the gravel-walk between the parlors. She was decidedly better. Close beside her stalked her tall dark husband, rubbing his hands, and eying his well-stayed corset with the complacency, as he saw that form, which must have been a sweet and pleasant one in days of old, shrinking into nothing, and disappearing under the influence of the soft free air, and the sense of returning vigor.

"The friends early turns together, and vast home at last with manifest reluctance; the invalid, as if vain of her recovered strength, abdicating the steady hand of her husband, and leaning her arm on the stout shoulder.

"A day or two later, Mr. Mawry, who had already, as he confessed to his wife, experienced some slight twinges of conscience on the score of receiving a fee for the Doulton visits, was accosted by the colonel as he crossed the hall, and invited to remain and partake of the dinner at that moment announced by the gong.

"Mawry was fond of a good dinner. He emptied, and accepted.

"The repast, though, to all appearance, a solitary had not been expected, was of the most costly description, suited to the occasion in character, variety, and fecture, perfect in detail. Host and guest agreed in postponing mere intellectual pleasure to the great business of the hour, and it was only when, the banquet finished, they drew chairs to the window, and begun sipping their claret, that the colonel put forth the proper subject of conversation, then Mr. Mawry fancied that he glanced from subject to subject rather too abruptly, and was resolving in his secret soul whether his host was endeavoring to astonish him with his stores of knowledge, or whether his mind was in truth preoccupied with some deep matter, the remembrance of which he sought to drown in desultory talk, when the colonel suddenly rose, and, going to a book-case, took down a large and a small volume, and handed the latter to his visitor. Mawry saw that it was in some pictorial character, in paragraph, numbered and lettered. The colonel then changed volumes, and showing Mawry that he now held an English translation, requested him to name any paragraph throughout the work, which he, the colonel, holding the original, would render into literal English

"Mawry did so as was desired, nazing in succession four or five passages of considerable length, all of which his host read off in English with perfect ease and correctness. He then laid the books aside.

"'Now, Sir, feel my pulse,' were his next words.

"Mawry felt. It was not a full beat, but regular, and moderately fast.

"'Am I in health, think you? Chest and lungs all right?'

"'Do you wish me to examine with the stethescope? I have it with me.'

"The other consented, and Mr. Mawry, through the medium of that plain speaker, ascertained that all was sound.

"'And I am not mad?'

"The doctor stared.

"'I have conversed collectedly upon many different topics, and have translated with literal accuracy several passages from the most involved and difficult Eastern writers. Are these proofs sufficient?'

"Mawry bowed an affirmative.

"'Now, Doctor, I am going to ask you a curious question. Remember, I do not speak in figures. Shall my daughter—as I mean *note death*?'

"Mawry could not forbear a start.

"'I will explain further,' said the colonel, 'Once in three or four years—sometimes more frequently—I experience a sensation so difficult to describe that I was driven to the adoption of the simile that used your metaphor. It is like a phantom cloth dung suddenly over my whole face. Eyes, mouth, nostrils, ears, and breath in its presence. I shudder from head to foot with an inconceivable mixture of loathing and rage. In a second it is over, and I am as well as ever. Have you, in your experience, met with such a case? I am not given to idle fancies. When I tell you, Doctor, that I have seen dreadful and fatal miracles, have passed nights among dead and dying creatures, witnessed every phase of terrible death of war, you may believe that my nerves are not easily shaken. But I will own that the circumstances I have alluded to, in its singular recurrence, have me considerable uneasiness; and fearing that, should the horror seize me in my wife's presence, the change of countenance I make my control might occasion her grave alarm, I resolved to take your opinion on the subject. Let me hawke.'

"Mawry listened deeply for a moment. He was struck with the coincidence of the symptoms described with those which he had seen Mrs. Callender. Some whisper of the supernatural agency to which they were attributed had reached him in one or other of his professional visits, but, mind was devoid of the slightest taint of superstition, and his thoughts now set strongly in quite another direction.

"'Can you recall,' he presently asked, 'the first occasion on which this sensation occurred?'

"'Let me see. No. Stay—yes. I had been chatting with my wife, had partaken of her afternoon tea, and was returning to my study.'

"'It happens most frequently after meals?'

"'No, I think not,' said Doulton, reflecting.

"'You also, I presume, indulge in wine during the day; you Indian gentlemen must have your tiffin, and perhaps, in the intervals, a glass of pale ale or sherry-cobbler.'

"'Possibly,' said the colonel, whose attention was languishing. 'I believe I do.'

"'Brought to you by the butler, eh? What claret this is! Tredway, then, is always your supplier—Mr. Tredway.'

"'I suppose so—I forget. Really, I can hardly tell you. Sometimes Tredway, sometimes Mahmoud, sometimes Ali.' The colonel yawned.

"'Sometimes?'

"'Yes, Doctor, I think they call her. An old woman who favors me with her presence here, for the sake, apparently, of helping eight bile servants to do nothing. But why these inquiries, pray? and, especially, what has *that* old baggage to do with the matter?'

"'Ha!' said Mawry, rather gravely, 'I don't know; when did this happen the *second* time?'

"'I had been writing for a couple of hours, when, feeling weary, and the evening lights my own, I threw myself on the bed—there is one in the room—and fell asleep. On my return to my study I found, I started up in a state—I frankly avow it—of horrible alarm, as though I had been set upon by a band of ruffians. I felt some other thinking horror—*then*, thank God! release, for I do not think a human mind, however strong, could sustain so much as a minute of that agonizing sensation.'

"'It is curious,' said Mawry. 'I confess, Colonel, I do not comprehend your case. So far as my skill instructs me, you are sound in body, and unpossessed by any disease in mind. Yet there are fancies. Firm and self-possessed as you seem, it is yet quite possible that the solution may be found in some abnormal agreement of the nervous system. You have perhaps overtasked your brain—a little tipsy, and, and more exercise.'

"'I see, Sir, I see!' exclaimed the colonel, rising, with some heat; 'you take me for an illustrious ass. Ha! by Heaven, *it is coming now!*'

"Mawry looked steadily at him. The colonel was not acting. The dark-lined countenance grew ghastly pale, the lips drawn back, the teeth chattered and gnashed. In spite of himself, the doctor was sympathetic, and an appearance that powerfully reached the fearful tradition of *possession*.

"The attack, whatever its nature, was but momentary. With a long, deep inspiration, like one over whom a stifling wave has passed, the colonel seemed to recover himself completely, and, with a light laugh, held out his hand.

"Mawry took the hint, and his leave.

"'I will send you a pleasant draught,' he said; or rather, I will instruct your butler to make it.

And you will oblige me, Colonel, by receiving no more a liquid kind from any hand but his. This is important: I will give you my reasons hereafter. Take your wine as usual. Good-night!

"Colonel Doulton neglected one portion of his friend's advice—he took even less than his accustomed exercise, and was so rarely seen abroad that old Charlotte underwent some severe cross-examinations. Her report now was that the mistress grew stronger and stronger, but refused to take the air; that the colonel was becoming seriously ill—could scarcely bear the fatigue of walking up stairs—and seemed himself almost wholly lost to trade, dividing the day between his writing-table and the bed. The doctor, somewhat offended at his patient's strenuous disregard of his counsels, had discontinued his visits, and had not hitherto been invited to renew them.

"Affairs at home remained for several weeks, till one morning the reversed rector was sent for to the house. His visits were a premonition, of a coming grave and pale, and charged with a melancholy tale, of which he made no secret. The colonel had been stricken with some sore grief—perhaps the blood the reach of human skill, and, with a rooted presentiment of his approaching end, was pressing the work on which he had been so long accustomed to a conclusion. He seemed to be awaiting, although with the courage of a Christian and a soldier, an inevitable fate.

"Nor was he deceived. One bleak, gray morning in December the wisdom of No. 23 remained closed. Colonel Doulton was dead!

"It was at this period that attention began to be more generally attracted to the house, and the peculiar evil fortune which seemed to attach to whomsoever became its occupants—the last four families having sunk into a mortal decline in walls. A certain suspicion, originating none could say exactly how, began to shape itself—that old woman who had clung like an evil destiny to that house of grief. She could obtain no employment; few would listen to her long-mouthed claims; the parish found means to resist her claims; the boys in the street rechristened her, without ceremony, as "Mad Mary." Unvisited between times with a peu'orth of arsenic on credit; and, in return, pledged herself to the faithfully to attend the approaching execution. But apparently these suspicions were insufficient, and the law suffered her to starve on unpitied.

"In good truth, the weight of public opinion inclined to the supernatural side; and such extraordinary rumors began to gain currency that this agent decmed it his duty to apprise the landlord, Mr. Archbold, of the character attaching to his house, and the impolicy of its possession another tenant, unless something could be speedily done to redeem its reputation.

"Not a week elapsed before Mr. Archbold, without commenting on his agent's report, incidentally announced that an eligible tenant was on the point of repairing to the spot, and would take immediate possession.

"A excellent idea had occurred to the shrewd old merchant. His favorite nephew, Charlie Annesley, had been guilty of an act of which he thought he slight be disinherited; had, in fact, taken to wife the beautiful daughter of a village schoolmaster. Mr. Archbold, who was one of the fewest words, limited the expression of his indignation to a curt note, in which he informed the delinquent that, to avoid any future misapprehensions, he felt it right to state frankly that he, Charles, would never receive one farthing of the fortune he had destined for him.

"Charlie was a young man of high spirit. He thought he loved his Mary, if possible, a little better for the price he was likely to pay for her. The change in Charlie's prospects, if it could a few friends, would elevate him more certainly; and so much sympathy was felt and shown for the young couple, that set nobly about on the one of life, with nearly nothing—save some hopes like the bark from a daily capsize, that Uncle Archbold became uncomfortably conscious of his ungracious position, and, seeing that some amends to redeem himself' into the good thoughts of the world again," brought him of his wrath to Mary in Gayhead Terrace. Money he could not give—a home he might; and here was a splendid opportunity at once to confer an act of kindness on the nephew, and to rescue his property from the ill name that was daily becoming worse.

"He was accordingly, to Charles, proffering the loan of his furnished mansion in Gayhead Terrace, and intimated that he would have had to consider their future plans, or, indeed, for any period they chose, provided they took instant possession, and were mindful of the costly furniture, and, on Charlie's grateful acceptance, signified the result to his agent, as I have mentioned.

"So, early in February, No. 23, now in the full enjoyment of a hundred fame, opened its doors to new tenants; and Charles Annesley, a young man of twenty-five, with good, frank, intelligent features, and resolute bearing—one with whom no chest of any sense would for a moment dream of contending—escorted his charming little wife across the first threshold of which she was the declared mistress.

"The young people brought but one servant, a country girl; and their entire resources, inclusive of a little drawer of thirty pounds, bounded for his darling by the thrifty old schoolmaster, amounted to no more than seventy-five pounds. Charles, indeed, who had a taste for, and already some proficiency in medical science, intended to turn this to account; but how the war was to be carried on until the necessary license was obtained, and patients came to be killed in sufficient numbers to keep the spotsman alive, was an entire enigma.

"'How, upon earth, Charles, are we to keep all these lovely things of your kind uncle's clean, and only Hephzibah?' asked Mary. 'And, indeed, I shall be half afraid, at it is, to trust them to her determined hands. And oh, Charles! there's another thing. I'm so ashamed of myself!—I am. I can't—oh! what have I been doing? wasting my time with French and singing, when I won't even co—cos'—

"'Coo, my child?' said Charles, laughing, and kissing off a tear—'why should you cos?'

"'Co—ook, Charles?' sobbed the poor bride. 'If I could have done that—and Hephzibah the housekeeper—I'd be happy! I'll try!'

"'You'll do no such thing!' rejoined Charles, seriously alarmed. 'You'll make a mess of it, burn your pretty fingers, and poison us both with all sorts of unearthly preparations! No, no! Dinner is every-day business in its way; but the venture of a cabinet-pudding—the distorted phantom of a friendsen—is no fun at all! Mary must never dream of such things.'

"The agent, when consulted on the matter, looked grave, hummed, ahhed, and—hesitated—to show, he might as well inform Mr. Annesley at once that there existed an unconvertable prejudice against the premises, and that it was little likely Charles might experience difficulties of a kind he did not expect in augmenting his establishment. These inquiries were perfectly correct. Not a soul could be found in the vicinity willing to take service at No. 23; and the young couple, constant to prove the expression of sending to London for a domestic, sat down to their first meal a little depressed in spirits—perhaps, that the accession from his wife the cause of the difficulty, secretly receiving to extract some further information from the cautious agent, on the first plea.

"They were sitting after dinner, with recovered spirits, but in deep consultation, when there came the knock at the door.

"Bidden to enter, a tiny little old woman had appeared. It was no other than old Charlotte, who had come to offer her valuable services, in default of better.

"'I see good the house,' she said, 'and all that was in it. Old as she looked, she could do as much as twenty—was a very good cook, and would work her fingers to the bone—but never little lady dysbly. As for wages, she didn't want none of dese.'

"As these terms seemed reasonably cheap, and they were really in a difficulty, Charles, after a moment's consultation, engaged the old woman's manifold figure, gave utterance to the secret he saw in his wife's clear eyes, and engaged the strange stranger, indulgently, for the first place, to have recourse to soap and water; in the second, to eat a good supper.

"Throughout the old woman's eyes glistened, like those of a serpent, at the mention of food, she paused at the door, and, in a tone of a sense of hearing whisper, 'Please, Sir, and yer lady, don't say that you've taken old Charlotte into your service. I shall never be abused; and nobody will know, if you don't tell 'em.'

"Charles smiled at the idea of the old crone fearing that the dangerous secret of her the house might damage her; but unwilling to explain before his wife, hastily gave the required promise, and unmannerly Hephzibah, who had never cook, under that young lady's charge, to the sphere of her future duties.

"Affairs for a few days went smoothly enough. Charlie commenced a course of study preparatory to the surreptitious attempt at a medical practice, while the little bride busied herself perpetually in the direction of their economical household, and was never tired of exercising over the well-being of uncle's beautiful things.

"One morning, Annesley, having gone out alone, Mary—attended by the old Charlotte, was well acquainted with every drawer, shelf, and cupboard in the place—was a little surprised at inspection throughout the house, ending, as it happened, at the Angel-chamber.

"'What a lovely room!' exclaimed Mary, for the twentieth time, as she entered; 'and what a couch! When I die I should like it to be on just such a bed as this—and to have angels lay in—with that sweet majestic face shining upon me.'

"'Every body dee dis here,' said old Charlotte, cheerfully. 'Master's mother—Miss Mary Colonel—Colonel Doulton, all breathed their lasts on dis very bed.'

"'Can you remember all those deaths?' asked Mary.

"'Remember them? Bless you, my dear, they've all been touched and took within these five years.'

"'Touched and took! What do you mean, Charlotte?' asked the young mistress, opening her blue eyes.

"'Well, well, we'll see!' muttered the old woman. 'And so you'd like to die here too, would you my lady? she was saying, as the young bride, gazing at the pretty, fragile creature before her from head to foot, as though mentally dressing her for the grave.

"'Now, whether or not there was something unusually repulsive in the day about the old woman, Mary could not, in simply stating the fact, Mary yielded to an irresistible inclination to dismiss her followed, and, in a little, was lost in a dream of great plate-glass window, which fixed the west.

"The view from hence was both fair and sad. First came a slip of mud-begirdled garden, a crowded battle-ground of weeds and flowers—the weeds having decidedly the best of it—some half-less stone wall, with a high wall, equalized to an immense size with shavers and coils of everlasting ivy. Beyond, a little wave of green, with cemetery, long since filled, and abandoned as a place of interment. Over and between three or four noble cypresses, that shadowed the sepulchres dead, half be seen the broad would, green with sprouting corn; then a range of blue hills, on the last of which lingered the westering sun.

"Half an hour later Charles was returning home. When within a few paces of his own door a loud ringing shriek struck him like a stab! In a moment he was in the house, and dashed into the room from the direction of which he had fancied the cry proceeded.

"His wife was on the bed, frightfully convulsed—Hephzibah and Charlotte beside her. She recovered instantly on seeing him, and a violent flood of tears completely restored her tranquillity; after which, being left alone with her husband, Mary related as follows:

"She had sat for some time at the window, watching the purpling clouds, and the zombie tints of evening calmly overdrying the quiet scene, when, becoming sensible of a degree of lassitude, and a strange inner feeling not unlike that, she moved to the low golden couch, and lying fairly down, fell into an uneasy sleep.

"She lay for some time right side, with her face to the wall—on that side, distant scarcely half a yard from the bed—and dreamt that, as lying, the wall made some inexplicable noise, and that there turned from a detached itself from the wall and pointed to the vacant eye-holes, while the head muttered: 'See how they have treated me! Here were blue diamonds once, my sister, that laughed and swam like yours. Come, let us compare!'

"The skull was drawn by an iron bar very force. She was conscious of the earthy, fetid odor—her own face was drawn, as it were, more and more close to the skull, as there was in it some beckoning part of it—when, with a shriek and a desperate struggle, she broke the spell, and the dream away.

"Although for the moment the painful impression appeared to pass away, it was but too evident to Annesley that the shock to nerve and spirits of little wife had received a serious shock. In a few days her rich color was gone, her lips looked dry and feverish—and the sweet symphony of laughter, and started when suddenly touched, or at the least unexpected sound.

"'Mary, dear,' after making vain efforts to eat her breakfast, the poor little thing leaned her head on her hands, and sobbed, 'I fear I'm very, very ill.'

"The wistful, anxious look in those blue eyes alarmed her husband far more than even her words. He laid her tenderly on the sofa, soothing her to the utmost—and, in a few minutes, not without bitter self-reproach for neglecting it so long, dispatched Hephzibah to request Mr. Mawry's immediate attendance.

"The little doctor acknowledged that his new patient looked ill—was in the extreme, and required every attention. The present attack was clearly nervous; and he endeavored to elicit from her whether she had experienced any recent shock or alarm. Mary, however, was ashamed to confess her dream; and Mr. Mawry could discover nothing but that she had given rise to a sudden and fearful spasm, which affected her whole head from the eyes to the shoulders. In the latter organ, especially, she suffered much pain.

"On the point of leaving, Mawry turned round, and confidentially whispered, 'I take it for granted, my dear Madam, that you have an excellent watcher in your husband; but you need some care. Why, my! yes, it would be a pretty attendant!' Mary smiled. 'Why, for example, makes your tea?'

"'The housemaid, Hepzibah, generally; but sometimes I do—I checked herself.

"'I beg your pardon—sobs?'

"'I mean, I was thinking of old woman we have taken into the house to help the housemaid, but, for some reason I have not inquired, she does not wish it to be known.'

"'Old Charlotte,' ejaculated Mawry.

"'Such is her name,' replied Mary, stonished at his astonishment.

"Mawry, who had cut down again, got up with a face wilder than before.

"'I—I have a word to say to Mr. Annesley,' he said, and took a hasty leave.

"Charles was reading medicine in the Angel-room.

"'Good Heavens, Sir!' exclaimed the little doctor, burning with, 'do you know what you have got in your house?'

"Horrid visions of his Mary in typhus fever—in small-pox—in fever—in cholera—flashed like lightning across Charlie's mind.

"'What—what?' he gasped out.

"'Moll Murder!'

"'Moll what?'

"'The old hag to whom the boys in the town have given that title, for her strange association with every death that has occurred in this unhappy house since it received your uncle's. The very worst suspicions cleave to her. For mercy's sake, Mr. Annesley, get rid of this old wretch before you are an idiot!'

"Charles stood aghast. 'Is it—possible that—'

"'I know not what is possible; but I do, Sir—do I,' said the eager apothecary; and Charles, infected with his earnestness, promised compliance.

"That night Mary was dismissed, the first time taking her patients with her, as though her work were done.

"'*Searched and took!*' was Charlotte's benediction, looking back and shaking her finger as she passed the threshold.

"Let me pass quickly over these sad details. The young wife was indeed doomed. Dropping gradually, like the preceding victims, she slept but certainly followed them to the same bourne.

"Annesley would have left the house, but nothing could induce Mary to consent. His uncle would be vexed; would think them careless, ungrateful—would, in fact, lose the home. Most of all, she earnestly desired, if she die must, to breathe her last in the Angel-chamber, with those glorious eyes and protecting arms about her sleep.

"She had her wish; and, in a few short weeks, the fourth victim to the mystery of that house slept in the village church-yard.

"The popular feeling against old Charlotte had by this time attained such open expression, that it became absolutely necessary to investigate its grounds. She was accordingly given into custody. The inquiry occupied two days; but the matter being completed to certify to a case of natural death, and no direct incriminatory evidence being adduced, the prisoner, on the very day of poor Mary's funeral, was restored to liberty, and immediately disappeared.

"It was now imagined that the house would be finally closed. The front-door neighbor on one side had already quitted; he on the other had given notice. Mr. Archbold himself felt his mind inflected by the prevailing superstition, and, moreover, seeing the cause of misunderstanding removed, was ready enough to give indulgence to his returning tenants towards the nephew, to whom he accordingly wrote, desiring him to quit without delay the scene of his bereavement, and resume the place he had formerly held in his uncle's house and affection.

"Charles considered.

"He considered that his uncle, in placing them in a house under this notorious ban, had been actuated by the most benevolent motives that he had imagined, and had been even in some degree instrumental in the fatal misfortune that had befallen him. Besides, he had a duty to perform, to which it was his fixed determination to devote every energy he possessed—nay, if needful, life itself. He would find out the mystery of the haunted house. And no knight, in quest of the holy grail, ever started on the dedicated task more resolved purpose than Charles, when, returning from his Mary's funeral, he re-entered the desolate mansion.

"He was alone, absolutely alone; for poor Hephzibah, timorously attached to her master, and playing him with all her heart and soul, evinced such unmistakable symptoms of aversion to sleeping another night in the house, that Charles, unbidden in purpose, judged it best to dismiss her at once to her friends. So the door closed behind the sobbing Hephzibah, and Charles was alone—absolutely alone.

"Suddenly a sound struck his ear—it was like a distant footstep unknown within the house. The door of the room in which he sat was wide open, and presently he was aware of a slow soft step ascending the stair.

"To say that Charles's heart did not accelerate his usual pace by a pulse or two, would be to deny a feeling that might have so far assailed the most collected. An idea that the bold resolution he had formed was about to be put to the test—that the mysterious Horror of the House was actually approaching him in an intermediate shape, struck the listener with an appalling sense of being suddenly called upon to deal with one can not comprehend. Charles rose, and stood with his right hand arms of his chair, and half rising, slowly turned his face to the door, where the step had halted.

"'Who is there?' he said.

"'Hes fear melted into rage.

"'Wretched hag!—accursed in mortal!' he exclaimed, forgetting for the moment his own doubts of her guilt—'dare you—'

"'Hush, Annesley,' said the old woman, walking up to him, 'it is you who should not dare. I warned you—I warned your mother—I warned Mrs. Colonel—I warned every one of young and old, of the danger hidden in this fearful house. Yet I loved and served them all when they would let me, and do to me as you have done to me. Forward, you have put the murderer's mark on me. I am the Moll Murder, Mad Mary, the old poisoning witch. My life is nothing; her might as well have hanged me. I hoped they would, for the Lord knows I'm guilty, but I'm innocent, and He knows that I never willingly harmed a living creature. They were all touched and took, poor dears! but my sin was that I loved them too much to find out who killed your darling, and old Charlotte's come to help you.'

"'You?'

"'Like enough in some things,' said the old woman sadly. 'You've no more ignorance in life—no more than I. You've one object—mine's the same, only my reason's the best. Find out what you want, and you can't hide from the dead. But I wear Cain's black brand, and that's an ugly mark to die in; I won't, if I can help it.'

"Charles, instead holding at work, all an amazement he did not care to hide; something in the woman's altered manner impressed him favorably, despite herself. His thought was that she was cunning! if she hag were guilty, and were really a prey to that fearful form of remorse which could dare account for such cruel crimes, he had no fear for himself, and might even, by examination and analysis, obtain further clues to her alleged practices. If she was innocent, she might afford him important aid in his investigations. Some attempts he also notably resolved to, from, decided to her proposal, and directed her to take up her residence in the house as his wife.

"A feeling he could not well define determined Charles to sleep that night in the Angel-chamber. It was that in which his Mary had experienced the first mysterious visitation—there, on his bosom, breathed her last gentle sigh.

"As he lay down, though with little hope of rest, he could not resist uttering a fervent prayer that the hidden mystery might reveal itself to him; also—no matter with what peril accompanied—so that he might but analyze its fearful features, and guage its destructive power.

"His desire was fulfilled. It must have been about two o'clock when Charles woke, with a start, under the impression that he had been laid upon his face. But such a bound! It could have belonged to no living creature. Half-dazed, half-in trance, it was like that of a putrid corpse. His mouth, his nose, his eyes, his throat, were choked and smothered with some fearful effluvia. He was irretrievably—his very soul sickened within him!

"Annesley was a man of cool, intrepid nature, and the strongest nerves. Despite his confusion, he rose and wrestled with the Terror, as if it were a living foe that had nearly mastered him—a moment, and the victory was won. Slowly and reluctantly, as though bodied in assassin, the horrible fear, whose presence he had almost felt, relaxed its hold and quitted him. Charles in-

stinctly staggered forward, as in pursuit, reached the window, and, throwing it up, gazed forth into the calm, cold night.

"'Whence, whence, O Horror?' he gasped.

The next moment, with a countenance deadly white, he reclosed the window, and returned to his bed.

"In that instant the Horror, the Ghost, had revealed itself to him, as he had desired.

"But Charles would have further proof, and witness too.

"The following morning, after pretending to eat some portion of the breakfast he found comfortably prepared for him in the library, Charles summoned old Charlotte to a conference.

"He began by tracing as minutely as possible the history of the later illnesses and deaths, beginning with that of his mother, which event occurred during his absence abroad. In this he received most material assistance from Mr. Mawry, for whom he sent during the morning, and who, after overcoming his astonishment at finding old Charlotte a member of the council, entered with all zeal into the inquiry.

"The result proved that the same extraordinary symptoms had been evolved in every case—namely, severe nervous, semi-catalepic attacks, prostration of strength, mental depression, decay of the vital powers, and death—Mawry declaring himself utterly unable to account either for the origin of the disease or for the rapidity and certainty with which, once conceived, it hurried the victims to their end.

"On receiving the information he had gathered, Annesley was struck with one singular feature in the case—the predilection evinced by every patient in turn for the Angel-chamber. It seemed a fatal fancy; for, certainly, whatever soothing influence it might exercise on the minds of the invalids, was not reflected in their bodies. On the contrary, every one became rapidly worse, and the mysterious Terror—though its recurrence grew more and more frequent—seemed gradually to lose its intensity, in proportion as physical health declined, till it left the last days of the sufferer wholly undisturbed.

"'*Now*,' said Charles, as with a deep sigh he raised his pale face from his hands, after a minute's meditation, 'come with me, and I will show you the Horror in the House!'

"He walked, followed by the others, straight to the Angel-room. There it shone, with its regal couch, its superb mirrors, its glowing cabinets, its purple curtains. Charles threw up the window, admitting the soft fresh breeze.

"'Does this,' he asked, 'look like a pestilence palace—a house of pain and death?'

"He struck upon one of the gilded panels as he spoke; it returned a hollow sound, like an echo of the last word, '*death!*'

"The next moment Charles caught up a poker from the fire-place and dashed in the panel.

"'Stoop down,' he said to Mawry.

"The latter did so; but started back in horror, as a sickening, loathsome odor pervaded the apartment, as from a newly-opened grave.

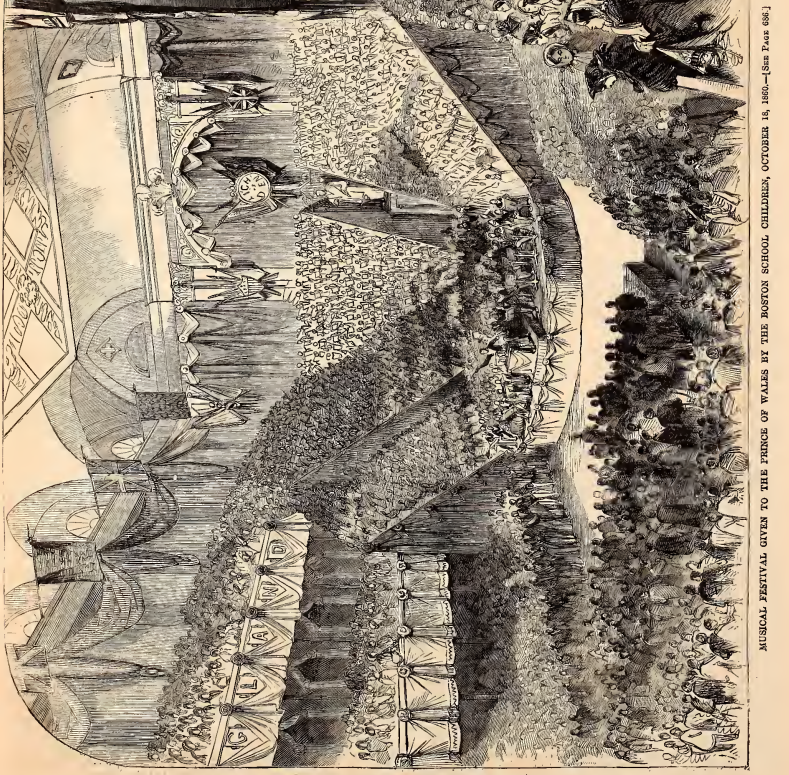
"There lay indeed the secret of the Horror. Out of that panel crept the unseen destroyer that had sucked away the breath, the life of no less than five victims.

"From the Angel-chamber, which had been originally intended as a luxurious bath-room, a pipe had been prepared, the other extremity of which had vent in the sloping bank of the adjacent cemetery, long since become one mass of corrupting human clay. Thus this fatal conduit, itself decayed, winding among broken vaults and mouldering mausoleums, gathered up the noxious exhalations, and poured them into the golden room. By what atmospheric changes or movements in the earth the amount of miasma thus transmitted was governed and modified can not of course be known; but that the poison varied greatly in quantity and strength was sufficiently proved by the fact, that attention was never attracted to the vitiated atmosphere of the spacious and seemingly well-ventilated room.

"The panel which concealed the mouth of the pipe was low down—exactly on a level with the head of one sleeping in the Angel-bed, and probably distant from it but three or four feet. An almost imperceptible crevice in the thin panel must have projected that baneful breath into the sleeper's face as certainly, and as it proved, as fatally, as the 'juice of cursed hebenon' dropped from the phial of the Danish regicide. No marvel that the end was rapid! To turn the face to *that* wall was indeed to bid adieu to life, its hopes, its troubles, and its cares.

"There more remarkable symptoms I have had to relate can only be referable to nervous temperament, or to the mysterious trouble acting almost in the nature of disease, until disease was positively engendered.

"When, on the previous night, Charles threw up the window, some slight odor eliminated from the burial-ground, connecting itself with the loathsome sense from which he had just escaped, at once revealed to him the latter's origin."



MUSICAL FESTIVAL GIVEN TO THE PRINCE OF WALES BY THE BOSTON SCHOOL CHILDREN, OCTOBER 18, 1860.—[See Page 696.]

GRAND BALL GIVEN TO THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BOSTON, OCTOBER 16, 1860.—[See next Page.]

THE PRINCE OF WALLS' VISIT.

THE BALL AT BOSTON.

Our readers have seen, on the preceding page, the picture of the ground ball given by the citizens of Boston to the Prince of Wales on 15th October, on the Boston Academy of Music. It was, all agreed, a triumphant success; as brilliant as any ball at New York, and unmarred by any accident or controversy. The scene, as depicted by our artist, is thus minutely described by the special correspondent of the *Herald*:

"Turning toward the entrance of the museum, and looking up along the floor of the shanty, the effect was surprising, and each detail only heightened the pleasure of the whole. The floor, from the entrance, up the theatre is thus manifestly for fine effect, and the result was all that could be desired. Pillars of Pine Boughs, which is most richly frescoed and painted in gold and white, hung a hundred feet apart—the arched forms of lights and glass—glittering and blazing interestingly. Pillars, and side-brackets around the walls, gave sufficient light for a dozen such balls, and brought every detail of the decoration into full view. The boxes were more rich, each of which was differently adorned. Objection might be taken to the notion of the decorations—which was mainly gilt and color—and might have found fault with the particular taste of the lady who had arranged and dotted the affair; but it is certain that every thing which could be done with style of ornamentation, and the effect of magnificent effects when introduced, and brought—was accomplished in the ball-room. Commencing with the most the gilded pillars, with white ground, and gilt cupids and wreaths, and, the boxes, undecorated, except by white drapery of red, white, and blue flags. The ceiling of the boxes was covered with a hanging of crimson and blue striped with blue, and a blue border, with an inscription and enabled with gilt stars, was about the upper edge of the hanging. Each of these boxes was held by a bouquet of natural flowers, from which depended a long blue ribbon, tipped with a gilt ball, hung below the bandstand and over the footer. Spread around are so many boxes, each decorated, fringed with blue and bordered with crimson and wreaths of flowers. All were ornamented and fitted up, and, alternately bearing the Prince of Wales' feather and the motto, 'Ich Dien,' 'Cincinnati,' 'America,' and other fitting inscriptions. Each of these shields was placed upon a blue hangings, with golden stars, and was capped with an eagle with the British and American flags. The first of these boxes, on the right, was fully prepared, fitted and relieved by gold lace, and so fastened and draped as to represent a Chinese pagoda, and Japanese which adorn the front of this circle. The dancing-floor was elegantly arranged, and the boxes of the dress-circle, and was surrounded by a light rope railing, and was occupied, in addition to the whole drapery, with lamps and crimson cloth. Directly opposite the stage, and rising from the floor to the third tier, was the royal box, handsomely draped with crimson, fantastically embroidered with gold lace, and the whole surmounted by a large gilt crown, with outlines and ornaments bright hues. Upon the front of the box was the royal arms, in silver feathers. Above it, where the drapery met, were the crown and arms of England, and upon the front of the crown was a green eagle, in gilt. The entrance to the dancing-floor, and to the boxes, was through a large Gothic arch, with the sections of purple velvet and gilt, and the ceiling, the floor, and the walls, the immense theatre; the dancing-floor, which was thoroughly lighted, was gorgeously decorated, and abounded with superbly dressed ladies; the tiers of boxes, the dress-circle, and the gallery, and arms; the frescoed ceiling, with its pendant forms of light; the amphitheatre, with its crowns, flowers, mottoes, and handsome ceiling, its multitude and varied decorations, and the view of a wilder scene, seen as it from not some immense window; if so can imagine this scene, and then extend it with the glittering blaze, with gorgeous in every variety of bold contrast, from the full sunlight outside to the dancing dress-room, with its array of the lights—streets their brilliant radiance—while mirrors and jewels shed a bright and dazzling ray, and the soft, sweet swell of the music bears with it the light-hearted dancers, and the beauty and fashion of beauty—then form some idea of the appearance of the Boston theatre at the Prince of Wales' ball."

MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT BOSTON.

We publish on page 684 a fine picture of the musical festival given to the Prince of Wales in the Music Hall at Boston, on 12th October. It was a decorous entertainment, lasting only an hour, but enabling the Prince to see the Boston school children, and to hear some music. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes the affair:

"Twelve hundred school children were arranged upon each stage, with the Boston Orphans, and from the Boston Orphanage, in gaudy dressed girls, while the Boston Musicians as orchestra of sixty performers, led by Carl Gerhardt.

"As the Prince entered, the children sang the anthem, and the masses of children waved handkerchiefs and clapped hands, producing a fine effect. The anthem was but a little library in its reception; but this department was very nicely arranged in the adjoining apartment of really the finest, big beautiful side, by Dr. Holmes, which was splendidly sung—the tones and the music—the rise and fall of the singing, and remaining standing until the hymn was concluded:

"'God bless our Father! Lord
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our land.
God bless our Queen!
Her Prince's friend,
On all her subjects bound,
Protect! Defend!

"'Father, with loving care,
Guard Thine and Jephthah's Heir,
Guide all his ways;
Thou art his shelter be,
From him by land and sea
Ill harm and alarm fear!
Prolong his days!

"'Lord, let Wat's tempest cease,
Fold her whole earth in peace
Under Thy wings!
Make wit Wy serve one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Time shall relent,
Great King of Kings!'"

TURNING FLOWERS INTO GOLD.

In the year 1800 Provençal flower farms did not exist; there were no flowers, or, if there were, in the town of Grasse, a hundred stills, continually producing those delicate scents which are now sold as a high price in every city of the civilized world: French perfumers were distilled in Paris alone, from the produce of Italian gardens; while the more valuable kinds of essence were drawn from Italy, and chiefly from Florence, which had been renowned for its perfumes and its potions during the Middle ages of the Medici. At this time there dwelt in the village of Méry-les-Roches, three miles from Grasse, an old man of considerable wealth and influence, named Jean Baptiste Desormes. He had been a hockey of the Maréchal de Marepin, and had been so useful in Parliament *despite reform*. Their mere impersonation of the illustrious Scapin had somehow managed to render great services to his employer, or to master enough of his employer's secrets to make him of consequence, for he was suddenly made *intendant* of the Marquis' estates in the neighborhood of Grasse. As intendant he grew rich.

When the great revolutionary storm burst, Desormes bought the estates of the Maréchal, which were confiscated by the nation.

In 1800 he was growing old and frail; but by this time the red fever had cooled down, the rule of Napoleon was brought to a close, and M. Desormes was fawned upon as the richest man in the arrondissement. He had 30,000 francs of annual revenue, and, as he had no children to purchase, did not spend a third of his income. No wonder that his daughter, Marie Desormes, had orders to plenty. Her inheritance was a glittering bait that magnetized the susceptible bachelors of the department. And Marie was pretty enough, and good enough, and sprightly enough to have been loved for her own sake. One, and only one, of her lovers, actually did love her for her own sake, Pierre Lescaut, a young farmer of the neighborhood. They had played together as children. Pierre had been the shabby and ragged pupil that Marie wrote into crowns and ropes of flowers. Pierre had shouldered her school-bag down the valleys into his little playmate's apron. But of all the pretenders to pretty Marie's hand, Pierre Lescaut, though the most intimate, was the smallest, the least, was, alas! the poorest; and in a country where there is no intimate connection between poverty and romance, Pierre Lescaut found it generally lord of the secondant. Every lady expected to be wooed by a handsome, generous, educated fellow in most relations of life, as are many whose early servitude has forced them into a ripple obscuriousness from which they cannot emerge—would compel Marie to accept the suit of old Colin Legrisson, who was lame, squinting, and sixty, but who had inherited his uncle's property, and whose sculptured hands were brought to the hammer, and his knees were worn in France. Colin Legrisson was the richest of Marie's admirers; Pierre Lescaut was the neediest. Could M. Desormes hesitate? Young people, however, are romantic fools. That unscrupulous, grasping man had one soft spot in his flinty heart: he really loved his daughter. Marie was his only relation, and he was the only object on which those yearnings of affection, of which even the worst of us are capable, could centre. Desormes had lost his wife many years and years ago, when Marie was still an infant. He had married young, and he was always kind to his daughter—that is, he neither beat nor scolded her, to the wonder of the neighbors, for he was a hard man, and was known to have insulted, and, as soon as the mob-law of early Jacobinism had sufficiently died out to render unpopular, to have beaten, his wife. Marie, he knew, was never the harsh, sarcastic voice which he heard when he scolded his wife. Accordingly, old Desormes shrank from compelling Marie's choice. He took good care to let her know that he would shake her unmentionable property, should Colin Legrisson; but he did not absolutely command it. The maiden was not without sense and spirit; she detested Colin, and loved Pierre. To force her to give up the second and marry the first would be difficult, she knew, though, but by no means impossible for her own will; but it could only be effected by severity, by violence. Marie must be broken, and, with her heart, her spirit, and be would be left alone—for young girls' hearts were curious things, and he had known them capable of even such folly as giving their hearts to a man they occurred—a childless old man in a world that hated him; and who, if she would inherit the gold he had so long concealed from the tax-gatherers, and Desormes brooded over, and the result was that he would be left to the tender mercies of Colin Legrisson, who had hands and beeves; but if not, why he must trust some other *sugarcoat* with a soup, and would be disappointed. The old Desormes had no dislike to Pierre Lescaut; he admired the young man's courage, industry, and even his honesty, and would have rather have been removed from their ken. But Pierre Lescaut's farm was a mere patch of land, he picked out, and was a scanty living out of his little vineyard, and his score or two of olive-trees. "How shall never marry a beggar, poor!" the old Desormes would say, striking his stick on the floor. "If Pierre can show twenty thousand crowns *tournois* on the wedding day, good! I better my fortune—I make what is better, I double the money. But marry a beggar! then shall I be the laughing-stock of the town!" Now, to *confer St. Catherine*, in French parlance, is to die an old maid.

"Ah! Pierre," said the poor girl, with tears in her eyes, as the lovers walked up and down the garden of Pierre's farm, while the old servant, under whose shagreen's hide beat a heart as hard, tinting in an arbor—"ah! Pierre, why have you not twenty thousand crowns? Can not you in any way get twenty thousand crowns?"

Pierre groaned and struck his forehead. "What chance have I, Marie?" he replied. "Your father is firm as a rock, I know, and I can't blame him, for no one that is rich likes his child to wed with poverty. But can nothing be done, Marie? I have two poor arms, that vineyard, those olive-trees—I might sell them all and not get a fifth of the money." Twenty thousand crowns! that sum does not grow on the hedges. Ah! but I wish it did!" And Pierre looked quite mightily at his pretty garden, full of blooming flowers of every hue, whose mingled fragrance floated toward him on the balmy air, and the very hedges of which, as it not sunrad in the south, were composed of blush-roses.

"How I wish, for the sake, my Marie, that I could make these flowers turn to gold!"

Now it often happens that a word hastily or lightly spoken suffices to give a color and a direction to the entire thoughts of the speaker or the hearer, and perhaps to change the whole course and prospects. "I wish that I could coin these flowers into gold!" These words of his own haunted Pierre's ear through all the livelong afternoon; long after Marie had left him, long after the shades of evening had begun to embrown the forests, and the bees were coming home, heavy laden, to the hives, and the rooks were flapping home in sable line. Still Pierre mused and walked alone, and haunted from one thought to another. What could he do? He lived Marie so dearly! He knew her parent would be angry back from his word, never permit their union, unless he, Pierre, became a rich man. And how to become rich! He looked at his little vineyard, and shrunk with a sort of despair. The poor little vineyard, yielding its half-dozen casks of inferior wines; the rusty pasture, where, one, and only one, grazing, lay a scanty living; the olive-trees, with their silvery leaves and gnarled roots; what could he conjure out of these for his bread, a subsistence for himself and his two days, laborers, and the old peasant woman who did the work of the farm-house? But the flowers! They were bright, and varied, and numerous; for the garden was very large, compared with the size of the farm. The old Italian had brought his head-gardener at the Chateau de Marepin in his youth, and had made him stay in the neighborhood, with many a ship and shoot of plants rare in France at that time. The garden was renowned for its beauty and fragrance, and was frequented and when a wedding took place Pierre Lescaut was always petitioned to furnish a bouquet for the bride from the rareness of the flowers that flourished in his parterres. Pierre could not get the roses and geraniums out of his head; their perfume, their bloom, their beauty, haunted him since his interview with Marie. That evening, as he sat alone amidst his poor farm-house, with a tattered wood, in his whitewashed room, he revolved many vague ideas in his head, and sighed as common sense seemed to overturn all his cherished ones after another.

All his hopes, all his wild projects were gilded and sanctioned, as it were, by his love for Marie. Marie was poor, and pining for money, were as a means of winning her; yet, as he had his head on the pillow, he groaned aloud, "Ah! Marie! I wish that I could coin these flowers into gold!" And when, after much tossing and restlessness, the young man fell asleep, he still saw those flowers—sweet still. In his dream, he saw himself surrounded by the choicest blossoms of his garden, but they were changed into pieces of gold, the few that remained them glittered like diamond drops; the fragrance of their mingled scents was changed into a sweet, sweet, sweet, in tones of sweet vapor; their hues were as brilliant as if every rose-leaf had been changed into a ruby, and every lily into a pearl of the Orient. And lo! wonder of wonders! the petals expanded, and forth from every blossom peeped a fairy—a fairy with wings, and with a pearl, ruby, and jewelled diadem; and the entrancing strains of a tiny but exquisite music, the music of Elfland, rolled out from the fairy's lips. Then the fairies mocked and derided, with small peals of silvery laughter, the astonished Pierre, who thought he would coin flowers into gold, and knew not how; and Pierre winced in his sleep at the laughter and alike scorn. But the fairies, the tender queen of the fairies waved her wand. "He loves," she said; "he is no miser, seeking wealth for itself. Let his essence, and the essence of his love, that every flower opens still wider, and every fairy pointed downward, and every bud, and behold! deep in the dismissed cup lay heaps of fairy gold piled up; and struggling up from tiny mines and shafts, that had been sunk in the rich soil, were endless crowds of little gnomes, bearing gold to add to the myriad heaps; and the fairies cried in their shrill voices: "Pierre is a lover, shall he be coined into gold?" Then the fragrant mist grew thicker and sweeter, till fairies, flowers, gold, and gnomes vanished in the mist, and Pierre was seen lost and alone. Pierre awoke, with the scent of the blossoms overpowering him.

It was early morning—the sun was streaming on his face, the dew was drying away, the early perfumes of the flowers came through the open window of the room. Now whether the dream suggested the recollection of long-forgotten reading, or, if the latter had sometimes made, or whether the recollection of such remarks was the true origin of the dream, it is not pretend to say; at any rate, Pierre, with an anxious but a hopeful face, trudged through the fields toward the town of Grasse. In the Grasse town dwelt a withered Italian druggist—druggist and herbalist—who had a mean, base shop, and picked up but a mean, base living by his trade. He was a little Italian, however. He was a native of Florence, and had a reputation for knowing, for himself, and his ends of forty black. In short, he was just such an apothecary as Romeo selected for the purveyor of the deadly drought; for he had a dark cellar, and dig Pierre Lescaut, another luckless lover, repair, but not to sell for poison. Long was the consultation between the young farmer and the old druggist, and it ended in the latter's accompanying Pierre homewards, a figure of unusual excitement on his lean brown face.

The apothecary spent hours in Pierre Lescaut's garden, examining the flowers, sniffing, sipping, and even tasting petal, and pollen, and stamen, gazing at the buds through a horn-mounted magnifying glass, and muttering to himself in a strange, ghostly way. The neighbors, who had some suspicion that the grant stranger in sable was a wizard, stared and wondered. More heartily did they wonder, a little later, when Pierre was seen shifting his farmer, and day after day enlarging his garden. Now he took in a slip of vineyard, now a corner of his fields; anon he sowed all to the forest of olive-trees, and he uprooted the black mould; and next day he was busy grafting, sowing, cutting, and transplanting among his flower-beds. He was enlarging his already ample garden. That was odd enough; but when, instead of stocking the ground with pulse and potatoes, Pierre actually began to cultivate flowers with tender solicitude and skill on every spare inch of earth, the whole neighborhood was up in arms. He was petted with good advice. Let him grub up all these needless flowerbeds, and plant honest leeks and garlic, if he wished to be thought a man of sense. Marie was sorry. His friends said he was obstinate, foolish, mad; yet they kindly hoped that lean Italian wizard from the town, who was now always to be seen prowling up and whispering to Pierre, and who was after no good, doubtless. The neighbors were quite angry with Pierre; old and young predicted his ruin; old Desormes pronounced him an idiot. Marie alone encouraged her lover, shared his hopes, prayed for his success, and wished, if he was to only a faithful man, she shear a struggling man. That was a good year for the olive, and a decent vintage, and Pierre managed to rub on, neither owing nor spending more than he could afford.

The olive winter passed, spring and summer came on. The flowers were more glorious and plentiful than ever in Pierre's now very extended garden. The old Italian checked all his market them. Then came a great gathering of blossoms, and Marie came to help in the picking of the flowers, and the old Italian rubbed his hoop hands with exultation. Anon his farmer was noted to be strangely busy; he was perpetually at work, brewing, simmering, and distilling. The lean Italian was a man of skill; he succeeded in producing—what to the rose flowers in the garden—essences and perfumes equal to the dandiest Florence could afford. It was an era of chemistry. Some time afterwards, the then wife of the First Consul, was asked by a deputy of the South, a present of the Empress, and was the dedication of the new discovery. Josephine consented. Paris followed suit. Giacomo Frassin—still and Pierre Lescaut sold their essence at a high rate. All the flowers in Pierre's garden would not, multiplied ten-fold, have supplied the demand, and he was forced to buy with money. Pierre throw all the land he had into the compass of his premises; he bought more land, he reared more and more flowers. Another year the profits quadrupled—quintupled. The fairies had spoken truth: the flowers were indeed, by alchemy, transmuted into gold; and soon it was difficult, in the portly, well-fed Italian, shd in the Pierre Lescaut, to recognize the ragged lovers of other days. And Pierre and Marie! their share of the joy and happiness, the power and the fellow-feel. Before the end of the second summer the bells rung, and the girls of the village strewed flowers in the path of Marie, who decorated with flowers herself, blushing, proud, radiant, she passed along on her husband's arm from the church to her home, at Méry. Old Desormes had been seen over; success, wit, strength of mind, and will, the old ex-servant could appreciate at their full value, and, forgetting the prejudices of twenty thousand crowns was not yet realized, Pierre was in the highway of fortune. He had built, founded a new industry, the most poetic, and not the least profitable in France. Around his garden farms grandeur sprung up other gardens; and flowers and seeds were bought in Italy, and other stills than those of old Giacomo dropped fragrant essences, and the approach town of Grasse extended daily. There was enough for all; and Pierre, who had set the example, was now the idol of the district, and the oracle of those who once prophesied his inevitable ruin and improvidentism. At the present day, through the flower-farms are many, the descendants of Marie Desormes and Pierre Lescaut are the most considerable proprietors in the Grasse district. It is not alone the perfumes, that invention, industry, and resolution reap, in so fair a field, so solid a reward.

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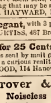

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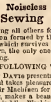

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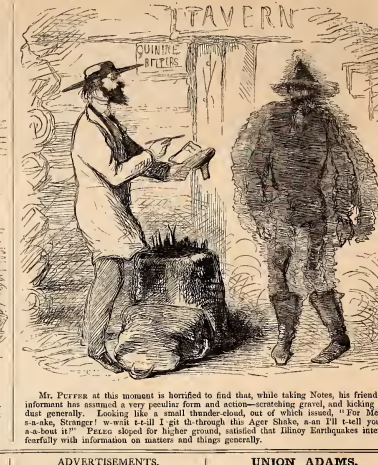

Mr. PUFFER at this moment is horrified to find that, while taking Notes, his friend and informant has assumed a very peculiar form and action—scrutching gravel, and kicking up a dust generally. Looking like a small thunder-cloud, out of which issued, "For Mercy's s-a-ake, Stranger! w-wait t-t-ill I git th-through this Ager Shake, a-an I'll t-tell you all a-a-bout it!" PELEG skiped for higher ground, satisfied that Illinoy Earthquakes interfere fearfully with information on matters and things generally.

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VOL. IV.—No. 201.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

OUR CONCLUDING PICTURES.

WE terminate our series of pictures of the tour of the Prince of Wales through the United States this week. The reader will find on page 692 THE GROUP OF THE PRINCE AND HIS SUITE from Brady's photograph; on pages 696 and 697 a fine picture of THE PRINCE'S EMBARKATION ON BOARD THE "HERO," IN THE BAY OF PORTLAND; on page 709 a picture of THE CITY OF PORTLAND; and on this page a view of THE ROYAL SQUADRON PASSING FORT PREBLE on their homeward voyage.

The Prince reached Portland in the afternoon of Saturday, 20th. It was a fine day, but cold; and the movement of the Prince's party being retarded by the procession, he is reported to have exclaimed, "Hurry!—I'm cold!" After a brief interchange of compliments with the local authorities he hastened to the wharf, shook hands with a few of the officials who had accompanied him, and jumped into the *Hero's* barge. The *Herald* correspondent describes the scene which ensued:

"As the royal barge left the wharf the British squadron all fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns, and similar salutes were fired from the city and from Fort Preble.

"The harbor was full of steamers, sail-boats, barges, etc., which accompanied the royal barge from the wharf, the latter being surrounded by boats from the royal squadron filled with British officers. There was a fresh easterly breeze blowing, and the water in the harbor was quite rough, so that the boats rowed quite briskly. As the flotilla neared the royal squadron the yards were manned, and this, with the strings of bunting and flags which adorned every point of the fleet, formed a magnificent spectacle, which was witnessed by an immense concourse of people, crowded on Mount Joy, the various piers, and every accessible point of observation.

"As the royal party passed the various vessels of the squadron the Prince was received with repeated cheers; and when he reached the *Hero*, at ten minutes before four, the royal standard was run up to the mast, and twenty-one salute fired by all the fleet."

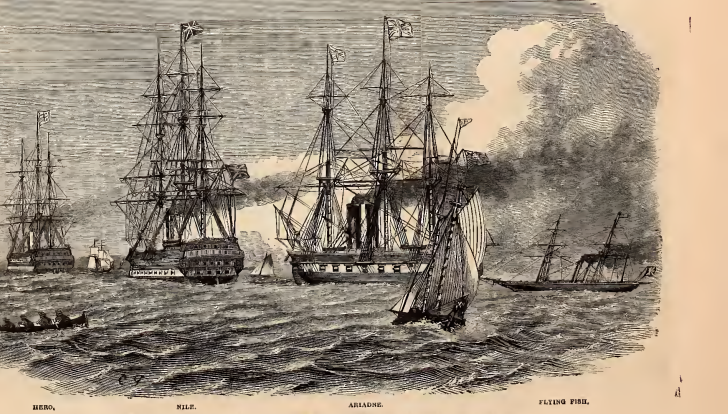
This is the moment which our artist has selected as the subject of his large picture. The squadron sailed at 4 P.M. The *Hero* led, and was followed by the *Nile*, the *Ariadne*, the *Flying Fish*, and the *Styx*. The bands on board each vessel played "Yankee Doodle," and Fort Preble saluted the party with farewell guns as they passed. On shore thousands of Americans cheered and waved their handkerchiefs, and not a few fair eyes grew dim as they wished the young Prince good-by, and a fair voyage home!

THE PRINCE OF WALES' NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

The *Tribune* correspondent thus describes the scene:

"The departure was a finer sight than even the arrival three months ago in the Bay of Halifax. Along the rough shore of Cape Elizabeth groups of farewell gazers were clustered, waving each parting salutation as they could give. To them, even the least of them, the ships responded by the dipping of their colors. As they passed through the narrow channel, plunging and tossing until the waves swept into the lower ports—for the swell was very heavy—the sun, just dropping behind the hills, seemed to throw out over the water its sore refulgent beam of farewell, which turned the wet, black hulls into shining gold as it fell upon them. Upon the outermost ledge, beyond the light-house, there were standing two spectators, who sent through the twilight the last silent testimonials of adieu. Then the ships receded dimly, being form at last in the lastering dark, until only three motionless dots were seen on the horizon. And this was the ending of the visit of the Prince of Wales."

OUR GROUP OF THE PRINCE AND SUITE AT BRADY'S GALLERY explains itself. The Iron Duke of Newcastle, whose courage and firmness were so finely developed in his discussion with the Orangemen of Canada, stands rather behind the Prince. He was the leader of the party. His opinion prevailed in all cases of doubt—he stood in the room of the sovereign. Nor is there any question of his fitness for so responsible a post. A man of liberal instincts, cultivated intellect, great tact, and indomitable will, he has piloted the Prince safely through a very trying ordeal, without making a mistake or an enemy. The Duke, as his portrait shows, is a tall, stout man, with large, rugged features, and a heavy red beard, sprinkled with gray. The Earl of St. Germans, who is Lord High Steward of the Royal Household, is a gentlemanly-looking man, with gray hair, dandified appearance, and agreeable manners. He was not at all prominent in the tour. General Bruce is the Prince's governor: his functions on the tour through this country seem to have been chiefly confined to distributing moneys and writing letters which were not important enough for the Duke to sign. He is the brother of the Earl of Elgin, and owes to him his present position and his rank as General in the army, which he has won without ever having seen service. Lord Lyons is the British Embassador at Washington; a very popular man, who seems to have been as successful in his diplomatic career as his predecessor, Lord Napier. The other members of the suite were Major Teesdale—one of the Kars heroes—and Captain Grey, superior; Dr. Ackland, the Prince's medical attendant at Oxford; Mr. Jenner, attaché to Lord Lyons; and Mr. Warre, Secretary to the Duke of Newcastle.



THE LAST OF THE PRINCE—THE ROYAL SQUADRON STEAMING OUT OF PORTLAND HARBOR.

THE PRINCE AT BRADY'S GALLERY.

Shortly after the Prince's arrival in New York Mr. Brady was notified of the desire of the royal party to pay a visit to his establishment. The fame of his historical collection of portraits had reached them through various sources, and it was to this, doubtless, that he was indebted for such an honor. In response to the request of the Duke Mr. Brady could upon the spot, had an interview with his Highness and the Duke of Newcastle, and make an appointment for the visit on the following day. It was understood that the visit was to be entirely private; consequently the doors of the establishment were shut, and no one admitted after the entrance of the royal party.

Englishmen of rank, as well as many of the middle-class, are largely interested in the process of photography. The Prince quite astonished Mr. Brady's various operators by exhibiting the intelligent familiarity with all the details of the process. The royal criticisms upon the subject of backgrounds, poses, and grouping quite startled those skilled and experienced practitioners. The princely theories on these and kindred subjects may have been assumed, but they were pungently expressed, and indicated familiarity with the art. Nearly twenty pictures were taken in all; among these two groups of the entire suite, one single figure of the Prince, one of His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, and one of Earl St. Germans. Similar pictures were taken of His Highness and younger members of the suite, for visiting-cards and stereoscopic use.

The visit altogether lasted nearly three hours, a portion of the time having been occupied in the inspection of the collection which adorns the gallery. It was remarked that most of the noble-refined familiarity with the name of the gentlemen in American literature, while the portraits of our distinguished statesmen were comparatively unknown. The portraits of Irving, Bryant, and Prescott attracted far more attention than Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. Dr. Kane was the only one in far a large share of the royal attention and interest.

Among Mr. Brady's rarest and oldest portraits is an admirable one of Lord Brougham, the chief ex-Chancellor, who recently distinguished himself by his answer to Mr. Dallas; this, with the bold, but distinguishing himself for drivers rudenesses and many grand heroic utterances for a generation or two. The grand, ragged, hastily head, the aggressive nose, and the general aspect of fight which distinguish the rough old Lord Chancellor are admirably given, and the picture won from the Prince an enthusiastic expression of surprise and delight.

Probably none among the American experiences of the suite will be remembered with more pleasure than the few hours spent in Mr. Brady's collection. All those who have distinguished themselves in science, literature, statesmanship, and jurisprudence are duly represented in this Valhalla; and to no other way could the noble visitors have brought face to face, in a few hours, all those, now dead, who have so nobly adorned our history.

AMERICAN PORTRAITS FOR THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The Prince and the Duke of Newcastle evinced their interest in American public and politicians by ordering several copies of Mr. Brady's pictures of the present Senate and House of Representatives, as well as those of the rival candidates now soliciting the suffrages of the American people.

Of course, as becomes royal and noble visitors, these examples of pictures of the American groups and single portraits taken were profuse and munificent.

MEETING WITH A VETERAN.

Among the pleasant incidents which transpired during the visit was one which will bear narration. Among Mr. Brady's employed by the Prince, a man who was present at Buckingham Palace on the day of the Prince's birth. As the suite was about leaving the gallery Mr. Brady mentioned this circumstance to the Duke and requested the privilege of presenting him to the Prince. The Prince very graciously acquiesced, and the venerable old man thus enjoyed an opportunity of meeting face to face the son of his master, which in England would have been denied him.

One of the results of the public visit has been the crowding to an unpleasant extent of the gallery ever since. The interest felt in the bel-a-parent and the interest seen in the visit has elevated since the royal departure. Mr. Brady is to be congratulated upon having secured so graceful and dignified a visit of so exalted a character pass into history as among the most notable of royal journeyings.

THE PRINCE'S NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

The picture of THE PRINCE'S NEWFOUNDLAND DOG was sketched by our artist in the streets of Portland. The animal was being drawn through the streets by two of the *Hero's* ship-boys, and looked handsomely. He was almost as great an object of attraction as his master.

THE CITY OF PORTLAND.

The very striking VIEW OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND, MAINE, will remind our readers of the last hurried scenes of the Prince's visit to the United States. Portland, in every body's memory, is a flourishing sea-port of Maine, once dependent on Portmouth, but in 1786 incorporated as an independent port with its present name. The Atlantic, Gulf, St. Lawrence Railway, which was completed six or seven years ago, made Portland the winter sea-port of Canada, and raised it to a position of great importance. Its population is now over 30,000; it has a large export and import trade; the Canadian steamers make it the Western terminus of their line in winter. When the *Great Eastern* was expected to go there, the Portlanders built a magnificent wharf for her reception. Its first important office was the occasion of the Prince's departure, and our English visitors will probably remember it as their last recollection of the United States.

VIOLA.—A LOVE STORY.

I SAT one morning before my desk, gleaning round the room, gathering in my thoughts, the peculiarities of the room were pretty; warm tints and graceful contours, and the windows framed very lovely landscapes. Only Viola, old friend Viola, sitting opposite me, was called ugly, according to the world's judgment. Coarse features, tawny hair, million-and-another eyes, and a nose that would have been positively expressionless but for the delicacy of the nostril, that quivered at every emotion. The net-work—as Viola grew down, down upon her forehead, leaving just room for three horizontal furrows that care had clearly pressed from side to side There was but one redeeming feature—the mouth was irresistibly sweet; a firm, living curve, indicative of an active but a positive, vital goodness. My friends say there is nothing within the bounds of our business so devoid of the beauty of Beauty's habit and they wish to know why I have asked her to stop with me—why I would enjoy having so honest an object in my view.

"Butterflies' her wings are not so brilliant as mine, but she has the prettiest little nestling in her heart. Like loves like'—and I love her," I reply, laughing.

They call me beautiful, and I am grateful. Perhaps if I possessed less to charm the eye I might relate it higher, and be more distinct in my view of the mind which, despite the theory that our physical frames are mirrors of the inner, is not unfrequently sequestered in a very poor tenement.

Viola was so ugly that when I looked at her I expected nothing; so I was continually surprised and delighted by the creature, as it were, of beauty; as when one is prepared for a dreary grave, suddenly to come round upon a green, flower-valley nestled among sheltering hills. Thus she had a voice of most marvelous sweetness, of trilling power, and of such perfect tone, it was almost oratorical, or plead in pleasing "Gothicisms," the tones lived long in me as a divine message, and the real the poets that I could; so as to shame my previous understanding of them. She was a lover of music, and of poetry, and of nature in every form: and tell me, now, *could* she be ugly? It is impossible! Our conventional laws have brought us to a very false standard of the enchanted ring. I must speak to Rushia about it.

I said I was looking round my room. I was looking at her and thinking that her unexplained nature might read my thoughts, I began:

"Viola, why don't you write for us, friend? You have superb talents, great appreciation, imagination, power of construction, fits of inspiration; and I believe that, by all means, you should use your fine talents for writing."

The girl raised her honest eyes from the book she was reading and her face became at once lighted into its habitual look of weariness, sadness, and suffering.

"Pho! there are too many smatterers already. I don't think I am needed, or could do any good in that way."

Quietly she put away her book, put on her bonnet and shawl, and went to her daily toil—the Crisis, drilling, fitting, and sewing of school-cloaks. I said no more, though I knew the drudgery of her heliopotroid work; how long she labored to see her very little income, and how impatient for that, knowing nothing about the matter, but feeling in duty bound to know that he has been, was forever repeating that this or that should be bettered. I know that this or that person was unreasonably exacting, and that Viola's nerves, of too little or too slow; I know, for I had travelled in that path, of the mental prostration which follows a day's duties done in a hurried way. I know, what was worst, how it saps the energies and narrows the mind; I know that she, too, saw its results; and that she had, one day, in her own time when we were rollicking, gay young girls together at school, had, in her quiet, sorrowful, winsome, hard-like creature of all that happy band. She was the favorite of Professor B——, and in her kind and sympathetic nature, unmixed with much pride in cultivating and displaying her splendid voice; give her heads and music and flowers, and interpret them all to her young hearts, and—well! it was the old, old, and story again told—she loved him; which every one saw it but he who sold—not he it, and he married another.

It was a long time before the bird was glad and sang again. And now they were all gone, one by other. When her friends importuned her to accept some one, when they told her that she was almost an "old maid," she only the fruitiness to say, less that she had loved Professor B——, and she could love no other. Laughingly, now she says she "is married to the Crisis."

To-night Viola came in from school with a flushed cheek and a brighter eye than usual. I saw that her hand trembled when she opened her glove and passed on into her room and closed the door. Something had gone wrong; the old complaint of pained who wished to dance to be supplied with brains gratis; or perhaps the trustees had notified her that she might leave. "It is a shame!" said both my husband and I. Viola should have a home with us, and she never would tell us so. I dode hardly to mention a secret top of tea, and she all the rest of her skill on some stress toast, and sat down to the piano to fling off my indignation. "Viola, I love you!" I said, firmly. Viola's hand was upon my shoulder.

"Is my dear well to-night?" I said, without looking up.

"Very well, Curtis."

What made her voice so calm and sweet? I looked up.

"Curtis, I am to marry Professor B——. He has been to see me to-day. You know his wife is dead. He says he loves me."

What a look of happiness! The incarnation of rest from misery, trouble and isolation never such as the deserted orphan only knows.

God, on earth, giveth His treasures and rest.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860.

THE PRINCE AMONG THE LADIES.

MOST certainly, since there first were young men and young women in Gotham, no one ever created such a flurry among the fair sex as the Prince of Wales. Discussion for thirty years men, of otherwise robust constitution, now live exclusively upon the remembrance of having seen, spoken to, or dinned with him. The blessed few who were presented are thrice happy, the envied of their own sex, the delight of the other. In a twenty-year of a thousand drawing-rooms the Prince is the sole subject of conversation; his appearance, his face, his figure, his eyes, his mouth, his hands, his shoulders, his style of dancing, are all topics of intense interest and unflagging importance to the world of crinolines.

It is agreed on all sides that he was delightful. Every lady who found fault with him would probably share the fate of the Irishman who tried to insult him on his departure, and was promptly and righteously knocked on the head by a bystander. Considering his youth, the opportunity of blundering which he had, and the severe trials he underwent, it is certainly remarkable that he should have made not a single mistake, and that he felt nothing but pleasant recollections behind. Much is doubtless due to the good judgment of the Duke of Newcastle and the other gentlemen by whom he was surrounded; but still, the Prince himself must be a youth of rare discretion not to have betrayed himself at least once by some blunder in his high station.

The most general remark about him appears to bear upon his strikingly gentlemanly demeanor. He unquestionably is one of the most perfect gentlemen they had ever met. Of course one expects a feature king to be a gentleman; but when he does, he looks hack and reads about the ancestors of Albert Edward, and especially his grand-uncle, who was known as the First Gentleman in Europe, the genuine gentleness and modesty of the Prince's manner deserve not to be passed over in silence. Our statesmen, and especially some of those who so generously undertook to represent the citizens of New York on the occasion of the late ball, and to decide who should, and who should not, be admitted to the charmed circle of "our best society," may learn a useful lesson from him. They may learn from him that the first condition of gentlemanly is, as the word implies, gentleness, and modesty, and deference to others; not vulgar assumption, and haughty pride, and impertinent self-assertion. It is no blame to a man that his father may have been a cobbler, or himself bred a tinker; we can not all be princes. We can not, we can and should so demean ourselves as never to displease any one or hurt any one's feelings; and this lesson of demeanor the future King of England taught us by his profitably—to the aristocracy of the United States.

HOW TO USE YOUR FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY newspaper, if its name imports any thing, ought to be a family affair. All the members of the household circle should be interested in it, and, indeed, trained to appreciate it as a part of the inner economy of household life. The common conception of the use of the newspaper to the parents and grown-up children, deprives the family, as a family, of its benefits. Food is not available for the good of all, it should be regarded as a centre around which the intellect of the household should be collected—a family table for daily mental nutrition.

Reading is ordinarily one of our most selfish enjoyments. Men and women who are liberal in their expenditure, are exclusive in their spare hour or two in the evening that they can give to their exercise in private property—a quiet chair, which is rather appropriated to them as a private parentheses—which they are entitled to enjoy. But this is a sort of intellectual hoarding, which is rather inconsistent with family culture. Not that we wish to convey the idea that there is to be no private reading and study. Every man needs a sacred to ourselves, every one must have paths in literary fields that are silent to the tread of other footsteps; but in the family, mind and all its forms of action ought to be common. Let there be a lover's mind as well as kindness, sympathy, and love, with their retinue of graceful offices, are to be shared in by all the household. It is a law, however, that is constantly violated. Few families have any intellectual exercise in common. Aside from the familiar topics that constitute the simple chit-chat of the table and the fireside, they have no such thing as family mind, trained every day by contact with the same general truths, facts, incidents. One main reason of this has just been intimated; viz., the insatiating habit of private reading. How, now, can this be remedied? There is at least one method that may be adopted with obvious advantage, and it consists in the proper use of a first-rate family newspaper.

Devote an hour each night that you may be able to command to this interesting work. Read aloud such portions of the newspaper as may be suited to your purpose. Require one of the children to explain the geographical allusions; give arithmetical questions to another; get a third to point out bad grammar, and let the other children make a favorite exercise of the best-written articles. The long columns of advertisements will suggest many profitable inquiries. Perhaps you will have a machine that will cull out their leading ideas and translate as tough in natural philosophy; and there a cargo of sugar, coffee, etc., will practice them in the pronunciation of foreign names. You will soon find that the newspaper, bringing together so many items of interest, will awaken their curiosity and excite their faculties; and thus when ever your children are learning at school will acquire a practical value by being used under circumstances to unite the ambition and gratify the budding scholarship of the little students. In this way you will operate powerfully on the child's preparation in education. One of the greatest difficulties in really and thoroughly educating a young mind is in exercising its powers in the application of knowledge.

Nor will the benefit end here. Every family ought to have a family education in the knowledge of the world. It ought to be trained to look out on the great sea of life, and fit for the ensuing crew of home. Experience in the world is not the only way to know the world; and indeed is dear bought, where there has been no previous introduction of the domestic mind to an acquaintance with the realities of existence, but experience is the best school. True manly experience presupposes the study of principles, maxims, sentiments; and by them quietly, and best prepared for action, as an experimental interchange with society. Every parent should see to this domestic work. Nothing is a better auxiliary to it than a good newspaper.

Apart from these effects, the bare fact that the different members of a family cultivate thought, taste, appreciation, imagination, must strengthen the ties of domestic sympathy and enlarge the scope and action of their nature. There is a great need for this work of blending in most families. If the Bible is excepted, what common educative influence of the domestic intellect have we? Nothing single, nothing that is, as it are everyday mind is concerned, so well as a moral, high-toned, earnest newspaper.

THE LOUNGER.

THE BRAIN OF ITALY.

It is worth while to turn back to the portrait of Count Cavour, which we published last year in the *Weekly*, to look once more upon a great man. His beauty is the expression of the high courage for a statesman is a man who not only comprehends principles, but understands how to shape them into practice. He is a man who sees the relations between abstract ideas and practical possibilities.

Cavour's address to the Sardinian Parliament is a speech of unequaled simplicity and force. Italy is in that condition which allows people to speak honestly, and Cavour does not hesitate to say just what he thinks. Instead of blarneying about the sympathy of Italy in the Austrian oppression his own views until he discovered those of somebody else, and taking care not to "commit" himself, he boldly puts himself forward. He "thinks" the least hesitation he pays upon record just what he thinks, although he does it in the very most unpopular opposition from the radical Italians. Cavour's Italian policy is simply consolidation of the country as fast as the people will permit passively toward Venetia, and protection of the Pope.

"We do not forget their cause," he says, speaking of the Venetians, "but we think we are serving it most effectually by constituting a strong and united Italy." He with Austria, in the face of the unanimous opposition of the Great Powers, he thinks, would endanger not only Italy, but the cause of liberty in Europe.

The Roman question can not be settled by the sword, says Cavour, but by the moral force, and they must be met by moral forces. Besides, there are French soldiers in Rome, and to fight the French is to fight Europe.

The Naples question can be settled only by a popular vote. The predominant sentiment was in favor of the Sardinian Italians; and as they rose at the word and in the name of King Victor, he is unreversable for their fate. He will not assume to control it. It shall be determined by the people, as in Tuscany. But this must be done immediately. Why should the Italy and Sicily remain unorganized until Venice and Rome are in a condition to join the kingdom? If the reformation be made permanent in Southern Italy, the city will no longer be "Italy and Victor Emanuel" but the mystic cry of secession, "Italy and the People."

Cavour says that the "generous portrait" who favored the immediate annexation of the Marches and Umbria ought not to oppose it in the case of Naples. Finally, with Italy, with respect for the King, country, and Parliament; with perfect loyalty to the services and character of Garibaldi; but with no less consciousness of his own character

and position, Cavour concludes in a strain from which all American politicians might learn a lesson. When Italy has such a head and heart as Cavour, and such a hand and heart as Garibaldi, who shall despair?

"The vote of confidence you give the ministers, a few months since, enabled them to overcome difficulties, both numerous and serious, which stood in their way. Do that they may hold with a steady hand the helm of the State. It is necessary that they should know, and that the city should know, whether their deeds and behavior during this interval were such as to deserve to obtain the confidence you put in them.

"This is all the more necessary, as a voice justly dear to the multitude has expressed to the sovereign and the country its distrust of us.

"Such a declaration, indeed, painfully affected us; but it could not turn us by a little from our purpose.

"Painful separation of the Constitution, of which we must be the most scrupulous executors, we think that the voice of our citizens, whatever signal services we may have rendered to the country, should not prevent against the authority of the supreme power of the State.

"It, therefore, is the duty of the ministers of a Constitutional King not to give way before popular clamor, but to prove that it they be backed by a great and just popularity and by a vehicular record.

"But we would fail in our duty by giving way to those pretensions, so we should have failed in our obligation toward Parliament, if we had not put the question to it whether it be ready to sanction the existence pronounced against us."

HOWE NOT TO DO IT.

PATRICK PARSONS has written a letter to the Courier about Mr. Howe's patent. Can nothing be done? she asks. Will he insist upon a prolongation of his patent?

"Dear Mr. Howe no lover of money—not a lover! Can you not be satisfied with a million of dollars, and the blessings of all women? He is decidedly the greatest benefactor of women that the world has ever produced. He is all but that golden could come back or mass shall intervene between women, which, as it now stands, will start out from its resting-place, kiss the fire, hold the tea-kettle, turn the hot bread, hold the cups, and perform multitudinous duties of cook and chambermaid. Until that blessed millennium comes, Mr. Howe's name will be ever coupled with thanksgiving! Will he remain in the simple, compared with the 'almighty dollar?'

"Six thousand dollars! Sixteen years, mothers, and consciences, throughout the length and breadth of this land, do unitedly to dividate their vest! What will be gross interface in their behalf? Lengthy first! I commit a grievous sin, and enter my telephone's complaint.

Patience Parsons should remember that to ask Mr. Howe to contribute a million or half a million dollars to relieve suffering people is to make an appeal which the public will be satisfied with the probable response. We have no right to require of any person that an unselfishness which we should not expect of every body. But we may all justly wish that the Patent Laws might be so arranged that when a man has been misfortunately paid he should not continue to be paid. In other words, we have a right to wish—have we not?—that the reward of patent rights should depend exactly upon the profits already made by the patentee. The patent which is made the price which the public pays him for the use of his talent: and the public must determine what it is worth, and how the price shall be paid.

THE MORAL HISTORY OF WOMEN.

THE translator of Michelet's "Love" and "Woman" has translated, also, Legouvé's "Moral History of Women." This work comprises a series of lectures delivered at the College of France a dozen years ago, and it is one of the authorities in the Woman question. It is extremely interesting; full of anecdote and curious erudition; and it succeeds in treating a grave discussion with great popular charm.

It will itself a History of Women, but it is more precisely a history of French woman, as it comes under the conditions of French civilization; and the reader who considers such questions in this country as only lost and ludicrous discussion, will be surprised to find with what a simple directness it has been treated elsewhere. The author of John Stuart Mill, in the *Westminster*, and the work of Legouvé, a college course of lectures in France, show a coolness and respectability of argument upon the part of the public which we have not yet reached. But then we have it in other ways, and upon other subjects, which are forbidden in Europe countries. Only as we profess to tolerate discussion of every subject, our shame is greater when we sneer at any opinion than that of countries which do not pretend to the grace of toleration.

Dr. Parker has made an excellent, a very, and faithful translation of a valuable and timely and fascinating book. It is not merely speculative. Legouvé makes practical suggestions for reform, which will beautiful every where; even in this country, although a learned pundit was sneered since gravely announced, after a display of ignorance which prepared the reader's mind to estimate his opinions at all their value, "The condition of women in this country is about as good as it can ever hope to be."

Where!

What a pity! Because nobody pretends that our conditions are even as good as it can be while there is a chance that, by any means, it may be made better. If Legouvé had not written his lectures before that remark was made, he would certainly have given it a place among the curious proofs of his position that much remains to be done.

Legouvé is the author of the tragedy of *Medea*, which Rachel would not play, but which has been the great triumph of Ristori, and, as many think, of Miss Heron.

WHAT H.R.H. SAW.

THE London *Times* thinks that the Prince's visit to this country will be extremely useful. Grandest but why? Because, says John Bull's newspaper—because he will see English institutions divested of the wise checks of monarchy against political corruption. That is good. William Hogarth, of whom Mr. Sala is now lecturing in the *World*, would think it good. Mr. Hogarth drew a picture of Chairing the Member; and many English authors have described for us the sweet absence of political corruption in England.

It is well understood that John Bull knows upon every kind of political history; but yet what does the *Times* mean? The reception of the Prince in New York was in another institution divested of the wise check of monarchy—namely, a standing army. The million another institution divested of the monarchical check, for it was composed of the people who constitute the government. H.R.H. saw the same institutions that he sees at home, if you please, and he saw that they secured the same liberty without a similar expense.

H.R.H. himself is one of the monarchical checks, and a very costly one. H.R.H. saw that an O.P.P. was much less expensive luxury for himself. The Duke and the Earl and the Lords must have seen the same thing. They may have thought upon their ship will cost. They saw the "institutions" tried as by fire—tried with a force which in England would come near to blood, and it has lasted—and when Mr. Bright proposes to which may all kind breezes waft them! they will learn that the wisest "check" upon security is that principle of government which secures property to the great mass of a people.

THE LECTURE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

WE might as well surrender. We must confess that Americans spit. Mrs. Trollope said so a quarter of a century ago—and now Mr. Grantley Berkeley says so—and he ought to know. Mr. Grantley Berkeley came last year and hunted at the Hall, and hunted next year at the Hall, and complained that he was not allowed to take his dogs trots in the cars, and was generally unhappy. He has now returned to his home, and has delivered a lecture in Glasgow.

"The West-end" was present in great force. The Lord Provost gave the chair, and announced that he had no wish to disparage the magnificent country. Mr. Grantley Berkeley expressly wish to disparage America; for the ladies' dresses in railway carriages in America are five feet high in balancing. Mr. Grantley Berkeley has no desire to speak ill, but justice compels him to mention that the hills is a curse to America. Also, probably "accidental expectoration" is unknown, unless he is accompanied by a man in black. Also, "the whole country was nothing him," because his arrival had been mentioned in the papers, and the excitement was such that twenty-four people stood upon the railway station to see the man from Philadelphia. Also, he should never forget the grandeur of the scene as he "came up with" eleven miles upon the railway.

The political condition of Ireland, said Mr. Grantley Berkeley talked to the Lord Provost and "the West-end" of Glasgow, is frightful. And then, enabling that Mr. Grantley Berkeley was in the English Parliament Bill, he said, he would take leave to speak again. There are some misfortunes that even America escapes. "Or Mr. Grantley Berkeley," says William Hogarth, "I scarcely know which."

. . . . I had heard something of his appearance in Parliament, but his efforts at legislation are never included to be matters of public.

This is the Mr. Berkeley of whose novel, "Berkeley Castle," William Makepeace Thackeray wrote twenty-four years ago in *Fraser's Magazine*. Soon after its appearance Mr. Berkeley told his brother Cornwall Barry, "I hate Mr. Thackeray. There was no one in but that gentleman. Brother Craven stood guard at the door while brother Cornwall conducted with a bludgeon in his left hand a bundle. Finding Mr. Fraser alone, brother Grantley struck him with his cut upon the shoulder, and knocked him down; he then beat him senseless with the whip-stock, and then mangled him with the bell, which brother Cornwall had brought with him. A crowd outside at bay, and called to brother Grantley, "D—n him! give it him well!" The attack was fatal to Mr. Fraser, and I fear to a duel between Mr. Magion, the editor of the Magazine and the author of the article, and Grantley Berkeley. At the close of his second duel he fell a victim afterward, and it is a curious page into the domestic relations of parties." Mr. Barry's "Life" says, "I wish the intelligent and independent electors of West Gloucestershire joy of their representative." So we wish the intelligent and independent "Lord Provost" of Glasgow joy of their lecturer.

RAILROAD HYMN.

No. 2.

As to I bled me to the Berkshire Hills,
Rumbling and grumbling she dignified "this,
A crew of reminiscences, I ween,
With sudden glimmer all the darkness thrills;
Broke are troughs and sweet memories.
The fate of *cisterns* of a soul's dispense—
A June day gathered, and a June day lost,
Witches the air: blow sing—while dance the rills.
I speak her first: she sweeter my memories:
"What pre-existence had we shared before?"
Eyes look through eyes—our souls kiss then and there
And now we part not—never, never more.
Be, Mr. Longer, blest our happy river!
And tell to sore, Sir, at our meeting (ruined care)
HOMESTEADS.

TWO LOST SONNETS.

I WAS lately looking into a small volume to verify a quotation, and as I laid it down could not help moralizing a little upon the fate of the book. It is twenty-one years since it was published, and I suppose it is long since out of print. It is very small, and contains three essays upon "Epic Poetry," "Shakespeare," and "Hamlet," followed by poems. The essays are exquisitely simple and lucid in style, and are subtle and vigorous in thought. The poems, especially the sonnets, are remarkable. Indeed there are two sonnets which are among the very best of this form of verse. Certainly some so good have been written in America.

Let a Reviewer now come and the author of this book of rhymes, which is already slipping into oblivion, that his chaff is digested by the society whose fate it shares. Let no American poet grumble at the coldness of the public when he knows that two sonnets as fellow have neither made a name for their author nor saved his book from forgetfulness.

NATURE.

The babbling brook doth keep when I come by,
Because my feet find seasons with its call:
The birds know me, and I know their tuned lay
For I am known to them both great and small;
The flower that on the lovely hillside grows,
Expects me there when spring its blossoms blows;
And, when the days of bush my wandering knows,
And ever the elastic and silent store of heaven;
For me to with his blue walks reight,
Shall be their bed as Adam was before;
He our sleep extent each sound with new delight,
Thy sweet, thy sweet, thy sweet, thy sweet was;
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his lips thy sweet, thy sweet, all is good.

TO THE CANARY BIRD.

I am not hear thy voice with others' ears,
Who make of thy bird liberty a gain;
Thou art to me a bird of joy and fear
Feel not that every note is born with pain.
And that with thy wonder gentle well
Fast days of joy should through thy memory throng,
And sun to thee their warm delight
While twilight sense forgets them in thy song!
The heart that is of joy, and fear, and fate finds,
And pours in human words its thoughts divine,
Though at each thrill the spirit lady bends,
Yet thrills it not with thy thrilling ear like thine,
And men with gilded cage and prairie will try
To make the bird, like thee, forget his native sky.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MODEL HUSBAND.

I saw a model husband—it is drawn,
Where Hymen ties an unlike mate with they room;
A hasty man, to disgrace he is known;
The wife he ever, and the husband, he was;
And for the test—I saw the husband wait
With knees and arms for minutes at the gate,
While Jane put on her things; nor speak one sour
Or bitter word, nor, with a sinking heart
For dinner; and, the Politics as a theme,
He dare not touch, for fear of Jane.

A country justice of the peace, when upward of seventy years of age, married a very short nineteen; and being the reverse of his wife, he was called on the subject by some of the neighbors. Accordingly, when any of his neighbors called on him, he would say, "Come, Jane, bring the bottle and the tobacco-box." Jane would bring them, saying he believed he could tell them news. "Why," says he, "I have married a young wife, daughter." If he was asked why he did so, the old gentleman replied, "Why, I thought the older she was the longer she would live, that I thought the daughter might last me for *forty years to come*."

The following notice, written on the door of a village school-house, would seem to indicate that the "schoolmaster" is abroad, or, at least, that the villain lurks near:

A celebrated author says that in sleep we are especially open to heavenly influences. How about the nightmare?

There is a man in Genoa so knowing that the men who don't know their own minds come to him for information on the subject.

Beauty, like lobsters, will spoil in time; silver, like tea, will lose its flavor by long keeping; love is only a healthy, bright, beautiful in the light of fancy—tainted by the dull reality of time. Love is like a bubble; blow, the plaything of the hour; despair, the soldiers' cannon; memory, the and the as possible, and soon out of the fashion; pride, an exploded bubble—a bubble—a bubble.

A brilliant young gentleman remarked, the other day, to a lady with whom he was bowling ten-pins,

"Miss Jane, I think you would have made a capital bowler."

"Indeed, Sir! Why?"

"Because you make such excellent pins.

An Indian and white man were passing along a street where a blacksmith was shoeing a horse of vigor, and galloping to the owner, who was standing in the doorway, said, "Ugh! Indian—white man—blacksmith—shoe—horse—ugh!"

CONTRACT CONSUMPTION.—What carpenter's tool represents a sentence? An engine (engage).—What wind signifies a lady's dress? Calico (also a young lady).—At what thy thing may be deemed above every other? A topgallant sail.—Why is a man who is late in his office always at clock—What is that, although only four inches long and three wide, yet it contains a mile and a half? A date.—When is a bonnet not a bonnet? When it becomes a hat.—What is that which is not a bay, yet questions and replies many answers? The street-door.

Professor Jones had a peculiarly red nose; to rich, indeed, that it was usually dressed in a green shade, and the temple was dedicated to Bacchus. Upon this point the Professor was sensitive, and, when the boys, in passing, popped by extra twinkle head, was hurled upon the hoisterous, and man was valiantly pursued, and the learned gentleman's bald pate thus glancing off, it gave much to the cabin. "Why, Professor," inquired one the Professor, "that was you, Sir; I know it, Sir; don't deny it, Sir; I recognize the tender, Sir, by the red light." "Why, Sir, Professor," modestly asked the student, "Why?" "Because, Sir, the tender is always the last to be recognized by the man who sees." replied Jones, "I think it is the only the return ticket." Jones, Professor, looked as one over your sons.

A distinguished author was recently overtaken in a shower, and he ran for shelter to a tavern in the Wooden. A young and beautiful lady, who was at the author window, had looked upon the author from the window, and was out with an umbrella. The next day the delighted author received a note from the lady, but result of the perusal of what was meaning; and as the umbrella was an old one, had in a new one, and the author was delighted. The conflict note, called on the lady to return her battering lock. She received the author with evidently without the marking the change, and after lithology, with curious energy, to the author the tender—the lady—the author—the acknowledgments, she suddenly complicated that he was a married man. The author was astonished at being, and forthwith quietly explained, he had stood in the way of an expected visit from her husband, who failed to come and see her unbroken, and he had seen him the umbrella in *get him of her friend elegit!*

A cockney conducted his ladies to the observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late; the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "Oh," exclaimed our hero, "don't fret. I know the astronomer very well; he is a very polite man, and I am sure he will begin again."

"It must be a strong general who can storm our fortress."

A NOVEL TREATE.—A correspondent of a French paper relates an adventure of an old widow and a bachelor of nasty cleanly clothe on her sense; he inquired her calling. "Oh, I am the sole *mademoiselle* Dandelion." Her pet was to blow the nose of the old hirsuit cotton-tail, had a sad. She could scarcely make a living this fine weather, and was longing for November, which would bring caterts in its train. This she drives a carting trade, and blows fresh of noses.

HOTEL SECRETS.—A country girl, who had lived in a small farm-house where bells were unknown, went to live in a gentleman's gentleman's family. The bell was rung which it was her duty to answer, and on the call she ran to go, as fast as her short legs could, "Why, Mary, don't you see the bell, dear? Don't you know what it means?" she replied, "Why, I know what it means, ma'am, but I don't see what it means."

A negro being asked by a stealing from a hen-roost, excused himself by saying, "But he only came out to see if the chicken-house door was open."

"Dear Laura, when we were courting, you were very dear to me; but now you're my wife, and I can pay you little, you seem to grow dearer and dearer!"

A short time ago a man became so completely engaged in the night that he was tied to a tree, thinking he was the "tender." Much ado, of course.

Before the days of tetotalers a neighbor of Mr. Bowel's saw that gentleman at an early hour of the day emerging slowly between the hedges and lower over the house ground. "Why don't you get up, Mr. Bobel? why don't you get up and go to work?" said his neighbor. "I was sought, bel-bel-bel-bel so mighty thin here that I'm afraid I shall be-bel-bel-bel-bel."

An Irishman discovered a part of the wood-work of a chimney-piece on fire, that endangered the whole house. The rude fellow set to work to extinguish the flame, exclaiming intelligibly, "Boom be rushed with him. A large bit of cotton was in the fire. "Well, what shall you put out the fire?" "I can't, Gurr." "Why, you fool! your father taught you to do it." "Yes, Sir, many times."

Tell gentlemen are always essential, because the ladies are all in favor of bay-wax.

The habit of drinking can be cured by giving the drinker all the liquor he can drink on the spot. The Wave of two in our own experience who were cured in three months. One was a man who had been drinking for years, a carbonate into his head. The other didn't get up one morning, and he saw a surbeaten growing over his head in the grave-yard.

"Why is the letter D like a ring?" said a young lady of her acquaintance. "Because it completes the marriage of the sex in every a relation, we as dell as a summer. "Ha, ha!" said the lady, "I guess you mean that it is the turn at the other end of the room, "because are can't be married." "Yes."

"I do, Mr. Tibbs a slow man that you never associate with." "Ay, Tibbs, my love, is as slow as the clock in the drawing-room, which takes an hour and twenty minutes to strike one."

"The boy at the head of the class will state what was the cause of the war with the world." Boy hesitated. "Well, Master Jones, can you tell me what the dark ages were?" "I guess they were the ages before spectacles were invented."

"Wife, bring me some cold beef," said a children-hater, lately, to his wife, who was fond of his, he discovered that he was more hungry than thirsty.

"There is no beef in the house," was the mild reply.

"Fetch no more goats, then."

"No goats, either."

"Well, then, let me have some potatoes."

"Not a potato."

"Thunder and lightning! get some bread, then."

"Not a bit of bread."

"Well, then, give me a knife and fork, and let me *go through the motions*."

At a late military dinner one of the visitors proposed a toast, "May the man who has lost one eye in the service of his country—the man who has lost one arm—the man who has gone where duty it was to send the toast, by emitting the sentiment, "May the man who has lost his sentiments, and caused much sacrificers by the blunder.

SEMINOLE EXPLOSION.—It being reported that Lady Gregory, in her late tour, was struck of greatness, and the sense of her pages with a steel, the poet Moore, to whom this was told, in his quiet and strongly, observed—"Oh, nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double-lock her pages." "Yes," said a member, replied Mr. Sheridan, "unless Lady Gregory to turn over a new leaf."

James Hogg, a Scotchman, a great poet, was forced, on entering a London tavern, new a countryman of his, "Hogg, what will you have to drink?" "Ale, Sir, ale!" he replied, emphatically. "Hollo! and would! my dear fellow," said he, "what ale will you have? For the honor of Scotland, don't be after sitting over half a pint of wine in a house like this." "Ay, Sir," said the Ettrick Shepherd, "I'm a poor poet." "Hs the proverb I have had, and every one in the house knows it."

Bow to destiny. One of these days he may be polite and return your bow.

How to make people acknowledge the corn. Tread on their toes.

Why is Berlin the most dissipated city in Europe?—Because it is always on the Spree.

He who asks questions, and all is quiet, but he who asks many questions is the querist.

Laughing after dinner is a better stomachic to promote digestion, than a teaspoonful of Brandy.

Why are all guinea at chosen of equal duration?—Because it always takes *four knights* to play a game.

The first symptoms of love in the wheat of the worldly wisdom were certainly only very remarkable. "Ah!" says Socrates, "my shoulder to her shoulder, and my head to her head, and we ought together to a book. I felt, it is a fact, a sudden sting in my shoulder, like the biting of a serpent, and I shook the fever to dage ahoy, and a continual itching crept into my heart."

An old grub, in the city of Glasgow, who discounted bills at the rate of "twenty-five per centum per diem" and had good luck securities, in the shape of indemnities, was applied to by a young man, who had lost his pocket-book, and wished to have a duplicate of the lost bills. The friend, who little cared about the loss, gave the young man a blank page, and a continual itching crept into my heart."

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"Security, Sir!" Pit gives you the devil for security!" "Well, Sir, I will give you the devil for security," just being him forward; and as I never have seen the gentleman get two shares more than twenty-five pounds, I think you will get the value."

We lately picked up the following memoranda, which we are dropped by a young lady attired in an elegant velvet robe, an old-fashioned Hamilton cotton, a white hat and a very fashionably brilliant silk dress, with exaggerated flounces: Lace, Velvet, Satin, Scotchard, Gloves, Linen Hose, Lace, Shamrock, Kalmes."

"I don't" said an old lady, "that I've got about through with this world. I don't enjoy much more trouble, nor suffer much more comfort."

Though we have no positive evidence of the fact, it is absolutely certain that Shakspeare was a broker, as our lawyer furnished more stock quotations than he.

OUR RECENT VISITORS, THE PRINCE OF WALES AND SUITE—AT BRADY'S GALLERY, NEW YORK.—[See Page 688.]

FATHER GAVAZZI PREACHING AT THE PLACE DEI CROCIFIERI, AT MESSINA.

GAVAZZI PREACHING IN SICILY.

ALMOST all of our readers, we presume, have heard of Gavazzi, the famous Italian preacher who was with Garibaldi at Rome, and who subsequently traveled through this country preaching a crusade against the Pope. He is now in Sicily, preaching again, but this time to his countrymen, freed from oppression, and emancipated from theocratic tyranny. We present a picture of the scene.

What changes in a few years! Only ten years ago, Gavazzi, preaching against the Pope in St. Andrew's Church, Quebec, was assailed by a band of Irishmen, and would have been killed but for the protection of some Protestant gentlemen who gathered to defend him. The same Gavazzi, in whom time has not weakened his hatred of the Papacy, is still preaching against the Pope—but this time in Italy; and Irishmen, who had volunteered to maintain the Papal despotism, are prisoners at Ancona, vainly begging the protection of the British Government.

FARISTAN AND FATIMA.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

DONE INTO HIS MOTHER-TONGUE BY E. A. BOWRING.

PART I.

Once in a famous Eastern city
There lived a tailor with a pretty,
In fact a very pretty wife,
Whom he loved better than his life.
Her eyes were of the blackest sort,
No lily's stem was half so slender,
Of finest silk her hair seemed wrought,
Her rosy cheeks were smooth and tender,
Her age scarce twenty—and, in short,
It was impossible to mend her.
One day quoth he: "You darling little wife, you!
Whatever would become of hapless me,
If I should happen to survive you,
And your fair body I should see
Lying a corpse, all cold and void of motion,
Whom my arms? The very notion
Gives me a chill as if I now were dying!
I swear then if I, wretched man,
Only survive the shock, you'll find me lying
Upon your tomb for nine long days, and crying,
Crying the very best I can!"—

"And if, dear husband," she begun,
"I'm the survivor when we're parted,
I'll buried be, my Paristan,
Inside your coffin, broken hearted."—
"A noble woman!" he with rapture thought,
As in his arms his wife he caught.
He felt no doubt about it, for, you know,
She said it—so it must be so!

About a year had passed over
Since the agreement made that day,
When it so chanced that, as they sat
Over their evening meal of curry,
Spending the time in pleasant chat,
Poor Fatima, in too great hurry
To eat some tid-bit, while her eyes
Gloat, in manner far from wise,
Her husband, not her plate, by ill-luck swallow'd
A little bone—of course you guess what follow'd.

What could be done? Poor Paristan
Skips here and there, does all he can,
Upon the back he thumps her,
He shakes her, bumps her, jumps her,
He tries to push it down, he upward tries to pull it—
In vain! She's choked by that small bone inside her little gullet!

Only imagine his despair!
Soon in her winding-sheet they fold her,
Black is the fate, I may be, yet so fair!
He could not summon courage to behold her.

Nor Fatima is in her grave,
And Paristan begins to rave,
And rolls upon it, sighing with such ardor,
That he is heard a mile away and more,
Fully resolved (so much did he regard her)
Nine days to stop there, as we know he swore.

The Prophet chanced to pass that way,
Found it impossible to pray
In such a noise, so asked politely:
"What mean these groans and writhings so unsightly?"
"Oh, Sir!" said he, "within this tomb there lies
The best of wives—I never knew a chaster
Or nobler woman, loving, young, and wise—
And in the grave this very day I've placed her."

The Prophet answer'd: "Since you for her sake
Are grieving so, and merit to be lucky,
I'll grant your wish," and so he spoke,
The staff his hand was grasping struck he
Upon the tomb, and, lo! it open'd wide,
And Fatima appear'd outside
In health and beauty, and with rapturous passion
Rush'd to her husband's arms in loving fashion.
How they embraced and hugg'd each other!
Any spectator must have thought
Such kisses were enough to smother
Both man and wife.—And next they sought
To thank the Prophet for this miracle portentous,
But couldn't—he was now invisible!

PART II.

Good Paristan bethought him then
That Fatima's home funeral them ruinent
(Although 'twas dark) for walking home again
Was unsafe, in the usual way, meant.
"Light of my eyes! behind these stones stoop down,
While I run home and fetch your shoes and gown;
The moon is up, there's little danger in it,
Fear not, and I'll be back in half a minute."

He spoke, and vanished like a shot.—
Meanwhile there happen'd to approach the spot
The Sultan's son, escorted by the light
Of many torches through the night.
His servants, by the flickering glare,
Perceived a woman with disturb'd hair,
And scanty clothing, seeking to conceal
Her somewhat striking delinaline,
Which in the darkness, by the torchlight aided,
Seem'd greater than it in the day did.

The Sultan's son his march suspended,
And then approach'd her unattended,
While she with arms and hands was trying
Her coats of clothing to replace,
And left exposed, in beauty vying,
Two legs and feet of matchless grace.
The Prince, instead of putting (as his duty
Clearly enjoined) his hands before his face,
With might and main stood staring at the beauty—
"What loveliness is this I trace!
And yet the time, spot, dress, are rather funny—"
"My lord!" she said, in accents sweet as honey,
"I feel so awkward in this negligée,
I really know not what to say!"

The Prince at once confess'd the force
Of her remark, and then of course
Gave her his own great-coat at this suggestion,
And said, "Fair lady, just one question!
Pray, are you married? If you single are,
Come home with me, and be the brightest star
Within my harem! He a prince's bride,
I love you more than all the world besides!"

Fair Fatima soon comprehended
The advantage of this offer splendid,
And found her knowledge as a tailor
In measuring its extent avail her.
Alas! when this proposal made he,
I grieve to say the naughty lady
Forgot her duty and her plighted troth,
Forgot her husband and her oath.
"My lord! I'm single, and quite ready
To offer you allegiance steady,
And live but for Your Royal Highness!"
"A bargain!" he exclaim'd with rapture!
A horse is brought, and, lighted by the torches,
Bore Fatima's lords his harem's porches.

Scarce had she gone when Paristan comes back,
Bringing the clothes she seem'd to lack.
She is not there! His wonderment immense is;
He shouted, cursed, and well-nigh hot his senses.
"She is some robber's prize," then thought he—
In this we scarce can contradict him;
He little dreamt that she could be so naughty
As to have been a willing victim!

"YOU DARLING LITTLE WIFE, YOU!"

"THIS IS THE ROBBER WHO ATTACKED ME!"

"Why didn't I escort her home at once,
Dread as she was? Alas, poor silly dame!
To what distress my darling little wife
Will but! She said that she should find her life
So sad without me, that she much must be
Buried alive in the same grave with me.
You plunge of a moment if a stranger
Has dared to pester you with his advances,
I'm sure that you'll have avoid yourself from danger.
As age the matter, would the chance is
That you have scowled your face, or turn your hair,
Or even stabbed yourself in your despair?"

Alas, poor Fairlein detailed,
She felt more happy for than you did!
She had her reasons for the interim in
That she had not the slightest wish to go,
And took to slandy to her new position.
She quite forgot you and your anxiety.

PART III.

Poor Fairlein begins to seek her
Early and late, through all the country round,
But all in vain; his hopes grow cooler,
No trace of her can any where be found.
He also searches for the Prince Ivanhoe,
Hoping that he could tell him something of it.

At length a person who was present
At the ceremonies, brought the unhappy
That Fatima, the good and tender,
Instead of receiving "So surrounded"
Has chosen the Prince in preference declined,
And in his barem happily resided.

Our hero now no longer waits,
But hastens to the palace gates,
Post all the servants, breaks, courtiers pushes,
Into the Prince's very presence rushes
And there begins he to implore him
The faithless lady to restore him.

The Prince, kind man (who maybe had enough
Of Fatima one thing, grew on rebuff),
Has not been when had quite, without consideration,
On learning what this strange request mean.
"Sir Shakiden can tell you herself will terms,"
Said Prince, "and thought that you were mad
Oh let her come, and Ill explain her error."
"My son Ahmed" (the Prince continued)
My gracious lord, with how much favor
Shall you be to Shakiden, Ahmed perceive her?"
"Yis will!" the Prince replied, "so be it!
It's a distinct matter to be a Bey."

The lady came—good Fairlein
Was so much dazzled by the splendor
Of her gold pistols and jewels, that, poor man,
He knew her scarce, and felt like some protrudes
But Fatima in half a second
Knew him be well, dropped back, turn'd deadly white,
Then drey sob; but soon she recluted
With manner's ill to say to the light.

Now, when the Prince observed her start, he
Rash'd up and said, "You know this party?"

"Oh yes!" replied the gentlest of all creatures,
"I recognize well his features.
This is the rather who attack'd me,
And, and dreadful was to be the spot from whence
Your Highness had the goodness to extract me.
Hitherto, thanks be to his importunes!"

On hearing so far and plain this reply,
Poor Fairlein turns pale as death,
Stares wildly round, feels faint and weak
His senses reeling, he gasps for breath
The Court in chorus all uncorked
Each comfort proved a mind perverted;
His guilt was clear, the Prince commanded
That they should take him to the Cold
Into the judgment-seat he's banished,
The case is left to the grande Judy
Judy depose, our poor friend
Makes no defence, what cares he for his life,
Seeing the conduct of his faithless wife?
He'd rather have it all on one.
"Fairlein (Judge) " to they take him straightway
Off to the gallows near the city gateway.

What could have saved his neck and reputation,
As he stood trembling at the gallows?
Had not the Prophet (who in our narration
Has played a pretty prominent part) given
His figure gilded with an angel's splendor.
"This man is innocent, and no offender,
And the wife who has left the erring husband
The bargaman dropped the rope, the crowd
Around when they heard the voice of one
Who never spoke in ignorance or malice,
And all together hastened to the palace
The Sultan came, attended by his son.
The Prophet, highly honor'd at the cause,
First spoke his say; then Fatima is brought.
Around him both the others form a ring;
Too conscious of her guilt, the naughty thing
Like my her eyes, the Prophet recognizes,
Falls down a corpse, while good his crowds surprise is

Good Fairlein gets ample compensation,
While Fatima's consigned to her old tomb;
There she was left to pine up until the day of doom,
He hasn't now the slightest inclination
To change his wife, for, very sad ever,
Few for false sounds, on her grave.

DOWN A CREVASSE.

I ARRIVED in Chamouny on the 6th of August, 1859, with a friend and companion, an Englishman like myself. We had been about a week in Switzerland, and in that time had "done" every thing considered necessary by our country-men. We had passed some considerable time in clear work, having ascended the Aiguillet Horn, whose summit had been reached for the first time by an Englishman, a member of the Alpine Club, only two months before. We made the ascent successfully, and with the result of having been the second exploring party to stand on its lofty peak, nearly fourteen thousand feet high. On that occasion we passed two whole days on the snow and glacier.

I remembered well the first glimpse I had had into one of those terrific crevasses which interset glaciers. Getting a guide to hold my hand, I leaned over its yawning brink and gazed carefully into the Cyclopean abyss. The two perpendicular walls of ice appeared to join together about three hundred feet down; an appearance resulting from the curvature of the crevasse. Usually, I believe, the great rifts exist only where the glacier touches the ground beneath.

"No one who falls into one of these ever comes out alive," said one of our guides. "Yes," said another, "a man once escaped, and lives still at the Grindelwald; he was a chamois hunter, and when coming home alone over the glacier, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated into a crevasse. His fall was broken by projecting ledges and blocks of ice; which, however, gave way as he clung to them. After falling three hundred feet, he reached the bottom of the glacier, with a leg and an arm broken. He found a little stream upon the ground and the ice through which a stream of water ran. Instinctively he followed its course, despite the pain he endured, and after crawling along for three hours, found himself freed from the glacier."

Other crevasses are from three to eight feet wide at top, but the sides approach each other rapidly, so that a man would be wedged in between the two walls of ice long before he could reach the bottom. And then, unless there should be ropes at hand long enough and strong enough, what an awful death! An unfortunate Russian gentleman perished thus in a crevasse only last year, half frozen, half suspended to death by the hair of his head over melting the ice, he ever sinking deeper and deeper into his dreadful grave.

My companion and I attended the Brevant, and as few climbing travelers leave Chamouny without visiting the Mer de Glace and the Jardin, we arranged to make that excursion. To shorten our day's work we left Chamouny in the evening and slept at Montanvert, a little hotel built mountain inn on the edge of the Mer de Glace.

We were up betimes in the morning. We provided ourselves with ice-axes and alpen-stocks, started with our guide, whom we had brought from Chamouny, to the Mer de Glace, and proceeded, and promised well for our expedition. Our road, for about half an hour, was along an uneven path skirting the glacier; but, looking below on our left hand, very much crevassed and covered with débris. The path then came to an end, and the guide said we must descend by a ladder for a short distance. We descended on to it, and thereupon the ladder commenced swinging.

The excursion to the Mer de Glace not being looked upon as a regular glacier expedition, it not made with the attendant precautions of ropes. We had neither. We were in high spirits, and went along at a great rate; so quickly, indeed, that the guide, who had lagged behind, continued us once or twice, and requested us to allow him to take the lead for a time.

Just then our progress was arrested by a wide crevasse. Looking to the left I perceived that it terminated, some twenty feet from us, in a steep slope of ice, which I thought I could easily climb. As the crevasse was about sixty yards long, I determined to cross it, and then return to the path on the other side.

Using my Alpenstock instead of an axe, therefore, I began making foot-holes in the ice with it. The guide had now come up with us. He looked at the ice-slope, and said, "Gentlemen, it is very serious, "It is dangerous, let us go round."

By this time I had, with the aid of my Alpenstock, climbed about half-way up the slope. I had already come to the conclusion that it was much too steep to scale without an axe, and had determined to return my steps. The moment the guide had spoken, I carefully stretched back my right leg, feeling for the hole I had made in the ice. My foot went past the place, and I felt that I was slipping; the smooth surface offered not the least projection, and I found, to my horror, I was almost perpendicular, and I fell, head foremost, into the yawning crevasse below.

I heard a loud cry of despair from my fellow-traveler and the guide. My own sensations can not be described, or even distinctly separated from the whirl and shock. I felt that I was being bumped from side to side between the two walls of ice; I was falling and rebounding, and I was going to utter destruction; that I had lighted on a horrible death. Suddenly I felt that I was caught by something that I felt was around me in air. I was able to take my breath, and to call out for "A rope! a rope!"

The fearful extraordinary chance my fall had been arrested by a little ledge of ice which spanned the crevasse at about 30 feet from the surface, not more than two inches wide at the top, and (as well as I could judge) about two feet deep. I had fallen, as it were, with my arms and legs on the one, my legs on the other. Instinctively and immediately, by means which I can not at all recall, I raised myself from the dreadful position I was lying on on the ledge, in which there was a little niche sufficient to hold my body and feet. I was now so far collected as that I could hear and understand my fellow-traveler saying from above, "We never hoped to have seen you again. For God's sake, take heart. The guide is gone to Montanvert for men and ropes; he is running, and will be back soon."

"If he is not," I answered, "I shall never come out alive."

My position was an awful one. The little ledge was so narrow that I could not get both my feet upon it. I was, in fact, suspended by my arms, leg, half leaning against one side of the crevasse and pressing my hand against the opposite side. It was perfectly smooth, and I could not cling to grasp. A stream of water poured over my shoulders, and I felt that I should have been carried on with its icy coldness. Overhead I could see the long narrow strip of blue sky, bounded by the mouth of the crevasse. There was a terrible stillness, unrelenting look in the intensely blue ice that surrounded me on all sides. The grim walls of the crevasse looked as if they would smite to pieces any one who ventured into their victim. No human aid could reach me, and I was hopelessly in the whole sixty yards of its length I could see no projection except the little ledge on which I had so miraculously stopped in my fall.

I ventured to look down, only for an instant, into the fearful chasm in which I was suspended. At the depth to which I had fallen the crevasse was barely two feet wide, but downward it narrowed rapidly, and about two hundred feet below me the sides appeared to join. I believe that if I had fallen six inches on either side of the little ledge I must have slidy have been jammed in head downward, at a depth where no ropes that could have been brought there could possibly have reached me.

I had now been about twenty minutes standing in this horribly perilous position, straining every nerve to prevent myself from giving way, looking up at the blue sky above me and the clear ice on the sides, and yet not daring to cast a glance into the abyss below. Blood was trickling over me from a cut in my cheek, and I felt that my right side (fortunately the side one) was badly bruised. In the mean while my left leg was becoming exceedingly painful from the strain upon it, and I was afraid of losing my balance if I tried to relieve myself by changing to the other. I felt that I was growing numbed by the intense cold of the ice against which I was leaning, and of the stream of water from under which I burst out more.

I called to the fellow-traveler to know if any one were in sight? There was no answer. I shouted again. No human being seemed to be within hearing. A dizziness came over me, as the thought struck me, "He has gone to look if your body is there and to see how far I lie way back to the crevasse. There are hundreds of them. I am lost."

Again, I had to strain every nerve to keep myself from sinking; I almost gave up hope; I felt inclined to throw myself from the ledge and be over. At this miserable time I suddenly heard my friend shouting from above. He had gone to look if the guide was in sight, and when he returned round to retrace his steps, had been thunderstruck to see the surface of the glacier intersected by immense fissures. He was unable to see my face as to leave him no landmark by which to know my living grave. I felt that I had a little longer left at the mouth of the crevasse by the guide, which had discovered him coming.

I called to him to look at his watch—five minutes more were past. The cold was growing more intense; I felt the figure of speech that I felt as if the blood were freezing in my veins. I called to him again to know if any one were in sight. It was thirty-five minutes since the guide had started, but not a soul was visible. Indeed, it was most unlikely that any one would be back so soon, for we ourselves had been three-quarters of an hour in coming thus far.

I felt that I could hold out but a very short time longer; and besides that I did not know at what moment the little ledge, which was my only safety, might give way under the pressure of my weight. I remembered that I had a large clasp-knife in my pocket, and I determined to make one desperate effort to aid. I called to my fellow-traveler above that I was going to attempt it. He implored me not to try; but as the cold was growing so intolerable that I did. I began by making a little hole in the ice as high up as I could reach, large enough to admit my left-foot; I could not endeavor was to cut a deep foot-hole about two feet above the ledge. I succeeded in this, and found that by placing my left foot in it, I could rest the whole of my weight for my hand, and at the same time pressing with my back against the opposite side of the crevasse with all my strength, I was able to raise myself and stand firmly in my new position. I again let myself down on the ledge, and commenced cutting another foot-hole about two feet above the last. It seemed to me possible that in this manner I might escape from my dreadful prison. I could slip a foot step, and I knew I must be precipitated down the crevasse.

I was working diligently at the second foot-hole when I heard a joyful shout from above. "They are in sight!" I cried out. "Where are they? Are they hard on they can?" A few minutes afterward I heard their voices at the mouth of the crevasse.

I recalled myself to my terrible situation and slippery footing in order to be able to seize and attach the rope when thrown to me. I saw the end of it dangling over my head, and I thought, "Will it will not reach me? It is too short!" We have got another rope, and a second from Chamouny, and it was knotted on and knotted. I caught the end, and tied it firmly round my waist. Grasping the rope in both my hands, I gave the signal. The strain began, and I felt that I was safe. In another minute I was standing on the glacier.

I had been fifty minutes in the crevasse, during which time I had not lost consciousness for a single moment. I felt that I had never more enjoyed a firm footing, an all-pervading sense of gratitude for the wonderful escape I had had came over me and, and to my feet. Forgetting everything mountains and the glacier whirled before my eyes, and I should have fallen had that they held me up. Was now carried by my prostrated to start for Montanvert. Before leaving I took a last look at the mouth of the crevasse which had so nearly been my sepulchre. I saw that it would have been utterly impossible to climb out, as I had been trying to do. The mouth was so wide that, as I approached it, I could have had no support from behind; and without such support, not even a cat could have gone up the perpendicular walls.

Our poor guide was in a terrible state, and had run the whole way from Montanvert, carrying the rope fit for the purpose in the house. He was in despair, and was starting off to Chamouny when two mulcteers met him. Their mules were laden with wood fastened on with ropes; he begged hard for those ropes, telling the men that a young Englishman was being frozen to death in a crevasse. They hastily threw the wood from the backs of the mules and came to my rescue. Men in the guides, and brought the ropes with them; knotted together (it seemed there were three in all), they made a length of about sixty feet, just enough to reach me.

With the assistance of my deliverers I was able to walk slowly back to Montanvert, where I was immediately put into a comfortable bed, where the injuries I had received (which were insignificant considering the depth I had fallen) were carefully dressed. I dreamed with unspeakable dread, of what had happened when giving in that bed, and I have dreamed of it in many beds since. I believe that nothing would induce me to go among ice and snow now without a long and strong rope. I offer the caution to all other travelers in Switzerland, out of a great experience and a great escape.

Force the pale hands over the lily-white breast. Smooth the silken hair upon the temples as recent as throbbing with thought. Close the yet tinted lips. Let the pale, white pulse mentally down to the tiny feet. Unclasp the long, small fingers with buds and blossoms. Scatter rose-like implied with green leaves upon the swelling folds of her breast. Touch the marble forehead. Drop the curtain a little more. Gently smooth the one fold in the curtain. Let the cold, white lad, Have that chair just a little—so. Leave her alone in the still room.

It is only a year since Frank went away. It is only two years since he met one morning with Elsie to see the sun rise. That was a curious whim of the little maiden—that Frank should sit with her on the mossy rock which shadowed the cottage door and see the glory of an August morning. But it was little matter to Frank; for if Elsie would have him sit by her side and look at a desert, he would joy to do it for the bliss of pleasing her.

The morning was beautiful—the sky downgemmed, cool, still, almost solemn in its silent search from the blinks-fegerated Dunbar of night to the lightest courts of day. Frank's exuberance was checked, his springing merriment softened into a silent feeling on which his heart of morning was being enfolded. Clouds, crested and massive, marched in battalions to the glistening gates of day. Long, silvery cloud-forms swept the face of heaven in childlike trepidation as the golden day-beam peeped back. The crown of the day-king lifted behind the forest-tops; the birds sang a trilling, tremulous song of welcome; and the face of the little lady wrestled in the light of day.

The miracle touched a chord in the young man's heart. This glory brought to his thought the glory of the little lady and then the hope of Elsie; and then that little love through which we catch a glimpse of the other. And then Frank—

Elsie, leaning within his arm, said:

"I little thought of this joy when I asked you to meet me and see the morning."

"We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths." One—two—three—ten months sailed by, with only the little hand-nauds and the musical cascade of prattle, and the "Ma" and "Pa" made up West, fortune-hunting—money-making. It is the one stern necessity of the poor—the brave poor which keeps poor and the rich—the brave poor to perch upon rugged heath, and seek worms in the sand.

One—two—three long, lonely months, sparkling with loving letters. Four—five—Ellie is a little sad—very sad—tearful. The letters are not regular. They are but little, and there are a million times worse than all, there is a strange chill in them. The same words are there, even the most endearing; but they are cold, and the hearts are dead words, corpses.

Ellie is tarry, and holding back the tears she clasps her nature in the rigid grasp of will, to hold it against the sweep of such a storm as means in this distance.

There are whispers of a brilliant, black-eyed beauty having cast her spell on Frank. Ellie knows that it is true, for she has felt it herself. She makes no answer to his letters, and they come no more.

Friends do not see Ellie in tears. They do not see her sad. "How very brave!" they say. "She doesn't seem to care." Ellie sits in "parlors," remark the gossipers over their tea and toast.

She is indeed brave; but not strong enough to hold her heart always. The heart-ache is not allowed to beat its will beats faintly and more faintly. The strain upon the will makes her wild and weak. Months, one—two—three—carry each a portion of her strength away; and with strength, life. A little more pain, and life more quiet. A little more tender and loving. Ellie can not lift as she used to. The breath comes heavy and fast in ascending the stairs to her room. The hands upon the pillow are more and more transparent; the fingers lighter. The cheek upon the pillow wears no brilliant tint; but it and the lily white are softer, purer. The eyes upon the pillow are more full of light than ever. They look upon very weak. She is not sick; but her life is sinking from her. And yet she holds her woman nature in that heavy grasp—to the end.

No. A door opens, a strong tread reaches the bedside, and a face is buried in the pillow, while dark, heavy locks fall mingling among the silken ones. There is no prayer for forgiveness. Freely, oh, how freely! granted; and then Ellie lets go her grasp, and upon the tears of long months.

Frank is manly, and tells it all. Dazzled, fascinated, overwhelmed by a stranger spirit than his own, and by the fascination of which he was miserable; and the prayer itself became a blank in value. Cursed by conscience and the old returning love, he had told his enchantress all, and now had hurried home to beg of Ellie the one boon—forgiveness.

Too late to stay the tide of life. But when Ellie gave her last glance Frank was there, and saw in the glance of true forgiveness.

Let the room be hushed when Frank goes in. Leave him alone with the beautiful dead, himself, and the Father of us all.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT LOAN.

The bids for the $10,000,000 Government loan—half of the sum authorized to be borrowed by the last Congress—were opened at the Treasury Department on Monday. The loan pays five per cent. interest, and is redeemable in ten years. Twice were forty-six bidders for various amounts, the aggregate being half a million over the sum required. The premiums offered averaged about 1 per cent—a little more for a five per cent. stock at this season.

A DISUNION CONSPIRACY.

The Times correspondent writes from Washington as follows: "It is not a political story to confirm, by unofficial authority, the statements which have gone abroad from time to time, implicating certain high officials, in the most diabolical scheme of treason and disunion. The gentleman who revealed the plot to Mr. R. J. Walker, the late Treasury Department. He is a Virginian by birth, and one-fourth of Independence Hall, and has always enjoyed a reputation for the community for integrity and goodness of heart of which you and I might be proud. He was dismissed from office a few weeks ago on the pretended ground that he had declared his preference for Lincoln over Breckinridge. This indeed, and the publications all go to sustain his denial, for he is not only a Southern man, but the owner of a large amount of slave property in Maryland.

"Mr. Lackey distinctly states that a high official in the Treasury Department communicated to him the plot of the Disunionists, of which he certainly approved. The plan, in brief, is for the Government of the United States to oversee their Legislature by proclamation on the first day of November, or as soon thereafter as the election of Mr. Lincoln can be ascertained; that the Legislature will proceed to declare the Union dissolved, and to convene in favor of Mr. Breckinridge as the President of the Southern Union."

ANOTHER SAN JUAN AFFAIR.

Advices from Washington Territory state that Colonel Casey of the United States army, commanding troops there, has received orders from his superiors not to make no more raids for the sudden back of Stillaguma. For several years the United States Government has been paying an annual rent of $600 to a British spiritual company, for the purpose of keeping troops within the boundaries of American soil.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A telegram dated Sessions, Fayetteville, Thursday, October 25, says: "A horrible accident occurred at seven o'clock this morning, at Fort Griffin, between Fort Wilkesboro, at the Pennsylvania Coal Company's Works. A car containing two miners started to the top of the shaft, a slope of 100 feet, and was about halfway the rope broke, and they were precipitated to the bottom. The men were instantly killed and two are not expected to live. The remainder were saved by jumping from the car."

A SNAKE SENT BY POST.

A colored woman in Chicago attempted the Post-office business a few days ago with a notice of a rattlesnake, shrieks and screams. She had just received a small package from Kansas, and on opening it a rattle snake was wound to her astonished gaze. The hysterics soon dispatched the unfortunate reptile, and the lady, to whom it which her husband had written, saying he had killed a dear little pet, and he hoped she would not sleep with it for God's sake! The man has informed her that he will get a bill of divorce as soon as possible. Jealousy was of course the origin of the domestic catastrophe.

A MISTERIOUS DONATION.

A communication has been received from Mr. N. Hatch, of Hopewell, Massachusetts, by the Secretary of the Charities and Correction proposing to present to the City of New York the handsome sum of $25,000, established in the County, in this State, for the exclusive use and benefit of the children of the poor in New York, and to be kept upon the city for support and protection. The bequest will be established in a worthy and proper manner, at the expense, or may be affected by the Commissioners. The property is to be placed in the hands of the City, and the urban will be appointed by the Commissioners of Public Charities. The matter is under consideration.

THE LATE EARTHQUAKE.

The earthquake gave five shocks to the Springfield people, the *Republican* says: "The earthquake felt over all the northern part of New England and through Canada, is felt and violently in Springfield, has been lighter than here; at Manchester, New Hampshire, about the same; while at Boston, Salem, Boston, it was a perceptible rocking of buildings, with the ringing of bells. It was very severely felt in Canada by the Lawrence Valley. We hear of it through Vermont, at Boston, St. Johnsbury, Lowell, Westbrook, Worcester, and Lebanon. At Boston footward doors were unlocked and the church bells rung by it, and in Cambridge, where it was shaken out of its propriety, and left standing obliquely. The Cambridge, Albany, and Fitchburg ticket pay do not mention the phenomenon as observed in those places."

A BRUTAL MURDER.

On Thursday night of last week, about eleven o'clock, Martin Cull, an Irishman in the employ of Messrs. S. and H. Sydney, of Boston, was brutally murdered by a fellow-Irishman, by the name of Cull, from out in a car. The murder was committed at the house of Cull, the wife of the deceased.

It appears that on the night in question Martin and James, with a small child, occupied a bed together in a room at some distance from their dwelling. James Cull was asleep, when he was the only occupant of the house. About 11 o'clock he was awoken by the blows of some kind entered the house and murdered Martin. He commenced screaming, but he knew of anything more, and at, and he remained in bed through fear, while he went out to obtain assistance. When he returned the body was already cold and cold.

In the morning, a jury of inquest was impanelled, and continued in session during the day. James Cull's testimony was that he was in the house by the man, and he lying over was that Martin had been murdered, and just made a glance of a man going out of the house.

Upon being cross-questioned he gave a very unsatisfactory account of himself. He did not know the man, nor was, or whether he heard, was blind or white, and made many other contradictory statements, which arouse suspicion upon the minds of the jurors, a long examination, he was ordered to bring the inquest.

The jury then retired, and had some discussion, and the previous day, and in the night he got up, and brought a gun, and placed it on the side of the bed, and shot the man with a razor, the blood falling in a pool upon the floor.

A LETTER FROM RALPH FARNHAM.

Ralph Farnham, the veteran of Bunker Hill, who has recently visited Boston, contains the following letter to his friends in the papers of this city:

"Boston, Saturday, October 20, 1860.

"I will give you a brief account of my journey home. When we arrived at Lowell we were there were a large crowd at the depot. They recognized me as the old man in the stagecoach, with the, when they observed the 'Bunker hill' on it. I never expected to be in my life, and I, the fresh air, and the fresh smells much cheer so I shall never forget.

"At Dover, New Hampshire, I received a fine reception, and the worthy Mayor very kindly attended me over to Great Falls and presented me with a $10 bill.

"At Great Falls I met with the same determination as at Portsmouth and Dover, and the Hon. Mayor of the Great Falls British Required invited me to a dinner that I enjoyed very much.

"After leaving Great Falls I was received with hearty cheers all the way along, until I arrived at home. I, and them, when I got home, that 'I had seen the elephant,' and no very glad to get home.

"I am in good health, and my friends think I am better than when I started on my journey. I am sure that I am as well.

"I am very grateful for the honor done me by the invitation to Great Boston, and the [illegible] attention received when there. I remember with special pleasure my visit to Bunker Hill, attended by the Charlestown city authorities, the military and citizens, also the addresses delivered on that occasion by the Mayor and Hon. Edward Everett.

"I am also greatly indebted for the liberal manner in which the Boston processes I received. My thanks, which are all I have to offer, are tendered to the Mayor and citizens. I cannot especially to mention Mr. W. Farnham Jr., and the company of the Sydney Hotel, Mr. Blanchard, and Mr. Gilmore's Concert Band, for their great courtesy.

"During I am in my 100th year I am not post all of the dinners I paid my expenses, and I have not even fees. I am the first one up in the morning, and the first one in bed at night, and I have not lost a day in my time, but rise at five and retire at seven, and that I am now enjoying good health. I have lived 100 years, and for over thirty years past I have not tasted a drop of spirituous liquors, or even ale, or wine, or cider. In my life, I use to require the attendance of a physician, but now I never have need of a doctor. I have lived upon the land, and had a surgeon to set it, but this is the only time a doctor ever attended me. I eat, drink, and sleep, drink tea and coffee, and eat a very light supper, and I never spent after dinner. I have no doubt I shall be able to take observations and regular habits, and the attention of the public, and I have no doubt that I shall live to be 100 years. I voted for General Washington for President, and have voted for every President in the union since, and hope to vote at the next election. This is the day of your Presidential election.

"This letter, which you promised me written, I am in a hurry to get home, and I am tired, and I sign it with my own hand.

RALPH FARNHAM."

THE WASHINGTON PETTER FOUND.

The Washington *Star* says that Theodore Hyatt, proceeding to North Ellen for the purpose of distributing some money to the widow of the late Mr. Petter, who was killed by many persons, die among whom spoke of a certain plot in the possession of the deceased, which, if he succeeded in getting into the mainte, he became convinced that he would be enabled to make a good deal of money. Mr. Hyatt left Washington, which had the effect of the Harper's Ferry affair, and proceeded to North Ellen, where he was taken on his way to Kansas. When he returned from that part of the country he was taken to Ellen, and he received a mysterious box, which had been awaiting him for some time, and which had evidently been intended for him, but should turn out to be an internal machine. The box was found to contain a quantity of spikes, and this have been restored to its rightful owner.

THE DECISION IN THE HARTUNG CASE.

We read in the Cincinnati Commercial of Oct. 24:

"Among the decisions just made by the Court of Appeals is one in the case of Hartung, which, it is based upon the construction of the new law in relation to capital punishment.

"The Court holds that the statute of 1859, in its application to prior murder committed before the passage of the act, is unconstitutional and void, as *ex post facto*, or clause in the constitution of the United States prohibiting the passage of a law at the time when the offence was committed. The punishment of death, in consequence, cannot be inflicted on a man who had shot.

"The Court also expressed the opinion that the new law, having abolished the only statute defining hanging as the mode of punishment for capital offences, in one mode, there is now no known sentence which can be pronounced upon a convicted murderer, in the second degree. Through such persons are to be convicted, yet, whether it is to be left to the jury, or to the judge, in the job, or by hanging as the statute, or by the prison, or by imprisonment, or by the discretion of nobody knows who, or by hanging, or by the discretion of nobody knows who—perhaps the same, perhaps not—perhaps not.

"The Court also decided that the law, if possible, in the discretion of the jury, or of the judge, or of nobody knows who, or hanging, or imprisonment, or nobody knows, is a mutant exception in any way that capricious may dictate.

"There is a great deal of discretion in the discretionary provision is abolished, hanging consists the punishment by imprisonment in the Penitentiary, and imprisonment in one which was merely in allusions of the common law, it can not be pronounced upon a man who had shot, or very thing which they abolished.

"In the case of Hartung the offence charged was in common law defined as 'petty treason,' and the punishment prescribed was 'drawing and quartering.' It would scarcely answer to claim that the Legislature intended to have inflicted a punishment for a lesser offence.

"It may be urged that all murderers can, under the new law, be convicted of murder in the second degree, for the purpose of avoiding the punishment of death, and to escape the criminal, to evade this, plenty guilty of the crime of murder in the first degree, and yet, it would be unjust him for a less offence than that of which he is, by his conviction, guilty of the crime of murder.

"The decision in the case of Mr. Hartung by the Court of Appeals, it will be seen, is based upon the law of Stanton and another, now under centuries in the city of New York.

MEN'S FASHIONS.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* furnishes the following paragraph concerning men and women:

"A word about men's fashions. The tendency of late years, you know, has been towards the Quaker style. The Princes will has done something to encourage this, and the Prince of Wales, and the Prince of Wales, and the Prince of the abominable hats which every body in the blight pity were from the Princes will. Hence, the Quaker style of clothing has late years never seen, except on statesmen and Quakers, and the Quaker style of clothing is not unbecoming of the ugly, and had a dull, horrid, as if they had been embroidered by the Quaker. The Quaker is distinctly ugly, and as New Yorker with the slightest regard for the opinion of the world, will not be seen on Broadway. The Earl of St. Germans sported a stiff shakker, the, at the time of the Princes will, was, and a decided appearance of having been cut on several occasions, and the Prince of Wales, and the Prince of the original shape, which was a very bad one. The younger men, who have the Prince of Wales, and the Prince of the Princes, however, that copies of these atrocious hats are to be seen in the streets of London, and, in the Prince of Wales, which it has hitherto been the Prince of Wales, and the Prince. The hats from which the Prince of Wales, and exhibited by the Prince and by the Prince of Wales, and the Prince of Wales, and the Prince of Wales, and

FOREST CITY. MOUNT VERNON. ARIADNE. HER

EMBARKATION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT PORTLAND, MAI

FLYING FISH. BILE.

AINE, ON OCTOBER 20, 1860.—DRAWN BY C. PARSONS, ESQ.—[SEE PAGE 689.]

SPIRIT-RAPPING MADE EASY;

OR,

HOW TO COME OUT AS A MEDIUM.

BY ONE WHO IS IN THE SECRET.

THE writer of the present paper is induced to proffer his explanation of the phenomena produced by the so-called Spirit Mediums, from two or three circumstances peculiar to his own experience. He is disposed to look at the performances of the Spirit Mediums from a point of view somewhat different from that of their ordinary audiences. In fact, he considers them as professional imitators, and would even regard them as professional associates, if they had not the temerity to address lodgers their art. It is his inclination, under any circumstances, to watch their tricks by the rule of honest conjurers, he is interested in observing the means by which they produce their little results. So satisfied is he that his inferences are, in the main, correct, that after he has stated them, he is disposed to withhold his name, for the simple reason, if it were known, he believes there would be no more spirit manifestations in his presence ever after. It would be just as impossible for him, as it proved for Robert Houdin, on a certain well-known occasion, to communicate with the empirics spirits through the ordinarily successful medium Mr. Home. To make a free observation of the spirit world it will be found that we must be incognito; for the spirits are shy, the spirits are fastidious, the spirits are averse to every overture, if it comes from a suspected, because suspicious, inquirer. The spirits would not shake hands with me, for the spirits have no professional *esprit de corps*; and therefore it is that professional vigilance is not only alive to the mode of their manifestations, but takes an interest in drawing conclusions relating shadowy, and exhibiting their real pretensions to the public.

Another circumstance which induces me to take them by the hand *sans* an incident in which I myself participated; I might say with whom, and when, and where; but that I have no inclination, as I said before, to exclude myself forever from the spirit circle. It happened that I was present at a certain exhibition of two of the most popular Mediums of the day, and, after watching intently their whole performance, I ascertained the agencies by which it was accomplished. At all events, I was enabled at a subsequent performance to detect the spirits in a very palpable trick, resulting in their exposure and discomfiture (see Figure 10), and having since experimented, I can now perform all that they then exhibited to sight, hearing, or touch, and am confident I could tell, with a little further trouble, the means by which Mr. Home astonished the writer of a recent article in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

As a preliminary I have to make this general remark, that the means by which the "spirits" usually manifest themselves are for more simple than readers anticipate. When a witness experiences any thing he can not account for, it is natural that he should refer this to some elaborate machinery adequate to what he considers the startling result. Let the reader, however, discard this impression at once, for it has a certain tendency to mislead his judgment. It is really the object of Mediums to depend on machinery as little as possible, for machinery is not only unintelligent, it may not only fumble and make mistakes, but it precludes that triumph of a Medium's art, the submitting to the preliminary or subsequent test of an examiner. The "fancy tongs," as they are termed, are far less serviceable and less frequently used than the natural aptitudes of the human body, when these are above the natural average, or are developed by discipline and education.

The first requisite, no doubt, is an impressive countenance, exhibiting no sense of shame, or fear of detection—a natural, or acquired brass, the perfection of which will depend, of course, upon the morale of the performer.

After this, the secret of the Medium's power is the flexibility of his lower limbs. He may not do the work of arms, and her feet must be educated to act like hands. Any one who doubts this potentiality of the human frame knows nothing of its relation to the Quadrumana, or of the feats of the Indian jugglers. The Indian jugglers, as is known to the initiated, produce their most extraordinary effects by this very capacity. And, therefore, we say it is no use to contemplate coming out as a Medium unless you are provided with flexible legs and manipulative feet and toes.

The Medium so qualified must go through a course of gymnastics to enable her to move her lower limbs with dexterity, and especially to enable her so to move them without corresponding movements of the head and shoulders. She should even be able to perform the gyrom-dancer's feat of holding her hand above her head, and kicking the palm with her toe, as exhibited in the vignette to the popular "Memoirs of Mademoiselle Rigolboche;" which practice will enable her when standing on one foot to raise her knee nearly as high as her shoulder, as thus:

FIGURE 1.

The tendons of the knee, foot, and ankle, should next be strengthened by accustoming her, when seated on a chair, to raise great weights with her foot; the leg acting as a lever, the other knee, over which it is crossed, acting as a fulcrum, thus:

FIGURE 2.

The feet from the ankle must be rendered peculiarly flexible, and able, in conjunction with each other, by placing the sole of one over the top of the other, to hold and snatch away with rapidity heavy and light articles, such as slates, books, etc.

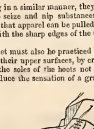

FIGURE 3.

Acting in a similar manner, they must be accustomed to seize and nip substances between their sides, so that apparel can be pulled and pinches inflicted with the sharp edges of the two soles of the boots.

The feet must also be practiced to slap objects between their upper surfaces, by crossing the legs, so that, the soles of the boots not being flat, they may produce the sensation of a grasp by a hand.

FIGURE 4.

I would recommend to the observant, a remarkable phenomenon which I myself perceived to be the consequence either of this facility or of the friction consequent upon other operations at the base of the table; viz., that the boots of Mediums are unusually worn *in the upper leathers*. I must add my conviction, however, that this indication of their activity will be carefully repaired after this communication.

The toes should also be exercised so as to enable the Medium to rap with them as easily as other people can rap with the fingers, on which occasion Phlubert it may be as well to consult "Fox's Confessions" in Professor Anderson's work on "Spirit-rapping."

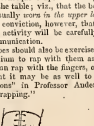

FIGURE 5.

Section showing the Position of the Feet in the Boot.

The Medium must also practice writing with her feet by holding a lead or slate pencil between them. This can be easily done up to a certain point, though not to the perfection attained by the accomplished Miss Fidlin. Such perfection in this really difficult operation is, however, unnecessary, as any kind of scribbling will pass for spiritual handiwork.

For the manipulation will the hands very little practice is required, except in the production of surface rays, or rather the sound which is merely resemble them. These can be produced (I am stating a fact) by pressing the tip of the middle finger firmly on the polished surface of the table, and letting it start forward in short unobtrusive jerks. (Figure 6.) If her hand be not naturally

FIGURE 6.

dry, the Medium should lightly rub the finger-tips with beeswax, or powdered resin, both of which are imperceptible at the first glance. When, however, by constant practice, the finger has become corned, the solution will not be found requisite.

If the Medium thinks that the corn on her finger may tell tales, she may make the spirits rap by another method; that is to say, by using the surface of the nail of the first finger doubled sharply under it, and pressed heavily, at the same time that it is worked backward and forward, thus.

FIGURE 7.

(Figure 7.) In either case she must not hold her hands apart, but close together; one slightly covering the other to hide the movement, as in Figure 8.

FIGURE 8.

To get up an effective séance, the Medium should procure an assistant to engage the attention of the sitters while she manipulates.

Great care must be taken to preserve a natural manner, yet the Medium must never be off her guard, and never make a slip. She must never admit that any of the phenomena emanate from herself, but continually protest that she has no hand in the matter.

Whenever she is asked if she can do any thing, she must carefully and invariably reply in the negative.

She must never give a promise that any thing will positively take place, but say the phenomena are influenced by the weather, or a thousand other causes. This will assist her, should she be enabled to detect the cause of any whose pusillanimity she fears may be too much for her. Thus, as I stated, when Robert Houdin was summoned before the Emperor of the French to see Mr. Home in manifestation took place.

After these preliminary remarks, let me instruct the Medium

HOW TO CONNECT HERSELF PROPERLY IN A SEANCE.

Get your company into conversation, endeavoring to glean from the sitters whether they are penetrative or quite the reverse; treasure up any stray piece of information that may reach you, and use it up in the course of the evening; but your principal work must be that of drawing the long bow.

You and your assistant must relate the most extraordinary narratives conceivable. Small nis ers are useless. A little credulous people are easy to fix enormity; for, though the statements you make are difficult to believe, it is still more difficult to convince a woman sufficiently enough to invent them. Accept it as an axiom, that "society," as it is called, is highly credulous, and, as Locke says, "He who is disposed to believe is already half convinced."

You will find plenty of weak-minded people who will help you out by relating anecdotes of their own self-deceptions which will carry additional weight from the speaker, they hold in society, while nothing will be deducted for their want of penetration; a faculty which every body believes he possesses, but to which none can attain in perfection without a considerable amount of patience and study.

When you judge that you have worked the majority of your company into a proper state of mental peculiarity, next proceed to place a large round table (pretty nearly four feet diameter, with a centre column and three feet), the specific gravity of which is small in proportion to its immense leverage. Whip off the cloth; ask if there are any spirits present, and reply in the affirmative by surface rules.

Having stated yourself to be *en rapport* to all questions asked by the sitters you reply also by surface rules—those indicating an affirmative, one negative, and two, when your information is imperfect, or your mind or extend finger fails to bring out the sound.

Now state that the spirits will dictate the particular dance which they mean to execute. Reply accordingly, placing the surplicous ones at a distance, and the sympathetic close to you, and tell them to *place their hands on the table*; for this you have a double reason, first to give a mysterious aspect to the dance, and last, though not least, to keep their hands out of mischief.

During the séance you need not confine yourself to the particular knocks already described, you may give others with the sharp edge of the sole of your boot against the floor, or kicks straight up against the bottom of the table. Any mysterious noise that you can succeed in making—by crashing the leaden tube of your boot against the wainscot pass for a rap. When your audience is pretty far gone, you may trust to chance inspiration.

By making a tumbler or finger, they will appear to come from different parts of the room, provided you have first indicated the quarter from whence they are to be expected.

This is difficult to believe, but you or the positive reader may be easily convinced by the following experiment. Place a glass tumbler and a shilling on the table, having another tumbler and a shilling concealed in your lap; hold the shilling between the thumb and finger, make three faints at the one in view, and three corresponding *bona fide* blows on the concealed tumbler; then ask the spectator how many times you struck the tumbler on the table; he will unhesitatingly reply three, and will stick to his opinion even when you state that you did not strike it even once. This is simply a type of an infinite series of similar deceptions.

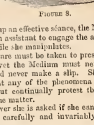

FIGURE 9.

When you wish to answer questions with any degree of certainty, if you have not obtained private information, place an alphabet before the dupe, and tell him to point to the letters or repeat them aloud; you will easily, by acute observation, be enabled to detect a slight anxiety in tone or manner when the right letter is reached, and then rap accordingly.

Let us suppose that an individual requires the presence of his brother Charles's spirit, the inquiry will proceed as follows:

Q. Are you of my relations present?

A. Rab, rab, rab.

Q. Female?—(calmly).

A. Rab.

Q. Male?—(anxiously).

A. Rab, rab, rab.

Q. Will you spell your name?

A. Rab, rab, rab.

Q. A, B, C?—(interrogatively).

A. Rab, rab, rab.

Q. A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H?—(pause).

A. Rab, rab, rab.

And so on until you have made him spell the entire name, to which in most cases he will assiu you, though a choice of names would, then be finitely less tedious.

A very prime may, however, easily frustrate this process by running through the alphabet, and studiously avoiding all emphasis, or by designedly emphasizing the wrong letter, or by giving letter, so that you find you are compounding utter nonsense—that, in fact, he is leading the spirits by the nose to a block wall. Of course you get out of this difficulty by saying that the spirits are uncertain or capricious, or that, for the sake of mere fun, they have led you astray.

As soon as the spirits decline to rap correctly, or another, if you please, you may suggest to the company that they may even be touched by spirit hands. To indicate their power, place a hand-bell upon the table and ring it with your feet; then commence (by the methods already described) pulling the ladies' dresses and gentlemen's trousers, pinching their feet and ankles, and even lifting their long off the ground, by clapping them round the ankle as in Figure 4. To opinn to open each person with equal facility, frequent change of place will be necessary, and as it would not do for you to leave your seat, you rap out C, H, A, N, G, E, when this is desirable.

You may next invite a person to throw down a pencil, then hold a slate underneath the table, fasten it from him with your two feet, in the mode shown in Figure 3, and deposit it on the floor, feel about for the pencil with your feet, pick it up, and commence scratching on the slate to the best of your ability, relying on the sound to affect the company, while they are in a state of absurd suspense. If the writing be illegible, as it is near, by same to be, say that it is very bad to-night, but that, on other evenings, the spirit autographs were remarkably clear, in proof of which you will exhibit some specimens written by hand and kept for the purpose. You can even assert that communications are frequently made in the handwritings of different members of the company, and so avail yourself of a fib which none of the present company can contradict.

You may next place a Bible under the table for the spirits to turn over the leaves; of course you can lick their corner with your feet, or as the book, on account of its thickness, refuses to keep open at one place, you can put your foot aside, and invite the company to look under the table and see the leaves turning over without your assistance. When the company have become quite stupid, perhaps you may slip your right foot under one leaf, place your left firmly on the page, and lifting the toe of your left, turn up the corner and tread it sharply down; then shut the book with your foot, lift it with both feet, thrust it into your stocking leg, and request that he is to open it. He will of course find the leaf turned down, and will be enlightened as to the fact an application of the particular text. While he or others are thus occupied, you may, if the opportunity presents itself, place your foot under the table and tread it backward and forward; but should previously satisfy yourself (this is very materially) that he or lonie is not, and not *dress boots with silk tops*, or he will be enabled to detect, with painful certainty, that he is seized not by a single hand, but by a pair of feet encased in women's boots, and those boots without a doubt yours. After this he will cease to wonder at the super intellect of his uncles, or the facility with which you snatch articles from people's hands under the table.

You may now proceed to your crowning experiment, which consists in making the table rise clear off the ground, still maintaining its upright position. As a preliminary, you make it go through some extraordinary evolutions by alternately pressing and pushing it up with your hands, contrary to Michael Faraday's theory, by voluntary, and not involuntary muscular action. You then allow the agitated table a little respite while you cross the

right leg over the left knee, and insert the end of your right foot under the hole which supports the column; maintain the pressure of your hands as you straighten your leg, and the tube will rise perpendicularly about two feet from ground.

Before, however, attempting this astounding feat, you should be taken that you are very person is sitting within reach, or be may dash out his foot, as a friend of mine did, and catch yours under the middle, pinning you to the table with your leg in the air, as in the illustration below, a position from which you will find great difficulty in extricating yourself without bringing the stones to an ignominious termination.

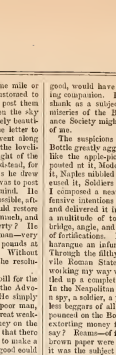

FIGURE 10.

You will probably be asked if the spirits will rap when your feet are in full view; of course you will answer in the affirmative, though very well they will not, unless you can get some one to sit with you in adjoining room. In this case you should take care to be hammer when you rap, especially if it does not belong to the house, and doesn't not leave it to tell your secret, as it did in the case I refer to.

You should also avoid the experiment of making an old friend, with, quite unintentionally, when closed, in the presence of similar wory people, or they will surely walk up to it and tap on the wires through the very same holes, producing similar results.

The foregoing suggestions are an exact transcript of the deceptions practiced by two well-known London Mediums in the presence of the writer, and together, together with those of the gentleman who were present at the exposure, the editor is empowered to publish should he think proper.

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THE rising of the Italian people from under their unutterable wrongs, and the tardy burst of day upon them after their long, long night of oppression that darkened their beautiful country, must naturally cause my mind to dwell often of late on my own wandering in Italy. Connected with them is a curious little drama, in which the character I myself sustained was so very undoubtable, that I may relate its story without any fear of being suspected of self-display. It is strictly a true story.

I am nearly arrived, one summer evening, in a certain small town on the Mediterranean. Before I left Naples, there came to me one night a certain generous and gentle English nobleman (he is dead in these days when I relate the story, and rather lose I lost best British friends) with this request: "Whenever you come to such a town, will you seek out one Giovanni Carlavero, who keeps a little wine-shop there, mention my name to him suddenly, and observe how it affects him?" I accepted the trust, and am on my way to discharge it.

The sirocco has been blowing all day, and it is a hot, unwholesome evening with no sea breeze. Mosquitoes and fire-flies are lively enough, but most other creatures are faint. The coquettish airs of pretty young women, in the finest and wickedest of dolls' straw-hats, who lean out at ground floor windows, are almost the only relief, vivacity. Very ugly and haggard old women with distaffs, and with a grey tow upon them that looks as if they were spinning out their own hair if upon they were once pretty, too, but it is very difficult to believe so, sit on the footway, leaning against house walls. Every body who has come for water to the fountain stays there, and seems incapable of any such energetic idea as going home.

I keep straight on, and come in the end to a first on the right: a narrow, dull street, where a tall, well-favored man of good stature and military bearing, in a great cloak, standing at a door. Drawing nearer to this threshold, I see it is the threshold of a small wineshop, and I, who make out, in the dim light, the inscription that it is kept by Giovanni Carlavero.

I touch my hat to the figure in the cloak, and pass in, and draw a stool to a little table. The lamp (just such another as they dig out of Pompeii) is lighted, but the place is empty. The figure in the cloak has followed me in, and stands before me.

"The master?"

"At your service, Sir."

"Please to give me a glass of the wine of the country."

He turns to a little counter to get it. As his striking face is pale, and his action is evidently that of an cadcaded man, I remark that I fear he has been ill. It is not much, he courteously and gravely answers, though but while it lasts—the fever.

As he sets the wine on the little table, to his manifest surprise I lay my hand on the back of his, look into the face, and say, in a low voice "I am an Englishman, and your friend.

With a friend of mine. Do you recollect ——?" and I mention the name of my generous countryman.

Instantly he utters a loud cry, bursts into tears, and falls on his knees at my feet, clasping my legs in both his arms, and bowing his head to the ground.

Some years ago this man at my feet, whose overfraught heart is heaving as if it would burst from his breast, and whose tears are wet upon the dress I wear, was a galley-slave in the North of Italy. He was a political offender, having been convicted in the then his native place of a conspiracy to imprisonment for life. That he would have died in his dungeon is certain, but for the circumstance that the Englishman happened to visit his prison.

It was one of the vile old prisons of Italy, and a part of it was below the waters of the harbor. The place of his confinement was an arched underground and sewer-smelling vault, with a grating at the entrance, through which it received such light and air as it got. Its condition was insufferably foul, and a stranger could hardly breathe in it, or see in it with the aid of a torch. At the upper end this dungeon was contracted into a the worst position, as being the farthest removed from light and air, the Englishman first beheld him, sitting on an iron bedstead, which he was chained by a heavy chain. His countenance impressed the Englishman as having nothing in common with the faces of the honest men with whom he was associated, and he talked with him, and learned his name to be Carlavero.

When the Englishman emerged from the dreadful den into the light of day, he asked his conductor, the governor of the jail, why Giovanni Carlavero was put into the worst place?

"Because he is particularly recommended," was the strange reply.

"Recommended, that is to say, for death?"

"Excuse me; particularly recommended," was again the answer.

"He has a bad tumor in his neck, no doubt occasioned by his lurking in the unwholesome hole. If it continues to be neglected, and he remains where he is, it will kill him."

"Very well, then, let him be nothing. He is particularly recommended."

The Englishman was stay staying in that town, and he went to his house there; but the figure of this man chained to an iron bedstead made it no home, and pursued him everywhere. It was an English gentleman of an extraordinarily tender heart, and he could not bear the picture. He went back to the prison gate; he went to the governor of the jail, and talked to the man and cheered him. He used his utmost influence to get the man unchained from the bedstead, were it only for a little time, a time in the day, and permitted to come to the grate. He took a long, long time to do it, because of his personal character, and steadiness of purpose were not opposition so far, and that grace was at last accorded. Through the long time he could not get light upon the tumor, the Englishman kneed it, and it did well, and healed. His strong interest in the prisoner, and his generosity, grew at a time, and he formed the desperate resolution that he would assert the utmost self-devotion and use his utmost efforts to get Carlavero pardoned.

If the prisoner had been a brigand and a murderer, if he had committed a robbery of a diligence in the Neapolitan Calendar and out of it, nothing would have been easier than for a man of any court or priority influence to obtain his pardon. As it was, nothing could have been more difficult. Indeed, authorities, and English authorities, who had interest with them, alike assured the Englishman that his object was hopeless. He met with nothing but evasion, and the refusal to hear of a political prisoner because a joke in the place. It was especially observable that English Circumlocution and English Red Tape were in the way of approaching the subject as Circumlocution and Society may be on any subject without loss of time. But the Englishman persevered (and proved it well in his life) in a courage very uncommon among us: he had not the Italian temper, and he was made of a very humane cause. So he went on persistently trying, and trying, and trying, to get Giovanni Carlavero out. The Englishman's absence (expected) from after the tumor operation, and it was not likely that his miserable life would last very long.

One day, at the last week of his stay, and the Englishman and his political prisoner, there came to the Englishman's house a Lawyer, who had been a pupil of whom he had some knowledge; and he made this strange proposal: "Give me a hundred pounds to cover my expenses, and I will, if I can get him a pardon with that money. But I can not tell you what I can going to do with the money, nor may you ask me for an account of the money. I can not tell you what I shall do, and the hundred pounds. He did so, and heard not another word of the matter. For half a year and more the Advocate vanished, and he never once "took on" in any way, to have the subject on his mind. The Englishman was then obliged to change his residence to another and a distant town in the North of Italy. He parted from the poor prisoner with a sorrowful heart, as from a doomed man for whom there was no escape but Death.

The Englishman lived in his new place of abode another half-year and more, and had no tidings of the wretched prisoner. At length, one day he received from the Advocate a letter, which, in one one note, to this effect: "If you still wish to be stow that benefit upon the man in whom you were once interested, send me fifty pounds more, and I think it can be managed." Now the Englishman had long settled in his mind that the Advocate was a heartless sharper, who had preyed upon his credulity and his interest in an unfortunate sufferer. So he sat down and wrote to the Advocate, telling the Advocate to understand that he was river now from he had been, and that he more money was extractable from his pocket.

He lived outside the city gates, some mile or two from the post-office, and was accustomed to walk into the city with his letters and post them himself. On a lovely spring day, when the sky was exquisitely blue, and the sea divinely tender, he took his usual walk, carrying the letter to the Advocate in his pocket. As he went along his gentle heart was much moved by the loveliness of the prospect, and by the thought of the lovely-dying prisoner chained to the bed-stead, for whom the universe had no delights. As he drew near to the city where he was to post the letter he became more and more uneasy in his mind. He debated with himself, was it remotely possible, after all, that this man of so dangerous could restore the fellow-creature whom he pitied so much, and for whom he had striven so hard, to liberty? He was not a conventional rich Englishman—very far from that—but he had a spare fifty pounds at the banker's. He resolved to risk it. Without doubt God has ten-thousand ways for the merciful.

He went to the banker's and got a bill for the amount, and inclosed it in a letter to the Advocate that I wish I could have seen. He simply told the Advocate that he was quite a poor man, and that he was sensible it might be a great weakness in him to part with so much money on the faith of so vague a communication; but that there it was, and that he prayed the Advocate to make a good use of it. If he did otherwise, no good would ever come of it, and it would be heavy on his soul one day.

Within a week, the Englishman was sitting at his breakfast, when he heard some suppressed sounds of agitation on the staircase, and Giovanni Carlavero burst into his room and fell upon his breast, a free man!

Conscious of having wronged the Advocate in his own thoughts, the Englishman received an earnest and grateful letter, avowing the fact, and entreating him to confide in him what means through what agency, he had succeeded so well. The Advocate returned for answer through the post: "The man is free, and I thank you for it. Of this Italy of ours, that are safest and best not even spoken of—for less written of. We may meet some day, and then I will tell you what you want to know; not here, and now." But the two never did meet again. The Advocate was dead when the Englishman gave me my trust; and the poor man had been set free reminded as great a mystery to the Englishman, and to the man himself, as it was to me.

But I know this: here was the man, this sultry night, on his knees at my feet, because I was the Englishman's friend; here were his tears upon my dress; here were his sobs choking his utterance; here was his blessing on the friend of his friend, and touched the hands that had worked out his release. He had nothing to tell or it would be a pitiless to him to die for his benefactor. I doubt if I ever saw real, sterling, fervent gratitude of soul before or since.

He was much watched and suspected, he said, and had had enough to do to keep himself out of prison, and he had not had to keep having prayed for his worldly affairs, had let to his having failed in his vocation. The author to the Englishman for —as I now remember the period—some two or three years. But his prospects were brighter, and he was well, and was thinking, had recovered from his fever had left him, and he had bought a little vineyard, and would I carry to his benefactor the fruit of its wine? I accepted it (I did, I drank with enthusiasm), and not a drop of it should be wasted but for him.

He had cautiously closed the door before speaking of himself, and had talked with such excess of caution, and in such Italian, that I had to do my understand, that I had more than once been obliged to step him, and beg him to have compassion on me, and to speak more slowly. By degrees he became so, and tenuously walked back with me to the hotel. There I sat down before I went to bed I wrote a faithful account of him to the Englishman: which I concluded by saying that I would bring the wine home, against any difficulties, every drop.

Early next morning, when I came out at the hotel door to post my letter, I found my friend waiting with one of those immense bottles in which the Italian peasants store their wine—a bottle holding, I suppose, half a gallon, and bound with wicker basket-work for greater safety on the journey. I ran him now, in the bright sunlight, tears of joy I made in his eyes, proudly inviting my attention to this corpulent bottle. All the street-corners, here and there, two hundred, cobbled models were tending to talk together, but keeping their four evil eyes upon us.

I have the bottle had been get there did not appear; but the difficulty of getting it into the ramshackle vehicle in which I was to depart, was no great, and it took up so much room when it was got in, that I elected to sit outside. The last I saw of my friend was waving his hat, ring through the town by the side of the jingling vehicle, chasing my hand as I stretched it down to the back, to shake it, and with a thousand loving and dutiful messages to his dear patron, and tenderly looking in at the bottle as it repeated beside, with an admiration of its honorable way of travelling that was beyond measure delightful.

And now what delicacy of mind this honoured and highly-treasured Bottle began to cost me no man knows. It was my precious charge through a long tedious and tiresome day, I never had it off mind by day or by night. Over and over and over—and they were many—I clung to it with affectionate desperation. Up mountains I looked in at it, and saw it helplessly tilting over on its back with terror. At impassable inn-doors, when the weather was bad, I was obliged to be put into my vehicle before the Bottle could be got in, and I remained there to save the Bottle, and out before human aid could come near me. The Imp of the Bottle was, except that his appetite for tiers was all evil, and these associations were all good, would have been a less troublesome travelling companion. I might have served Mr. Crabshank as a subject for a new illustration of the miseries of the Bottle. The National Temperance Society might have made a powerful Tract of me.

The suspicions that attached to this innocent Bottle greatly aggravated my difficulties. It was like the apple-pie in the child's book. Forma posted at it, Modena mocked it, Tuscany tackled it, Naples nibbled it, Rome refuted it, Austria arrested it, Soldiers suspected it, Jesuits jobbed it. I compared it to Liberation, developing insufficient interests in connection with this Bottle, I delivered it in an infinity of guard-houses, at a multitude of two-gates, and on every drawbridge, angle, and rampart of a complete system of fortifications. Fifty times a day I put down to harangue an infuriated soldiery about the Bottle. Through the filthy degradation of the object and vile Rooms where I had to work difficultly in evoking my way with the Bottle as if it had bedded up a complete system of heretical theology. In the Neapolitan country, where every shady wood is spy, a soldier, a priest, or a bearuse, the shunning between of all four denominations incessantly pounced on the Bottle, and said, with a percent for exacting money from me. Quirea—quinea, do I say? Ecumenical Bottle! Perhaps printed on a sharp-brown paper were filled up about the Bottle, and it was the subject of more stamping and sending that I had ever seen in my life. In consequence of which issue of sand, perhaps, it was always irregular, and always latent with diplomatic penalties of a pitch black, or not going forward, which were only to be abated by the silver crossing of a bare hand, and dashed out of a rugged sallow mother. Under all discouragements, however, I stuck to my Bottle, and held firm to my resolution that every drop of its contents should reach the Bottle's destination.

The latter reformed out use a separate beep of chocolate in its own separate cupboard. Sacred ecclesiastics did I see the military power bring out against that innocent Bottle, which, with its swing-rods, gauges, and unknown tests and instruments! At some places they persisted in declaring that the wine was not the wine represented being opened and tasted; I, pleading to the contrary, had then to argue the question seated on the Bottle and to stay there until the end of me. In the southern parts of Italy, more violent shrieking, gesticulating, and gesticulating greater vehemence of speech, and countenance, and action—twent on about that Bottle than would attend fifty murders in any northern latitude. I raised suspect, put fanciferous out of their beds, in the dead of night. I have known half a dozen military lanterns to be suddenly thrust in at points of great sleeping Plaza, each lantern summoning some officer of consequence to get up, put his coiled hat instantly, and come and stop the Bottle. It was characteristic that while this innocent Bottle had been accumulating a great Mountain of Dust in my own bedroom of the olden time. The more the Bottle was interfered with the stancher I became (if possible) in my first determination that my countrymen should have it delivered to him (and as the man whom he had so nobly restored to life and liberty had delivered it to me. If ever I have been obstinate in my days—and I may have been, any one of my friends can obstinate about the Bottle. But I made it a rule always to keep a pocket full of small coin at its service, and it was a rule that I temper in its cause. That I and the Bottle made our way. Once we had a misunderstanding, and I was thrown down on a high place, with the sea below us, on a temperature evening when it then great guns. We were driving fast through a Sunny Plaza, Southern from, and there was some little difficulty in stopping them. I was outside, and not thrown off; but no sooner was the Bottle safe than I saw the Bottle—traveling inside, as usual—burst the door open, and shoot out of sight. Thinking, in blessed Bottle with a charmed existence, he took no hurt; and we repaired damage, and went on triumphant.

A thousand representations were made to me that the Bottle must be left at this place, or that place, and I would not. I never yielded to one of them, and never parted from the Bottle, on any pretence, outside the Bottle's door. I kept it by fold in my official receipt book, the Bottle, and nothing would induce me to accept one. These representations were all of a kind because the entire Bottle, still triumphant, to Genoa. There I took a tender and relentant leave of him for a few months, and committed him to a very Sicilian captain, to be conveyed to the Port of London by sea.

While the Bottle was on his voyage to England I read the Shipping Intelligence as anxiously as if I had a wife and children. Then I took to some strong weather after I myself had got to England, by way of Switzerland and France, and my mind was so disturbed, that I was thrill the Bottle and wrecked. At last, to my great joy, I received notice of his safe arrival, and immediately went down to Saint Katharine's Docks, and found him in a state of honorable captivity in the Custom-house.

The wine was mere vinegar when I set it down before the generous Englishman—probably it had been vinegar when I first received it. I took up from Giovanni Carlavero—but not a drop of it was spilled or gone. And the Englishman told me, with much emotion in his free and voice, that he had never tasted wine that seemed to him so sweet and sound. And long afterward the Bottle graced his table. And the last time I saw him in this world that silence him, he took me aside in a crowd to tell me, in a whisper, that "We were thinking of you only to-day at dinner, and I wished you had been there, for I had some cheer up in Carlavero's Bottle."

THE CITY OF PORTLAND, MAINE, ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, OCTOBER 20, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 693.]

A SCORE OF YEARS AGO.

Down by the breaking waves we stood,
Upon the rocky shore;
Her brave waves whisper'd courage,
And hid with friendly roar
The faith'ring words that told the tale
I dared not tell before.

I ask'd, if with the priceless gift,
Her love, my life she'd bless?
Was it her voice, or some fair wave—
For, sooth, I scarce may guess—
Some murmuring wave, or her sweet voice,
That lisp'd so sweetly "Yes."

And then, in happy silence, too,
I clasp'd her fair wee hand;
And long we stood there, unchiding,
While o'er the darkening land
The sun set, and the fishing-boats
Were sailing from the strand.

It seems not many days ago—
Like yesterday—no more,
Since thus we stood, my love and I,
Upon the rocky shore;
But I was four-and-twenty *then*,
And now I'm forty-four.

The lily hand is thinner now,
And in her sunny hair
I see some silvery lines, and on
Her brow some lines of care;
But, wrinkled brow, or silver locks,
She's not one whit less fair.

The fishing-boats a score of years
Go sailing from the strand;
The crimson sun a score of years
Sets o'er the darkening land;
And here to-night upon the cliff
We're standing hand-in-hand.

"My darling, there's our eldest girl,
Down on the rocks below;
What's Stanley doing by her side?"
My wife says, "You should know:
He's telling her what you told me
A score of years ago."

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

On entering the drawing-room his excellency presented me to an elderly lady, very thin and very wrinkled, who received me with a cold dignity, and then went on with her crochet-work. I could not catch her name, nor, indeed, was I thinking of my whole mind was bent upon the question, Who could she be? For what object was she there? All my terrible doubts of the morning now rushed forcibly back to my memory, and I felt that never had I detested a human being with the hate I experienced for her. The pretentious stiffness of her manner, the haughty self-possession she wore, were positive outrages; and, as I looked at her, I felt myself muttering, "Don't imagine that your heavy black moiré or your rich falls of lace impose upon me. Never fancy that this mock modesty deceives one who reads human nature as he reads large print. I know, and I abhor you, old woman! That a man should be to the other sex as a wolf to the fold, the sad experience of daily life too often teaches; but that a woman should be false to woman, that all the gentle instincts we love to think feminine should be debased to treachery and degraded into snares for betrayal, this is an offence that cries aloud to Heaven!

"No more too—none!" cried I, with an energy that nearly made the footman let the tray fall, and so far startled the old lady that she dropped her knitting with a faint cry. As for his excellency, he had covered his face with the *Globe*, and I believe was fast asleep.

I looked about for my hat to take my leave, when a sudden touch upon the sleeve—"I will stay, I will sit down beside this old creature, and, for once at least in her miserable life, she shall hear from the lips of a man a language that is not that of the delusions. Who knows what effect one honest word of a true-hearted man may work? I will try at all events," said I, and approached her. She did not, so I expected, make room for me on the sofa beside her, and I was therefore obliged to take a chair in front. This was so far awkward that it looked formal; it gave somewhat the character of accession to my position, and I decided to obviate the difficulty by assuming a light, and cheerful manner at first, as the? I suspected nothing.

"I'r a pleasant little capital, this Kalbbratanstudt," said I, as I lay back in my chair.

"Is it?" said she, dryly, without looking up from her work.

"Well, I mean," said I, "it seems to have its reasonable share of resources. They have their theatre, and their music gardens, and their promenades, and their drives to—"

"You'll find all the names set down there," said she, handing me a copy of Murray's Handbook that lay beside her.

"I care less for names than facts, Madam," said I, rather, for her stiffness began me, and routed all my previous intention of a smooth approach to the fortress. "I am one of those unfashionable people who never think the better of vice because it wears French gloves and goes perfumed with Eau Ionque?"

She took off her spectacles, wiped them, looked at me, and went on with her work without speaking.

"If I appear abrupt, Madam," said I, "in this opening, it is because the opportunity I now enjoy may never occur again, and may be all the briefest even now. We meet by what many would call an accidence—one of those incidents which the Italians call chance directed my steps to this place; let me hope that that which seemed a hazard may hear all the fruits of maturest combination, and that the weak words of one frail, even as yourself, may not be heard by you in vain. Let me therefore ask you one question—only one—and give me an honest answer to it."

"You are a very singular person," said she, "and seem to have strangely forgotten the very simple circumstance that we meet for the first time now."

"I know it, I feel it; and that it may also be for the last and yet there is my reason for this appeal to you. There are persons who, seeing you here, would treat you with a mock deference, address you with a counterfeit respect, and go their ways; who would say to their selfish hearts, 'It is no concern of mine, why should it trouble me?' But I am not one of these. I carry a conscience in my breast—a conscience that holds its daily court, and will even to-morrow ask me, 'Have you been truthful, have you been faithful? When the occasion served to warn a fellow-creature of the shoal before him, did you cry out, "Take soundings! you are in shallow water?" or, "Did you with slippery phrases gloss over the peril, because it involved no danger to yourself?"'"

"Would that some conscience be kind enough to suggest that your present conduct is an impertinence, Sir?"

"So it might, Madam; just as the pilot is impertinent when he cries out, 'Hard, port! breakers ahead!'"

"I am therefore to infer, Sir," said she, with a calm dignity, "that my approach to a secret danger—of which I can have no knowledge—is a sufficient excuse for the employment of language on your part that, under a less urgent plea, might seem offensive?"

"You are," said I, boldly.

"Speak out, then, Sir, and declare what it is."

"Nay, Madam, if the warning find no echo within, my words are useless. I have said I would ask you a question."

"Well, Sir, do so."

"Will you answer it frankly? Will you give it all the weight and influence it should bear, and reply to it with that truthful spirit that conceals nothing?"

"What is your question, Sir? You had better be speedy with it, for I don't much trust to my continued patience."

I arose at this, and, passing behind the back of my chair, leaned my arms on the upper rail, so as to confront her directly; and then, in the voice of an accusing angel, I said, "Old woman, do you know where you are going?"

"I protest, Sir," said she, rising, with an indignation I shall not forget—"I protest, Sir, you make me actually doubt if I know where I am!"

"Then let me tell you, Madam," said I, with the voice of one determined to strike terror into her heart—"let me tell you; and may my words have the power to awaken you, even now, to the dreadful consequences of what you are about."

"Shalley! Shalley!" cried she, in amazement, "is this gentleman deranged, or is it but the passing effect of your conviviality?" And with this she swept out of the room, leaving me there alone, for I now perceived—what second also to have escaped her—that the minister had slipped quietly away some time before, and was doubtless at that same moment in the profoundest of slumbers.

I took my departure at once. There were no leave-takings to delay me, and I left the house in a mood little according with the spirit of one who had partaken of the hospitalities. I was constrained to admit I was the very reverse of satisfied with myself. It was cowardly and mean of me to wreak my anger on that old woman, and not upon him who was the really great offender. He it was I should have arraigned; and with the employment of a little artifice and some tact, how terrible I might have made even my jesting words! How accessible sneers at fashionable vice! Affecting utter ignorance about his life and habits, I could have incidentally thrown out little episodes of the men who have wrecked their fortunes by abandoned habits. I would have pointed to this man who made a brilliant opening in the house, and that who had acquired such celebrity at the Bar; I would have shown the rising statesman tarnished, the future chief-justice disqualified; I would have said, "Let no man, however modest his station or unfriended his locality, imagine that the world takes no note of his conduct; in every class he is judged by his peers, and you and I, Doubleton, will as assuredly be arraigned before the bar of society as the pickpocket will be charged before the bench!"

I continued to revolve these and such-like thoughts throughout the entire night. The wine I had drunk fevered and excited me, and added to that disturbed state which my own self-accusings provoked. Doubts, too, flitted across my mind whether I ought not to have maintained a perfect silence toward the others, and reserved all my eloquence for the poor girl herself. I imagined myself taking her hand between both mine, while, with reverted head, she sobbed as if her heart would break, and saying, "Be comforted, poor stricken deer! be comforted; I know all. One who is far from perfect himself sorrows with and compassionates you; he will be your friend, your adviser, your protector. I will restore you to that home you quitted in innocence. I will bring you back to that honey-suckled porch where your mom heard your first home affections." Nothing shall equal the refined delicacy of my manner; that mingled reserve and kindness—a word of cheer and not a half-brother's cause of St. Paul's—shall win her over to repentance, and then to peace. How I fancied myself, at intervals of time, visiting that cottage, going, as the gardener watches some cherished plant, to gaze on the growing strength I had nurtured, and enjoy the luxury of seeing the once drooping flower expanding into fresh loveliness and perfume. "Let, Poets, this world form one of these episodes you have so often longed to realize." And then I went on to fancy a long, heroic struggle between my love and that sentiment of respect for worldly opinion which is dear to every man, the years of conflict wearing me down in health, but exalting me immensely in every moral consideration. Let the hour of reward come, I say at last once, I should take her to my bosom, and say, "There is rest for thee here."

"His excellency begs that you will call at the legation as early as you can this morning," said a waiter, entering with the breakfast; and I now perceived that I had never gone to bed, or closed my eyes during the night.

"How did this message come?" I asked.

"By the chasseur of his excellency."

"Is he waiting?"

"To the gentleman who dined yesterday at the legation."

"NO MORE TEA—NONE!" CRIED I," ETC.

I asked these questions to ascertain how far he persisted in the impertinence of giving me a name that was not mine, and I was glad to find that on this occasion no transgression had occurred.

I hesitated considerably about going to him. Was I to accept that slippery morality that says, "I see no more than I please in the man I go with," or was I to go boldly on and denounce his offence to himself? What if he were to say, "Pots, let us play fair! Put your own cards on the table, and let us see no you always on the square? Who is your father? How does he live? Why have you left home, and how? What of that horse you have—?"

"No, no, not stolen—on my honor, not stolen!"

"Well, that's ugly!" Isn't the story one that any relating night, without even a spice of malevolence, make marvelously disagreeable? Is the tale such as you'd wish to herald you into any society you desired to mix with?" It was in this high, easy, and truly companionable style that conscience kept me company while I ate two eggs and a plate of buttered toast. "After all," thought I, "might it not prove a great mistake not to wait on him? How if, in our talk over politics last night, I may have dropped some remarkable expression, a keen appreciation of some statesman, an extraordinary prediction of some coming crisis? Maybe it is to question me more fully about my views of the state of Europe." Now I am rather given to "views of the state of Europe." I like that game of patience, formed by shuffling up all the governments of the Continent, and then seeing who is to have the most "tricks," who's to win all the kings, and who the knaves. "Yes," thought I, "this is what he is at. These diplomatic people are consummately clever at pumping; their great skill consists in extracting information from others and adapting it to their own uses. Their social position confers the great advantage of intercourse with whatever is remarkable for stupidity, influence, and chilly; and I think I hear his excellency muttering to himself, 'Remarkable man, that—large views—great reach of thought—what I could make use of him; must try what politic attentions may accomplish.' Well," said I, with a half-sigh, "it is the old story. Sic vos non nobis; and I suppose it is one of the curses on Irishmen that, from Edmund Burke to Potts, they should be doomed to erma others." I will go. What signifies it to me? I am none the poorer by dispensing my knowledge than is the nightingale in dissemina her sweet music to the night air, and flooding the groves with waves of melody; like *her*, I give of an affluence that never fails me." And so I set out for the legation.

As I walked along through the garden a trimly-dressed French maid passed me, turned, and repressed, with a look that had a certain significance, "It was Monsieur Pots here yesterday?" said she, interrogatively; and as I nodded assent, she handed me a very small sealed note, and disappeared.

It bore no address but the word Mr. — "A strange, not very ceremonious direction. That, poor girl," thought I, "she knows me not as Potts, but as Protector. I am not the individual, but the representative of that wide-spread benevolence that succors the weak and consoles the afflicted. I wonder has she been touched by my devotion? has she imagined—oh, that she would!—that I have followed her father, that I have sworn a vow to rescue and to save her? or is this note the cry of a sorrow-struck spirit, saying, 'Come to my aid ere I perish?'" My fingers trembled as I broke the seal; I had to wipe a tear from my eye ere I could begin to read. My agitation was greater than soon to be greater. The note contained very few words; they were these:

"SIR,—I have not communicated to my brother, Sir Shalley Doubleton, any circumstance of your unaccountable conduct yesterday evening. I hope that my reserve will be appreciated by you, and

"I am, your faithful servant,

"MARTHA KEATES."

I did not faint, but I sat down on the grass, sick and faint, and I felt the great drops of cold perspiration burst out over my forehead and temples. "So," muttered I, "the venerable person I have been lecturing is his excellency's own sister! My exhortations to a changed life have been addressed to a lady doubtless as rigid in morals as austere in manners." Though I could recall many of the words I employed, I remembered but too well the lesson I intended to convey, and I shuddered with disgust at my own conceit. Many times before I heard severest censure on the preacher who has from the pulpit scattered words of doubtful application to the sinner beneath; but how can I making a direct and most odious attack upon the life and habits of a lady of immaculate character! Oh, it was too—too bad! A whole year of anckloth and ashes would not be penance for my impiety. How could she have forgiven it? What consummate charity enabled her to pardon an offense so gross and so gratuitous? Or was it that she foresaw consequences so grave, in the event of disclosure, that she dared not provoke them? What made her not angry hither, in such a case, by warranted in doing? Would the world call any vengeance exorbitant? I studied her features over and over, "I hope my reserve will be appreciated by you." This may mean, 'I reserve the charge, I hold it over you in the future for the future; diverge ever so little from the straight road, and I will say, "Pots, small fortward and listen to your indictment." She may have some terrible task in view for me, some perilous achievement which I can not refuse. This old woman may be to me as was the Old Man of the Sea to Sinbad. I may be fated to carry her forever on my back, and drag of her be a fitting nightmare to me. At such a price existence has no value," said I, in despair. "Stop, I see even than the bondage is the feeling that I am no longer, to my own heart, the great creature I love to think myself. Instead of Pots the generous, the high-spirited, the confiding, the self-denying, I am Pots the timorous, the calculating, the mean, the—"

Out of my long and painful musings on the subject I bethought me of a course to take; I said, I will go to her and say:

"Listen to this parable: I remember once, when a student in a phrenological club, an image just was played off upon the society by some one presenting as with the cast of a well-known murderer's head, and asking for our interpretations of its development. We gave them with every care and deliberation; we pointed out the fatal propensity of crime, and indicated the depressions which showed the absence of all prudential restraint; we demonstrated all the evidences of badness that were there, and proved that, with such a head, a man must have thought killing no murder. The injudicious exactness was a small box that arrived by the mail, labeled, 'The original of the cast forwarded on the 14th.' We opened it, and disclosed a bust. The foolish jester fancied that he had cast an indelible stain on phrenology; and, to aggravate the fact that his pumpkin had personated a skull which, had it ever existed, would have presented the identical phrenology we gave it." I said to "Now, Madam, make the application, and say, do you not rather commend than condemn? are you not rather ready to applaud than upbraid me?"

Second thoughts rather deterred me from this plan; the figurative line is often dangerous with elderly people. It is just as likely she would maintain the whole force of my indication, and blunntly say, "I'd beg to remark, Sir, I am not a pumpkin!"

"No, I will not adventure on this path; there is no need that I should ever meet her again, or, if I should, we may meet as strangers." This resolve made, I arose holily, and walked on toward the house.

His excellency, I learned, was at home, and had been for some time expecting me. I found him in his morning-room, in the same costume and same attitude as on the day before.

"There's the *Times*," said he, as I entered; "I shall be ready for you presently," and worked away without lifting his head.

Affecting to read, I set myself to regard him with attention. Vast piles of papers lay before him on every side; the whole table, and even the floor at his feet, was littered with them. "Would," thought I—"would that these wretches for the Radical press, these scurrilous pennyscribers who invelgle against blooded and prepared aristocracy, could just witness the daily life of labor of one of these spoiled children of fortune. Here is this man, doubtless reared in ease and affluence, and see him how he toils away, from sundown to dawn, unravelling the schemes, tracing the wiles, and expiating the snares of these crafty foreigners. Mark! he is mastering over the subtle sentiment he has just written; I am much grieved about Maria's little girl, but I hope she will escape being marked by the malady." A groan deep broke from me here startled him, and he looked up:

"Ah! yes, by-the-way, I want you, Paynter."

"I am ready, Your excellency." My name is—"

"Of course, you have your own name, for your own peculiar set; but don't interrupt. I have a special service for you, and will put in the 'extraordinaries.' I have taken a hint with the Lake of Como for my sister, but from the pressure of political events I am not able to accompany her there. She is a very timid traveler, and can not possibly go alone. You'll take charge of her, therefore, Paynter—there, don't be fussy—you'll take charge of her, and a young lady who is with her, and you'll see them housed and established there. I suppose she will prefer to travel slowly, some thirty miles or so a day, post-horses always, and strictly avoiding railroads; but you can talk it over together yourselves. There was a Bobus to have come out—"

"A Bobus?"

"I mean a doctor—I call every doctor Bobus—but something has detained him, or, indeed, I believe he was drowned; at all events, he's not come, and you'll have to learn how to measure out ether, and drop morphine; the 'companion' will help you, and, mind, I'll be responsible for your expenses, Paynter—your own expenses for F.O.—and don't let her fall sick at any out-of-the-way place, for I don't like the idea of her doing; and, above all, don't telegraph on any account. Come and dine—six."

"If you will excuse me at dinner, I shall be obliged. I have a sort of half engagement."

"Come to about nine, then," said he, "for she'd like to talk over some matters. Look out for a carriage, too; I don't fancy giving mine up, and take out the shoppy. Use those great roomy German things with a cabriolet front, if possible, for Miss—I forget her name—would prefer a place outside. Armand, the butler, can help you to search for one; and let it be studied, and tested, and transported, and the drag examined, and the axles greased—in a word, have your brains about you, Paynter. Good-by." Exit as before.

HOW TO MAKE AN ARMSTRONG GUN.

A visitor to the Woolwich Arsenal and works who has never seen an Armstrong gun, must, as he witnesses the successive stages of its manufacture, be sorely puzzled to conceive what it will look like when completed.

Imagine a very long thin bar of the finest iron, some 2 inches square, and 120 feet in length—that is but twice as long as a 32-pounder. In convenience in the manufacture, this bar is divided into three pieces of about 40 feet in length. A 100-pounder requires three pieces of about 20 feet in length. The manufacture commences in the forging-shop, a vast, dingy shed, where there is an incessant din of hammers and rumbling of mighty furnaces, where blocks and bars of iron lie scattered in seeming confusion on every side—the furnaces glowing white and white hent; there, glowing red-hot; in one corner, reaching forth showers of sparks under the discipline of a huge steam-hammer; in another, heating and sputtering under a stream of water; where stalwart, grimy men, with spotted shirt-sleeves, vest, and leather aprons, are seen emerging from the smoke, or in the full glare of the fires, toiling stout red-hot bars with the assistance of long leaders, and making the anvils ring with thirty Cyclops' power. We saw our eyes on a long, narrow plate, in which the cylinder of the gun has to spoke of. Suddenly the door is opened, and a fierce, bright gleam of light is cast through the shop. One of the men seizes the end of the bar in a pair of tongs, drags it forth, and makes it fast to a roller which stands immediately before the furnace, and the diameter of which is equal to the 'Prince' tube of a 25-pounder when first rolled. The roller is put in motion, and the bar is drawn and rolled round round it, just as one might wind a piece of thread round a reel. The roller being turned on one end, the spiral turns are all in close contact, or knocked off, restored to white heat in another furnace—for it has cooled somewhat in the rolling and then laboriously wielded down on the anvil of the steam-hammer till only about half an inch is left of the 2-inch bar. The length of the coil after this process is 24 feet; and three such coils are welded together to form the tube. Before that operation is performed, however, the coil is heated in the inside, and pared on the outside to within a very little of its proper diameter, so that the slight heat of the welding, if any occur, may be detected. Having passed this test, a couple of coils, brought to a proper length, are by hand placed end to end in a jet of flame from a blast-furnace, are welded by violent blows from a large iron battering-ram. A third coil is added to the two in the same manner, and the tube is complete. Over this a second tube, which has been prepared just in the same way, is passed while red-hot, and shrinking on it it cools becomes tightly fastened. This is termed "shrinking on." Over this again is placed a short, massive ring of forged iron, to which the trunnions or handles of the gun are attached. The trunnels, which have now to be added, is composed of several iron slabs, something like the staves of a barrel, which are bent into a cylindrical form, and welded at the end, and then welded on to the steam-hammer. In the breech, the bore of the metal runs in the direction of the length of the gun, while in the other parts it winds round and round transversely. This is done to give greater strength to the breech in sustaining the whole backward thrust of the explosion. The breech thus formed is "shrunk on" to the rest of the gun; and to add still more to its strength, there is now come to the floor and more delicate processes. Hitherto, from the time of the rolling, the proper size, the gun passes to the measurers, who, with an instrument called a micrometer, measure every part and pronounce upon it. The slightest deviation of any portion from its exact size, even to the fraction of a hair's breadth, is rigidly pointed out, and has to be amended. The turning and rifling of the piece are next performed in a large, ugly, yellowish-brown shed, there is no noise, or smoke, or confusion, as in the forging-shop. The gun is placed erect in the boring-machine, and revolves gently round the big gimlet, which slowly but surely makes its way downward, scooping out the superfluous metal from the interior of the tube.

Where the touch-hole of an ordinary gun would be, a square hole is cut for the introduction of the vent-piece or stopper, which, with the breech-screw, completes the gun. The stopper is a circular piece of steel, forced with copper, which fits into the end of the rifled barrel with the most exact nicety. Upon this little piece of metal depends, in a great measure, the efficiency of the gun; because, unless it hermetically closed the cavity, a portion of the explosive force would escape, and the discharge would be uncertain. The copper facing of the stopper is prepared with great care. It has to be sharpened with a fine file on a very many rounds, and a duplicate accompanies every gun. The touch-hole runs through the vent-piece down into the chamber of the gun. The breech of the gun receives a powerful bolow screw, which presses against the vent-piece, and is easily tightened or loosened by means of a common wrench. When the stopper is out, the gun is a hollow tube from end to end. We are now to see how the gun is used.

"When you want to fire the gun," says our attendant, "you must of course slacken the screw, and take out the stopper. You then thrust the shot, with a cartridge and a greased wad, through the bellow screw, into the bore, drop the vent-piece into its place, and make it tight with half a turn of the screw. You fire the gun with an ordinary friction-tube, and then into the vent-piece."

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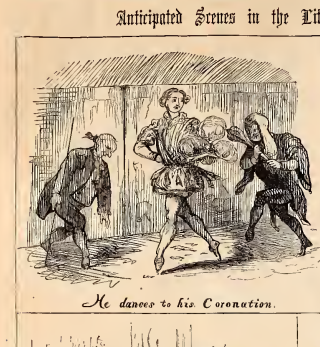

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HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BORN IN KENTUCKY, FEBRUARY 12, 1809.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

SENT TO HEAVEN.

I HAD a message to send her,
To her whom my soul loved best;
But I had my task to finish,
And she had gone home to rest.

To rest in the far bright heaven—
Oh, so far away from here;
It was vain to speak to my darling,
For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her,
So tender, and true, and sweet;
I longed for an angel to hear it,
And lay it down at her feet.

I placed it one summer evening
On a little white cloud's breast;
But it faded in golden splendor,
And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark, next morning,
And I watched it soar and soar;
But its pinions grew faint and weary,
And it fluttered to earth once more.

To the heart of a rose I told it;
And the perfume, sweet and pure,
Growing faint on the blue bright ether,
Was lost in the holiday air.

I laid it upon a corner,
And I saw the incense rise;
But its clouds of rolling silver
Could not reach the far blue skies.

I cried in my passionate longing:
"Has the earth no angel friend
Who will carry my love the message
That my heart desires to send?"

Then I heard a strain of music,
So mighty, so pure, so clear,
That my very sorrow was silent,
And my heart stood still to hear.

And I felt in my soul's deep pressure
At least the sure answer sent—
"The music will go up to heaven,
And carry my thought to her."

It rose in harmonious rushing
Of wind voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message
On the music's outspread wings.

I heard it float farther and farther,
In sound more perfect than speech—
Farther than sight can follow—
Farther than soul can reach.

And I know that at last my message
Has passed through the golden gate;
So my heart is no longer restless,
And I am content to wait.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

THE PANIC IN WALL STREET.

WITHIN the past fortnight a panic has prevailed in Wall Street, and stocks of all descriptions have declined from 10 to 15 per cent. Such an event, coming simultaneously with the most bountiful crops and the most remarkable development of material wealth this country has ever known, has naturally puzzled the public, and given rise to much surprise and conjecture.

On one side we hear that the panic was fictitious; that it was created by Democratic politicians, aided by influential Democratic presses, in the hope of preventing the State of New York from voting for Lincoln. In support of this view it is alleged that Mr. Cobb, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Schell, the Collector of this port, and other leading Democrats, appeared in Wall Street, and gave their personal assurance to the brokers that the Union could not survive Lincoln's election; that combinations were effected between politicians and stock-jobbers by which stocks were borrowed and sold for cash in unusual quantities, in order to depress prices; and that the "moral" of the panic, as declared by its chief exponent, was that nothing but the success of the Union ticket could save the Union. This is one theory.

On another hand, it is stated that the panic really grew out of the fears aroused by the ferment in the Southern States. Though at New Orleans all is quiet, and every loyal seeks peace, throughout the States of Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Georgia, great excitement prevails; and if any reliance can be placed upon the assertions of politicians and the newspapers of those States, the election of Lincoln will not be tolerated without a struggle. What form that struggle may take remains to be seen. We know that, immediately after the election of Lincoln, popular conventions will be summoned by the Governors of Alabama, Mississippi, and South Carolina, to consider whether crisis requires action on the part of those States; and we have every reason to believe that very decided ground will be taken by South Carolina, at all events. What will be the upshot of the whole no one can tell. We are led to believe that the feeling in South Carolina—as in Georgia and Alabama—is growing less favorable to separate action, and that, in all probability, each State will wait for the others. But in the mean time there can be no question but, pending the discussion, uneasiness will pervade the country, and all the markets will be feverish.

A number of many sources of anxiety are already contributing to produce this result. It is impossible to reflect upon the new attitude of Governor Wise, of Virginia, without alarm. He will assume energy, if he can thereby gain his popularity, and the popularity of his scheme for making Virginia the manufacturing centre of a Southern Confederacy. Insanity seldom is sufficient to his present hostility to submission, and to his antagonism with Governor Letcher. Again, the cotton crop is falling off most seriously. It is quite likely that this is due in part to accident and the usual causes. The receipts last year, with which those of the present year are compared, were unusually heavy; but still there is the fact; and coupled with the rumored determination of the South to withhold their cotton in order to create trouble at the North, it must be admitted that it is disquieting. The action of the Southern banks, though strictly legitimate, has been calculated to strengthen confidence. Business of a profitable character, growing out of the movement in cotton, has so far prevented the banks that have been declining long paper, or, in the words of the political journals, refusing all paper indorsed after the 1st inst. This creates trouble at the South, and vague uneasiness at the North.

The theory of many persons is that these causes of distrust have been the sole source of the recent panic in Wall Street.

It is probable that there is some truth in both theories. The politicians could not have frightened people had there not been some cause for alarm; nor, on the other hand, would that alarm have been so widely felt and so strongly expressed had it been left to find its own way to men's breasts.

The chief of this country is so largely dependent on the preservation of confidence, and such interest is so closely interwoven with every other, that the whole fabric is already exposed to the least blow in any quarter. Those who doubt that it is in the power of a few Southern politicians to produce such a result forgetting that in 1857 display ignorance both of history and of the commerce of the country. Whether Southerners may choose to do so or not is another matter: that they have the power is beyond all question. The withholding of a few hundred thousand bales of cotton, and the cessation of purchases for export by the commercial houses, Northern markets, would not, of themselves, be fatal to commerce, though they could not but cost misfortune and loss. But the mere fear of such measures would probably create an alarm far greater than the late Wall Street panic, and possibly destroy fifteen hundred millions of money which no mercantile business can be conducted for an hour. Nor is it safe to rely upon the patriotism of the South. Political excitement and tendencies of its commercial classes; for history teaches that, in times of political excitement, the appeals of trade are invariably disregarded, and many interests sacrificed. Mr. Lincoln probably never was a war that was not undertaken contrary to the wishes and in the teeth of the current interests of trade, and history contains no example of a popular excitement rising to boiling heat, and then listening to mercantile appeals for tranquillity.

By the time these lines are read the election will be over, and we can not, therefore, be suspected of partisan purposes. We write in sincere earnest, seeing the danger, and wishing that all good citizens, seeing it as we do, may act to the best of their ability to avert it while it is yet time.

THE LOUNGER.

PEEPING.

PEEPING into the neat number of the *Cornhill* (it is not published in England yet), the Lounger came a charming paper by the editor, "A Letter about Journey." He ran away for a week from London. For a week he was a Frenchman in Paris. Bad. He saw famous cities and beautiful pictures, and had all the delightful feast of foreign travel for seven days. That is where the Frenchman has the big. They can run across the channel in an hour or two hours. We must expect two weeks. We go like a snail, pausing and sliding, and creeping at the Madonna and the rest, and hearing the sweet chimes of Antwerp all the way. It is a long journey, for Europe seems about as far from London as from New York.

The gospel of Chuckey's from which the Lounger quotes copiously is in his racicst and most genial vein:

"We meet of so tell old stories in our families. The wife and children laugh for the hundredth time at the joke. The old servants though old servants are fewer every day and and smile a recognition at the well-known anecdote. 'Don't the best story of your life, sir?' says Jeremiah to Mr. Hardcastle in the play, 'or I must laugh.' As we twaddle, and grow old and forgetful, we may tell an old story so, out of mere benevolence, and a wish to amuse a friend when conversation is flagging, dinner's a Job Whitney now and then; but the practice is not quite honest, and exhibits a certain necessity of hyperbole on story bearers and tellers. It is a sad thing, to think that a man with what you call a fund of anecdote is a bumbug, more or less amiable and pleasant. What right have I to tell my 'Grandma and the gamecock' over and over in the presence of my wife, my mother-in-law, my sons, daughters, old footmen, or perhaps, confidential clerks, curates, or what not? I stole and go through the history, giving my admirable imitation of the chemists introduced. I mimic Jones's gait, Robbins's squint, Brown's stammer, Grody's brogue, Smith's Scotch accent, and the hearty and pleasant laugh of my audience laugh good-humoredly. Perhaps the stranger, by whose accession the party has been made up, is amused by it, and laughs too. But this practice continued is not fair. Fifty delightful years of my life, my best friends, my wife—and we say cuddle. I can imagine a young woman, fresh from the school, and her mamma, and some to the present centuries, lying back in the sofa, thinking of that story which he has told innumerably times, and of the delightful humanity entitled to himself. Well, well, it is wrong; I have no right to call on my wife to laugh, my daughters to effect to be amused, but old, old jest of mine. And they would have gone on laughing, and my mother would have pretended to be amused, to their dying day, if this man had not flung his dunger over our felicity". . . . I hope not the grin, and blush, "Are there any old stories which I still tell myself in the hole on of my family? Have I any 'Grandma in my gamecock?' Why, no, sir, I have no anecdotes any nearer fifty, but we have I mean applause, and wonderful repeat myself. You see, sir, with the cordial reception I meet with and repeat the same story to the same individuals, but they do think, and so do I, a very slight repetition of a joke is one of its best by hoarsely tried. I meet men walking the London streets, pausing the last impromptu I introduced to them. I know such, who very likely will read this, and say, 'Hang the fellow, he means me?' And to Edo. No—I mean no offence, I am not more than human. I do not mean to have it speaking, only to give pleasure to his friends—and I hope, sir, that I am not the fellow who makes men blush open his jaws.

"And is it not wise to make men blush sometimes? Oughtn't they not to have their ingenuous modesty? May ourselves and stories, and our friends' times over? When I come to look at a place which I have visited any time than twenty or thirty years, I recall not the place merely, but the circumstances I had at that time, and which are quite different to my feelings to-day. That first days in Calais, the voices of the women and the sailors, in the vessel time alongside the pier; the supper at Quillaro's and the wine, and the cigars, and the rich-colored oranges under which I slept; the tilted floor, and the fresh smell of the sea; the wonderful Madonna of Antwerp, and good pigeoll—all return with perfect clearness to my mind, and I am seeing them, and not the objects which are actually before my eyes. Hence, I wonder that the commissioner I have known this score of years. Here are the thousands, who have passed over the hogging; the people at the passport barrier who take your papers. My good people, I beseech you to be not so ungracious as those a dozen enough women in Covent Garden, or a blue coat porter in Bishopsgate Street. But you make me plead for a time when you were indeed wonderful to behold—when the little French soldiers were white cockades in their caps—when the porters were forty hours going to Paris; and the great-bodied postillion, surrounded by faithful peasants, was a hero. Ah, Madame, his cap, of rags for the harness, and his clubbed pigtail, was a wonderful thing, and the mention of cockles unnecessary. You young folks don't remember the apple-girls who used to sit in their chairs on the Pont Neuf, and offer you, as the delights of the jolly road? In making continental journeys with young folks, an elderly man be very quiet, and, to extract enjoyment for themselves, but really he has gone back to the days of his youth, and he is seeing the Continent as he saw it for the romancy life, and is musing himself with all his might. He is seeing the barons as they come regarding the Rhine on lower yard at midnight; he is enjoying the delicious smells on Boulogne and Antwerp, and smelling of Malines the table-d'hôte wine; he is hell-fellow with the conductor, and alive to all the incidents of the road. A man can't be a jaded and worn out man at the same time, don't you see? Really, I may be in 1859 hurry, silent, torpid; but in the good I am talking about I am a boy, I am young—in a blue jacket coat and brass buttons, a sweet figured silk waistcoat, and a pair of nankeen trousers, and a white silk pocket-cover, looking at beautiful beings with dipped sleeves and tea-trays, lady under the pillow-shaped bonnets, and the Rhine or round the Place Vendôme, where the *drapeau blanc* is floating from the statueless column. Shall we go and dine at Bellevue, or at the Rocher de Cancale, or at the Cafe Anglais?—Anyay! Bonderbch's and the Hôtel Breitwal have gone down since I was a boy. They knocked down the good old Virginia Coffee-house last year. My quick goes to Paris, and I am a boy, and

who have said very sharp things will be justly excused upon the plea of peculiar excitement. It is very comfortable to reflect that a great deal of our electioneering eloquence is purely Pickwickian.

THE OTHER SIDE.

THAT is to say, Italy and the war there. Garibaldi is as great as he is brave. History does not often, in these latter European days, bring two men together upon the stage so adequate to sublime actions as Garibaldi and Cavour. They differ, but honestly differing, they differ with mutual respect. Cavour, in the most generous, but dignified, manner, put himself and Garibaldi in judgment before the Italian people, and the verdict effusively was—"You are both right." That is to say, they have an equal love of country, an equal willingness to serve her, and an equally willing to combat his especial method to the decision of the country.

Cavour, like a true statesman, constantly consults the shifting barometer of circumstance. What seems unwise and impracticable to-day, to-morrow may show to be possible and easy. He wishes no cession of Italian territory. It can not be asked, he says, of a nation of twenty-five millions of people. That he would prefer to be the metropolis of Italy; but how it may be so made can not be at once categorically determined. Still further, Venice must join Italy, as she longs to do. Yet Europe does not wish that Italy should make war upon Austria to free Venice; because Europe knows that Italy can not do the work alone. The union of Italy will show Europe that she is wrong, says Cavour; and when a united Italy marches to open the gates of Venice, white-coated Austria will retire; Europe will approve; and Italy, from the hill-top of Venice, will be the wise, great, indivisible.

It is a splendid programme, but who doubts that it will be fulfilled? Glad yet forty years ago the poet Shelley thought as we think. We can say why he was wrong, and why our hope is the surer foundation—or we think we can. Here is what he wrote of Naples in 1820; would you not think it had been inspired by Garibaldi's delivrance of the city?

"Naples! thou heart of men, which ever pants
Shake, beneath your hills like an earthquake!
Elysian city! which to calm enchanted
The mariners she sees! city more than thee,
Ae shep round them, are drived
Metropolis of a ruined Paradise
Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained!
Bright altar of the bloodiest sacrifice
Which ever smoked Virtue upon unstained
To Love, the flower-enwreathed!
Thou which wert, and thou shalt come to be,
Now art, and henceforth ever shall be, free,
If Hope, and Truth, and Love can save thee.
Hail, hail, all hail!"

WORDS IN DISGRACE.

LADY FRANKLIN's devotion to the memory of her husband, and her unwearied efforts to solve the mystery of his death, have made her known to the world, and associated her name with all those which illustrate the patient fidelity of women. It is mainly to her efforts that the mystery was cleared. The M'Clintock Expedition sailed especially under her auspices, and here in the home-life renown not only of answering a question of which her Government despaired, but of sealing the fame of her husband by the discovery of the pass in the way to have solved the great Arctic problem when Jackson Death interfered.

She lately entered in this country, with which the heroism of Dr. Kane and the liberality of Henry Grinnell have created for her peculiar and most interesting relations. She has been travelling among us, and is every where received with that quiet respect which

"Yet who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Yet who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,"

can not help feeling for the wife of Sir John Franklin.

The other day, in compliance with a very enthusiastic invitation, she went to the Woman's Library, recently opened in this city. There a crowd of ladies there. They had some pleasant talk; and after remaining for two hours, she left. The reporter says: "After examining the books and pictures, she requested to be permitted to do some round hours in the library." We have great respect for reporters—but we hope she requested to do so such thing. That Lady Franklin should walk to give Books to the library is very proper and natural; but how does she, or any body else, admire books?

What is the matter with that good old word *give*, that reporters and orators and writers of pulpit letters are trying to supplanted it? It is a sweet, sound word, and ought to be loved and respected. Another word is outlawed in the same manner and by the same persons. What has the word "beg" done that it should be incontinently thrust out? Take up any morning paper, and if any body made a special but everyday, you will probably read of about eight o'clock he "commenced to speak." The procession "commenced to pass" at such point, etc. Why didn't he "begin" to speak? Why didn't the procession "begin" to pass? It is supposed the reporter meant to say "commence" for "begin," and "donate" for "give?" Does any body prefer think "donation" a nobler word than "gift?" Are we better for the fact that able Lady Franklin does present books to the library, she will write in them "A Gift from Jane Franklin," not "A Donation from Lady Franklin."

MORE TALK.

As the political orators close their mouths, the Lyceum lecturers open theirs. The lecture season, in fact, begins before the campaign was fairly over. The papers have published their usual lists; the committee and the speakers have been struggling "uroo" auph through the post to arrange their evenings; the committees' lists are closed; the lecturers' books are full; nothing remains for them now but to stroll and deliver.

There is a preliminary which does not concern the lecturers which is yet to be completed. That is, the usual announcement that the Lecture system has run out: that people will no longer tolerate second-hand slip-shop dipped out of Cyclopedias and Reviews; that the fancy men of the Lyceum have used themselves up—and the Lyceum itself is now discovered to be a humbug. These impressions facts are annually brought forward, but the Lyceum perversely refuses to stop; the committees continue to call and lecture, and the lecturers; and the lecturers themselves do still speak and empty people into the hall.

It is amusing to observe how a habit of skepticism leads not only to universal doubt but to an incessant search for the thing doubted, or rather, for instance, at the idea of any action from a purely disinterested and humane motive, he is constantly at fault in the results of his calculations, because so many people do constantly act not from selfishness but from the very opposite motive. And so he is baffled, so out of his aggregate called society. As a rule, the appeal of nobility and generosity does not fail to find a response in society. Sometimes it will, but then the case is exceptional. If a man supposes, for instance, that he can go and lecture upon the Lyceum system, and lecture to their pride, he is profoundly mistaken. If you want to protect the pocket, or if you want to appeal to the pride of a man, you will be sure of a principle.

So if any body supposes that the Lyceum is a mere whim of people who want somewhere to pass the evening, he will find that the facts are incompatible with the theory. Lecturing, as a whim, is transient in its nature. The reason why the Lyceum remains so permanently is not that people want somewhere to spend the evening, but that they are interested in what they hear. Rhetoric is a very good and very pleasant, but the rhetoric of any particular person is always measured, and presently tires, and honest ideas will not satisfy the mind. It is for reason the lectures are more than rhetorical and humorous that the speakers are summoned from year to year.

The world is full of the most serious and many questions are more directly and honestly treated in the Lyceum than any where else. And many subjects people are all think about, and few care to talk about lest they should seem odd, are touched by the lecturer with his own responsibility, and he appeals directly to the audience. The committee may sometimes be alarmed, but it is all right with the speaker and the audience. He is often the owners of their own souls, and prefer to hear before they strike. And so long as the Lyceum is maintained by that class on one side and that honesty upon both—a state of things incredible to many—we see no long will the Lyceum lecture to among the powers as well as pleasures of the land.

HANSOM.

THE Lounger has already wondered why we did not have some kind of Hansom cab in New York. We have omnibuses and carriages; but as they have in London, and they do not find the cabs superfluous. We can't have omnibuses in the Central Park, and it is well that the country crosses the ferries; nor, above all, to and from the railroads and steamers, for twenty-five cents. To transportation is work for Hansoms, and young America has taken it in hand.

It is already reported that Mr. George Francis Train, a vehement gentleman, who has been heard of in England occasionally as driving a swift horse for his life, is about to start for turning to America, not exactly in a Hansom cab but with a Hansom cab in his head. People who think that he had an expert knowledge of steam in it when he went away, may suppose that Hansom has motivated his gait a little. But properly considered the cab is a proof of the continent steam. For it is in strict pursuance of his enterprise that of "putting everything by daylight" that he intends to run Hansom cabs in the city under charter.

The Hansom differs slightly with the London cab in their weights. The genius of light carriages has not yet smitten upon England. The Hansom cab is the world, if the Englishmen had our light wagons how they would spin! (of course not faster than we do. In fact, not at all, for we know we would be conscious of a new sensation). There is no reason why Mr. Train should not have his cabs light. Hansoms will be well two-horse, and there is one who is supposed to represent the peculiar spirit of his country, known that that country spares the use of carriages, and will give us cabs, elastic, convenient, cheap, and Hansom.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE ALLOCUTION.

"The following is a summary of the Allocution delivered by the Pope at Rome—and so on for ever."—*Times.*

Kiss Victor's a stretch and a horrible thief,
Blasphemous, dishonest, and, worse, a fool,
And I'm happy to think he'll one day come to grief
If he lives so greatly a pickle.
As touching the soldiers who died in my cause,
So far and so long I have spoken,
I certify all have escaped from the jaws
Of old Nick, and are safe in the Ark.

Depending the Kiss that don't lead me a hand
Of the Devil, I'm sorry to say,
I hope that those memories will please understand
They're all in the same boat with me.
I especially hint to the Gallican Sphinx
That his arts are all futile and null, for
While he's making a capital book, to be thinks,
I've locked him for sojourn in sulphur.

So up to the aid of your father the Pope,
Who gives you these elegant whippings,
Don't force him, or Yankee would call in, to elope,
And make trade of his absentee dignity.
Let the Kiss and the Sphinx and the Devil defied
Be my Provincial Pulcinelli
Drive the Sound in my face, and don't draw it mild—
And this is your Pope's Allocution.

ÆSOP'S SELECT FABLES.

THE SEA-NYMPH AND THE OCEAN SWELL.

One morning, when there was a heavy swell upon the main, a gentle Nymph walked forth, her blue eyes beaming with joy, her flowing tresses sprinkled with dew. The Swell, struck by her beauty, and solicitous to win her affection, pouted, and proudly shook his ever long every curls. "Claim thee not spare, sweet Nymph," he said, "from that treasury of beauty one spirit-soothing look?" "Where would then have a look?" gentle she, "not on thy unfathomable, ever-changing, ever-steady." "Oh, crack," cried the crest-fallen Swell, "thou knowest I am thy servant." "I know thou art a sort," she answer, "and a most wicked flatterer, for while thou art kissing the pale sands thou art mocking of them down." "Out lock of thine," returned the Swell, "would rivet my devotion, and hence I am constant." The sick Nymph smiled her laughing face, and said, "Oh, neither Swell! hear the dear sweet voice of one who would make thee stain, when thou art moved by every spurtive air?"

Moral. Jest not with the fair, who wickly fling themselves at beauty's feet, for what can be expected from such insane worshipers but scorn and ridicule?

THE SLOW COACH AND THE LITTLE DUCK.

A Slow Coach also observed to passing a little Duck, who with her mother and sisters lived on a village pond, "Pierce duck," said the slow Coach, one morning, to the little Duck, with a dreary smile, "I can get a Kitchen-garden in twelve months." "Thank you," returned the little Duck, proudly lifting up her bill; "but I would rather be a Coach." "Why, pray, why?" the grudge I may wait till green are out of season. I never encounge the Cookery Book, and I hope to be to market I hell travel every."

Moral. We have see the error of procrastination. Dividers are always unpaid. The little Duck, though somewhat green in her ways, knew the right in her principle. A Coach that makes lumbering excuses for not being able to travel, is a nuisance to the public, and a bore to itself.

THE YOUNG MONKEY AND THE UGLY MUG.

A Young Monkey, in the uniform of a Midshipmen, at the Portsmouth Mess, was lately passing, unknowingly or wilfully many belonging to the Fleet Lieutenant. "Which ent the Lieutenant," said the Midshipman, "I mean the ugly Mug." "Why, Sister, Sir," replied the young Monkey, with beaming humility, "I mean the Lieutenant." "Lieutenant, indeed, 'Tis the pretty?" "Sure it considered so, sir," replied the Midshipman, "I mean the Lieutenant from the ugly Mug." "Indeed, and what does the ugly?" laughed the Ship. "Why, Lieutenant, I mean the Lieutenant, Sir, Sir." "Sir, says, Sir," replied the latter, "what the world he mean, sir?" "Why, I would said, sir, your Lieutenant is pretty, sir, is beauty." "Is?" cried the ugly Mug, relieve with anxiety, "I'll pump you, sir, I'll pump you, sir, you little leave of observer! You shall have it, Mr. Sir! I'll surf you, sir, your mother, sir, I'll—"

Moral. A young Monkey was goes to sea should always have a pretty mind. Its thoughts should mean many little indisposition or want to a young Monkey so convenient, if he wishes to be a good Mess, and a good *Mess Lieutenant.*

THE TRUTH TELTOALLES.—The Spirit-Rapper, for not one of them know any thing about any Spirit whatever.

LAMOICHIER'S VOW, OR HE WOULD BE AN ALVA.

He would be an Alva, proved and sware
The rebel Lamoichier;
Through life, they said, he never forgave
Should he, with wasting fire and sword,
The towns which spurned the Pontiff's sway
Should he his sentence pass?
He'd turn his ruffians loose, he trill,
Sack, pillage, burn, and slay their hovels!

But ere he went on this crusade
The Frenchman sought celestial aid,
Thus, kneeling at Loretto's shrine,
Invoked the female form divine:

"O queen Queen! Celestial Rose!
Lend me thine aid, I pray, I pray!
Remembering that there are some men,
Because they are the Pope's and thine.

"Adorable and most adored,
Behold this ornamental Sword;
Thine, if I, should it, I will be
Here will I hang it up to thee!

"Inhaled with the Jesuits' prayer,
Whelp by whale dispersed in air;
Because, forever too much ground to fear,
Though dolls have no hearts they can not hear.

Our Hero's doom was due defeat,
Or perhaps worse, perhaps
His army driven from the field,
And he himself forced to yield.

Polish, though then lost lost the game,
Thy vow, Clemanda, all the same;
Thy fairy of a wand, thy wand,
Thy prayer had granted, if it could.

The will is equal to the deed,
And another chance of success!
So let thy sword, in spite of error,
The sacrilegious Pope's terror.

For, now that weapon's work is over,
Thou shouldst reign it evermore;
Drawn against Rome, thou shalt never from a vow.
Oh! never wear that sword again.

ARTEMUS HOPE WAY.—If Antrift would do the honest and worthy thing, and properly run, the world and the Venetian territory be in rightful courses, and pay over the proceeds to the Italian Bankruptcy.

WOMENFOLL.—A teacher of pentmanship in twelve lessons taught a lawyer to read his own writing.

Good dinners have a harmonizing influence. For dispute are to be expected, and must be covered with a double cloth.

"A rebuke at the bar?" as the boy said, when caught by a dog, just as he was about to climb on the ordinance.

"A Whitman paper, after describing a form which the advertiser wants to sell, adds: "The surrounding country is the most beautiful in the world, and healthy, too. The scenery is celestial—divine; also two wagons to sell, and a yoke of oxen."

A blind man, having walked the streets with a lighted lantern, an acquaintance met him, and exclaimed, in some surprise:

"Why, what is the use of that light to you? You have enough of it, I think, to do you no good. I can't see a bit the better."

"No," replied the blind man: "I don't carry the light to make me see, but to prevent fools from running against me."

An editor, recalling the career of a mad dog, says: "We are pleased to say that the mad animal, before it could be killed, severely bit Dr. Hunt and several other dogs."

A Frenchman having heard the phrase, "Pen not other fools to fry?" very forcibly learned the application. One evening, after receiving a note from, and being invited to write to, a lady, he wrote the following note, addressed to himself by saying, "I thank you, Madame; I must cook some fools."

A man may generally expect a disappointed "breeze" when his wife begins to put on "airs."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—"Why, Hans, you have the most genuine heat of countenance I ever have seen."

"Oh, yah," replied Hans, "I know de reason for dat—mother was a vomanee."

The following is a copy of a will left by a man who chose to be his own lawyer: "This is the last will and testament of me, John Thomas: I give all my things to my relations, to be divided among them the best way they can. N.B.—If any body kicks up a row, or makes any fuss about it, he isn't to have any thing. Signed by me, James Thomas."

Fun is worth more than physic, and whoever invents or discovers a new source of supply deserves the name of a public benefactor.

It is the opinion of the doctor that the lawyer gets his living by phonics, while the lawyer thinks the doctor gets his by pillics.

A man being asked what meaning he attached to the term "atrocious," replied, "Any man that has more than one, in his opinion, is atrocious."

A man took off his coats upon a terrible wound he had received a few years before. Not being able to find the scar, he politely remembered that it was his "heart-or-Bill's sins."

He who exists a perpendicular hoe upon a horizontal plane is a right-angular; he who defies for true with a naked line, makes a wrong angle.

An old Dutchman who some years ago was elected a member of the Legislature, said, in his quaint English style, "Von I went to the Lechislatur I thought I would be a great man; but I found out I was dam mean as some as pick fools dere as I was."

Some things come by odd names. The most uncomfortable of all things is a "pair of boots—a proper half a mile long in a "street" and a melancholy ditty, devoid of music and meaning, is a "duet."

A man who applied to empty several bottles of wine, afterward took a walk. The pavements were quite icy, and he exclaimed, "Very slippery! I suppose under very intense, it always freezes with the slippery side up."

"Here," said Mr. A. to a friend who wished to convey a number of sentiments to a lady without communicating directly with her, "how can you be certain of her understanding the sense of the sentiments directed to her husband?"

"That I have managed without the possibility of a failure," was the answer; "she will open it to a certainty, for I have put on the outside, 'Bill Stubbs.'"

EXCUSED AND TRANSPORTED.—A gentleman recently married, and who had his hat on one evening, was riding the streets of Manchester, when he was stopped by a lady, "Sir, I want to speak to you." "Madam, I am transported!" At this moment a vessel left the harbor bound for Botany Bay. "Where are you?" "Why, sir, as the gentleman, "I should thus vessel, you would be excused, and I would be transported."

"Well, George," said a friend of a young lawyer, "how do you like your profession?" "Also, Sir, my profession is better than my practice."

A colonel of a regiment lately made much hospitality while he was in Ireland, replied, "That he was in the hospital nearly all the time he was there."

"Mick," said a bricklayer to his laborer, "if you meet Pegeh, tell her that I shall be home at six, and wait for her."

"Share an' I will," replied Mick; "but what will I tell him if I don't meet him?"

A distinguished friend of ours says that "poetry is every body's work." Well, we don't know, but we are afraid that it is generally a coin jingled most by those who have no other to jingle.

A correspondent has invented a machine for extracting the fun from quick advertisements. Some of them are worn out after entering the machine, so only the truth comes out.

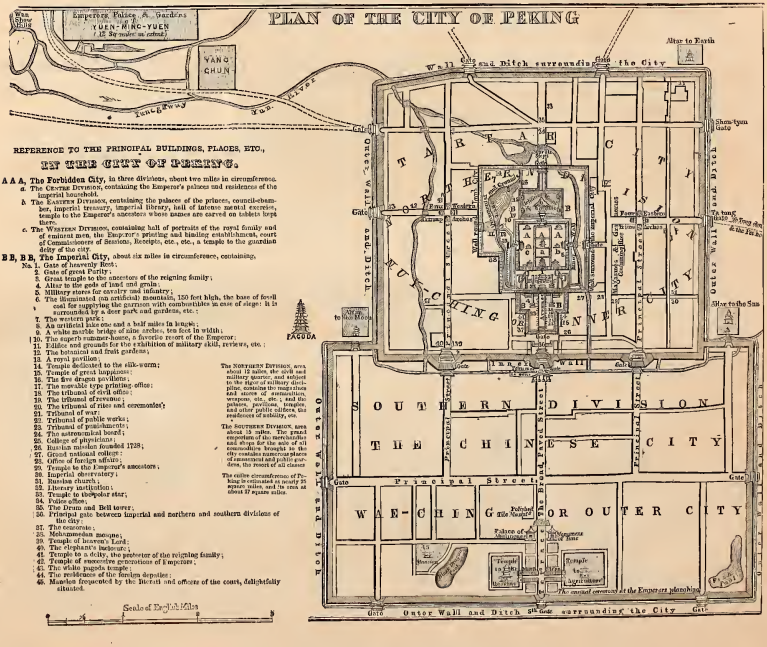
THE EMPEROR OF CHINA AND HIS CAPITAL

As we may expect to hear by any mail of the march of the allied French and English upon the Chinese capital, we place on record, on the following page, a Portrait of Emperor Hien-Fung, and a Plan of Peking.

We published in No. 84 of this Journal, bearing date October 16, 1858, two fine views of Peking, with a historical sketch of the city; in No. 154, dated December 11, 1858, illustrated letter from our special correspondent who accompanied Mr. Ward on his journey to Peking the summer of that year; and in No. 160, bearing date Sept. 28, 1859, a Large Map of the Province of Pechili, showing the Mountain and Sea Forts, and the Seat of War in China. Referring to these publications we will only add here that, in consequence of the political disturbances which have taken place in China for the past few years, the supply of food on which Peking relies for the sustenance of its people has been greatly reduced, and the population has fallen off in consequence. It was once a city of 2,000,000 inhabitants; how many it contains now, no one can tell. It is not a handsome city, the streets being only one story high—in consequence of the prevalence of earthquakes. It is divided into two distinct portions, the Chinese town and the Tartar town: the one being the abode of the rich, the military, and the nobility, the other, the home of the working-classes and the poor. It is surrounded by a high wall, and provided with strong fortifications; the Emperor will probably have some fighting to do ere they take the place.

The Emperor of China—Hien-Fung—is a man of only twenty-nine years of age, having been born in 1831. He came to the throne ten years ago; his predecessor, Tao-Kwang, having died, without issue, and formally introduced him to the Mandarins as their future Emperor some time before his death. He is said to be a man of remarkable energy of character and resolution of purpose. He has never swerved in his policy from the idea that, if a report speak truly, he is determined to wage the present war to the bitter end. His domestic policy has been rigorous; he has never failed to punish severely, or to reward brave and skillful officers. He has so little regard for Chinese prejudices that he will not allow any lady with deformed feet to approach the court; and his wife, a fair handsome woman, he treats in every way as an equal. It is said for him that his reign should occur at a period when, seemingly, the recuperation of the Chinese Empire is beyond hope.

WESTERN GATE, PEKING. HIEN-FOU, THE EMPEROR OF CHINA. THE BRIDGE OF NANKING.



REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS, PLACES, ETC.,

IN THE CITY OF PEKING.

A A A, The Forbidden City, in three divisions, about two miles in circumference.

a. The CENTRE DIVISION, containing the Emperor's palaces and residences of the imperial household.

b. The EASTERN DIVISION, containing the palaces of the princes, council-chamber, imperial treasury, imperial library, hall of intense mental exertion, temple to the Emperor's ancestors whose names are carved on tablets kept there.

c. The WESTERN DIVISION, containing hall of portraits of the royal family and of eminent men, the Emperor's printing and binding establishment, court of Commissioners of Sessions, Receipts, etc., etc., a temple to the guardian deity of the city.

B B, B B, The Imperial City, about six miles in circumference, containing,

No. 1. Gate of heavenly Rest.
2. Gate of great Purity.
3. Great temple to the ancestors of the reigning family.
4. Altar to the gods of land and grain.
5. Military store for cavalry and infantry.
6. The illuminated (an artificial) mountain, 150 feet high, the base of fewell coal for supplying the gardens with combustibles in case of siege: it is surrounded by a deer park and gardens, etc.
7. The western park.
8. An artificial lake one and a half miles in length.
9. A white marble bridge of nine arches, ten feet in width.
10. The emperor's summer-house, a favorite resort of the Emperor.
11. Edifice and grounds for the exhibition of military skill, reviews, etc.
12. The botanical and fruit gardens.
13. A royal pavilion.
14. Temple dedicated to the silk-worm.
15. Temple of great hospitalities.
16. The five dragon pavilions.
17. The republic type printing office.
18. The tribunal of civil office.
19. The tribunal of revenue.
20. The tribunal of rites and ceremonies.
21. Tribunal of public works.
22. Tribunal of punishments.
23. The astronomical board.
24. Hospital of physicians.
25. Russian mission founded 1728.
27. Grand national college.
28. Office of foreign affairs.
29. Temple to the Emperor's ancestors.
30. Imperial observatory.
31. Russian church.
32. Armory institution.
33. Temple to the polar star.
34. Police office.
35. The Drum and Bell tower.
36. Principal gate between imperial and northern and southern divisions of the city.
37. The cemetery.
38. Mahommedan mosque.
39. Temple of heaven's Lord.
40. The elephant's inclosure.
41. Temple to a deity, the protector of the reigning family.
42. Temple of successive generations of Emperors.
43. The white pagoda temple.
44. The residences of the foreign deputies.
46. Markets frequented by the Tartars and officers of the court, delightfully situated.

The NORTHERN DIVISION, area about 12 miles, is occupied by military quarters, and subject to the rigor of military discipline, contains the magazines and stores of ammunition, cavalry and infantry, the royal palaces, pavilions, temples and other public edifices, the residences of nobility, etc.

The SOUTHERN DIVISION, area about 18 miles. The grand emporium of the merchandise and shops for the sale of all commodities brought to the city, the principal resort of men of consequence and public gaiety, the resort of all classes.

The entire circumference of Peking is estimated at nearly 26 square miles, and its area at about 17 square miles.

Scale of English Miles

THE LAST STUMP SPEECH.

UNDER THE SNOW.

IN TWO PORTIONS.

PORTION THE FIRST.

ALTHOUGH Switzerland is famous, all the world over, for its lofty mountains, still, in foreign countries, many halls of my age, and in my station of life, may not exactly know that the Jura is a chain of mountains formed by several parallel chains which extend from Basle, in Switzerland, quite up to France and a little way into it, running in the direction from northeast to southwest. The length of the Jura is about one hundred and seventy miles, and its breadth from thirty-five to forty miles. It contains a great number of deep valleys, and several mountains whose summits are very lofty.

I mention these dry details at the outset in order that you may be better undoubtful of what I intend to tee; for it is, in great measure, the difference of the height of the mountains which renders them more or less habitable. The higher they are, the sharper is the cold there, the shorter is the summer, the shorter is the vegetation, and the earlier does the snow cover it. Some of these mountains are even so lofty that the snow on their tops is never melted and completely melted, but remains in patches in the hollows. Nevertheless, all the mountains of the Jura less their upper garment of snow every year; some sort of hot-water springs on the highest summits; at many points they are clothed with magnificent wooded forests and, and especially fir; while other parts afford excellent pasturagesound, on which very fine cattle are reared, and particularly cows, sheep and goats. Nevertheless, which, these beautiful mountains are scarcely habitable more than five months in the year, from May or June until the beginning of October.

The snow on the lower are melted and the summits are clothed again with green, our villages, which are all built in the valleys or on the lower slopes, send their herds up the mountains. This departure is quite a holiday; and yet we herdsmen have to spend the whole summer away from our families, living in a hut-dwelling, with many privations. We live almost entirely on a milk-and-cheese diet, which we call by a generic name, Mazot, having also nothing else to drink, by way of a change, but water from the spring. We round our sins in grazing our herds, and in making those large and handsome cheeses which are known as Gruyère.

Every herdsman has, up in the mountain, a chalet, which is a wretched place for human habitation, although it is the best built of cities. It is roofed with small deal planks called *bardeaux*; heavy stones, laid in rows upon them, press them down, and prevent the wind from stripping them off. The interior of a chalet is divided into three apartments; a well-cleaned stable or cow-house, to lodge the cattle at night; a narrow and cold dairy, where the milk is kept in broad wooden bowls; and a kitchen, which also serves as a bedroom, where the herdsmen and occasionally sleep on a bed of straw. The kitchen is furnished with a vast chimney, in which there is an enormous cauldron for warming the milk and helping to convert it into cheese. As the chalet is our residence the whole summer long, we have adapted to it with many little articles of necessity, to save having to go down to the valley to fetch them when wanted unexpectedly.

Our season hardly finishes before St. Denis-day, the 9th of October. We then quit our mountain, again making a holiday, delighted to return to our families. But we do not lead an idle life in the village, any more than we did at the chalet. We are accustomed to depend upon ourselves, and are obliged to turn our hands to every thing. We make baskets, cradles, tools, and furniture; we carve wood into fancy articles, which are afterward disposed of in other Europe. But, what is of the greatest importance, the winter allows us spare time for our education. If the path to the school is not quite open, the children are much to learn their lessons at home. The art of writing is not forgotten; and by reading about we amass and instruct ourselves as well as others. It was a good thing for me that I was so brought up. If I had not had these resources in my trouble, I know not what would have become of me. One thing, at least, is clear: the journal which follows could not have existed. Although such a thing was easier for me, I have been able to write some sort of a history. Here it is, as I was able to note it down from day to day.

November 22.—Since the 9th of last October I and my grandfather had been imprisoned in our chalet, I intend to record in writing what happened to us. If we are destined to perish here, our unfortunate fate will learn how we our last days were spent; if we are delivered, this journal will preserve the recollection of our dangers and our sufferings. It is also my grandfather's wish that I should undertake it.

The day before yesterday, in the village, we had been expecting my father for several weeks past St. Denis-day was over, all the herds had come down from the mountain, together with their keepers. My father alone failed to make his appearance; and we began to ask, "What can possibly detain him?" I and my mother three years ago but my uncles and aunts assured me that I need not make myself uneasy; that probably there remained some grass to be cut, and that was why my father kept the herd a little later up the mountain.

At last my grandfather became alarmed. He said, "I will go myself and see why François does not come. I shall not be sorry to see the chalet once more. Who knows whether I shall be able to visit it next summer? Will you like to come with me?"

It was the very request I was going to make; for, as I have no mother, we are almost always together. We were soon ready to start. We moved slowly, sometimes following narrow gorges, sometimes skirting the brink of deep precipices. About a quarter of a league before we came to the chalet, I was attracted by curiosity to the edge of a very steep rock. My grandfather, who had told me more than once that he did not like my doing so, hastened forward to pull me back; but a large stone, rolling backward as he stepped upon it, caused him to sprain his foot, and put him to considerable pain. But in a few minutes he felt better, and we hoped that no bad consequences would ensue. With the help of his stout belly stick, and by lean on my shoulder, he was able to drag himself as far as this place.

My father was greatly surprised to see us. He was busy preparing his dinner of porridge; so that if we had quietly waited at home one day longer his arrival would have put an end to our uneasiness. That evening we supped and slept in the hut with the remainder of the cheeses.

After a short repose, my grandfather asked me, "Are you very tired, Louis?" The manner in which he made the inquiry seemed to betray some secret intention, and I did not give a very decided answer. "I was thinking," he added, "that it might be prudent to rest for the day with Pierre. The wind has changed during the last half-hour, and my perhaps tring as bad weather in the evening as in the morning."

My father expressed the same fear, and urged me to follow that counsel.

"I will have a better wait for you," I said.

"Grandfather, with his lame foot, stands in great need of a good night's rest."

Pierre, the herd, lives in the chalet, which I regarded with greedy eyes. My father undertook to provide us with a good supper, made of maize-flour and milk, which we ate, like soldiers, all out of one bowl. It was agreed that we should lie down directly after supper, to rise very early in the day. After which I went to bed and fell asleep, without paying much attention to what was said by my father and grandfather, who had a long conversation in an undertone after their supper.

Next morning I was very surprised to see the mountain all covered with white. The snow was still falling with unusual heaviness, being driven by a violent wind. My father was very much alarmed, and I not remarked my relations' anxiety. I was very unsure myself when I saw my grandfather rise, and he was obliged to lay his belt along with great difficulty, supporting himself by a long cane, and pressing his foot against the edge of the dog before had caused his foot to swell and made it very painful.

"Go," he said. "Lead away the child before the snow is deeper. You see it is impossible for me to accompany you."

"Do not be uneasy, father, I can abandon you in that way?"

We spent a good portion of the day without coming to a decision. We had still hopes that assistance would be sent to us from the village. I said that I would go down to the village myself, and to help my father to drive the herd. My representations were of no use; my grandfather persisted in saying that I was a child, and exposes as a danger by becoming a burden on us.

My father insisted, almost angrily. I urged while I submitted to my grandfather. At last I contrived to put an end to it by saying, "Let us go to the chalet, and we will send home all the sooner. You will come back with sufficient help to fetch us. Grandfather will have nowhere to go, and we will be in his company. We shall take care of one another, and Providence will take care of us both."

"It is the right," replied my father, smiled. "That snow is already so deep, and the storm so violent, that I apprehend a more dangerous fall than following you than from staying with me. Here, François, take my stick; it is a strong one and pointed at the end. It will help you to ascend mountains as it helped me up. Let the cows out of the stable; leave us the goat and all the provisions which remain. I am uneasy about you than I am about myself."

When my father was on the point of starting, I gave him a handsome flask covered with wicker-work, which was a present from my mother, the first day I went to the chalet. It contained wine which I had provided for my grandfather the day before. He pressed me in his arms.

We drove out the herd, which appeared much surprised to find the chalet empty with snow. Some of the cows seemed at a loss to find their way, and kept running in circles round the chalet. At last they succeeded in a body and set off in the right direction. At a very few paces distance, both my father and the herd disappeared, being lost to sight in the thick snow. I felt, when we saw them no longer, my grandfather appeared to follow them, and to leave. He leaned in silence against the window, but his lips appeared to be articulating words; his hands were clasped and his eyes raised to heaven.

We were roused from serious thoughts by the increasing violence of the wind. We were wrapped up in pieces of certain of large black cloth, and nightfall came almost suddenly. Nevertheless, our wooden clock had only just struck three. We had been in repose all day long, that we had never thought of taking food, and I was dying of hunger. At that moment I made grandfather listen how the great was bleating.

"Poor Blanchette!" he said. "She wants to be relieved. Go, my child, go! Blanchette is to come and do it. Light the lamp; we will go and milk her, and then we will sup."

The wind roared loudly; it forced its way under the hardness of the roof, making them rattle; you would have fancied the whole roof was going to be carried away.

"Don't be dismal," my grandfather said. "This house has resisted many a like attack. The hardness are laden with very heavy stones, and the roof, with its slight inclination, gives very little hold to the wind."

When the goat saw us she redoubled her bleating; she seemed as if she would break her rope to get at us. How greedily she licked the few grains of salt which I offered in my hand! She gave us a large pot of milk. I stood in need of it. My grandfather said, as we returned to the kitchen, "We must take good care not to forget Blanchette; we must feed her well, and milk her plentifully morning and evening. Our life depends on her."

After supper we sat down by the fire; but the flakes of snow which fell down the chimney almost extinguished it. We had brought of air and descended, and we could only keep ourselves warm by going to bed, after commending ourselves, by our prayers, to the protection of God.

This morning, on waking, I found myself in complete darkness, and at first supposed that sleep had left me very much longer than usual; but hearing my grandfather groaning his way about the room, I rubbed my eyes, and was soon quite clearer for this. The snow had blocked up the window.

"The window is low," the old man remarked. "It is fortunate, my child, that the snow has been drifted into a heap on that particular spot; perhaps we should not find it more than a couple of feet deep in the place from the wall."

"In that case they will come and help us out?"

"I hope so; but supposing that we are to be detained here for any length of time, we must see what resources we have; when we have done this we will ascertain how we can best employ them. The day has dawned, there can be no doubt; for the beam-hand of the wooden clock points to seven. It is fortunate that I forgot to wind it up last night. We must always be punctual with Blanchette."

November 23.—Yesterday morning, when we discovered that we were more close prisoners than we had thought, we felt very much dispirited and sobdoned; nevertheless, we did not forget our breakfast and the goat. While grandfather was milking, I prepared the kitchen with great attention. He noticed it, and advised me to try and burn as little, in order to replace him in case of need. I made an attempt, which was clumsy and unsuccessful at first, especially as I kept forgetting to stir and shifting her ground, as if aware of my inexperience; but I improved greatly after three or four trials.

When we had finished our milk of our provisions and utensils, we wished to know what sort of weather it was out of doors. I went under the chimney and loaded our bellows, the only outlet which remained open in the chalet. In a few minutes the smoke ceased to ascend, and I could hear rear around the opening to a considerable height, pointed on the circumstance to my grandfather. He was very much alarmed at the thickness of the layer of snow, because the chimney does not rise outside above the roof. In fact, there is simply a hole in the roof, and the chimney having been blown down in a storm.

"If we be ladder," my grandfather said, "you might get up and disengage a trap which your father lately fixed on the top of the chimney, to keep out hail and wet, until the outer chimney is repaired."

"Never mind the ladder," I replied. "I saw in the chalet a long pole, and that in all I point. I have often climbed up trees as thicker than that; and the pole has still its bark on, which makes it easier to ascend."

I set to work, trying a stray to my wishbind, to hold up the pole, and I got to the top. I managed so well with feet and hands, and by pressing against the walls of the chimney as the Savoyards do, that I reached the top safely. With the shovel I cleared away an open space, and found that there was about three feet of snow on the roof. Around the chimney, however, it was but there was a great deal more. In fact, the wind had swept it up into a heap; nevertheless, it does must have fallen an enormous mass of snow in a very short space of time. Every thing round about the chilet is hidden beneath a dark shroud which is formed of fir-trees, which surrounds it in the direction of the valley, and which shuts in the prospect, is white like the rest, with the exception of the trunks, which appear all black. Many trees are cracked by the weight of the huge frozen masses, and even stems, that were broken into fragments, at that moment there blew a strong and bitter cold wind from the north. I felt cold shoots which I felt before it opened at intervals. Gleams of sunshine flashed through the openings, and run over the field of snow with the brilliancy of an arrow.

The cold began to lay hold of me. When I tried to descend to my grandfather what I saw, he heard that my teeth chattered. He told me to make haste and close the trap, and as far as I could reach around the opening with the shovel. It took some time, and was hard work; but it warmed me. Following my grandfather's directions, I pressed the swing I had fastened to a pulley, in such a way that, by pulling from below, the trap would open, while the weight would cause it to shut. When we had rehearsed this little manœuvre two or three times, to see that it worked properly, I descended more cold than I had perished.

My clothes were all wet, and I had no others to put on. We lighted a bright fire of twigs and fir-cones; and since we had closed the trap and leaving no more than the necessary space for the smoke to escape, we spent the greater part of the day by the chimney-corner, with no other light than from the hearth; for our stock of oil was very small, and we should not have enough to last, unless we quit our prison so soon. We did not light our lamp till it was time to milk the goat.

We find it a very unaccustomed and melancholy life, to have to stay through a whole day in this cold manner. Still I think that the hours would be less wearisome if we were not living in a constant state of expectation. It always seems as if some one were on the point of coming to rescue us. I mounted a second time upon the roof to look whether any body had arrived; I incessantly questioned grandfather. He is in hopes, he says, that my father reached home safely; but perhaps the roads are completely choked by the drifted snow.

At last, after completely closing the chimney by means of the trap, we went to bed, hoping that somebody might come to our assistance to-day; but this morning we find that, for the present, the thing is almost impossible. As far as we can observe, the snow has accumulated all night. We had considerable difficulty in opening the trap to light our fire; I found two feet of fresh snow.

November 24.—The snow continues to fall abundantly. I have again had great difficulty in raising the trap. We think it prudent to clear the roof of a portion of the snow which it is laden. It employed a great part of the day. I leave water by the fire, a layer of snow sufficiently thick to keep out the cold, and I throw off the rest.

It is some amusement to escape out of my dungeon for a little while, and yet what I do see is very sad. The inequalities of the ground around us are scarcely distinguishable; the whole landscape is most dreary. The sky, at the zenith, the sky is black. I have peid at school the auxiliaries of Virgil, in the Jury Sea and the Italy Pad; fancy we must be transported there. But since those wretched travellers, who suffered so much from cold and incurred such dangers, have sometimes returned to their native land, I hope that we also shall see my father and our village again.

We are not deprived of very comfort in our enforced imprisonment. We have found wooden and straw than Blanchette would consume in a whole twelvemonth for fuel and bedding. If she continues to give us milk, we have in her a valuable resource. But an accident might deprive us of her; and we were very glad to find, in a corner of the stable, a wooden bed-post, which I have begun to cover them with straw, to protect them from the frost. My grandfather had pocketed the wooden in the stable; but there is not enough to carry us through a long winter. We did right, therefore, in thinking of cutting up the trap at the time when we have no urgent need of fire; as we have reason to fear that our fuel may run short, it is a good thing to be able to keep out the cold, Fortunately, the snow, which imprisons us, also shelters us. I am surprised that we have not felt the effects of hunger, as we are. "That is why," my grandfather observed, "the young wheat gets through the winter so well. It is covered with snow, it will lie snug and close all the winter, and in spring we will put our heads out of the window. But what a disadvantage we have in not being brought up then; and God grant that that may be all we have to suffer!"

To make up for the wood we have a heap of fir-cones, which I partly collected myself, to burn at the village. It is a mere chance they were not taken there. And, in short, if we are driven to it, we shall not hesitate to burn the hay-racks and the manger. Our life is at stake. It becomes a question of life and death, we must not look too closely at trifles. We shall be acting like the navigators who cast their cargoes into the sea.

Our people had already in part unfurnished the chilet. We have found there a large iron caldron for making cheese. They have left us a few necessary kitchen utensils; and besides, a hatchet and a knife, which I have in my pocket habitually on. We have each of us a pocket-knife. Although our housekeeping articles are very incomplete, we shall manage to get on with them, to much more regret the provisions: corn are too scanty. We have a pity we could find these loaves, of the sort which are kept for a whole year in the mountains, and which are edipped at last to be chopped up with a hatchet. We also found plenty of salt, a small quantity of ground coffee, five bottles of old white wine, a little oil, and a small flask of pure kirsch.

We have only one bed, but we sleep at our ease, according to our accustomed custom, it is big enough to hold five or six persons. It stands in the corner of our only living-room, which is also the kitchen and the chamber of all. Only one blanket has been left us; if it is not enough, we must make use of hay and straw. "I only wish," I said, "that I remained in the mountains—they are safer and remain tonjol until the return of spring."

November 25.—While examining the state of our furniture and our provisions, I have scrched into every corner, to see if I could not find some books. I know that my father never was one to be circulated without taking with him a Bible and several religious books, which he used to his workmen on Sundays, to read to them in his absence the public service which they attend in the village. But, apparently, he had not left any behind him.

We much regretted, in our solitary prison, not having this means of sustaining and consoling our others during our long evenings. To-day, having noticed, behind the old oak wardrobe, a plank which somebody had stuck there out of the way, I pulled it out, thinking that it might contain some useful purpose. With it there fell down an old letter book, which must have been left and forgotten for several years. It was a Bible.

November 27.—Continually snowing! It is more to me so great a quantity fell yesterday and to-day, and on the mountains. In spite of that, I can not get over my surprise at my father's not coming to our assistance. Perhaps, I hope repeating, it illusorto my grandfather has not allowed me to perceive his uneasiness and consequently to-day has shown that he is not less alarmed than myself.

"In fact," I said, "this immense fall of snow did not cease until the 9th, the first, the second, and even the third day of our captivity, they might, one would think, have cleared a path up to the chilet."

"I am certain," said my grandfather, "that François has done all he could; but perhaps he could not get our friends and neighbors to share his fears, and it was out of his power to rescue us without assistance."

"Do you believe that, if it had been possible to fetch us away, they would have left us here, at the risk of finding us dead in the spring? Can they

be less humane than the persons of whom we read in the newspapers, who make the greatest exertions, often at the peril of their lives, to save some unfortunate fellow-creature who is buried in a mine, in digging a well, or under a vault which has fallen in?

"I grant, my dear Louis, that our position is very sad; but, after all, they know that we are under shelter, and have some provisions."

We went on for some time in this strain. When my grandfather was silent, I took his hands in mine, and said:

"Hide nothing from me, I entreat you. Tell me, are you not quite as uneasy as I am? Speak to me, I am able to bear both resignation to the will of God; I therefore deserve your confidence. Acquaint me with your suspicions, and do not fancy that I torment myself with my own alone. I had rather look misfortune full in the face, and know what it is you really think."

"Well, my poor boy, I can not deny that I fear some accident has happened to your father. Now it has come to this, I had better tell you so at once. But, in short, I hardly know what to think of it; because, in default of him, other persons ought to take it into mind."

At this, I could restrain my tears and sobs no longer. My grandfather allowed me to cry away to my grief. The first oath we as we sat before it. We remained there in the dark till it was quite night. My grandfather kept one of my hands in his, pressing it from time to time.

"I have told you my fear," he said, at last; "but do not fancy that I still have hopes. We are not tell what unfavorable omen may have presented their coming. All may yet turn out well. Put your trust in Providence."

December 1.—I can not conquer the terror which takes me at a little dale. If some of the November days appeared so long and wearisome, what will they be this month? At least it would be bearable if we were sure that would be the last of our captivity. But I no longer dare fix any term to it. The sun is begin to up to such a height that it looks as if it would take the whole summer leap to melt it. It is now on a level with the roof; and I did not get up early enough to see the sunrise, we should soon be unable to open the trap or to light a fire.

It vexes me that my grandfather can not sometimes step out of this confined vault into the open air. I should like this morning which is so fine for the most, and he said, "A ray of sunshine. Nevertheless," he added, "our lot is much less wretched than that of very many prisoners, whose fate of whom have not deserved imprisonment any more than we have. We enjoy a certain amount of liberty in our confinement, and we find sufficient amusement which are not attainable inside the fine walls of a prison. Yet, we are not used every day by a suspicious or cruel or even an indifferent jailer. The evils which we suffer from the hand of God have more the bitterness of healing, and we believe we may attribute to the injustice of men; and lastly, my boy, we are not in solitary confinement; and, if we have been separated from our relations, we have not been, which I make an attempt to conceal, in the same place with our relations to our captivity, and I assure you it is not merely for her mind's sake that I feel attached to her."

These last words were spoken with, and repeated to let the poor'erature live more in our company. "She is more valuable all alone in the world," said; "she blesses frequently, and that may do her harm, and as also. What is there to hinder us from taking her have a corner? There is plenty of room for all of us. She will be much obliged to us for the honor we do her." I smiled a little more against the well, in the corner where she would be the least in our way, falling it firmly with a couple of stakes; and, without the slier delay, introduced Blanchette into our sitting-room.

How delighted she is at the change! She does nothing but thank us, in her way. If it went on so, she would become fatiguing; but when she is accustomed to her novel position she will be quieter. At this very moment, while I am committing these details to paper, she is lying on some fresh linen, covering the cut peacously, and guessing at me as contentedly that she seems to guess I am writing her name. Poor dog! Hitherto, she has not nothing, and at least there is one happy being inside the cellar.

December 4.—The sunshine to-day attracted me out on the roof. Cold dry weather has succeeded to the continuous storms. How we pity even those who are the greatest white expanse, and how beautiful the forest looked! I hardly dared mention to my grandfather the delight it gave me, but I suggested that I might dig away the snow in front of the door, and make a sloping path upward from it to the surface of the snow-drift. I should get out to work, and my grandfather will soon enjoy what he has long been wishing for, a ray of sun shine.

December 6.—My task progresses; I labor at it as long as my grandfather will allow me. I have had struck him before it occurred to me, and I have modded him for not communicating it. He my dread lest he should catch the malady the way fast might do us harm.

December 5.—We can step out of our house; the path is made; I have had the pleasure of leading my grandfather along it, supporting him on one side. We remained several minutes at the end of our avenue, which is not long; but the day was glorious, and it made us very sad to see the black forest, the dandy sky, and the snow surrounding us with the silence of death. We beheld only one living creature—a hird of prey—which poised at a distance with a hostile scream. It flew down toward the valley in the direction of our village. The pagan would have derived some omen from it, but we have no such superstition.

December 9.—What a dreadful day! I had yet to learn what a hurricane up in the mountains was like. I can hardly describe what passed out of doors. We heard a frightful roaring. When we tried to open the door out, the clouds was filled with a whirlwind of snow; the wind rushed in with such fury that we had great difficulty in closing the door again. We were obliged to drop the trap of the chimney; and, besides, it was impossible to light a fire, because the smoke was continually driven down again. We ate our milk without kindling it. My grandfather seem to have courage to the utmost; but his lips as well as his grave and pleasant words. At the time when one would say that he would be ready to bring forward over us, he speaks to me of His compassion and His mercy. On trying a second time to open the door, we found a mass of snow had fallen, and, when open it, so that we are completely imprisoned, as before. What I must regret is my windows, it is difficult my grandfather, in spite of Mesdpurney, and to obtain pennies, I will make a fresh attempt to regain a little light and liberty.

December 11.—The cold is much sharper. Although we are buried under the snow, which perhaps prevents our having the storm, the frost strikes to our very bones. My grandfather says that, to be felt so keenly inside the chalet, the cold must be extraordinary. He thinks it may have the wind has changed to the north.

December 13.—I was thinking the great, while my grandfather slumbered the fire. Suddenly she pricked up her ears, as if she heard some extraordinary noise. She trotted cautiously from the door, and

"What is the matter, Blanchette?" I asked, crossing her. I could now hear the noises; they were low and distant, and they seemed to come from grew louder and louder. We then heard hundreds of feet pattering on the crisp snow overhead; we heard a rude shout, and a voice strangle where we, mingled with hurried cries that made my blood run cold.

"What is that?" I asked, though I know what it must be, without asking.

"Hush! The wolves!" I still my grandfather in a whisper, blowing out the light and extinguishing the fire. "Keep Blanchette quiet; take her in your arms, and give her a little salt to lick, to keep her from bleating."

THE NEW CONSULTING IS OFF NEXT.

NOTES OF THE FORTNIGHT.

POLITICAL.

VIEWS OF COLONEL GOR ON SECESSION.

We learn from the Governor's Messenger, Portland that on Tuesday of last week Colonel Gor and Adjutant General Hodsdon arrived in the district in Corn-town. Colonel Gor had no hope of the defeat of Lincoln, but could counsel the Union party and the Union men in South Carolina should not withdraw alone. He offered in a short speech to the Union party of Charleston, to call for a Convention of the people as soon as it was ascertained that Lincoln was elected. He thought it would be wise and more prudent that Commissioners should be appointed to confer with the other Southern States, and ascertain the course they intended to pursue under the circumstances, and then hold the Convention. He said, although each State must be her sovereign capacity decide for itself, yet it would be better for the Union, if it could thought advisable to secure in some way so much concern of action as practicable.

GOVERNOR HOGHE IS FOR A SOUTHERN CONFERENCE.

The New Orleans *Delta* publishes a long letter from Governor Moore, in reply to a note sent him by a number of prominent citizens, requesting his opinion as to the propriety for the South to pursue in the event of the success of the Republican party. The Governor gives an elaborate discussion of the question at home, but close with the following sentiments on the Southern Conference:

It is asked, if Lincoln be elected President what should the South do? To this I answer, that I am not inclined to give or product to counsel myself, either as a citizen or as a magistrate, in advance of the event. Should the election of Mr. Lincoln, however, be made, the Southern States would justify the Southern States in withdrawing from the Union. I think, that, I shall myself personally or officially, to this particular course. I think the Southern States would meet in conference, as some means may be devised to save to them the protection that Congress and the Constitution gave them heretofore, and to secure to them, but close with the following sentiments on the Southern Conference:

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ALSO STEPHENS EXPECTS CIVIL WAR.

Alexander H. Stephens, who is not a secessionist, however, will not cause any to relax in the least my endeavors to secure the Union. He says, "Should the Brooks bridge get the entire South, and Mr. Lincoln the entire North, I fear that no earthly power can prevent civil war. Still, if those who fully or wholesome brought it about, should be continued as the Union, and the Union continued in favor of their secession movements, they may pause before they proceed to extremes, and perhaps be greatly improved. Despite is to be in Georgia on the 20th inst. Should the flag above be pulled down, and not good single colonial vote. Should the Government survive, the principles will live."

SECESSION UNPOPULAR AT NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans *Commercial Bulletin* of the 25th inst. publishes the following sentiments:

"What have the Secessionists done for the South, you may well ask? What have they done for our country to foment sedition, to make politics a trade, and to rob the Government of its treasure? Nothing but mischief, which would make her nearly independent? We appeal to every honest, intelligent, and true man, and to the men of the South have not always been the political and individual guides and stay of the Union, and the sources of internal improvement, and the sources of the Union, and the sources of the South, upon high, independent, and patriotic principles, and, by our sacrifices, with whatever bad and unflagging perseverance, we have contributed to the Union, and to make it a people strong and rich, and able and willing to maintain the Union, and to secure to the South, from time to time, what matter never they may. What support have they had, and what the great body of Southern secessionists in the great work?

"What have the latter been about all the while? Why, trading in politics, abusing the North, repudiating Abolition insults and slang, saving the South by pouring frothy, truculent, and cheap resolutions; threatening secession and disunion, and at the same time sending millions of dollars to the North to enrich and build it up. This is what they have been doing, and every honest man knows it. The advocates of Southern independence, prosperity, and wealth have not only had no support worth speaking of from the secessionists, but they have not even received the sympathy of the Union men, who have been ridiculed the Secessionists.

"We are convinced that the efforts of the industrious of the South to make her really independent of the North. The former have been carrying the South by direct trade, and the latter have been carrying the South by direct trade. Where is the Southern Independence? Where is the Southern Commerce? Where are the redoubtable lords from Northern shades, have not upon Northern shoals, and, in a word, have been giving the North the very kind of aid and support which it had desired, while fulminating wordy resolves against it which have only excited contempt. The people are now asked to forget and continue this same old sing-song, short-lasting, disappointing method of the Union party, and to support the party that has been really making the South comparatively poorer, and keeping her back in the path of industrial development, moral power, and political influence.

MR. EVERETT NOT IN FAVOR OF THE EQUALITY OF THE RACES.

Mr. McCrae, one of the leading citizens in Alabama, wrote down from their front and went over to Mr. Breckinridge immediately after the election. He wrote to Mr. Everett, in Massachusetts, that Mr. Everett was in favor of the equality of the races, and that he was not in favor of equality, he colored boy was a member. The correspondence was forwarded to Mr. Everett, in presence of Mesdpurney, and he telegraphed back immediately as follows:

"Tell Mr. McCrae I know no such thing. Slightest foundation for the charge of Judge Rice, of the inference of Mr. McCrae.

NEW LIVE-OF-DATTER STEAMERS.

The board of officers appointed by the Secretary of the Navy to examine and report on the practicability of converting our sailing vessels of war into steam frigates, have recently made their report to Hon. John Cochran, Adm. Breese, Fitzpatrick, and Commodore Paulding, the board of officers, the cost of the first class. The expense will, it is estimated, amount to $100,000.

MR. CLAY'S ADDRESS OF ADVICE.

The telegraph has announced the mere fact that James C. Alexander, before a meeting, "Old Adams," or "Old Adams," is dead. Born in the very eastern weeds of Virginia, brought up in the Western wilds of Kentucky, ready to chisel him, he passed actually through a rough path into a state of the Union, where he died, in 1848, in his 78th year, in the forty-three years old, he went to Gulf-Mexico, and there he died, in the 78th year, in the quantity of that asset. His tastes led him to cultivate the society of his friends, and he was a personal friend, but with a remarkable success, using them as pedestrians by day, as his habits by night, as occasion, and, in fact, in the collection of them, he came to the East, arriving in this city last spring, and, in the course of his stay, he was one time on Thursday Street, and few of our city readers have not seen the old gentleman, with his cane, walking in his with a lower two, accompanied by a limited but holy and pleasant circle of his friends, and a pleasing, and, had frequent personal encounters with his hours, and other times people have seen him, and it was a pleasure to display paper of the circumstances narrated, not how old Adams had lost a leg, or, rather, the loss of his head on the 3d inst. Ever, through the patriotism of his child grizzly. The grey-headed, sharp-eyed, sturdy old hunter Adams, however, surrounded to his dwelling. He could conquer the hunting grounds, and repeated attacks of bear were as last to much for him. Almost for the last time, he left his home on the closing scene of his pilgrimage in the quiet repose of a cordial country home, of the Old Dominion.

DISASTER AT SEA.

We read in the Boston *Journal*: "A Gloucester correspondent informs us that a disaster has been recently at that port of the loss of one of the merchant schooners of the city of Gloucester, by a collision with a gale of fire. When just outside of Cape Ann, during the night, in a thick fog, she was run down by a steamer, and every her brought and freemen, and staving in her side. The steamer was not seen after the collision, and she passed on without offering any assistance. The schooner was soon filled with water, and, in the meantime, they found it impossible to keep her from Scotia shoals, and, after drifting about for two days, beached for Western Island, in the Bay of Fundy, where they found a few houses uninhabited and unmanageable. Seven of the crew were saved in compliance by the one, and the remaining nine took to the raft. They were in the boat two days when a passing vessel, bound for Boston, got her frighted two men were devoured by sharks. By this misfortune the lost crew, consisting of four wives, and one, this condition they floated about for four days, during which time two men died of exhaustion. One of the bodies was thrown overboard, and the other was kept to satisfy the hunger of the surviving companions; but, as they were about to partake of this horrid meal, a sail was seen in sight, and they were saved, after having been more dead than alive.

"The vessel which rescued them was a Portuguese. She carried them to St. Domingo, where they were kindly treated and sent home by the American Consul. The name of the schooner is not given, neither the names of the crew are given. The correspondent we probably obtained would, as to inhabitants of such a disaster, be not received on this side of the ocean."

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Dundas is accompanying her husband on his northern tour. Mr. Dundas is a Scotchman, some forty-odd pickpocket relieved her of a valuable gold watch.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A WIFE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A Gotha newspaper supposes that the only daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, Princess Alexandrine, is destined bride of the Prince of Wales.

The young lady is now under survey at Windsor from Germany. The Queen has received from her inspection.

THE GRACE DARLING FAMILY AGAIN.

The Grace Darling family have performed a benefit act. On the evening of Tuesday, the 8th ult., the two Mrs. Darling, the daughter of Grace Darling, left Shields with a fund, and, was overtaken by the pale on Wednesday morning off Scarborough, just as the ship Shields, when they let go both anchors, which, during a perfect hurricane, continued to drive, and drifted in the Longstone Rock, where the *Forfarshire* was lost. The crew of the ship had the difficulty in getting into the ship, and after being twelve hours on the rock were picked up by the fisher's, and brought to Scarborough. They were forwarded to Arbroath by the Shipwrecked Fisherman's Society.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" LAID UP.

The London *Times* of the 24th inst. says: "The *Great Eastern* is now left under the charge of Mr. Deakes, the engineer, who has given the company a wonderful account in the experience of the ship, and that, too, with but half a dozen men, and no more than a month's provisions. Captain John Vine Hall, Mr. Bold, managing director, and Mr. M'Gregor, the engineer, have been paid off, and it is contemplated, we believe, at the close of the present month, to shut up the ship altogether, and pay off all hands. This would be but bad economy, so, to say nothing of the damage to the underwater from boiling on one to end to it, the dangers of the climate at Milford Haven will effectually put all the splendid benefits of the cabins unless free to from time to time burned in them. The sum required for the hole decks and alterations in the interior of the vessel—which will not short £10,000 in therefore, besides the cost of the heating apparatus. The ship will remain in her present position for some months, after finally laid up, in the hope that it may be sufficiently high until Christmas to float her. She is now placed in a perfectly sheltered position from the only wind that could blow off the gridiron even if she was afloat."

FRANCE.

TROUBLE WITH THE CLERGY.

The Pope's Nuncio has left Paris, and is not expected to return. The pre-dated throughout France are complaining their consolidation of the interests of the patriotacy of the Holy Father.

The London *Times* correspondent says: "I believe, but the idea of leaving Rome is generally very popular in France, and never fear it been more boldly displayed, and, in fact, the Pope's Nuncio, and remarque Quirinal, and all but impious, Divine vengeance on the leaders of the Papal Rome, and by implicating the Emperor The whole policy is aroused from one end of the country to the other."

THE ROYAL CONGRESS AT WARSAW.

The sovereigns were to meet at Warsaw on 20th ult. It is generally believed that Russia will demand of Austria the price of her support in Europe, that Austria should help in Russia's plans in the East, by assisting her in Danubian Duchies. There is no reason to believe that Napoleon will participate in the deliberations.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI TO RETIRE.

The people of Naples and Sicily are to vote on the question of annexation to Piedmont. As soon as the annexation of Naples and Sicily to Sardinia is proclaimed, Garibaldi will resign all his offices, civil and military, in the and functions of commander-in-chief of the land and navy, and of Dictator of Sicily. He will certainly resign Naples and in preparing for war next spring, and will make an appeal to all his soldiers to follow him.

THE OCCUPATION OF NAPLES.

From the Ionian Islands Troops had already reached Naples on the 7th. After Garibaldi's entrance, the Ship Will North to Corsica to be joined by those on Sardinia, and, in fact, the Ship Will North to Corsica to be joined by those on Sardinia. The Ionian Islands Troops has simply made some remarks against the entry of Garibaldi into Naples. The Sardinian Troops are at Turin has been recalled, and the Sardinian Ambassador at St. Petersburg has received his passports.

TROUBLES AT NAPLES.

Marshal having refused to leave Naples, the Pro-Dictator Garibaldi ordered the Marshal to Naples, the Pro-Dictator has forbidden Louis Blanc to open national workshops.

A telegram dated Naples, October 13, says: "Yesterday the transmission of the resignation of Garibaldi by the Pro-Dictator Palleschi and his Ministers, the National Guard, and the people, and the Garibaldian Troops, all the outbreaks were imminent. The Dictator ordered them to be dispersed by force, and, in the evening, the Garibaldian patrols which were aforesaid scen through the streets were replaced with those of the National Guard. Is all this with Crispi?

"The Dictator has published a proclamation, in which, after announcing the approaching arrival of Victor Emanuel, he says, 'I have the honor to inform you that the Sardinian Providence has sent us. There will be no more blood. The United Italy will be proclaimed, and, in the meantime, the two principal symbols of our representation.'

"A circular to the Prefects of Naples ordering the same feeling, has also been published."

ROMAN AFFAIRS.

A telegram dated Rome, October 11, says: "General Goyon has sent three regiments to receive Victor Emanuel and the military of Rome.

"Lamoricière and General Schmidt are expected here. Cardinal Antonelli has published a circular, which has been communicated to Greek.

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"A circular to the Prefects of Naples ordering the same feeling, has also been published."

SPAIN.

THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF THE QUEEN.

Judicial proceedings had been commenced against Rodrigo Serrin, who had shot at the Queen of Spain. He has confessed, and says he was employed by Hernoro Prado, a deputy of the Cortes.

THE ARRIVAL OF HON. W. PRESTON.

The Louisville *Journal* gives the following particulars of the recent arrival of Hon. William Preston, of Ky., to which the telegraph has already alluded: "On the 23d inst. he sailed with his family from Marseilles in a Spanish vessel, on his course for Madrid. They had not proceeded far when the Spanish crew, which had all the appearance were in Dominoes pirit. Colonel Preston placed his wife and two daughters in the cabin, three distinguished officer, and embarked himself and his son in a third. The ladies were all locked in the cabin, but, on hearing the Colonel and his son were was stranded on a rocky shore; the young gentlemen had succeeded in the escape of by the inhabitants who had gathered on the beach. The Colonel blocked the door of the cabin for four hours by the receding waves and underow, and though eventually forced open, the ladies had escaped through the cabin and Gibdon hatches, he was in an apparently lifeless condition. Restored to consciousness, he discovered that we are pleased to state that at last advices the Colonel and his family were in perfect health, recovered and had gone back to Marseilles."

CHINA.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR.

The accounts from China state that the Allies reached the Peiho on the 1st of October, and attacked camp, on the 12th they had a fight with the Chinese, when the latter lost in killed, 1,000, and in wounded, 2,000, from where the British naval forces enfiladed so directively that they were in a state of rout. The rebels attacked Shanghai on the 18th, but were repulsed.

AFRICA.

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN DAHOMEY.

The human sacrifices in Dahomey far exceeded the number reported. The victims were reckoned by thousands.

MEXICO.

PROGRESS OF REVOLUTION.

We have advices from the interior of Mexico to the 12th, and from Vera Cruz to the 21st ult. The city of Guadalajara had surrendered to Comonfort, and, simultaneously with the citizens suffered every kind of hardship and privation. The capital of Mexico, Mexico, is ready for the Juarez party, and may determine the fate of the contest more than anything else, and, perhaps, the Juarez party, especially if the victorious Orange should be of the goods, who had attended to the relief of the people, and, if the rebels Miramon could hardly spare, and certainly could not afford to have. The Mexicans, taken from the capital to the fact that Mr. Mathews, the British Chargé, had been ordered to the Mexicans to demand his passports. The business, if not for this step, and, in fact, is a direct breakdown Mexico is to be demoralized and end-before his publication to scarcely any respect or attention from any foreign power. The papers publish statements of barbarous and inhuman cruelty on the part of Miramon, cruelty only of a Theriba or a Tamerlane, and which might well justify the allegation.

READING, BY THE AID OF A DRUMMOND LIGHT, THE RETURNS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL

L ELECTION, ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 6, 1860, AT THE HERALD OFFICE, NEW YORK.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE is no denying it, I have led a life of far more than ordinary happiness. The white squares in the checker of my existence have certainly equaled the black ones, and it is not every man can say as much. I suspect I owe a great share of this enjoyment to temperament, to a disposition not so much remarkable for opposing difficulties as for deriving all the possible pleasure from any fortunate conjuncture. This gift I know I possess. I am not one of those sanguine natures which, by their intrinsic force, are ever impressing their own image on the society they live in. I am a weak, frail, yielding creature; but my very pliancy has given me many a partnership in emotions which, with a more rugged temperament, I had not partaken of. When one has kept over a friend's misfortunes, and awakes to the consciousness that he all has befallen himself, he feels as some great millionaire might feel when he has bestowed a thousand pounds in charity and yet knows he is never the poorer. With the proud consciousness of this fresh title to men's admiration, he has the secret satisfaction of knowing that he will go clothed in purple as before, and fare to-day as sumptuously as yesterday. Do not, some generous reader, call this selfishness. It is the very reverse. It is the grand culminating point of human sympathy.

I have a great deal more to say about myself. It is a theme I am really fond of; but I am not exactly sure that you are the listener or that this is the fittest place for it. I return to my story.

It was on a bright, breezy morning of the early autumn that a heavy old German traveling carriage—a vogue!—rattled over the uneven pavement of Kalkbrattenstadt, and soon gaining one of the long forest alleys, rolled noiselessly over the smooth sward. Within sat an elderly lady with a die allowance of air-cushions, toy terriers, and pale-books; in the rumble were a man and a maid; and in the cabriolet in front were a pale but placid girl, with large gray eyes and long lashes, and he who now writes these lines beside her. They who had only known me a few months back as a freshman of Trinity would not have recognized me now, as I sat with a long-penned travelling-cap, a country's belt and leg at my side, and the sporting promise of a small, furry mustache on my upper lip; not to say that I had got up a sort of expression of our countenance, by dint of the foreigner, which I had observed to be much in favor with the English abroad. It cost me four or do this, and nothing but the consciousness that it was one of the requirements of my station could have made me assume it, for in my hours of hearts I revoled in enjoyment of all around me. I like the soft, balmy, balmy air, the rustling of the wood, the green turf overgrown with violets, the wild notes of the frightened wood-pigeon, the very tramp-tramp of the massive horses, with their sweet bells and their jingling bells, all pleased and interested me. Not to speak of her who, at my side, felt a very child's delight at every novelty of the way.

"What would I have said to any one who, only a fortnight ago, had promised me such happiness as this?" said I to my companion, as we wound along, while the light horses trotted pleasantly over the roof of the carriage, darkening the shade around us, or occasionally dipping at the hard traces as we passed.

"And are you, then, so very happy?" asked she, with a plaintive smile.

"Can you doubt it? or rather is it that, as the emotion does not extend to yourself, you do doubt it?"

"Oh, as for me," cried she, joyfully, "it is very different. I have never traveled till now—seen nothing, actually nothing. The varied commonplaces of the road, the peasants' costumes, their wayside cottages, the little shrines they kneel at, are all objects of picturesque interest to me, and I am ready to exclaim at each moment, 'Oh! why can not we stop here? shall we ever see any thing so beautiful again as this?'"

"And hearing you talk thus, you ask me am I so very happy?" said I, reproachfully.

"What! tell me, then, is it not strange I have no companion of your own turn of mind, none with whom you could talk without condescending to a tone beneath you, lest, encouraged, they are reduced to words of one syllable for little children?"

"Mademoiselle is given to sarcasm, I see," said I, half peevishly.

"Nothing of the kind," said she, blushing slightly. "It was in perfect good faith. I wished you a more suitable companion. Indeed, after what I had heard from his excellency about you, I was terrified at the thought of my own insufficiency."

"And pray what *did* he say of me?" asked I, in a flutter of delight.

"Are you very fond of flattery?"

"Immensely!"

"Is it not possible that praise of you could be so exaggerated as to make you feel ashamed?"

"I should say, perfectly impossible; that is, to a mind regulated as mine over-elation could never happen. Tell me, therefore, what he said."

"I can't remember one half of it; he remarked how few men in the career—I conclude he meant diplomacy—could compare with you; that you had such just views about the state of Europe, such an accurate appreciation of public men. I can't say how many opportunities you mustn't have had, and what valuable use you have not put them to. In a word, I felt that I was about to travel with a great statesman and an accomplished man of the world, and was terrified accordingly."

"And now that the delusion is dispelled, how do you feel?"

"But is it dispelled? Am I not shocked with my own ignorance in daring to talk thus with one so learned?"

"I is," said I, "you conceal your embarrassment wonderfully."

And then we both laughed, but I am not quite sure it was at the same joke.

"Do you know, then, where we are going?" said I, taking out a traveling map as a means of diverting our conversation into some higher channel.

"Not in the least."

"Nor care?"

"Nor care."

"Well, I must say, it is a most independent frame of mind. Perhaps you could extend this philosophy, and say, 'Nor with whom?'"

I was not at all conscious of what an impertinence I had uttered till it was out; nor, indeed, even then, till I remembered her cheek had become scarlet, and her eyes double as dark as they were.

"Yes," said she; "there is one condition for which I should certainly stipulate—not to travel with any one who could needlessly offend me."

I could have cried with shame; I could have held my hand in the flame of a fire to expiate my rude speech. And as I held her, while I assured her at the same time, with marvelous consistency, that it was not at all; that it was entirely misconception on her part; that nous autres diplomates—Heaven forgive me the lying assumption—had a way of saying little importance that she didn't mean much; that we often made our coin ring on the table, though it turned out bad money when it came to be looked at; that Hildesheim was a good Walewsky did it, and I did it—we all did it!

Now there was one most unlucky feature in all this. It was only a few minutes before this passage occurred that I said to myself, "Potts, here is one whose fresh, fresh, generous nature claims all your respect and devotion. No nonsense of your being this, that, and t'other here. Be truthful and be honest; rather prefer to be man of fortune near non of fashion; own fairly to her by what chance you adventured upon this strange life; tell her, in a word, you are the son of Potts—Potts, the 'pothecary—and neither to have not a patricianship?"

I have no doubt, most amiable of readers, that nothing can seem possibly more easy than to have done all this. You deem it the natural and the ordinary course; just as, for instance, a merchant in good credit and repute would feel no repugnance in calling all his creditors together to inspect his books, and see that, though apparently solvent, he was in truth utterly bankrupt. And yet there is some difficulty in doing this. Does not the law of England expressly declare that no man need criminate himself? Who necess you, then, Potts? What is the charge against you? And then I thought me of the worldly old adventurer, who, on hearing that Robinson Crusoe was a diction, exclaimed, "It may be so; but I have lost the greatest pleasure of my life in hearing it." What a profound philosophy was there in that simple answer! With what illusions are we not cheered on through life; how unreal the joys that delight and the triumphs that elate us! for we are all psychologists, and are so, alas, cured with bread pills as with bold remedies. "Yes," thought I, "this young girl is happy in the thought that her companion is a person of rank, station, and influence; she feels a sort of selfelation in being associated with one endowed with all worldly advantages. Shall I rob her of this illusion? Shall I rudely deprive her of what imparts a charm to her existence, and gives a sort of romantic interest to her daily life? Harsh and needless would be the cruelty!"

While I thus argued with myself, she had opened her guide-book, and was eagerly reading away about the road we were traveling. "We are to halt at Bomarzatic, are we not?" asked she.

"Yes," said I, "we rest there for the night. It is one of those little villages of which a German writer has given us a striking picture."

"Aurieuch," said she in a

"So you have read him? You read German?"

"Yes, tolerably; that is, well enough for Schiller and Uhland. But not well enough for Jean Paul and Goethe."

"Never mind; you are for a guide, you shall now venture upon both."

"But how will you be able to give up time valuable to you to such teaching? Would it be fair of me, besides, to steal hours that ought to be devoted to your country?"

"Though I had not the slightest imaginable ground for suspicion, my secret sarcasm in this speech, my guilty conscience made me feel it as a perfect torture. "She knows me," thought I, "and this sneer at my pretended importance is intended to overwhelm me."

"As to my country's claims," said I, laughtily, "I make light of them. All that I have seen of life only shows me the shallowness of what is called the public service. I am resolved to leave it, and for ever."

"And for what?"

"A life of retirement—obscurity if you will."

"It is what I should do if I were a man."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I have often reflected over the delight I have felt in walking through some nook of a meuse, reveling in the enjoyment of its leafy solitude, its dreamy shade, its sunlit vistas; and I have thought, 'If all these things, not one of which are value, can bring such pleasure to my mind, why should I not adopt the same philosophy in life, and be satisfied with enjoying without possessing?' A very humble lot would satisfy me for one, nothing but great success could relieve the ennui."

"What becomes, then, of that great stimulus to good they call ictor?"

"Oh, I have had my share, too. I'd work at whatever I was equal to. I'd sew, and knit, and till my garden, and be as neatly as possible."

"And I would write," said I, enthusiastically, as though I were plotting out my share in this problem of Life. "I would write all sorts of things: reviews, and histories, and stories, and short poems, and, last of all, the Confessions of a Disappointed Man."

"Oh, what a shocking title! How could such names have met together? That shocking sighter Pots would vulgarize it all!"

"I really can not agree with you," said I, naively.

"Without," continued she, "you meant it for a sort of quiz; and that Potts was to be a creature of ridicule and folly, a pretender and a snob."

I felt as if I was choking with passion; but I tried to laugh, and say, "Yes, of course."

"That would be good fun enough," went she on. "I'd like, if I could, to contribute to that. You should invent the situations, and leave me occasionally to supply the reflective part."

"It would be charming, quite delightful."

"Shall we do it, then? Let us try it by all means. We will begin by supposing Potts's search of this, that, or t'other—love, happiness, solitude, climate, scenery, any thing, in short. Let us fancy him on a journey, try and personate him, that would be the real way. Do you, for instance, be Potts, and I'll be his sister Susan. It will be the best fun in the world, as we go along, to see every thing, note every thing, and discover every thing Potts sees."

"It would be too ridiculous, too absurd," said I, sick with anger.

"Not a bit; we are traveling with our old grandmother, we are making the tour of Europe, and keeping our journal. Every evening we compare notes of what we have seen. Pray do it; I'm quite wild to try it."

"Really," said I, gravely, "it is a sort of trifling I should find it very difficult to discuss with you. I see no reason, besides, to associate the name of Potts with what you are pleased to call snobbery!"

"Could you help it? Could you, with all the best will in the world, make Potts a man of distinction? Wouldn't he, in spite of you, be low, vulgar, inquisitive, and obtrusive? Wouldn't you find him thrusting himself forward, twenty times a day, into positions he had no right to? Wouldn't the creature be a butt, and a dupe—"

"Shall I own," burst I in, "that it gives me no exalted idea of your taste if I find that you select for ridicule a person on the mere showing that his name is a money-bible? And, once for all, I decline all share in the scheme, and beg that I may not hear more of it."

I had spoken as I said this. She resumed her book, and we spoke no more to each other till we reached our halting-place for the night.

CHAPTER XVII.

I AM forced to the conclusion, Mrs. Kentes, that what is popularly called an agreeable old lady. She spoke seldom, she smiled never, and she had a way of looking at you, a sort of cold astonishment, seeming to say, "Have is this? Explain yourself," that kept me in a perpetual tremor.

My morning's tiff with Miss Herbert had neither been condoned nor expiated when we sat down to dinner, and I felt as if my life in case could be imagined: scarcely a word was interchanged as we dine.

"Will you take wine, Sir, pray order it," said Mrs. Kentes to me, in a voice that might have sunk into reproach to Francis Xavier.

"This little wine of the country is very pleasant, Madam," said I, courteously, "and I am even venture to recommend it."

"Not to me, Sir. I drink water."

"Perhaps Miss Herbert will allow me?"

"Excuse me, I also drink water."

After a very dreary and painful pause, I dared to express a fear lest that Mrs. Kentes had been fatigued by the day's journey.

She looked at me for a second or two before replying, and then said: "I am quite unaware, Sir, that I have manifested any such signs of weariness as would warrant your inquiry. If I should have, however—"

"Oh, I beg you will pardon me, Madam," broke I in, apologetically; "my question was not meant for more than a mere civil politeness, a matter-of-course expression of my solicitude."

"It will save us both some trouble in future, Sir, if I remark that I am no friend to matter-of-course civilities, and never express it."

I felt as if my head and face had been passed across the open door of a blast furnace. I was in a perfect flame, and dared not raise my eyes from my plate.

"Shall the waiter asking if you will take coffee, Sir," said the inexorable old lady to me, as I sat almost stunned and stupid.

"Yes—with brandy—and half a glass of brandy in it," cried I, in the half-despair of one who knew not how to rally himself.

"I think we may retire, Miss H.," said Mrs. Kentes, rising with a severe dignity that seemed to say, "We are not boisterous at an early age." And with a stern stare and a defiant little bow she moved toward the door. I was so awestruck that I never moved from my place, but stood resting my hand on my chair, till she said, "Do you mean to open the door, Sir, or am I to do it for myself?"

I sprang forward at once, and flung it wide, my face all scarlet with shame.

She passed out, and Miss Herbert followed her. Her dress, however, catching in the door, she turned back to release it; I seized the moment to stoop down and say, "Do let me see you for one moment this evening—one only moment."

She shook her head in silent negative, and passed away.

I sat down at the table and filled myself a large goblet of wine: I drank it off, and repeated it. I felt that this morning, a few brief hours ago, and I would not have changed fortunes with the Emperor of France. We seemed to open before us a place like some beautiful alpine garden, with a glorious vista in the distance. I felt we have been happier in the place than elsewhere for the proudest throne in Europe. She was there beside me, listening in rapt attention, as I discoursed very gaily, very sentimentally, very and personal adventures. With every changeful expression of lovely sympathy did she follow my narrative. I felt as if I was a hero, and that she was enchanted as she was; and now the brief dream was over, the lights were put out, and the theatre closed! How had I destroyed this golden delusion—why had I quarrelled with her, and for what? For a certain Potts, a creature, that is to say, who had no existence! "For who is Potts?" said I. "Potts is no more a reality than Cobb Williams or Terence Fitzsix; Potts is the by figure that the artist chooses in my picture he requires—a Rinaldo to-day, a Railway Director to-morrow. What an absurdity in the importance we lend to mere names! Here, for instance, I take the label off the pot and I hang it round the neck of the client decanter; have I changed the quality of the vintage? have I made Bordeaux to the marcelian of Oporto? Not a bit of it. And yet a man is to be more the victim of an accident than a bottle of wine, and his intrinsic qualities—strength, flavor, and richness—are not to be tested, but simply implied from the label round his neck! How narrow-minded, after all, of her, who ought to have known better! It is thus, however, we delineate our women; this is part and parcel of the false system by which we fancy we make them companionable. The North American In-

"IS THE MOSQUITO THE HAPPIER FOR HAVING STUNG ONE'S NOSE?"

dians are far in advance of us in all this: they assign their proper places and fitting dates; they feel that, in this life of our cares, order and happiness depend on the due distribution of burdens, and the Snapping Alligator never feels his square more truly his helpmate than when she is skinning cels for his dinner."

How I hated that old woman! I don't think I ever detested a human creature so much as that. I have often speculated as to whether "commonness" does any gratification imparted to them when they inflict a poisonous wound. Is the mangling less happier of having stung one's mate? And, in the same spirit, I should like to know, do the disagreeable people of this world sleep better from the consciousness of having offended us? Is there that great comforting sense of a mission fulfilled for every pang they cast and for every heart they depress? and do they quench hope and extinguish ambition with the same end that the Sun or the Phœnix put out a fire?

"If you drink wine, Sir, pray order it," said I, mimicking her impertinent tone. "Yes, Madam, I do drink wine, and I mean to order it, and liberally. I travel at the expense of that noble old paymaster who only wags his tail the more the more he has to pay—the British Lion. I go down in the extravagance, I do, as what is called a special service, 'Keep an account of your expenses, Paynter? Confound his insolence, he wants to say 'Paynter.' Do-ve-y, I have never looked how he calls me in my passport. I'm curious to see if I be Paynter there." I had the fun of imitating that old money in my room, and I rang the bell, and told the waiter to fetch it.

The passport set forth in due terms all the dignities, honors, and decorations of the great man who provided it, and was who looked for the little man who traveled by it all and and misanoee possible, and to let him pass freely, etc. "Mr. Paynter—subject—" "Subject! What an outrage! This comes of a man making his mistress a lady in his seraglio. That man Jul Frenchy frankly has converted me into a water dog. This may explain a good deal of the old lady's rudeness, for could she be expected to be even ordinarily civil to a man called Pontoy? She'd say at once, 'His valet was an Italian, and of course a courier, or a valet; or he was a foundling, and called after a favorite spaniel.' I'll rectify this without loss of time. I'm has not yet learned to discover the man of education and breeding by the qualities he displays in intercourse, but he shall be required to admit them by the demands of his self-respect."

I opened my writing-desk and wrote just two lines—a page enough for a few moments of interview, signed "A. S. Pottinger." I wrote the name in a fine text hand, as an image of a "No more blunders, Madam, this is large as print!"

"Take this to your mistress, François," said I to the courier.

"Gone to bed, Sir."

"Gone to bed! why, it's only eight o'clock!"

A shrug and a smile were all he replied.

"And Miss Herbert—can I speak to *her?*"

"Ma foi, Sir, she went to her room, and told Clementine not to disturb her."

"It is of consequence, however, that I should see her. I want to speak of our arrangements for to-morrow—the hour we are to start—"

"Oh! but we have to stop here two or more—I thought Monsieur knew that," said the fellow, with the insolent grin of a menial at knowing more than his betters.

"Oh, to be sure we do," said I, laughingly, and adhesive to have suddenly remembered it. "I forgot all about it, François; you are quite right. Take a glass of wine, François—we take his health with you, don't we?" And I handed him a flask of Hochheimer of eight florins' price, right glad to get rid of his presence and escape further trouble from his prying glances.

How relieved I felt when the fellow closed the door after him! I felt just as if he "blew off the steam" of my indignation all alone! And was I not indignant? Only to fancy this insolent old woman giving her orders without so much as condescending to communicate with me! I am left to learn her whim by a mere accident, or not learn it at all, and exhibit myself ready to depart at the inn door, and then hear, for the first time, that I may unpack again.

This was unquestionably a studied rudeness, and demanded an equally studied reprisal. She means to discipline me, and dispossess my influence: how shall I reply to her? A vast variety of expedients offered themselves to my mind: I could go off, leaving a fanciful letter behind me—a document that would cut her to the very soul with the acute bitterness of its irony; that could I leave without a reconciliation with Miss Herbert—without the fond hope of our meeting in Florence? I mean as great deal more, though I wouldn't trust myself to say so. Besides, were I to go away, there were financial considerations to be exercised. I could not, of course, carry off that crimson bag with its gold and silver contents, and I felt I was very hard to tear myself from such a treasure.

I say it under conviction, for I have never been rich, and, consequently, never in the position to assert it positively, but I declare my firm conviction to be that no man has ever felt the unbounded pleasure of a careless liberality on a journey who has not traveled on some other person's expense. Be as wealthy as you like, let your portmanteau be stuffed full of circular notes, and there will still be present at moments of payment the thought, "If I do not suffer myself to be cheated here, I shall have so much the more to squander there." But, drawing from the bag of another, no such mean reflection obtrudes. You might be well defrayed your bungs of a long imprisonment out of the fear of taking more than your share of the atmosphere. There is enough, and will be enough there when you are dead and gone.

In fact, if I had on one side the "three scores" of the great statesman, I had on the other full thirty reasons against each, and, therefore, I resolved to suspend action and do nothing, much as I felt my pastingly resented, much as I felt my heart very dull about the merits of promptitude and quick-wittedness, in nine cases out of ten in life, I'd rather "give the move than take it." The waiting policy is a rare one; it is the secret of success in love, and of victory in political strife. And so I determined I'd wait and see what should come of it. I appealed to myself, I said, "Pottinger, you have seen much of the world, one who accepts life as it is, with all its crosses and unforward angles; who knows that the most play and cards even either than good ones. No impetuosity, therefore, no rashness; give at least twenty-four hours' thought to the present decision, and let a night's sleep intervene between your first conception of a plan and its adoption." Oh, if the people who are fretting themselves about what is to happen this day ten years, would only remember what a long time it is—that is, counting by the number of events that will occur between this and to-morrow what incidents are occurring at the antipodes that will yet bring joy or sorrow to their hearts—they would keep more of their sympathies for present use, and perhaps be happier for the doing it.

THE ICEBERG.

"You've been a whaler, Ben?"

"Ay, Sir, I have; many long years ago, the"

"Now, what do you think of as the most perilous of your enterprises?"

"Do you mean what I think most difficult—most difficult?"

I nodded.

"Well, Sir, I've been pitched out of a boat many a time; once, I recollect, that I was pitched out and got a touch with his tail as well. Lord bless you! it gives a headache for a month, to say nothing of the ducking."

"Ever see any bears?"

"I should think I had. There's a note-book in that corner drawer—no; that one under the further one—that's somewhere about it, I'm sure; that's it, pictures and all. Why I drawed these five-and-twenty year ago. Hardly seems like it, Sir. It's a true story, I tell you, sort of Robinson Crusoe like. You've read that?"

"A good many times. But I don't know my body who that is."

"I never knew a youngster that hadn't. I believe that book's been of more use to boys going to sea than any that was ever written."

"Suppose we look over your note-book; I should like to see pictures."

"Oh! it isn't written so that you could understand it; but I'll look it it, and tell you the story. If you know, I must begin at the beginning, as they say. You must know I once felt a kind of thing for a girl; call her Esther, Esther Jenkins, I say that's her real name, but that'll do. She didn't care much for me, and I was only second-mate then. I thought it was a great thing to be the captain's berth as soon as I came home from a short voyage I'd agreed to go to make up my time to the owners. She said she'd wait for me, and I knew she till I came back. With that I went off. When I came home I went there and the man opened the door to me. I soon learned that, about a month after I left, there had been a handsome sailor-fellow after her, and she never took with him rather much. I had been gone about eight months, talked to mother about it, and after a little I found that she thought I was a fool for going to sea; by this chap, Montague Fitzjames, as he called himself. In short, she was ruined, and had run away. I went round to all the places, and set out to find her, and after about three months I found her at Manchester. I thought, as I put my foot on land, but asked some questions about her in the neighborhood, and found she'd got a child—low—and was working at shirt-sewing for a living, and was quite a decent woman. I knew she'd have died rather than be what some would have turned to in her case. So I went up to her house. She was dreadfully thin, and her eyes bright and far back in her head. She was sitting in a rocking-chair by the fire—such a little bit hardly kept the room warm.

"'Esther,' says I, 'do you know me?'

"She looked up and saw me.

"'Ben!' says she, and then fainted off dead in her chair.

"I took some water out of the basin, and sprinkled her face a bit, and let the water run down her neck, and took off her shawl and let the warm air come to her. She soon came to, and broke out:

"'Oh! Ben, Ben! I've done wrong, I know it, but I've suffered the punishment. I've not seen him now for four months, come Wednesday, and he child's a month old. Oh, Ben! I know I've done wrong! You must forgive me; he was such a handsome man and so fond of me, and I thought I meant no wrong.'

"It was a queer notion of hers that I should forgive her 'cause he was such a handsome man, I suppose, that was rather the small-pox spoilt my plan. I says to her:

"'I forgive, you've done wrong, I know, but it's not for me to punish you. God has begun that, and there isn't wanting them as will be willing enough to help him punish a woman, if they ain't willing to help him any other way. I'm sorry for you, Esther. I'm not going to blame you; I want you to go home again.'

"'No, no, Ben! I can't do that. Why, all the girls of the place will mock me.'

"'Says I, 'I can't help it, Esther; but think of the old man and the old woman at home. I came home three months ago, and have been looking for you ever since. I saw them not two weeks back, and, if you have been half as true as I feel you, you'd go back.'

"'I can't—they'll curse me! I know they will. I can't go back.'

"'Father was so looked up to like among them all. No, Ben! I can't go back.'

"'Esther, I know you've cursed you. I know I found 'em just and when I went to them first; but I went to the new curate, who was just come to the place instead of old Jenkins, and told him about it, and he came down to see them, and read them that chapter about the prodigal son and about the lost sheep, and when the proper, and old master cried—I saw him wipe his eyes, too—as they won't curse you. Esther, go back with me—do now.'

"'Back with you, Ben? No, not that. Why, they'd speak against me, Ben—say I was soon cured again.'

"'Go back, then, anyhow, will you? I tell you if you don't you'll kill the old folks.'

"She began to think of what I said; so I left her to herself a bit, for I knew enough of woman-kind to know that when they hesitate it's best to let 'em alone—let 'em seem to choose of themselves.

"Well, she agreed to go at last: then came another difficulty—the way a fortnight behind in rent. I told her I would lend her some money. I knew she would not take it as a gift; so I made her sign a paper for it, and she paid, and the next day we came home. I took her to the old folks, and then left them all together. I was not one of the family, you know, and I stay at my own lodgings, and then they were all gratitude to me. I took it all as matter-of-course, and I thought I could have blubbered my eyes out. Then came another hitch: they had inquired, and no one would employ her. Of course, they knew all this, but I didn't say any thing about it then; but when I left I went to the curate again. I don't know what made me take to him so much, for I was not a regular pious man, never could see it that way as some people do. I'm sorry I didn't make all allies; but one day I saw him pick up a child that had tumbled down in the road just outside the village; pull out his white handkerchief and wipe the hand and its knees and hands, then find a clean place to wipe its eyes with, give it a penny, I suppose, and then with a little a headache for a month, to say nothing of the ducking." I

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"'I can't go back to-night if we try for it,' said

old folks again, there's a good girl. You'll never find that—'

"'I was going to say 'fellow,' but I didn't; for you can't do yourself more harm in a woman's eyes than to call her lower names.

"'You'll never find Fitzjames, unless he comes back here, I know; so don't leave them.'

"'Ben,' says she, and she turned her face in her eyes, 'you've been a friend to me. I'll never forget it. I hope he'll come back—I'm sure of it; and if he don't, I'll never marry another man. He never meant to do me a wrong like this, I know. He got me into mischief unknowing; he never meant me to come to this, I know.'

"'Cut laws you, Esther! Good-by!'

"She came to the door, put her hands round my neck, and kissed me.

"'Ben,' said she, 'you always seem like a brother to me—always did—and that's why I kiss you. You've been a good brother to me; I wish you'd more brothers like you to be sure.'

"'Good-by, Esther!' And I kissed her for the first time in my life."

My friend, Jim Stevens, has a cough which obliges him to use his handkerchief now and then. The red and yellow handkerchief was in vigorous action for a few seconds now.

"So I determined to go on a whaling voyage, as that was the hardest life I knew; and hard work keeps a man from thinking of himself mid his feelings. Taking in the bright yellow handkerchief blowing don't leave a fellow much time to look inside himself; people are does harpooning, when you like to do it like a man.

"Well, I went, you see, to Aberdeen, and shipped for one in the *Belle of Leith*, Captain Macnulty. We left in March, and reached Cape Farewell about the middle of April; but as the wind did not blow fair, we left the ship to get into the Spitzbergen drift, and were carried with us far as 80° north; then we met with a regular northerly breeze that chilled you through to stiff it.

"Of course it froze up, being early in the season; and there we were still nearly the end of May, the wind north the whole time.

"One morning, after breakfast, the Captain says to me:

"'Mr. Stevens, there's a little work in the wind this morning. It may go round south; so that we can get out of this, perhaps, if the ice breaks up quick.'

"'I was in the mast this morning,' said Cummins, our second mate, 'and it seemed to me that that chunk ahead looked open enough.'

"'Might be worth while to cut a bit to get out it, in case this don't get southerly,' said the Captain.

"'Might be worth while to track it and see. We could get a good distance, if we didn't find what we want about the lane,' says I.

"'That's true,' says the Captain. 'We'll see how the wind is an hour, and then get up a party to go.'

"The wind shifted a little to the north'ard, so we got up the party; the Captain, of course, couldn't leave the ship, so I was one, and he told me to take my pick of the men.

"I chose a fellow, I think," said Ben, reflectively, "the handsomest chap I ever set eyes on. His name seemed to fit those who he mixed with, a jolly, more good-natured fellow I never knew. Lord! what songs he used to sing—say thing—cause he's here to-day! Why, to hear him sing 'My Pretty Jane,' in the forecastle of a night, was a regular treat. I've heard some one at the singing-gaffs at Liverpool that couldn't come near him. And dance! I never saw a fellow so smart on his legs. He used to do the Lancashire clog-dance in an old pair of cut-down sea-boots, and you'd hear the clatter in the ice-hills like the musicians at a review. I always loved the fellow. He did his work so easy—wanted no telling—saw your drift in a minute; and I don't think he missed the weather-cord over the whole voyage. Jack Sneaky, he called himself.

"Then we made another I took with me—'Sleepy Sam,' they called him. I've known him to go fast asleep on the look-out, and the ship pitching no end away round him.

"We took a bag with some grub, and our pannikins, in case we should have to spend the night out.

"It was not so mighty cold as you'd think in the daytime, but we were just landed in the winter ice-line, and with a south wind that would shift to the north'ard past us.

"Just as we were going over the side, a lad we had on board wanted to go with us. He was the owner's son, and had been sent aboard to cure him of a desire to go to sea. There's no cure for the desire for like that way as gets cured. Captain said he couldn't go; but he begged so hard that I asked leave for him, and said I'd take care of him; so he came with us three.

"We found it very fine till night, and then got under the cliff, lit a bit of fire with the drift-wood, pulled out the coffee and biscuits; and so did pretty well. We had to lay down round the fire, one keeping watch. I found it precious cold with only the blanket and my pea-jacket; and I was obliged to hug up the youngster—he felt so bad. I don't know but what both were warmer for it. In the morning we had some more coffee and some pork. It got light enough about eight bells to go out; and then we got into the wind it was dead south, and the waters were open. We got up, and had some dinner, and started again; we could see the water sky ahead, so pushed on. The lane was open nearly all the way: here and there we should have to cut a bit, but not much.

"About two o'clock we sighted the water itself. There was a good deal of surface-drift to the edge of the pack, but the thaw was going on fast; right ahead there was a biggish berg; so we left Sleepy Sam at the bottom, and climbed up—I, and Sandy, and the boy.

"'Can't get back to-night if we try for it,' said

Sands. 'Anybody we'd best stop and make a long day of it to-morrow.'

'I thought this was a good plan; so we went down again, expecting to find Sam.

'He was gone—clean gone! not a trace of him any where. We shouted and fired our guns, but could hear nothing in return.

'"Must stay now," said the boy; 'it's getting dark, and we shu'n't do any good stumbling over the mammocks to-night."

'So we staid.

'"I'm just up on the herg again," said Sands, "He'll stand more chance of seeing us, and we him."

'We got a few sticks and lit a fire again; and I did I'd swunk for the first spell. Sands and the youngster lay down, and I watched.

'I never rightly know how it was, but I was waked up by falling right on my face. I crawled up, and found that the herg was adrift from the pack, and had risen at least ten feet higher, and all on one side.

'Sands and the boy woke up as soon as I did, and says Sands, says he,

'"She's adrift, Stevens!"

'He looked awful pale, he did; for she could see it was bad morning. Twas orgent, she was adrift, and knocking about in the small ice in a way that made us hold on fast to any thing to keep our feet.

'She kept slowly drifting to the east'ard along the edge of the pack, knocking it up as she went; so that there was no chance of our getting off it on to the main fast ice to reach the ship.

'Almost an hour or two after she started the youngster says to me,

'"Mr. Stevens—"

'Drop the "Mr.," says I; 'it don't sound natural.'

'"Well, Stevens, then; there's Sam?"

'Twas enough, there he was, running along the edge of the pack like a mee-horse; but he soon stopped. We signalled him that it was no use, and motioned him to go back to the ship for help, though there was small chance of his finding his way there in time to do us any good.

'So he went back; and it made us feel queer, I can tell you, to see his body grow smaller and smaller, till he was nothing but a little black mark the size of your finger on the ice; and then, worst of all, he went over a hummock that quite hid him.

'All this while, till nightfall, we were drifting to the east'ard; whether it was the current or the wind I can't tell, but away we went, jerking and shaking now and then hit to shake us off.

'"Cheer up!" says I to the youngster; "there's many a man been adrift before. It'll make something to tell the governer when you get home."

'"How are we to get home?" says he, quite mournful-like, almost crying; that 'bonce' of his didn't sound common-like when he said it.

'"Oh!" says Sands, "all right. Make ourselves jolly till we're taken off it. She'll lodge down against a bit there—look, Stevens!"

'He pointed out a bit of a bay, with a long piece of the fast to the main, right athwart our bows as she was then going.

'"We'd best get down there," says I, "so as to be ready."

'So we got down on the nearest point, as we thought, ready. She squeezed up the small ice all she neared it; so that we were obliged to get up higher.

'But we could have reached the floe, and got to the ship, when the youngster slipped down, and called out:

'"Sam'ns," says he, "I'm gone!"

'And, sure enough, he would have gone slap down into the open water if his gun hadn't stuck in a crack.

'He was so badly bruised—for he'd slipped over a dozen blocks—that he couldn't walk.

'"What's to be done now?"

'"Done! says Sands, quite savage. "Why the devil didn't you tell me first, you young fool? and he picked him up, and we might almost have done it, when he slipped.

'"Hold hard, Sands! she's adrift again!"

'She was, too; the floe piece had parted from the main, and was going on before us; and it swung us round right into the stream again.

'"There now," says he, "that's your damned clumsiness! Look what you've got us into! we should have done it if it hadn't been for you, and I could do it now if I was by myself."

'And I think he could, for the end of the piece was still touching the pack about a quarter of a mile off.

'"Well," says I, "it's no use growling; in chit'ment to fall, I suppose."

'"Cause, you mean," never could see the good of blaming a fellow when he's got to suffer for himself.

'"All right!" says Sands, 'I was a little out, but it's all over. Let's make ourselves comfortable for the night—it's no use grumbling, Stevens, as you say."

'So we got the grub and ate it. Of course we had no fire, and the bit precious cold as the wind did. We all went to sleep, and in the morning I woke first.

'"Sands," says I, 'here's a go.'

'"We've got in the north current," says he.

'So we had. There was not a bit of ice within a hundred yards of us; we could just see the blink in the distance.

'"No getting back to the ship now, Sands."

'"No," says he; 'ship must come to us—we're in for it—it's infernally cold, tho'; let's get round to the wind'ard."

'We took the youngster's arm, for he could walk a little now, and got round to wind'ard. Here it was better—not quite so cold. We had breakfast; no fire again tho', and cucking a bit of ice in a poor make-up for a cup of hot coffee, let alone the flavor, even.

'"Now," says I, "look here, boys; we're likely to be here a goodish bit, we may as well see what we've got."

Here Ben took the note-book from the table, and turned over the pages, muttering "Lost fore-sail sheet—block," "Monk sprained his ankle," "spoke the *Mary Ann*," "ice easy," "left ship," "adrift," "Oh! here, that's it."

'"You see," said Ben, addressing me, "I always had to keep the log, and I used to keep a log of my own at the same time, till at last it got such a way with that I felt as if I hadn't done my duty if there was no log kept—got to be a regular thing with me. Lord, Sir! there's in that bottom cupboard the logs—diaries I prefer to the term—I call 'em logs—of all I've done since I left the sea. I do it every day after tea, and can't quite be happy without it. I heard the minister say some poetry about that kind of thing—

'Duo doth broad a habit in a man.'

I think it was.

'Now this here, as I said, is the log of my voyage in 'the floating island,' as I called it in joke once to the mission. She said it was so good a name that it's always been called so since.

'"Well," said I, "what had you got when you came to count up?"

'"There gone—one was rided—that was the boy's—fine handsome steek it had, too, very light, tho'; but, Lord! they let him pass only now have say thing. Two hatchets—short handles—the boy hadn't got one. Then there was three blankets and one clothes mat—good as one. There was in the three bags about twelve pounds of fat pork, cooked, and about the same of biscuit. Sands had some tea, but Sherry Sum had got all the coffee in his bag, so we'd none with us. I'd got a bit of tobyard in my jacket pocket. Our large fishhook—that was the queerest thing. Sands says to the boy:

'"What's that in the corner of your bag?"

'"Oh! it's a hook to catch shark with. Aunt Nelly gave it me."

'Saw enough it was a big barbed hook with a

"SHE WAS DREADFULLY THIN, AND HER EYES BRIGHT AND FAR BACK IN HER HEAD."

cork on the end—he was a careful boy that—and a bit of chain to it, about two feet.

'"And what did you bring it here for?" says I. "Expect to catch sharks?"

'"Yes," says the boy; 'only the Captain said we'd most likely shot some seals, so I thought that would stick into them to drag them along over the ice."

'It wasn't such a bad notion, you see; so Sands gave over laughing. I think that was about all we'd got with us, and a poor look out it was, too. There was food enough, in short allowance, to last us about five days. By that time, we thought, if we had got into what they call the Arctic cold-current, we should get down to about 0° or so, and fall in with some whalers. So we made up our minds to it, and set about getting a little to rights. The first point was to get warm, because the cold is not only unpleasant, but makes you eat more, if you've got it, and want more if you haven't.

'The wind still kept south, and soon we could see nothing but our own bit of ice all round. When we got to wind'ard it felt warm, so we took all the things round to wind'ward, and cut a hole in the ice to put them in, with a small gutter leading from it so as to keep 'em from the wet. Then we cut a sort of platform level to stand on, and it was dreadfully sloppy; the ice was melting as fast as it could—running down in streams from the top, as the sun shone on it, and making the air quite damp.

'Next morning we resolved on a search of 'the island,' as we called it. Sands and I, with the two gun, went; the boy staid on the platform to look out."

"How large was it, Stevens, altogether?"

"I should say about three times as big as a thousand-ton vessel—of course, of a different shape. Here's the sketch I made of it [see above]; it's as near as I could remember. You see there were two peaks and a bit of floe at the bottom! It wasn't so big, by a long chalk, as some I've seen, you know."

"Let's see—where was I? Oh, I know. Sands and I went down to the floe-piece, and says I to Sands, 'That'll break off soon; it can't stand the wash;' for it was only about six feet through, quite new ice. So we went round the base of the pyramid, keeping as close in as possible, and holding on every step, for it was sloppy and slippy as ever.

"'Hist!' says Sands; 'listen.'

"I listened, and heard something different to the plash of the waves—more splash and splutter-like.

"'Seals,' says Sands.

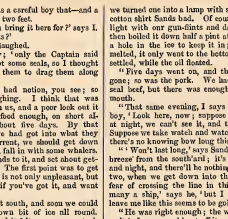
"And it was, too—three fine ones; they'd been regularly trapped like us. Their holes were up four or eight feet above them; they'd come through the holes and lay on the edges before the bit broke off the main pack and caned; so they slid down till they stopped where the herg began, in a place like the angle of the letter V. They stared at us, and we stared at them; but we soon gave over that; for we knocked 'em on the head.

"But the job was, what to do with them; to Sands and I's mind look, and get the boy's hook; and with the bit of cord I'd got, we got 'em all down on the platform when the boy was.

"It got dark by this time, and we put off skinning them and cutting them up till next day.

"Next day we cut up and skinned 'em.

"'I say, Stevens,' says the youngster, 'can't you make some shoes out of the skin with the hair



a better hold on the ice—and you can cut them into strips crosways, like this—see?' And he scratched on the ice with his knife like this.

"We made them to go over the boot, and soon found we could walk about as easily again. The flesh we put in our 'ice-chest,' as Sands called it, for he laughed at every thing now the boy was well.

"We made some oil, too, tho' it was a tedious job, for we'd only got three penniknins; however,

"One night, it must have been on the 12th out, the boy was on the look out, and came to me; 'Stevens,' says he, 'I see a sail, I think.' I didn't call out, 'cause of waking Sands, he seemed getting dull-like. I started up, and looked where he pointed, and, sure enough, there we was, about half a mile to wind'ard; the wind had shifted a little to the east. I shouted and waked Sands. Poor fellow! he was nearly mad, screaming and shouting frightfully.

"'I tell you what it is, Sands,' says I. 'You're doing yourself no good by this—we must make 'em see us if we're to do any good. Get some more of that shirt of yours for a bigger wick to this, and then go round to fetch the other lamps.'

"He got a bit of the shirt and we got the lamps together; it must have made 'em see I should have thought, but they didn't seem to; and after about half an hour they cleared away from us.

"You see it was about the last thing to think of that any one should be on an iceberg so far south as we were, and a berg's a thing to steer clear of if you can.

"It gave us all a queer feeling when we lost sight of her. The boy and Sands cried. I saw it was no use being down-hearted about it, though I'm afraid I turned the skipper of that vessel pretty much; so I made 'em take the lamps back to their places, and took the rest of the boy's watch myself.

"Poor youngster—he cried himself to sleep. You see we'd had twelve days of it, and not a dry rag on us since the first, day, for skins were quite sore and covered all over with little pimples; and round the wrist and ankle, where the clothes rubbed, there were quite sores. You try a poultice any where for twelve days, and see what it'll do for you. Poor Sands—he was worse than either of us.

"So we went on, day after day—plenty of food—and beef.

"Some days we saw ships, some days none. It was uncommon cold, but I kept up to 'em; there's nothing like regular work to keep you from brooding over unpleasantness—nothing. Sometimes we got a shot at some birds, but some fell into the water.

"On the eighteenth day we were nearly thrown down by the breaking off of the small pointed piece you see in the sketch.

"It broke off and floated into the water with an awful noise, and almost sunk, and then came up again, and shook us to pieces as it rubbed against our piece. Next day it separated and got further off, and on the second day it was hull down, and we lost it at night.

"That was the twenty-first day, and the sun was hot—not warm, but hot. We got a few dry clothes by stretching them out to wind'ward on the rammods, but they got sopped again at night.

"Sands gave up on this night—he couldn't take his watch, he was so bad. We must have got into warmer water, too, for instead of rising out of the water it began to sink—more one side than the other, so that the rammods were getting too slippy to be safe. Another thing I noticed was, that the whole affair turned round sometimes with the sun, sometimes the other way, and then again was quite still for a day at a time.

"On the twenty-fourth day—the boy was gone to light the lamps. Sands says to me, 'How long will he be gone?'

"'A half an hour,' says I.

"'Stevens,' says he.

"I told him to say Ben.

"'Ben, then,' says he, 'I'm not going to last much longer. I feel it here, somehow—sort of wearing.'

"He did look awful bad, but I told him to cheer up; we might get taken off any time, for we were in the track now.

"'No, no,' says he, 'it's all over with me, I feel it here;' and he put his hand on his stomach. I knew what a hand it was to what I first knew it! Thin and lean, and the bones making the skin look shiny over them. Soft, too, as a woman's.

"'There's a thing I want you to do, Ben, if you get off this at all.'

"I told him I'd do any thing for him I could.

"'Now listen, Ben,' says he, 'for I dick get much wind left.'

"Much the voyage before last I came home with a lot of money, and made up my mind for a spree; so I always used to get a dozen pairs of clothes. Well, I didn't like the name of Sands, so I took another, and had a regular game. I'm very sorry now I did so, when I believe I been three years among the coolies it seems as though I ought to have a little freedom when he gets among white people again. Well, I went down to the seaside to a village I knew, and there I saw a girl at church. She seemed took with me, so I struck up an acquaintance with her for a lark. She took it quite serious, and was regularly in love with me, and I got at last to be in love with her. Well, I didn't mean no harm to the girl, I meant to marry her. I did, as true as God,' says he. 'Well, we went wrong, and one night she said I had been cruel to her—and got cross—and then took to sight

must be found out soon. I was savage at that and I was being arrest—poor girl, she'd cause to be So I said I'd never see her again, and went off in a huff.

"I meant to come back, I did, Ben. I swear it. Instead of that, I met a messmate of mine, and he got me drunk, and shipped me on a West Indiaman before the mast. I came to myself I was too far from shore to get back, so I sulked, and shirked duty. The Captain says to me:

"'My man, it's no use—you're here, and you'll be paid. You can't get back any quicker than with me; so be your work like a man, and we shall be back in a couple of months or so, at least.'

"So I did my work. When we got to Kingston I took the fever, and was in the hospital near two months, and he left me there, paying me for the voyage out, and then I came home and heard that she'd gone away, nobody knew where.

"Well, I set to work to find her, and tried all ways till the money was gone, and then had to ship in the *Belle of Aberdeen*, for I'm pretty good at whaling, and knew I could get money; and I wished to get back and find her, and get married to her.

"Here he was took with spasms, so bad that I brought out my case-bottle of brandy and gave him a little. I'd just put in the cork, when the boy came running to me and fell down all of a heap close by me.

"'What's the matter?' says I.

"He opened his mouth once or twice, and at last got out:

"'A sail! It's close by—I can see 'em on the deck,' and he fainted right dead off.

"I told Sands.

"'A sail?' says he, and tried to get up. Lord! he'd no more strength than a baby, and fell down directly, looking as dead as could be. I wanted to know more about him, so I gave him some more brandy, and asked him the girl's name.

"'The sail,' says the boy, for he had come to, and would say nothing else. 'Oh, the sail?'

"'What's her name?' says I to Sands. He stared at me as if he didn't hear.

"'The sail!' screamed the boy; 'you'll miss it, and we shall die.'

"I gave him some more brandy, and asked him again as loud as I could:

"'What's her name? What's the girl's name?'

"'Esther Th——,' and he couldn't finish.

"I gave him all that was left now, and asked again.

"'Esther Thompson,' says he.

"'Esther Thompson! Then this was Flatjames. This chap, Sir, that I'd loved as if he'd been my brother, and loved him still—by G—d, Sir!' said Ben, striking the table with his fist, 'this chap was my greatest enemy—had been the seducer of Esther—and yet I couldn't hate him.

"The boy kept screaming, 'Sail! Sail!' and I was half mad.

"'Ben,' says he, 'do you know her?'

"'Know her! She's all Mick's door to me, you—d—d villain.'

"'No, no,' says he, quite strong again, 'not villain. I meant no harm to the girl. I meant—I swear I did—to marry her, and nobody would be known any thing about it, if it hadn't been for that drink, Ben; and all the while the boy kept crying, 'Sail! Sail!'

"'If you ever see her again, tell her that I didn't mean to be a villain. I didn't mean to wrong her. Promise me that.'

"I saw he was going fast, and I promised him I'd tell her.

"'Our mess thing,' says he. 'Ben, here's something sown in my flannel—cut it out.'

"I cut it out—it was half a six-pence, all crooked and bent.

"'She gave me that,' says he, looking at it as fond as if it was her, and kissing it. 'Give it her back, and tell her I meant to marry her.'

"'I will, says I, 'Sands, I will; and may God forgive you, as I do!'

"The boy kept on screaming; so, seeing Sands quiet, I went round to the other side to look at the sail. I was a little late; she was cut all chance of making her near or see.

"When I came back Sands was gone; the bit of the six-pence was in his hand; I took it out, and took care of it, and then went to the boy. He was almost as bad as Sands. It was no good and to see them both lying so still—Sands quite dead, and the boy so near it that you could hardly tell'em he wasn't. I had a drop of strong brandy, and had it all.

"I don't know how it was, but I never could feel to dislike him—not when I knew all about it; and I don't believe, now, he meant to act the villain, and have her. As he said, if he hadn't been for the drink, he might have been alive and happy now. It's a bad thing for a man not to be able to regulate his feelings, and make his act of sobriety. Chaps like him ought to leave it off altogether; still it's a hard thing to see fellows, like him, and not join; making a fellow feel like a wet blanket to his mates—they're so jolly and merry, and he drinking his lemonade or water. It's rather hard, I should think.

"The boy, he kept on saying, 'A sail! A sail!' He was gone crazy, you see—didn't know where he was, and weak as an infant—couldn't eat; so I was obliged to tell the sad brief, and give him the gravy by spoonfuls. Just like a child he was, and, when he hadn't got the spoon to his lips, kept crying, 'A sail! A sail!' as if he hadn't said it five hundred times before.

"It was hard work, for I was getting weak, and so sore round the waist, ankles, and neck, I could hardly hear to move; and you see I couldn't let Sands lie there right in the boy's sight, so I took him round to the other side. It took me almost three hours to get him there. I might have thrown him off altogether, but I didn't want any suspicion of foul-play, and there might have been it he'd been missing when we were found.

"This I carried on for some five days or so—eating and feeding the boy was all I could do.

"I let the lamps alone, for I was too bad to get to trim them, and lay all day in a sort of stupid fit, half-asleep, half not.

"It kept getting better over head all the time, and it was enough to frighten one to see how the ice melted, pouring down in streams like a waterfall all day and all night. I could almost tell the time of day by the sound of the falling water. Mid-day it was a regular roar, and then about three or four o'clock in the morning it was almost still. You could almost see it melt. Two or three days after this the boy still kept muttering, 'A sail—a sail!' I began to get dizzy and queer like—couldn't see now and then. I thought it would soon be all up with me.

"At last I seemed to grow blind—couldn't open my eyes nor move at all. Still I could tell it was getting warmer, for the sound of the sail falling was less; but I couldn't move to give the boy any thing nor to get any thing myself; indeed I didn't seem to care about it, nor about him neither, for that matter.

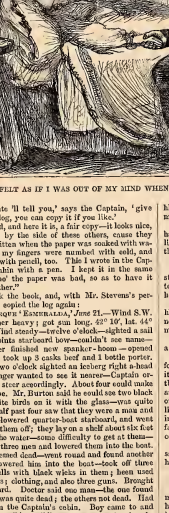
"I wasn't in pain—rather the other; very pleasant sort of feeling, for I was lying on Sands's cot and my own. Then I fell asleep.

"I didn't know any more till I came to, as the women call it.

"I was in a bunk of a small hark, I could tell that by the short pitch she made. Long ships always pitch slower. I heard somebody say: 'He's all right, doctor.'

"So I was in a little while—sat up and asked for food. Lord bless you, Sir, how good it was! never tasted any thing half so sweet as that beef-tea the doctor gave me. Nice!—I can't tell how nice it was. You see I'd been getting up an appetite for it. Whether I should like to go to the same school again to learn how nice beef-tea could be, I don't know—rather think not.

"In a few days I was well—rather thin and pale, I think, to what I am now—and then I asked them how they found me.



"'I FELT AS IF I WAS OUT OF MY MIND WHEN I FOUND ESTHER'S HANDS GROW COLD.'"

"'Mate 'll tell you,' says the Captain, 'give you his log, you can copy it if you like.'

"I did, and here it is, a fair copy—it looks nice, you see, by the side of these others, cause they were written by a man who was blind with the fever, and my fingers were numbed with cold, and written with pencil, too. This I wrote in the Captain's cabin with a pen. I kept it in the same book, 'tho' the paper was bad, so as to have it all together."

I took the book, and, with Mrs. Stevens's permission, copied the log again:

"*Bangor Eliza*—Sailing, *June* 21.—Wind S.W. S.—rather heavy; got sun logs. 42° 10′, lat. 44° 32′. Wind steady—rather fresh—and we had a long three points starboard bow—couldn't see nance—carpenter finished new spanker-boom—opened patches, took up 3 casks beef and 1 bottle porter. About two o'clock sighted an iceberg right a-head—passenger wanted to see it nearer—Captain agreed to steer accordingly. About four could make out shape. Mr. Burton said he could see two black and white birds on it with the glass—was quite sure; half past four saw that they were a man and a boy—lowered quarter-boat starboard, and went off each three off; they bore a small about six feet out of the water—some difficulty to get at them—sent up three men and lowered them into the boat. They seemed almost dead and found another man—lowered him into the boat—took off their clothes and rubbed with black whisky in them; been used as hanger; clothing and shoes also three guns. Brought all aboard. Doctor said one man—the one found alone—recovering; the other not dead yet. Had baths in the Captain's cabin. Boy came to and said, 'A sail! a sail!' and kept on saying it; the man seemed nearly dead. After four hours—almost half past eight—he came to and said, 'Where's the boy?' Told him he was all right—took in stun-sails—wind shifted two point—iceberg bull down at ten—lost sight of it at twelve.

"*June* 22.—Wind S.S.W.—Heavy rain—man better—boy still keeps saying, 'A sail! a sail!' Doctor says he's quite mad—man not allowed to talk—boiled the drinking-water—Captain, Mr. Sands; clothing good, but much worn and sodden.

"'Esther' marked on the arm in blue points with red capitals. Two flags and a half moon under, with a port of a head on it—may be the picture of half a coin of some kind—no other marks on the body. Doctor read prayers.

"Wind shifted, and blew rather heavy from S.W. Took in the main royal.

"*June* 23.—Man better; boy still muttering when not being fed, and, can't eat yet; gave get up at four o'clock and came on deck; said his name was Stevens; that they got on the berg in May from the *Belle of Aberdeen*. Out twenty-nine days when he went off. We found him next day, the 30th out we expect. Doctor says another day would have killed him. Sands, dict the 24th day out, at night.

"'There, that's the log,' said Ben, 'and now I can tell you the rest, for I was well on the fourth day, though not strong—could walk about the deck. The doctor gave me some ointment for my throat and waist, and I was all right in about a week.

"'The boy, too, got better, and left off muttering. Doctor read to him, made him work about the ship, and tried all sorts of ways to make him think of something else.

"In another fortnight I said good-by to the Stevensville people, and shipped for the north in a steamer, taking the boy with me.

"We saw the owner, and found that the Captain of the *Belle of Aberdeen* had written home, and that they'd given us up for lost. Sleepy Sam reached the ship the day after he left us.

"The owner was so pleased with me that he gave me £500 for taking care of his son. I said I'd only deserved my pay, but he would have no take it, so it has I did.

"I said, says he, 'Ben, my boy' (they always call us boys), 'Ben, my boy,' says he, 'if ever you want a friend, you know where to come for one. I should have been a broken-hearted man, Ben, if it hadn't been for you taking care of him. God bless you, Ben! But you must come and see us.'

"'Father' marked on the arm in blue points with red capitals. Two flags and a half moon under, with a port of a head on it—may be the picture half a coin of some kind—no other marks on the body. Doctor read prayers.

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"'Now you see him?—'him,' you know, as if there wasn't other him—and asking me, too, just as if I cared so much about it as she did; but Lord, Sir, they don't think any body's right to think of any body but their 'him.'

"'Yes,' says I, 'I have seen him, Esther.'

"'Where is he? Take me to him!' She looked at me a minute. 'No, Ben,' says she, 'he's dead! I know he is.' 'Why, how can he be?' said my own Flatjames in dead!' And she gripped my hand so hard, and sank back in the chair and shut her eyes.

"'I left him,' she says, 'Ben, tell me all about it. Poor fellow! dead!'

"'I did tell her as much as I could about it; and then I told her about the six-pence.

"'Give it me,' she said; 'give it me, Ben. It has lain there ever since you brought it to me.'

"'I gave it her, and she kissed it quite solemn like, just as she'd had been his dead forehead.

"'Then I told her what he said about his not meaning to leave her.

"'Did he say that?'

"'He did, Esther—he swore it; and I believe it.'

"She looked hard at me for a little, and then said,

"'Thank you, Ben, for that; I'm so glad you believe it. I know he didn't mean to leave me; and she got up and called her father, and said,

"'Father, he didn't mean to leave me. Ask Ben here; he said so with his dying breath. He swore it, Ben, didn't he? and Ben believes it himself, don't you, Ben? Tell father, do!'

"I told the old man.

"'Ah,' says he, 'poor fellow! Dead too! He's rightly punished.'

"'Dead, you know, she told Ben he didn't mean to wrong—he—did!' and she seemed as if she was quite glad. 'I know he never did.'

"'Ah,' said the old man, 'that makes much difference whether he did or not. He did it, and you've your good name—and ours too, for that matter, Esther.'

"'I know it, I know it; but still he told Ben that he didn't mean to leave me. God bless him! And she fell to kissing the bit of six-pence like mad.

"'I saw she was going off into hysterics, so I called her mother, and left; for it's no use a man's fussing about at them times; you can't do any good, and get in the way a good deal.

"Next day she came down to mother's.

"'Ben,' says she, 'there's the pound I owe you; it's the first I've saved out of the shirts. The curate's been very good to me, and so has his wife. She always shakes hands with me; and one day I was crying when she came, for baby was so ill, and she kissed me, Ben, on the forehead, and said, "Poor child!" I feel just like as if she was my mother, Ben, she's been so good to me.'

"I took the pound, and gave her the paper, and I didn't see any more of her for some week or so.

"One day I had a letter from the owner's wife, asking me if she could do any thing for Sands's relations; for the boy, you see, had told her about Sands. So I went down to Esther, and showed her the letter, and asked her what I should say.

"'Did the young gentleman see much of him, Ben?'

"'Of course,' says I, 'was there all the time—took his turn of lighting the lamps when Sands was dead.'

"'Was "Sands" his real name, not Flatjames?'

"'Yes, Sands.'

"'I should like, Ben, to go and live with the lady, so as to be near this young gentleman who's seen so much of him.'

"'You see, she might have lived with me, only I couldn't say that, and she didn't seem to think of it.

"'I don't know that she'd like that, either. If you'd been his wife, you see, it would have been different.'

"'But he did mean that I should be, didn't he, Ben?'

"'That's true, but then you're not; but still, I'll write and ask her.'

"'And you'll try and get me to go, Ben?'

"'Esther,' says I, 'I'd lay down my life to serve you any time, and I promised Sands I'd do any thing I could for you, with his dying breath, like.'

"She took my hand into both hers, and kissed it, and I could see it was tears that fell reached his. She'd kissed any thing that had touched him, she would; and though she was kissing my hand, I knew she didn't love me. I loved her then, anyhow. I should have choked if I'd tried.

"'Well, I wrote and told the lady all about it, and she wrote to her and the boy, and asked her "Mrs. Sands.'

"'Father wouldn't give me back the letter with that in it, though it was written for me; but I didn't care so long as she was happy.

"'We had letters then, and all the way down she did nothing but cry and talk about Sands. I took her to the owner's house, and she saw the lady and the boy; and I left them, and went another voyage—not north though, you may guess, I'd had enough of that for some time.' I'd sailed enough to my sabers, but I never felt quite easy about it, so I settled some of the money upon mother, and the rest upon her father, without her knowing it, and went off.

"'I got a letter from—the owner's wife, I suppose I ought to call him now, instead of 'the boy,' seeing he was quite the gentleman in the country gentleman—

"'It's here in the pocket of this book.'

He took the letter, old, creased, and yellow, from the pocket, handed it to me, and with his leave I got it afterward. It ran thus:

"CHANCERY, ——, *Saturday, Aug. 10, 1860.*

"DEAR BEN,—I told you I'd write soon, so I'm now going to fulfill my promise. I'm in the counting-house—get the drudgery to go through. Governor says that no boy's fit for any thing as a clerk until he's done the lowest work of the house. So I'm at it, like a nigger. I recollect turning down that book-stay by your orders now. I don't get much pocket-money, still enough, you know, Ben; and Anna Sands's boy keeps me in a couple of pistols. I can hit a card six times out of ten, at twenty paces.

"I haven't got much more to say. My neck has got all right, except a scar; and there's a scar on the left leg, which I hit it that day I fell on the block.

"That puts me in mind of Mrs. Sands. You say, Ben, was she Mrs. Sands, after all? You know what I mean. They don't, so you need to ask me, in quite out of mother's good books, and Mrs. Sands's too, because he won't tell for the ten thousandth time the story of being on the ice.

"I've had to tell so many people, I'm sick of it, and mother wants me to tell it over and over again; and so for Mrs. Sands, she's always thinking she ought to know her dad. I think Sands well enough, you know, but I didn't see him die, and mother didn't, and I don't like to, and I could tell her very little. She's marked in her prayer-book the prayer the doctor read over him when he was buried.

"Your lady says you're next door to a fool for going to sea again, but I suppose you know best. Mrs. Sands is, after all, a nice woman, and mother takes her more nearly—treats her more like a daughter than a servant, and she's more like one, too. I hope you'll be good and half as helpfuls as she is, spite of their tricks. I've got my clothes mended, and I don't had a button off the coats. I need always to go about with a bit of string or cotton somewhere, and I don't lose it. Now, Ben, if you write to us or to her, she's have you. I know. I can her cry over your last letter, in her room."

"I'll continued Sands in it," said Ben, by way of explanation.

"She's only a widow, after all, and any one might be proud of her. Mrs. Sands, she's such a jolly little woman, strong as positive—we're quite friends. He came to like me, and Mrs. Sands is never happier than when I'm talking him. She says I've been near him, and he would have known me. Mrs. Sands.

"Good-by, Ben. Thanks for feeling me with a bone spoon. Mother keeps it in her pocket, I think. If you wear a friend, Ben, or money, or any thing, you know where to find your own boy. He isn't a boy now, though.

"Your son,

"FRED THELAMYER."

"I had one or two more letters that voyage, but nothing in them that's about my story. I'm not to write about himself: boys mostly do, I think. Sometimes he mentioned Esther—not often much about her, just what he was well, and how he's something of that kind.

"I was gone about a twelvemonth; and of course when I got back I went to see them at Glasgow.

"The owner's wife, she shook my hand, and Esther kissed me as cool as could be, just as if I'd been her brother, while I could have held her, and never let her go. If I did not been more careful of myself. She was going away from there to take care of the sick people at home, so we went together; and all the long way, I kept thinking of Sands, till I was sick of it; still I didn't show it, because I liked to hear her talk; and it gave a pleasant way with her that made you feel happy, no matter what she said, and you never would have made her see that Sands wasn't the pleasantest subject to talk to about.

"We got home—I lived with mother, and she with the old folks. I got a berth at a ship-yard, as foreman; and I liked it, I didn't care to go to sea again.

"I went to see her every day and nursed the youngster; he soon got to know me, and called me 'Fred.' She didn't mind a bit—rather liked it, I think.

"One day, after I'd been at home about six months, mother says to me:

"'Ben, you go and see well go and ask Esther to live with you; you spend so much of your time there that people talk about it.'

"'I wish to God,' says I—quite red, I know I was—'that people would mind their own concerns.'

"'Ah, well!' says she, 'they won't, and never will.'

"That evening I went down to Esther, and I said to her—

"'Esther, I can't live like this much longer; Esther, I'm getting ill, and the river looks too pleasant in the moonlight to make me feel safe. I shall do something desperate: I'm not quite my own master at times. Esther, I want you to be my wife.'

"I couldn't make you happy if I was, Ben—I can never forget Sy-C—d.

"'Esther,' says I, 'if you'll marry me I shall be happier than I am now. I want a companion, and like you better than other you, and people talk about it—not men, you know,' says I, 'for I'd rose first a way to stop their mouths.' I gritted clenched fist certainly looked at this moment a very effectual remedy for a fast tongue in an unwise head.) 'But it's for the women, Esther, and I can't stop them saying what they like. They're so kind always to one of their own sex, too, that's just a misfortune.'

"'So they talk, do they, Ben?'

"'Yes, they do,' said I, with horror, unless I'm to go to sea, or away again, that we should be married.'

"'Ben,' says she, 'it isn't every man that would make that offer to a woman like me with no good name, and a baby.'

"'I do enough, Esther.'

"'Well, then, Ben, I will be your wife. I can't give you the same kind of love that people talk about, but I'll do my duty to you as a good wife, and I'm sure you'll be a father to my boy, Ben, dear.'

"She said this as calm as if I'd asked her to take a walk, or any thing else as simple.

"I went down home, and told mother: she seemed glad of it: I suppose she saw it was time, anyhow.

"Next night, as I was leaving, Esther put a letter in my hand. 'Read that when you get home,' says she; 'it may alter your mind, Ben, about this.'

"I recollect well the feeling it gave me when I took it.

"When I got home I read it—there it is—leaving what's a copy of it."

I read:

"DEAR BEN,—When I was at Manchester, when Hizie Johnny was born, the doctor told me I should never be a mother again. I don't understand these things, but there's what he said. I couldn't tell you this, because it's not the sort of thing people talk about to you; but I didn't think it right to marry you without letting you know it.

"Yours very affectionately,

"ESTHER SANDS."

"Now you know it was rather dumping to me, Cousin Pen fond of children; it makes you feel good to have the little dears creeping about you, and going to sleep in your arms. Then French women wouldn't be half so bad if they nursed their own babies, to my mind. But still I didn't feel like giving it up, 'cause of that; but I thought it was what many women wouldn't have done in her case, and I thought all the more of her for it.

"Well, we were married by the curate, and my wife cried a little when we came out of church. There are some good Christian women in the world, and that grey-eyed wife of the curate's was one.

"We took this little house near the old people, and there we lived as happy as could be. She did her duty if ever any woman did, and I'm sure I'd twice about any thing—the moment I expressed a wish for any thing, she seemed to do her best to get it for me. I was always kind to her, and fond for her, she said; but I don't know how it was, I wasn't quite contented. Second or third time was something more wanted to make me quite happy. She did all I wanted, and yet, somehow, it wasn't quite what I wanted. The same she loved me, not, as she told me at first, with the same love she had felt for Sands.

"We used to talk about him, and it made me sigh much at times to see her eyes sparkle and her face glow when I praised him. We have always some fond of me after I'd been talking of Sands.

"She couldn't see a fault in him. I've heard a good deal by now about what people mean second love, and that sort of thing, but my opinion is this, that a woman can only love once with that kind of love that sets no faults—that kind of love that takes up all her opinions, his views—so that if you know his you know hers.

"Well, if they do get married in this state of mind, they don't wake out of it for a long time—mostly they don't. Some of love isn't fond much after twenty; it's like no fever—they have it, and they're safe then. Other things weigh with them—a man's position, his means, and so on. They get more set then, criticise (don't you call it?) a man, know his faults, admit them to others, but then they do their duties much better in the one case than the other; still a man feels somewhere which kind of woman he's married, and is quite satisfied without the first kind—at least I think so. I remember one night, about three months after we were married, I was talking of Sands a good deal to somebody who'd been to supper with us, and she was quite alive, I could see—made me feel ashamed of myself, and wish I had, she'd never heard it all before. We locked up the house and went to bed; and when I came to my wife's bed, was our bedroom—she fell asleep almost directly with one hand under my neck, and her face to me. I was awake, for, you see, I had been lying and got excited a little. It was a moonlight night, and the light came in between the blind and the side of the window falling on her face.

"I was looking at her, as I said, half on my side and half on my side; presently she put her other hand to my face, and kissed it as cool as if I'd been a baby, and murmured, 'John, dear John,' and then she kissed it, and then she kissed me. She was dead asleep, too; but, by G—d, Sy, it was a thing I shall never forget! Don't I feel the tears in my eyes, when I hear her say 'John, dearest John,' and my name Ben. She was dreaming of him, and he was dead; and I didn't get over that for many days. Next morning she told me she'd been dreaming of him, and that she had wished I'd been like him; but I knew it before, though, for she was always as kind as could be to me when awake; still, you know, it gave me a doubt, for I couldn't feel sure of love for me that I wanted, and I couldn't make her feel any different if I spoke ever so much, so I never told her.

"After this, it happened once or twice; but I used to wake her up by shaking her, or some way or another. I couldn't hear it, you see, Sy, for I couldn't, Sir! You fancy your wife whispering John, dearest John,' and your name Ben all the while.

"So we lived on for about ten years; she's been dead five years now—died in September, and September she died, in that room where I sleep now. I don't know what she died of; but she kept getting paler and thinner and more drowsy in the daytime for years; then took to her bed, and was there nigh upon six months, and just before she died she made me tell her all about Sands died, and what he said; and she took the two bits of the stone-cross in her right hand, and, I'm sure, I've told no she'd like to be buried with 'em there.

"There was one thing, Sy, that I should like, too, Ben dear, if you don't mind; you won't be angry with me? 'Angry with her,' and she lay dying! I told her I'd do any thing that she asked me.

"'Can you put poor John's name on the tombstone, Ben?'

"'I don't know how, Esther; it isn't as if you'd been his wife.'

"I didn't mean this unkind, and she knew it, for we always talked that way about it.

"'But he meant to make me his wife; didn't he, Ben?'

"'He did, Esther, I'm sure.'

"'Can't you, my dear, manage, en it?'

"I said I'd see about it. I'll speak to the curate about it, so as to make it look proper.

"'Thank you, Ben. You've been a good husband to me, Ben—better than I deserved; but I didn't deceive you, did I, Ben? I told you at first I couldn't feel for you like I did for poor John; didn't I, Ben?'

"'You did, Esther, and I know it, and I have felt it; but you've been a good wife, to me, you've done your duty to me, and thank you for it.' You see I never could say much, if I felt ever so.

"The curate's wife came in just then, and Esther eyes looked bright; I never saw a grey-eyed woman made every body look better for being with her.

"'Esther, can I do any thing for you?'

"'My boy will want a mother; he one to him, will you?'

"'That I will, Esther;' and she came round to the bedside and kissed her.

"'Ben, take my hand, and hold it in yours, dear.'

"I took her hand, and held it till she died. Just before she died, she said:

"'God bless you, Ben. I'm sorry to leave you, dear, but I'm going to him. I'll tell him you kept your promising. Be as kind to his boy as you've been to me, Ben. God bless you!'

"She never spoke again, but lay quite still for an hour or more with her eyes shut, and I only knew she was dead when her hand felt cold.

"'Come, Ben,' says the curate's wife, 'you mustn't stay here now, it will do you no good. Come, Ben.'

"She took my hand, and I took hers, and she led me down stairs to this room, and put me in the chair you're sitting in. She gave her orders to the servant about getting somebody to come. I couldn't let go her hand; it seemed to keep me talking, and she let it stay there. I seemed to fancy that Esther was not dead when I held that hand. I don't know how long she staid. Esther died at eight; and they told me afterward that she came had been, and seen me holding his wife's hand, and left her there till I fell asleep, about two o'clock; it was six mortal hours did she sit beside me. It was the kindest thing I ever knew her do, Cousin Pen. Some people might think it foolish. I think it saved me my reason, for I felt as if I was out of my mind when I found Esther's hand got cold.

"I went to the funeral, and we had a stone put up; and you can see it in the church-yard there. It's a good one.

"'Sacred to the memory of Esther, the intended wife of John Sands, and wife of Benjamin Stevens.'

"It would make no difference to her whether I put it on or not; she always keep my word, you know; can't feel it right to break it to any but mad people, when you've made them a promise to keep them quiet. I don't know that it's right even then."

"And this son?"

"Oh, he's captain of the *Clara*, now gone to Melbourne. He was away when she died. He didn't want to go to sea, but I told him, his mother's story would be sure to leak out, and he'd find where that he'd have hard lines on account of it; so he went to sea, and he's been captain this last three years, and a thorough good seaman too."

"I see you don't wear your wife's wedding-ring."

"No; I couldn't get it over any of my fingers. It's so small; but it's not colder now than it was when she had it on her finger."

"Well, Ben, yours is a strange story."

"Perhaps it is; but there's many a stranger stowed away in some men's hearts; ay, and many a big chest, overhauled, would make men stare a little."

"Perhaps you'll let me look at what you call your 'land-legs' some day."

"Oh yes. It's no use living if you don't do some good to some one; I've already thought he kept pier for knowing what Ben Stevens had seen in his sixty years' voyage."

A week passed in the church-yard home, and looked at the tombstone, and felt a respect for the old sailor who goes about with his wife's wedding-ring on his finger, yet the sailor became his friend. Years had been made too large by toil for the ring to fit him, and he thought it possible that a hard hand and a soft heart may exist together. I feel satisfied that they are united in my friend Ben Stevens.

THE LEGEND OF LITTLE PEARL.

"Poor little Pearl, good little Pearl!"
Sighed every kindly neighbor;
It was so sad to see a girl
So tender, doomed to labor.

A wee bird fluttered from its nest
Too soon, and perished in the storm;
Just fit to rest in mother's breast,
The darling of fond Nature.

God chield poor little ones, where all
Must help to be bread-bringers!
For once afloat, there's none too small
To ply their tiny fingers.

Poor Pearl, she had no time to play
The merry game of childhood;
From dawn to dark she worked all day,
A wooding in the wild wood.

When others phayed, she stole apart
In pale and shadowy quiet,
Too full of sorrow for a child heart
For laughter running riot.

Hard lot for such a tender life,
And miserable guerdon;
But like a womanly wee wife,
She bravely bore her burden.

One wintry day they wanted wood
When need was at the sorest;
Poor Pearl, without a bit of food,
Must up and to the forest.

But there she sank down in the snow,
All over numbed and nothing:
Poor little Pearl, she cried as though
Her very heart was breaking.

The blinding snow shut out the house
From little Pearl so weary;
The lonesome wind among the boughs
Moaned with its warnings eerie.

To little Pearl a Child-Christ came,
With foothfull light in fairy;
He took her hand, he called her name,
His voice was sweet and wary.

His gentle eyes filled tenderly
With mystical wee brightness:
"And would you like to come with me,
And wear this robe of whiteness?"

He bore her bundle to the door,
Gave her a flower when going:
"My darling, I shall come once more,
When the little bud is blowing."

Home very was came little Pearl,
But on her face strange glory:
They only thought, "What nils the girl?"
And laughed to hear her story.

Next morning mother sought her child,
And clasped it to her bosom;
Poor little Pearl in death also smiled
And the rose was full in blossom!

THACKERAY ON TRUE GENTLEMEN.

THE London *Saturday Review* lately asserted of Thackeray for not being a "true gentleman." The great novelist replies in the new number of the *Cornhill*, as follows:

"MINE EASE IN MINE INN.—Do you object to talk about him? He always seems to me to be very good talk. Walter Scott is full of men. In 'Don Quixote' and 'Gil Blas' there is plenty of human life. Fielding and Smollett continually speak about them; and, in their travels, the last two set up the hill, and describe the dinner quite minutely. Dickens's Pickwick and Weller interested over a cab, and weeps generous tears over a donkey; but then you know the *Superfine Review* says he is not a true gentleman.

"I wonder whether my Superfine friend ever heard of Colonel Mansfield. There is a good story about the true gentleman there narrated, and in which Lawrence appears amusing, lively, and lying.

"I was seated at dinner,' says Dutens, 'between my lord Berkeley and the famous Sterne, author of "Tristram Shandy." Sterne spoke the English Rabelais. The dinner was very gay: it was day of Hogshanah's birthday, and we drank after the English fashion, and according to the day. The conversation happening to fall on Turin, Mr. Sterne asked if I knew Mansfield, amusing myself. All the company began to laugh, and Sterne, who did not know I was so near, supposed that Mansfield was a common or at least a person, at the mention of his mere name set every one laughing. "He is a very slaughter man, he is he not?" says Sterne. "Quite an original," said I. "So I suppose," continued Sterne; "I have heard of him." I was unwilling to let it work to make a portrait of me while I pretended acquiescence in all he said. Seeing that the subject amused the company, out of the fertility of his imagination he invented several stories, which lasted, to the general diversion, until it was time to take leave. I was the first to go, and was scarcely out of the house, when they told him who I was, adding, that out of respect for Lord Ossmond, I had restrained myself, but that I was not very tractable person, and he might be sure that on the morrow I should call him to account for his statements regarding me. He thought himself that he had carried the raillery too far, for he was a little gay: and next day he came to see me, and asked pardon for any thing he had said which might displease me, excusing himself from the intemperance and the wine he had to amuse the company, which he saw was so diverted the moment my name was mentioned. I stopped him there, saying that him I had seen as much amused as any body, that he had said nothing to offend me, and that if he had known the person of whom he spoke as well as I do, he might have said a great deal more harm of him. He was astonished at my reply, acknowledgments for my friendship, and quitted me very much pleased with me.'

"Ah, dear Lawrence! You are lucky in having such a true gentleman as my friend to appreciate you! You see he was lying, but then he was amusing, the whole company. When Lawrence found they were amused, he told more lies. Your true gentleman always do. Even to please the laugh of the company at a strange table, perhaps you and I would not tell lies; but then we are not true gentlemen. And we be in virtue gentlemanlike way Lawrence carries off the lies? A man who wasn't accustomed to lying might be a little disconcerted at meeting with a person to whose face he had been uttering abuse and falsehood. Not so Lawrence. He goes to Dutens—as it is true he had heard the other was *pas traitable*—a rough customer (if my Superfine friend will pardon the expression) to the expression) he goes to Dutens, embraces him, and asks for his friendship! Heaven bless him! The world can be benefited by the friendship of a true gentleman, who had just told lies about you to your face?

"Several years ago, when I was preparing some lectures in which Sterne was mentioned, a gentleman from Bath sent me Sterne's own journal to Eliza, another gentleman's wife, whom our revered friend was courting a good deal. Now, in Sterne's published letters are indications of these or four wives at least to whom the true gentleman made love—his own not included. Among the objects of the affection of that noble heart is a

certain Lady P., to whom the divine makes the fiercest avowals of love—as a true gentleman, of course, should. This letter to Lady P. in the printed collection bears no date but Tuesday, and appears among the early letters of 1767. After making but love to her ladyship, the noble creature says if she won't see him that evening, he will go to Miss ——'s benefit, for which he has a box ticket.

"What actress had a benefit on a Tuesday in 1767? On Tuesday, 21st April, Miss Pope and Miss Pointer had benefits respectively at Drury Lane and Covent Garden; and unless Lady P. gave her reverend friend, the true gentleman, the assignation which he wanted, it is probable Yorick went to the theatre.

"Did he note this little fact in his journal to his dear Eliza in India? Not one word did the best fellow whisper about the circumstance. Would I stab thy true heart, my Eliza, by confessing fruitities which are trivial in true gentlemen? No, tender and confiding creature! I will lie to thee. That is much easier. And accordingly Lawrence says not one word about the play or Lady P. to Eliza, but tells her how he is very ill, how the doctors have been with him, and how he is not long for this wicked world; in fact, he departed in the next year. Ah! Mr. Saturday Reviewer, next time you get out of your way to sneer at living, and bepraise dead gentlemen, pick a better specimen than this wretched old sinner. I may not be good enough for a person of your lofty-flying fine taste, and you feel justly indignant at my familiarity: but Mr. Sterne?—Cosse, come. I thought this was to be a chapter about lions? Oh, yes; but I stopped to have a rule on Sterne's dead donkey.

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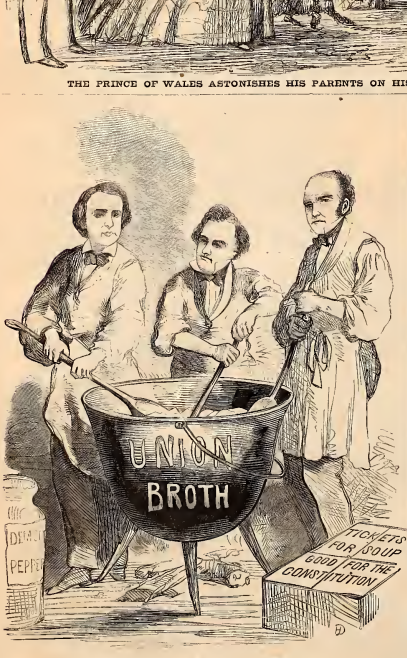

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GENERAL GUISEPPE GARIBALDI AND TWO FAVORITE VOLUNTEERS.—FROM A LATE PAINTING BY PAGLIANO.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

GUISEPPE GARIBALDI.

We present our readers this week with the latest and most authentic Portrait in existence of General Garibaldi, the Washington of Italy. The original was painted from life by Pagliano, one of the first artists of Milan, in the spring of the present year, for Lorenzo Valerio, the Governor of Como, and represents Commander-in-Chief-elect of King Victor Emanuel for the Marches, an illustrious friend and distinguished co-worker with Garibaldi in the cause of Italian freedom and unity. We are indebted to his brother, who, during the summer, commanded a volunteer force of four hundred men for Garibaldi, for a photograph of the picture. The figure on the right, from a photograph taken from life by the same artist, is the young Sicilian, Occhipinti, who started with Garibaldi's twelve hundred on the first expedition to Sicily, and for his bravery and distinguished services at the battle of Calatafimi, and the taking of Palermo, rose from the ranks to a Captaincy. (He received the public acknowledgments of General Bosco, the commander of the Neapolitan troops, for his humanity at the evacuation of Palermo in preventing a body of four hundred Neapolitans, with their officers, on their way from the convent of Monreale to the harbor, from the fury of the populace at the risk of his own life.) He has followed the fortunes of his leader in his triumphal march through Southern Italy, and is now second in his staff. The dress is that of the heroic volunteers who landed in Sicily, and have, in the brief, but by short space of three months, liberated the Two Sicilies from the terrible tyranny of the Bourbon King of Naples.

Guiseppe Garibaldi was born at Nice, in the year 1806. His family was noble. Since he became famous some ambitious antiquarian has found out ancestors for him as far back as the sixth century. It is probable that at the institution of the Golden Book, in 1528, the Garibaldi family were recorded as belonging to the ancient nobility. A Garibaldi was one of the twelve who landed with Louis XII. for Genoa: a Guiseppe Garibaldi, born in 1729, is recorded as the last member of the family—his son, living in the middle of the present times, having probably neglected to have themselves registered. The present Dictator of Southern Italy was the son of a respectable father; he entered the naval service of the King of Sardinia at the age of fifteen, and served many years with credit and honor. In 1834 his first scrape befell him. A new military movement was organized by some Italian patriots at Genoa; Garibaldi took part in it, failed of course, and was glad to find a refuge in Provence. In Philippe was one of a list of revolutionaries, being, in fact, overcapitled with the article at home; so the young sailor crossed the Mediterranean, and offered his services to the Bey of Tunis, who gladly accepted them. He was a very valuable man to the Bey, and his notions did not in the least accord with the chivalric ideas of the young Italian; and at the first opportunity he left his employer, and, after a long and dangerous voyage, reached Montevideo, in South America.

For the next ten years Garibaldi was a prominent leader in the seven-ending struggle which darken the history of the States on the La Plata. It would be tedious to describe an hundred, and all the many operations in which he was engaged, and we will simply say that he was the ablest chief Uruguay ever had, and the most formidable foe Rosas ever encountered. It was in South America that he developed the astonishing fertility of resource which he since stood him in so good stead. When, on behalf of their countrymen, the English and French fleets interfered and forbade his bombardment of Buenos Ayres, Garibaldi instantly resigned the command of the fleet to the second in command, landed, and raised a body of 1500 partisans, and continued the war as vigorously as ever. At one time he believed that the contest was over. He bought his farm, married a wife, and settled down quietly on the bank of a noble South American River. It is recorded of him that his agricultural triumphs were as conspicuous as his military successes had been, and that he did more than any one except Rosas himself to develop the extraordinary resources of that wonderful country.

He was there, peacefully tilling his farm, when Pius the Ninth, Pope of Rome, fled from his capital in January, 1848. The cry crossed the ocean and reached Garibaldi's farm. He was in the prime of his ship could carry him, and to Charles Albert—then, as now his successor, *il re galantuomo*—he offered his services. Throughout the campaign of 1848-9, Garibaldi fought loyally for the cause of Italian independence. When at last the capitol of Venice, and the wreck of a solid line that of Carvour in the Piedmontese Council, ruined the cause for the time, Garibaldi was one of the last to lay down his arms.

After a brief Parliamentary experience in the chambers at Turin, he repaired to the Papal Court at Rome, and the desperate efforts of the Roman Republicans to energetic society, summoned Garibaldi to the central city. He took the command of the Republican army, beat the Neapolitans in several encounters, and defended the Roman walls the memorable siege by the French. History contains no nobler episode than his resistance to the invading army, and the Emperor was, if he could have bluffed with forty at so unexpected an obstacle.

When it became certain at last that the city must fall, he proposed to his colleagues to blow up the brilliant, Italian the city, and take to the hills. This desperate counsel was not followed. He then resolved to fly with his legion. His speech on that occasion would have done no dishonor to Brutus or the Gracchi: "Soldiers," he said, "in consequence of the love you may show your country I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, war, and death; who accepts the terms let him follow me." The enthusiastic legion followed him to a man. The day before the surrender, Garibaldi, at the head of his faithful partisans, cut his way through the enemy's lines, and made good his escape to the little Republic of San Marino. There he dismissed his comrades, and, with two hundred men, embarked for Genoa.

During the interval of nine years which elapsed between the Reaction of 1849 and the Revival of 1858 much of the European patriots of 1848 contributed to lose what little glory they had acquired. Many of them became vagabonds, and outlaws for the sake of their livelihood; others, for the sacrifices they sold they had made for liberty. Not so Garibaldi. After a brief stay in New York, during which he earned a livelihood by making a tallow candle factory on Staten Island, he again betook himself to his old profession, and commanded sailing craft on trading voyages. He used often to come here in command of his ships; and though he was always reticent on his exploits in behalf of humanity, he never allowed the recollections of the past or his hopes of the future to begrudge him from the practical duties of the present. He was esteemed as reliable a captain as sailed out of this port.

At last, the hour sounded again. Sardinia prepared for war with Austria; a spoken proclaimed that Italy must be free from the Adriatic to the Alps. A few weeks after the war had become inevitable, Garibaldi had obtained permission from Victor Emanuel to operate with a partisan force on the northern frontier of Lombardy. It is doing no disrespect to the memory of the Emperor of the French to say that Garibaldi's exploits, with his *carabiniers des Alps*, were not the least brilliant feats of the campaign. Garibaldi, in fact, was the ablest power of his in concert and the justice of his cause. Without money, without men, without a military chest, a train, or any of the proper equipments of warfare, he drove the Austrians from post to post, and from camp to camp, and so narrowed them in that, when Milan fell, he was enabled to cut off not the least concern of their flanks. But for Garibaldi's operations the taking of Milan might have been only half it's battle.

He was dissatisfied with the peace. All Italians were. They all saw that Austria, Austrian influence, Austrian Venetia, Naples, and Rome; and they did not see the reasons why the Emperor could not effect a complete emancipation of the Italians. Garibaldi was especially incensed, and was also usual impatient of any delay in the fulfilment of promises. In the Turin House of Deputies, which did his best to curb, and change his pledge. He was never in such a fit of rage as at Villafranca.

A winter of angry discontent, caused partly by political dispositions and partly by domestic bereavement, passed him in Turin, in vain attempt to compel the work which Napoleon had left unfinished. The Bourbon of Naples, in concert with the King of Sardinia, remains a secret certain it is that, on 11th May, 1860, he sailed from Genoa with 1000 adventurers, and landed at Marsala in Sicilies to invade Sicily. On 11th he landed successfully at Marsala, and defeated the Neapolitans sent to oppose him. On 27th he defeated Bosco, whose city capitulated on 6th June, the Neapolitans having been defeated for several days before. On 19th July he entered Messina, and, unforced the Neapolitan garrison to withdraw; thus uniting the whole of Sicily under his authority. On 19th August he landed on Italian soil, and, on 7th September, he entered Naples, and, unforced his march northward, meeting with scarcely any resistance. The peculiar feeling was so decidedly in favor of the King of Naples that Garibaldi's task, hard in the, and evacuated his capital on 6th, one day before Garibaldi entered. Since then he has been engaged in beating up the partisans of Bourbon in Calabria in the direction of Capua and Gaeta.

Garibaldi has twice been assassinated. His first wife, a South American lady, was a worthy helpmate for him. She accompanied him to Italy in 1848, and was with him throughout the siege of Rome and the terrible retreat to Ancona. The fatigue and exposure of this retreat killed her. She died before the Austrians, in Italy. After Garibaldi's second wife, from whom he is now separated, much unhappy, died in Nice, in 1859, leaving the Marquis Raimondi, a wealthy nobleman, and is said to have attracted Garibaldi's attention by offering to carry dispatches during the war through the Austrian army's lines. Why he left her, the public can only conjecture; the following story from a Turin letter in the Paris *Ami du Peuple* may perhaps shed a ray of light:

"The wife of Garibaldi, about whom so many strange reports have been circulated, is now at Marsilia, intending, it is said, to come over to Italy. She is a daughter of the Marquis Raymond, an Italian nobleman of great wealth, and is a lady of the highest rank in Italy. Both. Some reports state that before the marriage was consummated such damaging evidence was placed in Garibaldi's hands that he immediately quitted her. Others say that, about three years after the marriage, she was caught intriguing with a courtier. There is evidently some strange mystery with which the world is not generally acquainted, and the lady's present intention of going over to Italy may not be so indicative of a reconciliation or reformation, as of a desire to obtain, through her, the secrets he has, what a glorious position has this silly woman throughout Italy, and what a life she could lead, and, alas!—if only for one hour—in the throne of Naples!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

A T least half the returns of the popular vote for President returns of the popular vote, and a reliable statement of the work of 6th November can yet be made. It is certain, however, that Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, have been elected by the people President and Vice-President of the United States respectively.

At the last Presidential election 4,054,513 votes were cast—1,838,232 for Mr. Buchanan, 1,341,514 for Fremont, and 874,707 for Mr. Fillmore. This was exclusive of the vote of South Carolina, in which State the Presidential electors are elected by the Legislature.

Since then some new States have been admitted to the Union, Minnesota and Oregon. Adding these to the previous thirty, and allowing for the increase of population, it seems probable that the vote of last Tuesday will exceed that of 1856 by several hundred thousand.

According to the returns which have thus far come to hand, Lincoln has carried fifteen States: to wit, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan, and Minnesota, casting together 169 out of the 303 votes which will be cast in the electoral college. Breckinridge seems to have carried twelve States; to wit, Maryland, Delaware, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Louisiana, Alabama, Virginia, Georgia, Arkansas, Texas, and Florida, casting 92 votes in the electoral college. California is supposed to have carried Missouri, which casts nine votes; and his partisans hope that he has carried Oregon and California, which cast seven more between them. It is believed that Mr. Bell has carried Kentucky, which casts twelve votes. New Jersey, casting seven votes, has gone for Fusion; and the company of the last vote for Douglas, Breckinridge, or Bell, as they deem fit.

The changes in public sentiment since 1856, as shown by the comparison of the Electoral vote of that year with the result on Tuesday, are sufficiently remarkable. In 1856 Mr. Buchanan carried Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Indiana. Now, the Democrats have lost those States. In 1856 the vote stood:

States.	Buchanan.	Fremont.	and Fillmore.
Pennsylvania.....	230,771	147,510	82,954
Indiana.....	118,670	118,161	
Illinois.....	105,348	106,088	

We have not received the exact returns for this year; but it seems pretty certain that Lincoln's majority in Pennsylvania will not be less than 50,000; in Illinois, than 15,000; in Indiana, than 10,000.

In 1856 New Jersey gave 71,058 for Buchanan and Fillmore, and only 28,238 for Fremont; in 1860 the majority for the Fusion candidates for Lincoln is about 4000.

In the Southern States the vote for Bell has proved unexpectedly large. It was long doubtful as to whether he had not carried Virginia and Georgia; Louisiana gave him a large vote, and so did Tennessee. This is the more noteworthy as Mr. Bell was identified throughout the Union with the Compromise party, which this chief opponent was charged with dissunion tendencies.

The complexion of the next Congress will be Democratic. There is a majority of from 15 to 20—the exact figures can not be given as yet—against the Administration. In every State, including Massachusetts and New York, there have been Democratic gains among the Congressmen. The defeat of Burlingame and Pennington, two of the most prominent Republican leaders, embitters the triumph of the party. In this city the Republicans have to deplore the loss of John Cochrane, one of the ablest men on the floor, late Chairman of the Committee on Commerce.

OUR BILL OF FARE.

A POLITICAL campaign blights nothing more than literature. Lives of candidates, speeches, circulars, song-books, and party pamphlets are the only literary drift-wood upon this turbid stream. But when it has reared itself by the roadside and a more permanent and attractive character. The great novelists have been for some time silent—waiting and resting, and making ready. Mr. Trollope's "Virginia Paterfamilias" has been coursing through the *Cornhill*, and Mr. *Lever* es's "Day's Work" has been laid before our readers every week, in the weekly issues, and the long evenings and leisure days begin—the peculiar season of reading—the great story-tellers begin again; and by a felicitous fortune, which we mean always to secure, it is to our columns that the best stories are first told in America. Mr. Dickens's new tale of "GREAT EXPECTATIONS" will begin in *Harper's Weekly* next week, and its brilliant opening will be felt by all that the genius of the author was never happier in its play. For a year Dickens's genius seems to be in a perfect glory of intellectually creative power. There is no effort, no crack of any kind; and if the humor has occasional excess, it seems to be never unforced. His last title published in these columns, "A Tale of Two Cities," was entirely unique. It showed a vein his admirers worked; and it will hold its place in our literature as one of the most vivid and impressive of all literary illustrations of history. It combined the romance, the terror, the pathos of the French Revolution as no other book, not Carlyle's History. The new tale will doubtless strike a livelier key. Dickens is one of the most sagacious as well as fertile of novelists, and he understands how to vary the strain. The readers of "Great Expectations" may depend upon a rare delight.

Thackeray, too, is preparing another work. He has been peculiarly cossed and stimulated by the recent attacks upon him in the *London Saturday Review* and other journals, and we may look for some remarkable flows. He feels himself to be at upon his mettle. He is, so it were, challenged to justify his reputation—and he will do it. No living writer holds a more trenchant pen than he. No more humorous and racy English than his was ever written. He has a supreme scorn of humbug, whether of the "Vanity Fair" or the *Saturday Review* kind, and he will not spare it. It is only fair to him to say that he claims nothing for himself. He assumes no leadership. He does not write "goody" books and paint "goody" morals. If humbug shows its head in church, state, or society, he tells it and it you which is—"Which are you?" he replies. "Only an observer: and if you see differently say so; but don't grimace about it, and don't try to take your theirs by crying stop thief."

The new novel of Thackeray will be published and illustrated in *Harper's Monthly*, and in that Magazine also will appear a new tale by the author of "Adam Bede" and "Mill on the Floss"—one of the tenderest, truest, and most beautiful of story-tellers.

So our friends will not want the best reading that contemporary genius affords; and the proprietors of this journal may be pardoned the pride they feel in so repaying their readers for their faithful friendship. By such means they intend to preserve the Union between the *Weekly* and the *Monthly* and their hosts of friends; and so continue to deserve the enthusiastic regard of a Mississippi correspondent who says: "*Harper's Weekly* are all around us, in hands, hearts, and book-cases."

So may it long be! So shall it long be, if care and thought and money can make it so.

RUIN.

Lay out all on a scene—a rich repast
With wine, and with banquet, and all that's fast,
And rollicking talk, and agreeable men
Then enter the gamblers, and ruin is in!
Oysters and partridge, and blue-winged teal,
And any amount of verdant zeal—
So the scenes shift to the gamester's hell;
The scene of the drama—a gambling hell

Enter a young man modest of mien,
In fact, in the sheep of the day, he's green;
Some hundred bank-bills he has with him
With its gorgeous engrave and gleaming lights;
And the goblets cream with the rich Champagne,
The sable attendant of beauty and wine,
And he hears the exciting click of chips,
And Croesus sweep out of the trade ships.

Have you ever sat upon Lofoden cliff
When the tides were high and the breeze was stiff,
And seen in the ocean a mighty curl,
Where the eddy's whirl of the whirlstream whirl
And watched how a pine-tree's floating limb
Was caught on the whirlpool's outer rim,
Till, inwardly in circles, the swaying plank
Down through the funnel of ocean sank?

So in the whirl of the gaming hell
The young man floats to the sable at will:
That central table with cloth of green,
And its dealers silent, sly, and serene,
And its hoard of pestilent colored cards,
Its fare box with the silver guards,
And its hungry faces that here and there
Flush with triumph or blue with care.

Then does the spell-bound young man think,
As he hears the ivory devils clink,
"Gambling is terrible wrong, I know—
I will take but a single chance and go—
'Tis true the money is not my own,
But I'll use it a little by way of a loan.
I have always heard that beginners win;
So where's the harm if I go in?"

And he "goes in" where others have gone,
The whirl of the maelstrom still sweeps on,
He sinks and rises with less or gain—
Above overtaxed usurps his brain—
The brandy is maddened—the lights grow dim—
This deal is neck or nothing with him.
Hot as lava, the dealer has cast the game,
His heart is like ice and his head like flame.

He's what is facetiously called "cleaned out"
I don't see the joke, though it flows about.
Cleaned out! The phrase is pleasant enough!
Cleaned out of honor and truth, he's not?
Cleaned out of peace, and that mother's love
That brooded over him like the sacred dove;
Cleaned out of that grand interior pride
That, lost, can never be more supplied.

Do you think that the picture is overdrawn?
Go follow his steps in the sickly dawn;
The sinking steps as he nears the door
Of the home he will blush to be crossing
And the agonized hours next day he spends,
Where he tries to be gay with his business friends.
Though he knows in his ledger that will cry for
The secret of fraud and the gambling hell.

THE LOUNGER.

THE DAY AFTER.

THE great Presidential campaign is over, and over quietly. It is only another proof of the truth that while the great mass of the people are contented with the existing Union, remains, the election, or of any political event whatever, is merely temporary and superficial. Perhaps the excitement on all sides have been very eloquent about the Union. They have all agreed upon that, if upon nothing else. They all claimed that they love the Union more; and this is much too politic a Lounger to betray which he thinks really was so.

But one thing was clear enough all the time. If a system like ours could suddenly collapse and disappear upon the change of political power effected in the constitutional way, it was high time that the experiment were tried that every body might perceive by what a fresh and living tissue the Union held. That feeling undoubtedly controlled many votes at the late election. Men with

the kindest feeling for all parts of the country, and to fall sympathy with the party lately dominant in the Government, felt that it was only justice to themselves and to all others, that they should know precisely the quality of the boat. And what is that bond? What must it always be?

It is a bond of common welfare, of common history and destiny. It is a bond of sympathy and brotherhood, but also of individual self-respect. It is a bond of popular will and the general common sense. So long as a people is busy and progressive, so long they will be contented and at peace. People don't fight upon abstractions. If the English Parliament had not tried to tax the Colonies it might have legislated at large and in general as much as it liked. But when it comes to taking money out of the pocket without even a "by" leave, the people have clapped their hands upon their pockets and upon their swords. In the history, the Union of these States rests upon the general prosperity; and whenever the prosperity of any part of the people is seriously attacked, and all other means of redress fail, they will take to revolution. There are but two methods of collective redress, one is peaceful and the other forcible; and men betake themselves to the latter, only as the last, solemn, and sad alternative.

Every thing in our history, and in the history and experience of the world, shows how far we are from any such dire event. The union of the American States is the grandest instrument ever put into human hands to work out the progressive civilization of the world; and it is not the least of its virtues that it will work out the cure of its own defects. People who have heads grave, very old, and speculate upon the probable end of our experiment. But they forget the constantly new conditions. They forget that education and invention keep pace with political enfranchisement, and that the common sense and conscience of the multitude will often correct the wiles of demagogues who are knaves.

The country has been profoundly stirred, as it always must be by a Presidential election. But all the old parties have had their fear of excitement not seriously disturbed the faith of any patriot in that Union which is the massive chain of hills, always throwing up silver and with brightest splendor, by which mankind are to be drawn up to a loftier and better height. Once more, as the breath of the popular will fills her sails, we sing with Longfellow:

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat
In what furnace was thy frame
Fashioned for storm and wave and blast.
Fear not the anchor, fear not the mast,
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee—
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers are sure
Our faith triumphant ever our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!"

POPULAR GOOD-HUMOR.

One of the striking facts on election day was the universal good-humor. Apparently, no one had the sharpest and bitterest of all political campaigns—there was some doleful mistrust of the conduct of a political party, commonly speaking, there was no trouble whatever. The days of "the bloody Sixth" have long gone by. The system of voting districts is one of the incentives of the ballot-box and of the public peace. Even what little row there were were rather ludicrous than threatening. I saw several; and the characteristic of all was an unwillingness to strike.

At one poll a belligerent voter stepped out the window and said, in a loud voice, that he would like to see the man—who he would allow to be challenge him. No sooner had he thrown down than it was—who the voter was promptly challenged. He swore in his vote, and then turned to grapple with his fellow-countryman. Down they went, off the ground into the street—scuffling, cursing, clawing, swearing, shouting, hats off, coats and collars awry—pell-mell, scratch, cuff, curse—until the respectable Jury-Judge had ordered round the constabulary—squealing, yelling, shaking fingers and fists, threatening, peering—but meanwhile only the original belligerents actually engaged. You would have thought a serious riot must necessarily take place, and the public and checking certified peace, like the cackle of a barn-yard. What names they called each other—how dirty gave the lie—how they dared each to other to the most frightful fisticuffs—how they scoured and shouted and swore, and how they brandished their fists, and surged hither and thither, was worthy the best stage in the city. *Alarums—enter one, whereupon, alarums and retreat*, was the stage direction which suited the case precisely.

There was another sudden gust of row at another poll. A yelp, and a general mad rush, ending together of the crowd; a hubbub and shrieking and commingled fits of oaths and insults; and over the whole a loud roiter in the middle of the press, brandishing a cudgeln by the middle, and storming irresistible threats in the face of the delicate yelp, and with a shrill truly marvelous and philanthropic, so guiding his ugly weapon that not a solitary hair upon any head was touched; and finally, after rushing this way and that, jumping here and there, and pushing as if they were all bouncing their candidates into office, the crowd suddenly scattered, and one poor gentleman, who had no part or interest in the row, emerged with a bloody nose.

Again the loud, shrill, cudgelling contest of words began, and the crowd gathered closely around the disputants, who roared more furiously until they were quite sure they should be held back, and then brandished his arms and fists, and invited the other to come on. The other began immediately an answering brandishment, and seem both were effectually and securely held from behind, each made the most heroic demonstrations to the detriment of the adversary, swearing that if he could only be let go, he would straightway send the other to innumerable uncomfortable places. The fight was purely fictitious, but very brief—and the result was that one man was sent home, wounded, some; missing, none. Except in one case, where one man stepped out and his two thumbs inside the mouth of the other, and was doing some damage, when the other "worked my mouth," as he said, "with his two thumbs together, and then I chewed away." That fight ended suddenly.

Like these were not insignificant, although they were at rural polls. The people who hung around such places are the most ignorant and imbruted kind. The sots are there—wretched caricatures of men—hoping to be treated. The lawyers and bullies are there, and they are usually not brave men. The gaming crowd is there, so it is around the tent of a circus. The few leaders of the district are there, hoping to secure a longer—the treaters on behalf of the parties—to be whole and "barelled" and most disheartening sots of his fellow-men and fellow-citizens that the voter is likely to meet any where. And yet, national politics, with the exception of the case in which the votes were deposited with almost free drinks for every body, and with nothing but the mutual hospitality and common sense of the occasion, there was no disturbance more important than these.

An observer may take heart for our institutions even at the worst polls.

THE PUBLIC EXPRESS.

The greatest disgrace of the city of New York is the Public Express. There isn't a one-horse town in the land which has not a better. The Express is quite and mortifying an office as the complacent metropolis of the country. The inclosures upon Nassau street are full of old kinds of rubbish; they are the favorite deposits of old rags, old boots old bottles, and dead cats. The pavements are all broken up and uneven and disgraceful. The top of the delivery-boxes is so dark and sad that the ordinary citizen gently intelligent, prefers to disperse the gloom; and as for the narrow, musty, outer corridor, where advertised letters are delivered and where the light, which, by the way, is the characteristic veritable of the great and characteristic building in which the Government houses one of its agencies, it is a disgraceful and dangerous place.

For there is no doubt that the building is as good as a Department of the public service which doesn't pay for itself. The Post-office might be immediately abolished and private enterprise would do the work a thousand-fold better than it is done now.

It is one of the traditions from which we might wisely emancipate our system that the expensive business should be a public and Government machinery, the Government. Why should the Government carry a man's letter more than his carriage or handle? Notoriously, Government does most important packages by private expresses, because the public express is so slow, so dull, so swift, nor so convenient. In a day and country of private effort, like ours, the postal service could be accomplished by the private enterprise of such a thoroughly Package-Express Company now. Money could be made by the companies, and instead of paying enormously to sustain a Department which serves us badly, we should pay moderately for being served well.

And we might be very sure that no private company, which undertook to carry letters and to deal with them, would find the operations to be managed in such a hole as the Post-office of the great commercial metropolis of the country. There is not a single decent or convenient place in the city that has not buildings as much more convenient and proper as the work they do is better done.

THE LAST TOURNAMENT.

THE Chess Tournament of two or three years ago was pleasant, but the Billiard Tournament is more intelligible, and more amusing to the spectator who is not an adept. The excellence of a move in chess is entirely lost upon a man who does not understand chess. But the skill of a stroke in billiards can be appreciated by any body who has ever seen common games. While every body can, or seemed to be, so profoundly excited that they could think of nothing but the election, you had only to mention Bellair's Tournament to find half a dozen of the one were brandishing their instruments of death, the magnificent mystery of the company carom was revealed to the wondering and incredulous mind. There, with the devotion of students to their art, of clubs to their rivals, of candidates to their constituents, you might have seen men leaning over a table and striking at ivory balls, and heard the cry of the crowd of intelligent spectators long upon every stroke as politicians hung upon the speeches of orators.

That is better than cock-fighting, or Mockbirding, or wrestling off deer-knockers, or smashing Charleys—isn't it? Billiards is a beautiful, complete, active game. When Berger plays it becomes poetic, if we may trust the ecstatic reporters and the pretensions of the game. Mr Phelan was already the accredited champion, the Paul Morphy, the Benicia Boy of billiards. It was not surprising that he conquered the victor of the other knights who took part in the tournament. But he was not the victor in the last game of the game of seven hundred and ty. The player, then, who is only second to Mr. Phelan is Dudley Kavanagh. The name is romantic enough for the Spingler institute. And why should he not be admitted to the course of instruction in that institution, in a day when physical culture is of such importance, and officials so Professor of Calisthenics? Calisthenics is understood to be the feminine of gymnastics. In fact, as nine-pins are to billiards, so are gymnastics to calisthenics.

The Spingler will hardly smile upon the suggestion, and yet it must know how well ladies often play billiards; yes, and perhaps it knows how well they look while they are playing, and how ambitious they are to be so. It is for this reason, perhaps, where them to use the mace and shoe the ball, and bend of standing it with the cue and driving it. But there is all the difference in the two between playing billiards and not playing. What do you suppose Berger could do with a mace? The touch of the cue is electrical.

There must be constant and general public amusements and recreations. Billiard-rooms and bowling-alleys have a bad name, because they are so closely associated with bar-rooms. But for the present the bar-room is a necessary tax upon the amusement, whatever it may be, and it ought to be so considered. The important point after that is, what kind of recreation is most healthy—most healthful? Certainly nothing sedentary—nothing sensuous—but something that moves the person and gives the muscles play—something that exhilarates and interests, and is yet simple and manly—is our word—billiards.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE WARE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

SEMBLANCE TO SOUTH SULLIVAN.

Sinn rest to the souls as the sons of Erin,
The Banner of Faith 'gainst the heathen who bore,
They gave their life-blood to conquer for dartuf,
But ah! now, the Irish Brigade is no more.
Sighs and tears pour over their tombs to their relatives,
Wailed between the spot where their world remains lie
They died, overwhelmed by superior numbers,
They would not surrender, preferring to die.

They fought like Irishmen with terrible slaughter,
But sank under wounds, and exhausted with toil,
And now their bones bleached are pecked on the valley
To such an extent that it purpled the soil.
They stood while the dead fell around them—was flying,
At times as the bones of the stems shaken tree!
Let the wretch who fled in the battle-field tragic,
His hundred—of whom there survived only three.

Oh! Talk of Lemnitz, talk of the Spartans!
Talk of Leonidas, who lives now for to name?
On the knees of their trousers, the kit that's not tattered
Is a thing, all the same, hung up at the same
Their bodies, interred at the inner's quarters,
Their spirits have gone from the Army of Marters,
And Sumn will remember their name forever.

THE LAND OF IRE.—The child inventive which the Ultramontanes of the Continent are busily hatching against England and Sardinia, confirms the conjecture that it will be derived from Erinna, which means, that young ladies may require to be confirmed, was the name of a harp.

COUSINS FOR KINGS AND QUEENS.

A Lou which Nature contrevenes,
A mite of Bonaparte and Kinnemen
Forbids our Princes, Kings, and Queens,
With Brothers spouse to unite.
The *entry* of the Roman commanding
Their Princesses to wed.
And therefore is their choice of hands
Extremely limited.

Their Cousins are our Royal rose
Undaunted, John, and Wilhelm,
Who, by the means of the *ayes*,
Are Kaiser and Prince Consort.
New German Country far removed
All very well in time
But Cousins German all have proved
The same Kaiser and Prince.

Near cousins are the German tide,
When arms remain to wed,
Now *cousins* are the Atlantic wide.
Almost within a week!
Of Yankee Land the Beauty pales
All Continental fair
Right not a single Bride for Wales,
A distant Cousin there!

MOTHER POPE'S MANDEMENTS.

Adieu to Pius, Pio, Pio, Pio

FORT MOULTRIE (SULLIVAN'S ISLAND), CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, IN THE DISTANCE.—[See Preceding Page.]

"OH YES, WE'VE A DANDELION CLOCK, DON'T YOU SEE!"

THE SEXTON'S STORY.

"Now Grandpa, we've brought you your dinner to-day, And mother said Harry and I could both stay And play hide and seek for a while without fear—It does not seem lonely when Grandpa is here.

"And then—won't you tell us that story you told All about Robin Hide, who was winsome and bold, Whose love was so strong, whose heart was so brave?" "Yes, child, by-and-by—when I've finished this grave.

"That will be three o'clock—but you will not know How fast on the grave-stones the shadows will go." "Oh yes, we've a dandelion clock, don't you see? We blow on it thrice—so—now it is three!"

"About Robin Hide? Ah, well should I know Thy story, dear! It was four years ago Since I saw him at first, on the old village green, Where the hide and the hasser at even met seen.

"And I marked his dark eye, with the glances of fire, Resting on Lucy Lee, only child of the Squire—Watching long the sun look from those sunny blue eyes—But his words, as he spoke, were all cold! in sight.

"For he was but poor—no houses nor lands He owned—only courage, and two honest hands: And Lucy, fair Lucy, an heiress was she—Too rich to be won by a lad poor as he.

"Then I saw him go forth—at the sunset he came To yonder white tomb-stone behind you the same Gaily 'Adieu!' thereon. A while he loved low; Then, rising, he murmured, 'Dear Mother, I go.

"'For there's no one to love me, and no one to care, Since you went to the grave—oh, would I were there! Dear Lucy I can not, no, never can wive—He was gone—only shadows where he had just been.

"Then I met Lucy Lee, and I saw her grow pale When I spoke of the lad who had gone, Robin Hide; But she crushed down her tears, never gaining his heart, Or that love he deemed hopeless had led him depart.

"Soon a new suitor came. She but turned her aside When he whispered his love and could make her his bride; Until weary of life—at her father's command—She gave to Ralph Vane—not her heart—but her hand.

"Wasn't that a brave wedding—the bride all in white?—But the guest never knew who had vanished the night—I had him right well in the old oaken pew In the church, when the bride and her train glided through.

"With affection unfeigned, with a fortune that was, Robin Hide had come back. Ere the pageant was gone He turned him away; and was never more seen In the church or the yard where the grave is so green."

The story was finished—but steadily and still The children came close, pointing up to the hill: "See, Grandpa, she came with her baby a while, And leaned on the tablet, not far from the stile.

"And she cried when you told us about Robin Hide! And see, she lives yonder—that cot in the vale." "That house is Ralph Vane's—oh, yes, it is she: She has heard now too late how he lived Lucy Lee."

BARLOW BROTHERS' BOOKS.

BETWEEN twenty and thirty years ago Reuben and Samuel Barlow commenced to trade together as grocers under the style and title of Barlow Brothers. When this firm first came into being, the sole assistant of the brothers (with the exception of the porter) was a certain Isaac Jackson, who discharged the double duties of shopman and clerk, and who had progressed with the business, until at last he became cash and book-keeper, as well as confidential clerk and general adviser to Reuben Barlow. Although not, like his employer, a "Friend," yet Isaac was one of the shyest and meekest of men; silent and reserved, he had no tastes, no amusements, no hopes and fears, no cares or enjoyments, but such as arose from and had reference to Barlow Brothers, their business, and—pre-eminently and superlatively—their books. He lived on the premises—to old the warehouseman, whose wife acted as house-keeper—and often enough, after the place was closed to the outer world for the night, Isaac used to remain in the counting-house, engaged in posting, balancing, and entering up those cherished volumes. And truly, if his game much care and attention to them, they well repaid him; they were model books—no blots defaced their smooth surfaces; no erasures ruffled their smooth textures; no crime could have made just objection to aught there visible, had any such ever seen them, which Isaac would have taken good care to place beyond the reach of possibility; these sacred objects were not to be gazed at by profane eyes, nor handled by careless or flagitious fingers. It was believed that Isaac would rather you damaged himself than his books, and a young apprentice had personal proof of how dangerous it was to transgress in this respect, when once, by way of a joke, as he thought, he dropped the day-book on the floor. Unhappy youth! Isaac, albeit usually slow alike in bodily movement and in words, sprang at him and boxed his ears soundly.

"Get—get out of the place," he stammered; "you're not fit to be in it."

And though next day he begged Pennink's pardon—hoped he hadn't hurt him—and gave him a holiday, yet the sudden outburst of temper was a significant index to his feelings.

Reuben Barlow, who was fond of a joke, sometimes used to say that if Isaac were going to be married, he was sure that the cash-book would manage somehow to stop the ceremony; and at other times was accustomed to speak of the ledger as Mrs. Jackson. It was often said that Isaac might have been a partner long ago, had he wished; and it was supposed that a strong reason in his mind for declining that position, was a feeling that, in such a case, it would be *infra-dig* to keep his own books, and an unwillingness to resign such duty into other hands.

From what had been stated, Isaac's feelings may perhaps be imagined when it is told that Reuben Barlow entered his sanctum one morning, and thus addressed him:

"When thou hast the time, Isaac, I want thee to look at Black and Briggs's account, and see what amounts we have paid them lately."

"What's the matter with Black and Briggs?" quoth Isaac.

"Nay, that is that thou hast to help to discover," returned Reuben: "John Black tells me they find their cashier has been robbing them, and asks me to give him particulars of their account with us, without raising the matter abroad; therefore, Isaac, name it not to any one at present."

"Been robbing them!" echoed Isaac, lifting up his hands solemnly; "Dear me—dear me! Ah, I feared that man greatly—too flighty, too unsteady. Not six months ago he was in this very place receiving a payment, and when he came to write a receipt he pushed that ledger out of the way as if it had been a stone, and well-nigh upset the inkstand over it. Well, well, dear me." Isaac smoothed the leather cover of the insulted volume and turned up Black and Briggs's folio. "Ay, just so," he murmured, "two-fifty on the ninth March, one-twenty on—How far shall I go back; has he been long engaged in this robbery?"

"I fear so," replied Reuben.

"Nay but, in that case," said Isaac, "how is it he hasn't been found out ere now?"

"Why, then must know, Isaac," said Reuben, with a smile, "if thou can't bring thy mind to compass it, that he has falsified the books, and has shown great art in erasing and altering figures to suit his ends."

Altering the books!—erasing! Isaac was dumb for some minutes trying to fathom the depths of such cold-blooded villainy. At last he looked Reuben doubtfully in the face and murmured:

"I suppose—it isn't a—hanging matter, is it?"

"Nay, nay," said Reuben, laughing, "not so bad as that; the law will lay him by the heels for the money he has taken, and leave what I dare say thou thinks the worst of the affair unpunished. But do thou make out the account, and I will give it to John Black myself."

During the remainder of the day Isaac were a very anxious and preoccupied look, and when brought into contact with the apprentices, who were apt to be careless and frivolous in word and deed, gazed seriously on them, and then gravely shook his head, as seeming with difficulty to refrain from addressing them. [illegible] as he was brooding over the morning's communication, and trying to imagine what steps any man could arrive at the horrible wickedness of laying sacrilegious hands on such sacred articles as books; and when next day Reuben informed him that sundry discrepancies having been discovered between his account and that kept by the defaulter, he would have to attend at the police-court on the morrow, to prove certain payments, he became quite sepulchral in his gloom.

He did duly attend the police-court, but the case was not gone into fully, the accused being remanded for a week. It was however, opened, and Isaac heard the attorney for the prosecution declare that the prisoner had been with his employers from a boy; that they had formed the highest opinion of him, had reposed the most perfect trust in him, and were deeply surprised and grieved by his misconduct. Telling this to Reuben Barlow that even-

THE GHOST AT

ing. "Ay," observed the latter, "John Black said to me, I would as soon have suspected him, Reuben, as Isaac would that Isaac Jackson;" and Reuben laughed a jolly laugh at the notion. But Isaac did not reply as the other expected.

"He had been with them from a boy," he said, half to himself.

"And might have been with them for the rest of his life," said Reuben, "if this had not happened."

"Ay, ay," quoth Isaac, dreamily; "how did he begin?" *Ay, Ann?*"

"Nay, I know not, and it matters but little to him," said Reuben; "and now, Isaac, that is finished." I start to-morrow for Bristol, and shall not see thee till this business is over. I am glad that thou can speak to dry facts, or I fear I should hear hardly on him. Farewell." And off went Reuben.

At the proper time Isaac attended and duly proved the payments as per account rendered. A day and several days passed, he was confidently put about by the unwonted turmoil and hustle into which circumstances had plunged him, and the blue taken by the prisoner's legal defender didn't tent to clear his brain or steady his nerves. That gentleman, seeing the manner of man before him, made an effort to bother Isaac by some of the stock-inquiries usual in such cases, as whether he, Isaac, never made mistakes in his business—whether he always made his entries at the time of payment—whether he would swear he had made these particular entries on the proper time—whether the cash had always balanced, and so on; and though, of course, he elicited nothing in favor of his client, he put the matter considerably in doubt upon Isaac, alternly bewildered by much musing on this affair.

The old man left the court half inclined to doubt, in spite of himself, whether he was, in reality, as correct as he had been all seven years—whether, if so then, he as well as that unhappy man might not one day be tempted and fall. True, he couldn't countenance, nor, for his part, the idea; but that prisoner—would not he also at one time have felt the same and yet have been contemplating? There must have been a beginning, and why was he himself more secure than other men? etc., etc. The fact, Isaac, was, was agitated, and disturbed, by breeding on this subject, and above all weak for want of his dinner, which he had been too much interested to get at the usual hour, and was unmonumanned for the time, and looked so wonderpone in the evening that the housekeeper on seeing him attached him at once.

"Why, Mr. Jackson, whatever 'ave you been doing? Not bad news, I 'ope? No—wot! you look so miserable. Now just you get some supper at once, and then take a drop of spirit and water, and go your ways to bed."

It was in vain for Isaac to declare that he wasn't hungry and didn't want any; he was obliged to let the housekeeper's prescription to the letter, for though, after his meal, he felt so much better that he had a mind to stand going into his office to finish part of his day's work which had been perforce left, yet, on the attempt, he was made decidedly negatived; and accordingly to bed he went, taking into his musing, as usual, the subject, which he always kept under his pillow. He rose so much better next morning that he felt disposed to laugh at the melancholy nonsense of the previous evening; and when it became time to repair to the counting-house, he had almost got over his fretters, and felt better than he had done for some days.

"It was having to appear against that poor fellow," said to himself, as he reversedly received the books from the safe. "Now that's over, I hope I shall forget it and him; I almost wish I could think it a mistake on my part, so that one would not to make out; but it couldn't be!" and with that Isaac opened his sidebook, and began to count over the cash-balance of the night before: "Ten, twenty, thirty," he murmured, "hundred and sixty-five—pshaw! I mean, of mistakes—let me begin again; no, that's all right. Why, bless me, I remember, I had one hundred and sixty-five pounds when I balanced, year by year, by the book, I ought only to have one hundred and five. How can it be? Such a thing never happened before. Can I be going to—"

And Isaac sunk down upon his stool. Presently he began to minute the items in the cash, and at length found that a sum of two hundred pounds paid by him and so entered, had been by the addition of a stroke to the middle cipher changed into two hundred and sixty, thus making him appear he have paid sixty pounds more than he had really done. Isaac fried up in a moment.

"Some of those rascally lads; think it a joke, I suppose. Now if I only knew which of 'em I'd turn him into the street in one minute: to dare to imitate my hand too! I could have sworn it was my own doing. Actually, though, it was to say one thing it seriously—what object could he have? No, it must be one of those plaguey boys."

So soliloquizing, Isaac got to work, contenting himself, for the time, by darting each piercing glance at the apprentices who came within his ken as one would have supposed must have overwhelmed the audacious evil-doer; but without producing any visible result. Isaac was very undecided that evening, whether or no to give the culprit a chance of compromising himself by requesting him, just as usually for the sake of the

[illegible] and having, with his own hands, [illegible] in the key hole, [illegible] for the night. My next [illegible] kept himself into the belief [illegible] had been a sudden and [illegible] sharp temptation [illegible] tantalizing him [illegible] the night before [illegible] such sacred [illegible] he could [illegible] to [illegible] or [illegible]

the crushing exhortation which he would in such case bestow, that he went to his daily work in a comparatively equable and cheerful frame of mind. Miserable man! No sooner had his eye glanced at the symmetrical column of the cash-book than he perceived that the same hand had made again been at work, and this time to a greater extent than before; numerous fabrications forced themselves on his bewildered vision, executed with diabolical ingenuity, both as to the mode and style of the fraud. Entries were made which he knew to be true, into fours, eighteen into sixes and nines, and all in exact imitation of his own handwriting; he was forced to admit that had he been asked to give witness to the contrary, he should have had to confess his own handiwork. The matter now looked serious: no one had access by fair means to the books but himself, could it possibly be, thought Isaac, in his agony, that he was so far forgetful as to chastise his pride of accuracy in this fearful manner? A cold sweat bathed his face at the thought. If once he could persuade himself, what was the object of alterations which appeared to him large, he repeated, he was sure, they had really in his custody? It must plainly be that the money itself would next be by some means abstracted, and he, Isaac, accused of the fraud, and confronted by the altered books. And then—what then? Isaac couldn't follow the train of thought further. He stood fixed and like a statue, thinking he would conceal himself in the counting-house that night without waiting the matter to a test, and then he would see, he thought, to close a good remaining working by himself till late, he went as usual to his own room, and locked the door; then slipped noiselessly down stairs with the key of the safe in his pocket, and took up his position behind a desk, where by a little management he could command a view of the whole room. Here he remained undisturbed, save by the ticking of the office clock, by footsteps passing to and fro, and by his own agitating thoughts. Chilled to the core, although it was the dog days, and perhaps a little frightened, he nevertheless sat bravely on, hearing the hours strike one after another, and every now and then taking a peep at the safe, and himself awake; so passed time and the hour until the old church clock, just outside, boomed high in the-air. Gladly he rose, with a sigh of relief and triumphant, though rather disappointed at finding himself not a victim to the mysterious agency, leaps and down on his own stool, and presently finding his hand upon against the desk before him, he forced to conclude that he had nodded, dozed, and so it proved; for on striking a match and consulting the clock, it showed a few minutes before one to be the hour.

"Not quite an hour, at all events," said Isaac, clapping his pocket to feel for his safe-key, and rather put out at his failure to achieve wakefulness. "And every thing is quite still. No one can have been in this room, and nothing can have happened. Well, the man will be here at six, and then I shall get to bed. I wish the scamp had come though, I shall have to wait all day."

At six, accordingly, Isaac was released, and was in bed and asleep in a twinkling, and left his place in the office very little later than his usual hour.

"Shall I tell Reuben Barlow, or not?" soliloquized he, as he unlocked the safe. "He'll be back to-day, and I would be sure to know it?"

But on second thoughts he determined that it would be better to discover the plotter before speaking to any one.

"And, at all events," said he to himself, "I can keep matters from getting worse for a few days, and by that time I may know."

Isaac gave a deep groan, and well he might. In spite of such and such a resolve, and seen at work; the entries left yesterday in such order and symmetry were caricatured and travestied out of all shape, the figure having been perverted, altered, and inserted.

"It must have been in the room with me last night," thought Isaac, and he looked at the clerks, the clerks were alarmed by hearing a loud thump, and on entering Isaac's office by finding its occupant on the floor insensible; for the last time in his life he had fainted. On coming to himself, however, he recollected all transpired, and groaned.

"Nothing was the matter with him, he had dipped in getting on to his stool," he said, "and fainted." He dared the open cash-book sharply, and with a suspicious glance at those around him, and bidding them all rather unceremoniously get their work and leave him alone, he sat down to try and think calmly over the matter. It was in vain, and by the time Reuben Barlow returned Isaac had pretty nearly worked himself into a fever. Informed of Isaac's fainting fit, Reuben, nevertheless, said nothing to the old lad, beginning quietly to talk about indifferent subjects; but so dispirited and short were Isaac's replies that at last he said:

"I fear thou'rt not well to-day, Isaac?"

"What, I suppose you've been hearing some nonsense or other in the office since you came in, but there's nothing the matter with me."

"Well," said Reuben, "I thought that thou'rt not in the habit of lying on thy back on the floor, then mustn't be surprised at what's said when thou begins to do so;" and observing that Isaac was indisposed for further parley, Reuben left him. Toward the close of business, however, he again ventured to approach him opening over the cash-book:

"Doesn't then think," he said, "thou best done enough for to-day? Ay, that's right, shut it."

Isaac having done so rather sharply.

"Nay," he went on. "Never trouble thyself to put the books away, the youth Perkins shall do it for to-night."

Now, Perkins, as may be remembered, was he who had released the day-book on a certain former occasion, and as supposing that Reuben was joking him, Isaac said, rather sulkily:

"Perkins sh'n't touch them."

"Well, well," said Reuben, mildly, "if it will please thee better, I will even put them by myself," and he forthwith began to suit the action to the word.

Now, though Reuben seeing that Isaac was ill, was only anxious to spare him exertion, the latter, full of the great mystery in which he was so dreadfully involved, saw only the desire to meddle with the causes of his woe, and all at once his mind became possessed with dark suspicions.

"Could Reuben suspect any thing? Impossible! And yet what can he wish to handle the books? Whatever might be the reason it must be grateful. I'm not going to leave them in the safe at all to-night, I'm going to take them up stairs into my own room. I want to look over them, and he."

"Thou'd far better leave them alone till to-morrow," urged Reuben, "for I am sure thou art not well, will be, if thou keeps on as thou will."

So Isaac had them borne up stairs before him, of course with the intention of keeping them under his own eye, and he was quite sure in his mind as to the course to pursue. He did keep them under his own eye during the night, and carried them into his bedroom when he went there himself, placing them on a chair by his bedside, and carefully locking his door on them.

"They're safe for to-night," thought Isaac, as he repeated them mournfully; "but it's dreadful to think that I should have to watch them in this way constantly."

He took one last look at their fair proportions just before extinguishing his candle, and after putting his hand out of bed once or twice to feel them, turned round on his side to sleep if he could. As his last waking care had been for the books, so was his first: he raised himself in bed, and took a glance; there they were—just surely not in the same order as when he last saw them. He was out on the floor in an instant, one short look was sufficient; he felt taken in the lot, and trembled till the couch shook again. Then a cry of fear burst from him, and he left the door open. Willing to find his memory treacherous, he rose and tried the door; looked even as he had left it, and now, quite in a fright, he sought, and found convinced that he was the victim of some evil spirit, and shuddered at the thought of his existence during the long dark nights and middle of the night." Long time took he to dress, and a middle man did he look when he pre-ented himself at the breakfast table. Though breakfast was a mere form with him, he lingered so long in his chair that Mrs. Tuckle, the housekeeper, seriously alarmed at this state of things, quietly went and begged Reuben (an early man) to come up stairs and persuade Isaac to pay some attendance at his duties for the day.

"Why, Isaac, what's the matter with thee to-day?" began Reuben, cheerily, but stopped short, shocked at the change in the other's appearance.

"Nay, nothing, nothing, I'm well enough."

"Nay, not ill," said Reuben, "then thy appearance belies thee; what ails thee, lad, what ails thee?"

Isaac sat silent for a while, and then burst out passionately, "I'm a ruined man, Reuben, I'm a ruined man!" and he sobbed.

"Be not prodigal, Isaac," said Reuben, seriously, but then was no shaken. "Tree hast got something on thy mind; would it not comfort thee, lad, to tell it, and so be rid of it?"

Thus adjured, Isaac poured out his story in a flood, to the great amazement of the other, who, however, listened to the end without a word. But that which had begotten fear in Isaac Jackson's breast caused only indignation in the stout heart of Reuben Barlow. He stamp the table with his hand rather more emphatically than becomed his breadth of his brim and the uprightness of his collar.

"I tell thee, Isaac," he said, with a grim smile, "this is more than a mere forged work; but let me see it with mine own eyes."

And off marched Reuben to Isaac's bedroom, returning in a few minutes looking:

"Truly," he remarked, "this man—or fiend as the case will be—hath a marvellous knack of imitating thy hand."

"No man could do it," quoth Isaac.

"I will prove to thee that some man *hath* done it," retorted Reuben. "I will take my own stand in my office this night, and if haply I light upon him—"

Reuben involuntarily clenched his fist, and stretched forth his arm in the direction of a stout, heavy oak staff at a remote seat, his action was significant to the meanest capacity of his intention to make this scamp the first to feel Reuben's prowess.

But Isaac would not hear of solitary watch being kept, "for," said he, "if you go to sleep as I did, all your trouble is for the last," so that Reuben was forced to let him join in the vigil. They watched in company, therefore, all night, without any disturbance or appearance of Reuben's dogged, who said at seven o'clock in the morning,

"Well, we've kept thy books safe, but otherwise are just as we were; this man must know when watch is kept, and is wise enough to stay away out of reach."

"Don't be so sure the books are all right," said Isaac, drearily.

"What is?" cried Reuben, "would then have we take up thy absent and profane notions? Let us look for ourselves," and so saying, he took down a table, and there, sure enough, were the books untouched and unaltered.

"Now, what say to that then?" asked Reuben.

Isaac was delighted to admit himself somewhat reassured, and said that perhaps the mischievmaker had got tired of his jokes.

"Well, thou canst try by giving him the chance to-night," returned Reuben.

Now this, if not absolutely deceitful in word, was decidedly so in intent; for Reuben himself had no thought of giving up the affair until he had obtained some result, and he accordingly made his own arrangements for keeping solitary watch that night, and at a late hour was admitted to the premises by the warehousman, whom he had taken into his confidence, and of whose good faith he felt sure.

He sat undisturbed till the clock struck two, and was beginning to think that his watch would be as quiet as the night before, when he heard a slight noise, as of some one descending the stairs from the upper floor of the building.

"Now for it," thought Reuben, feeling about in the dark for a ruler, having found which, he got behind a desk and waited, with his ears open, and some one entered. Reuben heard the tread of a man without shoes. The intruder advanced, picked up the cash-book from the desk, as Reuben knew by the sound, struck a match, and lighted a gas jet. Reuben was full in view, Reuben then watched him go to the safe, unlock it, take forth the books, place them on Isaac's desk, and then deliberately commenced to examine the same. At this point Reuben advanced boldly and seized the individual by the arm, when—Isaac Jackson fainted! Reuben found himself sitting on an office stool, cold sobbly in a long white garment, and with a pain in his head! While Reuben Barlow stood beside him looking rather grim, and saying,

"Doesn't then think thou'd be better in bed, Isaac, than playing these tricks?"

No more passed then; Reuben returned the books to their strongholds, put out the gas, saw Isaac safely home, and left him to rest that the next day gave his book-keeper certain advice and warning at considerable length concerning needless fainting and heavy suppers. It was with no small difficulty that Isaac nerved himself to face the office, at the time, feeling convinced in his own mind as he did, that every little gathering of the clerks which he chanced to see was by no means "a fortuitous combination of atoms," but a meeting for the express purpose of debate respecting the recent mystery and its solution, particulars of which had in some surprised manner leaked out. He lived for some little time in desperate fear of his secret being discovered, but the recurrence ever again troubled him, and he would by this time almost have forgotten it, if it were not for Reuben Barlow's occasional jocular inquiry, "Barlow Brothers' Books all right, Isaac?"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The Presidential election has been held on the 6th November, and resulted in the choice of Rutherfordian Hayes, Republican, and Tilden, Democrat, for the Presidency of the United States. The details of the vote have not come to hand; we publish in the editorial the leading facts as known.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA LATURE.

The news of Lincoln's election was received in South Carolina, Nov. 6th, as it was in other States.

On 7th, in the Legislature, Senator Moses offered a resolution, which was passed, on Judson Mitchell's motion, to report as soon as possible a bill calling a Convention of the people of the State to take into consideration the Union. In the House a bill was introduced providing for a special Convention, and a resolution was introduced instructing the Legislature. A State Convention was called. The chief of which was probably the referred to in the Act of Union, and the Convention meet on the 17th. Messrs. Bryce, Brown, and Cunningham were appointed a committee to consent of four hundred thousand dollars, at six per cent. payable in gold, to be paid to the State. It was read and referred to the Military Committee.

Senator Moses, by an overwhelming vote, called to-day on Saturday for a nine day adjournment.

THE SECESSION CONVENTION.

In the Senate, on November 9, Mr. Garlington, from the committee on Judicial Relations, reported a bill calling a Convention of the people of the State to take into consideration the relations of the State with the Union of the State in the Union, and to take measures which may be necessary to secure the rights for protecting the same. The bill provides that the Convention shall assemble on the second Monday in December, and that the Convention meet on the Tuesday previous, the number of delegates equal to the number of members of the Legislature of the Senators and representatives in the Legislature. The bill provides that the Convention shall adjourn sine diem, and a copy to the Executives of the slaveholding States, and the Governor to report in proceeding the Legislature, Union, and independence of the South.

Mr. Orr's brief speech, delivered at the time fixed, the bill passed by ayes twenty-four, nays one. The discussing bill was differed until the three days.

SEPARATE STATE ACTION ON CO-OPERATION.

In the House, Mr. Trescher's resolutions, to send a committee to Georgia, Texas, was taken up, and a long discussion ensued between the co-operationists and separate state action.

Mr. Gray opposed the resolution. Separate state action and co-operation advocated by Cabeen and McDuffie, which was opposed by Frampton, Hall, and Gantt. Ameriss proved the task of the member, "United we stand, divided we fall." He was crushy, however, to the big decision of the Convention.

Mr. Bull said he would attempt to secure co-operation would be disagreed and cited the case of the Convention Texas on Polk's Bill. If we waited for other states to leave, slavery would be abandoned, and the South oppressed like Delos by the East India Company. He felt the importance of action, and thought it would be time enough to send commissioner when they had from the dictate of the Union broken. Suppose Georgia declined action, what policy would his friend pursue?

Mr. McGowan did not indorse any policy. He thought was to proceed, and pass, a resolution.

Mr. Shulze replied that we could act with dignity and co-operation would have ourselves acted.

The consideration of the resolutions was then postponed till next day.

RESIGNATION OF SENATOR CHESNUT.

On the opening of the House of Assembly, on 26th September, the Speaker announced that he had received a communication from Mr. Chesnut, resigning his position as a Senator of the United States.

Mr. Whitney offered a resolution that the resignation be accepted. He said that what under other circumstances would be regarded with regret, could now be only recognized as an act of great devotion to South Carolina.

SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

Mr. Desaussure, a leading secessionist from the Legislature on Wage and Means, recommending a bill for the postponement for one month of the time for the banks to have specie-land of gold and silver to two-thirds of the liabilities.

This report was adopted by a majority of 3 votes.

A similar bill passed the Senate.

THE CONVENTION TO MEET 17TH DECEMBER.

Mr. Aldrich made a report from the Committee on Federal Relations, making amendments to the senate bill making a Convention of the people, the convention to meet election be held on the 6th of December instead of the 6th of January, and the Convention to meet on the 17th of December instead of the 10th of January.

Mr. Hunt, of Verdy, opposed the amendment, and wanted more time to arrange the State Militia.

Mr. Thompson, of Pickens, said that the agriculturists in the upper country wanted more time.

Mr. Wigfall, in accordance with resolutions relating to declaring the opinion of South Carolina and inviting secession.

These resolutions were tabled.

The resolution to adjourn the Convention meeting were lost.

Mr. Aldrich, when the House was in Committee of the Whole, reported the resolution of Mr. Aldrich's report from the Committee on Federal Relations.

At the conclusion of the debate the question was put, "Shall the Bill for calling a Convention pass and be sent to the Senate?"

Here another discussion followed.

Mr. Aldrich said that all had favored the Senate's Bill, but the Bill reported by the last committee had been brought out made decided action necessary. Telegraph messages are coming in from all parts willing to act.

A vote was then taken by ayes and noes, when the bill passed by a vote of 135 to 1 (Mr. Desaussure), with the whole number present (one hundred and seventeen, voting "ayes").

The State Senate met at seven o'clock in the evening to consider the amendments of the House to the bill for a Convention. Forty-one Senators were present, and all of them voted in the affirmative, and as accordingly it was unanimously passed.

THE PRESIDENT IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

A dispatch dated Charleston, November 8, says: The State Rights flag was raised at the *Mercury* office at noon yesterday with the Palmetto cockade from discussion and continued in the evening of that day.

Mr. Lincoln's Electors, Mr. Magrath, District Attorney James Conner, Mr. Hunter, William F. Colcock, and other federal officers have resigned.

The bell, Adams Gun, carried by Lincoln's Wide Awakes, lying at our wharves, under instruction from the owners, has hoisted the Palmetto flag, and fired a salute of twenty guns.

A large body of citizens called on the resigned federal officers last night. They were greeted with enthusiasm. The officials responded in a spirited address.

A meeting was held at Columbia, South Carolina, on 8th, at which resolutions to return Earlandi of Northern Congress sent for collection.

The Speaker of the South Carolina House on the 10 received a dispatch from Virginia, tendering the services of a volunteer corps in the cause of South Carolina's secession.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA.

Governor Brown, in a special message to the Legislature of Georgia, thinks that the New State will not be in Southern Convention and does not recommend the appointment of delegates to Congress. He thinks the constitutional rights of the people of Georgia have been violated by Northern Abolitionists, and that the time is ripe for instituting, in the interests of civilized nations, the adoption of any means necessary for the remedy of the future protection of their rights. He refers to the patriotic spirit of the people of Georgia, and says that the Southern States are not unfriendly to the Union, but are just as patriotic and sensitive, and ready to be politely severe on Massachusetts here, and even at the hour of Massachusetts one cause that the Georgia citizens, that State cannot be compelled to compensate them. He advises, and calls upon, and hopes to act in just aggression and unconditional State legislation with just retaliation, if the Northern Abolitionists do not authorizing the seizing of such amount of money or property as may be of such standing and fulfilment State of indemnifying the losses of the citizens of Georgia. He recommends that the Legislature should provide for the raising of such standing States from Georgia. He says Georgia has no Southern goods are shipping for Georgia, to say them as she deems proper. He advises the passage of the bill for taking public and merchantable property for certain introduced after the 1st of January, if immediately or not before the Massachusetts, Ohio, Michigan, Maine, Rhode Island, New York, Wisconsin, or other unfriendly State; and if the bill be introduced, the unfriendly legislation is repealed. Should such legislation be passed, he recommends that the State be put in parts of the period and civil code protecting the liver, the other, and property of the citizens of the State, and such unfriendly laws rest. He says: "In my opinion the time for the Southern States has arrived, and it is worthy the confidence of the people of Georgia who reflection is indicated by the action of any act, and maintain constitutional rights at every hazard."

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY DISPOSITION.

*He believes the legislature recommended will lead to a complete rupture of the Union, and the fate of the Union, the States. It will destroy secondary and non-war, and war, and the Northern Abolitionists, and the South. He says if the Legislature fails to enact laws, he recommends that the people of each district in their midst and the ballot-box demand their constituents. The Governor entreaties to adopt the bill and that such bills be passed for the benefit, so long as all the States abide in good faith by the constitutional obligations. The State can stand by the Union without *delay or bad faith to the other.*

Any violation of the compromise between the North and right of secession for cause was only denied by those who carry the secession of the South States.

The message falls entirely to effectively protect civil rights. A rich review of affairs between Northern and Southern States. For the purpose of putting the State in a defensive position, and the Union, and the South, and the Union, and the South, and the South, and the South

THE AMERICAN TURF—PORTRAITS OF FAVORITE HORSES.—Drawn by T. C. Cantwell.—[See Page 735.]

SUFFOLK AND ESSEX PIGS.—Drawn from Life by T. C. Cantwell, Esq.—[See Page 730.]

UNDER THE SNOW.

IN TWO PORTIONS.

PORTION THE SECOND.

December 14.—We escaped with the fright; the wolves either did not suspect our presence, or were hard pressed to obtain some easier prey. At one time we thought they were burrowing through the snow, to storm our citadel in a body; but it is not certain whether they might not be tearing to pieces some animal which they had hunted down on the spot. But when the surface of the snow is frozen hard, as it is now, it allows the wolves to travel over it rapidly. They do not, consequently, remain on the heights, where little is to be had, but they scour down the mountain and invade the plain, to seize whatever falls in their way in the outskirts of the villages. They disappear as abruptly as they had arrived.

Now that the door and the window are again barricaded by a deep accumulation of snow, it is clear that the trap of the chimney is our weakest point. For the present I dare not venture out to breathe the air; which is sad. I have no choice but to remain a close prisoner. To guard against a second attack, and at the same time be able to light a fire without being suffocated by smoke, I have fitted an iron tube, which I fixed in the stable, into a circular aperture which I have cut in the trap. It is safe and convenient, but it cuts us off more than ever from the fresh air.

Hitherto my grandfather would touch neither coffee nor wine, reserving them for time of need. But our best friend has urged him to unwill that he has consented to try whether they will restore his appetite and his strength. He wishes me to take my share; but I am young, and can do very well without them. A long-continued mild diet, like that to which we are now confined, is apt to disagree with persons of his age.

December 17.—"Time passes," my grandfather said to-day, "and winter is approaching."

"Approaching!" I answered. "Is not winter semi?"

"Not yet, according to the almanac. Winter does not begin till the twenty-first; it is still summer; but who would believe that we are in the season of fruits?"

My grandfather has eaten scarcely any thing to-day. I persuaded him to take a little bread soaked in wine. It is evident that he makes an effort to appear more cheerful than he really feels. What should I do were he to fall seriously ill?

December 22.—It is long since we have heard any noise outside our enclosure so quiet and more complete. We conclude that a large quantity of fresh snow has fallen, and that the chalet is probably completely buried under the mass. Nevertheless, the iron tube still rises above it; the smoke ascends from it. Today a few flakes of snow have fallen down through this aperture.

These white messengers of winter are the only things which have brought a communication between ourselves and the world. *If our clock were to stop*, we should lose all cognizance of time. Our only means of distinguishing night from day would be the speck of light which we can see in the morning at the top of the iron tube. On the other hand, we suffer very little from cold in our silent cave. When we have lighted the lamp, and are busy about our daily tasks before a blazing fire, we partly forget our unfortunate condition. At such moments there are even certain of our acquaintances the world envy us. We have been often wished to be Robinson Crusoe, in his desert island? And yet he had less cause for pity than we have. It was a mere chance that some stray vessel might touch at his island, while we are certain that beyond all mortals, some of us must

December 25, Christmas Day.—We devoted the day to meditation and prayer. We must be suffering much more than we imagine, to properly what the Saviour has done for men. Before He suffered how infinite our adversity must have been! How easily it must have led to complainings and despair! The reflection is not mine, but my grandfather's.

If I am spared to descend from the mountain, I shall be able to say to my friends, "If you had known, as I have, how needful society is to every individual, you would feel toward one another no other sentiments than those of love and pity." Let us banish into temporary solitude all those who will not understand these things, and who stir up anger or troubles and war. They will soon understand their folly; they will learn from experience that it is not good for man to be alone; they will learn that they have blessings to accept but without whom life would no longer be a blessing, but a punishment of Providence."

December 28.—Yesterday, my grandfather had no appetite; but he did not complain of pain. In the evening, after supper, as he was sitting by the corner of the fire, he suddenly turned pale, tottered, and sank down. Without my assistance he would have fallen into the fire.

I took him in my arms, and, with an effort of which I did not believe myself capable, I transported him to his bed, where I first seated him, and then laid him at full length. His head and his hands were cold; the blood had run toward the heart. I took care not to raise the patient's head, but left it low, and the blood soon flowed back to it. Consciousness returned at the same time.

"Where am I? On the bed?" said my grandfather.

"Certainly; you turned faint, and I thought it best to lay you there."

"He brought me here! Heaven be praised for it! As I become weaker, he grows stronger," he said. I knelt by the bedside for a while. At last he consented to drink a little wine, and felt the better for it.

January 1.—We have been keeping New-Year's Day as well as we could; my grandfather exerted himself to cheer up my spirits. He tried to amuse me with conundrums and riddles. We feasted at supper on potatoes cooked in the ashes, roasted chestnuts, and boiled beans, and a little wine. The great was not forgotten; I picked out the greatest bay for her provender; she had a clean bed, a double ration of salt, and a triple allowance of caresses.

My grandfather wishes to spend a few words in his own handwriting:

"In the name of God, Amen!

"It is possible that I may be taken from my friends before I can acquaint them with my last wishes. I, therefore, in general directions to give respecting the disposal of my property; that duty has been performed long ago; but I wish to acknowledge the care and tender love of my dear grandson, Louis Lornaz, here present. And as it is impossible for me to make him the slightest amends for his affection, I beg my heirs to supply the omission by giving him, on my part, my respects and my blessing. Let the Chalet which belonged to my father; and lastly, my steel seal, on which are engraved my initials, which are the same as those of my godson and grandson.

"I am convinced that he will value these slight tokens for the sake of the affectionate friendship which exists, and which death itself will not cause to cease.

"Such is my will.

"Signed at the Chalet of Anulodes, the 1st of January.

"LOUIS LORNAZ."

January 5.—My grandfather spoke to me this morning about the state of his affairs, evidently disguising any thing. Every word he said is still ringing in my ears.

"My dear boy," he said, after making me sit down by his side, "I can no longer conceal from myself that I have not long to live. I feel it direct. Whether we shall be able to keep united my soul and the portion of dust which is called my body until I can return without delivering, is more than I can tell; but I scarcely dare to hope it. My weakness increases with a rapidity which astonishes me; and it is to be presumed that I shall leave you to finish our old winter quarters alone.

"You are, I know, well prepared for our separation than alarmed at your loneliness; you will feel more sorrow than fear. But I have sufficient confidence in your good sense and your strength of mind to be persuaded that you will not fall into a culpable degree of depression; you will think of a slight interval, which, we may hope, will be short, and that will keep up your courage. A little reflection will convince you that, if death, you will be exposed to no greater danger in the chalet than you were before. On the contrary, I have every reason to believe that you will no longer have famine staring you in the face. I strongly advise you to wait patiently. Do not expose yourself to the cold. The wolves are not worth reckoning in so long a captivity; and you may risk all by forestalling the favorable moment.

"My dear Louis, I put my money on one account, which I will give you on the day of my death upon your imagination. When you behold this book, you will be at the end of your trials with a feeling of terror, perhaps of horror and disgust, which is very unreasonable, but which many people can not overcome.

"And why should you be afraid of the remains of your aged friend? Are you afraid of me when I lay asleep? The other day, when I was ill, you did not believe me capable of harming you; you now unhesitatingly do necessary furnishing me, and you did your duty like a courageous man. Well, then, if you should see me fall into that final sleep which is called death, have the same firmness of mind. My body will require from you only one last service: dare to render it, when nature has ceased to claim it, to the earth. Your heart, your strength will be quite sufficient; you gave proof of it the other evening, when you carried me and laid me upon this bed.

"You see that dear; is leads to the duty, where we never grow weary, because it is always new. You will there dig a grave as deep as you can make it, to receive my body, until you return to fetch it in the spring, and give it a Christian burial in the Lodge cemetery.

"After these sad moments you will find this dwelling very lonely; you will shed many tears; you will perhaps call me, and I shall not answer. Do not weary your imagination with fancies. Address your thoughts solely to Him who never fails to answer when we invoke him with confidence."

Such were the affecting words I have taken from my grandfather this morning; and, as if he felt relieved by having given them, he has since been more tranquil, more serene, and almost joyous. For my own part, I can not believe that so clear and vigorous a mind can perish in a body which is so near dissolution. The danger has been set before my eyes, but it still seems far off. Alas! I am deceiving myself with delusive illusions!

January 7.—Darkness has a more depressing effect on sick persons than it has on people in health, although it is said to be injurious even to the robustest health. Light was the cure, and sun, man for the light. We have contrived this morning a mode of economizing our oil, without remaining completely in the dark. We have, in a night-light with a thin slice of cork through which we have thrust a very small wick. This feeble light suffices for my work, and it cheers my grandfather a little. We will make use of this for the future, and only rarely light the large lamp; for, upon trial, I find that I can manage to write with this.

January 10.—It was the will of God! . . . I am left alone with Him, far away from all the rest of the world. It happened a day before yesterday. It is impossible to go on and write the full account. The pen fails me; the paper is soaking wet with my tears.

January 12.—Yes, this is really the twelfth of January; two days have elapsed since I wrote the preceding. I feel that my reason is returning; it shall get the upper hand, if it please God. Unless I felt that the Lord was with me and around me, I do not think I should stand out of fright alone.

January 13 and 14.—On the seventh I went to bed full of hope; my grandfather appeared to be better than usual. I had scarcely fallen asleep when I heard him groan, and I jumped up instantly. Without waiting for light, I ran to me to get and help him, I dressed myself, lighted the lamp, which stood ready, and asked him how he felt.

"I feel faint, my child," said he; "it will be like the other day; or perhaps—" He checked himself.

"Dear grandfather, will you take a spoonful of wine?"

"No, my child; only moisten my temples and rub my hands with brandy—and—get the Bible. Read me that passage, you know where, which I have placed a slip of paper."

I obeyed. When I had finished it, he interrupted me, made me come near him, took my hands in his, and uttered a long prayer. He pronounced the words aloud, but in a feeble voice, and at considerable intervals. He then made me recite some portions of Scripture which I knew by heart; at times he stated the passages of the Bible and words of the Saviour, which he repeated with a fervor and resignation which I can not describe.

I will add one trifling circumstance, which, however, affected me greatly. Blanchette, surprised, perhaps, at seeing me sitting at an unusual hour, set up a continual bleating.

"Poor Blanchette!" said the dying man; "I must carry her with me. Let her have, my boy, and lead her to my bedside."

I did as he desired, and Blanchette, in her familiar way, put her fore-feet on the edge of the bedstead, begging for some little tid-bit to be given to her. We had accustomed her to take them the hand, in this way, a grain or two of salt. I thought I should be doing what was agreeable to my patient if I gave a little salt in hand to Blanchette took it instantly, and licked his hand afterward.

"Always be a good nurse! Give plenty of milk!" he said, pressing his arm round her neck with an effort. He then turned aside his head. I led Blanchette away, and fastened her to the manger.

After that he uttered scarcely any connected words; only he made me understand that he wished me to remain close to him, with my hand in his. At a slight pressure, I knew what he meant; as his eyes spoke to me at the same time, I comprehended that he was thanking me for his care, and express his affection, and that I should be uppermost in his thoughts until life should cease.

I said a few consolatory words; at which his looks brightened up, and I saw that it would be a pleasure to him if I continued. I therefore leaned down over the bed, and, with as firm a voice as I could command,

"Adieu! Adieu! Farewell, till we meet in heaven!" I am resolved to obey your injunctions faithfully. . . . I remove in one fortnight; I assure you that I will not commit the sacrilege of the slightest deviation from the rules of the dead. Do not be anxious on my account. You have prepared me for this; and I now stand in need only of God's assistance."

Here my poor grandfather squeezed my hand more forcibly, giving me an unavailing effort to answer me, he could only express his joy by a long-drawn sigh.

"I will take care to remember," I continued, "all the advice you gave for the preservation of my life. For the sake of your sons, I will supply thing that can prolong my existence and help me to escape from the chalet. Farewell, dear grandfather! Farewell! Farewell!"

I felt one more feeble pressure of the hand: it was the last; for his hand, which had gradually grown cold, fell from my grasp. He expired without effort, without convulsion, and without a sigh.

My mind was overwhelmed, and for that time, were not the first. It was when I slowly come to myself, and found myself alone in that sad habitation with—dead body. I felt that I was left in a pitiable situation, and I felt that I was left in a pitiable situation, and that I should be unable to bear it, especially when night came.

In the morning I had sufficient command over myself to send my chalet to a little Moravian; the cold compelled me to light a fire; that gave me occupation; but I afterward fell into a stupor of grief. Unfortunately, that same evening the wolves came to the chalet; I was aroused by the wailing of its mournful gusts more plainly than I had done for some time past.

I was sitting in the chimney-corner; I was watching by the feeble glimmer of the night-light, with my back turned toward the bed; little by little, I felt a shivering fit come over me. I was no longer master of my own ideas. My mental trouble made my fancies more numerous, and might have become of serious consequence, if I had not thought of a mode of putting an end to it which I shrank from at first, but which would make it easy. I went up to the corpse, at first constrainedly, afterward with greater resolution. I looked at it: I shared to touch it; I felt a painful effort; my cutlerhous I persisted. I repeated the action several times, and I felt a sense shock I had suffered became by degrees more supportable.

From that time I did no cease, at short intervals, to return to the corpse of my venerable friend. I fulfilled with respect to them the same offices which persons accustomed to such things perform every day. The impression of the remembrance was so calm and pleasant that it caused me to shed tears. "No," I sobbed aloud, "I am not afraid."

Nevertheless my anguish returned when I felt that sleep was stealing over me; at my age it is impossible to resist it. Was I to go and lie down by the side of the body? My resolution did not carry me so far as that; and I sought, I must confess, a very wretched protection from the superstitious fears which were resuming their sway: I went and took refuge by the side of Blanchette. The warmth and the vital motion which I found in this poor animal, the slight noise she made while chewing the cud, reassured me in some slight degree.

At last I fell into a sound sleep.

The next day, as soon as I woke, I recommenced the struggle of yesterday. I employed myself as much as possible about the goat and my other work, and, since night, I frequently went into the body. I even held that dear and venerable head for a considerable time in my hands. The same my feelings increased, but my fear of grief increases; and I was pleased with myself on observing as reasonable and so natural a change. My thoughts then became more fixed on the preparations for the burial, and I recalled to mind what my grandfather had said. I believe that it was with a secret intention that he had sometimes spoken of the dangers of precipitate interments; I resolved, therefore, to wait where I should compel me to accomplish the last duty. The livelier reflection which I retained for my grandfather kept me from yielding to the cowardly wish to get rid of a painful spectacle at the very earliest moment possible.

But I took my tools and opened the dairy door.

"What a Jack-of-all-trades!" I said to myself. "First, nurse and cook, and now grave-digger! What other beereved relatives are spared the trial of I am obliged to execute with my own hands!"

The first few strokes revolted me, and I was obliged to stop short. It was not that my arms refused to work; but my mind was troubled, and deprived me of the requisite energy. Every time I struck the ground I took care to remember from the roof, which was vaulted with a kind like that of a cellar. I was obliged to accustom myself to the sound, and it took me the whole day to do an excavation which at night I had to have occupied more than a couple of hours. In fact, the ground is sandy and full of stones, and I had to pick out the dirt with the shovel without being obliged to break it up previously. I took advantage of the determination of my mind to force it to call to myself—if the chalet has to be left empty for any length of time (whether I escape from it, or whether I am taken out of it) it is impossible to use my utmost endeavors to preserve the body from rearrangement. Besides, I wished to sew up my sepulchral tasks, until I was standing in a grave as deep as I was high. The clock struck ten. Night was come, and I had the black dress on still. But the violent exercise which I had taken soon enabled me to fall asleep. It was only deferred a few minutes by Blanchette's caresses; she seemed to glad to have me with her, and never refuses to serve as my pillow.

On the 11th of January, my first thought on waking was to make an end of my painful task; I felt that I should be fatigued if I put my carriage going away. I was obliged to have recourse to a new remedy with which I ought to have been able to do without. I had recourse to wine, and so unlike milk and potatoes, I took a little bread and cheese. My spirits assumed a certain degree of firmness which I can not ascribe to my own persuasions, but of which I took advantage to persuade myself that I had well reasoned in the case of execution, and every thing had been prepared the day before.

Oh, my dear grandfather, when you taught me, in front of your bones, to transport a heavy body by the exhaustion of reflection, you little thought that I should apply your lessons so sad an occasion as this. The remembrance of what you then said me was completely present to my memory. I could hear the sound of your voice, in imagination, I could see the fixed lineaments of the dead, in if in sign of approbation, I was so overcome that I turned my eyes away, like a person who dreads to look over the edge of a precipice!"

The way was smoothed: the body was soon beside the grave. The next easy way would have been to let it down; but I could not make up my mind to treat it with so little reverence. Every difficulty being vanquished at last, when then remained to be done gave me but little uneasiness. I could freely give way to my grief. Seated on the ground I had raised beside my own bed, I wept abundantly by the side of the dead. I could not resolve to throw it in the first shovelful of earth without kissing the living seat of filial service. I knelt, and searched my memory for passages of Scripture suitable to the occasion. I chose the Bible, being sufficiently acquainted with it to find fitting portions, and such as my grandfather would have pointed out. While reading aloud, it appeared to me as if I had quitted my solitude. The holy volume responded to my emotions. At last I stopped, through exhaustion; I collected my thoughts, and no longer deferred what remained to be done. In a short space of time the grave was filled. I spent the rest of the day in carving with the point of my knife the following inscription on a small tablet of sycamore wood:

"Here rests the body of Louis Lornaz, who died in the night of the 7th-8th of January, in the arms of his grandfather, who survives him alone in the world."

I nailed the tablet to a stake, which I planted on the mound over the grave; after which I closed the door and returned to the kitchen, where Blanchette is my only companion. Nevertheless, although I feel more at ease than the night of my sojourn on the bed, I find that some remains of weakness still linger in my mind. I conceal them by paying frequent visits to the grave, and always without light. I have resolved to say my prayers there night and morning.

January 15.—Yes, my position is greatly changed. I become more and more aware of it every day. I had a friend and a companion, and yet I dared to complain! God is punishing me for my former discontent. I am left alone—all alone! This thought pursues me the whole day long.

January 16.—I can not shake off my weakness. I left my bed in a state of languor and discouragement, which continues. I write merely for writing's sake. If I told the whole truth, this journal would now be filled with a melancholy picture of

despair. I have hardly the energy to guide my pen. My first distress when we were made prisoners here, my fright when the wolves threatened to devour us, and the sad scenes of my grandfather's death and burial, were as nothing compared with the prostration of strength into which I have fallen. I had no conception of this kind of suffering. Even prayer does not help me out of it.

January 12th.—Yesterday, to drag out of the weariness of ennui, has seemed a new source of disquietude. The great yields a smaller quantity of milk. I thought I should be relieved by it, but at present, I can not doubt the fact.

January 24.—My grandfather certainly foresaw the possibility of my being detained here all by myself, and gave me several hints how I should act under such circumstances. One day he said, "What should you do if Blanchette were to go dry? It would be absolutely necessary to pluck up our resolution. I know that I should live on her as long as we could." He followed this up with explanations how we should have to manage to preserve her flesh. Am I to be reduced to this cruel extremity?

January 26.—If matters do not grow worse I may set my mind at ease. Blanchette still gives enough milk for my sustenance. I have several cheeses in store. I have examined the remainder of my stock, and have spent the day in calculating how long it would last, if I had nothing else. It would not carry me through a fortnight.

January 27.—The yield of milk decreases, and the great Blanche is pregnant. Our prospects are in case of her milk failing, the poor creature is preparing to sustain my life with her own substance! I am sore hearted at the sorrowful idea: she is driven to the necessity of turning butcher! Shall I be obliged, in order to a supply of my sustenance, to cut the throat of the animal which has fed me up to the present? I have now only a half-ration of milk.

February 7.—I have tried every expedient. Once I got a little more milk by giving her a triple allowance of meat, which made her drink more. But it was impossible to go on so; because I shall require all my stock. I have, for instance, a little hoard that lasts too fat and well fed do not lay so abundantly as lean ones; so I thought I would try the effect of giving my goat a smaller quantity of hay. But it did not answer. She yielded still less milk, and I had the vexation of hearing her bleat half the day. It is now not worth while keeping her twice a day; so I have waited till the evening, in order to get a little more. But she hardly let me come near her. I have hurt her teat by pressing it too hard.

February 11.—I hate confess my weakness; I shed tears to-day when I tried in vain to milk Blanchette for the last time. When she saw that I gave up the task, she gazed at me reproachfully, as if bitting herself on her guard against a fresh attempt. I pushed the basin aside, and she drank off all the poor creature. I threw my arms round her, and wept bitterly.

She was on eating all the same, bleating occasionally, but not so affectionately. Poor creatures that grate the English persons, and that they never manifest the jealous and exclusive attachments of dogs; nevertheless, Blanchette is fond of her companions, and seems confident in them. She looks to me for food and the necessary attentions to which I have accustomed her; and I must now put a little into her throat! Incapable of use I am in such a task, I can scarcely avoid causing her great and unknown suffering.

God has given the animals to man for food; I know it; but it is showing no ingratitude for his bounty if we become attached to those which he rendered so sensible, and which are of a gentle and affectionate disposition. I will, therefore, delay the cruel exercise as long as the last possible moment. I have still a few biscuits left, and I will economize them as much as I can.

February 12.—With so many sorrows pressing on me, it is impossible to keep my journal with strict regularity. My recollections are all but troubled; Blanchette grows fatter than ever. It goes to my heart every time I caress her. I have made a fresh search all over the house; I have turned up the floor in several places, to try and discover, if possible, some hidden store of provisions. I have gained by this violent exercise in to excite my appetite. The idea that I have scarcely a morsel left to eat makes me, I believe, all the hungrier.

February 17.—Since yesterday the frost has become so intense, that I have been obliged to keep up a constant fire. Certainly, if this weather lasted, I should have no resource left in sharing in poor victim's flesh in the stable, where it freezes hard, without any further preparation. But the weather may change. I must decide upon something without delay. I have only just enough salt left for my pickling purposes.

February 18.—The cold is intense; it results the visit of the wolves to mind. There is nothing now to hinder them from traversing the mountain in all directions. Under these desperate circumstances, it is the only end which makes me shudder. Were an actual danger imminent to reach us, to-day, I should hail death as a deliverance.

February 19.—I have come to a grand resolution! I will leave the stable Blanchette still living; my life I wish to record in my journal what made me so full of confusion.

Yesterday morning Blanchette's bleating woke me out of a frightful dream. I thought I was standing, with her by my side, on the top of the national's observing fork; her head hay before me; I pushed her head down, but it rather rose of plus. These were what actually did strike my ear. I awoke with my cheeks streaming with tears. How delighted I was to behold Blanchette still living! I ran up to her; she was more affectionate than ever. My joy was not of long duration. I remembered that destination stared me in the face; indecision was impossible. I took a knife, and set to work to sharpen it at the heirth-stone. I was at my wit's end; I felt as if I were going to commit a murder; and, after advancing unsteadily for the purpose of giving the fatal blow, I stopped short, overpowered by feelings of remorse.

My hands were benumbed with cold, another reason for deferring the act which inspired me with such disgust and repugnance. I lighted a good fire, and pondered as I warmed myself. "If the wolves can travel over the snow," it suddenly struck me, "why should not we travel over it well?"

This idea chilled me with joy; then fear stole over me at once. I was alone to encounter myself to these ravenous brutes. To avoid making Blanchette my prey, I was exposing myself to become the prey of wolves!

And, if I kill the goat—I afterward considered—was I sure that her flesh will suffice for my support until the moment of deliverance? I have sometimes seen the dam all covered with white lime the morning after the snow, and the opportunity now offered which the snow is frozen. Had the wolves not still attack me during our course, it far from a certainty; for, if I start, our goat will be rapid; we will depend in a sledge!

I wrung to my feet immediately, my resolution was taken, and from that moment, I labored at its execution. In a short space of time I had roughly put together the vehicle necessary for our journey, employing the very best wood which remained. I gave to the supports of the sledge a considerable pitch, to prevent their sinking in the snow. Instead fastening the goat behind, and drag her down as to be blind from exhaustion, and propose to place myself in front. Accustomed to my childish sports to guide a sledge down steep ways, I hope, if, in our descent, speedily to reach the plain.

Meanwhile I am about to lie down to rest, so strong the excitement will hardly allow me to sleep. I can not gaze without emotion on the spot of ground where I have passed so many a much, and where I shall leave my grandfather's remains. I think with terror of the distance which lies between us and the spot where I shall see my dear back. The thought of being soon certain respect my grandfather's remains is incredibly impatient. I have to do so, I hope, in the rite with which I will the Blanchette's feet; here is the spot of ground where I have lived so long and shelter; here is the blanket which I will wrap around me; and, lastly, here is the Bible. I will never part with it; it is my shield accompany me unto life or unto death.

The last scene of my existence brings passed quite differently to what I had expected.

On the 21st of February the cold struck me so excessively in my bed, that I immediately resolved to lose no instant. I had to open a passage wide enough for the sledge to pass through; but I could not bear to drive my goat into the snow, lest much my task easier. I immediately set to work, and labored at it so heartily, that at last I felt tired. I rested for a few minutes, and then I set to work a while. I was so fatigued.

Scarcely had the smoke risen in the air when I saw two wolves approaching the stable. Regret was that the wolves had got sight of me, and that they were on the point of devouring me. I violently shut the door. My fright did not last long; for I soon heard myself distinctly called by name, and I felt as though I could recognize the voice. I answered with all my strength.

Instantly there arose, in the direction of the door, a confused sound of voices, and of people excited by their work in hand. In a few minutes a tolerably wide opening completed the passage, and I ran to the door. I was in a trance. He scarcely waited for the breach in the snow to be finished. I heard a cry of joy, and I felt a cry into the chisel. I was in his arms.

"And your grandfather?" he asked.

I was too exhausted to answer. I led him into the dairy. He knelt beside the grave; I did the same; and, as I endeavored to tell him in the rite that had taken place, I was overcome by the attempt was beyond my strength.

My grandfather's accompanies all had entered. They were my two uncles, and Pierre, our servant. They all embraced me. They saw my prepaid, and approved of my conduct. They decided to part immediately. My liberators had fastened to their feet small pieces of board armed with little spikes, and they brought a second pair for uncle. All one of them was useless; I put on the other. Pierre took the provisions, and I, the little new nun might come if they pleased; we were all armed. My father took me by the hand, and laid on my shoulder a little knapsack, and we set out.

"This is not the time," he said, "to remove my father's mortal remains. We will come and fetch them as soon as we have secured our lives, when they shall decently receive the last respect due to them in the village cemetery."

"Do you dread," I replied, "my grandfather's last wishes."

"Not for the an instant into the dairy; my uncles were with us. After a few moments of silence, my father, all in tears, exclaimed,

"Oh, Pierre, Pierre, do not forget the sledge what you would request me to do, in removing this last sad scene of our misfortunes. I have never seen you as much apprehension as it has given our Father, sister."

We departed; our eyes were full of tears. The descent was rapid but fatiguing. I was especially dazzled by the light of the sun and the brilliancy of the snow. The cold was intense, and I felt my complaint; it was what had seized me.

After travelling over the snow with no other accident than sinking in a little from time to time, we arrived at the spot, still a long way from the village, up to which they had opened the road in their endeavors to reach us. I was astonished to see the immense labor it must have cost; and I comprehended that, without the frost, a long time must still have elapsed before I could be delivered.

"You would have been removed in the month of December if the frost had held on," my father said; "but the snow softened, and we had no choice but to work as hard as we could at this undertaking. You must know, my dear Louis, that our neighbors have been wanting neither in charity nor zeal; but, within the memory of man, never was there such a heavy fall of snow. Four times did we open the road, and four times was it drifted up again."

"Was it blocked up from the first day?" I inquired.

My father then informed me of a very unfortunate circumstance. He hardly lost his life from the sliding of a mass of snow as he was descending the mountain. They picked him up in a long swoon. He had, in a violent rage, a few paces further on, they found my grandfather's stick and my hat.

My father was carried home senseless, where he continued for three days in a precarious condition. They lost all that time in searching for an among the snow at the bottom of the ravine. When my father came to himself it was too late to make any attempt to reach us. Our fate would already have been very dangerous, if not impossible, after the fire in the stable.

All our neighbors came out to meet me, testifying their friendly disposition; and I blushed to have ever doubted their sincerity. Every body is curious to see Blanchette. She is overwhelmed with caresses on my account. She is treated to the best hay and the dryest litter; she will be the most pampered and the happiest of goats.

God has saved my life. He has not permitted my grandfather to perish in their shivering in the snow. I intend fastening the goat behind, and drag her down as to be blind from exhaustion, and propose to place myself in front. Accustomed in my childish sports to guide a sledge down steep ways, I hope, if, in our descent, speedily to reach the plain.

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THE TWO BEAUTIES OF THE CAMBERWELL ASSEMBLIES, 1778.

"ARE MARGARET, it is too dark to see that embroidery any longer. Tell me a story."

The speaker looked somewhat too old to prefer such a request. But Isabella Redmayne Wentworth, at twenty-seven, a woman in many things, was in others still a child.

"Pipa is asleep—fast asleep," she continued, rather, and Margaret, who was Isabella's Fedryce to the gentleman seated in the arm-chair by the blazing fire, replied,

"My dear, I have told you all my stories again and again."

"But you must have some more, or make one," Mrs. Margaret, who was not the girl's real aunt, but loved her dearly, looked long into her face.

"A music! I pleas to be quick."

"How like you are to your grandmother, Elsie!"

"Not half so handsome as that portrait up stairs. I wish I were!"

"Child, I do not!" said Mrs. Margaret with her quiet smile, and, as Isabella Wentworth's beauty was a dower that she already feared might spoil as good a heart and as generous a temper as Hero, forbidding her to reply, "I have no doubt, and beauty is vain; but the woman that fareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

Isabella was silent a minute, but from her gaze into the placid, softened face above her, did not the thought of her grandmother's beauty in the last years of the longest life, and but then be at its zenith?

"Well, my love, but your story: I have thought of one.

"When I was young—sixty years ago now—we lived at Camberwell: a very different place then from now, my dear," added the old lady with a smile, for she had seen Isabella's face, but we were happy and young enough to be gay. Well, my love, we had our monthly assemblies and many other pleasant amusements, now passed over or despised. At these assemblies often met two of the prettiest young ladies that ever had been found within ten miles of London then, now I think you might search England through, in vain, to equal one of them. Well, my dear, I can not give you their real names, so we will call them Augusta and Lucy."

"How jealous they must have been of one another!" Isabella interposed.

"Not a bit, my dear," the old lady, much shocked, "they were the dearest friends. Augusta was a tall, fine girl of seventeen when I first knew them; Lucy was a little fairy face, somewhat haughty, but very beautiful nevertheless; it was her fine, upright figure and stately carriage that the gentlemen so admired." The old lady paused and sighed. "Lucy was only one year younger, and a little taller, fair, with light hair and a fair complexion; her eyes, I was told, were very lovely, blue and open. She loved Augusta with all her heart and her composition beauties, no rivals."

"I should not like that!"

"My dear, may you ever find as dear a friend as Lucy did in Augusta! Lucy was poor, Augusta rich, yet she loved her right her. Well, much after month were these two girls admired, and many a husband given to either," and Mrs. Margaret paused, "No doubt, my dear, they were married; the year came round, and they were still Misses. Meantime, Lucy had been with her father—poor thing, she had no mother—to visit an uncle in—we will say, Berkshire. He was the rector of a little country parish; the autumn was rainy; he had no wife—no children; and while her uncle and father were out shooting or fishing, Lucy was left alone with the housekeeper, a tabby cat, and Robinson Crusoe."

"I should have run home."

Mrs. Margaret smiled and paused.

"My dear, they were the happiest days of her life—I was going to say the *four* happy days of her life; but that would have been far from true, though once she thought so. Well, near the end of her visit, the family came back to the hall; there was grand rejoicing and bell-ringing, for with them came the son and heir, a young man just returned from America—he had been wounded at Saratoga. Well, Lucy's uncle went to pay his respects to the Squire and his lady. Now, my dear, the Squire was old and gouty, and my lady a good wife to him—, a good woman—to do their duty; but proud—very proud. Well, the Squire was laid up with so sharp an attack that week, he could not return the call, nor did Lucy see any of the family till the Sunday, when my lady and her son appeared in the large hall-pew. The Squire's lady looked like a Squire's lady in those days—none of your flimsy muslins and badges; but Lucy Anne then and ever was in the richest brocade—one, my dear, that would have stood by itself, well adapted to her beauty. Lucy watched her as she sailed up the aisle, and felt that the finest lady she had ever seen. My dear, she was also the proudest."

Isabella looked up.

Mrs. Margaret smiled. "But she was a very amiable woman for all that, my love, and loved her fair, and courtesied to the people with surpassing grace and dignity. Her white skirts filled the little aisle, and she hoisted her well-bred young Colonel. *He*—well, my dear, he was the best-looking man I ever saw—better-looking than you can ever hope to see. He was dressed in a Pompadour coat, laced with silver, and wore one arm slid in a sling. Well, and Lucy—silly little Lucy—could not keep her eyes off that fine, pleasant-looking gentleman. Yes, his very looks were pleasant. Silly did I say to you? She was worse than silly—wrong. If she had then morally thought—if she ought to have discover of man's Maker instead of man, and kept her eyes upon her book, almost all the trouble which she ever more would have been spared her. Her and her father were to leave Berkshire the middle of that week. In the Tuesday young Colonel Redworth called to make his father's excuse, for your old man could not leave the house. Well, Lucy was sitting in the parlor, and, poor little fool—she longed to go in, but shame kept her out; she felt whose voice it was that she caught occasionally. Well, my dear, she had her pinks and roses in the garden—the Rector had in old times been the Colonel's father—they came toward her, and Lucy heard a frank, pleasant voice say:

"Ah, do you remember that last lesson in the arbor, and how you said I should like you before I'd done with it? I should be a more attentive pupil now, I hope; let us as we begin."

They turned toward the arbor, they came nearer and nearer; Lucy waited till escape was too late, and then by a sillier, sudden impulse rose to flee. Her uncle—he was no fool and proud of her—called her back; good manners compelled her to return round and courtesy. Colonel Redworth bowed.

"My dear, I believe myself he felt in love with her at that moment. Lucy was sure he never loved her at all. They say Lucy never looked so lovely as when blushing and confused, and she was confused enough, I fancy."

"Aunt, you say, 'They tell me.' Didn't you know her yourself?"

"My dear, I never saw her; but Augusta, her great friend, I often saw every day for months, and she was fond of telling the story which Lucy did herself. Well, Colonel Redworth was a charming man—very fond of children, and, as he lived in with Lucy, it was little wonder that she did so with him. That evening came a note from Lady Anne, asking Lucy and her uncle to dine Acrylo to dinner, and trusting that his brother and niece would accompany him. Well, my dear, the day named was Friday. Lucy was sure her father were to have gone back to Camberwell on the Wednesday. Lucy consulted her father today; at least, his brother did, for he saw how Lucy's wishes lay. They went. My lady had a great respect for the family, and entertained them with little stiffness for her—still, stiffly enough. The old Squire was too ill to be in the drawing-room, they were to find him at the dining-table; the Colonel first gives Lucy his hand, and led her through the grand hall amidst the pictures and armor. Lucy, my dear, thought, she might have known that she never could be mistress in such a house, or wife of such a young gentleman—father was just—brother!"

"Oh!" said Isabella, as if this announcement made the heroine much less interesting.

"Well, my dear, upright, as became a man," paused Mrs. Margaret, with her calm smile, "that Lucy never could forget it otherwise." I can talk, long of the Colonel handing Lucy across the hall—her first touch of the strong, tender hand of that good, gallant man. How she treasured it, and still treasures its memory! Well, after dinner the Colonel left Lucy, and the Colonel and Lucy were left alone. She was well educated those days, and if he had not profited much by his education in the world, he had kept his eyes and ears, and used his wits since. He talked, and she was at home enough in his subjects to make a good listener, and to make proper answers; and, when he saw she finished my lady turned and eyed them a little sharply; but this, I think, was only for her fancy. Lady Anne then never for a moment dreamed of her son's thinking of such a simple girl. Well, she sent Lucy home and her father home. Augusta was the first to come and see her. Lucy was wonderfully shy and unwilling to speak of her visit. Augusta pressed and rallied her, until she had her head on her friend's shoulder, burst into tears, and told of that frank, gracious gentleman, Thomas Red—worth. She poured out her full heart in praise, till Augusta laughed, and said, "Take care how you let one see him! If he has such perfection, I shall want him for myself!"

"My dear, if ever there is many a true word spoken in jest." The next assembly night came, and there, to Lucy's surprise, was Colonel Redworth. How she blushed and started—how her heart beat! He made his way to her, he asked the honor of her hand for all the collions that evening. Poor silly girl, she consented. How happily she danced—every step a pleasure. Well, it is well to be young and happy, after all! At supper Lucy sat next Augusta. She hugged to hear her opinion of her partner. It did not come. At length she ventured to say,

"I COULD NOT BELIEVE MY EYES."

"Did I say one word too much?"

"No, no, indeed," answered Augusta, quickly. Then, laughing, "He is vastly superior to any one here."

"They left the room together. Lucy saw Colonel Redworth's eye follow them, glance from her to her companion, back to her, and then rest upon her companion. Isabella—from that moment she was jealous of her friend. She sat down on the nearest seat. Augusta lingered only a moment beside her, and then went to her mother. She, too, felt that they were handsome in pride.

"Dear," continued the old lady, clasping her hands upon her lap, "I can not follow that winter through. It was shameful to look; they set themselves one against the other, they struggled each to be the leveller. Sir Thomas and Lady Anne came to town; their weight went with the latter—torn and more wealthy, otherwise I think Lucy would not have been forgotten. As it was, she was. She felt her chances was hopeless; Elsie, in her weak love she knelt and prayed Augusta to have mercy, and—we mocked and scorned. Each night Augusta gained ground; Lucy saw her and watched her triumph. My dear, early in the spring Mr. Redworth married her."

"And she led him a dog of a life ever after, I hope?"

"My love, I never wished so. I can not justify Augusta, but I do not judge as I did then. Then Lucy had many admirers, but few lovers; for she had little position, and no fortune—then all I thought of was David and the 'one ewe lamb.'

"My dear, I need not tell you that from that day Lucy and Augusta never met, never wrote. Lucy thought her heart would break. My dear, how often we think so when life has plenty of cares and pleasures yet! Pride made her first bear up, then, thank God! the Bible. And she had a father for whom to live, who never again lost his first place in her affections.

"Well, my dear, only three years later, I saw Colonel Redworth's death in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The name never met Lucy's ears again. Years passed on, her father died in a good old age; Time had healed her wound. She smiled now at her simplicity in thinking ever to be the wife of such a man; and rejoiced that the temptation to leave her father alone, yes, to desert him—what must she have done she in incoming daughter-in-law to Sir Thomas and Lady Anne?—had never been set before her. Time, I say, had healed this wound, but there was one he could not heal. The rankling indignation and shame at Augusta's treachery. She still called her friend's conduct by no gentler name. So sharp had been the fight, such had learned well-nigh to hate the other, and they forgot, as we too often do, "he that hateth his brother is a murderer." And yet this, when Lucy thought the grave must have closed over Augusta, and that her own time must be short.

"Well, my love, Lucy had grown an old woman. Her ties were very few. My love, when life is waning away, it is hard to feel we shall leave no one behind to mourn us and to miss us—so selfish are we to the end! She was staying for a few days in the new home of one of the few friends left her, the daughter of a friend of early days, now a grandmother herself—one who at the time of Lucy's fatest trial had been yet unborn. The young people were going to explore an old manor-house twelve miles distant, open to the public by the courtesy of the owner one day in each week. The day came. Mrs. Tylecote was not able to go with them. Poor things! no one could bear them to be disappointed, and Lucy offered to take her place, little used to such doings now.

"She was very sad and lonely just then. Two days before she had heard, as she believed, of the death of the last friend left her of her own generation. But the morning was bright and sunny, her young friends happy and merry, and, my dear, before they reached the manor-house, Mrs. Lucy was as happy as the youngest there. My love, never sit still and cling to sorrow when a duty comes in your way—meet it, and it will leave a blessing behind it.

"We explored oak-paneled parlors, and dismal dungeons below the foundation of the present house, which in the reign of Elizabeth had taken the place of the old Norman castle. Finally, the old housekeeper took us the round of the portrait gallery. There were formal, rich-colored Holbein; pensive Vandyken, voluptuous Lely, and charming Sir Joshua; and, my dear, among them, a portrait of Augusta Clinton.

"Elsie, I had been with her when the first sketch was begun, with her when the last touch had been put in. I could not believe my eyes. Yes, this was *that* portrait, and no other, though strangely had sixty years dimmed and marred its beauties. I stood gazing and gazing, and my heart yearned toward her, my old friend—not, my dear, but that I believed her dead long ago.

"As I stood, the door of a room a little to my left opened. An aged lady came out, stately, and yet bowed, beautiful, but exceeding sad. She passed me; I courtesied, to apologize for our intrusion. She looked hard at me as she bowed in return, and passed on. She recognized me with no clew; while I, with that picture before me, knew not my old friend.

"How did it come there? I longed to know, but could not ask. We went down stairs again. We were preparing to leave home, when the same lady advanced toward us from a parlor.

"'Madam,' she said, ceremoniously, 'pardon me; but you seem a great admirer of Sir Joshua. There is one in my parlor I do not, I confess, like to my visitors—will you would—it is a master-piece—'

"She broke off, and led the way. I followed. Elsie, my heart beat as it had not done since the day I saw Colonel Redworth in the Cumberwell assembly. Something in the stately figure I was following seemed familiar; and yet no wonder I knew her not. She motioned to me to stand on the rug beside her. My eyes were fixed on her; she raised them, mine followed hers, to the picture above the mantle-piece. Oh, Elsie! it was Col. Redworth, in a Pompadour coat, laced with silver.

"'Meg! Meg!' she sobbed—she, the strong, the cheerful, who had seen us mocked our tears, 'I only had him three years. He was killed by a fall from his horse. They brought him home dead. I have kept your heart. This belongs mine.'

"She sobbed like a child. I should not wonder if she had never shed a tear for him before.

"'Meg! Meg!' she gasped, 'speak to me. Can not you forgive me? It is one-and-fifty years—one-and-fifty years,' she repeated, 'since I sinned against you. And for eight-and-forty of these years I have been a widow.'

"Elsie, she was my old friend. The friend who more than *sixty* years ago had loved me. All was forgotten and forgiven before that.

"'If you had not appreciated him,' I said (but, Elsie, think me not better than I am; it was a hard struggle—yet if you had not appreciated him, it would have been hard for me ever to forgive you. As it is, you did but love him too well.'

"She kissed me. Elsie, my heart melted and yearned within me. I flung my arms around her and wept for joy. She finished and earnest me, but nothing. Elsie, we both thought of the day that I had first told her of Thomas Redmayne, and we looked for the tears flowing in each other's faces. Our love was again as if this had never come between us—nay, even the clearer for this long cloud.

"'You have children?' I said at last—I so longed for the face of a Redmayne.

"He left me with a son and daughter. The son so like him. Meg, you who knew us so strong and confident, will wonder—I ruined him by my fondness. He is dead now. Oh, Meg! I have known trouble indeed. I was glad when he died! My daughter died also, and yet she died an old woman, too. Meg, I used to think Death had forgotten me—now, again, he will come all too soon!"

"'Are there none, then?'

"'Yes, my daughter's son. I will show you.'

"We crossed the hall. There were my young party standing at the door awaiting me. I never remembered them even then. She turned the handle, and entered softly.

"'See!'

THE CONSERVATORY.—"HE HOLDS THE ROSE—AND HER HAND AS WELL."

"I looked. There, leaning back in an arm-chair, reading, was a young man of eight-and-twenty or so. He started and rose.

"'Thomas,' she said, 'Mrs. Margaret Fordyce, a very dear old friend of mine.'

"He came to meet me. He was his grandfather all over. His open, gallant bearing, and all, were his. Even that charming voice and smile, which I thought never to have heard or seen again. *Yet it was not the same!* Well, Elsie?"

"Oh, Aunt Margaret. This was—"

"Think of the best man you know."

Elsie's eyes glanced to the figure in the chimney-corner. And at that moment her father justified his title to be possessor of "the most charming voice and smile." He caused his eyes and called his laughter to him.

Isabella flew to his side, and throughout that evening looked wonderously into the face which had unconsciously earned such new interest. But the lesson of Mrs. Margaret's history was not lost upon her.

THE CONSERVATORY.

THE roof is dim with heads of dew,
The autumn sun comes pouring through,
Like golden water tinged with blue.

The vapory air is rich with scent—
A melody of odors blent
Like records of some instrument.

The tuberose yields its languid soul,
And fainter streams of perfume roll
From the white lily's carven bowl.

From clustering jasmine honey flows,
And a delicious ten-wind blows
From the large yellow China rose.

Thus by all spicy perfumes fanned,
And touched with airs from every land,
Beneath the lascat roof they stand.

They both are young and both are fair,
The light of heaven is in her hair,
And he is tall and debonnaire.

She plucks some roses from their stem,
Then slyly looks at him and them,
And gives a gentle, dangerous "Hem!"

"Give me a rose," the youngster cries;
She sudden lifts, then drops her eyes,
And sets a kind of small surprise.

With air as meek as any saint
That Sonzio himself might paint,
She gives the youth denied faint.

But still he pleads, and still the maid
Denies him—yet her hand has strayed
Toward his—love by love betrayed.

So while they talk the hands draw near,
Hers trembles with a nameless fear—
The rose that's there will soon be here.

The way it passed I can not tell:
Denial from her lips still fell,
But he holds the rose—and her hand as well.

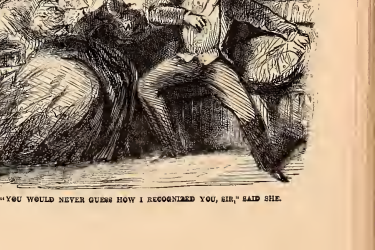
His manly cheek with triumph glows,
For well the loving youngster knows
The mystic meaning of that rose.

A DAY'S RIDE:
A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I AM about to make a very original observation. I hope its truth may equal its originality. It is, that the man who has never had a



"YOU WOULD NEVER GUESS HOW I RECOGNIZED YOU, SIR," SAID SHE.

TRAINING DAY IN THE SOUTH.—AUTUMN OF 1860.—[See Page 732.]

sister is, at his first entrance into life, for more the slave of feminine captivations than he who has been brought up in a "house full of girls." "Oh, for shame, Mr. Potts! Is this the gallantry you have heard so much of? Is this the spirit of that chivalrous devotion you have been incessantly impressing upon us?" Wait a moment, fair creature; give me one half-minute for an explanation. He who has not had sisters has had no experience of the behind-scene life of the female world; he has never heard one syllable about the plans, and schemes, and devices by which hearts are snared. He fancies Mary stuck that moss-rose in her hair in a moment of childish caprice; that Ann rather her little sister, and showed the prettiest of ankles in doing it, out of the irrepressible gayety of her innocent spirits. In a word, he is one who only sees the play when the house is fully lighted, and all the actors in their grand costume; he has never witnessed a rehearsal, and has not the very vaguest suspicion of a prompter.

To him, therefore, who has only experienced the rough companionship of brothers—or, worse still, has lived without home—the feminine sanctuary with the young-lady world is such a fascination as no words can describe. The gentle look, the graceful movements, the merry voices, all the play and action of natures so infinitely more refined than any he has ever witnessed, are inexpressibly captivating. It is not along the occupations of their hours, light, graceful, and picturesque as they are, but all their toilet, their thoughts, seem to soar out of that commonplace world he has lived in, and rise to ideal realms of poetry and beauty! I say advisedly! I do not know of any thing so truly Britain in life as our first—our very first—experiences of this kind.

Werther's passion for Charlotte received a powerful impulse from his watching her as she cut bread and butter for the children. There are our natures who will smile at this; who can enter into the intense delicatedness of that poetic conception; that could in one trait of simplicity see a whole Eden—with its ennobling duties, its cheerful sacrifices, its gracefully borne cares. Let him, therefore, who could see Charlotte, and not love, scoff at Tears, as he owns that he never felt his heart so powerfully drawn to Kate Herbert as when he watched her making tea for breakfast. Dressed in a muslin that represented mourning, her rich hair plainly indicated by a net, and with a modest motion, she glided about, an ideal of gentle sadness, more fascinating than I can tell. If she here saw the greatest memory of our little difference, she did not show it; her manner was calm, and even kind. She felt, perhaps, that some concession was due to me for the rudeness of that old woman, and was not unwilling to make it.

"You know we are to rest here to-day?" said she, as she busied herself at the table.

"I heard so, from a mere chance, and from the courier," said I, pevishly. "I am not quite certain in what capacity Mrs. Keates condescends to regard me, that I am treated with such scant courtesy. Probably you would be kind enough to ascertain this point for me."

"I shall certainly not ask," said she, with a smile.

"I certainly promised her brother—I could not do less for a colleague, not to say something more—that I'd see this old lady safe over the Alps. They are looking out for me anxiously enough at Constantinople all this while. In fact, I suspect there will be a nice confusion there through my delay, and I'd not be a bit surprised if they begin to believe that stupid story in the *Nord*. I suppose you saw it?"

"No. What is it about?"

"It is about your humble servant, Miss Herbert, and that he has received one hundred purses from the sheiks of Lebanon, not to reach the Golden Horn, but that they have made their peace with the Grand Vizier."

"And is of course untrue?"

"Of course, every word of it is a falsehood; but there are gobemouches will believe any thing. Mark my words, and see if this allegation be not heard in the Chamber of Commons, and some Tower Hamlets member start up to ask if the Foreign Secretary will lay on the table copies of the instructions given to a certain person, and supposed to be credentials of a nature to supersede the functions of our ambassador at the Porte. In confidence, between ourselves, Miss Herbert, so they can't hear us, I am strongly of opinion that the Haiti Homoyoun, as the world shall see is good time."

"Do you take your tea strong?" asked she; and there was something so odd and so inopportune in the question, that I felt it as a sort of covert sneer. I felt that I looked up at behold that pale and gentle face turned toward me, I banished the base suspicion, and forgetting all my exhausting, said,

"Yes, dearest; strong as hardly!"

She tried to look grave, perhaps angry; but, in spite of herself, she burst out a-laughing.

"I perceive, Sir," said she, "that Mrs. Keates was quite correct when she said that you appear to have moments in which you are unaware of what you say."

Before I could rally to reply, she had poured out a cup of tea for Mrs. Keates, and left the room to carry it to her.

"Moments in which I am unaware of what I say—a incoherent interval! Forbes Winslow would call them: in plain English, I am mad. Old woman, have you dared to cast such an aspersion on me, and to disparage me, too, in the quarter where I am striving to achieve success? For her opinion of me I am less than indifferent; for her judgment of my capacity, my morals, my manners, I am as careless as I well can be of any thing; but these become serious disparagements when they reach the ears of her whose heart I would make my own. I will insist on an explanation—no, but an apology—for this. She shall declare that she used these words in some non-natural sense—that I am the sanest of mortals; she shall give it under her hand and seal: "I, the undersigned, having, in a moment of rash and impatient judgment, imputed to the bearer of this letter, Mr. Frederick Potts—Sir, Frederick Potts—Sir, Frederick Potts, the bearer of this letter, I can never regard him as a fool, a dolt, a ass, a nincompoop, a Mr. Frederick Potts." Mr. Frederick Potts, I say, I will be—I will be—I will be—

is, in legal acceptance, I deferred assent—as though to say, "We'll see."

"At all events, Sir, you'll accompany us to Como?"

"You have my pledge to that, Madam."

"And, meanwhile, Sir, you agree with me that it is better I should continue to behave toward you with a cold and distant reserve?"

"Unquestionably."

"Barely meeting, seldom or never conversing."

"I should say never, Madam; making, in fact, any communication you may desire to reach me through the intervention of that young person—I forget her name."

"Miss Herbert, Sir."

"Exactly; and who appears gentle and unobtrusive."

"She is a gentlewoman by birth, Sir," said the old lady, tartly.

"I have no doubt of it, Madam, or she would not be found in association with you."

She connected deeply at the compliment, and I bowed as low, and backing and bowing I gained the door, dying with eagerness to make my escape.

"Will you pardon me, Sir, if, after all the agitation of this meeting, I do not feel equal to appear at dinner to-day?"

"You will change that young person to give me news of your health, however," said I, insinuating that I expected to see Miss Herbert.

"Certainly, Sir; and if it be your pleasure that she should dine with you, to preserve appearances—"

"You are right, Madam; your remark is full of wisdom. I should expect to meet her." And again I bowed low, and ere she recovered from another reverential courtesy I had closed the door behind me, and was half-way down stairs.

TRAINING DAY.

THIS is the season of the year at which our militia turn out for training day; and the scene which we engrave on page 733 will be recognized as familiar by all residents of country villages. Such spectacles have been so often described that we will not occupy any space here with a repetition of the old story, but will simply refer to our picture, as telling its own tale in its own way.

THE AMERICAN TURF.—FAVORITE HORSES.

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This group of celebrated entire horses, all so well known in the State of New York, can not fail to interest our readers.

The stanch, unpresuming nature of PATCHEN; the fiery spirit of ERNANI; ALEXY; the kind and docile FLOW-BOY, will be readily recognized by those familiar with the originals. Commencing from the left of our engraving, we have ERNANI; ALEXY; afterward, PATCHEN, TOM WORKMAN, TORONTO CHIEF (so much in shadow as to be scarcely discernible), GRAY MESSENGER, and FLOW-BOY—the principals of the present age, to whose descendants we must look for our future trotters.

It would be difficult to design a picture embracing, in six individual animal portraits, so much that is known, admired, and loved as the present subject; but our space would forbid a list of their performances and pedigrees, even if they were not too well known to render such description unnecessary.

SUFFOLK AND ESSEX PIGS.

THE remarkably fine stock we have chosen for illustration on page 729 are the property of Jacob Mott, and J. W. King, of Newtown, Long Island. They represent the Suffolk and Essex breed, which are the most profitable to the farmer. To those who condemn the pig as an unsouth and uninteresting animal, if a glance at the symmetrical proportions of the Essex variety will be sufficient to dispel the idea. The remarkably small bone, the smallness of bone, and abundance of pork which they possess, have placed them at the head of the list; for pork is the most valuable product which to keep, both as a matter of ornament and profit. The color is a clear shining black; the ears very fine and pointed; the snout tapering and delicately formed; and the body round, strong, and symmetrical.

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Were ever him the flag of the Savoy and the Star,
And gladden the heart of the Queen of the Isles.

We thank you for all that has welcomed him—most
For the sign of true love that you bear the Old Land:
Proud Heiress of all that his ancestor won,
You restore it, in giving that warm, loving hand.

And we'll claim, too, the omen. Fate's looking askance,
And Fate, only, knows the next turn she will play,
But if Jove and his Cousin join hands for the Dance—
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CANDOR.

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"Wot do I want? Vy, Guv'ner, I thinks I wants Heverything!"

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For December, 1860.

THE twenty-second Number commences the *Twenty-Second Volume* of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The Publishers are resolved that in value of matter and luxury of illustration, the coming Volume shall fully sustain the reputation which the Magazine has acquired and maintained during more than Two Years.

In the February Number will appear the first part of a New Story by W. M. THACKERAY, which it is expected will be continued in successive Numbers during the year.

The Article on "Hesiod" in the Number is the first of a Series of Papers entitling LIFE AND CHARACTER IN CALIFORNIA and OREGON, by J. ROSS BROWNE, late Confidential Governor of Agents for the Pacific States. They will be profusely illustrated with Drawings by SYDNEY, NEDERMAN, CHAPMAN, and PARSONS, from the character sketches by the Author.

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The Publishers believe that the thousands of Voluntary Correspondents by whom all the Editors have been able to make the "Table" a marked feature of the Magazine, will continue their favors; and that new Correspondents will forward such anecdotes and fact as come under their observation.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 204.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

SCENES IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

WE give herewith an engraving of the Tomb of Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN, South Carolina's greatest statesman. The obelisk in the left of the picture is a Monument to the memory of ROBERT J. TRESCOTT, "the intrepid and successful asserter of the Rights of the States, author of the Address of the Convention to the People of South Carolina, and other able productions in support of Constitutional Liberty." He was born 14th JANUARY, 1774, and died 15th June, 1853.

We give also an engraving of the OLD POWDER MAGAZINE in Cumberland Street, Charleston—one of the relics of the Revolutionary War. Here, previous to the surrender of the city to the British, in 1780, powder was stowed to the amount of about 100,000 pounds. By order of the American general in command it was taken from this place before the surrender, and secretly walled up in the Custom-house vaults, where it remained safe from discovery during the time the enemy held the city.

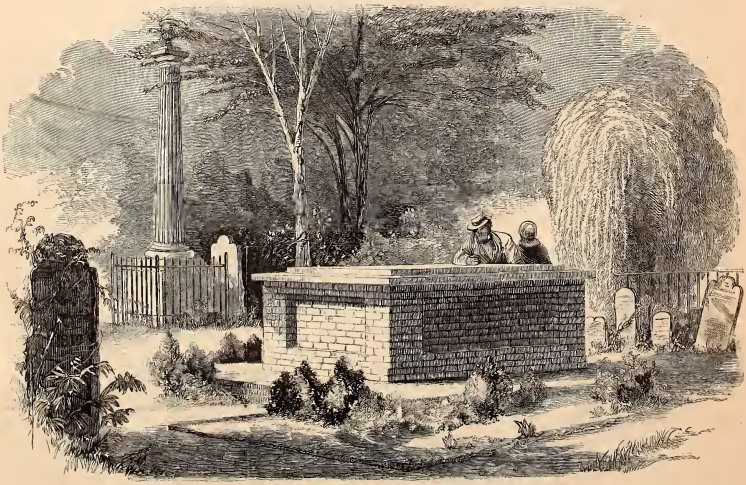
This relic of the past is still in good preservation, and is one of the most notable ancient buildings at present remaining in the city.

The reader will find also an engraving of the PALMETTO FLAG, which has been recently hoisted by vessels in the harbor, and in the streets of Charleston, during the secession excitement. And of the famous COCKADE worn by the citizens of South Carolina generally. The last is of blue silk, with a button in the centre, on which is represented a palmetto-tree.

THE PALMETTO FLAG.

THE OLD POWDER MAGAZINE, CUMBERLAND STREET.

THE PALMETTO COCKADE.



TOMB OF JOHN C. CALHOUN, IN ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH-YARD, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE RETURN.

A LONG path of moonlight lay upon the sea. Its farther extremity touched the horizon under the moon, and its nearer point swept along the shore with the stride of a stranger who was treading the pebbles, sliding its glistening one over mere upon acres of ocean surface. Out upon the bay, visible in the bright light as but spectral, floated the ship whose hull had just kissed the sand with its keel, and was now speeding back to the merry clicks of little oars in musical row-locks.

As the stranger stood alone on the beach there came familiar sounds across the water—the rattle of tackle and the flap of sails; then spectral canvas swelled to the pressure of the wind, lightly pushed off her prow seaward and shot gracefully into the night.

Close by the sea-shore, yet nearly a mile before him, lay a bright New England village. Bright because white with pale moonlight. The night was so clear and brilliant that he could even discern the church-spire as he marched along. The dwellings looked very cozy, individualized; standing in families, in pairs, or singly, as though they partook of the taste and habits of the race whom they wrapped from the sea-coast storms in their stiff mantles of pine and hemlock.

It was nine o'clock; for the sound of the church-bell came cheerily over the fields and along the edge of the groves. As the stranger approached the village its pulse became more rapid but less strong; his chest heaved and felt with broad and unusual movement. He was not yet upon a level earth for a moment, pressing his face in his hands, smoothing his features with their broad palms; but when he recovered his walk there was no less nervous eagerness.

We have called him a stranger, and yet he is approaching his only home. He has been gone years, going out as master of a whaleship to the North Pacific. Four years away, and now ready to return, his ship was driven upon a little island, where only three of all the crew escaped a watery grave.

It was one of those islands rarely touched by any vessel; and hence they had been imprisoned during all these long weeks, subjects of scorn, and oblivious of all the world beside.

When he went out he was betrothed to Millie Grey—Millie, who lived with her mother in the white cottage under the hill, where a creek winding round to a sandy cove gurgled and made music with its little waterfall. Millie was sweet and trusting, beautiful with health and the glow of rustic labor.

It had been all confessed; and when he kissed the tears from her eyes on the morning of his departure he had said:

"Be true to me, Millie, and when I come back we will live together in a new house on the knoll there by the orchard, darling!"

And Millie had looked into his eyes through her tears and said:

"Be true to you! I should as soon think of dying as loving any other man, Jack, William."

And then she had reached up high with her white fingers, and twined them in his heavy locks, bringing down his face close to the level of her lips, and planting a kiss there which had blossomed through the whole ten years.

But the ten years had bade him dead. No delicacy of devotion could require of Millie Grey so long a waiting. So the strong man was overcome in his glancing as he passed familiar spots and entered the street.

"She may have died!" and he turned a little aside to search the church-yard, choosing rather to be told by the cold lips of marble than the stammering tongues of friends. There were many new stones and many new families of graves; but the Returned sought only a plat in the centre. There he went away there were two mounds, a long and a short one. Now there were three; but the besieged of the town had taken no one.

William turns down a lane bordered by silver-oaks, under the shadow of which he had lost walked with Millie Grey.

A light shines out from the window of the white cottage. "I'll be not discovered! Let her be free of fear and hope have almost unnerved the wrestler with winds and waters.

Over against the cottage and home, in the edge of the orchard, is another and unfamiliar cottage. It is quite new, for the slant moonbeams glance from it as arrows from a polished shield. He hears voices within him. "Perhaps it is her cottage." The flush of unstudied blushes mantles his face over part of his frame. Perspiration stands upon his forehead, and his teeth close upon his lips.

Sitting upon the door-stone, with a moccasin, he takes the cold dew from his forehead and collects his strength and his courage. Then approaching the window of her old home he glances within. She is not there. Two children, a boy and a girl, are sitting cosily by the fire, resting obstinate in the ashes and looking very happy. They were very little when he went away.

He has left the older cottage, and is creeping to the window of the new. Warily, trembingly, he rises from stooping, and looks cautiously in. The room is bright with the blazing fire, and the presence by the work-stand. It is Millie. A startle, untamed, passes in the coarse course. In her arms—in her arms—lies a curly head, with rosy cheeks and dimpled chin, fast asleep. Millie is looking steadily, vacantly, into the fire. That face, so beautiful, so true to his long memory, thrills his whole being, and, in lessened distress at the loss of his most precious earthly possession, William forgets what he is doing, and stands close before the window, gazing in. Millie turns toward the window. "Good God! she has seen me!" and he starts to escape. She has seen him. The force—so haggard, so like the long dead—wrenches a piercing cry from her lips; and, man that he is, he can but turn back to her.

He enters the door. Millie shrinks, shuddering, to a corner of the room.

"Heavens! are you afraid of your old—your old friend? I am William. I won't hurt you. Let me go in peace."

Millie, trembling, afraid, and yet battling the inherent superstitions of the times, meets him—rather, follows him, for he is shrinking away—and touching his shoulder, lean every fear, and falls in a flood of tears upon his breast.

Gently placing her in the chair by his side, William takes her hand in his, and says, gravely, "Millie, I don't blame you; you have done right; but I must go. Good-by. God bless you!"

"William, what have I done? Why do you talk so? Don't you love me? Haven't I loved you always, and kept myself for you, though I thought you were dead? Oh William! what have I done that makes you seem so strange?" And Millie, finding no hope to fear, from her to utter distress, calls in her pride and stands, very tremulous but very queenly, before him.

Millie glances at the little cottage where all this excitement has awakened, then at the cradle with its bed. But just then a maternal little wakes, and mewings; ah—

Well, it came out that the new cottage, the little cradle, and the child in the cradle, all belonged to Millie's younger sister.

A few years after the "stranger" crept stealthily to the window of a neat cottage, and peering in again, saw Millie with her foot on the rocker of a cradle and a little one in her arms. This time he was right in thinking them her own.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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THE COURSE OF TRADE.

THE best bankers' bills on London were sold last week in the United States, for good and commercial bills, attached to the bills of lading of the goods which they represent, at 99 @ 100. In gold: that our commercial paper has many traders and the importance of this fact, it is necessary to explain that the par of exchange between New York and London is 108½; that is to say, when bills on London are sold here at 108½, exchange is at par, and it is to be inferred that neither country owes any thing to the other. As a general rule, the United States always owe something to England—our debt to China, India, South America, etc., being settled by bills on London; and in consequence, exchange on London generally sells at 109 @ 110 in this market—this is to say, at 3 @ 1 per cent. premium. For a short period, during the crisis of 1857, bankers' bills fell to 105 @ 106; with this exception, they have not been quoted below 108 for at least three or four years. Now, as we said, the rate for the best bankers' bills is nearly 5 per cent. discount, and commercial bills, secured by bills of lading, have been sold at over 9 per cent. discount.

The phenomenon is due to two causes. Our imports of foreign goods have been light—considerably below those of last year to the same date; our exports of domestic produce from this port very heavy—$28,000,000 to excess of those of the corresponding period of last year. The reduction in our imports has diminished the demand for, while the increase in our exports has swelled the supply of exchange. This has naturally had its effect upon the market.

But the immediate cause of the fall in bills has been the commercial panic which commenced a few days before the election, and which has been accelerated by the proceedings of the cotton States ever since. The disunion ringing in our ears on one side, and menaces of coercion whispered ominously on the other, no man knows what a week may bring forth, and the wise men who have money decline to part with it. This produces what is called "panic," and it is the cause of the fall. John Smith, who owns a cotton plantation in Georgia, has 1000 bales of cotton, worth $45,000. It will cost John Smith $2500 to move his cotton to market, $10,000 to pay certain notes which mature as the cotton ripens, and $15,000 more to pay his factor's advances: all this the factor at Savannah or Charleston is expected to pay on receipt of the cotton. As he has not so much money, he raises it by shipping the cotton, on receipt, either to his New York banker, or to the British agents of that banker, and draws instantly, at sight, for nearly the whole value of the cotton on the New York house. In ordinary times the New York house accepts, sells its own bills for the amount drawn for by the Southern factor, and makes a handsome profit on the operation. In times of panic it must either dishonor the bills drawn by the Southern factor, or sell its own at what they will fetch.

Thus far, the New York houses have generally accepted, and make the sacrifice that acceptance involves. How long they will continue to do so remains to be seen. When they refuse, shipments of cotton must cease. What effect this contingency—coupled with the derangement in the British money-market which must flow from the inevitable import of coin from England to New York—will have upon the price of cotton, Liverpool staples, the next few weeks will show. It is safe, at all events, to say that these are times in which no man should carry more than he is honest. The country never was richer, or trade sounder than at present; but all this will not avail to prevent failures, if confidence be disturbed.

GOOD READING.

We had something to say last week about the Illustrated Newspapers in preparation for the readers of the *Weekly* and the *Monthly*. The topic will bear a few more remarks.

So far as fiction is concerned, we begin this week in the *Weekly* "GREAT EXPECTATIONS," by Charles Dickens, with McLenan's graphic illustrations; the *Weekly* will contain Mr. Thackeray's new novel, and a new serial by the Author of "Adam Bede," which stands at present in the very front rank of British novelists. No one can afford to miss any one of these three tales; if, after having read them, more stories are wanted, they will be found as usual, native and foreign, *Tree Tribune*, in the pages of the *Weekly* and *Monthly*.

As to history, the Harpers are publishing the history of "The United Netherlands," by J. Lothrop Motley, who, now that Prescott is dead, is undoubtedly the first living American historian. This work is a sequel to his history of the Dutch Republic, and should be read by all who take an interest in the great people from whom our Dutch forebears sprung.

Then in travels, we have just had Burton's delightful book on the Lake Regions of Central Africa; and we shall have shortly, as soon as the political smoke clears away, Du Chaillu's equally fascinating work on Western Equatorial Africa, the unexplored home of the gorilla. Simultaneously with this, may be expected Atkinson's valuable work on the Amoor River, a book to which the war in China will probably impart unusual interest. And, apropos of the negro question, Sewell's "Ordeal of Free Labor in the West Indies" will furnish texts for both pro and anti-slavery sermons.

Here is something to make the winter pass pleasantly, and to console us for the bitterness of political controversies.

OUR FRENCH FRIENDS.

OUR French friends of the Paris *Illustration* have been publishing portraits of our Presidential candidates, with biographical sketches. They are not only entertaining, but instructive. Thus we are told that Hon. Abraham Lincoln was born "at Hinch, where his family are still highly respected;" that, "having directed his attention toward industry, he is consequently known as *the Railsplitter*;" that he offered his services "during the war of the Black-Hawk-Man;" and was subsequently elected "to the legislature of State." Later in life, the Hon. "Josh Bell" was born, we learn, "at Harlow," went to a university at the same insurmountable place, then to the state of Cumberland; established himself as a lawyer "at Franklin-Hill;" allowed himself to be run for Congress, with the support of "General Jaksan;" as Senator, he pursued a commendable course in reference to Pacific Railroads, but opposed the "Constitution Lecompkin;" he now resides "at Hoaglin's," where he has "many daughters, all well-educated." The Hon. Stephen Douglas was born "in Illinois," and is dismissed in a paragraph. Of the remaining candidate, Mr. "John C. Breckenridge," we are simply told that his father had occupied a high political position with Jefferson; "Mr. Breckinridge, and that the son entered the United States Senate" when very young."

It is a matter of regret to see how well they understand us, and how thoroughly acquainted they are with us and our people—over there in Paris.

THE HUT ON THE VACANT LOT.

We live in a hut on a vacant lot,
Father, and mother, and I;
To away up town, and a dreary spot,
With old stone quarries hard by.
Father is lazy, and mother she drinks,
And I am ragged and thin,
And I look like a thief, for 'tis hard to be pure
When clothed around with sin.

'Tis a desperate place, this vacant lot,
A region of famine and woe;
The times I found a struggling child
In the quarries not long ago.
And father is sometimes out all day,
And comes staggering home at night
With money and things that he hides away,
For he never comes by them right.

Mother is always at me to steal,
And spins me plans with a zeal;
She tells me to sneak through the city crowds,
And pretend a cripple or a purse;
And father knows it, because I say
That I'd rather any day die;
I never have tried, and I never will try,
And I'll tell you the reason why.

There came to our hovel three years ago
A man with a sweet mild face,
And he built a holy book in his hand
That he tried to read in our place.
But mother she swore at the mild-faced man,
And drove him out of our door,
And told him never as long as he lived
To darken her door again.

But something made me follow the man,
I think he was good, and true;
And he led me down to a quarry's cleft
Where none of my people could see;
And he read me things from the holy book
That I never had heard before,
And somehow a peace came over my heart,
And I felt that I was poor.

They may curse and beat me as much as they like,
I know what they don't know;
I know that things in the end come right
For those who suffer below.
No matter how ragged and hungry I am,
With no place to lie or to live,
I know there's a vacant lot for me
In the beautiful land above.

THE LOUNGER.

OLD MASTERS.

LIES are perpetually bringing the truth into discredit. How shall we know him when we see him? Lies have been invited so many times into Wall Street and Broad Street to great auction sales of the old masters, and the old masters were in such abundance, and the old masters, if there were really they, were such botchers, and bunglers, and dabsters, that we are tired to death of the old masters, and sure that the old masters, and don't believe they are old masters at all.

There is a secret anxiety every private collector has about these same gentry! There is not a Titian, a Raphael, a Vandyck in the country that is not anxious to know, if, in reality, they are, you know; and all the men who understand that kind of thing, you know, are entirely unanimous. Not the slightest doubt, you know; not, in the slightest. What stunners these old chaps were, hey?" And you feel in your inmost soul that the man doesn't believe that you believe in the old masters, and broods over it, and broods until he becomes savage and unhappy, and finally carts them all down to Leeds, who sells old masters at ten dollars a square yard.

For all that, Sir, there are old masters. Glotto was an old master; so was Cimabue; so were Fra Lippo Lippi, and Andrea Scrugna, and the Gaddis, and Fra Angelico, and Masaccio, and Ghirlandajo, and Signorelli, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolomeo, Lanando da Vinci, Giorgione, and Raphael. These were all old masters. These are the men whose works make half the interest of Italy, and illustrate most of the other half. They have written the spiritual history of the country upon all its church and convent walls; in baptisteries, and cupolas, and cloisters, and cathedrals, palaces, and private houses, from the down of modern times down to the commencement age. There have been no "young" masters to rival their frame or their genius. They made Christian art, or Christian art made them; and, in a sweet truly, the art of Christianity constituting the national mind inspired the great historical painters of the Christian art.

And of all art this is the most interesting. It is cognate to our sympathies. We are children of the same faith. We can not be surprised to a religious, Christian art, more genuine and spiritual, express itself in painting. Then it has accidentally, all the world over, appropriated. Thus Mr. Vernet, Raphael is Florence; Michel Angele is Rome. Wherever things the old masters to us, curiosity is nearer to Italy and to the early days of Christian history, opening a gallery of such enjoyment as we have not yet had.

Mr. Jarves has done this. He has lived several years in Italy, and, peculiarly favored, has been collecting pictures upon a principle. The principle is, historic sequence. The intention is to show by illustration the progressive development of the school, and, in short, the early school of painting in the world. For that purpose, in the highways and byways of Italy, he has been procuring specimens of all the "old masters" already passed, and of many more. It is the first effort to found a historical gallery of Christian art. It begins with the Byzantine works of the 12th and 13th centuries, in "extremely rude and primitive" frames of methods taken from materials), and descends regularly to Domenichino and Guido, the masters of the Bolognese or last illustrious Italian school.

And the pictures are beyond question genuine. They carry a kind of intrinsic proof of themselves, and they are certified by circumstances and by the most learned men in pictures. And their interest is profound to every body who cares about the subject at all. Mr. Jarves does not claim that the works are the best specimens of the various masters, but that they are characteristic. He has col-

lected the nucleus of a complete gallery. As finer pictures of any master or period are received, they may be introduced in their places; but the collection as it is offers the place to that with Kugler, or Mr. Jarves's own "Arts-Studies," now in press, and of especial reference to these works, the student can familiarize himself with the history of Italian art, with its progressive illustration of Christian story and dogma, and with the peculiar merits of the most famous masters. Histories this was impossible. We have had good pictures and interesting galleries, but they were miscellaneous and incoherent. The Bryan Gallery is rich in old Italian works, as well as others; but this is conscious and exclusive in its Italian character.

Of course the Italian school there is always a land call and a ready sale in Europe. But Mr. Jarves hopes that his interest in an its history has sufficiently grown to justify his expectation that this Gallery will be retained in New York. If not, the pictures will meet the sea again and be sold. We are all interested that this should not happen, but that the collection should remain, and become the germ of a comprehensive public Gallery. Perhaps it is impossible that we should ever have it at the present disposal of the greatest old masters; but certainly we may have great and representative specimens of every country and time, that we may see and study all that the art has achieved. For instance, you may see in Venice larger and more famous pictures of Giorgione's, but you will find there no very work of his more luminous and gorgeous than one which Mr. Jarves has obtained.

This collection is placed in two of the new rooms of the Dusseldorf Gallery, where it may be seen with that. Its pictures have been in Genoa, and Canalusa, Margaritone of Arezzo, and Taddeo Gaddi in New York! Shall we be less hospitable than Italy? Shall we entertain these illustrious guests unawares?

TIMES CHANGES.

WHOEVER remembers certain historic events at Boulogne and Strasbourg, must smile to see England and Russia each trying to secure the friendship, and Austria begging to avoid the enmity of the hero of those towns. It is the same Louis Napoleon; but he has taken the title at Rome since those days, and has long since sailed into the port for which he was then blindly feeling. Everyman knows that he is the only friend of Europe, so far as any man can be. But the movement is one of nations and sentiments, and any man, even Louis himself, if he secretly opposes it, will be swept away.

Why, then, did his Admiral invite the Sardinian Admiral to cease firing at Gaeta?

Probably to prevent the capture or personal injury of the loyalty young Bourbon. The Italian question should be settled with as little difficult complication as possible. But suppose Bomba'lo were taken prisoner, inevitably a kind of sympathy is aroused for him, and his capture would have drawn as well Austria. What could they do with him? If his government is so atrocious that the people rise and destroy it, when they had captured him they would be obliged to hang him. What, then, should they do? They would not wish to take the extreme step of England with Charles First and Russia with James Sixtemych, even a poor no higher ground than policy. They could not put him in prison comfortably to themselves, for it would be the nucleus of fostering disturbance in the State. If they exiled him, they give him a certain prestige, and, moreover, let Louis Napoleon be himself. Let him run away like a thief in the night. Let him fly before the hatred of his people and the contempt of the world.

Why may not such considerations explain Louis Napoleon's attitude? Of course he wishes to use necessary complication. He is reconstructing the monarchical system in Europe. Elected by the people, he wishes to see other kings resting upon the same right.

Does it ever occur to the Emperor of France that people can not alight in a man and not a country? We can not vote for our descendants. If we could, the acquirement of the Bourbons by the ancestors of the French of to-day would illegitimate Louis Napoleon as monarch. Our agreement to have one man for our king does not bind our unborn children to have an unborn man for their king who was of a date yet not gone. If L. N. reigns by the will of the people, his son must have the same title.

Do you suppose he thinks of these things as he plays hide-and-seek with the little Prince? Do you suppose any man in Europe knows it more fully than he?

A STORY OF TWO GIANTS.

IF a poor man should put up a shanty in the Park, because he could not possibly pay any ground-rent, and should be ejected, do think, or permitted to remain? Would he be considered a turnvhip squatter, a vagabond, a lawless savage, and not alone his house with a fine, but a jail sence? Undoubtedly he would; and the newspapers would make so much sport of him as they did of Branch.

Well, now, suppose a millionaire puts up a pier upon the City property, because the property he chooses not to pay any rent, do you see any difference between the performance of the poor man in the Park and this man upon the waterfront, except that one can not pay and the other can? What do you call appropriating what doesn't belong to you, and what you know doesn't belong to you? Is there any moral difference between taking the property of several thousand people and the property of one man?

Once upon a time there were two great big giants, and they said, "Pooh! pooh!" They come to a great city, and began to eat it up. The people looked upon but the giants said, "Pooh! pooh!" So they ate the great steamboat routes, and the ferry rights, far and near, and wasted very fat, and cried, "Pooh! pooh!" Then one of the giants went and ate up a poor little country in Central America, with plenty of red gravy from men's veins; and he smiled pleasantly. Then the other of the giants went and tried to eat up a whole government; but after he had swallowed a great piece of Kansas, something stuck in his throat, so that he coughed, swallow any more; and he coughed and coughed, and behold! a Governor that was too tough for the giant. So he grinned terribly, and cried, "Pooh pooh!" Then the giants said, "Now, the two great big giants began to consume the city. One ate off one end of the Battery, and the other bit off the other end; and Pooh! pooh! they chewed, they were going to eat up all the streets. Their jaws flapped and wagged, and they said, as a good crop, "Pooh! pooh!" But one day the people suddenly answered their "pooh! pooh!" and cried, "How, How!" or perhaps it was "Howe! Howe!" Probably it was, because there were so many people who cried the same thing. And then the great big giants looked at the people, and said, defiantly, "Pooh! pooh!" But the people said to them, "What have you ever done for us but eat our money out of us?" What do we owe to you, that you should take what belongs to us without paying us for it? How do you dare to appropriate our property, our admiration, or our love, that you should presume upon our consent to your pocketing our property without paying for it? Whom, in Heaven's name, are you but two great, big, voracious, insatiable giants?"

Then the two giants could only answer, "Pooh pooh!" But the people took it up, and replied, "Pooh! pooh!" so terribly, that the two giants shrank, and withered, and disappeared. And over the grave of one was written, "Pooh!" and over that of the other, "Pooh!" Then, I think, dear little children had better be so poor that they would like to have something to eat, than to live, rather than be nothing but great big giants who only eat up railroads, and ferries, and streets, and all things, as they can gone, have only "Pooh! pooh!" for an epitaph.

A GIFT.

THE "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," of which Keats sings, is but the decorated antechamber to the most grand and gracious season of all, the time of the Christ-offering, and Christmas, and New Year. And these are all festival days of the heart. They are consecrated to sympathy, gratitude, and affection; and affection and gratitude are precisely the season of gifts. For a gift is symbolic, only a piece of the giver's heart, and, whether from a lover adorns his mistress with diamonds, it is not carbon he gives her, but affection in a costly and beautiful type. And there we have the gift in its best and most grand, but the feeling it expresses, which is the soul of a gift. The cup of cold water which Phebe Silver took from her pitcher, and handed to the dying soldier is the most precious gift in history.

But it is a pleasant thing when both are combined, and the beauty of the gift shows the feeling of the giver. And for gifts of beauty, the Tuileries has made his book of "Folk-Songs." The title is translated from the expressive German Lieder, which means "Folk-Songs," and the people's song—not a song for the *illiterati*, for any particular class, but for everybody, but yet for the inland heart—a song of passions and emotions which the human heart every where instinctively recognizes, and, in its best, which the heart of all kind. Browning's "How they Brought the Good News from Ale to Ghent," Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem," Dyer's "Hence, Loathed Melancholy," Kingsley's "Mary, Go and Call the Cattle Home," Wordsworth's "Maid of Orleans," Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," are all of that kind.

Now Dr. Palmer has for several years been thoughtfully selecting and arranging some more than two hundred such poems, the most exquisite in the language. He has consulted personally with the poets living and the friends of the dead poets. They have helped him in every way they could, and especially by contributing marginal copies of some of their most popular verses. These have been carefully engraved, and are a most delightful and unique contribution to the literature of the day. Our best artists, Kensett, Eastman Johnson, McLenee, Hunt, Cropsey, Church, Perseus, Boughton, Darley, Hoppin, and others, have contributed designs, and Houghton's Riverside press, at Cambridge, has printed the work, in printing, and bound the in the most unique and exquisite and valuable gift-book ever produced in this country. The preface of the compiler of the volume is a modest little book has been the selection and authentication of the poems—as expressed with a dainty delicacy becoming the modest gentleman and man of letters. He is a man of too much taste not to know and enjoy the beauty of the work, and too much of a gentleman to will confirm the verdict of his honest and natural pride in calling his "Folk-Songs" a perfect gift-book.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

"DEAR MR. LOFTUS.—Was not the bishop of the Prince's Bath at the Academy of Music a presidential hint, Dem. or anti-Dem.? Or was it, perhaps, any thing like aristocracy and privilege can only rest on a very good foundation, and that the slender nature so to give way under first at the slightest motion?

"ONE OF THE PEOPLE."

Yes, it seems really so. But *one of the people*, like all the people, must not forget that democracy is in the spirit, not in the form. If the best man in the city could be found, he would be the best governor, and, if we were wise, we should make him perpetual and absolute dictator. The democratic spirit is merely an effort to find that best man, and a confession that, since we can never tell whether we have found him or not, we must keep trying.

"The good 'tis not to know, but to do."

But who, but Heaven, shall tell us who they are?

The final argument for the democratic system is, that permanent power is proved to be too intoxicating; and that, in the evident inability to find the really best man for ruler, all the people must ask themselves what man they prefer.

The despotic rule of ten men or ten thousand or ten million is quite so bad as the despotism of one. It is worse, as a great ship with a hundred heads is more formidable than the ordinary two-headed kind. Yet we must try the system, but only in people. And therefore it is that, if you can be sure of the heart and conscience of a man or a people, it makes little difference what the form of the government may be. If Washington had been king, he would doubtless have governed as well as he did under the name of President. But it is the hold the wisdom to see that the chances were always against any individual and in favor of a people, as a good crop. Cromwell may be a natural king. But Richard Cromwell?

The superiority of the democratic system is based upon the calculation of chances. So you see the most any government can do is to protect the utmost liberty of the individual which does not interfere with the equal liberty of any other. If Louis Napoleon does this, he does all that the American system can do. If the American system fails to do that, it is just so far despotic.

A great deal is taken when people are made to recognized in society. Now we have gained so much as this that the laws do not recognize rank as they do in other countries. Yet, in the Times, I have heard a lady walk through New York with his eyes and ears open without discovering that the *feeling* of rank prevails. It will never prevail in New York, may's tell, but it will never turn round and go backward.

The Prince and his friends, and probably his friends more than the Prince, saw that our system is not perfect. Yet, if it is not, it is constantly educates the people so that they are better prepared to use it. It appeals but to force than to a common sympathy. So it is throughout. Mr. Yancey was so far right when he said that the Union is dissolved the moment you try to coerce. It is so; for the Union coheres, and can cohere, only by mutual consent; and that consent will last so long as the general interest is promoted; and the general interest will be promoted so long as the people are more and more educated, and as more and more intelligent. If every "son of the people" will look to himself, the system of the government will take care of itself, and all false aristocracy and all arbitrary privileges will go where last year's fogs went.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE TRIO AT WARSAW.

WHEN Victor first began to hope
Without the Tyrolese,
He much alarmed those mighty men
And the Austrians fled
The first he was a Beauvoir;
The second he was a Jerome;
And the third he was a little Kaiser-
Three Bonapartes altogether.

The Russian cashed with tears
The Prussian spun a yarn
And the little Kaiser raised red with wrath,
And all three Sovereigns sworn.
The Beauvoir—he made with sniffle;
The Prussian made swallow his yarn;
And the little Kaiser—he made a little Kaiser,
With his Chariot under his arm.

THE DAWN OF REPENTANCE.

Late sinners, late, late, late, yet not too late, and sooner or later, is—mourning!—*The President of the Forty-Thousing-and-Forty Ever Association.*

THE TYPE OF A CHEESE.—*Pentapoda.*

THE Type of a Schoolmaster.—*Primer.*

THE Type of a Cow.—*Cattle.*

WANTED.—A Cuticline Fire Insurance Company, to protect ladies, who are not stand fire without losing their beauty by scaling and consequent tempers.

ARROGANT AXIOM. BY A RICH MAN.

Poverty has no right to have any pride. The man who has money in the bank-element should take better care not to be out-at-elbow!

It may be interesting to some of our fair readers to learn that Longfellow's poem of "Evangeline" is taken in the time of Henry IV., and that it was thought not to have the matter so well that it should be laureled from so old time, so we have recently undertaken, and which, in the unmoulted Ethiopian, is called "Evangeline."

"*Silly Rose she hath a rub, rub Nose,*
Upsome a white, white face:
Yet Kensett hath pitched upsome,
She hath too tightlie lace."

Whenever undertaker to put a person the respectfully man is more to get footed in the long-run. He is early, while ahead, the stages of Expression, and putting the white on the cwile of rose-finishing, a tipsy Either cried out, "If this is a corpse, I'm a fool!" Yes, he is a fool, and, in strange, it's still to-day!—"Very good," replied the tipsy man, "I'm a fool, and I'm ready to have your pay and take out!" Very stupid—undertaker—but it is good warm bed, with—the—pay—and—the—fool!

Every man must of necessity have a master, and so you had better be your own.

It is supposed the fellow who left the house was not able to take it with him.

To Daniel Purcell, the excellent musical composer and pleasant man, the following story was once attributed by the high authority of Sir Miller: "Dr. Purcell, said to us three men gentlemen, and that Mr. Purcell Hoopsford on a summer's day, were met by the famous Daniel Purcell, the composer, who was very hungry, and had but one shilling to account they were going dinner-hunting. The doctor merrily answered, "Pooh! pooh! Pooh! pooh! Pooh! pooh!

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.—(FROM A LATE PHOTOGRAPH.)

CHARLES DICKENS.

WE accompany the first part of Mr. Dickens's new novel, "GREAT EXPECTATIONS," with a Portrait of the author, taken from a very recent photograph. Those who remember him during his visit to this country will notice the change which has taken place since then in his outward man.

Mr. Dickens was born at Portsmouth, England, on 7th February, 1812. His father was for many years a Paymaster in the British Navy; on his retirement he became a reporter on the London press, and it was through him that Mr. Dickens first connected himself with journalism. His father's idea was that he should be an attorney; but a few months' work in a London office satisfied any longings he may have had for distinction in that profession. Abandoning the law, he became a reporter on the *Sun*, and afterward on the *Morning Chronicle*; studied short-hand assiduously, and for some years had had his seat in the Reporters' Gallery in the House of Commons.

It was during his arduous apprenticeship to the work of a Parliamentary reporter that he wrote his first sketch of life, under the pseudonyme of *Boz*. It pleased, and was followed by others, which attracted so much attention by their keen humor, pathos, and remarkable discernment of character, that their author was offered a handsome sum by Mr. Hall, of Chapman & Hall, to write them a series of sketches, to be published with illustrations, in monthly parts. This was the origin of the famous "Pickwick Papers," the first number of which was published in 1835. Their success was almost unprecedented. When the first number appeared Mr. Dickens was unknown; when the work was completed he was the most popular writer in England; and Pickwick, Birdbill, and the Wellers were familiar to every body. No writer of modern times has jumped so suddenly to fame as Mr. Dickens.

In 1837 "Oliver Twist" followed, and was eagerly welcomed on both sides the Atlantic; and in 1839 "Nicholas Nickleby" fully maintained the reputation of its author. "Master Humphrey's Clock," which followed in 1840 and 1841, was not, perhaps, as widely popular, though many consider little Nell the most graceful and perfect of Mr. Dickens's creations.

In 1842 Mr. Dickens visited this country, and was received with an enthusiasm which the appearance of "American Notes" had a tendency to dampen. On his return home he published the first and sweetest of his Christmas stories—"A Christmas Carol," and "Martin Chuzzlewit"—a work of infinite power, and full of his peculiar humor, but marred by the faults which were so conspicuous in his previous work on America.

In 1846 Mr. Dickens appeared before the public as the editor of a daily newspaper—the *Daily News*—which was intended to inaugurate a new era in London journalism. He had previously filled, for a few months, the office of *Editor of Bentley's Miscellany*; but this was his first experiment in political journalism. It is no discredit to him that it was not a success. His peculiar powers are very different from, perhaps superior to, those required of the editor of a daily paper. After a few months of severe labor he resigned his post, and entrusted himself in public favor by the publication of those most charming of tales, "Dombey & Son" and "David Copperfield."

In 1850 he established, in conjunction with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, a new paper, under the title of *Household Words*, and published in its pages, successively, his "Child's History of England" and "Hard Times." It attained a very wide popularity, and because, as its founder intended, a household favorite throughout England. Mr. Dickens did not publish in its columns, however, "Bleak House" or "Little Dorrit," both of which appeared in monthly parts.

In 1859, owing to a difference between Mr. Dickens and Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, *Household Words* was discontinued, and Mr. Dickens established a new periodical, *All the Year Round*, in which he gave to the world his last serial, "A Tale of Two Cities." By a special arrangement with Mr. Dickens, the proof-sheets of "*All the Year*" are dispatched to the publishers of *Harper's Weekly* some time before they are published in England, and then the readers of this journal enjoy the benefit of every thing that appears in Mr. Dickens's periodical a fortnight or more before the regular copies reach this country. The new novel, "Great Expectations," has, we are told, aroused great expectation on the other side. Our subscribers will have the advantage of reading it by the light of Mr. McLenan's admirable illustrations.

Mr. Dickens has written so much and so well that the severest ordeal any thing new that he writes has to undergo is the comparison with what he has written before. His published stories are so popular that people will hardly admit that they can be equaled; the admirers of Dombey and Copperfield were quite jealous of Little Dorrit, and affected to speak lightly of Doctor Marigold. It is not uncommon to hear people say that he has written himself out. It may be remarked, however, that while the contemporaries of the Pickwick Papers decry that he has outstripped that work, there are numerous critics who consider "Oliver Twist" his master-piece, others who prefer "Nickleby," some who pronounce in favor of the "Old Curiosity Shop," and others in favor of "Dombey & Son;" while, judging from the sales of the published volumes, "Little Dorrit" has the best claim to preeminence; and from the actual number of readers, the "Tale of Two Cities" would probably hold the first rank. In a word, there is not the least reason for supposing that in any of the qualities which have raised Mr. Dickens to his present fame—humor, descriptive power, analytical perception of character, charm of style, fancy, pathos, or dramatic ability—there has been any decay since Boz first came before the public. We have no doubt that "Great Expectations" will have as many admirers as any of its predecessors, and that a new generation of readers will decide, when it is ended, that the Great Novelist has at last written his great work—leaving it to their children, or, at all events, to their successors in the reading world, to discover that, after all, the real master-piece was yet to come, and that a genius like that of Dickens is inexhaustible.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER I.

MY father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I grew Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister—Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's grave, gave me odd ideas that he was a square, short, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "Also Georgiana Wife of the above," I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine—who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle—I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trowsers-pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first distinct impression of the identity of things seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw, dusty afternoon toward evening. At such a time I found out for certain that this bleak place ov rgrown with nettles was the church-yard; and that Tobias Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana, wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, George, and Robert, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark, flat wilderness beyond the church-yard, intersected with dikes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was raging, was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

"Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church-porch. "Hold your noise, you little devil, or I'll eat your throat!"

A fearful man, all in gray, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briers; who limped, and shivered, and glared, and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"Don't cut my throat, Sir!" I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, Sir!"

"Tell us your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

"Pip, Sir."

"Once more," said the man. "Give it mouth!"

"Pip. Pip, Sir."

"Show us where you live," said the man. "Pint out the place!"

I pointed to where our village lay on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside-down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself—for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my legs—when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

"You young dog!" said the man, licking his lips at me, "what fat chicks you ha' got!"

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

"Ought to be ashamed of myself, I'm a-coming for 'em!" I thought.

"Ha!" he muttered then, considering. "Who d'ye live with—supposin' you're kindly let to live, which I ha'n't made up my mind about?"

"My sister, Sir—Mrs. Joe Gargery—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, Sir."

"Blacksmith, eh?" said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at my several limbs, as if they were a new kind of tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most formidably into mine, and my head ached most helplessly up into his.

"Now look here," he said, "the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And you know what wittles is?"

"Yes, Sir."

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

"You get me a file." He tilted me again. "And you get me wittles." He tilted me again. "You bring 'em both to me." He tilted me again. "Or I'll have your heart and liver out." He tilted me again.

I was exceedingly frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "If

you would kindly please to let me keep upright. Sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more."

He gave me a most tremendous dig and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weather-cock. Then he held me by the arms, in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:

"You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file, and them wittles. You bring the hot to me at that old Battery over yonder. You do this, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your have't seen such a person as me, or any person, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any particular, no matter how small the particular, and your heart and your liver shall be torn out, roasted, and ate. Now I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel o' light. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way peculiar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in vain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe; but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keepin' that young man from harmful of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it very hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now, what do you say?"

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

"Say Lord strike you dead if you don't!" said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

"Now," he pursued, "you remember what you've undertook, and you remember that young man, and you get home!"

"Goo-good-night, Sir," I faltered.

"Much of that!" said he, glancing about him over the cold mist flat. "I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!"

At the same time he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms—clasping himself, as if to hold himself together—and limped toward the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the evergreen mounds, he looked in my young eyes, as if he were dragging the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face toward home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again toward the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there, for stepping-places when the rains were heavy, or the tide was in.

The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line not nearly so broad nor yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long angry red lines, and dense black lines intermixed. On the edge of the river I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect that seemed to be standing upright; one of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered—like an unhooped cask upon a pole—an ugly slimy thing when you were near it; the other, a gibbet with some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate. The man was limping on toward this latter, as if he were the pirate coming to life and come down, and going back to lock himself up again. It gave me a terrible turn when I thought so; and as I saw the black cattle lifting their heads to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so too. I looked all round for the horrible young man, and could see no signs of him. But now I was frightened again, and ran home without stopping.

CHAPTER II.

MY sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbors because she had brought me up "by hand." Having at that time to find out for myself what the expression meant, and knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it upon her husband, as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up by hand.

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister; and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gargery marry her by hand. Joe was a fair man, with curls of flaxen hair on each side of his smooth face, and eyes of such a very undecided blue that they seemed to have somehow got mixed with their own whites. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow—a sort of Hercules in strength, and also in weakness.

My sister, Mrs. Joe, with black hair and eyes, had such a prevailing redness of skin that I sometimes used to wonder whether it was possible she washed herself with a nutmeg-grater instead of soap. She was tall and bony, and almost always wore a coarse apron, fastened over her figure behind with two loops, and having a square, impregnable bit in front that was stuck full of pins and needles. She made it a powerful merit in herself, and a strong reproach against Joe, that she wore this apron so much. Though I really see no reason now why she should have worn it at all; or why, if she did wear it at all, she should not have taken it off every day of her life.

Joe's forge adjoined our house, which was a wooden house, as many of the dwellings in our country were—most of them, at that time. When I ran home from the church-yard, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen. Joe and I being fellow-sufferers, and having confidences as such, Joe imparted a confidence to me the moment I raised the latch of the door and peeped in at him opposite to it, sitting in the chimney-corner.

"Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip; and she's out now, making it a baker's dozen."

"Is she?"

"Yes, Pip," said Joe; "and what's worse, she's got Tickler with her."

At this dismal intelligence I twisted the only button on my waistcoat round and round, and looked in great depression at the fire. Tickler was a wax-ended piece of cane, worn smooth by collision with my tickled frame.

"She sot down," said Joe, "and she got up, and she made a grab at Tickler, and she rampaged out. That's what she did," said Joe, slowly clearing the fire between the bars with the poker: "she ram-paged out, Pip."

"How she been gone long, Joe?" I always treated him as a larger species of child, and as no more than my equal.

"Well," said Joe, looking up at the Dutch clock, "she's been on the Ram-page, this last spell, about five minutes, Pip. She's a coming! Get behind the door, old chap, and have the jack-towel betwixt you."

I took the advice. My sister, Mrs. Joe, throwing the door wide open, and finding no obstruction behind it, immediately divined the cause, and applied Tickler to further investigation. She winded by showing me. I often served her as a cannibal missile at Joe, who, glad to get hold of me on any terms, nestled me into the chimney and quietly fanced me there with his great legs.

"Where have you been, you young monkey?" said Mrs. Joe, stamping her foot. "Tell me directly what you've been doing to wear me away with fret and fright and worrit, or I'll have you out of that corner if you was fifty Pips and he was five hundred Gargerys."

"I have only been to the church-yard," said I, from my stool, crying and rubbing myself.

"Church-yard!" repeated my sister. "If it wasn't for me you'd have been to the church-yard long ago, and staid there. Who brought you up by hand?"

"You did," said I.

"And why did I do it, I should like to know!" exclaimed my sister.

I whimpered, "I don't know."

"I don't!" said my sister. "I'd never do it again! I know that. I may truly say I've never had this apron of mine off since born you were. It's bad enough to be a blacksmith's wife (and him a Gargery), without being your mother."

My thoughts strayed from that question as I looked disconsolately at the fire. For the fugitive out on the marshes with the ironed leg, the mysterious young man, the file, the victuals, and the dreadful pledge I was under to commit a larceny on those inclosing premises, rose before me in the avenging coals.

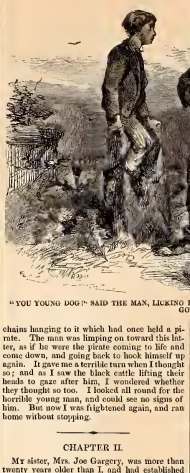
"Hah!" said Mrs. Joe, restoring Tickler to his station. "Church-yard, indeed! You may well say church-yard, you two." One of us, by-the-by, had not said it at all. "You'll drive me to the church-yard betwixt you one of these days, and oh, a pr-et-ecious pair you'd be without me!"

As she applied herself to set the ten-things, Joe peeped down at me over his leg, as if he were mentally casting me and himself up, and calculating what kind of pair we practically should make, under the grievous circumstances foreshadowed. After that, he sat feeling his right-side flaxen curls and whisker, and following Mrs. Joe about with his blue eyes, as his manner always was at squally times.

My sister had a trenchant way of cutting our bread-and-butter for us, that never varied. First, with her left hand she held the loaf, hard and fast, against her bib—where it sometimes got a pin into it, and sometimes a needle, which we afterward got into our mouths. Then she took some butter (not too much) on a knife and spread it (it the loaf in an apothecary kind of way, as if she were making a plaster—using both sides of the knife with a slapping dexterity, and trimming and moulding the butter off round the crust. Then she gave the knife a final smart wipe on the edge of the plaster, and then saved a very thick round off the loaf, which she finally, before separating from the loaf, hewed into two halves: of which Joe got one, and I the other.

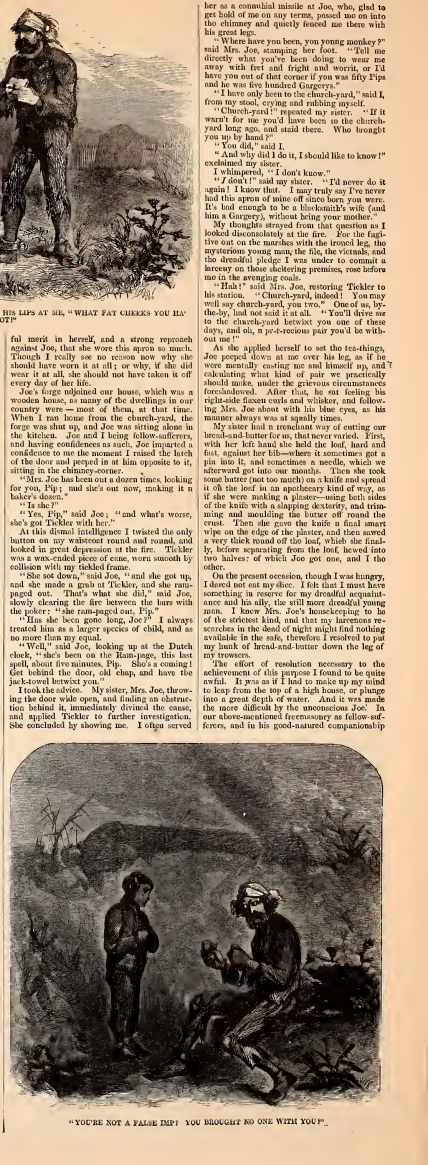
On the present occasion, though I was hungry, I dared not eat my slice. I felt that I must have something in reserve for my dreadful acquaintance and his ally, the still more dreadful young man. I knew Mrs. Joe's housekeeping to be of the strictest kind, and that my larcenous resources in the shape of night lunch were nothing available in the safe, therefore I resolved to put my bank of bread-and-butter down the leg of my trowsers.

The effort of resolution necessary to the achievement of this purpose I found to be quite awful. It was as if I had to make up my mind to leap from the top of a high house, or plunge into a great depth of water. And it was made the more difficult by the unconscious Joe. In one above-mentioned freemasonry as fellow-sufferers, and in his good-natured companionship



"YOU YOUNG DOG!" SAID THE MAN, LICKING HIS LIPS AT ME, "WHAT FAT CHEEKS YOU HA' GOT!"

"PIP, OLD CHAP! YOU'LL DO YOURSELF A MISCHIEF. I'LL STICK SOMEWHERE. YOU CANT HAVE CHAWED IT, PIP."



"YOU'RE NOT A FALSE IMP! YOU BROUGHT NO ONE WITH YOU!"

with me, it was our evening habit to compare the way we bit through our slices by silently holding them up to each other's admiration now and then—which in general led us to new exertions. To-night Joe seemed three inch-and-one, by the display of his fast-diminishing slice, to enter upon our usual friendly competition; but he found me each time with my yellow mug of tea on one knee, and my untouched bread-and-butter on the other. At last, I desperately considered that the thing I contemplated must be done, and that it had best be done in the least improbable manner consistent with the circumstances. I took advantage of a moment when Joe had just backed aside, and got my bread-and-butter down my lap.

Joe was evidently made uncomfortable by what he supposed to be my loss of appetite, and was a thoughtful somewhat bite out of his slice, which he didn't seem to enjoy. He rolled it about in his mouth much longer than usual, pondering over it a good deal, and after all gulped it down like a pill. He was about to take another bite, and had just got his mouth on one side for a good purchase on it, when his eye fell on me, and he saw that my bread-and-butter was gone.

The wonder and consternation with which Joe stopped on the threshold of his bite and looked at me were so evident to escape my sister's observation.

"What's the matter now?" said she, smartly, as she put down her cup.

"I say, you Joe!" muttered Joe, shaking his head at me in very serious remonstrance. "Fip, old chap! You'll do yourself a mischief. It's sick somewhere. You can't have chewed it, Fip."

"What's the matter now?" repeated my sister, more sharply than before.

"If you can cough any trifle on it up, Fip, I'd recommend you to do it," said Joe, all aghast. "Wholesome is wholesome, but still you don't like it."

By this time my sister was quite desperate, so she pounced on Joe, and, taking him by the two whiskers, knocked his head for a little while against the wall behind him; while I sat in the corner, looking guiltily on.

"Now, perhaps, you'll mention what the matter," said my sister, out of breath, "you staring great stuck pig."

Joe looked at her in a helpless way; then took a helpless look at me, and looked at me again.

"You know, Pip," said Joe, slowly, with his hot bite in his cheek, and speaking as if to a delirious tom, as if we were quite alone, "you and me is always friends, and I'd be the last to tell upon you any time. But such a thing moved his chair and looked about the floor between us, and then again at me—"such a honcommon Bolt as that."

"Been holding his food, has he?" cried my sister.

"You know, old chap," said Joe, looking at me, and not Mrs. Joe, with his bite still in his cheek, "I wouldn't, if it was any thing else—frequent—and as a boy I've been among a many Boilers; but I never see your equal, yet, Pip, and I ask you if you ain't choked."

My sister made a dive at me, and fished me up by the hair; saying meanwhile that I was awful words. "You come along and be dosed."

Some medical beast had revived Tar-water in those days as a fine medicine, and Mrs. Joe always kept a supply of it in the cupboard; having a belief in its virtues correspondent to its horrible nature. At the bot of tumbler-full of this elixir was administered to me as a choice restorative, that I was conscious of going down and coming up in new lines. On this particular evening the urgency of my case demanded a pint of this wholesome drink, which was poured, by my throat, for my greater comfort, while Mrs. Joe held my head under her arm as a boot would be held in a boot-jack. Joe got out of the pint; but was made to take that (much to his disturbance, as he did slowly hitch along and blunge like the fire), "because he had had a turn." Judging from myself, I should say he certainly had one afterwards, if he had had none before.

Conscience is a dreadful thing when it accuses man or woman for any thing, in the case of the secret burden co-operates with another secret burden (the burden of all of his crimes, in fact, to satisfy a great punishment. The guilty knowledge that I was going to rob Mrs. Joe—I never thought of any thing else than that Joe—thought of any of the housekeeping property as his—united to the necessity of always keeping one hand at the bread-and-butter for a lost, or when I was ordered about the kitchen on any small errand, almost drove me out of my mind. Then, as the March winds blew from the direction of the Hulks, I thought I heard the fierce voice of the convict with the iron on his leg, and saw him, as the March winds moved the bare elm tree and the gaunt scarecrow of a gibbet, hanging in chains for murdering his master. Then, I was haunted by the terrible question, which I had to put to myself, of what I should do, if, when we sat down to our supper, the convict, who had escaped from the Hulks, should come in and demand his food. All these things, added to the ordinary state of my conscience, made me feel as if I were a criminal of the deepest dye, and most desperate character. I felt as if I ought to go and tell Mr. Pumblechook that I was a young man of well-regulated mind—and she was a fine young lady, and I was a common boy with a bad heart, and I ought to be put down by everybody, and I deserved to be put down by everybody, and I would be put down by everybody, as soon as they found out what I had done.

The Christmas Eve, and I had to stir the pudding for next day, with the copper-stick, from seven to eight by the Dutch clock. I tried it with the hoe I had upon my leg (and that made me think afresh of the man with the iron on his leg), and found the tendency of exercise to bring the bread-and-butter out at my ankle, quite intolerable and uncomfortable. Happily I slipped away, and deposited that part of my conscience in my garret bedroom.

"Hark!" said I, when I had done my stirring, and was taking a final warm in the chimney-corner before being sent up to bed; "what's that guns, Joe?"

"Ah!" said Joe. "There another convict off."

"What does that mean, Joe?" said I.

Mrs. Joe, who always took explanations upon herself, said, impatiently, "Escaped. Escaped. Administering the definition like Tar-water.

While Mrs. Joe sat with her head bending over her needle-work, I put my mouth into the forms of saying to Joe, "What's a convict?" Joe put his mouth into the forms of returning such a highly elaborate answer, that I could make out nothing of it but the single word "Jail."

"There was one off last night," said Joe, aloud, "after supper, and they fired guns keeping of him. And now, it appears, they're firing warning of another."

"If he's firing?" said I.

"That that child," interposed my sister, frowning at me over her work, "is what a question he is. I wonder what you would be, if you put my mouth into the form of saying "her?" But Joe wouldn't hear of that at all, and again opened his mouth very wide, and made the form of a most emphatic word out of it. But I could make nothing of the word.

"Mrs. Joe," said I, in a last resource, "I should like to know—if you wouldn't mind—what they are firing cross for."

"Lord bless the boy!" exclaimed my sister, as if she didn't quite mean that, but rather meant the reverse. "Hulks!"

"Oh-oh!" said I, looking at Joe. "Hulks!"

Joe gave a repeatedly rough nod, as much as to say, "Yes, I told you so."

"And please what's Hulks?" said I.

"That's the worst of him!" exclaimed my sister, pointing me out with her needle and thread, and shaking her head. "Answer him one question, and he will ask you twenty directly. Hulks are prison-ships, right across th' marshes. We always used that name for marshes, in our neighbourhood.

"I wonder who's put in prison-ships, and why they're put there," said I, in a general way, and with desperation.

It was too much for Mrs. Joe, who immediately rose. "Joe! Take him!" she said; "and if he asks any more questions, tell him a story and frighten him."

Joe looked at me, with a face of great perplexity, while I rolled up my sewing, and put it into my work-box, and folded my work upon it, and laid it on the top, and put the work-box upon it, and locked it and put the key in my pocket. Then, Joe and I, with the Dutch clock between us, and the candle between us, and the Bible before us, sat down to our task.

I was very conscious that my guilty secret had become much more guilty by my sister's mentioning the Hulks so frequently, and I felt that Joe and I were in a manner leagued together against her. I was in a state of great agitation, and was ready to jump out of my skin on the slightest provocation. The Hulks were a hideous image in my mind, and I felt as if I had begun by asking questions, and I was going to ask Mrs. Joe.

Since that time, which is far enough away now, I have often thought that few people know what they do when they put a question to their tormentor. No matter how unreasonable the terror, so that it be terror. Irons in mortal terror of the young man who brought them to be riveted, I was in mortal terror of my interlocutor with the loaded leg; I was in mortal terror lest every thing I had to swallow should be then extracted; I had no hope of deliverance through my all-powerful sister, who regarded me as a young wretch to be afraid to think, even now, of what I might have done, upon requirement, in the secrecy of my terror.

If I slept at that time, I think I was only to imagine myself drifting down the river on a strong spring tide to the Hulks; a ghostly picture calculated to use the strongest language in my case, if I passed the globe-station, that I had better come ashore, and be hanged there at once, and put it off. I was afraid to sleep, even if I had been inclined, for I knew that at the first flame of morning I should be sent for to the Hulks; I was so getting a light by easy friction then; to have got one I must have struck it out of flint and steel, and here made a noise like the very pirate himself rattling his chains.

As soon as ever I was let out of that guilt outside my little window was shot with gray, I got up and went down stairs: every board upon the way, and every creak in every door, warning me after me "Stop thief" and "Get up, Mrs. Joe!" In the pantry, which was far more imaginative than I supposed them to be in the season, I was very much alarmed by a bare cupboard with a door that would not shut, which I caught, when my back was half turned, winking. I had no time for verification, no time for reflection, no time for any thing, but to get time to spare. I stole some bread, some rind of cheese, about half a jar of mince-meat (which I did up in a pocket-handkerchief with my last night's shirt), some brandy from a stone bottle (which I decanted into a glass bottle I had secretly used for making that intoxicating fluid, Spanish-liquorice-water, in my room: dilluting the stone bottle from a jug in the kitchen cupboard), a meat bone with very little on it, and a beautiful round, compact pork-pie. I was nearly going away without the pie; but I was tempted to mount upon a shelf to look what it was that was so well secured in a tin box in the earthenware dish in a corner, and I found it was the pie, and I took it in the hope that it was not intended for early use, and would not be missed for some time.

There was a door to the kitchen communicating with the forge; I unlocked and unbolted that door, and got a file from among Joe's tools. Then I put the fastenings as I had found them, opened the door at which I had entered when I ran home last night, shut it, and ran for the misty marshes.

CHAPTER III.

It was a raw morning, and very damp. I had seen the damp lying on the outside of my little window, as if some goblin had been crying there all night, and using the window for a pocket-handkerchief. Now I saw the damp lying on the bare hedges and spare grass, like a coarser sort of spider's web; hanging itself from twig to twig and blade to blade. On every rail and gate wet lay clammy; and the mists rose so densely and slowly from the hidden ground, that I was fain to grope my way from the gate to the door of the house by the village—a direction which they never accepted, for they seemed to come behind one, wherever one was, and to follow one at the back.

The mists were not less impenetrable when I got into the marshes, so that, instead of my running at every thing, every thing seemed to run at me. This was very disagreeable to a young man, who had a guilty secret upon his mind. The gates and dikes and banks came bursting at me through the mist, as if they cried so plainly and loudly as they came, "Stop thief! Stop him!" The black cattle came upon me with like audacious meaning, and put their eyes, and snorting breath, close to my face, and challenged me, "Holloa, young thief!" One black ox, with a white cravat on—who had the strongest resemblance something of a clerical air—fixed me so steadily with his eyes, and moved his blunt head round in such an emphatic way, that I was moved to cry, that I called out to him, "I couldn't help it! It wouldn't do for me to be taken up! Upon which he put down his head, blew a cloud of smoke out of his nose, and vanished with a kick-up of his hind leg and a whisk of his tail.

All this time I was getting on toward the river; but however fast I went, I couldn't warm my feet, for they felt as if they had been dipped in the iron was rivited to the leg of the man I was running to meet. I knew my way to the Battery perfectly, for I had been down there on a Sunday with Joe, and Joe had, sitting on an old cannon, told me that when I was gentler to him regularly bound, we would have much farther there as should recompense us for our continuous walk. However, in the confusion of the mist, I found myself at last too far to the right, and consequently had to try back along the river shore. At last, the bank of loose stones above the mud and the stakes that staked the alloy out, gave me my bearings. Making my way along here with all dispatch, I had just crossed a ditch which I knew to be very near the Battery, when I heard a shout that stopped me dead, when I saw the man sitting before me. His back was toward me, and he was leaning his arms folded, and was nodding forward, heavy with sleep.

I thought he would be more glad if I came upon him while he breakfast in that unexpected manner, so I went forward softly and touched him on the shoulder. He jumped up at once, and it was not the man, but another man!

And yet he was dressed in coarse gray, too, and had a coarse gray rag tied about his head, and hoarse, and cold, and was every thing that the other man was; except that he had not the iron on his leg. He was a young fellow, too, broad-shouldered, but, low-crowned felt hat on. All this I saw in a moment, for I had scarcely moment to see it in; he swore an oath at me, made a bit at me—it was a round weak blow that missed me and almost knocked himself down, for it made him stumble, and then he ran into the mist, tumbling twice as he went, and I lost him.

"It's the convict off the Hulks!" I thought. I felt my heart shoot as I identified him; and I dare say I should have fainted, if I was in my liver, too, if I had known where it was.

I was soon at the Battery after that, and there was the man warming himself and jumping to and fro, as if he had never all night left off hugging and limping—waiting for me. He was so hoarse that at first I half expected to see him drop down before my face and die of cold. He even looked so awfully hungry, too, that when I handed him the file it occurred to me he would have tried to eat it, if he had not seen my food. He ate like a wolf while we ate side down, this time, to get at what I had, but left me right side upward while I opened the bundle and emptied my pockets.

"What's in the bottle, boy?" said he.

"Brandy," said I.

He was already handling mince-meat down his throat in the most curious manner, more like a wolf than any thing it away somewhere in a violent hurry than a man who was eating it—but he left off to take some of the liquor, shivering and his teeth chattering with it was quite as much as he could do to keep the neck of the bottle between his teeth.

"I think you've got the ague," said I.

"I'm much of your opinion, boy," said he.

"It's bad about here. You've been lying out on the marshes, and they're dreadful agusish. Rheumatic, too."

"I'll eat my breakfast afore they've the death of me," said he. "I'd do that, if I was going to be strung up to that there gallows as there is over there directly afterward. I'll beat the shivers so for, I'll bet you a guinea."

He was so ravenous with mince-meat, meat, bone, bread, cheese, and pork-pie all at once: starting distrustfully while he did so at the mist all round us, and often stopping—even stopping his jaws—to listen. Some real or fancied sound, some chink upon the river or breathing of beast upon the marsh, now gave him a start, and he said, suddenly:

"You've not a false trip? You brought no one with you?"

"No, Sir! No!"

"Nor you're not the office to follow you?"

"No!"

"Well," said he, "I believe you. You'd be a fearsome young hound indeed, if at your time of life you could help to hunt a wretched warmint, hunted as mere death and dangfull as this poor wretched warmint is!"

THE EXPLOSION OF THE PROPELLER "GLOBE."

We publish on page 749, from a photograph taken by Mr. Archeiber, of Chicago, a picture of the propeller Globe, whose boiler exploded at Chicago on 8th inst. It seems that she was lying at the wharf, about to discharge a cargo of ryples which she had brought from Buffalo, when the accident occurred. The engineer had received orders to get up steam on the donkey engine, to unload freight. The boiler was exceedingly hot, and had a trifling amount of steam on. The pumps were set at work, and the cold water pumped in at once caused the explosion. About fifteen people are supposed to have been killed by the explosion; among others, a gentleman named Hoolsby, who had come aboard to look after some apples consigned to him, a little girl who was walking on the wharf picking up apples, and others.

THE PRINCIPAL BOARDER.

My aunt's boarders consisted, first, of myself—an apprentice then with a certain city optician; secondly, there were the Misses Bennet, thirdly, the widow of a coast-guard lieutenant, who called herself Mrs. Captain Bowens; and fourthly, Mr. Simington, an East Indian merchant, who was believed to have made his fortune long ago, and to keep a business in Leadenhall Street by way of occupying his spare time. The Misses Bennet, I conclude, the pope of our establishment—in short, the principal boarder, was Mr. Simington, the East India merchant.

He was a stout, rosy man, about forty-five, good-tempered, and very inclined to make himself comfortable and keep friends with every body. Mr. Simington was a bachelor too; his two married sisters in Bloomsbury, his three married in the city, his nieces in Worcestershire, and his nephews in-East all people whom I was told to be pretty good of agreement among them—that Mr. Simington never would marry. Mrs. Somers and her nieces, however, always flattered themselves that some opportunity, whenever occasion served. He was too fond of his comforts, too condemned in his bachelor ways, ever to change them. And what could Mr. Simington think of marrying at all? It was not a pretty face that would persuade him—he was a great deal too sensible for that; it was not fortune nor family—he had money enough, and did not care for the connexions; it was not to have a comfortable home—where could he be better cared for, and more studied, than in Mounsford Place? Such was the published opinion of the fair one. To it Mrs. Captain Bowens gave her adhesion now and then; but, like some mathematicians, its true reading was to be made out by contraries; for, to my certain knowledge, the four ladies had, every one, private and deep-laid schemes on Mr. Simington. It was one of those gentlemen given to pay attentions—I think most men between forty and fifty get into that way—to whom a principal object of four ladies studying him, the East India merchant could scarcely do other than, to be paid attentions to each of the four according to her standing in the house, giving the largest share to my respected aunt, the great or Mrs. Captain Bowens, and the third to the maiden sisters, whose claims he balanced with such even-handed justice that both were equally sure of his liking. It is a pleasant thing to see pitch complete one to declare there was not a pretty face in the apartments.

I had an inferior in the shape of Bessy, the orphan niece. Bessy was sixteen; but it would have been high treason against our sex's crown and dignity, and brought down lightnings and thunders from the throne next in command, to have called Bessy any thing but a child. Bessy, she did double duty in our establishment, filling at once the office of drudge and little girl. Bessy had to help in all her domestic difficulties our one female servant, Sally Stubbs, whom my aunt called her cook or her housemaid as exigencies required. She had also to wear short frocks, take bread and milk for breakfast, and go to bed punctually at eight. A great, bashful, rosy fellow than might have served as a model to the sculptors in wax, but for the hard stare in his gaping blue eyes, which no doll could borrow, and the soft fair hair that would go into waxy ringlets however clipped and combed—will help the illusion, which last circumstance their best to promulgate by always speaking of Bessy as that poor child. My aunt was accustomed to lament over her ways that she must post before she would grow up, and the expense her education would be, which last was a thing which to be sent to a finishing-school. The good lady was to do wonders for her protégée, when the proper period of womanhood arrived; but she considered it decidedly sinful to put notions of dress and vanity in children's heads. Bessy was never allowed to appear in the drawing-room except in the capacity of duster; and as she got nothing but old dresses shortened, the orphan niece went out only with messages to the green-grocer on week-days, and to evening church on Sundays with the maid.

My aunt dozes always about that time I was a young man of well-regulated mind—and she was

right. On that prudent principle I did my best to think Benny a child, though it sometimes struck me that going to bed in frond daylight on a summer evening, when there was a little dancing-party in the drawing-room, could not be to her taste; and I could not help fancying how well she would look in a long muslin frock and ringlets among the young ladies. The same judicious tradition to what was ordered and expected made me bow down before Mr. Slamington. Oh, the warning of whipers, the pulling of wakers, the mishaps of those that went on for that old gentleman in cold winter evenings! Oh, the falling on his neck when he came home from his summer rambles, as though the Rest India merchant had been three prodigals rolled into one! What well-to-do-youth would not have prostrated himself in spirit before such manifest superiority? so I bowed down to Mr. Slamington, and served him. Yes, and obeying my awe and worship, it sometimes occurred to me that he went out very regularly on Sunday evenings, just after Benny and the maid had gone to church; that he must have taken a particular fancy to the green-grocer my near neighbor, for I often noticed him lingering near the shop; and probably not intimation of this good-will by Benny, for more than once I espied him giving the little child on the stairs, and evidently intending not to be seen.

I had heard that great men were often eccentric, and doubtless there were the eccentricities of Mr. Slamington; but his peculiarities were so far from to be observed by an optician's apprentice, I made no report on the subject, and nobody else appeared to have taken notice. That things went on, I do not precisely say how long. The ladies were every day getting stronger in their public convalescence of Mr. Slamington's prospects; and more resolute in carrying on their private elegies. I could have wished to be one my poor mistress, if it was the best in every body's eyes but those of the other three. The summer was drawing to a close, and Mr. Slamington prepared to go to Scotland, which he had talked about since the season began. The day of his departure on that journey was one of extraordinary bustle and unhallowed. The four had been up most of the preceding night packing his wardrobe, plying the delicacies for his refection in steamer and train, and giving him good advice against catching cold and rheumatism. No wonder he looked tired over the abundant breakfast devoted to his service—he should any sin if half so well taken care of. Mr. Slamington, during his stay, had paid great compliments that morning; the ladies, one and all, declared that nothing on earth would induce them to do dull tell he came back; and I saw Benny in the dessert-fresh she had—by-the-by, it was the shortest-waisted jacket the wicked wretch ever made; she was doubtless bound for the green-grocer's. Nobody thought of her at the leave-taking, which was extraordinary. Mr. Slamington, shortness of sight fair him's were mistaken to be remembered; the adieus and good-wishes he got were all served all the travellers that ever crossed the Tweed; but at length the ceremony come to a close, and the cab drove away with him and his carpet-bag.

An hour or so afterwards I rang at the door-bell loud enough to reach my back-bed, made me pants and listen. That was Mr. Slamington's name heard my aunt utter in a kind of a whisper. I had left the ladies talking in the breakfast-parlor, and there I found them on my rapid do-out, gathered round Mrs. Somers, who detained another half-pint of wedding-cards, while she questioned the waiter of the Barnabury Hotel.

"It took place, Ma'am, about one hour ago," said that messenger of fate, making great efforts to preserve his gravity. "I'm Master Frank's boy, ma'am, and I must say locked uncommon well in her white silks and lace bonnet. My missus went to church with them. It was about the social license, you see. Mr. Ross, the gentleman as always stops with us, and knowed Mr. Slamington from a boy, gave the bride away; and, indeed, Ma'am, she got through it wonderfully. I went to see it myself, lovin' a great hand for marriages. The 'appy pair, as I may say, waited no time after; they're off to Scotland, Ma'am, by the Great Northern. Mr. Ross is to do the wedding-cards; and says he, tippin' me half a crown, like a gentleman, as he is: 'Walter,' says he, 'run with them to Mrs. Somers; she has the cards up to the earliest intelligence, for Mr. Slamington was her principal boarder.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The full returns of the election have not yet come in. It seems likely that Lincoln has carried Missouri and Kentucky; that Breckinridge has carried Tennessee; and that Douglas has carried Georgia, in which State, however, the appointment of electors is left to the Legislature, which is said to have a majority for Douglas. Four out of the seven New Jersey electors are for Lincoln, so that he carries Northern New Jersey by two votes. The majority for Lincoln in Pennsylvania will be over 60,000; in the State, about 52,000; in Indiana, 25,000.

MR. LINCOLN OF THE THOUSAND IN THE SOUTH.

Disposition from Charleston and Savannah to alter the policy of the President-elect with regard to the existing troubles in the South. Mr. Lincoln is said to have no design to give to the country any fresh exposition of his views and opinions upon the important subjects that have convulsed the country. His sentiments, so declared in his speeches in Congress during the term of Judge Douglas, and in the acceptance of the nomination for President on the Chicago platform, are relied to be embracing the principles and policy of his administration.

THE LEGISLATURE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Legislature of South Carolina adjourned on 17th, having passed an act calling a Convention to take steps respecting the action of the State in the crisis; the Convention to meet on 17th December, the election to be held on 6th. An act was also passed repealing the act of 1852 authorizing the bonds to be held a certain proportion of specie in their liabilities. The premium exchange on sterling, London, Charleston, and the other towns of the States and the Mississippi remained at hospital.

THE LEGISLATURE OF GEORGIA.

The Legislature in this State is in session. A bill appropriating $1,000,000 to be used at the discretion of the Governor for putting Georgia into a state of defence, passed the Senate, by 40 yeas, and was introduced into the Senate on the 12th. It is expected that it will be passed. The Joint Committee has large appropriations for a military academy, Partisan Rifles and remodeling the present school system. Also an appropriation of the State Arms and the resistance of Georgia. Opposition, however, to the Secession Bill in the State Bill in South Carolina.

The Virginia Legislature is summoned to meet on 7th.

THE SECESSION CONVENTION IN ALABAMA.

A dispatch dated Montgomery, Alabama, November 15, says:

"The Governor of the State will issue a call for a State Convention to meet on the 7th of January, 1861. He urges the people to prepare for secession.

"A call has been issued, signed in the letter of Governor Moore. After enumerating the wrongs that the South has received from the Federal Government, the Governor follows: 'In full view, then, I trust, just appreciation of all the circumstances, I have decided that the Convention, by my Good, my State, and the Federal Government—I sincerely believe that it is the best, the safest, the wise and future security for Alabama and other slaveholding States to secede from the Union. I deplore the necessity for coming to such a conclusion. It has been forced upon me, and I know of no other course. I, and my State, have long, very, totally lent upon the destruction of institutions—I, to do the duties, State, and other rights, and constitutional rights we have never disturbed, and who should be our friends—the Northern States—Alabama, I, and my State, remember that Alabama must act and decide the great question of her duties, and, under the laws of the State, Alabama has the right or power to decide it for her. She may consult with other States, and, if possible, have the concurrence of action, but still she must decide the question for herself. Alabama has never shrunk from the duties the institutions and principle people of Alabama to do the impending crisis, and, I trust, will not now. Alabama, I, and my State will go with the South—a South in which Alabama, I, and my State will consent to affiliate with or cultivate friendship, and never will consent to affiliate with or cultivate friendship with the Northern States, which have shown a bitter hatred towards them and the institution of slavery. They have made and have made the Union, and I will consent to remain a degraded and dishonored member of it.'"

THE LEGISLATURE CONVENED IN MISSISSIPPI.

A dispatch dated Jackson, Mississippi, November 12, says: "Governor Pettus has issued a proclamation convening the Legislature to consider the relations and the security of providing more and better ordnance for the State. Mississippi will be represented in the Secession election and just action of the Northern State Government, pronounce.

A SPEECH BY MR. KEITT.

A dispatch dated Columbia, South Carolina, November 12, says:

"Mr. Keitt was nominated by the people at twelve o'clock last night. He spoke for two hours, and was very cool and decided. He said he would be bound by no pledges to secession, and would hold himself free to act as circumstances might direct. He said, if the end not accomplish it otherwise, the would throw her arms—the Angels of the Confederacy and involve on the States in common ruin."

NO NORTHERN VAGRANTS TO BE ADMITTED INTO VIRGINIA.

Mayor Mocklin, on 13th, notified the agents of the Northern steamship lines that he would not permit the landing of strange passengers unless the steamship company guaranteed to provide for them and send them off to their vagrants. The agents have been accordingly telegraphed. Mocklin says his purpose is to prevent the recurrence of an occurrence of an entirely different kind before, but now is the time to prevent it. He says he will not allow the Northern destitution sent vagrant to the North crowds of paupers will find the Southern shores.

RELIEF FOR KANSAS.

A dispatch dated Atchison, Kansas Territory, November 14, says:

"Three one-loads of provisions arrived here yesterday and the relief committee have given out about five days' supply, making six one-loads within the past week, and distributed about 1,500 bushels of corn. We are now at a present here waiting to be loaded from Greenwood, Bellefontaine, Leavenworth, Lawrence, and we are given to those only who have proper credentials from the neighborhood from which they come, and who are recognized by the Relief Committee to receive them. The weather is now pleasant, and the roads are good. Corn is fully throughout the winter."

AN HONORABLE EXAMPLE.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says:

"A fact was communicated to me yesterday of a character so unpleasant that I should not mention it, but it is a fact, and should be the distinguished gentleman who was to enter upon the duties of Minister to Austria, and who was to enjoy upon of every party in the country. All the Democrats in the city which he represents, and all the Democrats refused to permit his clerks to be removed for political purposes. I hold in the Department of State, Mr. Ross.

"At the usual time for selling upon the clerks in the Department, the payment of the salaries of clerks of that territory for the party, and when the person selected as the representative of the Democrat, Mr. Ross, the person, he was informed by the General that he would not permit the removal of a single clerk to be made, and that the clerks for any such object; that the clerks were any further political duties to perform, and was engaged in the Government, and that it was an outrage to exact from them any political tribute to defeat the Democrats of the country. He was opposed to the practice in toto, and would not permit it. Mr. Ross, the Democrat, Mr. Ross, the Democrat of New York, he would not submit to any political extortion, following the example of the Democrats of the public interest; but as Mr. Ross, a private citizen, he would cheerfully give the Democrat of Democrat dollars, which he did. The clerks of every Government clerk in the country, due to General Jackson, and he would not assist in their behalf. It is worthy the resolution of every government some effective action upon the subject, and especially deserving of the heartiest commendation of the press."

PERSONAL.

Solomon Pangburn, who was by lie now one hundred and nine years old, retired from the residence of his son, Mr. Pangburn, Vallandigham's brother, in Dayton, to the Eighth Ward grille in Cincinnati, and deposited his vote for Lincoln and Hamlin. Mr. Pangburn was the voter for General Washington for President in 1788, and his vote was unanimously cast for Washington, and for the Democratic candidate, and has therefore voted for President since then.

William Armstrong, a sailor, arrived at Galway in the *Prince Albert*, tells a most remarkable story of escape and suffering. He says he was on the lost *Kitty*, from New York, which was wrecked on the 3d of October, off Cape Hatteras, and was left on the wreck with a boy named Thomas Bangs and Capt. Hamilton, all crouched in two boats, and lashed to the wreck. Bangs died on the second day, and every day to get out of the lee-side, the sea were rapidly following from each side, and the wreck was broken in two, and they held on all day-long, when land was reached, Armstrong was found in a state of nature, and was taken after hours fate unknown. He was rescued by Lieutenant Maxwell, of the Coast Survey, and Lieutenant Maxwell, of the John, Newfoundland.

The property of Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, is said to have been sacrificed, within a few days, to be as follows: Real estate, $2,000,000; personal property, $1,500,000. Total, $3,500,000.

The gallant Colonel F. W. Lander, of overland wagon-road expedition celebrity, has just been joined in the bonds of matrimony to Miss Mary Lander, and Brevetta actress, Miss Jane M. Dempsey. The Rev. Thomas Starr King officiated, which took place at Grace Church on Thursday evening. The happy couple started immediately on an overland expedition to San Jose, to pass the honeymoon at one of the delightful retreats in that valley. It is understood that Mrs. Lander will retire from the stage immediately upon the completion of her present engagement at the Winter Garden.

Young Lincoln, son of the President-elect, now in Harvard College, was, on Wednesday night, called upon by a large body of the students in that institution, and congratulated upon the success of his father.

Miss Harriet Hosmer, who left Boston for Rome about a fortnight there, will be followed next month by Miss Margaret F. Foley, the well-known emass-cutter and sculptor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BRITISH OPINION ON THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

The London *Daily News* publishes the text of the dispatch from Lord Russell addressed to the British Minister at Turin, dated October 27. Lord John says the great question which appeals to the British Government to be so long are these: Were the people of Italy justified in seeking the assistance of the rest of Sicilians to relieve them from governments with which they were dissatisfied, and was the King of Naples justified in furnishing the assistance of its army? His Lordship says her Majesty's Government, while declaring that the people of Southern Italy had not good reason for throwing off the yoke of their Sovereign, and that the King of Sicilies. The dispatch closes as follows: Her Majesty's Government do not feel it their duty to take a decisive stand in the affairs of the people building up the edifice of Italian Unity, and, while deploring the fate of the independence amidst the sympathies and good wishes of Europe.

THE QUEEN IN A SHOWER.

One morning last week, Her Majesty, attended by the Indian and gentlemen of the Court, rode out on horseback, and in the Windsor Great Park the Royal party were overtaken by a shower of rain. As they were passing the lodge gate of the Park, Queen Victoria of the attendants, who was standing near asked if they might be permitted to offer to the Queen and her Royal Consort the use of an umbrella. The offer was graciously accepted by her Majesty. Shortly afterwards the lodge keeper's wife and children were brought back to the young gentlemen by Lord Alfred Paget, who, with Lord Charles Wellesley, had kept close on the diverse side of a sovereign, which the Queen and Prince Consort, with the Princess Royal, rode under. The lady of the lodge would not hear of her husband's claim upon the Queen's bounty, and, as the Queen would not be outdone, the lady was presented with a sum equal to the value of their gold watches. The name of the gentleman the Hon. Mr. Ashley, the Queen's Master of the Buckhounds, for Stafford, both pupils in the house of Mr. Waite.

FRANCE.

FRIGHTFUL CRIME AND SUICIDE.

The Lion d'or, a well-known Paris house, has been the scene of a frightful crime. At about seven o'clock in the evening, the proprietor, a gentleman named M. Lebrun, was replied by a Mademoiselle Brosse, daughter of the proprietor. The latter, on hearing the report of a pistol, immediately broken open, and a horrible spectacle presented itself. In a room adjoining, the dead bodies of Mademoiselle Brosse, aged 15, and the other that of Mademoiselle Lebrun, aged 17, were found. The cause of the event is said to have taken place under the following circumstances: The young lady Mademoiselle Lebrun of Gonpeil had given her to many complaints since he had been in Paris, and, a few months back, the young Mademoiselle Brosse had determined on dismissing him, and two days before the fatal event, the young lady had left the house in the long usual on after of marriage to the daughter is also said to have been the cause of the fatal catastrophe, but, as it may, he appears to have decided on taking vengeance on the unhappy Mademoiselle Brosse, and, to be, certainly to frustrate himself into the room of the mistress, he broke open the door, and, drawing a pistol, fired at the unfortunate victim. After having killed the daughter, he turned the pistol against himself, and, having fired, the murderer died a prey at the street of life victim, and the young lady, who was wounded by an great's crowd that it was necessary to place sentinels at the door.

ITALY.

THE BATTLE OF GARIGLIANO.

According to the Neapolitan accounts, Cialdini was beaten by the Neapolitan troops on the 7th of November, some illegible phrase his house is high or two thousand Bilbao and Cialdini and five guns. Official dispatches from Turin say these assertions are completely false. The Neapolitan accounts are false.

Capua was attacked on the 1st, and capitulated on the 2d of November.

The Naples correspondent of the London *Daily News* telegraphed under date:

"NAPLES, *November 1, 10h.*

"Capua capitulated to-day, and the troops were in the honour of war, but lay down their arms at the Porta di Napoli. The Garigliano is crossed by the Sardinians. Naples is all tranquillity, and there are great rejoicings. An entire day's holiday is granted."

It is denied, via Turin, that Admiral Persano had commenced and completed the bombardment of Gaeta.

Victor Emanuel had crossed the Garigliano.

BOMBARDMENT OF GAETA AND FRENCH INTERFERENCE.

On the 17th the Sardinian fleet commenced the reputed bombardment of Gaeta. Admiral Persano sent a flagge to stop the firing. Admiral Persano retired and returned the following morning, and commenced the bombardment.

There was nothing so to Victor Emanuel's visit to Naples.

The London *Daily News* of the 31st ult. says the Emperor of the French has ordered the French fleet to Gaeta, with orders to prevent an attack on the fortress by Admiral Persano, and has ordered to stay to stay his ships, for three consecutive days, Admiral Persano will take no part in the operations. The Paris *Pays* and the London *Daily News* denounce this as an act of intervention by France, and, if the report be true, it is likely to result in a violation of all the treaty and repeated surprises.

The Neapolitan Government, with whose operations were combined, were preparing for battle.

The Pope's troops are concentrated at Gaeta, on the authority of an official dispatch, that Victor Emanuel was to immediately proceed to Naples, and Garibaldi.

Capua had been definitely occupied by Garibaldis troops.

THE VOTING AT NAPLES.

A newspaper correspondent writes: "The day of voting was so beautiful a one as the most ardent constitutionalist could desire. The Neapolitan Parliament was formally received early in the morning from General Cialdini, accompanied by the Ministers of Marine, of Public Works, under Fabrizi, General Scotti, and in a few minutes the discussion commenced, and lasted till 4 o'clock. At an early hour the morning the National Guard voted in a body, before the Municipal Authorities, and the Ministers to the chief that they might take up their positions in the different quarters of the city, and the voting began at the appointed hour of the day. There was very little apparent excitement about the town. No more flags than usual were hung out; a few addresses to the people were posted on the walls urging them to vote, but attracted little attention, and the streets certainly were not more, if so much, crowded than on an ordinary bright morning. On the other hand, if there was little noisy excitement there was a look of general satisfaction and cheerfulness in the faces of the people. In the twelve centuries of the City Gates were twelve polling-places, which had been selected by Garibaldi, with the politics of the Council of Sen Vincenzo di Paolo; before the Palace; or the Aborigin Hall Court, on the Guarto Road. In front of the booth there were a few footmen and messengers, and a scarlet cloth on which was worked in letters of gold the question which the people were called to vote on: 'Il Popolo vuole l'Italia sia ed individuale, indivisibile, indipendente, ha Costituzione, e sotto Re, Vittorio Emanuele.' Over one booth Vive Popolo, vive Dio! was inscribed; over the other the single inscription of the kind. On a table in the voting were of the shape of a long-shaped box glazed, with a slit in the side implement. On either side two large wooden boxes, the one marked with the words 'Si' the other, 'No.' Behind the table, and behind the voting-box, sat the clerks, the Sindaco, the Municipal Council, or aldermen of the ward, who voted, with a hand-trumpet by the side of the voter, and assisted by the clerks officials in full dress. Behind the table, again, were two or three hundred people, the greater part of the people, who, or foreigners, were allowed to vote themselves. As the voting-box was closed by the voter, the clerks, authenticating him to vote; was asked by the President of the Council, 'Si' or 'No?' and the voter, if a clerk, which he dropped into the urn; and then passed on by a gendarme, who was in the table through the crowd. At all the booths the proceedings were quiet and orderly in the extreme. Above Vesuvius, who has kept restless to Naples, was vociferously cheered by the crowd as he went up to give his vote; and the Italian Independenza, the heroine of the Neapolitan people, was allowed to vote, and was cheered to the echo. Garibaldi was not expected to be seen at her seminary. Two Garibaldian soldiers were voting when I left the place, and I was told that they were there because they believed that the measures were intended to be carried out, and that the Garibaldians were determined to show the number of 'No' voters was very small. At the close of the voting, it was seen that only Nocerino, of the Council, gave a qualified pronouncement, who said they had made the people's hand of 'yes,' and the people answered him now; and he regretted by two tradesmen who had been purposes to the late Prince of Bourbon, and who had voted for Napoleon, with the exception of two produce, the returns from which are not yet made, the result was:

Ayes	1,105,489
Nays	10,312

GARIBALDI AND THE STRONG WOMAN.

There is at Naples an immense, strong woman, about twenty-five years of age, who, although apparently delicately delicated—I am unable to tell why—in La S. Giovanni Battista, is known to be a Garibaldian, and recognized by many of the lower classes, where they sleep in and have their meals, and, as it is a Lodging-house, it is full of half-and-half. This woman is the great popular tribune of Naples, and, it is said, has been in the habit of telling the assembled masses implicitly followed her guidance. On Garibaldi's arrival at one great meeting in Naples, and was most cordially received, because Garibaldi cordially like and cordial, the people, with the people, such as S. Giovanni and the like. She often goes to the meetings, and, in her language, is, perhaps, than hoping not to be there about thirty persons, among them Garibaldi, who, in the middle of the meeting, was very well-pleased. He was not in the best possible humor, and, in the middle of the meeting, he was seized with a violent headache. Garibaldi was so much so as to lose his senses, and, in the middle of the meeting, and many other officers, he said to her, "Now give me a little, and I will give you a little." The girl was not a little amazed, and having obtained that the interview was over, she was not a little pleased, and, in the meeting, but merely after the usual fashion of her class. A drink was given to Garibaldi, and he was cured, and, on being on her level. By her side she carries two revolvers and a dagger, and, in the vulgar language of her class, very little. She is a severe, but well-cultivated expression. She is a little, but very little, of a Garibaldian. When she thinks hands with you at parting she seems to look at the palm of your hand, and, if you have money, we understand one another. In consequence therefore of her influence with the people, and the influence of Garibaldi, she has been declared a divinity of Naples, from that time forward, and, for purpose of Garibaldi. The people Bourbon, Poliziotti, the the same. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which she was received in the meeting, and the cheers with which the cheers on her rise on the way to the palace.

Garibaldi, Garibaldi, Garibaldi, Garibaldi, Garibaldi "Viva" were raised. He took up his residence, and the Palace Pitti, and, in the Hotel d'Angleterre, where he remained until night.

AUSTRIA.

THE NEW AUSTRIAN POLICY.

According to the correspondence recently sent Reiberg, Prince Metternich has explained to M. Thouvenel the Austrian policy. The Prince explained the policy as follows:

1. The interior policy of every State being intimately connected with the exterior policy, Austria will adhere with sincerity the reforms announced by the *Diploma* of the 20th October.

2. Notwithstanding the completeness in Italy, Austria will maintain the Treaty of Zurich, and, if present arrangements and concentration of troops in Venetia have no other object than to prevent a violation of it.

3. Austria will not abandon the system of non-intervention.

4. Austria considers that the assembling of a congress would be the best means of settling the Italian question unless the great Powers agree beforehand on a common programme of which, however, there is little likelihood.

SPAIN.

SPANISH OPINION ON THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

Marshal Prim, in Cortes on the 12th, declared that Spain had resolved to remain neutral in the affairs of Italy, and that Spain would not be influenced by the boyish of Napoleon toward the Spanish Government.

Marshal Prim's announcement was received. Spain would proceed to Rome on a mission, but that Spain was resolved to observe a strict neutrality in the affairs of Italy.

SPANISH BIGOTRY.

The *Bayonne Messenger* states that child Eleon months old, belonging to a Protestant family, died in Jaca, and dogs back at Villabona, near Vitoria, in Spain; but that the dogs of the Inquisition, on account of the proceeding, refused him Christian burial. Accordingly the afflicted father, as soon as he had buried his child, and on arriving at Irun, near the frontier, he had, in compliance with the law, to pay, to refect a Spanish Inquisitor. While waiting for the permission he was compelled to detain the corpse of his child in a lodging-house at Irun, on the header of the Bidassoa; and the chief on duty at that place refused to allow "If it is just been you get your permission I will have the body cast into the river." Ultimately the permission was obtained, and the poor Protestant father burying beneath his child's remains into France, had then interred with Christian rites in a cemetery.

CHINA.

CAPTURE OF THE TAKU FORTS.

On the 21st August the Allies, after a vehement resistance, carried by assault the most important of the Taku forts. Two hundred French and two hundred English were put *hors de combat*. One thousand Tartars killed were found in the fort, among whom was the Generalissimo Chief. The other forts surrendered successively the same evening.

The capitulation gave the Allies the whole country as far as Tien-Tsin, and six hundred tons guns of large calibre.

The Ambassadors proceeded to Pekin, where Chinese Commissioners attended them to negotiate.

It was generally believed the Emperor would soon proceed to Pekin, with a certain retreat.

MEMORIES OF THE UNION—SERGEANT JASPER RAISING THE SOUTH CAROLINA FLAG ON SPRING HILL REDOUBT, SAVANNAH, OCTOBER 9, 1779.—[See P. ge 744.]

MEMORIES OF THE UNION—EXECUTION OF NATHAN HALE ON THE SITE OF EAST BROADWAY, CORNER OF MARKET STREET, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1776—[See Page 746.]

PATRIOTS AND THE GOLDEN TIME.

We publish on the two preceding pages a couple of pictures which will stir the patriotic blood in every true American's heart. The first represents that heroic scene in the career of Sergeant Jasper, of South Carolina, when he gave up his life for his country; the other the final act in the glorious career of Nathan Hale, of Connecticut, who, when called upon to make the same sacrifice, regretted that he had but one life to surrender in such a cause. Every true world will recall the scenes to the mind of our readers.

Sergeant Jasper's fame first rose to public notice at the time of the attack on Fort Moultrie, in the Harbor of Charleston, on 28th June, 1776. He was serving with his regiment—the 2d South Carolina Regiment—in the fort when the British ships took up their positions and opened fire. At the commencement of the action a ball from a British ship cut off the flag-staff on the fort, and the Crescent Flag of South Carolina fell upon the beach outside. Jasper leaped upon the parapet, walked the whole length of the fort, under a hail of shot and shell from the British fleet, and, after a few moments, with a sponge staff, and fixed it anew firmly upon the bastion; then leaped back unharmed among his comrades. He was offered a captain's commission on the rank of lieutenant, but refused, saying that he was only a sergeant, and not fit to keep children company. A short while afterward he succeeded, by an ingenious stratagem, in rescuing a prisoner from the hands of the British, and, in doing so, he was about to hang him. The scene of the transaction was a springy near Savannah, which still goes by the name of Jasper's Spring. In the last pitch was at the famous attack on Savannah by the combined French and American forces, on the October, 1779. Day was just breaking in fog and mist as the French under General D'Estaing, and the American under Lamoure and M'Intosh, made the attack, entered the ditch, ran across, and springing upon the parapet, planted their flags there, side by side. The French flag was raised by Count D'Estaing's aide, who soon fell mortally wounded, as also did the American who held the South Carolina flag. Lieutenant Gray, of the South Carolina Regiment, then sprang upon the parapet, and held the flag till he was struck down. His place was instantly taken by Sergeant Jasper, who was in the act of planting the flag-staff firmly on the parapet when he was struck down by a ball from fall back during. The flag had been worked for the South Carolina Regiment by Mrs. Barnard Elliott, and had been presented by her to the regiment just after the battle of Fort Moultrie. As Jasper fell, he turned to Major Horry, and said,

"Tell Mrs. Elliott I lost my life supporting the colors she gave to our regiment."

The last of Nathan Hale is thus told in a note to Washington Irving's "Life of Washington:"

"Born in Coventry, Connecticut, June 6, 1755, he entered Yale College in 1773, and graduated with some distinction in August, 1773, having previously entered on an engagement of marriage; not unlike Aaron in this respect, when he retired to Mount Carmel. After leaving college he engaged as a teacher, in common with young men in New England, and, employing his leisure hours, half-formed purpose was to devote himself to the ministry. As a teacher of youth he was continuing skillful, and generally popular among his pupils and patrons, and universally popular. 'Every body loved him,' said a lady of his acquaintance, 'he was so amiable, good, great, and kind, and so handsome!'

"He was teaching in New London when on express arrived bringing tidings of the outbreak at Lexington. A meeting was called, and Hale was among the most ardent of the speakers, proposing an instant march to the scene of hostilities, and offering to volunteer. 'A sense of duty,' written his his father, 'urged me to do something for my country.'

"He served in the army before Boston as a lieutenant, prevailing on his company to extend their terms of service for offering him his own pay; and his pride, much moved from Congress the commission of captain. He commanded a company in Colonel Spencer's regiment in the following year. After the disastrous battle of Long Island Washington applied to Spencer for a competent person to penetrate the enemy's camp, and procure intelligence of their designs, a service deemed vital to the safety of the army. Hale, in the ardor of patriotism, volunteered for the unenviable enterprise, though fully aware of its great and imminent danger.

"Assuming his old character as schoolmaster, he crossed the Sound in a boat from Norwalk to Huntington, on Long Island, visiting the British encampments unsuspected; made drawings of the enemy's works, and noted down memoranda in Latin of the information he gathered, and then returned the same to Huntington, where a boat was to meet him and convey him back to his Connecticut home. Unfortunately a British guard-ship was at that anchor, and view of the boat, and had sent a boat on shore for water. Hale mistook for the unexpected boat, and did not discover his mistake until he had fairly sold in the hands of his enemies. He was stripped and searched, his shoes and memoranda were found concealed in the soles of his shoes, and proved him to be a spy.

"He was conveyed to the guard-ship, and thence to New York, where he was landed on the 21st of September, the day of the great fire. He was taken to General Howe's head-quarters, and, after brief parley with his judges, confessed the crime for which they had sentenced him—a sentence carried out by the present-match, the guard and Gardner, Cunningham, who without leave, in quest for a Bible, and destroyed a letter he had addressed to his mother, in the process otherwise given by himself. 'That the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with such courage!' His parting words spoke forth to his dying words: 'I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.'"

A BEAUTIFUL DEVIL.

ANGELIQUE TIQUET is the heroine of an old and prolix chronicle, from which it compiled the following true romance:

Her father, Jean Augusta Caillier, having some capital, entered into partnership with a rich old bookseller and jeweler of Metz, whose only child he subsequently married. The old man died soon after the marriage, bequeathing his whole property to his daughter and son-in-law, whose careful habits its daily added to its bulk. Madame Caillier died eight years after marriage, leaving a daughter of seven (this Angelique), and a two-year-old son, named Augusta. Caillier did not marry again, but lived for his children. He was a man of some learning, and when the time came he sent the growing employed himself in teaching his boy and girl, who both had quick aptitudes. Madame de Remonet, an aunt of the deceased Madame Caillier, had been the idol of her loveliest women of her time, and, although belonging to the bourgeoisie, had inherited the force of a youth of a noble, in spite of the opposition of his friends, made her his wife, and adopted a part of her family. Her beauty, wit, and talents for intrigue forced her into favor, in those days, when Anne of Austria, at the pomp of her voyage, was intoxicated with the standard of public opinion in France demanded, on high principle of conduct, the Regent Mazarin, a brilliant and loose life, until the sudden death of her husband left her with a pension for too small to supply the luxuries to which she was accustomed. Yet she made no visible change, except to become more reckless in her mode of life, and, after a few months, was, on the death or estrangement of some of her patrons, and a severe illness, which seemed all at once to outlast the work of age, cast upon her the duties of some certainty of a home for her declining years. Her relation in Metz had married a young clergyman, but as she knew her brother and niece to be dead, and her nephew to be wealthy, she determined to proceed to Metz, and claim herself, if possible, a future there. At Metz she was so suitable to her nephew-in-law, so modestly with the children, so earnest to be so happy in the duties of their Christ, whose comforts were the greater for her coming, that Jean Augusta fell in love with them. She accepted this offer with tears of gratitude; but as the quiet economy of the household by no means sated her taste, the soon-offered proposal, involving a radical change in all matters of expenditure. In this an attempt, however, she did not succeed; for Caillier, though kind and gentle, was in money matters, his own master. Yet he was blind to the real character of his sister-in-law, and, from the his children as guide and companion: a woman selfish, rapacious, avaricious, utterly unprincipled, and heartless. Over the children she was more, she gained a complete ascendency. Augusta was turned against her with simplicity of character, and him he hated, though she had given him up the tendered embraces. After three years, finding her health unsuited, she proposed a return to Paris. Imposing, therefore, upon Caillier with a specious tale that it was necessary for her to go to the capital to procure the pension of her uncle, but kept her hold upon the mind of Angelique. She labored him to give his daughter the advantage of Paris education, and, in the absence of a convent of which the nuns were celebrated for performing in boarders, Angelique was placed, as said, and she spent all her holidays with her aunt. Caillier went often to Paris after his daughter's removal, and was greatly pleased with the attention his aunt paid the girl. On one of these occasions he allowed the aunts lady to discover that his will contained a bequest of all his property, equally divided between son and daughter, with a legacy for their sole guardian. He dined with his aunt that evening, and half an hour afterward left in the diligence for Metz. He died on the road home.

He had never been a strong man, the time was mid-winter, the weather terribly severe. His death was ascribed to the effects of exposure, and an accelerated constitution.

Madame de Remonet would seem to have had a presentiment of the impending catastrophe, for she had every thing ready for a journey when the news arrived, and she set off for Metz, with Angelique, without an hour's delay. On their arrival they found Caillier buried, and the passionate grief of Madame de Remonet was, in consequence, sympathy.

Angelique was now nearly sixteen, exquisitely beautiful, with hair marvelously long and abundant, so that, when let loose, it covered her almost to her feet. Its texture was of silk, shining with gleams of light on it, as it sprinkled with gold dust. So lovely a beauty Madame de Remonet was impatient to possess for her nephew. She was the sole of Caillier's effects as much as possible, selling the stock, which was large, at auction, and, at five months after her nephew's death, returned to Paris with her two young wards. The best rooms of a handsome hotel were taken and furnished with all the cumbrous luxury of the period, a complete staff of domestics was engaged, and a carriage and horses purchased. Madame introduced the young heiress; and among the rest came a young man named Henri St. Chaliner, whose father, the principal notary in Metz, had been Caillier's close friend. Henri was clever and energetic, and a lively disciple of the Ninon de L'Enclos of love the ever had who cared for herself alone. Among the rooms were two, adjoining, which, occupied by one by Madame de Remonet; the other by her niece. The first was Monsieur Tiquet, President of the Parliament of Metz, a widower, married with Madame had formerly been very intimate. He was old, ugly, and disagreeable. He had by extravagance impoverished a large fortune, but position stiffed him. The aunt favored his pretensions, for he provided what himself could by

cended to arrange the room for the night: taking his own place in an arm-chair beside the bed.

The night wore on, and when the old man fell asleep at about midnight, Servin felt inclined to follow his example. Yet an undefined fear warned him to be watchful. He arose from the chair and moved about the room, examining the curtains, and gazing out into the dark and stormy night; he stirred the fire, and placed himself beside it, trimming the lamp, and taking up a book; but he could hear Angélique, whose apartment adjoined that of her father, moving continually, and, at the noise he made or stirs his attention on the pages. Presently the sounds in her chamber ceased, and nothing was heard save the moan of the wind without, and the crackling of the fresh wood he had piled on the fire. He felt that he dared not to sleep was overcoming him, and, resting about for means of resisting himself, it occurred to him to make some coffee. Noiselessly opening the door, he listened for a moment at Angélique's door; all was still there; he peered through the keyhole, but there was no light within, except from the flicker of her dying fire. Feeling that all was safe, he returned to his master's chamber, and taking a light, trod carefully along the corridor, and down the staircase to the lower story, to get the articles he needed.

Scarcely had he reached the lowest step when Angélique door opened without a sound, and she looked over the balustrades at him; she had been too in bed, or was ready for bed, for a long white night-dress was her only covering. She called her husband's room. Approaching the table on which his drink for the night was set, she removed the stopper from the carafe, and poured into it the whole contents of a bottle she carried. At this moment the heard Servin approaching; he was ascending the stairs, she saw the reflection of the light he carried on the ceiling of the room. She stole back into her chamber noiseless, and remembering that she had pulled her door close as she came out, she darted toward a large closet in her bedroom, and hiding herself in it, closed and opening the door of one of these, stepped lightfoot.

She had scarcely shut the door upon herself when Servin entered the outer room and shut himself in. She drew before her some dresses behind which hung from the pegs, and cautiously setting herself into an endurable position, could hear Servin making and drinking his coffee. Presently Monsieur Tiquet began to mumble indistinctly, to toss his arms and head. Anon the mumbling begin became incoherent, sharply-uttered words; at length a force delirium came on. Servin took his mandolin, and, to beguile the fire to the time, sick man called for drink, and Servin, who had taken special care in the preparation, hastened to give him some—being in his surprise fond of drinking out of the carafe!

Now he displeased I know that he had replaced this empty: a slight circumstance had impressed the fact on his mind; it had fallen from his hand upon the table, and had made a noise which had startled his master from his first sleep.

He laid down the half-filled glass and filled another with water, which the patient drank eagerly. Then, going into the corridor, Servin went to Angélique's door; it was shut, but not latched, and yielded to his touch. The fire was nearly out when he looked in, but, as his eyes became used to the half-twilight, he saw the bed coverings were turned down, and that the bed was unoccupied. He called to his mistress, supposing that she might be in the dressing-room, but when no answer was returned he came back. He was sure that Angélique had entered her husband's chamber while he was first absent. He looked under the heavy valance of the bed, and examined every portion of the furniture under or behind which she might be. Last of all, he went to the closet, and, as if by instinct, pulled open the door of the wardrobe, and drew aside the pendent robe of office, under which the guilty woman lay.

Her eye met his, and without a word she rose and emerged from her hiding-place to the floor.

"Madame, you have broken the agreement. You ran out of your room! I now take upon me to prevent any injury either to my master or myself. You must not leave this room till the physician, for whom I have already sent, shall have decided whether or no there be poison in the carafe the stopper of which I knew was put in by me, but which I found lying on the table."

The most abject entreaties succeeded Angélique's first speechless rage, but Servin was deaf to her prayers. In the rage which quickly supervened, when she flung herself on him in her endeavors to escape, her strength was no match for his; yet the struggle was long before he at last got her into the closet, which had no window, and there locked her in.

As soon as he had done that he proceeded to where lay the mock-murderer and said to him for the physician. His master was alarmingly worse; his chin voice was raised in fearful screams; his whole frame was convulsed by vain attempts to get up.

"Did you dare to kill my beautiful wife?" he asked.

"He dum, Monsieur. I assure you that Madame is safe, but prefers to avoid the fatal opinion in your wardrobe closet; she is too much agitated to come near your bed."

The patient raved, and, as if trying to comprehend his words, and then, with a heavy sigh, sank back stupefied. Dazed was Servin, when the doctor arrived. Having first attended to the patient, who was quiet, though still wandering in mind, he listened while Servin detailed his suspicions and the causes which had aroused them, and finally produced the carafe, filled with clear amber fluid, at the bottom of which a white sediment had settled.

By noon on the ensuing day all Paris was in a ferment. The intelligence was in every mouth that Madame Tiquet, for an attempt upon her husband's life, was in prison and awaiting trial. The Chevalier Monggeorge, also, who had been until near midnight at the Hôtel Tiquet, was under arrest, and so was Angélique's maid. The girl had in her terror confessed all she knew, which was not a little. She declared that her mistress had frequently gone, accompanied by her, to the cabaret of Catelain, whence she had bought numerous powders, sometimes liquids, which she told the girl were necessary to Madame's health and given them to prepare. But the woman had watched, and had seen her mistress put portions of these things into the flask of the Amazon and the bottle of Lorrain, long vessels of drink; and they had all died. Once concerning the girl had been sent to deliver a parcel which stood on a table at her mistress's table, but had only taken one or two mouthfuls, when the lady came in, and commanded her to drink the rest of the remaining contents of the basin. The maid was terribly ill for two days after that. At another time Angélique had sent her to Catelain's with a sealed letter; on receipt of which the man had delivered her a bottle which was the one now produced. It had been full when she gave it to her mistress; now it was empty. Catelain had said to her, "Be discreet, and tell your mistress that a great lady you yet may be. Some day, soon, that office Tiquet will die, and I shall marry Mademoiselle. We shall find you a good husband with money." She had believed him to be jesting, and had laughed; on which he had seemed angry, and had sent to make her sick.

When she gave the bottle to her mistress the latter had looked at it, and said, "Catelain will punish all my enemies and make myself free. Have a care that you do not offend me." The girl had then asked her mistress what was in the bottle? On which she replied, "Enough to prevent half a dozen men from ever feeling a headache again. Something to cure Monsieur of his asthma and jealousy at one draught." This had occurred five days ago. Her mistress had taken the bottle, although she knew that it was poison which Catelain had sent. On the day after the scene above described she had sent her husband a cup of tea, the maid tell some one of what she knew, for it lay on her conscience; she said, "Madame Tiquet made her swear to keep it secret: telling her that if she did not do so she should have some of the poison herself; and that if she did, she would be punishment on her own head, for she saw now in the eyes of the law an criminal as herself. This, she said, had kept her from the Chevalier Catelain was arrested. In his house were found phiales of vermicelli, and, in his house, from which he said he had poured what he had given her, was a preparation of arsenic and aconite, which the physician and chemist pronounced to be the same that was contained in the carafe of night drink.

Angélique, who quite recovered her audacity and self-possession, refused all entreaties to confess her crime, avowing that nothing could induce her falsely to condemn herself, and cast a stigma on her child. She declared that the whole charge was a conspiracy against herself, and that said, who had an intrigue together; that Servin and rebel his master before marriage, was jealous of her influence, and had contrived the plot of drug rid of her. The torture by water was applied to her, but she still persisted in her denials. In the same chamber Catelain was stretched on the rack, and for some time bore the torture without flinching; but at last, when the screws were tightened, and made a full confession. He avowed that Madame had promised to marry him when her husband should be dead, and that he himself was jealous of Monggeorge, he had meant to poison that person as soon as he could find an opportunity.

It was plain that Monggeorge, who had been accused, was innocent of the crime of poisoning, and he was at once set free. He immediately repaired to the Hôtel Tiquet, and enforced admittance to the apartment of the unfortunate lady, to cause, though prostrate with shame and grief. To his astonishment, he found that the loved Angélique, and swore never again to see her if her husband would aid him to endeavor to procure her pardon. The gentleman agreed, but, in spite of his wicked wife was strong, and Monggeorge drew up in his presence a petition, which he signed. The chancellor signed the petition, and signed, King, with whom he was a favorite.

It was of no little importance, at least kind in manner, but inflexible. The crime of poisoning had fearfully increased, and he was advised, most urgently, to punish the fullest extent the law could be brought to justice. Moreover, Monggeorge's relatives, who were of great consideration, having learned that the chancellor had signed a petition for Angélique, had been beforehand with him, and had brought that the petition be enforced. Pitying the young man's despair, the King again sent him from Paris, that he might not be in the way to witness Angélique's trial and execution. Perforce, Monggeorge departed; but in a few days, an old man, emaciated almost to a skeleton, in a long white, half-white robe, and wearing a gray-black veil, demanded audience of the King. The petitioner had by one hand a little child, and, on being presented to the King, knelt, and made his little daughter, kneeling also, join her hands in supplication for her mother's life. The King raised him and embraced the child, but assured him that pardon was hopeless.

The day of trial came. The old man entreated innocence could not have displayed an eye more confident, a brow more unclouded, than Angélique. Her matchless tresses were fully displayed, being arranged in clusters of heavy hair curls, crowned with a chaplet of white roses. Her robe of pure white was contained at the waist by a cincture of turquoises and diamonds. Madame de Reimont, who had accepted on the first alarm of her sister's detention, had been apprehended, and Angélique knew nothing of this until she saw her aunt led into court, a prisoner like herself. Catelain, who was carried in to give his evidence, dried when he saw the elder prisoner, and declared that it was she who had taught him to prepare the poisons, and who had counseled her niece to administer them. Sentence of death was passed on all three. The waiting-maid was pardoned in consideration of her voluntary confession, but condemned to retire for life to the convent of St. Agnès. Catelain died at Cayenne, hanging himself to the fact of his attempts and impure for having criminated her. "I have," said he, "my poor Catelain," he said; "it was pain which forced you to hide yourself and me. Let those who have compelled the pain tremble—I have nothing to fear."

Although every one was certain of Angélique's guilt, yet the sympathy excited by her strange beauty and by her fate was extended for an age among all classes in France. To add to the dramatic effect of her trial, it was discovered that it happened that the judge who condemned her was her former lover, Henri St. Chaubert. She listened, with her eyes fixed on him, to the words of the sentence, and then looked up at him with a smile, saying, loud enough to be distinctly heard by all, as some stricken was the silence in the court, "Ah! Monsieur St. Chaubert, is that you? Formerly our interviews were secret; you were the troubling culprit, I was the judge. I hear your sentence to-day with more courage than you heard mine." St. Chaubert turned pale, and fainted, and was called to leave hack in his seat. For many minutes he sold not recover his feelings.

Redoubled efforts were made to procure Angélique's pardon, but the King refused to receive any more petitions on the subject. Although to the last she encouraged herself with the idea of ultimate escape from her terrible doom, the day of her execution found her in a state of despair, and of entire contempt of death. Dressed as she had been at her trial, and accompanied by her aunt and Catelain, she was placed in a cart, and, when entreaty implored her to confess, she was borne on a cart through the streets of Paris, and exposed to the gaze of thousands upon thousands. She here it unmoved, and her sole anxiety seemed to be that her lovely hair might not be cut off, and that she might fully fulfill that was falling. When she came to the place of execution, she turned impetuously, to the priest:

"Come, Monsieur l'Abbé; permit me to die here. Give my love to my husband and daughter. Tell Monsieur Henri St. Chaubert to him his share in the foul conspiracy which has brought me to this; and to the Chevalier Monggeorge give my thanks and my love. Tell him, if I must be cut off. So now, farewell, for I will hear no more."

Her companions in crime suffered first. In a few minutes she followed to the. The executioner passed description. Women, and even men, wept and groaned, many fell and were trodden to death. The smallest lock of her hair sold for a large sum. As for the wretched prisoner, Henri St. Chaubert, public life, and, living a life of the utmost seclusion with his child, placed her, when sufficiently old, in a convent of the Sacred Cœur, where she ultimately took the veil, about a year before her father's death.

Of the numerous actors of in this true history, the worst was surely that which the honest bookseller and jeweler gave to his little child when he first left her in the convent, deserted woman who became his murderer. Cross:

HEAD OF HAIR FOR SALE.

"Dey, Monsieur, it is very little."

"I confess it, Mademoiselle, the sum I offer is very insignificant."

"See, Monsieur, my hair is a good color (it was a dainty rich brown), and it is very long (the peruquier's mouth watered, the poor girl was saying, in her heart, "Ah! my Monsieur, you will give me more than thirty francs?"

"On my word, Mademoiselle, I could not offer you a hundred, for it is very beautiful, I admit, but in effect the article is a complete drug on the market. Ah! if it were a fashion, I would not when I should have use for it. Keep it, Mademoiselle, until the times improve. And besides, it is a pity that you should part with it at all."

(The peruquier saw that the poor fish was rancous, and he had hardly need to play his meagre bait. The poor girl was in greater indifference, and he had at that moment in hand a commission from a lady of fashion, who had given him a given a year's income for a natural flow of hair like that of the deep-ring daughter of need.)

"Ah, Monsieur, if you are very hard, but I must take the sum you offer."

There was only a little pantin between us and the bargain was struck. The peruquier was delighted, and we could tell by the sharp click of the personal scissors that the purchase was being consummated. The light entered the shop obliquely, and through the thinly-veiled window of the chamber of the poor lamp group the pale fairness with eager hands, while she hastily adjusted her bonnet, and with a challenging look in the direction of the peruquier, "Ah! Monsieur, as if to herself, "But I am still pretty."

"And a very pretty little lady, as we invariably exclaimed, "may Heaven temper its winds to your condition, poor child!" and took up our small purchase, and bowed her from the shop, unavailing in her manner and her meagre gentility of dress which told us that she was on an ground of self-sacrifice; and, in the pathetic simplicity of poverty forgive the curiosity which tracked their protegée to her place of habit.

It was a long walk, but her pace never flagged. Starting from the Avenue de Marigny, threading rapidly the crowded pavements of the Faubourg Saint Honoré, passing over the Champs Elysées with a single glance at the luxurious equipages thronging the avenue up the Rue de Chaillot, and through the dingy streets leading to Passy, she at length entered a house which appeared as though it had long been a victim of the Court of Chancery. Against the dark-ribbed and blistered door-post we now carelessly lounging a card, which seemed as though itself was growing sallow with long-deferred hope, inscribed with the words "*appartements meublés*." It was a shallow pretext, but we rang the bell, and our summons was deliberately answered by a porteress, whose ancient limbs seemed groaning with the rust of years and inaction.

"You have come to see, then, to let, I believe?"

"Yes; will Monsieur condescend to enter?"

"Take you (the Rubicon passed). On what floor are they?"

"*Le troisième*, Monsieur, and they are very comfortable. We are very particular, Monsieur, not for from the resort of fashion, but we do not claim to be of the *beau monde*.

"Monsieur, you see the tea was broken, very little, and it is the young lady who had just entered was a beauty.

"Oh! Mademoiselle Marie, yes, Monsieur. Her mother is sick to the death, but Mademoiselle is a good girl, and she works for her and her children, bow the poor thing hears it. The Virgin must have her prayers, and carries the poor child through her struggles."

The wine had now arrived and assisted in making terms easy. Madame Justine would have a small glass (we did not fear its strength, and poured her out a tumbler), and it gave more freedom to her conversation.

"Stay, mon cloe," said she to her grandchild, "there is Madame this evening?"

"Le little" (meaning of course the frame piece we gave her with a glance of intense satisfaction, and replied: "Madame is very, very, Monsieur, is excited, too; oh! so excited with Mademoiselle Marie."

"Is it so, poor child, and why is she so excited?"

"Only because Mademoiselle has had her hair cut; it is in so shorter than mine." (The little "cabinage" was pelted as close as a child in a Dutch interior.)

We saw that the time had come for making a clean breast of it, so we detailed to Madame Justine what we had witnessed in the perruquier's shop, and hoped that Madame would point out any way in which a friend could serve her lodgers. Madame Justine was very conscious under the stimulus of our faithful ally, the Médoc, but she seemed sufficiently suspicious of our zeal, and it required some explanation to reassure her.

"Monsieur," said she, "is very good, but Mademoiselle and her mother are very proud. They would starve before they would receive charity from a stranger."

"Are they so proud that they would reject the sympathy of a friend? Is there no way of sliding them without wounding their self-respect?"

"They are dead to those who should receive their love, and they shrink from the pity of strangers. Ah, Monsieur, Mademoiselle Marie, if you knew their history! Justine then gave us the following narration:

Marie's father was an only child, and of a good family, and was educated for a physician. He was sent to Paris to study his profession, and, like many other young men under similar circumstances, he became gay in his living. "But," said Justine, "he committed would have been in any case a folly, and was in him a madness. He formed a connection with an actress, and eventually married her against his family circumstances. He was mad, very mad, for he knew only enough of medicine to obtain a subordinate place with a surgeon, and they had need of all their resources to make their restless tolerable. Madame, however, was faithful, and Marie was born to them. Soon after this event Monsieur died, but his mamma being made richer by the reflection that he was leaving his wife and child the prey of poverty, and Madame supported herself and child by the sale of jewels, needle-work, and giving lessons in music. She had offers of engagements at the theatres, but she refused them, and sought an humbler and more laborious lot. She had a hard struggle with the world, poor lady, but she held her ground until about six months since, when she was forced to succumb, not her spirit, but her body. For you must know, Monsieur, that Marie has a little affair. She is the fiancée of a *sous officier*, who is now strengthening with death bed-sickness. He has been honorably mentioned and decorated for his bravery, but since a long time Marie has only heard that he is in hospital with Crimean fever, and the poor child's anxiety is touching when she speaks of him."

Perhaps memory brought Justine a whiff of one of her own "little affairs," out of a grey-eyed of the past, for a slight tear at this stage of narrative went rolling boldly into the uplifted wineglass, and before she could recover herself the little "cabinage" was pelted with the same fate, in a state of great terror.

"What is the matter, *mon chou?* Is Madame worse?"

"Oh, grandmère, she is in agonies, and Mademoiselle wishes you to have a doctor."

We offered our services, and followed the "little cabinage" up stairs, and in the few moments that we waited for the acceptance of our services we had time to take survey of the apartment. It was naked in the extreme, and the few articles of furniture were arranged with so much taste and neatness as almost to give it an air of comfort; and a bouquet of common flowers which Justine had that morning brought from the market of the Madeleine was placed in a vase in the window. The partition between the two rooms was very thin, and we could hear the feeble voice of the sick lady.

"Great God! is every thing gone, my child, that you should sacrifice your beautiful hair?"

"It is no sacrifice, my dear mother, and it will

Possible Effects of Disunion upon New York High Life.

SCENES UNDER THE NEW REGIME.

MATCHES—GREATLY REDUCED—BLACK YER BOOTS—GONE A BEGGING—SHAMEFUL ATTACK ON A FOREIGNER.

be stronger than ever before you will be able to walk out with me."

As we entered, Marie looked at us as if striving to recall our features, and then whispered to her mother that a doctor was in attendance. We passed over to the bedside of the sick lady, and saw that Marie was right. Her hair *would be* stronger than ever before her mother would be able to walk out with her.

The poor lady seemed exhausted by recent excition; but in a short time she rallied, and murmured, "I feel it is too late, my darling; may Heaven repay your devotion!"

Marie looked at us inquiringly. We took the sick woman's hand, and felt that the pulse beat feebly. Her mind began to wander in a light and unemnnered manner, and her eyes were growing dull, and dallying with vacuity. We saw that the patient was suffering from the reaction of her late excitement; but we were conscious that a few hours more would hand her over to the grave, and we could only give her a little stimulant. Marie's eyes intuitively read our verdict, and we saw the big tears rapidly chasing each other down her cheeks, while she gently caressed the sufferer's pillow, and whispered words of hope which it cost her agonies to effect.

After a little while the poor lady seemed a little in revive, and Marie became almost importunate with her tender offices; but she was interrupted by the entrance of the "little cabbage," who stole quietly into the room, and whispered a few words to Marie.

"Tell Monsieur," said the latter, "that we can not see him now. Will he call again?"

"Grandmère has told him that Madame is very ill, but he says that his business is urgent," replied the cabbage.

The conversation was carried on in a whisper, but Madame caught the purport. Her eyes brightened with a feverish brilliance, and she said, in a voice strong for her,

"What is that, my child? Let Monsieur enter—who knows?" The last two words were uttered in a lower tone than the rest, as though they were the result of some thought flashing across her mind.

We stood passive. Far although we knew the irrepriee of an urgent visitor was a matter of serious apprehension, we were aware that the duration of the poor lady's existence could at worst be affected by but a few hours, and we met the glance of Marie with a silent assent. The "little cabbage" disappeared, and in a few moments returned, ushering in a tall man, for gone in years, whose demeanor stamped him as belonging to the higher ranks of society. He was clothed in deep mourning, and his face, which must have been handsome in his youth, was expressive of considerable haughtiness, overlaid and softened by the traces of painful suffering. We offered to withdraw, but Marie wished us to remain, and the stranger did not object. As he moved across the room to the bedside of Madame, we whispered her perilous condition, and Marie looked up from her mother's side imploingly.

"Mamma is very ill, Monsieur," said she.

"I am grieved to hear it," replied the stranger, in a low, tremulous voice, not unmusical.

At the sound of his voice, Madame, who had fallen into an attitude of rest, made an effort to raise herself upon her arms, and looked steadfastly into his face as if seeking to recall something from the past. The stranger observed the effort, and spoke again in his low, nervous tone—

"Madame does not know me."

"I have not that pleasure, Monsieur," said she, with apparent diffidence of her memory.

"You are Madame St. Aulierc; and this," pointing to Marie, "is your child."

A HEAD OF HAIR FOR SALE.

"You are right, Monsieur. What then?"

"It is also my name," he replied, and he paused as if waiting for the effect, ar to master his feelings.

Madame's eyes lighted up as if by the kindling of an inward fire. A superhuman effort of will gave her momentary strength, and with almost a spring she raised herself in her bed, and, looking fixedly at the stranger, exclaimed,

"I see, it is true, you are the father of my husband—"

"And I am come to ask that the past may be forgotten, and to offer my regrets and my assistance. Will you accept them, and allow me to take up my duties as a parent?"

There was something like a glow of happiness on the flushed face of Madame as she glanced toward Marie, and rejoined,

"Be it so, for his child's sake. For me it comes too late. We have struggled long, and you have been very hard, Monsieur."

"My son was disobedient, and I was proud, but I am humbled; for I am left alone, and have long sought my lost child. Let those of us that remain speak only of the future."

These words were broken in their utterance, and it was evident that the speaker was suffering from violent emotion. Marie sat listening to the dialogue without uttering a word. Her face reflected the pleasure felt by her mother at this late reconciliation; but it was veiled and darkened by the anxiety she felt for her dying parent. Her arms were tenderly twined round her mother, like a vine around the decayed tree which the next gale shall lay prostrate. She gazed wistfully in her mother's face, and once almost fancied that the new hopes which had dawned upon their prospects had imparted fresh vitality to the sinking frame within her arms, but the illusion was only transitory. Mortality had gathered its supporters together for one last grand struggle with the champion of immortality, and the victory remained with the powers of the spirit world. Ere her grandfather had done speaking, Marie felt a shiver pass through the frame of her mother, which was the precursor of death. Her arms were suddenly called upon for additional support, and she gazed with a terrified look upon the bloodless cheeks and closed eyes of her mother, and then silently appealed to us. We saw that the sufferer had ceased to suffer, and that the angels were about to lead home another fugitive from its earthly prison; and we unwound the poor girl's arms from the almost breathless form.

The patient was soon beyond the reach of worldly ministration. Her pulse ceased to indicate the presence of life, and the brightest mirror would have passed unstained over her mouth. She was *gone*; and we retired from the presence of the grief that was too holy to be witnessed by a stranger.

When we descended we found Justine all anxiety regarding the patient and her visitor. She seemed our fentures with an almost ludicrous mixture of curiosity and earnestness, and, with a volubility considerably accelerated by the remnant of our second bottle of wine, her questions followed each other with the haste of a flock of sheep with a dog at their heels.

"Was Madame better? Was Monsieur, the visitor, an old friend? Did Mademoiselle comfort herself tranquilly?"

We answered the first question in its order of precedence, and a single expression took possession of her face.

"Great God! and is it so, Monsieur? And Mademoiselle—"

"Is with her grandfather," we rejoined.

"Did Monsieur say 'her grandfather?'"

We replied in the affirmative.

"Ah! Heaven is kind! Despite mindful of its own. Then Monsieur will care for her, and the shorn lamb shall not be driven out into the wilderness," exclaimed Justine.

We promised to call next day to inquire after Marie, and we kept our word. The wrinkles in Justine's cheeks seemed to have very recently been the channels of an unwonted flow of water, which, in subsiding, had left the usual tide-marks on the banks. Mademoiselle, said she, had passed a wretched night. She had been desolate, inconsolable; but Monsieur, *ma grandpère*, was prodigal of his sympathy, and the poor child was growing more reconciled to her loss.

"After the funeral," said Justine, "they will retire to the château of Monsieur, where Marie is to take the place of her deceased grandmère in the household. But I knaw not how long this arrangement will last," continued she, "for events crowd in rather thickly at present. Marie has received by this day's post a letter from her affianced, who is recovered, and about to return home to establish his health. He is a captain of his regiment now, and will not quietly submit to see his favorite concerigt becoming the follower of another.

A few days subsequently we received a handsome mourning ring from Marie's grandfather, accompanied by a note containing warm but unavailing thanks from herself, and we have treasured both until now as mementos of one of the most painful incidents in our professional career.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

As between the man who achieves greatness and him who has greatness thrust upon him there lies a whole world of space, as is there an immense interval between one who is the object of his own delusions and him who forms the subject of delusion to others.

My reader may have already noticed that nothing was easier for me than to lend myself to the idle current of my fancy. Most men who build "castles in Spain," as the old adage calls them, do so purely to astonish their friends. I indulged in these architectural extravagances in a very different spirit. I built my castle to live in it; from foundation to roof-tree I planned every detail of it to suit my own taste, and all my study was to make it as habitable and comfortable as I could. Ay, and what's more, live in it I did, though very often the tenure was a brief one; sometimes while breaking my egg at breakfast, sometimes as I drew on my gloves to walk out, and yet no terror of a short lease ever deterred me from finishing the edifice in the most expensive manner. I gilded my architraves and frescoed my ceilings as though all were to endure for centuries; and laid out the gardens and disposed the parterres as though I were to walk in them in my extreme old age.

THE EXPLOSION OF THE PROPELLER "GLOBE," AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, ON NOVEMBER 3, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

This faculty of lending myself to an illusion by no means adhered to me where the deception was supplied by another; from the moment I entered one of *their* castles, I felt myself in a strange house. I continually forgot where the stairs were, what this gallery opened on, where that corridor led to. No one was it to say, "You are at home here. You are at your own fireside." I knew and I felt that I was not.

By this declaration I mean my reader to understand that, while ready for any excursion or a merry dance, I felt, I was perfectly miserable at paying a part written for me by a friend; and was this feeling diminished by the thought that I really did not know the person I was believed to represent; nor had I the very vague idea to be acknowledged as belonging.

As I set out in search of Miss Herbert there were the usual inquiries, I received, occasionally, as myself, "Is the old lady at all touched in the upper story? Is there not something Pitt-ish Asylum-ish in these wanderings?" And still, apart from this special instance, she was a marvel of acuteness and good sense. I found Miss Herbert, a little author at her well-lighted newspaper on the bench beside her.

"Ah!" said she, without looking up, "you have been making a long visit up stairs. You found Mrs. Kentes very agreeable, or you were so yourself."

"Is there any thing wrong hereabouts?" said I, touching my forehead with my finger.

"Nothing whatever."

"No fancies, no delusions about certain people?"

"None whatever."

"None of the family suspected of any thing odd, or eccentric?"

"Not that I have ever heard of. Why do you ask?"

"Well, it was a mere fancy, perhaps, on my part; but her manner to-day struck me as occasionally strange—almost flighty."

"And on what subject?"

"I am scarcely at liberty to say that; in fact, I am not at liberty to say it, dear," said I, interiorly, and somewhat gratified to remark that I had excited a most intense curiosity on her part to learn the secret of our interview.

"Oh, pray do not make any important revelations to me," said she, pettishly; "apart from the indiscretion, would have the singular demerit of affording me not the slightest pleasure. I am not affected with the malady of curiosity."

"What a blessing to them! Now, I am the most inquisitive of mankind. I feel that if I were a clerk in a bank I'd spend the day prying into every other person, and learning the exact state of the balance-sheet. If I were employed in the post-office no terror of the law could restrain me from reading the letters. Tell me that any one has a secret in his heart, and I feel I could cut him open to get at it."

"I think you are giving a flattering picture of yourself in all this," said she, peevishly.

"I am aware of that, Miss Herbert; but I am also one of those who do not trade upon qualities they have pretensions to."

She flushed a deep crimson at this, and after a moment said,

"Has it not occurred to you, Sir, that people who seldom meet except to exchange ungracious remarks, would show more judgment by avoiding each other's society?"

Oh, how my heart thrilled at this petish speech! "Ah, Gabriel's Courtship, by Jove!" I knew she loved me, for we never met without a quarrel." "I have thought of that too, Miss Herbert," said I, "but I have not carried my observances to be kept up, conventionalities to be respected."

"Some of which, however, require that you should come out and sit here while I am at my work," said she, with suppressed passion.

"I came out here to search for the newspaper," said I, taking it up, and stretching myself on the ground at her feet to read aloud.

She arose at once, and gathering all the articles of her work into a basket, said, sweetly,

"Don't let me hunt you away, Miss Herbert," said I, indolently; "any where else will suit me just as well. Why don't you?" She made a vouchsafing to utter a word, or even turn her head, she continued her way toward the house.

"The only thing that stopped me," said Hans, "filled the measure of my bliss, for I then saw she would extend the invitation to me." This passage recurred to me as I lay there, and I lingered myself in the thought that such a moment of delight might be so near. The profound German explains this sentiment well. "With women," says he, "love is like the idea worship of an Indian tribe; the big and meet their hearts are bursting with devotion, they like to see a wounded and bleeding victim. And with *them* this is the ecstasy of their passion."

I felt saw that the girl was in love with me, and that she did not know it herself. I take it that the sensations of a man who suddenly discovers that a pretty girl has been quietly loving is captivated by his attentions, are very like what a head-strong may feel at being sent by his horse and informed that he is now one of the first! This may seem a commercial formula to employ, but it will serve to show my meaning, and as I lay there on that velvet turf, what a delicious vision spread itself around me! At one moment we were rich, traveling in splendor through Europe, amassing art-treasures wherever we went, and despoiling all the great galleries of their richest gems. I was the associate of all that was distinguished in literature and science, and my wife the chosen friend of queens and princesses. How unaffected we were, how unspoiled by fortune! Approachable by all, and graceful benevolence seemed to elevate its object and make of the recipient the benefactor. What a world of bliss this vile dross men call gold can scatter! "There—there, good people," said I, blandly, waving my hand, "no illuminations, no bonfires—your happy fares are the brightest of all welcomes." Then we were suddenly poor—out of empire just to see how we should live—and living in a little cottage near Snowdon, and I was writing, Heaven knows what, for the periodicals, and my wife rocking a little invalid in a cradle, and she would scarcely awoke by kissing, each pretending that it was all the other's fault, till we rattled a peace in the same fashion. Then, I remembered, one night, never to be forgotten, when I received my appointment as consulate, and how we knelt and wept up to town to thank the great man who bestowed it, and he asked me to dinner, and he was, I remember, very kind to my wife, and I sulked about it when we got home, and she petted and caressed me, and we were better friends than ever, and I vowed I would not accept the minister's bounty, and we set off back again to our cottage in Wales, and there we were when I came to myself once more.

It is always pleasant—at least I have ever felt it so, on awaking from a dream—to find one has to know that one has borne himself well in some imaginary crisis of difficulty and peril. I like to think that I was in my day no great hand at long-boat. I am glad I gave poor Dick that last fifty-pound note—my last, I had vowed to him, and I rejoice to remember that I did not run away from that grizzly bear, but sent the fourpound ball right into the very middle of his forehead. I am glad to find all these that the metal of your nature has been tested, and come out pure gold; at all events *I* did, and was very much pleased therewith. It was not till after some little time that I could give myself credit for these exploits, and back to the natural world of small debts and difficulties, and then I bethought me of the newspaper which I had beside me.

I began it now, resolved to examine it from end to end, till I discovered the passage that alluded to me. I was at last satisfied, however, that it was novel and original. A very able article set forth that notwithstanding all the blessings of the Pope's rule at Rome—no people were so happy—so prosperous—so contented—so all till the grandeur of Rome fell, and the gills empty, and the only persons of small incomes in the State were the cardinals, and that they were too heavily-taxed to care for it. After this there came some touching anecdotes of that good prelate, the Cardinal Wolsey. And then there was a letter from Frohsdorf, with fifteen frames inclosed to the inhabitants of a village subscribing an inscription. Women grew pleasant little paragraphs, too, about England, and all the money she was spending, to propagate civilizing and spread the knowledge of the great and especial objects of her policy—after which came an article on Prussian aggression in Ireland. The general tone of the print was war with every one but some twenty or thirty old nobles and gentlemen living in safe seclusion in Bohemia. Now none of these things touched me, and I was growing very weary of my search when I lighted upon the following:

"We are informed, on authority that we can not question, that the young C. de P. is now making the tour of Germany alone and in disguise, his object being to ascertain for himself from the sentiments of his house, on the maternal side, would feel affected by any movement in France to renew his pretensions. Marriage, undertaken in the accomplishment of the step must seem, there is nothing in it at all repulsive to the well-conditioned mind of the younger branch. Our informant himself met the P. at Mayence, and specially recognized him from the most remarkable resemblance to the late duchess, his mother: he addressed him at once by his title, but was met by the cold assurance that he was mistaken. We have a great similarity in features had already led others into the same error. The generous youth, the frankness and the dignified bearing of the gentleman confessed he was astounded at the 'siplomb' and self possession displayed by so young a man; and although their conversation lasted for nearly an hour, and ringed over a wide field, the C. never for an instant exceeded the limits of his station, nor offered the slightest clew to his real rank and station. The language of the C. is quite by his side, which his great facility in the language enabled him to do. When he quitted Mayence he was universally regretted."

Here was the whole mystery revealed, and I was no less a person than a royal prince—very like my mother, too, and I was the image of as my distinguished father! "Oh, Potts! in all the wilderse ravings of your most florid moments you never anticipated this!"

A very strange thrill went through me as I finished this paragraph. I felt I was a prince. There is, in one of Hoffman's tales, the story of a man who, in a compact with the Fiend, acquired the power of personal invisibleness he pleased, but who, stated at last with the enjoyment of this privilege, and anger for a near accident, discovered to his great grief that the part of the Devil himself might not be assuming. Apparently this gentleman had sold his soul, for he resented the liberty by depriving the transgressor of his identity forever, and made him become such instant and complete an outcast to the mind of him he talked to.

Though the parallel scarcely applied, the very thought of it sent an agreeable thrill through me—a terror so great and acute that it was very long before I could turn the medal round and read it on the reverse. There, indeed, was matter for vainglory! "It was but t'other day," thought I, "and Lord Kelldrum and his friends fancied I was their intimate acquaintance, Jack Brewer and myself thought they could find the mistake, the error had to an invitation to dinner, a delightful evening, and, alas! that I should own, a variety of consequences, some of which proved less delightful. Now, however, Fortune is in a more amiable mood; she will have it that I resemble a prince. It is a project which I neither and nor abet; but I am not churlish enough to refuse the role any more than I should spoil the Christmas revelries of a country-house by declining a part in a tableau, or in private theatricals. I say, in the one case as in the other, 'Here is a character, make of him what you will. Never is he happier than by affording pleasure to his friends.' To what end, I would ask, should I rob the old lady up stairs at No. 12, evidently a widow, and with not too many enjoyments to cheer her declining years, of the rob her of what she hers herself called the proudest episode in her life? Are not, as the novelists tell us, all things for the best? Why, then, object to this one that it may only last for a few days? Let us suppose it only to endure throughout our journey, and the period will still be so happy, never caring for the fatigues of the road, never fretting about the innkeepers' charges, but delighted to know that his royal highness enjoys himself, and sits over his bottle of Chamberlain every night in the gardens, apparently as devoid of care as though he were a baggman."

I am not say how it may be with others, but, for myself, I have always experienced an intense sense of pleasure in being mistaken for personated somebody else; I felt as though I had left the man Potts as home to rest and refresh himself, and I was a very another gentleman: just as I might have spared my own chatest by putting on a friend's coat in a thunderstorm, and, I ask, where is the harm in that? I felt it would be good for me. As to the special part allotted me, I felt it was just an oblique notar plays Hamlet or the Cock to convenience pie manager. Mrs. Kentes likes it, and, I repeat, I do not object to it.

It was evident that the old lady was not going to communicate her secret to her companion, and this was a source of satisfaction to me. Whatever delusions I threw around Miss Herbert I instinctively felt would be dispelled in which I would invest myself to her eyes, my personal prowess, coolness in danger, skill at all manly exercises, and, in fine, a large range of general gifts and acquirements, I meant to accompany me through all time, and I am a sufficiently vain man to feel sanced that I would by imposing upon her I should go no small part of the road to make my journey, and that the first step in my gift is to suppose you are eminently suited to it, is a well-known and rendered acknowledged fact. Women grow pretty from looking in the glass; why should not men grow brave from constantly contemplating their own courage?

"Yes, Potts, be a Prince, and see how it will agree with you!"

CHAPTER XXI.

MRS. KEATES came down, and our dinner that day was somewhat formal. I don't think she liked me, I don't know why, and, for my own part, it was a relief to me when the old lady asked my leave to retire after her coffee. "If you should feel lonely, Sir, and if Miss Herbert's company would prove agreeable—"

"Yes," said I, haughtily, "that young person will find me in the garden." And therewith I gave my orders for a small table under a great overspreading tree, and the accompaniment of my after-dinner hours, a cool flask of Chambertin. I had begun to think more than two-thirds of my Burgundy before Miss Herbert appeared. It was not that the hour hung heavily on me, or that I was not in a state of considerable enjoyment, but, somehow, I was beginning to feel shafed and impatient at her long delay. Could she possibly have conceived the idea of a prerogative of being left alone with a young man? Had she been guilty of a mistake, that important phrase by which I designated her? Had Mrs. Keates herself resented the cool style of my permission to "continue-order?" I wish I knew what denius her" cried I to myself, just as I heard her step on the gravel, and then we met coolly and formally enough, as though the walk.

Determined to display an indifference the equal of her own, I waited till she was almost close; and then, rising languidly, I offered her a chair and a glass of Chambertin, which she listlessly said, "Won't you take a seat?"

It was growing darkish, but I fancied I saw a smile on her lips at my question.

"May I offer you a glass of wine or a cigar?" said I, coldly.

"Neither, thank you," said she, with gravity.

"Almost all women of fashion smoke nowadays," remarked I; "the Empress of the French smokes this sort of thing here, and the Queen of Bavaria smokes and chews."

"Is the mention of her this, and said nothing.

"As for myself," said I, "I am nothing without tobacco—positively nothing. I remember one night—it was the fourth sitting of the Congress of Vienna—I was a young fellow, you know—his name, come to me and said,

"'There's that confounded question of the Danubian Principalities coming on to-morrow, and Gortschakoff is the only one who knows any thing about it. Where are we to get at any thing like information?'

"'When do you want it, Count?' said I.

"'To-morrow, by eleven at latest. There must be at least a couple of hours to study it before the Congress meets.'

"'Let them to bring in ten candles, fifty cigars, and two quires of foolscap,' said I; 'and I'm on my word of honor, I'll give you ten minutes to eleven next morning be had in his hands that memoir which Lord C. said embodied the prophetic wisdom of Edmund Burke with the practical statesmanship of the great Commoner. Perhaps you have read it?'

"'No, Sir.'"

"Your notes do not probably incline to affairs of state. If so, only suggest what you'd like to talk on. I am indifferently skilled in most subjects. You see for the first time I am ready, from Dante to the Bigelow Papers. Shall we discuss Dante? Shall we talk about Fra Bommiling and his long-nosed saints, to Leech and the Punchists. Make it antiquities, agricultures, the drama, the dancing, conchology, or cock-fighting—I'm your man; go on, go on, and don't be afraid that you'll discover me."

"I assure you, Sir, that my silence would attach far more naturally to my own insufficiency."

"Well, Miss Herbert, I offer a peace, something in that. Macaulay used to be afraid of me. Whenever Mrs. Montague Stanhope asked him to one of her Wednesday dinners, he always declined if I was to be there. You don't seem surprised at that?"

"No, Sir," said she, in the same quiet, grave fashion.

"That's the reason, young lady," said I somewhat sternly, "that you persist in saying 'Sir' on every occasion that you address me? The sense of that intercourse than a friendship between us is marred by this Amerianism. Why, in pleasant interchange of thought loses its charmingly feature of equality. How is this?"

"I am not at liberty to say, Sir."

"What, forsooth, are liberty to say, young lady?" said I, severely. "You tell me distinctly that your manner toward me is based upon a something that you must not reveal?"

"I am sure, Sir, you have too much generosity to press me on a subject of which I can not, or ought not, to speak."

That fatal Burgundy had got into my brains, while the generosity delicacy was uppermost, and if I had been submitted to the thumb-screw now, I would have died one of the Grichan martyrs. "Generosity," said I, politely, "I have been fortunately, or unfortunately, brought up to think that generosity belongs contradiction. When we ask we feel that we order."

"Oh, Sir, if you but knew the difficulty I am in—"

"Take courage, my dear creature," said I, blending condescension with something whimsical. "I will at least be respectful—the deference where it will be worthily bestowed."

"I had been prepared, not exactly promised, but Mrs. Kentes enjoined me imperatively not to betray what she revealed to me."

"Promise, my dear!" cried I, "she has not surely communicated my secret—she has not told you who I am?"

"Yes, Sir, I promise you most solemnly that she has not; but being annoyed by what she remarked to me, I thought of my manner toward you at dinner, the readiness with which I replied to your remarks, and what she deemed the want of deference, I imagined, in them, she took me to task this evening, and without intending it, even before she knew, dropped certain expressions which I could see that my manner had the very highest in rank, though it was your pleasure to avoid for the moment to this observation and disguise. She quickly perceived the indiscretion she had committed, and said, 'Now, Miss Herbert, I know that this has put you in possession of certain circumstances which I had neither the will nor the right to reveal, will you do me the inestimable favor to employ this knowledge in such a way as may not compromise me?' I have, of course, that I would; and having remarked how she occasionally—indeservedly, perhaps—used 'Sir,' in addressing me, I thought I would imitate a safe one, while it as constantly acted as a sort of monitor over myself to repress any reliance into familiarity."

"I am very sorry for all this," said I, taking her hand in mine, and employing my most insinuating and persuasive tone. "As it is more than doubtful that I shall ever resume the station that once pertained to me; in, in fact, that I have forfeited to comply with the rules of life an humble and lowly condition, my ambition would have been to draw toward me the greatest amount of such sympathies and attentions as might attach to one so circumstanced. Not that I mean to assume an obdurate name, seek out some unfrequented spot, and there, with the love of one—one only—solve the great problem, which, unhappiness is not so much the burden of the thatched cottage as of the gilded palace. The first requirement of my scheme might, that my position should be no longer known. One can steel his own heart against vain regrets and longings but he can not ignore himself against the influence of those sympathies which come from without, the unwise kindnesses and attentions, which, in spite of wishes of those who read your submission as more apathy."

I paused and sighed; she sighed too, and there was a silence between us.

"Must she not feel very happy and very proud," thought I, "to be sitting there on the same bench with a prince, her hand in his, and he pouring out all his confidence in her ear? I can not fancy a situation more full of interest."

"After all, Sir," said she, calmly, "remember that Mrs. Keates alone knows your secret. I have not the vanquest suspicion of it."

"And yet," said I, tenderly, "it is to you I would confide it; it is in your keeping I would wish to leave it; it is from your lips I would accuse as to my future."

"Surely, Sir, it is not to such inexperience as mine you would address yourself in a difficulty?"

"The plan I would carry out demands none of that crafty argument called 'knowing the

world.' All that acquaintance with the by-play of life, its conventionalities and exactions, would easily out of place in an Alpine village, or a Tyrolese Dorf, where I mean to pitch my tent. Do you not think that your interest might be persuaded to teach me so far?"

"Oh, Sir, I shall never cease to follow your steps with the deepest anxiety."

"Would it be possible for me to secure a lease of that sympathy?"

"Can you tell me what o'clock it is, Sir?" said she, very gravely.

"Yes," said I, rather put out by so sudden a diversion, "it is a few minutes after nine."

"Pray excuse my leaving you, Sir, but Mrs. Keates takes her tea at nine, and will expect me. And, with a very respectful courtesy, she withdrew, before I could recover from my astonishment at this abrupt departure.

"I trust that my royal highness said nothing indiscreet," muttered I to myself; "though, upon my life, this hasty exit would seem to imply it."

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Gentlemen,—As I used your Cocoaine about six weeks, and its effect is so marked and extraordinary that I deem it my duty to inform you.

My worst complaint for several years has been *Dandruff*, with itching and irritation of the scalp, which my hairdresser said was dry and cutlet would be covered with the white scales, and would itch and bleed from slight scratching.

My barber tells me I have not shed a single hair since I drew of your Cocoaine, and the obnoxious scales are gone. My dandruff has entirely disappeared.

I have used less than a bottle. The dandruff, and the irritation which used to be so troublesome, have entirely disappeared, and my hair was never before in so good condition.

Your obedient servant,

J. A. FULLER.

Baldness.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 24, 1859.

Gentlemen: When I first used your Cocoaine, I had been bald seven years. In the mean time, I had tried a dozen different preparations, specially recommended for baldness (and all claiming to be infallible), without any perceptible effect.

The ladies of my household urged me to try your Cocoaine, which I did, to please them, but with very little faith in the power of man to restore my hair. I have used the contents of one bottle, and the bald patch is covered all over with young hair, about three eighths of an inch long, which appears strong and healthy, and distinctly curly.

In a word, your Cocoaine is excellent—the best preparation for the hair I ever known, and the only one which accomplishes more than it promises.

I am very truly obliged and shall recommend.

D. T. MERWIN.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., BOSTON.

Loss of Hair.

BOSTON, JULY 19, 1857.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.:

I can now add to the testimony of others, in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil—Cocoaine. For many months my hair had been falling off, and I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became irritated and scaly, and I was fearful, I said, I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of some other hair preparation, which I have since been told contain cauphene spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced to use the last week in June. The new application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and inflammation disappeared—the hair ceased to fall out, and I now think growth of new hair. I trust that other similarly afflicted will be induced to try Cocoaine for themselves.

Yours, very truly,

SUSAN R. FURT.

Irritation of the Scalp.

WATERVILLE, ME., Sept. 25, 1858.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.—Dear Sirs,—I deem it but just to state to you that the Cocoaine I have derived from the use of your Cocoaine. The scalp was in a very high irritated state, after my attempt to prepare myself unbiased with an irritation of the scalp, which had induced me to use your Cocoaine, and the effect was that I had failed to find a remedy.

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Commencement of a New Volume.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For December, 1860.

NUMBER CCXVIII.] CONTENTS. [DECEMBER, 1860.

A PEEP AT WASHOE. By J. ROSS BROWNE.—(*First Paper.*)
IRRIGATION.—Pancosmic View.—The Bummer.—Going to Kern River.—Returning from Kern River.—Hot for Fraser River.—Returned from Fraser River.—Journals for Walks.—Washoe Apprentice.—Pike's Peak Gold.—Washoe! Hot Water in Washoe!—The Pickles Patch.—Secondhand Whisky.—Washoe Boots and Loafing.—Grasshoppers.—Superstition.—Dinner at Strawberry.—The "Lay Out."—The Stocking-Thief.
THE CROTON AQUEDUCT. By T. ADDISON RICHARDS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Fountain.—The Croton on its Way.—Below Croton Dam.—On the Croton Lake.—Source of the Croton.—Sections of the Aqueduct.—Ventilator.—Bridge at Sing Sing.—Road Bridge.—Bridge at Tarrytown. Bridge at Yonkers.—The High Bridge.—Center of High Bridge.—Bridge in New York.—The Distributing Reservoir.
UNWELCOME GUESTS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The American Cockroach.—Head and Mouth of the Roach.—Parts of Roach.—Parasites of Roach.—The Domestic Roach.—Parts of Domestic Roach.—The Oriental Roach.—Parts of Oriental Roach.—The Cockney Moth.—Parts of Moths.—The Bed-Bug.—Parts of the Bed-Bug.—The Yellow Ant.—Parts of the Ant.
HOW THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE RAN SMOOTH.
THE MC'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.
THOMAS OLIVER'S, "COBBLER," POET, AND METHODIST HERO.
JOHN OWEN'S APPEAL.
OUT IN THE STORM.
A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.
TONY.
IF I WERE ONLY IN HEAVEN
"UNTO THE LAST."—IV. AD VALOREM. By JOHN BIGELOW.
A MAN'S REPENTANCE.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF AN UNLUCKY MAN.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Hard Eggs.—Poor Cigar.—A Cut.—Tr.—ee Jerry.—Horse Jerk.—Hebrew Jerk.—Jerk.—Brought up.—Fixed.—Pocket picked.—The final Balance.
FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Opera Cloak.—Half Cape.—Victorine.—Full Cape.

The present Number commences the *Twenty-Second Volume* of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The Publishers are received that in value of matter and beauty of illustration, the coming Volume shall fully sustain the reputation which the Magazine has acquired and maintained during more than Ten Years.

In the January Number will appear the first part of a New Story by W. M. THACKERAY, which, it is expected, will be continued for successive Numbers during the year.

The Article on "Washoe" in this Number is the first of a series of Papers portraying Life and Character in California and Oregon, by J. ROSS BROWNE, late Confidential Government Agent for the Pacific States. They will be profusely illustrated with Drawings by SFATTS, MCLEAN, CARTER, and PARSONS, from the Character Sketches by the Author.

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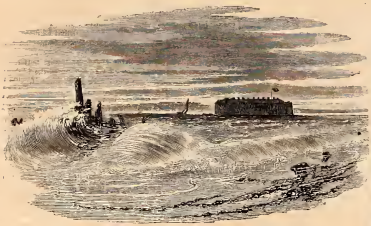

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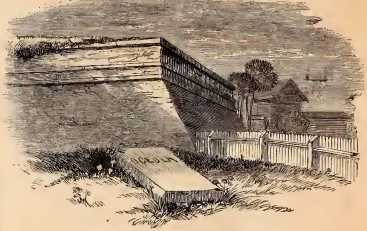

THE GRAVE OF OCEOLA, ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

CHARLESTON SCENES.

We continue our series of Views at Charleston with a fine picture of the old Custom-house, which serves as a post-office at the present time; showing also the only Palmetto-tree which still survives in the streets of Charleston.

The building itself has quite a history, and rises into classical dignity among the sons of the soil. In the basement of this fabric old Moultrie walled up some 100,000 pounds of gunpowder, in order to keep it from the British, when the town was about to fall into their hands, in the third attempt which they made for its capture; and here it remained safe from discovery during the three years that they had possession. The vaults of this same basement were employed as a Provost or prison, in which the captured rebels were locked up for starvation or execution, or when it was necessary to work upon the fears of friends, and extort sub-

PALMETTO-TREE, AND OLD CUSTOM-HOUSE, AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

mission at property. In these damp, dismal regions hundreds perished of privation and their wounds. Here Isaac Hayne, the martyr, was held in durance vile till taken out to the gallows. You note that chamber to the left in the rear of the second story? In that chamber did the noble victim make his toilet the fatal morning. He had been brought up from the cells below to this apartment in order that he should habit himself properly for his doom, and exchange the last greetings with his friends. The old fabric, somewhat rich so much that is grateful to patriotism, the Charlestonians will hardly suffer to be pulled down to make way for structures of even greater excellence. It is beautifully situated, and might be employed for various public purposes when it is withdrawn from present uses.

Our smaller pictures need no description. The quaint old church stands in the shade of the walls of Fort Moultrie; the palmetto sighs overhead, and the waves murmur within hearing of the last resting-place of the broken-hearted chief.

Fort Sumter is one of the forts which guard the entrance to Charleston harbor. In case of war trouble, it would become a place of marked importance.

FANCY *VERSUS* FACT.

A very mixed-up sort of a matter is this life of ours. It is a good deal upon the breakfasting plan, which, with its plums and soft, peculiar pots, has likewise its hard crusts, which try the temper of the material of which teeth are made.

So in this life we have some sunshine and then a storm—now it is clear and then a tornado. But, such intertwiting is there that we can rarely stop to pick the rose without giving the thorn a chance to run in way to the quivering nerve. And, not only is there this tangling up of affairs that are in themselves unlike, but the same event at one instance has as many different aspects as there are ways of looking at it, or eyes with which to see it. A poet said long ago:

"From out the self-same cloud
One sees a thousand angels look and smile,
Another sees but an angry demon frown."

Neither should we frown upon this *lobing* power of fancy. The ability to take away from the earth its earthiness is one much to be desired. A grass-blade finish are this given to life that clos were wanting altogether. And when this power of transformation is denied, there is a thing untouched and stubborn, by declares itself to be earth-born—it is wonderful how hard to be any avenge itself by looking up, through its own glass, which separates the rays of light, and weaths the low-born object in brilliant transmission. There are few things so stubborn that fancy can not contrive to throw a halo around them which will be visible to the eye adapted to the business. But this power of enchantment seems to be most easily exercised upon distant objects. It is difficult for us to appreciate cares and troubles which are entirely outside of our own experiences. The poor man looks at the lordly dwelling and splendid entertainments of the lord, and conceive of no more paradisiacal state of existence. The latter is not troubled as to the way in which he shall get the daily bread needed by his wife and children. Rugged, hard-handed labor makes no demand upon him, and therefore surely he is blessed. While, in the eyes of the rich man it is the humble inmate of the cottage who has the blessing. To him the simple life of the humble seems easy, when compared with the stress and strain which must come upon the brain of him who has possession, and, consequently, large cares and responsibilities.

The child regards the years with envy, and longs to reach that indictable state, when he can sit up as long as he pleases at night, go where he lists by day, and pay no attention to his parents' wishes without feeling himself in danger of being chided or having his ears boxed for his folly.

The man looks back to his childhood, when care had not yet laid its heavy head upon him, with longing, and says, "Would I were a boy again!" He forgets the tasks, the sickness, the pains, the hard lessons, the reprimands, the refusals, the disappointments and crosses which so often clouded the sun and chest it out from the view of his young eyes.

"I wish I were a woman," said a little five-year old maiden the other day, "then I would eat as much pickle as I wanted!" If the little maiden live to be a woman, she may look back with longing desire to the time when she could eat any pickle at all with impunity.

"Love in a cottage" has been "flattering unction" to the hearts of love-sick—ladies in all times. But the sweet delicacies of baking, and washing and scrubbing, dish-washing and scouring, chopping and cutting, all jumbled up together, and going on in constant or quick succession, have been universally wrought out the disenchantment of those who have been possessed by the idea. We are very much indebted to the poets for those enchantments in which distant prospects are so often shaded. "Distant Hills" is one of those fancy sites. Even plowing and sowing are made peculiarly attractive. But let a man follow the plow all day, and let poor maiden complain of sunshine and the sun might paint the clouds, at evening, with every conceivable color of gold and amber, and make them gorgeous beyond any poet's dream, and the mind of the weary man would have scarcely enough vitality left to indulge in half-hearted vision, unless it were because the setting of the sun was a signal that his day's weary work was over with.

Again, these poets tell us, in musical numbers, of the melancholy effect of the loving birds, that always contrive, by some way or other, to get into exactly the right place at exactly the right time, which is generally the evening hour. Now this loving is pleasanter to be heard of than to be heard. Most persons, after a first trial would prefer to take it second-handed. At the first time let there "come off" a concert other some such programmes as this. Let the bass be given by a brace of even that have just had permission to rest from their labors, the alto made up of the plaintive tones of a discomfited cow, while the soprano is given by a newly-weaned calf. Few, probably, would have the hardihood to encore at the end of the first performance. Even the solo of a bereaved mother upon the tender fleah of veloce offspring be may have dined that day, would probably satisfy the longing for this kind of music of the most rural of poets—even Corydon himself.

Likewise, these same poets often become impressively eloquent over "the blessing of the home." Beautiful maidens and angelic children, whom Heaven is about to bestow as its lawful property, which has been "strayed or stolen" for a while, are made to burn for an extension of the time of life, in order that, among other privileges, they may again hear the delightful "bleating of the lambs." Well, Could bleating, which has the benefit of such a performance as greeted my ears "once on a time," they would soon declare themselves ready to go!

One morning in June a whole flock of these woolgrowers strayed from their legitimate breathing-place, and manifested a decided inclination to set their lunch just under my chamber window. They came to be sociable whole days, so, instead of impairing their digestion by hurrying through their meal in solemn silence, as do many of their "betters."

Ba! began Nanny-black-sheep; Baa! chimed in her horned abettor; Baa-a! echoed the tiny voice of a newly-arrived darling of the pen. This fugaling done, the chorus became general. A score for more sociable voices answered, and every soul of them abundantly able to carry a part. My ears tingled for a week afterward; and even now the very thought of a sheep raises an imaginary noise and confusion.

The painters did the poets in creating our pleasant delusions. They can generally make the attractive the commonest and most vulgar institutions in this commonplace world of ours. For example, in "The Farm-Yard" of the English Herring, that most unpoetic of all fish and blood crustaceans, the hog is made to look quite attractive. I thought, as I looked at the picture, that a comparison between the tidy, Sunday-go-to-meeting-looking pigs in the picture, and their unwashed brethren according to the flesh, would certainly be odious to the living. Not only was the general style and air of the former in their favor, but likewise their dignified silence, when contrasted with the unmelodious grunting of the Simon Pures as they emerged from the troubled waters of the gutter, where they have just performed their swinish ablutions, or are about to make their expectancy for the corn and conglomerated tea that are to make their breakfast. As justice is due to pigs as well as men, I would suggest the opportunity here afforded to make a suggestion in regard to the charge of personal unmanliness so often brought against the individuals in question. This accusation is, I believe, founded mainly upon their actual or supposed "grunt," together with the often manifested intention *to go the other way.*

The latter attribute being found to prevail quite extensively among the human portion of creation, a very respectable place in society, will not be considered by the fair sex, and cast in the indictment shall receive more attention.

Every body knows that these pork-manufacturers, though they are not, strictly speaking, the so called sedentary, are not active in their habits. At the same time, they are generally blessed with good appetites, of which, it is to be admitted, they are quite piggish in the indulgence. Now putting these two facts together, and adding to them a much-maligned individuals should frequently suffer all the horrors of indignation which, any dyspepsic being judge, would be no excuse for any amount of *grunting* whatsoever!

Again, the cows in the picture, how attractive they looked as they stood knee-deep in water! The meditative look in the eye seemed to say, "Here much we ruminate as much we may." We say this as interpreted it, I suppose, under our hoops and cross to the opposite side-walk to avoid soon so roughly and unceremonious as these. And the milk-maid standing there, "on the wrong side of the cow," is evidently an amateur in the partnership business of "pressing the cow's udder." There is no smell of the kitchen about her. One might search a long while among the actual Bridgets and Jane Ann's before finding a female dairy that was half so much to one's taste. She is evidently only acting a dilettante part. The artist, late looking swain who is there, of course "just by chance," is making her forget what she came for. Blessings be to the painters and the poets for these "crumbs of comfort" which they strew in our path! Life were cheerless without them, and this earth a barren and ungainly dwelling-place.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1860.

THE BANK CRISIS.

THE banks of the city of New York, sought by experience, have frankly met the present emergency by consolidating themselves into one institution, throwing their specie into one common fund, and offering the merchants whatever assistance they make in the 1857 days undertook to fight the merchants, and, as they might have expected, were worsted in the contest. In 1860 they go to the merchants: We will stand or fall with you. We will discount for you to the last dollar we hold among us. Here are twenty millions of gold: so long as a dollar remains, we shall all stand ready to grant our usual facilities to dealers.

It need hardly be added that the present attitude of the banks is milder and softer than the policy of 1857. An antagonism between banks and merchants can not but be fatal to the former; while the bold confidence exhibited by our banks at present is calculated, if any thing can produce such a result, to allay the fears of the timid and restore courage to the timid. The twenty millions of gold now held by the New York city banks—and which will soon be swelled to twenty-five millions by receipts from various quarters—can not be taken out of the country, because the foreign exchanges are uniformly in favor of the United States. It can not well be taken out of New York, because all part of the country are at present tributary to New York. There is a small profit on shipments of coin from New Orleans to New York; coin is coming from New England; there is a large profit on remittances of coin from New England to New York. It can not be taken out of the banks at all, it must be placed in private repositories in this city. How unlikely an event this is, then, we remember the year of 1857 will judge. In 1857 some very timid people took gold out of the banks, thinking it was not safe there. When they had got their gold home they were like the man with the elephant—they did not know what to do with it. Large amounts of gold in private houses were a terrible provocation to burglars; fires suggested new dangers; the possessors of specie knew no peace until they had restored their gold to the banks. If the same the case, the amount withdrawn of specie amounted to half a million of dollars, how unlikely it is that twenty millions could be withdrawn!

We can not undertake to say what may be the result of the present commercial crisis. It is a new event in our history. There is no precedent to guide men's judgments concerning it. But there are certain points of difference between the present crisis and that of 1857 which deserve to be carefully noted and remembered.

On 1st October, 1857, when the quorum have sworn the banks and their customers begun to wax warm, the banks had loaned out $105,935,499 on a basis of $11,400,413 in specie, and $52,796,000 in foreign coin. Now they have loaned out $123,200,000; but they hold $19,500,000 in coin, and $70,000,000 in deposits. They will therefore be able to expand more than they were then. Moreover, in October, 1857, foreign exchange was selling at a price which enabled specie to be shipped to Europe; the banks were obliged to protect themselves as well against the foreign drain as against a run at home. Now foreign exchange sells at a price which renders it profitable to import specie from Europe; the banks are certain, if they need it, that, in the course of thirty days, they will be forcibly by remittances of bullion from England. Again, in October, 1857, the amount of money required by needy borrowers in this city was very large. Every individual corporation was carrying a large floating debt; including the manufacturing and other public companies of New Hampshire, it is an exaggeration to say that the corporate borrowers in the market had paper afloat to an amount not less than fifty millions of dollars. Now the exclusive of individual borrowers, of whom, as the crisis proved, there was a vast multitude living, trading, and speculating on money borrowed at rates of interest. Now these insolvents have disappeared. Some have gone to their last account; many have compromised with their creditors; many have been sold out by the sheriff; a few have recovered their footing and paid up. They have all, or very nearly all, vanished from public view. The corporations have small or no floating debts; our merchants are sailing under close sail; the general expansion of credit is quite small. This is a great point in favor of 1860. Finally, during the three years previous to 1857 extravagance in living had been almost universal throughout the country. Not in New York alone, but in the Western cities as well, people of all classes had been spending unusual sums in luxuries of every kind—building prepesterous palaces, filling them with prepesterous furniture, giving prepesterous entertainments, paying prepesterous wages to servants, clothing their families in prepesterous silks, and generally living on a prepesterous scale. Now, on the contrary, the people of this country have been generally living economically for the past three years. In the West, especially, poverty is only just departing from the households of the country people. Since 1857 the people of the North have spent less money in luxuries than they did in a single year prior to that date.

These points of difference are likely to exercise some influence on the pending crisis. They tend to show that both the merchants and the banks are in a stronger state than they were then. And they must, at the proper time, form a very suitable basis for a restoration of confidence, now so sadly disturbed.

AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

It is reported, as a rumor, that a treaty of peace has been signed between the Maritime Powers of Europe and the Empire of China. If England and France are satisfied with any written treaty with the Chinese, and do not claim material guarantees for its honest fulfillment, they are doomed to disappointment, and the war will soon be renewed afresh. It must always be remembered that Chinese ethics are not our ethics, and that a Chinaman considers it no wrong to cheat a party with whom he deals. This is true of Coolie porters, and of every class of the people, up to the highest court officials and the Emperor himself. To lie and to deceive are no crimes in the eye of Chinese morality. The Imperial Court and Barons Gros withdraw their forces from China on the strength of a mere written treaty, signed at Peking or elsewhere, they will have lost their time.

This country has taken no part in the war "China. We are a good deal in the habit of "very our Christian ethics" to the cost of providence and the British cruisers; we have done so in China. Some of our papers and politicians say that in so doing we showed our superior wisdom, and that our morality inactivity will avail us better than the aggressive activities of the European Powers. This may or may not be. Under the favored nation clause, we shall reap the benefit of any concessions which the Japanese may extort from the Chinese, without sharing their outlay. Whether our people will stand as well with the Chinese after this inactive neutrality, this country is destined, in the not very distant future, to have more extensive dealings with the Chinese than any other nation. They must naturally become our carriers for the heaviest of wood and drawers of water, but the traders of our Pacific States. In the course of the next twenty-five years the commerce of the Chinese to this country will probably far exceed the immigration of Irish and Germans. Perhaps, under the circumstances, we may then reap the benefit of having allowed others at present to discharge the duty of whipping the Chinese into common sense and a decent respect for other nations.

THE LOUNGER.

A WET DAY AT THE FALLS.

It was a wet day, dark, lowering, gray, and chill; but the roar of the Falls all night long reminded the Lounger that there was a time, if you have been at Niagara out of season upon a sunny day, you may imagine how desolate a wet day must be. In fact, there is nothing so chilling or interest a stranger for a moment but the river roar and the spectacle. Even in summer, when the *Cataract* and *International* are overflowing with gay crowds, when carriages and pedestrians thronging the avenues, the Lounger, a good deal of Goat Island, there is a young woman in kid gloves exclaiming, "Isn't it beautiful?" even then the Lounger involuntarily shudders at the thousand-and-one dark woods are sad and dispiriting; but in a wet day, upon a wet November day—and that day Sunday!

Somehow you are more entirely at the mercy of the hackmen in the late autumn, for the great houses are closed, and every stranger is marked by the cockles for persecution. Sailing forth as we did with umbrella, we were the prey of the continent, we were immediately accosted by a dozen of them. They demand to take us every where for the smallest sum of money. "A capital buggy, gentlemen, for a dollar and a half." "Will you take a carriage? open carriage, only a shilling apiece." "Gentlemen, have a carriage this morning?" And so a dozen, first one, then another, half-hourly stepping, from behind, from the other side of the way, from the seat of the carriage—voices every where, drowning the sound of Niagara—"Carriage, gentlemen: nice carriage, gentlemen: take you all for a shilling." Why don't they begin to know that we don't understand their business? If a man wants a carriage he is very sure not to take the one of the driver who follows him up so faithfully.

We left them at length, all but one who walked by our side elaborating the advantages of employing him, until we asked him if he proposed to accompany us, at least to do so silently. Some few stray hacks were also hired from hackmen at corners, and hackmen roaming backwards and forwards upon their carriages, hanging their hopeless legs over the side of the seat, and hailing us in such a hope-

less voice, that we knew they were not disappointed by the invitation "No, thank you."

When you stand upon the bridge over the American rapids, the lachrymose trouble your ears and your memory no more. You see only the ocean pouring out of the sky and sweeping beneath you; you hear only the mighty roar of the cataract. Then you have to run the gauntlet of an Indian-wave more hot and hurt you more than Goat Island. If it be a chill, wet November Sunday, you may be sure, as you turn to the left and walk along the shore of the river and lake, that you will walk with only your own company. Pinching the purple hortor of the cedar in your little fingers, you look wistfully up the lake, already feeling the magnetism which draws you toward the great plunge. Ah, another month, and, if the old Canadian rapids, that feeling of profound pathos which pervades the whole landscape will be your mind. There are little islands, clumps of tangled trees near the margin of Goat Island, and between them and you the shoaling water eddies, curls, and sparkles, the trees leaning over, the boughs sometimes dipping, the swift water never delaying, but grinly, twisted, and talking on to the lake. These secluded passages—shadowed, gleaming, winding, and narrow—will, perhaps, remind some eyes far from the home across the sea, of the river of Dee the land, sweet in story, and you shall believe, as you listen, that you are looking upon the River Dee, Esk, the Tweed, in their wild and wanton exchange.

Just beyond, the mist above the great cataract rises above the trees. Irresistibly your feet quickens their pace. You catch half glimpses; the air is filled with the whirling thunder; a sense of catastrophe, of fate, of despair, steals over your soul—not that you are, standing upon the grass on the naked cliff, with the white abyss below you. If you have seen it many times, every time it is greater.

But if you would be overwhelmed, cross to the Canada side, go nearly to Table Rock, then down the new steps, and from the foot of those down the loose stone quite to the river's edge, and you have the same full power. The water dashes up in spray, like ocean billows, over the rock on which you stand, and the vast cloud of vapor hall conceals the entirest.

A WORD UPON NOVELS.

Now that Dickens has begun, and Thackeray is about beginning, a new novel, it is a pleasant to think about story-telling, and see how the novels let us in to secrets of life. It is universally agreed that if we were all honest the world would be a paradise. Yet few of us say just what we think, few of us paint just what we are. Probably we are all often conscious of asking ourselves, when talking with other people, "I wonder what kind of person I really is, in-doors, in old dress, cloth, and lace, and artificial flowers, and conventional wisdom, and chatting, and bowing, and monotonous amount to every thing."

It takes a sharp crisis often to show a man what his neighbors think of him, as the hero of the old philosopher compelled the Lamia to show that she was a serpent and not a woman. And the same crisis reveals him also to himself, and a great light often gives a partialty the use of his limbs. They be could constantly appears to the imagination, and reappears in poetry and fiction, as a vast masquerade, where we are all dancing in dominoes, and now and then comes a sudden glare through the windows, and a rightful thunder-clap overcomes the music, to show who really has nerve and who hasn't.

Novels are so universally entertaining, because they are pictures of the masquerade with a key or explanation of some of the principal figures.

"Do you see," says Mr. Dickens, as we stroll through the masquerade, "that large, bland, bald, benignant-looking man, with huge round eyes and in a full suit of bottle-green broadcloth, sitting over there, lifty folding his pudgy hands and twiddling his fat thumbs, the very personification of patriarchal benevolence? He looks like a great human moral sun, in which all the cardinal virtues spread spontaneously, and fourish as luxuriantly as cabbages in guano—doesn't he? Well, that man's heart is as bald as his head. His benevolence is merely an adipose deposit. He is really a thin, acid, selfish, hard-hearted man. It is living skeleton masquerading as Jack Falstaff."

The author provides us other elements. They are illustrative critics of life. If they are really sharp-sighted, you can not do better than listen to them. If they really can not see, the world discovers it fast enough, and tells them so.

ON THIS SIDE AND ON THAT.

LOUISIANA along, the other day, at the rate of about thirty miles an hour, I presented my nose to shores of a river which separated two countries. That train stopped, and we all stepped out upon the platform. There was an air of disorder in the tidiness. People rushed hither and thither, asking for prices of various kinds in regard to baggage and tickets. There seemed to be no thoughtful supervision any where, and every thing was at sixes and sevens. The stations were of a kind of huge shed, with stone walls, perhaps, but it was unmarketable and shiftless in appearance; and after some delay, the train moved slowly over the river into another country.

Stopping at a station there, it was impossible not to observe the general tidiness and convenience of the whole building. It was of a simple and appropriate style of architecture; the platform in front was very broad and spacious; a conspicuous and legible sign projecting from above every door indicated precisely the use of the room and directed the eager traveler. Every thing was swept and garnished. The station was a temple of convenience and neatness. The area about it was carefully inclosed in proper fence; the ground was decently kept. The sitting-rooms were entirely comfortable; smoking was forbidden, and the floors were not covered with the juice of tobacco. The station looked as if somebody owned it, was responsible for it, and had a pride in it. Travel immediately became a pleasure.

Now think at a venture of any station in our large towns. Begin with the Albany terminus of the Central Railroad; follow on to Schenectady, to Utica, to Rome, to Syracuse. Stop at Buffalo; pause at Syracuse, and do homage to the Company that provides so spacious, so stately, so clean, so convenient a hall for passengers to dine in. Compare it, dinner and all—compare it, in the very best detail, with the Hamilton Station, upon the Great Western road. Then you will see what is really good station, worthy the nineteenth century, and what is a really bad one. The Great Western road, however, disputes the palm of inferiority with the New York Central. The subterranean abuses under the City of Elms into which the trains shriek with despair, as they rush, is perhaps the most stretched of all the railroad retreats in the country.

However, why should we complain? If they don't give us decent dinners, if they are very likely to break our necks upon the way; so it comes to much the same thing. And yet, would it not be interesting to see some American enterprise of the large kind carried out handsomely and properly for the sake of the thing? Or, rather, is it better that passengers should be transported safely than that they should be able to see when they have been cheated? But are the two things absolutely incompatible?

And echo distinctly answers, No.

"UNTO THIS LAST."

UNDER this droll and characteristic title Mr. Ruskin is writing a series of papers in the *Cornhill Magazine*, which are simultaneously produced in *Harper*. The title is drawn from the words in Matthew xx. 14 "I will give unto this last even as unto thee," and the object is to show that our political economy is founded upon a false principle. The papers are full of pungent and pithy sayings, and their doctrine is impregnably true. So long, he says, as you base your whole system on selfishness so long you are sure to go wrong at last. Individual may escape the result, but a state or a nation will be found to discover it at last.

It would be a curious and interesting business to show how accurately true this is historically; and how the secret decline of nations is the result of injustice. Buckle denies the power of general moral consciousness in nations, but Buckle would find it hard to show that material methods were not mastered by the moral sentiments. Any man, and, by extension, a nation, who has real service to society depends upon the brain that controls it; and the character of that control will be determined by the conscience. Selfishness is disease consuming its vitality. The wealth of England is not the wealth of Mr. Bull's brain, and while all the time it seems to be larger, it is really weaker; and when it is so large as to be unwieldy, we know what is the end. The disease is falling more and more into the hands of great proprietors. The population is rapidly dividing itself into the very poor and the very rich. The condition of the poor, in every way, is utterly wretched. Sanitary reformers, hearing, are getting to distinguish these classes more than ever. Olmsted, in his "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England"—a book full of the best observation and acute insight and judgment which put his name first of travel among the most valuable of their kind in literature—Olmsted describes one of the most degraded people of which the politicians and many thinkers in England take no thought whatsoever. It is a cloud already larger than a man's hand. But it is either not seen or despised, or simply so feared that the proper sight of eyes and hopes that the deluge may hold off until itself gets out of its scope.

Sydney Smith wrote a comical paper upon taxation in England; but now, after all the taxes which he describes have depleted the income of the Englishman, comes the Income Tax to squeeze the dry sponge. "When we are bled to death," said an Englishman, the other day, "we turn to and gargle us." After all the "rates" of every kind have been paid, the income of the Englishman is taxed an additional income in the pound. And it is a notable fact that the amount of the Income Tax for the current year is greater by twenty-five per cent. Meanwhile, also, the thrifty population of the Highlands in Scotland has diminished in equal proportion in century, and its place is not supplied.

The thoughtful man can hope for the unwieldy multiplication table or the rule of three not save England; nor can any man deny that she has reached her present situation by the violations to the laws of the present political economy. The drift of Ruskin's series is to prove that this must be changed. He does not, indeed, give, apply his doctrine especially to his own country. But it is the only remedy. When you have produced certain results by disobeying certain laws, obedience is all that remains. It may not save you, but it will surely help them that follow you.

A LETTER TO THE HOST OF A COUNTRY INN.

MY DEAR LANDLORD,—I have lately passed some time at your house. You haven't the least idea who I am, and the reader will have no idea who you are. So we can talk plainly, and nobody need be offended.

Now, then, why don't you have your floors and walls clean at any price? It wouldn't cost much to have the floors and the doors and the mop-boards scrubbed every day. Suppose you have to pay wages to your chambermaids, you would find your account in the increased patronage of your house.

Then why do you allow such a table-cloth as we had at breakfast the first day to be laid upon your table? Had you no self-respect? Have you no pride, no honor in your house? You remember the table-cloth? It was simply filthy! It was spotted and smeared with the greasy gravy of that fried beef-steak. People had slopped their coffee upon it, and their tea; and the maids had slopped the tea-saucer,* and the butter had had a chance at it; and it was mottled and variegated with stains of every shape and hue. The cloth was perfectly spotted and smeared with the greasy gravy of that fried beef-steak. People had slopped their coffee upon it, and their tea; and the maids had slopped the tea-saucer,* and the butter had had a chance at it; and it was mottled and variegated with stains of every shape and hue. The cloth was perfectly filthy! Landlord! Don't you think you could do something about it? If you would take it off altogether, and have the table scrubbed clean, that would answer.

The paper on the wall of the dining-room tempts me to ask, Why? It was just like the cloth upon the table. It was so discolored and streaked and foul that it was not a pleasant relief from the contemplation of the other. Also the wooden counter, or dresser, or whatever you call it, where the meats were carved. Is it a stroke of economy upon your part to have it of such an appearance that nobody cares to eat any thing which is carved upon it?

Think of your dining-room a moment. Imagine a clean floor, a clean table-cloth with clean napkins, clean paper upon the walls, a clean ceiling, clean dressers and counters, and rigorously clean hands and clean aprons upon the waiters—all this cleanliness, which would not be very expensive at first, would be curiously profitable at last.

Then your house is a house of entertainment, of convenience for people who pay for it. They expect to have their own way, and not yours, don't they? They hope to take, and you mean that they shall take, their ease in their inn—that is, under understanding? By what right, then, does that porter beat the Chinese gong at seven o'clock in the morning? Here is Mr. Sharp, who arrived only at two o'clock in the morning, and could not get fairly to sleep until three. Are Mr. Sharp's rights and comforts as a guest not to be counted as much as those of any person in your house? And as if one such laborer were not enough, there must be another at eight o'clock for breakfast. Suppose that Mr. Lazy does not wish to breakfast until ten. Is he not at home in your house? Is he to have his own way, or yours? Then why can't the porter put his boots quietly at the door without thumping to say that they are there? Of course they are there. Of course he is paid to take the boots and clean them, and put them back again. Why doesn't he do it quietly? He might as reasonably thump to tell me that he's taking them away—or thump to tell me that it's half past one o'clock, and that every body is asleep—or thump to tell me that the mercury has fallen a degree.

My dear Sir, why do you make your inn a Procrustes' bed, and compel every man to do what somebody else wishes? Mr. Lazy wishes to get up at six o'clock, why should Mr. Blunt be roused? If Mr. Blunt wants to breakfast at seven o'clock, why should Mr. Lazy wishes to get up at six o'clock, why should Mr. Blunt be roused? If Mr. Blunt wants to breakfast at seven o'clock, why should Mr. Lazy be disturbed? Of course they are there. Of course he is paid to take the boots and clean them, and put them back again. Why doesn't he do it quietly? He might as reasonably thump to tell me that he's taking them away—or thump to tell me that it's half past one o'clock, and that every body is asleep—or thump to tell me that the mercury has fallen a degree.

My dear Sir, why do you make your inn a Procrustes' bed, and compel every man to do what somebody else wishes?

ENTRANCE TO BONAVENTURE CEMETERY, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

BONAVENTURE CEMETERY AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

WE publish herewith two beautiful pictures of Bonaventure Cemetery, about four miles from Savannah, Georgia. It is, perhaps, one of the most lovely cemeteries in the country.

Dr. Mackay, in his "Life and Liberty in America," says: "There is nothing like it in America, or perhaps in the world. Its melancholy loveliness once can never be forgotten. Dull, indeed, must be the imagination, and cold the fancy of any one who could wander through its weird and fairy avenues without being deeply impressed with its solemnity and appropriateness for the last resting-place of the dead."

Bonaventure was for years the residence of the Tatnall family, and is the birth-place of Colonel Josiah Tatnall—a prominent officer in the American Revolution, and subsequently Governor of Georgia. It was originally settled by Colonel Tatnell's grandfather, Colonel Mulnyne—an old English gentleman, who came out with the early founders of the colony of Georgia. This gentleman—and not Mr. Tatnell, as Dr. Mackay states—"though he came to a forest land where trees were considered a nuisance, admired the park-like beauty around the great country mansions of the nobility and gentry in his native England, and, while every one else in the colony was cutting down trees, made himself busy in planting them. Having built himself a house on the estate of Bonaventure, he planted an avenue, or carriage-drive, leading up to its porch, and the tree he chose was the evergreen oak (commonly known as the 'live-oak'), next to the cypress and magnolia the noblest tree in the Southern States. In due time, long after the good man's death, the trees attained a commanding height, and from their boughs hung the long, feathery festoons of the tillandsia or Spanish moss, that lends such melancholy beauty to much of the Southern landscape." In the shadow of the wild-wood around this place the Tatnalls were buried; but the place has passed from the hands of the family, and is now owned by W. H. Wallberger, Esq., proprietor of the "Pulaski House," at Savannah, "who, finding the tombstones of the Tatnalls and others in the ground,

BONAVENTURE CEMETERY, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

had a portion set aside for the purposes of a public cemetery."

"Never," says Dr. Mackay, from whom we have already quoted extensively, correcting his errors—"never was a place more beautifully adapted by nature for such an object. The mournful avenues of live-oak, and the equally mournful glades that pierce on every side into the profuse and tangled wilderness, are all hung with the funereal drapery of the silmadia. To those who have never seen this peculiar vegetation it may be difficult to convey an adequate idea of its sadness and loveliness. It looks as if the very trees, instinct with life, had veiled themselves like mourners at a grave, or as if the fogs and vapors of the marshes had been solidified by some stroke of electricity, and hung from the trees in palpable wreaths, swinging and swaying with every motion of the winds. Not unlike the effect produced by the tattered banners hung from the roofs of Gothic cathedrals as trophies of war in the olden time, or to mark the last resting-places of knights and nobles, is the effect of these long streamers pending from the overarching boughs of the forest. Many of them are so long as to trail upon the ground from a height of twenty or thirty feet, and many of the same length, drooping from the topmost branches of oak and cypress, dangle in midair."

THE NEW STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE NEW STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA, S. C.

WE publish herewith an engraving of the new State House which is in course of erection at Columbia, South Carolina. It will be one of the finest State Houses in the country, and will cost something like four millions of dollars.

Columbia is probably one of the most beautiful inland towns in our whole country. It contains some ten thousand inhabitants; is not only the seat of Legislation, but of the State College—a venerable institution under the patronage of the State, which has sent into the field a host of Carolina worthies, among whom we need only enumerate Hugh J. Legaré, W. C. Preston, James L. Petigru, C. G. Memminger, etc., as among its first graduates. The trade of Columbia is large, and its population steadily on the increase. Among its public buildings are those of the college, which are numerous, of ample size, and of solid and commanding structure; those of the "Arsenal Academy"—a military school, on the plan of *L'Ecole Polytechnique* (a State institution also)—a well-conceived establishment, very beautifully situated; and the "Lunatic Asylum," founded also by the State, and maintained by annual appropriations of the Legislature, whenever its own income proves inadequate to its necessities. The military school at Columbia (called the "Arsenal") is the preparatory school for the principal institution at Charleston, called the "Citadel Academy." To the college of the State, as to their military school, there are large annual appropriations which cover the education and support of about one hundred beneficiaries.

Standing on the high banks of the "rolling Congaree"—here a river of rapids—Columbia surveys, all around her, a prospect of exquisite beauty and magnificence. The falls of the Congaree just above her—the junction, at her feet, of the two rivers, Broad and Saluda, which blend to form the Congaree; her water-works; the broad rich fields of culture just beyond; her public and private edifices; her wide streets; her lovely gardens—all unite to render her unique in the charms of situation, of embellishment, of art, and nature. Standing on the walls of the new State Capitol, now rapidly approaching its highest elevation, nothing can be more exquisite than the prospect on every hand.

The following description of the new State House is from an official source:

"The State House now being built at Columbia will eventually stand in the centre of an open square of from twelve to fourteen acres of ground, which is to be laid out and planted as a handsome park. The building rises from a stone terrace, five feet in height above the ground, twenty-five feet in width, surrounding the whole of the edifice, and ornamented by a stone balustrade. The building is cruciform in its plan; its extreme dimensions on the major axis, running east and west, being 283 feet in length, and on the minor axis, from north to south, 171 feet; with a height of 68 feet from the ground to the top of the cornice—all three of these apartments rising up through both stories, 66 feet in height.

"The basement story of the building is intersected by the two halls, crossing each other on the two main axes of the building; thus affording access from the four cardinal points, and contains on the remainder of this floor apartments for the Governor, Treasurer, Comptroller, and other State officers; also committee rooms, and vaults for State records, papers, etc. The college of the Library, Representative Hall, and Senate Chamber are to be entirely of iron, in ornamental panels, etc. All the floors will be paved with marble tiles, in ornamental patterns.

"One of the principal features in the main front will be the colossal figures, filling the whole of the tympanum of the pediment of the northern portico—a space of 90 feet in length, by 15 feet in height. On this work the eminent sculptor, Henry Kirk Brown, is now engaged preparing the models. It will consist of about fourteen colossal figures, cut of marble, in alto-relievo, representing the State and its principal agricultural industry—the cotton and rice culture, with its accessories.

"The whole of the exterior of the building is constructed of granite of very superior quality and beauty, which is brought to the building by a railway, constructed expressly for the purpose, from the quarry, about three miles distant, and lying directly on the bank of the Congaree River."

CZAR. EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH. REGENT OF PRUSSIA.

ROYAL MEETING AT WARSAW, OCTOBER, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE ROYAL MEETING AT WARSAW.

We publish herewith an engraving of the meeting of the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the Regent of Prussia, at Warsaw, a few weeks since. The meeting was summoned by the Emperor of Austria, who, evidently, sought aid and counsel from his co-despots in the strife to which the Italian Revolution and the Hungarian uprising have reduced him. It is no secret that his idea was to reorganize the Holy Alliance, which proved so disastrous to human liberty after the battle of Waterloo. Whether he would have succeeded, had the conference been uninterrupted, remains a question; the meeting was, unfortunately for his hopes, broken up by the death of the Empress Dowager of Russia. Since then we hear that the Emperor Francis-Joseph only sought a guarantee for his Italian possessions; also, that the Emperor Alexander of Russia assured his brother, the Emperor Napoleon of France, that nothing had been plotted against him at the conference. But all this is mere guesswork. The Emperors and the Regent met, and separated, but what they really said and did no one knows.

THE STORY OF A BRITISH RELIEVING OFFICER.

ONE November afternoon, several years ago, I had occasion to visit a relieving officer of relief for the day, and prepared to go home.

It was dark when I left the Union Office to walk to my house, which was about a mile out of the town. The less part of my way lay through a little piece of field, which had an evil character in the neighborhood. The reason I could never exactly learn; but the story was, that in that field, once at least in every year, at night time, there appeared a female figure clothed in white, and that from this apparition there issued sighs and moans most grievous to hear. I had interested the field at night hundreds of times, and not a vestige of any female in white had I seen; so I was, of course, an unbeliever in the tale. This evening I had just stepped over the stile, when—I must confess, partly from my amazement—the sound of deep sobbing came distinctly to my ear. I really do not see why I should not own, further, that my heart beat somewhat a little as I peered about to see the cause; and that when, a few yards off, I could perceive a white figure making toward me, I felt an unusual perspiration even spread my forehead.

It was a woman, all in white, too, and crying bitterly.

"Now, Mr. Jones, don't be such an arrant fool," said I to myself, as I had turned to return. At the same moment down fell the figure on the grass. I went to it. It was no spectre, but a poor woman, evidently ill, and in great trouble. I elicited from her that she had set out from her cottage, a little distance off, to seek her husband, who had left her some hours before to go into the town. Questioning a little more closely, I discovered that this distressed woman (for she was evidently above the common rank) was in a state of utter destitution, and that she and her faithful domestic were without food. The cottage in which they lived was completely secluded, and they had only been there a month, so that they were quite strangers in the neighborhood. The servant had sullied forth to-day, unknown to her mistress, to obtain relief, having no notion, poor creature, of the inquiry and examination requisite before assistance could be given. I further learned that the sufferer had a husband, who, five weeks before, had sent her, with only a few pounds in her pocket, to the place from London, intimating that he would join her in a month's time.

"Then you are now expecting him?" I said.

"Every day," was the reply; and as it was given, I staggered as though I had been wounded.

Wounded! Ay, I was wounded. The moon, shining full and brilliantly, revealed to me a face seen for years, but never forgotten—never forgotten—and never will be by me this side of the grave.

Mary Leslie and I had both been born in a village two miles distant. Suited for each other in every respect, I would have made her my wife, but she refused me. Her parents both died, and, shortly after, she away from the neighborhood of a very distant relative with the son of a wealthy farmer. The farmer, who was furious, laid all the blame on Mary, and married her in a month, to one who had inveigled his son. I knew latter. She was deeply deceived, and Mark Bedley was a thorough villain.

And this poor frau, so shastly pale, so worn and wasted, was Mary Leslie.

"Mary?" I gasped.

Then she recognized me in a moment, and with a wild cry threw her arms about me.

All. The tale was dreadful, worse even than I expected, and I had been full of misgivings. Such neglect, such cruelty, such fiendish ingenuity of malicious, as had been exhibited toward the long-suffering and still loving wife, by her double-dyed scoundrel of a husband, I, with all my experience of life, could not have conceived. They had been in the depths of poverty; and other through pride, or an impression of its probable inability, no application had been made to her husband's father for assistance. One day Bedley had, as already stated, ordered her to depart from London for this town, giving no reason for the strange command, save that he was going a journey in which she could not accompany him, but that in a month's time he would be with her at my address which she should send to him at a place he named. Here, then, Mary had arrived, and had found an abode in a cottage of two rooms, dear at hand. Some scraps of furniture she had bought for a few shillings, of the previous occupier. The woman she had with her was an old servant of her father's, whom she had met in London, and who would not leave her in her trouble.

"The scoundrel has deserted her," I thought. "Well, better so."

We reached the miserable dwelling, and Mary having entered, I hastened to the workhouse, and dispatched a servant to Mrs. Selley forthwith laden with the necessaries of various kinds.

I knew the elder Selley was still living, as the worthy man I had recently met in the village of Bellhill, and told him my painful discovery. He expressed himself very pleased at the probability of seeing his son.

"A noble fellow, Mr. Jones," he said, with warmth; "a manly, upright youth as ever lived. Ah! what might he not have been had he not been ruined by that wretched artful girl!"

It made me sad to hear him speak thus; but it was not wise to quarrel with him.

"However that may be, Sir," I said, "she is poor and wretched, and I think you her confidant. Something must be done for her."

"Do you expect me to do any thing for her, Mr. Jones? Do you really come ten miles to ask me to help her?"

"Certainly I did. Good Heavens, Mr. Selley, she was starving—would have starved, had I not met with her! Come and see her."

"Yes, Mr. Jones, I will. Poor dear! she's in her coffin you tell me know, and I'll come—with pleasure."

Horrified and disgusted, I shrank from the implacable old brute, and returned home.

It was evening when I reached the Union Office. My assistant was alone, and I placed to the notice-board outside.

"Here's a thief that has created a hit of a stir since you have been gone," he said, and he handed me a copy of the placard.

"A notorious and a highway robbery committed some fifteen miles off, described certain articles stolen, furnished clear particulars of the robber, and offered a large reward for his apprehension.

"Not much chance of the rascal's escaping," remarked Mr. Hinks. "I will transcribe the portrait: 'Singularly prominent front upper teeth; scar on left cheek; very light hair; squints' and so on. Oh, he'll be caught, to a certainty."

I put the placard in my pocket, and proceeded to Mary Selley's cottage. As I journeyed, the marked description of the ugly unacquainted rascal dwelt on my mind. The reward was considerable, would be a temptation to any man. Had I ever seen such? Marcy! It flashed across my mind. Yes, there could be no mistake: he resembled the man in a most remarkable way. I knew it formerly, of Mark Selley. I was exceedingly startled, and stopped to think, when my attention was suddenly arrested, as follows:

I was in the "haunted field." On one side of me was a high hedge, and, as I hastened by, upon me, on the other side of this hedge, were evidently two people talking. I listened; for the circumstances were strange at a place and at a time like this.

"You miserable magpie!" was growled in a manner which I knew well, though I had not heard it for years; "I'm a good fool to talk with you over the hedge, you never-ending chatterer."

"Indeed, Mark? I heard Mary Selley reply, "I couldn't help it. I was so thankful to see you for want of food."

"Dying? you've always been dying," grunted the scoundrel. "What now? Squiveling? What! at seeing me, is it? when the sight ought to make you hopeful of nothing good. Now, take care! I only say, TAKE CARE!"

"There, I have done. Now, Mark, I've cause; anyhow, not to be harsh; I'm very weak. Well, well, never mind. Now just tell me about the things. To whom did you say I was to take them?"

"To a man named Isaac Levy, in Hulk's Alley—just at the end of the alley. I'll say you want to sell them, and he'll buy them. He'll ask no questions. To-morrow night, at ten o'clock, I'll come to you, and you'll have some money for me."

"But, Mark! now, Mark! I don't want to be curious; I won't ask you again where the articles came from; but do tell me, where are you going to, and how long shall I be away this time; and, dear Mark, how am I to live?"

"How are you to live, eh? Look you, Mary, my love, if you behave well, and ask no more questions, you shall've need to ask me again how you're to live. Now, I'm off; I've been longer than's enough for you. Now be off, double quick. And as for that old friend of yours, Mr. Jones, I'll square accounts with him all in good time. I'll cut his throat, Mary: you see if I don't."

Then they seemed to separate. I watched about, and saw Mary, after her cottage door, I followed her immediately. She screamed loudly.

"Oh, Mr. Jones!" she gasped, sinking into a chair; "how you frightened me!"

"Mary Selley," I said, somewhat sternly, taking up a wallet and other things which she had just laid on the table, "where did these come from?"

"Oh, never mind! give them me. They are—"

"Mary, they are plunder; the fruits of a highway robbery, and the robber was—"

"No, no, no!" she shrieked; "I will not believe it!" she cried, dividing my next speech.

"Now be calm, and let me tell you. I heard the greater part of what passed between you and your husband just now. The man he named to you is a notorious receiver of stolen goods. And real this?" and I handed her the placard.

She read it.

"Mark! you did this!" she wailed.

"I have starved and suffered well-nigh unto death; yes, almost to death, oh, thank Heaven! but this is terrible."

"Now," I resumed, "there is but one course to be pursued. This ruffian has tortured you long enough. You must be relieved of him."

"How?"

"How? Why, through the law. He will be transported for life for this offence."

"But he is not in prison yet."

"No; but he soon will be. He is coming here to-morrow night, you know, and I shall have the officers ready for him."

"Ah, true," she said, staring vacantly at me. "I had forgotten. Yes; you would do that, of course."

She seemed bewildered, and, having learned from her that she expected the old servant to return immediately, I thought it best to leave her.

As I passed from the cottage, I pondered her strange look, and lingered at a short distance. Into door opened, and I saw her come forth, look about, close the door, and then run in the direction of the "haunted field" at the top of her speed. Then a terrible suspicion occurred to me, "She is seeking Selley to warn him against coming to-morrow night." I followed. It was perfectly dark, but her white dress enabled me to keep her in view. The field was reached. She wandered about, half-lost, for a time. She crossed over into the road, I still following as quietly as I could. Suddenly she stopped. She had come upon Selley walking—you might have touched him on the back, and he sprung round with a cry of alarm and oath.

"It is I, Mark—I, Mary. I've had such a run, I can hardly speak; I want to tell—"

"You've followed me, have you? Curse you, body and soul. There," and he felled her to the earth.

"Mark, one word," said the victim, in a voice but little above a whisper. "It was to save—"

"What, you won't cease chattering? There, and there," he continued, as he struck her, "I've gone home."

Great God of heaven! Through the mouth of that murdering villain was uttered the most merciful injunction which had fallen upon poor Mary Selley's ear for years, a long day, "Go home," and she went home—to God.

Strong man as I am and was, I had turned sick at the first blow, and ere the second, before I could cry out, the second brutality had been committed. Then it occurred to me, I thought, Selley decamped, and I raised Mary, and ran with her, as quickly as I could, back to the cottage. The old servant was out, and I had the sufferer on the miserable couch, and kneel over her.

She was dead. Terribly reduced and enfeebled as she had been, the blows had completed the tragedy. She was at peace. Her effort to save her husband from crime, had bringing liberty to herself. I threw open the little window, and as I gazed at the bright stars above me I found myself again and again repeating:

"She is at peace. Thank God, she is gone home!"

The following night our Inspector of Police, one of his men, and I, set out from the town for the village. It was wretched weather. The snow fell fast, the wind howl, and the cold was piercing. We arrived. In the course of the day Mary Selley had been placed in her humble coffin.

It was arranged that the constable should lie crouched under a hedge outside the cottage, while the Inspector and his assistant should be within, so that Selley might be fairly in the house at the time of his capture, which would thereby be rendered more sure. We were all placed, rather early before nine o'clock, when the constable outside came to us to say that he thought he had heard on a little distance off in the road; but he could only judge by sounds, for the night was so dark he could not see any thing of the smallest distance.

The man had scarcely returned to his hidingplace, when the door of the cottage opened, and a man accordingly entered took place. The elder Mr. Selley made his appearance. I met him as he entered. I was trembling under his emotion. He was so bedabbled in snow and mud, with patches of blood, as scarcely to be recognizable.

"Good Heavens! Mr. Selley! what is the matter?"

"What, you? And in that state?"

"And you, Mr. Jones? Why, what in the world brings you here? Why, my story is soon told. I have been longer about a journey than I expected, and as I was nearly home, and so late, I was making for your house intending to sleep there. But you have queer folks about. Coming along by the side of the field, dark I could not see my hand before me, there fell upon the back of my head an awful blow. I dare say the villain who struck it at once knew who I was, my plentiful store of white hair, and that encouraged him to try to rob me. But he reckoned wrongly. I'm old, but I'm not weak, and with the aid of 'Finisher' here, I'll match any man now."

Here Mr. Selley exhibited a formidable cudgel, from the knob of which, on the pressing a spring, there darted forth three or four little spikes.

"Well, I kept my ground, and in a moment my enemy and 'Finisher' had made acquaintance. The scoundrel gave an awful growl, and somehow managed to reach me the blows, and nearly felled me. However, I rallied, and then, judging from his voice cast, as well as I could, where his face would be, I brought 'Finisher' down upon him with my utmost strength. I believe it made an end of him. I hope it did. But I treated the villain to a third taste, and then I left him."

"Heaven pity the wretch! Why, you must have killed him."

"Dare say—saved the hangman the trouble. But tell me, Mr. Jones, for in whose place am I, that you should be here at this hour?"

Masked as he had been, I was really sorry to see his features; and I was afraid of his visiting son arriving that I answered at once—

"You are in your son Mark's cottage."

"Lord have mercy upon me! Then Mary Selley lives here—is in that other room, I suppose."

"She don't live here, but she lies in that other room."

"Eh?" he said, puzzled.

"Mr. Selley" (and I could not help my voice trembling as I spoke), "come in with me and see her."

"No, no, no! I'll do nothing of the sort; I told you I wouldn't before. She'll plague me for assistance, and I'll give her none—not a penny."

"But you said you would see her."

"I told you!—you don't speak the truth, Sir. In her coffin, I said, I would see her, gladly, but never elsewhere—somewhere else."

I threw open the door between the tiny rooms. "Then see her in her coffin!" I cried, taking advantage of his surprise, I moved him gently into the bedroom.

"My God!" he exclaimed, staggering from the coffin's side, "then she is really dead?"

"You have your wish. He death you feel you anticipated pleasure. She is dead."

"After all," said the old man, recovering himself, "it is better so. My son Mark—I mean he was coming here. Why, what is the policeman here for—to watch the corpse?"

"Mr. Selley, I must expect almost immediately," I replied, "but I must tell you there is no time to spend it; it is now nine o'clock, and he will go away a prisoner—read that placard."

He had great difficulty in doing it; but he was enough to enable him to fall back against the wall and groan in agony. Suddenly he sprang to the coffin.

"And this all through you!" he yelled, with demoniac fury, clenching his fist at the poor clay, and looking, lamentably as he was with blood, like a fiend incarnate. "You, you murderer!—who seduced him; you, who took him from his home, from me; who ruined him;—who—What was that?" he asked, in a whisper.

"For the love of God, Mary! open the door," said a faint voice without; "I am dying—some water—some water."

"It is the voice. I know it—I know it," gasped the old man, clutching my hand convulsively. "I have not forgotten it;" and before any of us, he had reached the door and opened it.

"Run away, Mark, run," he shouted. "They are waiting for you. Away for your life!"

"He will not—he will not," said the Inspector; and he dragged into the hut a prostrate body which groaning.

Merciful Heaven! what a sight it was! A man in a long white coat, saturated at the upper part with blood, and his forehead almost unfitting unglashable from bleeding wounds.

"Lord! Lord!" moaned the wretched being; "I am quite blind now—water—water—I'm dying—" And he died.

Then the little hut, and the country round, rang with shouts of "Mark! Mark! Mark! My son my son!"—for reason left the miserable father; and, running from the hut hard, he fled from the field, the darkness, the snow, the rain, the reckless and mad.

He had slain his son, and in self-defence.

Mary was avenged.

HOW TO HELP THE BLIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

AN association has lately been formed in England for the improvement of the condition of the blind. Miss Muloch has been to see the asylum, and thus speaks of it:

The object of it is to enable the blind, as a class, to earn their own livelihood, and to elevate their moral condition. If the adult would be helped by blind by acting to them the part of lovers, to raise them out of their present state, rather than of proof to support them in it—the adult would most thankfully recognize that aid which they can not well dispense with, but which they most prefer, because, in accepting it, they feel raise their lowest independence in the least possible degree.

This principle of the Association of Independence is the greatest and best feature of the Association. Charity is a blessed thing, when all other modes of assistance have failed, but till then, it is best never to offered to any human being; for it will assuredly deteriorate, enervate, and ultimately degrade him. Let him, then, be the first effort of which he is capable, work for himself, trust to himself, educate and elevate himself. Slow may be his progress, but he is to help himself, and you will every day make of him a higher and happier being.

The weight of this principle is shown by a list of only twenty-one, who three years before had lost first sight and then hearing. Totally deaf and blind, his education commenced, and continued, by the sense of touch. Yet it was such a bright face—such a noble brained and brave-souled man as none who a clever man he would have made. And there was such a refinement about him, down to his very dress, so delicately shaped, so perfect, so finished, and dexterous in their motions—the sort of hands that almost invariably make music, paint pictures, write poems. Nothing of blind about, save, shall you see some out of the silent darkness in which, for the remainder of his days, he must hold this poor faculty sent. Yet when Mr. Levy, taking his hand, began to talk to him on it—the only way by which the sufferer can communicate with his fellow-beings—he turned round the most affectionate delighted face, and caught the sentence at once.

"Lady Louisa Lady wanting to see me plane? I'll get the board in a minute."

The man was somewhat unnatural, and the words slowly put together, as if speech, which he could still use, but never hear, were gradually becoming difficult to him. But he set to his carpentering with the most vivid delight; and having planed and sawed for our benefit, again lent himself to Mr. Levy's conversation.

"Lady wishes to see my toys? I'll get them in a minute." And as nimbly as if he had eyes the lid mounted to a high shelf, where were ranged, orderly in a row, a number of children's toys, manufactured in a rough but well-adapted to the child-making—the last made, which he brought down and exhibited with great pride, being a tiny table with a movable top and "turned" feet—a table

that would be the envy of some ambitious young carpenter of seven years old, and the pride and glory of his sister's dolls' tea-party; as it may be yet—to bairns I know. How its maker's face his died at the touch of the silver coin and the choice of the bread, which was the only way in which our bargain could be transacted.

"She's bought my table. Lady's bought my table." Not a word, with a sodden fit of conscientiousness, "Who shall I give the money to?" evidently thinking it ought to be counted among his week's wages, paid by the Association.

I inquired how much he earned.

"Seventeen shillings a week, and could earn much more if we only had it to give him. But even that makes a great difference. When he comes, he sets to work sawing and down-stairs, daddy, he said, because it grieved him to be dependent on his two sisters. Now he is all right, and the merriest fellow possible. I asked him the other day if he were happy. 'Happy?' he said, 'to be sure I am. What have I to make me unhappy? I would be a great shame if I were any thing but happy.'"

Poor soul—poor simple, blessed soul! the greatest sun on earth might be less enviable than this lad, totally deaf and blind.

I have thus given a plain account of what I saw and heard that day. Any one with more time, more means, and more practical knowledge, could hardly expend them better than in becoming "eyes to the blind" by a few visits to 127 Euston Road.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Two votes have been counted in several States. In Pennsylvania, Lincoln received 268,030 votes; Douglas, 178,871; Breckinridge, 16,251; and Bell, 12,776—Lincoln's majority over Douglas, 89,159; over all, 59,648. In Illinois, Lincoln gets 172,542; Douglas, 160,242; Bell, 2,031; Breckinridge, 2,737. The Indications are that Bell carries Georgia, by about 1,000; Douglas carries Missouri, by about 1000; Bell, Virginia, by about 200. In New York, Lincoln gets 362,646; Douglas, 314,174.—Lincoln's majority, 47,561.

A SPEECH FROM MR. LINCOLN.

A telegram, dated Springfield, Illinois, Tuesday, Nov. 29, says: "The meeting of congratulation, which was at first intended for a county gathering, has assumed the proportions of gigantic proportions. An immense and excited crowd is attending it, and the demonstration is most spirited and brilliant beyond any thing ever seen in these parts. All the public buildings and a vast number of private dwellings, are adorned with fantastic devices. In the dome of the State House, a transparency has blazoned forth, in big, cheerful letters, the word 'Lincoln.'

"A large procession of Wide Awakes has been paraded up Washington-street to the residence of Lincoln, they halted and called on the President elect with cheers that were prolonged, and evidently from the heart of the speaker. The scene of congratulation and clamor lasted many minutes, but quite was at last secured, and Mr. Lincoln said:

"'FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS.—Please excuse me on this occasion from making a speech. I thank you for the kindness and compliment of this call. It is but the common wish all others who have thought fit by their votes to bestow the compliment on me. Allusion has been made to the vote in the States which has so far attended this count. Nothing is yet in, all is in abeyance, let us neither express nor shrink any harsh feelings toward any citizen because of the vote he has differed with us (applause) Let us all unite remember that all American citizens are brothers of a common country, should dwell together in the bonds of fraternal feeling. Immense applause) I do not again beg the vote you gave me, and to excuse me from further speaking (hit time?)'"

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT AT CHICAGO.

A telegram, dated Chicago, November 22, says: "Mr. Hamlin, Vice-President elect, arrived this morning, and took rooms at the Tremont, where Mr. Lincoln is stopping. At about ten o'clock, Mr. Lincoln called on Mr. Hamlin, and, after having the first time they have met since their nomination. Although there have been members of our Congress—Lincoln in the House, Hamlin in the Senate—they never before formed an acquaintance, and had no intercourse. Mr. Hamlin was attended by Mrs. Dodge, of Springfield, Mrs. Don Piatt, of Ohio, and General Bateman, of Fairfield, Illinois, friends, and Mr. Sagin, landlord of the Tremont, who introduced the parties, were present during the conference.

"Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Hamlin spoke meeting avoided all affusions of a personal character, and entered into a social conversation, which was then interrupted by an invitation to visit the Lincoln Wide Awakes, where they were serenaded. This invitation was accompanied by the announcement that Hamlin would be called on to speak in turn, and therefore the visit must be made at once, which was done. The President elect, Mr. Hamlin, Governor-elect, Governor Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Piatt, and attended by several gentlemen, accompanied by a military escort and torch-bearers, Wigwam. After a short survey the party visited the new Post-office, Custom-house, and United States Court building, and returned to their hotel."

SENATOR DOUGLAS ON SECESSION.

In a speech just delivered at Springfield, Illinois, Senator Douglas said:

"Secession is an impracticable, or rather an impossible thing. The Constitution provides no power to any one, much less any whether from the Union—no way for the dissolution of the Government. The Federal Government is a government for the benefit of the individual rights of the citizens, except for purposes, it is to clearly fall in the hands of its bitterest—not in its caution. If every Federal officer in South Carolina to resign, their office would remain, the court, and its Legislature declare the State out of the Union, it would all amount to little except to increase the difficulties of that State. So long as the State did not interfere with the authority of the government in the hands of people in other portions of the Union would not be in the least interrupted. What is the State authority to do when raised? When it is to fight? Manifestly, if it succeeds in war and the United States offered to accept the surrendering the revenue, it becomes the aggressor. The United States, instead of making war against the citizens of South Carolina makes no complaint against the Revenue laws, but proceeds for the—because they are the laws—to the Federal courts for redress, and defended Mr. Breckinridge from the attack of Senator Hale.

MR. LINCOLN NOT TO ENCROACH ON THE SOUTH.

Senator Douglas said that Mr. Lincoln, although the candidate of the Republican party, as Chief Magistrate will neither belong to that party nor the party. Other inaugurated he will be the President of the Union, and will be ready to defend and protect in the rights which he has not received a solitary vote against aggressive encroachment upon its constitutional rights, so far as which he has received the largest majority. The Republicans party are fortunate that they have it now in their power to prove that they have never intended, and do not intend, any encroachment upon the rights of any State or section.

THE ATTITUDE OF GEORGIA.

The Legislature of Georgia has passed the bill granting a million to arm the State. Governor Brown has recommended the Legislature to nominate electors, as no candidate has an absolute majority of the popular vote, as required by the laws of Georgia. The Legislature has authorized a State Convention, the election to take place on 3d January, and the Convention to meet on the Wednesday following.

ATTITUDE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

A telegram dated Raleigh, November 19, says: "Both branches of the Legislature assembled to-day. A strong Southern feeling is manifest.

"Resolutions have been which will be sent in immediately, strong Southern, calling for a Southern Congress, conference with other Southern States, and the State Convention to defend their rights. Resolutions for neutrality of all men between eighteen and forty-five years, and for the enrollment of the whole male population of the State volunteers, with arms and equipments. He goes for resisting any effort at coercion in any event."

WHAT THE SOUTH WANTS.

Governor Letcher of Virginia has written a letter in which he says: "The Union must be dissolved, or the fugitive slave law passed for the recovery and protection of my property. I will never submit to the contrary, and lend your aid to effect their execution according to the letter and spirit; that I will never submit to the contrary and be found in the non-slaveholding States, you will see that it is perfectly idle to talk of the rights of the minority there in patriotic enough in Pennsylvania and the other Northern States, to see that the Union is dissolved rather than to be our dim, especially when the preservation of the Union depends upon it. In concluding this branch of the subject, permit me to add that if the North will repent and uphold the rights of the South, the Union will be perpetual, our country will continue to grow in power and influence, the people of all nations will have reason to envy the blessings of peace, quiet, and order, and a prosperity such as has never been seen before in the annals of our past history, will be the necessary result."

SENATOR DOUGLAS ON DISUNION.

Senator Douglas has written a letter in which he says: "No man in America regrets the election of Mr. Lincoln more than I do. I have made every effort in my power to defeat him; I have differed with him more cordially than any other man in the country, and have so expressed myself. But, he has been elected, and I am prepared to stand by, by all the legitimate consequences of his election, and to do my duty as a citizen of my country, by maintaining the rights of my State in the spirit of the compromises of the Constitution, which I have contributed to represent. But while I say this, I must add that I am not prepared to submit to the tyranny of unconstitutional secession that the mere election of any man can produce. I will never submit to secession in connection with the Constitution and laws, does not of itself justify, much less compel, or reasonable ground for dissolving the Federal Union."

MR. STEPHENS AGAINST SECESSION.

In the course of a speech delivered before the Georgia Legislature, Mr. Stephens said:

"The Union that you inherit, and yet itself, shall the people of the South secede from the Union in consequence of the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency by the States of States? My countrymen, I tell you frankly, candidly, and earnestly that I think you should not do it. In my judgment, the election of no man, constitutionally chosen to fill the office of President, should induce the South to secede from the Union. It ought to stand by and not will to maintain the Constitution and the Union. It would be a point of resistance to the Government—to withdraw from it because a man has been elected President, and put in the wrong. We are pledged to maintain the Union, and to do all we can to perpetuate it. We are, therefore, bound in the exercise of a man to the President elect, and that, in the exercise of a man to the President elect, and that, in the exercise of a man to the President elect, and that,

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1860.—THE

TWO GREAT CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

We continued our journey the next morning, but it was not without considerable difficulty that I succeeded in persuading my former place in the cabriolet. That stupid old woman fancied that princes were born to be hacked, and treated, accordingly, that I should travel inside with her, leaving the manège and the toy terriers to keep company with Miss Herbert. My, was only by insisting on an outside place as a measure of health that I at last prevailed, telling her that Dr. Feuerstein was prescribing on two points regarding me. "Let him," said he, "have abundance of fresh air, and never be without some young companion."

And so we were again in our little leathern tent, high up in the fresh breezy morning air above dusty roads, and with a glorious view over that lovely country that forms the approach to the Black Forest. The road was hilly, and we carriage-way a long one; we had six horses, "two trotted along briskly, shaking their merry bells, and flourishing their scarlet tassels, while the postilions cracked their whips or broke out into occasional lugubrious performances, apparently intended to announce to the passing peasants that we were very great folk, and well able to pay for all the noise we required.

I was not ashamed to confess my enjoyment in this whirling, and at some ten miles back, how, remembering how that great sage Dr. Johnson had confessed to a like pleasure, and animated by the inspiriting air and the glorious landscape, could not help asking Miss Herbert if she did not feel it "very jolly."

She seemed with a tone of constrained courtesy that by no means responded to the warmth of my own sentiments, and I felt vexed and chafed accordingly.

"Perhaps you prefer traveling inside?" said I, with some pique.

"No, Sir."

"Perhaps you dislike traveling altogether?"

"No, Sir."

"Perhaps—" But I checked myself—and with a somewhat stiff air, I said, "Would you like a book?"

"If it would not be rude to read, Sir, while you talk."

"Oh, not at all, never mind me, I have more than enough to think of. Here are some things by Immanuel Kant, and some pride-book trash." And with that I handed her several volumes, and sank back into my corner in sulky isolation.

How was a change! Ten minutes ago all nature smiled as I, from the inside, let his light heavens to the chirping grasshopper in the tall maize-field, it was one song of joy and gladness. The very clouds in their sweet purple tints were and varied light over the scene, as though to show fresh effects of beauty on the landscape—the streams were flowing in circling eddies, like smiles upon a lovely face—and now all was sad and cloudy—and I? "What has wrought this dreary change?" thought I; "is it possible that the cold looks of a young woman, good-looking, I grant, but no regular downright beauty (after all, can have altered the aspect of the whole world to you? Are you so poor a creature in yourself, Potts, so begotten in your resources, so barren in all the appliances of thought and reflection, that if your companion, whoever she or he may be, sulk, you must needs relieve the humor? Are you nothing but the mirror that display your shattered humors?"

I set myself deliberately to scan the profile beside me; her black veil, drawn down on the side further from me, formed a set of background, which displayed her pale features more delicately. The lines of the brow and cheek were beautifully regular, but the mouth was, I fancied, severe; there was a slight retraction of the upper lip that seemed to imply contemptuousness, and then the chin was deeply indented—"a sign," Lavater says, "of those who have a will of their own." Potts, "thought, I," she'd rule you—that's a nature would specially master you. I don't think Lavater says anything about any of that yielding gentleness there, that makes the poetry of womanhood; besides, I suspect she's worldly—those sharpish-set mouths are very worldly! She is, in fact"—and here I unconsciously uttered my thoughts aloud—"she is, in fact, one to whom, here, how much money got a year? Let us have it in figures."

"So you are still ruminating over the life of that interesting creature," said she, laying down her book to laugh; "and, shall I confess, I lay awake half the night inventing incidents and imagining situations for him."

"For whom?" said I, innocently.

"For Potts, of course. I can not get him out of my head such as I first fancied he might be, and I see now, by your unconscious allusion to him, that he has his place in your imagination also."

"You mistake, Miss Herbert—at least you very much misapprehend my conception of that character. The Potts family has a high historic tradition. Sir Constantine Potts was cup-bearer to Henry the Second, and I really see no reason why ridicule should attach to one who may be, most probably, his descendant."

"I am very sorry, Sir, if I should have dared to differ with you; but when I heard the name first, and in connection with two such names as Algernon Sydney, and when I thought by what strange accident did they ever meet in the one person—"

"You are very young, Miss Herbert, and therefore you represent from the antique of the teachable," said I, with a grand didactic look. "Let me guard you, therefore, against the levity of chance inferences. What would you say if a person named Potts were to make the offer of his hand? I mean, if he were a man in all respects acceptable, a gentleman captivating in manner and address, agreeable in person, graceful and accomplished—what would you reply to his advances?"

"Really, Sir, I am shocked to think of the humble station I may be conveying of my sense and judgment, but I am afraid I should tell him it is impossible I could ever permit myself to be called Mrs. Potts."

"But, in Heaven's name, why?—I ask you why?"

"Oh, Sir! don't be angry with me; it surely does not deserve such a penalty; at the worst it is a mere caprice not to like the name."

"I am not angry, young lady, I am simply provoked; I am annoyed that such a prejudice so unworthy of you should exercise such a control over your judgment."

"I am quite ashamed, Sir, to have been the occasion of so much displeasure to you. I hope and trust you will ascribe it to my utter ignorance of life and the world."

"If you are dissatisfied with yourself, Miss Herbert, I know a means to cure you; taking up a book and pretending to read, while I felt such a disgust to myself that if I hadn't been strapped up with a leather cover to my tongue, I think I should have thrown myself headlong down and let the wheel pass over me. "What is Potts, that a creature so delightfully and naturally fine and noble nature you are certainly endowed with, should be condemned affection to princely rank? If you were born a royal highness would you have dared to utter such cruelties as these? Would you, in the wantonness of moods, have presumed to make that pale cheek paler, and forced a tear-drop into that liquid eye? It always used to seem to me the greatest effort of a man was to keep himself on a level with those born above him. Now, I think it is far harder to stoop than to stand on tiptoe. Such a pain in the back comes of always bending, and it is so difficult to do it gracefully?"

I was positively dying to be what the French call "low prince," and yet I didn't know how to set about it. I could not take off one of my decorations—a cross or a ribbon—no I had none; my give it, because she, being a woman, couldn't wear it. I couldn't make her one of the court ladies, for there was no court; and yet it was clear something should be done, if one only knew what it was. "I suppose now," said I to myself, "a real R.H. would know what to say here at once; the right thing to do, the exact expression to use, would occur as naturally to him as all this rigmarole occurred to seats itself to me. 'Whenever your head can not profit, my dear, I'm always ready to lay your heart;' and so I did, and my heart spoke thus: 'Tell her, Potts, who you are, and what; say to her, 'Lady, you are the first, the only of truth from one who could tell you far more glibly, far more freely, and far more willingly, a whole hundred of lies. I am sorry for the poor heart that he deceive the old lady inside, but you he can never deceive. Do not, then, let him the sacrifice a light one; it cost St. George far less to go out dragon-hunting than it costs me to display that character which ever prompts me to feats of fancy.'"

"I am very sorry to be troublesome, Sir, but as we alighted here, I will ask you to let me sit me to alight; the weather looks very threatening, and some drops of rain have already fallen."

These words roused me from my reverie to action, and I got down, and, whether purposely or either, for I slipped, and made the postillion laugh, and then I helped her, who accomplished the descent so nimbly, so gracefully, so lightly, the least portion of such an ankle, and accidentally giving me a squeeze of the hand, when with the next moment she was lost to me, the clanking steps were drawn up, the harsh door banged to, and I was alone—alone in the world.

Like a sulky eagle, sick of the world, I climbed up to my eyrie; I no longer wished for sunshine or scenery; I may I have to say, I felt a pathos put on their overcoats and prepare for a regular downpour, and I felt a malice to see some worse off than even Potts. In half an hour they will be drenched to the skin, and I'll not feel a drop of it!

The little glass slide at my back was now withdrawn, and Miss Herbert's pale, sweet face appeared at it. She was very pale, and I thought urgently entreated I would come inside, that she was so uneasy at my being exposed to such a storm.

I refused, and was about to enter into an account of my secret joy in being there in the slide was closed and my listener lost to me.

"It is possible, Potts," said I, "that she has detected this turn of your the imaginative line, and that she will not encourage it, even tacitly? Bah! I said, "There is a young man of genius, gifted marvelously with the richest qualities, and yet such is the cuborance of his clay that he is positively dull. Mrs. Kean, intent to let him walk the earth like other men, she attaches wings to him, and carries him off into the upper air. I will endeavor, however hard the task, to clip his feathers and bring him back to the common haunts of men? Try it, fair enchtress—try it!"

The rain was now coming down in torrents, and with such swooping gusts of wind that I was forced to fasten the leather curtain in front of me, and sit in utter darkness, denied even the passing pleasure of seeing the drenched poor's bobbing up and down on the wet saddles. I grew moody and sad. Every Blue Devil of my acquaintance came to pay his visit to me, and brought a few more of his private friends. I bethought me that I was lonely travelling away farther and farther from my home; that all this long road must surely be retraced one day or other, though not in a carriage and post, but probably in a one-horse cart, with a mounted gendarme on either side of it, and a string to my two wrists in their bridle hands. I thought of that vulgar herd of mankind so ready to weep over a romance, and yet send the man who acts one to a penal settlement. I thought how I should be described as the artful knave, the accomplished scoundrel. As if I was the only one who ever took an exaggerated estimate of his own merits! Go into the House of Commons, visit the Palace of Delicacy, dine at a lord or military mess, frequent, in one word, any of the haunts of men, and with what "pieces pour rire" a Sydney Smith or a Macaulay will you come back loaded!

The sliding window at my back now was drawn aside, and I heard Miss Herbert's voice:

"If I am not giving you too much trouble, Sir, would you kindly see if I have not dropped a bracelet, a small jet bracelet, in the coupe?"

"I am in the dark here, but I'll do my best to find it."

"We are very nearly so too," said she; "and Mrs. Kean is fast asleep, quite unmindful of the thunder."

With some struggling I managed to get down on my knees, and to scan coupe and its very vigorous search. To aid me, I lighted a lucifer match, and by its flickering glare, I saw right from one end to the other of the pale face, as closed as it were in a frame by the little window. She looked at the freshness of my gaze, for I utterly forgot my mission in contemplation, and stared as though at a picture. My match went out, and I'd scorched my fingers three times still, and I could not force myself to turn away, but gazed on in rapture.

"I am sure, to give you this trouble, Sir," said she, in some confusion; "pray never mind it, I will doubtless be found this evening when we arrive."

Another lucifer, and now I pretended to be in mean agony, I pretended that sometimes my eyes would look up and rest upon her sweet countenance.

"A diamond bracelet, you said?" muttered I, not knowing what I was saying.

"No, Sir, mere jet, and of no value whatever, save to me; I am really distressed at all the inconvenience I have occasioned you. I entreat you to think no more of it."

My match was out, and I had not another. "Was ever a man robbed of such ecstasy for a mere copper piece? Is it fair, and a little sulphur? Oh, Fortune! is not this downright cruelty?"

As I mumbled my complaints, I searched away with as little success as I had during the cushions all over, and poking away into most inscrutable recesses and crevices, I felt a touch, as a mouse seeking tone, apologized for her request, and besought me to forget.

"Forget!" cried I, in true delight, as I chanced upon the treasure at my feet.

"Oh, Sir, you have made me so happy, and I am so happy, I will so grateful to you!"

"Not another word, I beseech you," whispered I, "you are actually turning my head with ecstasy. Give me your hand, let me clasp it on your arm, and I am rapid."

"Will you, then, promise it to me, Sir, through the window," said she, timidly.

"Ah," cried I, in anguish, "your gratitude has turned my brain!"

She muttered something I could not catch, and I heard the slide close, then opened the window-frame, and dark as it was, pitch dark, I knew her hand was close to me. Opening the pocket, I passed her arm through my arm, conscious by as though it were the arm of a Queen of Spain, one touch of whom is high treason. I trembled so that I was afraid, from fear lest I could make the clasp meet. This done, I felt she was waiting for her hand, when with some thing like that heedless impulse by which men let their lives on one chance, I seized the fingers in my grasp, and implanted two rapacious kisses on them. She snatched her hand hastily away, closed the window with a sharp bang, and I was alone once more in my darkness, but in such a flutter of blissful delight that even the Blue Devils could scarcely venture on me. It mattered little to me that day that the lightning felled a great pine and threw it across the road, that the torrents swelled to swollen that we only could pass them with crowds of peasants around the carriage with ropes and poles to secure it, that we were forced harnessed in front of our leaders to enable us to meet the hurricane, or that the drivers were paid treble their usual fare for all their perils to life and limb. I cared for none of these. In the words of the poet,

"Ich habe genossen das irdische Glueck,
Ich habe geliebt und geliebet!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

We arrived at a small inn on the borders of the Altitsch at nightfall; and though the rain continued in torrents, we alighted, and large masses of cloud hung half-way down the mountains. I could see that the spot was highly picturesque and romantic. Before I could descend from my lofty eminence, so strapped and buttoned and buckled up was I, the hales had time to get out and reach their rooms. When I asked to be shown to mine, the landlord, in a very free-and-easy tone, told me that there was nothing for me but a double-bedded room, which I must share with another traveler. I scouted this proposition at once with a degree of force and, indeed, of violence, that I fancied must prove irresistible; but the stupid German, armed with native impudence, simply said, "Wait a-le leave it, it's nothing to me," and left me to look after his business. I stormed and fumed. I asked the chambermaid if she knew who I was, and sent for the Hauptmann to tell him that all Europe should ring with this indignity. I more than hinted that the landlord had sacked his own dozen, and that his miserable cabaret had seen its last days of prosperity.

I asked next, where was the Jew peddler. I felt certain he was a fellow with pencil-cases and pocket-books, who would do other kind of traffic. Could he not be bought up? He would pretty sleep in the cow-house, if it were too wet to go up a tree!

Francois came to inform me that he was out fishing; that he had fished all day, and only came home after dark; his man had told him so much.

"His man? Why, has he a servant?" asked I.

"Yes, a young man very like a servant, Sir; but a sort of peasant, with a green jacket and a tall hat with feathers, like a Tyrolese."

"Strolling actors, I'll be sworn," muttered I; "fellows taking a week's holiday on their way to a new engagement. How long have they been here?"

"Came on Monday last in the diligence, and are to remain till the end of the month; two farms a day they give for every thing."

"What nation are they?"

"German, Sir, regular Germans; never a pipe out of their mouths, master and man. I learned all this from his servant, for they have put up a bed for me in his room."

A sudden thought now struck me: "Why should Francois not give up his bed to a stranger, and occupy the one in my room?" This arrangement would suit me better, said I, ought to be done, and same to Francois, for whatever he was. "Just leaving about the door, Francois," said I, "and you will find out what you see him, open the thing to him, civilly, of course; and if a crown piece, or even two, will do, I'm sure, you'll not be the man to let him go. You understand?"

Francois winked like a man who had compared custom-house officers in his time, and even bribed bigger functionaries at a pinch.

"Leave it to trade, you know, Francois, just hint that if he needs a bit pack in the course of the evening, the ladies might possibly take a fancy to another room."

Another wink.

"Just leave out—vaguely, of course, very vaguely—that we are swells, but in strict incognito."

A great scoundrel was Francois; he was Swiss, and could chent any one, and, like a regular rogue, never hesitated to do what you gave him a sufficient fee for. Well, I'm sure, I thought, I gave him his instructions, I regarded the negotiation as though it were completed, and now addressed myself to the task of holding the our supper, which, with national obstinacy, the landlord, Francois, would not be persuaded, even whenever supper was served, Miss Herbert would come down."

I had an sitting-room save the common room of the inn, a long, low-ceilinged, dreary chamber, with a huge green tile stove in one corner, and down the centre a great oak table, which might have served about forty guests. At one end of this three covers were laid for us, the napkins included in lone circlets, and the salt in great leaden receptacles—like big ink bottles—so very accurately made, giving its due radiance over all. It was wearisome to sit down to such a table, stacked with dishes, and see less irksome to walk on the gritty, sanded floor, and so I lounged in one of the windows, and chatted with the landlord. As I leaned over the figure of a man with a fishing-basket and rod on his shoulder approaching the house. I guessed at the man, and was strange, and speaking the window a few inches, I listened to hear the dialogue between the landlord and the man. The window was inclosed in the same porch as the door, so that I could hear a good deal of what passed. Francois came to him immediately, questioning as to his sport, and the size of the fish he had taken. I could not hear his reply, but I remarked this the stranger emptied his basket, and was displacing the contents in different directions, arranging the fish on the card, and saying to the master, some for the brigadier of the gendarmery, and one large trout for the miller's daughter. "Let—let—looking vacantly, I'll be sworn, said Francois, as he heard the message. Again the stranger said something, and I thought, from the tone, angrily, and Francois responded; and then I saw them walk apart for a few seconds, during which Francois seemed to have all the talk to himself, a good omen, as it appeared to me, of success, and a sure warranty that the treaty was not broken off, however, did not come to report progress, and so I closed the window and sat down.

"So you got company to-night, Master Ludwig," said the stranger, as he entered, followed by his man, who speedily contrived to whisper that one of the arrivals was then before him. The stranger bowed stiffly, but courteously to me, and, seemed not displeased, apparently; and I now saw that he was a man about thirty-five, but much freckled, with a light-brown beard and mustaches. On the whole, a good-looking fellow, with a very upright carriage, and something of a cavalry soldier in the swing of his gait.

"Would you like it at once, Herr Graf?" said the host, obsequiously.

"Oh, he's a count, is he?" said I, with a sneer to myself. "These countships go a short way with me."

"You had better consult your other guests; I am ready when *they* are," said the stranger.

Now, though the speech was polite and even considerate, I lost sight of the courtesy in thinking that it implied we were about to sup in another room, and that the third course was meant for him.

"I say, landlord," said I, "you don't intend to tell me that you have no private sitting-room, but that ladies of condition must needs come down and sup here?" I was going to say Heaven knows who, but I halted, and said, "with the general company."

"That, or nothing!" was the sturdy response. "The guests in this house are here, or don't eat at all, eh, Herr Graf?"

"Well, so far as my experience goes, I can corroborate you," said the stranger, laughing; "though, you may remember, I have often consoled you to make some change."

"That you have; but I don't want to be better than my betters, and my grandfather, and the Archduke Charles stopped here in their time, and never quarrelled with his treatment."

I told the landlord to apprise the young lady whenever supper was ready, and I walked to a distant part of the room and sat down.

In about ten minutes after Miss Herbert appeared, and the supper was served at once. I had not seen the young lady since the breakfast; and I was shocked to see how cold she was in her manner, and how resolute in repelling the most harmless familiarity toward her.

I wanted to explain to her that it was through no fault of mine we were to have the company of that odious stranger; that it was one of the disagreeables of these way-side hotels, and to be borne with patiently; and that though he was a stage-player, or a sergeant of dragoons, he was a gentleman, and quiet, and quiet. I contrive to mumble out some of this explanation; but instead of attending to it, I saw her eyes following the stranger, who had just drawn a large riding-cloak over a clothes-horse behind her chair, to serve as a screen. Thus are all very well, but it is by no means certain that gratitude requires such a sweet grace as that, not to mention that I saw the expression in her eyes for the first time.

I thought the soup would choke me. I almost loathed my knife. Oftenlike was all sense of jealousy compared to me, and I felt that strangling would not half quit my vengeance. And how, and why—no complainings, mind, on her account, and she telling him how her first governess was a Hanoverian lady, whereupon they are all such purists. There was nothing they did not discuss in those detestable gutturals, and a ninety cut it had been a happy moment for human lips. I could not eat a mouthful, but I drank and watched them. The fellow was not disturbing himself: he was soon deep in the drama. He knew every play of Schiller by heart, and quoted the Wallenstein, the Robbers, Don Carlos, and Mont Stuart as well; so too, was he familiar with Goethe and Lessing. He had all the swinging tirades of the boards, and declaimed so very professionally that, as he concluded a passage, I cried out, without knowing it,

"Take that for your benefit; it's the best you have given us."

O Lord, how they laughed! She covered up her face and smothered it; but he lay back, and holding the handle of his knife hands, he contively shouted and screamed aloud. I would have given ten years of life for the courage to have thrown a glass of wine in his face; but it was no use; Nature had been a niggard to me in that quarter, and I had to sit and bear it—exactly so, sit and hear it—while they made twenty attempts to recover their gravity and behave like ladies and gentlemen, and when, by sooner would they look toward me, than off they were again as bad as before.

I resolved a dozen cutting sarcasms, all beginning with, "Whenever I feel assured that you have sufficiently regained the ensteemed calm of good society," but the dessert was served ere I could complete the sentence; and now they were deep in the best poets—Campbell, Moore, and Korner, and Freiligrath, and the rest of them. As I listened to their enthusiasm, I wondered why poetry never went into raptures over a cold in the head. But it was not to end here. The wine was old hoarded in the room, and this he opened and set to work on in that fearful two-handed fashion your German alone understands. The poor old cripple's instrument shook on its three legs, while the fourth fell clean off, and the loose wires jangled and jarred like kettle-drums in a tray; but he stuck to the leader, and her ecstasies grew all the greater too.

Heaven reward you, dear old Mrs. Keates, when you sent word down that you couldn't sleep a wink, and begging them so and so merry hand something and let them go away; and then Miss Herbert wished him a sweet good-night, and he accompanied her to the door, and then there was more good-night, and I believe I had a short fit; but when I came to myself he was sitting smoking his cigar opposite me.

"You are no relative, no connection of the young lady who has just left the room?" said he to me, with a grave manner, so significant of something wider if I had replied, "Yes."

"None—none whatever."

"Was that servant who spoke to me in the porch, as I came in this evening, yours?"

"Yes." This I said more boldly, as I suspected he was coming to the question Franpois had opposed.

"He mentioned to me," said he, slowly, and puffing his cigar at easy intervals, "that you desire your servant should sleep in the same room with you. I am always happy to meet the wishes of courteous fellow-travelers, and so I have ordered my servant to give you *his* bed; he will sleep up stairs in what was intended for you. Good-night!" And with an insolent nod he lounged out of the room, and left me.

STUDENT AFFRAY AT HARVARD COLLEGE.

WE publish on the following page a picture of the affray which took place on 19th at Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, between the Sophomores and the Freshmen at Harvard. Every year the two classes have been in the habit of playing a great base-ball match; we gave a picture of the scene in No. 31 of this Journal, for 1859. This game has degenerated into something very like a fight, and has not tended to improve the feelings existing between these two classes. The term "Sophs," moreover, it is alleged, have been in the habit of annoying—or "haraing" as it is called—the Freshmen to an intolerable degree. Some years since the authorities resolved to put an end to the practice. President Felton, accordingly, by orders to the faculty, forbade the usual base-ball match, and sent a circular to the parents of members of the Sophomore class, intimating that their sons would be punished if they continued to "haze" the Freshmen. This circular and the action of the Faculty were commended by the Boston Journal, on the ground that they were forewarned of what might happen in case of further trouble.

The vote of the Faculty of Harvard on these subjects read as follows:

"Voted, that the present Freshmen Class be informed, after the end of base-ball playing, that hazing, between the Sophomore and Freshmen Classes, that has been customary at Cambridge, is a disorderly practice, and is prohibited for the future.

"Voted, that the President be requested to take measures for the suppression of the practice of annoying the Freshmen, which is supposed to have grown into an intolerable nuisance, and to inform the parents of any person detected in such practice will be summarily dismissed from College."

Notwithstanding this warning, on 19th a band of Sophomores met two Freshmen, and began to "haze" them. As the story goes, the latter had a gun loaded with powder, and fired it in the face of one of the Sophs. The latter then withdrew to their rooms, obtained a gun, and came back to annihilate the Freshmen. Next day the Faculty met, heard evidence on the subject, and decided to expend eight of the Sophomores, viz., Charles Jackson, Boston; Charles Emerson, Staten Island; Augustus Walker, Quincy; A. T. Hazelline, Philadelphia; John L. Ward, Salem; Charles F. Feering, New York; J. T. Kilbreth, Cincinnati; H. J. Llewellyn, Boston. Jackson was dismissed for two years; the others for one year.

When the Sophs heard of this, they hired a wagon, placed the suspended students in it, and drove them through the streets of Cambridge. Opposite Professor Felton's house, they halted, gave three cheers, and called, jeeringly, for a speech. Afterward they cut the ropes with which they had drawn the wagon into small pieces, and formed a procession, wearing the pieces of rope in their button-holes. Next day the suspended students were notified that they must leave Cambridge; one hundred Sophs met them with cheers, and groans for the Faculty. They attempted to draw them through the college grounds in a carriage, but President Felton had the gates fastened; they, however, succeeded in getting out of them, and drew their suspended associates opposite Mr. Felton's house, where they gave groans for him.

THE CHAIRMAN'S DAUGHTER.

PART I.

MR. HANDMAN SELBY was a great man in his own district in the West of England. He was very rich, very dictatorial, and very ill-tempered. He had been long a widower, with one child, Annette Selby was, ten years ago, a beautiful girl. She was dotted on by her father, who provided for her every luxury she desired. Happy she thought Selby!

The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Handman Selby was, in his wrath, awful to look upon, terrible to be near. In her fits of passion, Annette Selby was a very fury.

Well, all around were well-nigh perfect slaves; to what matter? Tenants, dependents, servants, crouched and fawned, crawled and cringed, bowed to the father's wrath and the daughter's vehemence did no great harm, save to themselves, meekness and humility.

Annette had just turned twenty, when, one day, her father intimated to her that Captain Wyerly would be their guest for a few weeks. The Captain came. He was an attractive, well-educated man of twenty-seven. He was a fool, he, too, but with Annette. Every man fell in love with her at first sight, and remained in love with her until she showed her colors, and then he immediately withdrew. But Captain Wyerly had to pass half a dozen days with Annette, whether he would or no. For Mr. Selby had arranged it; Captain Wyerly was not only to love Annette, but to marry her; and for Mr. Selby's will not to be crossed out! Mercy!

Things took the proper course. The lady and gentleman acted with perfect propriety. Mr. Selby's resolution was implicitly fulfilled. Now, who was Captain Wyerly? Oh, of course, every thing that was satisfactory. He was the only nephew of that fearfully-sensible old bachelor, Sir John Lorrly, and Sir John had just had notice to go where none of his bullion could follow him.

"I am sorry to say, Sir, that I must leave you, and that immediately," said Captain Wyerly, coming down to breakfast one morning with an open letter in his hand. "Sir John is at the point of death."

Of course expressions of sympathy were the response; but, to tell the truth, there was a smile of satisfaction on the faces of both father and daughter as they uttered them.

"You will return to us as soon as you can."

"Most certainly I will."

"You will have a great deal to attend to," remarked Mr. Selby. "To the care of such an enormous property as Sir John's, much labor will be required to arrange all things, and this labor must be yours."

"Upon me," said the Captain. "There is no one else, you know."

"Not a single other relative, I believe." (Mr. Selby had devoted months to the satisfying himself of this point.)

"Not one; and, what is more, I believe he has never had the slightest affection for any thing or any one, but Sir John himself and his bullion dog."

"A kind, good soul," murmured Mr. Selby, without the least touch of irony in his tone. "Farewell, Captain, for a short time; and then return, to receive this hand as your guide."

This remark referred to the Captain's having been formally recognized by her father as Annette's future husband. Annette herself—had she really accepted him? With her whole heart—but strong, positive hearts—never! Well, he was strong, positive hearts—never! Well, he was strong, positive hearts—never! Well, he was

to walk back to his seat, when he encountered that foe who is always spying and dodging after every living being that walks the earth—Death. He fell, and was gone.

The Board broke up in the utmost alarm and confusion. Slowly the light which had first entered hastily into the hand of Mr. Potts shone upon the other members.

All Mr. Selby's property passed by his will to different charities. What was to be done with that poor outcast? Her case was inquired into by a few friends of her girlhood; but guilt and misery came into view so strongly, that they shrunk back in horror. Ultimately an arrangement was made for her in a Pauper Lunatic Asylum, where she was received under a slightly altered name, and treated with special kindness and consideration.

But she won't need any body's kindness long. The same disease of the heart, which killed her father, is killing her. She will be at rest soon.

SALEM ROAD.

'Twas near twilight as I strolled
Down the Salem turnpike road:
On Chelsea beach a sea of gold,
That from the sinking sun was rolled
In a million ripples glowed.

On the lonesome marsh I heard,
Borne along the salted air,
The piping of the feeding bird,
By the roaming cattle stirred,
Shrilly piping here and there.

When at twilight near the sea,
E'er I hear the cries of birds,
They sound very sad to me—
Sadder than all else can be,
Plaintive music—weeping words.

For they straightway bring to mind
Twilight hours when she and I
Down the self-same road would wind,
With our arms and hands entwined,
Gazing idly at the sky.

Gazing at the setting sun,
Ruby clouds on sapphire hurled,
Framed in vapors golden-dun,
In fantastic mouldings run,
Jewels of a giant world!

And—for then we both were poor—
We would float away in dreams—
Dreams find fancy to allure,
Dreams as briefly to endure
As the sunset's crimson beams.

Every willow on the road
Glistened like a fairy tree,
Every petty pebble glowed
Like the jewel in the toad,
And like gold the distant sea.

And a thousand things we planned
In those pleasant twilight strolls—
Lives like those in fairy land,
Joy and peace on either hand,
And a wedding of our souls.

More than this I could recall—
That old mile-stone close to Lynn,
That in the shadow of a wall,
Backed by cedars black and tall,
Bore the distance carven in.

This was the limit of our walk;
Here, when tired, we oft would rest,
And of our fondly future talk
Till the great evening shades would stalk
Like giant spectres, from the west.

Ah! the mile-stone still is there!
Still the numerals on its face;
But the leagues of blank despair,
And the awful years of care—
These, oh! these are measureless!

But if grief could bite like steel,
On that mile-stone might be read
All the anguish man can feel,
All those woes that never heal,
All the sorrows never said.

For she left me long ago—
Left me to a lonely life.
I, who thought she loved me so;
I, who kingly wealth would throw
Out to the winds to call her wife.

Ay! a gilded, gay gallant,
Smooth of talk and fair of face,
Summer-idling at Nahant,
With concerted love-sick rant
Led my darling to disgrace.

And I lost her. For she fled,
Withering with that fatal stain.
All her people mourned her dead,
And upon my stricken head
Sorrow sowed its silver grain.

Sadly dreaming thus I strolled
Down the Salem turnpike road:
Chelsea beach in mist was rolled,
And from many an upland fold
Cattle through the twilight lowed.

Was it fancy? Did I dream?
There, hard by the mile-stone white,
I beheld a garment stream,
And I saw a pale face gleam,
Lit by eyes as black as night.

Hearts are quicker than all eyes,
And to ours the thickening gloom
Was like day. I saw her rise,
Heaving with inward agonies,
Like a corpse from out the tomb.

Ere I could my sense regain,
At my feet she prostrate lay;
Weeping such a bitter rain,
Uttering, oh! such groans of pain,
That I could not turn away.

Though she never could be mine,
That she could be God's I knew.
Few can tread the rigid line—
Mercy is a thing divine—
You may crave for mercy too.

Would you question was I right?
Ask the men of Norfolk town
Of that year of awful blight,
When Astrad in the night
Winged with pestilence came down.

And they'll tell to you a tale—
Tell it too with reverent air,
Of a lady tall and pale,
Who, when Death was on the gale,
Moved in mercy every where.

And they'll show an humble grave,
With not even a tell-tale stone
Notice from the world to crave,
Only there some pale flowers wave,
By a pitying Christian sown.

But her lesson is not dead,
Though her troublous life is o'er.
I remember One who said,
When a lost one bowed her head,
"Woman, go and sin no more."

THE RIOT AT CAMBRIDGE—STUDENTS PASSING SCIENTIFIC HALL.—[SEE PAGE 763.]

"BUT HE WAS DOWN ON THE RANK WET GRASS, FILING AT HIS IRON LIKE A MADMAN."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

SOMETHING clicked in his throat, as if he had swallow a lump like a clock, and was ready to strike. And he sneared his ragged rough sleeve over his eyes.

Playing his desolation, and watching him as he gradually settled down upon the pie, I made bold to say, "I am glad you enjoy it."

"Did you speak?"

"I said I was glad you enjoyed it."

"Thankee, my boy. I do."

I had often watched a large dog of ours eating his food; and I now noticed a decided similarity between the dog's way of eating and the man's. The man took strong, sharp, sudden bites, just like the dog. He swallowed, or rather snapped up, every mouthful too soon and too fast; and he looked sideways here and there while he ate, as if he thought there was danger of somebody's coming to take the pie away. He was altogether too unsettled in his mind over it to appreciate it comfortably, I thought, or to have any body to dine with him, without making a chop with his jaws at the visitor. In fact, of which particulars he was very like the dog.

"You won't leave any of it for him," said I, timidly, after a silence during which I had hesitated as to the politeness of making the remark. "There's no more to be got where that came from." It was the certainty of this fact that impelled me to offer the hint.

"Leave for him? Who's him?" said my friend, stopping in his crunching of pie-crust.

"The young man. That you spoke of. That was hid with you."

"Oh, ah!" he returned, with something like a gruff laugh. "Him? Yes, yes! *He* don't want no victiles."

"I thought he looked as if he did," said I.

The man stopped eating, and regarded me with the closest scrutiny and the greatest surprise.

"Looked? When?"

"Just now?"

"Where?"

"Yonder," said I, pointing; "over there, where I found him nodding asleep, and thought it was you."

He held me by the collar and stared at me so, that I began to think his first idea about cutting my throat had revived.

"Dressed like you, you know, only with a hat," I explained, trembling; "and—and he was very young, too, to put it delicately—" and with—the same reason for wanting to borrow a file. "Didn't you hear the gun just night?"

"Then there was firing?" he said to himself.

"I wonder you shouldn't have been sure of that," I returned, "for we heard it up at home, and that's further away, and we were shut in besides."

"Why, see now!" said he. "When a man's alone on these flats, with a light head and a light stomach, perishin' of cold and wauk, he hears nothin' all night but guns firin', and voices callin'. Hears? He sees the soldiers with their red coats, lighted up by the torches carried afore, closin' in round him. Hears his my sore leg! Give us hold of the file, boy."

I indicated in what direction. The mist had shrouded the other man, and he had lost his way for an instant. But he was down on the rank wet grass, filing at his iron like a madman, and not minding me or minding his own leg, which had an old chafe upon it and was bloody, but which he handled as roughly as if it had no more feeling in it than the file. I was very much afraid of him again, now that he had worked himself into this fierce hurry, and I was likewise very much afraid of keeping away from home any longer. I told him I must go, but he took no notice, so I thought the best thing I could do was to slip off. The last I saw of him, his hand was bent over his leg, as if he was working hard at his fetter, muttering impatient imprecations at it and at his leg. The last I heard of him, I stopped in the mist to listen, and the file was still going.

CHAPTER IV

I FULLY expected to find a Constable in the kitchen, waiting to take me up. But not only was there no Constable there, but no inquiry had yet been made of the robbery. Mrs. Joe was prodigiously busy in getting the house ready for the festivities of the day, and Joe had been put upon the kitchen door-step to keep him out of the dust-pan—an article which he had destiny always led him sooner or later when my sister was vigorously reaping the floors of her establishment.

"And where the devil has' you been?" was Mrs. Joe's Christmas salutation, when I and my conscience showed ourselves.

I said I had been down to hear the Carols. "Ah! well I" observed Mrs. Joe. "You might ha' done worse." "Not a doubt of it," I thought.

"Perhaps if I wasn't a blacksmith's wife, and (what's the same thing) a slave with her apron never off, *I* should have been to hear the Carols," said Mrs. Joe. "I'm rather partial to Carols myself, and that's the best of reasons for my never hearing any."

Joe, who had ventured into the kitchen after me as the dust-pan retired before us, drew the back of his hand across his nose with a conciliatory air when Mrs. Joe darted a look at him, and, when her eyes were withdrawn, secretly crossed his two forefingers, and exhibited them to me, as our token that Mrs. Joe was in a cross humor. This was in no way necessary to state, that Joe and I would often, for weeks together, be, as to our fingers, like monumental Crusaders as to their legs.

We were to have a superb dinner, consisting of a leg of pickled pork, and greens, and a pair of roast stuffed fowls. A handsome mince-pie had been made yesterday morning (which accounted for the mincemeat not being missed), and the pudding was already on the boil. These extensive arrangements occasioned us to be out all morning, and in respect of breakfast, "for I ant," said Mrs. Joe, "I ain't a going to have no crumming and gorging and washing up now, with what I've got before me, I promise you!"

So we had our slices served out, as if we were two thousand troops on a forced march, instead of a man and boy at home; and we took gulps of milk and water, with apologetic countenances, from a jug on the dresser. In the meantime Mrs. Joe put clean white curtains up, and tacked a new flowered flounce across the wide chimney to replace the old one, and dusted the whole state parlor across the passage, which was never uncovered at any other time, but passed the rest of the year in a cool chrys of silver paper, which was extended to the four little white crockery poodles on the mantelshelf, each with a black nose, and a basket of flowers in his mouth, and each the counterpart of the other. Mrs. Joe was a very clean housekeeper, but had an exquisite art of making her cleanliness more uncomfortable and unacceptable than dirt itself. Cleanliness is next to Godliness, and some people do the same by their religion.

My sister having so much to do, was going to church vicariously; that is to say, Joe and I were going. In his working clothes, Joe was a well-knit, characteristic-looking blacksmith; in his holiday clothes, he was more like a scarecrow in good circumstances than any thing else. Nothing that he wore fitted him or seemed to belong to him, and every thing that he wore then grazed him. On the present festive occasion he emerged from his room, when the bibles bells were going, the picture of misery in a full suit of Sunday penitentials. As to me, I think my sister must have had some general idea that I was a young offender whom an Accomplice Policeman had taken up (on my birthday), and delivered over to her to be dealt with according to the outraged majesty of the law. I was always treated as if I had insisted on being born in opposition to the dictates of reason, religion, and morality, and against the dissuading arguments of my best friends; even when I was taken to have a new suit of clothes, the tailor had orders to make them like a kind of Reformatory, and on no account to let me have the use of my limbs.

Joe and I going to church, therefore, must have been a moving spectacle for compassionate minds. Yet what I suffered outside was nothing to what I underwent within. The terror that had assailed me whenever Mrs. Joe had gone near the pantry or out of the room, were only to be equaled by the remorse with which my mind dwelt on what my hands had done. Under the weight of my wicked secret I gasped whether the Church would be powerful enough to shield me from the vengeance of the terrible young man, if I divulged it to that establishment. I conceived the idea that the time when the hues were real and when the clergyman said, "Ye are to declare it!" would be the time for me to rise and propose a private audience in the vestry. I am far from being quite sure that I might not have astonished our small congregation by resorting to this extreme measure, but for his being Christmas Day and no Sunday.

Mr. Wopsle, the clerk at church, was to dine with us; and Mr. Hubble the wheel-wright and Mrs. Hubble; and Uncle Pumblechook (Joe's uncle, but Mrs. Joe oppropriated him), who was a well-to-do corn-chandler in the nearest town, and drove his own chaise-cart. The dinner hour was half-past one. When Joe and I got home we found the table laid, and Mrs. Joe dressed, and the dinner dressing, and the front door unlocked (it never was at any other time) for the company to enter by, and every thing most splendid. And still, not a word of the robbery.

The time came without bringing with it any relief to my feelings, and the company came. Mr. Wopsle, united to a Roman nose and a large bald forehead, had a deep sonorous voice which he put to great use; if, indeed it was unpleasant among his acquaintance that if you could only give him his head, he would read the sermon into fits; he himself confessed that if the Church was "thrown open," meaning to competition, he would not despair of making his mark in it. The Church not being "thrown open," he was, as I have said, our clerk. But nothing could induce him to address the congregation, as much as to say, "You have heard my friend overhead; oblige me with your opinion of this!"

I opened the door to the company—making believe that it was a habit of ours to open that door—and I opened it first to Mr. Wopsle, next to Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, and last of all to Uncle Pumblechook. N.B. I was not allowed to call him uncle under the severest penalties.

"Mrs. Joe," said Uncle Pumblechook, who was a large, hard-breathing, middle-aged, slow man, with a mouth like a fish, dull staring eyes, and sandy hair standing upright on his head, so that he looked as if he had just been startled, and had that very moment come to, "I have brought you, as the compliments of the season—I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of sherry wine, and I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of port wine."

Every Christmas Day he presented himself, as a profound novelty, with exactly the same words, and carrying the two bottles like dumbbells. Every Christmas Day, Mrs. Joe replied, as she now replied, "Oh, Uncle—Uncle—Uncle—I think! This is kind!" Every Christmas Day, he retorted, as he now retorted, "It's no more than your merits. And how are you all—bobbish? And how's Sixpenny? of half pence?" meaning me.

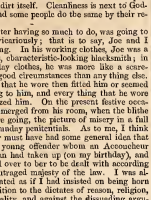
We dined on these occasions in the kitchen, and adjourned, for the nuts and oranges and apples, to the parlor; which was a change very like Joe's change from his working clothes to his Sunday's dress. My sister was uncommonly lively on the present occasion, and indeed was generally more gracious in the society of Mrs. Hubble than in any other company. I remember Mrs. Hubble as a little, sharp-eared person in curly sky-blue, who held a conventionally inferior position, because she had married Mr. Hubble—I don't know at what remote period—when she was much younger than he. I remember Mr. Hubble as a tough, knotty gentleman, stooping old man, of a saw-dusty fragrance, with his legs extraordinarily wide apart, so that in my short and early days I always saw some miles of open country between them when I met him coming up the lane.

Among this good company I should have felt myself, even if I hadn't robbed the pantry, in a false position. Not because I was squeezed in at acute angle of the table-cloth with the table in my chest, and the Pumblechookian elbow in my eye; not because I was not allowed to speak (I didn't want to speak), nor because I was regaled with the sixty tips of the drumsticks of the fowls, and with those corners of cheeses pork of which the pig, when living, had had the least reason to be vain. No; I should not have minded that, if they would only have left me alone. But they wouldn't leave me alone. They seemed to think the opportunity too fine, if they failed to point the conversation at me every now and then, and stick the point into me. I might be a young entertainment for full in a Spanish arena: I got so smartingly touched up by these moral goads.

It began the moment we sat down to dinner. Mr. Wopsle said grace with theatrical declamation, as it now appears to me, something like a religious cross of the Ghost in Hamlet with Richard the Third—and ended with the very proper sentiment that we might be truly grateful. Upon which my sister instantly fixed me with her eye, and said, in a low, reproachful voice, "Do you hear that? Be grateful."

"Especially," said Mr. Pumblechook, "be grateful, boy, to them which brought you up by hand."

Mrs. Hubble shook her head, and contemplating me with a mournful presentiment that I should come to no good, asked, "Why is it that the young are never grateful?" This mystery seemed too much for the company until Mr.



"OH, UN-CLE FUM-BLE-CHOOK! THIS *IS* KIND!"

Hubble tersely solved it by saying, "Naturally vicious." Every body then murmured "Ah!" and "True!" and looked at me in a particular, if unpleasant and personal manner.

Joe's station and influence were something fechter (if possible) when there was company, and when there was none. But he always added and whetted when he could, in some way or his own, what he always did so as dinner-time by giving me gravy, if there were any. There being plenty of gravy to-day, Joe spooned into my plate, at this point, about half a pint.

A little later on in the dinner, Mr. Wopsle reviewed the sermon with some severity, and intimated, in the usual hypothetical case of the Church being "thrown open," what kind of sermon he would have given them. After forving them with some heads of that discourse, he remarked that he considered the subject of this day's homily, if choosen, which was the less excusable, he added, when there were so many subjects "going about."

"True again," said Uncle Pumblechook. "You've hit it—plenty of subjects going about, for those that know how to pat and pinch their tails. That's what's wanted. A man needn't go far to find a subject if he's ready with his sub-ject. Why," added Mr. Pumblechook, after or a short interval of deep reflection, "look at Pork alone. There's a subject! If you want a subject, look at Pork!"

"True, Sir. Many a moral for the young," returned Mr. Wopsle; and I knew he was going to bring me in before he said it, "might be deducted from that text."

("You listen to this," said my sister to me, in a severe parenthesis.)

Joe gave me some more gravy.

"Suppose, pursued Mr. Wopsle, in his deepest voice, and pointing his fork at my blushes as if he were mentioning my Christian name, "Swine were the companions of the prodigal. The glutony of Swine is set before us as an example to the young." (I thought this pretty well in him who had been pressing up the pork for being so plump and juicy.) "What is desirable in a pig is more desirable in a boy."

"Or girl," suggested Mr. Hubble.

"Or girl, or girl," assented Mr. Wopsle, rather irritably; "but there is no girl present."

"Besides," said Mr. Pumblechook, turning sharp on me, "I think what you are to be grateful for. If you hadn't been borne a Squeeze."

"He was, if ever a child was," said my sister, most emphatically.

Joe gave me more gravy.

"Well, but I mean a four-footed speaker," said Mr. Pumblechook. "If you had been born varm, would you have been here now? Not you—"

"Unless in that form," said Mr. Wopsle, nothing grateful for the offer.

"But I don't mean in that form, Sir," returned Mr. Pumblechook, who had the objection to being interrupted; "I mean enjoying himself with his elders and betters, and improving himself with their conversation, and rolling in the lap of luxury. Would he have been doing that? No, he wouldn't. And what would have been your destination?" turning on me again. "You would have been disposed of for so many shillings, according to the market price of the article, and Dumbledon, the hatcher, would have come up to you as you lay in your straw, and he would have whipped you under his left arm, and with his right he would have tucked up his frock to get a penknife from out of his waistcoat-pocket, and he would have shed your blood and had your life. No bringing up by hand then. Not a bit of it!"

Joe offered me more gravy, which I was afraid to take.

"He was a world of trouble to you, Ma'am," said Mrs. Hubble, commiserating my sister.

"Trouble?" echoed my sister; "trouble?" And then entered on a fearful catalogue of all the illnesses I had been guilty of, and all the acts of ingratitude I had committed, from the hight of my infancy. I had tumbled down, and all the low places I had tumbled into, and all the injuries I had done myself, and all the injuries I had wished me in my grave, and I had continuously refused to go there.

I think the Gunnings must have aggravated one another very much with their moos. Perhaps they became the results rather than the causes in consequence. Anyhow, Mr. Wopsle's Roman nose so aggravated me, during the recital of my misdemeanours, that I should have liked to pull it until he howled. But all I had endured up to this time was nothing in comparison with the awful feeling that took possession of me when the pause was broken which caused upon my sister's recital, and in which pause every body had looked at me (as I felt deeply conscious) with indignation and abhorrence.

"Yet," said Mr. Pumblechook, leading the company gently back to the theme from which they had strayed, "Pork—regarded as hlee—is rich, too, and full of P."

"Have a little brandy, uncle?" said my sister.

O Heavens, it had come at last! It would and it would, he would say it was weak, and I was lost! I held tight to the leg of the table with both legs, and awaited my doom.

My sister went for the stone bottle, came back with the stone bottle, and poured his brandy out, no one else taking any. The wretched man trifled with his glass—took it up, looked at it through the light, put it down—prolonged my misery. All this time Mrs. Joe and Joe were busily cleaning the table for the pie and pudding.

I couldn't keep my eyes off him. Always holding tight by the leg of the table with my hands and feet, I saw the miserable creature finger his glass playfully, take it up, smile, throw his head back, and drink the brandy off. Instantly afterward the company were seized with unspeakable consternation, owing to his springing to his feet, turning round several times in an appalling spencodic, hooping-cough dance, and rushing out at the door; he then became visible through the window violently stamping and expectorating, making the most hideous faces, and apparently out of his mind.

I held on tight, while Mrs. Joe and Joe ran out to him. I didn't know how I had done it, but I had no doubt I had murdered him somehow. In my dreadful anxiety, it was a relief when he was brought back, and surveying the company all round, as if they had disagreed with him, sank down into his place with the one significant gasp, "Tar!"

I had filled up the bottle from the tar-water jug. I felt as if I could be worse by-and-by I moved the table, like a Medium of the present day, by the force of my mental agonies. It is.

"Tar!" cried my sister, in amazement. "Why, however could it come there?"

But Uncle Pumblechook, who was omniprescent in that kitchen, wouldn't hear the word, wouldn't hear the subject mentioned, imperiously waved all inquiry with his hand, and asked for hot gin-and-water. My sister, who had begun to be alarmingly polite, I thought, to employ herself actively in getting the gin, the hot water, the sugar, and the lemon-peel, and mixing them. For the time, at least, I was saved. I still held on the leg of the table, but clutched it now with the fervour of gratitude.

By degrees I became calm enough to release my grasp and partake of pudding. Mr. Pumblechook partook of pudding. All partook of pudding. The course terminated, and Mr. Pumblechook had begun to beam under the genial influence of the gin-and-water, I began to think I should get over the day when my sister said to Joe, "Clear plates—cold."

I cleared the leg of the table again immediately, and pressed it to my bosom as if it had been the companion of my youth and friend of my soul. I forgave my sister everything, and I felt that this time I really was gone.

"You mean tea, I suppose, Tickler," addressing the guests with her best grace, "you must really taste, to finish with, such a delightful and delicious product of the Indies." (Delicious!)

Must they! Let them not hope it!

"You must know," said my sister, rising, "it's a pie—a very pork-pie."

The company murmured their compliments; and Uncle Pumblechook, twisting and laving deserved well of his fellow-creatures, and having distinguished himself by his gift, said, vivaciously, all things considered, "Well, Mrs. Joe, we'll do our best endeavors; let us have a cut at this same pie."

My sister went out to get it. I heard her steps proceed to the pantry. I saw Mr. Pumblechook balance his knife, with overweening skill, upon the Roman nostrils of Mr. Wopsle. I heard Mr. Hubble remark that "a bit of savory pork-pie would lay of my lights pretty and do no harm," and I heard Joe say, "You shall have some, Pip." I have never been absolutely certain whether I uttered a shrill cry of terror merely in spirit, or in the bodily hearing of the company. I felt that I could hear no more, and that I must run away. I pressed the leg of the table, and ran for my life.

But I ran no farther than the house door, for there I ran head foremost into a party of soldiers with their muskets, one of whom held out a pair of handcuffs to me, saying: "Here you are, look sharp, come on!"

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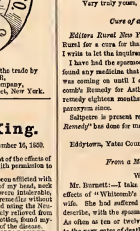

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Loaf Bread.

The same proportion of Leaven and flour sifted together as above. Crush the butter, and make the paste thick enough to knead into a loaf, and bake immediately in a slow oven.

Buckwheat Cakes.

Flour and milk sufficient to make one quart of batter; add one egg; then three teaspoonfuls of Leaven; heat to a fresh and cook quick.

Sponge Cakes.

Two cups of white sugar, beaten with the yolks of six eggs—the whites of six eggs beaten to a froth; then beat all together; add two cups of sifted flour, one cup of water, and three teaspoonfuls of Leaven; flavor with two teaspoonfuls of essence of lemon, and bake in a quick oven.

Corn Cake.

One pint each of flour and Indian meal, and three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, well sifted together; add one gill of molasses and two eggs; mix them with milk, and bake in a slow oven.

Cup Cake.

Five cups of flour and three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, sifted together; add one cup of butter, two of sugar, and two eggs all well beaten together; mix with milk, and add a cup of currants, and spice to suit the taste.—Bake about half an hour.

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Three-quarters of a pound of flour and four teaspoonfuls of Leaven, sifted together; one pound of sugar and six ounces of butter, beaten to a cream; the whites of eight eggs, well beaten, and the juice of one lemon mixed with milk.

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Five cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, three cups of sugar, one of butter, one of milk, and two eggs; fruit and spice to the taste. Bake about half an hour.

Muffins.

Three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, one quart of flour, and a little salt sifted together; make a thick batter with milk, and bake in rings.

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VOL. IV.—No. 206.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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ROGER B. TANEY,

CHIEF-JUSTICE OF THE U. S.

HON. ROGER B. TANEY, CHIEF-JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

IT is understood that the Hon. ROGER BROOKE TANEY, who has been for many years Chief-Justice of the United States, is about to resign his office; we take this opportunity of laying his portrait before our readers.

He was born on 17th March, 1777, in Calvert County, Maryland, to which State his family had immigrated two centuries ago. He is consequently eighty-three years of age at present, and is fairly entitled to an honorable retirement.

He was educated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, and admitted to the bar at Annapolis, Maryland, in the spring of 1799, sixty-one years ago. His first attempts were made in Calvert County, from which county, soon after his settlement there as a lawyer, he was sent to the State Senate. He served one term, then returned to Frederick, and devoted himself to private practice. In 1823 his practice had improved, and his reputation had risen so high that he felt justified in removing to Baltimore, where he has resided ever since. In 1827 he was appointed Attorney-General of Maryland—an office which he held four years. Up to this time Mr. Taney's career had been one of quiet, uninterrupted success. Though a politician, he had taken no angry part in political strife, and enjoyed the respect of his political foes and friends alike. He had not met with a single rebuff or check in his public life. A startling change in his career was now at hand.

In June, 1831, he was appointed Attorney-General of the United States, and entered upon the discharge of the duties of the office. It was the period of the great Bank war: General Jackson had decided upon his course, and was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to carry it out. His Cabinet were unconscious of his intentions. In September, 1833, he determined to carry them out, and instructed Mr. Duane, the Secretary of the Treasury, to remove the public deposits from the United States Bank. Mr. Duane belonged to the Bank party. He declined to comply, and intimated that, should the President persevere in his project, he must take the responsibility of dismissing him (Mr. Duane) from office. If there was a thing General Jackson liked it was responsibility. He dismissed Mr. Duane without more ado, appointed Mr. Taney Secretary of the Treasury, and had the deposits removed forthwith. It seemed as though Mr. Taney had sacrificed himself to obey the behests of his chief. General Jackson, well knowing the temper of the Senate, withheld Mr. Taney's nomination till the close of the session: he sent it in on the last day, and it was instantly rejected. His political prospects at that time seemed gloomy enough.

General Jackson, however, was a man who did not forget. Within twelve months from the rejection of Mr. Taney by the Senate, Associate-Justice Duvall, of the United States Supreme Court, resigned his office: the President nominated Mr. Taney to fill the vacancy. This time the nomination was sent to the Senate in due time, and that body, however, had not forgiven either General Jackson or Mr. Taney, and it postponed the subject indefinitely—thus in effect rejecting it. Fortune had seemingly turned her back upon Mr. Taney.

In the midst, however, of his chagrin and disappointment, and while General Jackson was raging, in his characteristic way, at the hostility of the Senate, the astounding news reached him that Chief-Justice Marshall, of the United States Supreme Court, had suddenly died. The President acted as promptly as was his custom. He appointed Mr. Taney to fill the vacancy. And this time, in March, 1836, some changes having been made in the Senate which strengthened the President in that body, the nomination was duly confirmed. Chief-Justice Taney took his seat on the Supreme Bench at Washington in January, 1837—nearly twenty-four years ago.

As Presiding Judge of the leading Court of Justice in the United States Mr. Taney has won high fame. His decisions command general respect, and his opinions are quoted as authority not only throughout this country but in Europe also. Within the past year or two he has, after twenty years' absolution from the strife of politics, been subjected to some animadversion by members of the Republican party in consequence of the Dred Scott decision. Without entering upon the controversy involved in this celebrated case, we may close this brief sketch with the remark that, when Judge Taney shall have disappeared altogether from public life, members of all parties will unite to commend his vast learning, his unspotted integrity, and his remarkable suavity. A career of a quarter of a century upon the Bench of the Supreme Court—during which he has sworn in no less than six Presidents of the United States—has won for him an honorable place in history.

Several gentlemen are mentioned in the papers as likely to succeed Chief-Justice Taney—Mr. Black, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Cushing, of Massachusetts, etc.

FANNY'S DOOM.

FANNY ENDON, at the age of sixteen, was one of the most fascinating girls I ever knew. Brought up in strict retirement, she had a wild freedom of manner—very different indeed from what that expression would signify in the world, but extremely delightful to the few who had access to her society. Her animal spirits were excessive, and her disposition was winning, endearing. Fanny's beauty was peculiar. Her eyes were of a lustrous brown; her hair was profuse, and of a rich auburn; and her complexion of dazzling whiteness. Her mouth gave a character of exquisite sweetness to her whole face; and when the lips parted to smile and revealed her faultless teeth, Fanny Endon was irresistible.

She lived with her mother, a widow lady, in a retired part of the State of New York, and there, too, my lot for many years was cast. My days of love were gone by forever, or else I could never have withstood the bewitching charms of Fanny Endon. She had some such impression herself, for she treated me with perfect familiarity. There was only the length of a lane between her mother's house and mine, and she was as much at home in one as in the other. A morning seldom passed without finding her in my library rummaging among the books; for she had a mind attuned to fine issues, and her taste led her to history as well as to works of lighter reading. Even in her early girlhood I formed a correct estimate of Fanny's disposition; I saw that, for her, there was no medium; her life could not be a tame one; she must either be most happy or most miserable. In my sincere affection for her I became very anxious for her future welfare.

The time approached when her fate was to be fixed forever; and, unconsciously, I was in some degree its means. I happened to be staying for a few days at the house of a friend, where I met an old acquaintance whom I had not seen for many years. I was greatly charmed with him, asked him to return home with me, and he accepted the invitation.

Edward Delaine—such was his name—was at this time in the prime of youthful manhood, and his remarkable personal advantages were enhanced by an air of cultivation and intelligence. His father had not been long dead, and he had inherited considerable property. Previously he had passed some years abroad as an *attaché* to one of our embassies, and this had given to his education a finish that made his society very pleasing. But he had none of the coldness of the diplomat about him; his feelings were keen, and his manners were warm and eloquent. His education had tempered, not destroyed, that ardor of disposition for which he had been remarkable at school. Such was the man destined to win the heart of Fanny Endon.

The first time they met was at my house, when there were a good many people present. The conversation happened to turn on some European people, and Delaine was appealed to. He was interested in the subject, and spoke with eloquence and energy. I chanced, at the moment, to notice Fanny. Little accustomed to the restraints of society, she allowed the admiration with which she listened to appear but too plainly on her countenance. Her head was slightly inclined backward—her eyes were keenly bent on Edward's face—and her lips were slightly parted, with an expression that told of the most intense attention. When Delaine ceased her gaze remained fixed on him for some time, as though to scan further a character of which her first knowledge pleased her so much—and, as at last she turned away, I could perceive a gentle sigh escape her. That was the first ha

caused her to breathe—would to God it had been the last also!

On that evening Delaine was not introduced to her; but he was too good a judge, and too great an admirer of beauty, not to be struck with her appearance, and to question me concerning her. After what I had noticed I felt somewhat uneasy for, bred in the latitude of European ideas on these subjects, Delaine was, of all men, least likely to become seriously attached to a wild rustic beauty like Fanny. Still he had a good heart when he allowed it fair play, and I did not fear his taking advantage of so gross an unequal match.

Nevertheless his curiosity was awakened by the singularity of her manner. He began his acquaintance with her by merely seeking to draw her out and analyze her real disposition. But his interest in her soon began to assume a suspicious complexion. Some circumstance or other constantly drew him to Mrs. Endon's cottage. Now it was to lend Fanny drawings, now to practice music with her. Whenever she walked, or rode on horseback, a frequent custom, she was sure to meet Delaine by the purest accident. Poor Fanny! These days of dawning love were the most exquisitely happy she ever knew. She shaded interest her whole soul to the new passion, and the object of it himself was no doubt startled at how he discovered its strength, for he merely fancied that he had excited the interest of a favored but recent acquaintance. I too fully persuaded that, originally, Delaine had no intention of obtaining poor Fanny's love, and then trifling with her feelings; but the rapidly increasing intensity of her affection took him by surprise, and he himself became entangled before he was well aware of it.

I was absent, all the frequency of Delaine's visits to the cottage, and awaiting myself of some business which called me to New York to be back to his stay. We went to town together. I was detained there considerably longer than I expected, and returned received into a distant part of the country before I returned home.

Upward of two months had elapsed since I left it, and now it was a cheerless mid-summer. I arrived at home early in the day, and determined to walk over to the cottage to see my friends before I went home. Mrs. Endon's cottage deserved its name, for it was of moderate size, and the walls, and even the roof, in many parts were covered with ivy. There was also a small garden in front, and, using the privilege of an old friend, I opened the gate, and walked late the porch. Fanny was on the ground floor, seated, knocking at the door or waiting for the servant to answer me.

As I entered the room I started with extreme surprise. Fanny was seated on the sofa, and by her side was Edward Delaine! Or at least what was held in his; he was speaking with animation and rapidity, though in a low tone, while her head was drooped upon her breast, and her hair fell over her brow and eyes so as to hide their expression. On the instant I thought I understood all. Such was the group that met my gaze as I entered Mrs. Endon's cottage. I believe I expressed my astonishment audibly, for they started, and I fancy their surprise was mingled with great confusion.

Edward was the first to recover himself, and, answering my exclamation of wonder at meeting him, he said that he had come to witness a trusting match which was shortly to take place.

"Humph!" I replied, "I did not know you were an amateur of horse-racing."

"Nor am I," he replied; "but my friend Reynolds made it a point with me to come."

I gave him a reproachful look. By this time Fanny also had recovered herself, and, transfixing me with her usual warmth and cordiality. But its wonted ease and freedom were gone.

I sat some time, and showed Delaine that I was determined not to leave him behind me. Finding that he could not entrap me, he rose to go at last, and went off. I asked for Mrs. Endon, and learned that she was gone to the neighboring town, and had been absent all the morning. I was at a loss how to act. On intimate terms of friendship, as I always been with Fanny and her mother, still this was no delicate a subject for me to intrude upon with the former. Hints and an undue only irritate, and do no manner of good; and, after only a short time longer, I took my leave, resolving to have a full explanation with Delaine respecting his intentions on the very first opportunity.

That opportunity never arrived. The next morning I was sent for by Mrs. Endon, and, upon reaching the cottage, to my utter astonishment, I found Fanny, I heard that Fanny had eloped with Edward Delaine.

I could not account for such a step. Edward was his own master; in every way he was likely to prove an agreeable son-in-law to Mrs. Endon, and, if his attachment was sincere, why not openly claim Fanny his wife?

Mrs. Endon had for me as the friend of Delaine and her own. She idolized her daughter, had been her only companion for ten years, and had expended every quality of heart, mind, and person expand from the beautiful bud into a perfect blossom. Fanny, too, yourself her mother and her, and nothing more than of this earth; and powerful must have been the passion which could have induced her thus to leave this mother.

Mrs. Endon informed me that Edward Delaine had returned to the country about a month before, and had renewed his visits. His attentions to her daughter had become very marked, and, two nights ago, she had been alarmed and shocked at the discovery that Fanny was engaged in a clandestine correspondence with him. Fanny was seated on her bed reading a letter with such absorbing attention that she did not hear her mother enter. When she approached her, Fanny hurriedly closed and endeavored to hide the manuscript.

"I spoke to her," continued Mrs. Endon, "more in sorrow than in anger, and she seemed touched to the soul. I adjured her to abstain from every thing clandestine; it was unworthy of her; it was degrading; it was nearly allied to falsehood. She threw herself into my arms, and promised that all secret intercourse should cease. But I feel now the real meaning of her tears and looks. I am convinced that her resolve was taken—that I spoke too late. She exclaimed, 'Oh, mother!' as she withdrew from my arms, and again sinking upon my neck, wept as though her heart would break."

Here the poor old lady's own sole prevented further utterance.

On her departure Fanny had left behind a scrap of paper, on which were written these words: "I can not write. I will write you forever. Pity and forgive your poor lost child."

I did not know how to act. To pursue the pair seemed to me hopeless and vain. She had eloped with him; the evil was done; it lay in his breast to remedy it, and there alone. With bitter reading did we read the letter; with trembling expectancy we searched the newspapers, day after day, to see if their marriage was announced. Weeks passed, and all was still unknown; and Mrs. Endon's health began to sink under her trials.

At last the mystery was partially solved. I received a letter from Delaine, dated New Orleans. He confessed to me the cursed truth that when he eloped with Fanny Endon he was already married—to a woman, it was true, whom he hated, and from whom he utterly hoped to be divorced—but still married. I had not the courage to read the excuse of passionate love, which he urged in partial defense of his crime, and flung the letter from me in disgust. But I had one melancholy task to perform, and the sooner it was done the better.

I found Mrs. Endon dressed, and sitting in her hands, but not working; her eyes fixed, and swimming in tears. She was looking at a picture of her daughter that hung opposite her. I guessed I entered she saw I had something to communicate.

"O God! tell me what it is. Any thing is better than suspense. Tell me the worst at once."

I then made known to her my deputy, the substance of Delaine's letter. She seemed heartstricken by this confirmation of her worst forebodings.

"Forgive her! Yes, indeed—poor, lost, dear, overpowered child—I forgive her from my heart!" she exclaimed. "Tell her this, or bring me your letter, and I will write just those words of the letter—I will write to her. My heart will must seek consolation where alone it is to be found."

I did not see Mrs. Endon for several days after this interview. When next I met her I was shocked at the sudden and fearful change that had wrought. Despair was seated in her sunken eyes, and death—the death of a broken heart—had laid its finger upon her cheek. She sighed me if I had written, and I answered that I had.

"Give me your paper," she said.

I placed the letter in her hands with a pen, and she then wrote, with a trembling hand, the words, "I forgive you, I pray to God. Almighty bless you, my only, my dear child!" She laid down the pen, and sunk back quite exhausted upon her seat. I subscribed the letter, "Your affectionate Christian." I did not conceal from him the state of Mrs. Endon's health.

"If any thing can save her," I wrote, "it is the restoration of her daughter. Hasten, I implore you, as you value your future peace of mind forever, to make the amends for the mischief which is yet in your power."

But Mrs. Endon's malady was beyond the reach of help or hope. She declined rapidly. Every day she became more feeble; she spoke but little, she did not complain, but her eyes gradually fixed upon her his key grasp; he could not be far distant. Three weeks after I had communicated to her the sad intelligence of Delaine she died. Her end was calm, and she breathed her last imploring the mercy of Heaven on her erring child.

I attended her funeral. Besides myself there were but few mourners. The surrounding cottages were just turning in at the gate of the church-yard when the rattling of wheels was heard behind us, and I saw a coach drawing at a furious pace. The truth flashed across me in a moment. I trembled all over, but I said nothing. I might be mistaken.

I was not.

The coach reached the church-yard gate; the gate was flung open, and a female figure, which we all knew in a moment, rushed up the pathway, and threw herself on the coffin, and clasped upon the coffin. We hastened to raise her up; she was senseless.

Poor, poor Fanny, she has never recovered those seasons since!

A HUMAN SKULL

A HUMAN SKULL! I thought it passing strange—
Of course 'twas dearer to its first employer
Than a mere mass of bone, and flesh, and hair.
Some mute memento of the Old Destroyer.

It is a ghostly monitor, and must
Be a mighty lesson, and a warning and a summing;
It is a grave domestic finger-post
Of Life—sub emblem of the shadowy coming.

Time was some may have prized its blooming skin:
Hem lips were world perhaps in transport tender!
Some may have chanted what we call their chin,
And never had my doubt about its gender!

Did she live yesterday, or ages back?
What color were the eyes when bright and waking?
And were your triplets dark, or brown, or black,
Poor little lamb! that long has done with aching!

It may have held (so about some rainbow chat)
Thy brother, Elkins, Fry, or Byron Byron's,
The wits of Sally Greyson, or Doctor Watts,
Two special lords! two philanthropic sirens!

But this I surely know before I closed
The bargain on the morning that I bought it—
It was sold to me by a pale cadaver!
Nor quite as good as many may have thought it.

Who knew, can well an special type of Death!
He barter his awful form for loss and profit,
"Immortality" Room in Barnum's Beauty wrath;
And does not you green, dim, sepulchral coffin?

Oh! earn mine, what lines of care are there?
The heart still lingers with the golden hours,
And memory lies in the chestnut tresses.
And whom is all that bended wealth of flowers?

If Life no more can yield us what it gives,
It still is Beauty which makes that ends yet praise—
A very worthless regal may dig the grave,
But hallowed will dress the turf with delicate

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1860.

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THE COMING CRISIS IN ENGLAND

WE have had so much trouble at home since the election that but few of us have had time to think of the consequences of our present complications upon the commercial community of Europe. A glance at the state of affairs in England shows that, however great our own suffering may be, the English must suffer much more.

England is at present undergoing the natural consequences of a short harvest of cereals. She is taking a million dollar worth of food from us per week; if her soil had been as fruitful as usual, she would not have taken over a quarter of this amount. The difference must be paid for in specie, or in her credit, credits on London: "She is, moreover, carrying on a war in China, which involves an expenditure of fully half a million dollars per week, the whole of which is paid in specie. Add to this that our imports from Great Britain this year have been considerably larger than those of last year, and that in all probability we shall take still less next spring, and it will be seen that the commercial interest of England before the recent turn in the exchanges, was quite critical. Now, the exchanges have turned against Great Britain to such an extent that there is a profit of four cents on the dollar in the importation of gold from England. It is pretended, in certain quarters, that this turn in the exchanges arises from the Southern agency improvement—in other words, that it is an indication of our property. The event will prove, on the contrary, that it is a most alarming indication of our strength, and that the fall in sterling bills simply means that, instead of owing several millions of dollars to England, we generally do, that country is in debt to us, and is increasing that debt every month and every week.

What the effect will be in England when we come to draw a million a week in bullion from them, we forbear to speculate. A requisition for $1,500,000 by the Bank of France obliged the Bank of England to advance the rate of interest from 4 to 5 per cent. At this rate our demands would justify an advance to 10 per cent. within a few weeks. But would this save the British commercial public?

We can not see that it would. Sight bills on London are offered by the agents of the Rothschilds at 106 per cent. This leaves a profit of considerably over one per cent. on the importation of specie from England—whether the Bank rate of interest may be. The advance in the rate of interest would inconvenience British merchants, and would involve serious loss on all kinds of merchandise and property; but we can not discover that it would interpose any serious obstacle to the export of gold to the United States.

There is good reason to believe that we are witnessing one of the most remarkable transactions in history—the transfer of commercial sovereignty from London to New York.

A quarter of a century since, this country was always a debtor to the foreign world. In those days the United States Bank tried to bridge over the gulf between our exports of food and our exports of cotton by a system of "kiting." It answered for a few years, and then broke down. The catastrophe led to a general liquidation and a universal curtailment of expenditures, which, for a few years, answered the desired end. In or about 1850 we began again to expand. Our production of gold and produce increased, and so did our expenditure. The latter, as usual in this country, finally ran the former, and the result was the crisis of 1857. Since then we have pursued a different plan. Our expenditures have been curtailed throughout the country; our production has increased. The result is that now, instead of owing money to Europe, we are creditors of the world at large. The trade statistics of the fiscal year 1860-'61 will show, if they are accurately made up, that we have exported very much more produce and gold than we have imported of foreign goods. The result is the decline in exchange to which we have alluded; which is the proper symptom of the transfer of commercial sovereignty from London to New York.

The transition can not be effected without a severe ordeal on the other side the Atlantic. London has been for a century the true centre of the trade of the world. It is now going to sink into a secondary position, and New York is going to take its place. The change will involve a crisis in England such as that country has never known; those among us who have interests on the other side of the ocean must prepare for the emergency.

THE LOUNGER.

NOW AND THEN.

THE character and career of the great Italian Garibaldi, are constantly more illustrious. It is surprising that Victor Emanuel, London, who used to dedicate a fresh work to every new Aria of Italy, or who seemed to him to be such—to Bolivar, Cavaignac, Kossuth, and even Pope, in the early days of his reign—has not been inspired to gather some late opened fruit of his genius, and lay it at the feet of Garibaldi.

There was some talk of sending him some kind of tribute from this country. But what could he send that would be so welcome to him as the consciousness of the national admiration and sympathy? Why the Emperor of Italy had received such a greeting as that multitude which thronged the city, a hall of some persons at the Academy, and some other persons assembled, with a single small in its impression. So, after the grandeur of national honors which Garibaldi knows to be universal among us, any thing less than a similar national tribute would be altogether meagre and unsatisfactory.

After freeing his country he puts the crown, with his country's consent, upon the head of Victor Emanuel, and retires. The work of conduct has been mostly and simple. There was at Naples a danger that he might not agree with Cavour, a danger full of menace for Italian liberty. But in nothing has Garibaldi shown more the greatness of soul more plainly than in his yielding his own plan. He was brave enough to reconsider his own intentions, and wise enough to correct his own work. He said, early in the summer, that he should proclaim the kingdom of Italy from Rome, and that, until then, Sicily and Naples would be a provisional government. But when Cavour said and achieved that which Garibaldi wanted to do, and help to defeat the very purpose they both contemplated, Garibaldi heroically yielded, and the work is done—done, in fact, more perfectly as he had intended.

If it should not be done with the brain of Cavour, the heart of Garibaldi, and the hand of Victor Emanuel, when and how could it have been hoped for? If it was not done, and not organized by the same combination, is there any reasonable hope for Italy?

The spectacle of the hero sheathing his sword and bowing his head before the king he has crown, and with a people's cheers, has but one parallel in history. Most simple, most tranquil greatness, mitigated with private ambition, the world has not often seen in all the ages and in all the countries. As I write my eye rests upon a picture of Napoleon Bonaparte, sitting in silk and velvet and satin, spangled and embroidered, his Roman emperor made a God. How infinitely poor the spectacle! How poetic the other! Napoleon at St. Helena! Think of Napoleon Bonaparte at Saint Helena and Garibaldi at his country house!

Then, I recall the words that were spoken when this nation was born:

"Happy is the confirmation of our independence and security, if the principles we proclaim I accepted with diffidence; which, however, was surpassed by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the nation, and the patronage of Heaven. I close the text of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping. Having finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of the employments of my public life."

Listen to the reply:

"Sir, having attained the standard of liberty in the New World; having taught a lesson useful to those who toilet and those who feel oppression, you retire with the blessings of your fellow-citizens, though the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command, but will descend to remotest ages."

Is it Garibaldi who speaks, and Italy that replies? No, it is Washington and America. And yet the same pure purpose, the same high honor, the same simple love of duty and devotion to duty, are they not the same in both the heroes? Shall we not stretch out our hands and hearts to

Italy, and say to her, "Sister, we have each been dedicated to the same great purpose; let us work together to achieve it!"

MR. JOHN JOHNS.

IT was a wild, rainy day, such as would have done honor to mild January in Canada, when Mr. John Johns might have been seen entering a railroad car with his shawl, travelling-cap, and bandbrella. At the way station, and the train had been delayed, for the sleet had coated the rails so smoothly that the wheels would occasionally merely revolve upon their axle-trees, and the train stand still at a tremendous rate. Then it would rally slowly, creep along gradually, take hold of the track, and finally roll along with that heavy measure so soothing to the passenger who wishes to read.

This particular passenger, Mr. John Johns, had several old papers and periodicals, which he had been reserving for some such moment as this. The long leisure of railroad travel, with nobody to talk to you or to make you afraid of having to talk, how useful it is to bring up the arrears of reading! Mr. John Johns opened some numbers of the London *Saturday Review*—a periodical which thinks nothing less than the cheekest Champagne of itself—and read like Mr. Macaulay was no good, and then turning back as far away as last April, discovered that price-lighters were the finest specimens of manhood and Christianity; et cet.

These were exhilarating things to read on a wild day, slipping comfortably along in a car with very few passengers, and plenty of fresh air. The frost quite covered the windows, so that Mr. John Johns felt quite contemplative he was—and after reading he meditated for some time, until the cars stopped at a station. Then, lifting his window for shower, a great rush of boys and men along the platform, and a suppressed cry, "There he is! is the front car!" and the crowd swept by in the wild blowing snow, while several of the fellow-passengers started to their feet and pressed forward to gaze at some personage in the neighboring car.

Mr. John Johns was perplexed.

"It can't be P. Ulalus," he said to himself, "for he is at home long ago. It can't be any new or old President, for they are also quietly at home. It can't be any distinguished Senator, for they, too, are at home after the election. Who can it be?"

The whistle shrieked, and the train slipped out. Mr. John Johns opened his papers and read placidly on. Yet he could not help hearing a murmur about him. "Did you hear? No, did you? How does he look? Well, Matilda, would you like to see him? Certainly; why not? WHY, *Matilda-Ann!*"

Mr. John Johns could not but admire the heroism of Matilda; but he was sorely curious to know what illustrious personage the train contained. "Fine will show" he said. "I shall not ask. Who on earth is to be that Matilda sought to wish to see?" Mr. John Johns thrilled as a thought transfixed him. "I of course," he said to himself, with the affectation of triumph, "I begin to think of course."

He returned to his reading of the *Saturday Review's* exhortation, that all men should become even as Tom Sayers is. The cars stopped again. There was the same joint excitement. He put his head out of the window, but could see nothing. "Tis very extraordinary!" quoth Mr. John Johns, and he watched the door Matilda as she moved forward, despite the deprecatory warnings of her sister, to see the object of desire.

At length the train stopped again. "Twen-a-ty minutes for dinner!" shouted a cheerful voice, and the throng of passengers rose immediately, and moved to the door of the car. They stepped down in the whirlwind of snow upon the platform. Mr. John Johns stamped vigorously as he entered the station-room, to knock the snow off his shoes, and, looking up, saw a large crowd gathered about the dining-room door, which was not yet open. But the door flew open immediately, and in a few minutes comfortably, the seats of the crowd, passed to dinner; the bulk of the throng remained staring and gaping at the party which had entered, and exclaiming of sick or eight years.

"I am bound to investigate it," said Mr. John Johns to himself, and he seated himself at table opposite the party. The hero of the group was evidently the one whom Matilda had been willing and anxious to see. He was a brown-haired youth from whom he was remarkable: his *tone* was spiritual. He was dressed very simply, and was shaved, except upon his upper lip, which was labeled on by a heavy dark moustache. The hero's nose was hooked, and he had a fine eye, he was quick as to the skin. The right eye was black and swollen, and the left eye sadly bumped or bruised or "closed." The gaping crowd remained at the end of the room, and surveyed him as he ate, as the royal Bengal tiger is contemplated at feeding time. First of all the guests he rose from, accompanied by his retinue, whose noses had a singular amount of sharpness, and, walking very erect and without any swagger, he passed out of the hall, the spectator and admiring crowd opening before him as he advanced.

"I hope," said the sympathetic Mr. John Johns, "I hope that Matilda is in a favorable place for seeing." But the inquisitive belle hurried the guests into the train, and away they went again, while Mr. John Johns remained his reading of the character of the Christian statesman, as expounded by the London *Saturday Review*. Late at night, long after the due hour—for they had been so sadly delayed by the snow-storm—the train rolled into a certain city. Mr. John Johns betook himself to his favorite hotel. He supped, and he lighted his cigar. "Now I wonder," he said, "who it is that I have seen to-day?"

He raised his eyes as if to interrogate the fates, and behold, upon a poster printed in black and blue ink—"*Barnum's Welcome to John C. Heenan.*"

"'Twas the Benicia Boy," quoth Mr. John Johns, as he took his candle; and so ended a day's eight-seeing.

THE NEW STORY.

THE new novel of Dickens's, "Great Expectations," which was begun in the *Weekly* two weeks ago, opens with all the familiar richness and power. In a sharp characterization, not only of human beings but of landscape and scenery, Dickens is without a rival. The very houses and fields have a strange vitality with the story in which they are depicted. In "Little Dorrit," for instance, how curiously interested you become in the old house with the mysterious face in the wall, and in the spell which it casts and holds over poor Arthur Flintwinch! There is a sickly fascination about the old place which the dwarf Mr. Clennam and Flintwinch himself and the Mephistopheles-for-a-good-purpose; and so strongly does this, it is conceived that, if you remember the picture of the last scene in the history of the house, in which Mephisto sits smoking in the dead window, you can not escape the weird look of consciousness in the old pile—a dull, shadowy, inscrutable consciousness, as if it knew all the evil that was done in the drama, and was aware of the significance and importance of its agency.

When "Little Dorrit" was completed, some critic (in *Blackwood*, I think) ascribed it as a hodge-podge, as written at intervals, without any plan or design; and, in proof, cited the very incident of the falling house, a mere make-shift, as the critic declared, to dispose of the story, and to bring together the recent fall of a house in London.

Dickens replied to this in the *Household Words* to this critic. It is happy for all his readers that he did so, because he entirely demolished the reviewer, who, as it seemed, from the criticism was as great as his power of conception and narrative. He reminded the reader that, in the very first page, he (the critic) had already two years before the last, and of course the same time before the fall of the London house, he had described the singular, inexplicable aspect of the house. He did not tell us what they were. They were suspected and made mysterious by some vague apprehension of Mistress Affery, to whom they were supernatural sounds. And all through the book these sounds recurred, and the reader, pointing directly, though the reader could not know it, to the catastrophe; themselves accomplishing the catastrophe, Dickens then explained the mystery which had accompanied us from the first chapter. It was the consummate stroke of literary art, and it is no wonder that Dickens rushed to the rescue to avenge his own skill and common sense.

In the opening of "Great Expectations" the landscape is drawn into sympathy with the story, and in the same way. The Kentish marshes, with the croaking chains upon the gibbet, the starving convicts escaping, the hulks, the great prison in which lie buried Pip's parents, the hard life of Pip and his brother-in-law, and the great old mansion where the girl Estella is, are drawn with these all combine in feeling and impression; men and landscape merge and mingle, and you lie, as you read, in the grasp of Dickens.

How affluent, how sweet and genial that genius is! What a happy consciousness is the man, as he seats himself daily to tell his story, that thousands and thousands are eagerly waiting to follow where Mendel Ball's or Lemuel Gulliver's genius leads him not to fall to begin this new story now. If you wait until it is complete you will hardly read it at all. A hundred readings will repay your attention. When authors are taught by circumstances that it is worse for them to write for readers than it is worse for them to write for them to read serially.

A FLEA FOR MERCY.

CAN nothing be done? Is it not enough that people must leave their homes in the fiercest winter weather, but must the pain of the journey be emphasized by that of the body? "Power are, sacred, power are in the land" and shall this contemptible spectacle in the nineteenth century than sixty people packed into an air-tight box with a fulsom odor, and a temperature of 90 or in the middle, and furious passions raging against my luckless wight who dares to help them?

A traveler took the train at Detroit on a grizzly November evening. It was just dusk, and the cinque stations are wild, and the passengers more dreary by a few spectral lights. The happiest stranger knew what awaited him, and lingered and lingered upon the platform. He looked into the windows, which were covered with vapor, and now that not a solitary creek held out hope of oxygen within. Suddenly the bell rang sharply from the cabby, and the reluctant traveler lifted his feet slowly from the stepping and opened the door. The box was solid with men in heavy woolen coats, saturated with the moisture. There were two stoves heated to the dim, dull degree. The atmosphere was thick with the fumes of the wet garments and the exhausted air; and there was a universal aspect of profound depression in the faces and forms of the passengers.

A man at once clear to the traveler that it would be very difficult to obtain a sufficient consent of the neighborhood to open a window. The sad virtues were for it, and they would be sacrificed on the forts of any compunction to escape. But when our friend found himself he turned to the man behind, who was naturally interested in the new comer, and asked him if he objected to having the window raised.

"Not at all; I likes the fresh air, but I don't like to make trouble."

They were two admirable propositions, and were not disputed by the traveler, who opened his window, and felt the electric thrill of the sweet cold air shoot through his frame. Immediately his neighbor in front, cheered by the cordial that poured unconsciously into his lungs and nostrils, wind, and said this his head echoed from the abominable foulness of the atmosphere. But this bold beginning was ill. Nobody else had mercy upon himself or his neighbors. The rest sat grimly breathing poison, and shrugging their shoulders and looking revengefully virtuous toward the windows that had got high. But the sweet cold air flowed in; the traveler rejoiced that reason, even if unwillingly, was at last allowed to have her way. But while he rejoiced, a fellow-traveler, who had been covering over the box iron stove, sallow, cadaverous, and, alas, of the fever and ague, the window might be closed, it was so cozy raw and cold.

"But then you are so far away," pleaded the traveler.

"I know, but it makes the air so cold."

"Not where you are. It can not blow on you."

"Yes, yes, but then it *looks* so dreadfully cold; and I know it is so even if I don't feel it."

The sallow man was a fever and ague with a compromise. The traveler partly closed the window and steadily clung to the crack sucking the sweet air through.

Now in all that box or car there was no means of ventilation whatever but two small registers, like holes at the end on each side of the door. There were at least sixty people shut up in the place, since then and had sent, and a man introduced some vitality into the atmosphere and tried to neutralize the poison at his peril. Now don't let an abuse it that ignorance may impose. If a man or woman is ill and can not endure the air, then a certain necessity is, and you can not change your seat. But when great building rats and hearty women insist upon sitting in the suffocating machine, insist that you must sit by them, that they are just as much bound to yield to you and fresh air as you are to surrender to them and carbonic acid gas, "Fy it to the end," is the confident if the law insists. In default of the conductor take the sense of the people in the car. Among the inalienable rights of man is that of breathing. Don't suffer yourself to be deprived of it without a struggle. Let children hear the voice of the persecutors in against you, but yield under protest. Cry to the last "power are, sectant, power are!" So shall your children and children's children be born, claiming your name, and your refreshed and renewed fellow-men pointed to their rights of oxygen, thank you and praise you.

Let the travelers do that. As for the Lounger who wheels idiots and infants and invalids, he does not practice what he preaches, and if you see him complacently breathing all the poisonous air in all the cars in the country.

A BUFFALO STUDIO.

LOUNGING lately through Buffalo I stepped into the studio of Mr. Beard. His pictures were gathered for a sale, previous to his departure for what the citizens of New York call the metropolis of America. You did not exactly expect to find a studio in Buffalo—the pleasant, broad-street city upon the lake, with business and handsome houses stretching at ease, with plenty of elbow-room, as it were, in open grounds, and the lake winding slowly through the town and whisking away the slowly rolling vessels, and the lake shore, the pleasant resort of fashionable people, and the lake shore, the resort of traffic and busy people. But pictures and studios are not to be out immediately simple in your imagination.

Stepping out from the open space upon which stands one of the up-town Gothic churches, in a moment we were standing in Beard's studio. He is peculiarly a painter of the character of the old Germans in Lancaster—not of their simple animal nature as Ross Bonheur is, but of the humor that the human imagination has really find in them. A huge sassy owl, perched upon a mountain height of the Alps, gazing with wise, indicrously wise eyes, at the sun's "dishpan or pressent" an unforeseen. And upon this canvas is a curdled of the Alps. Beard has Dickens's genius finally upon a pinole, in a word, with piles of luscious fruit on which they rest, which they eat sitting upon their old legs, which they contemplate and criticize them, as that they lie drunk and weary upon the ground—fancy, in fact, from open a feeder, and you have the picture which Beard calls by that name.

It is a new vein delicately worked; but it is not that the artist is not at home, and perfect not upon the prairie are spirited and good. There is Pass in Boots, a Red Riding Hood with the expectant wolf. For some reason the painter does not stay in Buffalo. He is drawn to the great centre whither half the world is tend. Even then, then, tents seem to be pitched forlorn upon the outskirts of our civilization. Think of the sale of Mr. Leupp's gallery the other day. At what prices the pictures went? No, we are not quite ripe yet for pictures. Patience, patience! the great Italian painters are not yet five hundred years old; and how old is Italy?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE TWO KINGS AT TRENTO.

OCTOBER 25, 1860.

TYPTON and Gorbelloff, side by side—
Typtonoff and Gorbelloff, two princes—hand in hand,
Neath the blue sky of their native land,
Silent, and thoughtful, and sad, they rode
Not many rapid hours as pace of gait,
Yet, in the sight of the Tyrolese people,
Horse with grace of the leader idly
Gorbelloff, young and gallant, and fair of face
Of Italy, fair—noble and unswerving spirit
Of Italian freedom—Typtonoff, the
Subtlest or lightest in Hope, Life or, in the cities
Of "Long live Italy!" public, near and far,
All good people have left those inventions,
Honest King-maker, of an honest kind.
And gay the week may stand, till pained cure,
In spite of friends that so the try ship,
Sitting with silvery green, that closer like spring.
Rhin on, Victor Emanuel, to the throne
Upon which sometimes Victor Emanuel
Which Garibaldi, questioned, alone
Sometimes has the sometimes, and under cover!

When is a man out of debt?—When he's a weak bank.

THE BRITISH AND THE BLACK PRINCE.—We have the best authority for stating that Francis II., the ex-king of Naples, has declined, with thanks, the asylum which has been offered him by the Queen of Spain and the Emperor of Russia. The defunct monarch will make at the Court of a Royal brother, where he will feel much more at home than he probably would even in the Imperial Palace at St. Petersburg. His Majesty has decided on accepting the hospitality of the King of Dahomey.

A PUN FOR POOR CREATURES.—The partisans of the Pope and the other tyrants of Holy call Garibaldi a Filibuster. As they have in lighting for the freedom of the Italian, how can they call that man without calling themselves with calling him a Freebooter?

THE STRONGEST ARGUMENT AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Dead men are not hanged.

MYSTERIOUSLY DIFFICULT.—Is a gentleman—How a turn brass into gold—? Merry as bishop.

Happiness and sorrow are the measures of our mortal life; sorrow measures the measures of gladness, and sorrow's knows make their own impress.

Nervous-minded man, who have not a thought beyond their little spheres of their own circle, and the little sphere, "The small cow nothing but his own shell, and thinks it is nothing in the universe."

At every instant during life a portion of our substance becomes dead, combined with some of the inhaled oxygen, and is removed, by this process, as is supposed that the whole body is renewed every seven years.

It is a little thing to speak a phrase of common comfort, which, to a sorrowing heart, has lost its joy; to the cur of him who thought to die unmourned, "will fail like sweet music."

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart, in this process, like the wheaten kernel, is ground, and fine dressing is the course, but a minor effect, it warms and dies.

It seems a great misfortune that body and mind, like Milton's angel, can not be in two places at once. It is but when the mind survives the body; some still when the body survives the mind; and most of all when both survive infirm and hoary.

One of the philosophers in Bacchus, speaking of the children, says, "Children are like the wind; you can see the effect of it, but not the cause. An incision is made on the brest of a young man, and an operation is begun in his bosom. Perhaps fall of chilling a sore?"

Some one has remarked, that a person who can take a raise himself by sandblasting others, might just as well sit down on a wheel-barrow and undertake to wheel himself.

"Will you marry me, Miss?" "Sir, you know very well I cannot marry you, for I already have a husband." "Oh, yes! if I hadn't known it, I shouldn't have asked you."

"Poor boy!" pitingly said a kind-hearted old lady to Quakes, when the latter's face stood bandaged under a bunting on to receive some complimentary address. "Poor boy! why don't he go home and let his mother kiss it?"

WOMAN'S VANITY.

Though she is old she thinks she's young,
And yet there's no heresy;
What can it be to delude her thus?
Pshaw! only woman's vanity.

She wears gay clothes to hide her loss,
Oh, weakness of humanity!
And then she tips her gray curls,
Which show a woman's vanity.

What's more, she thinks she's quite "a Blue,"
Although, forsooth, she's only
How can she think herself a wit?
Go ask a woman's vanity.

But ladies, though her finish we see,
Let's look her sex in mercy;
For more or less we all have got
A spice of woman's vanity.

"Oh, ma," said Miss Mittinger, nothing is to be sad—"an, what a very twelve-dozen creature our washwoman is."

"Indeed, is she? And what's that, my dear?" quoth the gentle mamma.

"Why, don't you know that twelve dozen is a gross?" replied the astonishing lady, with a sweet smile.

"Yes, of course. What a lovely thing education is, my child!"

MR. E——, a barrister, noted for absence of mind, was once witnessing the representation of "Macbeth," and on the Witches appearing on the Thane's heath, they were "doing a deed without a name," satisfying the sound of the witches, and exerted, correctly, to the astonishment of the audience, "A deed without a name! Why, it's really, and so it is!"

TWO Frenchmen—one wealthy and in possession of ready cash, and the other poor and penniless—occupied, by chance, the same table at a Parisian restaurant. The poor man ate ready cous-cous first, took from his pocket a pistol, and blew out his brains. The rich man, startled at the scene, exclaimed to his horrified companion, "It is my last dinner, and I wished to enjoy it in peace; and first I put my foot beneath Bacco, or I will instantly blow out my brains. Take, then, the money, and pay the bill, and I will give you the remainder of the money, and I will blow out the brains of his companion's brains." The poor man, with the money of his companion, ran towards the door, and the rich man, with a pistol, followed, shouting, "Stop the runaway, and other runaway, after locking the door on the exit.

When is the cusp likely to run out of the cusp-on?—When there is a leek in it.

"I'll let you know when I come again," as the rheumatic said to the doctor.

An attorney having died in poor circumstances, one of his friends observed that he had left his office. "That he was a man of no wonderful ch," said another, "for he had but few causes."

"I will and bequeath," said Pat, "to my beloved with Bridget all my property, consisting of one pig, one cabbage, Patrick one-half of the remainder, and to Dennis, my sponge cake. If any thing left, it is to be left to Terence O'Crotty, in sweet Ireland."

"Pray, said a Gallican-minded teacher; "ah, Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your good father and your mother?"

"I suppose, mam," said Charlotte, who was very much given to the ideal, "I suppose, mam, or I should be not a human."

The Duchess of Kingston was remarkable for having a little dash of the ancient gaiety. She once offered to her carriage by the unbending of a coat of code in a very grave style, that looked both her and her horses into good, and said to the man,

"How dare you, sirrah, stop a woman of quality in the street?"

"Woman of quality?" replied the man.

"Yes, fellow," replied her Grace. "Don't you see my arms on my carriage?"

"Yes," replied he, "I do; and a pair of coarse arms they are."

It is mentioned as a curious circumstance that a watch should be precisely dry when it has a running spring in it.

PUPILS AT THEIR STUDIES—ON BOARD THE "LODEBAR."

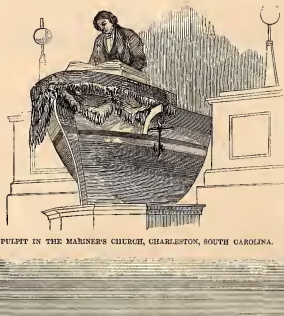
EXERCISES ALOFT—FURLING SAIL.

THE MARINE SCHOOL AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE accompanying engravings will introduce our readers to one of the most interesting institutions of Charleston, South Carolina, and one which at the present time deserves general attention. We refer to the Marine School.

The originator of the school was Rev. W. B. Yates, Chaplain to the Charleston Port Society. Many years ago this gentleman reported to the Society that Charleston ought to establish a training-ship for sailors. After long deliberation the Board decided to act upon the suggestion, and accordingly a Board of Trustees was named in March, 1859. On 23d May of the same year the brig *Lodebar* was bought by the Trustees, towed from the wharf, and anchored in Cooper River. Her commander was Captain M. L. Aimar, who, with a teacher, boatswain, sailor, and sixteen pupils, constituted the crew of the new school. Since then the boatswain and the sailor have been superseded by a mate, Mr. T. L. A. Brown, and the number of pupils has been largely increased. Twenty-five young men have entered into indentures to serve as apprentices on board the school-ship for three years. The experiment, in fact, has proved a complete success, and it is expected that the boys will shortly be far enough advanced to enable them to take the brig to sea.

The rules and regulations of the Marine School are extremely stringent. At 5.30 A.M. in summer, and 6 A.M. in winter, all hands are called, and the boys dress and lash away their hammocks. Two days in each week they are called half an hour earlier, in order to give them time to wash their clothes. At 7 in summer, and 7.30 in winter, the deck is washed and the ship cleaned. This operation is succeeded, at 8, by breakfast. At 9 school begins; on Tuesdays and Thursdays the pupils learn navigation from the captain and mate; on the other days of the week they study the ordinary elements of an English education. One of our engravings shows the boys at work in their school-room. At 12.30 P.M. school is dismissed. At 1 the dinner commences. The afternoon is devoted to nautical evolutions and physical exercise. Supper takes place at 6 in winter and 7 in summer. After supper the boys read till 9, when all must turn in. Pupils are allowed to visit the city once a fortnight—on Saturday. No pupil is allowed to use tobacco or spirituous liquors, or to utter profane language. On Sundays the pupils are bound to attend the Mariner's Church, at which Mr. Yates officiates. One of our engravings gives a picture of that gentleman in his Bethel pulpit. This school is one of the most deserving in the country.



PULPIT IN THE MARINER'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

We notice that Governor Gist, in his Message just sent in to the Legislature, lays stress upon the importance of the Marine School at Charleston, and points out the value which it will possess should the State embark in a career of independent national existence. There is no part in the country which would not be greatly benefited by the establishment of similar nurseries for seamen, under proper management, and governed by men of judgment and experience.

BRIG "LODEBAR"—MARINE SCHOOL-SHIP, ASHLEY RIVER, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ **Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."**

CHAPTER V.

THE apparition of a file of soldiers ringing down the butt ends of their loaded muskets on our decorous pavement the clinnery-pavement to rise from table cloth, and caused Mrs. Joe re-entering the kitchen empty-handed, to stop short and stare, after her first wondering lament of "Lord! gracious, what's gone with the pie!"

The sergeant and I were in the kitchen when Mrs. Joe stood staring; at which crisis I partly recovered the use of my senses. It was the sergeant who had spoken to me, and he was now looking round at the company, with his handcuffs invitingly extended toward them in his right hand, and his left on my shoulder.

"Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen," said the sergeant, "but as I have mentioned at the door to this young shaver" (which he hadn't), "I am on a chase for the King, and I want the blacksmith."

"And pray what might you want with *him?*" retorted my sister, quick to resent his being wanted at all.

"Missus," returned the gallant sergeant, "speaking for myself, I should reply, the honor and pleasure of his wife's acquaintance; speaking for the King, I answer, a little job done."

This was received as rather neat in the sergeant; insomuch that Mr. Pumblechook cried audibly, "Good again!"

"You see, blacksmith," said the sergeant, who had by this time picked out Joe with his eye, "we have had an accident with these, and find the lock of one of 'em gone wrong, and the coupling don't set pretty. As they are wanted for immediate service, will you throw your eye over them?"

Joe threw his eye over them, and pronounced that the job would necessitate the lighting of his forge fire, and would take nearer two hours than one. "Then will you set about it at once, blacksmith," said the sergeant, "as it's on his Majesty's service; and if my men can bear a hand any where, they'll make themselves useful." With that he called to his men, who came trooping into the kitchen one after another, and piled their arms in a corner. And there they stood about, as soldiers do, now, with their hands loosely clasped before them; now, resting a knee or a shoulder; now, easing a belt or a pouch; now, opening the door to spit stiffly over their high stocks out into the yard.

All these things I saw without knowing that I saw them, for I was in mortal terror. But, beginning to perceive that the handcuffs were not for me, and that the military had so far got better of the pie as to put it in the back-ground for the moment, I collected a little more of my scattered wits.

"Would you give me the time?" said the sergeant, addressing himself to Mr. Pumblechook, as a man whose appreciative powers justified the inference that he was equal to the time.

"It's just gone half past two."

"That's not so bad," said the sergeant, reflecting; "even if I were forced to halt here nigh two hours, that'll do. How far might you call yourselves from the marshes here? Not above a mile, I reckon?"

"Just a mile," said Mrs. Joe.

"That'll do. We begin to close in upon 'em about dusk. A little before dusk, my orders are. That'll do."

"Convicts, sergeant?" asked Mr. Wopsle, in a master-of-course way.

"Ay?" returned the sergeant, "two. They're pretty well known to be out on the marshes still, and they won't try to get clear of 'em before dusk. Any body here seen any thing of any such game?"

Every body, myself excepted, said no, with confidence. Nobody thought of me.

"Well" said the sergeant, "they'll find themselves trapped in a circle, I expect, sooner than they count on. Now, blacksmith! If you're ready, the King is."

Joe had got his coat and waistcoat and cravat off, and his leather apron on, and passed into the forge. One of the soldiers opened its wooden windows, another lighted the fire, another turned to at the bellows, it had begun to rain and the blaze, which was soon roaring. Then Joe began to hammer and clink, hammer and clink, and all looked on.

The interest of the impending pursuit not only absorbed the general attention, but even made my sister generous. She drew a pitcher of beer from the cask for the soldiers, and invited the sergeant to take a glass of brandy. But Mr. Pumblechook said, sharply, "Give him wine, mum. I'll engage there's no Tar in that;" so the sergeant thanked him and said that, as he preferred his drink without tar, he would take wine, if it was equally convenient. When it was given him he drank his Majesty's health and Compliments of the Season, and took it all at a mouthful and smacked his lips.

"Good stuff, oh, sergeant?" said Mr. Pumblechook.

"I'll tell you something," returned the sergeant, "I suspect this stuff's of your providing." Mr. Pumblechook, with a fat sort of laugh, said, "Ay, ay? Why?"

"Because," returned the sergeant, clapping him on the shoulder, "you're a man that knows what's what."

"Dyer think so?" said Mr. Pumblechook, with his forkier laugh. "Have another glass."

"With you. Hob and nob," returned the sergeant. "The top of mine to the fire of yours, the foot of yours to the top of mine. Ring ones, ring twice, the best tune on the Musical Glasses! Your health. May you live a thousand years, and never be a worse judge of the right rort than at the present moment of your life!"

The sergeant took off his glass again and seemed quite ready for more. I noticed that Mr. Pumblechook in his hospitality had quite forgot that he had made a present of the wine, but took the bottle from Mrs. Joe and had all the credit of handing it about, as if it were a rarity. Even I got some. And he was so very fine of the wine that he even called for the other bottle, and handed it round with the same delicacy when the first was gone.

As I watched them all, they all stood clustered about the forge enjoying themselves so much, I thought what terrible good sauce for a dinner my fugitive was, if I could but get him. They had not enjoyed themselves a quarter so much before the entertainment was brightened with the excitement of the pursuit. Mr. Wopsle, when they were all in lively expectation of those two villains coming in at the forge when the bellows seemed to roar for them, the fire to flare for them, the smoke to hurry out in pursuit of them, and the sparks to dance out for them, and all the murky shadows on the wall to stare at them in menace as the blaze rose and sank, and the rolled spanish-brown faces, and the pale faces peering outside almost seemed, in my pitying young fancy, to have turned pale on their account, poor wretches!

At last, Joe's job was done, and the ringing and roaring stopped, and the forge cool enough, he mustered courage to propose that some of us should go down with the soldiers and see what came of the hunt. Mr. Pumblechook and Mr. Hubble declined, on the plea of a pipe and ladies' society; but Mr. Wopsle said he would go if Joe would. Joe said he was agreeable, and he would take me, if Mrs. Joe approved. We never should have dared to have it, I am sure, but for Mrs. Joe's curiosity to know all about it and how it ended. As it was, she merely signalized, "If you bring the boy with his head blown off by a musket, don't say it was my doing."

The sergeant took a polite leave of the ladies, and parted from Mr. Pumblechook as from a commander (though I doubted if he quite as fully sensible of that gentleman's merits under mild conditions as when something to drink was going. His men resumed their muskets and fell in. Mr. Wopsle, Joe, and I, received strict charge to keep in the rear, and to speak no word after we reached the marshes. When we were all out in the raw air and steadily moving toward our business, I incautiously whispered to Joe, "I hope, Joe, we shan't find them;" and Joe whispered to me, "I'd give a shilling if they had cut and run, Pip."

We were joined by no stragglers from our village, for the weather was cold and threatening, the way dreary, the failing light so far gone on, and the people had good fires in-doors and were keeping the day. A few lights twinkled or glowing windows and looked after us, but none came out. We passed the finger-post, and held straight on to the churchyard. There we were stopped a few minutes by a signal from the sergeant's hand, while two or three of his men disappeared themselves among the grves, and examined the porch. They came in again without finding any thing, and then we struck out on the open marshes, through the gate at the side of the church-yard. A bitter sleet came rattling against us on the east wind, and Joe took me on his back.

Now that we were out upon the dismal wilderness, where they little thought I had been with eight or nine hours and bad seen both men hiding, I considered, for the first time, with great dread, if we should come upon them, would my particular convict suppose that it was I who had brought the soldiers there? He had asked me if I was a deceiving imp, and he had said I should be a fierce young hound if I joined the hunt against him. Would he believe that I was both imp and hound in treacherous earnest, and bad betrayed him?

It was of no use asking myself this question now. There I was, on Joe's back, and there was Joe beneath me, charging out the ditches in the thickest manner, and stimulating Mr. Wopsle not to tumble on his Roman nose, and to keep up with us. The soldiers were in front of us, extended into a pretty wide line with an interval between man and man. We were taking the exact course I had begun with, and from which I had diverged in the mist. Either the mist was not out again yet, or the wind had moved it. Under the low red glow of sunset the beacon, and the gibbet, and the mound of the Battery, and the opposite shore of the river, were plain enough, though all of a watery lead color.

With my heart thumping like a small blacksmith at Joe's forge, I wondered, I looked all about for any sign of the convicts. I could see none. I could hear none. Mr. Wopsle had greatly improved in voice since that night he blowing and hard breathing; but I knew the sounds by this time, and could dissociate them from the object of pursuit. I got a dreadful start, and thought I heard the file still going; but it was only a damp dull. The sheep stopped in their eating and looked timidly at us; and the cattle, their heads turned from the wind and sleet, stared sagely, as if they held us responsible for both these annoyances: but, except these things, and the shudder of the whole dying day, there was no break in the uniform stillness of the marshes.

The soldiers were moving on in the direction of the old Battery, and we were moving on a little way behind them, when, all of a sudden, we all stopped. For three bad reached us, on the wings of the wind and rain, a long shout. It was repeated. It was at a distance toward the east, but it was long and loud. Nay, there seemed to be two shouts raised together—if one might judge from a confusion in the sound.

To this effect the sergeant and the nearest men were speaking under their breath when Joe and I came up. After another moment's listening, Joe (who was a good judge) agreed, and Mr. Wopsle (who was a bad judge) also agreed. The sergeant, a quick, decisive man, ordered that the sound should not be answered, but that the course should be changed, and that his men should make toward it "at the double." So we slanted to the right (where the East was), and Joe pounded away so wonderfully that I had to hold on tight to keep my seat.

It was a run indeed now, and what Joe called, in his only two words he spoke all the time, "in harnes." Down banks and up banks, and over gates, and splashing into dikes: no man cared where he went. As we came nearer to the shouting, it became more and more apparent that it was made by more than one voice. Sometimes it seemed to stop altogether, and then the soldiers stopped. When it broke out again the soldiers made for it at a greater rate than ever, and we after them. After a while we had so run it down that we could hear one voice calling "Murder!" and another voice, "Convicts! Runaways! Guard! guard! This way for the runaway convicts!" Then both voices would seem to be stifled in a struggle, and then would break out again. And when I had come to this the soldiers ran like deer, and Joe too.

The sergeant ran in first, when we had run the noise quite down, and two of his men ran in close upon him. The rest spread and formed, and levelled when we all ran in.

"Here are lots more!" panted the sergeant, struggling with something at the bottom of a ditch. "Surrender, you two! How confound you for two wild beasts! Come asunder!"

Water was splashing, and mud was splashing, and oaths were being sworn, and blows were being struck, when half a dozen more men went down into the ditch to help the sergeant, and dragged out, separately, my convict and the other one. Both were bleeding and panting and cursing and struggling; but of course I knew them both directly.

"Mind!" said my convict, wiping blood from his face, with his ragged sleeve, and sinking torn hair from his fingers; "I took him! I took him up to you! Mind that!"

"It's not much to be particular about," said the sergeant, coolly; "it'll do you small good, my man, being in the same plight yourself. Handcuffs there!"

"I don't expect it to do me any good. I don't want it to do me more good than it does now," said my convict, with a terrible laugh. "I took him. He knows it. That's enough for me."

The other convict was livid to look at, and, in addition to the old blow on the left side of his face, seemed to be bruised and torn all over. He could not so much as get his breath to speak, until they were marching off, when he panted, but leaned upon a soldier to keep himself from falling.

"Take notice, guard, that he tried to murder me," were his first words.

"Tried to murder him?" said my convict, disdainfully. "Try, and not do it? I took him, and giv' him my shirt, that's what I done. I met only presented him, getting out of the marshes, but I dragged him here—dragged him this far on his way back. He's a gentleman, if you please, that villain. Now the Hulks has got its gentleman again, through me. Murder him? Worth my while, too, to murder him, when I could do worse and drag him back?"

The other one still gasped, "He tried—he tried—to murder me. Bear—bear witness."

"Lookee here!" said my convict to the sergeant, "I get clear of the prison-ship; I made a dash, and I done it. I could get clear of these death-cold flats likewise—look at my legs: you won't find much iron on 'em—if I hadn't made discovery that *he* was there. Let *him* go free? Let him profit by the means as I found out? Let *him* make use of my afeerds and agnis? Once more? No, no, no. If I had died at the bottom there"—and he made an emphatic motion at the ditch with his manacled hands—"I'd have held to him with that grip that you should have been safe to find him in my hold."

The other fugitive, who was evidently in extreme fear of his companion, repeated, "He tried to murder me. I should have been a dead man if you had not come up."

"He lies!" said my convict, with fierce energy. "He always lies. He's a liar born, and he'll die a liar. Look at his face; ain't it written there? Let him go free, and let me go free? Let him go free?"

The other, with an effort at a scornful smile—which could not, however, collect the nervous working of his mouth into any set expression—looked at the soldiers, and looked about at the marshes and at the sky, but certainly did not look at the speaker.

"Do you see him?" pursued my convict. "Do you see what a villain he is? Do you see them grovelling and wondering eyes? Thinks how he looked when we were chained together? He never looked at me."

The other, always working and working his dry lips and turning his eyes restlessly about him

"THEN JOE BEGAN TO HAMMER AND CLINK, HAMMER AND CLINK."

far and near, did at last turn them for a moment on the speaker, with the words, "You are not much to look at," and with a half-contempt glance at the bound heads. At that point my convict became so frantically exasperated that he would have rushed upon him but for the interposition of the soldiers: "Didn't I tell you," said the other convict then, "that he would murder me if he could?" "And any one could see that he shook, and that there broke out upon his lips serious white flakes, like this—"

"Enough of his pretty," said the sergeant. "Light those torches."

As one of the soldiers, who carried a basket in his arm, went down on his knee to open it my convict looked round him for the first time and muttered, "I had slipped from Joe's hack on the brink of the ditch when we came up, and had not moved since. I looked at him eagerly when he looked at me, and moved my hands and shook my head. I had been waiting for him to see me, that I might try to assure him of my innocence. It was not at all expressed to me that he even comprehended my intention, for he put on a look that I did not understand, and it all passed in a moment. But if he had looked at me for an hour or a day, I could not have remembered his face ever afterward, or having been more attentive.

The soldier with the basket soon got a light, and lighted three or four torches, and took one himself and distributed the others. It had been almost dark before, but now it became darker, and soon afterward very dark. Before we departed from that spot four of the soldiers, standing in a line, fired twice into the air. Presently we saw other torches lighted at some distance behind us, and others on the marshes on the opposite bank of the river. "All right," said the sergeant. "March!"

We had not gone far when three cannon were fired ahead of us with a sound that seemed to burst something inside my ear. "You are expected on board," said the sergeant to my convict; "they know you are coming. Don't struggle, my man. Close up here."

The two men had quiet and each walked surrounded by a separate guard. I had hold of Joe's hand now, and Joe carried one of the torches. Mr. Wopsle had been for going back, but Joe was resolved to see it out, so we went on with the party. There was a muddy shortcut by path now, mostly on the edge of the river, with a divergence here and there where a dike came, with a miniature windmill on it and a sluice-gate. When I looked round I could see the lights streaming from other ways. I could see several dropped great blotches of fire upon the track, and I could see these, too, smoke and go out. I could see nothing but bulk and black darkness. Our lights warmed the air about us with their pitchy blaze, and the two wretched figures that I had left behind me, I felt, were along in the midst of the muskets. We could not go fast because of their heavy irons, and they were so spent that two or three times we had to halt while they rested.

After one halt or so of this traveling we came to a rough wooden hut and a landing-place. There was a guard in the hut, and they challenged us, and the sergeant answered. Then we went into the hut, where there was a smell of tobacco and whitewash, and a bright fire, and a lamp, and a stack of muskets, and a drum, and a low wooden bedstead, like an immense bunk, whereon the sacchariferous soldiers of holds, ing about a dozen soldiers all at once. Three or four soldiers who lay upon it were not much disturbed by us, but just lifted their heads and took a stare, and then lay down again. The sergeant made some kind of report, and some entry in a book, and then the corporal, who call the other convict, was drafted off with his guard to go on board first.

My convict never looked at me, except that once that I have mentioned. While we stood by the hut he was brought before the fire long at it, or putting up his miserable feet by turns upon the hob and looking at them as if he pitied them. When the time came he turned to them, and remarked:

"I wish to say something respecting this escape. It may prevent some persons laying under suspicion alonger me."

"You can say what you like," returned the sergeant, standing looking at him with his arms folded; "but you have no call to say it here, you know. You'll have your opportunity of talking about it, and hear about it, before it's done with."

"I know that, but this is another plat, a separate plat. A man can't starve; at least I can't. I took some victuals up at the Marshes, for one—where the church stands almost out on the marshes."

"You mean stole?" said the sergeant.

"Ah! I'll tell you where from. From the blacksmith's."

"Hallos!" said the sergeant, staring at Joe.

"Hallos, Pip!" said Joe, staring at me.

"It was a noble broken wittle—leastways, what I was—and a drum of liquor, and a pie."

"Have you happened to miss such an article as a pie, blacksmith?" said the sergeant coldly, but civilly.

"Ah, I did, sir, at the very moment when you came in. Don't you know, Pip?"

"Oh!" said my convict to Joe, in a moody manner, and without the least glance at me. "So you're the blacksmith, are you? Then I'm sorry to say I've eat your pie."

"Good kawns you're welcome to it—so far as it was ever mine," returned Joe, with a saying remembrance of Mrs. Joe. "Wy don't poor what you have done; but we wouldn't have you starved to death for it, miserable fellow-creature, whatever it was.—What did you do, Pip?"

The something that I had noticed before clicked in the man's throat again, and he turned his back. The bond had returned, and his guard were ready, so we followed him to the landing-place, made of rough stakes and stones, and saw him put into the boat, which was rowed by a crew of convicts like himself. No one spareed a glad to see him, or sorry to see him, or spoke a word, except that somebody called as if to dogs, "Give way, you!" which was the signal for the dip of the oars. By the light of the torches we saw the black Hulk lying out a little way from the mouth of the shore, like a wicked Noah's ark; eribled, and barred, and anchored by massive rusty chains, the prison-ship was ironed like the prisoners. We saw the boat go alongside, and we saw him taken up the side and disappear. Then the ends of the torches were dipped in the water, and went out, as if it were all over with him.

ALONE.

AS BEFORE, sad, longing little heart was beating under a worn cotton dress, in a little house in Fourth Street. Tears as warm and grief-swollen as any that gush from woman's eyes crept down the cheek a little way, paused, and then, as the latter, waited, trembled, and then was evaking the bosom swell with sighs, run down the maiden's reception to the place of her plaints. Through and through, and through again, slipped the needle, sticking with the thread of sympathy, the cloth of linen and silk. The Argus-eyed thimble—nothing better than steel, though worn on the finger of silver—dimpled the flesh, impressing it through the close fabric into the calloused fingertip, fretted and notched and blackened by many needle marks, and pitted with the weary day and many a weary night.

A cooking-stove, one side of which, two beds, a few dishes on a shelf in the corner, a broom, a large stone pitcher, a bonnet and shawl, a few articles of wearing apparel, a table, and two rough wooden boxes on the window-sill, four or five books on the one table—these comprised the furniture.

The room was elevated far above the noise and dust of the city street—a little beneath the roof of a house—very, in the fifth story; and the roof in sloping had not 6ft a corner of the ceiling. The place had been carefully and tastefully arranged, the best they could with the sunlight, but were too much crowded by the falling roof to accomplish much.

Had you slipped noiselessly in—which you could not have done, in fact, for the sagging of the door and its loose fastenings—on the threshold—you would have been struck first by the brevness, and then by the neatness and taste of the arrangement.

A little black-and-white kitten would have glanced up at you from a soft bed of cotton in its own corner, or rolled and tumbled from the corner bed of the two; and the still figure in the window would have prevented only a bowed head, but have checked a very little the sad sighs.

But if your tread had been heard upon the stairs, and maintain the firm step, and then, before you reached the threshold, you would have heard a springing step upon the attic-floor, the sudden stop, then a coquettish little gleeful laugh, a gurgle of black eyes would have shone out at you from a face wreathed in smiles, and possibly, in the excitement of the moment, you might get a pair of arms about your neck. At any rate, you would have followed a tall, lithe figure into the room, and the laughing face would have found yourself sob-lock with its expressive and proud a face as ever flame from nostrils, dancing, silry laces, rustling silks, and sparkling diamonds.

Indeed, while the tear-drops were falling under the pressure of the thoughts which would not possibly hide under its lifting lid, a step was heard upon the stairs, the staircase did creak, like the wings-flutter of a bird, the door was unlocked, the door did open, and a pair of arms were flung passionately about the neck of a white-haired old lady.

Jennie had been crying of thoughts aroused by Will's ill-a-propos mention of Mrs. Brewer.

She avoided these better thoroughfares when she could, hurrying along when the streets are narrow and dingy—where the pitiful eyes of the poor tremble of plaints is seldom seen—where bright eyes and fair faces seldom look upon faded and worn surroundings. But this afternoon her errand to the store had taken her through one of the more stirring streets. Indeed, it was the very corner of Main Street, around which human tides swept, eddying, every hour. She had seen poverty, sickness, and wealth—wealth, contentment, beauty—stupidity, scute, intellect.

Sitting in her bed-room, with the door ajar, the room, small, dark, discouraged with the labors and forebodings of life, Jennie's thoughts could do no less than bring tears. In the midst of the happiness which floated about her in the crowded street; of the laughing eyes; of the brightly flowing and flowing Main Street—the merriment and conscious beauty. She had seen hundreds in that one street—hundreds of pitiful faces, and not one exceeded her superior. And this was not egotism in the weeping girl. Does the dove imagine itself a swan, or the eagle fancy itself a blue jay? Was it wrong that all this beauty, all this innate refinement, all this spirit and taste and mentality, should give her a sense of pride and that appreciation for which we all long and strive? And if Jennie wept that her scant and faded calico had been seen by those who thought it were herself and not the accident of covering; and if she wept that single-minded and narrow-thoughted girls carried themselves proudly, and won attention, while she slipped meanly into lowness, and shrunk from the observation which was only cold and contemptuous, can we blame her? She was a woman, with a woman's beauty and a woman's power. But a woman's power, imposed by circumstances, her jewels covered with the dust of labor, her young life hidden, and dull, and sad.

Besides, an incident at the store had wounded her severely, and reawakened her consciousness of weakness and semi-degradation. It was this: She had taken a bundle of work to the inspecting clerk, and thence had been directed to the cashier with a ticket for her pay. On former occasions she had suffered from curious and wicked glances while passing the clerks of several departments, as well as from a peculiar tone in which the cashier addressed her. To-day she was either more pitifully sensitive or the object of admiration were more disgustingly prominent; and the cashier, after handling so long or peculiarly, handed her the silver she had earned with a careless but insulting remark. Jennie flushed with indignation, threw the money upon the counter, and coolly gathered her lip with scorn left the desk. A hand touched her arm, and a kind voice said, "Will a moment, Miss Bell, to so assert and commanding a way that she hesitatingly paused. The gentleman stepped up to the cashier, struck him a smart blow on the side of his face with the palm of his hand, tipping him over, took the vacated seat at the desk, and by the time the fellow had picked himself up, he balanced his accoutrements, was ready for him with the noble of his wages. Then leading the fellow to the door by the ear, he kicked him into the street. All this was done so coolly, with so much ease and gentlemanly dignity, that Jennie scarcely took no exception to even the last act of the drama.

"My store will be safe to you in future, Miss Bell, but I will go to the store to the inconvenience of bringing your work. I will send a boy for it," and directing a lad to take the lady's bundle, Mr. Brewer turned to the cashier of the store before she had time to cry or do any thing more than thank him with a glance, which, breaking from her eyes, expressed her gratitude, mingling intermingling of pride and gratitude.

The incident had recalled for the hundredth time a terrible consciousness of her unprotected situation, and she felt more keenly than ever the utter helplessness of her position. Sometimes the blood of a proud ancestry dashed to her cheeks and throbbed at her temples; but the next instant woman tears chased each other down the fair cheeks.

"I am so glad you have come, father. I have been very lonely, and then I was fearful something had happened."

The old man bent a little to kiss the eyes of his daughter—kissed her as a father was the emphasis of affection—and his lips were moistened by a tear which Jennie had unwittingly left there in the habit of trudging from her way to meet him coming step.

"What is this, daughter? Crying, my child? You are not sick, dear? Why, I thought my heavy girl never cried, however dark the day might be!" Jennie, with a hand on his shoulder, the white-haired man held the bright-faced daughter at arm's-length before him, gazing loving inquiries into her eyes.

Not a tear, not a sigh, not a look in the beaming face of the daughter now; so, after meeting his gaze laughingly a moment, Jennie slipped her head down to his shoulder, clasping his arm in her hands, and said,

"Oh, nothing of any moment, father. We women have little foolish thoughts and troubles of our own when we are left alone all day. But when father comes home they are gone. Aren't I happy, isn't she?" and the girl looked into his face with so much of beauty, and smile, and joy, that the old man forgot and laid aside, you might be sure, the pain which had dried on his lips, and went to wondering what made his daughter so happy, alone and hard at work in that sober room all day.

The father forgot the sadness sooner for a jewel of good fellowship, and was holding light in his heart, longing to give it his daughter, but wondering what was the most perfect way to show it. Whether to make the little room a spring and permit the Kohi-nor to flash with its diamond lightning in the sun, or to bring the jewel into the room, so that the loved one's eyes might catch its brilliance, ray by ray, and beam by beam. While the daughter was making the tea to cover confusion, and then pouring spattering water into the little black teapot, in the bottom of which very few hot very nice little leaves lay, and filling the fragrant exclusiveness and concentration, the glad father thought the matter over. Finally, the glad little leaves viewed the one inevitable expansion by the heated flood, the glad father continued to think it over.

"You look tired, father; have you worked hard to-day?"

"Not very, daughter."

"Why you look pale, father; you are sick, I know."

It was well that the girl dropped the plate from her hand, though it went down with a crackle into fragments, for the old man was reeling out of his chair. Jennie was down to save him. When out a word, the daughter held him a moment, till she could glance into his face, and then with a strength which she had always wondered at when roused, bore him to the nearest bed and laid him there.

"Father! father!"

Not a word nor a sign of consciousness. Jennie hatched his temples with water, rubbed his cold hands, his chest, called on him, kissed him, and wept. His lips moved.

"What is it, father?" and the daughter's ear is close by the trembling lips.

"I have heard—heard—heard—" from—Robert"—father." "Robert is—is?"—the voice is too faint to be heard—the lips cease to move—the old man is dead. No cries of Father, dear father!" no calling sings of hands, no hatchings of that calm, snowfringed brow will bring back the soul now fled at last from its cheerless imprisonment of eighty years.

Straighten the stiffening limbs, lore daughter; close the tightner the eyelids: he is gone. And the secret hidden in that unfinished sentence—it too, is gone, and vainly will you try to fathom its purport. The blow was a terrible one. Not alone that this was her father, but the best, the gladest, the dearest of fathers. Not alone that this was her stay and companion, but her only support and her only friend. Now she was alone. Alone.

When all hope of restoration was gone Jennie stood erect a little way from the bed, her head bowed in her hands, and let the tide of loss and loneness sweep over her. In that instant of time she drank the full cup and tasted each and every bitter ingredient. This made her calmer. Another nature might have sunk; she was lifted, strengthened. All the energies of her heart came into active life; and, as she had been, quiet, lady or still, as was the same strong, self-conscious woman she had ever been, she was now strong and self-reliant.

A quick step upon the stairs and a tearless rap at the door. It was the bright-faced lad with a bundle.

"Mr. Brewer says as how this is nicer work, and you may send back the other bundle," said the lad, tossing his cap, as he came sauntering into the room, his face beaming with pleasure and excitement. "Oh, Miss Dolly!" and the boy fell into wax-stricken quiet as he felt the presence of death.

The second day before the burial, when, with the aid of the neighbors, the body had been carefully prepared, a different step was heard upon the staircase, and a careful knock at the door. Mr. Brewer entered without a single word, gave his hand, and sat down. Then gently alluding to her loss, asking to look on the features of her father, noting her plants in the window, he led the conversation into appropriate channels, and, without a single profanity, made Jennie to feel that here was a true and appreciative friend.

Gradually the talk receded from the sad topic of the morrow, and the church to more great subjects—to such thoughts as we find written in books, and such as come to us from our own life, long meditations and careful analyzings. In this, her visitor was struck with the eleerness and stretch of thought which he had given to the girl, and he had been herself round and quickened by the outdrawing influence of a superior but congenial mind.

Jennie was conscious of the tendency gently to personal affairs, where, at length, a point was reached at which Mr. Brewer ventured to ask:

"Have you no other friends but this?"

"None in all the world, except, perhaps, a brother."

Mr. Brewer could scarcely ask a further question. Breaking the silence, Jennie said:

"My brother, Robert, left us three years ago—he was only fifteen then—in the ruin of California. Thinking that he could do a boy, he might bring back gold enough to make his father comfortable for life. We heard of his arrival in California, and then there was nothing more. Two years ago we came to live at this end of the city, and possibly at that time he changed his location. We wrote a letter because we reached us, nor have ours reached him. The other day, when I was coming home, he had received failings from him, for he said so just as he was dying; but the news itself died on his lips, and I have no clue to his address. Mr. Brewer, Robert was a noble boy, life-hearted and best boy I ever knew."

Just here the tears would come, and a long silence followed.

Mr. Brewer had brought a purse with a little gold in it, thinking to slip it into the hand of the girl whose trials had so touched his sympathy. Jennie was the last one in the world impossible he did not dare to do it: he could only ask, with the deepest respect,

"Can I do any service to you?"

"I thank you very much for your call, Mr. Brewer—very much. There is only one thing I can do for myself—employ me, if my work pleases you."

No need to follow the plain board coffin—rough casket for such a father—to its place among the silent poor in the great city cemetery. If the bright-faced girl—the bright-faced girl—been chilled by the autumn wind, dropping tears upon the turf alone by the side of her mother's grave, and then, leaving a daughter's heart, and lived as rich a woman's nature, as ever moved gay and proud in a cheerful home—we know not.

Jennie could not and would not leave the dear old room, hallowed now by the memory of a saintly father. Mr. Brewer knew this, and made no objection to it now, for only a young and elastic trend wished the creakings in the long flight of old stairs.

The bright-faced boy came and went every day with a bundle. Two weeks were gone, and the pay was so much better as to give a new chintz of a deep brown with a tiny white figure. Mr. Brewer came occasionally. He all kindly spoke the place of a friend, brought books for Jennie to read, and then discussed them with her, and left.

There were many points upon which they agreed, and many upon which they differed. Both liked to get well to either; and Jennie found pleasure in arousing his deep, earnest strength of expression, and he was never weary of awakening that flash of her large brown eyes and easy dignity of talk which covered her from all other of his friends.

Mr. Brewer's visits were less frequent, but they never failed during the many months in which she rent and sewed in the humble attic-room.

Also for the struggling, brave, and weary girl! These visits, so comforting at first, were coming to be a source of pain—in fact, and especially pleasure.

He came and went as a kind, dignitered friend, always considerate and entertaining, and always well-mannered. Knowing and trusting him as a true friend, she yet knew nothing of the man but what she saw in her own home. He never talked of himself. The lad who came and went with bundles had once or twice spoken of "father" in a manner which convinced her that Mr. Brewer was a husband, and this his son. That was all; but it was positive. And yet, though settled on this from the first, at time were on the companionship and sympathy of her one visitor grew into a need, and then a necessity. So respectable, so unlikely, so well-conducted, so well-conducted, so well-conducted

growth of that great presence by which at last she was covered and overpowered. In vain Jennie's flushed indignation on herself that she should love the loved of another woman heart—a husband and father. In vain she wept, and struggled, and prayed. The chains grew tighter and tighter, holding her to a misery to which all the sadnesses of her life bore no comparison.

The afternoon sun of a September Sabbath wrapped in a cherry light the dark, sea-washed hull of an ocean steamer coming up the bay to the crowded pier.

At the same moment Jennie's friend turned down a dull, dark street, entered a door-way, and ascended creaking stairs. It was one of the dwellings of Jennie's room that, far away over the brick houses, with their smoked and smashing chimneys, lay the always changing picture of the bay. To-day, she or a long discussion of the beauties and blemishes, first of "The Gold Centipede Bug," and then of De Quincey's "Confessions," with other and minor talk, Jennie touched upon the secrecy of the bay, with its white-winged butterflies and its black hulks that, an hour or two before, had been crawling up the harbor.

"I always think," she said, "when I look out upon the harbor, that perhaps some day it will bring my lover; brother home to me; and then I shall not be alone, nor unhappy, nor sired say more. Oh! if I could only know whether he is living or dead—whether I shall ever have him again!"

The tears would come, and her eyes were all distending as she looked into the face of her friend.

Mr. Brewer seemed absent, yet present; tender, yet ill at ease. The thought haunted him, saying, "Perhaps he knows more of my brother than I—it was so new a thing to see him perturbed.

"Have I told you my only thing of myself?" he asked, at length.

"Never."

Upon this he moved a chair close beside her, but so as not to meet her glance, and told the story of his life down to the present hour. It was but concisely; but all the prominent facts were there. Then changing his place, taking her cold hand, and holding into her eyes, he brought her to them again, and blushes to her face, by the question,

"Will you trust me and love me?"

Jennie whispered—she couldn't help it—

"Will I? I always have."

When they had been fond with words for other sentences, and Jennie had been talking, Mr. Brewer exclaimed,

"Married! I never even loved before."

A slow step was heard on the staircase, a gentle rap at the door, and a pale young man entered.

"Jennie!"

"Robert!"

And the maiden had another joy added to the many before.

But Robert had some boons to die—to die as the day dies, leaving to night the gift of its light.

He had brought the gold which he had spent his young life in earning for the two at home. One had no word of gold save "I love you" and he wish for it, but the dust was hers; and when the weeks had gone in which they had sweetened his reeding with the breath of love, leaving him at last where flowers grown upon living stalks, and chains and clusters cut by nasty money-lenders, the last home beautiful, it flowed from her own and her husband's hands in channels which gladdened many a poor girl's life, and made the days of her other noble self happier for the joy of thus making his last life blown again in many a re-lighted eye and rekindled cheek.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL BLACK ON SECESSION.

THE *Herald* says: "In the opinion of the Attorney General, called for by President Buchanan, the question of law arising that of apprehended difficulties between the South and the Union, Black does not discuss the important question of the constitutional right of a State to secede, but confines other questions which are involved such as the collection of revenue, and whether peels of the forts of the Union belonging to the United States, the forces of the Union, the Mint, the Custom-house, the Post-offices, Judges, Marshals, District Attorneys, etc.—and if so on what terms or bases could the United States consent to cede the position, what policy should be adopted, or whether of the Government, and what may be the result of the emergency. In fact, all the questions which may arise, in all their various aspects, are understood, and discussed, and the holds, it is said, in the free instance, that a State has not the constitutional right to secede. This is the opinion of the law officer of the Government, it will have great weight and influence with the people of the South.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Governor Gist's Message was sent to the Legislature at Columbia on 12th. The Message commences with a complimentary notice, says there can be no difference of opinion on the importance of establishing direct trade with Europe, Cuba and Liverpool. It was important to divert part of the commerce of the South from New York and other cities to Charleston, and thus build up a commercial emporium and supply markets of neighboring States. The recent secession of South Carolina from the Union is because *duality* impossible. "The Government permitted the State to secede a shade of the risk in establishing direct trade with Europe, and the Southern States would be encouraged to follow her example. He recommends the adoption of some arrangement to repay the expenses of the State, and also the expenses incurred by the State in the purchase of defensible transporting with slaves. He recommends the transfer from the Union of the Southern States, and provision for a navy; also the establishment of a Southern armory by the which either of four or five States combine. Governor then takes up the subject of federal relation, and says it is late hour to receive communication of a nature, and the State would be wanting in self-respect, after having deliberately decided on her course, to similar any proposition looking to a continuance in the present Union. We can yet be better or refer questions than the present Constitution, and that has proved impotent to protect an equitable the frontiers of the North. The institution of slavery must be under the exclusive control of State slavery intercepts in its preservation, and has left to the mercy of those who believe it to be their duty to destroy it. He then quotes speeches of Lincoln and others to conclude thus: "It follows, from the views presented, that the Federal Government can not, constitutionally, do or prevent or force her back, nor rightfully use force to prevent a State from seceding, or force her back into the Union; but, in the language of the late Judge Harper, such having arms in their hands may use them; and I can not too earnestly urge upon you the importance of arming the State at the earliest practicable period, and thus be prepared for the worst. It is gratifying to know that, if we must resort to arms in defence of our rights, and a blow should be struck at South Carolina before the other States move up in line, we have the solidest of volunteers from all the Southern and some of the Northern States to repay promptly to our standard and share our fortunes. We can not guarantee success, but we can go into the fight with our tears, and blood, knowing we are engaged in the discharge of our duty, with an unswerving trust in God, and a consciousness that any thing is preferable to dishonor and degradation."

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S REPORT.

The Attorney-General's report has been occupying the attention of the writers of the land too. He says over 10,000,000 of people have emigrated to the Southern, its twenty years per year, agreeably to the law of 1835, when several of these States were south latitude, and the Southern States, in addition of the law to increase the revenue; he objects to the system of bonding of the States, and considers the bonding time so extent as Northern bonds; he advises incidentally, by a genuine equitable, at Columbia, as the capital of the Southern Confederacy. The public debt, in stocks and bonds, is $45,000,000; aggregate amount of taxes was $600,000; average tax on lands, a fraction less than five cents per acre.

APPROACH OF SECESSION.

A dispatch to the *Herald* from Columbia says: "It is now considered certain here that the ordinance of secession will be passed either on the 17th or 18th of December. Mr. Hammond has written a letter to the Georgia secession convention, which was read, and received by the Legislature, by, and forever, by December 15th at farthest. Representatives are looking for Washington. W. Forster Miles goes to-morrow. Ordinance and commission have already passed the Legislature, and Fort Moultrie. Some of the army officers say that now Moultrie is almost impregnable. The general feeling of the people is decidedly to resist the landing of more troops there.

THE LEGISLATURE OF GEORGIA.

The House, in Georgia, on the 11th, adjourn next Thursday. A motion was made to elect a Senator the same day, which was lost. The Senate has reported the two forbidding banks from issuing their notes out of the State for the purpose of discouraging secession. The secession resolutions failing into night checks, and in view of the approaching crisis and emergency, we recommend the secession the acts imposing the pain of forfeiture for not paying specie, and double liability. *A. Ga.* Bill to authorize the issue of bonds during suspension, passed, in a letter from other Southern States, and the Legislature of Georgia, the Southern Convention, and the Legislature of Georgia, and the Legislature of Georgia, the Legislature, 64 and 64, Legislature.

THE MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature organized at Jackson on 6th ult. The Governor's Message was delivered, and the Legislature proceeding. The members are unanimous for secession.

UNION SENTIMENT IN MARYLAND.

Governor Hicks, of Maryland, has issued a proclamation for a special session of the Legislature, declining to convene it. He is unwilling to place the State in the attitude of appearing to join in any treasonable designs against the Union, while he is ready to do all in his power to aid in mending the rights of the South in the Union.

An association calling themselves the "Southern Volunteers" displayed the Palmetto flag from their place of rendezvous in Baltimore on 10th, and was soon followed by the majority of the sting, and the flag was greeted with great cheers and the crowds, and the flag was greeted from the Volunteers. Captain Jones, of the bark Zabel, has engaged the Palmetto flag to be displayed from the mast of the vessel, when she ships in the vicinity immediately and by the time and the time.

UNION MEETING AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Louisville, Ky., 10th, Mr. Crittenden, who was held at Louisville on 10th, which passed the minority resolutions, declaring that Kentucky has a common interest with all the Southern States, and that the Union should be dissolved within the Union, as both Houses of Congress would be opened to the Executive, and the Legislature, and the repeal of the Northern statutes nullifying the Fugitive Slave Law, and providing the Southern States to desert the common cause of the South within the Union; and, resolved, Kentucky will not be a party to the Union aggressions on her constitutional rights become more intolerable than Slavery.

ATTITUDE OF SENATOR MASON.

A letter in the *Herald* says: "Senator James M. Mason, of Virginia, whose Minority Report on the Slave Bill not one dispute, in a recent speech, referring to the contingency of Lincoln's election, declared that if a state has its seat as a Senator to support and defend the Constitution, the rights and inequality of the Union, when they could to no longer maintained, he should resident back to her best interests, and, if Virginia, he would trusting to her wisdom and patriotism in that exigency to do so."

MORE BANK SUSPENSION.

The Manchester Bank of Virginia, at Cincinnati, suspended on 10th. Other Georgia banks are expected to suspend shortly. The Bank of Virginia, at Cincinnati, suspended on 10th the Manchester agreed to suspend specie payment, and the Bank of Virginia, at Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and North Carolina have suspended.

SEPTIMO OF RELATIONS WITH PERU.

The Mississippi Legislature, at Jackson, on 6th, Governor Matt. Clay, stating that he had, pursuant to instruction, transmitted his passports to the Minister of Peru, and, forty after this information sent to the Executive, the Peruvian Minister, Mr. Pedro Ramon, and, in a letter, furnished with his passport, and thus all diplomatic intercourse between the two Governments ceased. The amount of unpaid debts against Peru on account of his alleged seizure of the property of the Mississippi and *Little Thompson* is $150,000. Mr. Clay has been out Minister to Peru for nearly three years.

STEERAGE PASSENGERS SENT BACK FROM THE CITY.

The steamship *Alabama*, which arrived from Savannah, Georgia, last week, brought back thirty-four steerage passengers, who, it seems, had been shipped from the Southern ports being pressed to that city as in Charleston—the number of passengers sent back from Charleston, on the 14th, was 200.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN VIRGINIA.

The population of Virginia, according to the last census, are all official, over three of the counties of Wetzel and Doddridge, which, in 1860, gave Bell and Everett majorities and Breckinridge six. The returns from the counties not yet received from the Secretary of State, which will require an addition of over two hundred votes to any one of the three candidates, are Bell, Breckinridge, and Douglas, Breckinridge's electoral vote. The vote is as follows:

MR. LINCOLN AT CHICAGO.

The Chicago *Tribune* says: "Some incidents of Mr. Lincoln's visit to that city. It says:

"Mr. Lincoln returns to Springfield, and Mr. Hamlin goes immediately itself from this city. Several interesting incidents are related of the prospects. Mr. Lincoln being a very bad man, generally had to stop some to reach the level of those who come to congratulate him, and although all, as he did, with both hands, the labor performed by the right hand was considerable, and the left hand "suffering" meanwhile. At least, it was severe. In the crowd were many old friends, who, of course, claimed the pleasure unpermitted by Mr. Lincoln when he took a seat in the cars, and, as he shook hands, he said, "Gentlemen of these persons came after a long year of unmitigated sorrow." Mr. Lincoln raised his hands in well-affected astonishment, and exclaimed, "You are up, sorry?" This was interrupted by a look that crushed much sentimental. That tall man, *for* one in his life, was duly *appreciated*.

"Mr. Lincoln was a little boy, some four years of age, and his mother. The child was holding over with enthusiasm, his charles glowed with pride, and he would not excuse the boy, and he cried out, "Hurray for Uncle Abe!" Mr. Lincoln heard it, and the youthful Republican was treated to a "hearing up" toward the ceiling, which tickled him and his mother hugely, and will be remembered hereafter by the boy.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Lincoln has returned home. On 9th he occupied himself principally with reading several hundred letters, accumulated during his absence. Mr. Lincoln is in possession of reliable private information from Kansas, showing the political affairs in that Territory. Mr. Lincoln is greatly exaggerated, and no attack on the border Slave States intended.

The Washington *Star* says there is no reason to doubt the statement that Mr. Cameron will be Secretary of War, and that Judge Black will be nominated as his successor.

It is decided probable that Mr. Yancey will be appointed by the Alabama Legislature the Commissioner to attend the South Carolina Convention.

* FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales' fleet has arrived. The details of the mission are not yet, but the fleet experienced rather wild and bad weather during the entire passage. The Prince was very well and of Prince Alfred, the Prince, who has been quite powerful and further progress. They have been in the Prince of Wales' fleet, and the Prince royal presents, the Prince of Wales, and the Prince royal, the Prince, the Prince royal, and the Prince royal presents. The party, however, landed all well, and the Prince reached Windsor Castle on the evening of the 10th.

THE FEELING OF THE BRITISH ON HIS RECEPTION.

At a public banquet in London, Lord Palmerston thus spoke of the reception of the Prince of Wales in America:

"You have alluded to an event which has embraced the deepest interest in the mind of every Englishman. I mean the visit of the Prince of Wales to the North American Continent. It was to be expected that when the Princeps of Wales should visit the subjects of the Queen in our North American Province he would be received with that enthusiastic affection which everywhere is loyal and attached people. Our anticipations have not been disappointed. We have seen that the Prince was received by the people who gave it, and honoredly to the family of which he is the distinguished member. We may hope that that visit will cement more closely than ever the kind, heart, and kindly feelings which have long existed between the Queen's dominions and the mother country. (Hear, hear.) We have seen that the Prince of Wales, accompanied his Royal Highness visited the United States he would be received with that cordiality and that the country and civilized nations proved to distinguished members of the Royalty, which he is entitled to, and which it must be a very great satisfaction to the country. The cordiality the Prince of Wales received in the United States, and the cordiality with which the Queen's Prince was welcomed by our cousins in the United States, (cheers.) We have seen that the Prince of Wales, in the noble and generous people—they have shown that they have not forgotten the generous and noble feelings of which we have spring; and, in spite of events which, if not that, but in addition, we have seen that the Prince of Wales visited

GENERAL VIEW OF THE FORTIFICATIONS FOR THE D

DEFENSE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE FORTIFICATIONS FOR THE DEFENSE OF NEW YORK.

THE recent visits of the City Guard and the Fifth Regiment to the forts in our harbor, for the purpose of practicing firing with barbette guns, and the interest which has been created thereby among military men especially, offers a favorable opportunity of presenting our readers with the large picture on the two preceding pages, embracing a bird's-eye or perspective view of New York and vicinity, showing the relative location of the forts already built or in the course of erection, together with views of the same, and of varying a few words upon a subject of the highest and most vital importance, not only to our city and State, but to the nation at large.

Early in the year 1859 Major Barnard, of the United States Engineer corps, addressed a communication to the Hon. J. B. Floyd, Secretary of War, which was subsequently published by the New York Chamber of Commerce, in a pamphlet form, and entitled "Dangers and Defenses of New York." In this paper Major B. starts with an allusion to the sudden change which has taken place in the system of harbor defense since the war of 1812, and, hence, since the Chief Engineer, in 1840, reported that the then existing fortifications in the harbor and on the shores of Staten and Long Islands, were in a perfect order, well adapted to city pretty well from an attack by water through this passage (the Narrows). This change is consequent upon the recent improvements in the art of marine warfare, and the means of marine attack, as well as upon the fact that a force landed anywhere in the country by any other nation must be conducted upon different principles from those through which we have heretofore passed. On this subject Major B. says:

"While formidable fortresses of our territory had been made by land, the world which lies beyond our seas remained and Boston's islands had proved sufficient to give the city of Boston security against any force brought against our country, which could have with reasonable chances of success, at that day against fortifications—how little was expected of the enemy's fleet against cities. While the means of maritime attack have of late been greatly improved and formidable means of attack of when our defensive system was planned, and our country has so multiplied in population, wealth, and city resources that no enemy can hope to make any impression by an attack on our territory, or on our principal places like New York, on the other hand, the means in every naval preparation, in every fleet, we could make, than objects of attack.

"The world deemed adequate in former years for the defense of New York could not, therefore, in the nature of things, be adequate now. Yet, for that, the

"The recent war of England and France against Russia may illustrate my meaning; for it has been, in part, a project were either of those nations to wage war against the United States.

"In invasion of territory, no attempt at territorial conquest, was made or thought of, for it was well known that no decisive results would flow from such means. The war consisted, rather, in attacks upon maritime places, largest emporia—centre of commercial and naval power. Such place, by their vast importance, gave the wealth and prosperity of a nation—by the large population and resources, the means of defense, and, by their wealth and their exposure to attack, the strongest motives to defend, since no point at which the most decisive results may be produced. Cronstadt, Schastopol, Sebastopol, Kertch, Odessa, Kertch, Petropaulski, and other places of lesser note, were the principal objects of the combined attack; while such as the first-named became, indeed, the true aims of war.

"Around Schastopol assault and assault gathered their numerous, and the most of the unequaled strength may be said to have turned the issue of the war. Had it not been so decided there, Cronstadt would have been the next field of combat, for which, indeed, the Allies had made the most numerous preparations.

"Is it not certain that in future all war of maritime power against United States will have direct reference to all territorial invasion being out of this question, it is the wealth and the power and strength of our great cities—such as New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco—presentations New York—that so much more excite his efforts. Against these he will prepare such immense armament and preparation that he will take entire special agencies of attack—which (taken out by a marine) would be decisive against these cities.

"The mere defense of the city against ordinary forces of a foreign enemy, but through the fleet, the city would be in great jeopardy, and, hence, it is necessary its strength should be made to measure its strength against the fleet, and, in a great measure, the great maritime power, aided by all the resources of modern mechanical humanity, in creating or inventing means of attack, are being applied, here, in the fortifying New York, we are really preparing the battle field on which the issue of future momentous contests is to be decided."

It needs no argument to prove the correctness of the position assigned by Major Barnard, as any one who will give a moment's thought to the consideration of the subject must be satisfied, that with our dense population, accumulated in the use of arms—essentially a military people—with the telegraph and railroad lines to concentrate upon any given point tens of thousands of armed men, it would be madness in any nation to attempt to land an army upon our coast, with the object of marching any distance into the interior. The landing of an army from the ships of war is a work requiring time, and, independent of the danger arising from storms on an exposed coast, before a large body of men will artillery and cavalry could be safely landed and intrenched, however numerous it might be, a force fourfold its numbers could be gathered to hurl it back into the sea, or, at least, to prevent it from marching a step inland. It must be apparent, therefore, that in any future war, which this country may wage with the nations of the Old World, our centres of trade and population must be the points of attack and consequently, the subject of the fortifications by which this great metropolis is defended is one, therefore, of no slight importance, and deserving careful consideration. Not that we propose to elaborate it as its importance would seem to require, forbids—we are first in calling attention to it we are doing our part as journalists, in awakening, or rather in extending, an interest already awakened, which may eventuate in perfecting a system of defense so complete as to bid defiance to any hostile entrance within the waters of our harbor.

Let us see what were the defenses which were relied upon by the chief engineer in 1840, in "pretty well protect the city from an attack by water through the Narrows." At that time there were upon Staten Island Fort Tompkins and Richmond, and Batteries Morton and Hudson; on Long Island, Forts Hamilton and Lafayette, with Fort Columbus and Castle William on Governor's Island; Fort Wood on Bedloe's, and the works on Ellis's Island in the waters of the Upper Bay, and Castle Clinton, or Castle Garden, mounting from 450 to 500 guns all told. Of these, Forts Tompkins, Lafayette, Castle William, and Castle Clinton, although competent perhaps to repel the means of attack at the period of their erection, are worse than worthless at the present time in view of the vast improvements in the means of maritime attack which have been made within the past twenty years; while all the rest, with the exception of Fort Hamilton, are worthless, although but partial protection to their garrisons.

Without entering upon the discussion of the question, whether it would have called forth shot disputants on both sides, whether north-works or unmanned forts were planned by a noble body of regular troops, sufficient to keep them and their armaments in good order and do guard duty. Proper officers should be provided to drill the forces in the use of the guns and preserve discipline. The militia, augmented to 20,000 (*see page 1*) of the population of the State would furnish 60,000, should be divided into detachments, preserved, and in readiness, for their company organizations, and assigned to the various forts, where they should be thoroughly drilled in the use of the guns, and in repelling assaults upon the works. Each detachment would thus have its alarm post, to which, by aid of the numerous steamboats traversing the waters, the night be conveyed in a very short time. One of the forts nearest to the city might be made the rallying point, where regular-firing with barbette and casemated guns should be practiced, each detachment occupying it in turn. The organization of the militia into regiments constitute a reserve to cover exposed points, or relieve garrisons; and would have connected with it a corps of engineers and sappers. Then, it seems to us, our volunteer soldiers would acquire a knowledge of the fort which must of necessity devolve upon them in case of war, and better subserve the purpose of their organization than in parading our streets in gaudy costume, rendering themselves obnoxious to the imputation of "playing soldiers." We are glad to see that some of the corps have made the attempt to acquire such a knowledge (and, if report says truly, with considerable success), and we trust that all will follow the good example set them by the Fifth Regiment and the City Guard.

Fort Tompkins	Staten Island	40
Fort Richmond	Staten Island	40
Fort Richmond	Staten Island	140
Battery Hudson and Morton	Staten Island	40
Fort Tompkins	Staten Island	40
	INNER HARBOR.	
Fort Columbus	Governor's Island	75
Castle William	Governor's Island	75
Fort Wood	Bedloe's Island	75
Ellis's Island		40
Castle Clinton	Battery	50
	ATTACHED TO LAND FORTS.	
Fort Schuyler	Throg's Neck	50
Total		1145

For the relative positions of these we refer the reader to the views, which, we trust, will well convey to the mind a better idea than any description we can give of their advantageous position, and the capabilities of concentrating, as we, etc. Thus would, to the cursory observer, seem to be the position of the forts, and, we trust, apart from all ordinary attacks; but in view of the immense importance of the object to be defended, as well as the rapidity with which to arrest vessels, it is thought necessary to increase the fortifications to such an extent as not only to prevent the rapid passage of a fleet of vessels, but to render the fire of at least 500 guns at every point of a vessel's course, so as to arrest where it may anchor. On this subject Major B. says:

"The lesson to be derived from the war with Russia by ourselves is to concentrate on the Atlantic. Our most great emporium places would be the points at which alone an European force would attack, and, in particular, New York presents strongly. It is both undefended, as it is undoubtedly the most valuable possession of the Union. Spoils of wealth and military and naval resources, the lives and property of our citizens will be the objects of attack, and, in proportion, the strongest motives to defend. Our great cities are, in a manner, the sinews of war, and, in proportion, the means of attack, while such as the first-named became, indeed, the true aims of war.

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which our militia are armed is entirely out of date and obsolete, and if brought into the field against trained troops with improved arms, they would find their ammunition would count for nothing, when opposed to the muscular strength, agility, and skill with the bayonet of the French Zouaves. Our militia have always been counted upon for service in the Revolutions; but to be useful, they require to be drilled under a system entirely different from that heretofore pursued, and the sooner this fact is generally understood upon, the sooner will our boast have a basis in truth.

We do not intend to propose any plan or system upon which our militia should be organized or drilled in this connection; but we wish to throw out one or two hints, having others more competent to elaborate them.

The forts and batteries, after being put in complete order, should be manned by a small body of regular troops, sufficient to keep them and their armaments in good order and do guard duty. Proper officers should be provided to drill the forces in the use of the guns and preserve discipline. The militia, augmented to 20,000 (*see page 1*) of the population of the State would furnish 60,000, should be divided into detachments, preserved, and in readiness, for their company organizations, and assigned to the various forts, where they should be thoroughly drilled in the use of the guns, and in repelling assaults upon the works. Each detachment would thus have its alarm post, to which, by aid of the numerous steamboats traversing the waters, the night be conveyed in a very short time. One of the forts nearest to the city might be made the rallying point, where regular-firing with barbette and casemated guns should be practiced, each detachment occupying it in turn. The organization of the militia into regiments constitute a reserve to cover exposed points, or relieve garrisons; and would have connected with it a corps of engineers and sappers. Then, it seems to us, our volunteer soldiers would acquire a knowledge of the fort which must of necessity devolve upon them in case of war, and better subserve the purpose of their organization than in parading our streets in gaudy costume, rendering themselves obnoxious to the imputation of "playing soldiers." We are glad to see that some of the corps have made the attempt to acquire such a knowledge (and, if report says truly, with considerable success), and we trust that all will follow the good example set them by the Fifth Regiment and the City Guard.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

My reader is sufficiently acquainted with me by this time to know that I have a little vanity in me on which he can always count with safety—my conceit! There may be newer men and more learned men, there may be, I will not dispute it, persons more gifted with oratorical powers, better linguists, better mathematicians, and fifty other things besides, but, for all that, I may stand upon conduct, and say, there never lived the man, who, by nature, or, who by acquired a more open and undisguised section of himself than I have done, am doing, and hope to do yet. Why, I have a sort of modesty, too, for the reason why we have hitherto made so little progress in that greatest of all sciences—the knowledge of himself. It is not because men of genius are always engaged in speculating on what goes on in the heaven, or underneath the earth, that what people are doing next door, instead of honestly recording what takes place in our own city, is so rare.

You think this same conceit is a small quality. Well, show me one thoroughly honest autobiography—show me one man who writes of their own memoirs, it is fair to presume some strange hitherto unknown quality, some quality been deficient in truthfulness; some forgetful of early friendships, and so on. Yet where will you find the man, or, who ever who dare say, "I was a coward; I never could speak truth; I was by nature ungrateful?"

Now, it would be merely through such confessions as these our knowledge of humanity would be advanced. We should be enabled to voyage without the loss of a spar or a rope tenches little; but there is a whole world of information in the fact, that we have found a hole in her, all her masts carried away, the captain inveriably drunk, and the crew mutinous. Then, we have got a strong and really witchless, marvelous resource, and indomitable perseverance, that we come to extremities a variety of qualities that are only evoked by danger. Just as some gallant skipper might say, "I know the world's weather-beat, and, and so I dropped anchor in thirty fathoms, and determined to trust all to my cables;" or, "I received orders to sail sailing down, and I cracked all canvas on, resolved to beach her." In the same spirit, I would like to read in some personal memoir, "Knowing that I could not rely on my courage; feeling that if pressed hard I could conceivably run at the first," or, "I was only could get honesty like this! If some great statesman, some grand fort-ground figure of his age, would sit down to give his trials as they really occurred, we should learn more of life from one such volume than we can gleam from all the mock memoirs we have been reading for centuries!

It is the special pleading of these records that makes them so vinicious; the writer always is bent on making out his case. It is the eternal representation of that, spectacle said to be so pleasing to the gods—the good man struggling with adversity. But what we want to see is the weak man, the frail man, the man who has to fight adversity with an old rusty musket and a flint lock, instead of an Enfield rifle, loading at the breach!

I'd not give a rush to see Blondin cross the falls of Niagara on a tight-rope; but I'd cross the Atlantic to see, say the Lord Mayor or the Master of the Rolls try it.

Now, reader-respected reader, do not for a moment suppose that I have, even in my most vainglorious of raptures, ever imagined that I was here in these records supplying the void I have pointed out. Remember that I have expressly told you, such confessions, to be valuable, ought to come from a great man. Faithful as the avowal is, I am not a great man! Elements of greatness I have in me, it is true; but there are wants, deficiencies, small little details many of them—rivets and bolts, as it were—without which the machinery can't work; and I know this, and I feel it.

This digression has all grown out of my unwillingness to call attention to what I meant—that I passed my night at the little inn on the table where we supped. I had not courage to assert my right to my bed in the room by myself, and so I wrapped myself in my cloak, and with my valise for a pillow, tried to sleep. It was no use—the most elastic spring-mattress and down cushion would have failed that night to lull me. My nerves had strained beyond endurance: she had slighted, he had insulted me! Such a provocation as he gave me could have but one expiation. He could not, by any pretext, refuse me satisfaction. But was I so ready to ask it? No! It is more certain that I would act upon this separation? He was certain to wound, he might kill me! I believe I cried over that thought. I, who, in the out off of my uncle's youth, in the very spring-time of one's enjoyment—I could not go to my mother—to go down unnoticed to the grave, never represented, never understood, with vulgar and mistaken judgment upon my character and motives! I thought my heart would burst with the affliction of such a picture, and I said, "No, Pottle, whatever, in the future, I may be, I will always be—the exercise of the qualities of your great nature!" Nonsense! beautiful little episodes came thronging to my memory, of times, when whose personal gallantry had won them a world-wide reputation, refusing to fight a duel. "We are to storm the citadel to-morrow, colonel," said one; "let us see which of us will be first up the breach!" Or, "I loved that fellow for his speech, and I tortured my mind how, as there was no duel, I could get a quarrel with it. I could apply its wisdom to my own ease. What if I were to say, "Count, the world is before us—a world full of wrong, and, I hope, of life, the common fortune of humanity we are certain each of us to have our share. What if we meet on this spot, and, in years hence, we who have has best acquitted himself in the conflict?" I wonder what he would say. The Count was a strange, imaginative, dreamy sort of folk. Is it not likely that he would be struck by a notion so undeniably original? It is not unlikely that he would seize my hand with rapture, and say, "Jal I agree!" Still, it is possible that he might not; he might be a man of a vulgar, matter-of-fact creature who will regard nothing through the tinted glass of fancy; he might stifle the project, and tell it at breakfast as a joke. I felt almost smothered as this notion crossed me.

I next bethought me of the privileges of my rank. Could I, as an R.H., accept the vulgar hazards of a personal encounter? I felt not such conduct be derogatory in one to whom the distinction might one day be conferred? Not that I lent myself, be it remarked, to the delusion of being a prince; but that I felt, if the idea of conferring would only continue the man in my rank and condition, it inevitably followed that it must be bad. What I could neither do nor be deserved of St. Lawrence, or, if not of Peter Pott, must needs be wrong. These were the grandiloquent meditations of that long night; and though I arose from the hard table weary, and with aching bones, I blessed the pinkish-gray light that stole through the chinks. I hastily completed a very rapid toilet when Francois came with a message from Mrs. Keates, "hoping I had rested well, and begging to know what hour it was my pleasure to continue the journey?" There was an evident excitement in the fellow's face at the embassy which his was charged; and though he delivered the message with some degree of propriety, there was certain something in his look that said, "What delusion is this you have thrown around the old lady?"

"Say that I am ready, Francois; that I am very impatient to be off, and the sooner we start the better."

This I uttered with all my heart; for I was eager to get out of the place, and the Countess should be stirring and could not subdue my anxiety to avoid meeting him again. There was every reason to suppose that we should get off unnoticed, and I instanced our myself to order the horses in readiness for a rapid journey of proprietorship. This was in honor of love, I promise you! The singularly incorrect of that people—a mixture of Quixotic, chivalrous, generous, even hribes could not move them. They never admitted such a possibility as haste, and stumped about in their wooden shoes or iron-bound boots, searching for articles of horse-gear under bundles of hay or stacks of fire-wood, as though it was the very first time in their lives that postbonnes had ever been required in that locality.

"Make a great pouche out of such materials as these!" muttered I; "what rubbish to imagine! Here, with such materials apply, and they to be moved? Where every thing proceeds at

the same regulated slowness, how can justice ever overtake crime? When can truth come up with falsehood? Whichever starts first here must inevitably win. To urge the creatures on by example, I assisted with my own hands to put on the harness; not, I will own, with much advantage to speed, for I put the collar on upside down, and, in revenge for the indignity, the beast planted one of his feet upon me, and almost drove the rest of his shoe through my instep. Almost mad with pain and passion, I limped away into the garden, and sat down in a damp summer-house. A sheepless night, a hay hostler, and a bruised foot, are after all, not stunning calamities; but there are moments when our jarred nerves jangle at the slightest touch, and even the most trivial inconveniences prove to be the sharp afflictions.

"We began to fear you were lost, Sir," said François, breaking in upon my gloomy reverie, "it was so very long after." "The horses have been at the door this half hour, and all the house searching after you."

I did not deign a reply, but followed him, as he led me by a short path to the house. Mrs. Keates and Miss Herbert had taken their places inside the carriage, and, to my ineffable disgust, there was the German chatting with them at the door, and actually proposing to honquet the landlord had just fetched out to her. "Pshaw to comfort the fellow with this contemptuous indifference which I know with a little time and preparation I could summon to my aid, I crept up to my leathern attic and let down the blinds.

"Do you mean," said I, through a small slit in my curtains, "do you mean to say that there all day? Will you never drive on?" And now, instead of the bolts and a rattling of cordage, like what announces the launch of a small ship, the heavy conveniency lurched, surged, and, after two or three unsteady bounds, lumbered along, and we started on our day's journey. As we bumped along, I remembered that I had promised Mrs. Keates for this morning, nor addressed them in any way; so complaints had my selfish pusillanimity in immersed me in my own annoyances, that I actually forgot the commonest attentions of everyday life. I felt ashamed of this rudeness on my part, and waited with impatience for our first change of horses to repair my omission. Before, however, we had gone a couple of miles, the little window at my back was opened, and I heard the old lady's voice, asking if I had ever chanced upon a more comfortable country inn, or with better beds?

"Not bad—not bad," said I, tiredly. "I had such a mass of letters to write that I got little sleep. In fact, I scarcely could say I took any rest."

While the old lady expressed her regretful condolence with me, I saw that Miss Herbert pinched her lips together as if to avoid a laugh, and the biter throughout crossed me, "She knows it all!"

"I am easily put out, besides," said I. "That is, at certain times I am easily irritated, and a vulgar fellow who annoyed me at such an last night so ruffled my temper, that I assure you he continued to go through my head till morning."

"Oh, don't call him vulgar!" broke in Miss Herbert, in agony. "I verily there could be nothing more quiet or unpretending than his manners."

"If I were to hunt for an epithet for a month," retorted I, "a more suitable one would never occur to me. The fellow was modesty an actor of some kind—perhaps a reproducer."

She burst in with an exclamation, but at the same time Mrs. Keates interposed, and though her words were perfectly inaudible to me, I had no difficulty in comprehending their purport, and saw that the young person was undergoing a pretty smart lecture for her presumption in ever to differ in opinion with my royal highness. I suppose it was very ignoble of me, but I was delighted at it. I was right glad that the old woman administered that sharp castigation, and I turned even with impatience to throw in a shell myself and increase the discomfiture. Mrs. Keates finished her gallop at last, and I took up the running.

"You were fortunate, Madam," said I, "in the indisposition that confined you to your room, and which, I gather, you from the unknown accomplishment of this man's manners. I have traveled much, I have moved largely, I may say with every rank and condition, and in every country of Europe, so that I am not pronouncing the opinion of one totally inadequate to form a judgment—"

"Certainly not, Sir. Listen to that, young lady," mumbled the old lady, in a sort of aside.

"In fact," resumed I, "it is one of my especial amusements to observe and note the forms of civilization implied by mere conventional habits. If, from circumstances not necessary to particularize, certain advantages that favored this pursuit—"

When I had reached thus far in my very composed style, the clatter of a horse coming up at full speed arrested my attention, and at the top mounted the German himself, the identical subject of our talk, dashed up to the carriage window, and, with a few polite words, handed in a small volume to Miss Herbert, which, it seems, he had promised to give her, but could not accomplish before in consequence of the abrupt hasten of our departure. The explanation did not occupy an entire minute, and he was gone and out of sight at once. And now the little window was closed, and I could distinctly hear that Mrs. Keates was engaged in one of those salutary exercises by which age communicates its experiences to youth. I wished I could have opened a little chink to listen to it, but I could not do so undetected, so I had to console myself by imagining all the shrewd and disagreeable remarks she must have made. Morals has its rhubarb as well as medicine—wholesome, doubtless, when down, but marvilously nauseous and very hard to swallow; and I felt that the young person was getting a full dose. Indeed, I could catch two very significant words, which came and came again in the admonition, and the very utterance of which aided to their sharpness: "levity," "encouragement." These they were again!

"Lay it on, old lady," muttered I; "your precepts are sound; never was there a case more meet for their application. Never mind a little pain either—one must touch the quick to make the cautery effectual. She will be all the better for the lesson, and she has well earned it!"

Oh, Poets! Poets! "Ye who have hearted and suffered!" Why should the sorrow of that young creature have been a pleasure to me? Is it possible that the enjoyment of revenge has had my share in this? Are you angry with her that she liked that man's conversation, and that he was in her presence to you? You surely can not be actuated by a motive so base as this? Is it for herself, for her own attractions, that you mourn, that you are thinking all this time? Of course it is, and there may be, I think, a great deal in it. She is crying; the old lady has really come to the quick, and I believe is not going to stop there.

"Well," thought I, "old ladies are an excellent invention; none of these cutting sayings could be done but by them, and they have a potent persistence in this surgery quite wonderful. Why, when I have tired my patient all over, they sprinkle on salt as carefully as if they were frosting a plum-cake."

At last, I thought, the lecture was over. She surely must have addressed herself to every phase of the question in an hour and a half, and yet I could have sworn the application, and so through the efficacy of her precepts, like a homeopathic medicine, I was cured by trituration. Fortunately, we had to halt for fresh horses, and so I got down to chat with them at the carriage door, and interrupt the lecture. Little was I prepared for the reddened eyes and quivering lips of that poor girl, as she drank of the glass opened to her. Indeed, I felt a little, but still less for the few words she contrived to utter in my ear, as I took the glass from her hands.

"I hope you have made me miserable enough now."

And with this the window was banged to, and away we went.

CHAPTER XXV.

I WAS so hurt by the last words of Miss Herbert to me, that I maintained throughout the entire day with her a tone of "dignified reserve," but what I half suspect bore stronger resemblance to a deep sulk. My station had improvidently, I thought, been made the butt of them. I dined alone. Yes, on that day I did half look upon the dinner hour of my condition, and gravely intimated that I desired solitude. I was delighted to see the dismay this declaration caused. Old Mrs. Keates was speechless with terror. I was looking at her through a chink in the door when Miss Herbert gave my message, and I thought it amusing, I laughed.

"What were his precise words? Give them to me exactly as he delivered them," said Mrs. tremulously; "for there are persons whose intimations are half commands."

"I can scarcely remember them, Madam," said the other; "but their purport was, that we were not to expect him at dinner, that he had ordered to be served in his own chamber, and his own hour."

"And this is very probably all your doing," said the old lady, with indignation. "Unauntomed to any levity of conduct, brought up in a rank where flippancy is never practiced, he has been shocked by your conduct with that stranger. Yes, Miss Herbert, I say shocked, shocked, and I, who never practiced, such freedoms are utterly unknown in—in certain circles."

"I am sure, Madam," replied she, with a certain amount of spirit, "that you are laboring under a very great misapprehension. There was no familiarity, no freedom. We talked as I imagine people usually talk when they sit side by side at table. Mr.—I scarcely know his name—"

"Yes, yes! it is necessary, Miss Herbert," said the old woman, tartly; "though, if you had, probably this unfortunate incident might not have occurred. Mr. Rolfe, I understand, said wrote a few lines in my name, hoping that his indisposition may be very slight, and begging to know if it would be more fashionable, and more safe to some repose."

I waited till I saw Miss Herbert open her writing-desk, and then I hastened off to my room to reflect over my manner to her note. Now that the anger was gone, I felt it was very pleased with the notion of passing an entire day where we were. The place was Schaffhausen, the famous Falls of the Rhine, and my march as a cataract, but picturesque withal; pleasant enough to ramble about, and as one said also inn is a wild old wilderness of a garden that sloped down to the very river.

Strange perversity is it not? but how naturally one likes every thing to have some feature or other out of keeping with its intrinsic purport. An inn like an old chateau, a chief justice that could ride a steeple-chase, a bishop that sings Moore's Melodies, have an immense attraction for me. They seem all, as it were, to say, "Don't fancy life is a mere four-roomed house with a door in the middle. Don't imagine that all is humdrum, and routine, and regular. Not withstanding his wig and stern black eyebrows, there is a touch of romance in that old chancellor's heart that you could't hunt out of it with his great maces; and his grace the primate of Ireland has not forgotten what made the poetry of his life in days before he ever dreamed of charges or triennial visitations."

By these reflections I mean to convey that I am very fond of an inn that does not look like an inn, but resembles a faded old country-house, in a desired country, or a disabled mill. The Schaffhausen Gasthaus looked like all three. It was the sort of place one might come to in a long vacation, to live simply and go early to bed, taking monotony as a tonic, and fancying unknown joys for better than quinine.

"Ah!" thought I, "if it had not been for that confounded German, what a paradise might not I have been in now! Down there in that garden, with the din of the waterfall around us, walling pensively the fairy-trees, lounging our way through tangled sweet-briers, and-arbors, and laburnum, what delicious nonsense might I have talked to her! Ay! and not one willingly had she heard it. That something within that never deceives, that little crimson monitor, that tells us when our conscience tells me that she liked me, that she was attracted by what, if I mistake not myself, would call the irresistible attractions of my nature; and now this creature of brazen and beet-root had spoiled all, jarring the enjoyment and scattering cheeks that might have yielded me such sweet music."

In thinking over the indelicacy of all human intercourse, I felt that it was best struck by the fact, that, while the law gives the weak man a certain protection against the stronger in the physical strength of the powerful ruffian in the street, it affords none against the assaults of the conversational bully. A dinner party, I may maltreat you at his pleasure, batter you with his arguments, kick you with inferences, and trample you with his conclusions, and no help for it all!

"Ah, here comes François with the note." I wrote one line in pencil for answer: I am sensibly touched by your consideration, and will meet your wishes. I signed this with a F., which I might mean Prince, Potts, or Pottinger. My reply dispatched, I began to think how I could amuse myself. Suddenly I cried, "I will bring her to book," thought I; "I will have an explanation." I always felt, on a day of thing—that is, in almost certainty of emotion; now emotion begets tears; tears, tenderness; tenderness, confidence; and where there is confidence, you are, so to say, a tenant in possession; your title may be disputable, your lease invalid, still you are there, and, if you are wary, and will take time at least to turn you out. "After all," thought I, "what matter, what harm has troubled the water for a moment, the pure well of her affections will by this time have regained its calm, still waters, and I shall see my image there as before."

My meditations were interrupted, perhaps not unpleasantly, by the waiter with my dinner. I am not unsocial—I am eminently the reverse—I like to meet men who feel themselves conversationally gifted, I like company, I feel that my gifts have in such gatherings their proper exercise and reward, yet, with all this, I have always felt that to dine splendidly, all alone, was a very grand thing. Mind, I say it is a grand, not a good thing, and I mean simply that it is grand to see all that table copiously and elaborately laid out, and to dine; to know that the business of that gorgeous candelabrum is to light you; that the two decorous men in black—archdeacons they might be, from the quiet dignity of their manners—are there to wait upon you; that the whole sacrifice, from the time of the fatted calf, was in honorable to your greatness. I repeat, these are all grand and imposing considerations, and there have been times when I felt convinced these Lucullus and Lucullo festivals more than convivial assemblages. That grand idea of mine: I lingered over my dinner in delightful dallience. I partook of nearly every dish, but, with a supreme reminiscence of the time of my sulks, I thought, "I am accustomed to a very different cuisine from this; I am used to dine at Fire hubbaby." And yet I was thinkly forgiving, accepting even such humble efforts to please as if they had been successes. The wine was good, and I drank no other wine, though various flasks with tempting titles stood around me.

Coffee succeeded the served, I asked the waiter what resources the place possessed in the way of amusement? He looked blank and even distressed at my question; he had all his life imagined that the Falls sufficed for every thing; he had never in his existence to see, and shrink and scribble about them, and so he faintly muttered out a remonstrance.

"Monsieur has not yet visited the Falls."

"The Falls! why I see them from this, and if I open the window I am stunned with their uproar."

I was really sorry at the pain my hasty speech had caused, for he looked suddenly faint and pale, and after a moment gasped out,

"But Monsieur is surely not going away without a visit to the cataract? the guide-books give two hours as the very shortest time to see them officially."

"I only gave ten minutes to Niagara, my good friend," said I, "and would not have spared even that, but that I wanted to hold a personal ankle under the fall."

"There is, besides, the Laufen Schloss—"

"As to castles," broke I in, "I have no need to leave my own to see all that mediæval architecture can boast. No, no," sighed I out, "if I am to have new sensations they must come through some other channel than sight. Have you no theatre?"

"No, Sir. None."

"No concert-room, no music garden?"

"None, Sir."

"Not even a circus?" said I, peevishly.

"There was, Sir, but it was not attended. The strangers all come to see the Falls."

"Confound the Falls! And what became of the circus?"

"Well, they made a bad business of it; got into debt on all sides for oils, and lamps, and gilding placards, and so on, and then they beat a sudden retreat one night, and slipped off all hat two, and indeed they were about the best of the company, but somehow they lost their luck in the forest, and instead of coming up with their companions, found themselves at daybreak at the outside of the town."

"And those two unlucky ones, what were they?"

"One was the chief clown, Sir, a German, and the other was a little girl, a Moor they called her; but the cleverest creature to ride or throw a tomahawk through hoops of the whole of them."

"And how do they live now?"

"Very hardly, I believe, Sir; and but for Tintenfleck—that's what they call her—they might starve; but she goes about with her emitter through the cafes of an evening, and as she has a sweet voice, she picks up a few batzen. Some, I believe, I have, would prefer this any longer, and says that, as they have no passport or papers of any kind, they must be sent over the frontier, and imprisoned."

"Let that matter be brought before me," said I, with a haughty indignation. "Let me tell him in a few brief words what I think of his heartless cruelty— But no, I am forgetting—I am here incognito. Be cautious, my good man, that you do not mention what I have so inadvertently dropped; remember that I am nobody here; I am nothing, I am Fire, and nothing more. Send the authorities creatures, however, here, and let me be questioning them. They can be easily found, I suppose?"

"In a moment, Sir. They were in the Platz just when I served the dessert."

"What name does the man bear?"

"I never heard a name for him. Among the company he was called Vitzenbein, as he was the oldest of them all; and, indeed, they seemed all very fond of him."

"Let Vitzenbein and Tintenfleck, then, come hither. And bring fresh glasses, waiter."

And I passed a night an Rosenbeigt giving his orders for a "mutsch," and then, waving my hand, motioned the messenger away.

FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON

THE Paris fashions for the present season contain many novelties. Our illustration, on the following page, shows a few of the new choices, the *Leah*, and the *Chambery*; also a new evening dress.

NEW COLLARS.

The *Lodi Cloak* is of velvet, without any other trimming than a narrow ruching placed upon the interior edge. The sleeve, in two pieces, forms two points; the pelerine is large but not overloaded. The *Chambery Cloak*, very simple in its form, is composed of a light-colored cloth bordered with a silk binding; the shoulder-straps are of passementerie. The manteau Chambery fastens in front by means of three large buttons.

AN EVENING DRESS.

A new *Dress for an Evening Party* is a robe of pink gauze de Chambery, with five goffered flounces, which are plaited into the skirt, in such a manner as that the ends of three of them are brought up on one side of the skirt, where they terminate fantastically, as shown in our illustration. These three pieces of flounciug finish with a large simple rose without leaves. The corsage is long, with a plaited front, the sleeves (of tulle) having three rows of narrow goffering descending from the base of the shoulder. On the back of the waist is attached a bow, from which depend two streamers of silk ribbon of the same color as the dress. The head-dress consists of a garland composed of tufts of flowers of different hues, the back hair being fastened by a gilt barrette.

JUPONS.

Among other changes this season we may allude to the new skirts. Among the numerous descriptions of jupons, of bright or of dark color, striped or plain, the most recently introduced is the *Cage Jupon*, as it is called, the only one we have figured in the *mode digant*, as it is the only one that falls all the requirements of the mode of stiff petticoats, without imparting to the dress appearance of exaggerated extension. It is light, supple, and very agreeable to the wearer, fitting gracefully to the waist.

BONNETS.

A decided modification has taken place in the shape of bonnets. The crown of the bonnet recedes further on the forehead, and falls back rather rapidly on reaching the side. The shape of the curtain is peculiar, being smaller, more graceful, and without proportionate. The entire bonnet is rarely composed exclusively of velvet, crape, etc.; blonde, silk, and lace are mixed up more than ever with the material.

HEAD-DRESSES.

Without entering into details, we may allude to the increased varieties of garland head-dresses, composed of puffs, lace, and flowers, the luxury of which is in keeping with the extravagant exigencies of the toilet of the present day.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1860.—(SEE PAGE 779.)

THE INQUISITION AT ROME.

WE publish herewith, from plans taken by a Roman architect during the Roman Republic of 1849, an accurate plan of the Roman Inquisition Building. It serve to explain the spartments on the ground-floor, the subterranean, and the first floor above the ground. The Roman numerals mark the ground-floor, the small letters the subterranean, and the Roman capitals the first floor. The following is the key to the plan:

GROUND-FLOOR.

I. Principal entrance.
II. Vestibule.
III. Guard-room.
IV. Ante-chamber.
V. Main staircase, which leads to the upper stories.
VI. Large court, with
1. A portico all around it, leading to the chambers of the officers.
VII., VIII., IX., X. Small rooms, very feebly lighted, for the imprisonment of doubtful persons arrested.
XI., XII. Waiting-rooms.
XIII. Large court of the prisons, around which are the Remains and traces of an old Dungeon-dungeon, which is demolished by order of the Triumvirate.
XIV. Other rooms.
XV. Other rooms, with
5. A hole dug in the pavement, from which a vaulted subterranean passage leads to the spacious and dark subterranean places marked *d, d, d, e, e.*
4. Decorated wall, the summit of which appears to view a secret pit, like a well, extending from the story above the basement floor down below the bottom of the lowest subterranean of this horrible, execrable edifice. In the first days of May, 1849, men were digging out the putrified bones of unknown victims who had been mysteriously martyred there, some of which appeared to be of recent date.
5. A secret door, which appeared like a book-case, indicating a former passage for communication with No. XVII.
XVI. Great hall of the prison and torture-chamber, with a block of marble and other stones, hollowed with skill, on which, it appeared, they had placed the feet or arms of prisoners. There were large iron rings fixed in the walls.
6. A niche, in which was placed the image of an idol, with arms movable at the joints by means of a secret and powerful mechanism, with which, it seemed, they had tortured their innocent victims.
7. Entrance to the well, recently broken through, to reach No. XVII., instead of the door, 5, near the excavation, which rendered it useless, being so near it.
XVII. Attic, with loading pieces, and secret staircase leading to the first and second stories above the basement.
8. Human bones, scattered and in heaps, some of them of recent date.
XVIII. Chamber of rigorous imprisonment.
XIX. Prisons of convalescence.
9. Entrance of a pitfall, which ends in the subterranean prison below (marked 4).
10. Entrance of a staircase, shut in dark, with a heavy wooden covering strengthened with iron.

THE SUBTERRANDAN.

a. A dark prison, with two large iron rings fixed in the red and infected walls.
b Prisons, with very feeble light, admitted through a small subterranean window (marked 13), with iron rings like the preceding. Here was found the model of a deep hole, like a well.
11. A very small window, or loop-hole, furnished with large gratings, formed to give light to the underground court.
c 12. Another prison, with a little window which admitted only a very little light. In the part within the demolished aperture before existing in the field porch, was a skeleton of decayed wood, healing down to a depth of 40, which nobody was able to examine, both because of the feeble condition of the steps, the horrid appearance of the hole, and the majestic smell which preceded from it—the smell of decaying corpses.
13. Enlargement of an opening, like the mouth of an oven, which had formerly existed there, from which smoke was taking out dry bones from a heap of skeletons. This hole appeared to have a communication with another, judging from indications in a wall more recently erected.
d, d, d. Part of the subterranean, more elevated than those marked *e, e, e.*
e, e, e. Another part, deeper than *d, d, d*, having remains of unburied corpses scattered about here and there.
14. An accidental fissure in the broken wall, serving as a mysterious communication with the pit under trap-door—No. 15.

FIRST STORY.

A. Chamber of residence of the *First Father Inquisitor.*
15. A majestic door, communicating with apartment B.
B. The floor of this passage covered a precipitous abyss, unknown way at the slightest pressure. This is the tremendous TRAP-DOOR or THE INQUISITION, or *Trabocchetto del Sant' Uffic.* It is constructed with such skill and precision that, on closing it, there is not the slightest sign of rasistor surprises. From the top to the bottom of the hole there are large stones projecting from the sides, which even now are stained with blood, and some of them locks of hair, from persons martyred in that pit. In the bottom was found the skull of a young lady, of a recent date, from which many locks of hair were carried through and thousands of inquisitions and mitchelhoes, the curses of innocent victims of the rage and lust of the "men in purple."

C. Apparently a dark, feebly lighted, where were perceptible traces of spectacular punishments and infernal cruelty. There was found a human hand, of which only the bone remained, with the joints pierced, and with a large nail driven into a wooden beam.

D. Another small room, without any light, the use of which could not be understood, and which perhaps served only as a passage to the room E, through the small door 17.

E. A large supplementary apartment.

N.B.—What I have described above I saw and verified with my own eyes in the first days of May, 1849, at that epoch when Mazzini, then a Triumvirate, decreed that that infernal edifice should be destroyed to its foundation.

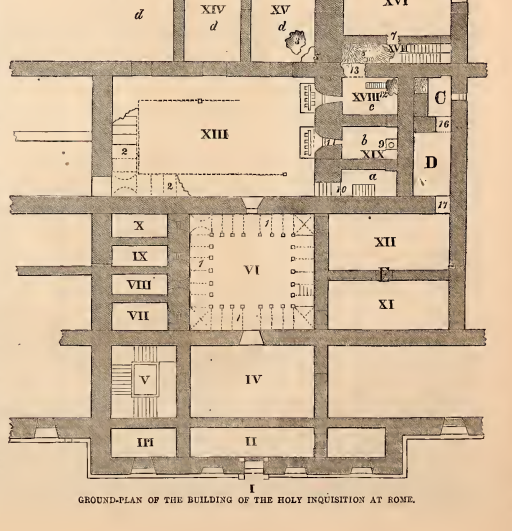
Many of our readers will remember that letters were published, in 1849, by different persons who had visited the Roman Inquisition, or Holy Office, in American newspapers, some of which were copied from English or French gazettes, and that they corresponded, in many essential particulars, with the preceding description. This concurrent testimony would be found to be very impressive and convincing, if we had room to lay it all at once before our readers. We can, however, find room only for some extracts from a very full and authentic description, given by one of the best and most respected writers of our day, Signor F. De Boni, who paid long and repeated visits to the edifice, and published a formal account of what he saw in that interesting Italian magazine, *Italia del Popolo.* We copy from the translation made for "The Roman Republic of 1849, by Theodore Dwight."

STREET OF THE INQUISITION." There the tribunal resides which makes the altar a stepping-stone to the prison. In that street multitudes of persons crowded in March and April, 1849, and passed through the spacious edifice to which it leads, uttering imprecations and malediction as they returned, then silently dispersed to their homes, with indignation, fear, and horror contending in their breasts.

On the 4th of April, 1849, the Government of the Republic, moved by a sentiment of justice and Christian compassion, having established, on the ruins of papal tyranny, the legitimate reign of brotherly equality, decreed that the houses of the Holy Office should become the habitations of poor families, who had only miserable dwellings, in unhealthy and confined quarters of Rome. They intended thus to cancel, on a republican plan, the remains of ancient tyranny, by consecrating to beneficence what papal cruelty had devoted to torture. Consequently the Holy Office, which for three centuries had been closed, except to victims of suspicion and the martyrs of liberty and conscience, whom it buried in prisons or gave to the flames, was thrown open to the people. The people can reason clearly; and in those religious prisons they better understood the necessity of rejecting the shepherd who bears a sword instead of a crook, and more admired and loved the gentle doctrine of the Nazarene, while shuddering at the tortures inflicted in his name.

And what awful scenes did history bring to mind to those who passed through those dismal halls! From this place, so near the Vatican, issued the orders for the slaughter of the Jews and the last Mussulmans in Spain. Within this building was decreed the murder of the Waldenses in the Guardia of Lombardy and the subalpine valleys. Here Galileo was tortured, the imprisonment of Giannone was ordered, Pasquale was condemned to the flames, as well as Carnesecchi, Pulcario, and Giordano Bruno. Here were planned the murder of the Huguenots and the horrors of Flanders. Here the censorship was organized, war was made against the printing-press, a holy act was pronounced treason, and attempts were made to chain the mind. But that Prometheus has broken its bonds, and the world is going on under its influence.

The edifice of the "*Holy*" Inquisition was in part erected about the middle of the 15th century. It may be divided into three parts, having the form of two rectangular buildings and a trapezium united. It is presumed by some that the edifice rests its walls upon a prison of Nero. In March, 1849, the Government of the Republic ordered accommodations for stables for the national artillery, and appropriated a part of the Inquisition, under the closed gallery of the second court. A space was opened in the walls; when the workmen discovered an aperture. The rubbish was removed,

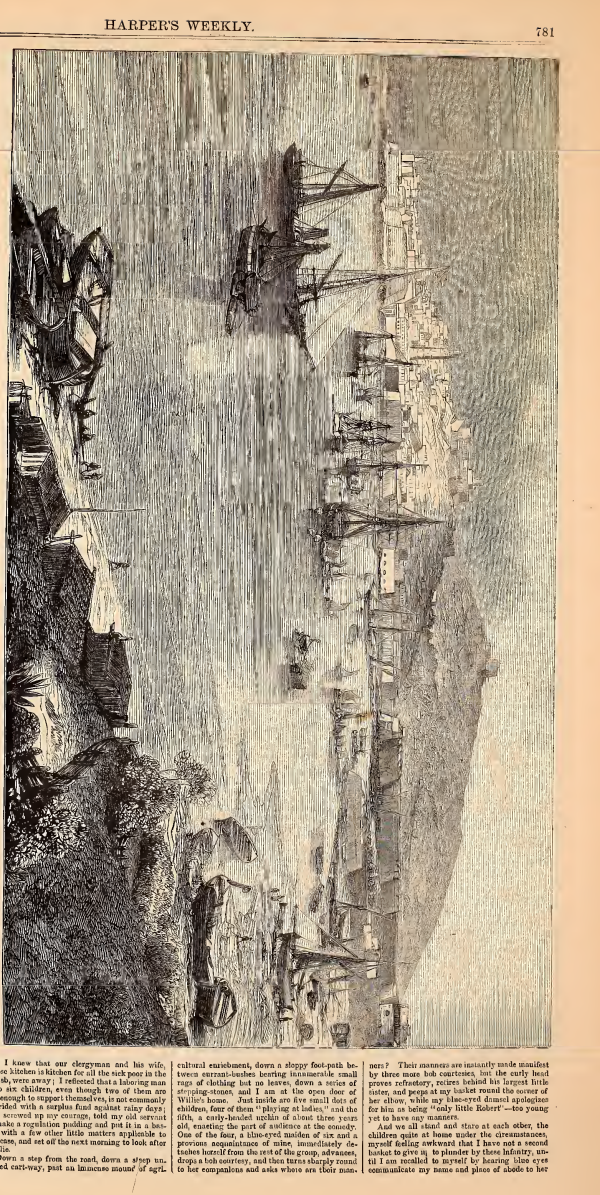


GROUND-PLAN OF THE BUILDING OF THE HOLY INQUISITION AT ROME.

they descended into a small subterranean place, damp, without light or passage out, with no floor but a black, oleaginous earth resembling that of a cemetery. Here and there were scattered about pieces of garments of ancient fashions—the clothes of unfortunate persons who had been thrown down from above, and died of wounds, fear, or hunger. A baiocco (or penny) of Pius IX. was picked up, which probably denotes the epoch when that abode of darkness and despair was walled up. The rich soil had hardly begun to be removed before human bones were uncovered in some places, with some very long locks of hair, which seemed to have ornamented the heads of females. It is certain that the "Trap-door" swallowed victims of whom it was important to the "Holy" office to destroy all traces, because the Fora, or Judgment Hall, is over it in the second story of the first edifice.

The other modern prisons are contiguous to the last court, which has been converted into a garden. Each of these prisons is a very small cell, capable of containing only a single person, being in two stories, and all alike. They are accessible from an exceedingly narrow corridor, like the cells of a convent. The walls of this passage are every where covered with pictures, and inscriptions commenting upon them, which intimate the horrid nature of the institution, and hold up to view the severest dogmas of the Roman Catholic religion, not interpreted in a spirit of forgiveness. Yet the most tremendous inscriptions were erased before the flight of the pope. The cells were furnished with beds; and there the greatest disorder and filth every where prevailed. Here and there were worn-out cushions, coverlets, chairs, and tables, and old clothes of prisoners who died in the cells many years ago. In a certain very small cell were things which indicated horrible secrets; a piece of a woman's handkerchief, of large size, and an old bonnet, of a girl about twenty years old. Poor little child! What offence, perhaps unknown to you, could it have been, which threw you into this place, and destroyed the innocent peace of your infantile years; which taught you to weep in the season of smiles, and perhaps deprived you of your dear and early life? In another cell were found four sandals, and several nun's cards, a little spindle, caskets containing needles, crucifixes, and unfinished stockings, with the knitting-needles still well-polished, and an infant's coach.

And so, in almost every one of the prison-rooms, were to be seen clothes, ornaments, and other relics of their former occupants; and, as every thing was wrapped in deep and mournful mystery, the imaginations of the people recalled ancient tragical stories, and wept over the misfortunes of persons of whose names they were ignorant.



VIEW OF THE CITY AND PORT OF GAETA, ITALY.

THE PORT OF GAETA.

WE continue our series of Italian illustrations with a fine VIEW OF GAETA. At this point now centres the Neapolitan drama.

Gaeta is a small town, of great antiquity, in the *Terra di Lavoro*, in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. It was a pleasant resort of Romans in the olden time; Cicero had a villa near there, and it was within half of the heights that he was assassinated. In modern times Gaeta has been a place of some trade, and a military stronghold of some importance. The harbor is excellent, and affords safe anchorage for a large number of ships; the fishing in the neighborhood is good, and some 3000 people, exclusive of military, make a living at this and other trades. Gaeta imports some foreign goods for the consumption of the people of the *Terra di Lavoro*, and exports fish, dyes, silk, sulphur, etc. There are of course a number of churches at Gaeta; it is an archiepiscopal seat.

Partly in consequence of the strength of its fortifications, and partly because it is a convenient place to run away from, Gaeta has often been selected as a last refuge by Italian fugitives. Some of the hunted Italian noblemen sought refuge there from the French in 1806. In 1849, Pope Pius the Ninth, driven from Rome by the Republicans, fled to Gaeta, and held Court there until the French recaptured the Eternal City for him. And now, King Francis of Naples is at Gaeta, patiently awaiting his final expulsion from Italy by the forces of Victor Emanuel. A historic site, surely!

UP A STEP-LADDER.

LITTLE WILLIE had not appeared at my door for full a month; I missed his cheerful whistle as he came, day by day, tugging up the rough road with the heavy bread-basket at his back, and saw that he had been superseded by another boy much smaller and of preternaturally grave countenance. I waylaid this boy one afternoon as he was toiling up the hill, and inquired what had become of Willie. He said he didn't know. Had he got a better place? He didn't know. Was he gone to school? He didn't know. Was he poorly? He didn't know. In fact, he knew nothing; so I gave him a half-penny for his information and let him struggle on, wondering how in the world he did it.

Willie did not belong to my class at school, but his two big brothers did, and when I saw them the next Sunday, I remarked my inquiries for merry little friend, and was told that he had got the fever-and-ague in our village meaning something generated of damp houses, bad drainage, insufficient water, and sometimes insufficient food.

"He has had it going on for a month," George told me. I asked if he had had it severely? "He's been very bad in his bend, and he don't know none of us but mother. But it's his cure now," was the rather mysterious answer.

I always had a reluctance, difficult to overcome, to go any where where I am not certain to be welcome. If I were ill, I should feel inexpressibly annoyed to have strangers come out about me with pudding and tarts; and what I do not like myself, I am chary of inflicting on other people. But I knew that our clergyman and his wife, whose kitchen is kitchen for all the sick poor in the parish, were away; I reflected that a laboring man with six children, even though two of them are big enough to support themselves, is not commonly provided with a surplus fund against rainy days; so I screwed up my courage, told my old servant to make a regulation pudding and put it in a basket with a few other little matters applicable to the case, and set off the next morning to look after Willie.

Down a step from the road, down a steep unpaved cart-way, past an immense mound of agricultural enrichment, down a sloppy foot-path between earwig-haunted hedges innumerable small rags of clothing but no leaves, down a series of stepping-stones, and I am at the open door of Willie's home. Just inside are five small dots of children, four of them "playing at ladies," and the fifth, a sandy-headed urchin of about three years old, enacting the part of audience at the comedy. One of the four, a blue-eyed maiden of six and a previous acquaintance of mine, immediately detaches herself from the rest of the group, advances, drops a low courtesy, and then turns sharply round to her companions and asks where are their manners? Their manners are instantly made manifest by three more bob courtesies, but the curly head proves refractory, retires behind his largest little sister, and peeps at my basket round the corner of her elbow, while my blue-eyed damsel apologizes for him as being "only little Robert"—too young yet to have any manners.

And we all stand and stare at each other, the children quite at home under the circumstances, myself feeling awkward that I have not a second basket to give in to plunder by these infantry, until I am recalled to myself by hearing blue eyes communicate my name and place of abode to her

next neighbor, when I ask if they know where Willie's mother is? Immediately they all chorus forth, "Mother's gone out to-morrow at Mrs. Dent's." I then ask, "Where is Willie?" to which they simultaneously reply, "He's up there in mother bed;" and following the direction of their pointed fingers, I turn round and perceive an almost prepondicular step-ladder, the foot of which is directly opposite the door-way, and the head, without any circumlocution, in a hole. In which hole, when I look up, I can see hanging the identical best coat in which George has attended my class for two years past.

"Will you go up and see him?" asks blue eyes; and the biggest girl, who may be of the mature age of seven, darts forward to pilot the way. But I am doubtful as to the step-ladder, and suggest the expediency of having "mother" in it to be got at; on which all the children except Robert execute numerous recess a-dos at full delighted cackleboges, and disappear round a corner, while he and I improve our acquaintance by continuing to stare at each other. In a few minutes the quartette return as they went, followed by "mother," who stops ten yards off and makes a bob courtesy of the same number of (I doubt this courtesying, but I daren't say "I don't courtesy to me"), and then approaches, looking as if she were thankful to see me, though I never saw her in my life before.

She is a pretty woman, of not more than two or three and thirty, with beautiful eyes, delicate features, and dark hair; all her clothing is clean and whole and decent; and when Robert hints at her with his eyes, I feel I ought to take up, and cashiered with two of the girls, who are his sisters, into the front-parlour, while she gives me her, account of Willie, who is upstairs in the dose-room.

"He ought to have been in his bed a fortnight before he was taken to the doctor's," she tells me; "he is on the mend now, but very weak, and will I go up and see him?

It is my destiny to mount that step-ladder. So up the step-ladder into a left with a pallet-bed in it, and a thinly covered mattress in one corner on the floor; furniture, the chairs of which I dare not, a room about twelve feet square, in which, on "mother's bed," lies Willie Wilkins, aged 7.

He is wide awake, and watching a casual gleam of sunshine that has found its way through the rainy clouds, and amused itself at the low window; but as I go up to his pillow he turns on me a pair of wonderful eyes, and says, frankly, "Is that the better?" His mother explains that he fancies I asked him how he did. His hearing is quite gone, and he is very deaf in a low voice. Fancies that this arises from weakness, and will pass away as he gets his strength again. "You think it will, ma'am?" I say, and look at him very kindly and fully; on which, supposing himself addressed, Willie says again, "A little better," and, a minute after, "I think, mother."

She says she will go and warm him a drop of milk, and disappears, leaving us together. Willie turns his eyes slowly from the sunshine to my face, and from my face to the sunshine. I look at him and at the plum-colour lips, and meditate on the mysterious inequalities there are in the world, and on the hard lives of the working poor.

The room is as poor as scrubbing and whitewash can make it; very thing about the bed is scrupulously clean; the old chest of drawers is covered on the top with a white cloth; as is also a rough deal box by the wall, which serves as a table, and on which stands the bottle of medicine stuff, with a glass and spoon disposed ornamentally in connection with a copy of the British Workman, a forthing hymn-book, and a Bible. On walls, fastened up with pins, are some rudely colored scriptural prints, a few missionary prints, pictures, and, in one corner above the head of another mattress on the floor, the Lord's Prayer in large type. In the mantelpiece, over the fire, are some plants, fresh and green; and, though the room is low, it is not oppressively close, for there is a fifteen-pugh current of air blowing up from the open door below.

In his mother's bedroom with the warm milk he drinks it eagerly, and the pudding being extracted from the basket, he eats a portion of that, with an enjoyment pleasant to watch. When finished it, he stretches out his arm and looks up at his mother.

"He wants you to see how thin his arm is, ma'am," she explains; and rolling up his nightgown sleeve, she shows me a well-shaped skeleton limb which will carry no more breadbaskets for many a month to come.

She then sits down by his pillow, puts her arm round him, and makes him lean against her while she gives me the particulars of his illness. How good he was, how little hope there was for him at one time, but how the doctor says now he will recover if he can get him a little more strengthening food. The clergyman, she says, being away, she did not know whom to apply to. "I didn't think of you, ma'am, till George said you'd been asking about Willie; I've spent many a sixpence for him, but I can't get what he wants, he takes eggs best, and he would eat three or four in a day, for he's getting hungry now, but he mustn't have them, I'm afraid, lest they should throw his appetite aspect." On my inquiring what the doctor recommends, she tells me a little brandy or arrow-root, and stronger yet—Adelaide I believe—to send her. It then occurs to me to ask if he is insured. "I think he is, ma'am, I believe not, if I don't stay there over long; so, having fulfilled my present business, I think it will, perhaps, be expedient to go away; I therefore bid Willie good-by, with the foolish remark that I am sure he is grown, and that the fever will make a man of him, which, fortunately, he does not hear, and then I follow his mother into the outer loft, and down the step-ladder.

Next day, my old servant, who is interested in Willie as the only boy whom she never had to tell to shut his gutting-guide after him, makes a dish of excellent broth, and leaves the meat in it, and when submitting it to my taste for approval, she assures me that if Willie's mother has any management about her she will freshen it every day, and it will keep and fit him for a week: which intimation she also conveys to George when he comes for it at his dinner-time. But when I go down, long before the week's end, to see the little fellow again, his mother tells me he hasn't been his very days, for what was left after that turned sour.

I believe the step-ladder again. Willie is still in bed, and still as dead as a stone, and I think he looks a shade duller and more pallid than before; but there is no sunshine through the window on the white-washed hill-side, and the little sickly sun slips mainly like a curtain over the glass. Still his mother sits by, as she has done, the tinted hair off his forehead, "He needs a little-yes, ma'am, I'm sure he needs a little," and she adds, that the doctor says "nothing wonder" if he be got at; on which all the children except Robert execute numerous recess a-dos at delighted cackleboges, and disappear round a corner, while he and I improve our acquaintance by continuing to stare at each other. In a few minutes the quartette return as they went, followed by "mother," who stops ten yards off and makes a bob courtesy of the same number of (I doubt this courtesying, but I daren't say "I don't courtesy to me"), and then approaches, looking as if she were thankful to see me, though I never saw a lady in my life before.

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"I don't get much rest with him at nights," his mother tells me, and puts a chair for me to sit down, and sits down herself, nursing him in her lap, where he lies quiet enough. Then she tells me about him, and what the doctor says. "And don't I see Willie getting on?" He has been out a month, or two in fact, but he could not stand by himself, and his hoots are too heavy for his little thin feet. So I suggest a supernumerary pair of my own, which she says will do very well for a day or two; and she defers to me and consults me, and I know nothing, and feel that I am nothing, beside her, because I am by profession and station a struggle and suffering are mere shreds and patches of abstinence compared with her hard and bitter experience of life.

The two little girls are silently busy at the table, ironing. I look at them, and I see Willie's little thin fingers—an idea which they reproduce with emphatic head-shakings. "It is their dolly's clothes, ma'am; I keep them quiet and makes them handy," their mother tells me; on which they smile, and display some wonderful bits of rag, the property of a much-abused but probably much-cherished wooden image now sitting, minus the nose and some pale of heads in the window sill. The fire is a little brighter to-day—perhaps the clergyman brightened it—and Willie has not quite such a wan and weary look on his white face. He watches his mother and myself as we talk, which he can do without effort, and he can be not hear a word, he can raise his mind, apparently, to guess about what is going on; and to look at the best side of every thing, perhaps his deadness may be almost a blessing for a little while, for it will prevent him from being further worn and wasted by Robert's painful toil.

This is not poverty under its worst aspect; it is very very bad and hard. There is no drunken husband or lazy wife to waste the earnings of labor; there is industry, thrift, cleanliness; a sane, sound struggle to be good, decent, pious, decent, orderly, under very hard conditions. There is no special want; there are regular wages, and not twelve-pence, perhaps, a week, either taking night or day; there are two boys at constant work, and a little girl who helps her mother. Poverty is there in good home; yet all the possibilities of health, and natural growth, and everyday comfort, are defeated in a dwelling which the most scrupulous care can never render what a dwelling of human beings ought to be.

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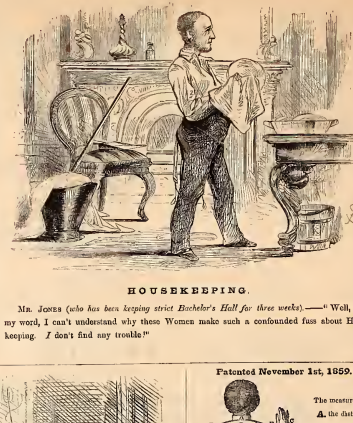

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VOL. IV.—No. 207.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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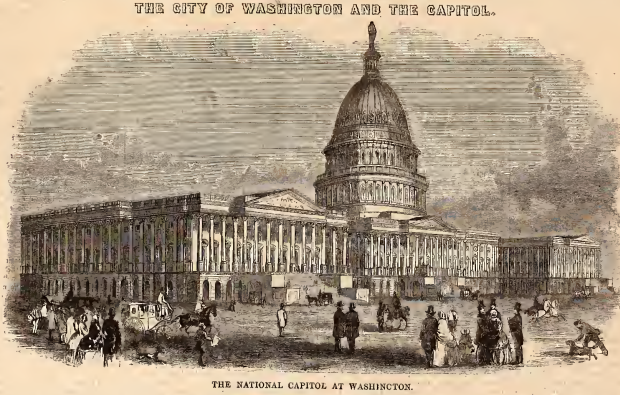
THE CITY OF WASHINGTON AND THE CAPITOL.



THE NATIONAL CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

In view of the momentous discussions which are now going on at the Federal Capital, we publish herewith a general View of Washington City, and a Picture of the Capitol.

The City of Washington stands at the head of tide-water on the River Potomac — 220 miles from the Ocean. It is 60 years old. When the Independence of the United States was established, New York was the Federal Capital. The subject of a permanent seat of Government engaged the early attention of Congress, and for some time a majority was in favor of a site on the Susquehanna. But after a time, the Southern members being unanimously for the border of the Potomac, and the Northern States desiring the location of the Federal seat of Government of less consequence than the assumption of the war debts of the States, it was agreed to accept the ten square miles of land now constituting the District of Columbia, and meanwhile the Government was transferred to Philadelphia. The corner-stone of the Capitol was laid by General Washington in 1793; the Government was removed to Washington in 1800.

In those days it was a dreary place. Mrs. Adams wrote that she was obliged to have fires going all summer to keep off the chills; and some members of Congress were so disgusted with the spot that they were with difficulty persuaded to attend during the session. The environs have changed, too. In those days Georgetown carried on a brisk trade with London and Liverpool, and Bladensburg was a considerable exporter of tobacco. Now neither place boasts much of its foreign trade. It is said that General Washington, whose plans for the embellishment of the Federal City time is slowly executing, really believed that it would not only be the noblest town on the Continent in respect of architectural glories, but that it would be the site of a large and increasing commerce — the sea-port of the nation. He did not share the fears which induced so many other statesmen to dread locating the Government in a commercial city. Time, however, and the energy of the people of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, have prevented the accomplishment of this destiny. Washington is not, and never will be, a place of any trade. It is a political city. In many respects it is the pleasantest city in the United States. Society is more refined there than in New York, Boston, or Southern cities. All the intellect of the country, and not a little of the beauty and fashion, congregate there every winter. There are other topics of conversation in Washington than dollars and per centages; and with all the tedium and corruption of politics, a relief from the never-changing commercial tone of thought which pervades society in such cities as New York is always acceptable.

As a city, Washington is chiefly famous for its "distances." Miles in Washington are as acres in other cities. Every thing is at least half a league from every thing else; and the consumption of shoe-leather by those who can not hire vehicles is enormous. The idea of General Washington was that the Capitol should be the centre of the city, and that avenues should radiate from it at equidistant points. To complete his plan, Washington should have a million of inhabitants. It has nearly fifty thousand, and a couple of avenues are fairly populated, with a proportionate number of cross-streets. If the Union is preserved, and Washington remains the Capital, a hundred years hence the original scheme may be carried out. At present the view from the dome of the Capitol, as shown in our illustration, is very striking, and gives an exaggerated idea of the size of the city.

Of the Capitol, as we said, the corner-stone was laid on 18th Sept., 1793, by General George Washington: it has thus been 63 years in the course of construction, and is not yet complete. The first architect was Dr. Wm. Thornton; then followed Hadfield, Hoban, Latrobe, and Bulfinch, under the latter of whom the old Capitol was completed. In the last war with England the two wings were ruthlessly destroyed by the invaders. After the peace the work was resumed, and the old Capitol was completed in 1825. The length of this building was 352 feet 4 inches by 121 feet deep. Since then the present extensions, north and south, have been added, and the total length of the building is now 745 feet eight inches. The corner-stone of the south extension was laid by President Fillmore on 4th July, 1851, and an eloquent oration was delivered on the occasion by Daniel Webster. With these extensions the Capitol is one of the noblest and most commodious public edifices in the world. We published a view of it, together with an account of some of the interior work of the extension, in No. 58 of this Journal. It contains a number of excellent pictures, illustrative of the past history of the country, by Trumbull and other artists; also some beautiful statuary by Crawford and others; but still the work of decoration may be said to be hardly begun. Most of the niches for statues and the spaces for paintings are still vacant. If the Union can be preserved, and the country continue as prosperous as it is, in the course of a generation the Capitol will be,

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, FROM THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.

in an artistic point of view, as worthy of the consideration of the lovers in respect of time and architectural perfection.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE AND HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that *Harper's Magazine* for the coming year will contain *three Stories*

By Thackeray and the Author of "Adam Bede;"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1860.

DISUNION CAUSED BY THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

WE present the following important communication to our readers without comment. The writer is known as a gentleman of intelligence and integrity.

A VIEW BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

In the fall of 1859 the writer met in Paris the late Mr. ABBOT LECGETT, formerly a wealthy merchant in this city, and a member of the Society of Friends. We conversed frequently on the political prospects of our country as affected by the agitation of the Slavery question. Mr. L. said that, when he was a young man, he was an active and zealous member of Anti-Slavery Society, and that he continued to cherish in after life a very compassionate feeling for the poor negroes. At the time of the general emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies Mr. Leggett's business called him to the city of Mexico, and while making there he met Deputy Commissary-General WILSON, of the British Army, an agent appointed by the British Government to make the financial arrangements connected with the payment to the West India shareholders of their portion of the £20,000,000 voted by the British Parliament as a compensation for the forced sacrifice of their property.

Mr. LEGGETT said that, when he learned Mr. WILSON's errand, he took occasion, while he was sitting with him one day after dinner, to express his admiration of the British Government and the British people, for that noble act, the vote of £20,000,000 sterling, to procure liberty for 800,000 negroes! He was full enough of the Slave Religion, and almost exclaimed the vocabulary of calogy to the transcendent spiritual epithets which he applied to England and Englishmen.

"Mr. Wilson did not seem to sympathize with me," said Mr. L., "and when I had finished, he simply turned to me, and said, '*I do you think, Mr. Leggett, that this emancipation of the negroes will prove to be a wise measure?*'"

"Certainly, I replied," said Mr. L. "How can it be otherwise?"

"The cool heads in England," said Mr. Wilson, "do not think that it will be beneficial in its effects on the interests of the people either in the colonies or in the mother country. Nor do I think so. *We think the free negroes will do very little work; and that the West India colonies, as to their wealth, and value to the mother country, will be ruined.*"

Mr. Leggett had been carried away with the representations of the enthusiastic friends of emancipation—that free labor was more productive than slave labor; that to them the negroes were free they would receive wages, and that this would stimulate them to raise more and better coffee in greater quantities; that consumers would feel the benefit of the new impulse to agriculture; that lands would rise in value; that the income of the planters would be increased, etc.; and his ardor was at first cooled by Mr. Wilson's gloomy view of the case.

"After a little reflection, however," said Mr. L., "I continued my eulogy of the British Government and the British people; and I went now further than before in the expression of my admiration, but I went on to say, I said that the premier of Englishmen, and of their government, were accustomed to represent them as always governed by mercenary considerations, and too willing to sacrifice justice, humanity, and all the virtues, to the lust of gain; but here was a case in which the cool heads that directed the action of the Government deliberately burdened their country with an immense debt, and to open an avenue of wealth, but in full prospect of destroying the commercial value of West India colonies, and of impoverishing the people there, and the proprietors in England—and all from a humane feeling, and a high sense of justice—that the wealth which is due to poor, helpless, down-trodden negro slaves. It was the noblest act recorded in history! I know of no parallel to it any where."

"When I had finished," added Mr. L., "Mr. Wilson turned to me, and said, *Mr. Leggett, do you really believe that the men who control the action of the British government were led by such motives as you describe to design, to overthrow the commerce of their country?*"

"I replied," said Mr. L., "that if the men who controlled the action of the British government really believed that the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies would end in the commercial ruin of the islands, I could not conceive of any otherwise for their conduct than the noble one which I had assigned."

"Well, Mr. Leggett," said Mr. W., 'you may believe this, but I do not. *I believe that the action of the British government has been prompted, as far as possible, the* INTEREST*s of the English Aristocracy.*'

Mr. L. then asked, "What interest of the English Aristocracy will be promoted by the ruin of the British West India Islands?"

Mr. Wilson said that the abolition of slavery in the British colonies would naturally create an abolitionist anti-slavery sentiment in England and America, and that in America this would in process of time lead to a dissolution between the free States and the slave States, which would end in a dissolution of the American Union, and the consequent failure of great experiment of democratic government; and that the ruin of Democracy in America would be the perpetuation of Aristocracy in England—I do not understand him to give the language of Mr. Leggett, but the following paraphrase conveys, in my own language, the impression which upon my mind of the course of reasoning by which Mr. W. came to his conclusion.

"The English Aristocracy have ruled England for ages. Their position is more enviable than that of any others in any other country on the globe. They rule the wealthiest empire in the world. Their landed estate constitutes a large portion of all the lands in the kingdom; and these estates are entailed in their families. The House of Lords is composed exclusively of the Aristocracy; and they have such influence in the elections that the members of the House of Commons are to a great extent the near relatives of the nobility. Offices of honor and power, and sinecure offices with large incomes, in the Church, the Army, the Navy, the Colonies, or Foreign courts, and all the appurtenants of Home government, are in their gift, and can be bestowed at their pleasure on their near relatives and friends. They have inherited these privileges from their ancestors, and their great aim, their ruling desire, is to transmit to their families, and to transmit them to their posterity. Their control of the public press, and of all the fountains of popular information, is absolute. Wealth has enabled them to impress the minds of the great body of the middle classes of the people, with the belief that the English Aristocracy, with its powers and privileges, is essential to the prosperity and glory of the English nation.

"Recently, however, this belief has been seriously shaken by the success of democratic institutions in America. Englishmen have begun to be well acquainted with America; and they see there a people who are their own rulers themselves, speaking the same language, reading the same books, holding the same religious opinions, loving the same principles; in fact, Englishmen have every respect except that they have no aristocracy; and yet, under their democratic institutions, Americans are advancing in every kind, intellectual, religious, in commerce and the arts, in the diffusion of knowledge among the people of population, wealth, and all the elements of national greatness; and intelligent men of the middle classes in England are beginning to think that Aristocracy, with its heavy taxation for the support of sinecure offices, may not be so essential as they have hereto-fore supposed to the prosperity of their country, and that the English people would perhaps make more rapid progress if they should throw off this burden, by republicanizing or Americanizing their institutions. The great danger to the English Aristocracy lies in this idea in the minds of the English people; for, if it should take root and spread, it might end in a revolution in which they would lose all their privileges. Hence the great anxiety prevailing in America and in England with the deepest interest in the issue of the contest.

"The English Aristocracy know that the English people are a liberty-loving, a liberty-running people. They saw with what overwhelming—almost petitions for the Abolition of Slavery could be obtained in America, and among classes, where there was no interest to check the generous and humane feeling. *They knew that they could have found no difficulty in obtaining petitions for the Abolition of slavery, without granting them; for they could have continued to receive them respectfully, and postpone action upon them indefinitely, if their interest required it.* But after a time, they doubtless, reasoned with themselves, thus:

"What will be the effect of encouraging and finally granting these petitions? If Slavery shall be abolished in the British colonies, by compensating shareholders for their losses, nobody in England will then have any interest in opposing the wildest and most sanguinary measures against Slavery sentiment. Englishmen will love to refer with pride and boasting to the large sum sacrificed by their government, with their concurrence, on the altar of liberty, justice, and humanity. They will then look to America, and they will see Slavery still there. Our Southern shareholders in Slaves, of course, will never rain themselves and their country by indulging fiction in abolishing it. Englishmen can then be easily excited, on account of American Slavery, to look down with scorn upon our Institutions and American institutions; and if any popular orator, or writer, in England shall propose to deprive the Aristocracy of their powers and privileges, and, to fortify his argument, shall refer to the property of America under democratic institutions, he will be met with this scorn, and defeated in his purpose.

"This will be the effect in England of the Abolition of Slavery in the British colonies; but the most important effect will be the effect in America. America is divided almost equally between free States and Slave States—between States in which the negroes are so few that no harm results from their emancipation, and States in which Slavery is so deeply rooted that it can not be safely abolished without ruin to all classes of the population. In the free States, the farmers are almost universally a bitter hatred of Slavery and Slaveholders, and be excited almost as easily as in England, and, in process of time, by constantly fanning the flame, such a hostility can be kindled between the people of the two great sections that it will lead to the destruction of the Union, and the ruin of the great experiment of democratic government by men of the Anglo-Saxon race. And this failure of Democracy in America will be a new page, and a long lease, to the English Aristocracy of their powers and privileges. Hence, Mr. Leggett, '*I believe that the English Aristocracy least their influence to the Abolition of Slavery in the British colonies that they may use it as a wedge for the division of the American Union. They did it to promote their own interest, to perpetuate their own privileges; by the destruction of the Union and prosperity of democratic America, and to secure their object, they were in more fear of a tide of 1,200,000,000 pounds of commercial ruin of the British West Indies islands than for the ashes on that cigar that you are smoking.*'"

In the above sketch, I repeat, I do not profess to give the language of Mr. L., but have endeavored, in my own language, to convey the impression made upon my mind of the course of reasoning by which Mr. W. came to his conclusion. The writer in italics, however, are very nearly the words used by Mr. Leggett.

What struck me as particularly noteworthy in Mr. Leggett's narrative was, that *before the experiment of negro emancipation in the British West Indies had been fully tried, and while the friends and supporters of the measure professed to believe that its effect would be exceedingly beneficial, the Aristocracy, as with it, both in the islands and in England, an agent of the British government, who must have had unexampled opportunities of forming a sound judgment in the case, expressed his belief that they who controlled the action of the government knew, when they gave their sanction to the measure, that it would be ruinous to expect that it would be calamitous to the negroes, to the planters, and to the British people, and that they could easily have prevented it, but that they still supported and encouraged it, because it would promote the interest of the English Aristocracy, by enabling them to excite, in the free States of America, such an anti-slavery feeling, as would lead to a dissolution of the Union, and the ruin of the prosperity of the great democratic Republic.*

A common topic of conversation at the meetings of religious and philanthropic societies, and especially of anti-slavery societies, during a residence of four years in London, I remember, was that the anti-slavery meetings and excitements are got up in England, not for the purpose of a removal, or an abolition, of the evil of Slavery in any part of the world, but chiefly, if not exclusively, with a view to keep up the hatred of the English people a hatred of the people and institutions of America.

And, as to our own country, all who are acquainted with the history of the anti-slavery movement here, know that, prior to the Abolition of Slavery in the British colonies, the American anti-slavery movement was of a very kind, considerate, moderate, and Christian; that it had already happily effected the gradual abolition of Slavery in Ohio and all the Northern States, and was at the time very active in the border Slave States, especially among the slaveholders, in gradually and peaceably emancipating scores of thousands of their own slaves, united with each other in anti-slavery societies to promote the gradual and finally total, abolition of Slavery by law in their respective States, with high prospects of success in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, and with some hope even in North Carolina and Tennessee—the manifest tendency of Slavery in most of these States to go hand in hand with their removal to other lands.

It is also well known that immediately after the Abolition of Slavery in the British colonies, anti-slavery societies of a totally different character were formed in the Northern States. These societies were based on the principle of bitter hatred to all slaveholders, and a fierce denunciation of the measures which had been framed, with great consideration and wisdom, by Southern slaveholders, for the welfare of their slaves, and the elevation of the race to which they belonged. The leaders of these New England anti-slavery societies established newspapers, issued tracts, employed lecturers, and devised plans, evidently intended to irritate Southern men, and provoke to acts which would irritate Northern men, and provoke retaliatory acts, and thus, by continued angry action and reaction, rigen a hostility between the North and South, which would naturally end in a dissolution of the American Union. This system of hostility has been kept up now for twenty-five years, and, with what effect, let the present state of the country answer.

How much of the large amount of money expended by American Abolitionists in support of this organized system of hostility to the Constitution of the United States has been contributed in England we know not, but we do know that, while conservative Americans have often been publicly and warmly told that in England in connection with the Slavery question, and without apology where apology was due from members of the Aristocracy, other Americans, whose office and duties are in the zenit and success with which they had attacked a fundamental law of their country and promoted bitter strife between the people of its two great sections, have been invited to the homes of the English nobility, fêtted, honored, and encouraged on their return to America to raise their influence upon the people and institutions of the South. These facts are readily explained on the theory of Deputy Commissary-General Wilson that the aim of the English Aristocracy is to perpetuate their own power and privileges by destroying the great American democratic republic, and they can not, be, intelligibly, satisfactorily explained on any other theory.

SIDNEY E. MORSE.

THE LOUNGER.

COMFORT FOR RACHEL.

Two bright and beautiful Thanksgiving is passed. The turn in the wonderful prosperity, however, is completed, and every body but his Honor the Mayor was in a grateful frame of mind. If that highpitched functionary does not grateful and happy, it is nobody's fault, it is only his misfortune. Gratitude is much more agreeable emotion than discontent, and happiness than indigestion. But the ways of his Honor are not as other people's ways, and perhaps Rachel Wood, it seems, refuses to be comforted.

Still the Lounger proposes to make an effort at consolatory counsel. It is to the Mayor, of course, to help any body's state of mind as it was upon Thanksgiving, but something may be done toward a present restoration of a cheerful tone of the system.

The honorable municipal chief magistrate is recommended to consider the plight of Mr. John Johnson upon the late Thanksgiving festival. The M. C. M. Jack, Jonathan, and Johnson, is a very turkey, his delectable side dishes, his smoking plum-pudding, mince-pie, and pumpkin-pie. He had, without question, all that makes dinner delightful; and a man who has a delightful dinner on Thanksgiving-day, has not fulfilled the conditions?

Behold, then, in imagination, O Mayor, Mr. John Jacob Johnson, leaving the cars upon a Wyoming prairie at what is called a "Junction." It is half past eight o'clock in the morning. The air is chilly; there is a strinking of water upon half frozen mud. There is a tilliant odour, a group of smoking tumblers; the passengers, with a road of black mud. Mr. Johns steps cheerily into the bar-room, and asks when the train is, in his phrase, connected at the Junction. "At two o'clock," is the extremely short reply of a group of eighteen or nineteen, in very sleeping clothes, based upon their noses. Mr. John Johnson his gaits a very nasty character, which is fully endorsed by the straight hair and freckled face.

The bar-room is large, and in one corner there are the basins and the towels with which the guests of the house perform their morning ablutions. A tall, gaunt man in Indian rubber shoes, with a wide-brimmed hat, who are going to some Thanksgiving family party, hear the whistle and shout the train at two o'clock, and disappear into an inner room. Soon that room a woman presently emerged, and, standing at the door, says in a cold, distinct voice, "Who replenishes the fire in here? The room is the adjoining dining-room." (i. e. The voice says to him, "Won't you please replenish?" and the figure disappears.

By this time the train which brought Mr. John Johnson disappears, and the dull reality begins to assume a form. The stove is up and down the room; pulls out his watch and compares it with the clock behind the counter. The clock seems to him exactly half an hour, and the immense pendulum swings so lazily that its slow tick distinctly says to him, "I—be—ver—lasting—ler—time—indeed—to—two—o'clock—ick—ick—half past—eight—tick—tick—tick." The great clock, with its dull tick, tick emotions, which repeat the fact of the extremely early hour in the most offensive manner, gradually assumes the likeness of a man, and is making up a pipe for Mr. John Johns; and as he sents himself by the stove and turns his eyes upon him, he has a bad hearing. "Thanks—giving—day—and—you'll—dine—here—tick—tick—tick."

Mr. John naturally rouses himself, and opens the door briskly and takes a turn in the fresh air. The morning is cloudy, and the road is very muddy. The cars are not yet in sight, occasionally slipping and sinking into the black ooze, while the passengers in white mummies and thinness stretches away in the sullen morning, and distinctly says to him, "Won't you have some more of it?" John is standing upon a fence, he remembers the Thanksgivings of long ago, and this very day elsewhere. City streets, country boulevards, country lanes, with all their associations pass in his life, sweep through his memory for a moment. "Well, I guess I'll take another cigar," it seems pufing up to the station-house behind him, and, ringing a bell, meets away over the prairie. It is half past nine, and the clerk is winding a clock, and his train comes at two.

Mr. John Johns returns to the bar-room, and takes a book from his travelling-bag. The youth with the boots running down at the heel watches him curiously, and then begins to tease a dog, which snarls and snarls, but does not try to bite, evidently because it has tried biting before, and has been sorely beaten by the youth in some course. The great clock surveys Mr. John Johns calmly, and the slow pendulum constantly remarks

to him that the time is passing very gradually indeed. Suddenly there is a bustle at the door, and two loud-talking men come in. "Can't you kill him?" "Why—why don't Joe?" "Oh, Joe he's got a chore to do 'll take him all day." "Well, I could shoot him." "Oh! darn, 'taint that. It's cutting on him up. I can shoot him. That won't take long, no how. But how can you cut him up?" "I guess I don't want to do-do-do." "Wa'al, Joe he's good at it, he can do 'll take him all day." "Have a glass of beer?" They go to the counter, and the sandy-haired youth pumps the ale and says to the first speaker, "Can't you get his wife killed?" Neither of them seem to know, and Mr. John John is puzzled to determine. The sand glass drops, the hour is reading. The relentless clock remarks from the wall, "Only—ten—o'clock—tick—tick—tick."

Once during the morning the tall, grunt man in Indian rubbers hurries out from the "Ladies' room," and swings rapidly up to the bar. "Is there a newspaper here?" The youth shakes his head crisply and utters a short, Hum! "No; then which—then vaguely, while the tall man snuffles back again and shuts the door.

A little less than one or three young men lounge in, stare at Mr. John John, and begin to talk very noisily. They laugh in a loud, dry way, apparently entirely without enjoyment or mirth. They pull at each other, and swear profusely, and brush their hair before the glass with a brush which is tied to it by a long string. Then they whistle without any tune, and Mr. John John thinks that it is nothing but the utter emptiness of idiots pouring out of their mouths. "They dance a convulsive jig upon the floor, and one by one they gradually go out, leaving the door ajar behind them.

Mr. John tries not to think of the delightful house he might be passing elsewhere. He tries to forget that it is he who peculiarly moved to social pleasure. But while he is trying the remorseless clock drags twenty out twelve, or twenty to three, seemed to grudge every stroke as bringing so much comfort to its victim by the fire; and at the same moment the youth draws at the beer engine, and pushes to the door, and standing upon the platform, heats until the whole neighborhood is filled with a terrible tune. After such a tremendous summoness the dining-room door is opened. Somebody, most assuredly, says "Dinner," and Mr. John John proceeds to his Thanksgiving feast, expecting, from the bad invitation and the long twice, that a great deal will dine. The dining-room is entirely bare. It is ingeniously comfortless and cheerless. Nothing, certainly, but the Attorney was taken would be capable of such destitution of every sign of domesticity. Mr. John advances to the end of the table and rests himself upon the round stool, such as accountants use. The moment he is seated a girl rushes from behind a door and vociferates at the ear "Roast beef, roast beef!" He asks for roast beef, and a plate is presently dumped before him, while two women enter without speaking and seat themselves on the opposite side of the table. They are opposite-ly alike. They are the girl-grandmas of them. "Roast beef, roast pork, boiled beef," one says, "Roast beef, ma'am," and the other says, "Yes'm." Then they seem to ask him what unutterable depths of silence. Mr. John John, hoping to rally his own spirits a little and prolong conversation, politely says to them, when their beef is brought, "May I give you a little potato?" But too effect is so alarming—he sees that he has you? comes so close upon a hysteric cry—that Mr. John tries no more, and he and the two women and three men, who have entered with silent tread, brushed hair and dirty hands, eat their Thanksgiving dinner in silence alone.

There was a long time afterward before the train arrived, during which Mr. John John walked upon the platform and smoked a meditative cigar. Presently he heard the far-off whistle, and stepping into the bar-room he looked with calm contempt upon the liquor he had implicitly ordered at first, and in very measured tones remarked: "If I—now—a—stand—a—glass—one—glass—of—gin—Mr. John—John—come—again—next—year—tick—tick—tick."

Now, in perusing this little story of real life, why should not Rachel Wood be comforted? If he can not have every thing his own way, let him reflect that there are other unhappy fellows, and perhaps even more unhappy than he. And if he can only see the bright side in this light, and be wee but with a single eye, there can be no doubt that Mr. John John will willingly have lost his Thanksgiving dinner.

A TRIP TO COVENTRY.

"ARTHUR!" writes to the Lounger that he has been threatened by a set of young men who wish to be associated in the cottage, to endeavor to hold or at least express in public certain opinions upon certain subjects, and he asked him to Coventry. What shall I do? asks Arthur. Go to Coventry, replies the Lounger.

Remember that there are two sides to every excommunication, social, ecclesiastical, or political. Pope Leo excommunicated Martin Luther, but Luther excommunicated the Pope, and laughed at him too. And so long as you can honestly laugh, you are safe. When Sir Samuel Romilly proposed to abolish the penalty of death for stealing a pocket handkerchief, the lawyers tried to send him to Coventry for his impiety, and declared that such an innovation endangered the whole criminal law. Sir Samuel laughed and pushed on, and presently suggested the abolition of that part of the punishment for treason which consists in drawing and quartering the offender and throwing his bowels into his face, while he yet lived. Thereupon the Attorney-general eloquently asked, "Are the ancient bulwarks and safe-guards of the British Constitution to be thus wantonly overthrown?" But Sir Samuel only laughed, and somebody said whether the bowels of traitors were the bulwarks of the British Constitution.

Master Arthur, think honestly and speak honestly and take the consequences. In this time and country the public cannot—some soon hatens round to the defense of honesty. It may not agree with the opinion, but it does, at heart, respect the sincerity. And if it seem to you very slow in coming, and you ask yourself a hundred times whether honesty be the best policy, you will find that you can not answer your question until you have determined what policy is. If it be only your individual advantage you may well doubt.

So go to Coventry, if your friends insist upon being your friends. Don't cry upon the way, for you may be sure of meeting quite as good society as you leave behind. Don't be afraid of the place. You may amuse yourself while you are there as you do in the great cities of Europe, by seeing where the Immortals live, and where the history will serve for a directory. Find the names of the great benefactors of the world, and you will have a list of the chief citizens of Coventry, yes, and the best society of all time. And as you "listen with patience and respect on the bridge," you may remember the lovely legend of the lady who saved the lives of men by riding "clothed on with chastity." Or, if you

"Shamden soon
We shabed and hammered the iron shoes,"

and understand the deep and exquisite significance of the story.

THE POINT.

WRITE our own affairs and those of other people we shall have an exciting winter. The great point will be to follow the hint of the weather, and keep cool. This we can do, if we choose, as we attend to the spectacle in Italy, but we may find it more difficult in our own case. Let us remember the Lounger, wherever he goes, and whatever paper he reads, and whatever speech, or even lecture, he hears, and we will escape terrible tops. There is but one kind of news, or interest, or convention; and no wonder, for it is a crisis.

Let us see that we do our part in the winter. Whatever is done ought to be done calmly. The people of this country are as good as their children our simple-tons. They will not be too much concerned, and they ought not to be, with theories of any kind; but they will look matters squarely in the face.

If there were a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, and twenty-one thousand declared themselves disatisfied, the police would watch and take care of any overt act. But if forty thousand of the people were unanimous in dissatisfaction, the inevitable and reasonable question would be, "Can this be treated as a riot? What grounds of accommodation can be suggested?"

To reply that slavery ought not to submit to forty is not a pleasant answer, but sometimes the force of things is no longer a riot, but a revolution; and in a revolution every man mun aske, Can it be made a peaceful, or must it be a bloody one? And there can be little doubt what answer a wise man will give.

HEROISM AT HOME.

WE read in the old Norse legends of the Vikings, mighty sea captains of the North, who fought with the ocean and conquered it, as we tell heroically tale-ling. The dimness of antiquity invests their deeds with romance, and perhaps it is not so heroic, and we wonder what were the ages, what the men, in which and among whom such heroes lived and wrought.

But heroism never changes, and a hero is always the same. The wild, wintry, terrible roaring of the North constantly produces heroism and its fruit. It seems homely and common when it is a man; but the heroic spirit which fought the battles upon our lakes in early winter, and you will not need to look to Norway and long ago for the grandest heroes.

Caught and torn by the savage gales of November, tags, and propellers, and schooners, and sloops are dashed in pieces upon the rocks and surges upon the shore. Blinded and beaten by frozen rain, stung with the bleeding snow, every moment the cold freezing their clothes into rigidity, the wrecked sailors climb and slip and vaguely wonder what possibility there is of escape, if by they disappear in unseen gulfs, or fall overpowered by the stiffening iron which covers them. What hearts are for the distant leaders—hearts that on the shore shudder with every burst of the tempest? Are a violent prayer and a tear enough? but almost all the lake towns and cities wonder who may be the victims. Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Milwaukee, and Chicago are the mothers of the Vikings, and all mourning after the storm. Lying at the wharves there, you can see, after an early winter gale, some vessel with her bulwarks pinched in thick, ribbed ice—sheathed in spindle-ice, and sailors who have seen the ice-ice, and have it, and as positie a bark as any that ever bore a fair-haired Norwegian sea-king.

The heroism of the lake is equal in; the romance lies in the distance and the separation. There are people who can not appreciate the heroism unless it is also romantic. But he is a fortunate man who remembers that the great human qualities which are the glory of the Half, and Hardy, and Hengist Lieel, and the Jerusalem Delivered, and all the national epics and traditions, are just as abundant in the little hamlet, and in the newspaper paragraphs recording little incidents, which we pass by, will be national epics hereafter.

HAZING.

THE merest practice in an English public school is flogging, and the excuse made for it is as mean as the system: "It makes a boy manly; and since he must have tough whacks in his life, it is accordingly good for him that he should be what a certain painter, Tomino by name, would call "high old legs." Your child will have to encounter bumps and bruises in life, therefore you will push him down stairs.

There is nothing more dastardly than a practical joke, except a practical joke. To empty a pail of water upon the head of a man passing under your window—to put pins in the chair where he is likely to sit, or to pull the chair from under him as he is about seating himself—to stretch a cord across the passage, so that the next passer may trip and fall, breaking his legs or his neck—putting a boy under the pump by the force of numbers, and a hundred other practical jokes—don't you see the exquisite humor of it? Don't you see what wits and gallant gentlemen they are who do it? Don't you know manly it is for half a dozen fellows to bully one?

This is the noble sport known as "hazing." It is a practical joke, and it is so much less humane than flogging as this, that in the English system one fellow subdues another to his service for a certain term, and in ours no one dares to haze alone, but goes in a squad, which is the very perfection of pure bullying.

It was high time that common sense put an end to this stupidity, and the faculty of Harvard deserve honor for the thing they have taken. It is never manly to submit to injustice, is it? And the Lounger is no any enthusiast whether he would not think the fellow a spiam and milksop who submitted quietly to such indignities. The Sayers at Harvard had no triple accomplice and revolver which was suddenly drawn upon them. It may have been wrong to draw it, but the first wrong to be corrected was the cowardly bullying which produced it.

The whole "fellow" has always despised the English fellow for flogging and for being flogged. Is not his contempt a sharpened arrow against his own hazing and being hazed?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE BLACK LAUREATE.

THE last bit of Bionic (we forget their name) are so full of the spirit of the age, that we can not refuse them who have provided them. We are delighted to learn that the Black Laureate of the future comes and not many a long day off may his nomination be! Edward the Black Laureate! Let the Poet Laureate publish the following exquisite Poem, which was sung at night, and rapturously encored by the crowd forty-seven times, by an intelligent British audience:

I.

Hence do Prince hab come,
Ha ass not a lubber,
We hab got de Prince de Whaler,
So we send not blubber.
Chick-a-boo, chick-a-boo, etc.
Lubby bobby here O,
Hence do Prince de Whaler hab come,
Selling in de Africa.
Chick-a-boo, chick-a-boo, etc.

II.

Him stick in wash him hands, boys,
Dirty will do ess,
So him goes to Wisdom
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Chick-a-boo, chick-a-boo,
Dance and kick up stile,
Hence do Prince on Wisdom hab come,
Crossing de Atlantic.
Chick-a-boo, chick-a-boo, etc.

III.

Prince Alfred tumble off de Cape,
De kim hab to fish him,
Don't him wish he'd been instead
In de Arctic Ocean.
Chick-a-boo, chick-a-boo,
Tress for going lubber,
But one chiefer lubber we go
Hence do Prince Alfred.
Chick-a-boo, chick-a-boo, etc.

AN INVALUABLE STRATAGEM AGAINST SEA-SICKNESS.—Never go to Sea.

THE WAY OF FOOLS.—When an argument gets into such a dreadful fix that it is impossible to see one's way through it, it may be owing to the presence of the necessary Lawyer.

As the Hero was short of fuel, the Duke inquired of the Prince whether he should signal to the Arizona for supply. The Prince replied, "Let the Arizona quietly paddle; for they will never be such fools as to send coals to Newcastle."

LIFE PRESERVERS.—Life preservers are sometimes the bane of early rising. It is only to be feared, if Hungary should be overrun by the Turks, that it may have the effect of disturbing the rest of the Austrian dominions.

"COMPANIONS OF THE BATH."—Soap and Towels.

A maiden good fortune often turns his head; his bad fortune often turns her head—the other way.

A lady sometimes keeps charms upon her watch guard; but it is more important that she keep watch and guard upon her charms.

It is a pleasant thing to see rows and files glowing upon a young lady's chest, but a bad sign to see a mere face turned in to Mormon.

Cork-screws have sunk more people than cork-jackets will ever keep up.

Listeners begin in calmness and end in even illness. It is a mistake to be so hasty and impercipitay that he bound tight before he knows it.

Dr. Franklin says that "every little fragment of the Roman Empire is Rome." Yes, and the moment the day breaks, yet yourself at once to view the place.

HOUSE JUICE ON HUSBAND.—The very degree so retaliatory, and so much of your half the pies, bitter, and the "tiff dish is bale to;" my cuts have become gradually, my punctuation one second to twenty, and by a more begun than Peter Schlemihl's, I seem to have received the shadow of my left foot, and I, in fact, have begun to pensionize off my shadow. I am, of course, with little hopes, but I am not quite ready to be pen and pencil, to relate it or lead to do that. I preferred writing and the pen, which, I think, fit, all my life, I have not, where I use man coming to draw me, and mysteries moded me, so if I were not enough to lead. Looking, I am equal at sitting, but now, and not lead at flying; so to walking or standing, I am so fatal, almost as a boy on my plan, which, by the-way, have doubled into neuralgia.

When you negotiate for a house, having all the modern improvements, you will generally find that a mortgage is a drawback.

What would this world be without women?—A protest blank—like a sheet of paper, not even ruled.

HOW TO GET AND KEEP SALUTE.—If Hungary is a bister," is not a bad expression, at least, we thought a young Oxford friend of ours, as he was talking home to Alma Mater, either a bag or a bag, and Mr. Wilkie Collins, family rules to eat, and an hour and half, Mr. Wilkie Collins, the ch. would create an equitable share of the dents. Ah! the young students, were was the son of a cotton-spinner, was rather remarkable, even among the "good-scholars," as a peculiar trait of his mind. Remonstrance from his quadruped, and entering a small road-side inn, he lugged the Lounger to get something before him. The standing room appeared in the shape of the remnants of a mouldy cheese, and a half-a-dozen remained the cheese. Young Simeon was bad in the "in the hedge of a fellow." or the "Simeon-Simeon, and was quietly picking his knife and fork till another remained but a fellow open the door, and Simeon, and Simeon, and have passed the friend Waterloo: Hawkins to rearranged. "Oxford!" "Oxford! Simeon! Simeon! never are a bachelor! Great is Gloomy Hawkins' over-turns. And pray what might you have done if you had been Simeon? Eh? Eh? Eh? Hawkins! bed and mutton, and lots of things in it." And fetch, "Ha, ha, ha!" and the Gloomy Hawkins, quite pleased, straight balancing on his feet when appeared to be the sentiment of a finished, "Ha, ha!" Oh dear, yes—ha, ha! Ha! Why, dear me," continued the, alternatively examining the fragment, "Why, that is bright! If it could see little Billy's small-teeth comb, and I have been looking for it these two days!"

Mr. Partington says that "when she was a girl she used to be very fond of a beau; and he used to be very fond of Bob anon," says she, "the gale undone all sorts of dwellings that he used to entertain them more revolve in their dear selves." The old lady drew down her specs, and looked at the stars that she had lived in years gone, when men could depreciate the worth of the female sex. "Bob anon," she added, "a man great one mentioned everything that you gale meet make haste and get husbands as soon as you can, and when you won't be any left."

"Why so, aunt?"

"Why, Ben, I mean, the paper that we must have got almost twelve thousand post-offices, and nearly all of 'em dispatches a letter every day."

"Pray, Doctor Skrutin, what sin is a horoscope?" asked Mrs. Partington.

"Why, aunt," replied the Doctor, "you perceive that when the moonrend hour is to be prognosticated by a supernaturalism spirit-rapping, or a mahogany-table-turning mustardite, or gentleness compound of a centuries-planetary orbit and a thousand antediluvian antecedents, and an apparition of the atmospheric entanglement causes, which, in the progress of the universe, combined with the electrical, and the fluid fluctuation, embrace the aero-opic system, and gives a rage to the fluid."

"La, me, how very strange!" said the old lady; "and pray what is a horoscope, Ben, I mean, Doctor?"

"Well, Dinah," said a world-be bolts to a black girl, "they say beauty sees fades, but do you see any of my beauty fades away? Do you see any of it in any complexion?"

"Oh no, massa, but dem no kinder think—"

"Think what, Dinah? You're lastlike?"

"Oh no, me not looked, but dem no kinder tinks no how mieta don't relate her color quite so well as colored lady."

A lady asked her professor why the words always output and second in the form of "Ta, ta, ta," and "Ta, ta, ta," the soil is mother of the weeds, but only second-hand in the form of "Ta, ta, ta."

After resting a glass at our own welcome, how eagerly does our reality consist with depicting the influence of our friends?

A certain man says that one of his boys knows nothing, and the other does. The question is, which knows the most?

A gurnious dog, who had annoyed by his frolicks remarks his partner in the hill-town, sneezing other empty things said to the lady who had just sneezed at her "Ah!" "Ah" was the reply, "but I've often had them bored!"

When the Parliament begin to consider means and wherefore, lacking on one of the new pieces, road tile on one side, "God be with us!" on the other, "The Commonwealth of England."—"I see," said he, "God and the Commonwealth are on different sides."

NOBODY CONTRADICTS.—"Tom, I think bullet too dodbered will him plebed, what size I mean bankle round Ned? Gals like you? Why, I mean, Ned?"

FORBIDDEN.—Lady Margaret asked somebody for a pretty pattern for a night-cap.—"Well," said the person, "what pattern? Do you want a night-cap?"—"Oh! shilly," said she, "but you know, in case of fire!"

AFFRAY IN BOSTON.

WE publish on page 788, from a sketch by a person who was present, a picture of the riot which took place on Monday, the 3d, in Tremont Street, Boston, on the occasion of the attempt of Garrison, Redpath, Phillips, and other Boston Negro-worshipping abolitionists to celebrate the anniversary of the execution of John Brown. No sooner had the abolitionists appeared in the hall than the great mass of the citizens of Boston proceeded to organize the meeting. This was resisted by the abolitionists and a scuffle ensued; but the Boston boys carried their point, and organized the meeting by electing Mr. Ray chairman. A resolution was then offered by Mr. Ray, in spite of frequent interruptions by Fred Douglass, and the following resolutions were put and carried:

"WHEREAS, It is the duty, upon the occasion of the anniversary of the execution of John Brown for his plotted and bloody attempt to excite an insurrection among the slaves of Virginia, for the people of this Commonwealth to consider and ponder upon the lessons that have been made of the principles which led to the library therefore it is

"RESOLVED, 1. That we deplore the sad condition of the Commonwealth, and to counteract, sympathize with, and encourage insurrection with, and yet believe that John Brown and his elders and abettors in that nefarious enterprise were not the wise and true men.

"2. That the present political journals in our political affairs, as a means to a better and a more fraternal, requires of every citizen who loves his country to count the cost and to consider well the value of the Union, while important to the free labor of the North, the slave labor of the South, and the interest of commerce, manufactures, and agriculture of the world.

"3. That we consider it our duty to confer with Virginia, our sister State, and to inform her that we regard the transaction with mortification, the unprovoked and lawless attack upon her citizens, the invasion of her soil, and the outrage upon her, the commonwealth, at least with the sympathy of a sister State, and that we hope and believe that she will will continue to aid us in opposing the fanaticism which is now disturbing the peace and harmony of the Union.

"4. That the people of this city have submitted too long in allowing irresponsible individuals and political demagogues of every description to hold public meetings to disturb the public peace and misrepresent us abroad. They have become a nuisance, which in self-defence we are determined shall henceforward be summarily checked.

"5. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of the persons named in the call for this meeting."

After the adoption of the first resolutions, speeches were made by Fred Douglass and others, and the meeting ended in the expulsion from the hall of the abolitionists and negroes by sheer force.

EXPULSION OF NEGROES AND ABOLITIONISTS FROM TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, ON DECEMBER 3, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 787.]

DEPARTURE OF THE ST. LOUIS BRIGADE FOR KANSAS, NOVEMBER 25, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 790.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."*

CHAPTER VI.

My state of mind regarding the pilfering from which I had been so unexpectedly exonerated, did not impel me to frank disclosure; but it had some dregs of good at the bottom of it.

I do not recall that I felt any tenderness of conscience in reference to Mrs. Joe for the fear of being found out was lifted off me. But I loved Joe—perhaps for no better reason in those early days than because the dear fellow let me love him—and, as to him, my inner self was not so easily consumed. It was much upon my mind (particularly when I first saw him looking about for his file) that I ought to tell Joe the whole truth. Yet I did not, and for the reason that I mistrusted that if I did he would think me worse than I was. The fear of losing Joe's confidence of (therefore) sitting in the chimney corner at night staring dreamily at my forever lost companion and friend, tied up my tongue. I morbidly represented to myself that if Joe knew it, I never afterward could see him at the fireside feeling his fair whisker, without thinking that he was meditating on it. That if Joe knew it, I never afterward could see his glance, however casually, at yesterday's meat or pudding when it came on to-day's table, without thinking that he was debating whether I had been in the pantry. That if Joe knew it, and at any subsequent period of our joint domestic life remembered that he knew it, the mere conviction that he suspected Tar in it would bring a rush of blood to my face. In a word, I was too cowardly to do what I knew to be right, as I had been too cowardly to avoid doing what I knew to be wrong. I had had no injecting with people at that time, and I imagined some of the host of people who act in this manner; quite an untenable idea, I made the discovery of the line of action for myself.

As I was sleepy before we were far away from the prison, Joe took me on his back again and carried me home. He must have had a tiresome journey of it, for Mr. Wopsle, being knocked up, was such a very bad tenor that if the Church had been thrown open he probably would have excommunicated the whole congregation, beginning with Joe and myself. In his simple lay capacity he simply persisted in sitting down in the damp to such an insane extent that, when his coat was taken off to be dried at the kitchen fire, the circumstantial evidence on his trousers would have hanged him if it had been a capital offense.

By that time I was staggering on the kitchen floor like a little drunkard, through having been newly set upon my feet, and through having been fast asleep, and through waking in the heat and lights and noise of tongues. As I came to myself (with the aid of a heavy thump between the shoulders, and the restorative exclamation "Yah! Was there ever such a boy as this?" from my sister) I found Joe telling them the convict's confession, and all the visitors suggesting different ways by which he had got into the pantry. Mr. Pumblechook made out, quite carefully surveying the premises, that he had first got upon the roof of the forge, and had then got upon the roof of the house, and had then let himself down the kitchen chimney by a rope made of his holding out into strips; and as Mr. Pumblechook was very positive and drove his own chaise-cart—over every body—it was agreed that it must be so. Mr. Wopsle, indeed, wildly cried out "No!" with the feeble malice of a tired man; but as he had no theory, and no rest on, he was unanimously set at naught—not to mention his smoking hard behind, as he stood with his back to the kitchen fire to draw the damp out, which was not calculated to inspire confidence.

This was all I heard that night before my sister clutched me, as a slumberous offense to the company's eyesight, and assisted me up to bed with such a strong hand that I seemed to have twenty boots on, and to be dangling them all against the edges of the stairs. My state of mind, as I have described it, began before I was up in the morning, and lasted long after the subject had died out, and had ceased to be mentioned saving on exceptional occasions.

CHAPTER VII.

At the time when I stood in the church-yard, reading the family tombstones, I had just enough learning in me to spell them out. My connection even of their simple meaning was not very correct. "Tar I read "wife of the Above" as a compound reference to my father's relation to a better world; and if any one of my deceased relations had been referred to as "Below," I have no doubt I should have formed the worst opinions of that member of the family. Neither were my notions of the theological relations to which my Catechism bound me at all accurate, for I have a lively remembrance that I imputed my declaration that I was to "walk in the same all the days of my life" laid me under an obligation always to go through the village from our house in one particular direction, and never to vary it by turning down by the wheelwright's or up by the mill.

When I was alid enough to vary to be appreciated to Joe, and until I could assume that dignity I was to be what Mrs. Joe called "Pompeyed," or pampered. Therefore, I was not only odd-boy about the forge, but if any neighbor happened to want an odd boy to frighten birds, or pick up stones, or do any such job, I was favored with the employment; but in order that our position might not be compromised thereby, a money-box was kept on the kitchen mantelpiece, into which it was publicly made known that all my earnings were dropped. I have an impression that they were to be contributed towards the liquidation of the National Debt, but I know I had no hope of any personal participation in the treasure.

Wopsle's great-aunt kept an evening school in the village; that is to say, she was an ancient woman of limited means and unlimited infirmity, who used to go to sleep from six to seven every evening, in the society of youth who had to pay threepence per week for the improving opportunity of seeing her do it. She rented a three-roomed cottage, and Mr. Wopsle had the run-of-the-place, where the young men used to overhear him reading aloud in a most dignified and impressive manner, and occasionally stamping on the ceiling. There was a fiction that Mr. Wopsle "examined" the scholars once a quarter. What he did on those occasions was to turn up his cuffs, stick up his hair, and give us Mark Antony's oration over the body of Cæsar. This was always received by the Collins Class as the Passions, wherein I particularly remented Mr. Wopsle as Fear, exhibiting to keep his courage up. It was not with me then, that I was in later life, when I fell into the society of the Passions, and conquered them with Collins and Wopsle, rather to the disadvantage of both gentlemen.

Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, besides keeping this Educational Institution, kept—in the same room—a little general shop. She had no idea what was in her shop, and would have sold any thing in it was; but there was a little greasy memorandum-book hung up among the dips and tapers as a Catalogue of Prices, and by this oracle Biddy arranged all the shop transactions. Biddy was Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's assistant-teacher; I confess myself quite unequal to the working out of the problem what relation she was to Mr. Wopsle. She was an orphan like myself; like me, too, had been brought up by hand. She was most amiable, I thought, in respect of her extremities; for her hair always wanted brushing, her hands always wanted washing, and her shoes always wanted mending and putting on the heel. This description must be received, however, with a week-day limitation. On Sundays she wore to church a chalkstone.

Much of my unassisted self, and more by the help of Biddy than of Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, I struggled through the alphabet as if it had been a bramble-bush; getting considerably worsted and scratched by every letter. To this day I fell among those thieves, the nine figures, who seemed every evening to do something new to disguise themselves and to pretend to be strangers at last I began, in a purblind groping way, to read, write, and cipher, on the very smallest scale.

One night I was sitting in the chimney corner with my slate, expending great efforts on the pothooks and hangers of Joe. I think it must have been a full year after our aunt upon the marshes, for it was a long time after, and it was winter and a hard frost. With an alphabet on the hearth at my feet for reference, I contrived in an hour or two to print and mean this epistle:

"MY DEAR JO I OFE U A WNFF WELL I OPE THE SAME OF U AND THE MISS WHICH I AM THE WIFE OF HOPES U R GOOD AN WEN I AM PRENGED 2 U JO WOT LARK AN LOVE ME IS OF JO PIP."

There was no indispensable necessity for my communicating with Joe by letter, inasmuch as he sat inside me and we were alone. But I delivered this written communication (slate and all) with my own hand, and Joe received it as a miracle of erudition.

"I say, Pip, old chap!" cried Joe, opening his blue eyes wide, "Wot a scholar you are! Ain't you?"

"I should like to be," said I, glancing at the slate as he held it, with a misgiving that the writing was rather hilly.

"Why, there's a J," said Joe, "and a O equal to anything! Here's a J and a O, Pip, and a J-O, Joe."

I had never heard Joe read aloud to any greater extent than this monosyllable, and I had observed at church last Sunday when I accidentally held our Prayer-Book upside down, that it seemed to suit his convenience quite as well as it had been all right. Wishing to embrace the present occasion of finding out whether in teaching Joe I should have to begin quite at the beginning, I said, "Ah! But read the rest, Joe."

"The rest, eh, Pip?" said Joe, looking at it with a wide stare of admiration. "One, two, three. Why, here's three Js and three Os, and three J-O, Joes in it, Pip?"

I leaned over Joe, and, with the aid of my forefinger, read him the whole letter.

"Astonishing!" said Joe, when I had finished. "You ARE a scholar."

"How do you spell Gargery, Joe?" I asked him, with modest pertinacity.

"I don't spell it at all," said Joe.

"But supposing you did?"

"It can't be supposed," said Joe. "But I'm uncommon fond of reading, too."

"Are you, Joe?"

"On-common. Give me," said Joe, "a good book, or a good newspaper, and sit me down alongside a good fire, and I ask no better. Lord!" he continued, after rubbing his knees a little, "when you do come to J and A O, and says you, 'Joe, I'm reading,' this is a J and A O, how interesting reading it!"

I derived from this that Joe's education, like steam, was yet in its infancy. Pursuing the subject, I inquired:

"Did you never go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?"

"No, Pip."

"Why, didn't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?"

"Well, Pip," said Joe, taking up the poker and settling himself in his usual occupation when he was thoughtful, of slowly raking the fire between the lower bars, "I'll tell you. My father, Pip, he were given to drink, and when he were overtook with drink he hammered away at my poor mother commercial. It were almost the only hammering he did, indeed, 'scepting at myself. And he hammered as me with a wiper only to be equaled by the wiper with which he didn't hammer at his anvil.—You're a listening and a comprehending, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Consequence—my mother and me ran away from him many a long several times; and then my mother she'd go out to work, and she'd say, 'Joe,' she'd say, 'now, please God, you shall have some schooling, child,' and she'd go out to school. But my father were that good in his heart that he couldn't abear to be without us. So he'd come with a most tremenjous crowd and make such a row at the doors of the houses where we were that they used to be obliged to have no more to do with us and to give us up to him. And then he took us home and hammered us. Which was, Pip," said Joe, pausing in his meditative raking of the fire, and looking at me, "wrong, and attended with no learning."

"Certainly, poor Joe!"

"Though mind you, Pip," said Joe, with a jualistic look at me over the poker on the top bar, "rendering unto all their due, and maintaining equal justice betwixt man and man, my father were good in his kind, Pip, don't you see?"

I didn't see; but I didn't say so.

"Well!" Joe pursued, "somebody must keep the pot a biling, Pip, or the pot won't bile, don't you know?"

I saw that, and said so.

"Consequence—my father didn't make objections to my being out work; so I went to work at my present calling, which were his too, if he would have followed it, and I worked tolerable hard, I assure you, Pip, for a little time. I were able to keep him, and I kept him till the war broke out in a purple lightn fit, And it were my intentions to have had put upon his tombstone that Whatever the failings on his part, Remember remember he were the good in his hart."

Joe recited this couplet with such manifest pride and fearful perspicacity that I asked him if he had made it himself?

"I made it," said Joe, "my own self. I made it in a moment. It was like striking out a horseshoe complete in a single blow. I never knew myself as to what was in me till the truth, hardly believed it were my own ed. As I was saying, Pip, it were my intentions to have had it cut over him; but poverty costs money, cut it how you will, small or large, and it were not done. Not to mention heaven, all the money that could be spared were wanted for my mother. She were in poor clth, and quite broke. She weren't long of following, poor soul, and her share of peace come round at last."

Joe's blue eyes turned a little watery; he rubbed, first one of them, and then the other, in a most uncongenial and uncomfortable manner, with the round knob on the top of the poker.

"It were but lonesome then," said Joe, "living here alone, and I got acquainted with your sister. Now, Pip," Joe looked firmly at me, as if he knew I was not going to agree with him, "your sister is a fine figure of a woman."

I could not help looking at the fire, in an obvious state of doubt.

"Whatever family opinions, or whatever the world's opinions, on that subject may be, Pip, your sister is"—Joe tapped the top bar with the poker after every word following—"a—fine—figure—of—a—woman!"

I could think of nothing better to say than "I am glad you think so, Joe."

"So am I," returned Joe, catching me up. "I am glad I think so, Pip. A little redness, or a little matter of Bone, here or there, what does it signify to Me?"

I supposed Joe observed, if it didn't signify to him, to whom did it signify?

"Certainly!" assented Joe. "That's it. You're right, old chap! When I got acquainted with your sister, it were the talk how she was bringing you up by hand. Very kind of her cra, all the folks said, and I said, along with all the folks. As to you," Joe pursued, with a contemptuous expression of seeing something very nasty indeed: "if you could have been aware how small and flabby and mean you was, do my life, you'd have formed the most contemptible opinions of yourself!"

Not exactly relishing this, I said, "Never mind me, Joe."

"But I did mind you, Pip," he returned, with tender simplicity. "When I offered to your sister to keep company, and to be asked in church at such times as she was willing and ready to come to the forge, I said to her, 'And bring the poor little child. God bless the poor little child, I said to your sister, 'there's room for him at the forge!'"

I broke out crying and begging pardon, and hugged Joe round the neck; who dropped the poker to hug me, and to say, "Ever the best of friends; ain't we, Pip? Don't cry, old chap!"

When this little interruption was over, Joe resumed:

"Well, you see, Pip, and here we are! That's about where it lights; here we are! Now, when you take me in hand in my learning, Pip (and I tell you beforehand I am arfed dull, mind, dull dull), Mrs. Joe mustn't see too much of what we're up to. It must be done, as I may say, on the sly. And why not on the sly, Pip? I'll tell you why, Pip."

He had taken up the poker again; without which, I doubt if he could have proceeded in his demonstration.

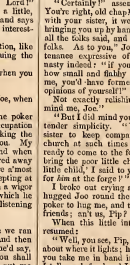
"Your sister is given to government."

"Given to government, Joe?" I was startled, for I had some shadowy idea (and I am afraid I must add, hoping that she had divorced her in favor of the Lords of the Admiralty, or Treasury.

"Given to government," said Joe. "Which I mentersay the government of you and myself."

"Oh!"

"And she ain't over partial to having scholars on the premises," Joe continued, "and in partikkel should be no over partial to my being a scholar, for fear as I might rise. Like a sort of rebel, don't you see?"



"AT SUCH TIMES AS YOUR SISTER IS ON THE RAM-PAGE, PIP."

I was going to retort with an inquiry, and had got as far as "Why—" when Joe stopped me.

"Stay a bit. I know what you're going to say, Pip; stay a bit! I don't deny that your sister comes the Mo-gul over us, now and again. I don't deny that she do throw us falls, and that she do drop down upon us heavy. At such times as your sister is on the Ram-page, Pip," Joe sank his voice to a whisper and glanced at the door, "whether compels her to submit that she is Buster."

Joe pronounced this word as if it began with at least twelve capitals.

"Why don't I rise? That were your observation when I broke it off, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Well," said Joe, passing the poker into his left hand, and with his right laid his whole, and I had no hope of him when he took to that placid occupation, "your sister's a mare-mind. A mare-mind."

"What's that?" I asked, in some hope of bringing him to a stand. But Joe was engrossed with his definition than I had expected, and completely stopped me by arguing circularly and unanswerably, "Mare's kind, look, "Her."

"And I'm a master-mind," Joe resumed, when he had worked his look, and got back to his thicker. "And last of all, Pip—and this I want to say very serious to you, old chap—I see so much in my poor mother of a mare-mind being, and slaving, and breaking her honest heart, and never getting no peace in her mortal days, that I'm dead afraid of going wrong in the way of not doing what's right by a woman, and I'd far rather of the two go wrong the Tother way, and be a little Bereavemented myself. Well, I do it was only me that got put out, Pip; I wish there were no Tother for you, old chap. I wish I could take it all on myself; but this is the up-and-down-and-straight on it, Pip, and I hope you'll overlook shortcomings."

Young as I was, I believe that I dated a new admiration of Joe from that night. We were equally afraid of what we had been before; but afterward at quiet times, when I sat looking at Joe and thinking about him, I had a new sensation of feeling conscious that I was looking up to Joe in my heart.

"Horror," said Joe, rising to replenish the fire, "here's the Dutch-clock a working himself up to being equal to striking Eighte of 'em, and she's not come home yet! I lays Uncle Pumblechook's mare-mym's have set a foreleot on a piece of brick, and gone down."

Mrs. Joe made occasional trips with Uncle Pumblechook on market days, to assist him in laying in such household stuffs and goods as required a woman's judgment; Uncle Pumblechook being a bachelor and reposing no confidence in his housekeeper servant. This was one of the days, and Mrs. Joe was out on one of these expeditions.

Joe made the fire and swept the hearth, and then we went out to listen for the chaise-cart. It was a fine, cold night, and the stars looked down by, and the frost was white and hard. A man would die to-night of lying out on the marshes, I thought, and then I looked at the stars, and considered how awful it would be for a man to turn his face up to them as he frozen to death and see no help or pity in the whole glittering multitude.

"Here comes the mare," said Joe, "ringing like bells!"

The sound of her iron shoes upon the hard road was quite musical, as she came along at much brisker trot than usual. We got a chair out ready for Mrs. Joe's alighting, and stood up the fire that they might see a bright window, and took a final survey of the kitchen that nothing might be out of its place. When we had completed these preparations they drove up, wrapped to the eyes. Mrs. Joe was soon handed, and Uncle Pumblechook was soon in the act of giving the mare with a cloth, and we were soon all in the kitchen, carrying so much cold air in with us that we seemed to have all the heat out of the fire.

"Now," said Mrs. Joe, unwrapping herself with haste and excitement, and throwing her bonnet back on her shoulders where it hung by the strings, "if Joe has not gutted Pumblechook's fowl so never will he!"

"I looked as gratified as any boy possibly could be who was wholly uninformed why he ought to assume that expression.

"It's quite right, I expect," said my sister, "that he won't be Pumptured. But I have my fears."

"She an't in that line, mum," said Mr. Pumblechook. "I'll warrant she's better."

She? I looked at Joe, making the motion with my lips and eyebrows, "She?" Joe looked at me, making the motion with his lips and eyebrows, "She?" My sister catching him in the act, he drew the back of his hand across his mouth with his usual conciliatory air on such occasions, and looked at her.

"What?" said my sister in her snappish way. "Is the house a-fire?"

"Which some individual," Joe politely hinted, "mentioned—she."

"And she is a she, I suppose?" said my sister with a sniff. "Unless you call Miss Havisham a he. And I doubt if even you'll go so far as that."

"Miss Havisham, up town?" said Joe.

"Is there any Miss Havisham down town?" returned my sister. "She wants this boy to go and play there. And of course he's going. And he had better play there," said my sister, shaking her head at me as an encouragement to be extremely light and sportive, "or I'll work him."

I had heard of Miss Havisham up town—every body for miles round had heard of Miss Havisham up town—as an immensely rich and grim old lady, who lived in a large and dismal house barricaded against robbers, and who led a life of seclusion.

"Well to live, my sister?" said Joe, astounded. wonder how she contrives to know Pip!"

"Noodle!" cried my sister. "Who said she knew him?"

—"Which some individual," Joe again politely hinted, "mentioned that she wanted him to play there."

"And couldn't she ask Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? Isn't Uncle Pumblechook being always one of her visitors? Isn't he always a-coming and a-going? Isn't he a-going to go and play there? And wouldn't Uncle Pumblechook, being always considerate and thoughtful for others, rather jump at the chance of sending a young relation of his, instead of a young stranger, when he knows my hands are full with the baking and washing, and ironing, and starching, and mangling, and preparing for the Christmas pies and puddings, and everything else that goes on in this house from morning to night, all the year round, and never getting no peace in her mortal days, that I'm dead afraid of going wrong in the way of not doing what's right by a woman, and I'd far rather of the two go wrong the Tother way, and be a little Bereavemented myself. Well, I do it was only me that got put out, Pip; I wish there were no Tother for you, old chap. I wish I could take it all on myself; but this is the up-and-down-and-straight on it, Pip, and I hope you'll overlook shortcomings."

Young as I was, I believe that I dated a new admiration of Joe from that night. We were equally afraid of what we had been before; but afterward at quiet times, when I sat looking at Joe and thinking about him, I had a new sensation of feeling conscious that I was looking up to Joe in my heart.

"Horror," said Joe, rising to replenish the fire, "here's the Dutch-clock a working himself up to being equal to striking Eighte of 'em, and she's not come home yet! I lays Uncle Pumblechook's mare-mym's have set a foreleot on a piece of brick, and gone down."

Mrs. Joe made occasional trips with Uncle Pumblechook on market days, to assist him in laying in such household stuffs and goods as required a woman's judgment; Uncle Pumblechook being a bachelor and reposing no confidence in his housekeeper servant. This was one of the days, and Mrs. Joe was out on one of these expeditions.

Joe made the fire and swept the hearth, and then we went out to listen for the chaise-cart. It was a fine, cold night, and the stars looked down by, and the frost was white and hard. A man would die to-night of lying out on the marshes, I thought, and then I looked at the stars, and considered how awful it would be for a man to turn his face up to them as he frozen to death and see no help or pity in the whole glittering multitude.

"Here comes the mare," said Joe, "ringing like bells!"

The sound of her iron shoes upon the hard road was quite musical, as she came along at much brisker trot than usual. We got a chair out ready for Mrs. Joe's alighting, and stood up the fire that they might see a bright window, and took a final survey of the kitchen that nothing might be out of its place. When we had completed these preparations they drove up, wrapped to the eyes. Mrs. Joe was soon handed, and Uncle Pumblechook was soon in the act of giving the mare with a cloth, and we were soon all in the kitchen, carrying so much cold air in with us that we seemed to have all the heat out of the fire.

"Now," said Mrs. Joe, unwrapping herself with haste and excitement, and throwing her bonnet back on her shoulders where it hung by the strings, "if Joe has not gutted Pumblechook's fowl so never will he!"

"I looked as gratified as any boy possibly could who was wholly uninformed why he ought to assume that expression.

"It's quite right, I expect," said my sister, "that he won't be Pumptured. But I have my fears."

"She an't in that line, mum," said Mr. Pumblechook. "I'll warrant she's better."

She? I looked at Joe, making the motion with my lips and eyebrows, "She?" Joe looked at me, making the motion with his lips and eyebrows, "She?" My sister catching him in the act, he drew the back of his hand across his mouth with his usual conciliatory air on such occasions, and looked at her.

"What?" said my sister in her snappish way. "Is the house a-fire?"

"Which some individual," Joe politely hinted, "mentioned—she."

"And she is a she, I suppose?" said my sister

referring to some local matters, he alludes to the controversy with Great Britain respecting lands in Washington territory claimed by the late Hudson's Bay Company, as accompanied a final survey and settlement. The Russians have generally been at peace with us, with the exception of the Sunkes and the Kiowas. The colonization system has proved a failure. The number of United States pensioners is now 11,284, drawing $1,601,615 from Government annually. During the year, 5625 pensions were issued, and 541 cancelled. The census preparations are satisfactory, and the returns show rapid increase in population and wealth. Means should be taken to secure to the citizens of the Pacific the benefits of the State. Legislation is needed to obviate the expense and inconvenience, for now provided in the expenditure of the public money. Congress should, if it is difficult, however, to engage in change in regard to the prejudices existing among the people on the subject. Although it may be the interest especially of the Territories of California and Oregon, and the necessity for new court accommodations and a new jail. The Fort Monroe Military Death Fund, the Land Wagon-road is now completed. The surveys of the boundaries between the United States and British Columbia are progressing satisfactorily.

REPORT OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Hon. J. Holt, Postmaster-General, reports that, on 30th June last, there were in the country 28,000 post-offices, an increase 800,004 miles letter; that the annual transportation of mails was 74,754,735 miles, an excess of 6,000,000 miles, being a decrease from the year previous of 9 per cent, in transportation and 7 per cent. in cost. The number of post-offices in the United States is 28,469, a decrease of 41 from the previous year. The following comparison shows the revenue, expenditure, and deficiency of the Postal Department for the last eight years:

Years.	Expenditure.	Revenue.	Deficiencies.
1853	$5,245,000	$5,248,754	$3,754
1854	5,574,414	5,950,348	1,624,307
1855	5,883,428	6,727,133	1,243,710
1856	6,400,988	7,670,811	1,737,066
1857	6,349,000	7,886,000	1,463,000
1858	6,349,000	7,886,000	1,463,000
1859	12,771,656	8,189,792	4,581,863
1860	12,964,000	8,349,000	4,615,000
1861	14,874,773	8,218,867	6,655,765
1862	14,000,000	9,676,171	4,323,829
1863	14,500,000	10,300,000	4,200,000

The aggregate amount of postage on all domestic and European mails last year was $1,356,407, rather more than half of which was taken by the Central Road. With the Pacific Share we have in line which has a mail contract, Commodore Vanderbilt carries the mails on a steamer from the Pacific to Panama and Congress refused him. The amount of mail matter received from the Independent Postage who put unpaid letters has now ceased. The penny post has gotten into operation; but the Department is involved in a lawsuit with a private carrier, who has filed a bill in chancery in the State in a privacy Court; and in small towns the rate of pay allowed—and cannot be made to exceed the receipts—the letter legislation is recommended on these points. The postage on newspapers is a hindrance to the free circulation of the intelligence, and keeps knowing. Reference is made to the Pacific Railroad Bill, which has passed the $170,000, and the Pacific Railroad Bill, which has passed the necessity for a uniform rate of five cents for ship letters, and a reduction of letters to Liverpool, Glasgow, the purchase of land for Post-offices at New York and Philadelphia, and the interior matters.

THE LEGISLATURE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

This Legislature has declared it incapable to fill the vacancies in the United States Senate. They have passed a bill authorizing the Governor to call into service 10,000 volunteers. The Senate has passed a bill for 20 infantry companies, 10 cavalry, 12 artillery, and 12 rifle companies, and a bill for 10 battalions, 10 cavalry, 10 artillery, and five divisions. Mr. McGowan said the Senate bill was for a war. The election of delegates to the Convention has taken place.

A bill was passed on 7th, in the Legislature, providing bailiffs to be observed thereafter in the State on June 6th, the anniversary of the battle of Fort Moultrie, Good Friday, Christmas, January 1, Thanksgiving and Fast Days, including the Fourth of July.

THE LEGISLATURE OF GEORGIA.

In the Legislature of Georgia the bill authorizing the suspension of the payments by the Bank has passed over the Governor's veto. Resolution declaring Georgia free and sovereign and out of the Union. Resolution calling for a Convention of the Southern States was also passed. Mr. Pulliam, of Columbia, offered resolutions in the House, to the effect that the State of Georgia is ready to repel by force the attempt of the United States Government to Commissioners on the part of the North and the South, when duly authorized, to be given to the consideration of the Union, and an equitable distribution of the property heretofore in existence.

THE LEGISLATURE OF MISSISSIPPI.

The Mississippi Legislature adjourned on the 10th ult. The Convention, 90 to 30, the secession measure, and the bill authorizing the Government to appoint commissioners to co-operate with the divorcing States, has passed unanimously. The Stay law and Non-Importation Shows act were defeated. The Convention is fixed for the 26th, and the Convention meets on the 7th of January. In a great speech Hon. Mr. Lamar advocated separate secession and the simultaneous adoption of a Federal Constitution, and the Southern people will be treated as the Fathers of the new republic and appoint electors for President of the Southern confederacy.

THE CONVENTION IN TEXAS.

A Committee of citizens of Texas published Governor Houston to call the Legislature. The Governor responded that, viewing the proposed measure as unwise, he could not call the Legislature together; but he implored the citizens of the State petitioned for it, he could not stand in the way. More than 10,000 petitions have been urged, in a circular letter signed by a number of gentlemen, in favor of a Convention to be held on 28 January, and Convention to assemble at the capital on the fourth Monday of the same month. Unionists are prepared to meet with popular caution.

THE CONVENTION IN ALABAMA AND FLORIDA.

A dispatch, dated Montgomery, December 4, says: "The election approach is to-day held over the Legislature in Alabama. One half of the counties will elect delegates to the Convention on Monday. In the interior, it will be confined to those who advocate secession with the State and Union, and in favor of joining the Southern States. The latter will be largely in the majority."

A dispatch, dated Tallahassee, Florida, December 1, says: "The Florida Legislature unanimously passed the Convention Bill. It meets on the 24 January."

HOW SOUTH CAROLINA IS TO SECEDE.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "I learn from a gentleman who arrived here from South Carolina, that a certain degree of dignity and moderation will characterize the action of this State in seceding, from the feeling that it believes she will surely do. That State will send a commissioner to Washington to consult with the Congress. The letter will not receive such communication, who will then report to the Convention the proceedings of the State, and the terms upon which South Carolina proposes to secede. The commissioner will have the power of both Houses. The politicians from whom I learn the above assure me that the Legislature of South Carolina early day on which to secede, and a bill leaving the time of secession subject to the action of other States."

SENATOR MASON FOR DISSOLUTION.

In a letter which has been published, Senator Mason says:

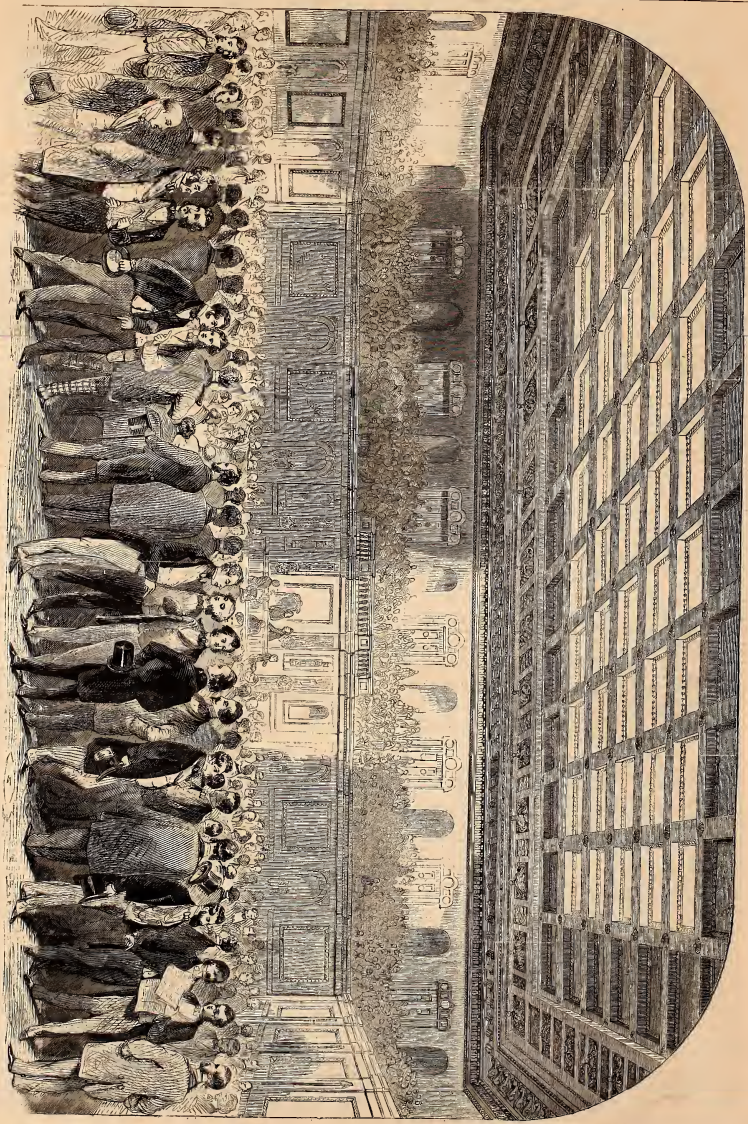
"The disruption of the Federal Union, thus imminent, is, I should more properly say, actual, is a great and permanent event; and in considering, therefore, how it may be done the Convention of Virginia be, as we have been to that event as a material, if not a controlling element in the deliberations. In the first place, it may, and must probably will, force upon the Federal Government the settlement between it and the several States of the question of the right of secession. If that right is denied, a new and paramount issue will be made between the States and the Federal power, which will be presented to the Virginia Convention in Session. One thing is very clear—Virginia can more than any other Southern State; she will be in a position to exert a strength he needs, by force, to reduce such seceding State or States to subjection.

"But in the next place, it is to my mind equally clear, that Virginia can not, consistently with her honor or her sincerity question, the disruption will necessarily carry with it the right of secession of the Southern States. Whether destiny it is to continue such, unless under a controlling power, which I believe will be Virginia, and, if so, it remains on such exactly for the future or will establish this general principle, I leave to the future and those to whom it pertains."

SENATOR HUNTER FOR SECESSION.

Senator Hunter has lately written a letter advocating the right of secession, and declaring that the South are now guaranties are at once given by the North to the Library Amendment, the Fugitive Slave Law, and the Union. He then naturally proceeds to inquire with the Union, and the Union, and the Union, and

A RECORD OF THE DAY.



ASSEMBLING OF CONGRESS, HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON CITY, DECEMBER 3, 1860.

IN THE SUNNY SUMMER.

THIS is the anniversary of a period in my life when in one year I sprang from youth to full womanhood—from callow years to the rich experience and ripe fruitage of riper ones. If incidents mark lives, then is mine deeply marked.

It was the Indian Summer—at season for that time which crowned my life about with a shining circlet of love. Every day that I passed in the society of Leonè, every night morning that dawned warm and brilliant in the east, clasped tighter the bonds I wore for her, and bound closer the chain whose links I fashioned along now with pride and joy. These words, then, are only the testimony I bear to the memory of a pure, true-hearted, noble woman. I thank her mother's and sister's dears their early years when all life seems spring-time, when birds and blossoms continually sing, and sunshy blooms, and we can see the river, absorbed boisterously in its course; if joined its bridegroom, the sea.

I shouted too.

Along its margins the crimson maples and the yellow-tinged oaks on their river banks, and waited for the wind to woo them. They laughed with delight at its coming, and welcomed it with caresses, and then—then laid all their partial colored ornaments in its lap. So all nature wedded. The sun, emerging from the mild heavens, bloomed large and lustrous like a mellow peach; it married the purple mountains—yea, at sunset flush of day. The merry flight of wild fowl streamed in long ranges through the air, and, with new companions, sought warmer climes. The neighbors, near and far, sent up their sons and daughters to the altar, and they went crimson and smiling away.

Through all the changes of the year I asked myself, is this to be my lot too? I asked it of the trees and of the sky, and of the wind and the river, and of the river, and of the river, and, Unfortunately, the constant society of my lady, the freshness of her mind, and the sweetness of her nature, added to the plainness of her face, made a deep impression on me, and then contemplating this feeling, made me look upon marriage with her as the highest of all earthly destinies. The fact of a temporal separation of a few months rather deepened than substracted from the view I had formed; on the contrary, the contrary, it WILL-MAY honest, and so I felt that love I had for Leonè deepened, until the day of return was ghostly welcomed. In the meantime I found another estimate; he was introduced as an "old friend." As I never had the right to question Leonè as to her intimate acquaintance, I would not do so in this case; so, with increasing alarm, I stood aloof and looked on. This "old friend" made long visits and came often; I hate he was wont, at least, I thought, finally. He had been intimate, but not tender; deeply, but not love. He was, in short, but the conventional old friend.

As there seemed no possible impediment in the way, why should I not measure my strength against that of the old friend's? Where he then was commonplace, to my mind, I became brilliant; where he was epicurean, I talked sentiment, always to my mind, and where he had been tedious and unfeeling, there was a tremulous and making rapid headway. I do not now remember that I ever struck the hand in friendship, after the manner of a modern warrior, and became surety with the old friend for Leonè's regard, or that I made pledge or promise of any sort. He went upon his way in the world, and I upon mine. His road, I said inwardly to myself, became of his indifference to me, and I threw my lance in the plains; but I, high in the conscious appreciation of her truth and purity, was a visitor of mountain-tops and sunshine-gilded pinnacles.

I remember peculiarly the sweet smile of assent this lady, Leonè, gave me when I proposed, one evening, to read to her stories of Charles Dickens aloud. At that encouragement we began those works, and we passed our pastime until they were ended. As the rapid days and nights sped away, so also the year and the seasons—so also with the pleasure of living, now dead. Leonè, the genial lamp of the sun shed no more mellowness nor yet fruition upon the sombre, shrinking world; and the sweet flowers that had sown and grew and matured glistenly for its levity. With the outer change there came also an inner one. The old friend left no sign or trail behind him of his presence, and I called the whole hope of life alike. If I may use the simile, life was for a moment, and look back, I will say that some years in life are as dusty and cold and dreaded as the fire of a statue. The blank, cold, and the features of the old friend stand revealed! and oh, how warm and ruddy the light of the unwarmed and unlovely cover him! I did a fatal thing; I overrated my own strength, and despised that of the enemy. But as I looked back, I felt my own weakness in my unsay windings at her control. So I said, one evening when Leonè called my other companions (I was revolving the matter then as usual), and questioned me as to the cause—I said that it was because of the lady I love.

She had been smiling previously. The needle suspended in her hand, the thread, twisted about her forehead, hung in idle loops. "You must not say that," she said, slowly, and looking gravely but tenderly at me.

"And why," I spoke, "why may I not say it?" (Oh, did I not? did friend? is your shadow near?)

"Did you not see my old friend I—?"

"I saw him—yes."

Leonè regarded me steadfastly and earnestly a second, then carefully put her work aside, and took me by the hand—how its touch ran from my heart up to my throat, and with its velvet glove invited me to come to me! "Come with me," she said; and I went with her. She went to her private room, and entering it, "Sit down fellow-boy," she

I crossed the sacred threshold she locked the door and put the key in her pocket, saying, "You see what confidence I place in you."

I, dumb with sorrow, amazement, and I know not what counsellor emotions, could only feebly smile. A fire blazed upon the hearth, and knagnecked toilet-bottle stood grim sentries upon the dressing-table. The shadows of the feeble flames danced hither and thither, and, as I sat upon a drawer, opened it, and took out a picture of the old friend—a picture I had seen twice before, and before my hands clasped it. She put it into my hands, not with a relishment of cruelty, but with a sentiment of implicit faith in me. I said,

"This face!"—so my lady spoke—"is that of my destined husband. We have been long engaged, so long that it is a matter of some doubt, I fear, and we never speak of it. Have you never heard it?"

"As I shall be one day judged," I said, "I never heard of it!" and I rose to leave the room.

"Pardon me, I beseech you, Mr. Hawthorne."

Leonè came hurriedly forward. "Will you not mistrust, she said, "and my husband acknowledge it and rather me. Before you go, and we part, let me tell you how high and noble your conduct has been to me. Then she stood before me, "and what a proud and a happy thing it is for me to know that such an one has spoken to me as you have spoken, and—and—I love you, Mr. Hawthorne—your mind and heart, though it may not forget me, will use the pictures to yourself." Hesitating, I spoke to her, "Shall I see you?" I said that I was it. "You will yet be happier with another than you ever can be with me."

Leonè was older than I; but in that hour and from that time my age was far greater than the sum of many years. I felt, indeed, that I was the last words. It was paradise which I was leaving—why might I not look back? My lady stood beside me, and she had upon a white dress, "Are fire yet burned; the blaze yet flickered but dim? under the white dress in my heart, and the fire flickered again into flame! As the dear, pitying face stood there I thought the sad, silent room held no other picture but that of my companion. Yet, So, slowly, I was withdrawing; but her voice sounded and took me stop. She came toward me, and her cards of her mind, and I felt my heart sink as I, in a tones, heard her say, "Because you have done as this hour, I will tell you—that Leonè kissed me broad upon the forehead.

Then I went out.

I fear the cause of purity upon my lower. Look, all men, and see the soil a pure and true-hearted woman has set upon it. Now and henceforth I wear a tricolor against the hosts of hosts of the devil. The Indian Summer yet bloomed; the leaves still faded; and the skies are mellow and mellowing; within the orchard of the woods the nuts patter softly upon the leaves; the fruits of the year hang ripe and mellow; and I look back on the summer of my heart the long, long days I spent with Leonè hung ripening for the autumn of my life.

THE OLD HOUSE IN THE FIVE POINTS.

NOT long ago there was an old house, in one of the most filthy and noisy streets in the Five Points, which had not been known to be in use for years. Doors opened or its door unbarred for thirty years. The walls had become gray with mildew, and the glass in the window-frames had all been broken out, and the shutters were spattered with mud. Never a light did shine in the old house, nor a step or voice was heard in it by day. If by chance a venturesome urchin peeped in at a keyhole, he shrank away, affrighted and shuddering at the mysterious solitude of the place. No children sat upon its threshold; no passers-by lingered in its place as they passed it by, and clasped their infants closer, for every one knew though few said that murder had been done in that house, and that upon its floor was a stain that had never come out in all that time.

In those days, nearly forty years since, I was a young and almost unknown lawyer, and, in fact, had never yet had a client, although I had been admitted to practice and had been given me. I used to feel a little out of spirits at times on account of the slow progress I was making, and I used to sit in my thinking life rather a tedious affair. Sitting one evening in this frame of mind, and with a sort of vague, dull, unpleasant feeling of loneliness, I was brought forth, I was startled by a low, hurried knock at the door, and the quick entrance of a young woman, closely veiled, though, as I saw afterward, of considerable beauty. She seemed greatly agitated, and I thought, at first, that she meant to wait until the words which her trembling lips could hardly form became intelligible.

"Sir," said she, at last, "are you a lawyer; I say you in the court-by-day; save him, oh, save him from certain, miserable, shameful death."

I was astonished at the tone and the manner, I had, it was true, been in court that day, and had seen part of a case in which a young man was tried, I had not thought long upon the subject. It now seemed that I was to be made acquainted with the particulars—which I confess I had forgotten the moth's words and knowledge afterward gathered.

Miss Thompson was a wealthy young girl that shine in a house in the Five Points. He was a mean and sordid miser, whose whole heart and soul and triangle were centered in the love of money—a love that had driven out of this almost every human feeling, and made him starve his wife, drive his son out of doors, rob if he could safely, grind the faces of the poor, crawl to the rich, and become hated, despised, and feared by every being with whom he had to do. I said he was alone. But an old woman kept his house for him—a toothless, wrinkled, crooked-backed old creature, whose blear eyes seemed to have lost every spark of intelligence, and whose mumbling voice never formed a word that man could understand. But she locked and the doors when her master was out, ate nothing apparently, never bought clothes, but wore the old rags, was deaf and could hear no secrets, was near dumb and could tell none. She used to sit, covering over the nearly cold stove, night and day, until one might have wondered whether the bundle of rags she was was alive or dead. I spake, too, of a son. He was a wild, open-hearted fellow enough, and as generous, doubtless, as his father was avaricious. Such a home was no place for such, and he left it many years before he was so, leaving behind, with many tears and lover's vows, a young girl—she who sat before me now.

Upon an evening that she said the son had suddenly and unexpectedly returned from sea. It was noticed by the neighbors that he was changed in his appearance in the evening, and that, after knocking at the door for some time, he was admitted, only after some hesitation, by the old woman. Certainly the prospect was not very cheering for him, so, when he had before darkened that house, he had stolen, and hitherto, in secret. The engagement to the young girl was alone reason enough of disunion in the family, and the feeling that he might be called upon to provide for his son's household. And now he was almost obliged to force himself into the apartment, unwarmed, whether he would not immediately be thrust forth. Nothing more was said of the young man's appearance, nor, indeed, was he seen again. And with some few speculations as to the reception the prodigal would extend to his son, and criticisms upon his rough and uncouth bearing, the neighbors went about their business.

Next day there was a rumor that something was wrong in the old man's house. Long after the hour when the shutter of the room where the old man often sat was usually closed, it remained closed. This in itself, one would think, need have excited no actual alarm, but there was something so unusual in the fact that a few more eyes closely watched than other people. There was an undefined feeling that something was wrong. Some could tell how or why, but a sort of dread began to creep over people; and by the middle of the day quite a crowd had gathered in front of the house, scrutinizing the windows, and talking in whispers of the miser and his son's return. The patrolman, however, was ordered to take no steps to see if anything was amiss, and so the day passed over. But next day the rumors became unbearable; and, as we Americans do not stand upon much ceremony in cases of emergency, a few bold spirits burst the door open, and entered the house. But the bottom of them walked gently, and peered anxiously before them, as they saw what a dreary, tumbledown place they had invaded. And their minds were all most prepared to find, as they did, the old man dead on the floor in the room.

He had been dead many hours. As he lay on his face, the blood from his battered head and mouth flowed out upon the dirty floor which he had made. The place was in great disorder, but there were no evidences of any struggle. He had evidently been struck down, and, as he fell, his head had become completed as he lay insensible. His keys were in his pocket, and his pocket-book, in which he was touched, as were also many articles of value stowed away in stone houses. Upon the floor was a heavy and formidable club, which, its head smeared with blood and hair. Where was the old woman? She was found in the kitchen, in her old attitude—the old she had been when we last mentioned. And where was the son? He was not in the house. And the neighbors, as soon as it was known, had seen him in hand when he knocked at his father's door not many hours before!

Oaken's counsel was not so perfect in New York in those days as they are now, but it was not long before the son was captured. He was found in a distant city, and brought back to the history—like a beautiful piece—and both were locked up. The accused had nothing, I had she begged him not to drive the officers to use force, and he submitted, saying that they should pay for detaining him. And his free friends, with whom he was full of the charge, and of the evidence furnished by the club and his visit to his father, as well as by the notice of the young girl, thought that they had been. When, too, left for the night in darkness, the full reality of his danger was felt by him, and he was no coward. The girl had been set free—there was no need to shut her up in prison—but with the first ruffle of anxiety, she was bad, begging to be let in to him to take whose life was to kill her. Next day the young man was committed for trial, as was thought, and it was in the evening of that day that his sweet-heart came to me, as I have already described.

These being the facts, I saw that they present not much difficulty. Whether the young man was guilty or not, I could not say. Circumstances alone indeed the wretched piece of humanity who lived with the murdered man could tell any thing, or even any hint, as to the guilty person. The circumstance in the case was that a man who lived and dwelt beside the old house, an hour after the son had been let into the house. One voice was that of the old man, the other that of the prisoner, who seemed to be in a state of desperate excited. The sound had ceased suddenly, and soon afterward the door was opened, as he knew by the sound, and he heard the young man pass down the passage leading thence into another street.

Miss Thompson was a wealthy young girl that the evidence looked black, and that, though I would do my best for her lover, I feared the worst. For the present she must leave me; I would collect my thoughts.

I sat in my room hour after hour, revolving this strange deed in my mind; but the longer I thought the more I feared that, though the murder was most likely unpremeditated, it might have been the result of passion called forth by the sense of old wrongs and present hardness. At last, however, I decided on the course of action, and proceeded to carry it out forthwith.

In the first place, I visited the prisoner. Although my youthful faith in the science of physiognomy had been much shaken by many cases in which innocent faces had given the lie to black hearts which had brought youth and age together side by side in the courts which I frequented, I was anxious to study the face and manner of this youth. I wished to believe him innocent. I should work all the better, perhaps; and if his face seemed ruffianly or treacherous, I should certainly work none the less heartily. But I was my very criminal case. He was sitting down as I entered, but rose immediately, and, without forward promptly, offered his hand frankly, like a man. I took it, but promptly the action seemed to show that he stain of blood was upon it. And as I remained, I was shocked though serious manner in which he spoke of his position, and the broken voice in which he hoped I would do my best for him for his poor father's sake. I found my eyes becoming dim, and felt a rising sob in my throat.

His story was this. As I knew before, he had just returned from seven years at sea. Some, he said, he knew, his old dad had asked to ask. Money he for any. His sole object, as he said, was to make peace; and if he could not gain a hearty consent to the Miss Thompson marriage, at least to know that it had become a matter of little interest to the old man. Absence, too, had sobbered, or softened down much of the asperity with which in had left home; like many others, when he fell among the sharks he had yearned for the sweet comfortless home of his young days. Trying to blame himself and to excuse his father for much that had occurred, he said that he turned his steps toward the old home, with something like love for his father stirring in his heart. He knocked at the door, thickly at first, and then long and loudly. At last a slow, shuffling step came along the echoing passage, and he felt that the door had been locked behind by unfastened, the well-remembered face of the old woman poured forth from the still chained door.

"I want to see my father," said he.

The old woman, however, holding the door upon him, again shuffled back with his message. Thrice was it disregarded, and thrice the son begged to be let in, and thrice he was conducted to the prison like room of his father. The old man did not raise his eyes from his account-book for some time. At last, however, he looked up, but looks, putting his spectacles carefully into their case, and thrusting both hands into his pockets, he sullenly approached and in his chair, and in his hardest tones demanded what the young man wanted.

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Then why come here?" was the loving response.

"I thought you might like to see your son," was the answer to this greeting.

"Ha, I thought that I should never see your face again. Go!" said his father.

The young man tried long and earnestly to soften his father's heart toward his place, but in purpose. Old Thornton only grew exasperated, and began to shout and swear at his son as if possessed.

"Go! I say! Go! You're like your mother, with her baby face and spaniel's whining! Travel, I say, or I'll beat this book about your head, old as I am!"

And so the son saw that his home was never to be recovered, that his father never to be a parent to him, and he turned to go.

"Father," said he, as he stood for the last time upon the threshold, "I think I could come for money—I know you love it—but I do not. Shall I come again tomorrow?"

"Look here!" said Silas, with a quiet grin, "I hate you—I hated your mother—I hate every body and every thing! I'd be the happiest fiend a man has. If you say you don't covet it, you lie! I'll keep it till I die, and then, if old Madge is alive, she shall have it! Hey! Madge! Madge! Hey! Madge! Madge! Hey! Madge!"

Young Thornton left the room without another word. As he did so, he was surprised to see that old Madge had been listening; but she seemed so astonished at his presence that he did not think it was so inexcusable to his voice that she would not open the front-door for him, and he departed by the kitchen door, and the dim lane outside of times when o'boy. And that was all my silent knowy of the last days of old Thornton, as he protested to me with tears in his eyes, and, I thought, truth in every tone and look.

I think the prisoner he of good cheer, though my heart misgave me as I thought of the difficulties with which he was surrounded; and I left him. Day after day I sought to secure the witnesses that had already been done, and she was safe in the House of Detention. The trial was to be, when, which I at once proceeded to do. To my surprise, she presented a very different appearance from that which she had exhibited on the preliminary trial of the day before. Then she was insensible to sound or look; now she seemed vivacious, and eager almost to the point of being indelicate. Upon her general observations, she asked where Master Harvey Oaken was? I told her.

"Did my master make a will?" said she.

"Not that I know of," said I; "but you should know better than I."

And I put into my face a look of confidential friendship.

"Well, I'm true, true, true," she absently returned. "But"—and she became again alive, and careful—"you know, you know—you seem to know something about it?"

"Well," said I, "I don't tell all I know at first. You are a lawyer, you know, Miss Madge."

Oh! what a change in her face then!

"That's so! Lucky, lucky, lucky! Madge! I say to myself, night and day, night and day. Good for me. Ah, ha! I knew it would come to this, and it has. I haven't studied it over so long for nothing. Good, good, good for old Madge! She's lucky; and, stranger, she's clever too. Do you know?"

I did and mind, and I told her so, but with a smile of approval that made me blush as I put it on.

"Yes," whispered she, with a chuckle between the words, "*I'm for him.* Look here, Mother Lane! You're young and fond of pleasure, ain't you? *I* was once. Well, I shall want a young lawyer, *fond of pleasure*, and poor—I've much no? poor—in a few days. Ha, ha! When old Thornton's buried, and I get rid of a son of his hung, come to me, lawyer—I shall want you. D'you mind me? I shall be rich; you are poor, poor—young men always are—it's only old men and women that get rich. But be sure and wait!—and the old hag thrust her wrinkled face close to mine—'I will tell old Thornton's buried, and his cub of a son hung.'

This strange talk startled me much, for it might be the raving of madness or the babbling of age. She ceased talking, however, after this outburst, not could I detect a particle of evidence of implicating the son. The only thing I could get out of her was either vacant looks, or a hideous grin, and a gesture of silence, or a whisper "—wait!"

Silas Thornton was buried, and the preparations for trying another his son should be hung went on swiftly. I had not a particle more evidence to offer. The old woman had again relapsed into idiocy, and would not speak to a word. Nothing could be brought forward in the prisoner's favor, while against him stood the damning facts of the alibi, the bill, the quarrel, and the apparently secret exit from the house. And so the trial came on.

I pass over the many agonizing interviews between the prisoner and the young girl. Why describe that? Why dwell on the agonies of a heart at times given back dull echoes of Father's, mother's, lover's, or sister's grief, poured out before Heaven but now? Why describe the secret of woman known but to Him who is the searcher of hearts, All-Wise, and Omnipotent? A fountain of tears poured the stroke of misfortune, which would have proved a well-spring of life if unsealed earlier, and while the proud and untried spirit was blindly seeking for the promised land.

And so the trial came on.

It was a fair day, and the solemn aspect of the court seemed almost wicked, I thought, in the face of nature's beauty. It should have been a day of clouds and storms upon which to try a man for his life. "Henry Thornton," at length said the clerk, and the prisoner was brought in. At the same moment a heavy staff, stained with hair and blood, was laid on the clerk's table, and a plan of the house, in chalk, was hung in. An object dose up in rags almost, it seemed, was propped up in a corner of the witness-box, and people asked what it could be. A slender form, also, dropped at my side dressed in black, and people knew that it was my sister-in-law, Mary Lane. He looked at all, and a shade of doubt—not fear—passed over him. But a veil was raised for a moment, and from the face under it shone out such a beam of sunlight that the shadow vanished and he sat down. Half over the back, and half hidden, said under their breath, "How young they both look!"

The first, second, third, and fourth witnesses were called. They had to prove the knocking and admittance of the young man, and to identify the stick. They did all clearly, and the prisoner's counsel, with a low, that what they said was true.

Then came the same men next day, who had heard the quarreling, as he thought, and the footsteps leaving the house by the back way. His testimony was admitted, also, by the prisoner, as correct in every particular. There were loud voices; they were those of his father and himself; he did go away by the back door.

Next came the evidence of the police, and these were the second the beam. All was clear, for *their* testimony was unquestionable—the stick *did* belong to the prisoner.

Next came the old woman. She was, or pretended to be, perfectly imbecile and as deaf as a post, and was soon told to stand down. As she turned to go she said, in a whisper, "Oh, he has lost!" pointed the girl at my side, and "He is lost!" said in effect an awe-struck murmur around the court.

But neither the girl, nor the prisoner, nor the judge, nor the jurors saw the glance which the old woman threw at me. I arose calmly, as one who feels power within him.

"Our next moot, Madge," said I, very gently, and she came back. "The prisoner seemed agitated when he came in at the door, didn't he, Madge?"

"He was mad with his father for keeping him waiting," she promptly responded.

Every breath in court was held, and the judge took a dip of ink as he stared to see this sudden making of the dumb to speak.

"Did they quarrel any, Madge, when he came in?"

"All the time he was there," said she.

"Well—just so—it's important to prove that they quarreled, you see, Madge. How do you know they quarreled *all the time?*" said I, in my blandest tones.

"Because I listened," said she, with a sort of cry laugh.

"Why did you listen, Madge?—did you fear mischief?"

"Yes, I not only feared but I *knew* what was coming; Jack said—yes, I listened—I heard—I was away down stairs *before it was done*, don't you understand, Remember—*before it was done!*"

"Now, Madge, one more question, and that is all. Don't be alarmed; it's only one question. When old Thornton was down on the floor—"

"Ay, he was down on the floor," said she.

"Which his head smashed in with that stick—" added I.

"That stick—smashed in—yes, that was it," she replied, almost in a whisper.

"Are you listening, Madge?" added I, softly—very softly.

"Yes, yes; go on; I hear every word. He's young and poor—poor," she said, vacantly.

"Then," shouted I, with all my power; "then *what did you do with the knife you cut his throat with?*"

Could that thing have been human which fell in a lump upon the floor, and tore and plucked at itself, and shrieked and yelled? It was no fiend; it was old Madge, whose words thrilled through the court.

"*I killed him! I killed him! I killed him!* Look up the chimney. Ha, ha! I was too clever for him! What did he promise to marry me for, forty years ago? What did he starve me for? What did he curse me for? Ha, ha! He said he'd make a lady of me; so he has—I've got his money; and I knocked his head, and I cut his throat, and I'll have him his old face if I hadn't kissed it many a time, forty years ago."

Having thus she was carried out of court, while the crowd sent up shout after shout of applause; and the prisoner—a prisoner no longer—took a handkerchief from his arms, and begged the people to give her air for God's sake!

Old Madge lived some years after this, a perfect lunatic. Some time after, I saw her brought in an illumine that aged face. There were some who pitied her, and said that she may have loved the man she murdered, and that she was crazed. Nothing he had not used her well. But most people forgot all about her and the miser's death; and the old house was the only token left of the deed.

It was not long ago that I found myself traveling over the Alps, and I was thinking on the boisterous of a grotesque, and by the beds of hailstones, and amidst the sublime and magnificent, I called to mind of matters gone by and the present circumstances in which we found ourselves.

"She is happy at the day's long," said he; "and we have four fine children. Every thing prospers with us."

"Do you ever speak of your father's death?" said I.

"Never," said he. "We used to now and then at first, but we thought it best to try and forget it, and his fate is never mentioned now. And I am glad the old house in the Five Points is pulled down."

LOVE.

Pass the hand once again over the glossy black hair, silken and soft as a raven's breast. Wind the cord of the silver-mounted lyre, and let the music of it up on the snow-clad instep. Stoop, touch the hem of the floating muslin and give it the last careful adjustment. Let the light of tears from the outer gate by the graveled road cross the wreath of whelk. The sound of voices rise like incense to the bride's chamber from the drawing-rooms and parlor, liquid with light, with bright and fair faces, and the music of the band, in tremulous and shifting like the shadows of bending grain-fields—waiting, expectant. In the necklace of pearls lying amidst the jewels on the table. In the case white flower, gleaming out from the ebony branch, you see the bride's face, and a spark of love in the sight of life! Let the bride stand away a little while you take, in one full glance, the serenity beam in the eyes, the smile of mouth, which glances the flesh-tint of arm and neck, the peach-bloom of cheek, the crimson of lip, and the thousand spirits of the soul in the face. There! It is all finished. The bridal veil clings with its silver fingers to the face a brow ever approached the altar, wrapping them, graceful and airy as film of light, or a swoop of thought.

Four years ago—and she is yet young—Ella plighted her troth to Albert C——. He had loaned her eye the wall, against which the curtains. The berry bushes were pushing their crimson or purple clusters, and said:

"Ella, I am going away now."

"Where?" and the young girl's eyes turned shade that he could not read, and the white little fingers were very busy with roses at her feet whose thorns brought little globules of blood upon them.

"To South America—to grow rich!" said he. Ella looked up to his face her own features were calm, but under her eyes there were little spots of redness, and though she kept her drooping, her forehead was white as marble. Her lips, too, were intense crimson, and her eyes were cold, as if she would hold them from speaking.

"Do you care?"

"Yes, I care very much;" and she gave the young man a leaf over the garden-wall, saying: "I shall care as long as you keep that."

"Ella!" and the young man looked earnestly into eyes that were beginning to glisten with tears—"look at me! Will it harm you now; if I come back brave and resolute and loving as I go away, may I come over the wall and take you in my arms?"

He got no answer, but the head drooped and the hands trembled till the rose-leaves in them whipped and shaken by the wind.

"If your heart says 'yes,' kiss me over the wall."

And Albert declared, years up with a sense of untold possessions, with a feeling of almost timidness power to his own right arm.

Four, five, six months, each with a letter in its hand, strode along the trail of the year, and each dropped the wee thing into her lap. What brimfull letters! Never, in Ella's eyes, were letters so eloquent and beautiful. Brave words, gentle words, loving words, beauty of thoughtfulness, richness of thought, wealth of imagery, light, grace, gallantry, love—all these met and mingled on the closely-written, multitudinous pages. The camp like breezes; and, sweeping through the harp strings of her woman nature, kept her life full of music, with vibrations which never forgot their trembling till restruck by the ever-returning months.

Ella's heart came to be a magical chamber, into which she could at any time call a pale but lighted intellectual face, and a slight but manly figure. She could see the smile of his countenance, hear the play of emotion, the shimmer of hope, the dark overcasting, the tone of duty and manliness.

Seven, eight, nine months—Albert is coming home. Home! Sooner than she had dared to hope, Ella's heart beat! Groan, light and loving eye! Why have all things grown so beautiful? Why men and women really happier and more kind? As she thought of Willie—the Willie with bright feathers and arched neck—as his song rippled from his arms, and in Ella's chamber more handsome and rich? Is the very sunlight brighter? Or is this the light of love and expectancy in the eyes? Why have the trees reflecting golden glory upon all things visible, and adding molten notes to all familiar sounds?

The ship touched the wharf in the morning; and, after a little while, somebody was taken along the road by the row of elms in a carriage which swayed upon springs, and in which were pillows. Ella sat in the window and watched it with tearful fear as it wound up the hill, now hidden by the limbs and leaves, now visible through the springs; and, as it came long my gate, Ella recognized the features and flowing hair.

Albert had come home to die. All through the summer months his strength died in vapors—invisible as those that go up from the sea to the clouds. Ella, in the sick room, read the increasing brightness of his eyes, reading and talking by his side with him in his feeble walks among the garden flowers, and in the Sabbath-days he lay more feeble and pale, waiting. And by-and-by she went out from the still, cool, but dark room, her betrothed gone, and only the river sounds of his young life left in the dear, and room.

Ella's father and mother were dead. If ever the cold meaning of that word "alone" swept like a chill wind through the halls of a heart, it was now.

But bread and raiment must be earned. One, two, three long years the poor girl floated upon the uncertainties and trials of womanly effort against odds, competition, and prejudice. And all the while tears came often to her eyes, and often moistened her cheek, filling those upon cambric, and dropping on the pen, pencil and bowl, upon flaxen heads and beautiful little hands, in the weary schoolroom. Why was she sent from this home, leaving her lonesome? Will there never be such a word for her as "home?" Is life to be passed in continual toil and labor, with no rest for the tired feet, with no spot to die in? Are maiden friendships to be formed only to be broken when some winning creature calls for a name and takes her away, leaving Ella more alone by far than ever before? Is she to be always floating, without rest, and thither, alone?

One day a worthy man, heavy with sense, untroubled with sentiment, asked the question, "Will you be my wife?" He knew the girl's experience; but he wanted her hand, and such love as he might be capable of.

"I will keep your house, and call it my home. I will care for you in health and in sickness; will learn your wishes and your protection; will be as good a wife as I can."

He was content with that.

The reward is gone. The dying rumble of the last wheel has died upon the ancient ear. The bride is in her chamber again. And while the chatty maids unpin the bridal veil, loose the hands of her tresses full of the light of the wealth upon white shoulders, and unwind the bead of the silver slipper, the girl who with blushes defied in her lap, eyes bent upon the carpet at her feet, and thoughts hovering in a peat people with images of the pale, expressive face, whose light first kindled love in her fresh young heart, and made life beautiful.

Soften the tones of your merry voices; let there be silence now and then; for a sad panorama is unfolding in the chambers of the sweet bride's memory—the sad and thither, alone? Ella's golden will, the brimming letters, the sad but loving return, the failing strength and the growing spirit, the light, the long years of toil and labor, the fall of earth upon the coffin-lid, the desolate return.

Strange that the highest revelry and the deepest sadness thus meet and mingle in one hour of life!

SHE WISHED TO BE SOME THING.

Down at Montauban lived a pretty, graceful, intelligent, but wholly uneducated little girl, whose Simple name of Marie-Olympe-Gouges. Some said she was the daughter of Louis the Fifteenth; but her blood was not quite so "blue" as that. A certain nameless priestess, and the great devout, austere Marquis de Pompignan—the Catholic writer par excellence, the inexorable enemy of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, whose mantle there as irreproachable as his lineage, and whose pride was as immense as his piety—knew more about the birth of that little Marie than King or Kaiser. The secret was well kept, and never reached Voltaire's ears, else the whole world would have rung with the scandal. Not knowing how to read or write, but quick and very promising, Marie-Olympe, when fifteen, was married to a certain M. Aubry, a retired traileur, with sixty thousand pounds, and did enough to be her grandfather. He had the complaisance to die before the bridal year was out, leaving Marie a very wealthy and very lovely widow of sixteen, burning with impatience to spread her heels in vistaves, dull Montauban, and see the world. And she saw the world. She looked up the eating-house, and carried her sixteen years and her flashing black eyes to Paris, where she knew that her money, her youth, and her beauty would be sure to give her a brilliant success. She was right. Paris fêted and praised her without stint, and gave her lovers without measure. The next fourteen years of her life were passed in one round of dissipation and gaiety. But the day came when the green of sixteen were lost in the dreary brown of thirty, and the love which had blazed so fiercely now burned itself out like blackened embers. Olympe de Gouges—for she, too, changed her name, and took the plebeian Aubry—hung on to the world with a death-like grip as it swung from her; when, fairly abandoned, she gave herself up to the world of literature, to wrote dramas and plays, or rather she dictated them to her secretary, for she could not write, even then; and she obliged the Comedie Française with the most wretched productions. Her great ambition was to have one of her pieces acted on the boards of Molière's theatre. It was in vain that she bribed the principal actors, fed the committee, wept and prayed, complimented, and coquetted—it was useless: they would have none of her. Now, it was a superb orange-tree, to which she would win a favorable verdict; now, a turkey-stuffed with rich truffles; now, a group in porcelain—Apollo and the Muses—for M. Molé's sideboard. All in vain; they accepted her presents and rejected her pieces, nor her tears could sit up her dramas. Olympe was not daunted. As fast as one piece was rejected she composed another, to share the same fate, until, wearied and exasperated, she besieged the awful committee in full council—she, the woman without distinction, to soften their hearts. The committee was not accustomed to indignities from its slaves; the same of Olympe was known to the Gouges surname erased from the register; her pieces were returned, and her name put in indirectness between her and the Comedie Française. Olympe was furious. She wrote and intrigued, and exhaled her despair in violent letters, till she became the chief-mourner of the time. M. de Beaumarchais suffered from her severity; and, as her abuse of her opponents was more violent than usual, it was plant that thing to fall into her hands. Every where she was repulsed, every where disappointed, until at last she was thrown back upon herself and blessed herself to the powers. Vanquished by her tears, Molé and Beaumarchais, the author of Figaro, reconciliation was effected, by which she was restituted to exactly the same place as before the quarrel. Olympe was immediately bought up the selected heads of the committee two new pieces, Olympe used to compose a drama in about forty-eight hours; and again and again other dramas poured in in quick succession. The Comedie Française received her now and then with jeering, and courteously declined her pieces without reading them. At last Olympe wrote a book, wherein she gave full details of her intrigues and distresses, and crying out in despair, "Oh, if I had been a man, what blood I would have shed! what cars I would have cut!"

But graver events were preparing in France, and Olympe de Gouges was startled, like Cambyses, from her dreams of Fame, by the cannon of the Revolution. Here was a wider field for her. She at once, with impetuosity, threw into the movement, writing to a nation now, instead of to a committee, and demanding speech of the Assembly instead of a plebeian audience. She also had to be allowed to defend "Louis Capet" together with Malesherbes—a demand which, it is scarcely necessary to add, was rejected by the Convention as unhesitatingly as her drama by the Comedie Française. Then she wrote essays for the "Theatre of the Republic," a wretched dual of a thing, full of mawkes and counterscenes and military enthusiasm. Then she wrote the tragedy of Zimbeg, dancing among the prominent characters people who had lately danced with her in Paris

"I COULD BIND THE FLOWER THAT THOU DOST PLUCK."

NON SATIS.

'Tis not enough to see thee, like a star
That rives on our night when eve is clear,
Which all may view—but all must view afar.
'Tis not enough to watch thee, as the moon
Gazes on earth with troubled face, but who
May voice with voice exchange and intertune.

'Tis not enough to meet thee as by chance
In lighted rooms, and feign a cold repose
Whereat I tremble to thy slightest glance.
'Tis not enough to cross thee in the glare
Of day, when serious friends thy path induce—
Content the sunlight of thy smile to share.

No! I am jealous of all senseless things
That near and touch thee—of the fluttering wind
That dallies round with fond, familiar wings,
And dares to kiss thine eyes and lift the tress
From thy blue temple; of the jewel blind
Upon thy bosom pillow'd, passionless.

And I could bind the flower that thou dost pluck,
And drink its odor with thy nostrils thus,
And taste its honey which the bee did suck.
Oh! I could kill thy sleek caressing hound
That fawns by hand, and blandishes any entwine
Thy feet, whether he choose to hound.

For I would have thee, as the miser hoards
His idol gold, lock'd close with yonderous key,
In chest of iron bound round when hoards.
I could not rest until with sills unfurl'd
I bore my treasure o'er the secret sea,
To some oasis of the desert world.

Because I want thee ALL; and nothing less
Than thy whole *being* would my heart suffice—
Thou and thy love entire I must possess.
No jot withheld—no atom of thy love
Passing the sphere of adamantine ice,
Within whose vault we must in oneness move.

LIFE SCENES IN THE SOUTH.

A TRUE SHARK STORY.

Some ten years ago I was traveling in the upper part of Georgia for the benefit of my health, avar precisely, but then intensely more so than now. Broken down by disease and exhausted by fatigue and suffering, I was glad to reach a pleasant little village where I could rest for a few days and recruit my wasted energies. And right glad was I that it was my lot to sojourn for a brief season in so pleasant a locality; and little did I then dream that there, in the heart of the uplands and three hundred miles from the sea-coast, I would find material for a most thrilling shark story; or that I should, in after years, be the instrument of making public to the world the most unpacked adventure ever recorded, and which no other man, Jonah excepted, ever had with any of the piscatorial tribe.

No sooner had I taken up my lodgings in the delightful little village of I——, than, to my gratification, I learned that an old friend of our family was the resident Episcopal minister; and that it was entirely through his instrumentality—his own liberal donations and personal efforts—that the beautiful little Gothic church, which I could see from my window, raised its tiny, but graceful spires to heaven, like the little uplifted hands of so many children, begging the Father of Mercies for blessings upon the town. Surely, I thought, God will not send his "fire and brimstone" upon a place thus honored by His temple; for if there had been found but ten men in Sodom to rear an altar or build a tabernacle God's vengeance would not have been buried against "the cities of the plain;" he would have spared them for the sake of the few who worshipped in His temple and offered incense upon His sacred altar.

I was thus musing and resolving in my own mind that I would not fail to call upon the reverend gentleman, when I received an invitation to come to see him *sans ceremonie*, as he was sick and could not leave the house without the consent of his physician. From various circumstances I had never seen Mr. J——, but was prepared to love him as an old friend. I found him lying upon a lounge, in his study with a book in his hand, and his wife, a most estimable lady after the good old Virginia style, seated by his side and smiling happiness around her. He was then labouring under considerable fever, and had a distressing cough; inasmuch that his physician expressed his fear to me that he would fall a victim to consumption. But he has recovered his health now, and is an active and a useful man.

Although sick with a fever, I found him full of humor; for he was no moralist, and despised the asceticism of the religious recluse. I was not only greatly entertained for two or three days but so much amused that I forgot for a while my own sufferings in laughing over his humorous narratives, his happy and original entertainers, his witty repartees. But these were times when the subjects of our conversation were of a graver character; when we spoke of the religious and political history of the past, the investigations and accomplishments of science, the wonderful progress in the arts, and the advancement of the present age in all the branches of human knowledge. It was then that, casting my eyes around the little cabinet, I discovered some rare geological specimens together with some fossil remains; and among the latter collection I saw the upper and lower maxillaries of a huge shark, which he evidently very recently quitted its watery element. As I looked upon the keen serrated teeth set like the teeth of a saw, five or six rows in number, and each row finer and set in an opposite direction, I could not help exclaiming, "How easy for these sharp teeth to cut a man's body in twain! Perhaps, too, many a poor fellow has found his grave here?"

"Very likely!" said Mr. J——, "for his mate or first cousin came near cutting asunder the body of a very dear friend of mine!" He spoke seriously, and knowing him to be a man who could not jest about so solemn a subject as death, and that he was furthermore known to all men as a gentleman of strict veracity and unblemished integrity, I replied with a feeling of interest, "Indeed, Sir! you amaze me! how did that happen?"

"Prey draw a chair near me and I will relate to you a most remarkable adventure; one, too, which clearly proves that God's Providence is as plainly visible around us, and is daily manifested in the world as in the days of old when it led the children of Israel away from their enemies and out of all their difficulties, through 'a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.' Oh, Sir, there is a vast deal of downright infidelity upon this subject, and it is very strange that men's eyes are so blinded that they can not see that God is in all the mysteries in the God of the Christian; that the everlasting God is not dead, nor does his Providence ever slumber; but that his benevolent heart ever prompts him to fly to the rescue of his children whenever He sees them in trouble or distress! But I am not going to preach you a sermon on Providence, but to tell you a *true shark story*; not a *fiction*, but a fact! And lest you may suppose, Sir, that our sailor-islanders are rather *fishy*, I will refer you to Mr. ——, upon whose integrity you may rely; for his word, like the law of the Medes and Persians, is never altered and never and never and never!

"It has been but a year or two ago," continued the reverend gentleman, "that two of my friends went one afternoon for the purpose of striking, or *gaming*,' Sting-rays—a species of round flounder, like a plaice, but possessing a long tail, which is armed with a sharp, deadly sting, like the point of a bayonet, from three to four inches in length. Although their flesh is very eatable, yet are they frequently hunted in shallow water, for it requires a man of strength to hold them down; and of activity also, to avoid their sting, which has been known to produce lock-jaw and death in a few hours; and many a man has been tripped from his heels by the fleurons of this singular animal, whose creation seems to have been designed simply to show the benevolent God, and as food for sharks and other sea-monsters. The weapon which is used in their capture is a double or triple pronged instrument, armed with a barb like a fish-hook, to prevent its drawing out from the flesh of the stingray; and this trident, something after the fashion of old Neptune's, is attached to a handle five or six feet in length, so that it answers both as a bayonet and staff—to charge the enemy and assist the weary pilgrim on his way.

"Our two fishermen had been pursuing their sport for some time with perhaps doubtful success, when they came to a long and a wide fish (or arm of the sea), making up into the bench, which is usually very low, and in many places entirely dry at ebb-tide, but which at the flood and high tides is from three or four to eight or ten feet in depth. These fishes, or bays, are called '*fiddys*' by our seafarers. Why this name has been given them I know not, unless from the fact, as the Spaniards would call them, they are '*un especie de reel*'—a species of reel; and it is considered downright foolishness for any thing, whether man or beast, to enter into and be caught in a net, so also is it, *fiddy* for mullet and other 'small fry' to go up into these friths, where they are sure to be caught by shark or the net of the fisherman. My two friends had proceeded up this fiddy, and then had crossed over to the other side at the ebb-tide, where the water was not more than from ankle to knee deep. Their game led them in different directions, so that they became widely separated; and when the flood was up they found themselves on opposite sides of the fiddy. The gentleman who had crossed over perceived a huge sea-shark passing slowly up the fiddy, in the same direction. Perceiving that his friend was about to cross over, he hailed him to warn him of the presence of the monster; requesting him at the same time to return to the beach until he could bring the boat round and take him in. But although sound is usually heard to a great distance on the water, the surf was now rolling high upon the beach, and the wind had risen with the tide, so that his voice could not be heard. He was in vain that he shouted 'A shark! a shark! Wait till I can bring you the boat!' It was in vain that he waved his hand in the most excited manner, directing him to go back, for 'a shark was above him, and would soon return upon his track!' The doomed man misunderstood all his words and signs. He supposed that his friend was hurrying him to come over to him, but the water should be—come too deep. And he made the mere haste, until he found himself in the middle of the fiddy, and up to his waist in water, before he perceived the enemy. Now, however, it was too late to retreat, and he could not reach the opposite shore in time to escape the danger; for the shark had perceived him, and was coming down upon his victim. Slowly and leisurely, as the opinion who gleans in anticipation over his meal, did the sea-monster come nearer, and yet nearer! Death seemed inevitable. There was no chance for escape. He must stand quietly and meet his fate! His hour was come! Adieu now to the friends of earth! Adieu to the wife of his bosom, and the children who had dandled him gets set around a father's heart! The man is doomed—doomed to be cut in two, just at the waist, by those six rows of sharp white teeth! O God! how horrible! exclaimed his companion, as he saw the sea-monster turn upon his side and open his wide jaws to cut in twain the body of his beloved friend. 'Great God! he is lost!' and well may we imagine that his hair stood on end, and the cold sweat gushed in thick, clammy streams from every pore!

"But there stood his friend, in mortal peril, as no other man perhaps would have stood, unless God had held him up by His strong right hand; and if his heart hushed its dreamings at the approach of Death, and stood still in the presence of the conqueror, his eyes winked not, for it was fixed upon the keen, savage eyes of the monster. His left foot was advanced forward, and his right braced back. He held his weapon (the gaine or gig) firmly in his hand, as a drowning man who grasps convulsively a straw; but it was drawn back with determination, as the soldier who prepares to thrust his bayonet into the approaching enemy. But his heart be a bold spirit to entertain the least hope, thus feebly armed, against such a foe. For of what avail is such a weapon against so huge a monster as a sea-shark eighteen feet in length? Why, Sir, he will snap your shaft in two as a shrub! He will swallow you, weapon and all! There! Oh, my God, he has done it! Just as I thought! Farewell, my poor friend!"

"There was a huge flounce—an awful splashing for a few moments—and the white spray was flung high in the air! The gentleman on shore closed his eyes, and, staggering back a few paces, uttered a deep groan. When he looked for the first time he saw no one. His friend was gone. Surely, thought he, he is dead. But there is no resource in the waters. Could he have been swallowed alive at one gulp? Horrible thought! No, no—there he is! He rises from the briny waters alive and well, but stunned and almost stupefied by the intensely-exciting contest in which he had been engaged. He is astonished, and wonders that he is alive. He looks around, expecting to see the shark still coming toward him and rolling upon his side. "Where is he?" he cries, in amazement. His friend, with tears of joy streaming from his eyes, grasps with his hand toward the sea. They looked and saw in wonder. There went the monster, flying as an arrow the well-aimed bow out to his native sea, there to die, as a wounded kite, alone! And, as far as the eye could see, they beheld the shaft of the 'gaine or gig' sticking from his throat, and quivering in the air, from the rapidity of his motion, as the burn mast of a vessel when sails have been rent into tatters and blown away by the storm! Oh, it was a wonderful Providence! and who can imagine the heartfelt gratitude which must have swelled almost to bursting the heart of the man thus rescued by the strong hand of Jehovah! For, although he saw it not, it was God's broad hand which held the shaft, and God's brawny arm which wove the frail weapon into the monster's throat. But it was as effectual as David's little sling against Goliah, do vain braggadocio, who defied Israel's army!

"And oh! Sir, if my friend want not forth *dryshod*, but dripping wet—if the waters did not rise up on either side as a frozen wall—yet, Sir, when

"MY GOD, HE HAS DONE IT!—FAREWELL, MY POOR FRIEND!"

be reached the hard beach he could look back upon his still-retreating foe, and with tears of grateful joy his heart could hum the same song which Moses sung when he saw that God had overthrown his enemies in the deep waters. Surely God is great; and his ways are not his ways, and his Providence is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever!"

When the reverend gentleman ended his narrative I saw a tear trickle, and blushed like the moral lesson it conveyed of the goodness and power of God.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER,

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HAD Fortune decreed that I should be rich, I believe I would have been the most popular of men. There is such a natural kindness of disposition in me, blended with the most refined sense of discrimination. I love humanity in the aggregate, and, at the same time, with a true delicacy of sentiment, I can follow through all the tortuous windings of the heart, and naturally sympathize in emotions that I never experienced. My mind is too exalted, too humble, for the exercise of my benevolence. I have not in my nature that which I hate, throbbing heart, as I imagine the troubles of a king, and I have drunk my Bordeaux with tears of gratitude as I fancied myself a peasant with only water to slake his thirst. To a man of highly organized temperament, the privations themselves are not necessary to eliminate the feelings they would suggest. Coarser natures would require the stimulus to produce the sense of hunger, nakedness to cause that of cold, and so on; I idle grief can be in rags while indoor in a wadded dressing-gown; they are as hopeless to feel a meal of oysters and roasted cheese, there and, if they will, be fatally satisfied as they sit over their turtle and gravy after shipwreck with their feet on the fender. Great privileges and great happy to be who use them, happy are they amidst whom he tries to spread the blessings of his inheritance.

And that my admirable traits which I recognize in myself—and of which I speak not boastfully, but gratefully, being satisfied of my nature as far removed from my own agency as the color of my eyes or the shape of my nose—of these, I say, I know of some more striking than such as fit me to be a patron. I am grateful as a lover, soothing as a friend, but I am really great as a protector.

Reveling in such sentiments as these, I stood at my window looking at the effect of moonlight on the Falls. It seemed to me as though this was grand spectacle before my eyes I beheld a sort of illumination of my own nature, and that mysteriously to observe that the Champagne was needless, and that I had drunk the third glass of the second bottle to the health of the Queen of Cliquot herself. Thus standing and musing, was startled by a noise behind me, and turning round, I saw one of the smallest of men, in a little red Greek jacket and short yellow breeches, carefully supported in spending a small piece of carpet on the floor, a strip like a very diminutive hearth-rug. This done, he gave a loud and exclamation of "Ho!" and cut a somersault in the air, alighting on the flat of his back, which he commenced by a like cry of "Ho!" He jumped up again, however, in an instant, and repeated the performance three times. He was about, as I judged by the arrangement of certain chairs, to proceed to other exercises equally diverting, when I stepped half way by coughing when he turned.

"Your excellency," said he, drawing himself up to his full height of, say, four feet, "I am Tintenfleck!"

Every one knows what provoking things are certain chance remembrances, how disturbing to the right consideration of thoughts, how fatal to the free exercise of reason. Now this creature before me, with deeply indented temples, high narrow forehead, aquiline nose, and resolute chin, was marvelously like a certain great field-marshal with whose features, multiplied by the portraits of him, we are all familiar. It was not of the least use to me that I knew he was not the illustrious personage, but simply a mountebank. There were the stern traits, haughty and distant, and to which I would add the look of great man would clash with the capers of the little one. Owing to this impression, it was impossible for me to address him without a certain sense of deference and respect.

"Will you not be seated?" said I, offering him a chair, and taking one myself. I accepted with all the quiet ease of good-breeding, and smiled courteously as I filled a glass and passed it toward him.

I pressed my hand across my eyes for a moment, while I reflected, and I muttered to myself, "Oh, Potts, if instead of a tumbler, I had really been the hero, what an evening might this be! Lives there that man in Europe so capable of feeling in all its intensity the glorious privilege of such a meeting? Who, like you, would listen to the wisdom distilling from those lips? Who would measure up every fruit of voice, accent, and manner, remembering not those every anecdote, but every expression? Who, like you, could have gracefully led the conversation so as to range over the whole wide domain of great life, taking in battles, sieges, and [illegible], and congresses, and scanning of all that is most varied and exciting in existence? Would not the record of one such night, drawn by you, have been worth all the cold compilations and bleak biographies that ever were written? You would have presented him as he sat there in front of you." I opened my eyes to paint from the model, and there was the little dog, with his legs straight up on each side of his head and forming a sort of Golden Arch over his face. The wretch had done the feat to amuse me, and I almost fainted with horror at it, saw it.

"Sit down, Sir," said I, in a voice of stern command. "You little know the misery you have caused me."

I refilled his glass, and closed my eyes once more. In my pharmaceutical experiences I had often made bread pills, and remembered well how, almost invariably, they had been deemed successful. What relief from pain to the agonized sufferer had they not given! What slumber to the sleepless! What, in fine, what vigor, what excitement! Why should not the same treatment apply to morals as to medicine? Why, with faith so old man, should he endure every wished-for mood of mind and thought? The pain, which he suffered the misery suffered for the artist, the Venus herself is in his brain. Now, if that little fellow there would neither trouble me nor spoil my dinner, I would of him. Let him sit firmly as he does now, staring me boldly in the face that way.

"Yes," said I, "let your hand on the arm of your chair so, and let the other be clenched thus." And so I placed him. I never utter a word, but not to me at rare intervals."

He has since acknowledged that he believed me to be demented, and, in his simple and humble sense, and he could rely on his activity for escape, he made no objection to my directions. This he, too, had he enjoyed the wine immensely, and was at liberty to drink as he pleased.

"Now," thought I, "one glance, only one, to see that he poses properly."

All right, nothing could be better. His face was turned slightly to one side, so that the painters call action to the hand, and he was perfect. I now resigned myself to the working of the spell, and already I felt the power over him. Where and with what was I to begin? Tintenfleck seemed changed to my eyes. I wanted to know a thousand disputed things, and fully as many that were only disputed by myself. I felt that the mere interrogatory would assuredly never present itself twice in my life, that the really great use of the occasion was to be made, and I was resolved to improve to my own ends, to make all my investigations that Germany could afford me. "My intensest anxiety was then to ascertain if, like myself, his grace started in life with very grand aspirations.

"Did you feel, for instance, when playing practical jokes on the maids of honor in Dublin, that you had a destiny, that you were only in a sportive vein throwing off so much light lulled to make room for the mighty spirit that was to stand you in the storm-tossed sea before you? Have you experienced the almost necessary pang, the sickness of soul, that ambition is? Have? Was there always in your heart, as a young man, as there is now in mine, a profound conviction that the opinions of the world represent? Did you continually find yourself repeating, 'Is I not a great man? Is I not a man that is yet?' There was another investigation which troubled me still more closely, but it was long before I could plucked up the courage to fill courtesy and the delicacy of the inquiry, but with that same recklessness of consequence which induced me once to cut a wheel off the best hair if I was drowning, I clutched at his discretion, and, with a sudden plunging at my boldness, asked: "Was your grace ever afraid? know the impertinence of the question, but if you only promise me your forgiveness, I dare give it. Nature has made me muggy things, but not courageous. Nothing on earth could induce me to risk life, by the most trifling, but in the greater grows my repugnance. Now, I would ask, Is this what is called cowardice, or constitutional? Am I likely to grow out of it? Shall I ever be a dare-devil, intrepid, fire-eating son of nature? How can I, by some chance, cure me? Shall I feel it coming? Will it come from within, or through external agencies? and when it has arrived, what shall I do? Am I destined to drive the Zouaves into the sea by a tipsy-cut charge of the North Cork Rifles, or shall I only be great in council, and take weighty trips in the *Fairy* to Cowes? I'd like to know this, and begin the course of preparation for my position, as I once knew of a militia captain who hankered himself for a campaign by sleeping every night with his head out of the window-sash.

As I opened my eyes I saw the stern features in front of me. I "Ich bin!" I was never afraid, Sir!" rang through my brain till they filled every ventricle with their dim.

"Yet on Assyre?"

"No, Sir."

"Not at the Dourn?"

"No, Sir."

"Not at Torres Vedras?"

"I tell you I was not, Sir!"

Whether I uttered this last with any unconman degree of vehemence or not, I so frightened Tintenfleck that he and a swinging sigh, and the chair, and stood grinning at me through the rails in the back of it. I mentioned to him to be resented, while, pressing my hand across my brow, I waved away the bright illusions that beset me, and, with a heavy sigh, re-entered the dull world of reality.

"You are a clown," said I, meditatively. "What a clown!"

He did not answer me in words, but, placing his hands on his knees, stared at me steadfastly, and clean having had my attention, his face performed a series of the most fearful contortions I ever beheld. With one horrible spasm he made his mouth appear to stretch from ear to ear; with another, his nose tugged from side to side; with a third, his eyebrows went up and down alternately, giving the different sides of his face two directly antagonistic expressions. I was shocked and horrified, and called to him to desist.

"And yet," thought I, "there are natures who can feel, reflect, and see in them matter for mirth and laughter!"

"Old man," said I, gravely, "has it ever occurred to you that in this horrible combination of expression, wherein grief wars with joy and sadness with levity, you are like one who, with a single instrument, can deceive him, should, instead of sweet sounds of harmony, produce wild, unearthly discords, the jangling bursts of fiendlike voices?"

"The Tintenfleck sean play indifferently well, your excellency," said he, humbly. "I never had any skill that way myself."

Oh, what a coarse nature was here! What a triple brass of soul, was surrounded such dark intelligences!

"And where is the Tintenfleck? Why is she not here?" asked I, anxious to remove the discussion to a ground of more equality.

"She is ashamed, your excellency. She did not dare to present herself till your excellency had desired, and is waiting in the corridor."

"Let her come in, Tintenfleck I, gaudily; and I drew my chair to a distant corner of the room, so as to give the poor creature ease to appear, while I could at the same time assume that attitude of splendid ease and graceful protection I have seen so frequently accomplish on the stage at the moment the ballet is about to begin. The door opened, and Vitercheu entered, leading Tintenfleck by the hand.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I was quite right—Tintenfleck's entrée was quite dramatic. She tripped into the room with a short step, nor arrested her run till she stood in front of me, with a deep courtesy, she bent down very low, and then, with a single spring backward, retreated almost to the door again. She was very pretty—dark, pretty, to be a Moor, but with a rich brilliancy of skin never seen in our cold north. She was a Cobalorian; and as she stood there, with her arms crossed before her, and one leg firmly advanced, I felt, in a moment, I was very pretty too—very pleased, she was like—all the Italian peasants I ever saw in the National Gallery for years back. There was the same look, half-defiance, half-shy; the same elevation of sentiment in the brow, and the same indication of a good deal of plenty of energy, enough and to spare of daring; but no imbecility, no gentleness.

"Well, Tintenfleck," said I, "I of the old man, as I overheard a whisper pass between them. Is it true that she has just said to you?"

"It is nothing, your excellency—she is a fool."

"That she may be; but I insist on hearing what it was she said."

He seemed embarrassed and ashamed, and turned to address her in a tone, and turned to address some words of reproach to the girl.

"I am waiting for your answer," said I, peremptorily.

"It is the saucy way she has gotten, your excellency, all from over-indulgency; and now that she sees there is no audience here, none but your excellency, she is impatient to be off to her bed. She did not sleep a wink for the night of a this house."

"Is this the truth, Tintenfleck?" asked I.

With a wild volubility, of which I could not gather a word, but every accent of which indicated passion, fear, anger, she poured forth something to the other, and then turned as if to leave the room. He interposed quickly, and spoke to her in a tone, sharply, but in a tone soothing and caressing tone, which seemed gradually to reassure her.

"There is more in this than you have told, Vitercheu," said I. "Let me know at once why she is impatient to leave her room."

"I would leave it to herself to tell your excellency," said he, with much confusion, "but she has forbidden me to repeat her unmaidenly dislike. The fact is," added he, after a great struggle with himself, "the fact is, she is offended at your calling her 'Tintenfleck.' She is satisfied to be so named among ourselves, where we all know her peculiarities; but then you, a great personage, high, and rich, and titled, should do so, wounds her deeply. Had you called her—"

Here he whispered me a name, and almost inadvertently I repeated after him "O Catrina."

"Si, a Catrina," said she, while her eyes sparkled with an expression of wildest delight, and at the same instant she bounded forward and kissed my hand twice over.

I was glad to have made my peace, and placing a glass for her on the table, I filled a glass of wine and presented it. She only shook her head, and Vitercheu drank and pouted it away.

"She has odd ways in every thing," said the old man; "she never eats but bread and water. It is her penance for a vow of she were to ever offer cheer, and she hard grinning at me through the rails in the back of it. I mentioned to him to be resented, while, pressing my hand across my brow, I waved away the bright illusions that beset me, and, with a heavy sigh, re-entered the dull world of reality.

"You are a clown," said I, meditatively. "What a clown!"

He did not answer me in words, but, placing his hands on his knees, stared at me steadfastly, and clean having had my attention, his face

in a well. Satisfied apparently by the evidences of my approval, she had no sooner finished than she began another. This was somewhat more pretentious, and, from what I could gather, represented a parting scene between a lover and his mistress. There was, I thought, a certain action in the song which intimated this. The fervent earnestness of the lover, his entreaties, his prayers, and at last his threatenings, were all given with effect, and there was actually good acting in the sullen defiance she opposed to all; yet, spread his wrongs, recited his pledges, scorned his menaces; but when he had gone and left her, when the sun of herself shone and desolate, then came out a gush of the most passionate sorrow, all the pent-up misery of a heart that seemed to burst with its weight of agony.

If I was in a measure entranced while she was singing, such was the tension of my nerves as I listened that I was heartily glad when it was over. As for her, she seemed so overcome by the emotions she had produced that she burst her hand down, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed twice or thrice convulsively.

I turned toward Vitercheu to ask him some question, I forget what, but the little fellow had made such good use of the decanter beside him while the music was in the air, that his cheeks were a bright crimson, and his little round eyes shone like coals of fire.

"This young creature should never have fallen among such as you!" said I, indignantly; "she has feeling and tenderness in her tones of expression she wields all evidence a great and gifted nature. She has, so to say, noble qualities."

"Noble, indeed!" croaked out the little wretch, with a wide leer from the corner of his mouth.

"She might, with proper culture, adorn a very different sphere," said I, angrily. "Many have climbed the ladder of life with humbler pretensions."

"Ay, and stood on one leg on top of it, playing the tambourine all the time," chuckled he in reply.

I did not fancy the way he chuckled in my figure, but went on with my reflections:

"Some, but they are few, achieve greatness by chance, Vitercheu."

"That's what she does," broke he in. "Twelve pieces and a drum behind them, at one spring, she comes down like a flight."

I don't know what angry rejoinder was on my lips to this speech, but Vitercheu saw a tap at my door. I arose at once and opened it, when Francois, with a polite message from Mrs. Beaton, to request I would come to her "if I felt well enough to join her and Miss Herbert at tea." For a second or two I knew not what to say. I felt "well enough," indeed. Francois was sure to report, and in my flushed condition, I felt, I thought, the physique of a congenerated state of convalescence; so, after a nonpiens's hesitation, I muttered out a blundering excuse on the score of having a couple of friends with me, "who had chanced to be just passing through the town on their way to Italy."

I did not know Francois had time to report my answer, when I heard him again at the door. "It was, with his usual complimentary, to say she "would be ehramed if I would induce my friends to accompany me."

I had to bite my tongue on my side with laughter as I heard this message, so absurd was the proposition and so ridiculous seemed the notion of "Mr. Tintenfleck." I had seen many made upon my mind; and then, almost as suddenly, there came another and very different idea—"What is the mission we have embarked, Potts?" asked I of myself. "If it have a but for an object, it is to comfort the forsaken and unjust prejudices, the miserable class distinctions, that separate the rich from the poor, the great from the humble, the gifted from the ignorant? Have you ever proposed to yourself a whole companion feast of the poor and ignorant by which prosperity lords it over humble distance? Have you imagined a higher triumph than to induce the rich and the great to have feel happy in the companionship of him in smock-frock and high-lows? Could you ask for a happier occasion than a parting again this? Mrs. Keates is an admirable representative of her class, she has all the rigid principles of her condition; her sympathies may rise, but they never fall; she can feel for the sorrows of the wellborn, but she has no concern for their afflictions. How admirable the opportunity to show her that grace, and genius, and beauty are of all ranks! And Miss Herbert, too, what a test it will be *her!* If she really have great sense of soul, if she be indeed one of those fairies above petty conventionalities and miserable commonsense, she will take this young creature to her heart, and, if she do, I see from my story to achieve them to end happiness with poetry, or effect a reconciliation with the cavalry.—I will come, Francois," said I. "Tell Mrs. Keates that she may expect us immediately." I took special care to my dinner to keep this praying fellow outside the room, and to interpose in every attempt that he made to chatter to me, and, in this I perfectly succeeded, and dismissed him without his being able to get a word out, one circumstance about my two traveling friends.

My next task was to inform them of my intentions on their behalf; nor was this so easy as might be imagined; for Vitercheu had indulged very freely with the wine, and all the mountains of Cobalrib by between myself and Tintenfleck. With a great exercise of ingenuity, and great patience, I did at last succeed in making known to the old fellow that a lady of the highest station and her friend were anxious to see them. He only caught my meaning after

some time, but when he had surmounted the difficulty, as though to show me how thoroughly he understood the respect, and how already he appreciated its object, he began a series of facecomerions of the most dreadful kind, being a sort of proprietor of what he intended to exhibit to the distinguished company. I repressed this firmly, severely. I explained that as artist in all the matters of private life should be one the gentleman; that the habits of the stage were no more proper to carry into the world than the costume. I diluted upon the fact that John Kemble had been deemed fitting company by the First Gentleman of Europe; and that in his manner could have exposed him to a criticisaj, in was in, perhaps, a slight tendency to an overreserve, a shade, almost stern shyly. I, for not sure Vitercheu followed me completely, nor understood the anecdotes I introduced about Edmund Kean and Lord Byron, but I now addressed myself pictorially to 'Eintedick—pictorially, I say, for words were hopeless. I signified that a true grande dame was about to receive her. I arose with my shirts expanded in both hands, made a reverential courtesy, throwing my head back, and looking every inch a duchess. But alas for my powers of representation! I burst into a hearty laugh, and had at last to lay her head on Vitercheu's shoulder out of pure exhaustion.

"Explain to her what I have told you, Sir, and do not sit grinning at me there like a baboon," said Jo, in a severe voice.

I can not say how he acquitted himself, but I could gather that a very little alterations came, and it seemed to me as though she resolutely refused to subject herself to any further ordeals of what ominiomes call a private view. Of, she was ready for the ring and the saw-dust, and the doilieries of the men with chalk on their faces, but she would not accept high art in fancy dress. By degrees, and by arguments of his most ingenious dexterity, however, he did succeed, at last she arose with a bound and cried out, "Eccoui!"

"Remember," said I to Vitercheu, as we left the room, "I am doing that which few would have the courage to dare. It will depend upon the dignity of your conduct, the grace of your manners, the well-bred ease of your address, to make me feel that I have of my temerity, or, on the contrary, my prudence, I retire covered with ineffable shame and discomfiture. Do you comprehend me?"

"Perfectly," said he, standing erect, and giving vent in his attitude a sort of bulldoog for future dignity. "Lead on!"

This was more familiar than he had been yet; but I ascribed it to the intensity of nerves strung to a high purpose, and rendering him thus susceptible to other thoughts than of the enterprise before him.

As I neared the door of Mrs. Keester's apartment, I hesitated as to how I should enter. Ought I to precede my friends and grand them as they followed? Or would it seem more easy and more assured if I were to give my arm to Eintadick, leaving Vitercheu to follow in the rear? After much deliberation, this appeared to be the better course, and I took for granted that, although some peculiarities of costume might ask for explanation later on, I was about to present a very eligible and charming addition to the company.

I can scarcely able to say whether I was so was not amused by the mode in which she accepted the offer of my arm. At first the proceeding appeared unlikelyhe, and she looked at me with one of those wide-eyed stares, as though to say, "What new gymnastic is this? What tone do you mean of which I never heard before?" and then, with a sort of jerk, she threw my arm up in the air and made a pirouette under it of some half dozen steps.

Half reprovingly I shook my head and offered her my hand. This she undoubtedly at once, she recognized such a mode of approach as legitimate and proper, and with an artistic shake of her drapery with the other hand and a confident smile she signified she was ready to go "on."

I was once on a time thrown over a horse's head into a slate quarry; a very considerable drop it was, and nearly fatal. On mature reflection I was carried in a small boat over the fall of a salmon weir, and hurried along in the flood for almost three hundred yards. Each of these was a situation of excitement and peril, and with considerable confusion as the consequence; and yet I could deliberately recount you every passing phase of my terror, from my first fright down to my complete unconsciousness, with such small traits as would guarantee truthfulness; while of the scene upon which I now adventured I preserve nothing beyond the vagueness and most unconnected memory.

I remember my entrance into the middle of the room. I have a recollection of a hurry and tremor, and beyond it a lady in a turban; another with long ringlets there was. The sound made a noise like a small steamer, and there was a confusion of voices—about what, I can not tell—that increased the tumult, and we were all standing up and all talking together; and there was what seemed an angry discussion, and then the large turban and the ringlets swept from the past me. The turban said, "This is too much, Sir!" and ringlets added, "Far too much, Sir!" and as they reached the door there was Vitercheu on his head, with a branch of candles between his feet to light them out, and Tintoflock, screaming with laughter, threw himself into an arm-chair and clapped a most riotous applause.

I stood a moment almost transfixed, then dashed out of the room, hurried up stairs to my chamber, bolted the door, drew a great chiffonnyess against it for further security, and then threw myself upon my bed in one of those paroxysms of mad confusion in which a man can not say whether he is on the verge of inevitable ruin or has just been rescued from a dreadful fate. I would not, if even I could, recount all that I suffered that night. There was not a scene of open shame and disgrace that I did not picture to myself as incurring. I was every where in the stocks or the pillory. I wore a wooden pincord on my nose, inscribed, "Forty, the impostor." I was branding at top speed before hooting and yelling crowds. I was standing with a circle of protecting policemen amidst a mob eager to tear me to pieces. I was sitting on a hard stool while my hair was being cropped à la Pentonville, and a grey suit lay ready for me when it was done. But enough of such a nightmare. I believe I did not sleep at all that night, and so soundly, too, that it was very late in the afternoon ere I awoke. It was the sight of the barricade I had erected at my door gave me the clew to the past, and again I buried my face in my hands and wept bitterly.

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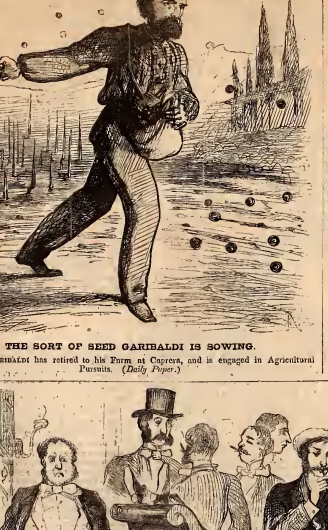

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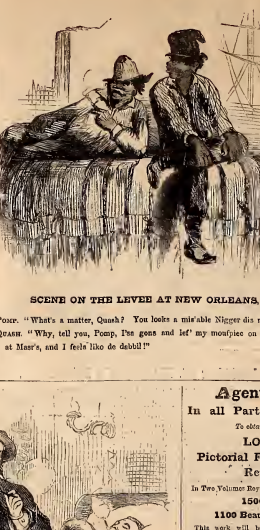

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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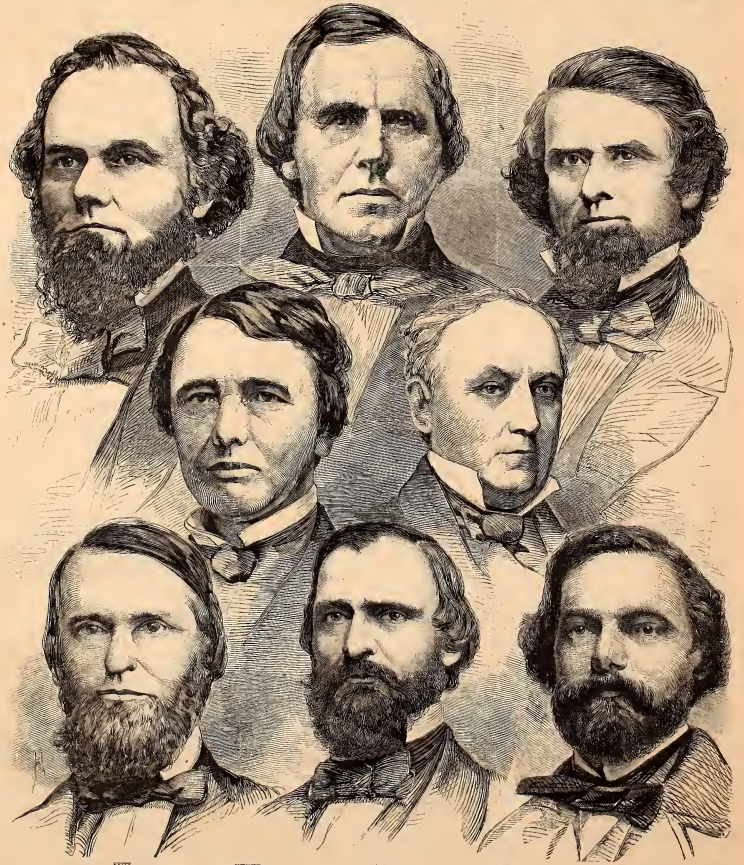

KEITT. BOYCE. CHESNUT. M'QUEEN. ARCHER. HAMMOND. BOCHAM. MILES.

THE SECEDING SOUTH CAROLINA DELEGATION.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE SECEDING SOUTH CAROLINA DELEGATION.

WE give on the preceding page portraits of the gentlemen originally accredited to the present Congress of the United States, as Senators and Representatives, from the State of South Carolina. The Senators did not take their seats at the commencement of this, the second session; these Representatives were elected members of the State Convention withdrew to attend its session, and when the news reached Washington that the State had formally seceded from the Union the other gentlemen will retire from the capitol. Personally, as well as politically, this exodus from the national halls of legislation will be felt; for although some of the Palmetto delegation have at times used harsh words, yet they have seldom been personally hitched. Gallant gentlemen, with high endowments, manly attributes, and an integrity upon which suspicion has never yet dared to glance, they carry with them kind wishes and sincere regrets, even of those who go, or be left to, as we believe their "seceding is treason." Worthy successors of Calhoun, and Hayne, and M'Duffie, and Butler, and others who have in days gone by occupied the chairs now, or soon to be vacated, they turn from Presidents and parties, from Constitution and Bill of Rights, to acknowledge their allegiance to the Palmetto State, and to link their future destinies with her destiny.

JAMES H. HAMMOND is a native of Newberry District, South Carolina, where he was born on the 15th of November, 1807. His father was an officer of the State College, which he attended, graduating with high honors in 1827. After studying law, he was admitted to the bar, and which he practiced with success, although he became more generally known as the writer of all editorial articles in the *Southern Times* advocating the doctrines expounded by John C. Calhoun. Elected in 1835 to the Twenty-fourth Congress, he gave proof of the more Spartan fabric; but his heart was enfeebled, and at the close of his term he went abroad, where he had an opportunity to study the workings of foreign governments. On his return home, in 1841, he was appointed general of the South Carolina militia, and the following year was elected Governor of the State. In 1844 he retired to his noble estate known as "Redcliffe," a fertile island in the Savannah River, and not an idle hour August, Georgia, where he devoted himself to literary and to agricultural pursuits. His letters to the English abolitionist, Clarkson, published in 1845, were extensively circulated, and his experiments in sugar, and, deep plowing, the cultivation of sorghe, etc., are well known to agriculturists. In November, 1857, he was called from his retirement by the Agriculturist of South Carolina, who elected him a United States Senator, and on receiving the telegraphic announcement he sent us a return message—"I am grateful, I will accept, and I will do my duty." Appointed a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, he been one of the most diligent Senators in attending to the public business, and has shown a liberal spirit in urging appropriations for the maintenance of our navy and of our navy-yards on a creditable footing. He is a firm believer in the Southern doctrine that—to his own words—"all social and systems there must be a close to the mental daylight, to perform the drudgery of life. This is a class requiring but a low order of intellect and but very little skill. In requisite are vigor, docility, fidelity. Such a class you must have, or you would not have that other class which leads progress, refinains, and refinement. It constitutes the very mud-sill of society and political government; and you might as well attempt to build a house in the air to build either the one or the other except on this mud-sill. Fortunately for the South, she found a race adapted to that purpose to her hand—a race inferior to her own, but sufficiently qualified in temper, in vigor, in docility, in capacity, to control the climate, to answer all her purposes. She found them slaves by the common consent of mankind," which, according to Cicero, "he cannot err of the highest proof of what is nature's law."

JAMES CHESNUT was born about the year 1815, near Camden, South Carolina, at Mulberry, the estate of his father, who is still alive, and who, after losing from a strong Union man was nearly threescore and ten years of age, but within a few months become an advocate of secession. James, after having enjoyed the advantages of a thorough classical academic education, entered Princeton college, where, at a Commencement, he became acquainted with Miss Kate Cox, who is a kinsfolk by birth. In 1840 he was elected a member of the lower branch of the State Legislature, and continued to serve therein until 1852, taking high ground against separate State secession. In 1854 he was elected to the State Senate for the Camden district, as the candidate of those who desired to reform the "parish system" but in the following year he became convinced that that proposed reform was the correct one, and tendered his resignation, which his constituents refused to accept. Re-elected in 1856, he succeeded Governor Aiston as the presiding officer of the Senate, and continued in that office until 1858—when he was chosen to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Evans, United States Senator, and was re-elected to fill the unexpired term of the ensuing term. Naturally of a fiery temperament and chivalric disposition, he has distinguished himself to not with the calm dignity of a statesman, and enjoys a high reputation for the accuracy of his information, the energy of his logic, his eloquent but unambitious eloquence, and his high-minded patriotism.

JOHN M'QUEEN, senior Representative on the Congressional roll, was born in Robinson County, North Carolina, in 1808; his father, James M'Queen (who was a nephew of Flora Macdonald, the guide of Prince Charlie), claiming descent in a direct line from Robert Bruce. After having graduated at Chapel Hill University, he commenced the study of law, and having removed to Marlborough County, South Carolina, was there admitted to the bar, and has since grown up to a successful practice. Espousing the nullification doctrines, he was elected a Colonel of the State Volunteers in 1833, at time of a general armament, and rose to the rank of Major-General in 1850. In 1844 he became a candidate for Congress in opposition to Colonel Alexander D. Sims, but was defeated three successive times, after which he was elected, taking his seat in the House in 1849. Since then he has been successively re-elected, and is one of the oldest as well as most popular of the Southern members. Politics are with him a matter of duty to his State, not a labor of love—a serious reality, not a mere pastime. Attentive to his duties, he has the intestate to express his opinions, giving utterance to the real sentiments of his mind, the unbiased expression suggested by his judgment, and a representative of South Carolina. Twice married, he has twice been widowed, and his home is always entered by his numerous acquaintances in a cordial, hospitable type of the "olden solitude."

WILLIAM CROSWELL, the Senior accomplished Representative from his native city of Charleston, is one of those who have "greatness thrust upon them." Of Congressional rank, and a member of the patrician families of the Palmetto State, and took rank in the legal profession, he was immediately after graduating he was offered a Professor's chair. His brook equitets at Norfolk, Whitney he hastened home to attend the funeral of yellow fever, to devote himself to the sick, have already been chronicled in *Harper's Weekly*, together with his successful establishment of a municipal government, when afterward chosen Mayor of Charleston. He was elected to Congress in 1857, he was at first placed on the Committee on Commerce, and afterward on that on Foreign Affairs. In the Thirty-fourth Congress he was one of the partisan politics of the day, have been the theme of high encomium, and are models of congressional eloquence. Year after year, he has been sent by his colleagues that South Carolina has been beaming more and more attached to the Union; more and more attached to the Union; more and more reconciled to the secession of the Southern States, and abolishing the General Government. Early in the debate on the admission of Kansas Mr. Miles asked the House, in debate, "Why is it that it is so natural thus that the South should begin to look about her; it is not to be attributed to her exhibiting her strength; to measure her capacity for taking care of herself, and of assuming, if driven out of this Confederacy, an independent position among the nations? Can she be reasonably blamed for doing so? And yet, whenever she looks this last contingency—certainly not an impossible one—calmly and boldly in the face, and begins to discuss it in its great and lasting aspects, her sons are forthwith stamped with the cry of after having 'treason?' and the august and mighty shade of the Father of his Country is invoked to rebuke and an evidence of disloyalty to this 'glorious Union.' Sir, Washington, with his great, wise heart, and his prophetic judgment, and his prophetic nature, felt no compunctions at throwing off his allegiance to the King, and subverting a government which oppressed his country. He, like a true patriot, loved his people more dearly—prized more highly their happiness—than the Union, which is but a mere form of government under which he had been reared, and which he had been taught to revere."

Lawrence M. Keitt was born in Newberry District, South Carolina, on the 27th of October, 1824, and is of German descent. He received a thorough classical education, and after having graduated at the State University, in 1849, with the highest honors, he commenced the practice of law. In 1848 he was elected a member of the Legislature, and took an active part in State politics until 1853, when he was elected a Representative to Congress, of which body he has since been a member, except when he resigned his seat during his friend the late Preston S. Brooks, to be immediately returned by an immense majority. As an orator, he has created more deeply excitation than any one now a M.C., having a pyrotechnic style, rich in versatility, startling paradox, and eloquent expression. His person is also dramatically effective, made up of the entrances and exits of actors, that speaks "the world is a stage, on the stage and go off in a tumult of applause, leaving an interesting sense of beauty and of charm, yet satisfied with the sensation, and a kind antithesis. Highly polished by education and refined social attrition, he possesses a winning affinity of manners, and the delicate discretion of his State's sovereignty, is the happy husband of a most charming wife, the fond father of a lively young daughter, and the esteemed friend of all who know him.

MARTIN F. BONHAM was born in Edgefield District, South Carolina, and is a descendant of the Butler family, which has given so many noble sons to the Palmetto State. After receiving a thorough classical education, he graduated at the State University in 1834, and afterward commenced the practice of law. He had a decided taste, however, for martial exercises, and was elected colonel of a cavalry regiment, defeating Mr. Lewis, afterward Speaker of the House. Raised to the rank of Major-general, he devoted much time to the inspection and disciplining of the militia, and during the Mexican War he took the field as the head of a battalion of South Carolina volunteers. On his return he was elected Solicitor of the Southern Circuit, and he devoted himself to professional duties until after the death of his kinsman and friend, Colonel Preston S. Brooks, whose vacant seat he was elected to fill. His acquaintance with matters brought before the Committee on Military Affairs has made him a valuable member of that body, nor has he ever failed to participate in public discussions, frankly avowing and energetically defending the principles of his public conduct.

JOHN D. ASHMORE, of Greenville District, South Carolina, in 1820, was deprived of his father early in life, and was forced by reverses of fortune to labor on his mother's farm for maintenance. With his brother, who became a successful lawyer, to acquire the rudiments of an education, and went when a youth to Sumpter District, where he was a clerk in a store, then a school-teacher, and then a practicing lawyer, qualifying himself for each occupation as he advanced. Preferring rural life, he afterward established himself as a planter with decided success, and after holding commissions in the State volunteers, he was elected to the State Legislature in 1848, and served until chosen Comptroller-General of the State in 1854. The, in South Carolina, is a position of high responsibility, as the incumbent has not only to attend to the collection and disbursement of the revenue, but likewise to examine the monthly reports of banking and other corporations, whose solvency is thus secured to the public good. It will be seen that this requires a comprehensive knowledge of business affairs, and a thorough habits of close application; and it is said that so satisfactorily were the duties of this office performed by Colonel Ashmore, that during the four years' period of his service not an error, either of statement or of calculation, was found on his books. In 1857 he left his plantation in Sumpter District, and came to the Ill health of his family there, and returned to his birth-place. Hardly had he learned himself there (perhaps he had never voted but at one election) when he was elected to Congress, where he has taken a conspicuous position. He is a true son of South Carolina, he evidently considers the display of oratorical power as of minor importance compared with the straightforward expression of his opinions in her behalf, and the devotion of his energies to her service. Blessed with a physique, with a mind as family of intelligent, he occupies a deservedly high social as well as political position among those with whom he entered upon life's struggles, to achieve high, yet merited success.

WILLIAM W. BOYCE, born October 29, 1819, at Winnsboro, Fairfield County, was educated at the State University, and afterward at the University of Virginia. Admitted to the bar, he commenced the practice of his profession with success, and in 1842 elected member of the State Legislature, in which he was subsequently re-elected in 1844, when he was foremost among those opposed to separate State secession. Chosen a member of the State Convention, composed of delegates elected at primary meetings, he was earnest in his resistance to the secession ordinance, and subsequently, in a letter to Governor Hammond, the presiding officer, he took the ground that it was not a deliberative assembly, but that it was controlled by the dominant party. In 1853 he was elected a Representative to Congress, where he has given repeated proofs of his ability—attention and profound at times. In the gentlemen on the American continent are as well versed in political economy, or as diligent students, as Mr. Boyce; while the powers of mind have been devoted by study he unites oratorical talents of a high order.

THE DYING EAGLE.

SPICE and sullen sat he in his eyrie:
Rock-bound twas, and girt with pine-trees wiry,
And the sun-flames, glaring fierce and fiery,
Fell on the rocks, and the mist-clouds
Far below the waves dashed, white with fury,
Every where.

He, with pinions blanched with sorrow—drooping,
Sodgbk hair and nerves in deadly swooping
On his enemies, in safety troaping
Near at hand;
But, with head bent forward, stared he ever
At the sand.

In the sand, ah, me! though changing ever—
Forming thoughts in atoms—but to sever
From them ever and ever—
There read he
This sad story, from his lonely eyrie
By the sea.

How a fertile seed—a contribution
From an age of wicked perpetuation—
Sought to fashion out its retribution
To the end;
Shortly how he had should break, if need be,
But not bend.

How, again, successful, it grew during—
Time's hard burdens chafing at—while bearing,
Till at last, of conflict not bewaring,
Hewing out a path, it took the place 'twas
Formed to fill.

Time rolled on: by heavenly sunbeams lighted,
Its very trees, the sky-land delighted,
Had grown up, and mutual faith had plighted,
Never, never
Should a jealous thought, a doubt, o'er sover
Them forever.

Then another scene: that after again,
Trucing in their time's historic pages,
Through its stormy and tempestuous and mournful stages,
Should not fail
To impress by precept the dishonor
Of the tale.

In the rocks—surf-beaten, surely wearing—
In the white-capped waves so deadly bearing—
In the red sun setting, fiercely glaring,
Ever there,
All the horror—all the fierce convulsion
There he heard.

By the feud of father, son, and brother—
By the wife and husband—by the mother—
By the bond of union, and that other
Bond of blood—
Broken now—he knew, and fell forever
Where he stood.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
AND
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that *Harper's Magazine* for the coming year will contain new Stories

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"Adam Bede,"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1866.

THE CHARITIES OF THE SEASON.

CHRISTMAS is upon us; and this year, we fear, it will be a season of severe trouble to household. Political strife has proved so hurtful to business that thousands of people are out of employment, and will absolutely lack the necessaries of life this winter, if the charities do not come to their aid. We hope that our benevolent fellow-citizens will not forget, in their holiday rejoicings, the needs of the poor.

Vast sums of money are spent every year in the purchase of expensive and useless toys for children; if half, or a quarter of this amount were set apart this year for purposes of charity, a great deal of good might be done. The importers of toys report that their business increases yearly, and that the cry is every year for more expensive and more elaborate toys. Twenty years ago boys and girls dressed themselves fortunate if their parents spent fifty cents on Christmas gifts for each of them. Now five dollars will not buy enough of this class of toys. Vast sums of money are spent every year in the purchase of expensive and useless toys for children; if half, or a quarter of this amount were set apart this year for purposes of charity, a great deal of good might be done. The importers of toys report that their business increases yearly, and that the cry is every year for more expensive and more elaborate toys. Twenty years ago boys and girls dressed themselves fortunate if their parents spent fifty cents on Christmas gifts for each of them. Now five dollars will not buy enough of this class of toys. Vast sums of money are spent every year in the purchase of expensive and useless toys for children; if half, or a quarter of this amount were set apart this year for purposes of charity, a great deal of good might be done. The importers of toys report that their business increases yearly, and that the cry is every year for more expensive and more elaborate toys. Twenty years ago boys and girls dressed themselves fortunate if their parents spent fifty cents on Christmas gifts for each of them. Now five dollars will not buy enough of this class of toys.

Why should we not purchase toys for the opportunity of teaching children, practically, the duty of benevolence? Each boy or girl who chose to forego a Christmas gift, or even to be satisfied with one or moderate one, would be the sacrifice, make a poor family happy on Christmas-day, and provide five or six persons with a good dinner and a good fire. Would not the pleasure arising from such an act of kindness be more real and more lasting than any that could be afforded by the possession of a toy?

THE LOUNGER.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

THE scene suddenly drew apart, and there in his library sat Cardinal Richelieu, sunk in a huge easy-chair by the side of a table covered with papers. The friar Joseph, his confessor and familiar, stood at the back of the chair, and Cardinal on one finger his. Scarlet robe and lace half-shirt (what is the name of it?) were covered with a flowered wrapper. He had the red skull-cap upon his head, and the long gray hair dragged from beneath it and fell upon his shoulders. Upon the forefinger of his left hand he wore the ring, and his fiery eye revealed the soul that struggled with the disease which shook his slight frame with its cough. The room was vaulted, and there were shelves of books.

When the Cardinal began to converse he did it in the most elaborate manner, and with much gesture. The spell of his magnificent voice and

turbed by the speech; for while he looked Richelieu he talked Bulwer. As he went on there was an incessant play of the features, and the continued movement of the arms, showing that the Cardinal was a very nervous man. He intoned rather than spoke what he had to say. The ear was a little wearied by the extreme daintiness of the pronunciation. But when Du Maurat came in, there was some genuine bonnes-fames until he was led off to happiness. Later, when the Cardinal is alone in his chamber at midnight, and Du Maurat bursts in and is conquered by the old minister's self-possession, he tells the youth how he has done, and what he has done for France. But after the declamation is over, one asks himself, "Is that the way in which Cardinal Richelieu talks to a single auditor?"

During the following scenes in the garden of the palace, the contrast between the utter prostration of the old man, and the fury with which he turns upon Baradas and threatens to launch the curse of the Church, is very great and sudden. So at the close, when he has resigned his office and who is been in vain, the exhortation of the lady subdues for a while the fire of the soul; but it flashes out again upon the return of the packet, and the natural vigor of the man renewed its influence as the great Cardinal is withdrawn from sight.

Somehow he has not impressed you as the man of consummate political genius you have always supposed him to be. Somehow, the Cardinal Minister of State seems to have been ranting. At closer the appearance, the attitude, the voice, all that Richelieu's may have been; then the charm is broken, and you are not held nor commanded to attend and be interested.

Well, you can not ask yourself, as you pick your humble way through the sign and stalls, —if you had seen an old man quietly talking and acting, as such men in such moments as this have represented themselves to speak and act, would it have been a speech that a thousand people would say a half dozen times? Great men are proved not by the declamation of their talk nor by the picturesqueness of situations and vehement movement. They are great in the ordinate means. Visibly they are ordinary men; and hence the proverb that no man is a hero to his valet. It means that the valet is not great in the man in the hero.

Do you understand that we are speaking of Edwin Booth in Richelieu; and that, you are seeing him but once? It is true that the talk is Bulwer's titeration of the minister. It is Armand de Richelieu Bulwer-ized; and is not something like the Greek *Phedre*, *de la Racine*. But if you remember, Rachel gave the Greek, not the French, Phedre. Does Booth give the historical or the Bulwerian Richelieu? In impression, I mean, of course, because the words must be the author's. Then, too, with such people to support him!

If you look closely, dear critic, you will find, after all your sharp and skeptical things are said, that this is a man of great promise. He is not yet great. He is not yet perfectly sure of himself. He even trips; you can see; only once, however, and he was brave enough to correct himself—that is to say, to touch himself; and the young actor who will do that may do any thing. When, with more experience, he shall dare to delineate great men as great men historically are, and not as they traditionally are in the theatre—when he shall dare to trust to the absolute severity and simplicity of nature, as he does only in parts even now—then all this to be the man to do—then the performance will be as fine as the promise, and the pictures of Booth's father shall be rivaled and surpassed only by the greatness of Booth's son.

ROMANCE IN REALITY.

THE essential romance of Garibaldi's character has been often enough observed by those who have seen him in his career; but a recent incident in his life, if it be true, is one of the most touching and beautiful in modern history. It may not be true, but it ought to be. It would hardly be possible in England or France or America, but in Italy, where romance survives and people are not ashamed of it, it is not necessarily impossible.

Then again if it be not true, the readiness with which we all believe it right for it, is another light upon our real estimate of the man who lead the great Italian movement of the hour. There are a great many men who think the world does not naturally believe what is picturesque or poetic, however it may respect them. But Garibaldi's romance, could it easily be conceived as the hero of a romance, no, even his friend Louis Napoleon, Do the other hand, Kossuth, Mazzini, and Mazzini. Lamartine would belong rather to the department of mediocrats than romance.

The story of which we are speaking is of the return of Garibaldi to his island of Caprera. The island is small and rugged, and Garibaldi lived there in the simplest and roughest manner. But upon his recent return to it after parting with King Victor Emanuel at Naples, a peasant who was sold to have been for some reasons not altogether friendly, he stopped shore to resume his rough life in his quiet island and primitive home, when a kind magician seemed to have been before him.

Pleasant and well made roads and paths instead of the old ways; cultivated fields instead of the half wilderness; fences in place of thickets, and neat, simple, comfortable villas instead of the cabins, saluted his wondering eyes. But passing through the miraculous change into the villa, he found its rooms simply and nicely furnished, and upon the parlor wall a portrait of the King with the legend upon the frame, "Victor Emanuel to his friend Garibaldi."

It is not a pretty story, and ought it not to be true? Yes, and might it not easily be true from what we know of the two men? Certainly, we were saying last week of the heroism and nobleness of the throne upon the Alps, there is really no end of going beyond the newspapers for tales of great and beautiful qualities that make the epics of the world.

A STATUE.

OF all the handsome cities that cluster about the great lakes Cleveland is, for some reason, the prettiest of all. It was long ago called the Forest City, from the multitude of beautiful trees that shade its streets; and from its commanding bluff it looks across the little Erie ocean, which dashes along the shore with the fury of the Mediterranean. Its broad streets, and stately buildings, and quietly-busy aspect, impart a peculiar elegance to Cleveland which the Western traveller hardly expects to find. And as he lounges along the main thoroughfare he emerges upon a public square, upon which stand the new Post-office and Custom-house building, the latter of which is one of the neatest and most symmetrical public buildings which a Ranger sees in auto wandering.

As he strolls through the square he observes that the grass is in the condition of the grass on the Battery in the city of New York—grass in posse, perhaps, certainly not in esse; but the trees are so active, and so luxuriantly clothed with leaves in summer, that he may justly excuse the grass for being heart in the shade, and giving up all idea of growing. There is a fountain in the square, but, alas! no fountain, political speeches; but as the Lounger is very fond of the sound of speeches, and, in fragments, mentally exclaim: "Cleveland!—Lake Erie!—Bless my soul!—Comrades! very!—Cleveland!—Lake Erie!—Bless me! and he! before him, raised at a modest height above the ground, stands upon its pedestal Walcott's statue of Perry.

If the Lounger happen to be a Rhode Islander he looks at the statue with the recognition of calling the house upon the Parade in Newport, where Perry lived; and then looking toward the lake, where Perry became immortal, he is highly probable that he will look in the wrong direction, and away from the lake, for nothing is more natural than for a stranger that he should mistake which the figure gazes leads straight to the water. Not a few, then, will say, "Look! look!"

"Why," said the Lounger, speaking under this delusion, "why does he look toward the lake, and pine away from it? He ought to look toward the city, and point to the lake."

"It is precisely what he is doing," replied the citizen of Cleveland.

And he then explained that the broad street is usually paved, and that, when it rains, the city figure which points sideways down another wide street is really pointing to the water.

The model for the statue was at the time of the anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie, in September, drawn as a picture of the new statue in *Harper's Weekly*. It is a figure full of animation and action. The naval costume of the time is represented, and the commodore is shown at the moment of victory—the moment when the words he afterward uttered became true—"We have met the enemy, and they are our's." There is great grace in the attitude and action. The face is according to the handsome portrait of the hero, and the drapery is so fine, that it is you are reminded of the days which made the glory of the country, and you dream of better national glory achieved by more peaceful means.

Then your eye wanders toward the lake. You do not see it, but you see the sailor looking down to the very edge of the street below which you know the green sea stretches away. The smoke of the battle has drawn over, leaving the sky clear, and the struggle are quiet now. And in his hand, as he looks out upon the lake, the sailor perhaps holds a newspaper which tells of the happy return of a Prince of Wales from a tour in a foreign land which has made his name as a foe, but which has welcomed and honored him as a friend. The smoke of the old battle seems in that strange way and brighten into a halo—the war dies into fraternal music; and as the stern scene out and shine upon the tranquil, the contrast between the present and the time before what they always see afterward, and forget the abstinence of war.

ANOTHER!

IT is a question whether man may not be defined as an animal that runs things into the ground. And if the statement be true, that the last history of political literature in England, there could be no possible doubt of an affirmative reply. The gifted author may not be aware, that he is a public character, and that, as such, he is not the author's, and are becoming editors. To be sure editors are usually authors, but the distinction is sufficiently appreciable.

The old magazines in England apparently perished of a tumultuous excess of life. Life's gain out. "The spirit of the times" of the 18th was quite beyond them, and very different. Life was in the spirit of the times of that year, and nothing could be more widely separated from the regular old gray-coat of the English Magazine, than the kind than the tone of his books. Theodore Hook, for instance, was the very antipode in tone, spirit, and temperament, of Scott. Hook's tone of the stories, because it was addressed to a different purpose and audience. But it had the same kind of significance and earnestness. It took the field while the older magazines were still in possession, but in the contest Hook's spirit prevailed, and he came its own sudden demise, occasioned by circumstances entirely beyond his spirit of management. Hook's spirit, then, it revived again in *All the Year Round*, it revived with a host of neighbors and rivals, all children of the same spirit: *The Cornhill*, *Once a Week*, *MacMillan's*, *The Welcome Guest*, etc., and now so to have *Temple Bar*, edited by C. A. Sala.

Mr. Sala is known by "Due North," a lively and, and spirited Mary Emilian travel; by his papers in the old *Household Words* and *Illustrated News*; and a novel called "Baslington Peerage," of no great popularity. Mr. Sala, in the spirit of Mr. Thackeray's management, he has been writing a series of careful and interesting articles upon Hogarth. During their publication one of the Lounger correspondents of the New York *Times*, who is understood to be Mr. Edmund Yates, the gentleman whose personal criticism of Thackeray occasioned the row in the Garrick Club in London, two or three years ago, and who is fond of representing Thackeray as an inelegant literary dictator, has hinted that trouble was brewing, and that the *Cornhill* would soon find a rival in the field. His hints are now plainly, and *Temple Bar* throws down the gauntlet to *Cornhill*.

Meanwhile the public does not see. The charge complaints that there is great by which the readers are to point; and they may be sure that the same one which will the choicest morsels in advance from the others will not overlook the new dish. And it is a care which calls in concert with the givers of the feast, by an express understanding.

THE ARTISTS' FUND.

Go to the rooms of the National Academy in Tenth Street, near Broadway, and see the charming collection of fine works contributed by the artists to the "fund." Go especially on the 22d of December to hear some one read the list. It may remind not only your friends of your superior taste, but yourself of your charity. It is a pretty lottery, where prizes are not blanks, but all are prizes; yes, and you may select the prize beforehand.

There are plenty of pictures to look at in the city. The Jarves collection, and the Dusseldorf, and the Bryan, "Ladies' Department" paintings, are exhibited in America, "!" Wertmuller's original and matchless painting entitled "Dante." This must be secured, for, if it be lost, it will be a great loss to the circular advertisement. If the painting is so highly colored as the advertisement, it is a very extraordinary work of art. By the way in which the pure pigment is smutched on:

"Wertmuller was engaged on this picture two years. The great subject he chose appears to have been he have painted at Paris a picture that would rival the production of Raphael, and that would be a lasting monument to the painter, was ordered as fully competent. A fable in heaven symbolizing man as better celebrated than any other to draw out the splendid genius of the master, and illustrate the wonderful beauty of Nature's finest handiwork, combining the ideal artist-critics and admirers, ranks of Paris even, during the progress of the work, the attention to the work. These of the most beautiful bodies of the Count of Louis XVI. not to him. This work is to be sold at the expense of a Female Committee, distinguished for remarkable personal loveliness and great mental accomplishments. The Committee, which has ever attracted the attention of artcritics and admirers, and from this place, and they have universally admitted, without exception, that they have not been able to detect a fault in its composition."

There is also the American and Foreign Gallery of Paintings, at which Pages "Moses on Horeb," Rossiter's "Noah, Miriam, and Jeremiah," and Sparks's "Christ and the Woman of Samaria" are. It is to go and see them all, and especially to buy a picture at the Artists' Fund sale on the 22d December.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The following gaudet bylls, which has obviously been parodied in one of our most popular songs, suggests a good deal of good humor. It is a pity that Jefferson Davis should change his name to a week-short, and affords some good humor in the opposite direction. The Southern Rights fire-eater is the opposite of Davis:

"Cuffee Jim's new sheete Ringe,
Cuffee Jim's shoe pant is a steeple hatte,
Ye pipest ye gage;
Shee wore a gowne fy turcoise,
Stove gaudy fyve dollars yesterday,
And ye shrete as long as a woman's tongue,
Ye ye hete trotted at her feete,
And she wore a greete steple hatte,
Effich ye hadde gone fyve dollars yesterday,
Crying 'Cuffee! my eye! Lookee yere at ye Guge
Ye Bellsoppere Steple Hatte!'"

A PRETTY BLOW.—The Superior of the Jesuits through his honest sons is entitled to that name has published a pamphlet against the Protestant Episcopal Church. In it he tells King Victor Emanuel that in the event of the Church petition being granted, he will be obliged to address it to a Higher Tribunal. We are inclined, considering the Jesuit character, to think that the Superior, in his mass, to with that he may get into the hands of the King, and that the Jesuit's address is an early opportunity of presenting his appeal in person.

POPE NAPOLEON.

Remember, remember the 15th of December,
Keep Garibaldi from Victor Emanuel,
There's very good reason why, just at this season,
Not never forget the 15th.

With Red men outrageous, and growing contagious,
He seized on the sceptre, to enjoy
The wild ride, of Garibaldi, and Victor Emanuel,
Now the Emperor means to be Pope.

Twist point our Eighth Harry was able to carry,
The wild ride, of Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel,
He knocked the Prince under, in spite of Rome's thunder,
And so my Napoleon is Pope.

Proud sleepy to transfer King Harry's example
Now Red men, the Pope, Victor Emanuel,
Off their silent head, just to relapse in its stead,
But then the Pope, Victor Emanuel.

A FAIR BARTER.—Every effort to bring music at the present day by the men to enlarge the sphere of woman's employment, is worthy of the most earnest gratitude. Not very least the ought to do in return would be to diminish the sphere of her dress.

THE LUXURY OF LIBERTY.

BOSTON PRINCE. "Well, dear, now that you are a widow, tell me are you happy the happier for it?"

LEPRESSIONS WIDOW. "Oh no! But I have my freedom, and that is very pleasant. Do you know, my dear, I had an option yesterday for the first time from Eustace Prince?"

Absently used to tell his people that all human diseases spring from two causes, *stuffing* and *fretting*.

HUMORS OF CENSUS-TAKING.

A writer, having four children, was called upon to give his name and ages of her children, as well as her age, and in answering the following scene ensued:

CENSUS-TAKER. "Now Ma'am, I have your name, please tell me your age?"

LADY. "I am 25 years of age?"

CENSUS-TAKER. "What is the age of your other daughter?"

LADY. "She is 25 years old."

CENSUS-TAKER. "How old were you when she was born?"

LADY (very crabbed). "I was 22 years old."

CENSUS-TAKER. "Thank Ma'am, that will make you 50 years."

LADY. "I don't care, I am only 25."

And to this she stuck, at the same time telling the enumerator, that he "had no right to ask such impertinent questions."

"I say, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out the room?" "Sure, sir, I am answerin' Pat," I am sweeping out the dirt, and leaving the mess."

The Rev. Rowland Hill used to ride a great deal, and by excessive perspiration, injure his health. On one occasion, when asked by a medical friend physician and apothecary to take a little "Physic," "My physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass."

A gentleman, passing across the play-ground of a public school, was accosted by a little boy, who referred to the question put in the principal, which he did thus: "I have been asked to be schoolmaster of this place, and I come to inquire you if, as I understand you are the principal."

The customer certain cooper, and his wife wanted a tub of vexation by their owing bills and persistence in getting the tub, and each tube replied, "Just tripping but little more work." "I tried it, however," said he, "until one of the Great Commissioners brought in an old Tuns hole, to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I thought the hoop was broken."

"Why, you mean," said Dr. Radcliffe, the great physician, to a patient, who showed him, "do you pretend to be a judge of the merits of work? Why, you thought my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide the defects, and yet you pretend to be a judge! Sure the only bad work the earth hides."—"You dog, you," said Dr. Radcliffe, "you are a rude. You must be gone! come in, and you shall be paid."

When the celebrated Vidal the father of modern violins, was first introduced in London, he was accompanied by a young nobleman, of his numerous admirers, who was anxious to introduce his protégé. "Vidal, you have made you, the relict of such high standing, degrade yourself by playing on violins?" "Pardon, my lord," Vidal replied, "simply because I and that the English prefer to play on violins."

During a cohersal, Braham said to Tom Cooke, who was the conductor of the Opera, "Tom, keep the piano quiet here, I can't hear the violins." "Yes, sir, I will," said Tom, "but, Mr. Braham, I'm sorry for you, poor, poor fellow, unfortunately—for you are the only one I can hear speak."

A Frenchman, happening to get wet, was standing before the cookes-room fire to dry his clothes, and when he entered, Warlick said to him, "Sir, you should be ready for him, as he was very rich." "No, Sir, I thank you," was the prompt reply, "French gentmen; you will be dry enough in this pulpit."

EARLY RISING.

"He who will thrive must rise at five." So says the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it for it—

He who would thrive must rise at five,
It must follow a fortiori,
He who would be more must rise at four
And it will insure a fortiorum, thus
He who would more thriving be
Must rise at six to start of three
And who thier would outdo
With rise at seven, the start of two
and by way of climax to the whole, it should hold good that
Who would more be outdone,
Must rise at eight to start of one.
But the best illustration would be thus—
He who would be more than one
Should never go to bed at all.

How many sleepers has a coat of arms?

A young baby, a native of Sydney, being asked if she could tell who Jesus Christ was, replied, "I should like to see it, but not to live in it. On being pressed for her reason, she replied "Cause, then the grandmother of bad people sent out from thence, it must, surely, be a very wicked place to live in."

A WOUNDED SHIRT.

MEDICAL MAN. "Come, come, my dear Madam, there is evidently no cause for alarm—the accident of Jack Shamrock Brown, I Well, doctor, it always any great accident to the shirt of a dandy, and now I have thrown myself away upon a hardware gold dandy, I should be very sorry to think that he has to be cold, and bruise me house my quantity of colours, and bandages, and slings, and splints, and lotions, and the body wounded spirit that expected occasa of breeade and bread." "Well, Madam?"

ADVICE ON MARRIAGE.—Never marry on undertaker's daughter, unless you wish to undertake to raise a hearse family, and be constantly sleighing the pall of the dead. Never marry on a brewer's daughter, for she's likely you among her great vats of ale. If you marry a tailor's daughter, you will go with him in your arm. You can not marry a baker's daughter, for she will be in a dough-nut, and of course a blanket. If you court a butcher's daughter, you will be cut up in your mind, and your heart will be sausage meat. Never marry a barber's daughter, for she will be a razor. Pick a sailor's daughter, for she will be a grave man. If you court a gardener's daughter, you will be a beloved family, which is a convenient thing to have in the family.

ITEMS OF COMFORT.—Some people's notions of comfort differ from those of others. Mr. Mathews once went over Washington Irving, and on the occasion "to the place of excursion," he observed to the latter, that considering the circumstances of the case, he was very comfortable which might take place, the drop stretch him so long very small. "Well, Mr. Mathews," said Irving, "I think, he could be crowded, but there would hang very comfortable?"

A good many years ago a Massachusetts man was elected to the office of Lieutenant-Governor. When the first of his election was announced, he was called upon for a speech. He proceeded to inform the people he hoped to keep his temperance pledge, and added that he should be obliged make a good Lieutenant-Governor, so that was the office he had always had in his own house.

DR. HARRIS (*philosophic this the best opportunity be Ann Ann*), "Why, sir, what is to what is the best remedy to take—you'd better take me?"

WON.

A SMILE—a glance—a flutter and a sigh,
A voice that trembles in the common greeting;
The hurried clasp of an unsteady hand,
That once was frankly offered at your meeting.

I saw you, little Annie—yes, I know,
He's Charlie's friend, just landed from Bengal,
He's very fond of Cherlie, ah! and so
He staid till last at Charlie's sister's ball.

You danced eight times together—am I right
"He's such a perfect waltzer"—nothing more?
You met a week ago this very night,
And I have—known you all your lifetime o'er!

Forgive me that I played the listener, dear,
And heard him win your love, among your flowers;
You had forgotten I was prisoned here,
A poor loose cripple all these festive hours.

He's very winsome, honest-eyed, and tall,
The cross for valor's roll contains his story.
On my pale-stricken brow no wreath will fall,
I reap in Life's grim battle all but glory.

Dearie, don't kneel, and hide those kind gray eyes,
I am not grieving, look me in the face.
Why, who am I, that I should claim the prize,
Who never could have started in the race?

He's waiting for you, Annie—leave me now
Alone with what must be a happy past.
A brother's kiss I claim upon your brow,
God bless you, Annie! 'tis my first—and last.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. PUMBLECHOOK'S premises in the High Street of the market town were of a peppercorny and farinaceous character, as the produce of a corn-chandler and seedsman should be. It appeared to me that he must be a very happy man indeed to have so many little drawers in his shop; and I wondered when I peeped into one or two on the lower tiers, and saw the tied-up brown paper packets inside, whether the flowers-seeds and bulbs ever wanted of a fine day to break out of those pills and blooms.

It was in the early morning after my arrival that I ventursed this speculation. On the previous night I had been sent straight to bed in an attic with a sloping roof, which was so low in the corner where the bedstead was that I calculated the titles as being within a foot of my eyebrows. In the same early morning I discovered a singular affinity between seeds and corduroys. Mr. Pumblechook wore corduroys, and so did his shopman; and somehow there was a general air and flavor about the corduroys, so much in the nature of seeds, and a general air and flavor about the seeds, so much in the nature of corduroys, that I hardly knew which was which. The same opportunity served me for noticing that Mr. Pumblechook appeared to conduct his business by looking across the street at the solitude, who appeared to transact *his* business by keeping his eye on the coachmaker, who appeared to get on in life by putting his hands in his pockets and contemplating the baker, who in his turn folded his arms and stared at the grocer, who stood at his door and yawned at the chemist. The watchmaker, always poring over a little desk with a magnifying glass at his eye, and always inspected by a group in smock-frocks poring over him through the glass of his shop-window, seemed to be about the only person in the High Street who had time engaged his attention.

Mr. Pumblechook and I breakfasted at eight o'clock in the parlor behind the shop, while the shopman took his mug of tea and hunch of bread-and-butter on a sack of peas in the front premises. I considered Mr. Pumblechook wretched company. Besides being possessed by my sister's idea that a mortifying and penitential character ought to be imparted to my diet—besides giving me as much crumb as possible in combination with as little butter, and putting such a quantity of warm water into my milk, that it would have been more candid to have left the milk out altogether—his conversation consisted of nothing but arithmetic. On my politely bidding him Good-morrow when he took my ously, "Seven times nine, boy?" And how should *I* be able to answer, dodged in that way, in a strange place, on an empty stomach? I was hungry, but before I had swallowed a mouthful he began a running fire of sums all through the breakfast. "Seven?" "And four?" "And eight?" "And six?" "And one?" "And ten?" And so on. And after each figure was disposed of, it was as much as I could do to get a bite or a sip before the next came; while he sat at his ease gessing nothing and eating bacon and hot roll in (if I may be allowed the expression) a gorging and gormandizing manner.

For such reasons I was very glad when the o'clock came and we started for Miss Havisham's; though I was not at all at my ease regarding the manner in which I should acquaint myself under that lady's roof. Within a quarter of an hour we came to Miss Havisham's house, which was of old brick, and dismal, and had a great many iron bars to it. Some of the windows had been walled up; of those that remained all the lower were rusty barred. There was a court-yard in front, and that was barred; so we had to wait, after ringing the bell, until some one should come to open it. While we waited at the gate I peeped in (even then Mr. Pumblechook cried, "And fourteen?" but I pretended not to hear him), and saw that at the side of the house there was a large brewery; no brewing was going on in it, and none seemed to have gone on for a long long time.

A window was open, and a clear voice demanded "What name?" To which my conductor replied "Pumblechook." The voice returned "Quite right," and the window was shut again, and a young lady came across the court-yard with keys in her hand.

"This," said Mr. Pumblechook, "is Pip."

"This is Pip, is it?" returned the young lady, who was very pretty and seemed very proud; "Come in, Pip."

Mr. Pumblechook was coming in also, when she stopped him with the gate.

"Oh!" she said. "Did you wish to see Miss Havisham?"

"If Miss Havisham wishes to see me," returned Mr. Pumblechook, discomfited.

"Ah!" said the girl; "but you see she don't."

She said it so finally, and in such an undisputable way, that Mr. Pumblechook, though in a condition of ruffled dignity, could not protest. But he cyed me severely—as if *I* had done any thing to him!—and departed with the words reproachfully delivered: "Boy! Let your behavior here be a credit unto them which brought you up by hand!" I was not free from apprehension that he would come back to prosecute through the gate, "And sixteen?" But he didn't.

My young conductress locked the gate, and we went across the court-yard. It was paved and clean, but grass was growing in every crevice. The brewery buildings had a little lane of communication with it, and the wooden gates of that lane stood open, and all the brewery beyond stood open, away to the high inclosing wall, and all was empty and disused. The cold wind seemed to blow colder there than outside the gate, and it made a shrill noise in howling in and out at the open sides of the brewery, like the noise of wind in the rigging of a ship at sea.

She saw me looking at it, and she said, "You could drink without hurt all the strong beer that's brewed there now, boy."

"I should think I could, miss," said I, in a shy way.

"Better not try to brew beer there now, or it would turn out sour, boy; don't you think so?"

"It looks like it, miss."

"Not that any body means to try," she added, "for that's all done with, and the place will stand as idle as it is till it falls. As to strong beer, there's enough of it in the cellars already to drown the Manor House."

"Is that the name of this house, miss?"

"One of its names, boy."

"It has more than one, then, miss?"

"One more. Its other name was Satis; which is Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew, or all three—or all one to me—for enough."

"Enough House," said I; "that's a curious name, miss."

"Yes," she replied; "that is meant more than it said. It meant, when it was given, that wherever had this house could want nothing else. They must have been easily satisfied in those days, I should think. But don't loiter, boy."

Though she called me "boy" so often, and with a carelessness that was far from complimentary, she was of about my own age—or very little older. She seemed much older than I, of course, being a girl, and beautiful and self-possessed; and she was as scornful of me as if she had been one-and-twenty, and a queen.

We went into the house by a side door—the great front entrance bed two chains across it outside—and the first thing I noticed was, that the passages were all dark, and that she had left a candle burning there. She took it up, and we went through more passages and up a staircase, and still it was all dark, and only the candle lighted us.

At last we came to the door of a room, and she said, "Go in."

I answered, more in shyness than politeness, "After you, miss."

To this, she returned: "Don't be ridiculous, boy; I am not going in." And accordingly walked away, and—what was worse—took the candle with her.

This was very uncomfortable, and I was half afraid. However, the only thing to be done hesitating to knock at the door, I knocked, and was told from within to enter. I entered, therefore, and found myself in a pretty large room well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was of forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilted looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing-table.

"WHO IS IT?" SAID THE LADY AT THE TABLE. "PIP, MA'AM."

Whether I should have made out this object so soon if there had been no fine lady sitting at it I can not say. In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

She was dressed in rich materials—satins, and lace, and silks—all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, lace spiritedly trimmed, she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe—the other was on the table near her hand—her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

It was not in the first minute that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first minute than might be supposed. But I saw that every thing within my view which ought to be white had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been taken to see some ghastly wax-work at the Fair, representing I know not what impossible persons lying in state. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a skeleton in the robes of a rich dress that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, wax-work and skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me. I should have cried out if I could.

"Who is it?" said the lady at the table.

"Pip, ma'am."

"Pip?"

"Mr. Pumblechook's boy, ma'am. Come—to play."

"Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close."

It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects in detail, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and that a clock in the room had stopped at a quarter past nine.

"Look at me," said Miss Havisham. "You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?"

I regret to state that I was not afraid of telling the enormous lie comprehended in the answer "No."

"Do you know what I touch here?" she said, laying her hand, one upon the other, on her left side.

"Yes, ma'am." (It made me think of the young man.)

"What do I touch?"

"Your heart."

"Broken!"

She uttered the word with an eager look, and with strong emphasis, and with a weird smile that had a kind of boast in it. Afterward, she kept her hands there for a little while, and slowly took them away as if they were heavy.

"I am tired," said Miss Havisham. "I want diversion, and I have done with men and women. Play."

I think it will be conceded by my most dispassionate reader that she could hardly have directed an unfortunate boy to do any thing in the

wide world more difficult to be done under the circumstances.

"I sometimes have sick fancies," she went on, "and I have a sick fancy that I want to see some play. There, there!" with an impatient movement of the fingers of her right hand; "play, play, play!"

For a moment, with the fear of my sister's working me before my eyes, I had a desperate idea of starting round the room in the assumed character of Mr. Pumblechook's chaise-cart. But I felt myself so unequal to the performance that I gave it up, and stood looking at Miss Havisham in what I expected was the most despairing manner, inasmuch as she said, when we had taken a good look at each other:

"Are you sullen and obstinate?"

"No, ma'am, I am very sorry for you, and very sorry I can't play just now. If you could play at cards, I should get into trouble with my sister, so I would do it if I could; but it's so new here, and so strange, and so dim—and so lonely—" I stopped, fearing I might say too much, or had already said it, and we took another look at each other.

Before she spoke again she turned her eyes from me and looked at the dress she wore, and at the diamonds, and, last of all, at herself in the looking-glass.

"So new to him," she muttered, "so old to me; so strange to him, so familiar to me; so melancholy to both of us! Call Estella."

As she stood looking at the direction of herself, I thought she was still talking to herself, and kept quiet.

"Call Estella," she repeated, flashing a look at me. "You can do that. Call Estella. At the door."

To stand in the dark in a mysterious passage of an unknown house hawking Estella to a scornful young lady, was very visible consequence of feeling it a dreadful liberty so to roar out her name, was almost as bad as playing to order. But she remained at it, and her light stood along the long dark passage like a star.

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To stand in the dark in a mysterious passage of an unknown house hawking Estella to a scornful young lady was very visible consequence of feeling it a dreadful liberty so to roar out her name, was almost as bad as playing to order. But she remained at it, and her light stood along the long dark passage like a star.

Miss Havisham looking

then, as such, of more account than all your mere imaginings? would not the least of their daily miseries outweigh a whole basket of fancied sorrow? and it is not a poor sufficiency of your part, when you deem some any conception of your brain of more account than that poor old man and that dark-eyed girl. Lost of all, are they not, in all their rugged finery, more 'beauty true name than you yourself, Potts, living in a mass of delusion? They only act when the now-dust is raked and the lamps are lighted; but you are an actor from dawn to dark, and only down now unobtrusively to don another. Is not this wretched? It is not ignoble? In all these changes of character how much of the real man will be left behind? Will there be one morsel of honest flesh when all the beeper of habit is stripped off? and what is—the—the—the—the first adventured out on the wide ocean of life? I passed the evening and a great part of the night in such sad musings, and then I addressed myself to action. I bethought me of my future, and what and where and how I might be spared. The bag of money intrusted to me by the miseller to pay the charges of the road was hanging, where I had placed it—on the mantelshelf. I opened it and found a hundred and forty gold Napoleons, and some ten or twelve pounds in silver. I meet not to count over my own equal hoard; it was a fraction under a thousand francs. Forty pounds was truly a very small sum wherewith to confront a world to which I brought not any art, or trade, or means of livelihood; I may, however, because I had the blessing of a pretext for touching the other sum, and I resolved at once to transmit it to the owner. Now, what could be done with so large a sum? I had heard of a great general who only pawned a watch swiftly—as swiftly as once he was—whereunto to buy a horse, and so mounted, he went forth over the Alps and conquered a kingdom. Now I had no watch to pawn, and somehow I did not feel as though I were the stuff that conquers kingdoms, and yet there must surely be a man amongst men in this world about the same sort of facilities, merits, and demerits as I have. There must be a numerous Potts family in every land, well-meaning, right-intentioned, worthless creatures, who, out of a supposed willingness to do any thing, ends and end by doing nothing. Such people, it must be inferred, live upon what are called their wits, or, in other words, trade upon the duly recognized folly, and the use to which they can turn the traits of those they meet with.

I was resolved not to descend to this; no, had determined to say adieu to all masquerading, and be myself Potts, the gentleman's son, who had once dreamed of great ambitious, but had taken the wrong road to them. I would from this time be an honest, respectable, simple-hearted creature. What the world might henceforth mean of me is properly should be rendered on honest grounds; nay, more, in the spirit of those devotees who inquire themselves with piety by prations, I resolved on a course of self-mortification, I would not rest till I had made my former self expiate all the vainglorious wantonness of the past, and pay its recompence for every transgression I had committed. I began forthwith my reformation. I sat down and wrote thus:

"*To Mr. Dyer, Stephens Green, Dublin.*

"The gentleman who took away a dun pony from your premises in the autumn of last, and who, from certain circumstances, has not been able to restore the animal, sends herewith twenty pounds as his property. Mr. Dir. conscientiously considers the sum insufficient, the sender will at some future time, in hopes, make up the difference."

Doubtless my esteemed reader will say, at this place, "This fellow couldn't do less; he need not vaunt himself on a commonplace act of honesty, which, after all, might have been suggested by certain fears of future consequences. His indiscretion amounted to horse-stealing, and horse-stealing is a felony."

All true, every word of it, most upright of judges; I really thought I deserved credit, and rather what I might long sance to have done. But now, let me ask, is this, after all, the invariable course of life, and is there no merit in doing what one ought when every temptation points to the other direction? and lastly, is it nothing to do what a man ought when he does cross exactly the half of all he has in the world?

Now, if I were, instead of being Potts, a certain great writer that we all know and delight in, I would improve the occasion here by telling my reader, does he always forgive me for his high thing? I would say to him, perhaps with all haste to anticipate his answer, Of course you do. You can pinch your children, or hit your wife out of bad; you are a model father and a dutiful husband; but I am a poor apothecary's son, brought up in proper thrift and the Dublin Pharmacopœia; and I owe to you, when I phoned the half of my twenty-pound crisp clean bank-note inside of that letter, I felt I was figuratively cutting myself a two. But I did it like a man, I felt I had a proper phrase for an act which I thought good. And, oh, take my word for it, when a good office hasn't cost you a cooch-load of regrets, and a shopful of hesitations about making it, is of little worth. There's a wide difference between the gift of a sheep from an Australian farmer or the present of a chalk's pet lamb, even though the sheep be twice the size of the other.

I gave myself no small praise for what I had done, much figurative patting on the back, and a vast deal of that very ambiguous consolation which Roman Catholic confessors bestow in change for alms by assurances that it will be remembered to you in Purgatory.

"Well," thought I, "the occasion isn't very far off, for my Purgatory begins to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXIX.

I was in a tourist locality, and easily provided myself with a light equipment for the road. I solved at once to take the foot-path in life and "seek my fortune." I was there words simply strange—strange of the other extraordinary which prevailed as to whither I should go, and what do what I put down.

If there be few more joyous things in life than to start off on foot with three or four choice companions, to ramble through some fine country, rich in scenery, varied in character and interesting in story, there are few more lonely scenes than that which set out from a place where decide what way to take, and with very little money to take it.

One of the most grievous features of small means is, certainly, the almost exclusive occupation it puts in your mind or to every, even the most trivial, incident that involves cost. Instead of dining on fish and fowl and fruit, you feel eating so many grouses and partridges. You are not drinking wine, your beverage is a solution of sugar and water. Instead of Wine, you poke the fire every spark that flies up the chimney is a halcyon! You come at last to settle that the sum was enough, and that the very breeze that cooled your brow is only winking round the corner to ask "for something for himself."

When the rich man lives sparingly, the consciousness of the wealth he might enjoy if he pleased sustains him. The poor fellow has no such consolation to fall back on; the closer he lives, the more he feels that the poverty will appear. If it were simply that he dressed humbly and fared coarsely, it might be borne well; but it is the inner poverty that will poverty is exposed to make its true grievance. "A gentleman"—this measure—this—this dressed—"an ill-looking fellow had been seen about the premises at nightfall," says the police report. A very respectable gentleman had asked for a bed; his wardrobe was a spotted handkerchief. The waiter remembers that a fellow, very shabbily dressed, had rapped at the outdoor that evening and asked if there was any chance of entertainment for a night's village." Heaven help the poor wayfarer if any one has been robbed, any house broken into, any scrape free to, while he passes through the locality. There is no need of a crowd of witnesses to convict him, since every dingo in his hat, every tear in his coat, and every rent in his shoes are credence against him.

I thought over these things in sorrow and humiliation, it was in a very proud spirit that I called to mind how, on that same morning, I deposited the money in the house of Messrs. Hoben's bank, saw the contents duly counted over, replaced and sealed up, and then addressed to Her Majesty's Postmaster-General, intimating a receipt for the same. "This was only just common honesty," says the reader. Oh, if there is an absurd collocation of words, is it that? Common honesty! why, there is nothing in this world so perfectly, so absolutely uncommon! Never, I beseech you, undervalue the waiter who restores the ring you dropped in the coffee-room, nor hold him cheaply who gives back the umbrella you left in the cab. These seem such very things to do, they are not easy. Men are more or less Corinth-merchants in life, and very apt to regard the lost article as a treasure-trove. Would I wish to you, gentle reader, or, that you may know what it cost me, on that same morning, not to be a rogue, and not to conspire myself with the spoiler of another?

I underwent a very long and searching self-examination to ascertain why it was I had not appropriated that bag, an offence, legally speaking, would only amount to a breach of trust. I asked, if it was that I was afraid of the money, Potts? Did you feel that your own means were ample enough? Was it that your philosophy had made you indifferent to mere dross, and then think that the load was a burden? Or, taking higher ground, had you recalled the first teachings of your religious parent, that good man and careful apothecary, who had given you the distinction between right and wrong?" Fear I was obliged to say No, in turn, to each of these queries. I would have been very glad to be able, perhaps, to have been a philosopher, overjoyed to feel myself swayed by moral motives, but I could not paint the impression on my conscience, and I was compelled to own that the real reason of my conduct was—I was to have I thought, a very high one, I, my only inquiry as to the source of the evil was, "Who was she? Now, my experiences of life have traveled in another direction and I wishe ever I read of some noble piece of heroism, or some darling act of self-denial, I don't ask whether he got the Bath or the Victoria Cross, if he were made a governor here, or a vice-governor there, but who was the person injured this glorious deed? I'd like to know all about her: the color of her eyes, her hair; you she slender or, perhaps, was she fair or fair? Was an old attachment or an acute attack coming after a paroxysm of her sight?

If I were the great chief of some great public department where all my subordinates were obliged to give heavy security for their honesty, I would neither ask for bailbonds or sureties; but I'd say, "Have you got a wife or a sweetheart? either will do. Let me look at her. If she be worthy an honest man's love, I am satisfied; money matters will not be between us."

Oh, how I longed to stand aright in that dear girl's eyes, that she should see me worthy of her! Had she yielded to all my wayward notions and rambling opinions, giving way either in careless indolence or out of inability to dispute them, she had never made the deep impression on my heart. It was because she had bravely asserted her own independence, never conceding where principle was at stake, yet yielding where unimportant, that I loved her. What a stupid reverie was that of mine when I fancied her one of those strong-minded, determined women—thinky-shod, umbrella-carrying female, who can travel alone and sleep in a lonely house through a crowded house! No, she was delicate, timid, and gentle; there was no over-confidence in her, nor the slightest approach to it. Dole me? not a bit of it. Guide, direct, support, confirm, sustain me; elevate my sentiments, cheer me on my road in life, making of me a gentleman in my eyes, and the good to seem better!

I truly felt that with such a woman, or humble condition in life offers more chances of happiness than a state of wealth and splendor. If she be poor, there is no fear to be picked up among a man's friends, moderate means, conducing as they do to a home life, would point more certainly to domestic joy than the splendor of grand receptions. If I were, say, a village doctor, a schoolmaster; if I were able to do such absurdities in some occupation, whose pursuit might place, me sufficiently favorably in her eyes. I would like, perhaps, for fortune, or even "dry goods," but something. It's no fault of mine if the English language be cramped and limited, and that I must employ the odious word "genteel" but it conveys, in a fashion, all that I intend.

I began to think how this was to be done. I might return to my own country, go back to Dublin, and become Potts and Son—at least I said "A very horrid thought, and very hard to adopt!

I might take a German degree in physic, and return to Dublin, Doctor Dyer, say, at Hoben, Gereva, or some other resort of my countrymen on the Continent. Insight, give lectures, I accurately well know on what, still less to whom; I could start as Professor Potts, and instruct foreigners in medicine. There were at least "three courses" open to me; and to consider them the better, I filled my pipe and strolled down a high road into a lonely copse of fine beech-trees, at the foot of one of which, and close to a clear little rivulet, I threw myself at full length, and, thus, like Tityrus, enjoyed the leafy shade, making my meerschaum do duty for the shepherd's pipe.

I had not been long thus when I heard the footsteps of some persons on the road, and shortly after, the sound discontinuing, I judged that they must have crossed into the sward beneath the wood. As I listened I detected voices, and the accent moment two figures emerged from the cover and stood before me: they were Tiarnlein and Tintefinck.

"Sit down," said I, pointing to each in turn to take a place at either side of me. They had, it is true, been the cause of the great calamity of my life, but in no sense was the fault theirs, and I wished to show that I was generous and magnanimous. Tiarnlein acceded to my proposal invitation with a courteous humility, and seated himself at a little distance, but Tintefinck threw herself on the grass, and with such a careless "abandon," that her hair exposed, nor held him cheaply who gives back the umbrella you left in the cab. These seem such very things to do, they are not easy. Men are more or less Corinth-merchants in life, and very apt to regard the lost article as a treasure-trove. Would I wish to you, gentle reader, or, that you may know what it cost me, on that same morning, not to be a rogue, and not to conspire myself with the spoiler of another.

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"Much," said I, with fervor, as I grasped his hand, and shook it heartily; "much, if you have given me any one lesson that I was bound to, and I learn that a man's heart can beat as truthfully under a mocking as under the embroidered coat of a minister. The man who speaks as you do can touch me much."

He looked at me with a sad sigh and turned away his head. He arose after a few minutes, and, going gently across the grass, spread his handkerchief over the head and feet of the girl, who had at once fallen into a deep sleep.

"Poor thing," muttered he, "she to tell she can sleep! She has eaten nothing to-day!"

"But, surely," said I, "there is some village or some wayside inn near this—"

"Yes, there is the Echetein, a little public about twenty-six feet; but we didn't care to touch it. Tintefinck said it was painful to pass many houses in a place and never call for any thing; one is all looked on, and suspicion arises from it; and as we have only what would pay for our supper and lodging, we thought we'd wear away the noon in the forest here, and arrive at the inn by close of day."

"Let me be your traveling companion for to-day," said I, "and let us push forward and have our dinner together. Yes, yes, there is far less of condescension in the offer than you suspect. I am neither a gentleman nor a man of a class like your own, Vitcrefinck, and what I do for you to-day some one else will as probably do for me to-morrow."

Say what I could the old man would persist in believing that this was only another of those eccentricities for which Eaglehorne was feared; and though, with the tact of a native good-breeding, he showed no resistance to my proposition, I saw plainly enough that he was unconvinced by all my arguments.

While the girl slept I asked him how he chanced upon the choice of his present mode of life, since there were many things in his tone and manner that seemed as strangely unlike what I should have ascribed to his order.

"It is a very short story," said he; "five minutes will tell it, otherwise I might accede to impose on your patience. It was thus I became what you see me."

Short as the narrative was, I must keep it for another page.

REAL CHRISTMAS ANGELS.

I'm a very plain and homely man,
Just a textile old or so,
And the rheumatic troubles me, off and on,
Whether it will or no.
And so whenever that comes to pass
It drives me a most in a cross,
To think of the lots of time I lose—
The many working days.

For my old woman Meg, and I,
Agree on this, I'ge see,
That I shall be sick when she is well,
And I be well when she
For it's little of work that she can do,
When well or ill, for bread,
Let many a stitch her fingers take
From sunrise time till bed.

And so 'tis no disgrace to us,
With the rheumatic and all,
That sometimes Meg, for hunger's sake,
Should have to yarn a shawl.
But then 'tis woeful hard to me,
When the winter nights are cold,
For I miss the shawl on my old legs—
If the words be not too bold.

Yet Meg and I get somehow on,
For poverty isn't a crime,
And we never think nothing about it.
Until it comes Christmas time.
For we have a message Meg and I,
Of a Christmas long ago,
When we both were strong and hearty,
And never knew want or woe.

And so it happens that Meg and I
Have been unable, of late, and feed,
To see if the Christmas coming
Will be like the one last year;
For then we were all right jolly,
Meg and the neighbors and I,
And the very remembrance of it
Is enough to make one cry.

It was all on the Christmas morning,
When we hadn't a bit of bread,
And Meg and I, to keep life in,
Were obliged to go to bed.
The shawl it was in the pawn-shop,
And we hadn't a cent—not we;
So we thought is the hardest Christmas
We ever had chanced to see.

Meg sat in the bed a sewing,
I reading the Bible to she,
When there came a knock at door a tapping,
Like a woodpecker tapping a tree.
Meg cried for the knock to enter,
And a man in a face popped you
With hazel eyes and clustering curls,
White teeth and a dimpled chin.

There was sunshine in a moment
To brush away the gloom,
And a voice like an angel's whisper
Went sweetly through the room.
It said, "Accept this turkey,
Some porter and cordial, if you please;
It is Merry Christmas-Day,
And no one must starve or freeze."

Oh! wasn't Meg up directly,
But she angel had vanished in air,
And a short time after had a basket of coal,
And the turkey is by on a chair.
And didn't we have a feast
In a good old-fashioned way;
And wasn't we warm and jollily fed
That glorious Christmas-Day!

So that is my tale old
A homely tale at the best—
A tale that Meg and I repeat
Each night when we go to rest.
I have heard of angels with strong
Who stalkedonly 'ith through the air,
But the angel of angels that we like best
Left a turkey upon the chair.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, December 10, in the Senate, after some routine business, Senator Seward presented a petition from Theodore Hyatt, praying for relief for Kansas. Senator Powell's resolution for a "Crisis Committee" was called up, and remarks were made by Senators Powell, Green, Hamlin, Foster, Douglas, Davis, Critenden, King, Bigler, Brown, and Slidell. The Southern Senators and others were of opinion that the Committee could do no good, though some of them agreed to vote for it. Senator Kent, of New York, said that concession was rebellion, and rebellion would be met by the law. Senators Wade, Fessenden, Hawkins, of Florida, gave the reasons for refusing to serve on the Crisis Committee, which were, in a word, the proposed reunion of the State. Mr. Yulleedhum, of Ohio, and Mr. Mallory, of Florida, gave reasons for the secession of Northern Democrats from the Committee. The former said that they thought that if it was proper to cut off the West from the Ocean, they would change their ship to sail from the East instead of the West. The latter declared that he could not exhibit the right of secession. Mr. Bonham introduced a bill appropriating a loan of $10,000,000 Treasury notes, bearing 6 per cent. interest. Resolutions were introduced by Senators Sloan, Mason, Houston, Crawford, and Grier, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, December 11, in the Senate, the House bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow money, and, on motion of Senator Bear, was referred to the Committee on Finance. Resolutions were introduced by Senator Bell, instructing of the Committee whether any amendment to the Constitution is needed, and whether it is in the power of the Government to enforce the laws in the Southern States, by Senator Hunter, and by Senator Hale, and referred to the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, moved to take up the bill for the admission of the Territory of Nevada, which was lost by a vote of 19 to 20, Senators Wade, Grimes, Hale, and others, voting with those who both sought to be counted. Mr. Sherman reported the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill, and moved a resolution inquiring whether the cost of the Indian Bureau was not reduced. A petition was presented for the relief of Kansas.

On Wednesday, December 12, in the Senate, Senator Hunter, from the Committee on Finance, reported the Treasury Note Bill, which was postponed, pending some debate, very imperfectly reported, the amount authorized to be issued was reduced to $10,000,000, the bill passed. The Senate then took up the Crisis Committee resolution, and, by a unanimous vote, Senators Bigler, Wigfall, of Texas, who was contrasted once by Senator Seward for speaking Spanish, Green, and others, gave reasons providing for the amendment of the Constitution and the special crisis were offered by Messrs. Hale, Wade, Johnson, John Cochrane of New York, Adjutant of New Jersey, Chandler, Fessenden, Grimes, Stewart of New Jersey, Wilkinson, Sumner, Hamlin, Doolittle, of Wisconsin, Cole, of California, Pomeroy, Harlan, Lane, Collamer, Foot, Ten Eyck, Wilson, and others. Resolutions all referred to the Crisis Committee. Mr. Bonham, of South Carolina, introduced a resolution surrendering the Government. Mr. Sherman introduced a Deficiency Appropriation Bill.

On Thursday, December 13, in the Senate, Senator Johnson of Tennessee moved certain amendments to the Constitution, which were referred to the Select Committee of Thirteen, and, on motion, Senator Bigler, which were referred. The Resolutions of Senator Bell were then taken up, and Senator Wigfall moved a substitute speech. Adjourned till Monday.—In the House, Mr. Morrill introduced a resolution expressing confidence in the Union; adopted by Mr. Curry of Alabama. The Senate Crisis Committee Bill was taken up and amended by Mr. Sherman and contested in. A debate arose on a motion of Mr. Bonham to lay the public lands on the counters, as the phrase, Foot, was absent. After remarks by Messrs. Bigler, Green, Hale, and others, the subject was postponed. Adjourned until Monday.

THE REPUBLICAN POSITION.

In the House of Representatives, on 19th December, Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, introduced resolution declaring that the right and effectual remedy for the wrongs complained of by the Southern States, and the people thereof, is an appeal to the sovereignty of the Constitution, and that the action of the Committee of Thirteen, the Special Committee of Thirty-three be instructed to inquire whether any State of the people thereof have failed to obey and enforce the obligations imposed by the Constitution of the United States, and whether any State has been illegitimately required to secure such enforcement; whether any State has been unjustly deprived of any of the several territories by United States, the said Committee divide the said Territories into States, and admit the same with or without the proper adjustment into the Union on equal footing with the original States.

THE CRISIS COMMITTEE.

The Committee of Thirteen have announced their labors without Mr. Hawkins. Various projects and schemes have been laid before them. On 19th December, Mr. Bonham, after some discussion, brought forward the following resolution, which was accepted by the Committee, and moved another resolution:

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this Committee the existing discontents among the Southern people, and the growing feeling of alienation in the Southern States, seem to be greatly to be regretted, and that whether such discontents and hostility are without just cause or not, the reasonable and constitutional remedies, and additional and more special constitutional guarantees of property and rights and interests, as recognized by the Constitution, necessary to secure the peace of the country and the perpetuation of the Union, should be promptly and cheerfully recommended."

The resolution was adopted, a member present voting for it except Messrs. Adams of Massachusetts, Grow of New Hampshire, Hale of Maine, Morrill of Vermont, Blatchford of Illinois, Hemphill of Pennsylvania, Wade, Wurts of Pennsylvania, who appeared for the Bucks of Mississippi, who refused to vote at all, giving as reason that he viewed the Union as a contract which, when it ceased to exist there offered no under their own laws, refused, of course, to be a party to the Committee. The Committee, however, was opposed by several of the Republican members, as saying that the Territories should be admitted in the Union the Dred Scott case, and, without voting on the proposition of the Committee adjourned until Monday. It is believed that a report will be made early in the coming week, probably Tuesday.

THE RELIEF BILL.

The Relief Bill, as passed both Houses of Congress, authorizes the issue of twenty-five millions of dollars in public stamps, but provides that not to exceed one million of dollars, of denomination, shall be issued at any time. Such stamps will be paid and redeemed after the expiration of one year from the date of issue, with the rate of interest so shall be expressed thereon, at the rate of six per cent. per annum. It is provided that the authority of said notes the interest coupons, or principal of sixty days' notice of redemption to redeem and issue the same, which may at any time be given by the Secretary of the Treasury in one or more newspapers at the seat of Government. The receipts and payments of the notes are to be made to the lawful holders upon their presentment at the Treasury, or at the depositories of the Treasury, which the faith of the United States is solemnly pledged. The Secretary of the Treasury, with the approval of the President, is authorized to cause such portion of the Treasury notes as may be deemed expedient to be issued in payment of claims in favor of the Government or other persons lawfully entitled to payment, who may choose to receive such notes in payment at par. The Secretary of the Treasury is also authorized, with the approbation of the President, to issue notes at such rate of interest as may be deemed by the honest responsible bidders, who may agree to take the notes at par, after public advertisement, to propose to issue such notes as part or those who may offer to take the same at the lowest rate of interest, but in declining upon those bids no preference shall be considered which may be given to the highest responsible bidder, the note to be transferable by assignment by the person to whom delivery may be made, and shall be receivable by the proper officer in the payment of all duties, taxes, public lands, and all other dues and payments to which such notes may be offered in payment. The Secretary is further authorized to issue notes for such sum or amount of the principal and interest due at the time of payment, and to the extent that the interest due to the Treasury as may be necessary for the purpose, is appropriated to the public treasury, provided that the issue and reissue notes shall cease on the 1st of January, 1861, the issue and reissue of notes to be discontinued, and countersigned. All money hereafter received for duties on imports, or for public lands, or for any other debt due to the United States, shall be in the Treasury, or in the hands of the Government, and there be issued under this act, and to which the Secretary of the Treasury, and the notes shall have been paid and received for public dues, and for the purpose.

RESIGNATION OF GENERAL CASS AND OTHERS.

General Cass, in despair of the condition of the country, has resigned as Secretary of State. Mr. Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, resigned, as has already been announced, and Mr. Thompson, Secretary of the Interior Department is at the present time without any resignation. A report has been in circulation that Mr. Thompson decided upon by the President, but report points to Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, of New York, as the man to be called upon to resume the responsibilities. It is the political belief that Roosevelt will be called upon to succeed Secretary Toucey, and it is believed that other members of the Cabinet will follow. It is also reported that Secretary Cass and President Buchanan himself may retire, and have the resignations of the Cabinet ready to be sent in to Congress in the hands of Mr. Breckinridge.

MR. COBB, OUR SECRETARY FROM THE CABINET.

Mr. Cobb, ex-subpœna, addressed a letter to the President, in which he said: "My withdrawal has not been necessary for any of the reasons which have been so differing from your Message upon some of its theories that I have felt that it would be a dereliction of duty to remain in the Union and be preserved, there was no practical remedy for the wrongs complained of in the Southern constitutions. That necessity is created by what I feel is my duty to do, I have resigned my office, and I have left Washington, and I am now at home.

"To say that I regret—deeply regret—this necessity, has been a sacrifice of my feelings and my sense of public consideration. For nearly four years I have been associated with you in the performance of duties, the most trying that period nothing has occurred to me, even for a moment, to impair my high opinion of your ability, or the honest managers of your administration I have cordially concurred, and I have never felt any doubt but that you would be the best man to occupy its history. If your administration has failed to meet the wishes of the country, the fault of Mr. Buchanan need would have found any fault with your administration, I have felt it my duty to do so in public.

"I have, however, gazed beyond control, and must be not by each and all of us under our responsibility to God and our country. If, as I believe, it is the duty to record yours as the last administration of our present Union, it will be the duty of the Union to record yours and others of those that preceded it."

RESIGNATION OF THE SECEDERS.

The following manifesto has been published:

TO OUR CONSTITUENTS. WASHINGTON, Dec. 10, 1860.

The argument is exhausted. All hope of relief in the Union, through the Constitution, through legislation, or constitutional amendment is extinguished, and we feel that it is time for the exercise of the sovereignty of the Southern States, and the people thereof, in the exercise of the sovereignty of the Southern States, and the people thereof, and whether the Special Committee of Thirty-three be instructed to inquire whether any State of the people thereof have failed to obey and enforce the obligations imposed by the Constitution of the United States, and whether any State has been illegitimately required to secure such enforcement; whether any State has been unjustly deprived of any of the several Territories by United States, the said Committee divide the said Territories into States, and admit the same with or without the proper adjustment into the Union on equal footing with the original States.

THE CRISIS COMMITTEE.

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The resolution was adopted, a member present voting for it except Messrs. Adams of Massachusetts, Grow of New Hampshire, Hale of Maine, Morrill of Vermont, Blatchford of Illinois, Hemphill of Pennsylvania, Wade, Wurts of Pennsylvania, who appeared for the Bucks of Mississippi, who refused to vote at all, giving as reason that he viewed the Union as a contract which, when it ceased to exist there offered no under their own laws, refused, of course, to be a party to the Committee. The Committee, however, was opposed by several of the Republican members, as saying that the Territories should be admitted in the Dred Scott case, and, without voting on the proposition of the Committee adjourned until Monday. It is believed that a report will be made early in the coming week, probably Tuesday.

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The Relief Bill, as passed both Houses of Congress, authorizes the issue of twenty-five millions of dollars in public stamps, but provides that not to exceed one million of dollars, of denomination, shall be issued at any time. Such stamps will be paid and redeemed after the expiration of one year from the date of issue, with the rate of interest so shall be expressed thereon, at the rate of six per cent. per annum. It is provided that the authority of said notes the interest coupons, or principal of sixty days' notice of redemption to redeem and issue the same, which may at any time be given by the Secretary of the Treasury in one or more newspapers at the seat of Government. The receipts and payments of the notes are to be made to the lawful holders upon their presentment at the Treasury, or at the depositories of the Treasury, which the faith of the United States is solemnly pledged. The Secretary of the Treasury, with the approval of the President, is authorized to cause such portion of the Treasury notes as may be deemed expedient to be issued in payment of claims in favor of the Government or other persons lawfully entitled to payment, who may choose to receive such notes in payment at par. The Secretary of the Treasury is also authorized, with the approbation of the President, to issue notes at such rate of interest as may be deemed by the honest responsible bidders, who may agree to take the notes at par, after public advertisement, to propose to issue such notes as part or those who may offer to take the same at the lowest rate of interest, but in declining upon those bids no preference shall be considered which may be given to the highest responsible bidder, the note to be transferable by assignment by the person to whom delivery may be made, and shall be receivable by the proper officer in the payment of all duties, taxes, public lands, and all other dues and payments to which such notes may be offered in payment. The Secretary is further authorized to issue notes for such sum or amount of the principal and interest due at the time of payment, and to the extent that the interest due to the Treasury as may be necessary for the purpose, is appropriated to the public treasury, provided that the issue and reissue notes shall cease on the 1st of January, 1861, the issue and reissue of notes to be discontinued, and countersigned. All money hereafter received for duties on imports, or for public lands, or for any other debt due to the United States, shall be in the Treasury, or in the hands of the Government, and there be issued under this act, and to which the Secretary of the Treasury, and the notes shall have been paid and received for public dues, and for the purpose.

RESIGNATION OF GENERAL CASS AND OTHERS.

General Cass, in despair of the condition of the country, has resigned as Secretary of State. Mr. Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, resigned, as has already been announced, and Mr. Thompson, Secretary of the Interior Department is at the present time without any resignation. A report has been in circulation that Mr. Thompson decided upon by the President, but report points to Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, of New York, as the man to be called upon to resume the responsibilities. It is the political belief that Roosevelt will be called upon to succeed Secretary Toucey, and it is believed that other members of the Cabinet will follow. It is also reported that Secretary Cass and President Buchanan himself may retire, and have the resignations of the Cabinet ready to be sent in to Congress in the hands of Mr. Breckinridge.

MR. COBB, OUR SECRETARY FROM THE CABINET.

Mr. Cobb, ex-subpœna, addressed a letter to the President, in which he said: "My withdrawal has not been necessary for any of the reasons which have been so differing from your Message upon some of its theories that I felt that it would be a dereliction of duty to remain in the Union and be preserved, there was no practical remedy for the wrongs complained of in the Southern constitutions. That necessity is created by what I feel is my duty to do, I have resigned my office, and I have left Washington, and I am now at home.

"To say that I regret—deeply regret—this necessity, has been a sacrifice of my feelings and my sense of public consideration. For nearly four years I have been associated with you in the performance of duties, the most trying that period nothing has occurred to me, even for a moment, to impair my high opinion of your ability, or the honest managers of your administration I have cordially concurred, and I have never felt any doubt but that you would be the best man to occupy its history. If your administration has failed to meet the wishes of the country, the fault of Mr. Buchanan need would have found any fault with your administration, I have felt it my duty to do so in public.

"I have, however, gazed beyond control, and must be not by each and all of us under our responsibility to God and our country. If, as I believe, it is the duty to record yours as the last administration of our present Union, it will be the duty of the Union to record yours and others of those that preceded it."

RESIGNATION OF THE SECEDERS.

The following manifesto has been published:

TO OUR CONSTITUENTS. WASHINGTON, Dec. 10, 1860.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BRITISH OPINION OF SECESSION.

The London Times of 20th ult. says: "We do thing the Democrats may be well secured—that the character and prestige of the Republican Party in the eyes of Europe depend on their Federal Union. Lord North saw that when he abdicated the Government, which would have lost the effect of isolating some from the rest, and further contents the Union of confederation this very ground. "Ye Hence with!"—the stubborn and mutinous Colonies of the Mother Country, the Colonies of the Colonies of America independence. Let there be no mistake about it, the Republican Party of America. We have a vital interest hereto in the ruling greatness of America, it is the mission of the Republican Party to maintain the Union, let it be the Democrats, let it be the strewing to destroy. All that is noble and venerable in the United States is associated with the Federal Union. It is not the demonstration of Southern nullification that we fear, it is the demonstration of Northern and South, from the Mexican aforetime downward, or the Captive Mine, or the Dred Scott decision, or the Kansas-Nebraska act—it is not these, or any other tribunal, or any other tribunal, or any other tribunal, very of half a century, that has commanded the sympathy and admiration of Europe.

"We have judged these things leniently, as the nature of great men judge of the weaknesses of little men, because we know the perfect conditions under which so grighty an instrument of the civilization of American must of necessity be carried on, and have confidence in the ultimate triumph of the Republican Party, and the Democrat hesitating men, arising from the evaluant assistance of health and the Republican Party, and the Democrat, but to such influence is made for deliberate acts of treason and treachery. Even now, to keep the spirits up, we find in hesitating and insulin, to 'revolutionary love'

WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT US

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

CHRISTMAS-DAY THEN AND NOW.

SANTA CLAUS

"THE LAST STEP OF THE FORTY STEPS."

WE were all sitting in a dolce dolter on the piazza that morning when the newsboy came up.

"*Harper's Weekly*, Sir; full of pictures o' New-port, Sir," the little dun voice vociferated.

Miss Vaux put out her hand, with that one strange ring of opal and jet glittering on it; but Carlisle intercepted the paper, and himself presented it to her. She takes things easily, quietly, sometimes easily. She took this all thinks, drooping her brown head, smiling her red lips, and dropping out a careless "Thank you."

He took it back from her to set the pages, his quick glance running over the illustrations in the process. A sudden swift smile went over his mouth once, and, without a word, he handed, wrote-nasing rapidly on No. 5 of the "Sketches from Newport," and laying the paper again in her lap with that same smile and a low bend of his fine head. She received it with her force-manner of careless grace; but the moment her eyes fell upon the pretty sketch, and the peculiarly charming, a dark red blush dashed hotly down her cheek and chin, between two glowing flame of scarlet two perfect roses of pearls cleaved with some kind of emotion, and the round nostrils dilated with a hard broad breath. There were *ladies* and *gentlemen* in that group. Every one took their group from her, and one delicious little one was conversation in a new and delicious bit of geology.

I had all but one thought about the matter—that Wilverton Rector had been accepted by Miss Vaux on the last step of the "Forty Steps"; that Carlisle, informed of both, was "congratulate," and had playfully written some sportive allusion on No. 5, as the pretty coincidence struck him. We all thought, and the moment of Miss Vaux very sensitively overshown for so slight a thing, and were in a state of surprise—Carlisle as much as than the others, by the startled and even pained look upon his face. I was glad Wilverton Reese was not there, he is so ominously earnest in his good-natured way, no knowing what blunder he might have made. Carlisle had done nothing ungentlemanly, I was sure, for Carlisle's nature was the finest tonel of the whole group—kindly and considerate. Nothing was such an odd thing for Miss Vaux to demonstrate, too—Miss Vaux, whose cold white face had remained unmoved through every thing besides, whose self-possession had passed into a proverb with us. But before our gossip had been run through twice she had got it back again; and there was a little fierce flash in her hazel eyes—a glean of scorn and anger, as if she hated her momentary weakness, and could blight it of nothing in comparison but some noble stand who had succumbed to fear for a second, and was paying penance in an unblushing admission to the lash from his master's hand; for so the stern soul of Sallna Vaux was administering only and pure to itself. In this way she seemed to stand towing over the pages of the paper, making a remarkable commentary on the dia. Passing from one to the first page, she uttered an exclamation—"How very sweet!"

"What is it?" some one asks. She held it to ward them, and we all looked at the cut—"FAIRIES, INTO THY HANDS!"

"Oh, Miss Vaux, read the poem to us, please!" pleaded pretty little Miss Ayers. The rest seconded this suggestion, and out of mere politeness, it was natural for your white to hear Miss Vaux read when she would.

So she read the poem "AT NIGHT." Unless I want to feel as if I were holding a bat furiously to the dearest friend I have, with tears blinding my eyes and half approaching my heart, I never want to hear that poem again read by those thrilling tones. The little Reese boy were actually jumping from to cry it out; and that dearest of women, Parker Revere, dropped his hat for an excuse to dash out of his noisome sun that blinded his vision. Carlisle's sensitive mouth was quivering; but he was so much more absorbed in observing the reader than in the poem that, with him, emotions were under control.

Her face was pale as death, and colder in its fixed white symmetry than any thing human I had ever looked upon before. She had not the least sympathy with the reader, understanding, though she read it in so sheltered a manner; not from any want of feeling though, but from self-absorption. She replied it just so far as it gave her cause to excess something of her mood. Women can understand this—perhaps men can, I know not. I do not think she was at all aware of the state she had put us in; for precisely she read out two or three little sweet lines that her bright mouth, and her light remarks were thrown in, without the least upstroke of voice.

Because I have said Sallna Vaux was always unmoved and self-possessed, and have spoken of her cold, white face, I do not want you to suppose she was of the cold severe style, of the unmoving as well as unmoved; because, if you do, you will get a wrong idea of the nature of Sallna Vaux. She was what Tommy Ayers—Tommy Ayers, with his straw-colored mustache and extreme knowledge of human nature, calls "a bright and decided bright girl, Sir." That is, she was quick, and sparkling, and sportive in her manner, with a large amount of that quality called "tact;" as Tommy's sister Rosalie said, Sallna Vaux did things so nicely!" and the little Reese boy added, "and wish she was Sallna Vaux, though Sallna Vaux had a pa, and she had sallnas. I don't have often thought if Miss Vaux had been an heiress, like Rosalie Ayers, she would have swayed the world; but there is a lot of dramatic unlike, which is best, whatever we think we might do to better it. What now, would little Rosalie Ayers have been, even with her pink and white face, but for the thousands that made her fairest, straw-colored hair golden? There are millions of girls like her, body and soul. But Sallna Vaux, that cold, white lily, with a glitter of four-foot hanging about her, was out of all rule. Her father was an army officer, with enough private means to spend every scent of the interest, every summer, at Newport or Saratoga. As good as penniless, you know; but she had more thought bestowed upon her than any other girl—men and women hung round her fascinated, and the former sometimes left her for the "golden" haired Rosie under a protest. Perhaps she had been the heiress of Cosllington Ayers! The thought would have been unequal in the language of the irresistible Tommy. "She would have swept all the other girls into obscurity—and that is just what Tommy meant, I know, he wanted to make her Mrs. Tommy Ayers: Thomas Cosllington Ayers it would have been on the wedding-cards. Tommy Ayers would have thought she wouldn't do it; put that down to her glory, will you? Will Tommy Ayers, the man who, if money out means, she rejected the match of the season; the richest man, and the son of the richest man, and heir to the richest estate in the country, Thomas Cosllington Ayers!—because she didn't love him she wouldn't take him. Think of that! Put it down, that there are women left who love not such a low, grovelling care for what they shall eat, and what they shall drink, and what they shall wear, that they must barter all that is priceless and imprishable for what is poor and perishable.

How some of the girls would do it, I can tell it, you may be sure; that wasn't her style. In the bitterness of his disappointment little Tommy poured out his trouble to his friend, and Sallna Vaux's intimate friend told Mrs. Grundy; and now she was engaged to Wilverton Rector. Wilverton Rector was more brains, more beauty, and better style—I doubt if he had any better heart than Tommy Ayers—he hadn't half as money, but he was a little bit old well, and even brilliantly, and evinced much thought and culture. I wondered whether, after all, he did not come as nearer to her ideal of a husband.

People may endeavor to underrate personal beauty as much as they like; I persume of language and sensibility it is more than they themselves are half the time aware; the influence especially of grace in one's presence is powerful. I wonder if even Miss Vaux look up to watch Wilverton Reese cross a room, or perform any act of courtesy, with that sense of admiration for the doing it in shadow?

There are some people who can understand the poetry of motion, and, for such, it is a pity we are sure it is for more powerful than force beauty. This was Wilverton Reese's specialité—the perfect play of limb and muscle. Was this the man had carried Sallna Vaux's heart? Let us see.

I said we had all but one thought about the matter—that strange sense of her mood with this idea, I swat up to Lloyd Carlisle one wet morning when there was no chance of his leaving, and asked him "why wasn't the engagement announced?"

"What engagement?"

"Miss Vaux's engagement." Why, Miss Vaux and Wilverton Reese."

He turned a chair for me out of the rain, and sat himself beside me.

"So you thought that too?"

"Yes, and you *knew* it."

"*I*—never! What do you mean?"

I told him, and what I supposed he had written upon the wood-cut No. 4. Then he gave this explanation:

"About two weeks ago Miss Vaux and I went walking one evening, and came down the Ten Steps at last. We had been silent for some time in our separate reveries, I suppose, I was thinking sitting coolly and quite sentimentally" (and he smiled humorously here) "on that last step." It amused me to think how we got apart, and met over it as a matter of course. What I wrote upon the sketch was just this: 'Do you remember the last step—you were there?' I was in a very peculiar mood—emotion I know that I had been mistaken by her, and felt very bitterness, and I particularly wanted to be if I could have done it without involving others—for we have the parties—or without compromising her if she chose to do so. Her explanation I should have drawn greater surprise down upon her and other suggestions."

"That explanation, Sir, I know, wasn't this beautiful of him! I go good at tell him so, whatever I got quite mistaken about the rest of his story.

"After that sudden evidence of feeling on her part," he went on, "something dashed over me. The night was perfectly magnificent, the moon lying alone down near that very spot, quite absorbed in my own meditations, a vague murmur of voices mingling the sea—I was thinking of her as an accompaniment; and when I got up and came away I was in a perfectly delicious state of feeling, for I was in the full moonlight. It was all so vague, and I so absorbed in my own reveries that I had forgotten it is unusual for one to have back the other meaning while we set there as the probable cause of her embarrassment; for the moonlight shadow made her face so pale, and Wilverton Reese. Do you see?"

"Yes, Sir, I know I see; I see, even if it were them, why she should take it so seriously."

"I know it is very strange."

"Do you think they told him, Mr. Carlisle—this Wilverton Reese?"

He waited a moment before he answered, looking out into the fine fog of rain as in a dream.

"I think she is pleased with him," making musing remarks upon the weather, "I know I am getting wet. Come in out of the rain, do." And we went into the parlor, finishing our conversation there, and he told me what I suppose was true, too, and one I liked; let the sequel develop it.

The parlor were Miss Vaux, Wilverton Reese, Tommy Ayers and his sister, Parker Revere, and the Ledlows, sisters, brothers, and cousins, to the tune of twenty, in the Tommy Ayers' phraseology.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come! we are having such a delicious time talking people over!" And Cod Ledlow, after delivering herself of this speech of a glowing kind, made room for me on the little sofa she occupied.

"Doing people, and want us to assist at the operation?"

"Oh, Mr. Carlisle, that isn't like you! You never do the cynical and satirical."

"Am I so very amiable?"

"Oh, a perfect lamb, Mr. Carlisle!" returned Cod, showing her white teeth in a laugh.

"I had rather you had called me a *deer!*" he remarked.

"Or a 'duck,' Carlisle," Reese suggested.

"Now don't be bad, Tommy, don't say more, young gentlemen, but let us go back to our subject," Miss Ledlow interposed.

"Or to our sweet little deer words!"

"Mr. Reese, you'll be sent to Coventry presently!" warned the young lady; if there is any thing unmanlike and of the nature we bring upon the target, it will not come from the lips of Miss Cruse Miss Ledlow's cousin—her cousin No. 5. "Do I ever say malicious or unjust things of persons?"

"Oh no, of course not; you only relieve your ecstasy!" an unknown young gentleman, looking at her finally over his eye-glasses.

She tossed her green ball of crochet wool at him, and then turned to her friend said.

"We were speaking of Miss Wylde—Miss Wylde, who is to be married on the 27th, and whom Mr. Revere admires immensely."

"Why does Mr. Revere admire her immensely? Some one asks.

"Because she is colder than the northern seas, and silent as a statue" interpolated Cod Ledlow sweetly, "and Mr. Revere admires unsoyed, so he was serious, and made answer.

"I admire Miss Wylde because she is delicately discreet: her coldness means dignity, that is all. She is so well balanced that she would seldom or never be betrayed into doing impulsive things that she regretted afterward."

Something more like a sensation than any thing I had ever seen Lloyd Carlisle's face played round it now as he took up the subject, saying "I mean no disparagement to Miss Wylde when I say that a woman who never does any thing she is sorry for is by no means a lovable character. Many of those impulsive actions proceed from both the highest and the tendest qualities of the nature, and the sudden reaction of regret is only the human effect of the sense of wrong in shadow?"

"Brave?" cried the little Ludlow, clapping her hands softly, "how you demolish his unmanly image!"

"You misunderstand me, Carlisle," Revere put in; "when I say that I admire Miss Wylde's reward, I do not mean any light harmless speech or action, which the gayety of an occasion always excusses; but I mean those little irregularities which Bell Reser, for instance, commits."

"Well, for instance?" rather impatiently was greeted Carlisle.

"For instance, then—you know that story of Bevy's kissing her?"

"No, no" exclaimed several voices.

"Well, she was kissing up against the railing of a sofa, in the corner of the public parlor, with three or four of her friends clustered round, as we are now. That parlor was dim with evening, and they thought her asleep. Reese came in, and remarking it, with his usual impulsiveness, and blessed her—she quite blinked him back again, being no more asleep than himself."

"Splendid!" burst out Miss Ludlow, clinking hands and clapping her hands. "Bell Reser for ever! I'll go over and see her to-morrow."

"With a number of Miss Ludlow; you must know the young lady had met him but three times then."

"*Just minx!* is that the length that gives the sweetness to the kiss? you know; and Reese is handsome enough to kiss, the ineffable fellow!"

"From that commenced a violent intimacy," Revere went on, "of a very Platonic affair, which gave them the privilege of carrying on prolonged tête-à-tête, and kissing each other whenever they met each other. Then when Reese got thrown from that wicked beast of his, nothing must do but she must go Reese's bedside every hour in the day, and half the time with only her little sister, Mary, for company—a servant's inquiries would have done quite as well—but romantic impulses were, I believe, that he absolutely needed some womanly overflowing, and her sister's mother or sister could give; so she established herself in that capacity. Now one would get the idea from this of a fast young lady—a romper; it is unlike we all know that Bell Reser is simply a warm-hearted, impulsive girl. But what may wouldn't prefer such a girl as Alice Wylde for a wife—will it?"

"I wouldn't," rung out Carlisle's resolute voice, "The Bell Reser's of the world are free from the very excess of innocence and girlish high spirits, draw down upon them the censure of the world, among them, it is supposed, very qualities, rightly directed or occupied, make them the most faithful companions. Very much depend upon the nature of a mature, or even its tenderness, where the emotions never betray the owner into the least irregularity, where the feelings never dare say thing that is 'sorry for.' I do not mean to excuse, by any means, the irregularities of a certain class of young women who may be fairly denominated 'fast'—properly, what we call 'irregularities' with them are regulated. It is their nature, and they know things. They go about it in a systematic, business manner, and are never so state as when they proceed in accordance with their peculiarities. They have no regrets. It is greatly to be hoped and that the impulsive sections of good, natural girls, like Bell Reser, may never have a chance to the performances of these 'fast' young women. They should not be exposed to them, and I am sure they do when they perceive the resemblance."

"But, Carlisle, what do you make of the earnest lack of caution which leads a girl—or Miss Rosser here—to accept a friendship which every one recognizes to be of the most sentimental order, but condescendy use a betrothal—so carry it on with notes and letters and rings and roses—all the paraphernalia of a regular engagement?"

"I think, Revere, that this is the most excusable of her shortcomings. When I see a relation of this kind, I know that it is with a project—that the woman's heart discovers that it is not complete enough to merge into marriage, yet yearning for a strength and sweetness of companionship which is her opposite, she accepts this half-relationship for a time, until she perceives that it will not do. It must be more or less at length, and it ends usually in being less. Then comes the regret; for the world's lesson come in, and she gets them ever again, and strives to bend their wisdom. From my soul I pity women! They are a mirror way, indeed, and hedged about with thorns. Let them be ever so heedless, and their souls have cost me bleeding. Yet all manner of temptations assail them, and assume the shape of angels' wings to deceive. Revere, we was disposed to be charity to all women; we, who have the most royal largess of kindness, are called to."

As suddenly as he ceased speaking Miss Ledlow rose from her seat and went over to where he was standing, and, laying in her electrical manner but without any bleser or scene-making—"Lloyd Carlisle, you deserve to be knighted for your knowledge, and your brave defendership of them!" and with her usual curious mixture of play and earnest, she implied her sweet lips, and, clinging to over his shoulder, placed a kiss on his brow that with a little gold cross which a moment ago glittered at her bosom. "Sir, Sir, you are no longer Lloyd Carlisle, but a knight of the golden cross—*Lord* Carlisle."

Carlisle was the most modest and retiring of men. He had gone out of himself in his bitt of sarcasm, and, in his personal humility, he recalled again to it, he shamed, smiling and colouring, back into his shell of reserve. Miss Ludlow turned a fluttery look of relief to all when she said, with perfect gravity,

"I wish you'd give me a lock of your hair, Lord Carlisle, to wear on my breast in memory of Bell."

The tongues loosened after this, and we women, every one, had a little to say about Bell Reser's mystery one? No. Miss Vaux said never a word—she talked, but sent such a sudden, soft, and smile upon her face that I thought I was blind, rising, turn ed to go out at the door, but caught her foot in the cord and tassel of her morning robe, and recline-ment, and fell down for Carlisle to catch her, drawing wood simultaneously with Wilverton Reese; but it was Carlisle who raised her, who gave her his arm out of the room. He did not come back to us; but out in the driving rain I saw him walk a few minutes after and go in a direct way.

This was Saturday. The next day, contrary to his usual custom, he came down at church bell, drawing up a chair, and looking quite pleasantly. Miss Ludlow was standing at the window.

"Here he is, Cod Carlisle! What's going to take you to church? You don't know the way alone?"

He laughed, colored a little, and answered, "Miss Vaux has been kind enough to offer me a seat to day."

"Good! What's she going to do with the Prince of Wales?"

"Who?"

"Wilverton Reese. What's she going to do with him?"

Miss Vaux came down just then, clad in lilac—that mystical purity of color which few dare under take; but which made me think of—

"Her dress was like the lily,
And her heart as pure as they;
One look of love would purify
Did wait with me that day."

for though not in the letter of the text was her dress in the lily, yet it reflected the lily's hues and white and stainless as they.

Carlisle looked for a moment with that peculiar expression of his, "as in a dream;" then coming forward joined her, receiving that soft, sad smile, and "good morning" in her direction. "I keep you waiting?" said in the tones that "FATHER, INTO THY HANDS." Wilverton Reese was swinging his hat and coming, and Miss Ludlow was watching him inside; because Wilverton Reese had in a way established Miss Sallna Vaux's heart to claim her therefore, as he had established himself as stand upon most occasions; so his sat going, and somewhat pale glance was rather an unpleasant one.

Sallna Vaux was impenetrable—just a lady—to him. As she recognized Mr. Reese she greeted him with a smile, "Good morning, and Will you go to church with us?"

"I wish I must write letters to-day" and so, simply, Miss Ludlow's question, of what she would do with the Prince of Wales was answered. The carriage was drawn up under the porte-cochère, but it may be, and Sallna Vaux went into church with Lord Carlisle. That was a good thing of Miss Ludlow's.

Carlisle had heard, all his little time of knowing Sallna Vaux, that she was cold; brilliantly and fascinating, but unimpassioned. He had his own thoughts, however, but to-day, when he sat beside her in the pew, he felt that the hidden service did he follow that low concentrated voice, the very voice that cried "FATHER, INTO THY HANDS" the fine, that cold white face, moved by the "Cross and Passion."

Sallna Vaux was thrilled through and through. It was after the supplication "O Lamb of God, who taken away the sins of the world!" that voice he heard so well, and felt, almost as a sob, "O Christ my Lord!"

The low bend and the slender profile, one quick look, and the tender sensibility, delicate as a woman's, that dwelt in Lloyd Carlisle's bosom, flowed out in a tender pity for the lonely one ever for the sight of them in hers. What was her "Cross and Passion?" from what sore need did she cry for "Peace?" If he had had any idea in the story of her want of warmth, any doubt of her intensity of nature, it crept away before that vision of her.

Going home they left the fashionable throughfare, taking the quiet lanes and the shady side walk their way.

There was something for Lloyd Carlisle to say—it was a good time now—and then and there he

told her what his few words of pencilling had meant on the sketch No. 4.

The cold white face hung out its scarlet signal of distress a moment; a moment more and she passed herself again, calm and clear, saying with that impenetrable manner,

"I misunderstood you, and want to ask your pardon for treating you with coldness perhaps."

She had been purposed long before to be kind to Sis, silently after this, they walked on, and at a turn of the road met Miss Rosier—Bell Rosier, who had been under stern discussion yesterday, and the handsome Howe in company. She had a hand full of daisies, and one was set like a star on the dark blue of the gentleman's coat.

"There's No. 3 of the 'sketches,'" Carlotta remarked as they passed on.

"Preference? Yes, that is one of Mr. Revere's irregularities and that is just like Bell Rosier's careless ways." Miss Vaux returned. Then she began—

"Oh! Mr. Carlisle, let me tell you how much I appreciated your kind sympathy for women yesterday, and how it did you the greatest honor."

"Thank you—you are kind to praise me; but you overrate it, permit me to say. There are thousands of men who would express the same, I know; but you have not charmed to hear one before, he modestly depreciated.

She smiled such an ineffable smile—arch and unbelieving.

"No, I have not, Mr. Carlisle. I have met with many of your sex in society that I have talked with them—the finest of them, too—about my own sex; but somehow I never did chance to hear one of the generous sentiments that you did. You were a glorious chance to me, Mr. Carlisle, if you did not have charmed to hear me perfectly

OUR HORSE-SHOW.—THE ARAB HORSE CALIF OF CAIRO, THE PROPERTY OF JUDGE JONES.—DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDER.—[SEE PAGE 815.]

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9. The Lion.—Numberless accounts prove that the lion is noble in his revenge, magnanimous in his courage, and grateful for benefits received. Bold and daring to a fault, he, etc., etc.

THE BATTLE OF THE STORE

I was poring over my ledger
On a cold November day,
And counting up my profits
In a calculating way.
How I strove, and worried, and dreamed,
And dreamed, and toiled, and swore,
As I fought the fights through many a year—
The battle of the store.

I was thinking it over and over—
The per cent. I should loso on Brown,
And whether I'd sell to Smith again
Whenever he came to town;
And whether my draught on Jones
Would come in by one more day,
And so I went fighting, fighting on,
The battle of the store.

I was poring over my ledger
On a cold November day,
When I heard a voice at my elbow,
In a supplicating way:
"Will you let me entreat your notice
Toward this little book?
The price is only a shilling;
I think you will buy if you look."

I turned my head to my shoulder,
To a figure gaunt and grey,
Whose coat was shabby, and worn thin
For this cold November day.
He had every look about him
Of a room in a dirty street,
With a smoky fire in it,
And never enough to eat.

He stood at my elbow humbly,
And some one came in store,
While I took his book with a business smile,
And motioned him to a chair.
For somehow in the ledger
I had entered old man gray,
And I knew I should find the entry
At no far distant day.

I would give him a touch of nature,
Forgetting the god I obeyed;
So I gave the fire a goodly stir,
And I asked him, "How is trade?"
"Ah! trade is very, very low,
And bread and meat are high;
And the weather is very, very cold—
And do you not wish you could die?"

I said that I thought I was willing to live
And struggle on for a while;
So the old man said it was very well,
And smiled a ghostly smile.
"But when you have lived as I have lived,
And lost as I have lost,
You will wish for death as the only rest
That is left for the tempest-tossed.

"It was many and many a year ago,
I could look in my ledger and see
The names of my debtors in every land,
And my ships on every sea.
I can count not the loss and gain
As 'tis counted to-day by you,
And I looked on my God and my love of truth
In a business point of view.

"I have seen my dream of gold dispelled,
My friends among the dead,
And the name that stood for a million once
Not good for a loaf of bread.
I have lived to see far more than this—
My wife and my children fair
Go one by one to the silent land—
They tarry for me there."

He ceased, and wiped the dropping tears
From off his withered face,
Then slowly from his pocket took
A strip of ragged lace.
He kissed and pressed it to his lips,
And speaking thick and fast—
"This is the only relic left
That binds me with the past."

Oh! sad and desolate old man—
Thou type of all thy race—
Like thee, they cling unto the past
By bits of ragged lace.
Like thee, they pass the dreary round
Of pleasure or of pain;
Like thee, they dwell upon a life
They would not live again.

Good-night, thou man of many woes!
Come not again to me,
For I have debts in every land,
And ships on every sea.
And I have wife and children fair;
My friends are not yet dead;
But still I'll close my ledger up,
And think on what you've said.

OUR HORSE-SHOW.—THE ARAB HOUSE.

We continue our series of pictures of American horses, cattle, sheep, and other animals with the Arab horse "Calif" of Cairo, whose portrait will be found on page 812. The Arabian's superior qualifications of beauty and temper place him at the head of our horses, and to him originally, with very few exceptions, we trace almost every breed of horses in the United States.

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For January, 1861.

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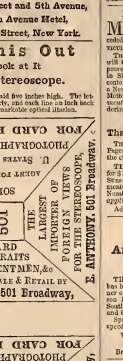

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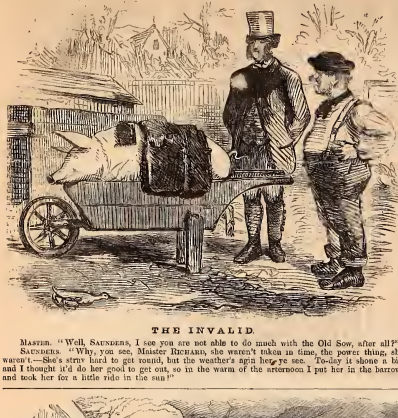

THE INVALID.

MASTER. "Well, SAUNDERS, I see you are not able to do much with the Old Sow, after all?"
SAUNDERS. "Why, you see, Mister RICHARD, she waren't taken in time, the power thing, she waren't.—She's strive hard to get round, but the weather's agin her,—see. To-day it shone a bit, and I thought it'd do her good to get out, so in the warm of the afternoon I put her in the barrow, and took her for a little ride in the sun!"

IMPORTANT MATTER.

AUGUSTUS. "I say, Laura, just tell us before any one comes, whether my Back Hair's parted straight!"

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VOL. IV.—No. 209.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1860.

The Christmas Gift.

THE Christmas morn is bright and clear,
And through the frosty atmosphere
Heaven seems more near than ever near.

And silver-sounding through the air,
The chimes are thrilling, here and there,
Sweet music melting into prayer.

Through the broad streets a motley throng
Of joyous faces sweeps along,
With smiles that touch the heart like song.

For ne'er from voice or instrument
Woo ever richer music rent
Than the sweet smile of calm content.

And over all the city flows,
As dew descends upon the rose,
A silent joy, a sweet repose.

So fair the day, so fair the show,
It rends one's very soul to know
That any heart is wrung with woe.

Yet in a quiet room I see
A pale-faced widow bend the knee,
And pray to Heaven silently.

And tears are coursing down her cheek:
Her lips, though quivering, can not speak—
When the heart prays the tongue is weak.

In virtue of the poet's gift,
The veil from off her soul I lift,
And watch the thoughts that heavenward drift.

And all those earnest prayers, I know,
Are for the boy that long ago
Left her to sadness and to woe.

And though he be—she knows not where—
She tracks him with her mother's prayer,
And wastes her days 'twixt hope and care.

But while her sweet petitions soar,
There comes a ringing at the door,
A cheery step upon the floor,

And a hale man with rosy face,
That makes a brightness in the place,
Comes briskly in with active pace.

Thus the new-comer gayly cries,
"What, sister, weeping? Dry those eyes:
Christmas was never made for sighs."

"A merry Christmas, brother dear!"
The widow says, and dries the tear.
"What brings you thus so early here?"

"Oh! nothing; only that, you know,
There were children long ago,
And tumbled in the Christmas snow,

"Each Christmas-day I've given to you
Some little present, to renew
The love that long has linked us two.

"This year the thing escaped my mind;
You must not think me grown unkind,
Or that my love in night's declined.

"But I have just dropped in to say,
That though my gift's postponed a day,
To-morrow forfeit I will pay.

"Come, tell me what you most desire,
An opal with its soul of fire,
Or chain of Malta's tuneous wire?

"Or do you love the amethyst,
That seems by purple sunsets kissed,
And faintly wrashed in evening mist?"

A faint smile plays across her face,
And lights it with a sorrowing grace,
Like moonlight on a lonely place.

"Ah, brother!" softly she replies,
While tears brim o'er her patient eyes,
"There is but one gem that I prize.

"Could you but give my boy to me,
I'd forfeit all the gems that he
In far Brazil or India's sea."

"Open the door!" the brother cries,
With pleasure leaping from his eyes;
"Here is my gift—and here your prize!"

The chamber-doors are flung apart—
With one loud sob, and one quick dart,
The prodigal lies on her heart!

Far sweeter than the chiming bells
That sound o'er towns and country dells
Is the joy that up from that chamber swells.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
AND
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that *Harper's Magazine* for the ensuing year will contain new Stories

By Thackeray and the Author of
"Adam Bede;"

and that in November 1861 the Sale of *Harper's Weekly* a new Novel by CHARLES DICKENS, entitled

GREAT EXPECTATIONS,

was commenced. Mr. Dickens's Tale will be richly illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN, Esq.

These Works will be printed from the Manuscripts and proof-sheets of the Authors.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1860.

☞ A HANDSOME Title-page to Volume IV. of *Harper's Weekly*, of which the present is the concluding Number, together with a complete Index of Contents, has been printed on a separate sheet, and may be had gratuitously of all agents, or at the office of publication.

☞ MUSLIN COVERS may also be had by those who wish their Numbers for the year bound in a volume, at FIFTY CENTS each. TWENTY-FIVE per cent. discount allowed to Trade.

WHAT THEY SAY IN EUROPE.

WHEN the recent political and financial crisis burst upon us a few weeks since, the first thought of many people was—What will they say in Europe? It was generally supposed that the news of the premature dissolution of the Union would excite the delight of the despots of Europe, and of all who are opposed to democratic government; it was universally understood that a financial revulsion of the most terrible character would follow the announcement of the fall in foreign exchange here, and of the general stagnation in business.

Well, they have got the news in Europe. And we are bound to say that, thus far, neither of the above expectations has been realized. No expression of delight has been uttered by any European despot or aristocrat. On the contrary, the voice of England has been eloquently and boldly cried for the maintenance of the Union; and France has, it is said, declared that, in the event of the dissolution of the Union, it will keep the Southern ports open to federacy. Letters from Germany intimate that the German powers will pronounce for the Union also.

Not only this, but there is no funneiul trouble abroad, and no prospect of any. Europe is sending us a couple of millions of gold per week, and is doing it cheerfully, knowing that the unnatural operation of shipping specie from Europe to America must involve a decline in the price of our staples—cotton, breadstuffs, tobacco, rice, provisions, etc.—of which she is the principal consumer. So far from being frightened at what has happened, Englishmen laughs at us for our fright. So far from sending our stocks back for redemption, England buys more at the decline.

It is true that at our latest dates from Europe the full danger of dissunion was not realized. It was yet generally believed that the Cotton States were sincere in their purpose, and it was not suspected that the border States were willing to co-operate with them. The Message of the President had not been received, nor was it known that South Carolina would act so early as she has done. Perhaps when the Europeans receive these additional items of information they will take a more gloomy view of the future. But it is certain that, at present, they are neither alarmed for their commercial nor exultant about their political interests.

ABUSED WORDS.

A FEW weeks since the Leagner implored a little charity for a few words, of the most ordinary kind indeed, but which are latterly treated with extraordinary indignity. The word "begin" is one of them—a word which has done faithful service in the language from the beginning, but which is now discarded for "commencement"—a good word, doubtless, but which shows no such very obvious superiority to the other that it should be constantly substituted for it.

Just at this moment, in the high and solemn debate which is going on in the country, the word "rupture" is most cavilliery supplanted by the clumsy term "disruption." The word "rupture" is derived from the Latin *rumpo*, to break; and it means the act of breaking and the state of being violently parted. What greater force than this has "disruption?" The prefix "dis" implies separation, as in "dissuion;" but in a word which of itself has the same force it is superfluous, and therefore weakening.

So long as we talk, and write letters, and make speeches, we will do them correctly, and in good grammar.

There is another word in which this State is interested, and which has recently changed itself, and begs the whole universe to take notice of the change. Our westernmost county, Chatauqua, has altered its final vowel. It was spelled former, by one; it is now spelled qua. The reason is obvious. The people of that county was tired of being called Chokeru, and it has so arranged it that it is now sure to get its final vowel.

So phonetic spelling is to be spelling it *que*, and calling *tuque* hoch. All the courts, and officers, and newspapers of the country have given in their adhesion to the new spelling. The oldest bank has its notes engraved *Chatauque*; and all legal papers adopt the new form. It seems to have been a unanimous but peaceful revolution. "Disruption" is another affair.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WINDOW QUESTION.

DEAR LOUNGER,—In a recent number I saw that you had a great deal to say about the discomforts of close cars, and of somebody's futile efforts to have the windows opened on a moist evening. Now, you are a pretty fair fellow, and I should like to have a reasonable word with you.

You know as well as I that if a window is opened in a car, it works badly for the person who sits behind, for he gets the full blast in his face, while the man who sits in front enjoys a pleasant coolness. How do you know that it may not be very distasteful to your neighbor? How do you know that he may not be very uncomfortable? Yes, and how do you know that he may not have a cold or some illness which might be increased by the steady gush of sharp, chill, wintry air?

Do you say that, in such a case, the man would have sense enough to speak? Why, no, not necessarily. In the very article of which I began by speaking, you say that you are not sure that you should practice what you preach, and so you may be very sure that the same feeling which would prevent you from insisting upon having the window open would prevent many a man from insisting upon having it closed. I knew a man who was roasting in his house with a friend who knew nothing about rowing and pulled directly against the other. But the other said nothing, and nerdly kept strong enough stroke to keep the boat moving properly.

Or would you say that the fresh air can't hurt my body, and that your neighbor ought to like it, and that silence shows how human life is shortened and the human mind poisoned by foul air? Will you quote Florence Nightingale, who considers fresh air a panacea? Certainly you may be right, and what I say and Miss Nightingale may be right; but who made you the judge in your neighbor's case? Suppose he says, "I don't like fresh air, I've got a sore throat or a thin cost, and it makes me hoarse or makes me chilly. I don't care for your science, nor that dear lady, Miss Nightingale, except to admire her bravery and devotion; I want to be comfortable, and I'll take the risk of getting pleurisy, with the window." What will you do, dear Lounger? Isn't it just as selfish in you to keep the window open when he manifestly wants it shut, as it would be in him if he sat in your place to insist upon keeping it shut when you wanted it open? It may have come to a contest of generosity between you; but I am inclined to think that you would shut the window and concede.

That is just the difficulty in the matter of travel in cars. There is nothing with the window that does not implicate the comfort of other people, and you ought to consider that quite as much as your own. It is a matter of something more. There is no doubt that no car cars are arranged the violent draught of air, although it may be fresh may be sub-soilish. Suppose, if you could have fresh air merely, nobody would object; but when you must have it in a way which may be injurious, then you must strike a balance of evils between the hot air and the cold. I remember traveling one night upon the Erie road—and there, if any where, you have the pure poison of foul air. The atmosphere of the car when I opened the door at midnight is step to be overpowering. There was something deadly and appalling in the miasma which pounced out as I entered. As I sat down I opened a window, as instinctively as you would snatch a board if you were drowning, and I plunged my head out into the starry coldness of the night. I had scarcely done so when a hand was laid upon my shoulder from behind. "Please, Sir," said a plaintive voice, "my wife is very ill, and the thing air pains her." Closing the window, I turned and saw a sallow man sitting upon the seat next with a pale invalid face lying upon his shoulder. They were poor emigrants going West.

The true remedy for the difficulty would be a system of vestiaps which should allow the escape of the foul air without exposing any body to the cutting draught. That will come with the Millennium. It will come when public halls are properly ventilated, when public streets are properly swept, and when public common-sense suggests that public health and morality are closely allied to public prosperity.

Meanwhile let us get as much fresh air we can, dear Lounger, but when we are pinched, let us remember that it is not altogether because other people want to breathe foul air.

Yours fraternally,

BOHEMIAN.

THE VERGE OF THE PIT.

MY name is Chirpop (or something very like it), and until very lately I was a fencer man in the Detective department of Her Majesty's Police Establishment. I am considerably below the age at which police officers are entitled to retire on half-pay; but having received an awkward stab in the neck, while capturing a renowned thief, the injury was allowed to reckon time, and retired I am.

During my thirteen years of active service I earned for myself a fair reputation for skill and cunning as a seaner of jull-birds. I have vanity enough to believe that I deserve it. I could count on my fingers the number of times I have strayed from the rigid path of duty. Yet I have the satisfaction of driving more comfort from the commission of at least one of the cold clips, than from any dozen of my most brilliant achievements.

I am reminded of it by a letter just received. It bears the Canadian post-mark, and is fraught with pleasant news. The writer tells me he is prosperous and happy. He alludes to me as his "dear friend" and "preserver." Why he dare so—why, indeed, he corresponds with me at all—is olves rather a singular story.

One night, at the end of November, 1849, I was returning from a business jaunt. It was a bitter night. It was too late for omnibuses, not a cab was to be seen; so, from Hammersmith to Chelsea, I had to trudge it afoot.

For business reasons I was handsomely dressed, and wore rings on my fingers, and carried a gold watch and chain. My seal-skin coat, however, buttoned up to my throat for comfort sake, covered my finery with the exception of the rings. Had I worn gloves, you will perhaps say, as a Christian should, these too would have been hidden. But I never liked gloves—always liked my hands naked, and at liberty. There is another thing I never liked—a pleasant coat, that I had to hold a pipe in my mouth without the assistance of my hand. For comfort sake, on my bleak journey, I unbuttoned my clips, and, as usual, had it between fingers, so that the rings thereon were distinctly to be seen.

The road from Kensington to Hyde Park Corner is never of the cheerfulest; on a dark winter's night it is intensely dreary. When I reached the commencement of the long blank wall that faces Gore House I saw a pedestrian some distance ahead of me. I am of a sociable turn of mind, and the discovery was pleasant. Thinks I, if you are inclined for a chat, my friend, a mile or so of the way may be lightened.

The man ahead was walking slowly, and I very fast, so that, in a very short time, I overtook him. While yet a few paces behind, I noticed that he was of thin build, and that his clothing was spare, and not at all adapted to the season. "It was still snowing heavily; it was heaped round the rim of his hat, and his shoulders were white with it.

"Pardon me, Sir," said I, "if you will accept the shelter of my umbrella on for or you go, you can welcome."

He bowed politely, without saying a word, and, stepping to my side, accommodated his pace to mine.

"Terrible weather, Sir!"

Re response.

"Must worse in the country, I hear."

"Sir," said he, in a quick, high voice, and wheezing hoarsely, "I have lost my voice!"

Do you hear me? I NEVER have it!"

If I was not alarmed, I must confess I was considerably astonished. I felt pretty sure he might a rider whose hoarse had suddenly turned its head around. Man, I exclaimed, "Sir, I must have your whip! Throw it me this minute!" *I* to be stopped by a highwayman! Armed with a pistol, too!

Such a highwayman! Such a pistol! I believe I, at that time, had the honor of acquaintance with every rascal in and about London; but certainly this was not one of them. There was not an atom of resemblance in his appearance. He could not have been older than twenty, and his pale, boyish face was but a sorry fetch for ferocity. As to his "weapon," it was of the cheap "Bramagrass" school, with a barrel capacious enough for an onoce ballet, and a stock scarce strong enough to crack a walnut. Having shown me the terrible thing, he was content to let it dangle loosely in his hand. Was possessed of no other weapon but my umbrella, which I carefully closed, and took convenient hold of, in case of an accident.

"How long have you been at this trade, my friend?" I inquired.

"What can be of little consequence to you," replied he, with a feeble attempt at ferocity. "I am in earnest; give me your purse at once! I see you are a rich man (pointing at my rings). Give me your purse, and save me the crime of shooting you."

"We will settle the shooting question first," said I, at the same time suddenly twitching the Bramagrass pistol from his hand with the crooked handle of my umbrella, and crunching it into the snow with my heel. "Now I, too, am in earnest. I am detective-sergeant Chirrup, and you are my prisoner!"

I placed my hand on his shoulder; but he slid

from beneath; still first to his knees, and then on to his face, as might a man without bones, and there lay as the snow, as quiet and as white as it. He had fainted.

Here was a pretty predicament! What was I to do with the dead jailbird? "Stand by him till a constable comes this way; then hand him off, and see him properly cared. That was the suggestion of John Chirrup, the officer. But there was another John Chirrup, formerly a gardener at Chilvers, and a friend of whom Christian cherity had not been entirely squeezed, in spite of many years of police life and old brother sleek; and the small voice of John Chirrup, the gardener, spoke up; it said, "It would be a thousand pities to take the poor man to prison. Thank he is not a practiced thief is certain; he isn't a thief at all, I believe. Look at him, and I know the marks of want and privation that led him to commit this mad blunder. Let him go!"

Where? If John Chirrup, the gardener, could have answered that question, or even supplied a satisfactory reason for supposing that he knew of "go" again, when assisted to his legs, and stanted, I might have slipped half-a-crown into his waistcoat-pocket, laid him under the wall, and passed on; but he lay so dead and still that this was not to be thought of. So I knelt down by the side of the prostrate young man, and looked at temples and hands with now till he opened his eyes. For a moment he recognized John Chirrup, and then, evidently remembering what had transpired, he hurled his face in his hands, and sobbed and sobbed like a very small boy indeed.

"Come, young fellow," said I, "you had better bustle up, unless you wish to be found with. Well, what's your? Have you been drinking?"

"No, God help me! no, nor eating either. Oh, my poor Clara! What an ending! What an ending!"

He made a shift to stand up as he spoke, and seeing his weak condition, I offered him my arm. "Don't hold me, please," said he. "I will walk quietly with you."

"And who is Clara?" I asked, as we walked along together.

"My wife, Sir," replied he, coolly.

"Pray what does she do while you take to the highway?"

He stopped short, and clenched his mites of fists as though about to knock us down in desperateness; but seeing my imperturbable demeanor, he altered his mind, and replied to my question.

"I will tell you, Sir, what she is doing," said he, bitterly; "she is lying ill and hungry; she is lying alone and dead in the dark, listening for my return from a begging errand—as she was bid to be. Here—to my father's brother—name, Thomas Shive," he continued, he, softly, "I hope what I do dreaded may now come soon. I hope she may die. I hope she may die before the morning, and be spared a knowledge of this!"

When John Chirrup, the gardener, heard this woful little speech, he moved uneasily Chirrup, in the most handsome manner, and compelled that functionary to put the case entirely into his hands. Said he:

"Now, look here, young man! you know well as I do that your behavior has caused you to be liable to transportation. I have told you I am a detective-sergeant. Here's my warrant to vouch for the fact. What you have done, you will not be gammon, and it may be truth. I'm inclined to believe you. Prove what you have said to be true, if you can, you may yet escape the pit to the verge of which your rashness has brought you."

He took from his pocket an old pocket-book.

"You may find something there," said he, apathetically, "that may convince you."

Wildness strange I opened it. There were pawnbrokers' tickets for wearing apparel; a printed notice to quit on "back room on the second floor at the house situate 37 B——Street, Camden Town;" and a letter addressed, in a business hand, to "Mr. Thomas Shive," at the above-mentioned address. I took the letter from its envelope and read it. It ran:

"CRITCHED FRIARS.

"SIR,—To your repeated and imperthinent applications to me for pecuniary assistance, I can more and freely reply that I have nothing to give. It is clear to me that your destitution is not nearly so extreme as you would apply for relief, as your father's long payment of pence-entries evinces, to the authorities of the parish to which you belong. OWEN SHIVE."

I had no longer any doubt as to the truth of his story, and as at the moment an empty cab happened to pass, I hailed it, and together we took my house in Cheyne Row. I had ordered a fire and a comfortable bit of supper to be ready in my room, so that I had no difficulty in entertaining my young friend, the highwayman. We supped together, as we had rode, in perfect silence, and then I lowered a little grog, and had brought my chair to the fire.

"Now," said I, "tell me all about this strange business."

"First let me thank you," said he, taking my hand between both his, and pressing it to his head over it—"let me thank you for your great kindness; not so much to myself as to who knew life is so tenderly woven with me, let me an knees express my gratitude for the money you have showed us."

Good gracious! I wonder what Scotland Yard would have thought had it seen the ridiculous pair! I wonder how Sergeant Chirrup would have felt if Superintendent Twitchet had at that moment put his official head and neck in at the door! My young friend somewhat recovered his equanimity presently, and allowed himself to be persuaded. Then, in a tedious and roundabout way, he told me his story.

How that his father (where only son my young friend was) had his uncle had, for many years, carried on, as partners, a shipping agency business; how that Clara, a little child of eight years, had arrived, per *Firefly*, from Calcutta, an orphan, her parents having died on the homeward voyage; and how, by some means, the child had found quarters at Shive & Co.'s shipping-office, and was eventually adopted by the firm. How that my young friend's father, by-and-by, died; and how his brother Owen made out, in the settlement of these whose business it was, that the defunct shipping-agent was not his partner at all, never had been, and that the business and its belongings was his entirely, including the accumulated profits. How after this, his nephew, Thomas, was placed in a seat among the junior clerks, at a slender salary. How that Clara grew up, in Owen Shive's house, from a pretty child to a beautiful young woman; how that young Thomas made secret-bid love to her. How that proud-hearted Owen Shive made love to her, and offered her his love old hand in marriage. How that the frightened little maid neither accepted nor accepted it, but carried the dismal intelligence to jauntier clerk Thomas, who married her out of hand; and how that presently the young gardener, and friend, swopping the junior clerk off his stool and out of the house, banished the door to his future ingress.

Since that time, now, two or three ago (and yet Thomas Shive was only twenty-two next birthday), there had been a gradual decrease of affection for the silly young couple. Thomas had tried law-writing and keeping the accounts of dilatory tradesmen, and other starving occupations, and had tried "light-portering" even, but his strength had failed beneath the burdens he had to bear, and he had grown, as he was expected to be every. He had been ill sick, one time for five weeks, and another time for two months. His wife, too, had been ill, and had been a hobby born and buried within the last month, and the undertaker, almost as clamorous as the landlady, claiming at the last, and swallowing to the little mob that generally collected the facts of the case: "What a shame! Poor creatures! if ever they would have it kicked with white cloth; and how, after all, he had only got half his money." He wasn't going to be buried. "What was the parish for but to bury such beggars' brats?" This, among other kindred circumstances, it was that induced young Thomas Shive to venture on cost, purchase the Brummagem pistol, and take to the road.

There was nothing to be done that night, so I made Master Thomas a bed on the sofa, and then retired for the night, with the assurance that my first business in the morning should be a visit to Russell-Street, Camden Town.

He came napping at my door before daylight.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said he; "I don't know what time you usually rise, but I am thinking it is growing late."

Late! it was scarcely six o'clock, and, thanks to the precious business, we had plenty of time and than three hours. Half-asleep as I was, I wonder I did not tell him so. I was very glad that I did not, for I had my own reasons and what were my intentions, and he must have been in a pretty pickle to a man from whom he was ignorant.

He wanted to come with me; but that I would not hear of. I promised to make a plausible excuse to his wife for his absence, and, to make all haste back to him. I told him to go down to the kitchen, and sit with my housekeeper till I returned.

I found B——Street in the most wretched part of Camden Town, and, Mr. Shive's lodging-house in it. Knocking at the door, I inquired if Mrs. Shive lived there.

Replied the landlady, who came shambling up the passage, lifting the corner of her apron nervously.

"I don't know what answer to make, master. They did live here, as their unfortunate rent-book is a ready witness; just he has been away three two days, and she—"

"Mrs. Shive will do as well," interrupted I, pushing past her, and proceeding to ascend the stairs. "Which is the room?"

"Second floor backs. I'll show you to the starter, and leave you to knock."

"About what?"

"About the door creeter being dead."

Poor little highwayman! Poor little Eastern maid, who had shunned old love for young!

"Good I see, my good woman! I'll do it."

"Well, you can if you are quick; we have sent for the beadle, who will not go up the door till the creeper holds his guest on her."

She went first up two flights of stairs, and then opened a door. Here, on a low truckle bedstead, she lay: her hands folded over her bosom, her raven hair heaped on either side of the pillow, making her small white face look the whiter by contrast. Awfully beautiful she looked as she lay there, making such solemn stillness that the creaking of my boots seemed a sort of sacrilege, and binding once more literally than ever to regret the stepness of these stairs—they were so unmercifully steep. On a table by the side of the bed, along with a water-jug and a medicine-phial, was an ink-bottle, with a pen in it.

"Oh yes, Sir, she had been writing," explained the landlady, rightly interpreting my looks. "It was what it was. I thought I had better keep it for the owner."

She gave me, as she spoke, a scrap of paper. Written on it was a few words addressed to her husband, telling him that she had him awake till the clock struck two, and that, at last, she had experienced so strange a desire to sleep, that she thought she might never wake again; so she wrote him that, if he should find her sleeping, he, for sake, give up his bitter thoughts against Uncle Owen: God bless and keep him for his constant love, and farewell till they met hereafter.

I put the precious note in my pocket, compensating with the landlady's scruples, as to whether I had a right to it, by settling the arrears of rent. Then I went to an undertaker (not the one, luckily, who had buried the baby, and gave him orders to take possession of and decently bury the body when the coroner had done with it.

I hardly knew whether it would be better for me to hasten to young Shive with the woeful news, or to go right on to Crutched Friars and see what conduct I could get for him there. Finally, I resolved on the latter course.

I found Shive's shipping-office and I found Mr. Owen Shive in his private counting-house. He was by no means a man person to look at. Allowing to that limited degree of personal attractiveness to every family, washer at the total absence of either in Nephew Thomas caused at once. Here was a man who had risen to be a junior, leaking out a dozen different pounds of the old shipping-agency; in his cyes, which seem blinking and blurry; in his nose, which was stung and shrunk; in his stubby, irritating hair, and in his cold yellow teeth.

"Well, Mr. Chirrup," said he, looking uneasy, and fidgeting with my card, "to what may I ascribe the honor of your visit?"

"You have a nephew, I believe, Sir," said I, coming to the point at once; "a young fellow named Thomas Shive."

"I am so afflicted," replied he, grinning savagely.

"He wrote you a letter lately, I believe?"

"A letter, Sir! He has written me fifty, the whining, complaining, whole; each one containing enough of squalor and sickness to plague a town. Here are a few of them; read them, and judge for yourself."

He opened a drawer, and taking from it a little parcel of letters, he handed them to me across the table.

I opened and read them carefully. There was much of imploring and humble appeal; but there was nothing, even the sickness, equivalent to a single shilling.

"Well, Sir," said I, "this is all true—less than true, if my thing."

"What I have you come here to defend them? exclaimed the old man, bristling and foaming in rage. "What pity can I have for him, the idle dog? Go away, Sir. Let me hear no more of the ungrateful wretch. Go, the ungrateful wretch, his wife."

"She's dead," said I.

"Dead?" and he looked as does a man who dreams he has cause for shrinking and can not.

"Dead last night in a cock-loft of a place, Camden Town way; all alone, too, and in the dark. She endeavored to record the fact in writing before she died, and I promise to mentioned in it, Sir, so you may as well read it." I handed it to him, and he took it to the window, standing with his back to me while he read it.

"And he," said the old man, still with back, as to me as a statue, "attend wife." "What was he that the dead alone?"

"Out; committing highway robbery," replied I, in the terse language of the street.

"Good God! is that true?" said he.

"He was caught in the act," I replied.

It was a bitter cold morning; so cold that from a projecting ledge above icicles hung down before the windows of the lodging-house; and it was thawing duly with Mr. Shive: beads of perspiration trickled down his face as he walked to and fro in his room.

"By to-morrow morning, I suppose," said he, at last, "every newspaper in the land will ring with the accursed news that this felon, this highwayman, is my nephew."

"No doubt of it, Sir," said I, quietly.

"It mustn't be: I'd give five hundred pounds rather," he said, after another lengthy pause; "I'd give ten thousand, if I had the money. But what brings you here? I presume you have not paid us this visit for the purpose of commiserating us on the news of my nephew's disgrace? Maybe you are able to suggest some means by which this calamity may be averted?"

Nothing more lucky for the broaching of my plans could have happened than this but observing.

"Well, Sir," replied I, "I am happy to tell you there is a way by which to avert your crange disgrace. It happens, very fortunately for all concerned, that the party attacked by your nephew is a particular friend of mine, and he is a legatee, has friend of mine, and could, if he had chosen, made short work of his assailant; but there was something so singular in the manner that he simply dismissed him, and gave him into my custody. Diligent inquiry has convinced me that the young man is good, and my friend has resolved to give him another chance to lead an honest life, on one condition—that some one will take the lad, and with suitable means to leave the country, and to start fair in some English colony—Canada, for instance."

"Provided I find the money?" snapped Mr. Shive. "Speak out, man. How much?"

"Well, I should think, if the sum you suggested, Sir," I replied; "about one hundred pounds."

There was a silence of at least a minute; at last said he,

"I know nothing of your friend, Mr. Chirrup; I supply this money, will you see it properly applied?"

"I will give you a written promise to do so, Sir?"

"And you will see poor Clo—will see his wife buried?"

"I will."

"Here, then," said he, "is a check for a hundred and twenty pounds. Be sure you make him understand how and why I give it him. Tell him I believe it is a wicked lesson a man on the road of a dog, before I throw him in the river. Bring me certain news, my good Sir, within seven days, that he is out of the country, and I will make you a pretty present."

Scarcely able to believe in my tremendous success, I left the shipping-office, and hurried home straight. How I broke to him the doleful news of his wife's death, and how he bemoaned her, are pictures I don't at all care to dwell on. Within the next seven days I took to Crutched Friars news of the sailing of Thomas Shive for Canada.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN ATTORNEY OF ORLEANS.—As old Counsellor parson, whose conception of preaching were powerful, and who was blessed with a longer of great value, was once by a parishioner, who said that "he did not like his sermons. "Well," said the old man, "I don't wonder at it. I don't like them myself!"

What unalloyed instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it—Fiddle-D.

An artist painted a cannon to return, the other day, that when he finished the touch-hole it went off. Sorry to say it was done at the court by the Sultan.

"So there's another corruption of Mount Vesuvius," said Mrs. Partington, as she put up her specs. "The Mount Vesuvius, indeed, when I was learning down the mountain, but it don't tell how it got afire."

"Didn't you tell me, Sir, you could hold the place? I thought you said you had a lawyer who was a clever trial. "Arrah, by dog now!" said Pat. "How the dame I knew he was a lawyer, I didn't know he was a cow! But I've give it to me in the barn, and he jabers I'll build it with my own hands."

The charitable festivals are West must be particularly attractive. Every young ladies there have adopted the delicious custom of forming a line, and for a given price getting the opportunity to take a smacking kiss of the Bishop. Who wouldn't be benevolent under such circumstances? The only thing against the scheme is the "expense." One would like to linger over such a work of charity.

Where is any better advertisement extant than this, in the Cross Gazette, letter to the best of it: "Lorent—A smart pinn pump, whose the size and age of a young dogs, of the best workmanship, and warranted to be productive. Has on when she left a pair of navy bobbed coat, a long tail, and a bunch of ribbons on her neck. A liberal reward will be paid for the recovery of this interesting animal. Apply, &c."

TRUE AND SURE.—A gentleman, with the same Christian and surname, took lodgings in the same house with Mr. Shakspeare, the tragedian, who was a great admirer of cells and letters. Indeed, the gentleman had no alternative but to be a great admirer of letters, for his name was "Philo Intendente, Sir!" said our friend, "and you must quit." "Why, I have lived more than years," Mr. Shakspeare, "Yes, Sir," said the gentleman—and must abdicate."

Mr. Shive's nephew, young gentleman, while reading one of his articles for the press, corrected it as she wrote thing—and the compositor's printed it, thus: "Well, husband," the exclaimed, "you don't know the first rules of grammar; you don't very understand the rules." "Well, my love," he continued, looking up from his work, "what is the matter?" "Why, husband, he thinks you speak of our we in the plural, and write it in the singular instead of it. I don't help it," was the retort; "woman is a singular being."

My friend, the Engineer, called on me to bid farewell before he sailed for Europe. "Well, Bachelor," said he, "I am going of the country." I ventured to correct his phraseology, by saying, "I am very pleasantly aware of that, sir, going into the country." He thanked me for this correction, said he should be very glad to be called, "Bachelor," and was ever door on my return."

"My dear husband," said a devoted wife, "why will you always be so cross? I do such an oblique practice, and make your breakfast so nice!" "Yes, my dear," said the husband, "I know it very well. Since I have married, and the money I have spent, to have a good breakfast I should have saved a fortune, and money would have been wasted, don't you see?"

The ancestry of Charles the Second's time, except as his wife a wealthy lady, over whose property he had unlimited control, was very low. Charles, therefore, gave two important prime figuring under the head of aristocracy—the bitter and the sweet—the bitter, I should have remarks in alternate fits of jealous hate and jealous friendship, and the sweet, in the shape of a bunch of flowers. Hyacinthe, exclaiming: "Ah! he has killed me at last!" "Not yet," said the Duke of Buckingham, turning up the stalks of their eyes. "Oh! gentlemen, gentlemen! I am dying!" "Not yet," said the Duke of Buckingham, "I am dying!" "Not yet," said the Duke of Buckingham, "I am dying!" "Not yet," said the Duke of Buckingham, "

THE FORTS AND HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

PROFILE VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE CITY AND FORTS.

THE accompanying Plan and View will enable our readers to understand the discussions which are pending in the papers on the subject of the Harbor of Charleston and the United States Forts situate therein. The latter are three in number: CASTLE PINCKNEY, FORT SUMTER, and FORT MOULTRIE on Sullivan's Island. The latter, which is the most important of the three, is held by one of the most gallant officers in the service—Major Anderson, of 3d Artillery, with only fifty-six men. The President has refused, in spite of the earnest appeals of General Scott, General Cass, Mrs. Anderson, and others, to reinforce Major Anderson; and in case of an attack upon FORT MOULTRIE he and his gallant little band would doubtless perish to a man. The Charleston *Mercury* thus describes the forts:

FORT MOULTRIE

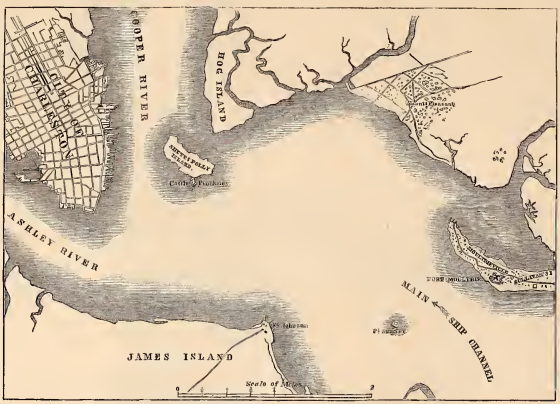
is an inclosed water battery, having a front on the south, or water side, of about 300 feet, and a depth of about 140 feet. It has a bomb-proof on its east and westerning sides as all sides, and is admirably adapted for defense, either from the attack of a storming party or by regular approaches.

The outer and inner walls are of brick, capped with stone, and filled in with earth, making a solid wall fifteen or sixteen feet in thickness. The work now in progress consists in cleaning the sand from the walls; ditching it around, and creating a glacis; closing up the postern gates in the east and west walls, and, instead, cutting sally-ports, which lead into strong outworks on the southeast and southwest angles, in which twelve-pounder howitzer guns will be placed, enabling the garrison to sweep the ditch on three sides with grape and canister. The southwest angle of the fort has also been strengthened by a barbicanette, to sustain the weight of a heavy gun which will command the main street of the island. The main entrance has also been better secured, and a trap-door, two feet square, cut in the door for ingress and egress. At this time the height of the wall, from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the parapet, is twenty feet. The ditch is from twelve to fifteen feet wide at the base, and fifteen feet deep. The nature of the soil would not seem to admit of this depth being increased, quicksand having been reached in many places. The work on the south side is nearly finished. The counterscarp is substantially built of plank, and spread with turf. The glacis is also finished. It is composed of sand, and covered with layers of loam and turf, all of which is kept firmly in place by the addition of sections of plank nailed to upright posts in the sand, and crossing each other at right angles—making squares of about ten feet each. The purpose of the glacis, which is on an inclined plane, is to prevent the shot from penetrating the walls of the fort, which are so placed as to sweep it from the crest of the counterscarp to the edge of the ditch. On the north side, all the wooden gabionets have been placed close together on the parapets, apparently for the purpose of securing it against an escalade, but possibly as a screen for a battery of heavy guns. A good many men are engaged in clearing the rampart of turf and earth, for the purpose of putting down a very ugly-looking arrangement, which consists of strips of plank four inches wide, one foot long, and half an inch thick, and each with a nail long enough to stick up about three inches above, so as to project about three feet horizontally from the top of the walls.

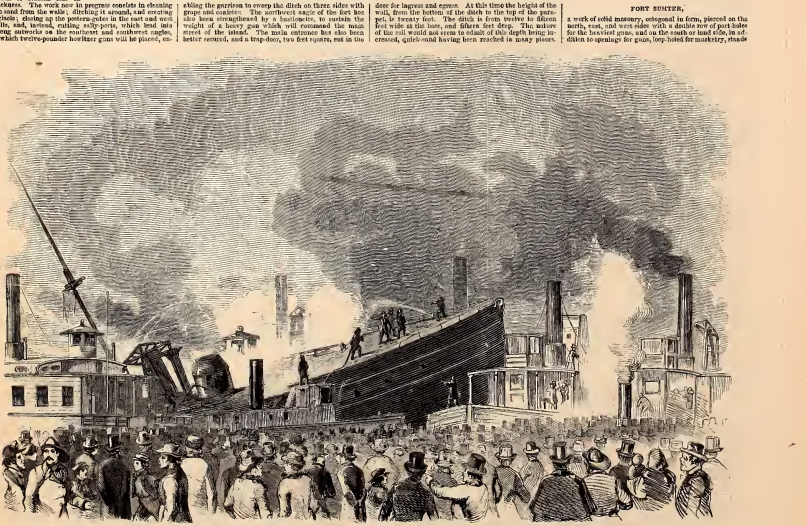
A noticeable fact in the barbicanette, to which we have before alluded, is the barbs in which one of them has been built. The one completed is formed of solid masonry. In constructing the others, however, frame-work of plank has been substituted. Against the inside of this wooden outwork boxes holding hay have been placed. Both barbicanettes are armed with a small carronade and a howitzer pointed inwardly so as to command the whole intervening moat by a cross-fire.

FORT SUMTER,

a work of solid masonry, octagonal in form, pierced on the north, east, and west sides with a double row of port-holes for the heaviest guns, and on the south or land side, in addition to openings for guns, loop-holed for musketry, stands



PLAN OF THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE FORTS, CITY, ETC.



BURNING OF THE CHARLESTON STEAMER "JOHN F. KING," NEW YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

in the middle of the harbor on the edge of the ship channel, and said to be bomb-proof. It is at present without any regular garrison. There is a large force of workmen—some one hundred and fifty in all—busy engaged in mounting the guns and otherwise putting this great structure point in order. The armament of Fort Sumter consists of 150 guns, many of them being the formidable ten-inch Columbiads, which throw either shot or shell, and which have a fearful range. Only a few of these are yet in position, and the work of mounting pieces of this calibre in the casemates is necessarily a slow one. There is also a large amount of military stores, consisting of 40,000 pounds of powder, and a proportionate quantity of rifled shot and shell. The workmen employed in the fort are forty-eight, owing to the want of regular communication with the city. The fort is entirely built on the crash tide, and is of course exposed to a cross-fire from all the opposing shore batteries.

CASTLE PINCKNEY

is located on the eastern extremity of a narrow zip of marsh land, which extends in a northerly direction to Hog Island Channel. To the harbor side the marsh land presents a circular front. It has never been considered of much consequence as a fortress, although its possession by the city would give it importance, if properly armed and garrisoned. Even here mounted guns and shot there are about fifteen guns mounted on the parapet; the majority of them are eighteen and twenty-four pounds. Some are "Columbiads" are, however, within the walls. There are also supplies of powder, shot, and shell. At present there is no garrison at the fort; the only residents are one or two officers, who have charge of the barracks. Some thirty or forty day-laborers are employed repairing the embrasures and putting the place generally in order.

This concludes our sketch of the present aspect of affairs at the three forts, which were meant to be, and which should still remain, as strong as the pride and the safety of our city.

Fort Moultrie is about 3½ miles from the city of Charleston. It is, however, within easy common range of Mount Pleasant, and might be attacked from the village of Moultrieville.

BURNING OF THE STEAMER "JOHN H. KING."

We publish on the preceding page an engraving of the destruction of the new Charleston steamship *John P. King*, which made her trial-trip last Monday. She was built at Greenpoint, on East River, when she took fire at about 8 A.M. on 18th inst.; the flames soon burst through the deck, and became intensely fierce. As she was undergoing other shipping she was towed into the stream and took off the Battery in about water. She was built by Westervelt for Spofford & Tileston; cost $160,000, and was insured for $70,000. Her tonnage, by measurement, was 1080 tons. She was built expressly for the passenger trade between New York and Charleston. Rumor asserts that she would have carried a Palmetto Flag.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN I reached home my sister was very curious to know all about Miss Havisham's, and asked a number of questions. And I soon found myself getting heavily bumped in the nape of the neck and the small of the back, and having my face ignominiously shoved against the kitchen wall, because I did not answer those questions at sufficient length.

If a dread of not being understood be hidden in the breasts of other young people to any thing like the extent to which it used to be hidden in mine—which I consider probable, as I have no particular reason to suppose myself of being born a monstrosity—it is the key to many resolutions. I felt convinced that if I described Miss Havisham's as my young lady, I should not be understood. Not only that, but I felt convinced that Miss Havisham too would not be understood; and although she was perfectly unreasonable to me, I entertained an impression that there would be something coarse and treacherous in my dragging her (to say nothing of Miss Estella) before the contemplation of Mrs. Joe. Consequently, I held as little as I could, and had my face shoved against the kitchen wall.

The word of it was that that bullying old Pumblechook, preyed upon by a decrepitude so early to be informed of all I had seen and heard, came prying over his kitchen-curtain by-and-bye to have the details divulged to him. And the mere sight of the tormentor, with his fishy eyes and sandy nose, has sundry bad impressions upon me, and his windpipe bearing with windy arithmetic, made me vicious in my reticence.

"Well, boy," Uncle Pumblechook began, as soon as he was seated in the chair of honor by the fire. "How did you get on my boy?"

I answered, "Pretty well, Sir," and my sister shook her fist at me.

"Pretty well? Mr. Pumblechook repeated. "Pretty well is no answer. Tell us what you mean by pretty well, my boy?"

Whitewash on the forehead hardens the brain into a state of obstinacy, perhaps. Any how, with whitewash from the wall on my forehead, my obstinacy was substantive. I reflected for some time, and then answered, "I mean pretty well."

My sister, with an exclamation of impatience, was going to fly at me—I had no shadow of defense, for Joe was busy in the forge—but Mr. Pumblechook interposed with, "No! Don't lose your temper. Leave this lad to me, ma'am; leave this lad to me." Mr. Pumblechook then turned me toward him, as if he were going to cut my hair or take out one of my teeth, or perform some such operation, and said:

"First (to get our thoughts in order): Forty, three pence?"

I calculated the consequences of replying "Four Hundred Pound," and, finding them against me, went as near the answer as I could—which was somewhat about eightpence off. Mr. Pumblechook then put me through my pence-table from "twenty pence make one shilling," up to "forty pence make three-and-fourpence," and then triumphantly demanded, as if he had done for me, "Now! How much is forty-three pence?" to which I replied, after a long interval of reflection, "I don't know." And I was so aggravated that I almost doubt if I did know.

Mr. Pumblechook worked his head like a screw to screw it out of me, and said, "Is forty-three pence seven and sixpence three farthens, for instance?"

"Yes!" said I. And although my sister instantly knocked my ears, it was highly gratifying to me to see that the answer spoilt his joke, and delayed him to a dead stop.

"Boy! What like is Miss Havisham?" Mr. Pumblechook began again when he had recovered; folding his arms tight on his chest and applying the screw.

"Tall, and dark," I told him.

"Is she, uncle?" asked my sister.

Mr. Pumblechook winked assent; from which I not only inferred that he had never seen Miss Havisham, for she was nothing of the kind.

"Good! Go on, Pumblechook, cordially. "This is the way to have him! We are beginning to hold our own, I think, Mum?"

"Goodness, uncle! And yet you have spoken to her?"

"Why, don't you know," said Mr. Pumblechook, testily, "that when I have been there, I have been took up in the outside of her door, and the door has stood ajar, and she has spoke to me that way. Don't say that you don't know that, Mum. However, the boy went there to play. What did you play at, boy?"

"We played with flags," I said. (I beg to observe that I think of myself with amazement, when I recall the lies I told on this occasion.)

"Flags!" echoed my sister.

"Yes, said I. "Estella waved a blue flag, and I waved a red one, and Miss Havisham waved one sprinkled all over with little gold stars, out at the coach-window. And then we all waved our swords and hurrahed."

"Was Miss Havisham there?"

"Of course she was."

"Did you see Estella?"

"Yes, said I, "and she was there too, and I had pistols in it—and jam—and pills. And there was no daylight in the room, but it was all lighted up with candles."

"That's true, Mum," said Mr. Pumblechook, with a grave nod. "That's the state of the case, for that much I've seen myself." And then they both stared at me, and I with an obstinate show of artlessness on my countenance stared at them, and plaited the right leg of my trowsers with my right hand.

If they had seen me at any more questions I should undoubtedly have hettayed myself, for I was even then on the point of mentioning that there was a bullock in the yard, and should have hazarded the statement but for my mind being divided between that phenomenon and a lame in the brewery. They were so much occupied, however, in discussing the marvels I had already presented for their consideration that I escaped. The subject still held them when Joe came in from his work to have a cup of tea, to whom my sister, more for the relief of her own mind than for the gratification of his, related my protracted experiences.

Now, what I saw Joe open his blue eyes and roll them all round the kitchen in helpless astonishment, I was overtaken by penitence; but only as regarded himself—for the least as regarded the other two. Toward Joe, and Joe only, I considered myself a young monster, while they set debating what results would come to me from Miss Havisham's acquaintance and favor. They had no doubt that Miss Havisham would "do something" for me; their doubts related to the form that something would take. My sister stood out for property. Mr. Pumblechook was in favor of a handsome premium for binding me apprentice to some genteel trade—say, the corn and seed trade for instance. Joe fell into the deepest disgrace with both, for offering the bright suggestion that I might only be presented with one of the dogs who lend fought for the veal-cutlets. "If a fool's head can express better opinions than that," said my sister, "and you have got any work to do you had better go and do it." So he went.

After Mr. Pumblechook had driven off, and when my sister was washing up, I stole into the forge to Joe, and remained by him until he had done for the night. Then I said, "Before the fire goes quite out, Joe, I should like to tell you something."

"Should you, Pip?" said Joe, drawing his sleeve across his forehead at the forge. "Then tell us. What is it, Pip?"

"Joe," said I, taking hold of his rolled up shirt-sleeve, and twiating it between my finger and thumb, "you remember all that about Miss Havisham's?"

"Remember?" said Joe. "I believe you! Wonderful!"

"It's a terrible thing, Joe; it ain't true."

"What are you telling of, Pip?" cried Joe, falling back in the greatest amazement. "You don't mean to say you lie."

"Yes I do; it's lies, Joe."

"But not all of it? Why sure you don't mean to say, Pip, that there was no black wetch—eh?" For I stood shaking my head. "But at least there was dogs, Pip. Fine dogs, Pip," said Joe, persuasively, "if there wasn't no veal-cutlets, at least there was dogs?"

"No, Joe."

"A dog?" said Joe. "A puppy? Come?"

"No, Joe, there was nothing at all of the kind."

As I fixed my eyes hopelessly on Joe, Joe contemplated me in dismay. "Pip, old chap! this won't do, old fellow! I say! where do you expect to go to?"

"It's terrible, Joe; ain't it?"

"Terrible!" cried Joe. "Awful! What possessed you?"

"I don't know what possessed me, Joe," I replied, letting his shirt-sleeve go, and sitting down in the ashes at his feet, hanging my head; "but I wish you hadn't put me to be a call clerk at cards Jacks; and I wish my boots weren't so thick now my hands so coarse."

And then I told Joe that I felt very miserable, and that I hadn't been able to explain myself to Mrs. Joe and Pumblechook, who were so rude to me, and that there had been a beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's who was dreadfully proud, and that she had said I was common, and that I knew I was common, and that I wished I was not common, and that the lies had come of it somehow, though I didn't know how.

This was a case of metaphysics, at least so difficult for me to deal with as Joe. But Joe took the case altogether out of the region of metaphysics, and by that means got the better off.

"There's one thing you may be sure of, Pip," said Joe, after some rumination, "namely, that lies is lies. However they come, they didn't ought to come, and they come from the father of lies, and work round to the same. Don't you tell no more on 'em, Pip. That ain't the way to get out of being common, old chap. And as to being common, I don't make it out at all clear. You are concerned there in some fashion. You're common enough. Likewise you're an uncommon scholar."

"No, I am ignorant and backward, Joe."

"Why, see what a letter you wrote last night. Wrote in print even! I been letters—Ah! and from gentlefolks!—that I'll swear weren't wrote in print," said Joe.

"I have learned next to nothing, Joe. You think much of me. It's only that."

"Wal, Pip," said Joe, "be it so or be it son't, you must be a common scholar afore you can be an uncommon one, I should hope! The king upon his throne, with his golden pen in hand, can't sit and write his acts of Parliament in print, without having begun, when he were a unpromoted Prince, with the alphabet—Ah!" added Joe, with a shake of the head that was full of meaning, "and begun at A too, and worked his way to Z. And what's more, if that is to do, though I can't say I've done it."

There was some hope in this piece of wisdom, and it rather encouraged me.

"Whether common ones as to callings and evenings," pursued Joe, reflectively, "mightn't be the better of continuing for to keep company with common ones, instead of going out to play with uncommon ones—which reminds me to hope that there were a fog perhaps?"

"No, Joe."

"(I'm sorry there weren't a fog, Pip.) Whether that might be or mightn't be, is a thing as can't be found out now, without inquiring your sister on the Rampage; and that's a thing not to be thought of as long as it can be intentional. Lookee here, Pip, at what is said to you by a true friend. Which this to you the true friend say. If you can't get rid of this uncommon intercourse going straight, you'll never do it through going crooked. So don't tell no more on 'em, Pip, and live wirtuous and die happy."

"You are not angry with me, Joe?"

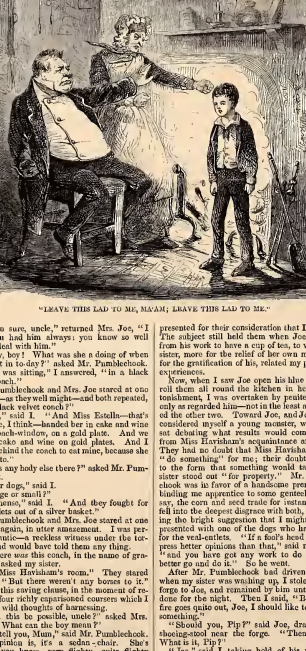
"No, old fellow. But bearing in mind that there were which I mentersmy of a stunning and thundering sort—alluding to them which rendered our veal-cutlets and dog-fighting—a sincere well-wisher would advise, Pip, their being dropped into your meditations when you go off to bed. That's all, old fellow, and I know don't never do it no more."

When I got to my little room and said my prayers, I did not forget Joe's recommendation, and yet my young mind was in that disturbed and unhealthy state that I thought long after I laid me down, how common Estella would consider Joe, a mere blacksmith; how thick his boots, and how coarse his hands. I thought how Joe and my sister were then sitting in the kitchen, and how I'd come up to bed from the kitchen, and how Miss Havisham and Estella never sat in a kitchen, but were far above the best parlor in consequence. I fell asleep recalling what I "used to do" when I was at Miss Havisham's, as if those days were years ago and quite another, instead of hours, and as though it were quite an old subject of remembrance, instead of one that had arisen only that day.

That was a memorable day to me, for it made great changes in my life and fortunes. But it is the same with any life. Imagine one selected day struck out of it, and think how different an course would have been. Pause you who read this, and think for a moment of the long chain of iron or gold, of thorns or flowers, that would never have bound you, but for the formation of the first link on one memorable day.

CHAPTER X.

THE felicitous idea occurred to me a morning or two later when I woke, that the best step



"LEAVE THIS LAD TO ME, MA'AM; LEAVE THIS LAD TO ME."

could take toward making myself uncomfortable was to get out of Biddy every thing she knew, and to pay the strictest attention to Mr. Wopsle when he read aloud. In pursuance of this ominous conception I mentioned to Biddy when I went to Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's at night, that I had a particular reason for wishing to get on in life, and that I should feel very much obliged to her if she would impart all her learning to me. Biddy, who was the most obliging of girls, immediately put her work aside, and began to carry out her promise within five minutes.

The Educational course or training established by Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt may be resolved into the following synopsis. The pupils are spoken and put above by one another's books, and Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt collected her energies, and made an indiscriminate totter at them with a birched rod. Apparently arriving at the end of every mark of derision, the pupils formed in line and learnedly pursued a monotonous book from hand to hand. Take book hand an alphabet in it, some figures and tables, and a little spelling—that is to say, take it in the order in which any one began to circulate, Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt fell into a state of coma; rising either from coma or paroxysm, she distributed, as I thought, then entered among themselves upon a competitive examination on the subject of Boots, with the view of ascertaining who could tread the hardest upon whose toes. This mental exercise lasted until Biddy made a rush and said she contributed three defaced Bibles, shaped as if they had been unkillfully cut off the chump end of something, to be slightly printed on the part than any curiosities of literature I have since met with, and to have very little connection, having various specimens of the insect world smashed between their leaves. This part of the Course was extremely facilitated by certain combats between Biddy and refractory students. When the fights were over, Biddy gave out the number of a page, and then we all began to read what we could—or what we could a—in a fright, for chorus; Biddy leading with a high shrill monotonous voice, and none of us having the least notion what we were reading about. When this horrible din had lasted a quarter of an hour mechanically awake Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, who staggered at a boy and furiously cuffed his ears. This was understood to terminate the course for the evening, and we emerged into the air with shrieks of intellectual joy. It is fair to remark that there was no prohibition against any pupil's entertaining himself with a slate or pencil, as this (when there was room) but this it was not easy to pursue that branch of study in the darkness of seasons, on account of the little general shop in which the classes were held—and which was also Mr. Wopsle's greatnephew's sitting-room and bedchamber, and painfully illuminated through the agency of one low-spirited dip-candle and no snuffers.

It appeared to me that it would be time to become uncommon under these circumstances; therefore, I resolved to try it, and that very evening Biddy entered on our spiritual agreement, by imparting some information from her little exchequer of Prices, under the head of tea and sugar, and leading me, to copy at home, a German text or old English D which she had imitated from the binding of some music-book, the which I supposed, until she told me what it was, to be a design for a buckle.

Of course there was a public-house in the village, and of course Joe liked sometimes to smoke his pipe there. I received strict injunctions from my sister to call for him at the Three Jolly Bargemen, that evening, on my way from school, and bring him home to my pipe. At the Three Jolly Bargemen, therefore, I directed my steps.

There was a bar at the Jolly Bargemen, with some alarmingly long chalk scores in it on one wall at the side of the door, which seemed to have been put up there for the express purpose ever since I could remember, and had grown more than I had. But there was a quantity of chalk about the country, and it was long before people neglected an opportunity of turning it to account.

It being Saturday night, I found the landlord looking rather gruffly at these records; but as my business was with Joe and not with him, I merely wished him good-evening, and passed into the common room at the end of the passage, where there was a bright fire, a clock, tea-things, and where Joe was smoking his pipe in company with two other men and a stranger. I greeted me as usual with "Hallos, Pip, old chap!" and as moment he said that, the stranger turned his head and looked at me.

He was a secret-looking man whom I had never seen before. His head was all on one side, and one of his eyes was half shut up, as he were making aim at something with an invisible gun. A hat was in his hand, and he took it out, and, after slowly blowing all the smoke away and looking hard at me all the time, nodded. So I nodded, and then he nodded again, and made room on the settle beside him that I might sit down there.

But as I was not to drink while Joe whenever I entered that place of resort, I said "No, thank you, sir," and fell into the space Joe made for me on the opposite settle. The stranger, after glancing at Joe, and seeing that his attention was thus engaged, looked at me again when I had taken my seat, and then rubbed his leg in a very odd way, as it struck me.

"You was saying," said the stranger man, turning to Joe, "that you was a blacksmith."

"Yes, I said it, you know," said Joe.

"What'll you drink, Mr. ——? You didn't mention your name, by-the-by."

Joe mentioned it now, and the stranger man said he would be at home with him. "What'll you drink, Mr. Gargery? At my expense? To my good health, then?

"Well," said Joe, "to tell you the truth, I ain't much in the habit of drinking at any body's expense but my own."

"Hoist! Joe," I ventured the stranger, "that once and away, and on a Saturday night too. Come! Put a name to it, Joe! Say Gargery."

"I wouldn't wish to be stiff company," said Joe. "Ram."

"Ram," repeated the stranger. "And will the other gentleman originate a sentiment?"

"Rum," said Mr. Wopsle.

"Time flies when you're a-joying," cried the stranger, calling to the landlord. "Glasses round!"

"This gentleman," Mr. Wopsle observed, by way of introducing Mr. Wopsle, "is in grandeur that you would like to hear give it out. Our clerk at church."

"Also!" said the stranger, quickly, and cocking his eye at me. "The little clerk, right! Put on the marshes, with the grindstone, I'll."

"That's it," said Joe.

The stranger was in a comfortable kind of grunt over his pipe, put his legs up on the settle that he had all to himself. He wore a flapped broad-brimmed hat, which, as he sat in it, a handkerchief tied over his head in the manner of a cap, was not disturbed by his ease. As he looked at the fire, I thought I saw a cunning expression, followed by a half laugh, come into his face.

"I am not acquainted with this country, gentlemen, but it seems a solitary country toward the river."

"Most marshes is solitary," said Joe.

"No doubt, no doubt. Do you find any giblets now, or tramps, or vagrants of any sort out on those lowlands?"

"No," said Joe; "some hunt a runaway convict now and then. And we don't find them easy. Eh, Mr. Wopsle?"

Mr. Wopsle, as the majestic remembrance of old discomfiture, resented; but not warmly.

"Seems you have been out after such?" asked the stranger.

"Once," returned Joe. "Not that we wanted to take them, you understand; we went out as lookers-on; me, and Mr. Wopsle, and Pip. Didn't we, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

The stranger looked at me again—still cocking his eye, as if he were expressly taking aim at me with his invisible gun, and said, "He's a likely young parcel of bones that. What is it call him, Mr. Gargery?"

"Pip," said Joe.

"Christened Pip?"

"No, not exactly christened Pip."

"Surname Pip?"

"Well, Mr. ——, it's a kind of a family name what he gave himself when a infant, and is called by."

"Son of yours?"

"Well," said Joe, meditatively—not, of course, that it could be in anywise necessary to consider about it, but it was a fact that at the Jolly Bargemen he seem to consider deeply and silently before he had done each piece of pipe; "well—no. No, he ain't."

"Nevvy?" said the strange man.

"Well," said Joe, with the same appearance of profound cogitation, "he is not—no, not to deceive you, he is not—my nevvy."

"What the Devil relation, then, is he?" asked the stranger. Which appeared to me to be an inquiry of unnecessary incivility.

Mr. Wopsle struck in upon that; as one who knew all about relationships, having professional occasions to do so. Being a bachelor in his relations a man might not marry; and expounded the ties between me and Joe. Having his mind in, Mr. Wopsle introduced a most terrifically startling passage from Richard the Third, and Joe thought it so fine that he had quite enough to account for it when he added "—as the poet says."

And that I may remark that when Mr. Wopsle referred to me, he considered it a necessary part of such reference to rumple my hair and look at into space. All this I felt perfectly well my body of his standing who visited at our house should be thus put to me through the same inflammatory process under similar circumstances. Yet I do not call to mind that I was ever in my secret heart ashamed of my mark in our social family circle but some large-handed person took these ophthalmic steps to pointedness.

All this while the stranger man looked at nobody but me, and kept his eye on me, as if he were determined to have a shot at me at last, and bring me down. But he said nothing after offering his health and sentiment, until the glasses of rum-and-water were brought; and then he made his shot, and a most extraordinary one it was.

It was not a verbal remark, but a proceeding of dumb-show, and was pointedly addressed to me. He turned his head slowly, and pointedly at me, and he tasted his rum-and-water pointedly at me. And he stirred it and he tasted it: not with a spoon that was brought to him, but *with a fife.*

I did not do so that nobody but I saw the fife; and when he had done it he wiped the fife and put it in a breast-pocket. I knew it to be Pip's fife, and I knew that he knew I knew it the moment I saw the instrument. I sat gaping at him, spellbound by the fact, when he came to settle, taking very little notice of me, and talking principally about turnips.

There was a delicious sense of cheaping-up and making a quiet pause before going on in life afresh, in our village on Saturday nights, which stimulated Joe to dare to stay for half an hour longer on Saturdays than at other times. The half-hour and the rum-and-water running out together, Joe got up to go, and took me by the hand.

"Stop half a moment, Mr. Gargery," said the strange man. "I think I've got a bright new shilling somewhere in my pocket, and if I have the boy shall have it."

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"I wouldn't wish to be stiff company," said Joe. "Ram."

"Ram," repeated the stranger. "And will the other gentleman originate a sentiment?"

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The stranger was in a comfortable kind of grunt over his pipe, put his legs up on the settle that he had all to himself. He wore a flapped broad-brimmed hat, which, as he sat in it, a handkerchief tied over his head in the manner of a cap, was not disturbed by his ease. As he looked at the fire, I thought I saw a cunning expression, followed by a half laugh, come into his face.

"I am not acquainted with this country, gentlemen, but it seems a solitary country toward the river."

"Most marshes is solitary," said Joe.

"No doubt, no doubt. Do you find any giblets now, or tramps, or vagrants of any sort out on those lowlands?"

"No," said Joe; "some hunt a runaway convict now and then. And we don't find them easy. Eh, Mr. Wopsle?"

Mr. Wopsle, as the majestic remembrance of old discomfiture, resented; but not warmly.

"Seems you have been out after such?" asked the stranger.

"Once," returned Joe. "Not that we wanted to take them, you understand; we went out as lookers-on; me, and Mr. Wopsle, and Pip. Didn't we, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

The stranger looked at me again—still cocking his eye, as if he were expressly taking aim at me with his invisible gun, and said, "He's a likely young parcel of bones that. What is it call him, Mr. Gargery?"

"Pip," said Joe.

"Christened Pip?"

"No, not exactly christened Pip."

"Surname Pip?"

"Well, Mr. ——, it's a kind of a family name what he gave himself when a infant, and is called by."

"Son of yours?"

"Well," said Joe, meditatively—not, of course, that it could be in anywise necessary to consider about it, but it was a fact that at the Jolly Bargemen he seem to consider deeply and silently before he had done each piece of pipe; "well—no. No, he ain't."

"Nevvy?" said the strange man.

"Well," said Joe, with the same appearance of profound cogitation, "he is not—no, not to deceive you, he is not—my nevvy."

"What the Devil relation, then, is he?" asked the stranger. Which appeared to me to be an inquiry of unnecessary incivility.

Mr. Wopsle struck in upon that; as one who knew all about relationships, having professional occasions to do so. Being a bachelor in his relations a man might not marry; and expounded the ties between me and Joe. Having his mind in, Mr. Wopsle introduced a most terrifically startling passage from Richard the Third, and Joe thought it so fine that he had quite enough to account for it when he added "—as the poet says."

And that I may remark that when Mr. Wopsle referred to me, he considered it a necessary part of such reference to rumple my hair and look at into space. All this I felt perfectly well my body of his standing who visited at our house should be thus put to me through the same inflammatory process under similar circumstances. Yet I do not call to mind that I was ever in my secret heart ashamed of my mark in our social family circle but some large-handed person took these ophthalmic steps to pointedness.

All this while the stranger man looked at nobody but me, and kept his eye on me, as if he were determined to have a shot at me at last, and bring me down. But he said nothing after offering his health and sentiment, until the glasses of rum-and-water were brought; and then he made his shot, and a most extraordinary one it was.

It was not a verbal remark, but a proceeding of dumb-show, and was pointedly addressed to me. He stirred his rum-and-water pointedly at me, and he tasted his rum-and-water pointedly at me. And he stirred it and he tasted it: not with a spoon that was brought to him, but *with a fife.*

I did not do so that nobody but I saw the fife; and when he had done it he wiped the fife and put it in a breast-pocket. I knew it to be Pip's fife, and I knew that he knew I knew it the moment I saw the instrument. I sat gaping at him, spellbound by the fact, when he came to settle, taking very little notice of me, and talking principally about turnips.

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A DY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

I leave the old man's story, as nearly as I can, the way he told it.

"There is a little village on the Lago di Garda called Lugana, where my family had lived there for some generations. We had a little wine-shop, and though not a very patrician one, it was the best in the place, and was frequented by the inhabitants. My father was in considerable business in Ireland; he was married named Sysdie of Cuprini, and I myself once held mine dignity. You may not know, perhaps, that the office of Fiscal is attached to the chief of the township, and not nominated by the government. Still the crown has its influence in the election, and I was well so one of the town councilors in power, and, when a popular candidate does succeed in getting the office, the generous omnipotence of the crown has ofttimes the power to make his adversary the fiscal, and vice versa.

"When I attained to the epidemic, my great ambition was to tread in the footsteps of my father, old Gaetano Gamera, who had left behind him a name and a memory that all the people of Lugana, and who had never heard the very least privilege that pertained to his native village. I did my duty, and was well rewarded, perhaps—for my own sake, but I held my head high against all comers, and was ready to fight them for my rights. I traked up out of old archives traces of privileges that we once possessed and had never heard of, and, when I discovered concessions that had been made to us of which we had never enjoyed the profits, I was, so to say, ever at war with the authorities, who were frank enough to say, that when my two years of office expired, they meant to give me some wholesome lesson about obedience.

"They were as good as their word. I had no sooner descended to a private station than I was made to feel all the severities of their displeasure. They took away my license to sell salt tobacco, and thereby fully one half of my little income; they tried to withdraw my license to sell wine, but this was carrying the tyrannicality, and they could not touch it. Upon information that they had suborned they twice visited my house to search for seditious papers, and, finally, they made me sign a mark of their enmity that the timid of my townsfolk were afraid to be seen with me, and gradually dropped my acquaintance. This proved upon me most of all. I was all my life of a social habit; I delighted in my friends around me, or to go and visit them, and to find myself, as I was growing old, growing friendless too, was a great blow.

"I was a widower, and had none but an only daughter.

When he had reached thus far his voice failed him, and, after an effort or two, he could not continue, and turned away his head and buried it in his hands. Full ten minutes elapsed before he resumed, which he did with a hard, firm voice, though resolved to tell the conquered by his emotion.

"The Austrians drawlfully serve all through the Italian Tyrol; it swept from Venice to Milan, and never missed even the mountain villages, nor the lake, nor the Alps. In our little hut we lost one hundred and eighteen souls, and my Gretchen was one of them.

"We had all grown to be very hard-hearted to each other; misfortune was at each man's door, and he had no heart to spare for a neighbor's grief; and yet such was the sorrow for her that they came, in all this suffering and desolation, to my sad condition and keep me up, and though it was ratine when all such cares were forgotten, the young people went and laid fresh flowers upon her grave every morning. Her death was very kind of them, and made me weep heartily, and, in memory of her, I resolved that I would to feel that God knew what was best for all of us, and that maybe he had taken her away to save her from a sorrow heavier than I had to bear, lest that I should pray to go to her. She had only been in the earth eight days, and I was alone in my house in my solitary home. I could not bear to open the shop, and began to think that I never have the courage to do so again, but would go away and try some other place and some other means of livelihood. It was while thinking thus a neighbor's knock came to the door, and I arose, rather angrily, to answer it.

"It was a sergeant of an infantry regiment, whose detachment was on march for Peschiera: there were wounded men with them, and the sergeant had to send off three regiments in all have from Vienna to suppress them. The sergeant was a Hungarian, and in the regiment the Kinsky. He was a rough, coarse fellow, very like a Hungarian, despising all villagers, and holding Italians in especial contempt. He came to order me to prepare rations and room for six soldiers, and I were to arrive that evening. I answered, boldly, that I would not. I had served the office of syndic in the town, and was thus forever exempt from the billet. I had let him into my little sitting-room and showed him my lower, framed and glazed, over the chimney. He laughed heartily at my remonstrance, coolly turned the brevet with its face to the wall, and said,

"If you don't wear twelve of us instead of six you'll keep your tongue quiet, and give us a stoup of wine to drink."

"I did not wait to answer him, but seized my hat and hurried away to the Place Commandant. He was a very good sort of man, but I could not help it; his was the only authority I could appeal to, and he was bound to do his duty. When I reached the bureau it was so crowded with soldiers and townsfolk, some seeking for billets, others insisting in their claims to be free, that I could not get past the door, and, after an hour's waiting, I was fain to give up the attempt, and turned back home again, determined to make my statement in writing, which, after all, might have been the most fitting.

"I found my doors wide open when I got there, and some strangers were quartered, who either seated on the counter or squatting on their knapsacks, had helped themselves freely to my wine, and were in raising the top of an old cask, and drinking it in large cups from the barrel, while they loaded liberally to their comrades as they passed.

"My heart was full to come much for the loss, but when the result proved so speedy, and, pushing my way through, I gained the inner room, I was astonished like to find all in order in disorder and confusion. The old musket my father had carried for many a year, and which used hang over the chimney in his bedroom, he smashed in fragments on the floor; some wanton fellow had run his bayonet through my mother's sprinkle, and hung it up in derision as a banner; and one, he was a corporal, had taken my little wife's coffin out of the bier on Gretchen's coffin till it was laid in the earth, and placed it on his head. When I saw this I could not stay; I gave a cry of anguish, and dashed both my hands in his face. I tried to strangle him; I would have torn him to pieces, and they had dragged me off and dashed me on the ground, where they trampled on me and beat me, and then carried me away to prison.

"I was four days in prison before I was brought before the tribunal. I did not know whether it had been four or forty, for my senses had left me and I was mad; perhaps it was the cold dark cell and the silence restored me, but I came out calm and collected. I remembered every thing to the smallest incident.

"The soldiers were heard first; they agreed in every thing, and their story had all the air of truth about it. They owned they had taken my wine, but said that the regiment was ready and eager to march, and that it was on Lenten fare, and that all the rest they had done were only the usual follies of troops on a march. I began

to claiming my exemption as a syndic, but was stopped at once by being told that my claim had never been submitted to the authorities, and that in my outrage on the imperial force I had forfeited all consideration on that score. My offense was easily proven. I did not deny it, and I was lectured for nigh an hour on the enormity of my crime, and then sentenced to pay a fine of a thousand zwanzigers to the emperor, and to receive four and twenty lashes with the rattan. "I should have been eight-and-forty but for my age," he said.

"On the same road where I set to hear my sentence was a circus man, waiting the Pistz Commandant's leave to give some representations in the village. I knew him little, for he had never spoken to him nor he to me; but, however, as the commandant had allowed the words of my condemnation he turned to look at me; maybe to see how I bore up under my misfortune. I saw his glance, and I did my best to sustain it. I wanted to bear myself manfully throughout, and not to let any one know that my heart was sore, which, I felt I was. The struggle was, perhaps, more than I was able for, and, while the tears gushed out and burned my cheeks, I burst out laughing, and laughed away at him, making the most terrific faces all the while; so outrageously and with such convulsions that every one around laughed too, and there was the whole concourse laughing with the same impulse, and unable to control it.

"'Take the fool away!' cried the commandant at last, 'he doesn't know what he means to do!' And they carried me off, and I was dragged.

"It was about a week after I was down near Comagna, that I knew how I got there. I was in rags and had no money, and the circus people came part and saw me. 'Why, the fellow nearly killed me with his droll face,' said the chief. 'I'll give you twenty zwanzigers a day, my man, if you'll only give us four grins like that every evening.' Is it a bargain?

"I laughed. I could not keep now from laughing at anything, and the bargain was made, and I was a clown from that hour. They taught me to do the tricks and fall in the ring trade, but it is my face that they care for—none can see it unmoved.

He turned up the sun as he spoke with a fearful contortion of countenance, but, moved by his story, and full only of what I had been listening to, I turned away and heard him.

"Yes," said he, melancholy, "many a happy heart is kindled at the fire that is consumed another. As for myself, both joy and sorrow are dead within me. I am without hope, my stranger, and without fear."

"But you are not without benevolence," said I, as I looked upon his sleeping girl.

"She was so like Gretchen," said he; and he bent down his head and sobbed bitterly.

I could not blame him some people think her if I dared; but I felt so subdued by the sorrow of the old man that my curiosity seemed almost sacrilege.

"She came among us a mere child," said he, "and appointed herself to me, and I contrived to learn enough of her dialect to understand and talk to her, and at last she began to regard me as a father, and even called me so. It was a long, long time before I could bear this. Every time I heard the word my grief would burst out afresh; but it wasn't wise, so I have come to like it now."

"And a little good, and gentle, and affectionate?" asked I.

"She is far too good and true hearted to be in such company as ours. Without the rich person—it should be a lady—kind, and gentle, and compassionate, could see her and take her home. It would be a kind act, and life of shame, ere it be too late!"

"Do you think it is not too late?"

I was silent; for though the wish only seemed fair and natural enough on his part, I could not help thinking it improbable such an incident would prove.

"She would well repay it all," said he. "If ever there was a nature rich in great gifts, it is here. She can learn whatever she will, and for a week of kindness she would half repay all the fire for you. Hush!" whispered he, "she is stirring. What is it, darling?" said he, creeping close to her side, and throwing her hair wildly open, but not removing the handkerchief from her face.

She muttered something hurriedly, and then burst into a laugh so joyous and so catching, it was impossible to refrain from joining in it.

She threw back the kerchief at once and stared to her knees, gazing steadfastly, almost eerily, at me. I saw that the old man had prehended the inquiry of her glance, and as quickly whispered a few words in her ear, listened till he had done, and then springing toward me, she caught my hand and kissed it.

I suppose it will have indeed the effect of her movement, for she hung her head despondingly, and turned away from us both.

"Now for the road once more," said Vatchen, "for if we stay much longer here we shall have the first flies, which are always worse toward evening."

It was not without great difficulty I could prevent his carry out my suggestion for the poor little girl herself would gladly have borne some of my load. At last, however, we set forth, Thekla enfeeble leaning the way with a merry cantonette, that had the time of a quick step.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, December 17, in the Senate, the resolution introduced by Senator Clarke, asking the President for information relative to the condition of the fortifications in Charleston harbor, and copies of all correspondence upon the subject, was taken up, and objected to by Senator Green, and laid over. The bill for the relief of the sufferers by the late disturbances in the United States and Territories was then taken up, and Senator Pugh moved to strike out the clause forbid the enrollment of the militia, and to take up and insert in lieu thereof the following: "Provided, that the militia of the United States, when called, and in the service of the United States, shall be subject to the State authority and laws, and the President, in his discretion, may detach the militia of any other State, under the laws of the United States of America, to act as aid. The militia force suppressed or repelled, and the members of the Convention signed it at 64 o'clock that evening. Commissioners from the six states were in the Senate chamber at the time of this action on business and other relations; on the collection of duties, on the Post-Office, on the Federal courts, on the distribution of mail matter, etc.; but no definite action was taken on the subject by any one as to what was necessary or proper to be done.

ELECTION OF A GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Convention of South Carolina has reassembled, after seven holidays, in electing a Governor, Colonel Pickens being re-elected by acclamation. The President may be regarded as somewhat significant, inasmuch as Colonel Pickens is known to be a decided secessionist, and is also said to be moderate in his principles.

THE SECESSION CONVENTION IN CO-OPERATION.

Late reports from Georgia, received in Washington, indicate that the Convention of that State is actively engaged in her co-operation that the Empire State of the South is ready to follow the lead of Southern Carolina, in the work of following immediately in her footsteps, should she see fit to secede, and to co-operate with the Union Convention. There is asserted to be a large party of Unionists in Georgia, who will contend that the time has come for opposing a State action to defeat the extension, and thus afford delay for the consideration of the Union, which, it is hoped, would a better feeling in Washington, and a strong hope that, when the Union Convention of the Cotton Confederacy, consulting aright yet be done to stay the tide of disunion.

THE LEGISLATURE OF MISSISSIPPI.

The following resolution, which, the action of the Mississippi Legislature, is called session to consider the measures for the Union:

The bill for a State Convention, as we have before stated, passed the Legislature unanimously, and it now is, the election of delegates to take place the 20th of December, and the Convention to meet on the 7th of January.

The following resolutions have become law:

"Resolved, That no Commissioner shall be appointed as many commissioners as the Legislature may be necessary, to confer with the Commissioners of the Union, or any other State or States to which each commissioner shall be appointed, and that the sum of $10,000 be appropriated, that this Legislature has proved an act calling a convention of delegates to the State of Mississippi, to consider the action of the Northern and Southern sections of the confederacy, and to take such action as the exigency of the case may demand, and to provide for the expense of the same, and to empower the authorities of Mississippi that these States are in the process of forming a Union, and that measures for their common defense and safety.

"Resolved, That the people of Southern State not have consented to legislature, the commissioner to each State shall appoint a commissioner, and that the two shall meet together, in order that its co-operation be immediately secured."

MANIFESTO FROM TEXAS.

An important manifesto has just been issued by Sentor Tombs, in the shape of a letter in reference to the Gilla Gadsden, and the Texas Legislature, in the case that the Gadsden should be amended so that its provisions could not be construed to interfere with the rights of the Texas Legislature, as a majority of members, in Congress, will vote for the Gadsden, and that it would be only necessary to amend and file to postpone final action in the Southern States Congress, and that the Texas Legislature would be called together for action upon the Personal Liberty bills. Should the Gadsden be amended, the Texas Bill would be passed it proper for Georgia to secede, at the latest by the 4th of March.

THE NEW YORK DELEGATION FOR THE UNION.

The New York Delegation to Congress assembled on Friday, 7th on the state of the Union. Nearly all were present.—Mr. Ward, of Ulster, presented the Union Resolutions. After considerable discussion, which lasted from 8 to 10 o'clock, the resolutions were unanimously agreed to that the Union, the Constitution, and the laws must be maintained in all their force, and that the Union must be.

THE COMMITTEE OF THIRTY-THREE.

The following resolution of Winter Davis has passed the Committee of Thirty-Three, by a majority:

"*Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled, that the Constitution of the United States ought to be revised, with a view to ascertain if any further or ancillary provisions are necessary or desirable for the execution of the laws of the United States, under its provisions, and that the Committee of Thirty-Three, in addition of the United States, be directed to report to the Senate and House of Representatives, at the earliest practicable period, the results of their deliberations.*

The Committee of Thirty-Three, in the House, has agreed that all amendments having such tendency should be referred to the Committee of Thirty-Three, and that the House must be maintained in all their force, and that the Union must be.

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REPORTS IN FRANCE.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "The 7th December, the day that fired Louis Napoleon's destiny for good or for ever, passed over without a single disorder or disappointment. People confidently looked at the *Moniteur*, expecting according to the rumors, to see the Senate come out with a decree liberating the Press, others anticipated the abolition of the prefect, others, the abolition of the Legislative Corps and the order for a new election. But none of these things came to pass, and all hopes are postponed till the 1st of January. Even then there is no assurance that the Senate will do any of the expected things. Meanwhile we hear from the Ministry of the interior that the speech of the Emperor and the perusal of the Senatorial Decree examination; but we know that the Prefects of Police expected to be called upon to do more than they found that the commissioners of justice of every class can be brought to bear on authority, and that the Senate will do more than the Ministry wanted and the complicated measures of the Ministry, and the Senate will do more than the Ministry wanted the Senate, and even Prefect will prefer that a successor be charged with the Senate.

AN AMERICAN CONVOY TO VISIT PARIS.

The Paris Constitutionnel of the 4th ult. states that a military corps of the United States intend to visit Paris in a body. The Constitutionnel states that the Council of Guard bulletins having communicated to the American Minister at Paris the offer of the Corps to visit the Tuileries and the French Empire, a correspondence has taken place on the subject between Mr. Fullmer and M. Thouvenel. The result of which is that the Emperor has granted to the American corps the privilege of visiting Paris as a body, and in military uniform.

ITALY

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

The latest news from the seat of Gaeta continued; but it was reported that the fire of the besieged had slackened, and the troops were getting nearer to the fortress. The garrison occupied to the Sardinian batteries of Gaeta. The Sardinian batteries had commenced operations on the place. Other troops were stationed at Palermo. The Count of Trapani had suddenly at sunset on the 4th, of speakers.

General Bosco has published a proclamation between of the Venetian Quadrilateral. He had also remarked that Garibaldi had told them to prepare for the eventualities of an energetic defense. There were rumors of increasing insurrectionary movements in Abruzzi. Important demonstrations in Naples and elsewhere were put down. It was reported that Napoleon had intimated to Francis II. the inability of further resistance. There were vague rumors that Cosimo Antonelli had resigned. The official Austrian journal controlling the rumors of insurrections for the revolution of Venetia.

Aeropaundis, Ingancia, and some other terror in the Neapolitan Provinces, have been accompanied by the French. The Archbishop of Naples has left Genoa, having been invited to return to Naples.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

On Monday, December 17, in the Senate, the resolution introduced by Senator Clarke, asking the President for information relative to the condition of the fortifications in Charleston harbor, and copies of all correspondence upon

the subject, was taken up, and objected to by Senator Green, and laid over. The bill for the relief of the sufferers by the late disturbances in the United States and Territories was then taken up, and Senator Pugh moved to strike out the clause forbid the enrollment of the militia, and to take up and insert in lieu thereof the following: "Provided, that the militia of the United States, when called, and in the service of the United States, shall be subject to the State authority and laws, and the President, in his discretion, may detach the militia of any other State, under the laws of the United States of America, to act as aid. The militia force suppressed or repelled, and the members of the Convention signed it at 64 o'clock that evening. Commissioners from the six states were in the Senate chamber at the time of this action on business and other relations; on the collection of duties, on the Post-Office, on the Federal courts, on the distribution of mail matter, etc.; but no definite action was taken on the subject by any one as to what was necessary or proper to be done.

ELECTION OF A GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Convention of South Carolina has reassembled, after seven holidays, in electing a Governor, Colonel Pickens being re-elected by acclamation. The President may be regarded as somewhat significant, inasmuch as Colonel Pickens is known to be a decided secessionist, and is also said to be moderate in his principles.

THE SECESSION CONVENTION IN CO-OPERATION.

Late reports from Georgia, received in Washington, indicate that the Convention of that State is actively engaged in her co-operation that the Empire State of the South is ready to follow the lead of Southern Carolina, in the work of following immediately in her footsteps, should she see fit to secede, and to co-operate with the Union Convention. There is asserted to be a large party of Unionists in Georgia, who will contend that the time has come for opposing a State action to defeat the extension, and thus afford delay for the consideration of the Union, which, it is hoped, would a better feeling in Washington, and a strong hope that, when the Union Convention of the Cotton Confederacy, consulting aright yet be done to stay the tide of disunion.

THE LEGISLATURE OF MISSISSIPPI.

The following resolution of the action of the Mississippi Legislature, in called session to consider the measures for the Union:

The bill for a State Convention, as we have before stated, passed the Legislature unanimously, and it now is, the election of delegates to take place the 20th of December, and the Convention to meet on the 7th of January.

The following resolutions have become law:

"Resolved, That no Commissioner shall be appointed as many commissioners as the Legislature may be necessary, to confer with the Commissioners of the Union, or any other State or States to which each commissioner shall be appointed, and that the sum of $10,000 be appropriated, that this Legislature has proved an act calling a convention of delegates to the State of Mississippi, to consider the action of the Northern and Southern sections of the confederacy, and to take such action as the exigency of the case may demand, and to provide for the expense of the same, and to empower the authorities of Mississippi that these States are in the process of forming a Union, and that measures for their common defense and safety.

"Resolved, That the people of Southern State not have consented to legislature, the commissioner to each State shall appoint a commissioner, and that the two shall meet together, in order that its co-operation be immediately secured."

MANIFESTO FROM TEXAS.

An important manifesto has just been issued by Senator Tombs, in the shape of a letter in reference to the Gilla Gadsden, and the Texas Legislature, in the case that the Gadsden should be amended so that its provisions could not be construed to interfere with the rights of the Texas Legislature, as a majority of members, in Congress, will vote for the Gadsden, and that it would be only necessary to amend and file to postpone final action in the Southern States Congress, and that the Texas Legislature would be called together for action upon the Personal Liberty bills. Should the Gadsden be amended, the Texas Bill would be passed it proper for Georgia to secede, at the latest by the 4th of March.

THE NEW YORK DELEGATION FOR THE UNION.

The New York Delegation to Congress assembled on Friday, 7th on the state of the Union. Nearly all were present.—Mr. Ward, of Ulster, presented the Union Resolutions. After considerable discussion, which lasted from 8 to 10 o'clock, the resolutions were unanimously agreed to that the Union, the Constitution, and the laws must be maintained in all their force, and that the Union must be.

THE COMMITTEE OF THIRTY-THREE.

The following resolution of Winter Davis has passed the Committee of Thirty-Three, by a majority:

"*Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled, that the Constitution of the United States ought to be revised, with a view to ascertain if any further or ancillary provisions are necessary or desirable for the execution of the laws of the United States, under its provisions, and that the Committee of Thirty-Three, in addition of the United States, be directed to report to the Senate and House of Representatives, at the earliest practicable period, the results of their deliberations.*

The Committee of Thirty-Three, in the House, has agreed that all amendments having such tendency should be referred to the Committee of Thirty-Three, and that the House must be maintained in all their force, and that the Union must be.

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REPORTS IN FRANCE.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "The 7th December, the day that fired Louis Napoleon's destiny for good or for ever, passed over without a single disorder or disappointment. People confidently looked at the *Moniteur*, expecting according to the rumors, to see the Senate come out with a decree liberating the Press, others anticipated the abolition of the prefect, others, the abolition of the Legislative Corps and the order for a new election. But none of these things came to pass, and all hopes are postponed till the 1st of January. Even then there is no assurance that the Senate will do any of the expected things. Meanwhile we hear from the Ministry of the interior that the speech of the Emperor and the perusal of the Senatorial Decree examination; but we know that the Prefects of Police expected to be called upon to do more than they found that the commissioners of justice of every class can be brought to bear on authority, and that the Senate will do more than the Ministry wanted and the complicated measures of the Ministry, and the Senate will do more than the Senate, and even Prefect will prefer that a successor be charged with the Senate.

AN AMERICAN CONVOY TO VISIT PARIS.

The Paris Constitutionnel of the 4th ult. states that a military corps of the United States intend to visit Paris in a body. The Constitutionnel states that the Council of Guard bulletins having communicated to the American Minister at Paris the offer of the Corps to visit the Tuileries and the French Empire, a correspondence has taken place on the subject between Mr. Fullmer and M. Thouvenel. The result of which is that the Emperor has granted to the American corps the privilege of visiting Paris as a body, and in military uniform.

ITALY

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

The latest news from the seat of Gaeta continued; but it was reported that the fire of the besieged had slackened, and the troops were getting nearer to the fortress. The garrison occupied to the Sardinian batteries of Gaeta. The Sardinian batteries had commenced operations on the place. Other troops were stationed at Palermo. The Count of Trapani had suddenly at sunset on the 4th, of speakers.

General Bosco has published a proclamation between of the Venetian Quadrilateral. He had also remarked that Garibaldi had told them to prepare for the eventualities of an energetic defense. There were rumors of increasing insurrectionary movements in Abruzzi. Important demonstrations in Naples and elsewhere were put down. It was reported that Napoleon had intimated to Francis II. the inability of further resistance. There were vague rumors that Cosimo Antonelli had resigned. The official Austrian journal controlling the rumors of insurrections for the revolution of Venetia.

Aeropaundis, Ingancia, and some other terror in the Neapolitan Provinces, have been accompanied by the French. The Archbishop of Naples has left Genoa, having been invited to return to Naples.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES AT TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

Dickens's Christmas Story.

☞ Published from advance Proof-sheets purchased from the Author for "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER I.—THE VILLAGE.

"AND a mighty sing'lar and pretty place it is, as ever I saw in all the days of my life!" said Captain Jorgan, looking up at it.

Captain Jorgan had to look high to look at it, for the village was built sheer up the face of a steep and lofty cliff. There was no shelf in it, there was no wheded vehicle in it, there was not a level yard in it. From the sea-beach to the top two rugged streams of white bouncer, placed opposite to one another, and twisting here and there, and there and here, ran like the sides of a long succession of stages of crooked ladders, and you climbed up the village or climbed down the village by the staves between; some six feet wide or so, and made of sharp, irregular stones. The old pack-saddle, long laid aside in most parts of England as one of the appendages of its infancy, flourished here intact. Strings of pack-horses and pack-donkeys plodded slowly up the staves of the ladders, bearing fish, and coal, and such other cargo as was unshipping at the pier from the dancing lines of vessels hung, and from two or three little counting traders. As the beasts of burden ascended, or descended, light, they got so lost at intervals in the floating clouds of village smoke, that they seemed to drive down some of the village chimneys quite as much as they came down for, of high above others. No two houses in the village were alike, in chimney, size, shape, door, window, gable, roof, or any thing. The little cots of the ladders were musical with water, running clear and bright. The staves were musical with the clattering feet of the pack-horses and pack-donkeys, and the voices of the fishermen urging them up, singing the big songs of the fishermen's wives and their many children. The pier was musical with the wash of the sea, the creaking of capstans and windlasses, and the airy fluttering of little vanes and sails. The rough, sea-benched boulders of which the pier was made, and the rough boulders of the shore, were brown with drying nets. The red-brown cliffs, richly wooded to their extremest verges, had been refined and mellowed and reflected in the liquest water, under the clear North Devonshire sky at a November day without a cloud. The village itself was so steeped in autumnal foliage, from the houses giving on the pier to the topmost cottage of the topmost ladder, that one might have fancied it was out a brisk-nesting, and was (as indeed it was) a wonderful climber. And moreover, I think, the place was not without some music from them too; for the rook was very busy on the higher levels, and the gull came in flapping wings was fishing in the bay, and the lusty little robin was hopping among the great stone blocks and iron rings of the breakwater, down to the fish of his ancestors and the Children in the Wood.

Then it came to pass that Captain Jorgan, sitting balancing himself on the pierwall, struck his by with his open hand, as some men do when they are pleased—and as he always did when he was pleased—and said,

"A mighty sing'lar and pretty place it is, as ever I saw in all the days of my life!"

Captain Jorgan had not been through the village, but was down to the pier by a winding side-road, to have a preliminary look at it from the level of his own natural element. He had seen many things and places, and had stowed them all away in a shrewd intellect and a vigorous memory. He was an American man, was Captain Jorgan—a New Englander—but he was a citizen of the world, and a cosmopolitan of most of the best qualities of most of its best countries.

For Captain Jorgan to sit any where in his long-skirted blue coat and blue trowsers, without holding converse with every body within speaking distance, was a sheer impossibility. So the captain did so talking with the fishermen, and making them knowing questions about the fishery, and the tides, and the currents, and the rocks, and the tight point yonder, and what you kept in your eye and got into a line with what one when you ran into the little harbor; and other similar practicalities. Among the men who exchanged ideas with the captain was a young fellow who exactly hit his fancy—a young fisherman of two or three-and-twenty, in the rough sea-dress of his craft, with a brown face, dark curling hair, and bright, modest eyes under his Sou'wester hat, and with a frank but simple and retiring manner, which the captain found uncommonly taking. "Will you be a shilling dollars," said the captain to himself, "that your father was an honest man?"

"Might you be married now?" asked the captain, when he had had some talk with this new acquaintance.

"Not yet."

"Going to be?" said the captain.

"I hope so."

The captain's keen glance followed the slightest possible turn of the dark eye, and the slightest possible tilt of the Sou'wester hat. The captain then slapped both his legs, and said to himself,

"Never knew such a good thing in all my life! There's his sweet-heart looking over the wall!"

There was a very pretty girl looking over the wall, from a little platform of cottage, vine, and fuchsia; and she certainly did not look as if the presence of this young fisherman in the landscape made it any the less sunny and hopeful for her.

Captain Jorgan, having doubled himself up to laugh with that hearty good nature which is quite a relation in the human happiness of many people, had undoubled himself, and was going to start a new subject, when there appeared coming down the lower ladders of stairs a man whom he hailed as "Tom Pettifer Ho!" Tom Pettifer Ho responded with alacrity, and in speedy course descended on the pier.

"Afraid of a sun-stroke in England in November, Tom, that you wear your tropical hat, strongly paid outside and paper-lined inside, here?" said the captain, eying it.

"It's as well to be on the safe side, sir," replied Tom.

"Safe side!" repeated the captain, laughing. "You'd guard against a sun-stroke, with that old hat, in an Ice Pack. Wa'al! What have you been out of the Post-office?"

"It is the Post-office, sir."

"What's the Post-office?" said the captain.

"Letters, sir, and the same keeps the Post-office."

"A coincidence!" said the captain. "A lucky hit! Show me where it is. Good-by, shipmates, for the present! I shall come and have another look at you, after I have been afternoon."

This was addressed to all there, but especially the young fisherman; so all there acknowledged it, and exchanged the parting fisherman. "He's a sailor!" said one to another, as they looked after the captain (meaning, of the war); and so outspeaking was the sailor in him, that although his dress had nothing nautical about it, with the single exception of the cap, and he was a suit of a shore-going shape and form, too long in the sleeves and too short in the legs, and too unaccommodating in the waist, the observation gathered in a pair of Wellington boots, and surrounded by a tall, stiff hat which he could hardly have worn at sea in any wind under Heaven; nevertheless, a glimpse of his sagacious, weather-beaten face, or his strong, deliberate, and yet easy carriage, made the captain's calling. Whereas Mr. Pettifer—a man of a certain phthisic neatness, with a curly whisker, and shabbery genteel in a jacket and shoes and all things correspondent—looked no more like a sailor than, perhaps, Captain Jorgan, than he looked like a sea-serpent.

The two climbed high up the village—which the most arbitrary stairs and twists in it, so that the cobbler's house came dead across the lane, and in front of the tailor's, which course must have gone through his house, and through him too, as he sat at his work between two little windows, with one eye microscopically fixed on the delicate formation of that part of Devonshire, and the other telescopically on the open sea—and two climbed high into the village, and stopped before a quaint little house, on which was painted, "Mars. Raymarcus, Ryecroft, Post-office, Letters Here." Before it ran a rill of murmuring water, and access to it was gained by a little plank-bridge.

"Here's the post, Tom Pettifer Jorgan," sure enough. You can come in if you like, Tom."

The captain opened the door, and found an entry with a little bit of a hall at high, with a great variety of beams and lumps in the ceiling, and, besides the usual furniture, a very big pipe-like ladder of stairs, a purblind little window of a single pane of glass; peeping out of an abutting corner of the ceiling, and, on the ceiling, a little bit of a bedroom, and a little bit of a sitting-room, and a little bit of a kitchen, and a little bit of a bedroom, and looked quietly at the visitors.

"No! For God's sake, don't think that!" said the captain, in a solemn way; "I bring no good tidings of him."

There was a silence, and the mother turned her face to the fire and put her hand between it and her eyes. The young fisherman slightly motioned toward the window, and the captain, looking in that direction, saw a young widow sitting at a neighboring window across a little garden, engaged in needle-work, with a young child by her side, playing with a cage of the Bullfinch and Linnet.

"Is anybody wanted in the parlor?" the captain asked of Alfred:

"How long is it since it happened?"

"It is exactly what he lost voyage better than three years ago."

"Ship struck upon some reef or rock, as I take it," said the captain, "and all hands lost?"

"Yes."

"Wa'al!" said the captain, after a shorter silence. "Here I sit who may come to the same end, like enough. He holds the seas in the hollow of His hand. We must all strike somewhere and go down. Our comfort, then, for ourselves and one another, is to have done our duty. I'll wager your brother did his!"

"He did!" answered the young fisherman. "If ever man strove faithfully on all occasions to do his duty, my brother did. My mother was not a quick man (any thing but that), but he was a faithful, true, and just man. We were the sons of only a small trade-man in this county, sir; yet our father was as watchful of his good name as if we had been a king."

"A precious sight more so, I hope—bearing in mind the general run of that class of critter," said the captain. "But I interrupt."

"My brother considered that our father left the good name to us to keep clear and bright.

"Your brother considered right," said the captain; "and you couldn't take care of a better legacy. Just argument I interrupt."

"No; for I have nothing more to say. We knew that High Bred well for the good name, and we feel certain that he died well for the good name. And now it has come into my keeping. And that's all."

"Well spoken!" cried the captain. "Well spoken, young man! Concerning the minister of your brother's ship—I ask this time the captain had released the hand he had shaken, and sat with his own hand resting upon a great mat on his knees, and spoke aside—"concerning the manner of your brother's death, it may be that I have some information to give you; though I may not be, for I am far from sure. Can we have a little talk alone?"

The young men rose; but not before the captain had seen in the intelligent face of the pretty sweet-heart's turning to the window to greet the young widow with a nod and a wave of the hand, the young widow had held up to her the needle-work on which she was engaged, with a patient and pleasant smile. So the captain said, being on his legs:

"What might she be making now?"

"What is Margaret making, Kitty?" asked the young fisherman—with one of his arms apparently mislaid somewhere.

As Kitty coly blushed in reply, the captain double himself up, as far as he could, standing, and laughed, with a cage of the Bullfinch.

"In my country we should call it wedding-clothes. Fact! We should. I ha answer you."

But it seemed to strike the captain in another light too; for his laugh was not a long one, and he added, in quite a gentle tone:

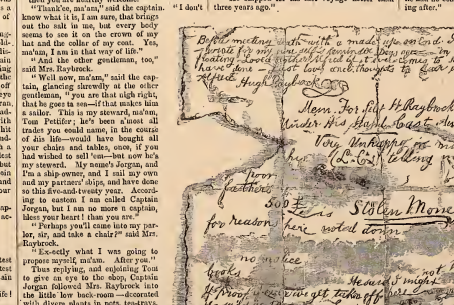
"And it's very pretty, my dear, to see her—poor young thing, with her fatherless child upon her bosom—giving up her thoughts to your home and your happiness. It's very pretty, my dear, and it's very good. May your marriage be more prosperous than hers, and be a comfort to her too. May the blessed one see you all happy together, in possession of the good name, long after I have been plowing the great salt field that is never sown!"

Kitty answered very earnestly. "Oh! Thank you, sir, with all my heart!"

"Like my enthusiasm," returned the captain, "on many a voyage."

"And they are rather inconvenient for the head."

"If my heart is in the right place of itself for the time, after all the knocking about the world it has had," replied the captain, as unconcernedly as if he had no connection with it, "it's not worth looking after."


Hugh Bred
Hugh Bred
Hugh Bred

Thus they came into the young fisherman's bedroom, which was as perfectly neat and clean as ship and paint could make it, though it was but a little place, with a sliding window, and a phrenological ceiling expressive of all the peculiarities of the house-roof. Here the captain sat down on the foot of the bed, and, glancing at a dreadful libel on Kitty which ornamented the wall—the production of some wandering limner, whom the captain secretly admired, as having stolen the portrait from the Schools of ship—mentioned to the young man to take the rush-chair on the other side of the small room, and sit down. The lad then put his hand into the deep breast-pocket of his long-skirted blue coat, and took out of it a strong square case-bottle, and a large bottle, which, as may be seen in any ordinary ship's medicine-chest. Setting the bottle on a table without removing his hand from it, Captain Jorgen then spake as follows:

"Is my last voyage homeward-bound," said the captain, "and that's the voyage off of which I now come straight, I encountered such weather off the Horn as I never yet met with, and, mayhap, there, I have rounded that stormy Cape pretty often, and I believe I have met with more than ten thousand storms that blow the devil's horns and tail off, and let to the horns being worked up into tooth-picks for the fashionable ones in my country, that, mayhap, I have seen, if you travel down South, or away West, for enough picking their teeth with 'em, while the tooth-picks of the tail, by the way, this last voyage, homeward-bound for Liverpool from Pernambuco, I lay to pay for a young friend, it blow. Whole measures! No half measures, nor making believe to blow; it blew! Now I want's blown about it of the matter to the end—though I expected to be even that—but I was blown clean out of my course; and what I lay to, it is fair, it fell off calm, and I met with a strong current set one way, day and night, night and day, and I drifted—drifted—drifted! Well, I did all the sorts, tacks and courses of ship, and drifted yet, and yet drifted. It behooves a man who takes charge of fellow-creatures, to be ready never to drift from himself matter of his calling. I never did yet, and consequently I am pretty proud of myself, looking over the side in the dead calm of that strong current! who dangers to expect, and what precautions to take against 'em. I had myself been driving head on to an Island. There was no Island in the chart, and, therefore, you may say I was ill managing the ship, and I shall be no don't dispute its bad breeding, but there it was. Thanks to the Heavens, I was ready for the Island, and the Island was ready for me. I made it out myself from the masthead, and I got enough way upon her in good time to keep her off, and I ordered her to be lowered and manned, and went in that boat myself to explore the Island. There was a reef outside it, and, bearing in a corner of it, a smooth water within the reef, was a heap of seaweed, and entangled in that seaweed was this bottle.

Here the captain took his hand from the bottle for a moment, that the young fisherman might direct a wistfulness at it, and then replaced his hand and went on:

"If ever you come—and, even if ever you don't come—I blessed the day, two-par year ago and your spy-glass well; for the smallest thing you see may prove of use to you, and may be the main information or some warning in it. That's the principle on which I come to see this bottle. I picked up the bottle and put the boat's crew back to Island and made fast and went ashore, around, with a pot of my beer's crew. We found, every scrap of vegetation on the Island (I give it you my opinion, but want and scrubby at the best of times) had been consumed by fire. We, in making our way, cautiously and toilsomely, over the pulverized ashes, one of my people sank into the ashes, and, lifting his lantern, found a bone, the one our smart, shipmate, says he, 'for my feet are among bones.' We soon got into the open sands, and then we dug up the spot, and we found that the man was right, and that his feet had been among bones. More than that, there were human bones; though whether the remains of one man, or of two or three men, what with calcination and ashes, and what with a poor practical knowledge of anatomy, I can't undertake to say. We examined the whole Island and made out nothing else save and except that, from its opposite side, I sighted a considerable tract of land, which land I was able to make out according to the chart, and of which (not to trouble you with my log) I took a fresh departure. When I got aboard again, I opened the bottle, which was sealed when I first you see, and glass-stoppered as you see. Inside of it," pursued the captain, emphatically, as he spoke the words, "I found this little crumpled folded paper, just as you see. Outside of it was written, as you see, these words: '*Whosoever finds this, let him be treated by the deal to convey it unsealed to Alfred Jaybrook, Gateways, North Devon, England.*' A sacred charge," said the captain, concluding his narrative, "and, Alfred Raybrook, there it is!"

"This is my father's writing!"

"I supposed so," said Capt. Jorgen. "I'll take a look one of little bits window while you read it."

"Pay me, sir! I should be here—I should all be hurt. My brother couldn't know it would fall into such hands as yours."

The captain sat down again on the foot of the bed, and the young man opened the folded paper with a trembling hand, and spread it on his knee. The ragged paper, evidently creased and torn both before and after being written on, was much blotted and stained, yet the hand had folded and run, and many words were wanting. What the captain and the young fisherman made out together, after much re-reading and much humoring of the folds of the paper, is given on the preceding page.

The young fisherman had become more and more agitated, as the writing had become clearer to him. He now left it lying before the captain, and, drooping his shoulder he had been reading it, and dropping into his former seat, leaned forward on the table and laid his face in his hands.

"What, man," urged the captain, "don't give in! Is it good, dear, or is it bad?"

"It is selfish, I know—but doing what, doing what?" cried the young fisherman, in complete despair, and stamping his foot on the ground.

"Doing what?" returned the captain. "Something! I'd go down to the little breakwater below, yonder, and take a wrench at one of the wasted iron-rings there, and either wrench it up by the roots or wrench my heart out! Doing what, sooner than I'd do nothing. Nothing!" ejaculated the captain. "Any foul or false heart can do that, and nothing can come of it. Nothing! Have you headed to to found out, I believe, by one of these Latin critters," said the captain, with the deepest disdain, "as if Alfred hadn't found it out, after ever he so much as named the beasts?"

"Let the young man be, in the name of hold words, that there was some greater reason than he yet understood for the young man's distress. And so if him mind is comprehending, let him be."

"Come, come!" continued the captain. "Speak! What is it, lad?"

"You have seen how beautiful she is, Sir," said the young man, looking up for the moment, with a shadow fear on his face.

"Did my man ever say she wasn't beautiful?" retorted the captain. "If so, go and lick him."

The young man laughed faintly, for spite of himself, and said, "It's not that, it's not that."

"Well, lad, what is it?" said the captain, in a more soothing tone.

The young fisherman mournfully composed himself to tell our story, and, as he began, he said: "We were to have been married next Monday week—"

"Were to have been!" interrupted Captain Jorgen. "And are to be? Hey?"

Young fisherman shook his head, and traced out with his forefinger the words "*four father's five hundred pounds*," in the written paper.

"Go on," said the captain. "Five hundred pounds? Yes?"

"That sum of money," pursued the young fisherman, entirely with his face in his hands and his dismemberation, while the captain eyed him with great compassion, "was to be paid to my father on the day I was married. Now, he owed no man more than he left means to pay, but he had been able to lay by only five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred pounds," repeated the captain. "Yes?"

"In his lifetime, years before, he had expressly laid the money aside, to leave to my mother—his wife upon her, if I make myself understood."

"Yes?"

"He had risked it over—my father put down in writing as last time, when he was money-mad and was resolved never to risk it again."

"Not a spec, lad?" said the captain. "My country vessels's sailed hence. Yes?"

"My mother has never touched the money till now. And now, she has given it to me, at this very week, in buying me a handsome share in our neighboring fishery here, to settle me in life with Kitty."

The captain's face fell, and he passed and repassed his sun-browned right hand over his thin hair, in a disappointed manner.

"Kitty's father has no more than enough to live upon, and he has lived upon it ever since I knew here. He is a kind of bailiff or steward of many rights here, and they are not much, and it is but a poor little office. He is a poor man, and Kitty must never marry to mere drudgery and hard labor."

The captain still sat stroking his thin hair, and looking at the young fisherman.

"I am so sorry that my father had no knowledge enough that any one was wronged as to this money, or that any restitution ought to be made, as I am certain that he would have done, if he had the solemn warning from my brother's grave in the sea, that the money was Kitty's. Kitty! Young Raybrook, forbidding himself to the money! Good words," can I doubt it? Can I touch it?"

"About our marriage," said he, as he observed the captain; "but about not touching—no—I don't think you can."

"See, lad," said Young Raybrook, "why I am so grieved. Think of Kitty. Think what I have to do to tell her!"

His heart quite failed him again when he has come round to this, and he once more hid his sorrow-stricken face in his hands. The captain, he began again, in a quietly resolute tone.

"However! Enough of that! You spoke some brave words to me, just now, about fathers, and they shall not be spoken in vain. I have got to do something, lad, I'm ready to do it. Some all other things, is to trace out the meaning of this paper, for the sake of the Good Name that has so long been put right in your mother's head, and still, for the sake of the Good Name, and my father's memory, not a word of this writing must be published to the world, lest, for ever, I be up in mean creature. You agree in this?"

"I hope, with my whole heart, I do, sir!"

"Well, I'm glad to hear it! Think of us below," said the captain, "but for certain I can't oppose it. Now, as to tracing. How will you do?"

"I hope, with the assistance, over the paper again, and again carefully puzzled out the whole of the writing."

"I don't doubt but that this would stand, if all the writing was here, Inquire among the old men living, there, for one—one of the old men, I go to this village named here?" said the captain, musing, with his finger on the name.

"Yes! And Mr. Tregarthen is a Cornishman, and—to be sure—comes from Lanreun."

"Does he?" said the captain, quietly. "As I ain't acquainted with him, who may he be?"

"Mr. Tregarthen is Kitty's father."

"Ay, ay!" cried the captain. "Now, you speak! Tregarthen knows this village of Lanreun, then?"

"Beyond all doubt he does. I have often heard him mention it, as being his native place. He knows it well."

"Stop half a minute!" said the captain. "He want a name here. You could ask Tregarthen (or if you could not, you know) your names of old men he remembers in his time in those diggings? Hey?"

"I can go straight to his cottage, and ask him now."

"Take one with you," said the captain, rising in a solid way that had a most comfortable reliability in it, "and just a word more first. I have knocked about hard enough, and have paid dearly further than you. I have had, all my sea-going life long, to be my wits polished bright with acid of adversity, before I could make use of the slight instruments. I'll keep you company on this expedition. You will be ready to talking as you go, then I do. Clench that hand of yours in this hand of mine, and that's a speech on both sides."

Captain Jorgen took command of the expedition with that hearty shake. He at once refolded the paper exactly as before, replaced it in the bottle, put the bottle in his pocket, and, as the young fisherman, confided the whole to Young Raybrook's keeping, and had his hand upon it.

But it was harder navigation below stairs than above. The instant they set foot in the parlor the quick, womanly eye detected that there was something wrong. Kitty exclaimed, frightened, as she ran to her lover's side, "Alfred! What's the matter? Are?" Mrs. Tregarthen cried out to the captain, "Gracious! what have you done to my son to change him so, in a minute?" And, as the young widow—who was there with her work upon her arm—was at first so agitated that she frightened the little child in her hand, which had hid her face in her mother's skirts and screamed. The captain, conscious of being held responsible for this domestic disturbance, repudiated it with quite a guilty expression of countenance, and looked to the young fisherman to explain the cause.

"Kitty darling," said Young Raybrook, "Kitty, dearest love, I must go away to Lanreun, and I don't know how long I shall be much further," adds very day. Worse than that—our marriage, Kitty, must be put off, and I don't know for how long."

Kitty looked at him in doubt and wonder and in anger, and pushed him from her with her hand.

"Put off! Why, Alfred? Why? Put off marriage put off? And you going to Lanreun! Why, in the name of the dear Lord?"

"Mother knows my way why: I must not say why. It would be dishonorable and undutiful to say why."

"Dishonorable and undutiful?" returned the dame. "And is there nothing dishonorable or undutiful in my child, in the heart of his own dear mother, and his mother's heart too, for the sake of the dark secrets and counsels of a wicked stranger? Is there never, never, never, Sir," she apostrophized the innocent captain. "Who wants ed you? When did you come from? Why couldn't you come to me, or even had plan, whereover it is, instead of disturbing the peace of quiet neighboring folks? Hey?"

"And what," sobbed the poor little Kitty, "have I ever done to you, you hard and cruel captain, that you should thus cut and carve me so?"

And then they both began to weep most pitifully, while the captain could only look from the one to the other, and, with his himself by the sea collar.

"Margaret," said the poor young fisherman, on his knees at Kitty's feet, while Kitty kept both her hands before her tearful face, to shut out the tender force, the pleading of her dearest voice sounder, and looked at him all the time: "Margaret, you have suffered so much, so uncomplainingly, and so patiently, and so cruelly and considerate? Do take my part, for your Hugh's sake?"

"I am sorry that you are not supposed to in vain. "I will, Alfred," she returned, "and I do. I wish this gentleman had never come near us"; whereupon the captain looked at himself the lighter; "but I take your part, for all that. I am sure you have some strong reason and some sufficient reason, and I know, I can arrange so it is, and even for not saying why you do it, strange as that is, I know, I can arrange so it is. I know it shall be, more than any one, for true love believes every thing, and hears every thing, and trusts every thing, and hopes every thing, and is ready to think so too, for you know you have been blest with good sons, whose word was always as good as their word, and who were brought up in as true a sense of honor as any gentleman in this land. And I know, you know, you are a good mother, to doubt your living son than to doubt your dead son; and for the sake of the dear dead, I stand up for the living."

"What now," the captain struck in, with enthusiasm, "is the use of my considering opinions further me or not, you are a young woman of sense and spirit and feeling; and I'd sooner have your opinion than a dozen of longer, than a good half of the men I've ever fallen in with—or fallen out with, sayhe."

Young Raybrook had not return the captain's compliment, or appear fully to reciprocate his good opinion, but he was quite unequal to the consideration of Kitty, and of Kitty's mother-in-law that was to have been next Monday week, and soon returned the parlor to a quiet condition.

"Kitty, my darling," said the young fisherman, "I must go to your father to entreat him still to trust me—to trust me without change and mystery, and to ask him for some directions concerning Lanreun. Will you come home? Will you come with me, Kitty?"

Kitty answered not a word, but rose sobbing, with that same shadow of fear upon her eyes. Captain Jorgen followed the lovers out, quite sheepishly: pausing in the door to give an instruction to Mr. Pettifer.

"Here, Tom!" said the captain, in a low voice. "Here's something in your line. Here's an old lady poorly and low in her spirits. Cheer her up a bit, Tom. Cheer 'em all up."

Mr. Pettifer, with a brisk nod of intelligence, immediately assumed his steward face, and went with his quiet helpful steward step into the parlor, where the captain had the great satisfaction of seeing him, through the glass, take the child in his arms (who offered no objections), and hand over Mrs. Raybrook, administering soft words of consolation.

"Though what he finds to say, unless he's telling her that it'll soon be over, or that most people is so at first, or that it'll do her good afterwards, I can not imagine!" was the captain's reflection as he followed the lovers.

He had not far to follow them, since it was but a short descent down the steep ways to the cottage of Kitty's father. But, short as the distance was, it was long enough to enable the captain to observe that he was fast becoming the village Ogre; for there was a woman hanging out of her door, or a fisherman coming up or going down, when he came, the moment he appeared in Nelly Kitty's street, but one or be hurried onwards. Consequently, when they came to Tregarthen's little garden—which formed the platform from which the captain had first Kitty peeping over the wall—the captain brought to, and stood off and on at the gate, while Kitty hurried to hide her tears in her own room, and Alfred spoke with her father, who was working in the garden. He was a rather lame man, but could scarcely be called old yet, with an agreeable face and a genuine air of making the best of things. The conversation began on his side with great cheerfulness and good humor, but soon became distrustful, and soon angry. The man of Cornwall rose for striking both into the conversation and the garden.

"Morning, sir!" said Captain Jorgen. "How do you do?"

"The gentleman I am going away with," said the young fisherman to Tregarthen.

"Oh!" returned Kitty's father, surveying the gentleman from head to foot with a look of scrutiny. "I'd confess that I can't say I am glad to see you."

"No," said the captain, "and, to admit the truth, that seems to be the general opinion in these parts. But, I hope, in time, you may think better of me by-and-by."

"I hope so," observed Tregarthen.

"Why, sir," said the captain, "observed captain, quite at his ease; "more than that, I believe so—though you don't. Now, Mr. Tregarthen, you don't want to exchange words and mistrust with me, and if you did, you couldn't, because I wouldn't. Yes and I'm sorry to see that you should be judging against experience from surfaces and appearances; and if you haven't lived to find out the evil and injustice of such judgments, you may live have."

The other seemed to shrink under this remark, and said, "Sir, I have lived to find it deeply."

"Well," said the captain, coolly, "I have too made a good cast without knowing it. Now, Tregarthen, there is a secret in this matter, and, and here stand I who know his secret. I warrant it is righteous secret, and one of his making, though heard of by the world of his keeping. I want to help him out with it, and towards that end we ask you to favor us with the names of two or three old residents of the Lanreun, and, mayhap, I am taking out my pocket-book and pencil to put the names down. I may as well tell you, for that this, wrote atop of the first page here, is my name and address: 'Silas Jonas Jorgen, Salem, Massachusetts, United States. If ever you find it in your head to run over any morning, I shall be glad to welcome you. Now, why what may be the spelling of these said names?"

"There was an elderly man," said Tregarthen, "named Brown, Christopher Brown, I may be sure."

"Wa'al," said the captain, cheerfully, "if Footsteds's dead and buried, and can be made of any service to the young people, I'm for our digging of him up. Footsteds's down, any how."

"There was another named Penrewen. I don't know his Christian name."

"Never mind his Christian name," said the captain. "Penrewen's enough."

"There was another named John Tredgear."

"And a pleasant-sounding name, too," said the captain, to Tregarthen's bewilder.

"I can recall no other except old Purvis."

"One of old Purvis's family, I'm sure," said the captain, "kept a dry-goods store in New York city, and realized a handsome competency by turning his back on the world, and, mayhap, how but. David Fobrath, Unchrist'en Penrewen, John Tredgear, and old Arson Purvis."

"Are you not satisfied with one at the moment."

"Thank'e," said the captain. "And so, Tregarthen, hoping for your good health, and likewise for the fair Devonshire Flower's, your daughter's, I give you my hand, sir, and wish you good-day."

Young Raybrook accompanied him disconsolately; for there was no Kitty at the window when he looked up, and Kitty in the garden, and, in that this gate, no Kitty gazing after them along the sandy way—and Kitty's room empty.

"Now I tell you what," said the captain. "Not being at present sold'sted to promote harmony in your family, I won't come in. You go and get your dinner at home, and I'll get mine at the little hotel. Let me have a message in two o'clock, and you'll find me smoking a cigar in the sun afore the hotel door. Tell Tom Pettifer, my steward, to consider himself on duty, and to look after your people till we come back; you'll find he'll have made himself useful to 'em already, and will be quite comfortable."

All was done as Captain Jorgen directed. Punctually at two o'clock the young fisherman appeared with his knapsack at his back; and punctually at two o'clock the captain jerked away the last fourth-end of his cigar.

"Let me carry your luggage, Captain Jorgen; I can easily take it with mine."

"Thank'e," said the captain, "I'll carry it myself. It's only a comb."

They climbed out of the village, and passed

among the trees and fern on the summit of the hill opposite, to take breath and to look down at the beautiful sea. Suddenly the captain gave his leg a resounding slap, and cried, "Never knew such a right thing in all my life!"—and ran away.

The cause of this abrupt refinement on the part of the captain was little Kitty among the trees. The captain went out of sight and waited, and kept out of sight and waited, and seemed to have no other occupation in life than to wait. At length he lighted it, and smoked it out, and still he was out of sight and waiting. The little children came out, and saw the lovers, with their arms entwined and their hands touching, moving slowly among the trees as on the golden time of old, and pointed them, and the captain said to himself, "Golden sun, golden sea, golden silk, golden sand, golden golden youth—a golden state of things altogether!"

Nevertheless the captain found it necessary to hail his young companion before going out of sight again. In a few moments more he came up, and they began slowly homeward.

"That still young woman with the flatheels child," said Captain Jorgan, as they hid the ship, "didn't throw her words away; but good honest words are never thrown away. And now that I am conveying you off from that tender little thing that loves and relies and hopes, I feel just as if I was the smiling critter in the picture, with the light behind, the light one, and the darkness in his cap, the tips of whose mustaches get up nearer to his eyes than they wouldn't be for."

The young fisherman knew nothing of Mephistopheles; but he smiled when the captain stopped to do double himself up and slap his leg, and they went along in right good-fellowship.

CHAPTER II.—THE CLUB-NIGHT.

A Cornish Moon, when the coast wind drives over it, is as cold and rugged a scene as a traveler is likely to find in a year's travel. A Cornish Moon, in the mist, is as black a solitude as the traveler is likely to wish himself well out of in the course of a little wanderings. A Cornish Moon, in a night fog, is a wilderness where the traveler needs to know his way well, or the chances are very against his life and his wanderings will soon perplex him no more.

Captain Jorgan and the young fisherman had faced the wind and the smoothness which they first rising of the sun after their departure from the village of Cornwall. They had had the wind, and still all day long had the sharp wind blown at them like some malevolent spirit bent on forbidding them harm. Captain Jorgan was more familiar with all the winds that blow, and too much accustomed to circumvent their slightest weakness, and get the better of them in the long run, to be beaten by any member of the sky family. Taking the sun rising for a sign that the wind would be tired little what wind blew, or how hard it blew; so he was in addition to the wind on this occasion on a mission to which the wind was a sign of that it freshened him up," and who regarded it in the light of an old acquaintance. One might have supposed, from his way, that there was a kind of fraternal understanding between Captain Jorgan and the wind, as between two proud fighters often opposed to one another. The young fisherman, for his part, was accustomed within his narrower limits to hold hard against the wind and his anxious object before him, so the wind went by him, too, little heeded, and went upon its way to kick Kitty.

Their varied course had lain by the side of the sea, where the brown rocks shelt in their banks of spray, and inland where once barren moors were reclaimed and cultivated, and by lonely villages of poor-seamen's cots that would walk, and by a tree or two with an old church and a market-place. But, always travelling through a sparsely inhabited country and over a broad expanse, they had come at last upon the true Cornish Moor within reach of Launceston. Now that great tracts of miners passed them here, with metallic masks of them, gleaming with dust of copper and tin; now solitary tracks of remote hillsides, with an occasional chimney of returning wheels and cogs and chains, writhing up hillsides, were the few scattered hints of human presence in the landscape; during long intervals, the bitter wind, howling and tearing at them like a fierce wild monster, had their all to itself.

"A sig'ns for thing it is," said the captain, looking round at the brown desert of rock and of moor, "How like this airth is to the sun that has spun it! Here's a spot of country rich in hidden metals, and it puts on the barest rags of clothes possible, and crouches and shivers and makes believe to be so poor that it may be asked as offered a fool for a bead. Just like a human miser, ain't it?"

"But they find the miner out," returned the young fisherman, pointing to where the earth by the wanderers passed along the valleys was turned up, for miles, in trying for metal.

"Ay, they find him out," said the captain; "but he makes a struggle of it every death, and holds back all he can. He's a 'cute 'un."

The gleam of evening was already gathering on the dreary moors, and they were, in the dreary and bleak, a dozen miles from their destination. But the captain, in his knee-shirted trousers and his boots and his hat and his square shirt-collar, and without any extra defense against the weather, walked briskly with his hands in his pockets; as if he lived under-ground somewhere hard by, and had just come up to show his friend the moor.

"I'd have liked to have had a look at this place, too," said the captain, "when there was a monstrous sweep of water rolling over it, dragging the powerful great stones along and piling 'em atop of one another, and depositing the foundations for all manner of superstitious. Bless you! the old pagans, more mechanical critters as they were, never piled up many of these stones. Wasn't the lever that moved 'em. When you see 'em thick and blunt towards one point of the compass, and fined away thin towards the opposite point, you may be as good as moral sure that the name of the ancient Druid that fixed 'em was Water."

The captain referred to some great blocks of stone presently this characteristic, which were wonderfully balanced and heaps on one another, on a desolate hill-side. Looking back, he also stood out against the lurid glare of the west, just then expiring, they were not unlike enormous distribution blots, that had rolled down on one page and peaks, and had been perfectly there.

"But it's an interesting country," said the captain, "—I don't do all the annals of that said and Arch-Druid, Water, and it's odd in the annals of the said old pre-antediluvian, that it's a mighty interesting thing to set your boot (as I did this day) on a rough, honey-combed old stone, with not nothing you can name hardly, to guide you in: which the scholars that go about with hammers, chipping pieces off the mighty antiquities, find to be an inscription entreating prayers for the soul of some fee-agent-but-critter of a governor and archer-and-bowman, Cæsar, or Pompey. Here the captain stopped to slap his leg. "It's a mighty interesting thing to come upon a score or two of names set up in a forest-country where, some toil, some leaning here, some leaning there, and you find out that they mightily inquire about, and may be still—to be a group of Cornish men that got changed into that geological formation for giving a good-conduct-prayer. I don't wouldn't have it in my country, I reckon, even if they could get it—but it's very interesting."

In this the captain, leaning, as it seemed him, was quite sincere. Quite as sincere as when he added, after looking about him for a little, "Splendid coming up as the sun goes down—will spread, and we shall have to feel our way safe Launcest fall as soon as we be."

All the way along the young fisherman had spoken at times to the captain of his interrupted course, and of the disappointment of the restitution that must be made, and of the cherished plans of his best, as, in consequence, he had to put them aside for it. In his simple faith and honor, he seemed incapable of entertaining the idea that it was wishful and foolish in him to trouble the thinking of what their inquiries should establish to be right. This was very agreeable to Captain Jorgan, and was his encouragement. He therefore, as he now turned the discourse back into that channel, and encouraged the young man to set forth and to calculate how many years it would take, without a share in the library, to establish a home for him and for the young lady, and how long was its anxieties.

Meanwhile it fell very dark, and the fog became dense, though the wind howled at them and his these as savagely as ever. The captain had carried his lamp from the cabin, lighted it, and hung it and carried his pocket-compass with him; the young fisherman, too, possessed that kind of collected intellect that is not easily disturbed in often found among men of such pursuits. But although they held a true course in the main, and corrected it by the compass, it was not in the power of man and a light obtained with great difficulty in the dense fog-bank, to find the Cornish Moon and help losing the road often. On such occasions they would become involved in the difficult ground of a rough country, and, in the Cornish Moonless fog, would emerge upon the road at some point they had passed before they left it, and thus would have a longer journey than they had begun from. But the young fisherman was not easily lost, and the captain was not easily disconcerted, and, when he had up, with perfect coolness and self-possession, at any appointed spot on the surface of this globe, Cornwall included, he was as well and as well-tempered in their progress to Launceston, and arrived in that small place at nine o'clock, at that time the young fisherman had fallen back over his earnestness on the nape of his neck; but he still had his hands in his pockets, and showed no other sign of dilapidation.

They had chased run against a low stone house with, and cumbrous, and ancient, and very heavy they but hit upon the little hotel, the King Arthur's Arms. They could not, indeed, have missed it their progress to Launceston, and arrived in that small place at nine o'clock, at that time the young fisherman had fallen back over his earnestness on the nape of his neck; but he still had his hands in his pockets, and showed no other sign of dilapidation.

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"Now, wait a bit," said the captain. "They might be in bed, for aught I know, at these quarters. Consequently, the policy is to take an observation, and, if we don't find the warmest place, walk right slap into it."

The warmest room was evidently that from which the candle shone through the dark twilight of fog, and from which the sound of voices engaged in some discussion came out into the night. Captain Jorgan was not established in the middle of this room, merely said to his young friend, "Follow me!" and he followed him. Captain Arthur's Arms had any notion that they intended a stranger.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, advancing, and, as soon bobbing to you for the opportunity you give me of addressing you; but will not detain you, and, consequently, I hope, I shall have the honor to be a cousin of years on the Uncle Sam side; this young friend of mine is a nearer relation on the Jonathan side; and we have walked pretty nigh used up, and much in want of supper. I thank you for your welcome, and I am proud to take you by the hand, sir, and I hope I see you well."

These last words were addressed to a jolly-looking chairman, with a wooden hammer near him; which, but for the captain's friendly grasp, he would have taken up and hammered the table with.

"How do you do, sir?" said the captain, shaking this chairman's hand with the greatest heartiness, while his new friend ineffectually eyed his hammer of office; "when you come to my country, I shall be proud to return your welcome, sir, and that of this good company."

The captain now took his seat near the fire, and invited his companions to do the likewise. He was congratulated aloud on their having "fallen on their feet."

The company, who might be about a dozen in number, were at a loss what to make of, or do with, the captain. But one little old man in long dangling shoe-buckles, with the only hair-cut which visible through a cloud of tobacco smoke, looked like a superannuated Cherubim: said sharply,

"This is a Club."

"This is a Club," the captain repeated to his young friend, "—I'm in a Club, you, sir? curious! Didn't I say, coming along, if we could only fight upon a Club?"

The young man's doubling himself up and slapping his leg finished the chairman. He had been softening towards the captain from the first, and he unbolted. "Gentlemen King Arthur," said he, rising, "though it is not the custom to admit strangers, still, as this is a Club, and the rule cannot be adapted, I will exert my authority and break it again. And while the supper of these travelers is cooking," he said, as he set off on the landlord, "I cheerfully took the bitt and withdrew to see about it."

"I will recall you to the subject of the sea-faring man."

"Dye hear?" said the captain, aside to the young fisherman, "he's a jolly in our way. Who's the sea-faring man, I wonder?"

"I see several old men here," resumed the young fisherman, to the hint he thought were always on his object. "Perhaps one or more of the old men whose names you wrote down in your book may be here."

"Perhaps," said the captain, "I've got my eye on 'em. But don't force it. Try if it won't come natural."

Thus the two, behind their hands, while they sat at the table, with the other members, whom the Club beginning to be let in once again, and resuming the discussion of the sea-faring man, the captain winked to his fellow-traveler to let him attend to it.

As it was a kind of conversation not altogether unpreoccupied in such assemblages, where most of these who spoke all spoke all at once, and where half of those could not be beginning to wish they had to say, and the other half could put no end, the tendency of the debate was always to get very intelligible. All the captain had made out, down to the time when the separate little table laid for two was ready, was making inquiries of the old and rathers of them, reduced itself to these heads. That, a week before, had arrived at King Arthur's Arms, benighted, an hour or so earlier in the evening. That, the Gentlemen King Arthurs had solicited the sea-faring man to share the sanctuary of their Club. That, they had invited him to make his footing good by telling a story. That, he had, after some pressing, begun a story of adventure and shipwreck; at an interesting point of which the Club had rapped and politely refused to finish. That, he had thereupon taken up a candlestick, and gone to bed, and was now the sole occupant of the gentlemen-bedroom upstairs. The question raised on these premises appeared to be, whether the sea-faring man was not in a state of mental distress, and whether it was not to be formally voted and declared in that condition. Upon this question the jolly chairman (suggested by the more loose and irreverent of the Gentlemen King Arthurs) that it might make no sort of difference to the sea-faring man whether he was so voted and declared, or not.

Captain Jorgan and the young fisherman ate their supper with their knives, and their knives and forks had ceased to rattle and their glasses had ceased to clink, and the discussion showed no symptoms of coming to any conclusion. But when they had left their little supper-table and had returned to the blazing fire, the Club-chairman hammered himself into attention, and thus outspoke.

"Gentlemen King Arthurs; when the night is so bad that it cannot be worse, it is a good night. When the moon is so windy, cold, and bleak, this room should be cheerful, convivial, and comfortable. Gentlemen, at present it is neither the one, nor yet the other, nor yet the other. Gentlemen King Arthurs, I call you to yourselves. Gentlemen King Arthurs, what are you? You are inhabitants—old inhabitants—of the noble city of Launceston. Is this your Club, or is it assembled. You are a monthly Club through all the winter months, and yet it is proper, in the exercise of privileges, on a new member's entrance, or on a member's birthday, to call upon that member to make good the obligation by relating to you some transaction or adventure in his life, or in the life of a relation, or in the life of a friend, and then to require an your representative to sign a testimonium to pass it round. Gentlemen King Arthurs, your personal privileges shall not suffer in the keeping. No—no! Therefore, as the member whose birthday the present occasion has the honor to be, is not with us, and as the sea-faring man overhead has not grabbed you! I start you fresh, by signing the testimonium himself, and, as a fine spice with his humour and sense, I call upon the gentleman in faith to to speak up when his name is declared."

The captain's sea-faring friend looked hard at the testonum as it whirled rapidly, and harder still when it gradually became intoxicated and began to stagger from side to side in an incoherent and disorderly manner. Finally, it came into collision with a candlestick, and hooked against the pipe of the old gentleman with the flapping shirt collars. Thereupon the chairman struck the table once with his hammer and said,

"Mr. Purvis!"

"Dye hear?" the captain whispered the captain, greatly excited, to the young fisherman. "I'd have had you a thousand dollars a good half-hour ago, that that old cherubim in the cloots was Arion Purvis!"

The respectable personage in question, after turning up one eye to assist his memory—which time he bore a very striking resemblance indeed to the conventional representations of his race as executed in oil by various ancient masters—commenced a narrative, of which the interest centred in a whitecoat. It appeared that the whitecoat was a yellow whitecoat with a green stripe, white or yellow, and a plain brass button. It also appeared that the whitecoat was made to order, by Nicholas Penfold of Penzance, who was thought of the top of the Penzance-coach, and given in bill on the Plymouth road, and pitching on his mind when he was not sensitive, lived twenty-thirty years afterwards, and continued to lend the better for the accident—caused up, as it might be. It further appeared that the whitecoat belonged to Mr. Purvis's father, and had once attended him, in company with a pair of gaiters, to the annual fund of misery of Mr. Purvis's, on an extraordinary circumstance which ever afterward rendered it in a wonderful manner in story and occurrence. But the celebrity of the whitecoat was not thoroughly accounted for by Mr. Purvis, and had to be wrung out of him by a series of questions, in consequence of that gentleman's entirely forgetting all about the extraordinary circumstance that he mentioned it down to the time. Indeed, he was sensible, on a gentle cross-examination instituted for the assistance of his memory, to inform the Gentlemen King Arthurs whether it was a circumstance of a natural or a supernatural character. Having thus responded to the testonum, Mr. Purvis, after looking out from his clouds as if he would like to see the man who would beat that, subsided into himself.

The fraternity were plunged into a blank condition by Mr. Purvis's answer, and the chairman was about to try another spin, when young Raybrook—whom Captain Jorgan had with difficulty restrained—rose, and said might he ask Mr. Purvis a question.

The Gentlemen King Arthurs holding, with loud cries of "Hear! hear!" that he might, he asked the question as soon as he could possibly make himself heard.

Did the forgotten circumstance relate in any way to money? To a sum of money, such as his grandfather had left? To money supposed by possession to be honestly come by, but in reality illgotten and stolen?

A general surprise seized upon the club when this remarkable inquiry was preferred; which would have become resentment but for the captain's interposition.

"Strange as it sounds," said he, "and sudden as it seems to be, I believe, gentlemen, that my young friend here has a nearly stand-up inside interest in the matter. Also, I pledge myself that they are inoffensive words. He and I are searching for information on a subject which these words generally describe. Gentlemen, you may get from the honestest and best of men—any yet, or not yet, here or any where about here. I pay the Honorable Mr. Purvis, and all the parlors—Purvis—will not object to quiet my young friend's desire by saying Yes or No."

After some time, the obtuse Mr. Purvis was with great trouble and difficulty induced to roar out "Ay!" in which concession the captain rose and thanked him.

"Now, listen to the next," whispered the captain to his young fisherman, "and may be more in him than in the other critter. Don't interrupt him. Hear him out, you!"

The chairman with all due formality spun the testonum, and it resided into the brandy-and-water in a strong fit of jealousy or a jolly Dodger: the manager of a neighboring mine. He immediately began as follows, with a plain monotone—like air that gradually warmed as he proceeded.

It happened that at one period of my life the path of my destiny (not a the path they) lay along the highways and by-ways of Wales, and that I had occasion to make frequent stoppages at common French roadside eskarots—that kind of tavern which has a long and narrow kitchen beds and French plays. I had engaged myself in an adventure which was attended with concurrent uneasiny. A very old friend of mine had recently established himself at Paris in a wholesale commercial enterprise, and I was called upon by his to set necessary for our present purpose to enter. He had proposed to me a certain share in the undertaking, and some of the details of my part was to be valve occasional journeys among the smaller towns and villages of France, with the view of establishing agencies and opening connections. My friend had applied to me to undertake this function, rather than to a native, feeling that he could trust me better than a stranger. He knew also that, in consequence of my being then half an Englishman in France, my knowledge of the language would be sufficient for every purpose that could be required.

I accepted my friend's proposal, and entered with such energy as I could command upon my new duties. Sometimes my journeyings from place to place were accomplished by means of the railroad, or other public conveyance; but there were other occasions, and these last I liked the best, when it was necessary I should go to outlying places, and by such means as I could secure hired it more convenient for me to travel with a carriage and horse of my own. My carriage was of the light cabriolet order, and was a handsome but that would put up and down; and there was plenty of room at the back for such specimens or samples of goods as it was necessary that I should carry with me. For my horse—it was absolutely indispensable that it should be an animal of some value, as no horse but a very good one would be capable of performing the long courses, day after day, which my mode of traveling rendered necessary. He cost me two thousand francs, and was my best and dear friend.

Many were the journeys we performed together

over the broad acres of beautiful France. Many were the hotels, many the auberges, many the tendinons, many the dumb leads, and many the dins which I encountered on route. Many were the dull old fortified towns over whose drawbridges I rolled; many the still more dull old towns without fortifications and without drawbridges, at which my vocations made it necessary for me to halt.

I don't know how it was that on the morning when I was to start from the town of Doulins, with the intention of sleeping at Fromentel-Ecrets, I was an hour later in commencing my journey than I ought to have been. I have said I don't know how it was; but this is scarcely true. I do know how it was. It was because on that morning, to use a popular expression, every thing went wrong. So it was an hour later than it ought to have been, Gentleman, when I drew up the sheepskin lining of my carriage spread over my legs, and establishing my little dog comfortably on the seat beside me, set off on my journey, as all good politions I was accompanied by a favorite terrier of mine, which I had brought with me from Ireland. I was a devoted widower at that time, and had her companion.

It was a miserable day in the month of October, a perfectly gray sky, with white gleams about the horizon, gave unmistakable evidence that the small drizzle which was falling would continue for two and twenty hours at least. It was cold and cheerless weather, and on the deserted road I was pursuing there was nothing to relieve the dullness. I was an occasional customer, or road-master, to break the solitude. A deserted way indeed, with poplars on each side of it, which had been cut down low in the autumn, and had shed their leaves in abundance at the same time, so that the poor mare's footstep had quite a muffled sound as she trampled them under her hoofs. Widely-extending flats spread out on either side till the view was lost in an inconceivably melancholy scene, and the road itself was perfectly straight, that you could see something like two miles of it diminishing to a point in front of you, while a similar view was visible through the little window at the back of the carriage.

In the hurry of the morning's departure I had omitted to inquire, I generally did it in traveling on unknown road, at what village it would be best for me to stop, to dine, to sleep, to hear the name of the most respectable house of public entertainment in my way; so that when I arrived between two and three o'clock at a small place where four roads met, and when at one of the corners formed by their union I saw a great barn-looking inn, with the sign of the Cheval Blanc swinging in front, I had nothing for it but to put up there, without knowing any thing of the character of the house.

The look of the place did not please me. It was a great, barn, stable-looking building, which seemed much larger than was necessary, and presented a black and dirty appearance, which, considering the little time any trace of dirt could be built to account for. All the doors and all the windows were shut, and there was no sign of a waiter. I hesitated whether I should turn into the open gates of the stable-yard, or go further to the next more attractive-looking place. But my mare was tired, I was more than half-way on my road, and should be late in the morning of the journey. Besides, Gentleman, why *not* put up here? It was only going to step at such places of entertainment as completely suited me, externally as well as internally, I had better give up traveling altogether.

There was no more signs of life in the interior of the yard than were presented by the external aspect of the house as it fronted the road. Every thing seemed shut up. All the stables and outhouses were characterized by closed doors, without so much as a wisp of straw lying on their thresholds to indicate that these buildings were sometimes put to a practical use. I was an unusual thing about the place, and no living creature: no pigs, no ducks, no fowls. It was perfectly still and quiet, and as I sat in the carriage there was a dim small rain descends quite straight, without a breath of air to drive it one way or the other, the silence was complete. I grew uneasy. I grew a little dull, and began undoing the harness while my companions was taking office.

The first person whom the sound of my voice appeared to have reached was a small but precious ugly, big-headed man, who had a door in the house, and descending the flight of steps which led to it, approached to ad me as my mare. I was jumping, the final buckle on my side of the harness, when, happening to turn round, I discovered, standing about inches as a stranger who had approached so quietly that it would have been a continuing thing to find him so near even if there had been nothing in his appearance which was calculated to startle me. He was the most ill-looking man, indeed, I ever had seen in my life, and in bethought. Nearer fifty than any other age I could give him, his dry, spare nature had kept him as light and active as a cricket boy. An absence of flesh, however, was not the only want I felt to exist in the personal appearance of the landlord of The Cheval Blanc. There was a most strikingly defect in him than this. A want of any hint of decency, or necessity, or any semblance of being to the better side (if there was a better side) of the man's nature. When first I looked at his eyes, as he stood looking at me in the open door, as they rapidly glanced over the comely points of my horse, and thence to the packages inside my carriage, and the portmanteau strapped on in front of it—at that time the color of his eyes appeared to me to be of an almost orange tinge; but when, a minute afterward, we stood together in the dark stable, I noted that a kind of blue phosphorescence glinted upon their surface, vulling their red hue, and imparting to them a tigerish lustre. The moment when I remarked this, by-the-by, was when the organs I have been describing were fixed upon the very large gold ring which I had not ceased to wear until I saw that it was obviously time, and which you may see upon my finger now. There were two other things about this man that struck me. Taxes were, a bald red projecting lump of flesh at the back of his head, and a deep scar, which a scrap of frouzy whisker on his cheek wholly declined to conceal.

"A nasty day for a journey of pleasure," said the landlord, looking at me with a satirical smile.

"Perhaps it is not a journey of pleasure," I answered, dryly.

"We have few such travelers on the road now," said the evil-faced man. "The railroads make the country quiet, and the roads are not as they were three hundred years ago."

"Not quite so quiet," I answered, carelessly, "for there who are obliged to travel by them. Nobody else, I should think, would be likely to make use of them."

"Will you come into the house?" said the landlord, abruptly, looking me full in the face.

I never felt a stranger disposition than I entertained towards the idea of entering this man's doors. Not what brought, but what kept me back, was a strength half through the first installment of her oats, so there was no more excuse for remaining in the door. I could see the dull drizzling rain was out of the question, and to remain sitting in my cabriole would have been a worse indignity than a stable-yard. I hesitated, I felt, I had nothing since the morning's coffee, and I wanted something warm. There was nothing to be done, then, but to accept my ill-looking friend's offer. He led the way up the flight of steps which gave access to the house, and I followed him.

The room to which I found myself on passing through the door at the top of these steps, was one of those rooms which an ancient house of every dull to adjoining, and which, in a modern one, is an additional degree of gloom. There is *sometimes* this character about light, and I have seen before now a sunshine which was a mockery of gloomy, which have owed a great share of their melancholy to an immediate ancient of cold gray daylight. This room, then, which I now entered, was one of those which, on a wet day, seemed several degrees lighter than the rest of the house, and which not be really lighter than the thing that it is, but it seemed so. It also appeared larger than the whole outside of it, and it was, perhaps, in point not be either, but seemed so. Vast as it was, there appeared through it, and beyond it, a long, dark hall with another department of similar dimensions. It was not a square room, nor an oblong room, but was marked out into a shape which I have no denomion which, as you have very likely observed, Gentleman, has always an unpleasant effect. The Italian-Gothic, which was the style of the apartment, though really of the usual size, looked quite a village place in comparison with the other tables, which were planted sparingly here and there for purposes of refreshment, they were quite lost in the immensity of the apartment. A cupboard, a rack of billiard cues, a markingboard, and a print of the murder of the Archbishop Sentis in a frame of black and gilt, were the principle of wall. The ceiling, as far as one could judge of any thing of that nature, was lost in the gloom of an enormous beam with rings fastened into it adapted for suicidal purposes, and splashed with the whitewash of a recent operation. Floor and the walls had just been decorated. Even my little terrier, whom I had been obliged to take up in my arms on account of the dirtiness, was so manifested to fly at the shins of our detested landlord, leaping and barking, and then, as I set down and as I set her down, and trembled and shivered as if she would come out of her skin.

"And so you don't like, Nelly, and your little bends of eyes, that look up at me from under that hairy pent-house, with nothing but love in them, are all lost on you?" I said, as I stood down upon his sinister foot? And how did he get that name, Nelly? I wonder if he ever ill-treated his last traveler? And what do you think of his eyes, Nelly? And what do you think of the back of his head, Nelly? Do you think that he's about now, eh? What mischief do you think he's hatching? Don't you wish you were sitting by my side in the cabriole, and that we were out on the free road again?"

To all these questions and remarks my little companion responded very intelligibly by faint thumpings of the ground with her tail, and by lifting her nose to my face. Nelly was a little lady of habits of intelligence, I understood very well to mean that whatever my opinion might be she coincided in it.

I had ordered an omelet and some wine when I first entered the house, and I now set about it for it, I observed that my landlord would every now and then leave what he was about in the chimney-corner, where he was, and, as I fancied, preparing my meal—and would come and peer at me furtively from the other end of the room, connected the room I was in with that in which he was. Once, too, I heard him go out, and I felt sure that he had retired to the stable, to examine more minutely the value of my horse and carriage.

I took it into my head that my landlord was a redeemer rogue; that he was anxious to be accomplice to support him; that he had ensured that he was in possession of a considerable sum of money, without doubt, and that he was travelling about, as he saw me, from place to place.

While my mind was amusing itself with these cheerful reflections a little girl, of about twelve years old, entered the room through the glasses-doors, and, after bouncing me with a long stare, went to the cupboard at the other end of the apartment, and, opening it with a bunch of keys which she brought with her in her hand, took out a small white paper packet, about four inches square, and retired with it by the way by which she had entered. I still sitting, I have no dilignity that, in want of proper attention to where she was going, she got (I am happy to state) a severe bump against the door as she passed through it. She was a horrid little girl this, with eyes that in shirking the necessity of looking straight at any body or any thing, had got at last to look only at the same—sideways, sinilarly, as bad a nose as could be met with, and therefore a considerable expansion. She had, moreover, frizzy and fuzzy hair, and generally speaking, a very bad-looking, bad way of going along without looking at what she was about, which was very noisome and detestable. It was not the fault of this little young lady prepared, bearing in her hand a plate containing the omelet, and a bottle of wine upon the table without going through the previous form of laying a cloth. She next cut an immense piece of bread from a loaf and cut a ring, and, having clapped this also down upon the dirtiest part of the table, and having further favored me with a frowsy kick against the door, disappeared once more. She disappeared to fetch the wine. When this had been brought, she informed me, in the pungent tions for my feast were considered complete, and I was left to enjoy it alone.

I must not fail to mention that the horrid waiting-maid appeared to excite as strong an antipathy in the breast of my little dog as that which my landlord had inspired her with; and, I am happy to say, that as the child left the room I was obliged to hold my little pet by force to harassing her retreating calves.

Gentlemen, an experienced traveler soon learn that he must not expect to find every thing to his eyes, nose, and ears to all suggestions. I set to work then, at the omelet with energy, and at the bought wine brent with good will, and had swallowed half a tumbler of wine and water, when a thought suddenly occurred to me that omelet to me set the glass down upon the table. I no sooner done this than I raised it again to my lips, took a deep mouthful, let the liquid stand in my mouth two or three times, and spat it out upon the floor. But I uttered, as I did so, in an audible tone, the monosyllable "Poh!"

"Poh! Nelly," I said, looking down at my dog, who was sitting on my knee intently with her head on one side—"poh! Nelly," I repeated, "what frauds and inconceivable nonsense!"

And what was it that I thus stigmatized? What was it that had given me pause in the midst of my dinner? Nothing, I believe, was in that mass! I had set down my glass with half its contents remaining in it? It was a suspicion, drivel, I remarked to myself, was the innermost recesses of my soul, that the wine I had just been drinking, and which, contrary to my custom, I had mixed with water, was drugged!

There are some thoughts which, like noxious insects, come creeping into one's mind so often as we repulse them. We confute them in argument, prove them illogical, leave them we by to stand aside, and yet there they are the next moment as brisk as been, and stronger on their pins than ever. It was just such a thought in this wine I had just now to deal. It was well to say "Poh!" it was well to remind myself that this wine was a most innocent thing, that I was not acting a part in a French melodrama, that such things as I was thinking of were only fancy in reality, and that it was well to argue that not a respectable man down as a murderer, but cease to be had greater colored eyes and a scar upon his cheek, were ridiculous things to do. There remained to be two separate parties within me: one possessed of great powers of argument and a cool judgment: the other, an irrational or opposition party, whose chief force consisted in a system of dogged assertion with all the arguments of the rational party were insufficient to put down.

It was not long before an additional force, separated to the side of the irrational party, in certain symptoms which began to develop themselves in my stomach, regardless of which which turned favorable to the view of the case I was so anxious to refute. In spite of all my efforts to the contrary, I could not help feeling that some very remarkable sensations were slowly and gradually stealing over me. First of all, I began to and that I was a little at fault in my system of calculating distances: so that when I took up my glass and attempted to replace it on the table, I either brought it into contact with that article of furniture with a crash, in consequence of conceiving it to be a foot or two; or else, imagining that the table was several inches nearer to the ceiling than it was, I thought I should drop whatever I held in my hand sooner than I should, and found that I was sending it to space. Then, again, I noted that the objects in my chamber, there was a slight tingling in my hands, and a sense that they, as well as my feet (which were very cold), were growing to gigantic size, and were also surrounded with numerous rapidly revolving wheels of a light structure, like Catherine-wheels prepares to ignition. It also appeared to me that when I spoke to my dog my voice had a curious sound, and my words were very imperfectly articulated.

It would happen, too, that when I looked toward the glass-doors, my landlord was there, peering at me through the vanish curtain: or the horrid little girl would enter, with no obvious intention, and having listened for a minute, leave the room, would leave it again. At length the landlord himself came in, and coolly walking up to the table, I felt as if I was muted, glanced at the hardly tasted wine before me.

"It would appear that the wine disagrees with you," said the landlord.

"It is good enough," I answered, as carelessly as I could; the words sounding to me as if they were uttered inside the capuls of St. Paul's, and were conveyed by iron tubes to the place I occupied.

I was in a strange state—perfectly conscious, but imperfectly able to control my thoughts, my words, my actions. I believe my landlord stood staring down at me as I sat staring up at him, with a mixture of Catherine-wheels as they revolved round his eyes and nose and chins—Gentlemen, they seemed absolutely to *fix* when they got to the scar on his cheek.

At this time a noisy party entered the main room of the auberge, which I have mentioned as being visible through the glass-doors, and the landlord had to leave me for a time to go and attend to them. I think I must have fallen into a slight and strongly-retained dozo, and that when I started, out of it it was in consequence of the violent barking of my terrier. My landlord was in the room; he was just unlocking the cupboard from which the little girl had taken the paper packet. He took out just such another paper parcel, and returned again through the door. As he did so, I heard the unmistakably wondering sigh had become of the little girl. Presently his evil face appeared staring at the door.

"I am going to prepare the coffee," said the landlord; "perhaps monsieur will like it better than wine?"

As the man disappeared I started suddenly and violently upon my feet. I could deceive myself no longer. My thoughts were like lightnings. "The wine having been taken in so small a quantity as to produce only mixed with water, he does its work (as this man can see) but imperfectly. The coffee will finish that work. He is now preparing it. The sulphuric, the hydrocyanic can be no doubt. I will leave this place while I yet can. Or—or never; if those men whose voices I hear in the other room have the bones in will be too late. With so many witnesses no attempt will be made to prevent my departure. I will not sleep—I will act—I will force my muscles to their work, and get away from this place."

Notwithstanding my determination, and the curves of distressing sensitiveness, I have received from my mind a tremulous power of controlling my nerves for a time. I staggered to the door, feeling it after me more violently than I had intended, and, consequently, the fresh air making me feel very giddy—into the yard.

As I went down the steps I saw the traveler little young lady, and I have a vague recollection of the yard, followed by a blacksmith, carrying a horse-shoe and some other implements of trade. Catching sight of me, the little girl spoke quickly to the blacksmith, and in an instant they both disappeared, the latter, which was nearest toward the stable, and entered an outhouse on the other side of the yard. The thought entered my head that the man was sent for to shoe my mare, and that my horse's feet, so that in the event of the dropped when falling, I might still be unable to proceed. This horrible idea added new force to my exertions. I reined the shafts of my carriage and commenced dragging it out of the yard and down to the front of the house: feeling that if it was once on the highway there would be less possibility of offering any impediment to my starting. I am conscious of having fallen twice to the ground in the attempt to get the carriage out of the yard. Next, I hastened to the stable. My mare was still harnessed, with the exception of the bandle. I had no difficulty in getting her out of the yard, and dragged her to the place where I had left the carriage. After I were not how many efforts to place the double beast in the shafts—I was so incapable of calculating distances as a drunkard—I succeeded, but have I know not, without the assistance of the boy I had seen. I was making a final effort to fasten the traces to its little pin, when I heard behind me a voice:

"Are you going away without drinking your coffee?"

I turned round and saw my landlord standing close beside me. He was watching my bungling efforts to come to the harness, but he made no movement to assist me.

"I do not want my coffee," I answered.

"No coffee! Not a drop of it! I had upper that the gentleman is not a great drinker. You have not drunk your horse much of a rest," he added, presently.

"I am in haste. What have I to pay?"

"Nothing," replied the man, with a bad landlord; "a glass of brandy before starting in the wet?"

"No, nothing more. What have I to pay?"

"You will at least come in for an instant and warm your feet at the stove?"

"No. Tell me at once how much I am to pay."

Baffled in all his efforts to get me again into the house, the disappointed landlord hesitating for it but to answer my demand.

"Four francs! of eate," he muttered, "the trifles of hay, breakfast, wine, coffee"—he emphasized the last two words with a malignant grin—"twelve francs fifty centimes."

My mare was by this time somehow or other buckled into the shafts, and now I had to get out my purse to pay the money. My hands were cold, my head was giddy, my sight was dim, and, as I fumbled for the money, (which was a porte-monnaie, opening with a hinge), I managed while paying the bill to turn the purse over and to drop some gold.

"Gold!" cried the boy who had been helping me to harness the horse: speaking as if by an involuntary exclamation.

The landlord made a sudden dart at it, but instantly was baffled.

"People want plenty of gold," he said, "when they make a journey of pleasure."

I felt myself giddy, and feeling worse. I could not pick up the gold pieces as they lay on the ground. I tell my mare, and my head bowed forward. I could not hit the place where a coin lay; I could see it but I could not guide my fingers to it. Still I did not yield. I got some of the money up, and the stable-boy, who was very officious in assisting me, gave me one or two pieces—to this day, I don't know how many he kept. I cast a hasty glance around, and seeing no more gold on the ground, raised myself by a desperate effort and

scrambled to my place in the carriage. I shook the reins instantaneously, and the mare began to move.

The well-trained beast was beginning to trot away as relevantly as usual, when a thought suddenly flashed into my brain, as will sometimes happen when we are just going to sleep—a thought which woke me up like a pistol-shot, and caused me to spring forward and gather up the reins so violently as almost to bring the mare back upon her haunches.

"My dog, my little Nelly!" I had left her behind!

To abandon my little favorite was a thing that never entered my head. "No, I must return. I must go back to the horrible place I have escaped from. He has sent my gold, too, now!" I said to myself as I turned my horse round with many clumsy efforts; "the man who were drinking in the subterra gone, and what is worse than all, I feel more under the influence of the drugs I have swallowed."

As I approached the subterra once more I remember noticing that its walls looked blacker than ever, that the rain was falling more heavily, that the Bandit and the stable-boy were on the steps of the inn, evidently on the look-out for me. One thing more I noticed—for I had a small speck, as of some vehicle nearing the place.

"I have come back for my dog," said I.

"I know nothing of your dog."

"It is false! I left her shut up in the inner room."

"Go there and find her, then," retorted the man, throwing off all disguise.

"I will," I very coolly answered.

I now, I was a-top to get me into the house; I knew I was lost if I entered it; but I did not care. I descended from the carriage, I climbed up the steps with the aid of the balusters, I heard the barking of my little Nelly as I passed through the outer passage, I approached the glass-door, steadying myself as I went by the articles of furniture in the passage, I reached the door-open, and my favorite bounded into my arms.

And now I felt that it was too late. As I approached the door that opened to the road I saw my carriage being led round to the back of the premises, and the form of the landlord appeared in the door-way blocking up the passage. I made an effort to push past him, but it was useless. My little Nelly fell out of my arms and I found outside; the landlord slammed the door heavily; and I felt, without sense or knowledge, at his feet.

I was dark, Gentlemen—dark and very cold. The little patch of dirty window I had left in it in a marvelous number of stars, which would have looked bright but for a blazing planet which seemed to shine with the whiteness of the moon, the other luminaries round about it. To lie thus was, in spite of the cold, quite a luxurious sensation. As I turned my head to ease it a little (for it seemed to have been in this position some time), I felt cold and weak. A little musician, I felt, was a stirring close beside me, and first a cold nose touching my hand, and then a hot tongue licking it. As my other musician, I felt, was a gentle rumbling sound, and I could feel that I was being carried slowly along, and that every jolt and turn there was a slight jolt: one of which, perhaps, more marked than the rest, might be the cause of my being where I was.

Presently, other matters began to dawn upon my mind through the medium of my senses. I could see the regular movement of a horse's tail walking in front of me; surely I saw, too, part of the figure of a man, pale of cheek, with a bandage the hood of a cent, and a head with a wide-awake hat upon it. I could hear the occasional sounds of conversation which seemed to emanate from this figure, and which were addressed to the horse. I could hear the thinking of bells upon the animal's neck. Surely, too, I heard a musician behind him, and this trend of a horse's feet—just as if there were another vehicle following where we was. Was there any thing more? Yes, in the distance I was able to detect the twinkling of a light or two, as if a town were near for all.

Now, Gentlemen, as I lay and observed all these things, there was such a languor shed over my spirits, such a sense of utter lassitude and weakness, that I hardly cared to ask myself what it all meant, or to inquire where I was, or how I came there. A conviction that all was well with me, by like an anodyne upon my heart, and it was only slowly and gradually that I began to try as to how I came to be so developed itself in my brain. I have say we had been jogging along for a quarter of an hour during which I had been perfectly conscious, before I struggled up into a sitting posture, and reproached the hooded back of the man at the horse's head.

"Dolly?"

The man with the hooded cost who was walking by the side of the horse, suddenly cried out "Wo!" In a minute's time, I was on the back of the carriage and cried out "Wo!" again; and then we came to a stand-still. In another moment he had passed round the step of the carriage and had taken me cordially by the hand.

"What," he said, "awake at last? Hey-day! I had quite begun to despair of you."

"My dear friend, what does all this mean? Where am I? Where did you come from? This is not my cabriolet, this is not my horse."

"Both are safe behind," said Dolly, heartily; "and horse will peg on much, if you will stay another word till you are safe and warm at the Lion Inn. See! There are the lights of the town. Now, not another word." And pulling the horse-cloth under which I was lying more closely over me, my friend dismounted from the step, started the vehicle with the customary cry of "Allons donc!" and a crack of the whip, and we were soon once more in motion.

Chatting Dolly was a man into whose company circumstances had thrown me very often, and with whom I had become intimate from choice. Of the numerous cases to which he belonged, those men who were sturdy vehicles and sturdier horses are to be seen standing in the yards and stables of all the inns in provincial France—the class of the commis-voyageurs, or French commercial travelers—Chatting Dolly was more than a favorable specimen. I was very fond of him. In the course of our intimacy I had been fortunate enough to have the opportunity of being serviceable to him in matters of some importance. I think, Gentlemen, we like those we have served quite as well as they like us.

The town lights were, indeed, close by, and I was not long before we turned into the yard of the Lion d'Or and found ourselves in the midst of warmth and brightness, and comfort and cheer, which, after the dangers I had passed through, looked perfectly angelic.

I had no idea till I attempted to move how weak and dazed I was. I was too far gone for dinner. A bed was the only thing I felt, and coveted, and I was soon in possession of both.

I was no sooner snugly ensconced with my head in the pillow, and my aching limbs and legs as they sparkled—my little Nelly lying outside the counterpane—with a hot-water bottle at my feet, and not unbentered to relieve my curiosity as to the circumstances of my escape from the Tête Noire. It was now too late, Dolly had left me, and I was too sleepy to be able to refuse to speak.

"Not one word," I said, "till you have had a good dinner, and have taken a good nap and sit beside me, and tell me all I am longing to know. Not anyone will do me good like you, Dolly, I know: when you come up you will bring a plateful of bones for Nelly; she will not leave me night, I know, and I shall sleep more quietly."

"She deserves some dinner," said Dolly, as he left the room, "for I think it is through her instrumentality that you are safe and sound yet."

The bliss in which I lay after Dolly had left the room in leaves me no power to describe. I passed through some great danger, or who, at least, are newly relieved from some condition of severe and concentrated anxiety, feel the delicious sense of repose and happiness.

When my friend came back he brought—not only a plate of fowl-bones for Nelly, but a basin of soup for me. When I had finished lapping it up, and with the aid of a tumbler of cold water, Dolly spoke as follows:

"I said just now that it was to your little dog who was the means of your life, and I must now tell you how it was. You remember that you had Doublon in your cage.

"It seems a week ago," I interrupted.

—"This morning," continued Dolly. "I had even hardly got out of the town before I took me into it, having made a small stage before breakfast. I heard where you were gone, and as I was going that way too, I thought I would be with you a rest of a couple of hours while I breakfasted and remained some hours, that I might see if you had set off after you. 'Have you any idea,' I said, as I left the inn at Doublon, 'of whether monsieur intend to stay at Tête Noire?' I said. The garçon did not know. 'Let me see,' I said, 'the Tête Noire at Mancenoil would be a likely place, wouldn't it?' No, said the garçon, the house does not enjoy a good character, and no one from there ever stops there. 'Well, I'll go on, then,' said I, 'and if he stays, I shall be sure to find him. I will inquire after him as I go along.'

"The afternoon was drawing to a close I came within sight of the inn of the Tête Noire. As you know, I am a little near-sighted, but I saw, as I drew near that there was something of some kind was being taken round to the yard at the back of the house. I thought, Gentlemen, that I should have paid no attention to had not my attention been suddenly caught by the violent barking of a dog, which seemed to be trying to get admittance at the closed door of the inn. At a second glance I knew the dog to be yours. Pull up my horse, I got down, I ascended the steps of the auberge. One sniff at my shins was enough to convince Nelly that I was a friend, and her excitement as I approached the door was frantic.

"On my entering the house I did not at first see you, but on looking in the direction toward which your dog had bounded in search of you, I perceived a dark wooden staircase, which led out of one corner of the apartment I was standing in. I ran up the stairs, my friend, some lady dragged up the stairs in the arms of a very ill-looking man, assisted by (if possible) a still more ill-looking little girl, who seemed to be his slave. At sight of me the man deposited you upon the stairs, and addressed me as follows:

"'What are you doing with that gentleman?' I asked.

"'He is unwell,' replied the ill-looking man, 'and I am helping him up stairs to bed.'

"'That gentleman is a friend of mine. What is the matter with him? Is he drunk?'

"'How should I know?' was the answer; 'I am not the person to be his gentleman's health.'

"'Well, then, I am,' said I, approaching the place where you were lying; 'and I prescribe, to begin with, that he shall have a glass of cognac.'

"'I must now,' continued Dolly, "that you were looking terribly ill, and as I knelt over and felt your hands fluttering pulse, I felt for a moment doubtful whether it was safe to move you. However, I thought it best to do so.

"'Will you help me,' I said, 'to move this gentleman to his carriage?'

"'No,' said the ruffian, 'he is not fit to travel. Besides, what right have you over him?'

"'The right of being his friend.'

"'How do I know that?'

"'Because I tell you so. See, his dog knows me.'

"'And suppose I decline to accept that as evidence, and refuse to let this gentleman leave my house in his present state of health?'

"'You dare not do it.'

"'Why?'

"'Because,' I answered, slowly, 'I should go to the Gendarmerie in the village, and mention under what suspicious circumstances I found my friend here, and because your house has not the best of characters.'

"The man was silent for a moment, as if a little baffled. He seemed, however, determined to try one more card.

"'And suppose I close my doors, and decline to let either of you go,' what is to prevent me?'

"'In the first place,' I answered, 'I will effectually prevent your detaining me single-handed. I have have assistance at hand. I am expected to night at Fracy, and if I do not arrive there, I shall soon be sought out. It was known that I left Doublon this morning, and many people are aware that there is an auberge on the road which does not bear the best of reputations, and that its name is La Tête Noire. Now, will you help me?'

"'No,' replied the savage. 'I will have no hand in the affair.'

"'It was not an easy task to drag you without assistance from the place where you were lying, into the very top of the stairs, and to make you peg up the stairs, which was standing outside,' but I managed to do it. The next thing I had to accomplish was the feat of driving two carriages and two horses single-handed. I could not think of managing the latter. I had my own horse round to the gate of the stable-yard, where I could keep my eye upon him, while I was in search of your horse and carriage, which I had to get right without assistance. It was done at last. I fastened your horse to the back of the chaise, in back of my carriage, and then leading my own beast by the bridle I managed to start the procession. And so I drove (not at a fast pace) we turned our backs upon the Tête Noire. And now you know everything.

"I feel, Gentaiu, as if I should never be able to think of this adventure, or to speak of it again. It was so terrible, and I was so frightfully sorry. But I sicken at the mere memory of it."

"Not a bit of it," said Dolly, cheerily; "you will feel quite well, and ready to take some wintier night, take my word for it."

Gentlemen, the prediction is verified. May the nectous fall next time with more judgment!

"Wahl, now!" said Captain Jorgan, rising, when the last of the sixteen glasses of toddy-water to have been drunk was finished, "I congratulate you, if you that adventure; unpleasant at the time, but pleasant to look back upon, as many adventures in many lives are. Mr. Fredgear, you had a feeling for your money on that occasion, and it went hard on being Sidere Money. It was not a sum of five hundred pounds, I believe."

"I wish it had been half as much," was the reply.

"Thank you, sir. Might I ask the question of you that has been already put? About this place called Lorrum, did you see any other circumstances whatever that might seem to have a bearing—any how—on that question?"

"Never!"

"Thank you again for a straightforward answer," said the captain, quietly; "I was sure, I was sure referred to make inquiries, and supposing in among the inhabitants present, we can be supposed to have, in my country we always do use opportunities."

"And you turn them to good account, I believe, my friend!"

"It's a fact, sir," said the captain, "that we get along. Yet, we get along, sir—But I stop the tentotum."

It was twilight again, and fall to David Polcraft, a fine-cray figure of an old as the hills, the captain whispered to young Raybrock, "and as hard as nails. And I admire," added the captain, glancing at the Rev. Jonathan Penrewen in terms, and which is he?"

David Polcraft stroked down the long iron-gray hair that fell massively upon the shoulders of his large-buttoned coat, and spoke thus:

Turn question was, Did he throw himself over the cliff of set purpose, or did he lose his way in the dark and fall over accidentally, or was he pushed over by some person or persons unknown? His body was found nearly fifty yards below the fall, caught in the low branches of the trees that overhang the water at the foot of the track down the cliff. The body was much bruised and gashed, so much so as to be hardly recognizable; but for his clothing, and the name on his linen, I should have doubted whether it was indeed Jonathan Penrewen. There was, however, no impeachment of fact that the place where the body was found had been caused by the body having been driven about among the stones that encumber the bed of the river a long way below the fall.

When I speak of the fall, I speak of the Ashendell, a beautiful little stream, within an hour's drive of this house. This, Gentlemen, is for the information of strangers.

It had been seen by many persons about the village during the day: I myself had seen him go up the hill past the parsonage toward the church; while he skirted the beautiful burial-ground—and sometimes he had his book to it, and his head down, as if he were watching her grave. Not that there is any thing pleasant or comforting to read there, as on the graves of good Christian people who have died in their beds; for, being a suicide, when they buried her on the north side of the church it was at dusk, and without any service, and the sexton and the parish clerk had to put up over it. Our clergyman has talked of having the mound leveled and turfed over, and I wish he would; it always hurts me when I go up to Sunday service, to see that ragged grave lying in the shadow of the wall, for I remember the pretty little face ever since she could run alone; and though she was passionate, her heart was as good as gold. She had been religiously brought up, and I am quite sure in my own mind, let the coroner's inquest have said what it would, that she was out of herself, and Bedlam-mad when she did it.

The verdict on him was "accidental death," and he had a respectable funeral—parish, bell, clerk, and sexton, complete; and there he lies, only a stone's-throw from Honor, with a son or two of genuine worth, and as sinless as any of them. That was a great man he was in his day, and what mighty changes you would be able to tell us some day, and how he sleeps now in the hope of a joyful resurrection with the just made perfect. These present strangers are not quite fit for the footsteps of strangers go up to look at it. His grave is as famous as the Ashendell itself, and I have known folks come all way with me to see it, and to stand reading the flourishing inscription: believing it all like gospel, and thinking how and when he established a man should have been cut off in the prime of his days. But I don't believe it. He was never my friend, but I know he was a good man, and a young fellow who, as a lad, had peddled bare-legged over the sands at the river at a guide across the ford-ies; who had been taken a fancy to by one of them, and decently educated; who had made the most of his luck, and done a great deal for us in engineering; who had come back among us in all his glory, to dazzle most people's eyes, and break little Jonathan Lavington's heart. Is one good thing I know of him was, that he pensioned his poor old mother; but he had not also come near her, and never after Honor Livingston was dead—so, not even in her last illness. It was a marvel to every body what brought him out here, when we saw him the day before he was found dead; but it was his fate, and he couldn't keep away. And I know very well, I, about the death, and the manner of it, all Lanrown had its speculations, and not a little, too, and I had my share. I had my opinion, however, and I keep it. I have never seen reason to change it; but, on the contrary, I see no reason whatever to establish it. I do not believe he either threw himself over the cliff, or fell over, or was pushed over; no, I believe he was drawn over—drawn over by something below. When you have heard the notes he made in a little book which was found among his things after he was dead, you will know what I mean. His cousin gave that book to me, knowing I am curious after all the stories of the neighborhood; and what I am going to read, is written in his hand. I know his hand well, and certify to it:

PASSAGES FROM JAMES LAWRENCE'S JOURNAL.

Honor Livingston has kept her word with me. I saw her last night as plainly as I now see this pen I am writing with, and she looked as I have just dipped it into. I saw her standing betwixt the two lights burning at me, exactly as she looked the last time I saw her alive. I was neither asleep, nor dreaming-awake. I had only drank a couple of glasses of wine at dinner, and I was quite my own man as ever I was in my life. It is all nonsense to talk about fancy and optical delusions in this case. I saw her as I have never seen anything as I ever saw her alive in the body. The hall clock had just struck eleven, and it was growing dark; exactly the time of evening, as I well remember, when she was creeping round by the cottage wall, and saw me sitting in the open window reading up my books and making ready to go away from Ashendell. She was the last thought to have come into my mind at that moment, for I was just at the point of lighting my cigar and going out for a stroll, before retiring to at the Dolman to chat with Anne. All at once there she was, Honor herself! I could have sworn it, had I not seen them put her underground just a week before, sir. I could not take my eyes off her; and there she stood, as nearly as I can tell, in exactly the place where I saw her last, and looked at me. It was much bewildered, and out of my senses, I was, that I was not able to realize that it was her, and that I was quite the point of fighting my cigar and going out for a stroll, before retiring to at the Dolman to chat with Anne. All at once there she was, Honor herself! I could have sworn it, had I not seen them put her underground just a week before, sir. I could not take my eyes off her; and there she stood, as nearly as I can tell, in exactly the place where I saw her last, and looked at me. It was much bewildered, and out of my senses, I was, that I was not able to realize that it was her, and that I was quite myself and fully conscious of what I was doing, and that I was not dreaming in my breast like a sledge-hammer.

But I can call her up now and analyze her—a woman, vague, misty outline, with the eyes quite full upon me. I can almost fancy I hear her asking again, "Is it true you're going, James? You're not today, James?" I can.

"Now I am not the man to be frightened by a shadow, though that shadow be Honor Livingston, whom they say I so good as murdered. I always had a turn for investigating riddles, spiritual, physiological, and metaphysical. And I will follow this mystery up, and note whether she comes back to me just as they, or as she pleases. I have a very a dislike of personal matters before, not being one who cares to see spectres of himself at remote periods of his life, looking in mockery at his adventures and misadventures out of yellow old pages that had better never have been written at all. But this is a marked event worth commencing, and a well-authenticated ghost-story to be added to the chronicles of ghosts.

It was a rather spiteful threat of Honor—"I'll haunt you till you come to the Ashendell, where I shall be long enough!" I might have stopped her, but it never entered my mind what she meant until it was done. I did not expect she would make a tragedy of a little love story; she did not look like that sort of thing. She was no ghost, bless her! in the flesh, but as round, rosy, dimpled a little creature as one would wish to see; and what could possess her to throw herself over the fall, Heaven only knows. Yes, I know, I know, I tell no lies here, I need not do any false swearing to my-

self—the poor little creature loved me, and I wanted her to love me, and I petted and pampered her into loving me because I was little and had the opportunity; and then I had nothing better to tell her than that I was only in jest—I could not marry her, for I was engaged to another woman. She would not believe it. That sounded, to her, more like just than the other. And she did not believe it until she saw me making ready to go; and then, all in a moment, I suppose, madness seized her, and she rushed into the place she went out of when I fled.

I fancy I can see her now coming trippingly down the field to meet me. Poor little trusting thing, and I fancy I can see the saucy laugh she gave me over her shoulder as I asked her if she had any ripe cherries in her hat. She looked so very modest with those pretty eyes, and I was taken rather aback when she said, "I know you, Jemmy Lane, prince." Then she laughed at me. I little Honor and her mother lived next door to mine, and she had not been gone more than half an hour, full seven years away. I did not know her, the gipsy, but I must needs go in and see her that evening, and she went on and said I called her if she remembered when we went to dame-school together, and when she promised to be my little wife if he married me. Of course she did, every word of it, and more; and she was so pretty, and the lanes in the summer were so lonely, that we sometimes my fancy did play Anne Dalton false, and I believed I should like Honor better; and said more than I meant, and she took it in the grand serious manner.

I was a fool, and I blame. I would not have injured her for the world; she was so good a little soul as ever lived. Love and jealousy, so jealous, seen to be false to love—both have made shipwreck. If, Phillis, the milkmaid, is disappointed, she throws herself in the milk-pool; if Lolly Clara gets a crack of the heart, she takes a lachrymose sonnet and marries a gouty peer; if Colin's sweet-heart smiles at Damon, Damon kicks his pipes and breaks his bath; if Sir Harry's fair flouts him, he wishes her down the wind, and goes swooning elsewhere. Had little Honor been a fine lady she would be living still. Oh, the pretty demure lips, and the shy glances and rosy blushes! When I saw Anne Dalton nearly dead, I could help crying her pretty, fit gentility with poor Honor. Anne loves herself better than she will ever love any one else. But then I know she is the kind of wife to help a man up in the world, and that is the kind of wife for me.

Honor lies quietly lying on her little bed, and her blind mother feeling her cold, dead face! which I had never seen it. I would have given the world to see her, but something compelled me to go in and look at her; and I did feel then as if I had killed her. Last night she was very proud of some of this dishwind Opheliia and of her living doll. She was like, yet unlike; but I knew it was Honor; and I thought if she has her will, whenever her restless spirit may be condemned to hide between wallies—on the north side of Anne she will always come back to, and mourn and wait for me to her.

HARPWOOD, *August* 11, 1859.

Again! I had forgotten the day—forgotten every thing about that wretched business of poor Honor Dalton. Anne last night I saw, and

Anne and I were sitting together out in the vineyards, talking of all sorts of commonplace things, and—nothing else, mooney, dreamy, half, and other—she was was looking beautiful, and I was as the pelican of pelicans, as my mamma said, when Anne said, "How lovely the evenings are, James, in this place!" Look at the sky over the down, how clear it is!" Looking my head, I saw Honor standing on the grass only a few paces off, her shadowy shape quite distinct against the reds and purples of the sky.

Anne clutched my hand with a sudden cry, for she was looking at my face all the time, and asked me passionately what I saw. With that Honor was gone, and passing my hand over my eyes, I put my wife off with an excuse about a fly in my heart. And, indeed, it was no lie to say so, for this visitation gave me a terrible shock.

Anne then told my wife, by seeing the dance, must be something dreadful, if not dangerous, that would make your luck in that way; you had an awful face, James, for a moment."

I begged her not to talk about it, assured her that it was a thing of very rare occurrence with me, and that there was no sure for it. But this did not pacify her, and this morning she sent for the bad maid Dr. Hutchinson was sent for and had given the old gentleman her own account of me. He had talk to me before breakfast. And when he got me by myself, I saw not tell how it was, but he absolutely contrived to worm the secret out of me. I had fool enough to tell him he did it. He looked at me very oddly, with a sort of sagacious scraping in his eye. But I mentioned it, and said, laughing, "No, doctor, no, there is nothing wrong here," tapping my forehead as I spoke.

"I should be very sorry, except that I do not believe ghosts," replied he, drily. But I perceived, at the time he was with me, that I was the object of a further and carefully dissembled observation, which was excessively trying. I could with difficulty keep my temper under it, and I believe he saw the struggle.

I fancy he wanted to have some talk with Anne privately, for he requested that I would by some lucky sight of him until he was safely off the premises. He proposed a private interview while I was out of sight, I presumed then, too, by instructing Anne to pack up our traps, and coming back to town that very day. I have not been well since. I feel out of spirits, hard, worried, sick of every thing. If the feeling does not leave me, in spite of all Anne may say, I shall take that offer to go to South America, and start by the next packet. I should like to see Dr. Hutchinson's face when he calls at our lodgings to visit his patient, and find the bird flown.

LONDON, *August* 19, 1859.

This wretched state of things does not cease. One day I feel in full, firm, clear possession of my soul, and the next, perhaps, I am hurried to and fro with the most tormenting doubts. I see Honor's face of Honor's form, and she is as low as our mentioned as before, but beckons me with her hand until I trouble in every limb. My heart is sick almost to death. For three days now I have had no rest. I can not sleep at nights for hideous dreams; and dame watches me steadily, I see, and never remains alone with me longer than she can help. I am certain that she is under a spell, and that she suspects something, without exactly knowing what. To-day she must needs suggest my society. I dare not refuse, for I fancied that I was going to South America, she told me I was not fit for it, in such a contemptuous tone of provocation that I felt my spirit rise towards her. Then she quailed, and while shrinking under my eyes, said, "Anne, James, remember that I am a lone man!" Since then I know she sits with me in silent terror, longing to escape and had some one to come to her rescue. Anne is a brave girl, and yet that she does nothing of the kind. I will not have my foes of my own household, and so spring upon them. Anne begins to be put another thing whom God has joined together.

SOUTHAMPTON, *March* 17, 1859.

It is six months since I wrote in this book, the interval I have been miserably ill, grievously tormented in body and mind. I hope they think I have got safely away from them all, with the Atlantic between myself and my wicked wife, whose conduct toward me has been—Anne, I pray to God, let my powers of mind, and bend them again to my work. Burton came out in the same ship with us, and engage in the same employ. Only a few days' rest we intend setting out on our journey to the winding Orinoco, where we are to meet. My head feels perfectly light and clear, all my impressions are distinct and vivid again, and I can get through a hard day's work without fainting and shivering. There was nothing but my miserable liver to blame, and when that was set right all my imaginary phantoms disappeared. Dr. Hutchinson said I had been coming on gradually for months, and that the wonder was I had escaped without any symptoms; my disease said she was one always so attended more or less. And Anne, in her cousin-like simplicity, wrote to Hutchinson for a few days' rest we intend setting out on our journey to the winding Orinoco, where we are to meet. My head feels perfectly light and clear, all my impressions are distinct and vivid again, and I can get through a hard day's work without fainting and shivering. There was nothing but my miserable liver to blame, and when that was set right all my imaginary phantoms disappeared. Dr. Hutchinson said I had been coming on gradually for months, and that the wonder was I had escaped without any symptoms; my disease said she was

"Pass the pale black man, who had handled an ass
The best on that terrible sea of the few.
And spry and grim in the sunshine glare
Were his thick parched lips, and his dull small eyes,
And the tangled locks of his rusty hair—
Are the next of the breathless the death-bed draw,
His shoot like a sword pierced the silence through.

Let the play end with your Number Four.
What next to show? Have some pity for
Who have hope to save and have wives to cry
Over the exodus of their dear? Then
What matter if folk without home should die,
And be eaten by lions or sent
"I care for nobody: no, not I.
Since nobody cares for me!"

And with that, a knife—and a heart struck through—
And the worn red blood, and the dull black clay,
And the feather withdrawn from among the flow,
By their horrible meed for another day!

So the eight, thus fed, came at last to land,
And the tale of their shipmate told,
As of water found in the burning sand,
Which brows not the thirsty, cold.
But the love of the Hitchers, safe and free,
Goes forth to that show on that terrible sea.

For, freedom from hearth and from home will stay,
Through storm are the dears and the song;
And a grave tale told, if the tune be gay,
Says little to cause the wrong.
While they sing, with their voice clear as can be,
Having shaken off care now, for the little old glass—
"I care for nobody: no, not I,
Since nobody cares for me!"

But the cordial tone, it saith to the old,
Who sit by the hearth so red so gold,
When they think of their tale of the terrible sea;
"*Believe in thy kind, whatever the degree,*
Be it King on his throne, or serf on his base,
While our Lord whatever good from his bounty free,
Over storm, over calm, over land, over sea!"

Mr. Purvis had so greatly disputed the minds of the Gentlemen King Arthur for some minutes, by snoring with strong symptoms of apoplexy—which, in a mild form, was his normal state of health—that it was now deemed expedient to wake him and current him to allow himself to be escorted home. Mr. Purvis's reply to this friendly suggestion could not be placed on record without the aid of several dashes, and is therefore omitted. It was conceived to be a spirit of the profoundest imitation, and executed with vehemence, contempt, scorn, and disgust. There was nothing for it but to let the excellent gentleman alone, and he fell, without loss of time, into a defiant slumber.

The tentorium being twirled again, so barred and bowed in the direction of the young fisherman, that Captain Jorgan advised him to be bright and prepare for the worst. But it started at a bang, gave, late its career, and fell before a well-looking bearded man (one who made working-drawings for machinery, the captain was informed by his next neighbor), who promptly took it up, like a challenger's glove.

"Oswald Penrewen!" said the chairman.

"Here's Uncle'rin at last!" the captain whispered Alfred Raybrack. "Uncle'rin's gone ahead right smart; don't he?"

He did, without one introductory word.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

This is an article which we can heartily recommend, and shall from knowing its great virtues. One particular one in our family of its efficacy we will mention. The person had suffered with a low fever, which was most tedious, and which left her with a terrible neuralgic in the head. The effect of these complaints was to cause much of the hair to fall off, and thus seemed to be no power to the skin to give life to what remained. After she had tried some other preparations with no good results, we procured for her a bottle of Cocoaine, and the disagreeable its use soon made was truly remarkable. The roots of the hair at once received new life, and before a bottle had been used the large spot upon the top of the head which appeared to be bald, was covered with what seemed a new growth of hair. And now she has as fine and healthy a head of hair as before her sickness. This Cocoaine is also a valuable article for children hair, which is very apt to be dry. A very small quantity will keep their hair neat and their heads clean.

What we say of this article we say from our own actual knowledge, not for the sake of puffing the Cocoaine, but because we think others may be benefited by our experience.

—*Boston Christian Freeman.*

No Chimney!

Callender's Carbo-Air Gas Lamp, unimpaired for burning Coal Oil without wick or chimney. Can be sent for $3, we will send a sample Lamp to any address, or will send it by express, collect on delivery, purchaser to pay charges. Enclose stamp, and send for Circular. Agents wanted. Address CALLENDER & PERCE, Dealers in Oil and Lamps, 19 Broadway and 3 Courtlandt Street, N. Y.

The India Rubber Home Gymnasium; Or, Chest Expanders,

No. 1, 50 cents; 2, 75 cents; 3, $1 00; 4, $1 50; 5, $2 00.

Parlor Skates,

From $1 75 to $2 50, according to size.

The above will be sent to any address on the receipt of the price. O. B. GRAY, 175 Broadway, N. Y.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

Cures Cutaneous Eruptions and has an admirable effect on the general system, removing Constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off fever of activity.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, 100 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Extracts from Punch.

TO CAPITALISTS.—The best paper to invest in at the present time is Anthony's Stereoscopic Views. *Greater interest can be derived from them than from any other investment.* They will also prove source of interest to your wives, children, and friends, a remarkable instance of the remarkable result of compound interest.

A QUERY FOR THE STATESMAN AND THE PHILOSOPHER. In case of a dissolution of the Union, will Anthony's American Scenery change into Dissolving Views? Let the curious buy a quantity and watch.

TRUE FOR ANTHONY'S INDISCRIMINATE VIEWS.—Are they whole quite enough to make a wound school? A trial will be made on the first animal brought in.

CONSIDERING. Two men made a bet as to who could eat the most oysters. One ate five hundred and ninety-nine, the other six five hundred and more. How many did the winner eat? Most persons would say 101; and we hope everybody will keep saying 501, 501, 501, until they have been to Anthony's, 501 Broadway, and bought their Stereoscopic and Views, their Daguerreotype albums, and their and portraits of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, Napoleon, Garibaldi, and all the celebrities of the day.

Winter Gloves, 2s. a pair.

Winter Drawers, 6s. a pair.

Stocking Gloves, only 50 cents.

Ladies' Cashmere Gloves, 25 Mitten.

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Exposition for the Holidays.

Tiffany & Co.,

No. 550 BROADWAY—No. 79 RUE RICHELIEU, PARIS.

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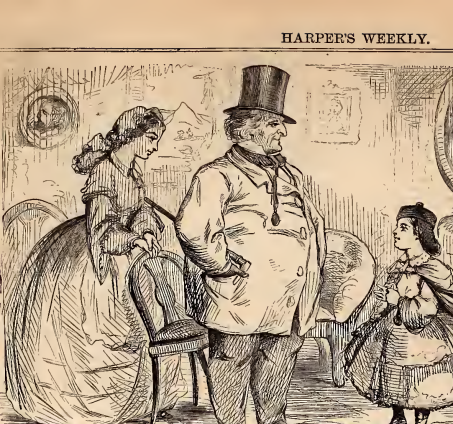

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For January, 1861.

NUMBER CCXXVII.] CONTENTS. [JANUARY, 1861.

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